

# fantasy newsletter

#36 May 1981  
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The  
Science Fiction  
& Fantasy  
News Monthly



Inside:

Richard Cowper  
an in-depth interview

Karl Edward Wagner  
on 'Weird Tales'

Robert Weinberg  
on 'Oriental Stories'

Mike Ashley  
The British Scene

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# News in Brief

Fantasycon VII, hosted by the British Fantasy Society, will be held July 10-12, 1981, at the Centre Hotel in Birmingham, England. This year's Guest of Honor will be Peter Tremayne and Special Artist Guest will be British artist Alan Hunter. Advance registration for the convention is £1.00 or \$3.00. Contact: Mike Chinn, 1 Buttery Road, Smethwick, Warley, West Midlands, B67 7NS, England.

The National Fantasy Fan Federation (N3F) is currently conducting its annual short story contest for amateur writers. Stories should be fantasy or science fiction in content, and must be original, unpublished, and not more than 7,500 words in length. There is an entry fee of \$1 for N3F members and \$2 for non-members. First, second and third place awards are \$25, \$15 and \$10. Winners are selected by a panel of judges, with writer R. Faraday Nelson serving as the final judge. For entry blanks and additional information, write: Donald Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91606.

Victoria Schochet, editor-in-chief at Berkley Books, reports that *The Berkley Showcase* will now be a regular, annual anthology beginning with #4, due out in July. Volume 5 has been filled and Berkley is currently not accepting material for the anthology; they may begin accepting submissions for volume 6 this summer.

John F. Carr is currently accepting story submissions for *Future Bazaar*, a hardcover science fiction anthology to be published by the Pequot Press. He describes it as an anthology of the "future present--stories set in a believable future with real people. I am primarily interested in stories with strong social backgrounds, with an accent on the bizarre--nothing cute, please." Send submissions to: John F. Carr, 10512 Yarmouth Ave., Granada Hills, CA 91344.

Stuart David Schiff, editor of *Whispers* magazine and Whispers Press, has relocated from New Jersey to Binghamton, N.Y. His new mailing address is: 70 Highland Ave., Binghamton, NY 13905. Due to the move, the special Ramsey Campbell issue of *Whispers* has been delayed. "The issue is about 85% typeset," he notes, "and I am hoping for a summer appearance for it. There will be some surprises with this issue that include the addition of 32 more pages to *Whispers* plus a \$5.00 price tag."

Frederick J. Mayer reports that he and the Arkham Theater are producing a radio drama for the 1981 World SF Convention in Denver, adapting H. Warner Munn's "Deposition at Rouen," a science fantasy play about Joan of Arc. He adds that George Clayton Johnson's teleplay, "Nothing in the Dark" (recently published in *Writing for the Twilight Zone*) will be performed as a stageplay. For info, write: Frederick J. Mayer, 1622 N St., Sacramento, CA 95814.

# fantasy newsletter

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# Editorial

The long-awaited first issue of *The Twilight Zone* finally made its appearance in February. As one might expect, this first issue contained quite a few features on the show's creator, Rod Serling, as well as the original TV show itself. Included were a lengthy (and interesting) biography of Serling, a show-by-show guide to the series, and a script by Serling ("Walking Distance").

It brought back a lot of memories for me. I was a regular viewer...loved the show with a passion...and remember oh-so-many of those old b&w episodes! I was 14 years old when the show debuted. I was new to fantasy and SF and my mind was hungry; Rod Serling filled it, expanded it and taught it new horizons. But he also taught me one other thing: to expect quality and accept nothing less than *quality*.

I was too young to appreciate it fully then. But, in retrospect, what I owe Rod Serling is my ability (whatever it may be) to demand the same quality from the fantasy and SF I read. He taught me how to appreciate art when I find it--and that's a big debt to repay. I'm very grateful to him.

I wish the magazine a long life!

The Illustration at right by Charles Pitts is entitled "Country Boys." Originally, I'd intended mocking up a *Saturday Evening Post* logo and frame around it with a cover date somewhere back around... oh...say...1450 A.D. or so. That, along with a small note of apology to Norman Rockwell, I thought, might make a cute back cover. But I'll probably never find the time to properly mock up such a cover, let alone write the *Saturday Evening Post* for their permission to use their logo for such tomfoolery.

So, instead, I'm using it here with a note of explanation--which is something I don't really like to do because illustrations should be allowed to stand on their own. In any event, I thought it a cute spoof of a number of Norman Rockwell scenes.

Last issue, I very briefly noted the new, higher rates for air mail subscriptions to *FN* for overseas destinations. These rates took one incredible jump effective January 1st--an increase of 64% or more. At one time, the differences in rates to various parts of the world were negligible and I could



Charles Pitts '80

average them for one common air mail rate. The differences now are substantial enough to warrant different rates for Asia and Europe. It now costs \$1.68 to mail one copy of *FN* air mail (printed matter) to Europe and an unbelievable \$2.08 to such places as Japan and Australia!

Fortunately, I do not see a similar increase being necessitated by the planned postal rate hikes for second class and first class mail. Although the situation could change, I'm pretty certain at this point that I'll be able to maintain

the \$15 and \$22 rates, respectively, for some time to come. The only rate about which I'm a trifle uncertain at this point is second class (surface mail) to overseas destinations. However, as I noted last issue, I hope to be able to keep the basic \$15 rate worldwide.

That equates to \$1.25 a copy, postpaid and in an envelope. These days there aren't too many magazines left that you can buy for that price.

-- Paul C. Allen



# ON FANTASY

by Karl Edward Wagner

New Views of Necrophilia

or

"Some things in the ground are  
better left undisturbed"

"As one reviewer of our first issue recently remarked in print, '*Weird Tales*' second half-century has certainly started off with a bang!"

So editor Lin Carter proclaims in the second volume of the newly revived *Weird Tales*. One hesitates to term them "issues"--Zebra Books (famous for their earlier efforts at disguising Robert E. Howard non-fantasy short story collections as Conan novels) has brought out the most recent reincarnation of *Weird Tales*, this time in paperback format under the editorship of Lin Carter. The first two, designated *Weird Tales* #1 and *Weird Tales* #2 (Zebra Books #714 and #715) (*Weird Tales*, Vol. 48, No. 1 and Vol. 48, No. 2) (both dated Spring, 1981), appeared *simultaneously* in January 1981. In view of this, one wonders just where the above mentioned review was published. While we cannot entirely rule out the possibilities of time-travel or prescience, it might well be that there is no more truth to this statement than there is to the announcement emblazoned across the top of both front covers: "All new stories of the strange, the marvelous, and the supernatural." In point of fact, *five* of the twenty-two stories in these first two volumes are reprints.

For those readers who might be unfamiliar with the history of the greatest fantasy magazine of them all, *Weird Tales* began in March, 1923 under the editorship of Edwin Baird. After 13 issues, the magazine was in financial difficulties and reorganization was necessary. Farnsworth Wright became editor with the November, 1924 issue; he remained editor for 179 issues and was responsible for directing the magazine to legendary stature in the fantasy genre. In 1938 the

magazine again changed hands, and with the May, 1940 issue Dorothy McIlwraith became editor. She remained titular editor for 87 issues until *Weird Tales* finally ceased publication in September, 1954. Leo Margulies resurrected *Weird Tales* in 1973 under the editorship of Sam Moskowitz. Reborn in the pulp format (final McIlwraith issues had been digest size), the magazine ran mostly reprints and lasted only 4 issues.

This time out, *Weird Tales* has been reincarnated as a paperback. In theory this format will insure better newsstand distribution and display; in practice the first two Zebra editions have received very poor distribution. The Zebra editions run to about 270 pages each and carry a \$2.50 price tag. Both covers have a white background and carry the familiar *Weird Tales* logo that began with the May, 1933 issue. Both have inset cover paintings by Tom Barber--adequate but uninspired. There are no interior illustrations aside from a few familiar headings reprinted from vintage pulps. In the Zebra Books tradition, lay-outs appear shoddy and cramped, typos are rampant.

To be fair, *Weird Tales* has earlier gone through periods when its appearance was less than tidy and its artwork was considerably less than art. Of far greater significance was the contents of the magazine, for it was the fiction from *Weird Tales* that made it a legend--writers whose works live in print to this day, while the pulps their stories first appeared in are crumbling rarities sought after by collectors. On this basis, let's take a look at the fiction in the new *Weird Tales*.

The twenty-two stories fall into four categories: "classic

reprints" of stories by the Great Old Names, "newly discovered" previously unpublished stories by the Great Old Names, newly written stories by surviving Great Old Names, and new stories by new writers not previously associated with *Weird Tales*. The quality of these stories is uneven, to say the least--and readers familiar with fantasy publishers' necrophiliac habits will already be wary of the pits.

*Weird Tales* #1 opens with "Scarlet Tears" by Robert E. Howard. This is one of those newly discovered previously unpublished things--or so it's said to be. Did Howard *really* write this piece of drivel? It isn't listed in *The Last Celt* in Glenn Lord's bibliography of unpublished Howard stories and fragments. Howard made a few half-hearted attempts to break into the lucrative weird-menace market--two-fisted detectives pitted against masked fiends and evil cults, with a drooling dose of alabaster curves, S-M and B&D served up in the Grand Guignol manner. Supposedly this is one such attempt. "Unbroken darkness closed about the car; despite himself, Kirby felt a chill touch of uneasiness. He didn't like the way clammy coils of mist glided between the dark trees, luminous shapes in the glare of the lights, and he growled something under his breath. All the fighting Irish in his blood awoke when he came close to fear--or as close as the rugged, two-fisted detective *could* come!" Howard complained that he couldn't stand to read this sort of thing, much less write it. This one has something to do about an isolated house and a gang of Thugs after the Tears of Kali and a living mummy who's behind it all. It reads like a plot outline, and if Howard did indeed write it, he

had the good sense to discard it, and publishing it here is nothing less than an insult to his memory and a smear to his name.

This is followed by "Down There" by Ramsey Campbell--a new story by a writer who is not yet a Great Old Name. It is billed as "a chilling tale by a modern master," and this time there's truth in advertising. It's about a rich lunatic who builds an office building and fills the basement with tons of food-stores against a UFO siege or whatever, and what is attracted by the food after he's carted off to the looney bin, and what happens to the people who move into the building afterward, and elevators. If you've ever felt afraid in elevators, you were right.

Next is one of those newly discovered bits, "The Light from the Pole" by Clark Ashton Smith, which we learn was completed by editor Lin Carter. It appears to have been completed from a discarded early draft of "The Coming of the White Worm," and as such is little more than a dreary rehashing of that well known Smith story, served up in Carter's version of a "gorgeously-written fable." "And thus it came to pass that Pharazyn knew the extremity of horror, and knew himself damned beyond all other dooms eternal: for it is a strange and fearful doom, to know that *by your hand* shall be set upon the flesh of men the seal of that gulf whose rigor paleth one by one the most ardent stars, and putteth rime at the very core of suns--the unutterable coldness of the profound and cosmic deeps!" But Pharazyn was too smart for them: cornered in his tower he slit his throat from ear to ear. Smith wasn't as fortunate.

Next is "Someone Named Guibourg" by Hannes Bok, another entry in the newly discovered sweepstakes. Bok is far better remembered as an artist with a fondness for cats and Maxfield Parrish colors, although he also wrote a few fantasy novels in the A. Merritt mode (and, yes--even posthumous collaborations!). This one isn't in the Merritt mode as is most of Bok's fiction; instead it's a rather nice, if somewhat hasty, horror story of a legacy of vengeance that leaves madness and tragedy as it follows generations.

"Bat's Belfry" is a reprint from the May, 1926 *Weird Tales*. It was August Derleth's first story in *Weird Tales* and one which he refrained from reprinting in his numerous collections of his own stories. Derleth's wishes should have been respected. This is one of those hoary nonsenses, told as

excerpts from letters and journals, in which the narrator moves into a sinister old house, discovers a shelf of Black Books (among them, *Dracula!*) that should serve to warn him of his imminent danger but don't, and continues to scribble away in his journal even as horrid doom overwhelms him. "God! Their foul presence taints my very soul! The baronet is moving forward. His mordacious propinquity casts a reviling sensation of obscenity (sic) about me."

"The Pit" is a newly written story by one of the Old Hands, Carl Jacobi. It is another of those things in which someone fools about with an Indian burial mound, despite warnings, and horrid doom overtakes him. Nothing new, competently written, and Farnsworth Wright would have probably been happy to buy it.

"When the Clock Strikes" by Tanith Lee is a new story by a New Hand. This and Campbell's are far and away the best stories in the first volume. Lee gives us a wonderfully malevolent retelling of the Cinderella story, complete with glass slipper and a grand ball that's far more "The Masque of the Red Death" than it is the Disney version.

Another reprint follows--"Some Day I'll Kill You" by Seabury Quinn, from the February, 1941 issue of *Strange Stories*. Again, nothing new but more or less competent. This time a scheming woman manages to let her rival's hair posthumously strangle her. Mary Elizabeth Counselman is next with "Healer"--a new story by an Old Hand. It has something to do with an unlicensed physician who heals by absorbing his patients' illnesses. David H. Keller follows with a newly discovered story by a Dead Old Writer, "The House Without Mirrors." This one's about a physician who heals his patients' souls by providing them instant insight, and it isn't competent or publishable.

Last and certainly least is editor Lin Carter's "Dreams in the House of Weir," which is billed as "a new tale of the Cthulhu Mythos." This is one of those hoary nonsenses, told in journal form, in which the narrator moves into a sinister old house, discovers a shelf of Black Books and experiences a series of horrid nightmares and sees on several occasions giant white worm-things lurking in the shrubbery--all of which should warn him of his imminent danger but don't--and continues to scribble away in his journal even as horrid doom over-



whelms him. But at the last minute he's too smart for them: cornered in the upper storeys he shoots himself. And just when you thought it was safe to read another horror story...

If *Weird Tales* #1 started off with a bang, *Weird Tales* #2 starts off with a resounding yawn. The second volume opens with "The Night Ocean" by R. H. Barlow, reprinted from the Winter, 1936 issue of *The Californian*. Recently, it has been decided that this is one of Lovecraft's anonymous revisions, and with this name to conjure, the story is headlined as by H. P. Lovecraft (*big letters*) and Robert H. Barlow. Further, we are told it is "the very last story to come from his pen" and that "it is about 99% HPL and 1% Barlow." What it is is a 10,000-word prose poem/mood piece, metaphorical and very much over-written, approximately about a sensitive recluse at once obsessed with and menaced by the sea. It reads very much like Barlow, under whose sole by-line it was originally published, very much like the sort of thing a literary magazine might publish, and very little like Lovecraft. Whether it is 99% HPL or 99% RHB, it definitely is 99% BS.

Staggering out from under all that, the second story in the second volume is "Boy Blue" by Steve Rasnic Tem, a new story by a new writer. Again we have a mood piece, but this time it's well written--a lovely, depressing trip through a disintegrating mind striving to clutch sanity while literally grubbing through the rotting relics of childhood trauma. Nice and icky.

Next comes "Fear" by Joseph Payne Brennan, a newly written Lucius Leffing story by an Old Hand. Does anyone *really* want to



read more of those Holmes-Watson formula occult investigator things? Then go ahead. And you guessed right: there *is* a connection between the old witch who was burned on this spot two hundred years ago and the hauntings that frighten folks to death here today. Once that's all settled, phone up Father Muldeen, and he'll put things right with an exorcism. Who says they don't write 'em like they used to...

Moving right along, another new story by a new writer: "Valse Triste" by Ray Faraday Nelson. Nice but unspectacular--the sort of thing that would have been at home on *The Twilight Zone*. A man seeks refuge from a storm in a lonely old house and finds... No, not Riff Raff and Magenta, but a surprising party of guests nonetheless.

"The Feast in the Abbey" by Robert Bloch is another reprint--this from the January, 1935 issue, Bloch's first appearance in *Weird Tales*. Prior to this story's original publication Bloch had earned the wrath of *Weird Tales'* readers by writing a letter complaining about "Conan the Cluck" whose hackneyed adventures had been filling the magazine of late. Fans sharpened their broadswords in anticipation of Bloch's announced first story, but found themselves liking it despite their worst hopes. The story *still* reads quite well, with Bloch's mordant wit glinting through the amateurish prose.

Mary Elizabeth Counselman returns with "Something in the Moonlight," something that isn't billed as "a new tale of the Cthulhu Mythos" this time, but that was probably just an oversight. This one is told in the form of journal extracts and physicians notes, and is about a psychiatrist from the Miskatonic School of Medicine who

becomes interested in a patient whose paranoid delusion is that something out of the Cthulhoid bestiary is going to get him. Well, it does, but the plucky lad keeps scribbling away in his journal all the while.

After all that, Ramsey Campbell returns (Thank God!) with "Trick or Treat." They manage to misspell his name "Ramsay" on the heading, but it's the Liverpool Ripper again for sure. Campbell attempts to salvage the issue single-handedly with this superb horror story about two little girls and a puppy and a teddy bear and a witch on Hallowe'en. Definitely not the Charlie Brown version. Campbell, whose stories at times seem a bit indecisive at the end, turns it on this time with *three* successive shocks to finish things off, just to show you he cares.

