

fantasy newsletter

#35 April 1981
\$1.95

The
Science Fiction
& Fantasy
News Monthly



In This Issue:

"On Fantasy"	by Fritz Leiber	4
"Shadowings"	by Charles L. Grant	7
"The Houghton-Mifflin Outlook"	by Robie Macaulay	8
"H. Warner Munn: In Memoriam"	by James E. Munn	14
"Harlan Ellison: A Profile"	by Michael E. Stamm	16

Specialty Publishers	9	News in Brief	2
Trade Books	12	Editorial	3
Paperbacks	24	Classified	30
The Fan Press	28		
Magazines	31		

Cover by Richard Salvucci
"Rose Princess & the Tiger Lilly"
 Back cover by Stephan Peregrine

Photo Credits:

Yuen Lui - p.8
 James E. Munn - p.14
 Nancy Melynn McKay - p.16

Art Credits:

John Borkowski - p.2
 R. Garcia Capella - p.4
 Susan Dexter - p.5

News in Brief

The Seventh World Fantasy Convention, being called "Fantasycon VII," will be held Friday, October 30th through Sunday, November 1st, 1981, at the Claremont Resort Hotel in Berkeley, CA. Attending memberships are \$25 and supporting memberships are \$10. Membership is limited to 750 people; the convention is expected to be a sellout and at-the-door memberships will more than likely not be available. Membership prices will be increased in the spring, so register now if you plan to attend. Guests of honor will be announced in February or March when the first progress report is published. To register, write: Seventh World Fantasy Convention, c/o Dark Carnival SF&F Bookstore, 2812 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, CA 94705. Reader ballots have been distributed for the 1981 World Fantasy Awards and must be submitted by June 26, 1981, to be accepted. Members of the 1979-81 conventions are eligible to nominate.

The 1981 Clarion Workshop in SF and fantasy writing will be held June 29th to August 7th, 1981, at Michigan State University. Writers-in-residence will be Robin Scott Wilson, Joe Haldeman, Algis Budrys, Elizabeth A. Lynn, Kate Wilhelm and Damon Knight. Fees, including room and board, will run about \$850 for Michigan residents and \$1,050 for non-residents. For applications or information, write Tess Tavormina, Clarion '81, Lyman Briggs College, Michigan State Univ., East Lansing, MI 48824. Application deadline is May 1.

The Small Press Writers & Artists Organization (SPWAO) recently elected new officers for 1981. President is C. C. "Chet" Clingan, Vice President is Ron Fortier, and Secretary/Treasurer is Lois Wickstrom. Formerly known as the Semi-Pro Writers & Artists Organization, SPWAO's 134 members consist of writers, poets and artists, as well as publishers in the so-called "semi-pro" field. If you are a writer or artist who has been published in a semi-pro or small-press periodical, or if you are a publisher of one, you're eligible to join at \$7.50 for the first year of membership and \$5.00 per year thereafter (add \$2 outside the U.S. and Canada). SPWAO publishes a regular newsletter, a market guide, and an annual showcase of members' works, and also presents annual awards in the semi-pro field. Also available are associate memberships (no awards or voting privileges) at \$5.00 for the first year and \$3.50 per year thereafter. In addition, one may subscribe to the SPWAO newsletter (without any membership) at \$3 per year. Contact: Stephanie Stearns, 3980 W. Radcliff, Denver, CO 80236. Copies of the SPWAO market guide are available to non-members at \$2, from: Charles R. Saunders, Box 3261, Postal Station C, Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 4J5 Canada.

fantasy newsletter

The Monthly News Magazine of the
 Fantasy and Science Fiction Field.

Vol. 4, No. 4, Whole #35

April 1981 issue

ISSN 0199-3151

Fantasy Newsletter is published monthly by Paul and Susan Allen, P. O. Box 170A, Rochester, NY 14601. Single copy price is \$1.95. Back issues: #1-17, 19 are 50¢ each; #20-34 are \$2.00 each. Subscriptions are as follow:

\$15.00 per year via second class or surface mail anywhere in the world.
 \$22.00 per year via first class in the U.S. and Canada.
 \$34.00 per year air mail to Latin America and Europe.
 \$39.00 per year air mail to Asia, Japan, Australia and Africa.

All non-U.S. subscriptions are payable in U.S. funds via international postal money order. Subscriptions may be reduced to offset the costs of exchange differences on foreign checks.

Display advertising rates are available upon request. *Fantasy Newsletter* is available at wholesale rates to dealers on a fully returnable basis. *Fantasy Newsletter* is also distributed by the following distributors:

F & SF Book Co., Inc., P. O. Box 415, Staten Island, NY 10302
 Sea Gate Distributors, Inc., Box 5, Parkville Sta., Brooklyn, NY 11204
 New Media Trjvar, 12345 Starkey Road, Largo, FL 33543
 Pacific Comics, 4887 Ronson Ct., Ste. E, San Diego, CA 92111
 Bud Plant, Inc., P. O. Box 1886, Grass Valley, CA 95945

Unsolicited submissions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Although all materials will be treated with care, the publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited materials. Letters to the editor will be considered publishable submissions. All cover reproductions appearing in this magazine are courtesy of and copyrighted by the publishers identified in the accompanying text. All other contents copyright © 1981 by Paul C. Allen. All rights reserved.

Office of publication is located at 11 Phaeton Dr., Penfield, NY 14526. Tel: (716) 377-7750 evenings. Second class postage paid at Penfield, NY. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Fantasy Newsletter*, P. O. Box 170A, Rochester, NY 14601. Printed by Empire State Weeklies, Inc., 2010 Empire Blvd., Webster, NY 14580.

Editorial

I'm beginning to think that perhaps, at long last, fantasy is beginning to have an impact in what we commonly refer to as the "main stream"--the outside, mundane, world in which people have long treated fantasy like they used to treat sex (enjoy it, but don't admit it). Along with the sexual revolution of the sixties was ushered in a "fantasy" revolution. The only difficulty is that the latter took longer to manifest itself.

Oh sure, you say, everyone knows this. Science fiction had its fling with academia a *long* time ago. And Tolkien was not only a cult phenomenon as far back as the sixties but is still on the bestsellers list today. And look at the popularity of the fantasy and science fiction movies. So, what are you getting at...?

All of this is true, I grant you. Add to that the pervasive influence of fantasy on network television this season and the incredible numbers of mainstream horror novels being mass-produced for the stands. What all of this is evidence of is merely the popularity of fantasy with the masses--another fad that could well be supplanted by another a year from now. (Anyone for westerns...?)

No, something else happened to me a few days ago that shines a light of a different sort on this phenomenon. Let's cast aside the mass-market popularity for a moment--which might be compared to, say, the popularity of the 'Doc Savage' pulps of the '30s. Suppose we were to select a number of more conservative writers and editors and ask them to provide us with a selection of good reading matter from what is currently being published. Think they'd pick very many works of fantasy or science fiction?

I've been a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club for around 11 or 12 years...I forget exactly. Of course, I never joined because I'm interested in fantasy and science fiction; I joined it for convenient access to *mainstream* literature. And for many years, that is precisely what it provided--it was a rare event when a fantasy or science fiction selection was offered, subject to a considerable amount of crowding by the lucky publisher involved. An example is *Glorihits* published by Del Rey a couple of years back.

The other day, it caught me by surprise when the March offering arrived from Book-of-the-Month Club. Inside, were listed (even *featured*) such titles as *The Sirian Experiments* by Doris Lessing, *Earthly Powers* by Anthony Burgess, *The Stories of Ray Bradbury*, *Shadow Land* by Peter Straub, *The Arbor House Treasury of Modern SF* edited by Silverberg and Greenberg, *The Lord of the Rings* (boxed) by Tolkien, *A Tolkien Bestiary* by David Day, *A Harvest of Horrors* by Eric Protter, and *Unfinished Tales* by J. R. R. Tolkien. Incredible! Of 32 fiction selections, nearly *one-third* were fantasy or science fiction! (And I could probably quibble and yank out a few more borderline titles...) Out of a grand total of 81 selections (not counting the "Modern Living" section), more than 10% are fantasy and SF.

It appears I'll have to find a new source for mainstream works...

This issue, thanks go to Doug Winter for giving up his "Shadowings" column for a guest column by Charles L. Grant. Thanks also go to James E. Munn for his memories of his father.

Bad news for overseas subscribers--air mail rates took a horrendous leap in January, requiring not only a hike in my air mail rates, but a change in the structure. Due to the now wider disparity in rates to different parts of the world, I have to offer two different air

(Continued on page 30, Col. 3.)





ON FANTASY

by Fritz Leiber

The romance of big cities--roofscares and bldgs!--moonrakers and stargazers--"Can these bones live?"--the Banker Boys and other Frisco gangs--City Come A-Walkin'--the Immoral Minority--The Crisco Kid--North Beach--The Winds of Idiocy--

I'm sitting at my sixth-storey kitchen window and looking out and up at the northeast sector of downtown Frisco and thinking about the romance of big cities and ways of expressing it. I remember a very old magazine science fiction story about a future America gone to jungle and wilderness except for a few big cities which survive as feudal fortresses enthusiastically fighting each other, each with a different sort of government and special weapon and defense (proton shield?). There was Yorick (New York), as I recall, and maybe Chigo and then Pittsburg and some others with more or less futurized names.

It was a crude way of underlining big-city glamor (as crude as my calling San Francisco "Frisco" --even San Fran would be more proper, or at least more in line with addressograph language) but it did rivet itself into my memory. Maybe I'm especially sensitive to the magic of super-metropolises because I grew up in one that was forever overshadowing and at odds with its state, Illinois.

Central in my kitchen view is the dark rose brick Marines Memorial Bldg., a mere 12 or 15 storeys but big because it's only two blocks away, looking somewhat medieval because of its peaked roof and two square overlapping peak-roofed towers, but really a very tricky and deceitful bldg because the two walls I can't see from here are pale lemon-tan brick instead of dark rose--walk past it and look back and you wonder where it's gone to.

To my left are the Mark Hopkins and Fairmont Hotels, only among the lowliest of Frisco's 15 or 20 300-footers but with their stature doubled by being near the top of 347-foot Nob Hill. Both fly

large American flags on tall staffs (unlike their loftier business brothers, hotels are almost as great on flags as post offices), and it's a grand sight to see them whipped out and waving powerfully in Frisco's prevailing westerlies fresh in from the Pacific.

To my right, its base hidden behind the punch-card profile of the 465-foot, 33-storey insurance-wise Hartford Bldg., is the night-golden narrow, mostly untenanted tapering upper third of Frisco's tallest, the 853-foot, 48-storey Transamerican Pyramid.

There's a real romance to just *height*, you know, which sailing ships found more poetic words for, mostly, than we have on land. There's a splendid progression to the names of sails as you go up the mast: mainsails or courses, topsails, topgallants, royals, and skysails. But on the mainmast of the East Indiaman *Essex* there were three set above even those, continuing the glorious piling of Pelion on Ossa: the cloudscraper, moonraker, and stargazer. (Even in *Webster's Unabridged*, 2nd ed., that last is given as "stargazer," but I'm sure that must stem from an ancient printer's or literalist's error. Note, incidentally, the source of the James Bond book title. Ian Fleming was a writer well-read in fantasy, as can be argued also from his "Ouroboros Worm and Bait Factory" in *Live and Let Die*.)

Undoubtedly their mobs of skyscrapers, even when damned as view-blocking high-rises, contribute to the fascination of big cities.

And if my neighboring ten-storey apartment house a quarter block east at 535 Geary didn't extend quite so far north, I'd have a kitchen view of Frisco's real Master Bldg., the 778-foot, 52-storey,

big-shouldered (the top set-back) Bank of America Bldg.--and not a foot of it dunce cap! like its Transamerican neighbor. Its vertically fluted facing has a violet tinge so that my pet name for it is the Purple Monster. From its summit the vicious sniper shot the young female person in the swimming pool atop the Chinatown Holiday Inn (also hid from me by the Hartford Bldg.), which stands on what was originally Frisco's bay shoreside, but now eight blocks inland, in the Clint Eastwood film, *Dirty Harry*, which has wonderful shots of Frisco and makes good use of its actual geography, public transportation, and layout.

Incidentally, I'm using the abbreviation "bldg" as a word here because in its density, severity, and uncompromising, unpronounceable, uncreviced, four-letter chunkiness it so well gets the feel and the looks of most of the modern structures I'm talking about.

And beginning to meditate now on all that brick and concrete and glass and plastic and steel out there--all that damn inanimate bldg stuff!--my mind goes perhaps rather inevitably to those wonderful passages in the first ten verses of Ezekiel 37.

The hand of the Lord was upon me and sat me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones; and, behold, there were very many; and, lo, they were very dry.

And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live?

Well, I don't know. I tried once to make the bldgs come alive a bit by imagining what they'd look like if all the human minds in them had a glow that penetrated all solidities, either all colors of the spectrum according to tempera-

ment, or else moon-pale as thought itself. (And what about the countless millions of animal and vegetable minds, multi- and monocellular? And just now I've been trying, cautiously, to personify them a bit, give them a pseudo-life that way...)

The World Almanac and Book of Facts 1981 lists 37 of them for San Francisco in its "Notable Tall Buildings of North America." I divide them by location into cliques or gangs. In the lowland of the financial district, which is mostly fill, starting with the corpses of the ships that stopped here for the Gold Rush in 1849 to become hotels and warehouses and then burn down, junk to be built upon, there are the Banker Boys, a real rough bunch. Their boss has to be the Purple Monster, and his queen, or moll, the Pyramid. His right bower is Crocker (currently building a 500-foot biggie--695 feet was asked for, but Zoning said "No") while his left bower is the Wells Fargo Bldg., 561 feet and 43 storeys, as of now Frisco's fifth tallest. A handful of other blocky and severe banking and insurance blokes, notably Aetna Life & Casualty, 529 feet and 38 storeys, at One Post by Crocker Plaza, completes this gang.

There's the Hotel Crowd, seemingly more hospitable and friendly organizations of brickv gents, which nestles by Nob Hill and around Union Square. During the past twenty years, hotels have been sprouting "Towers" like mad. Their chief's the security-conscious, detective-heavy Hilton, 493 feet, 46 storeys, two blocks southeast of me, and wearing a sweatband of glaring white, which for Christmas and December turns a sinister green, which happily interferes less with viewing the planets and stars. Also the St. Francis (395 feet), its east wall crawling with outside elevators, and Union Square Hyatt (355)--and don't forget Shorty, the Sir Francis Drake, who wears atop his crown, like fannish beanie, a luminescent white five-pointed revolving star.

The Embarcadero Kids are a newish bunch of stony-glassy hidalgos that's still building down by the docks near the foot of Market Street, where the winds are salt and chill. Their capo is Security Pacific Bank, better known as Embarcadero Center One, 569 feet and 45 storeys (like the calibre of the gun he probably packs). Frisco's third highest. Don't be surprised to hear he's a bank--whenever you see a new 'scraper-bldg going up these days, you can take it for granted there's a bank behind it and other banks renting from him.

He's a stylish dude, our capo is, made up of five slim tall slabs stacked symmetrically together. All the Kids are stylish, with long gleaming escalators, cavernous chilly breezeways, slim aerial pedestrian bridges, openwork floors, and grotesque chrome sculptures two storeys high and full of holes springing from their fountains. Alcoa Bldg's a sunburnt stocky hombre of brown-anodized aluminum with slanting exterior beams like ammunition belts slung crossways over his shoulders. At his foot a giant ghost dandelion--another fountain. Appearing ensemble in the film *Time After Time*, the kids convinced H.G. Wells that he had really traveled into the future in his funky engine.

Mostly lined up militaristically in one rank just south of the Slot (Market Street) are, as you'd expect, the South Slotters, otherwise known as the Gashouse Gang because their Fuhrer's Standard Oil, whose essential bldg-statistics are 551 and 39, the town's sixth tallest. These are latecomers, too,

mostly tending to postdate my own arrival eleven years ago. They're cunningly stationed to block off views of the Bay down the east-west streets north of the Slot. Sometimes they make me think of large theatrical trunks being trundled along halls (the streets) and getting stuck and abandoned at turns, while the movers take an ever-lasting coffee-break.

These bldg-gangs really do huddle together suspiciously and suggestively, especially when viewed from Frisco's parks and parklets, such as Mission Delores, Alamo Square, Twin Peaks, and the rock-fanged summit of Cora Heights.

And as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone, and, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above; and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

What if, I ask myself, looking out the kitchen window, some of



those bldgs should grow the right muscles and move? Some of them have got legs already. For the first couple of storeys the Trans-american Pyramid (and Aetna and Standard Oil and Wells Fargo, for that matter) have their walls set way in and just big thick steel-sheathing pillar-legs and empty echoing portico on the outside.

No kidding, what if right now the Bank of America Bldg, boss of the Banker Boys, the Purple Monster, whom I can't see from here, should take it into his little square ape-head to come shuffling like an HPL shuggoth west on California (the street-canyons are just about wide enough for him) and edge into view around 535 Geary a big shoulder and a little red eye such as I can see glaring from his top at night...

Well, that's the general sort of mood John Shirley tries quite successfully to create in his novel *City Come A-Walkin'* (Dell, 1980, \$1.95), the cover of which depicts a man built of tan stone blocks, wearing dark sunglasses and carrying a gun, walking through Frisco's bldgs, a little bigger than they are.

In the book it's the City of San Francisco that's coming alive, a dark awareness built on the massed subconscious minds of all its inhabitants, especially the street people, devotees of punk rock and its newest rival, *angst* rock, and not so much the "vigs"--vigilantees--and other neo-moralists. City's got wind of a plan to do away with him (and other big population-concentrations) by spreading his inhabitants across the countryside with the help of various means of telephonized and computerized living and a credit system called Instantaneous Transfer of Funds that is already making paper money and coins obsolete. Shirley puts ITF's mafia-infiltrated headquarters on the 18th floor of "the Pyramid Building." (For what it's worth, I checked out the 18th floor of the Transamerican Pyramid, and it's occupied solely by the Chemical Bank International of San Francisco, Peterson & Co., and something just called "Deliveries"; Crocker occupies the whole second floor--which, anyway, confirms what I told you about banks renting from banks.)

