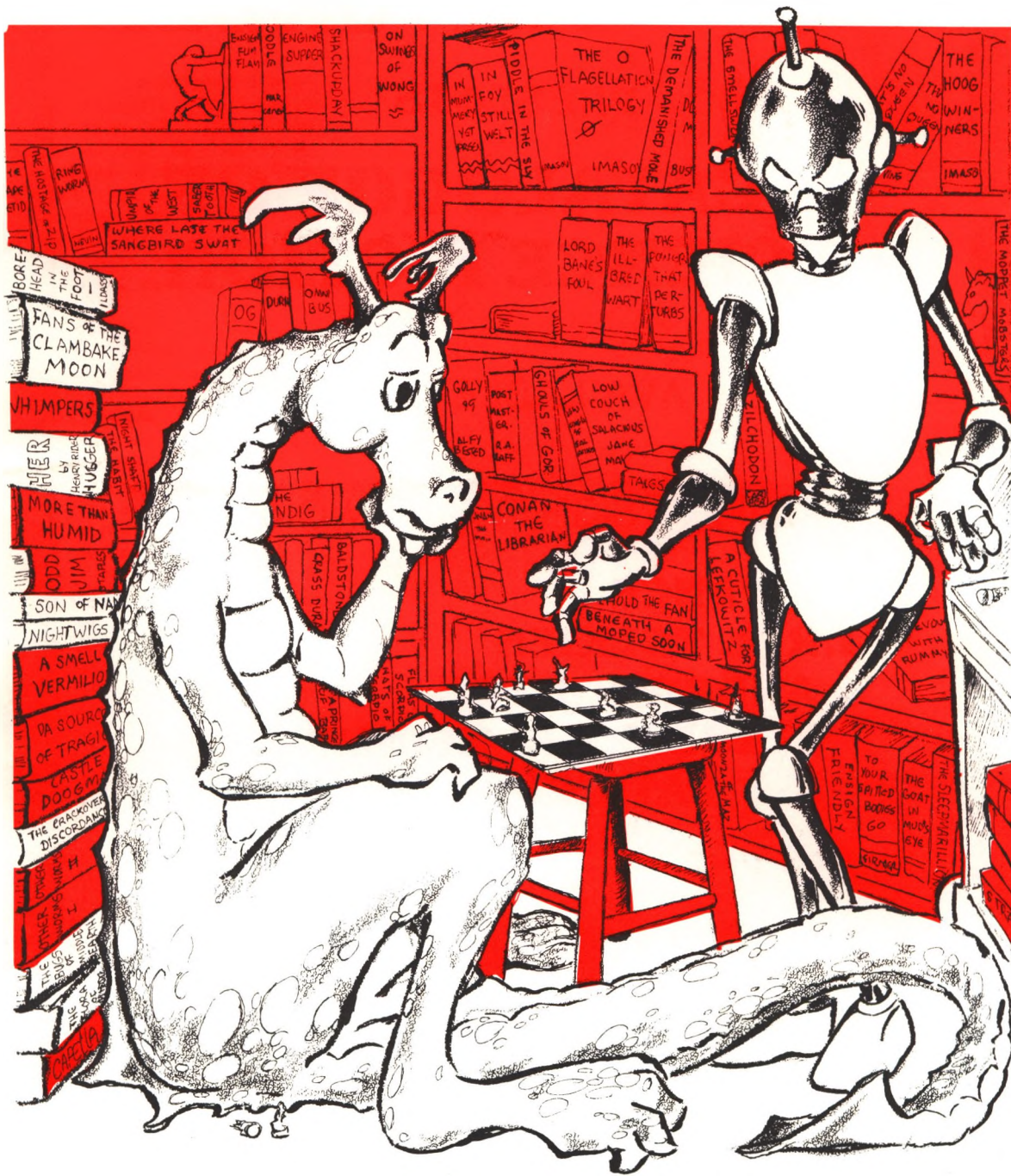


#42 November 1981

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fantasy newsletter

The Fantasy &
Science Fiction
News Monthly



Karl Edward Wagner predicts a 'mudslide of drek' as Hollywood goes for S & S * *Douglas Winter* dissects 'the big leagues of fear' * *Darrell Schweitzer* discusses witchcraft with *Tanith Lee*



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A Whale and The Night Visitors

WHEN a new book really "gets to you" it's hard to keep quiet about it. New editors, I'm told, shouldn't risk rash reviews, but here goes anyway.

The book that has so disturbed and delighted me is *Starship & Haiku* by the Thai author and composer Somtow Sucharitkul (SAHM-tao Soo-chah-RIT-kool). It struck me as utterly alien and strange--so much so that I had a peculiar sense of disorientation when I finished it at 3 a.m.--and yet looking back, it's hard to say why. Basically, it's another post holocaust novel, set mostly in Japan, the only technological nation to escape total destruction in the "Millennial War" (a thesis that has the stamp of approval from a good many contemporary futurists).

So why does it haunt me? Of course there is *Shikoku*, a grimly comic Japanese "suicide park," modeled on the "Disney World" pattern (this is apparently the only thing the ad writers found blurbable, but it's minor). And there are the Whales, presented as the most massive and most ancient of sentient mammals, their featureless bodies cased in blubber, their huge brains turned inward in a meditative agony that breeds both a racial death wish and a telekinetic dream power (something like Ursula Leguin's "effective dreaming"). The early revelation that the Japanese are in fact the "dream children" of the whales, and thus terrestrial imitators of whale "culture" (especially in the reverence for suicides) is both amusing and effective, but not the key to the book's appeal.

The reason I keep re-reading and thinking about the book is its style, which is both lyrical and deceptive. Striking scenes, beautifully expressed, establish empathy. Soon the reader is willing to let the prose control his emotions. Through the mind of Ryoko, the "traditional" Japanese heroine, I felt the seductive appeal of the death wish more strongly than I would ever have thought possible. It's partly a matter of reverence for art--the

Praxiteles statue, the Rembrandt painting, the Fuji tea bowl, the master's haiku--each is perfect, finished, static, complete. All you collectors out there, yearning for the last item to complete the ultimate collection, look out! Ryoko will make you equate beauty and perfection with death.

Sucharitkul heightens this vivid peculiarity of Japanese culture to the breaking point, and then deliberately beyond it, until the reader recognizes the image of this "traditional" culture as a monumental caricature--terrifying yet grimly comic. Hideo Takahashi, the "Minister of Ending," the "Death Lord," the politician whose ambition is to preside over the "voluntary" suicide of an entire nation, becomes one of the most outrageously burlesque artist/villains in literature. Sucharitkul handles the transformation deftly, letting us see Hideo personally as a perverted artist/dreamer, a coward, a fool. Publically, though, his image and power are those of a moral tyrant, an ideological vulture feeding on racial neuroses. The portrait suggests to me that the *truly potent artist may yet be the most dangerous product of civilization*. As long as most of us conceive of beauty and truth as "perfect and complete," though, it's hard to deny the appeal of Takahashi's vision:

Listen, my children ... if all the history of our people were but a single haiku, would this not be the last line of it?... Should not every cherry blossom fall to its appointed place and every real person ... seek a perfect death? ... We will vanish like the autumn wind. We will be a completed thought.

Sucharitkul's prose is studded with "immortal haiku" and the structure of the narrative as a whole imitates that art form.

Of course there is an opposing force in the book, represented by the Starship (we never see it -- it functions as a concept only). Opposed to "Ending," resignation,



honor, suicide, etc., is the possibility of a *future*, of new beginnings, progress, change. Despite the "Millennial War" and his own cultural bias, Ishida, the "Minister of Survival," opts to continue the race by sending a generation ship away from the doomed planet. His daughter Ryoko's initial rejection and final acceptance of Ishida's viewpoint is the main focus of the conflict.

But the dominant, most memorable image in the book is that of the Death Lord. Takahashi, like Darth Vader (but more sophisticated), is both terrifying and grotesquely comic. For me, the strategy of the book is to provoke a "backlash" reaction, an affirmation of life and change through revulsion against the twisted beauty of nostalgia for the past. Nothing I've read in years has so turned me off in regard to concepts of perfection. I can't even forgive the author for the resolution of his plot--it's specious! Only the concealed vulgarity of the final scene redeems it.

Sucharitkul's images have power despite their ambivalence. For the attentive reader there are lots of brilliant cameos and allusions (to films, art, books etc.). One gets the feeling that this author admires and ridicules simultaneously, that he's wise, witty, compassionate, bitter by turns. It's a lyrical, learned, seductive, depressing, hilarious, alien book.

-- Robert A. Collins



Farewell from Paul

I'd like to briefly say thank you to the many people who have written me your very kind and heartwarming letters. While I very much enjoyed publishing *FN*, it simply outgrew itself as a hobby. The decision to stop it was a sudden one, but it had to be that way; I don't think you or I would have enjoyed a prolonged death.

Some of you have asked about my "personal" reasons. I have three beautiful daughters who were babies when *FN* was born. They are growing up before my eyes and that, very simply, is a part of life I don't want to miss.

Naturally, I'm delighted that Bob Collins has stepped forward to keep *FN* going. I know he is committed to publishing a quality magazine and he has the resources at Florida Atlantic University to do the job. As for myself, I plan to remain an active collector of fantasy and SF and will remain involved in fan activities. Most of all, I'm looking forward to joining the ranks of enthusiastic subscribers who look to their mailboxes every month for the latest issue of *FN*.

-- Paul C. Allen

EDITORIAL: 'Curfew Shall Not Ring...' (not yet, anyhow)

OUR SUBURBAN PSYCHE looks a bit bedraggled, despite her winged sneakers--just the way we feel at the moment. It seems years now since we called Paul Allen to insist that "FN must not die!"