The ever popular writing team of Clark Ashton Smith and Lin Carter next return with "The Descent into the Abyss." Carter suggests that "devotees of Smith's gorgeous fiction will be interested in comparing this new tale to one of his most famous, 'The Seven Geases.'" Alas, not too gorgeous for words. Here are some: "And in that flashing and transient glimpse, Haon-Dor saw and *comprehended* the meaning of glyph, and the intolerably blasphemous, the ultimately shocking revelation, of but *one* of the titanic secrets of the cosmos exploded upon his frail, mundane consciousness and was seared deep into his, albeit prehuman, yet still mortal, brain... Back from the brink of that ghastly pit of ever-spawning horror at the unthinkable and loathsome cosmic implication implicit in that single bit of arcana he had absorbed in one fleeting glimpse." I know just how he feels.

Next is another classic reprint, "The Sapphire Goddess" by Nictzin Dyalhis. Or so it was titled when it originally appeared in the February, 1934 issue of *Weird Tales*. It was reprinted in 1951 in *Avon Fantasy Reader #17* under the new title, "The Sapphire Siren." Older fans will recall that the Avon boys liked to spice things up by retitling featured reprints. For some reason, this spurious title is retained for its reprint in *Weird Tales #2*. And I can't think of anything else interesting to say about this story.

Fortunately Tanith Lee returns as well, bringing the second volume to a close with "The Sombrus Tower." Lee has her epic fantasy hat on this time, and gives us a Dunsanian mood piece about a

knight who rides into the wastes on a quest to confront his prophesied doom. The allegory is a bit heavy, but Lee's ironic wit saves it from becoming heavy-handed.

Did I mention that both volumes also include some verse? Good--I thought I didn't.

And there you have it: the new *Weird Tales*. It's saved from mediocrity and mockery only by the too few appearances of a new generation of writers. I do *not* include Lin Carter in this group. While too much emphasis on publishing bad fiction by Great Old Names might be excused as nostalgia, an effort to establish continuity, or pandering to fans' obsessive dead-hero worship, Carter breaks a 283-issue tradition by becoming the first *Weird Tales* editor to publish his own fiction. (Farnsworth Wright published a story as by "Francis Hard" in his first issue of *Weird Tales*, but presumably this was left over from the several of his stories earlier purchased by Baird.) This practice is presumptuous even when the editor happens to be a good writer, and I don't think I need to take that one any further.

Well, then. How does the new *Weird Tales* compare with an average issue of the original series? Very poorly. While the old *Weird Tales* ran its fair share of bad fiction, its stories were not deliberately written to be throwbacks (it *was*, after all, pulp fiction, and all cliches were young once), and the stories written by Great Old Names were Great Old Stories and not resurrected laundry lists. How does the new *Weird Tales* compare with today's crop of fantasy magazines and original anthologies? Again, very poorly.

*Whispers* is a far better magazine, and anthologies like *New Terrors*, *Dark Forces*, or *Shadows* are proof that fantasy-horror writing has come a long way since the pulps.

What about it, then? Is the new *Weird Tales* a total bust? No, because it includes several excellent stories amidst all the drek. The solution is an obvious one, but whether it will be implemented by the present regime is doubtful. Stop insulting the memory of the genre's great writers (and readers' tastes) and throw out these bottom-of-the-chamber-pot discoveries. Stop publishing stories that have nothing going for them except the name of the author. Begin publishing more good fiction by writers who know how to write, regardless of whether or not they served in the Spanish-American War.

(Continued on page 30, Col. 1.)

# Specialty Publishers



OUTRE HOUSE

Now available from Outre House is *Writing for the Twilight Zone* by George Clayton Johnson, a collection of four teleplays written by Johnson for the now-classic television series, *The Twilight Zone*. The teleplays are: "A Penny for Your Thoughts," "Nothing in the Dark," "The Pool Player," and "Kick the Can." Included is an introduction by the author. Interior illustrations are by Jeff K. Potter, while the wraparound cover painting is by Judy King Rieniets.

Two editions are available, published by Anchor Press for the Outre House imprint. The 132-page large format (8½" by 11") trade paperback is priced at \$7.50. A 100-copy, limited edition hardcover edition, numbered, and bound with a black cover with inlaid silver foil, is priced at \$30. Outre House, 1622 N Street, Sacramento, CA 95814.

## JIM PITTS PRINT

Now available from Rosemary Pardoe is a 12½" by 17½" limited edition print by British artist Jim Pitts illustrating four stories by M. R. James. The stories are "The Mezzotint," "The Ash Tree," "Treasure of Abbot Thomas," and "Casting the Runes." The line illustration is printed on an enamel

Artist: Judy King Rieniets

Artist: David Lloyd

## Eye Hath Not Seen...

Supernatural anecdotes from the reminiscences of Father D.O'Connor



## D.G. Rowlands

stock and is priced at \$3, postpaid. Please remit U.S. funds in cash or add \$2 if you pay by check (to cover foreign exchange differences). Rosemary Pardoe, 11b Cote Lea Square, Southgate, Runcorn, Cheshire WA7 2SA, U.K.

## EYE HATH NOT SEEN...

Also available from Rosemary Pardoe is *Eye Hath Not Seen...* by D. G. Rowlands, subtitled "Supernatural Anecdotes from the reminiscences of Father D. O'Connor." The volume is a 40-page digest size collection of six ghost stories in the so-called "classic" tradition, nicely illustrated by David Lloyd. The volume is magazine in format (6" by 8½") and is priced at \$3 or £1.15, postpaid. The note above regarding U.S. orders applies for this publication, as well, due to problems in cashing foreign checks.

## FICTIONEER BOOKS

Last issue I noted the publication of *The Variable Syndrome* by Don McGregor, but was unable to provide the price. The price is \$10 plus \$1 postage if you order from the publisher. Fictioneer Books, Ltd., Screamer Mountain, Clayton, GA 30525.

## SCIENCE FICTION BOOK CLUB

May selections of the SF Book Club are *The Arbor House Treasury of Great SF Short Novels* edited by Robert Silverberg and Martin H. Greenberg, member priced at \$6.98, and *After Dark* by Manly Wade Well-

man, at \$2.98. The former was published by Arbor House at \$19.95 in hardcover and \$9.95 in trade paperback. The latter was a December hardcover from Doubleday at \$8.95.

Featured alternates are *Firestarter* by Stephen King, at \$4.50, and *The Cosmic Connection* by Carl Sagan, at \$4.98. SF Book Club, Garden City, NY 11535.



## H. P. Lovecraft and Lovecraft Criticism

### AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY

by S. T. Joshi

The most complete bibliography we are likely to get of "the twentieth-century Poe." Lovecraft's writings, never collected during his lifetime, lie scattered in a bewildering variety of publications, many not readily available, and his output included poetry, articles, and published letters as well as the tales of fantasy and horror on which his reputation is based. This listing includes everything that meticulous scholarship can track down and definitely identify as Lovecraft, including the many foreign translations.

Early recognition in Europe before he was taken seriously in the States makes the task of ordering Lovecraft criticism equally formidable and necessary, and Joshi has succeeded here as well. Entries are clearly annotated and indexed and cross-references help guide scholar, student, and fan through this wealth of material.

500 pages / \$27.50

### The Kent State University Press Kent, Ohio 44242

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of *H. P. Lovecraft and Lovecraft Criticism* at \$27.50 per copy. Remittance enclosed. Add \$1.00 for postage and handling.

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# Trade Books



DEL REY BOOKS

Coming from Del Rey Books in May is a new science fantasy novel, *Blue Adept* by Piers Anthony, at \$10.95. This is the second volume in his trilogy combining elements of fantasy and science fiction, which began with *Split Infinity*, published by Del Rey just a year ago. Del Rey Books, 201 East 50th St., New York, NY 10022.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

Coming in May from Houghton Mifflin are two volumes of interest to Tolkien fans. *The Atlas of Middle-earth* by Karen Fonstad is a 224-page (8½" by 11") collection of maps detailing not only the lands of Middle-earth, but routes and highways, sites and troop dispositions, and other details from Tolkien's world. It contains 115 two-color maps, all annotated and cross-referenced. Price is \$14.95.

The second is actually a three volume set, *The Lord of the Rings (Anniversary Edition)* by J. R. R. Tolkien. It is a special three volume boxed set, bound in a dark blue leather-like material with silver stampings, to celebrate the 25th anniversary of Houghton Mifflin's first edition (1955) of *LOTR*. Price is \$50.

A nonfiction release for May is the first trade paperback edi-

Artist: Rouven Moryll



GIFTWISH

Graham Dunstan Martin

Artist: Kristina Rodanas

Artist: Ron Walotsky

A Robert Silverberg  
Omnibus  
THE MAN IN THE MAZE  
NIGHTWINGS  
DOWNWARD TO THE  
EARTH



Simon & Schuster, 1230 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020.

ARBOR HOUSE

A May release from Arbor House is *The Arbor House Treasury of Horror and the Supernatural* edited by Bill Pronzini, Barry N. Malzberg and Martin H. Greenberg. In addition to an introduction by Stephen King, the volume will include stories by Robert Bloch, Shirley Jackson, Roald Dahl, Ray Bradbury, William Faulkner, John Steinbeck, Katherine Anne Porter, Flannery O'Connor, Winston Churchill, Somerset Maugham, Theodore Dreiser, Herbert Gold, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Stephen King, among others. The hardcover edition will be priced at \$19.95 and the Priam trade paperback at \$8.95. Arbor House Pub. Co., 235 East 45th St., New York, NY 10017.

EVEREST HOUSE

Due out in April from Everest House is the long-awaited nonfiction volume about the horror genre by Stephen King entitled *Danse Macabre*. The volume received a nice review in *Publishers Weekly*. The trade hardcover edition will be priced at \$13.95 while a 250-copy deluxe, signed edition will be priced at \$65. Everest House, 1133 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10036.

DOUBLEDAY & CO.

Coming from Doubleday in May is *Twelve Fair Kingdoms* by the late Suzette Haden Elgin (a victim of last summer's heat wave, I've been told). This is the first novel of a new fantasy trilogy she began set in the Ozark Mountains. For additional details about the trilogy, see "Work in Progress" in

BERKLEY/PUTNAM

Due out from Berkley/Putnam in May is the long-awaited fourth volume in Frank Herbert's 'Dune' series, *God Emperor of Dune*. The novel opens 3,500 years after the events in *Children of Dune* and tells the story of Leto, now known as Leto II, the God Emperor of the title--no longer human, but beginning to metamorphose into one of the great sandworms. Unfortunately, a cover proof for the jacket was not available at press time, but I'll try to have one here next issue.

Two editions will be available. The regular trade edition will be priced at \$12.95 while a deluxe boxed edition, numbered and autographed, will be priced at \$45. The book will be a featured alternate of the Literary Guild. Berkley Books, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.

SIMON & SCHUSTER

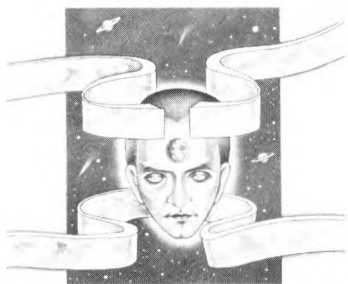
Scheduled for May release from Simon & Schuster under the Timescape imprint is *The Divine Invasion* by Philip K. Dick, priced at \$12.95. This is Dick's first new science fiction novel in four years.



## A WORLD CALLED SOLITUDE

Stephen Goldin

Artist: Jan Esteves



DOUBLEDAY SCIENCE FICTION

FN #26--the working title for the novel was *What the Mules Don't Know Won't Hurt Them*. Volume two in the trilogy has been written and volume three was in the works as of early last summer. Price will be \$9.95.

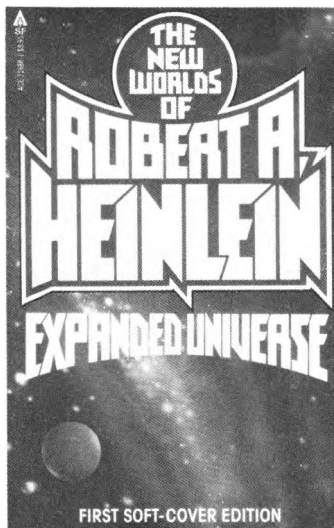
Also scheduled as a mainstream release is *Mindreader* by C. Terry Cline, Jr., at \$12.95. The mind-reader of the title can not only read minds, but control them as well and, soon, every intelligence organization in the world is after his power.

A late February release that appeared on schedule is *A World Called Solitude* by Stephen Goldin, an SF novel about a lonely fugitive stranded on an uncharted world.

Another late February release is *Gene Wolfe's Book of Days*, a collection of 18 short stories, each with the theme of a particular holiday. I mistakenly noted in FN #33 that this is Wolfe's first story collection and it is, in fact, his second; his first was *The Island of Dr. Death & Other Stories*, published by Pocket Books. Both February titles are \$9.95. Doubleday & Co., Inc., 501 Franklin Ave., Garden City, NY 11530.

### GALE RESEARCH

Announced for April publication by Gale Research Co. is the new (and first) five-year cumulative *Science Fiction Book Review Index, 1974-1979* edited by H. W. Hall. The volume is the first update to Gale's previous *Science Fiction Book Review Index, 1923-1973*. The work cites an estimated 15,600 reviews of some 6,200 books published in nearly 250 magazines. Not incidentally, Garland notes that this first five year index covers more reviews than were contained in the first fifty year index. The 300-page volume will



appear in the same format as its predecessor and is priced at \$78. Gale Research Co., Book Tower, Detroit, MI 48226.

### HARPER & ROW

An early March release from Harper & Row is *A Robert Silverberg Omnibus*, a thick 544-page collection of three of his novels: *The Man in the Maze*, *Nightwings* and *Downward to Earth*. Also included is a new introduction by the author. Price is \$14.95. Harper & Row, 10 East 53rd St., New York, NY 10022.

### GREGG PRESS

February releases from Gregg Press are *Riverworld and Other Stories* by Philip Jose Farmer, at \$15.95, and *The Saliva Tree* by Brian W. Aldiss, at \$16.95. The former is a facsimile reprint of the 1979 Berkley paperback first edition with a new introduction by Richard Gid Powers. The Aldiss title is taken from the 1966 first edition published by Faber and Faber, Ltd., with a new introduction by Peter Nicholls. Both are short story collections, printed on acid-free stock with library quality cloth bindings. Gregg Press, 70 Lincoln St., Boston, MA 02111.

### ACE BOOKS

Out from Ace Books in February (as previewed in FN #33) are *Federation* by H. Beam Piper and *Expanded Universe* by Robert A. Heinlein. The Piper volume is a collection of five stories by Piper: "Omnilingual," "Naudsonce," "Oomphel in the Sky," "Graveyard of Dreams," and "When in the Course—" Also included are a preface by Jerry Pour-

A Facsimile of the July 1939 issue



Artist: Graves Gladney

'BLACK DESTROYER by A. E. Van Vogt

nelle and a lengthy essay on Piper's Federation series by John F. Carr. The trade paperback features a cover illustration by Michael Whelan and is priced at \$5.95.

*Expanded Universe* is the first trade paperback edition of this title, published in hardcover last October by Grosset & Dunlap. Price is \$8.95. The volume is a thick 582-page collection of stories and articles by Heinlein.

Ace has no trade paperback releases scheduled for either May or June. Ace Books, 51 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10010.

### SO. ILL. UNIV. PRESS

An early March publication from the Southern Illinois University Press is *Astounding Science Fiction*, a facsimile reprint of the July, 1939 issue. Also included in the volume are a new foreword by current *Analog* editor Stanley Schmidt, and afterwords by A. E. Van Vogt, Isaac Asimov and Ross Rocklynne. The stories from that issue include: "Black Destroyer" by Van Vogt, "City of the Cosmic Rays" by Nat Schachner, "Greater Than Gods" by C. L. Moore, "Trends" by Isaac Asimov, "Lightship, Ho!" by Nelson S. Bond, "The Moth" by Ross Rocklynne, and "When the Half Gods Go—" by Amelia R. Long.

The April, 1939 issue of the magazine was selected for this hardcover reprinting because, in the opinions of editor Martin H. Greenberg and *Analog* editor Stanley Schmidt, that issue rang in the so-called "Golden Age" of science fiction, under the editorship of John W. Campbell, Jr. Included in the volume are all of the original departments, illustrations and ads, and the magazine cover is reproduced

(Continued on page 30, Col. 3.)

# The British Scene

by Mike Ashley

It was with immense satisfaction that I noticed in mid-November that the Fontana edition of Stephen Donaldson's *The Wounded Land* was Number 1 in the Paperback Best-Seller's List. In fact horror and fantasy has fared rather well in that list of late. The Top Ten for the last few weeks has included *The Dark* by James Herbert, *The Last Enchantment* by Mary Stewart and *The Shining* by Stephen King, whilst it goes without saying that Tolkien's *Unfinished Tales* leapt straight into a number 6 in the hardcover national list.