City's fighting for survival by an intelligent misuse of his electric and water systems--pipes rip up through the pavement to stab cars while lamp posts swat down on them--and by incarnating himself into a sort of superman clone, impervious to bullets, of one Stu Cole, proprietor of the rock club Anesthesia, whom City has patchily

hypnotized and sends on more or less kamikazee missions along with his sometimes lady friend Catz Wailen, psionic rock singer and guitarist, who can occasionally foresee City's destructive flashes. There are numerous rock concerts, riots, beatings, kidnappings, love-encounters, shoot-outs, and wild car chases reminiscent of *Bullitt*.

Toward the end of the book we learn that other big cities are playing the same games and organizing a sweep of the mafia top brass in their mod glass high-rises, but we only see much of three of them: Phoenix, Chicago, and Sacramento. Of these, Sacto's the only one we meet incarnated--as a stolid full-bodied hooker with wraparound sunglasses and "mortis-blue skintint." (Symbolic of corruption in California's state capitol?) This for my money is the juiciest part of the book, selecting the right individual to personify each city, but it's tricky and perhaps Shirley does well not to try for too much.

And there are memorable vignettes of Frisco's raunchier Tenderloin, south-of-Mission, and Polk Gulch types: "Thatch-headed punkers, faces crudely tattooed with India ink in dollar signs, death's heads, and anarchy symbols..." "Earthers in berets, braids, jeans patched with leather, and rhinestone sunsigns..." "One of the hookers, a Chicano with luminous red lipstick and a towering blonde wig..." Of a teenage hustler: "She was short, plump, and blond; she wore clingpants and a tight sweater, her hair braided, skimpy makeup; she was trying for the college coed look--tricks loved it." "The bartender, a little, wizened auntie who'd dyed his hair too many times..." "Bearded men in army boots and jeans, gay motorcycle knights in leather with the seat of their pants cut away..."

Along with some of the classier members of some of those groups, I recently celebrated Cancellation Day (when Jimmy got cancelled by Ronald and Ronald by the hostage-release) by applauding and mostly enjoying the antics--songs, poems, noise-music, and skits--of a frisky and tolerant Frisco outfit called the Immoral Minority. One of the skits struck me as most appropriate to the occasion and very San Franciskish: a sort of scapegoat ceremony to turn away the ills of the past 444 days and those of the next 444 to come. Briefly: The drunken poet (the scapegoat, to my mind) is kidnapped by the mad surgeon, Ms. Doctor Reaganstein, and her hump-backed assistant Igor, then stripped and chained to a cross. The Ms.

Doctor doffs her yellow oilskins to reveal the voluptuous black-corsetted figure of a dominatrix and flogs him enthusiastically with a cat-o'-nine-tails, which transforms the Poet into the Reaganmonster. A handsome square young man (he looks like a CIA agent), who identifies himself as the Moral Majority, emerges from the audience to protest. Stripped in turn, he reveals the female underwear of a transvestite, and is ceremoniously married to the Reaganmonster by Ms. Dr., now in black preacher's robe. There is general rejoicing.

Deirdre Evans, gifted portray-er of the mad surgeon, *maitresse*, and preacher, is also a fantasy poet of an engagingly morbid yet merry cast, sweetly outrageous. Recalling last column's pornographic fantasy poem by Clark Ashton Smith, it struck me as appropriate we have something of the same general sort, from California, but composed 57 years later, for contrast. So, *bon voyage!*

The Crisco Kid

*The Crisco Kid rides Folsom Street
Looking for a bite to eat
If his trip seems a trifle weird
Watch out! Here come Captain*

Pissbeard!

*Doc Doberman likes canine meat
And Wild Bill Bunion's into feet
The Child Bunch likes that jailbait
pie*

*While Painful Polly likes to cry
One-armed Ann likes everything
And Suburb Sam just likes to swing
Incestuous Ida loves her twin
I like to fuck, but is it in?*

North Beach

*On the streets, the dam is peeking
with a cautious, timid light
The sun begins to swallow
revelations of the night
in the distance, siren calls,*

*mournful, demented wail
Almost everyone who's not in bed
is safely locked in jail*

*The poet, on the corner
hustles his morning wine
There is decay in his liver
metaphors crawl up his spine
The painter, in his studio
holds a brush with trembling hand
and tries to feel the visions
he's corroded into sand*

*The neon lights extinguish
as the morning world arises
To battle for survival
in a world of no surprises
There are bottles in the gutter
filled with empty lives*

(Continued on page 30, Col. 1.)

Shadowings

by Charles L. Grant

"Many Years Ago, When We All Lived
In the Forest..."

There is a curious paradox at work in dark fantasy: on the one hand, you often hear complaints about Writer X, that he/she has "literary pretensions"; while on the other, there is praise for Writer Y and his/her marvelously evocative and chilling work--as if the two were mutually exclusive. And they are not, because the "literary pretension" charge is more often than not leveled at someone who is attempting several things at once (and not always consciously): to elevate his own skill, to create the best possible environment for the best possible story, and to elevate the field as a whole. Art, with that capital A, is in the genre's finest traditions, and it is practiced by those writers who most astutely understand that story-telling is an art form which does not preclude a simultaneous effort to elevate both the art and the form.

There is, for example, Dennis Etchison, whose best short stories breathe with the touch of a writer who knows and cares about his people, his craft, and the sanctity of language. To follow his career is to follow a road of experimentation which at no time is self-indulgent at the expense of the reader. There are the exactitudes and depths of Chelsea Quinn Yarbro and Les Daniels. There's T.E.D. Klein--a precision writer, careful and absorbing, and definitely aware of his responsibilities to those who read his work. There's Tanith Lee, who at her best wrenches emotions dark and light from characters who are leagues beyond the by now clichéd realm of three-dimensional. And Stephen King, whose finest material is so deceptively simple in appearance that you're prone to delighted astonishment at the cumulative effect without realizing the care taken to lead you to that point--it's a voice there in that work, King sitting on the back porch with a beer in hand, a grin on his face, and the bats swooping out of the trees over there by the lake. "So let me tell you a story that'll

scare the shit out of you"--and even if it's five hundred pages long, you listen.

And there is Peter Straub.

"Many years ago, when we all lived in the forest and nobody lived anywhere else..." is at once an invitation to a fairy tale with all the implications of adventure, wonder, tears, joy, and a warning that to read on is to tempt the advent of terror.

Though there is a first novel, *Marriages*, this juggling of the normal and the paranormal actually begins with *Julia* (1975), and *If You Could See Me Now* (1977). I confess the latter to be my favorite of the two, a deliberately slow and atmospheric piece which works not only on the level of the supernatural, but also on the human--a man's love lost and found, with consequences at first so delicately wrought it seems it's all nothing but a dream. But since Poe insists "all that we see or seem is but a dream within a dream", Straub pulls off the terror, the almost-clichéd--"Alison Greening is coming back tonight. She's not the same--she's something horrible"--without fatally slipping into the is-he-mad-or-sane gimmick. He's neither mad nor sane, and all dreams are real, even the dreaming of them.

These two novels are also indications of a writer's not always smooth growth, a writer who knows imagery and the silent sounds of English, and who is looking for the proper vehicle to bust loose.

Ghost Story is almost that vehicle. It is a solidifying of a style, and it's an homage to, perhaps, Dickens, Kipling, Hawthorne, and (yes) King. But it's also a sweep of language scope which works hand in hand with an old story enhanced. If the ending is a little disappointing because it lacks the thunder the story demanded, it in no way undercuts the achievement of style, entertainment, and fulfillment of earlier promise. It's a book for people who love to be scared, and a book for people who love language as well.



Jacket above by Lynn Hollyn and David Catti, photograph by John Marhoffer/Steamboat Studios.

And now there is *Shadowland*.

At a time when most novels of dark fantasy have become exceedingly graphic in lieu of writers' skills, have striven for the sensational because "the public demands it", *Shadowland* manages to reaffirm what most of us already know--that there is a razor's edge to what is gentle, and a shadow for every light in every window. It is a novel of magic, of love, of moments of terror interlaced with a lyricism seldom found in any publication, mass market or not, "literary" or not. Here is an author whose love affair with language has found, for now and at last, a near perfection setting for the courtship.

Tom Flanagan is a young boy attending a private school, who is seduced, coerced, and tricked into a summer spent with a school friend and his magician uncle. In ways which reach beyond imagination (and beyond the tripe of *The Summer of '42* cultists), Tom matures. But not through your ordinary adolescent trials; through murder, love betrayal, loss, and the personification of fairy tales stripped of their veneered gentleness to the bedrock horror beneath. Walt Disney notwithstanding, the Brothers Grimm were aptly named.

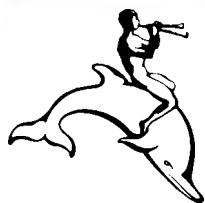
Or maybe it wasn't any of those things.

"All that we see or seem..."

Shadowland, the uncle's estate, is created by and based on magic; *Shadowland* the novel is structured as magic also--filled with sleights--

(Continued on page 30, Col. 3.)

The Outlook:



Houghton Mifflin Company

by Robie Macauley
Senior Editor
Houghton Mifflin Company

Houghton-Mifflin, for many years the publisher of J.R.R. Tolkien, has in recent years become the Tiffany's or Cartier of fantasy and science fiction publishers. This list of Houghton authors now includes Isaac Asimov, Harlan Ellison, Vonda McIntyre, Daniel Keyes, and Kate Wilhelm. But the most unusual gem on display for April--a novel titled *The Many-Colored Land*--is by none of these.

Fantasy readers with long memories will recall a brilliant short novel called *Dune Roller*, published by the late John W. Campbell back in 1951 and may have wondered whatever happened to its promising author, Julian May. Now, after publishing a number of books in a quite-different field, she has returned to her metier with an astonishing opus under the general title of "The Saga of Pliocene Exile." *The Many-Colored Land* will be followed by volume II, *The Golden Tore* in the fall of 1981, and *The Lord of Misrule*, volume III, will appear in 1982.

The story begins as a group of talented misfits and mavericks prepare to flee the too-perfect technological society of 2110. Their escape hatch is a time-portal, discovered long ago by a French scientist, which has the drawback of leading into just one specific place in the Rhone River valley at one specific time in the Pliocene age, six million years ago. Thus, the fantastic world of this novel is our own long-ago earth, described with painstaking accuracy, insofar as science can re-create it.

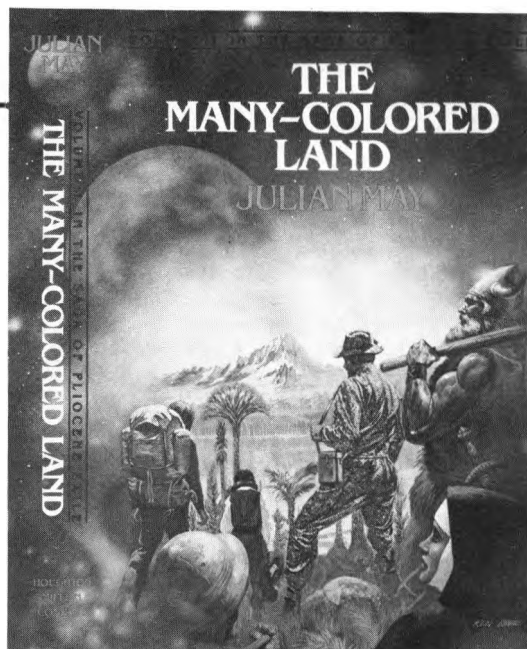
The drama begins when the exiles find that, far from being uninhabited, proto-Europe is the home of two warring races from another planet. There is the knightly race of the Tanu--handsome, arrogant, and possessing vast powers of psychokinesis and telepathy. And there is the outcast race of the Firulag--dwarfish, malevolent, and gifted with their

own supernatural skills. Taken captive and transported through the primordial European landscape, the humans manage to break free, join in an uneasy alliance with the forest-dwelling Firulag and, finally, launch an attack on the Tanu city of light that, eons later, would be called the Rhine. *The Golden Tore* will continue the story from that point.

The Many-Colored Land already seems to be the most talked-about fantasy/SF novel of 1981. At the WorldCon in Boston last fall, Houghton Mifflin gave away a limited number of brochures with a facsimile of the original manuscript's first 64 pages. Fritz Leiber, Vonda McIntyre, and Roger Zelazny have read the book and have offered enthusiastic comments. Leiber notes that it is "the sort of fantasy closely based on science-fiction realities that I particularly enjoy," and goes on to say, "I was captivated by its glamorous, sinister, faerie fold moving through the misty forests of earth's true past...an altogether enchanting and engrossing novel." Vonda McIntyre says, "The book grips the reader and doesn't let go--I wish I weren't going to have to wait a year for the next volume."

Kate Wilhelm will be out in April with a new psychological novel, *A Sense of Shadow*, in which a dying Oregon millionaire summons home his children to hear the strange and ominous method he's worked out for choosing his heir. This despotic old man has bent his doctor and lawyer to his will, and is wielding absolute power over his children one last time. Or will he be able to extend his power beyond death?

"I've handled ghosts in a way that I can believe in," says Kate of her new book, "and I hope others can also believe in. I believe that we are all haunted, that we harbor within ourselves many ghosts that are ready to manifest given the proper circum-



stances and the right time." Gene Wolfe calls Kate's latest "A sensitive and penetrating novel masquerading as a thriller, the sort of thing one might expect if a black leopard should choose to play a witch's cat on Halloween night."

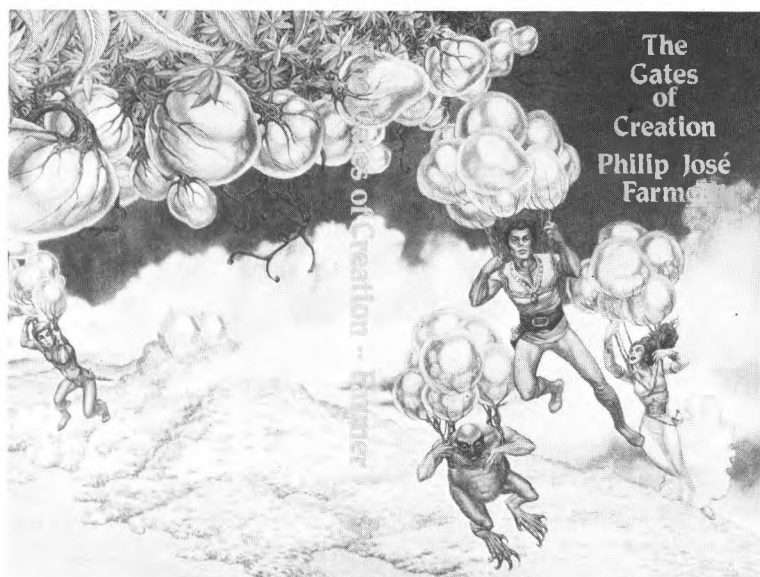
The third Houghton Mifflin spring title in the field is a commentary--*Tolkien and the Silmarils* by Randel Helms. Discussing *The Silmarillion*, Tolkien's most profound work, Helms draws out its major themes, both pagan and Biblical, and relates them to the whole body of Tolkien's fiction. The best part is that Helms is not at all a dry literary critic; he's able to take the challenging concepts in Tolkien and make them into easy and delightful reading.

-- Robie Macauley
Senior Editor



Author Julian May poses (background) as Brede the Shipspouse, a character from a later book in the saga. Artist above is Ken Barr.

Specialty Publishers



Artist: George Barr

PHANTASIA PRESS

A January release from Phantasia Press, as noted in FN #32, is *The Gates of Creation* by Philip José Farmer, the second novel in his 5-volume 'World of Tiers' series. The new Phantasia volume is a revised edition of the novel (originally published by Ace Books in 1966) with a new introduction by Farmer. The 192-page cloth volume sports a wraparound color dust jacket painting by George Barr. A 250-copy special edition, signed and numbered by Farmer and provided in a slipcase, is priced at \$25. The 750-copy trade edition is \$15.

Also out is the first, limited clothbound edition of *Dream Park* by Larry Niven and Steven Barnes, with a dust jacket illustrated by Rowena Morrill. The 600-copy, slipcased edition is priced at \$35. Add \$1 for postage on all orders. As noted in "Trade Books" this issue, *Dream Park* will be an April trade paperback release from Ace Books. Phantasia Press, 13101 Lincoln St., Huntington Woods, MI 48070.

UNDERWOOD/MILLER

Planned for June publication by the publishing team of Tim Underwood and Chuck Miller are three new hardcover volumes in limited collector's editions.

Desert of Stolen Dreams by Robert Silverberg is the novella-length prequel to his fantasy novel *Lord Valentine's Castle*. The 104-page volume will be illustrated by

Stephen Fabian. The 800-copy trade edition will be priced at \$12.50 while a 200-copy signed and specially bound edition will be priced at \$30.

The other two titles are two volumes in Jack Vance's 5-volume 'Demon Princes' series. The volumes will have uniform cloth bindings and will both feature a frontispiece illustration by Randy Broecker. Volume 1, *The Star King*, will appear in a 500-copy trade edition at \$15 and a 125-copy signed and numbered edition priced at \$25. Volume 5, *The Book of Dreams*, will be published in an 825-copy trade edition at \$15 and a 175-copy signed and numbered edition at \$25.

Tentatively slated for July publication is *PKD, A Philip K. Dick Bibliography* (announced back in FN #26), delayed due to the 200 cover reproductions that will appear in the volume. The 800-copy softcover edition will be priced at \$6.95 and a 225-copy hardcover edition will be priced at \$20. Underwood/Miller, 239 N. 4th St., Columbia, PA 17512.