Paul was amenable to making a gift of the magazine to The Swann Fund. And that started an incredible series of letters, calls, and meetings, nudging the bureaucracies involved while busily getting this issue together.

As of this moment, the final papers haven't been signed, but the magazine you hold in your hands is proof of our commitment. Some great people need to be thanked: Dr. Laverne Lindsey, Dean of Continuing Education and our publisher, a wonderful "let's get it done" sort of person; and Dr. Jack Suberman, Dean of Humanities, who championed our cause.

And Paul, most of all. In a real sense this is his last issue. He bought the articles, wrote the trade news, sent us reams of instructions on how to put the magazine together. A more generous gentleman and scholar cannot be imagined.

So *FN* continues--not revived exactly, since it never missed more than a heartbeat or two. All subscriptions will be honored, new subscriptions are eagerly sought, and those whose run of issues expired with the last one delivered (#41) are getting this one free, in the hope that they'll encourage us by signing up for more.

As for our future aims, we have a two, not necessarily contradictory: we want to "jazz things up a bit," and also make our appreciation of the field a bit

more thoughtful. You see, we don't like to let ourselves get bored (or boring), but we're also quite serious about fantasy. We even have a "position statement" of sorts--it goes like this:

If, indeed, man bears the likeness of a creator, the only possible basis of that resemblance is the creative process itself. Fantasy, the pure power of imagination, is the core of the creative process. Therefore, we're concerned with the essence of what makes man human, and just possibly something more.

It's not a new idea (it's Tolkien's, among others) but we think it's true. To reject the ideological merchants of materialism is neither frivolous nor escapist. Their gospel is stale. --Robert A. Collins

fantasy newsletter

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Founded by Paul C. Allen

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Cover by Raul Garcia Capella. Illustration this page by Sabrina Jarema. Illustrations pages 2 and 3 by Sarah Clemens; page 28 by Stephen Fabian; page 31 by John Barnes.

Bad Gags Stun Fans at Worldcon

Denvention II wasn't the best Worldcon in recent memory, but it had its moments. A generally warm atmosphere pervaded the proceedings, there was evidence of well planned programming, and lots of good parties filled the evenings.

Art and Huckster displays were at the Currian sports arena, six blocks away. Since I hate buses, and the hotel area was seedy (a bit like Boston's combat zone) I spent most of my time at the Hilton, where the bulk of the programming was scheduled. I couldn't catch many of the panels, but my favorite of the ones I saw was "Ronald Reagan's Science Fiction Magazine." Jerry Pournelle (on our right) took swipes at Charles Platt (on our left) while Betsy Mitchell and Shawna McCarthy occupied the center, but the conclusion seems to have been that there's really no place for the constraints of right and left in our field. Peace.

Filled with brotherly love, I set out to find a Philadelphia in '01 party, but failing that had a good time at the Baltimore ('83 bid winner for the Worldcon), St. Louis/Archon and Texas parties. Dave Hartwell of Pocket Books and Kirby McCauley threw nice thrashes, while Karl Pflock and family kept the SFWA suite open practically all the time. The Hugo losers' party Sunday night was noisy but fun.

Not so the Hugo awards, staged in the Currian sports arena. Onstage were four or five trash cans piled up to simulate a giant Hugo. The Reynolds wrap fins and nose cone trembled distractingly when people walked onstage.

A Denvention gentleman, flanked by two lovely ladies, announced Toastmaster Ed Bryant--and all waited breathlessly, long enough to start turning blue. Finally the gentleman said, "Ed was supposed to be on roller skates ... Oh, here he is!" Sure enough, there was our emcee rolling toward us in a maroon tuxedo.

Unfortunately, this awkward bit of business set the tone for the entire evening. It seemed that Mr. Bryant simply could not permit a presenter to take the stage, an award to be handed out, or a speech to be delivered without some elaborately cute remark. Not that all the gags were unfunny, but as the evening wore on they became intolerable.

The tedium was briefly relieved at midpoint by the lunatic singing and guitar strumming of one Steve Terrel, who belted out some original tunes in response to the demand for a Science Fiction Anthem. Songs included "Mr. Potato Head's Pick-a-nick," "Wolfboy," "Cajun Clone," and a number about a Rocky Mountain jackalope. Terrel was funny, but only the people in the first ten or fifteen rows could hear him due to poor speaker placement.

Dave Kyle, a nice man and a former Futurian, made three trips to the podium (twice to present awards, and once to accept for an absent winner) but went on much too long each time. He was positively restrained compared to Ed Bryant, however.

Even the last few Hugo presentations, from Best editor to Best Novel, were not spared the often sophomoric, sometimes smarmy, usually self-congratulatory remarks of the master of ceremonies.

Admittedly, I've never been better than bored by a Hugo Awards show, but one would hope that those in charge would simply get on with it, with some measure of dignity.



EXPECTANT MOTHER JOAN VINGE cradles Hugo for *The Snow Queen*, best novel.

Hollywood's Academy Awards are done by professional entertainers, and they're dull too. Add amateurishness to tedium and it gets embarrassing. I thought of that Monty Python sketch wherein the obnoxious lout, played by Eric Idle, continually says to Terry Jones, "Nudge, nudge, say no more, say no more," winking and grinning lewdly.

The floor show was occasionally interspersed with award presentations. Stanton Coblenz was enrolled in First Fandom, Walt Liebscher given the Big Heart Award. A Gandalf was provided for

World Fantasy Awards Nominees:

As of Progress Report #2, issued at press time, The World Fantasy Convention was not sold out. Call (415) 843-3000 for reservations at the Claremont Resort, Berkeley, CA. Attending membership is \$35, the banquet \$25. Tickets should be reserved at least 2 weeks in advance. Con dates are Oct. 30-Nov. 1.

World Fantasy Award nominations (received too late for inclusion last month) are as follows:

Life Achievement: Joseph Payne Brennan, Avram Davidson, L. Sprague de Camp, C. L. Moore, Andre Norton, Jack Vance.

Best Novel: *Ariosto* by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, *Firelord* by Parke Godwin, *The Mist* by Stephen King, *The Shadow of the Torturer* by Gene Wolfe, *Shadowland* by Peter Straub.

Best Short Fiction: "Cabin 33" by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, "Children of the Kingdom" by T. E. D. Klein, "The Ugly Chickens" by Howard Waldrop, "Unicorn Tapestry" by Suzy McKee Charnas.

Best Anthology or Collection: *Dark Forces*, ed. Kirby McCauley,

Dragons of Light, ed. Orson Scott Card, *Mummy! A Chrestomathy of Crypt-ology*, ed. Bill Pronzini, *New Terrors 1*, ed. Ramsey Campbell, *Shadows 3*, ed. Charles L. Grant, *Shatterday*, by Harlan Ellison.

Best Artist: Alicia Austin, Thomas Canty, Don Maitz, Rowena Morrill, Michael Whelan, Gahan Wilson.

Special Award (Professional): Terry Carr (anthologist), Lester del Rey (Del Rey Books), Edward L. Ferman (F & SF), David G. Hartwell (Pocket/Timescape), Tim Underwood/Chuck Miller (Underwood & Miller), Donald A. Wollheim (DAW Books).

Special Award (Non-professional): Pat Cadigan/Arnie Fenner (Shayol), Charles de Lint/Charles R. Saunders (Triskel Press, Dragonfields), W. Paul Ganley (Weirdbook Press, Eerie Country, Amanita Brandy), Stephen Jones/David Sutton (Fantasy Tales, Airgedlamh).

Judges are: Arthur W. Saha, Paul C. Allen, C. J. Cherryh, Gardner Dozois and Donald M. Grant.



C. L. MOORE, Co-GoH, displays Gandalf Award presented by Denvention.

co-Guest of Honor C. L. Moore.

Gregory Benford was partly compensated for missing the Hugo ballot with a Campbell Memorial Award for *Timescape*.

The late Susan Wood won the Hugo for best fan writer, her ex-husband Mike Glicksohn accepting in a genuinely moving moment.

Victoria Poyser got the Best fan artist Hugo, *Locus* got another for best fanzine, and Carl Sagan got one (best non-fiction) for *Cosmos*, proving once again the effectiveness of hype. Meanwhile, Michael Whelan collected ERBdom's "Golden Lion" and the Hugo for Best Professional artist.

Just before halftime, Somtow Sucharitkul won the Campbell Award for the Best New Writer. Not only a talented writer and composer, Somtow proved to be an acrobat of some skill, judging from the elegant pratfall he executed on his way to the stage.

Ed Ferman, nominated fruitlessly eight times for Best Editor, was given a special committee award for his editorial work at *F & SF*; then, ironically, it turned out that he had finally won the Hugo.

Co-Guest of Honor Clifford Simak won the Short Story Award for "Grotto of the Dancing Bear" (which also won the Nebula). Gordon R. Dickson collected two Hugos, for the novelette "The Cloak and the Staff" and the novella "Lost Dorsai."

Finally, Joan Vinge's *The Snow Queen* was proclaimed the Best Novel of the year. She may well have been the first expectant mother to collect a Hugo. Outside the arena, with husband Jim Frenkel, she looked positively radiant as we congratulated her. She deserved something better than amateur night in Denver.

--Timothy Robert Sullivan



SUCHARITKUL accepts Campbell Award (Best New Writer) from Stan Schmidt.