It's all part of an overall trend which is, perhaps, underlined by the following little incident. On the increasingly rare occasions that my 'daily bread' work takes me to London by train I usually settle into the compartment for the hour journey with the latest book I'm reading. On these occasions the overcrowded carriage is usually filled by people reading the latest books by James Herriot, Harold Robbins and the inevitable classics--in fact, I'm always amazed by the number of people I encounter reading *Vanity Fair* or *Pride and Prejudice*. Anyway, on this latest occasion whilst on my way to a seminar on Building Contract Claims I was suddenly aware that I was not surrounded by the usual fare of mundane literature. Opposite me was a girl reading an already tatty copy of *The Wounded Land*. Next to her was a young chap reading, of all books, *Peregrine Primus* by Avram Davidson--a book I felt had been totally neglected by British readers. Along the row was another reading *The Wounded Land*. Next to me was someone reading *The Last Enchantment*, and right by the door was someone with the latest issue of *Omni*. And there I was reading the Guide to the 1980 JCT Conditions of Contract! A situation, you can believe, I soon remedied by returning to Algernon Blackwood's *The Human Chord*.

Talking of Blackwood, BBC's Radio 4 dug into their archives recently and broadcast one of Blackwood's short stories read by the author. Originally recorded in 1949, it was the first chance I'd had of hearing Blackwood's voice, a rather eerie sensation

after all this time, and especially recently as I've been pouring through many of his old records, letters and files in my research toward his biography. What surprised me mostly about this story, "The Occupant of the Room," was that Blackwood changed the totally satisfactory ending to one that was weak, and completely out of sympathy with the whole aspect of the plot.

There's been something of a glut of horror and fantasy on television recently, especially in this last week as I write (November 22nd) On Thursday night (November 20th) BBC-2 televised a new version of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* this one adapted by Gerald Savory and starring David Hemmings. I had hopes that perhaps this one would stick faithfully to the original story. Heaven knows how many versions I have now seen, but none has been a patch on the Fredric March film of 1932. This one was no exception. Savory had totally rewritten the story with only the slightest adherence to the original plot. The novelty with this version was that it was the good Dr. Jekyll which posed the make-up problem for Hemmings, as he was made to look old, tired and haggard. Whilst Hyde was a more natural Hemmings, at once suave yet ruthless.

Of more interest was a short series called *Spine Chillers* which began on Monday the 17th. Televised at 5:25 this is aimed at a young audience "on the verge of reading grown-up books" as the head of Children's TV Programmes put it. The fifteen minute programme consists of a story being read, with very little auxiliary dramatisation beyond music. In fact, they would fare just as well on radio except for the added thrill of the stony glare of the reader as the story reaches its climax. There are four stories each week, for five weeks. The first eight are "The Red Room" by H. G. Wells, "More Spinned Against" by John Wyndham, "The Music On the Hill" by Saki, "The Mezzotint" by M. R. James, "The Treasure in the Forest" by H. G. Wells, "The Devil's Ape" by Barnard Stacey, "Sredni-Vashtar" by Saki, and "A School Story" by M. R. James. I wonder how many future writers will trace their moment of

conversion to this short series.

Arthur Clarke's *Mysterious World* is now just drawing to an end, and I must say on the whole I've found the series disappointing. Whilst they've obviously searched far and wide for interesting items of film, the interpretation and analysis of the discoveries are superficial, leaving it as nothing more than a melange of mysteries. What I'm looking forward to is Carl Sagan's *Cosmos* which no doubt you've all enjoyed and which, as you read this, should just be starting over here. At the same time as that goes out, will be a new television version of *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. This was so excellent as a radio series that I hesitate to imagine what they can do to it to make it work on television, but we shall wait and see.

Which reminds me, a correction on the last column: The second Douglas Adams book is entitled *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe* not Inn as I reported, and it was published in December at price £0.95, not November at £1.25. But I did get the publisher's, Pan, correct which should improve my average.

## Specialty Publishers and Magazines

Savoy Books continue to try and bring overlooked books to the public against all odds. As co-director Michael Butterworth recently commented, "We are having to do a lot of rubbish in 1981 in order to keep the money coming in to support the good books; the 'rubbish' includes romance, cookery books and soft porn, so collectors of Savoy books B E W A R E!!" Their offices were raided by the Manchester Police on October 17th. 2,000 copies of Charles Platt's *The Gas* and 3,000 of Samuel Delany's *The Tides of Lust* were seized (the latter title had also been seized from John Menzies bookstore in Bristol earlier this month). It seems ironic therefore that the same publishers should issue two children's annuals for Christmas *Fudge and the Dragon* and *Fudge in Bubbleville*, both written and illustrated by Ken Reid. These are reprints of the annuals originally published in 1948 and 1949

and previously serialised in the *Manchester Evening News* a few years earlier. What will interest the collector far more than the younger readers are the new items at the end of each volume. The first includes an interview with Ken Reid by David Britton, and the second carries a complete bibliography of the many Fudge comic-strip and annuals, compiled by David Britton and David McCulloch.

New books lined up for 1981 include *Who Writes Science Fiction?* (Jan: £1.75) a series of thirty interviews by Charles Platt, *The Committed Man* by M. John Harrison (Feb) and *Sweet Evil* by Charles Platt (Mar). Moorcock's *The Brothel on Rosenstrasse* is currently scheduled for June along with the study of Moorcock's works *The Cruel World and Its Pierrot* by John Clute.

The following release from Virgin Books gives notice of a market for material for a forthcoming anthology of all-original SF Stories with musical themes or connotations, *The Virgin Book of Music and Science Fiction*. "The musical element should be fully integrated with the story and can encompass rock, jazz, classical music or other forms of music. Were this a reprint collection, typical stories which we might have considered for inclusion would have been Spinrad's "The Big Flash", Moorcock's "A dead Singer", Aldiss's "Old Hundredth" etc.

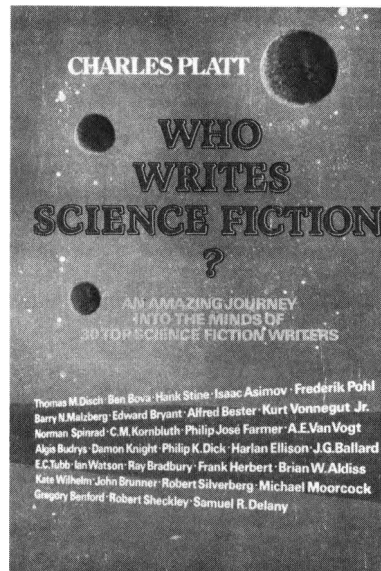
"We are looking for new and innovative material and can offer \$70 per 1000 words. Preferable length between 2000 and 7500 words. Payment on acceptance. Deadline for submission: 1st June 1981.

"The advance offered is for non-exclusive first anthology rights for the United Kingdom; should the finished anthology sell to the USA a 50/50 split in royalties is envisaged divided equally between all contributors."

Anyone interested should contact Maxim Jakubowski, c/o Virgin Books, 61-63 Portobello Road, London W11 3D.

It's always sad to hear of magazines fading away, be they new or long established. A few columns ago I reported on the demise of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Recently the British news magazine *Fantasy Media* suspended publication, and now, as I write, the future of *London Mystery Selection* is in the balance.

This magazine tends to be forgotten by the majority of collectors, although it has appeared regularly and faultlessly for over thirty years. Its first issue



appeared in the Summer of 1949 under the editorship of Michael Hall who made it a point to feature the bizarre and supernatural in every issue. It's a policy that was continued by Norman Kark when he took over the magazine in 1953 with issue 17. But now Norman Kark is 82 and a recent series of dramatic personal blows has caused him to wish to hand publication of the magazine over to another. A series of phone-calls and letters has, as yet, failed to discover what has happened to the magazine and its editor, but I hope I shall be able to report favourable in a future column.

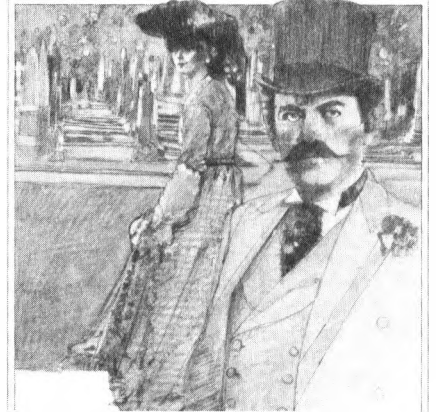
Throughout its thirty year history the *London Mystery Magazine* (as it began its life) has consistently published quality horror fiction and a checklist of its authors would include names like Algernon Blackwood, Russell Kirk, Edmund Cooper, Barrington Bayley, H. Burgess Drake, and more recently Rosemary Timperley and Guy N. Smith. In its early days Mervyn Peake was one of its regular illustrators. The latest issue to hand, Number 126, dated September 1980, includes "The Ghostly Violin" Rosemary Timperley, "Touch Me Not" Peter Peterson, "The Curse" Vera Brown and "The Ghost of Farley Grange" by Desmond Tarrant, all with an element of the fantastic. Many may say the stories here present are old-fashioned but I for one am glad that there is still a repository for that old world approach, and would consider it a very great loss if the *LMS* disappeared.

One magazine I'm pleased to see has reached its second issue

## SHORT STORIES

MAGAZINE DE L'IMBRI 1980

Stories for Christmas by Dickens and Hawthorne  
Classic tales by Ambrose Bierce, O'Henry, D.H. Lawrence,  
Katherine Mansfield and other master story tellers  
Angus Wilson: My country, Innislad and other critics  
The tragic genius of Guy de Maupassant



is *Something Else* edited by Charles Partington. Some advance copies were circulated in November with the main run currently being printed. Contents include fiction by Brian Aldiss, John Brunner and Hilary Bailey, whilst on the non-fiction side is an article on the work of David Lindsay by Tony Williams, reminiscences about Michael Moorcock by Charles Platt, and another biographical piece on Moorcock's early days at Fleetway Publications.

Another magazine still paying its way is *Ad Astra* which has now reached its 13th issue (released December 16th). *Ad Astra* is a fact/fiction blend rather like *Omni* but with nothing like the budget. The fiction in the latest issue is "The Rose Bush" by Gary Kilworth and "Shards of Divinity" by American writer Michael Toman. There are articles on modern-day witchcraft, Russian technology in space and one entitled "Space Can Be Yours for £17." There is also a special feature on Australian science fiction with an article and a story by Paul Collins.

As regards Britain's other magazine, *New Worlds*, the current issue to be edited by Richard Glyn Jones and Richard Meadley is in a state of stasis brought about through production difficulties. As *New Worlds* has died and been reborn more than any other magazine I see no reason to assume we've seen the last of it yet.

Amidst all this concern about the future of Britain's magazines, it's encouraging to see the first issue of a new general fiction magazine, *Short Stories*--not related to the old companion magazine of *Weird Tales*. The editor, John Ran-

sley, told me that the idea to start such a magazine came to him two years ago because there was nothing on the bookstalls offering popular short fiction. He has been able to get it off the ground with the help of a sympathetic printer and paper merchant, and the print run for the first three issues will be 40,000. "My intention," he further clarified, "is to present a mix of stories in every issue--crime and detection, horror and the supernatural, science fiction, humour and sophisticated romance--by great short story writers of the past and present, as well as the work of new and previously unpublished writers. The rate of payment depends on the status of the author and, obviously, on length. Minimum is around £45, maximum £125 for First British Serial Rights, with all other rights remaining with the author."

The first issue, dated December 1980 (price 90p), runs 128 pages and includes of special interest to our field, "The Lady of the Tombs" by Guy de Maupassant, "The Silver Hilt" by Ferenc Molnar, "A Tough Tussle" by Ambrose Bierce, and "The Room in the Tower" by E. F. Benson, plus stories by Charles Dickens, Joseph Conrad, O. Henry, Angus Wilson, John Lawrence, D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

There is also the first part of a cumulative directory to all short story collections and anthologies in print. A worthy venture. The address is 222 London Road, Burgess Hill, West Sussex, RH15 9RD.

#### Author Spotlight

The big news from Brian Aldiss concerns his major project *Helliconia* which consists of three novels and an accompanying encyclopedia. The encyclopedia is being co-edited with David Wingrove of the University of Kent and will be published by Pierrot Press provided the many production problems can be resolved. The three novels have been signed up with Jonathan Cape in England and Atheneum Press in the States and will appear at the rate of one a year, at about 150,000 words each. "It will all amount to something rather good," Aldiss remarked. "My monument--or my tombstone." The first volume is nearly completed so, hopefully, it won't be long before we find out what this is all about.

As a sidelight, Brian Aldiss mentioned his recent visit to Singapore as guest of the 12th International Book Fair. There he dis-

covered "an elegant slender volume entitled *Wonder and Awe*, a spirited defence of science fiction by Dr. Kirpal Singh. Singh is in the Department of English at the University of Singapore. He is the spearhead of Singapore SF fandom. Next month, an anthology comes out, boldly entitled *Singapore Science Fiction*. So there's one more country that has caught the virus... I have written a short collection of Singapore-oriented short stories which I hope will be published out there."

Getting back to British shores, if not to science fiction, a letter from Edmund Cooper revealed that he is currently working on a study of alcoholism. However he does have plans for an ambitious SF novel which has been "rattling around" his head for about five years or more, but as to when he'll write it.....

His considerably prettier namesake, Louise Cooper, has sold a new novel, *The Blacksmith* to Hamlyn. Hamlyn previously bought *Crown of Horn* (see FN #21) which will be published in April under her own by-line and not as Elizabeth Hahn as previously reported. (Apparently, the Hahn name has been changed for Anna Stanton in the meantime but that had been dropped, too. Why do publishers treat their writers so? Moreover although Hamlyn have bought *The Blacksmith* there will be no advance payment until April!). *The Blacksmith* is set on the Marlborough Downs near the famous ancient barrow known as Wayland Smithy and concerns the mysterious connection between the Smithy and the identity of the father of Jackie, the grandson of Nathan Smith, the blacksmith of the title. Publication is currently scheduled for March 1982.

Robert Holdstock's latest book is *Tour of the Universe*, a magnificent volume co-produced with Malcolm Edwards and published by Pierrot Press. Ostensibly a scrapbook memory of a tour through the universe, it is beautifully illustrated and ingeniously packaged to make one of the more delightful visual books of recent years. Both UK and U.S. book club rights have been sold, as well as editions to France, Germany and Holland.

His latest solo work is *Where Time Winds Blow* to be published by Faber in hardcover in the Spring and in paperback by Pan Books. He has apparently started work on a new novel, but isn't saying anything about it.

Keith Roberts was extremely pleased to report that he has recently had a quality hardback edition of his historical novel *The Boat of Fate* published in Germany. As to his latest novel, *Grania* (see FN #23 for details) the book is now completed but no news as yet on publication. However there are two new short stories by Keith we should soon be seeing in upcoming issues of *Magazine of F & SF*. "The Checkout" is a new Anita story, the first in ten years, centred around a supermarket. "In the ten year interim the coven has been computerized," reported Roberts, "and Granny is caught trying her hand at the newest scientific advances. It's certainly vintage Anita, which is odd after such a long gap. I thought it might be hard to get the characters working again but they came back to life as if no time has elapsed at all."

The other story is "Kaeti's Nights", a 15,000-word novelette which turns the vampire legend inside out. "The shoot-out has to be the craziest thing I ever wrote," tempts Roberts, "but it isn't really a story you can describe; for better or ill it has to be read." Who's arguing?

Following my comment on Josephine Saxton in FN #31 the lady herself wrote to say that she didn't have to write stories for the Arts Council, she wanted to. "I have at least two heads," she added. If that doesn't intrigue new readers, I don't know what will. Her latest book *The Travails of Jane Saint* appeared from Virgin Books on November 13th, price £1.95, sporting a hideous cover by Conny Jude. Apparently the book was brought forward from its February 1981 release date to fill in a gap left by the distributors refusing to handle another book they considered pornographic. As a result, the planned interior illustrations were dropped--and if the cover's anything to go by, then for once I can say that the distributors did something right for a change.

Good news from Bob Shaw. He has just handed over a 90,000 word novel, *The Ceres Solution* to Gollancz for publication in the spring. Alas, he didn't say what this intriguingly-titled opus was about, but at least we don't have long to wait. His last novel, *Dagger of the Mind* (Gollancz, 1979) will be out in paperback from Pan Books in March. Unlike his other works *Dagger* is set in the present day and is more of a horror novel almost akin to some of Ramsey Camp-



bell's work than the usual Bob Shaw we've come to know and love. This isn't the reason why it hasn't appeared in America, however. Stand by for soap-box time.

Bob tells me that the U.S. publishers aren't too keen on the book because it's set in England in the present day—something which makes it too 'parochial' for their taste. "This is a lesson I learned previously with *The Ground-Zero Man* which I had trouble selling over there, but I had forgotten it. I will never again set a near-future novel anywhere but on the North American continent."

Bob's comments echoed something I had read in a recent letter from Louise Cooper, viz: "A friend of mine who is a pretty well-known Nasty/Horror author has had his latest opus turned down by a U.S. publisher on the grounds that it was set in England! Rewrite it and set it in New York, they said, and we'll be interested, otherwise forget it."

Who the hell do the U.S. publishers think they are? What right do they think they have to dictate such terms to authors? What sort of a book would *Water-ship Down* have ended up set in Kansas? What would have happened to Alan Garner's *Weirdestone of Brisingamen* or *The Moon of Gomerath*, or is Cheshire suddenly a U.S. colony? Are all King Arthur novels to be set in the States now, a la Laubenthal's *Excalibur*? Does Ramsey Campbell have to transport Liverpool to the States now brick by brick before he can write another book fit for U.S. consumption? Whatever next! I sincerely hope English writers will stick by their guns and set English books in England, and that publishers take more notice of good writing, good plotting and originality than whether it's set in Birmingham, England instead of Birmingham, Alabama.