ROBERT WEINBERG

Pulp Classics #22 recently appeared from Robert Weinberg. The issue is a special nonfiction issue devoted to the old *Secret Agent* "X" pulp: *Secret Agent-X: A History* by Tom Johnston and Will Murray. The 96-page, perfect bound, softcover issue features a number of cover reproductions and is priced at

\$5.50.

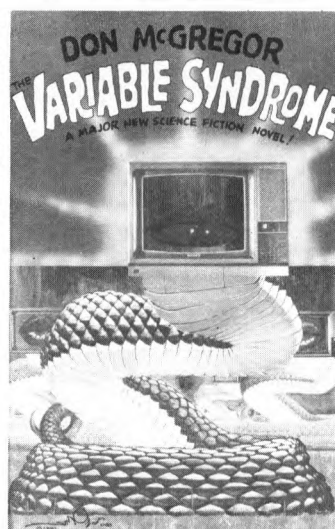
Next on the agenda from Weinberg is *Incredible Adventures* #2, featuring a reprint of the classic Ray Cummings novel, *Into the Fourth Dimension*, featuring many of the original Frank R. Paul illustrations from the 1925 serialization in *Science and Invention*. Robert Weinberg, 15145 Oxford Dr., Oak Forest, IL 60452.

FICTIONEER BOOKS

Just out from David Anthony Kraft's Fictioneer Books Ltd is a new 140-page trade paperback, *The Variable Syndrome* by Don McGregor. The contents include an 80-page short novel of the same title, a contemporary SF novel. Rounding out the volume is "Investigating 'Detectives, Inc.," a horror story of another sort in which McGregor tells of his experiences in the comics business. Sorry, but I don't have a price on this. Fictioneer Books Ltd., 1 Screamer Mt. Road, Clayton, GA 30525.

NEWCASTLE PUB. CO.

Regrettably, Newcastle Pub. Co. has been forced to cut back its schedule of "Forgotten Fantasy" reprints. Their second 1980 release recently appeared and is volume 24 in the series: *Alan's Wife* by H. Rider Haggard, with a new introduction by Douglas Menville. The text for this edition was taken from the 1889 Ludgate edition and eight interior plates were taken



Artist: Walt Simonson

The Best in Collector's Editions from Phantasia Press

DREAM PARK

by Larry Niven and Steven Barnes \$35.00

Phantasia Press is pleased to announce the publication of a major new novel combining the talents of Larry Niven and Steven Barnes. Together they have written a marvelous science fiction novel containing elements of suspense, mystery and high adventure. This slip-cased first edition is limited to 600 copies, signed and numbered by the authors. The full-color wrap-around jacket is the creation of Rowena Morrill.

World of Tiers Series by Philip Jose' Farmer

Volume 1.

THE MAKER OF UNIVERSES Trade edition: \$15.00

Volume 2.

THE GATES OF CREATION Trade edition: \$15.00

Special edition: O.P.
Special edition: \$25.00

Volume 1, THE MAKER OF UNIVERSES, is limited to 1,200 copies. This deluxe edition has been specially revised by Mr. Farmer and also features a new introduction. Doug Beekman has provided a superb full-color wrap-around jacket.

Volume 2, THE GATES OF CREATION, is limited to 1,000 copies, 250 of which have been signed and numbered by the author in a special slip-cased edition. A stunning full-color jacket has been created by George Barr. This edition also contains a new introduction and corrections by Mr. Farmer, and is produced uniformly with volume 1.

THE HUMANOID TOUCH

by Jack Williamson \$30.00

This deluxe 1st edition is the sequel to Mr. Williamson's now classic THE HUMANOIDS. This 500 copy edition has been signed and numbered by the author and slip-cased. We have brought back Ed Valigurski, who has created a beautiful full-color wrap-around jacket for this special edition.

THE PURPLE PTERODACTYLES

by L. Sprague deCamp \$15.00

This hardcover first edition collects 15 stories of magic, sorcery and the bizarre. These are the mysterious and inexplicable adventures of W. Wilson Newbury, the ensorcelled financier. This 1,500 copy edition is nearly sold-out.

THE REIGN OF WIZARDRY

by Jack Williamson \$15.00

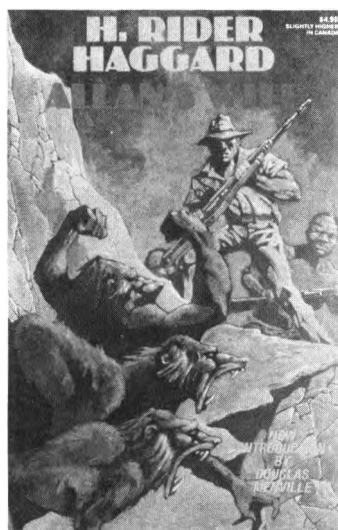
This classic epic of black magic and high adventure pits the heroic Theseus against the evil powers of Minos in a struggle to control the ancient empire of Crete. Steve Fabian's haunting full-color cover makes this a special book. The 1,500 copy edition is low in stock.

Please add \$1.00 for insured delivery. Please enclose a SASE with inquiries or for confirmation of order. Dealer discount information available upon request.



P H A N T A S I A P R E S S

13101 LINCOLN ST., HUNTINGTON WOODS, MICHIGAN 48070



Artist: Tony Gleeson

from a 1920 edition of the novel. The trade paperback features a new wraparound cover illustration by *Tony Gleeson* and is priced at \$4.95. Newcastle Publishing Co., Inc., P. O. Box 7589, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

STARMONT HOUSE

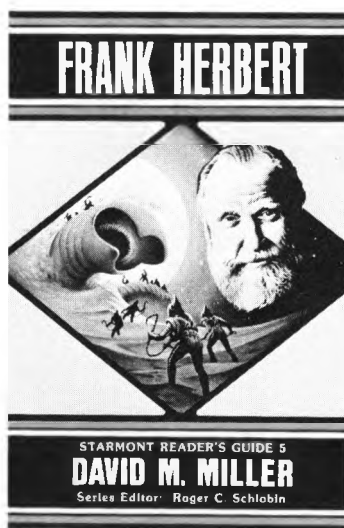
Just out from Starmont House is the 5th volume in the Starmont Reader's Guide series of one-author studies and bibliographies under the general editorship of *Roger C. Schlobin*. This latest volume is devoted to *Frank Herbert* and is written and compiled by *David M. Miller*. The 70-page trade paperback is uniform in format with its predecessors, containing essays on Herbert's major works and annotated primary and secondary bibliographies. Like the other volumes in the series, it features a cover illustration by *Stephen Fabian*.

Previous volumes in the series have been: *Arthur C. Clarke* (#1), *Roger Zelazny* (#2), *Philip Jose Farmer* (#3), *Joe Haldeman* (#4), and *Fritz Leiber* (#8, published out of sequence). All are priced at \$3.95. Starmont House, P. O. Box 851, Mercer Island, WA 98040.

SCIENCE FICTION BOOK CLUB

April selections from the SF Book Club are *Downbelow Station* by *C. J. Cherryh*, member priced at \$4.50, and *The Last Defender of Camelot* by *Roger Zelazny*, at \$2.98. The former was a DAW Books original in February and the latter a Pocket Books collection in December.

Featured alternates are *Di Fate's Catalog of SF Hardware* by *Ian Summers* and *Vincent Di Fate*, at \$10.98 (a January release from Workman Pub. Co. priced at \$8.95 in trade paper and \$17.95 in cloth) and *They Came from Outer Space* edi-



Artist: Stephen Fabian

ted by *Jim Wynorski*, at \$6.50 (a March Doubleday release at \$11.95).

BLACK LOTUS

Now available from Black Lotus is a limited edition, full color reproduction of the *Thomas Canty* painting used for the wraparound dust jacket to the Donald M. Grant edition of *Fields of Sleep* by *E. Charles Vivian*. Entitled *Lament of the Rose*, the 18" by 16" print is matted and ready for framing. The edition is limited to 100 hand signed and numbered prints, priced at \$35 each. A preliminary illustration for this painting appeared as the cover to the June 1980 issue of *Fantasy Newsletter*. Black Lotus, Drawer J, Colchester, CT 06415.

SCHANES & SCHANES

A January release from Schanes & Schanes is a 7-plate art portfolio by *Frank Cirocco* entitled *Seven Dreams of Sinbad*. Each plate measures 11½" by 14½" and illustrates a dream. The initial plate is rendered in full color on a heavyweight enamel while the remainder are in black-and-white on a matte finish stock. The portfolio is limited to 1,200 signed and numbered copies and is priced at \$20.

Schanes & Schanes plan to release a number of portfolios in February and March. *The Forgotten Beasts of Eld* by *Alicia Austin* will be limited to 1,500 copies, priced at \$15. *Unicorns* by *Lela Dowling* will consist of six b&w plates and will be limited to 1,200 copies at \$12. *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* by *Greg Irons* will contain six b&w plates and will be limited to 750 copies at \$12. *Starslayer* by *Mike Grell* will also consist of six b&w plates and will be limited to 1,200



copies at \$12. Schanes & Schanes, P. O. Box 99217, San Diego, CA 92109.

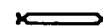
FUTURE DREAMS PRESS

Future Dreams Press recently published the first in what will eventually be a series of limited edition prints by new artists in the field. *Vulnerable* is a 11" by 15" line drawing by *Gary Davis*, printed on a linen-finish stock, suitable for framing. The print is limited to 150 signed and numbered copies, priced at \$6. Future Dreams Press, 1800 East Burnside, Portland, OR 97214.

*

BARRY R. LEVIN SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY LITERATURE

2253 Westwood Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90064
(213) 474-5611

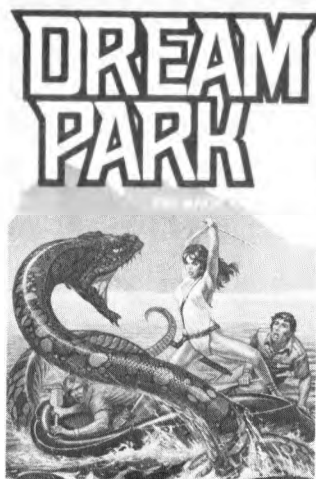


FIRST EDITIONS OF SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY

17th through 20th Century
Bought and Sold



Trade Books



Artist: Michael Whelan

ACE BOOKS

A trade paperback original for April is *Dream Park* by Larry Niven and Steven Barnes, an SF novel about a fantasyland of the future. Set in a futuristic amusement park, the novel includes elements of fantasy gaming and a murder mystery. The \$5.95 volume sports a cover illustration by Michael Whelan. A pre-publication hardcover edition, limited to 600 copies, is being published in January by Phantasia Press, Ace Books, 51 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10010.

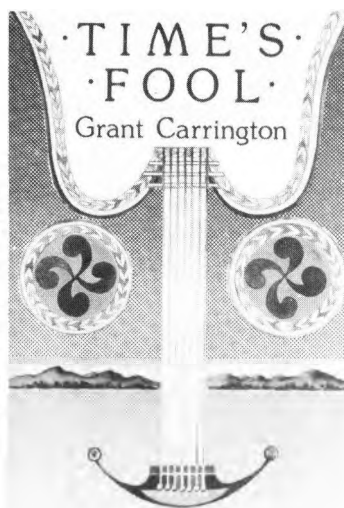
DOUBLEDAY & CO.

In FN #32, I noted the forthcoming January release of *Mahogany Trinrose* by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, her fourth Sime novel. This has now been rescheduled for April release, priced at \$9.95. (For details about the remainder of her series, see "Work in Progress" in FN #26.)

Appearing in its place in January was *Time's Fool* by Grant Carrington, a novel about a musician and his music, produced by an autar --part sitar, guitar and computer. Price is \$9.95.

Due out in April, along with *Mahogany Trinrose*, is a new collection of short fiction by Thomas F. Monteleone entitled *Dark Stars and Other Illuminations*. Included among the nine stories are "The Dancer in the Darkness," "Where All the Songs Are Sad," and "The Star-Filled Sea is Smooth Tonight." Introduced by Roger Zelazny, and priced at \$9.95.

A nonfiction release for April



Artist: Margo Herr

is *Asimov on Science Fiction* by Isaac Asimov, a collection of 55 essays on SF writers and a variety of SF subjects ranging from gadgetry to Soviet SF. Price is \$12.95.

March releases I was unable to cover last issue include *Koren* by Tim Lukeman and *Sunrise West* by William Carlson. *Koren* is Lukeman's second heroic fantasy novel (his first was *Rajan*, published in 1979 by Doubleday). *Sunrise West* is an SF novel about a mystical black man and an electronics genius who lead mankind's struggle for survival in a post-holocaust world. Both are priced at \$9.95.

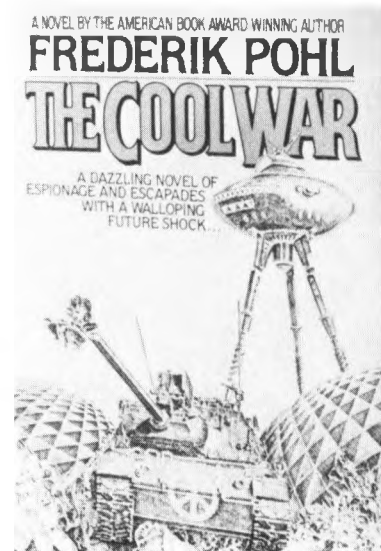
A mainstream release for March is *They Came from Outer Space* edited by James Wynorski, a collection of 12 science fiction stories that were made into films, illustrated with stills from the movies. Also included is an introduction by Ray Bradbury. Price is \$11.95. Doubleday & Co., Inc., 501 Franklin Ave., Garden City, NY 11530.

SIMON & SCHUSTER

Due out from Simon & Schuster in March is *Kingdom of Summer* by Gillian Bradshaw, the second novel in her Arthurian trilogy that began with *Hawk of May*, published by Simon & Schuster last May. Price is \$12.95.

Another March release under the new "Timescape" imprint (shared with Pocket Books in paperback) is *The Claw of the Conciliator* by Gene Wolfe, the second volume in a fantasy tetralogy. The novel continues the story of Severian, exiled from the Torturer's guild in Wolfe's first novel, *The Shadow of the Torturer*, also published by S&S last May. Price is \$11.95.

Scheduled for April under the "Timescape" logo is *Windhaven* by



George R. R. Martin and Lisa Tuttle, a science fiction novel based on their earlier *Analog* story, "The Storms of Windhaven." Price is \$13.95. Simon & Schuster, 1230 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020.

BALLANTINE/DEL REY

A new science fiction novel scheduled for April release from Del Rey Books is *The Cool War* by Frederik Pohl, at \$10.95. This is a James Bond-type espionage novel set in the energy-poor world of the 2020's. Del Rey describes it as "a deeply ironic, often hilarious, yet thought-provoking look at where we could be some forty years from now."

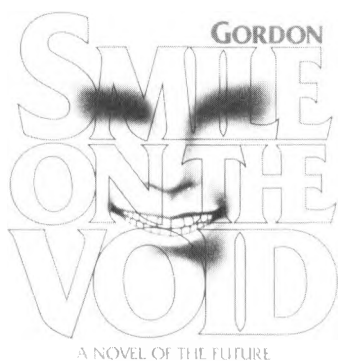
Under the Ballantine imprint, watch for *Journeys of Frodo* by Barbara Strachey, which will appear simultaneously in trade paperback at \$7.95 and in hardcover at \$12.95. Del Rey/Ballantine Books, 201 East 50th St., New York, NY 10022.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

As noted in detail in "The Outlook" this issue, Houghton Mifflin will release *The Many-Colored Land* by Julian May in April, at \$12.95. For details about this fantasy novel, see "The Outlook." The author is the wife of Ted Dikty, better known as Fax Collector's Editions and Starmont House.

Another April release is *A Sense of Shadow* by Kate Wilhelm, described as suspense and science fiction combined and priced at \$9.95.

Out in March is *Tolkien and the Silmarils* by Randel Helms, a critical volume that examines Tolkien's *The Silmarillion*. Price is \$10.95. Houghton Mifflin Co., Two



Park St., Boston, MA 02107.

BERKLEY/PUTNAM

Coming from Berkley/Putnam in April is *Smile on the Void* by *Stuart Gordon*, a fictional memoir of the richest, most successful man of the 20th century--a cross between Howard Hughes, Mick Jagger and Christ. The book traces his life up to his mysterious disappearance in 1992. Price is \$13.95.

Also out from Putnam's in March is *Faust*, by *Robert Nye* (author of *Merlin*), priced at \$12.95. Berkley Publishing Corp., 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.

ARBOR HOUSE

Due out from Arbor House in April is *Creature!--A Chrestomathy of "Monstery"* edited by *Bill Pronzini*, a collection of stories based upon various creatures such as the Yeti and the Loch Ness monster. Included will be stories by *Arthur Conan Doyle*, *Robert Bloch*, *Barry N. Malzberg*, *Leslie Charteris* and *Talmage Powell*. Price is \$11.95.

Also slated is *The Beast Within* by *Edward Levy*, at \$10.95. It's described as a contemporary Jekyll-and-Hyde novel about the offspring of a woman and a creature who was once a man. Arbor House Pub. Co., 235 East 45th St., New York, NY 10017.

THE VIKING PRESS

A March release from The Viking Press is *Worlds: A Novel of the Near Future* by *Joe Haldeman*, the first volume in a new science fiction trilogy set during World War III a century from now. Price is \$12.95.

Under the imprint of The Overlook Press is scheduled *Peake's*



Artist: Griesbach/Martucci

Progress: Selected Writings and Drawings by Mervyn Peake edited by *Maeve Gilmore*. Included in the \$25.00 volume are more than 50 illustrations. The Viking Press, 625 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

FREDERICK UNGAR

An April release due out from Frederick Ungar Publishing Company is *Frank Herbert by Timothy O'Reilly*, a nonfiction study of Herbert's "Dune" and other works. It will be priced at \$5.95 in trade paperback and \$10.95 in cloth.