Another View...

by Joe Siclari

Worldcons sound the SF high note, with a huge congregation of fans and pros, a giant art show, dealer's rooms, and so on. Denvention II had it all, though it began with a tragic death: thirty year old Atlanta fan Dave Minch died of diabetic complications on Wednesday night.

Although the con didn't officially start until Thursday, 1,000 fans showed up early, forcing concomm to open registration Wednesday. The extremely complex program included fliers for Poetry Events, Pro Discussion Groups, Authors' Showcase, Video, Films, Games, an Art Show Auction--all in addition to a 4 page main program, and the Souvenir Program Book.

Unfortunately, major events were often run opposite each other, particularly the GoH speeches, which were held too early (Friday during the dinner break) and in competition with the con's major media presentation--the first double bill showing of *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*.

Rusty Hevelin, fan GoH, spoke of the large attendance at recent Worldcons, regretting the loss of fannish traditions due to high mortality rates (three years for a fan generation). Without some sense of fandom's history, great writers of the past are forgotten, artists and old fans are ignored, while media figures like Mark Hamill, who have nothing to do with creative SF, are showered with attention.

Following Rusty was C. L. Moore, nervous and ill-prepared. She rambled and repeated herself, but

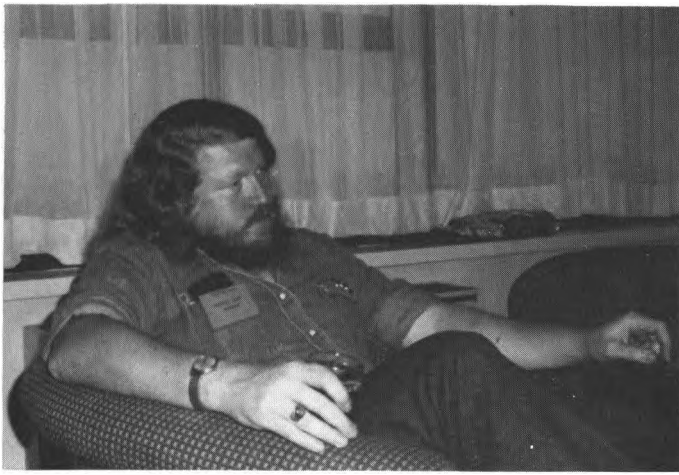
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ED BRYANT rolls onstage to set tone of Denvention's Hugo Awards Show.



CO-GOH CLIFFORD SIMAK accepts Hugo Award for for Best Short Story.



(Photo by Barbara Wagner)

Heroic Fantasy films foretell

"another mudslide of drek" in the
bookstalls — will it be the last?

By Karl Edward Wagner

Celluloid S & S: Boon or Menace?

THE summer has already seen the first of what promises to be the next major fad in motion pictures. Already we've had *Excalibur*, *Clash of the Titans*, *Dragonslayer*, and some made-for-TV thing that was just bad enough to show up as a series. Once the Conan film is released, watch for a headlong scramble to rush as many quickie "sword & sorcery" films to the silly screen as producers can crank out. Well, the time is right for it, I suppose. After all, it's been two decades since the heyday of the Italian spear-&-sandal films with their mighty-thewed warriors, occasionally-clad maidens, evil tyrants, scheming magicians and casts of thousands. And movie-goers may indeed finally be growing tired of catsup-laced films about groups of teenagers being murdered in disgusting ways by some deranged fiend.

As in the case of the recent super-success of space opera films, a determined fandom already exists --folks who have been reading the stuff for years and who take their avocation (or vocation, for some of us) quite seriously. Their numbers are relatively small; they can't boost a film to a \$50,000,000 gross within a week of its release. No, most of those tickets are snapped up by that unenlightened creature who has never really had a close encounter with science fiction or fantasy. The majority of these will remain unenlightened mundanes, but a certain percentage will be infected. As a result, science fiction fans found their ranks swelled by a mass migration of neo-

fans. Presumably the hardcore fantasy fan can look forward to the same. After all, elf ears look about the same as Spock ears, plastic broadswords are as much fun to swing about hotel hallways as laserswords (better yet, only the magic ones use batteries), and it's only a matter of time before Space Invaders begins to feel pressure from a new breed of electronic games involving dragons, wizards and warriors.

The one nice thing about all this is that quite a number of these people will also discover books and go on to become serious hardcore fans like the rest of us. In the process they buy books--starting with books in the particular genre that first attracted them to the field. Since there's only about a hundred of us true-blue old guard fans left out there with enough money to afford books at the current prices, it's good to contemplate that X percent of all those millions of people who will be lining up to see the Conan film are also going to want to buy books in the heroic fantasy genre. Even a little X percent is a lot when you're talking about teeming masses of unblooded fantasy fans, and publishers are certain to be quick to cater to the appetites of this new-found market. The result is what's known as a boom--and heroic fantasy fans have been there before.

Although this genre has always been with us (arguably it goes back to when prehistoric man sat about in caves and scratched tales of gods and battles, warriors and

hunters on the walls, but if that seems a bit of a stretch to you, just move up to comparatively modern times with the Epic of Gilgamesh), heroic fantasy was a bit slow in gaining the mass market acceptance that science fiction has enjoyed. Growing up in the 1950s, I wasn't really aware the genre existed, and I sort of found my way into the field by way of books of mythology, Nordic sagas, and the Gothic novel. By the early 1960s I'd begun to seek out heroic fantasy works, but it was tough going. There were a few hardcovers (if you could afford them), one or two paperbacks, and the occasional magazine story. Reputable publishers seldom touched the stuff, and when your resources were pretty much limited to the local library, the newsstand racks, and the trusty second-hand shops, finding something to read in the genre was cause to brag about your discovery to your two or three friends of similar oddball tastes.

THIS is not to say that there were not any heroic fantasy books out there before 1965. As a matter of fact, with a little thought you could put together a list of maybe fifty noteworthy books published in the genre before 1965, and you'd have a shelf any fan would be proud to own. The point is, you wouldn't have a lot to choose from, because there just wasn't very *much* of it out there--which is another way of saying that those books which were published from time to time were generally very good books. They had to be.

THE first heroic fantasy boom started with the publication of the Lancer Conan paperbacks in 1966. The time was right. Knowledgeable fans had been clamoring for years for a mass market edition of this little-known author's legendary character. L. Sprague de Camp had begun to write continuations of the character a decade before. Fritz Leiber had resurrected his Conan contemporaries (in time of their conception), Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser, in the pages of *Fantastic*, where Roger Zelazny was creating a new sort of heroic fantasy character and John Jakes was giving us a portent of atrocities to come. Jack Vance had returned to the Dying Earth in the stodgy pages of *F&SF*, while in England Michael Moorcock was introducing fans to Elric and American writer Thomas Burnett Swann was at last finding a home for his pastel dreams in *Science-Fantasy*.

The Lancer Conan books quickly attracted an avid following of readers who had never before encountered heroic fantasy. Confident that this sort of book would actually sell, publishers ordered their editors to run out and purchase another dozen or two of the same. As a result, a number of classic works were brought back into print, a number of excellent books that would not otherwise have been purchased were brought out, and a great number of books that should never have been written were published. The problem is one of quality. If authors could turn out masterpieces overnight, they would gladly do so. However, it always demands a little extra to be brilliant, and when the publisher only wants a "swords & sorcery" book and he wants it by Thursday...

Well, you know what happened. The "barbarian boom" of the 1960s drowned in its own mighty-thewed

sweat. The success of the Howard and of the Tolkien paperbacks sent the hacks to their typewriters, belting out reams of lifeless imitations; whether their hero be Jokstrap the Barbarian or Dildo the Furry Fairy, the product had all the charm of a soybean burger on a cardboard bun. The good was overwhelmed by the staggering mass of the awful. No matter how mightier than Conan the covers proclaimed the product to be, the books died on the stands and often smelled that way. Publishers backed away in horror--sending down their decree: "Swords & sorcery don't sell, so don't buy no more of that stuff."

Their happy impasse might have gone on indefinitely had not Conan once again come to the rescue--the rescue of all us burned-out fans and frustrated writers. Summer of 1970 saw the first of Marvel's Conan comic books, and a whole new audience discovered heroic fantasy. Conan caught fire; soon Marvel had added other Howard characters to their line-up as well as new heroic fantasy characters of their own

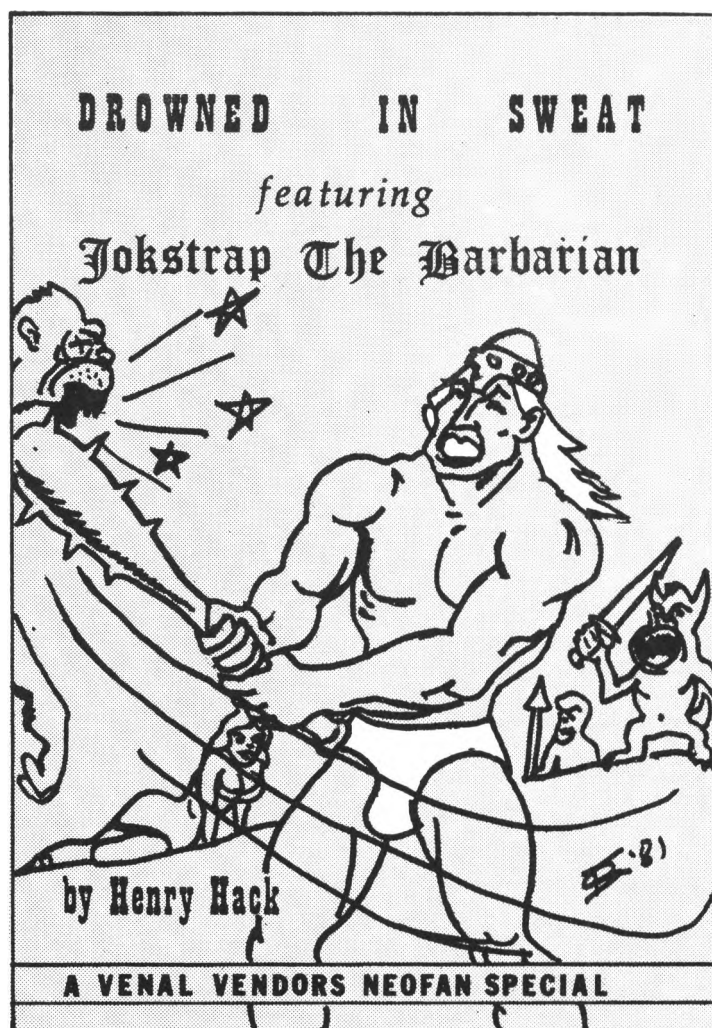
(even revising the organization's Tarzan imitations from the pulp era). Other comic book publishers followed suit, adapting other established genre figures before going on to create a seemingly endless array of their own creations--most of them maimed and bent on revenge, almost all of them named something like Death-Blade or Blood-Star or Raven-Lok, and all of them drawn with lots of bulging thews or breasts and little attention to costume.