Right, I'm off my soap-box. To conclude Bob Shaw's news, he has two new short stories soon to appear, "Go On, Pick a Universe" in *F&SF*, and "Conversion" in *Asimov's SF Magazine*. He also has "Dark Night in Toyland" due in *The Last Dangerous Visions* which I thought was to be released by now. What's happened to it this time?

Brian Stableford's news was rather cheerless in that he has been dropped by all three of his UK publishers. Let's hope it's only a temporary lull in the recession at present gripping these shores. His only contracted title here is *War Games* (published in the States as *Optiman*) due from Pan

Books in the spring—two years after delivery. Fortunately he still has his outlet in the States with DAW Books. DAW will probably publish *Castaways of Tanagar* sometime in 1981. Brian has just delivered the first novel in a new series, "Project Ambassador", entitled *Gateway to Eternity*, but its future is at present unknown.

Peter Valentine Timlett has still heard no news about possible publication of his Arthurian and Grandier books (see *FN* #30), and is at present at work on a World War II novel. (I wonder if that has to be set in America.)

Peter Tremayne (Peter Berresford Ellis) is as active as ever. Book Two in his Lan-Kern series, *The Destroyers of Lan-Kern*, is due out from Bailey Brothers & Swinfen in the spring. Following contractual problems, however, the third volume is in stasis. Two short stories set in the same milieu have been completed. "The Ploughing of Pras-a-Ufereth" appeared in *The Cornish Banner* magazine, and "The Storm Devil of Lan-Kern" is destined for a future *Fantasy Tales*. Two other books are due from Sphere in paperback this year. The first, set for the spring, has no definite title as yet, and is provisionally *Zombie!* or *When the Dead Awake*. This was delivered in 1979 but publication was delayed when it clashed with the book of the film of the same name. (Still with me?). His other book, *The Morgow Rises*, is a horror tale set in Cornwall and based on an old local sea-monster legend. It will appear in the autumn from Sphere.

And finally to William Thomas Webb. Bill Webb has been around the British SF scene since 1958 with stories in most of the UK sf magazines. It was not until 1977 however that his first book, *After The Inferno*, appeared from Robert Hale. Since then he has had a steady stream of eight novels published by Hale including a number of very good fantasies such as *The Eye of Hollerl-Ra* and *The Dimension Lords*. His latest book is *The Froth Eater* (Hale, £5.25) about a strange froth that forms on the water near a seaside village and about its effects upon Tom Hebert, who becomes the froth eater. A few months ago at a party Jon Harvey, who lives near Bill Webb, told me that Bill is in the habit of burning all his unsold novels. The news damn-near made me choke on Karl Wagner's wonderfully barbecued chicken. The idea of all that work going up in flames is

almost too much. Apparently he has just completed a horror novel, *House of Cannibals* and he is awaiting news of its future. Two of his unsold novels have survived, however, *The Secret Kindred* and *The Spires of Yeph*. *The Secret Kindred* sounds especially interesting as it manages to combine elements of UFOlogy, survivors of Atlantis, and underground nuclear shelters into one package. Of course, it's set in modern day England, which means U.S. readers will probably never get a chance of reading it.

...I wonder if it's worth re-writing *War and Peace* in a Boston setting...

-- Mike Ashley



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# Collecting FANTASY

by Robert Weinberg



Certain magazines on the fringes of the fantasy field have a magical fascination for collectors. There is *Argosy*, the first and most important of all pulp magazines, which in its many formats and title changes, published hundreds of science fiction and fantasy stories and novels in its several thousand issues over the course of more than fifty years. Then, there is *Operator #5*, the hero pulp that each issue featured a new menace to the U.S. While not promoted as science fiction, the magazine featured disintegrator rays, weather control used for war, sound waves used to destroy buildings, and more—including a thirteen part series about the invasion of America and a second War of Independence. Nor should we forget *Horror Stories* with its unbelievably malevolent John Howitt covers and forgotten fantasy novelettes by Paul Ernst and other pulpsters from the 1930's. However, without a doubt, the most collectable of all the fringe magazines has to be *Oriental Stories/Magic Carpet*.

It isn't very surprising when you look at the magazine and its history. For starters, it was the sister magazine to *Weird Tales* during the 1930's, the Golden Age of the latter magazine. It was published by the same people responsible for *Weird Tales* and edited by the same editor, Farnsworth Wright. The magazine was the same size as

the "Unique Magazine" and even looked very similar, from the story headings and illustrations, to the letter column (titled "The Souk"). Even the "Coming Next Issue" page was done exactly the same as *Weird Tales*. In the fantasy field, *Weird Tales* is the most collectable of all magazines. Much of the magic from the one magazine filled the other.

The first issue of *Oriental Stories* was dated October-November, 1930. One might wonder about starting a magazine at the beginning of the Depression, but actually it was not bad business. Magazines in the pulp field could be published for next to no money if one had credit or an in with a printer. Wright worked with the publisher and printer of *Weird Tales* (the printer already had a piece of the first magazine due to a complicated arrangement with J. C. Henneberger, the original publisher). So the physical production of the magazine was not any problem. Authors were paid on publication, sometimes even later. It was not a particularly favorable position for writers, but late payment was better than none at all. Distributors were usually not paid for several months after a magazine came out. So an entire issue could be printed and on the stands long before any real cash was due. Wright already had a printer. He used the same authors who were already regulars in *Weird Tales* and the same illustrators. Distribution was handled by the company that took care of *Weird Tales* and there was even a beginning market potential from advertising in the older magazine.

Even the subject matter was not that unusual. The pulps had gone through an amazing period of diversification and specialization at the end of the 1920's, with such titles as *Submarine Stories*, *Zep- pelin Stories*, *Air Wonder Stories*, *Prison Stories*, and numerous others making their appearance. There had even been a *Far East Adventures* in 1928. *Oriental* did not just mean Chinese—the title of the magazine actually referred to both the *Near* and *Far East*, and all periods of history featuring stories from those regions. Such fiction was a popular part of the major pulp adventure magazines such as *Argosy*, *Adventure* and *Top-Notch*, so Wright

seemed to have a good chance of success with the new magazine.

Cover art always played an important role in the success of a pulp magazine. With literally scores of large magazines vying for space on a crowded newsstand, the magazine with the eye-catching cover was the one that often was a success. For the first issue of *Oriental Stories*, Wright used an unusual art deco style painting by Donald Von Gelb. In all, Von Gelb did the first five cover paintings for *Oriental* and then disappeared from the scene. I have never found another cover on any other pulp by this artist and have never been able to learn anything about him. His covers were done in watercolor and were quite unusual for the pulps. They were symbolic, done using many geometric figures, and in an art deco style. After Von Gelb, Lucille Holling did one uninspired cover for *Oriental*. The Winter 1932 issue featured a very fine painting by J. Allen St. John, the famous Burroughs illustrator and Chicagoan. The painting, for "The Dragoon's Jest," was a superb piece of work—one of St. John's best—and perfectly captured the mood of the Near East with its mysterious people and beautiful women. Unfortunately, done in muted colors, it was more fine art than pulp. Garish and sensational art sold magazines, not fine paintings.

The next cover, illustrating Dorothy Quick's "Scented Gardens," was the type of cover that made pulps successful. It was the first published painting by a young Chicago fashion artist without a job. Margaret Brundage decided to try selling magazine illustrations when no other jobs seemed imminent. However, the only magazine being published with editorial offices in Chicago was *Weird Tales*. Brundage brought a batch of sample artwork to the offices of the magazine. While her work was not suited for *Weird Tales*, Brundage did impress Farnsworth Wright with an oriental scene of a dancer. She was given the assignment of doing the cover for "Scented Gardens." The painting, featuring a near nude temple dancer, generated tremendous reader response, and Brundage's career as a cover artist for both *Oriental Stories* and *Weird Tales* had begun.

Except for one other painting done by St. John, Brundage handled all the rest of the covers for *Oriental* and *Magic Carpet*.

Incredibly enough, three cover paintings used on *Oriental Stories* still exist and are owned by private collectors. A Chicago used bookstore for many years had a number of Brundage paintings for sale. These beautiful paintings, done in pastel chalk, were kept under glass and were in perfect condition. They were all purchased by an Illinois collector who now lives on the east coast. One of the paintings was "The Dragoman's Confession."

The cover for the first issue of *Oriental*, by Donald Von Gelb, was given to Frank Owen by Farnsworth Wright. When Owen died, the painting passed into the hands of a well-known fantasy dealer who still has it. A third painting, also a Von Gelb, turned up in a surprising manner. I was in the same bookstore where another collector had discovered the Margaret Brundage paintings (several years before I moved to Chicago, alas!) and remarked how much I'd like to buy some original artwork like the pieces sold by the owner of the store. After thinking a minute, the man began rummaging through a huge drawer filled with books, table coverings and newspapers. At the bottom of the stack was a painting on illustration board. It was a Von Gelb, the cover for the second issue of *Oriental Stories*, sold to me approximately ten years ago, for the astonishing sum of \$12! Need I urge collectors to keep on searching for those elusive finds...

Cover art might sell a magazine but it was the stories that kept the public coming back. Wright used his regulars and in many respects one could almost mistake *Oriental Stories* for *Weird Tales*. Contributors included Robert E. Howard, E. Hoffman Price, Frank Belknap Long, G. G. Pendarves, Paul Ernst, Clark Ashton Smith and other regulars. Unfortunately, these were names that could sell weird fiction and fantasy magazines. *Oriental Stories* had to sell to a different market to make itself successful. There were not enough *Weird Tales* buyers who were interested in adventure fiction to keep the magazine afloat. New readers had to be found for the new magazine. Such readers were already being offered a steady diet of adventure fiction by big name pulpsters like Talbot Mundy, Harold Lamb, George Surdez, Arthur O. Friel and others in *Adventure* and

*Argosy*. The new pulp could not crack the established giants' hold on the market.

The stories were good ones if not great ones. The first issue featured the first of nine stories done by Robert E. Howard for the magazine, "The Voice of El-lil." The fast-paced adventure, with a lost race, giant bell, and a trace of fantasy in its talk of reincarnation, was a good one and has been reprinted a number of times since its initial appearance. Otis Adelbert Kline also had a story in that same issue, the first of a series of eight adventures he was to write about a story-telling old Dragoman, Hamad the Attar, who told of wild adventures in the Near East during his youth. The Dragoman stories were popular enough that several of them were collected in the late 1940's into a thin digest magazine entitled *The Man Who Limped*, which has become a collector's item in its own right. Some other authors in that first issue included Paul Ernst, Frank Owen, and G. G. Pendarves.

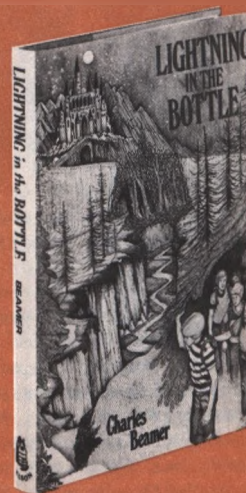
The second issue of the pulp continued the *Weird Tales* lineup with Kline, Frank Owen, Paul Ernst and G. G. Pendarves. The lead story was a secret service adventure by S. B. Hurst featuring a continued character, "Bugs" Sinnat. Unfortunately, none of the Hurst stories were anything to cheer about.

Not so the cover story for the third issue, dated February-March, 1931. "Red Blades of Black Cathay" by Howard and Tevis Clyde Smith was a rousing adventure of a crusader versus the Mongol hordes of Genghis Khan. Unfortunately, while the story was an exciting tale, well told, it pointed out the major flaw in Howard's historical fiction. A firm believer in never letting historical fact stand in the way of a good story, Howard often rewrote history to suit his tale. Also, not by nature a rewriter, Howard often glossed over glaring historical inaccuracies in his desire to finish a piece. Howard could never sell to the higher paying *Adventure* because that magazine demanded strict historical accuracy, in both setting and occurrence. Thus, he was forced to sell to the much poorer paying *Oriental Stories*.

That same issue also featured G. G. Pendarves again, along with E. Hoffman Price and Frank Owen, the latter with one of his very best tales, "Della Wu, Chinese Courtesan."

Things did not look good by the fourth issue as *Oriental* was

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forced to go quarterly. Howard again had the lead with "Hawks of Outremer" along with stories by Kline, Frank Belknap Long and a number of others. The magazine continued as a quarterly for the next five issues, with contents staying approximately the same. Stories were mostly by *Weird Tales* regulars with a scattering of other authors, none of them major adventure pulp writers. Howard, Kline and Ernst were the most frequent contributors, but there was work by Clark Ashton Smith, Dorothy Quick, August Derleth and even David H. Keller, as well.

With the January, 1933 issue, the magazine changed title to *Magic Carpet*. Evidently Wright felt that the name of his pulp was too restrictive and people might not be buying it because the contents sounded too narrow in scope. *The Magic Carpet* had a wider range from which stories could be chosen. To quote from the editorial in the first issue:

"The *Magic Carpet* magazine, like the carpet of Scheherazade, carries its readers out of the humdrum life of our modern civilization to lands of romance, adventure, mystery and glamour. ...you can experience the mystery of India or fly to distant planets or perilous adventures among the strange beings that inhabit them."

Now, even science fiction could be included in the newly retitled magazine. Edmond Hamilton was featured with the first of a new series of Edgar Rice Burroughs styled stories in the April, 1933 *Magic Carpet* with "Kaldar, World

of Antares." Hamilton followed up that novelette with a second adventure, "The Snake Men of Kaldar" in October, 1933. Unfortunately, *Magic Carpet* never was to publish the third story in the series, "The Great Brain of Kaldar" which finally appeared in *Weird Tales* for December, 1935.

The same regulars as before appeared in *Magic Carpet* but there were new faces as well. Along with Hamilton, Seabury Quinn began appearing with a new series in the magazine. All four issues of *The Magic Carpet* featured Quinn novellettes about Carlos the Tiger, the Vagabond-at-Arms. Set during the time of the Inquisition in Spain, the stories were about a young man born of a Christian mother and Moslem father who had been forced to flee his father's home in the East to Christian Spain. A master swordsman, Carlos the Tiger was in constant danger of death by torture if he was discovered to be a Moslem. This fact didn't seem to bother Carlos who resembled in many respects Quinn's more famous character, Jules de Grandin. In the second story of the series, Carlos rescued a huge Black, appropriately called "Hassan the Throttler" (due to his habit of choking to death people he didn't like, a list that included most Christians) and the two became a formidable pair. All of the Vagabond-at-Arms stories were great fun. Quinn poked angry holes at unfeeling, uncaring religion (one of his favorite topics in any magazine) and Carlos and Hassan merrily killed enough people to

make even Conan wince.

January, 1934 saw the last issue of *Magic Carpet*. It was notable for the fact it featured two Robert E. Howard stories, an historical under his own name and a modern-day adventure under the pen name, Patrick Ervin. However, even the death of the magazine did not mean an end to all of the stories it published. In 1938, a new historical magazine, *Golden Fleece*, was started in Chicago. Evidently a number of stories sold to *Magic Carpet* but never published were sold to *Golden Fleece*, as it was there that a fifth Carlos the Tiger story by Seabury Quinn appeared as well as two Robert E. Howard stories, more than two years after the author's death!

*Oriental Stories/Magic Carpet* featured 131 stories in its fourteen issues, only a few of them fantasies. However, many of the stories easily could have been fantastic in nature with minor rewriting (in fact, many of them probably were fantasies to start and were rewritten by the authors when a new market appeared for straight oriental adventures). It is a title that seems to sparkle in the eye of the collector. Fortunately, many of the best stories, especially the Howard adventure novelettes, have been reprinted and are easily accessible to collectors. As with most of the stories in *Oriental*, they are worth seeking out.

Next column, esoterica...

-- Robert Weinberg

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# INTERVIEW

Richard Cowper

Dr. Jeffrey Elliot

I was born in the early hours of the morning on May 9, 1926. The setting chosen for this traumatic event was an old coastguard station on the shores of Dorset, England. I have forgotten what it was like being born but I suspect that I found the experience less rewarding than it had been cracked up to be.

My mother who, from her photographs, appears to have been a remarkably beautiful girl, fell ill with pulmonary tuberculosis shortly after my arrival and vanished into a sanatorium. Within a couple of months I, too, was diagnosed as having T.B. and was rushed off into another hospital. This was undoubtedly one of the lower points of my life. Fortunately my mental censor has obliterated the memory.

After a few months the doctors decided that I had not got T.B. after all and I was allowed back to the coastguard station where my father and my sister (then aged two-and-a-half) had been keeping an eye on things while I was away. The journal I kept at this stage of my existence has, unfortunately, not survived, and since my memory is notoriously unreliable, I will jump on a few years.

My mother died in 1931 and my father married for a third time. His new wife had been my mother's nurse during the last stages of her illness. For a year or two our lives rolled along cheerfully enough. We moved down to Norfolk in East Anglia where my father and stepmother had bought a large house in the country. My sister and I attended the village school. Then, in 1933, my stepsister was born and things began to go wrong. From being a cheerful, happy-go-lucky sort of person my stepmother began to show signs of what the doctors used to call "temperamental instability." She became, in short, the proverbial "wicked stepmother" of the legends, and my sister and I found that we had been demoted to third-class citizens. Thus we remained for the next eight years while my stepmother became progressively more violent and irrational. The story of those formative times I have told in the first volume of my autobiography *One Hand Clapping*, which I wrote under the name of "Colin Middleton Murry" (it was published in the U.S. in 1975 as

at the Keyhole).