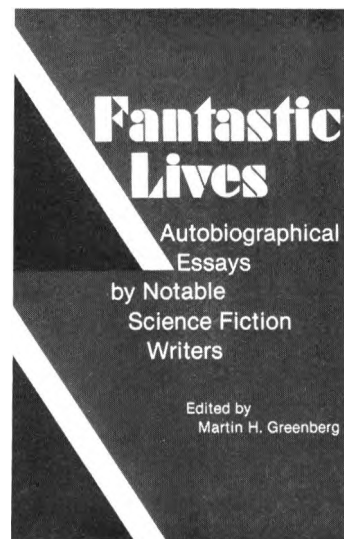
ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

An early February release from St. Martin's Press is *Guinevere* by *Sharan Newman*, a fantasy novel that tells the other half of the King Arthur story: the childhood of Guinevere and her meeting with Arthur. The book is priced at \$10.95 and sports an attractive dust jacket designed by *Laura Hammond*. St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010.

HARPER & ROW

An early February trade paperback release from Harper & Row is *Lanark*, a non-traditional fantasy by *Alasdair Gray*. The novel concerns the surreal adventures of Lanark on a quest to learn about his past. This is a thick 560-page novel with interior illustrations, priced at \$8.95.

Upcoming from Harper & Row in hardcover in March is *A Robert Silverberg Omnibus* by *Robert Silverberg*, at \$14.95, and, in April, *Nebula Winners Fifteen* edited by *Frank Herbert*, at \$11.95. Harper & Row, 10 East 53rd St., New York, NY 10022.



THE DIAL PRESS

A March release from The Dial Press is *Analog's Golden Anniversary Anthology* edited by *Stanley Schmidt*. Priced at \$10.95, this is a hardcover edition of *The Analog Anthology #1* (noted in "Magazines" in FN #33). The softcover Davis edition is priced at \$2.95. The Dial Press, 1 Dag Hammarskjold Plaza, New York, NY 10017.

SO. ILL. UNIV. PRESS

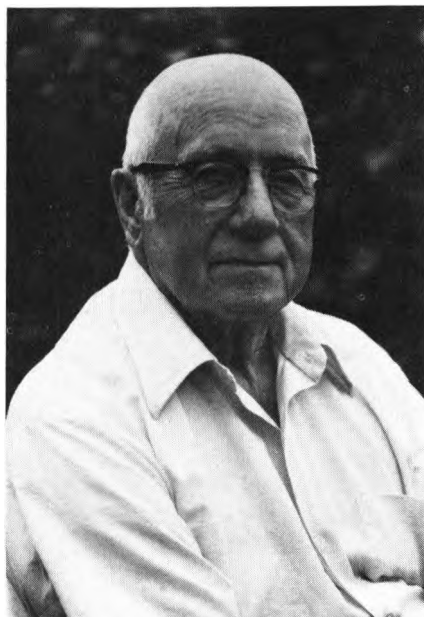
A late January publication from the Southern Illinois University Press is *Fantastic Lives: Autobiographical Essays by Notable Science Fiction Writers* edited by *Martin H. Greenberg*. Included are nine autobiographical essays by *Harlan Ellison*, *Philip Jose Farmer*, *R. A. Lafferty*, *Katherine MacLean*, *Barry N. Malzberg*, *Mack Reynolds*, *Margaret St. Clair*, *Norman Spinrad* and *A. E. Van Vogt*. Following each essay is a bibliography of the author's major works. The 215-page volume is bound in cloth and priced at \$15. Southern Illinois University Press, P. O. Box 3697, Carbondale, IL 62901.

GREGG PRESS

Gregg Press released five new *Fritz Leiber* titles in clothbound library editions in January. All five are uniformly bound in red buckram, are printed on acid-free paper, and feature a frontispiece portrait of Leiber by *Richard Salvucci* (who--purely by coincidence--happens to be this issue's cover artist).

The Wanderer is facsimile reproduced from the 1964 Walker edition, features a new introduction

(Continued on page 31, Col. 1.)



Introduction: I first met H. Warner Munn at the 4th World Fantasy Con in 1978. Shortly after seeing him again in Providence in 1979, we struck up a correspondence and I talked him into writing a brief reminiscence that appeared in the December 'FN'. Harold's letters were fun to receive: always typewritten but very informal and wrapped in a home-made envelope. He discussed a variety of subjects, but always centered on human values and the opportunities that life affords--and he always signed them, "I wish you well, H. Warner Munn (Harold)". In mid-October last year, I received the following handwritten note on a subscription renewal form: "I am quite ill with digestive problems, but expect to attend Baltimore convention Oct. 31-Nov. 2. Possible surgery Dec.?--" If only I had known it was to be the last time I'd see him alive.

What follows is a recent letter from Harold's son, James E. Munn, paying tribute to his father and describing his last months. Following his letter are excerpts from some of Harold's letters to me with his views on life and death. The photo at left was taken by James E. Munn last July in Harold's backyard. I like it very much. It captures the warmth and kindness of a very caring person, as well as the quiet courage of which his son speaks.

-- Paul C. Allen

In Memoriam: H. Warner Munn

January 26, 1981

Even before Dad underwent exploratory surgery December 10 (which identified the cancer) he suspected the worst and took steps to organize his affairs. In the preparation of his will he appointed me as executor of his estate to handle not only the immediate affairs of distribution, but future literary affairs as well. Consequently, I will be the sole representative of the family in such matters.

In your editorial you mentioned his pain and that he hid it well. That pleases me and would have pleased him had he been able to read it. You are correct when you said that he almost did not make the last convention. He did so against the advice of family and doctor's. He was advised instead to go into the hospital, but we now know it would have made little difference.

Since his death I am learning many new things about my father. Though quiet and soft-spoken he displayed a quiet courage that stood him to the end. Once, as a young deckhand on a side wheel steamer on Long Island Sound he saved a man's life by diving into the water over the paddle wheel; a feat I was aware of, but did not appreciate the significance of until after his death, when I found letters praising him that none of the family had ever seen.

I have seen him bear physical pain, such as we all experience, with stoicism and I have listened

to him say many times that he did not fear death, but rather looked forward to looking into the unknown. His own personal fantasy of patient waiting to see what it would be like.

He began to really suffer this pain in June and grew steadily worse. Though having difficulty that the doctors were unable to diagnose, he drove to Idaho for the convention in August and went to Oregon to appear in a radio interview in September, this last by train only because of problems with Mt. St. Helens. We were, of course, telling him to ease up but he persisted in pushing himself, as he had done in recent years. Even after his heart attack in 1977 he would push himself to see how much he could stand before his heart failed again. His way of finding his limitations, but we accused him of suicidal tendencies.

In October he was very bad, suffering so much pain that he could not eat without increasing the pain to the point of tears. On medication for the pain, he stayed in our home until time to go to the convention and thanked us for not trying more than one time to talk him out of it. He knew it would be his last and told me so. He was in such bad shape that when he left, neither my wife nor I expected to see him make it both ways. He did, and you remark that he hid it well, and I say good for him.

He entered the hospital the day after he came back from Baltimore for testing which failed.

Coming home to my brother's he deteriorated steadily, returned to the hospital November 26 and underwent exploratory surgery on December 10. The surgeon found heavy involvement of the pancreas and outer wall of the stomach and could do nothing for him. When told, Dad's comment was, "We all have to die of something." He came home on December 24 and stayed with us until his last trip to the hospital on January 5. He was expected to regain strength and prepare himself for the chemotherapy to extend his life for several more months but continued to lose strength in spite of our efforts. Finally, the pain grew uncontrollable and he had to go back to the hospital for heavy medication. I visited him the night before he died and he was comfortable, telling a joke to a nurse. On the morning of January 10, the cancer reached an artery and the end came much more quickly than expected. We were able to be there and my wife was holding his hand at the end; so he did not die alone.

It was hard, but would have been much harder so that we are thankful that he was not forced to go through the pain he would have experienced in the months to come. He told me that he thought that he had done most of what he wanted to do in his life and he felt ready. He waited patiently for his end to come and made no complaint about the trick of fate that robbed him of a quick and painless death.

I spent twenty-two years in

the military and only really came to know him in the past couple of years. I consider him a remarkable man of the same courage as the heroes of history that he admired. The same courage that caused him to dive over a paddle wheel into Long Island Sound so many years ago was with him all the way to the end, and I am proud that he was my father. He would most likely not consider himself gone forever though, only on a longer trip.

It is the family's wish and my intent, that his stories not die with him and I will do what I can to insure that they don't.

-- James E. Munn



January 20, 1980

In 1977 I had a heart attack--in August. That year, the Third World Fantasy Convention was held in L. A. and after it my friend, Lorraine Tucker, and myself went to Disneyland and without realizing what Space Mountain was all about (a really horrendous indoor roller coaster)--we went on it.

After we got off, the man behind me said to his wife, "I wouldn't go on that thing again for a million dollars!" I felt about the same way, but didn't say so, but deliberately lagged behind Lorraine so I could see how she was affected. I was gratified to see that she was in no better condition than I, although at that time she was 24 and I was 74. Her gait was unsteady and I said, "Would you like to sit down for a bit?" not letting on that my legs were like wet noodles.

"Yes, I think I would." So we sat down on a nearby bench and she said, "Did you know it was going to be like that?" "No, not exactly." "You saw that sign, didn't you? That people who were pregnant, had heart or bronchial problems, or who were nervous or easily frightened should stay off it?"

(Actually, I had, but was curious about what it might be. I had no idea it was a roller coaster, in almost pitch darkness, lit only by shooting stars, novas and comets--and hurled madly from side to side and up and down.)

"Oh, sure, I saw the sign." "Then what did you go on it for?" Only three weeks out of the hospital, after being in there a month?"

"Well, love, it was a challenge to see what the old heart could stand and to find if I got into some bind on the Freeway, if I could

cope with it without getting too upset. Besides, I knew neither one of us was pregnant!!" Then, I really got scolded!

But she is more used to my ways now than she was then, so after I had symptoms of another heart attack, August again in 1978, and had this implant and spent two weeks more in the hospital and some more time healing up, she knew I was feeling pretty good and made no complaints, when, at the Fourth World Fantasy Con in Fort Worth, we went on to Mexico City and climbed the Pyramid of the Sun, 345 steps.

The way I figure it, I intend to do what I want to do, so long as I can afford it and remain physically capable. Time runs out for all of us. I am 76 now and no longer capable of climbing high mountains, and I probably could not climb the Pyramid of the Sun, if I should go to Mexico again, but in the past I put off a number of things like that feeling that I could do them any time, and so went to Washington to live and never did those things back in New England, when I could have.

One does not have to be 76 to regret doing things when one could have and I recommend to you to do them as they come along and not look back wistfully. The Bible says that in the midst of life we are in death, but also, one can become crippled or have handicaps which prevent doing some things--and those can come on any one of us at a much younger age.

January 31, 1980

Yes, my attitude toward life is rather placid and not too demanding of Destiny. Lorraine said once (in a slight tone of exasperation) that she had never met anyone who cared so little as to what happened to him.

I guess I have arrived at a time of life when one comes to the conclusion that it doesn't matter greatly what does happen. It seems to me that I have no control over world shaking events, so I do not let them worry me much.

If the Bomb falls, my umbrella isn't going to do a bit of good. If the people I love return it in kind, I am happy. If they do not, I can't help that either--they have their own lives to live and their paths and mine may inevitably diverge. I can love them just the same--life is too short to hold grudges, whether one is 76 or 26.

Like most people I dread pain more than I fear death. We came from Mystery; we return to Mys-

tery--truly an adventure.

February 29, 1980

TO SAINT JOAN sounds fine to me on the article you accepted. I never miss any opportunity to keep her name glorious and beloved--and hope that somewhere she may be pleased. My feeling is with Maeterlinck in THE BLUEBIRD, that no one is truly dead as long as still remembered and, in her letter of defiance to the English she said, "Such a brouhaha will be raised by me that it will not be forgotten for a thousand years!" (not an exact quotation, but only the sense of it). Well, 571 years, so far, and still she is admired, honored and loved--by me and thousands of others.

Did you know that when units of the French troops are on maneuvers that if their route takes them through Domremy and past her birthplace, they come to attention and salute? A true gesture of devotion and respect. I do not know of any similar act for anyone else anywhere in the world, although of course there may be. I would not classify the respect shown to Lenin and Napoleon and others in that same category.

July 14, 1980

Lorraine and I are just back from Alberta, Canada, where we went to see the Calgary Stampede, with stops off at Banff, Lake Louise and Harrison Hot Springs.

I took this trip purposely to test myself--some 2,000 miles in 9 days of sightseeing--to find if it is wise of me in Oct. to cross Canada by camper, down thru New England and on into Florida to spend the winter there. I have decided that it is not and have given up the project. I shall probably fly to Baltimore instead, as since coming back, I have had symptoms of another heart attack, which would have been my third, and these are diagnosed as being angina pectoris, which, if true, I am told I shall have to live with in the future and bearing it in mind, be careful in what I do.

I am frequently dizzy, even when sitting down, with chest constriction and some actual pain, not excessive, but enough so to keep me wary. I have never thought myself immortal, of course, but I have many things that I want to do, yet, and places to go and people to see and hope to accomplish most of these.

I wish you well,
H. Warner Munn
(Harold)



Harlan Ellison: A Profile

The following took place at a lecture appearance by Harlan Ellison at the University of Oregon as a benefit for the Anderson-for-President campaign on October 16, 1980, and mostly at an autograph party for him at Gandalf's Den Fantasy Gallery in Eugene, Oregon, the next day. It has been edited for continuity and to avoid repetition, so parts of it are chronologically out of place, but every bit of it is accurate. I would like to thank Kent Patterson for his critical help; the owners, staff, and patrons of Gandalf's Den for their assistance and their questions; but most of all, I would like to thank Harlan Ellison, for making this possible.

(of sorts...)

by Michael E. Stamm

"The people who read this stuff are all bugfuck," said Harlan Ellison, gesturing at stacks of books including many of his own works. "You gotta believe that."

That statement fits perfectly with the image many people have of the man. Blunt, profane, opinionated, and not a little weird. It also seizes everyone's attention, whether they want it to or not. Harlan Ellison is like that. He can walk into a large room full of people, and within seconds every person present knows he's there. Harlan Ellison is twelve feet of charisma in a 5'5" frame.

Born in Ohio in 1934, Ellison stayed there--between bouts of running away from home to join the circus, among other things--until he was bounced out of Ohio State, in part because of his reply to a Creative Writing professor who told him he lacked any shred of talent. Ellison went from there to New York, where he worked like a fiend to prove that professor wrong.

He's been doing so, spectacularly, ever since. His first sale, in 1955, was a short story called "Glowworm," which James Blish called "possibly the single worst science fiction story ever written"; from then on, there was no

stopping him. Stories leaped from his typewriter by the scores, stories and more, including the autobiographical *Memos From Purgatory*, his account of his sojourn with a street gang in New York's Red Hook area; *Gentleman Junkie*, a collection of stories, the only paperback ever reviewed by the legendary Dorothy Parker; *Paingod and Other Delusions*, stories classed as science fiction but which are mostly fantasies, uniquely Ellison; and others. Television scripts, after he moved to Hollywood in 1963, for everything from *Cimarron Strip* to *Burke's Law* and *The Flying Nun* (the last so mismanaged that he withdrew his name from the credits and substituted his now-famous pseudonym, Cordwainer Bird); even comic books, scripts for series like *The Avengers* and *The Incredible Hulk*; and always, the stories.

Spider Kiss. The Edgar-winning "The Whimper of Whipped Dogs." "Soldier," televised on *The Outer Limits*. *Deathbird Stories*. "Repent, Harlequin! Said the Ticktockman," one of the ten most-reprinted stories in the English language. "Footsteps." "All the Lies That Are My Life." "A Boy and His Dog," made into a film which has become a cult classic. And more, so many

more, enough to fill thirty-seven books and a shelf-full of awards, Hugos, Nebulas, Writer's Guild Best Screenplay awards and others. "You've read all my stories? Don't be ridiculous--I haven't read all my stories."

Harlan Ellison has lived in Hollywood for the past seventeen years, more or less; operating out of a deceptively innocent-looking house called Ellison Wonderland, he has traveled the world. He's written stories in bookstore windows, a feat he's made his own province, in cities on several continents. "From A to Z in the Chocolate Alphabet," in Los Angeles; "Footsteps," in Paris; "Django," in Boston; and he's done the same thing on the radio, too.

He wants to have written everything.

I'm betting he does it.

Ellison: There is no high--sex, religion, reading--which is one one-billionth the high I get from writing the right phrase. Once in a while you tap into the power source of the universe, and there's nothing like it. When I am writing, I am GOD--bolts of lightning fly out of my fucking fingertips! It's like eating Hydrox cookies!

The scene: Harlan, safely behind a table in the picture-window of Gandalf's Den, tottering stacks of his books before him, surrounded by a constantly changing mob of fans, customers, the curious, and the occasional normal person. That multi-faced being, the General Public, face *always* changing, always asking for autographs, asking questions, reaching out in one way or another to the sharp-faced man with the penetrating gaze. And Harlan reaches back, *giving* far more of himself than anyone in his position might be expected to give; his energy, his caring, are contagious, and that's why no one who has never met him has any right to measure or judge him. Harlan Ellison is a phenomenon.

General Public: I've written some things--would you be willing to look at them for me?

Ellison: Oh, no. No. Wouldn't do it. On a number of counts; first of all, I haven't got the time. Second of all, I haven't really got the interest. I spend half my time writing and the other half reading, and it's all I can do to keep up with the shit I *have* to read. And third of all, if I was, say, writing a story, or I had a story that I'd already written, and mine got published and yours didn't, then you would say, "The sucker ripped me off." So the only way I can protect myself-- Besides, it wouldn't matter what I would have to say. The only person who matters is someone who's gonna buy the story. That's the compliment: they stake their job that you have some talent, and they pay you money for the privilege. Don't show it to your mother, don't show it to your girlfriend, just send it on in to the magazines. And if they reject it that means you're not ready yet. After a while they start sending you little notices with the rejections, and after another little while they start buying. That's if you've got talent. If you don't, you'll keep sending 'em in for a hundred years and you'll never make anything. This friend of mine wanted to be a writer for a long time, he used to come and live off me for six months at a time, and he'd sit up in his little bedroom with a typewriter, and he'd send these stories out, and they'd come back with rejection slips *all the time*. Finally, after about two-three years of this, I got sick to death of having him around, so when he went out one day I typed up a little thing and pasted it on his typewriter, and it said, "Three

years of rejection notices is nature's way of telling you you can't write for shit." (Laughter) So he went off and opened a store which is now doing nicely, and he's finally reconciled himself to it.