Comic fans soon discovered that there were actual books without pictures written about this same sort of thing, often with nifty Frank Frazetta or Jeff Jones covers to help wean them from Barry Smith. Once their newly discovered literacy did its dirty work, this new generation of heroic fantasy fans was storming the paperback publishers' citadels for more. Being basically good guys at heart, the publishers complied.

The second heroic fantasy boom, this of the 1970s, took a little longer to kill off than that

(Continued on next page.)

"The 'barbarian boom' of the 60s drowned in mighty-thewed sweat.... Success...sent the hacks to their typewriters, to belt out reams of lifeless imitations."



of the 1960s. Not that the same hacks weren't at work, making the keys smoke with yet more repetitions of the tried-and-true formula. In the interim, a new crop of writers had begun to work in the genre --some slipping in during the boom of the 1960s, others finally finding a market for their work that was soundly rejected during the bust of the 1960s. To counterbalance this, there was also a new crop of writers who were faithfully aping the same tried-and-true formula as the hacks, only they couldn't write as well. No matter. So far as the publishers were concerned, anything with a sword and naked thew, or an elf and a naked unicorn, on the cover would sell, and if the words "Conan" and "Robert E. Howard" appeared on the cover in larger type than anything else, it would sell twice as well.

And it did, up to a point. After that, history raised its ugly head and repeated itself. Once

again, the market became glutted with barbarian swordsmen, barbarian swordswomen, elfish adventurers, sensitive troubadors, consumptive princesses, misunderstood enchantresses, performing frogs, what have you. The only difference was that this time there was a greater variety of lifeless carbon copies to choose from, and as before they hopelessly outnumbered the living. Heroic fantasy became a sleeping drug on the market, and reputable publishers who had allowed this sort of thing to infiltrate their staid ranks now firmly stipulated "no swords & sorcery" in their market reports.

Fortunately for the heroic fantasy fan, by this time enough top rank writers in this genre had established themselves in time to beat the bust. While publishers knew that that swords & sorcery stuff wouldn't sell, they also knew that a book by a "name" writer would sell. Nice for the "name"

writer. Nice for the fan. *Not* nice for the struggling no-name writer, who just missed the boom.

For better or for worse, that writer will soon get his or her chance--again, thanks to Conan. The new crop of heroic fantasy films are preparing the ground, and by the time the Conan movie hits the theaters, the mill will be grinding. Sure, there will be the expected outpouring of drek once again, but there will also be the new masters at work--and watch for the new writer who has been lurking hungrily in the shadows these last few years. It should prove interesting.

This may also be the last boom for a long time to come--unless maybe the electronic games crowd furnishes a new audience, or someone figures out a way to adapt heroic fantasy to disco. The danger is that there will inevitably be another mudslide of drek. And drek kills.

Part of the problem is that as a genre heroic fantasy has always been easy prey for serious critics --you know, the ones who read only good literature, like that Buck Rogers stuff or sensitive portrayals of child ax-murderers adrift in an alien environment of great significance. It's just so easy to pick up a Bongo the Barbarian book or an Elfinfire the Betrayed book and die laughing over the typewriter. For some reason these learned critics are content to judge a genre from its worst examples, which saves their having to read the best the field includes.

The other real danger is that the new reader doesn't have the backlog of experience that the hardcore fan enjoys. The knowledgeable fan knows not to read the latest turkey from Elmore Hack. The new fan buys whatever he thinks looks neat. If he hits on a few good reads, he keeps reading. If he lucks up a run of duds, eventually even the least sophisticated palate will recognize the taste of crap--after which he will give up on the entire genre.

It doesn't matter what the inspiration for a bad imitation might have been, or whether it's swords & sorcery, sword & planet, barbarian fantasy, fairyland fantasy, feminist fantasy, B & D fantasy, macho fantasy, whatever. A bad book is a bad book. And bad books kill.

Let's just hope that the coming heroic fantasy new wave won't be the last wave.

-- Karl Edward Wagner



King's *CUJO*: 'Nope, nothing wrong here.'

by Douglas E. Winter

Cujo was a good dog: a two hundred pound Saint Bernard with sad eyes and an intrinsic love for a life that demanded little more than playing with children and chasing an occasional rabbit. But one day, he followed a rabbit down a hole, and what he found was most definitely not Alice's Wonderland.

"Once upon a time" begins *Cujo*, Stephen King's seventh novel; but it is not the sort of fairy tale to which we have grown accustomed. There is no ogre or dragon or evil witch, no thinly-veiled childhood lesson, and most important, no happy ending. *Cujo* is steeped instead in a reality that is as inescapable as it is frightening, emphasizing not only the role of horror fiction as the modern fairy tale but the importance of realism in creating effective horror fiction.

Cujo is set in the spring of 1980 in the fictitious town of Castle Rock, Maine, the stalking ground of the "Castle Rock Rapist" in *The Dead Zone*. Its storyline evolves about two marriages: Donna and Vic Trenton, whose son Tad is racked with night fears surrounding a monster that he swears is haunting his closet; and Joe and Charity Camber, whose son Brett has a dog named Cujo -- inexplicably the *nom de guerre* used by William Wolfe of Symbionese Liberation Army infamy. For the two children, dreams echo with nightmarish reality; for the adults, reality itself has become the stuff of bad dreams. The two marriages are in jeopardy: Donna Trenton, bored and conscious of aging, has succumbed to an extramarital affair that disgusts her, while Vic must grapple with the impending loss of his small advertising agency's major client; and Charity Camber, hoping to better her son, strives be-

"These are the big leagues of fear, the actualities behind the masks of ghoulies and ghosties.... They can not be laughed away."

latedly to assert her independence from Joe, who sinks deeper and deeper into indolence and alcoholism. And through this slice of everyday life in modern America walks a dog who has fallen into a dark hole, succumbing to the bites of rabid bats.

The horror of *Cujo* is not supernatural; nor is it the juggernaut-animal of *Jaws* and its followers. It is woven from the dark strands of the American social fabric: decaying marriages, economic woes, malfunctioning automobiles and junk food. *Cujo* affirms the irony of King's popular success: we are obsessed with fear, running scared of our daily lives, where we can no longer trust the food we eat, our machines, the neighbor's dog, or even ourselves. Money, love and death are the framework of fear, and King reminds us of their everyday presence with incisive and relentless effect. Fear strikes at the supermarket: *They went to the Agway Market and Donna bought forty dollars worth of groceries.... It was a busy trip, but she still had time for bitter reflection as she waited in the checkout lane...on how much three lousy bags of groceries went for these days. It wasn't just depressing; it was scary.* And at our jobs: *Since the Zingers fiasco, two clients... had cancelled their arrangements with I. E., and if Ad Worx lost*

*the Sharp account, Rob would lose other accounts in addition to Sharp. It left him feeling angry and scared.... It invades our personal relationships: Now things could be admitted. How he had wanted to kill her when she called him a son of a bitch, her spittle spraying on his face. How he had wanted to kill her for making him feel old and scared and not able to keep on top of the situation any more. And it is with us always, if only implicit in the passage of time: There was no personal mail for her; these days there rarely was. Most of the people she knew who had been able to write were now dead. She would follow soon enough, she suspected. The oncoming summer gave her a bad feeling, a scary feeling. These are the big leagues of fear, the actualities behind the masks of the ghoulies and ghosties that normally inhabit horror fiction. They cannot be laughed away -- they won't ever meet Abbott and Costello; and in *Cujo's* pages, we find that even horror fiction provides no respite.*

The function of realism in horror fiction has always been paradoxical. It is often noted that horror fiction serves as a means of escape for its reader, suppressing the very real and often overpowering horrors of everyday life in favor of surreal, exotic and visionary realms. In his novelette "The Mist," King described this escapist function in explicit terms: *When the machines fail..., when the technologies fail, when the conventional religious systems fail, people have got to have something. Even a zombie lurching into the night can seem pretty cheerful compared to the existential comedy/horror of the ozone layer dissolving under the combined assault of a million fluorocarbon spray cans of deodorant.*

(Continued on next page.)