In 1942 the family split up. My sister and I went to live with my father, while my stepsister and young stepbrother remained in Norfolk with their mother. This was another low point in my life because I was deeply attached to my young half-sister and brother. The one good thing which resulted from it was that I started to write stories and I have been writing them ever since.

From the vantage point of hindsight it was, I suppose, natural enough that I should become a writer since my father, John Middleton Murry, was a famous literary critic, Classical scholar, editor and journalist, and my mother had a genuine and sensitive talent as a writer of short stories. But the truth is that when I was a child and people occasionally suggested to me that I might end up as a writer myself I simply laughed. The idea struck me as wholly ludicrous. I wasn't even interested in writing. I was good at drawing and painting, clever at making things with my hands, better than average at sports and games, but by no stretch of the imagination could I be considered an academic. And yet, once I had begun writing stories, I knew that I had found my true *métier*. Like a duckling taking to the water for the first time I rejoiced in the medium. Those people who tell me I have a "natural" style perhaps speak truer than they know. I love writing for its own sake and have never regarded it simply as a tool with which to shape my ideas and give them form.

Nor have I ever made more than a nominal distinction between my science fiction writings, my fantasy stories, my "straight" fiction and my non-fiction work. It is my publishers who do this. I simply write what I wish to write at a particular time and there are elements of each kind of my writing in all the rest. My so-called "Corlay" sequence is a case in point. That started out as a long short story called "Piper at the Gates of Dawn" which, if it resembled anything I had done previously, harked back to the fairy tales I had written in my youth. Out of that story grew the novel I called *The Road to Corlay*, which contained a distinct element



of science fiction. And out of that novel grew *A Dream of Kinship*. But are these stories science fiction? science fantasy? pure fantasy? or simply historical fairy tales set in the distant future? Does it really matter? Not to me.

To date I have published some 20 books of which about two-thirds (categorized as either science fiction or science fantasy) have appeared over my pen name of "Richard Cowper." But Richard Cowper doesn't really exist at all, and neither does "Colin Murry," because my real name--my legal name, that is--is John Middleton Murry--the same as my father's. So perhaps, after all, what has led me into fiction is just an endless search for a "true" identity, and I have at last found a place where, upon a stage of my own devising, I can act out whatever role I please.

-- Richard Cowper

Elliot: When did you start writing?

Cowper: I wrote my first science fiction novel, *Breakthrough*, in 1964, but I had been writing fiction for many, many years before that. I suppose I started writing for my own pleasure (as opposed to producing task work for my teachers)

when I was about 15 or 16 (i.e., 1941-42). Some of the poems and stories I produced contained an element of fantasy. I recall a tale about a sinister oriental gentleman who had an extraordinary talent for blowing smoke rings and ended up being strangled by one which got a little bit out of hand; another described what befell an Egyptian cavalry soldier who was the sole survivor of Pharaoh's army after The Crossing of the Red Sea. And there were any number of fairy stories mostly in the classical Hans Christian Andersen/Oscar Wilde tradition.

*Elliot:* What motivated your decision to become a writer?

*Cowper:* Genetics, I suspect. My father was a famous literary critic, and my mother wrote excellent short stories in the Katherine Mansfield/Anton Chekhov tradition. An ancestor of hers was the melancholy poet William Cowper of "John Gilpin" fame, so there's bound to be ink somewhere in my veins. But I don't think I ever "decided" to become a writer; I simply discovered that I was one.

*Elliot:* What were your ambitions when you started out? Have they changed significantly over the years?

*Cowper:* My main ambition was to write a novel which would make my father proud of me. I spent most of my youth striving to gain his approval and failing dismally (and often comically!). The story of that part of my life I have recounted in the first volume of my autobiography. In a very real sense that early ambition has remained my spur ever since, even though my father has been dead for nearly a quarter of a century.

*Elliot:* Did you ever imagine an alternative career? If so, what?

*Cowper:* I suspect that every writer spends a great deal of his life in idle daydreams -- it's an integral part of the imaginative process -- and I am no exception. At various times I must have dreamt of being just about everything from world hang-gliding champion, to Vincent Van Gogh the Second, to Paul Schofield, actor supreme.

*Elliot:* If writing hadn't worked out, where would you be now?

*Cowper:* That's easy. I'd still be a schoolmaster. I became an English teacher after leaving Oxford

in 1950. It was the one occupation open to me which would allow me the time (school holidays) in which to write novels and would also remove the pressure of having to sell those novels once I had written them.

*Elliot:* Do you think an author's origins are pertinent to his work?

*Cowper:* Who can doubt it? Samuel Coleridge once remarked that everything of importance to a writer had happened to him before he was seven years old. I think there's a deal of truth in that. All the underlying themes, obsessions, doubts, hangups which give our work its emotional voltage are established for us in our infancy and shape our attitude towards life. For us writing is a sort of ongoing therapy -- a way of coming to terms with existence and with ourselves.

*Elliot:* What explains your interest in science fiction/fantasy?

*Cowper:* I wish I knew! I once got myself into all sorts of trouble by saying that I regarded science fiction as fairy tales for grown-ups. I was accused of denigrating the genre by certain people who, I assume, chose to regard fairy stories as an inferior form of literature. Nothing could be further from the truth! Fairy tales contain all the great basic themes of literature plus the supreme ingredient of magic. Science fiction allows us to continue working in the great tradition while paying lip service to our sophisticated technological Western culture. Curious though how many people who read and enjoy science fiction seem ashamed to admit it!

*Elliot:* At what point did you decide you could write salable fiction?

*Cowper:* When magazine editors started paying me for my stories. I began to write during the last war when there were a lot of little literary magazines flourishing in England. None of them paid very much but they did pay *something* and that was an added bonus to the pleasure of seeing one's work in print alongside such names as J.B. Priestley, H. E. Bates, and George Orwell. By about 1952 most of these magazines had disappeared and there was a gap of about six years when I sold nothing to anyone, but even that didn't stop me writing.

*Elliot:* Do you feel a debt to any particular science fiction/fantasy

authors?

*Cowper:* To scores of them -- Aldiss, Bester, Bradbury, Clarke, Capek, Huxley, Simak, Wyndham, etc., etc., etc. -- but, above all others, to H. G. Wells. His *Collected Short Stories* (in that fat, India paper, Benn edition) was undoubtedly one of the formative books of my life, and for many years *The War of the Worlds* was one of my two favorite novels (the other was Richard Jefferies' *Bevis*). My father, who both knew and admired Wells, once took my sister and me (aged five and four respectively) to call on him. What happened is described in *I At The Keyhole*:

"Weg (my sister Katherine) and I were shown into a long white room and told to 'amuse' ourselves. We looked around us with some trepidation. The floor was covered with toys; wooden bricks, toy soldiers, model railways, all scattered in profusion. While we were gazing at them doubtfully, a door at the far end of the room opened quietly and a small, plump-faced man with the bluest eyes I had ever seen came in on his hands and knees. His head was just about on the same level as ours. 'Hello,' he said. 'So you've come to play with me, have you? That's fine, fine.'

"In a twinkling he had us both organized. I was to be the Commander of the Red Army; Weg of the Blue; while he rushed round frantically winding up clockwork trains, constructing bridges and fortifications, firing pencils out of toy cannons. It was all highly hysterical -- quite unlike any grown-up behavior I had ever known. And then, almost without our noticing it, he had slipped away.

"Eventually my father appeared to collect us and take us home. The little plump man appeared once again and handed us each a book. Weg's was called *Floor Games*, mine *Little Wars*. Inside each he had written our names and underneath: 'With love from H. G. Wells.' Throughout my childhood I used those books just as their author would have wished them to be used -- as practical

handbooks. I drew and scribbled all over them and it was years before I was able to link them and that magical afternoon with the author of what had by then become one of my favorite novels *The War of the Worlds*.

*Elliot*: Are there any non-genre writers who have influenced your style and approach? If so, whom?

*Cowper*: Wells notwithstanding there is no question in my own mind that my major writing influences have all been predominantly "non-genre" -- if one can use such an uncouth phrase. The first prose writer I read who really moved me to try to emulate him was the early H. E. Bates, whose novella *Alexander* is surely one of the gems of English pastoral writing. Through Bates I went on to discover the Russians, Chekhov and Turgenyev, and also D. H. Lawrence, though Lawrence was never a *direct* influence. Later on George Orwell had a most salutary effect on my prose style and his essay "Politics and the English Language" is still, I think, the best guide to prose writing that I know. But over and above all these stands my father. I can hear him now saying: "Never be afraid to be *clear*." Writers who hide their meaning often end up hiding it from themselves." And again: "It's not by virtue of the truths a writer *states* that he's great, but by virtue of the truths he *reveals*." Ah, how I miss him.

*Elliot*: Although outwardly all of your novels seem different, do you see any connecting themes running through them?

*Cowper*: If I had to choose one theme (or do I mean "obsession?") it would have to be *morality*. How unfashionable and un-science fictionish that must sound! And, for me, it is linked indissolubly with the theme of human love -- not *sex*, please note, but *love*. It is surely the greatest theme of all literature. And, perhaps because of that, I suspect that my cardinal weakness as a novelist must be my seeming inability to create a *totally* evil character -- I always find myself wishing to slip in some small redeeming feature just to make my monsters credible *to myself*. Yet I have met at least two people in my life who, I think, were truly evil. They were also truly mad. Then again I have been informed by a perceptive critic of

my work that the theme to which I return again and again is *betrayal*. It seems only too likely, but it is not something which I care to probe too deeply.

*Elliot*: Do you see your work as containing a specific message? If so, what?

*Cowper*: Not an overt one. I try to leave that sort of thing to the professional preachers. My hope is to create in words an illusion so powerful that *all* the reader's senses are involved. I want him or her to believe that they can see, hear, smell, touch, taste and, above all, *know* the places and people I am describing to them. In short I want to lend them *my* imagination and to involve them *emotionally*. If a message emerges it will be secondary to this aim.

*Elliot*: Generally, how does the original inspiration for a book come to you?

*Cowper*: It is difficult to be specific. Occasionally a whole book will grow out of a single sentence. My satire *Clone* is a case in point. That novel started life as a gnomic scribble on the back of an envelope. When eventually I rediscovered it some years later I found that the words I had written down: "The apple was good," said Norbert. "The apple was *very* good. But the bananas are the best yet," had somehow spawned in the recesses of my subconscious into a lunatic satire which gave me as much sheer *pleasure* in the writing as anything I've ever produced.

Then again dreams are another fruitful source. I sometimes recall a scene or an incident which formed part of a dream and am moved to note down its salient features. Later -- sometimes *years* later -- I find that a story has formed itself around that germinal fragment -- *Time Out of Mind* began that way and so did *The Twilight of Briareus*.

Third and probably most fertile of all because there are so many of them are *pure perceptions* -- glimpses of landscapes, fragments of poetry, scraps of music which I recognize as parts of a greater whole as yet unrevealed. To me they are a bit like stones sunk in the sand -- they may turn out to be mere pebbles or the visible part of a substantial boulder. My task is to unearth them and expose them to public view.

*Elliot*: After these initial images, what is the next step in the creative process?

*Cowper*: Being patient. I have great faith in the ability of my subconscious to recognize when a germinal perception has matured and is ready to be born. If I have judged correctly the book comes to life very quickly and I am able to create a scene and characters in which I can believe. Obviously I *do* manipulate but I try not to be aware of it and consequently I am often genuinely surprised and delighted at a turn the story has taken. Usually I follow it, come what may, but occasionally, if things go too wildly astray, I have to back-track to the crossroads and take a different fork. Fortunately that doesn't happen very often.

*Elliot*: Is your plot structured or thought out before you write?

*Cowper*: Never. At the most I have a vague thematic outline and a couple of scenes. For me a major part of the fun of writing is *discovering* what happens.

*Elliot*: Once you start writing, do you then work consistently every day?

*Cowper*: Yes, that's been my life's practice. I have to concentrate *wholly* upon the task in hand. Nowadays my working day tends to start a little later than it did -- about 10:00 a.m. -- and finish a little earlier -- about 5:00 p.m. There will probably be a break for lunch of about half an hour around 1:30 p.m. During the day I drink copious amounts of coffee and I smoke. If I'm fortunate this regime will produce the first draft of a 60-70,000 word novel at the end of six to eight weeks.

*Elliot*: How many drafts do you do of a typical story?

*Cowper*: It's hard to say. Some paragraphs will get themselves re-written half a dozen times or more before I'm satisfied with them, others emerge almost word for word as they will eventually appear on the printed page. But basically I produce two entire long-hand drafts, the first of which is the vital one. The second is taken up with polishing, tightening, quickening and so on. After that I hand it over to my typist.

*Elliot*: Do you usually know when a book is finished or do you keep



Richard Cowper in a 1967 photo.  
Photo by L. Mandel, Paris.

revising until someone wrenches it away from you?

*Cowper:* Nobody wrenches it away from me -- I should be so lucky! I have a tendency to rush my endings a bit simply because by that point I know what is going to happen and have possibly lost a tithe of my own interest in the tale. Lately I've been working on this.

*Elliot:* Could you describe your workplace?

*Cowper:* As studies go it's not in any sense palatial -- about 12' x 8' -- and lined with floor-to-ceiling bookshelves on two walls. My Victorian kneehole desk is jammed up against a third wall, and the window with its panoramic view up the broad estuary of the river to Dartmoor, far and blue in the distance, is to my left. Originally I had my desk facing that incredible view but found I was spending too much time gazing out at the scenery when I should have been writing. There are also sundry filing cabinets and cupboards tucked into the odd corners, and a wall shelf containing a dozen favorite reference books -- dictionaries mostly -- is situated at eye level about a foot in front of my nose. A large relief map of the United Kingdom (subdivided into the "Seven Kingdoms" of *Piper* and *Corlay*), a Victorian landscape by William Turner of Oxford, and three house plants, make up my decorations. There is no tele-

phone. All in all I suppose my study comes pretty close to being that archetypal "womb with a view."

*Elliot:* How much of your talent is, in your view, innate? How much is learned?

*Cowper:* About 50/50, I'd say. There were a lot of creative people in both my parents' families -- artists, woodworkers, shipwrights, even the odd poet or two -- and I would be loath to deny them their share of me. But there is more to a building than the bricks and mortar from which it is constructed, and learning how to make the best out of what you were gifted with is part of the fascination of striving to master your *métier*. I think it's a lifetime process -- one goes on learning and learning -- but whether I write any *better* than I did 30 years ago is a question I don't care to ask myself too often.

*Elliot:* How do you keep from writing philosophical, abstract books?

*Cowper:* Because I'm not in any sense an abstract, philosophical sort of person. One of my dearest friends -- F. A. Lea -- was a professional moral philosopher (I dedicated *The Road to Corlay* to his memory), and during those interminable discussions we used to have on the nature of human existence, on consciousness and the human conscience, and all the other hallowed philosophic topics, there always came a point where I felt as if I were falling through empty space -- that was when the words seemed to have taken on a weird reality of their own and no longer bore any relation which I could perceive to the things they were meant to be symbolizing. No, the nearest I ever come to being philosophic (in the general sense) is when I touch upon mystical experience, and that is a different scene altogether.

*Elliot:* Who is the typical hero of a Richard Cowper story?

*Cowper:* Well, quite often it's a heroine! Almost invariably he/she has a sense of humor -- or at least a well-developed sense of the ridiculous. They're quite often scared, bewildered, rarely if ever consciously in *command* of a situation, and they tend to be young in heart and sensitive to the feelings of other people. In the great dichotomy they tend to belong to "us" rather than "them." Sometimes (in my satires) they are quite exceptionally naive -- a sort of

holy innocent like Alvin in *Clone* or Tom Jones in *Profundis* -- but even they are capable of surprising themselves.

*Elliot:* Are they modelled on yourself? Are they reflections of your own personality?

*Cowper:* Only up to a point. I don't think I'm a particularly naive sort of person, though some might disagree. But I suppose that both Jimmy Haverill in *Breakthrough* and Calvin Johnson in *The Twilight of Briareus* have something of myself in them. That's always likely to happen in a first person narrative.

*Elliot:* Do you have a clear idea of your audience? Who, ideally, are your books aimed at?

*Cowper:* Every book or story I have ever produced was initially written for an audience of *one* -- myself. If that sounds arrogant I'm sorry, but it's the truth. Then I read what I've written to my wife, Ruth. If it's a novel I usually read the first draft of it to her in chunks of 10-15,000 words as I compose them. After 30 or so years I can tell if she's hooked simply by glancing at her face. Sometimes (rarely, I hope) she is moved to query a particular passage and I immediately rush to arms and argue passionately in my own defense. By next day I've usually (and ruefully) come round to her point of view. But not always. So I suppose I would have to say that she was my *ideal* reader -- prepared to be convinced by my vision but by no means a pushover.

*Elliot:* Then you do not think of the reader while you're writing?