General Public: What's happening with *The Last Dangerous Visions*?

Ellison: It's coming out this year. They'll (Berkley/Putnam) start shipping it around July sometime. (To a small child) You suck your thumb? I sucked my thumb until I was 12 years old. It's OK. You'll cost your parents *thousands* for braces, but it's OK. (Aside) I love babies. Babies and dogs. Don't like adults and cats.

General Public: You were talking about Gerald Kersh (author of *Nightshade* and *Damnation*), and many others). Do you have a large Kersh collection? I've found six books in eight years of looking.

Ellison: Yes. You know why--most of his books were published during the war, when they had a paper shortage, and in very, very limited editions, and they were very thin books, the little black ones. I've got friends in England who scour bookstores for me, they go out on 'book crawls' to find the damn things for me. Kersh was such an incredible stylist... I never met him, but we used to correspond, just before he died. He had cancer of the throat, and they'd removed his larynx, and he talked with a little machine--very strange voice. He once said, about that, to me, that "There's this to learn about being an invalid. The people on crutches always cross the street just as the light is changing--and they do it on purpose."

General Public: You edited *Nightshades and Damnations* (Fawcett, 1968). Thank you for turning me on to Kersh. I wanted to thank you, too, for discovering Bruce Sterling's *Involution Ocean* (Pyramid, 1977). The book is incredible. But that cover is the most appalling thing I've ever seen.

Ellison: Why? I picked out that cover.

General Public: I was afraid of that.

General Public: Do you ever put down television when you're being interviewed, like, by Johnny Carson?

Ellison: Yeah, sure. Y'know, I do my Howard Beal number. "Kick in

your picture tube." It's self-defeating, though, because the more charismatically I do it, the more people watch, and that's the reverse of what you want 'em to do. The only way to get 'em *not* to watch is if you're boring, in which case they won't put you on TV to begin with.

General Public: How have you liked your stay in Eugene? Are you ready to go back to L.A.?

Ellison: I've enjoyed it. Of course, I'm always ready to go back, I love my house, it's really nifty and it's lots of fun, and I like living down there. I'd go mad here. I'd go absolutely buggy here. L.A. is my kind of town. I feel like Ali Baba in Baghdad down there, I love it. But I've had a very pleasant time here, everybody's been absolutely peachy-keen to me.

General Public: This may be a dangerous question, but why did you come back to Eugene?

Ellison: When was I last in Eugene?

General Public: Fall 1973--the Cultural Forum at the university organized it, and the one person there, who spearheaded getting you here, who knew who you were, dropped out of school before you came--

Ellison: Oh, *right*. Nobody knew who the hell I was and what I was doing, and they were *horrified* when I started to talk...yeah, I remember. I had flensed it from memory--one of the more ghastly experiences of my tender years. (To a customer) Wash you hands before you touch that bookplate! (The limited edition Worldcon bookplate for *Shatterday*) Gimme that, give it here, I'll put it in for you.

General Public: I work for a living.

Ellison: What do you think I do, chop liver? Just because my nails are clean--scars, stubby little peasant hands, we're not dealing here with a pianist!

General Public: You were talking about L.A.--I didn't know your house had that much land around it.

Ellison: Oh yeah. Well, I don't own all the land, but it's all protected watershed land behind me. Thirteen acres. Right behind my house I got deer, bobcat, raccoon, huge owls--right there in the middle of town. Up Beverly Boulevard to Mulholland--I'm right on the crest of the mountain there, over-

looking the valley.

General Public: I thought you were down in the valley.

Ellison: Oh, the valley is...you know. We send Republicans down there.

General Public: What do you think of C. S. Lewis's books?

Ellison: It all depends on which ones--I like his theological discussions much more than his fantasies. Very bright man. And I liked *Perelandra* a lot, and *Out of the Silent Planet*, but I hate *That Hideous Strength*, which is a terrible book. The Narnia stuff is fun. He was a fine writer, anything he wrote is good to read because he was such a good writer.

General Public: Have you ever read Charles Williams? His poetry?

Ellison: I've read all of Charles Williams. I love Charles Williams. Well, no, not his poetry--I've always meant to read it and I've never gotten around to it. I discovered *The Greater Trumps* when I was about eleven years old, and read it and was just knocked out by it. (To a customer) God, you look like my nephew Lauren--he just came to visit me the other day, he's weird. Gotta be my nephew, he's so fuckin' weird.

General Public: When you put together anthologies, do you use any kind of a system to keep track of what you read? You must've read a lot--

Ellison: I'll tell you something, this is gonna sound like a terrible thing to say, but it's God's truth, and every anthologist will tell you the same thing: I can tell within one page whether a manuscript is worth buying or not. If the writer's an amateur you can read the first four or five lines and know. And I'm seldom wrong...Terry Carr is seldom wrong, Bob Silverberg, or anybody who's a really good editor; they may miss once out of a hundred, but it saves you endless, endless hours of having to read crap the other way. And I have a pretty good sense of recall, of what has been written, what's original and what's not...

General Public: How did you like the way the movie version of "A Boy and His Dog" turned out?

Ellison: I liked it. I didn't like the sexist overtones that were

put in by the director (L. Q. Jones), but that wasn't me, that was him, and I hate the last line, it was a really debasing line. It makes fun of the death of another human being--that's bad news. And it wasn't the way the last line in the story was, 'cos in the story you understand that the death of the woman had some consequence but it was a matter of survival, whereas in the movie they make kind of a joke out of it. But other than that, I think it was a dynamite job. The sequel to the story, "Run Spot Run," has just been published. Picks up immediately after the death of Quilla Jane.

General Public: Heavy Metal ran "Eggsucker"--last year?

Ellison: Ariel. "A Boy and His Dog" is the second sequence in the story. First comes "Eggsucker" and then "A Boy and His Dog" and then "Run Spot Run" and then a very, very long section, about 40,000 words, called "Blood's a Rover," which is the title of the novel. That'll be out next May, I guess. Ace is putting out a trade paperback--Phantasia Press will be doing a limited edition hardcover--Corben cover, Corben illustrations, plus stills from the movie that have never been seen. It's gonna be a nice-looking book. (To a friend) Did you see the paper today? Like that 'sci fi' guy they got in there? And I 'beamed down' to Eugene? Jesus Christ. That is doubly offensive. It is really a moronic article.

General Public: I realize a good hint would be to look through *Dangerous Visions*, but who're your favorite authors?

Ellison: Well, I don't have many favorite writers who are science fiction writers--my favorites are Dickens, Conrad, Shirley Jackson, Mark Twain, Borges, Poe, Kafka. I read people like Tom Disch and Kate Wilhelm, Mike Moorcock and Gene Wolfe, but not many others. I can't read that stuff, can't handle it. It's shit! It's illiterate, most of it is silly--I mean, how can you pay attention to something called *Vazkor, Son of Vazkor*?

General Public: I mean people like Niven and Pournelle--

Ellison: Well, they're friends of mine, but the truth is that Larry Niven is a very commonplace writer, his stuff is very pedestrian. Pournelle bores the ass off me, even though I've bought stories written

by him. I love Jerry, he's a nice guy-- I've got 37,000 books in my house, if I were wandering through my house looking for something to read, the last ones I'd pick would be Niven and Pournelle. I would immediately gravitate to someone like Gabriel Garcia Marquez or Donald Westlake or Edith Wharton. I have a taste for really well-written stuff, and most of the stuff in science fiction is really badly, badly written. I'm sorry, that's the truth, I hate to disillusion you--

General Public: You mentioned a Latin American writer--

Ellison: Jorge Amado. And the book was *The Obscene Bird of Night*. There are a lot of good South American/Latin American writers whom you should be reading. Marquez,, and Mario Vargas Llosa, that's pronounced yoh-sa, and Carlos Fuentes--they're astonishing. You start reading that stuff and you realize how bad the stuff is in science fiction. Most science fiction writers don't know much about the craft, and the ideas are silly, too.

General Public: I thought you were really gonna come down on Carter and Reagan in your lecture, but you didn't--

Ellison: Well, I don't do that much on politics. It's a mug's game, as Bogart said. I like Anderson, I like what he's done. And I like his hair, he's got nifty hair. I like Anderson 'cos he's a maverick. He really is. I mean, you can't expect a man who's a total outsider to run a country. You have an example of that with Jimmy Carter--and Ronald Reagan, right--Anderson has been around a long time, he understands the system, and yet he is not cowed by it, he is not a coward.

General Public: Instead of a switch-over, he's made an organic change, over a period of time--

Ellison: Absolutely. He's a man who can admit a mistake, he says, I voted for such and such, for the blockading of Haiphong Harbor, and he says, I was wrong. Hey, that's cool, I can handle that.

General Public: People in this country don't like change, they like people who stick to their guns, who--

Ellison: Who are set in concrete, like Ronald Reagan.

General Public: What cost McGovern my vote was that he said he was backing Eagleton, and then, a week later--

Ellison: Yeah, that's where he lost me, too. I was working in his campaign, and I said, the reason I'm for him is because he's a courageous man, and when the Eagleton thing came up, I said, McGovern will stick by him, and with a week, he'd dumped him, and I said, that's it, fuck you, and away I went. It was a cowardly thing to do, he got frightened.

General Public: But there were a lot of pressures on--

Ellison: You *don't* do it, man. That's indicative of the way a man acts under pressure--that's why I wouldn't vote for Kennedy, I simply would not vote for Kennedy. Whatever happened, how the woman died, the accident, he could have been drunk out of his mind, that's cool, I can dig that. What matters is that afterwards the sonofabitch couldn't cop to it. He wouldn't face up to it. Duplicity makes me very nervous.

General Public: Are you a Buddhist?

Ellison: Am I a Buddhist?! No. Are you a Buddhist? Why would you think I am a Buddhist, I have good karma? I'm nothing, absolutely nothing. I was raised as a Jew and got hip to that when I was about 13 and left that action.

General Public: Are you addicted to that? (Points at Ellison's omnipresent bottle of Perrier)

Ellison: Am I addicted to water? Yeah, if I don't drink it my body dehydrates and I die. No--I don't drink, so I drink this. Mineral water--just sparkling water--put a little lime in it--all us Buddhists drink this.

General Public: I though Buddhists drank it without lime.

Ellison: (In a British-educated Hindu voice) No, that is not true. No, we Buddhists, we drink water with lime. Lime is good, lime is nice, lime is nifty and keen. The difference between a lime, a nice, sweet, cute lime, and a bad person, is that no one ever heard of a lime that ever gave anyone shit. That is true.

General Public: (Buying an Ellison book) I'm gonna go broke--

Ellison: In a good cause, sir, a

good cause. The fatter and happier I get the more I write and the nastier I get. Unlike other writers, the fatter and happier they get, the more gently they write. I resent my own success. (To a bystander) Would you sell me this book? (It is a copy of Ellison's *Doomsman*, 1967, in a double volume with Lee Hoffman's *Telepower*)

General Public: I'll sell you *this* one--this other is my collection copy.

Ellison: OK. How much for that one?

General Public: Oh...give me a buck.

Ellison: You got it. Now actually (He tears the book in half along the spine) *this* is a very good book, this is Lee Hoffman's, keep that, OK? (Tears *Doomsman* to pieces) I must have torn up a thousand of these. I will sign that other copy for you--you're the only person I've ever signed one of these for.

(Reads as he signs) H-e-r-m-a-n M-e-l-v-i-l-l-e. (Prolonged laughter)

General Public: You won't even sign it Cordwainer Bird?

Ellison: No, no. Cordwainer never wrote *that* badly.

General Public: Harlan, Paul from Biloxi, Mississippi, wants to know when the next *Dangerous Visions* will be out. (Talks to someone on the phone)

Ellison: Tell him it'll be out when they ratify the ERA. Biloxi, Mississippi?! How do they track you down, how do they *know*? How do they *find* me?

General Public: I would appreciate it if you (in signing a book) would make some mention of this occasion, so that in years to come, it will have that extra-special meaning--



Ellison: (writes) "In memory of John Anderson." (Laughter) Over the years you could have come to me and gotten "in memory of George McGovern, Eugene McCarthy, Adlai Stevenson"--I've been for all the big winners, an unbroken string of non-elected folk... (To a customer) That's a good book (*Memos from Purgatory*) One of my best books, in fact.

General Public: Why don't we see it more often?

Ellison: 'Cos it's one of those books that's not...if you're a science fiction writer, then what they want to do is all the SF titles, they don't want to do the books that aren't it.

General Public: What happened to that one book you were supposedly doing called *The Salamander Enchantment*?

Ellison: That was to be a first novel of a series called *The Dark Forces*...I just never got around to writing it. It's all plotted...

General Public: Do you remember writing "Hitler Painted Roses"?

Ellison: I remember it very well.

General Public: Did you ever consider having the ending be that God comes down to visit Margaret in Hell like her boss came down to visit her in her bedroom?

Ellison: No, I never considered that.

General Public: Is that a bad ending?

Ellison: You want an honest answer?

General Public: Certainly.

Ellison: Yeah. The point of it is that she is nobler than those who have condemned her, and that's what it's all about.

General Public: Have you been doing any fiction for radio?

Ellison: Nooo. They keep coming around and talking to me about it, but nobody ever ponies up. And everything I've heard on the radio is so ghastly. I love radio, I'd love writing for radio--

General Public: Think you'd have better control over it?

Ellison: I dunno, it's never gone that far. They call me, they say,

"We're doing such-and-such a radio series, we'd like you to do a couple scripts," and I say, "Fine, just do a contract, talk to my agent," and I never hear from 'em again. They're all fly-by-nights. Hyman Brown is doing that CBS Mystery thing, it's ghastly. Fifteen-minute ideas and they stretch 'em out to an hour. Horrendous. (Aside) There's a man with a Sony Walkman. Those are incredible--concert-hall sound--you've got the Boston Philharmonic coming outta both your ears with that one. And the wonderful thing about it is, it's not like those dudes who carry one of those things with the massive speakers--I kicked one of those to death. The guy carrying it chased me about eight blocks--he was mad. "Honkey mother-fucker, I'm gonna kill ya, sumbitch, I'm gonna kill ya..." It was like I took away his wife.

General Public: Whatever happened to old man (R. A.) Lafferty?

Ellison: Crazy ol' Ray? He's still around...got his teeth fixed, he was on the wagon, fell off, got back on, fell off the wagon again...he's amazing. He thinks I'm the Antichrist, he really does.

General Public: When are they coming out with (Leo and Diane) Dillon's art book?

Ellison: Very shortly, like next month, I think. Ballantine--I did the introduction. (Since delayed until Spring 1981)

General Public: Is there any chance of getting you back on the *I, Robot* script?

Ellison: I am back. I was on, then off, then on, then off and now I'm on again.

General Public: What about (Irvin) Kershner? Is he--

Ellison: Kershner's off. The new director, when he signs, will startle and amaze you, your eyeballs will fall outta your head, you cannot believe who's going to be directing that picture. It is that startling.

General Public: It's not going to be a made-for-TV movie?

Ellison: No, no. \$31 million movie.

General Public: What would you say are the chances of your getting out a product you'll be happy with?

Ellison: Well, if I go all the way with it, it'll be OK.

General Public: What happened to your "Blood's A Rover" series for NBC?

Ellison: Sex, violence, rape, cannibalism, all the things that make life worth living--and NBC said, "Can we tone it down a little?" We couldn't agree on how it was going to be done.

General Public: Are you happy with your victory in the lawsuit against ABC and Paramount?

Ellison: Yeah...there was no real result. \$337 thousand dollars or so, and some people in Hollywood now look like thieves...'business ethics' prevail in Hollywood. Everything is a rip-off. They always deal in comparatives, they want *High Noon* 'but with black folks.'

General Public: Will you explain what happened to your script for *Star Trek--The Motion Picture*?

Ellison: No. I would rather have a hysterectomy than talk about *Star Trek--The Motionless Picture*.

General Public: Are you doing a screenplay for (Tom Reamy's) *Blind Voices*?

Ellison: Yeah, it's nice. It's an independent company that's doing it.

General Public: Do you have any collection of your random writings in print anywhere?

Ellison: They're coming out with a book called *Introducing Ellison*, it's a book of my introductions, and then they're gonna do a book of my letters, which are even better--see, I'm *restrained* in my columns, I don't really go whole hog. I talk about my fans here, and I say, "May Yog-Sothoth hit me in the pancreas with a bolt of lightning if I'm not strictly wild about the whole slobbering, warbling pack of you"--

General Public: I hate to ask you to autograph my books after that.

Ellison: No, no, my pleasure, *mein pleasure*.

General Public: Then I'm off to writing class.

Ellison: Where you will learn the Way to Write Properly. Who teaches this class?

General Public: Yvonne Horne.

Ellison: NO! Not THE Yvonne Horne, of whom I've heard--nothing.

General Public: (Laughter) This (*Memos from Purgatory*) is a novel. You usually write short stories.

Ellison: Well, I've written four novels. Well, no, this one isn't a novel, it's an autobiography, but it's a full-length book. How's that for an author's signature, totally illegible, can't be read? I used to sign very legibly, and everybody said, "That doesn't look like an author's signature," so I studied the apothecaries...(Aside, pointing) That woman wants to buy a book! Get her! Get her!

General Public: No, he's (Ellison) giving this to me.

Ellison: I'm giving this to you?

General Public: Don't you give away your books?

Ellison: Do you give away free sex?

General Public: What's that got to do with it?

Ellison: Well, one is your product, the other is my product.