Yet horror fiction is not simply a place to which we seek to escape; it is also a place to which we are drawn seductively, by a hidden need. As Joseph Conrad wrote, "In the dark you must submerge"; or in Stephen King's colloquial, but no less telling rendition, we must "keep the gators fed." Horror fiction vents emotions that run counter to "civilized" society, allowing us to air our innermost fears and to breach our foremost taboos. At its most extreme, it acts as a surrogate "night journey" for its reader, transporting the reader from the land of the living to the land of the dead, and serving as a mythic allegory for our own passage in life toward death. From this perspective, according to King, "the writer of horror fiction is a little like the boatman ferrying people across the river Styx." And as for *Cujo*: "Wasn't there a dog in the front of the boat in that story about the boatman...?"

Horror fiction is thus alternately repulsive and seductive; in seeking escape within the outre, we understand our need for reality -- yet the closer our familiarity with reality, the greater our need for escape. Typically, the most effective horror fiction is conscious of this paradox, operating with at least one foot firmly within waking reality -- and indeed, at odds with allowing its escapist tendencies to divorce the reader from reality. If anything, effective horror fiction draws the reader *closer* to reality. In this light, it is an intrinsically subversive art, proposing what H. P. Lovecraft called "an absolute and stupendous invasion of the natural order" while forcing the reader to consider whether there is order, and indeed, whether anything is natural.

In *Danse Macabre*, King used the term "subtext" to describe how the best horror fiction is a dark analog of reality, its authors consciously or unconsciously expounding fantasy fears that are a reflection or a subtle variation of actual fears. King's own novels seem to demonstrate several evolving subtexts for which *Cujo* provides an apt climax. His early books were inward-looking, claustrophobic expositions of the fears and guilt of interpersonal relationships. *Carrie* concerned the problems of maturation in contemporary society, effectively juxtaposing the dark side of adolescence with the consequences of attempting to ignore

"Reality is an unnatural order. You cannot explain it... as madness or drunkenness.... [It] has created our need for the horror story."

or to suppress the dark side of the psyche. In *Salem's Lot*, King subverted -- or the cynic might suggest, modernized -- Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*, depicting a small town whose moral disintegration is distilled in a clutch of vampires. In *The Shining*, the real terrors of alcoholism, child abuse and familial breakdown were translated into a surreal "acid Gothic" atmosphere. The latter two novels particularly forward scenarios in which the unknown may well represent an evasion of responsibility on the part of their protagonists.

With *The Stand* and *The Dead Zone* King's novels began a more outward-looking perspective, bringing socio-political fears -- the curses of civilization -- to the forefront. King's concern with this theme, hinted in early short stories depicting technology run amok, was rooted both in lessons about our political processes taught in the 1960s and 1970s, and in the failure of technology and dangers of government experimentation. His first six novels disclose a pattern of increasingly monolithic evil, culminating in the cyclopean imagery of *Firestarter* and climaxing in "The Mist," which conjures the penultimate faceless evil: a white opaque mist that enshrouds the northeastern United States (if not the world), spewing forth a flurry of creepy-crawling monsters like an endless, insane Creature Feature. What could be worse? Only one thing, responds King in *Cujo*: reality.

Written in King's most visceral and colloquial style, *Cujo* reexamines these themes, stripping away the veneer of supernaturalism to confront us with the mundane here-and-now of Count Chocula and Ford Pintos, baseball games and bake sales, farting and fucking, and say: reality is an unnatural order. You cannot explain it away as madness or drunk-

eness or, indeed, the stuff of horror fiction. And this reality, in turn, has created our need for the horror story as a modern fairy tale, giving us escape or reassurance, simply confirming our worst expectations, or giving us a good look at the scene of the accident. Like Donna and Tad Trenton, who become trapped in their car by the rabid *Cujo*, precipitating the novels climax, we are under siege from forces that we simply cannot understand. And the Sharp Cereal Professor's oft-repeated epigram -- *Nope, nothing wrong here* -- is not only a summing-up of the bitter irony of *Cujo* and its model, our reality; it also serves as a wry commentary on what we seek in horror fiction.

Cujo is an intensely-written novel; it moves with a seemingly instinctive pace, sustaining relentless tension while told in King's characteristically effortless prose. As in his earlier novels, King evokes the horror of *Cujo* not by a concatenation of circumstances but by the exposition of characters. He brings his characters to trial in a court of fear, and asks each of them a question simultaneously simplistic and unreachably complex: who is this person? He asks that question of us as well. The dark hole that snared *Cujo* awaits us all; when the novel's human antagonist -- Steve Kemp, the layabout poet whom Donna Trenton unfortunately chooses as a lover -- finally unleashes his psychotic anger upon the Trenton household, King writes: "He was down a dark hole." And when Vic Trenton learns of his wife's affair with Kemp, the image is brought home with painful clarity: *...what you didn't know couldn't hurt you. Wasn't that right? If a man is crossing a darkened room with a deep, open hole in the middle of it, and if he passes within inches of it, he doesn't need to know he almost fell in. There is no need for fear. Not if the lights are off.* The hole is there, waiting, for each of us -- whether we are drawn in like *Cujo*, or descend willingly like Steve Kemp, or are pushed like Vic Trenton. And this is the most chilling element of Stephen King's most disturbing novel -- not the violent horror of its climax, but the stark yet inevitable final image that we are not unlike small animals that have died down the dark hole.

In *Cujo*, and in all of the horror fiction of Stephen King, we can make that descent, and re-

(Continued on next page.)

WINTER continued

turn again in safety to the surface -- to the near shore of the river of death. For our boatman has a master's hand....

Already a best-seller, *Cujo* is perhaps the most urgent and viscerally powerful of King's novels. It is a harrowing reading experience, uncompromising in its terror and suspense, yet also imbued with humor, warmth and a deep sense of the human condition, of which fear is, after all, only an element. The richness of Stephen King's understanding and expression of reality in all its gloom and glory informs *Cujo* with a quality worth several readings. Need I add that it is the best horror novel of 1981?

-- Douglas E. Winter

[Editor's note: A slightly different version of this column will appear in the author's essay, "The Night Journeys of Stephen King," in *Fear Itself: The Horror Fiction of Stephen King*, forthcoming this fall from Underwood/Miller Publishers.]

Lee Brown Coye Dead at 74

Fantasy artist Lee Brown Coye died over the Labor Day weekend in Hamilton, New York, where he had been hospitalized for 4 1/2 years.

Lee was born July 24, 1907 in Syracuse, NY and lived most of his life in midstate New York, living for many years in Hamilton with his wife, Ruth. A medical student in the early 1930s, he found he could make a better living through medical illustration and turned to a career in art. His early work included paintings and murals, wood sculpture, silverwork, three-dimensional models, as well as illustrations for books on subjects ranging from children's fantasy to Balzac to bundling. Coye came to the attention of fantasy fans in 1944, when he illustrated the first of a series of three horror anthologies edited by August Derleth for Farrar & Rhinehart. Afterward his work appeared in *Weird Tales*, and later in *Fantastic* and in books from Arkham House. He returned to

the field in the early 1970s, with new work for Carcosa and for *Whispers*.

Coye twice won the World Fantasy Award for best artist -- not surprisingly winning in the same years that the two books he illustrated for Carcosa both won World Fantasy Awards for best collection. On January 1, 1977 Coye suffered a massive stroke and had remained hospitalized ever since. In recent years he was able to recover from his paralysis sufficiently to draw once more on a limited basis. His most recent work appears in the Summer 1981 issue of *Sorcerer's Apprentice*. Coye had a distinctly grotesque style of illustration, combining a clinical knowledge of anatomy with bizarre stylization, a morbid genius with a whimsical sense of humor. His was a unique talent, and with his passing fantasy has lost one of its greatest artists.

Karl Edward Wagner

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INTERVIEW: TANITH LEE

by Darrell Schweitzer

"I guess it would suit my style to be a vampire. They're desperately elegant...very appealing."

Tanith (after Tanit, the Babylonian moon goddess) Lee began writing when she was nine, and, after a couple of sales of children's books in England, became well-known in the fantasy field for *The Birthgrave* (DAW, 1975), which was followed in rapid succession by roughly two dozen novels, including *Sabella*, *Drinking Sapphire Wine*, *Electric Forest*, *Day By Night*, *Kill the Dead*, and many others from DAW. Companions on the Road and *East of Midnight* were published in hardcover by St. Martin's. Her most recent book is *Unsilent Night*, published by NEETA Press for the 1981 *Roakone*, at which this interview was recorded.

Q: What is the major appeal of out-and-out scary stories?

Lee: There is a lot in the world that frightens people, and one way you can come to terms with it is by experiencing fear second hand, when you know you can put the book away or turn the TV off or walk out of the film if you have to. It's a form of practise for fear, because we all experience fear in our lives. We can't avoid it. If we go through it second hand, we're practising, and then we can face it if we have to. That's the education part. I also think people just like to be frightened, because it gets the adrenalins going and gives them excitement they don't always have in their own lives.

Q: Is this entirely an emotional thing, or does it come in part from an intellectual appreciation of disconcerting reality?

Lee: It's a gut thing. People have always done it. The Greeks knew about it and called it catharsis, going through a whole range of emotions, not only fear, but pain and sorrow and gladness. It's something we do instinctively. I'm intellectualizing about it, but we all do it instinctively.

Q: Do you scare yourself when writing?

Lee: Sometimes. Yes, it happens a lot. I give myself nightmares. There's a children's book called *The Castle of Dark*, which has a kind of a vampire spirit which possesses a girl, and when I finally got the image, which appeared to me as most of my images do--it started as a picture in my mind, of how this thing was evolving from this girl's body like black smoke with two glowing eyes in it, I frightened the hell out of myself, and I slept all that night with a light on.