*Cowper:* No way. Understand that we're talking about the initial draft now. I have first to convince myself of the validity of my vision. Later, when I'm working on the final draft, I may feel constrained to make minor alterations to ensure maximum communication with my reader, but these are never such as to compromise the original concept.

*Elliot:* Do you write books in the hope of changing the reader's outlook?

*Cowper:* It would be nice to think that I might do so but I don't flatter myself that I would have much success. The most I can hope for is that I can open a few people's eyes to things they have seen but



never really *noticed* -- there is a deal of difference. I suspect that the people who like my work find in it an expression of views and values which they already hold and they derive a modicum of pleasure from the recognition.

*Elliot:* Ideally, how would you like your readers to respond to your work?

*Cowper:* Well, obviously, by enjoying it. By that I mean making that willing suspension of disbelief, surrendering themselves to my own particular individual vision, so that they laugh with me and feel sorrow at my characters' misfortunes. Above all I would hope that they should *involve* themselves and let me involve them emotionally, while at the same time coming round to question, if only for a while, the validity of their own perceptions of "reality." Ultimately I would wish them to say to their friends: "Hey, you really *must* read this. It's great!"

*Elliot:* Can you tell in advance whether people will pay much attention to a book?

*Cowper:* Not really. To a certain limited extent the intensity of my own involvement in a story does appear to have a bearing on its eventual impact. Gradually over the years I seem to have acquired a loyal readership and from time to time people are moved to write and tell me that they have enjoyed my books. That's nice.

*Elliot:* Do most critics tend to understand your work?

*Cowper:* I think I'd have to make a distinction between critics and reviewers. Critics tend to write essays and have the space in which to make some sort of overall assessment. On the whole I think I have been treated well by my critics. Reviewers on the other hand are a different breed and with them I fare neither better nor worse than most other science fiction writers. If they castigate me it's usually because I haven't written the kind of book they told me to write last time they reviewed me. They tend to dislike the way in which I consistently refuse to be cozily categorized. If they are specialist science fiction reviewers they usually disapprove of my satirical novels and are inclined to pontificate about my lack of seriousness -- often in a prose style which leaves me with scant respect for their

aesthetic judgment. But I have long since ceased to have sleepless nights over bad reviews.

*Elliot:* Does criticism help a writer? If so, what kind?

*Cowper:* Early in one's career a truly perceptive critic can, I think, be of inestimable value to a writer by alerting him to those solecisms to which we are all prone. Hopefully the lesson will be learnt and the prop can be discarded. It *has to be* eventually for the writer must learn to rely upon himself and trust in his own judgement if he is ever to attain his full stature. Come to think of it, I learnt almost everything I know about English grammar from having to teach it. That helped a lot.

*Elliot:* Are you a harsh critic of your own work?

*Cowper:* Nothing like as harsh as

I ought to be. I've often thought that if I could afford to put aside a book I had written and then come back to it a year later I could be far more ruthless than I am. After you've spent several hours working on a particularly intractable passage it takes a great deal of courage simply to cut it out altogether, though in truth this is often the best way. Georges Simenon used to go through his penultimate draft striking out most of the adjectives in it. I admired his force of character while recognizing that it was of a different order from my own.

*Elliot:* Do you reread your own books? If so, what is your typical reaction?

*Cowper:* I don't make a habit of it, but occasionally I will pick one of them up and, as likely as not, find myself immersed in it. I suppose that's a good sign. Really it's a bit like nodding to one's own



past self and murmuring: "Yes, I once knew the man who wrote that -- I wonder what's become of him?"

*Elliot:* Which of your books are you most pleased with? Why?

*Cowper:* I certainly feel more tenderly towards some than others. My first published novel (a Colin Murry work *The Golden Valley*) has such a place in my affections as does my last mainstream novel *Private View*. In my science fiction I'm pretty much attached to *Breakthrough* and to *Clone* and to a strange wild satire called *Worlds Apart*. Among my science fiction/fantasy stories I think "The Custodians" and "Piper at the Gates of Dawn" are my especial favorites. Of my non-fiction *I At The Keyhole* (published over here in the United Kingdom as *One Hand Clapping* -- a much better title) continues to rate a wry grin of complicity. What is common to these is simply that they all gave me a great deal of pleasure in the writing, and it is pleasant to remember past pleasure.

*Elliot:* What do you see as your primary strengths as a writer? Do you also have limitations?

*Cowper:* I know that I write readably and have a clear and recognizable prose style, but so have lots of other writers. I am a strongly *visual* novelist and my scenes and characters tend to be sharply focused in the reader's imagination. This is a great advantage when I'm trying to persuade the reader to accept whatever it is I'm describing. What I'm hopeless at is the great panoramic sweep favored by a Tolstoy or a Stapledon. Truth for me, as for William Blake, resides in "Minute Particulars" -- if I try for the grand opera approach my voice soon becomes strained and I begin to doubt myself.

*Elliot:* Do you have a notion of the kind of writer you would like to be?

*Cowper:* I cannot imagine myself as being any other *kind* of writer than I already am. First and foremost I am a storyteller. It is a profession whose ancestry stretches back into the dim beginnings of the human race. It has never really been a socially *honorable* profession like killing people or amassing a fortune or writing turgid works of scholarship. It is, indeed, faintly disreputable -- *suspect* even.

And that is how I prefer it. We storytellers must live by our wits and keep just to the windy side o' the law. We are not easily fooled.

*Elliot:* Are you satisfied overall, with the way your career has worked out?

*Cowper:* "Satisfied" sounds a bit too smug for my taste. I'm human enough to wish I was making more money than I am, but grateful that I'm making sufficient to prevent myself having to compromise when a question arises of altering something in my work that I do not wish to see altered.

*Elliot:* Are there other literary paths you would like to travel?

*Cowper:* For a period back in the '50s I wrote plays and radio scripts. I enjoyed the experience though I made practically no money at it. Perhaps one of these days I'll go back to it and see if my luck's changed.

*Elliot:* How do you account for your present popularity? What explains reader interest in your work?

*Cowper:* I suppose a clue lies in the feeling some readers get that they know *me* -- at least that seems to be a common theme in the letters I receive. I'm not absolutely sure why this should be, but I recognize it as a quality which certain writers happen to possess. An excellent example of the species is J. D. Salinger. I suspect that it's all tied up in some manner with our prose styles and with our particular individual sensibilities as they emerge upon the page. Also most of the human race are victims of circumstances in one form or another and the characters in my novels are no exception, so I daresay that might have something to do with it.

*Elliot:* As a writer, do you ever feel alienated from other people and the workaday world?

*Cowper:* Not at all. I realize that I now belong to that fortunate minority which is able to do what it likes for its living, but it took me 17 long years as an employee before I was able to attain it. I find it very easy to make an imaginative identification with those who are still trapped!

*Elliot:* Do you find writing thera-

peutic? If so, how?

*Cowper:* Certainly I do, but, generally speaking, no more than any other form of creative work. It's simply a way of escaping from the pressures of the ego by giving it unlimited rein. When I write a story or paint a picture or shape a bowl on the pottery wheel I lose my "self" in the thing which is absorbing my attention. It is exhausting but refreshing too. I once likened writing stories to having an endless series of love affairs without all the attendant anguish. I think I'd still go along with that.

*Elliot:* Is it still exciting to see your books in print?

*Cowper:* Way back in 1958 when I opened the parcel from my publisher which contained six presentation copies of my first novel I was in the seventh heaven! But that happens only once in an author's life. The pleasure now comes when I find that a cover artist has really been allowed to read the book I wrote and has interpreted it sensitively -- the Pocket Books edition of *The Road to Corlay* is one of the rare examples where this happened. For the rest the pleasure comes from the original writing and that's a very private pleasure indeed.

*Elliot:* Is it easier to write now than it was when you started?

*Cowper:* Less easy, I'd say, if only because I've become more self-conscious with the passing of the years. As I recall it my early work was all written at a sort of breathless, headlong rush, like a mountain torrent at the Spring melt. The quality was terribly uneven but there was a sparkle of some sort in almost everything. And I had only to read something I admired to set off in immediate pursuit. I learnt a great deal by writing stories in the style of Turgenev or Hemingway or whoever it was who had caught my fancy at that particular moment. It was a clear case of hit or miss -- and far more miss than hit. But not always. One or two of those early tales were as good as anything I've ever done. There must be a moral there somewhere.

*Elliot:* To what extent has your writing been influenced by commercial considerations?

*Cowper:* Somewhat less than average. I suspect. After all I had been

writing novels and stories for more than 20 years before I turned professional. This meant that for two-thirds of my writing life I did not have to sell what I produced. Just as well really, or we'd all have starved! Then, toward the end of the '60s my books began to sell a bit -- not *much* but enough for me to realize that I had a chance of making a living out of writing novels -- something I'd always wanted to do.

In 1970 I quit teaching and wrote *Kuldesak*. It sold rather better than I had expected. Almost immediately I set to work on *The Twilight of Briareus*, a more substantial work in every way. My publishers saw fit to reject it and expressed disappointment that I hadn't written another novel on the lines of *Kuldesak*.

This, as they say, was Cowper's moment of truth. Describing the occasion some five years later in an autobiographical essay for *Foundation* I wrote:

"The effect this rebuff had on me was to make me sit down and read the typescript of *Twilight* through again from beginning to end. Long before I had

finished I knew that I was right and they were wrong. My conviction was absolute and unshakable. But what now? In an effort to collect my thoughts I set off for a long walk across the top of the cliffs. After a couple of miles I found I was laughing like a maniac -- much to the indignation of the gulls. I had just realized that my grandiloquent gesture of chucking up a well-paid job and going free-lance was virtually at an end. Either I locked myself in my study and wrote another *Kuldesak* and then another or I had one final quixotic fling before calling it a day and renewing my subscription to *The Times Educational Supplement*. I chose what seemed the cleaner death. Next morning I opened a fresh notebook and wrote the opening sentence of *Clone*."

To my utter astonishment *Clone* proved to be the turning point in my career. It put me on the map

as a science fiction writer. It has never been out of print and has been translated into half a dozen languages. Its success meant that my publishers were prepared to reconsider *The Twilight of Briareus*. It was published 18 months later and has sold even more widely than *Clone*.

*Elliot*: Do you generally have a close relationship with editors and publishers?

*Cowper*: No, not very. My lifetime's habit (instilled in me by my father, I suspect) has been to offer for sale complete finished books. If a publisher does not wish to purchase my manuscript he is at liberty to reject it. What he is *not* at liberty to do is to take what I have written and then ask me to alter it to fit some preconception of his own. Publishers, even the best of them are, as I see it, in the business to make money. My business is to write the best books I can. If I make money too, so much the better, but it is not, and never has been, my primary aim.

*Elliot*: Are there writers whose talent you admire more than your

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own?

*Couper:* That's an interesting question in that it presupposes me to admire my own talent! Be that as it may, the only writer I can think of who would fit the question because he works in a field somewhat adjacent to my own is William Golding. His novel *The Inheritors* is the one book I would really love to have written. I was delighted to discover the other day that it is Golding's own favorite among his own books. I also admire Evelyn Waugh's early satires -- he wrote such a superbly *economical* prose and his handling of comic dialog is pure magic. And there is another fine writer (not a novelist) whom hardly anyone has ever heard of, Weston Martyn. If you ever see a copy of his book *The Southseaman* grab it!

*Elliot:* Do you try to top yourself with each new book?

*Couper:* Not consciously. I simply try to write as well as I know how. Each new book is a new (and different) challenge.

*Elliot:* How do you see the progression of your career? Where are you headed?

*Couper:* You tell me! I hope to write at least one more book in the "Corlay" series following on from *A Dream of Kinship* --possibly more than one because I am so at

home in that distant world of my own imagining that I feel a weird sense of responsibility towards the characters who inhabit it. (Can it be that it really *exists* in some parallel time stream?) For the rest I just don't know, but I suspect that I may shortly be reverting to my "Colin Murry" persona in order to write another mainstream novel, or possibly a ghost story.

*Elliot:* Would you say that for you, work is recreation and recreation work?

*Couper:* On the whole, yes. I love writing and I am genuinely bewildered when other authors tell me that for them it's all pain and anguish. I assume they are speaking metaphorically and not masochistically.

*Elliot:* Do you feel guilty when you're not writing?

*Couper:* No -- or, at least, I'm not aware that I do. I have so many other creative interests -- painting, pottery, woodwork, sailing, to name but the first which come to mind -- that the difficulty lies in finding the time in which to fit them all in. Writing gets pride of place because it brings me in my income, but I try to write only when I *feel* like writing, not as a sort of penance.

*Elliot:* How do you feel about being praised and applauded? What value does it hold?

*Couper:* It's a lot nicer than being castigated and reviled, but it's a bit like eating candy-floss -- the taste is pleasant but it lacks substance. When people seek me out to tell me they've enjoyed a story or novel I've written I feel genuinely flattered but I can rarely think of much to say in response other than "Thank you very much for telling me." Occasionally someone who really *understood* what I was driving at in one of my books will engage me in an informed discussion about it and that is truly gratifying -- one of the genuine pleasures of being an author.

*Elliot:* What is your personal recipe for happiness? How do you make your life work for you?

*Couper:* Happiness is really the conjunction of two things -- good luck and retrospection. If you have been happy in the past then, later, you can look back and say to yourself, "Ah, how happy I was

then." At the time you were almost certainly unaware that you *were* happy because you were so totally absorbed in the business of the moment, whether it was making love, or writing, or sailing a boat, or whatever. Ecclesiastes was surely right to enjoin us: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!"

*Elliot:* When you began writing, did you ever imagine that you might end up famous? Did you aim for that?

*Couper:* Any T.V. newscaster is a thousand times more famous than I should ever wish to be. What I *did* hope was that one day my books would be read and enjoyed by people all over the world. I'm still hoping.

*Elliot:* Are there any contemporary science fiction/fantasy authors whom you particularly admire?

*Couper:* The ones who win my admiration all write well. Ursula Le Guin writes well, so does Brian Aldiss, and Kurt Vonnegut, and Philip K. Dick. Ray Bradbury used to but now he seems to have confused sentiment with sentimentality and it's a good while since I've read anything of his that I've really enjoyed. Roger Zelazny likewise, though I still have a soft spot for *A Rose For Ecclesiastes*. Among younger English writers Christopher Priest, Robert Holdstock, Alan Garner and R.L. Lamming have all impressed me at various times.

*Elliot:* What do you look for in a work of fiction?

*Couper:* First and foremost I demand that my imagination be fully engaged by the writer's vision. He must make his fictional perspectives real to me. It has been said, most wisely, that a novelist's main task is to tell the truth as only a liar can tell it. We heighten; we dramatize; above all, we select. And we succeed or fail by reason of the *intensity* with which we project the images, the ideas, the characters, and the dramatic conflicts which go to make up our stories. So I suppose I would have to say that my own enthusiasm is kindled in direct proportion to the intensity of the imaginative experience I receive from the work. I want a story to go on reverberating in my imagination long after I have put the book down.

*Elliot:* Do you ever get impatient (Continued on page 30, Col. 1.)

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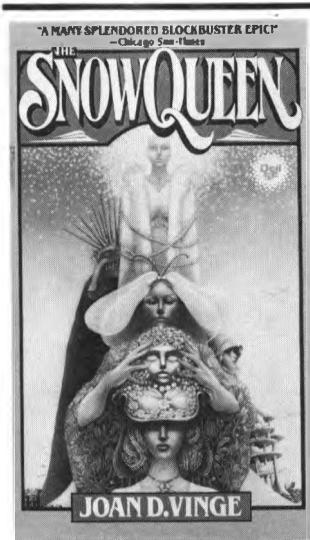
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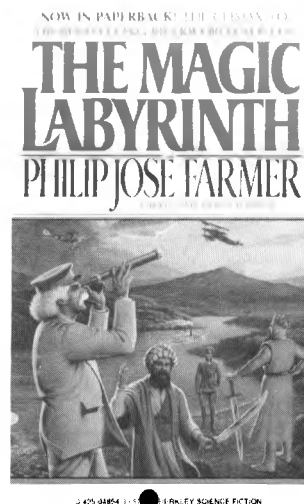
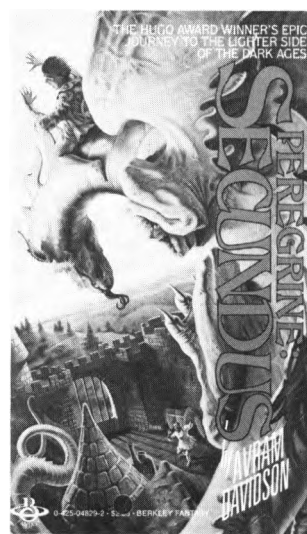
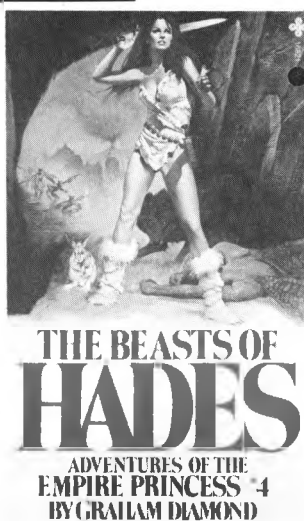
DELL BOOKS

Scheduled for its first paperback publication in May is *The Snow Queen* by Joan Vinge (\$2.95), published in hardcover last year by The Dial Press. The cover will sport the same Leo and Diane Dillon illustration used on the dust jacket.