General Public: I didn't say that was my product--

Ellison: Well, what do you have to barter that I should give you a free book? Do you want to come and clean my house for a week? Those are the only things I have any use for...I can cook better than almost anybody I know...actually, I can clean better than almost anybody I know, too, so I don't really need that...and I've got a ladyfriend, so...

General Public: A lot of your books are out of print right now--

Ellison: Well, Ace has 'em all, and will be doing them as trade paperbacks starting next September. There'll be 21 books in all when the series is finished--they'll be doing them two a month for about a year. We'll begin with *Spider Kiss* (a.k.a. *Rockabilly*) and, I think, *Over the Edge*, which has been out of print for about 12 years. (To his Lady Jane, introducing a young man) This is the world-famous Marc Laidlaw...he just made his first

sale to the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, the man is a professional.

General Public: Ramsey Campbell said something about him in *Fantasy Newsletter*--

Ellison: Ramsey Campbell is very strange. Whenever I go to England, Ramsey Campbell shows up, somehow. I'll be walking down the street and all of a sudden Ramsey Campbell will pop out of a doorway and say (adopts an eerie, soft, whispery voice), "Will you write something for my new anthology, about sewers," and I scream and run. Really eerie.

General Public: Tell me if this is pompous, but when you were reading, I thought to myself, maybe this is the end of an era for him as a writer, maybe he's moving out of that science fiction into something--

Ellison: I moved out of that 15 years ago. I don't write science fiction. I never wrote science fiction.

General Public: But you're still beleaguered with the label.

Have You Lost Out On These Unique Items . . .

. . . RIVERWORLD WAR by Philip Jose Farmer (5 unpublished chapters from THE MAGIC LABYRINTH, in a 500 copy signed edition); THE DREAM WEAVER by Jane Yolen (stories by a F&SF favorite, illustrated with full color plates by Mike Hague); THE BOOK OF THE DUN COW when it was first published in hardcover; SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE THEATRICAL MYSTERY (150 copy numbered edition); and much more including unusual fanzines like *Nyctalops*, *Farmer-Age*, *Fantasy Tales*, *Pandora*, *The Weird Tales Collector*, *The Doc Savage Club Reader*, *The Dr. Who Review*, *The Armchair Detective* and many many more!

If so, then you have not been receiving our monthly annotated catalogs of science fiction, fantasy, mystery and pulp material. We stock all of the major new books, paperbacks and fanzines

in all of these fields as well as many other unusual items that you won't find in any other listing. We are full time book dealers and offer fast, friendly, efficient service. Our packers are collectors themselves so treat your order with the same care that they would want shown to books they would order through the mail.

Some of the many publishers we stock include Donald Grant, Miller-Underwood, Carcosa, Whispers Press, Owlswick, Mysterious Press, Del Rey, Phantasia Press, Arkham House, Pulp Press and many others, including a large selection of remainders and bargain books. We also have a huge stock of British paperbacks including over forty Dr. Who titles.

Send now for a free copy of our latest catalog. We think you'll be pleasantly surprised.

ROBERT & PHYLLIS WEINBERG

15145 OXFORD DR. OAK FOREST, ILLINOIS 60452

BOOK
SPECIALISTS

(312) 687-5765

Ellison: I was beleaguered today in the newspaper. They called me 'sci-fi writer.'

General Public: What if you came out with some collection or a novel that was just, well, like Woody Allen with *Interiors* or something?

Ellison: I've done that, I've done that. Doesn't help.

General Public: They took out your line about hate in the *F&SF* version of *All the Lies That Are My Life*. (The line was something like--spoken by Jimmy Crowstairs to his sister-- "If you took all the billions upon billions of grains of sand in the Gobi Desert, and you broke each and every one of them into thousands of millions of subatomic particles, and upon each of those thousands of billions of billions of particles you carved the word HATE, and you added all that HATE together, it would *still* not be equal to one one-billionth the amount of hate I feel for you!")

Ellison: Well, the truth of the matter is, that isn't in the story. I made that up in the reading, I ad-libbed that. The readings are different for me than the writing. When the writing flows properly, I'll find that when I've written a story, before it's published, I may read it aloud 3 or 4 times, and I'll say, "Ah, the cadence is wrong here," and change it. If I had thought of it, I would have put that 'millions of billions' thing in. That was a nice bit. *All the Lies That Are My Life* is 33,000 words long, not a word of fantasy in it, a straight contemporary story, and the only place that'll publish it is *F&SF*. Once you get yourself typed, you're fucked forever.

General Public: You once wrote about how you would like to write something, as opposed to your experiences with *Star Trek*, that told of your good experiences with *Outer Limits*.

Ellison: Yeah, well, a couple of people have done books on *Outer Limits*, and someone else is *doing* a book, and I've tried to help, but it just hasn't come through. But someday, yeah, I'll take the time. Did you know that they have just started showing that show in England for the first time, and it is the *biggest hit* on English television? They showed my two shows first (*Soldier* and *Demon With A Glass Hand*) and they beat everything else on British television,

and about six weeks later they had to rerun them because there was such a demand for them. They're showing them at midnight on Monday nights.

General Public: How do you deal with fans? Have you had problems with them?

Ellison: Fans are the biggest thieves in the world. I would never have them in the house. They go to visit Forry Ackerman and they steal from him. I've had fans in the house on one occasion or another, there's always something missing. Always. Biggest thieves in the world. And strange--! I was sitting in a sidewalk cafe on the Champs Elysees, sitting there reading the *New York Tribune*, with my cap on, drinking Perrier and minding my own business, and suddenly I have the feeling that I'm being watched. And I look up, and there are about 30 people standing in a knot, right in the middle of the Champs Elysees, staring at me. They're obviously German or Austrian students on a walking tour-- *lederhosen*, rucksacks, the whole bit, and they're staring at me. Now, I can spot German people immediately, and they make me a little nervous, being a Jewish person; when someone looks at me like that I think they're looking at a lampshade, or a bar of Ivory soap, or something. So I'm sitting there pretending to be very cool, and this kid comes over, and takes off the cap with the feather in it, and he walks up, and he says (adopts a German accent), "Excuse me, are you the American writer 'Arlan Ellison?'" And I thought, shit, if I cop to it, he may shoot me, but I said, "Perhaps," and he said, "We are great fans of your work, and we are here on a tour, and we were wondering if we might look at you." So I said, "Ja, you may look at me," and went back to my newspaper, and they stood there for twenty minutes looking at me! It was the most ominous thing that ever happened to me, these 30 incipient Hitler Youth, looking incredibly Aryan and staring. (To a very odd person, encrusted with dozens of badges, buttons, and oddments) Run that past me again, that could not have been what I thought you said. Amber somebody showed me her *butt* in California?

General Public: Yes. You might not have seen it, but she was screaming at you and you might remember that.

Ellison: Ah, uh, well, you've seen

one ass, you've seen 'em all, I suppose...

General Public: That's very good. Anyway, I am here to present you with this (A lavender document about the Warriors of Mars, a Eugene oddity having little or no connection with Edgar Rice Burroughs' works) and tell you that you are not normal, and have all the privileges thereof, until I change my mind. You must understand, I am doing this out of the goodness of my heart, because you are a short, cynical Jew, and I have a warm spot in here for short, cynical Jews, you know, I loved a short, cynical Jew, once, but anyway--

Ellison: Not only that, but I am a short, cynical, *psychopathic* Jew who *kills* on a moment's notice. (The person leaves) What is this thing? This is normal, this happens to me all the time. Go see Woody Allen's new movie, *Stardust Memories*, and you will see that kind of thing happen to him all through the movie. And I sat there as we saw this and I said, "This is my life, this is *deja vu*, this is what happens to me." I spot them, they have a psychotic glaze over their eyes, even if they're wearing dark glasses... The people who read this kind of stuff are absolutely bugfuck, you gotta believe that.

General Public: Why do I get the feeling that Rod Serling should be standing off to one side and pointing to us?

General Public: I read that *Shatterday* was supposed to come out about 1976--what happened?

Ellison: I had a contract to do a book for a publisher, a book I didn't want to do, and that was called *Shatterday*, and I was gonna use that as the lead story. I pulled the book away from him, but he wouldn't let go of it. But all he knew was to be in it was "Shatterday," so all the other stories went into *Strange Wine*. Then when he finally let go of it, I was able to use it. (Aside) A few more words on *Blood's A Rover*? "Interesting, exotic, fascinating, a smash hit." Harlan Ellison, *The New York Times*. If I sit in these things too long, I go completely stir-crazy and start doing strange and awful things.

Later, as everything was winding down, Harlan was away from his seat

(Continued on page 31, Col. 2.)

If you haven't been reading our magazine lately . . . it's time to begin . . .

COMING UP IN AMAZING

New Stories by: Roger Zelazny, Ron Goulart, Barry N. Malzberg, Bill Pronzini, Richard Lupoff, George R.R. Martin, Lisa Tuttle, Felix Gotschalk, David R. Bunch, Marvin Kaye, Parke Godwin, Tom Easton, Stephen Goldin, Grant Carrington, Hank Stine, Robert Adams, Jack Wodhams, Wayne Wightman, Timothy Zahn, Darrell Schweitzer, Paul Dellinger, James Patrick Kelly and more!

Articles by: Robert Silverberg (continuing his "Opinion" column from *Galileo*), Tom Staicar (book reviews), J. Ray Dettling (Futures Fantastic) and many more.

Hall of Fame Stories by: Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Harlan Ellison, Robert Sheckley, Gregory Benford, David R. Bunch, George R.R. Martin and many more.

Interviews with: Gene Wolf, Bob Shaw, Hal Clement, H.L. Grant, Bertram Chandler, Algis Budrys, Barry B. Longyear, R.A. Lafferty, Lloyd Biggle and many more.

AMAZING

Available bi-monthly on
your newsstand or
subscribe • one year \$9
two @ \$16, three @ \$25

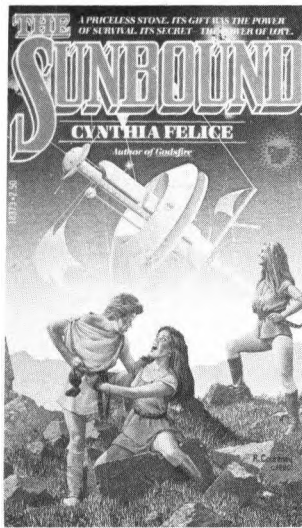
P.O. Box 642,
Scottsdale, AZ 85252

For Canada & Mexico add \$2 per year
Elsewhere, \$15 per year.



Paperbacks

Cover artists: "The Sunbound" by Roger Courtney; "The Caverns" by Janet Aulizio; "Windsound" by Boris Vallejo; "Mute" by Ron Walotsky.



DELL BOOKS

An original science fiction novel due out from Dell in April is *The Sunbound* by Cynthia Felice, at \$2.50. It's about a woman who possesses a stone holding vast powers of telepathy who gets shanghaied by a band of spacefaring gypsies. The paperback sports a nice cover by Roger Courtney.

The reissue for April is *The Quest for Tanelorn* by Michael Moorcock, at \$2.25.

BERKLEY BOOKS

New from Berkley in April is *Caverns* by Kevin O'Donnell, Jr., Book I in 'The Journeys of McGill Feighan.' As a small baby, the



hero of this new series (McGill Feighan) is swallowed by an alien and released after three days, apparently unharmed. At age five, he discovers he has the rare ability of being a 'Flinger'--able to travel through the universe as fast as thought.

Another April original is *Windsound* by Doris Vallejo, featuring a cover illustration by Boris. This is an SF novel about a woman whose lover is nearly killed in an accident; his brain is kept alive in a laboratory in the hopes he will be able to travel telepathically between the galaxies.

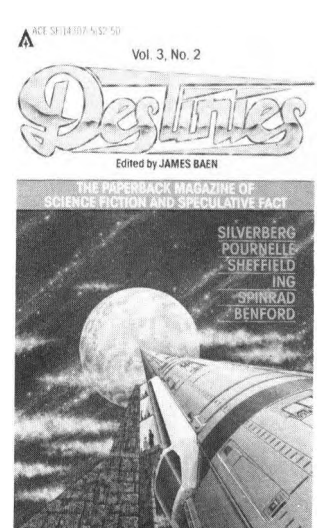
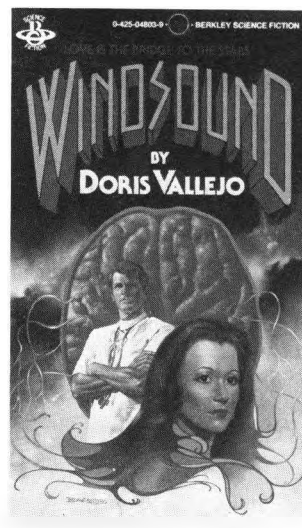
Also slated is the first paperback edition of *The Northern Girl* by Elizabeth A. Lynn, rounding out her trilogy of 'The Chronicles of Tornor.' Price on all three of these titles is \$2.25.

ACE BOOKS

Leading off Ace releases for April is *Destinies* #11 edited by James Baen and featuring new material by Robert Silverberg, Jerry Pournelle, Charles Sheffield, Dean Ing, Norman Spinrad and Greg Benford, among others. Price is \$2.50.

Making its first paperback appearance as a mass market release is *Changeling* by Roger Zelazny, a trade paperback original from Ace last June. Price is \$2.50.

Reprints this month include *Necromancer* by Gordon R. Dickson, *The Sword of the Gael* by Andrew J. Offutt, and *The World Shuffler* by Keith Laumer. All three are priced at \$2.25.



AVON BOOKS

Mute by Piers Anthony is an Avon original due out in April, a science fiction novel about a mutant human exiled to Planet Nelson, where his psionic powers involve him in a plot to overthrow humanity. Price is \$2.95.

Making its first paperback appearance in April is *Return to Earth* by H. M. Hoover, a science fiction novel for young adults that was published in hardcover by The Viking Press. It portrays an Earth of 3307 ruled by corporations. Price is \$1.95.

A reissue for April is *Starship* by Brian Aldiss, priced at \$2.25.

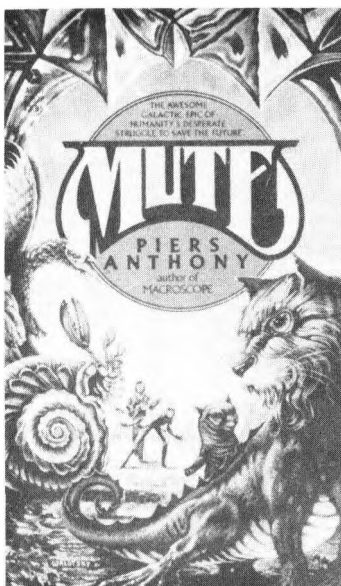
PLAYBOY PRESS

Playboy has only one title scheduled for April, a reprint of Jacqueline Lichtenberg's first novel, *House of Zeor*, originally published in hardcover by Doubleday and paperbacked by Pocket Books.

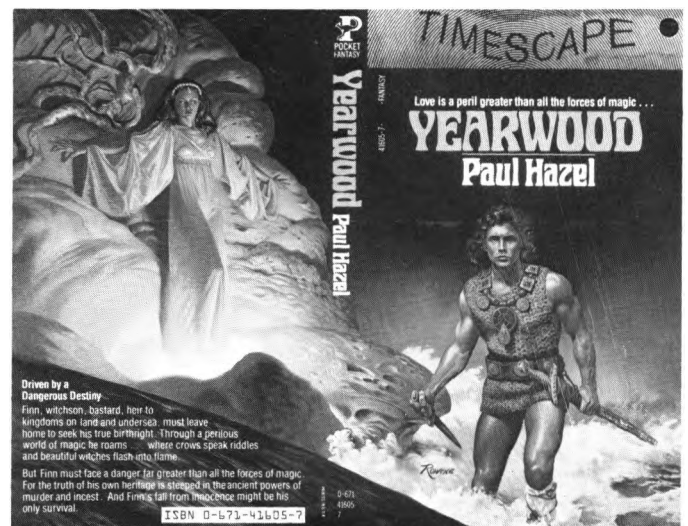
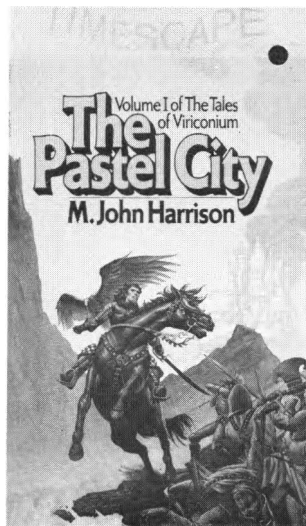
Out in March from Playboy is *Savage Empire* by Jean Lorrah, the first novel in a new heroic fantasy trilogy. Price is \$2.25.

POCKET BOOKS

Masks of the Illuminati by Robert Anton Wilson is a Pocket Books "Timescape" original slated for April release, at \$2.95. The novel involves a young Albert Einstein and James Joyce, who attempt to penetrate the mysterious cult of the Illuminati led by Aleister Crowley. Pocket sums the novel up (appropriately) as "deadpan crazy-



Cover artists: "One Million Centuries" by Carl Lundgren; "Yearwood" by Rowena Morrill; "The Changing Land" by Michael Herring.



ness and tongue-in-cheek informativeness." Indeed it is...

A new fantasy novel I was unable to cover last year when it was published in hardcover by The Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown and Company, is *Yearwood* by Paul Hazel. This is the first novel in an epic trilogy in the tradition of Tolkien and C. S. Lewis, rooted in Welsh and Irish mythology. It concerns the boyhood adventures of Finn, "witchson, bastard, and heir to kingdoms on land and under sea." Fortunately, I can now correct my oversight, since it is slated to make its first paperback appearance as a "Timescape" release in April, at \$2.50. (See, I saved you some money, too...)

Two reprints of novels that have been out of print a long time are *One Million Centuries* by Richard A. Lupoff (his first novel, published by Lancer in 1967), at \$2.50, and *The Pastel City* by M. John Harrison, at \$1.95.