Q: Does it go away when you've written it?

Lee: Not necessarily. Sometimes when I write it, it stirs up the feeling again. But it does go eventually.



WITCHES BREWING HAILSTORMS. From a 15th century manual on witchcraft.

Q: What does the writer have to do in order to make fear come across to the reader. We've all read lots of horror stories that don't work. What makes the ones that work do so?

Lee: Good writing. The better your style is, the more you can put across. But you do get people who are lousy stylists but excellent at telling frightening stories, and you do get people who write exquisitely who are very bad storytellers. If you get a combination of the two, they instinctively know what they're doing. Also your own reactions are a pretty good yardstick. If you scare the hell out of yourself, you are of course going to scare a few other people.

Q: A common problem--I think it comes in the backwash of Lovecraft--is that the writer spends the entire story building up to what the story is about. When he gets to what scares him, he stops. Does this make a story ineffective?

Lee: It depends what you want to do with a story. If you really just want to scare people, there's no reason you shouldn't stop. That is sometimes the most disturbing element. You get to the point of terror, and then you leave everybody with this apparently insoluble problem. Many really satisfying horror stories do more. I'm thinking of something that really scared me--*The Day of the Triffids* by John Wyndham; I'm still scared of triffids. Admittedly it's a novel and not a short story. There he introduces the problem, and there are a number of searing climaxes, but eventually the characters come to terms with the problem and deal with it the best they can. At the end of the book you are left still with the terror, but with a working solution.

Q: It seems to me that the people who just build up to the story's premise are the same ones who would have written *Dracula* four chapters long, ending with the revelation

that he's a vampire.

Lee: [Laughs.] Not necessarily. No, I still think it's valid to end with that climax of terror, because it leaves a very nasty, frightening taste in the mouth. What do you *do*? But you're not told what to do. And if you want to, intellectually, you can go away and ask yourself what would you have done, how would you have handled that.

Q: What is the appeal vampires have for you?

Lee: I don't know. I've been asked this before. A lot of people are fascinated by vampires. I think it's probably a wish-fulfillment: how lovely to be slim and pale and flawless. It's a bit of a drag that you can't go out in the daylight, but I suppose one could overcome that. It's a bit of a drag that you can't *eat* except for one thing, but I suppose you could get used to it. And there are the lovely attributes that they have on the side, not being seen in mirrors, and so on. One either wants to use that because it's extremely romantic in a couple of ways, or one wants to examine it and think, well is it true, and if it is true, why? Which is basically a scientific approach. And if it isn't true, let's get rid of it. They're just *very* appealing. They're always beautiful--not so much nowadays, but they always used to be *desperately* elegant. I mean, black silk and white lace and blood-red rings and so on.

Q: When you were a child, did you ever want to grow up and be a vampire? For a while, though I knew it to be impossible, I thought it would be very nice.

Lee: Not consciously, but I think I must have done it unconsciously. I think I wanted to have vampires among my friends, but even then I had a sort of suspicion that what I liked doing best was writing. I guess it would suit my lifestyle to be a vampire. But how do you know I haven't grown up to be a vampire? This could all be a ruse.

Q: Actually, Stoker's Dracula did come out in broad daylight. Now I haven't seen you turn into a bat or a wolf, but he couldn't use any of his powers in broad daylight. He could only do that at night. So I'm beginning to have suspicions.

Lee: [Laughs] Well, stick around. You might see something flapping over the Sheraton late....



Q: How often do you start something as a horror story and it comes out funny, either deliberately or not?

Lee: They usually tell me what they want to be. But there was a story called "The Third Horseman" that I sold to *Weirdbook* (issue 14). It was a vampire story. Now I originally wrote this story when I was very young indeed, and when I wrote it, it was funny, *extremely* funny and very ironical. When I came to write it again, because I knew I liked the story more than I liked the format, though I must admit it amused me, it came out as one of the most depressing and I think horrible stories I've ever written. But of course the thing with horror is that you've only got to tilt your perceptions very slightly and it can be *screamingly* funny. Triffids for example,

stumbling about clumsily. It could be hilarious.

Q: Is this nervous laughter, or a sense of the absurd?

Lee: I think it's a sense of the absurd. But people do giggle when they're afraid. Well, consider Roman Polanski's *Dance of the Vampires* [also known as *Fearless Vampire Killers*] which is deliciously funny, and it manages to be terribly frightening and terribly scary in several places, *very* depressing at the end, while being funny as well, which is very clever. It also makes a kind of definitive statement about vampires. It's very sensible in the way it deals with them. They're logical. It is very funny, so I suppose you could have a horror story that was screamingly funny and terrifying as well. Why not?

(Continued on

Q: What are your writing methods like? Do you just sit down and do it, or outline?

Lee: I did do an outline a couple of times, but it's very unusual. I always feel that the story is there. It's a matter of picking it up on the receiver, and keeping at it until I've got it all, as if it has a transmitter somewhere. Now maybe it has, and I am picking it up, but I just let it come, and I write it, and the characters tell me plots they think they want to do. Sometimes they have to be checked a little bit. They do terrible things like getting killed when I don't expect them to, or not getting killed when they really ought to. They tell me. The outline's there, but I haven't written

it. It's somewhere floating in the atmosphere.

Q: Do you think that your subconscious writes the story and then lets it surface?

Lee: No. I don't think it's my subconscious. I think my subconscious sometimes works out problems in plot that I'm finding difficult. Sometimes I have to hammer them out with blood, sweat, and tears, stamping around my workroom talking to myself, but I've become convinced it isn't me. Now that's probably quite wrong, but it does feel like it's something coming in, like radio waves floating in the atmosphere. It's almost as if I'm picking those up. I think it's probably fragments that one's got from various things, and perhaps race memories, but I don't think it can be just the subconscious, no.

Q: Do you mean race memories in the classical sense?

Lee: I mean race memories. After all, we're all built of all these genes in little bits and pieces that come through to us from the very beginning of our ancestry, and it seems to me quite logical that some of those genes can carry recollections. Some people are more susceptible to it than others, which means one's seen a hell of a lot of things, the genes have, and if they can pass it on to the brain, one could pick it up, and amalgamate a bit here and a bit there, and you'd have a story and a set of characters.

Q: Do you ever write from dreams, or base stories strongly on dreams?

Lee: I have done a couple things, one short story which I can't recall, strangely enough, but I know I did it, and it was based solely on a dream. What usually happens is that when I'm writing, I sometimes have dreams which are loosely related to what I'm writing. I will then incorporate perhaps one or a couple of those dreams in the book, as dreams, tailoring them to fit the way the characters work. I've done that on several occasions.

Q: Are you influenced by other writers, those you once took as models, for instance?

Lee: I'm influenced by everybody. I'm influenced by everything I see, everything I read, every rumor I pick up, every person I meet. They all influence me, and no one more than another. But of course I'm influenced, because I'm influenced by everything.

Q: When you were younger, did you ever have a writer who was sort of an idol, to be emulated?

Lee: Not to be emulated. Of course I'm quite sure that if you're madly in love with a particular writer you probably do pick up a few things. I would never set out to emulate somebody even if I admired them desperately, because we're all different, and they're doing something that is not what I'm doing. This doesn't stop me from being madly in love with them.

Q: What are you working on now?

Lee: There are some *Dr. Who* scripts that I've got to get to work on when I get back to England, and there's a probable film script in April which will be a



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fantasy film. The thing that I'm adoring is my current novel as usual, which is set in a parallel Renaissance Italy and is full of wonderful clothes, wonderful views, wonderful sword fights, and lots of blood and mayhem.

Q: And an element of wish-fulfillment?

Lee: Oh, yes. It's my wish-fulfillment too. I'd love to have been an agile sword fighter. I probably was sometime.

Q: In a previous incarnation?

Lee: Well how else?

Q: Do you have any serious occult beliefs?

Lee: No, not really. I have practiced a very minor form of witchcraft which is based on willpower, self-fulfillment, and self-desire, and positive thinking, and sometimes it's worked very well, and I think it's possible that we all have the ability to do it. It interests me, but I don't know an awful lot about it.

Q: It does seem to me that all of us are believers in the supernatural under the skin, and this may be the appeal of such fiction. Consciously we don't believe it, but unconsciously we do. We're all superstitious, whether we admit it or not.

Lee: You see, I believe in it consciously, because I think there are these powers around in ourselves, mainly, which are responsible for an awful lot of the weird things that happen to us and to other people. Certainly, I'm extremely superstitious. I would never walk under a ladder because I found that if I did walk under a ladder, something pretty horrible would happen. Now I believe that was me, because I had picked up the superstition and I was afraid it would happen, and I partly made it happen. I got myself into situations in which I was nervous, where they happened, or my will, which is quite strong, was influencing things and they turned out badly. Then I found out that if you walk under a ladder and cross your fingers and wish for something, it negates the ill luck and you have a very good chance of getting your wish to come true. In fact, the very first time I did it, I had just written to DAW books, and said, "Would you be interested in seeing a synopsis of my novel?" And

"I have practiced a minor form of witchcraft... based on willpower... and sometimes it's worked very well..."

they said, "Yes." Now I still believe that it was that wish under that ladder that did that.

Q: I had one experience where a witch offered to cast a spell for me. She said, "Anything you want." So I said, "Make my next story sell." So she did, and it almost did. The only problem was I was supposed to take a lavender-scented bath at midnight while burning a green candle, and I declined to do this. So, while the story was accepted, the anthology never came out, and I've had this curse ever since.