Also slated is a reissue of *The Stars Are the Styx*, a collection of ten stories by Theodore Sturgeon, priced at \$2.50.

PLAYBOY PAPERBACKS

On tap from Playboy Paperbacks in May is volume 4 in Graham Diamond's 'Empire Princess' series, *The Beasts of Hades*, at \$2.25. In



this latest novel, Stacy the Empire Princess descends to an underground world of "fire and brimstone."

Playboy editor Sharon Jarvis reports that *Nightmares* edited by Charles L. Grant has gone into its third printing, as have two Philip Jose Farmer volumes: *Image of the Beast* and *A Feast Unknown*. Now in its second printing is *The Sundered Realm*, volume 1 of 'The War of Powers' by Robert E. Vardeman and Victor Milan.

Playboy has purchased the next three volumes in 'The War of Powers' series, which will begin appearing in December: *The Fallen Ones*, *The Shadow of Omizantir* and *The Demon of the Dark Ones*. Also purchased for publication later this year are *Star Hawks* #2 by Ron Goulart and Gil Kane (October), *Elfquest* by Richard and Wendy Pini, *Greymantle* by John Morressy (September--the prequel to his *Ironbrand*), and the rest of the Ninja trilogy by Robert Asprin and George Takei.

AVON BOOKS

A new anthology due out in May from Avon Books is *First Voyages* edited by Damon Knight, Martin H. Greenberg and Joseph D. Olander. The volume collects the first published stories of 20 top writers in the fantasy and SF field. Although billed as an Avon original, the book appears to be an expansion of a similar volume published by Lancer Books in 1963, *First Flight* edited by Damon Knight. Following is a list of the 20 authors in the Avon volume; those followed by an

asterisk (\*) also appeared in the 1963 Lancer anthology (which included only the ten authors noted here): L. Sprague de Camp\*, Hal Clement, Arthur C. Clarke\*, Cordwainer Smith, Katherine MacLean, Philip K. Dick, J. G. Ballard, Lester del Rey\*, Robert A. Heinlein\*, Poul Anderson\*, Charles L. Harness, Zenna Henderson, Avram Davidson, Ursula K. Le Guin, A. E. Van Vogt\*, Theodore Sturgeon\*, Judith Merril\*, Edgar Pangborn, Algis Budrys\*, and Brain W. Aldiss\*. Price is \$2.95.

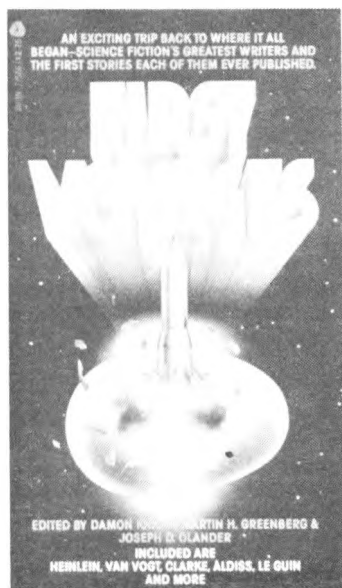
A science fiction original novel for young adults is *The Path of Exoterra* by Gordon McBain, at \$1.95. The novel concerns a turquoise meteor possessing infinite powers and a scientist who struggles to prevent its falling into the hands of a galactic tyrant.

A reissue for May is *The Crystal World* by J. G. Ballard, at \$2.25.

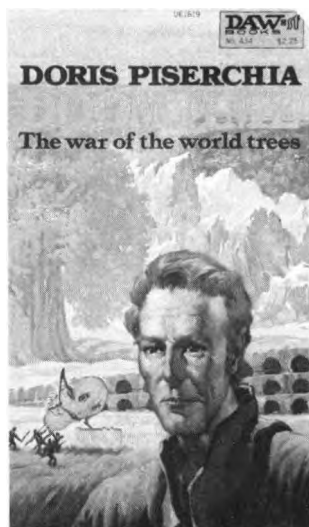
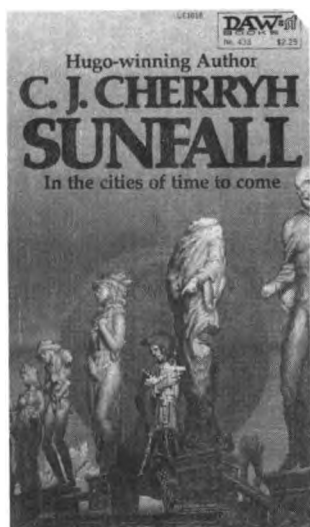
Two occult horror novels that may of interest to some are *They Thirst* by Robert R. McCammon (\$2.95) and *Grove of Night* by Sara Gordon Harrell (\$2.25). The former is about zombies in contemporary L.A. and the latter concerns a beautiful woman who takes possession of a haunted Southern plantation.

BERKLEY BOOKS

Coming from Berkley in May is *Peregrine: Secundus* by Avram Davidson, the sequel to his earlier, delightful heroic fantasy, *Peregrine: Primus*. In which our hero finds himself..."dragged off by a dyspeptic dragon, smooched by a



Cover artists: "Doomtime" by H. R. Van Dongen;  
"Hawk of May" by Robert Florczak.



sphinx, and wooed by the weefolk," among other things. Price is \$2.25.

Slated for its first paperback publication is *The Magic Labyrinth* by Philip Jose Farmer, rounding out his Riverworld saga. Priced at \$2.75, it was published in hardcover by Berkley/Putnam last June.

Also scheduled is *The Book of Frank Herbert*, collecting ten of the author's own favorites. I'm not sure if this is a reprint of the earlier DAW edition or a new collection, although it does include his essay, "Listening to the Left Hand." Price is \$2.75.

Berkley recently acquired the paperback rights to *Shatterday* by Harlan Ellison, published by Houghton Mifflin in December, and *Alpha Centauri* by Robert Siegel, a fantasy novel published by Cornerstone Books in September (see FN #30).

#### DAW BOOKS

New from DAW Books this month is *Sunfall* by C. J. Cherryh (\$2.25), a science fantasy novel set in the distant future on an Earth of legend in an age when mankind has populated the stars.

*Doomtime* by Doris Piserchia (\$2.25) is also set on a future Earth whose human inhabitants are ruled by two Everest-high trees that dominate all but the cliff dwellers. An assassination attempt upon one cliff-dweller brings about a counter movement to restore human domination.

Yet another science fiction novel of the far future for May is *Second Game* by Charles V. De Vet and Katherine MacLean (\$2.25). In this one, mankind has expanded and settled other worlds...then comes

the confrontation with the first aliens: a man-like race who will never surrender or compromise. A master spy from Earth challenges them to two games, upon which hangs the fate of humankind.

Rounding out DAW's new titles for May is *The 1981 Annual World's Best SF* edited by Donald A. Wollheim (\$2.50) and including stories by Norman Spinrad, Marion Zimmer Bradley, John Varley, Sharon Webb, and Howard Waldrop, among others.

The reissue this month is *None But Man* by Gordon R. Dickson, at \$2.25.

#### SIGNET

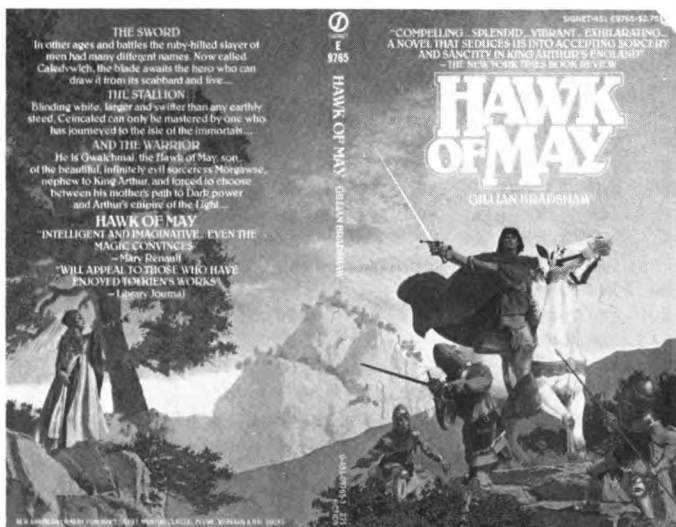
Making its first paperback appearance in May from Signet is *Hawk of May* by Gillian Bradshaw, the first novel in her Arthurian trilogy, published in hardcover by Simon & Schuster last May. Price is \$2.75.

A science fiction original is *Wind Dancers* by R. M. Meluch, a novel set on an Eden-like planet in which human control of the planet is threatened by the mysterious appearances of unidentifiable corpses. Price is \$1.95.

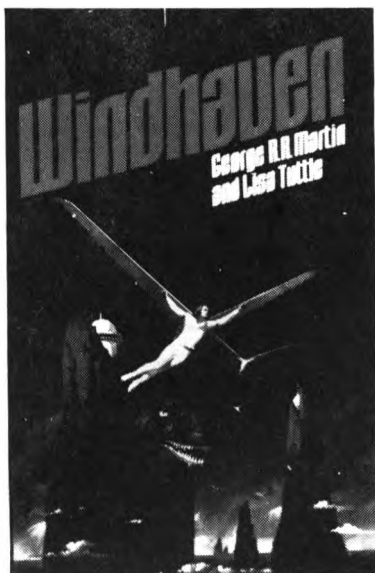
A double science fiction reprint pairs *Flesh* and *Lord Tyger* by Philip Jose Farmer in one volume at \$2.95.

#### ACE BOOKS

An original anthology due out from Ace in May is *Proteus: Voices for the 80's* edited by Richard S. McEnroe. Billed as a 'Destinies special,' the volume contains 13



# TIMESCAPE



## NEW! IN HARDCOVER! WINDHAVEN

George R.R. Martin and Lisa Tuttle

The novel you've been waiting for, by two of the brightest young stars in science fiction. Maris of Amberly wants to fly--but when she challenges flyer tradition to earn a place in their guild, she also must learn to live with the changes her unconventional behavior brings. "I didn't mean to stay up all night to finish WINDHAVEN--but I had to!" --Anne McCaffrey 25277-1/\$13.95, hardcover

## MASKS OF THE ILLUMINATI

Robert Anton Wilson

What begins as a simple scholarly pursuit for Sir John Babcock ends as a waking nightmare. The amateur scientist stumbles on an ancient and powerful order--and there's no turning back when he's trained as an initiate in this most invincible of all secret societies. 82585-2/\$2.95, paperback

## ONE MILLION CENTURIES

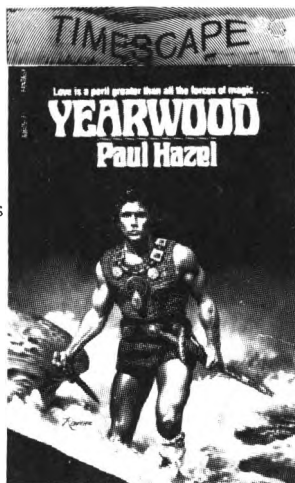
Richard A. Lupoff

Chopper pilot Robert Parker awakes from a frozen sleep to find he's a prisoner in a primitive society--one million years in the future! Grand old-fashioned science-fiction adventure. 83226-3/\$2.75, paperback

## NOW IN PAPERBACK! YEARWOOD

Paul Hazel

Finn, witchson, bastard, heir to kingdoms both on land and undersea, seeks his legacy through a perilous world of magic. When at last he discovers the truth of his birthright, he also discovers that the price may be too great--for the only way to claim what is his, is through the double sins of incest and murder. "A moving, atmospheric book (by) an immensely gifted writer." --Pam Sargent, Washington Post Book World. 41605-7/\$2.50, paperback



## THE PASTEL CITY

M. John Harrison

In the Empire of Viriconium on a far future Earth where chivalry, magic and strange powers rule, Queen Methvet and Queen Moidart clash in bloody warfare. "Harrison is...a shaper of striking images." --Fantasy and Science Fiction Magazine. 83584-X/\$2.25, paperback

## MARGARET AND I

Kate Wilhelm

Margaret has two personalities: one is her conscious mind; the other, her subconscious. And when her marriage begins to fail, she discovers only her subconscious can lead her out of her despair...83430-4/\$2.50, paperback

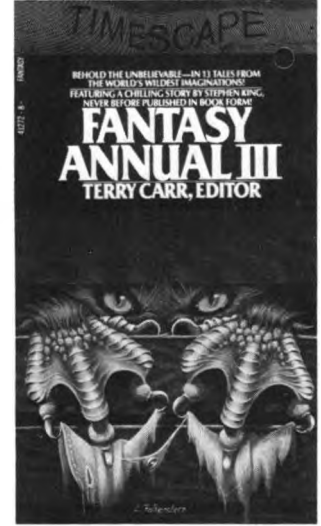
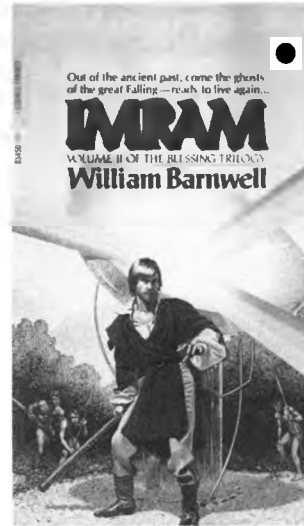
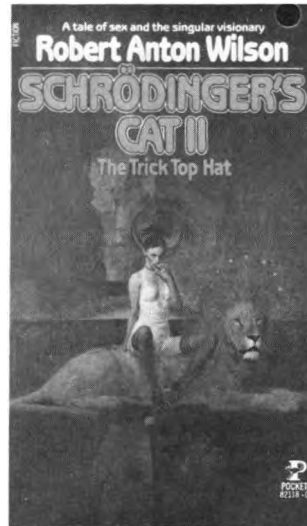
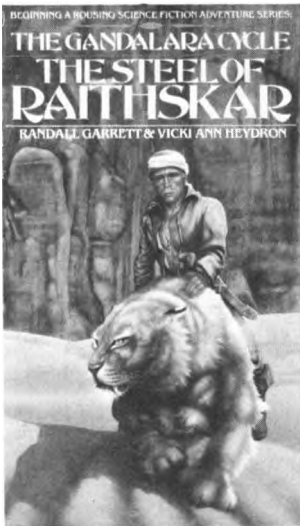
COMING IN JULY!  
TIMESCAPE  
by Gregory Benford

"Moving...powerful...poignant...The best novel I have read about science." --Suzy McKee Charnas, author of The Vampire Tapestry.

TIMESCAPE BOOKS, PUBLISHED BY POCKET BOOKS

David G. Hartwell, Director of Science Fiction

Cover artists: "The Steel of Raithskar" by Jim Burns; "Fantasy Annual III" by L. Falkenstern.



new science fiction stories by such writers as Charles Sheffield, Geo. Alec Effinger, Reginald Bretnor, Nicholas Yermakov, Craig Strete and others. Each story is illustrated by a different artist and among the artists included in the volume are Stephen Fabian, Alicia Austin, Terri Windling, Michael Wm. Kaluta, and Broeck Steadman. Price is \$2.25.

*Empire* by the late H. Beam Piper is a new collection of four stories from his 'Paratime Police' alternate universe series. Sorry, but I don't have the story titles; price is \$2.50.

Reprints and reissues this month are: *Tactics of Mistake* by Gordon R. Dickson (\$2.25), *The Shape Changer* by Keith Lawmer (\$2.25), *The Wind Whales of Ishmael* by Philip Jose Farmer (\$1.95), and *Moon of Three Rings* by Andre Norton (\$2.25).

A mainstream release of possible interest is *The Judas Gene* by Albert and Jo-Ann Klainer, a thriller about a plague born from the gene experiments conducted on Jews by Nazi Germany. It is a Charter release at \$2.95.

Under the Tempo imprint, watch for the fifth Flash Gordon volume in Tempo's new series of novels, *Citadels Under Attack*, at \$2.25.

#### BANTAM BOOKS

Coming from Bantam Books in May is the first novel in a new science fantasy trilogy by Randall Garrett and Vicki Ann Heydron, entitled *The Steel of Raithskar*. The novel concerns the adventures of a language professor who wakes up in

a desert on a strange world. He finds he has a new name, is a master swordsman, and is accused of murder. Price is \$2.25. The remaining volumes in the series, called 'The Gandalara Cycle,' are *The Glass of Dyskornis* and *The Bronze of Eddarta*.

A reprint on tap for May is *The Man Who Fell to Earth* by Walter Tevis, at \$2.25.

#### DEL REY BOOKS

Del Rey Books for May lead off with the first paperback edition of *The Wounded Land* by Stephen R. Donaldson, the first volume in 'The Second Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever.' It was published in hardcover by Del Rey last June. Price is \$2.95.

An SF original novel is *The California Coven Project* by Bob Stickgold, about a battle over the right to use a cancer cure taken from a 17th century witch's recipe book. Price is \$2.25.

Del Rey's remaining four releases this month are reprints and reissues: *The Fallible Fiend* by L. Sprague de Camp (\$1.95), *Major Operation* by James White (\$2.25), *Cycle of Fire* by Hal Clement (\$2.25) and *The Sheep Look Up* by John Brunner (\$2.95).

#### POCKET BOOKS

A fantasy novel due out in May from Pocket Books is *Schrodinger's Cat II: The Trick Top Hat* by Robert Anton Wilson, a sequel to his *The Universe Next Door*, published last December. Price is \$2.50.