Reissues for April are *Margaret and I* by Kate Wilhelm, at \$2.50, and *Crawlspace* by Herbert Lieberman, at \$2.50, also. The latter is an occult terror novel.

A juvenile SF title is *Miss Pickerell Goes Undersea*, #12 in the series by Ellen MacGregor, at \$1.75.

DEL REY/BALLANTINE

Coming from Del Rey Books in April is *The Changing Land* by Roger Zelazny, a heroic fantasy novel starring his popular Dilvish the Damned. Dilvish was the hero of a number of short stories that be-

gan appearing in the '60s and this is Zelazny's first novel of his adventures. Price is \$2.50.

Two science fiction originals for April are *Shuttle Down* by Lee Correy (G. Harry Stine) and *The Ends of the Circle* by Paul O. Williams, both priced at \$2.25. The Correy novel is about a near-crash landing of a space shuttle on the primitive 'Isle de Pascua' in Chile and the international tensions that develop because of the deadly fuel it carries. *The Ends of the Circle* is the sequel to Williams' previous *The Breaking of Northwall*, set in a post-technological society a thousand years after the nuclear holocaust.

Reissues for April are *My Name is Legion* by Roger Zelazny (\$2.25), *Of Men and Monsters* by William Tenn (\$2.50), and *The Aliens Among Us* by James White (\$2.25).

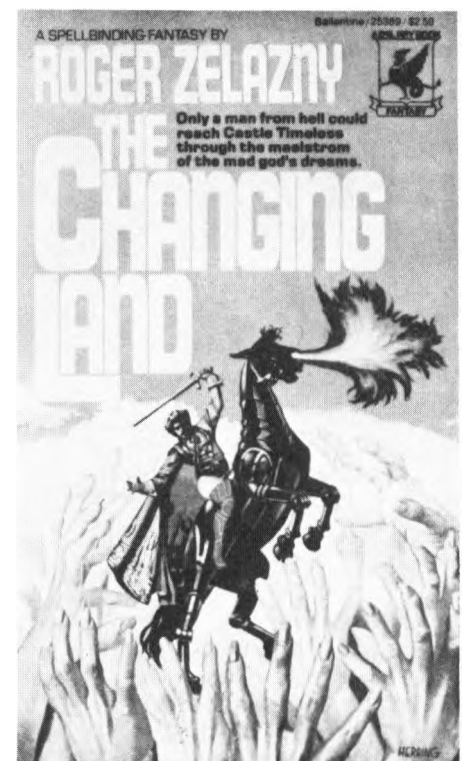
Scheduled under the Ballantine imprint is *Raiders of the Lost Ark* by Campbell Black, an adventure novel set in the '30s. The plot concerns a race between an American archeologist and Hitler's Nazi agents to locate an ancient and sacred artifact capable of bestowing invincible powers. This is a novelization of the screenplay to the forthcoming Lucasfilm production of the motion picture. The latter, naturally, will receive heavy promotion, so you'll be hearing much more about this one. Price is \$2.50.

ZEBRA BOOKS

Out from Zebra Books is the third volume in Mike Sirota's 'Ro-

Lan' series, *Journey to Mesharra*, priced at \$2.25. As scheduled, *Weird Tales* #1 and *Weird Tales* #2, edited by Lin Carter, did appear in January. According to some reports I've heard, the books were a quick sell-out, which--compounded by some distribution problems--has made copies difficult to find in some areas.

According to a recent note from my contact at Zebra, no more fantasy or science fiction releases are planned before the publication of *Weird Tales* #3 in August.



TIMESCAPE

This month we launch our new name: **TIMESCAPE BOOKS**. Henceforth all our SF and Fantasy will appear with our new name on the cover. Remember: **TIMESCAPE BOOKS** are here!

New!
Hardcovers from Timescape
Books!



The Claw of the Conciliator

Gene Wolfe

The Shadow of the Torturer introduced Severian, a torturer exiled for showing mercy to one of his victims. Now, in this second volume of The Book of the New Sun tetralogy, Severian is in possession of a miraculous gem, the Claw of the Conciliator, whose power will lead him to a destiny he as yet only dimly perceives. Ursula K. Le Guin says, "Gene Wolfe is a wizard! Totally new, original, incomparable!" And the Chicago Sun Times calls Wolfe "sf's best genuine novelist."

A TIMESCAPE ORIGINAL
41370-8/\$12.95 hardcover

The Paperback Leader
from Timescape Books.



Golem¹⁰⁰

Alfred Bester

It began as a parlor game. None of the bored ladies dabbling in demonism could have imagined Golem¹⁰⁰, the slumbering terror awakened by their incantations. But they all could. Now its rampage of rape, torture and murder is all too real...and its power grows with every passing day. New from Alfred Bester, **GOLEM¹⁰⁰** is more than a novel--it is a unique achievement that blends graphics and text in an original exhibition of Bester's acknowledged talent.

82047-8/\$2.95/paperback

Coming in July: **TIMESCAPE**, the novel by Greg Benford, which gave our imprint its name.

Fireflood & Other Stories

Vonda N. McIntyre

This dazzling array of future worlds and faraway times includes the Hugo- and Nebula-award winning novella on which Dreamsnake is based; and eleven more sad, hopeful, beautiful, terrifying stories from "one of the finest writers in science fiction." --Terry Carr

83631-5/\$2.75/paperback

The Captive

Robert Stallman

From the writer Peter Straub calls "a great big talent," the continuing tale of the were-Beast, begun in The Orphan.

A TIMESCAPE ORIGINAL
41382-1/\$2.50/paperback

A Fond Farewell to Dying

Syd Logsdon

Ram David Singh (né David Singer) has conquered death with computer mind tapes and cloned bodies...or so it seems. James Tiptree, Jr., calls **A FOND FAREWELL TO DYING** "a splendid and refreshing change."

A TIMESCAPE ORIGINAL
41099-7/\$2.50/paperback

The Mind Cage

A.E. van Vogt

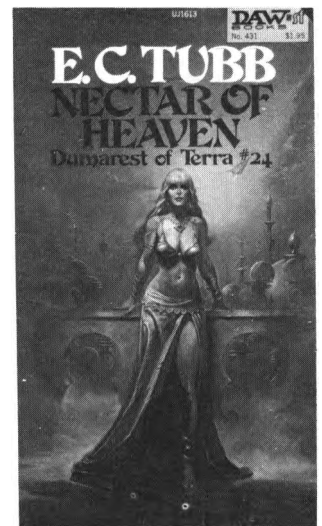
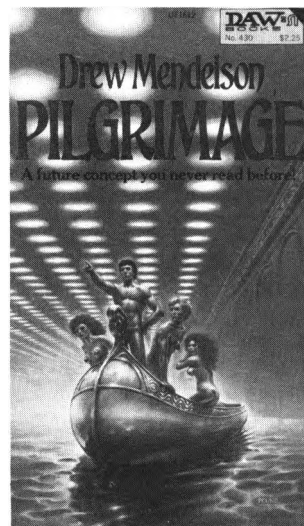
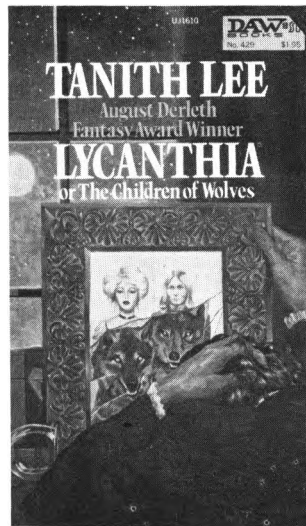
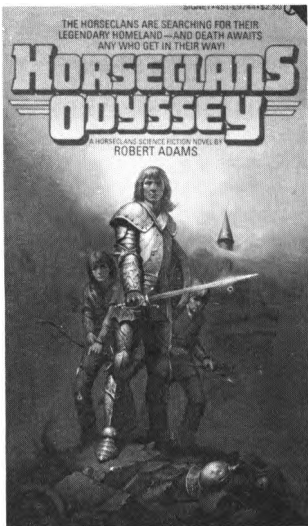
His own conscience betrays him, as David Marin becomes trapped in the body of a man under sentence of death. A startling tour de force by one of science fiction's greats.

42424-6/\$2.25/paperback

POCKET BOOKS

David G. Hartwell
Director of Science Fiction

Cover artists: "Horseclans Odyssey" by Ken Kelly; "Lycanthia" by Chadwick; "Pilgrimage" by Pound; "Nectar of Heaven" by Ken Kelly.



SIGNET

A Signet original for April is *Horseclans Odyssey* by Robert Adams, the seventh volume in his Horseclans series, set in a post-technological Earth. The book features a nice cover by Ken Kelly and is priced at \$2.50.

Also scheduled for April are four paperback reprints of horror novels that were mainstream releases capitalizing on the current fad in occult thrillers: *The Darkroom* by Carolyn Banks (\$2.50), *The Nightwalker* by Thomas Tessier (\$2.50), *The Killing Gift* by Bari Wood (\$3.50), and *Twins* by Bari Wood and Jack Geasland (\$3.50).

DAW BOOKS

DAW Books will have four new original novels in April. *The Castaways of Tanagar* by Brian Stabelford is a science fiction novel set in the far future where humans have abandoned Earth for a new society on Tanagar. The "castaways" are Tanagar's criminal population, formerly exiled to space and being sent to a newly discovered Earth. Price is \$2.25.

Lycanthia by Tanith Lee is a Gothic fantasy about a man who inherits a mansion in a remote corner of France. Upon returning to his family estate, he learns the hard way that old legends about witches and werewolves are more than old superstitions. Price is \$1.95.

Pilgrimage is a science fiction novel by Drew Mendelson about a society that lives in a single building known as 'The City' which

moves across a vast empty landscape. Billed as "a future concept you never read before!", it is about a strange kind of world and the pilgrimage of a family in it. \$2.25.

The fourth original is *Nectar of Heaven* by E. C. Tubb, volume 24 in his 'Dumarest of Terra' series. Price is \$1.95. The reissue this month is a new two-in-one volume reprinting two earlier Dumarest novels together in one volume for the first time: *Mayenne & Jondelle* (#9 and #10, respectively), at \$2.25.

BANTAM BOOKS

A heroic fantasy original scheduled for April from Bantam Books is *A Storm Upon Ulster* by Kenneth C. Flint, priced at \$2.50. This looks to be an excellent fantasy steeped in Celtic myth and

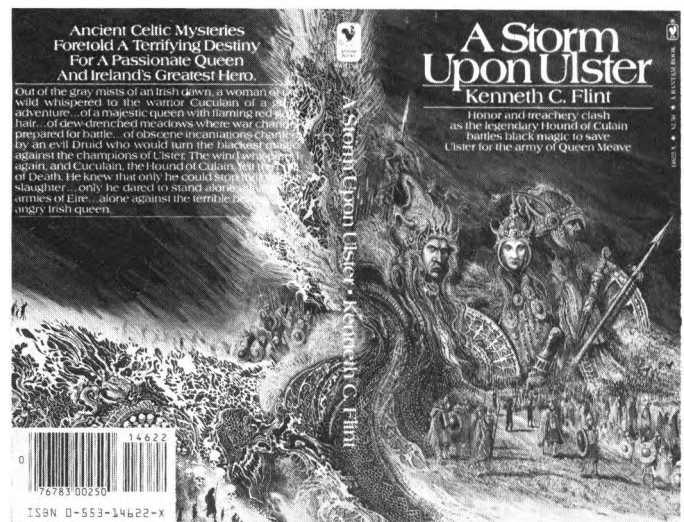
legend, with a very attractive wraparound cover painting.

A first paperback edition that will receive major promotion is *Mockingbird* by Walter Tevis, published last year by Doubleday, and priced at \$2.95. (See FN #23 for a book review.)

A reissue for April is *Wind from the Abyss* by Janet E. Morris, the third novel in her heroic fantasy Silistra series, at \$2.50.

CAROUSEL BOOKS

Although I haven't been able to get any news from this publisher, they appear to be actively publishing fantasy and SF paperbacks. *Tower of Despair* by David J. Kelly is a blend of heroic fantasy and SF about a legendary hero and a sorcerer-emperor who do battle on a cosmic scale. Price is \$1.75. *



The Fan Press

AMRA

Amra is back! Issue V.2, #69 quietly slipped into my post office box about a week ago and I let out a yelp of delight that echoed off the 1930's marble walls of our old post office... It's been more than a year and half since the last ish appeared, but the wait is well worth it. Featured in this 20-page issue is a lengthy status report on the Conan film by *Bill Warren*, "The Pretenses of Hinyar" (fiction) by *Darrell Schweitzer*, a couple of brief articles by *L. Sprague de Camp* and *Jerry Pourmelle*, and a poem by *John Myers Myers*. Add to that a whole lot of artwork by *Roy G. Krenkel*.

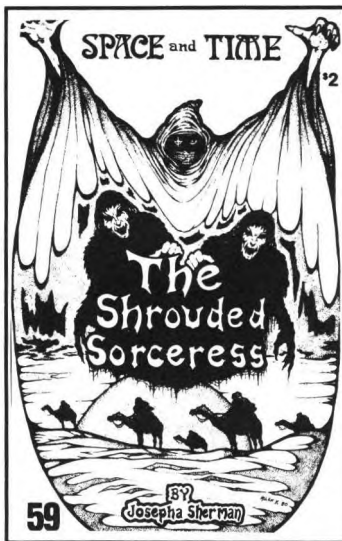
Amra celebrates its 25th anniversary this year as the oldest and best magazine of swordplay & sorcery. It is published by *George Scithers*, also editor of *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine* (and I'll never forgive Asimov for taking him away from *Amra*...!). Fortunately, though, Scithers has announced his intention of putting *Amra* on a regular schedule (the earth trembles at those words...), effective with a June 1981 issue. The size of the magazine will double to 40 pages, as will the price, from \$1 to \$2 per copy (plus \$1 per order). Subscriptions will be \$9 for 5 issues. Back issues #46 thru #68 are still available at \$1 each.

I've been in love with *Amra* since about 1963. (If anyone out there can sell me some of the few early issues I need...drop me a line.) If you're into heroic fantasy at all, you *must* get it. And buy the back issues while they're still available. *George Scithers*, Box 8243, Philadelphia, PA 19101.

SPACE & TIME

Space & Time #59, out from *Gordon Linzner*, features the following new stories among its contents: "Notes on the Sensitivity of Spaghetti" by *Judith Johnson Sherman*, "Shadow Box" by *M. Lindholm*, "King's X" by *Joel H. Sherman*, "Bagpipe Murder" by *A. K. Molnar*, "The Everything Machine" by *Neal Wilgus*, and "The Shrouded Sorceress" by *Josepha Sherman*. Artists include *Allen Koszowski*, *Ron Wilber*, *James Hjort*, *John Borkowski*, and *Michael D. O'Neal*, among others. Now in its 13th year of publica-

Artist: Allen Koszowski



tion, *Gordon* manages to maintain a consistent level of quality despite a low budget. The 60-page, digest size issue is priced at \$2 and subscriptions are \$6 for 4 issues. *Gordon Linzner*, 138 West 70th St., Apt. 4-B, New York, NY 10023.

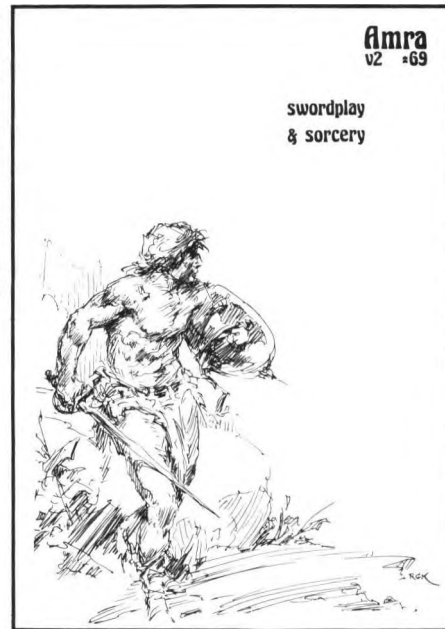
SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

Featured in *Science Fiction Review* #38 are the following: "The Engines of Night" (a collection of essays) by *Barry N. Malzberg*, "A String of Days" by *Gregory Benford*, "The Alien Invasion" by *Larry Niven*, "Noise Level" by *John Brunner*, an interview with *Jack Williamson*, a poem by *Neal Wilgus*, and "Ten Years Ago in SF" by *Robert Sabella*. Plus of course the usual quantity of reviews, letters and editorial comments by editor *Richard E. Geis*. Single copies are \$2 and subscriptions are \$7 per year for 4 quarterly issues. *Richard E. Geis*, P. O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211.

KADATH

Out from Italian fantasy fan *Francesco Cova* is *Kadath* #3, a thick 60-page issue printed on a heavy enamel stock--this issue printed mostly in English. This is a special *Brian Lumley* issue that features an interview with *Lumley* and three new stories by him: "Too Much Monkey Business," "The Man Who Got Slotted," and "The House of the Temple." Also included is a lengthy bibliography of his work and a new poem, "Kadath." Artists in the issue include *Dave Carson* and

Artist: Roy G. Krenkel



Stephen Jones. Limited to 450 numbered copies, the issue is priced at \$4 and subscriptions are \$15 for 4 issues, postpaid. *Francesco* has maintained a consistent high level of quality in the three issues of *Kadath* he has published to date; the fact that this issue is more than 60% in English should broaden its appeal to U.S. fans. *Francesco Cova*, Corso Aurelio Saffi 5/9, 16128 Genova, Italy.

RUNES FROM AN INFANT EDDA

Although I'm not quite sure what the title means, *Runes from An Infant Edda* is a collection of nine poems by *G. N. Gabbard*, illustrated by *Larry Dickison*. The 24-page digest size booklet is nicely printed on a textured stock with heavier, textured covers, and is limited to 300 signed and numbered copies. Price is \$3 postpaid from *G. N. Gabbard*, Box 781, New Boston, TX 75570.