Lee: Those things that witches use, they're focusing agents. This is the primary importance to all those things that witches use that are accessories to witchcraft. They are means of focusing and they are means of proving to yourself that you are really doing that thing. Had you taken the lavender-scented bath -- Oh, how lovely -- while burning the green candle, however ridiculous you felt, and however ridiculous you smelled afterwards, you would have had it firmly fixed in your mind that you'd done it. That activates your will power. I guess the lady knew you wouldn't do it, so she was working for you. She may have sensed, because she'd have to be fairly sensitive if she's a witch, that you hadn't done it, and that would help negate her power. So you had the beneficial side working for you, but you negated it. I think you should duplicate those conditions sometime, and do it again, and see what happens.

Q: The manuscript was already in the mail, so how would my will power have mattered at all? It should have been the editor's that mattered.

Lee: Do you mean it was in the mail coming back to you or going out?

Q: It was going out.

Lee: But he hadn't seen it yet?

Q: I don't think he had.

Lee: That's exactly it. What you were doing in fact was you were extending your will power because you wanted him to publish it. I would imagine that if you were a really terrible writer and had written a really awful manuscript, it probably would not help, but assuming you have a good manuscript, one does need luck. One does need timing. It's very hard to guess at timing. So you're throwing a protective lasso around that work. You're putting a ring of light around it, saying, "I've done this thing. I have perpetrated these acts." They bolster it. So when he gets it, he feels that crackle of electricity, and it probably does influence him. Do you realize that all over this country people will now be taking lavender baths and burning green candles and we'll have a whole pile of stories being published.

Q: I suspect that the backfiring of this had wide-reaching consequences. The editor in question was Lin Carter and the anthology would have come after what turned out to be the last anthology in the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series. Ever after I've had this history of selling to people who go out of business.

Lee: You're going to be so popular. [Laughs] You have a lot to answer for. What can I say? That's terrifying.

Q: I hope I'm not the Typhoid Mary of publishing. Speaking of which, what do you have coming out in the near future?

Lee: The title of the book I'm working on now might alter, but at present it's called *Sung In the Shadow of Night*. That is the one about the alternate Renaissance Italy. But before that, there will be *Lycanthia*, which is a novel about werewolves, and it's set in France about 1913, highly romantic, highly gothic, great fun and rather nasty. Very nasty, actually. Then there will be *Delusion's Master*, which is the third in the Azharn series. I can sum that up in a very few words: Azharn in love, perhaps yet again but very intensely this time. The next one will be *The Silver Metal Lover*, and that can be summed up in its first sentence, which is, "Mother, I am in love with a robot."



WARREN'S Film News & Reviews

American Werewolf is "funny, shocking...
the best werewolf movie ever made."

...Bill Warren

For ten years, John Landis has been talking about filming *An American Werewolf in London*, a script he wrote even before he made *Schlock*, his first film, which was a spoofy comedy about a murderous (but lovable) apeman, played by Landis in a makeup/costume by Rick Baker.

Landis first came to a semblance of national prominence with *Kentucky Fried Movie*, but because the script was co-written with members of the Kentucky Fried Theatre troupe, who also starred, Landis' contribution was somewhat minimized. With *Animal House*, the same thing happened again: to some viewers, it was the National Lampoon writers who made that the biggest money-making comedy of all time. By the time of *The Blues Brothers*, people had begun to take notice -- mostly unfavorable -- of John Landis. Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi were accorded the few favorable comments that underrated film received.

But with *An American Werewolf in London*, a daring, confident film, it's going to be harder to overlook Landis as the creator of his movies. He wrote and directed the film; he had a hand in almost all aspects of production; and the film vividly reflects his own personality. It's intelligent, wise-ass, compassionate and romantic, often all in the same scene.

David (David Naughton) and Jack (Griffin Dunne), long-time friends, are young Americans hitchhiking through Europe. In a small town in the north of England, they are disturbed by the talk of some locals in a pub, and walk across the moors on a moonlit night. They are attacked by some devilish thing; Jack is torn to

shreds and killed, and David is wounded. While David is recuperating in a hospital and falling in love with his nurse Alex (Jenny Agutter), the very dead Jack turns up, very much the worse for wear, and informs the horrified and disbelieving David that he, David, is a werewolf. And that all his victims, plus the victims of the werewolf (now slain) that attacked them, including Jack, are doomed to walk the Earth as the Undead as long as David lives. David isn't convinced until the day after his first transformation.

The film follows poor David's doomed tale; Jack turns up twice more in advancing stages of decomposition, but is little help. The story is pretty much the same as those of most movie werewolves,

ending in an alley as David is gunned down by police.

Landis alters standard movie werewolf lore where it suits him; it doesn't take silver bullets to kill one, but they do only transform on the night of full moon. The business of the werewolf's victims wandering the Earth as rotting corpses, presumably visible only to each other and the werewolf is altogether new and a rich idea. Even if a werewolf enjoyed being gone -- which David does not -- it would be hard to get used to the idea of being followed around by those bodies.

Rick Baker's makeup work is outstanding. I understand that he is not altogether satisfied with the way Landis has chosen to showcase the transformation effects, but I think Landis made the right decision. The metamorphosis is brief, less than three minutes, and takes place in a brightly-lit room. David is naked during the change, which looks embarrassing and painful -- as it should. Since one of Landis' primary goals was to make a film that was both realistic and about werewolves, to have the scene take place in a moody setting, with atmospheric lighting and camera angles, would have violated the intended realism.



WRITER DIRECTOR John Landis gains stature with *American Werewolf*.

These transformation effects are basically similar to those in *The Howling* though far more elaborate. We see bones creakingly reshape themselves, hair shoot out of skin like spaghetti from a pasta die, and a muzzle thrust forth from David's sweating face. It's a *tour de force*, as was intended, but it's not the best thing about *An American Werewolf in London*.



EASY FAMILIARITY BETWEEN BUDDIES "blends humor and horror in a new way" as David (Griffin Dunne) and his decomposing but "Undead" friend Jack (David Naughton) discuss the fate of a werewolf's victims. (Universal)

That's the relationship between David and Jack. In all of Landis' previous films, most of the characters were figures of farce, broadly drawn and unrealistic. For the first time, he's handling very real people, and he's excellent at it. Years ago, after *Schlock*, I said that Landis seemed to be a better actor than director; I now take that back. His direction of *An American Werewolf* is strong and vivid, carefully modulated and exciting to watch. His control over the actors, the mood, the camera and the sound, is assured and confident. The warmth of the relationship between Jack and David seems very real; we care about them, even rotting Jack, because they care about each other. There's an easy familiarity between them, with shared jokes and little routines; although there is utterly nothing homosexual about their relationship, they clearly love each other. David's first thoughts on regaining consciousness are of Jack.

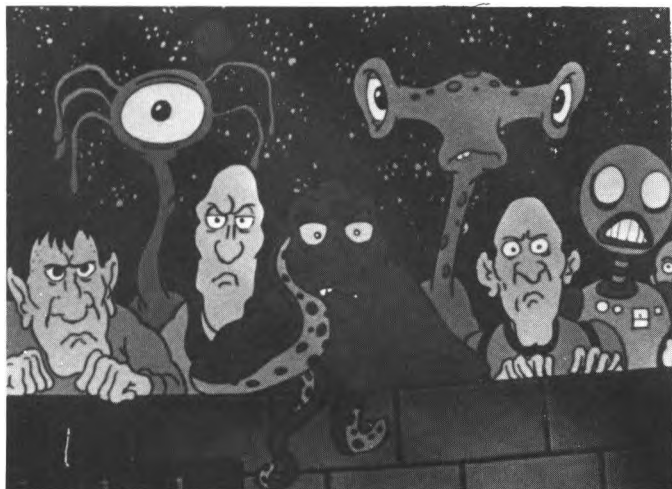
Landis manages to blend humor and horror in a new way, although the film isn't remotely a spoof. There have been many horror movies that used both horror and humor, as far back as James Whale and his unequalled *The Bride of Frankenstein*. But few other directors have managed to create scenes that were simultaneously horrifying and funny, without one element ending up overpowering the other. Landis does it here, repeatedly. He follows scenes of shocking horror -- the film is quite grisly -- with antic comedy, although the film is not actually a comedy itself. He even has one sequence in which the horror is there *because* of the humor, something I don't recall encountering before. After David's first night as a werewolf, in which he slaughters and eats six people, off-screen, he awakes unaware of what he has done. But he is full of vim and vigor, ready for sex and action. All that energy came from all that protein, a fact of which

the audience is queasily aware.

The acting is very good, especially David Naughton -- the kid in the vest in the Dr. Pepper singing commercials -- and Griffin Dunne. They are charming and convincing; we'll be seeing more of them. Jenny Agutter is less satisfactory as Alex, the nurse, but that's primarily because her role is under-developed.

The film has its faults. For one thing, it doesn't really have a story, as such. David doesn't really change through the course of the story, except that he starts it alive and ends it dead. If perhaps, as suggested by a friend, Alex had been brought out of a shell by David, made to accept responsibility for her love of him, and then was left alone by David's death, the film would have had a story to match its success in other areas. As it is, the movie is more of an incident than a story. This failing damages this film much less than it would lesser movies;

(Continued on next page)



AN ASSORTMENT of spectators observes Capt. Sternn's trial in segment of *Heavy Metal* "most impressive... in terms of animation and design," but the recurring *Loc-Naz* fails to link this "mixed bag." (Columbia)



THREATENED WIFE Martha (Maren Jensen) finds a bizarre painting of herself in the basement of her Hittite farmhouse as the "meandering and foolish plot" of *Deadly Blessing* pursues its "moronic" ending. (UA)

everything else is so fresh and intelligent that the lack of a story is almost beside the point.