A new science fantasy appearing under the Timescape imprint is *Imram* by William Barnwell, the second volume in 'The Blessing Trilogy.' In this volume, Turly Vail is pursued by a variety of forces seeking The Blessing Papers. It is also priced at \$2.50.

*Fantasy Annual III* edited by Terry Carr (\$2.95) is the third volume in his "best" anthology series that began with *The Year's Finest Fantasy* from Berkley. Included in this volume are "The Crate" by Stephen King, "The Things That Are Gods" by John Brunner, "Flop Sweat" by Harlan Ellison, "The Ancient Mind at Work" by Suzy McKee Charnas, "The Button Molder" by Fritz Leiber, and other stories by Michael Bishop, Russell Kirk, Walter Tevis, Joanna Russ, Orson Scott Card, Greg Bear, Manly Wade Wellman and Kevin McKay.

Making its first appearance in paperback is *The Shadow of the Torturer* by Gene Wolfe, at \$2.50, published in hardcover last year by Simon & Schuster. A reissue is *The Children of Shiny Mountain* by David Dvorkin, at \$2.50.

#### TOWER BOOKS

Just out from Tower Books is *Snowcastles*, a new sword 'n' sorcery novel by Duncan McGeary, author of *Star Ace*. It appears to be the usual fare about a banished prince who seeks to regain his throne. Price is \$1.75.

Also out from Tower are the first three novels in a new series of fantasy westerns. "For years

(Continued on page 31, Col. 3.)



# The Fan Press

of *WT* in his column this issue. Stephen Jones, 33 Wren House, Tachbrook Estate, London, SW1V 3QD, England.

## OWLFLIGHT

*Owlflight* is a new fan fiction magazine that recently appeared from Millea Kenin, publisher of *Othergates*, a semi-annual market guide for fan writers. Featured in the first issue of *Owlflight* are: "The Pretender" by Sharon Lee, "The Nine Billion Heavenly Puns" by Ralph Roberts, "Leonora and the Silkie" by James Wilson, "Looking for Oros" by S. A. Smith, "Deer Song" by Gene O'Neill, "And Then They Came for Me" by S. Diane Bogus, "Who Accuses This Woman" by Ardath Mayhar, "Meanwhile, Back at the Sewage Lab" by Lois Wickstrom, "Lost Secrets" by Michael Roden, "Rain Day" by Steve Miller, "A Nice Walk Home" by David L. Travis, "The Circus of the Strange" by Matt Shelby, "Voice" by Jessica Amanda Salmonson, "HV Guide" by Greg Hudak, and "The Talisman" by Janet Fox.

The 68-page issue is illustrated and also features quite a bit of poetry. Price is \$3. Millea Kenin, 1025 55th St., Oakland, CA 94608.

## DARK FANTASY

Canadian artist/writer Gene Day continues to publish an excellent--although infrequent--fiction magazine entitled *Dark Fantasy*, now in its 23rd issue. Contents this issue include the following stories: "The Pit of Kundolkan" by Joe Lansdale, "The Lampshade" by James Anderson, "Crossroads" by John Bell, and "Halloween" by Albert E. Mayer. Poetry is by Steve Eng, Tom Egan and R. Fester, while artists include John Borkowski, Dan Day, Larry Dickison, Ken Raney, Joe Erslavas, and Bruce Conklin. The 48-page digest size issue is priced at \$1.50 and subscriptions are \$6 for four issues. Gene Day, Box 207, Gananoque, Ontario K7G 2T7, Canada.

## SKULLDUGGERY

*Skullduggery*, the magazine of mystery and detective fiction begun last year by Michael L. Cook, has now reappeared under the editorship of Will Murray. Issue #5, dated Winter 1981, features the following stories: "Blue Legs" by Bob Sampson, "Dreams Before Breakfast" by James Reasoner, "A Fair Rate of Exchange" by Hal Charles, "Mellow Drama" by Richard B. Sale (a classic reprint from the May 1935 issue (Continued on page 31, Col. 3.)



Artist: Ken Raney

## PANDORA

Featured in *Pandora* #7 are the following stories: "Parable" by Thomas M. Disch (a one-paragraph short), "The Resurrection of Raoul T. Harper" by Connie Kidwell, "Katie and the Space Gypsies" by G. E. Coggschall, and "Deadman Have No Money" by Ralph Roberts. Also included are a number of poems, a brief book review column and a column of poetry reviews by Steve Eng. The 52-page, digest size issue sports a full color cover by Sandy Sampson. Cover price is \$2.25 and four-issue subscriptions are \$6. Lois Wickstrom, 1150 St. Paul St., Denver, CO 80206.

## SPWAO SHOWCASE 1980

Lois Wickstrom also served as the publisher of the 1980 (first) edition of the *SPWAO Showcase*, showcasing the talents of writers and artists who are members of the Small Press Writers & Artists Organization. This is an impressive 72-page digest size volume that includes the following new stories: "The One Left Behind" by Stephen Gresham, "No Green Pastures" by Albert Manachino, "Makeweight" by Ron Nance, "The Curse of Set" by James Anderson, "The Show" by Philip Heath, "The Face of Noguchi" by Lois Wickstrom, "The White Indians" by Glenn Rahman, "Woods and Waters Wild" by Charles de Lint, and "A Web for Demons" by Bruce Boston.

Poetry is by Joey Froehlich, Charles de Lint, David Warren, Jerry Baker, Steve Eng, B. F. Wat-



Artist: Jim Pitts

kinson, Ed Lesko and Stephanie Stearns. Artists include Ken Raney, Dan Day, Allen Koszowski, Richard Bruning, Ted Guerin, Randy Moore, Gary Kato, Michael Roden, Larry Dickison, and Craig Anderson. The price is \$3 and well worth it. Order from Lois Wickstrom at the address above.

## FANTASY TALES

*Fantasy Tales* #7 recently appeared from Stephen Jones and David Sutton in England. Fiction this issue includes: "The Other One" by Karl Edward Wagner (a reprint), "Reflections On A Dark Eye" by Peter Tremayne, "Payment in Kind" by C. A. Cador, "Wrapped Up" by Ramsey Campbell, "The Woodcarver's Son" by Robert A. Cook, and "The Last Horror Out of Arkham" by Darrell Schweitzer, along with poetry by H. Warner Munn, Marion Pitman, Dave Ward and Steven Edward McDonald.

The covers are illustrated by Jim Pitts and Stephen Fabian, while interior artwork is contributed by Pitts, David Lloyd, Alan Hunter, Randy Broecker, Russell Nicholson, Dave Carson, and Fabian. Another excellent issue! 75p or \$2.50 per copy (plus \$1 postage).

As always, I can't say enough good things about *Fantasy Tales*. It is neatly and professionally done in a 52-page, 6" by 8" format that closely resembles the *Weird Tales* of old. More importantly, though, it features quality material--not the kind of drek Karl Wagner bemoans in the U.S. revival

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Discover why WEIRDBOOK has twice been nominated for a World Fantasy Award! Get issues 12, 13 & 14 by return mail for only \$10 (regular cost, \$11 plus postage). Large size, 228 pages altogether. Includes original fiction by authors such as de Camp, Munn, Lumley, Bishop, Cole, Lee, Lyon & Offutt, Grant, Etchison... plus lots of art by Fabian, Potter, Berry, Day, Poyser, and many more. Send to WEIRDBOOK, Box 35, Amherst Br., Buffalo, NY 14226. Now entering our fourteenth year of publishing! UNIQUE annotated catalogue of 1,000 Lost Race, modern SF, and early novels of the imagination. Specialty publishers, and rare first editions. Send 30¢ in stamps to: ISHER BOOKSHOP, Box 10562, Denver, CO 80210. Tel. (303) 733-7066.

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.

National Fantasy Fan Federation's annual amateur short story contest is now on. Send SASE for rules and blanks to: Donald Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91606. Mention Fantasy Newsletter.

An Academic Conference  
SCIENCE FICTION RESEARCH ASSOC.  
Regis College, Denver, Colo.  
June 19 - June 21, 1981  
Human Dimensions in SF & Fantasy  
Write to Pr. Charlotte Donsky  
Regis College, 50th at Lowell Blvd.  
Denver, CO 80221

Science Fiction & Fantasy Catalog.  
O-P 1st ED. Hardcover, paperbacks  
and S-F, F & Horror movie posters.  
les affiches illustrees. 23834  
Wendover, Beachwood, OH 44122.  
SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS AND MAGAZINES--many at 50¢. Send two stamps for list. AUSTIN DRIDGE, 14 Duryea Place, Lynbrook, NY 11563.

Cowper: If such a thing exists it can only be found in the books and stories I have written. I could no more isolate it and state it here than I could compose a violin concerto. And yet, in spite of that, I think I can see what you're driving at, and I suspect that some sort of an answer to the question might be found in Pascal's observation: "When we see a natural style, we are astonished and delighted; for we expected to see an author, and we find a man."

-- Dr. Jeffrey M. Elliot  
& Richard Cowper

(Trade Books -- cont. from page 9.)

in color on the dust jacket. This cloth edition is priced at \$12.95.

Considering what the original pulp sells for these days--much more than \$12.95--and the more durable book format, I hope it sells well enough to encourage more like it. So. Illinois Univ. Press, P. O. Box 3697, Carbondale, IL 62901.

## GARLAND PUBLISHING

Due out shortly from Garland Publishing (as this issue goes to press--it was originally scheduled for February) is *The Pender* by *Susannah Bates*, an index to pen names in the fields of science fiction, thrillers and series books. The 233-page volume covers writers and pseudonyms from roughly 1900 to the present and is divided into five sections: an index by real name, an index by pen name (generally pen names used exclusively by one writer), an index to collaborative pen names, an index to house names, and an index to names used by the Stratemeyer Syndicate. Appendices include an essay on pulps and digests and information on round-robin serials. Bates also credits her sources and provides a lengthy index to the volume itself.

Although it generally appears to be a useful reference tool, I'm somewhat puzzled by the amount of detail in some sections and the lack of detail in others. Included, for example, are obscure publishers' errors (in unintentionally creating pseudonyms), while excluded (just as an example) are some well-known pen names for Philip Jose Farmer.

Like all Garland titles, it is printed on acid-free paper and quality bound in cloth. Price is \$22.50. Garland Publishing, P. O. Box 2449, New York, NY 10017. \*

("On Fantasy" by Karl Edward Wagner continued from page 6.)

After all, *Weird Tales* became a legend *because* it took a chance on publishing new young writers--H. P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, Clark Ashton Smith, Manly Wade Wellman, Ray Bradbury, Seabury Quinn, E. Hoffmann Price, Hugh B. Cave, Henry S. Whitehead, Henry Kuttner, C. L. Moore, Fritz Leiber, Jack Williamson...

-- Karl Edward Wagner

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

(Interview with Richard Cowper continued from page 24.)

with readers who seem satisfied with the status quo, and uninterested in experiments in science fiction/fantasy?

Cowper: Not at all. No one *forces* anyone to read a novel unless it's in school, and a great deal of so-called "experimental" writing is just authors' self-indulgence.

Nothing wrong with that, of course, if they can get away with that, but I don't see why the readers should be blamed for not being interested in it.

Elliot: Would you agree that science fiction/fantasy readers don't want prose that demands close attention, that they want something they can read quickly and effortlessly?

Cowper: We're moving onto thin ice here. My own predilection is for prose which is as limpid as clear glass so that I can see right through it to the ideas it expresses. I don't like it when an author seems to expect me to do the work he has been too lazy or incompetent to do himself. (Wasn't it Sheridan who said: "Easy writing makes damned hard reading?"). If the idea is difficult or complex then the writer has to work that much harder. The world does not owe us a living.

Elliot: Finally, when one admires a writer, one looks for his secret. What is yours?

# Magazines

## ASIMOV



*Heavy Metal* appears to be headed back toward a more general approach to fantasy in recent issues. The February issue featured a stunning portfolio of artwork by Jeffrey Jones. The March issue contains a brief article, "Fear Not Your Enemies," by Harlan Ellison. Perhaps we'll yet see a return to fiction and book excerpts, in addition to the graphic stories.

Jim Steranko's old *Mediascene* has been expanded into a thicker *Mediascene Provue* with major newsstand distribution. The fourth issue in the new format (#44, Feb.-March 1981) features coverage of a number of new animated features and swords 'n' sorcery films (including the new Conan movie), in addition to an article on *The Ninja* and an interview with *Eric Van Lustbader*. The overall format has not changed much; the issues are merely thicker, feature some color, and are priced at \$2.95. The house ads now comprise a smaller percentage of each issue and, in general, it's an improvement over the old *Mediascene*. (Supergraphics, Box 48, Reading, PA 19603.)

The March issue of *Mystery* (Vol. 2, #2) is a special issue commemorating the 100th anniversary of Sherlock Holmes. In addition to a special section on Holmes, the issue features an interview with *Stephen King*, fiction by *Edward Hoch* and *Michael Seidman*, and an article on horror fiction by *Chelsea Quinn Yarbro*. Cover price is \$2. (*Mystery*, 304 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, CA 90013.)

### ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE

With the April 13, 1981 issue, *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine* will have a new look with a restyled logo that leaves more room for a cover illustration. Stories featured in the issue will be: "Unicorn Variation" by *Roger Zelazny*, (cover illustrated by *Robert Crawford*), "The Polybugs of Titan" by *Martin Gardner*, "False Scent" by *Rick Raphael*, "The Hotter Flash" by *J. O. Jeppson*, "Graffiti" by *Gary Alexander*, "Instead of A Story" by *Ted Reynolds*, "Twitch On the Bull Run" by *Sharon Webb*, and "House of If" by *Barry B. Longyear*. Articles are "The Stuff Itself" by *James Gunn* and "Space and the Longevity of Man" by *Stefan T. Possony* and *Jerry Pournelle*.

Scheduled for the May 11, 1981 issue are the following stories: "Moonbow" by *J. M. Boyd*, "Cracker's Parallel World" by *Martin Gardner*, "The Regulars" by *Robert Silverberg*, "Other Wells, Other Saints" by *Scott Elliot Marbach*, "The Return of the Cousins of the Dune Preacher's Mistress" by *Simon LaBelle*, "Bridges" by *Sharon Webb*, "Closer Encounter" by *Maek Reynolds*, and "Time and Punishment" by *Warren Salomon*. Features include "Adventures in Unhistory: Who Fired the Phoenix?" by *Avram Davidson*. The cover is to "Moonbow" by *George Angelini*.

### ANALOG

Slated for the May 25, 1981 issue of *Analog* are a novella, "H-Tec" by *Charles L. Harness*, and part two of a four-part novel, *Dawn* by *Dean McLaughlin*. A novelette is "The Tides of Kithrup" by *David Brin* and short stories are "Last Words" by *Jayne Tammchill* and "By A Nose" by *Susan Shwartz*. Book reviews are by *Tom Easton* and "The Alternate View" is *G. Harry Stine*. The cover is by *George Angelini*.

### MAGAZINE OF F & SF

The May issue of *Magazine of F & SF* will feature three novelettes: "The Fire When it Comes" by *Parke Godwin*, "The Killing Thought" by *Edward F. Shaver*, and "The Thermals of August" by *Edward Bryant*. Short stories are "Every Time I Say I Love You" by *Charles L. Grant*, "Wither Thou, Ghost" by *Bill Pronzini* and *Barry N. Malzberg*,

"Presenting Trilby Swain" by *Ron Goulart*, and "The Bone Flute" by *Lisa Tuttle*. "Books" are by *Christopher Priest* and the cover is by *Ron Walotsky* for "The Thermals of August."

### OMNI

Upcoming in the June issue of *Omni* are three stories: "Sepulchre of Songs" by *Orson Scott Card*, "Angel at the Gate" by *Russell M. Griffin*, and "I Am Large, I Contain Multitudes" by *Melissa Michaels*.

### THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Scheduled for the May issue of *The Twilight Zone* (#2) is a novelette by *Tanith Lee*, "Magritte's Secret Agent," along with the following stories: "How They Pass the Time in Pempel" by *Robert Silverberg*, "Blood Relations" by *Lewis Shiner*, "In the Sunken Museum" by *Gregory Frost*, "Chronic Offender" by *Spider Robinson*, and "Drum Dancer" by *George Clayton Johnson*. \*

(Paperbacks -- cont. from page 28.)

and time unknown, the Master Magician Doctor Spectros has pursued the evil conjurer Blackschuster, who keeps Spectros' only love in suspend sleep inside a crystal coffin." The first three volumes, all priced at \$1.75, are *Silverado*, *Hunt the Beast Down* and *Natchez*. Forthcoming is *The Silver Galleon*, #4 in the series. The cover byline on these is *Logan Winters*, although #2 is copyrighted by *Paul J. Lederer*. I'll have to admit, I'd hide my name, too, on these turkeys. \*

(The Fan Press--cont. from page 29.)

of *Writer's Digest*), "The Zeppelin Tattoo" by *Preston Danger*, and "Bad Guys" by *Carl Hoffman*. Additional features include a review column and a humorous article on police beats.

The 60-page, digest size issue is priced at \$2.50. Published quarterly, subscriptions are \$10 per year. *Skullduggery Magazine*, P. O. Box 191, MIT Branch Station, Cambridge, MA 02139. \*