MERVYN PEAKE REVIEW

The Mervyn Peake Review is a scholarly journal devoted to the life and work of *Mervyn Peake* and is published twice a year by The *Mervyn Peake Society*. The current issue is #11, running 52 digest size pages. Among its contents are a letter from *Peake*, an article on his *Titus* books, an article comparing *Peake* and *Stephen R. Donaldson*, and a number of reviews, in addition to other articles. Subscriptions are \$14 (I assume for two issues) in the U.S. and back

issues to #3 are \$6 each. Orders should be addressed to: John Watney, Flat 36, 5 Elm Park Gardens, London SW10 9QQ, England.

FANTASY ARTISTS CALENDAR

Now available from the Fantasy Artists Network is the *Fantasy Artists 1981 Calendar*, containing twelve 8½" by 11" illustrations by C. Lee Healy, Frank Cirocco, Victoria Poyser, Ken Macklin, Bill Grader, Kevin Johnson, Lynne Anne Goodwin, Lela Dowling, David Anderson, and Linda Michaels. The calendar is printed in b&w on a nice, pebbled stock. Price is \$5.95 postpaid. Kennedy Poyser, 503 S. Sawyer, Olympia, WA 98501.

AMANITA BRANDY

A new publication from W. Paul Ganley at Weirdbook Press is *Amanita Brandy*, a 32-page digest size magazine devoted exclusively to poetry. This first issue contains 46 poems by such writers as Brian Lumley, William Scott Home, James William Hjort, Steve Eng, Bill Wolfenbarger and too many others to list here. Limited to 150 numbered copies, it is single copy priced at \$1.50 and subscriptions are 5 issues for \$5.

W. Paul Ganley, Box 35, Amherst Branch, Buffalo, NY 14226.

JANUS

Janus is a quarterly publication of SF³—a non-profit organization devoted to the furtherance of fantasy and SF (with IRS tax-exempt status). Currently in the process of changing its name to *Aurora*, issue #18 features reviews of the feminist small press publications by Jessica Amanda Salmonson; a reprint of an article on lesbianism and SF from *Gay Community News*; a transcript of a panel discussion from NoreasCon 2 involving Suzy McKee Charnas, Jeanne Gomoll, Elizabeth A. Lynn, and Chelsea Quinn Yarbro; an article on post-holocaust themes in feminist SF by Jeanne Gomoll; "Hey, Lillith!" (fiction) by Gayle N. Netzer; and a number of book reviews, some poetry, news, cartoons, and lots of doodles. The 36-page issue is priced at \$2 and subscriptions are \$6 for 4 issues. SF³, Box 1624, Madison, WI 53701.

DASPORIA

Dasporia is the title of a new fanzine that recently appeared from Bill Roeben. This a 40-page mimeo-

graphed fanzine devoted to fan fiction and poetry. Included in the issue is a new story by Mack Reynolds entitled "The Ugly Terran," in addition to contributions by the editor, Wayne Anderson, Terry Dale, Randy Miller and Robin Rede. Art is by Paul Chadwick and editor Roeben. Copies are a modest \$1 from Bill Roeben, 2730 Superior St., Bellingham, WA 98225.

WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG

Still being published by Brian Earl Brown, although now on a quarterly schedule rather than bimonthly, is *The Whole Fanzine Catalog*. If you really want to keep up with the fan press, including many of the strictly faan-zines and person-alzines that I cannot cover here, then you will probably find Brian's quarterly compilation helpful. The current issue is #17, running 32 digest size, mimeographed pages. It provides mini reviews of dozens upon dozens of fanzines. Copies are 50¢ each and subscriptions are 4 issues for \$2. Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Road, #207, Detroit, MI 48219. *

LOVECRAFTIANA

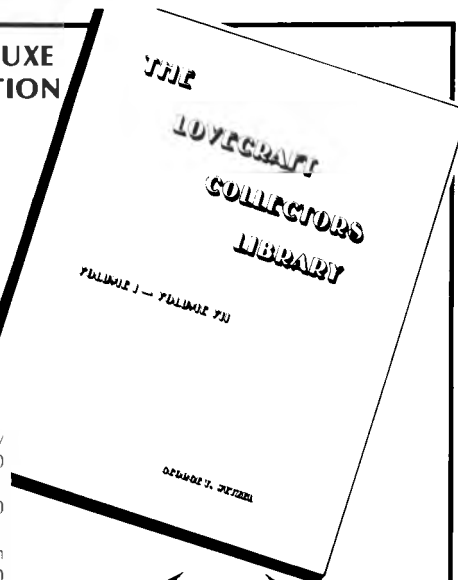
THE LOVECRAFT COLLECTOR'S LIBRARY ALL SEVEN VOLUMES

For the first time in over 25 years, this rare item is in print—an authorized version edited by George Wetzel, update by Robert Briney. Special—18 unpublished photos of H P Lovecraft and his friends and colleagues. Full format size 8½ × 11, over 250 pages, perfect-bound with glossy wrap-around cover. \$10 00

Also Published by The Strange Company:

- THE JOURNAL OF THE H.P. LOVECRAFT SOCIETY—#2.** Glossy cover, Part I of Ken Faig's essay on Robert Barlow, many photos \$2 50
 - LOVECRAFT AND LORD DUNSANY**, by R. Alain Everts. Chapbook on Dunsany's influence on H P Lovecraft. Unpublished photos of Lovecraft and Dunsany, 14 typeset pages \$2 00
 - SCIENCE VS. CHARLATANRY: ESSAYS ON ASTROLOGY**, by H P Lovecraft and J F Hartmann. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes by S T Joshi and Scott Connors. Perfect-bound book with glossy wrap-around cover, 55 typeset pages, unpublished photo of H P Lovecraft \$5 00
 - CHARLESTON** (facsimile reprint) with unpublished photos of HPL and H C Koenig, plus diagrams and maps in Lovecraft's handwriting, folio \$6 00
 - THE STATEMENT OF RANDOLPH CARTER**, the only complete version of this story published in the last 40 years, with Introduction by R. Alain Everts, many unpublished photos, folio \$5 00
 - A GENTLEMAN FROM PROVIDENCE PENS A LETTER** by Ben P. Indick (A pastiche of Lovecraft's various writing styles, with his actual signature and address reproduced), folio, few remaining \$2 00
 - THE SEALED CASKET** by Richard F. Searight (a tale previously printed in *Weird Tales*, but with an important opening paragraph omitted by Farnsworth Wright, and some comments on the generation of the Eltdown Shards by Lovecraft), folio, few remaining \$2 00
 - A BAGWYN'S DOZEN**, Fred Adams' first poetry volume, 13 typeset phantasy poems, introduction by Joseph Payne Brennan, illos by Jim Faulkenberg \$1 00
 - DREAMS AND DAMNATIONS**, 23 typeset poems by Richard Tierney, double cover and illos by Jim Faulkenberg \$2 00
- Coming Soon—The long-awaited **COMMONPLACE BOOK** of HPL and the complete, deluxe edition of **FUNGI FROM YUGGOTH**

DELUXE
EDITION



The Strange Company

P.O. BOX 864
MADISON, WI 53701

All orders over \$5.00 sent by U.P.S.
instantly!

Classified Advertising

-- Deirdre Evans
Fritz Leiber

Your advertisement here is read by more than 9,000 people (three per copy). Rates are 50¢ per column line, 34 characters to a line, including punctuation, spaces, etc. Four line minimum. All CAPS and *italics* at no extra charge.

COLORADO'S FINEST SF STORES! Stop in and see us. Open 10-6, M-Sat., 12-5, Sun. pb. & hb. No mail order. *Mile High Comics*, 1717 Pearl St., Boulder--443-4500; 2901 E. Colfax, Denver--393-0478; 220 N. Tejon, Colo. Springs--635-2516.

The Fantasy Artistry of ALICIA AUSTIN now in black & white prints. SASE for brochure. J. Beers, Box 2023, Culver City, CA 90230.

PHANTOMS & FANCIES, L. Sprague de Camp, (1972), *Mirage Press*, Kirk dj, very good, \$30. ALWAYS COMES EVENING, Howard, (1957), *Arkham House*, no dj, o/w good, \$125. Dennis Abeln, 208 W. 4th, Salisbury, MO 65281. Please include SASE.

OTHERGATES--The most complete sf/fantasy market guide. Twice year, \$2/issue, \$5/3 issues. OWLFLIGHT--Alternative sf/fantasy magazine. \$3/issue, \$10/4 issues. Checks to Unique Graphics, 1025 55th St., Oakland, CA 94608.

WORLDS LOST...TIME FORGOTTEN, a science fiction magazine. Original stories and art by fans. 2 volumes only \$5. Check or MO to J. Smith, P. O. Box 51, Alhambra, IL 62001.

WILL BUY old science-fiction and pulp adventure mags. Send list, condition and dates to L. Larkey, Box 855, Kingsport, TN 37662.

WANT TO WRITE SF? OUR NEWSLETTER CAN HELP WITH CRITICISM & MARKETS. SASE TO SF & FANTASY WORKSHOP 8125 SW 21st ST. TOPEKA, KS 66615

("On Fantasy" by Fritz Leiber
continued from page 6.)

*The full moon, though in hiding
through the daylight still survives*

*The crazies of the city
disappearing with the night
They seek a moment's surcease
from the clarity of light
The daylight is now burning
in an all-consuming glow
Those on top can't even understand
There's fire down below*

The Winds of Idiocy

*Cinderella's being gangbanged
by a gaggle of wild geese
Pythagoras is being sued
for breaking of his lease
Paris prances mincingly
With King Tut on his arm
The milkmaid birthed a Minotaur
in a cell at the funny farm
Look! The angels jump from windows
They took too much LSD
And the fragments are all blown away
on the winds of idiocy*

*The black-wheeled motorcycle
has thrown the gypsy twice
He readjusts his crystal ball
And they feed him to the mice
George Orwell's being hung in chains
The gibbet's by the park
The celebration will go on
until the stars are dark
Adler leads Jung in a Strauss waltz
giggling dementedly
And the fragments are all blown away
on the winds of idiocy*

*The beggar with the silver cup
Short-circuited his brain
But it probably won't be noticed
No one else can be called sane
All the children on the SSI
are sterilized at birth
As the Welfare lines grow longer
long-dead armies shake with mirth
In her tower Rapunzel bobs her hair
Now she never will be free
And the fragments are all blown away
on the winds of idiocy*

*Nostradamus lights the candles
with the shotgun in his hand
He's been working hard at alchemy
to turn gold into sand
The Polaris subs line up neatly
flanking the Neutron Bomb
And the radio says, "Don't worry.
Nothing's wrong, so please be calm."
The inferno is waiting
for the blast no one will see
And the fragments are all blown away
on the winds of idiocy*

*The ocean's coughing blood tonight
She swallowed too much oil
The baby seals in the cauldron
are just coming to a boil
Columbus is so frightened
There's no place for him to run
The professor at the cyclotron
is having so much fun
Amoebas look for exits
While atoms split thunderously
The planets are aligning
for the great catastrophe
The meteors are marching
Black holes suck in dangerously
And the fragments are all blown away
on the winds of idiocy.*

("Shadowings" by Charles L. Grant
continued from page 7.)

of hand, now-you-see-it-now-you-don't, time warps, and trickery literary and otherwise. Like magic, it's a series of here-and-gone marvels, a spectacle of language and events which do, at times, threaten to overwhelm the reader, to give him pause where perhaps pause is not needed.

What saves that reader from excess, however, is the pacing--much more so than in *Ghost Story*, and until the apocalyptic finale, Straub has all the reins firmly in his hands. When the story requires you move rapidly, he forces you to move; when the story requires you slow down a bit and reflect or wonder, he pulls back and gives you that moment of reflection and that gasping thrill of wonder. The scenes which are the best are the shortest--the burial of Tom's father is one of the most moving and most beautiful passages I have ever read. Anywhere. And among the most terrifying are the appearances of the white owl.

Stephen King is a realist--his compilation of details only adds to the *now* of his tales; at his best, Straub is an impressionist--swift brush strokes and outlines, look too close and the effect is diminished, but let the story take you and there's no longer the safety of rationalization.

A curious sidenote: *Ghost Story* in hard- and softcover spent months on national bestseller lists; as of this writing, *Shadowland* has not yet made it. There's no moral here; just a point to ponder.

And aside from the technical and artistic success of *Shadowland*, I think Straub has done something else, too. Something just as important in terms of his career--it's not a matter now of wondering how he's going to top this, but rather an "I can't wait to see what he's going to do next." The distinction is vital, both to Straub and to the genre. And success or failure, it's going to be damned hard waiting.

-- Charles L. Grant

(Editorial.....from page 3.)
mail rates. These are effective immediately, although all current subscriptions will be honored. As long as I am able to maintain it, however, I fully intend to keep the basic \$15 rate available to everyone.

-- Paul C. Allen

Magazines

MAGAZINE OF F&SF

Slated for the April issue of the *Magazine of F&SF* are three new novelettes: "Murder on Lupozy Station" by *Michael Bishop* and *Gerald W. Page*, "Stuff of Dreams" by *Lewis Shiner*, and "Spareen Among the Cossacks" by *Susan C. Petrey*. Short stories are: "The Summer of the Fallen Star" by *Robert F. Young*, "A Hedge Against Alchemy" by *John Morressy*, "Taste Taste" by *Larry Tritten*, "The Case for Kosher Pasta" by *Tom Sullivan*, "Nightmares" by *Ian Watson*, and "Eligible for Parole After Three Hours" by *Coleman Brax*. "Books" are by *George Zebrowski* and *Rachel Cosgrove Payes* contributes an acrostic puzzle. The cover is by *David Hardy* for "Murder on Lupozy Station."

OMNI

Omni's fiction line-up for the March issue includes "The Serpent's Teeth" by *Spider Robinson*, "Last of the Wild Ones" by *Roger Zelazny*, and "Icons" by *Barry N. Malzberg*.

Slated for the April issue are "The Hit-Maker" by *Cynthia Morgan*, "Last Waltz" by *Warren Brown*, and "The Infinite Plane" by *Paul J.*

(Trade Books

continued from page 13.)

by *Russell Letson*, and is priced at \$15.95. *Gather Darkness* is reprinted from the 1950 first edition with an introduction by *Norman Spinrad*, at \$14.95. *The Green Millennium* is reprinted from the 1959 British first edition (first U.S. was '53) with an introduction by *Deborah L. Notkin*, at \$14.95. *The Sinful Ones* is reprinted from the 1980 Pocket Books paperback with an introduction by *Jeff Frane*, at \$13.95. A two-in-one volume is *The Book of Fritz Leiber*, Vol. I and Vol. II, containing both *The Book of Fritz Leiber* and *The Second Book of Fritz Leiber*, reproduced from the 1974-75 DAW paperbacks. The introduction is by *T. Collins* and the price is \$19.95. Gregg Press, 70 Lincoln St., Boston, MA 02111. *



Nahin.

Tentatively scheduled for the May issue of *Omni* are "Mr. Mouse" by *Frank L. Calloway*, "Colonel Stonesteel's Genuine Home-Made Truly Egyptian Mummy" by *Ray Bradbury*, and "Johnny Mnemonic" by *William Gibson*.

AMAZING SF STORIES

Upcoming in the May issue of *Amazing SF Stories* are the following new stories: "The Vampire of Mallworld" by *Somtow Sucharitkul*, "Encounter" by *Hank Stine*, "The Fall" by *Lisa Tuttle* and *George R. R. Martin*, "So I Was Born" by *Philip Sidney Jennings*, "Project Purple" by *Lewis Jacobson*, "A Smell of Sulphur" by *Marvin Kaye*, "The Greater Gift" by *Wayne Wightman*, "The Lock-Box & the Magic Monger" by *Jessica Amanda Salmonson*, and "The Action Hook" by *Richard Anker*. A "Hall of Fame" story is "Nobody Lives on Burton Street" by *Gregory Benford* and features include a new "Opinion" column by *Robert Silverberg* (from the now defunct *Galileo*) and "The Future: Subject to Change Without Notice" by *Brian M. Fraser*. Cover is by *Kent Bash*.

SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

The Winter-Spring issue of *Sorcerer's Apprentice* (#9/10), due out in late March, will be a special double issue that will include

("Harlan Ellison: A Profile

continued from page 22.)

with his lovely Lady Jane, and--by chance--a local book-collector was sitting where he'd been. A boy came in, looking for Ellison, with a stack of books-to-get-signed in hand, saw the collector, and lit up like a Christmas tree. Harlan could not resist. "That's him," he said, pointing. "That's Harlan Ellison." "I kinda figured that," the boy replied. Right on cue, the collector looked up and said, "Hi! What's your name, kid?"

Harlan didn't let it last; for one thing, it hurt too much trying not to laugh. Just before the Radar Angels (a local women's improvisational group of uncertain *raisons d'etre*) invaded the mall complex in company with a *very* large Chinese dragon, all chanting what sounded like, "Fee, fie, foe, fum, we want the blood of an Ellison," his gleeful comment was, "I lead a *terrific* life."

-- Michael E. Stamm

the following features: a new tale of John the Balladeer by *Manly Wade Wellman* and a new Dilvish story by *Roger Zelazny*, an article on the heroic barbarian by *L. Sprague de Camp*, and an article on ancient Ireland by *Keith Taylor*. Price will be \$3.50 per copy. Flying Buffalo, Inc., P. O. Box 1467, Scottsdale, AZ 85252.

THE DRAGON

Featured in the February issue of *The Dragon* (#46) is a new heroic fantasy novelette by *John Eric Holmes*, entitled "The Sorcerer's Jewel." The balance of the issue is devoted to fantasy gaming, but contains some material that may be of interest to fantasy fans. \$3 per copy from: Dragon Publishing, Box 110, Lake Geneva, WI 53147.



Washington's Only Science Fiction
And Mystery Specialty
Book Shop.

**MOONSTONE
BOOKCELLARS
INC.**

2145 Penn. Ave., N.W.
Wash. D.C. - 20037

Open 7 Days a
Week 11AM-7PM

(202) 659-2600