A more crucial flaw is the sudden ending. It is far too abrupt, although Landis claims that we are reacting in shock to David's death, and that *that's* the effect he was after. But it's still too abrupt. We are meant to presume that Jack's wandering spirit has been laid to rest, but poor David is just dead meat on a pile of trash. And we cared about these guys. Does David even *have* a spirit? Did he go to heaven, or hell, or merely to eternal rest? Once the idea of an afterlife has been raised, not to show what happens to David after his death seems evasive. That's a shame, because the rest of the film is so damned good. We really should have had a scene in which David and Jack meet after David's death -- they did in an earlier draft of the script -- and maybe show them wandering off into eternity telling knock-knock jokes, as they did at the beginning. David's death cheats us of the end of the story of David and Jack.

Landis sought to make the film as realistic as possible, to depict our real world and then, surprise, the supernatural is real. As a result, the violence in the film, though seen in brief glimpses, is very graphic and realistic, too much so for many people. It's not gratuitous, but its powerful depiction is disturbing to some. I don't think I would have made the film this way myself, but I don't think Landis was wrong to do so.

This has been a pretty good year for fantastic films. *Excalibur* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark* alone would have made it so. But *An American Werewolf in London* makes the year something very special. This funny, shocking vision from John Landis is one of the most unusual films ever released by a Hollywood studio; and it is the best werewolf movie ever made.

LEAD IS A HEAVY METAL

Like the magazine for which it is named and from which it took some of its episodes, *Heavy Metal* is not only a mixed bag, it is definitely not for everyone. The violence in this film, including graphically (no pun there) depicted eviscerations and beheadings, disturbed me more than that in *An American Werewolf in London*, because I didn't understand the necessity for it. The live-action film is, after all, intensely realistic; *Heavy Metal* is an animated cartoon. And the guts-spilling seems gratuitous.

I must admit that I enjoyed some of *Heavy Metal* considerably more than I expected to. The "Harry Canyon" sequence, apparently not from the magazine, is an amusing if grim quasi-private eye story set in a decaying New York of the future (*Jaws* ? is playing). Harry is a taxi driver who gets into film noir-type scrapes with the cops and some crooks and a rotten (but sexy) young woman. Although the pacing is askew -- almost everything in *Heavy Metal* takes longer than it should -- the story has a nice bite and wit that make up for the

lethargy of the timing. The design in this sequence -- not credited in the inadequate press kit -- is among the best in the picture, and gives an indication of a fruitful direction the film could have pursued.

Also above average are "Captain Sternn," an underdeveloped but amusing tale from a comic book story by Bernie Wrightson, here working in an uncharacteristic cartoony style, very well captured by the animators. In terms of animation and design "Captain Sternn" is one of the most impressive sections of the movie.

As is "So Beautiful, So Deadly." This is a bad blending of two pointless stories, but the design and animation are good, and the voices are especially well done in this, which is about an inadvertent kidnapping by a giant spaceship.

Richard Corben is one of the best-liked comic book artists in the United States today. His muscular, fleshy and vividly colored warriors and busty women have appeared in many different magazines, including *Heavy Metal*. About 12 years ago, Corben himself produced an animated short called "Neverwhere," which is basically the same story as "Den," the Corben-derived segment of *Heavy Metal*. Corben's short film, amateurish as it was, was superior in almost every way to the poorly designed, ineptly directed and wretchedly animated portion of *Heavy Metal*. However, this script, not by Corben but by the film's writers, Dan Goldberg and Len Blum, is so good and the

voices so effective that despite the piss-poor work done by the animators and crew, the segment almost works. A nurdish kid finds himself transformed into a bald, muscular and well-hung warrior on a distant planet. It's an ultimate teenage male fantasy.

The other sequences are mostly short; "Austin Grimaldi" and "B-17," are only fair. The graphics in "B-17," about ghouls aboard a WW2 bomber, are reasonably good, but the story is very weak.

The climactic story is an interminable teenage girl fantasy (apparently to match the teenage boy fantasy, "Den") in which Taarna, a cold-eyed, mute but invincible female warrior vanquishes the forces of evil. It's a teenage girl fantasy in that the heroine is sexy, powerful, self-sacrificing, has a passionate affinity with an animal (a featherless bird she rides), and has no use at all for men, all of whom she more or less easily defeats.

The most peculiar and least successful aspect of the story of *Heavy Metal* is the recurring "Loc-Nar," a sphere the color of a go-light on a traffic signal. It seems to represent Evil or something, and not only narrates but turns up in all the stories. Sometimes it's forced into the story, other times it fits in better -- but at no point was it necessary, at no time does it add anything at all to the film. To give such an artificial linking device major play in a film that doesn't need such devices at all -- the magazine, after all, employs none -- causes an awkwardness.

The animation is occasionally good, but mostly either over-fussy or underdone. And there is an overwhelming use of rotoscoping -- directly copying the actions of a live actor. This makes the numerous bare breasts in the film bounce right, but it also helps to slow down the pacing. Animation pacing is always faster than that of live movies; to scrupulously copy the actions of actors makes the audience impatient with the film. Rotoscoping is a cheap way around imagination, and it *never* has been used satisfactorily. (Bakshi is once again doing a feature in rotoscoping.)

Eventually this fascination with naked women, sex and violence will come into more or better perspective. But the producer, Ivan Reitman, and director, Gerald Poterton, seem overly-fascinated with reproduction, blood and battle. They haven't made an adult

movie at all; for better or worse, *Heavy Metal* is totally adolescent.

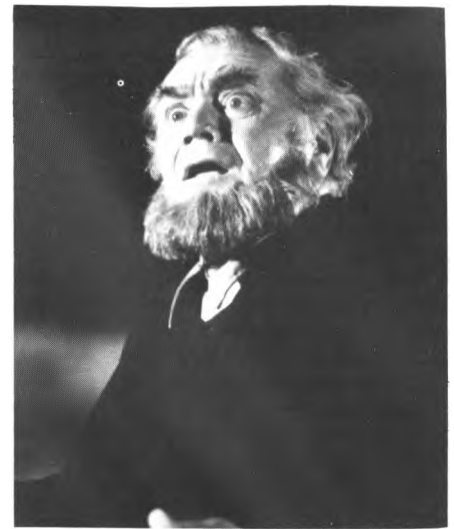
DOWN ON THE FARM

The killer-with-a-knife genre may be drying up. I won't miss it myself. The graphic gore and repetitive plots are eventually both distasteful and boring. There doesn't seem to be anything new to add to them, and so they are petering out in parody; the recently-released *Student Bodies* will be followed by *Thursday the 12th*, *Saturday the 14th*, and *Hysterical*. There are other straight films in the genres waiting to be released, but they are not likely to be inventive.

Wes Craven's *Deadly Blessing* is almost inventive enough to hide its true nature -- the advertising hid the fact that it was another killer-with-a-knife plot (no knives this time), and even blatantly stated a plot element not in the film at all, something about an old and deadly secret. The main variations are much less emphasis on gore, and the victims are mostly men. Wes Craven is good with sudden shock, and he does have a nice eye for visuals. But the threadbare, silly plot would have sunk a better director. (His previously notable films, in one sense of the term, were *The Last House on the Left* and *The Hills Have Eyes*.)

Deadly Blessing takes place on a farm somewhere in the mid-west (it was filmed in Texas), where Jim (Doug Barr) and Martha (Maren Jensen), wed a year, have settled in; he inherited the place. Jim's back-slid from a local, Amish-like sect called the Hittites, which are led by his stern father Isaiah (Ernest Borgnine), who has disowned Jim for marrying outside the faith and using farm machinery. It's clear early on that the Hittites are going to be made to seem responsible for the murders; unfortunately, this is so very clear that it's also clear they *can't* be responsible for the murders. They are a shining red herring, and the suggested connection between religious repression and violence is dodged. In as much as the only other characters in the film are Martha's neighbors Louisa (Lois Nettleton) and her daughter Faith (Lisa Hartman), who is given to painting bizarre impressions of Martha's farm, the field of suspects is very narrow.

When you realize very early in a film who the killer is, the main question then becomes why are the crimes being committed.



ERNEST BORGNINE as the Hittite patriarch gives a "dissappointingly hammy" performance.

In *Deadly Blessing*, this reason is obscure and even contradictory. Faith is apparently revealed as a man raised as a woman, who represents this, but as the part is (well-) played by a woman, this revelation is clouded. And there is something else, which I'll get to.

The photography by Robert Jessup is excellent, in a Wyeth-like painterly fashion. But it is altogether *too* good for the nature of the film, and keeps luring us into a contemplation of the pastoral beauty of the landscape, hardly conducive to mounting suspense.

The script, by Glenn M. Benest Matthew Barr and Craven, is menacing and foolish. Weirdo Hittite Michael Berryman is set up as a suspect in Jim's early death -- he's crushed by a tractor -- but Berryman is the next victim. If we were supposed to suspect him, then be surprised by his murder, this doesn't work because they are too close together, and because if a Hittite is the killer, it's not likely that a Hittite would also be a victim. And so the story, just like Craven's direction, points right back at Louisa and Faith.

After Jim's death, Martha's friends, improbably named Vicky (Susan Buckner) and Lana (Sharon Stone) come to visit her. Buckner, a capable actress who resembles Candice Bergen, is saddled with a foolish role. Vicky is a jogger, and meets Jim's repressed kid brother John (Jeff East); being a woman liberated in a manner that only men imagine, she immediately sets

(Continued on page 30.)

TIMESCAPE

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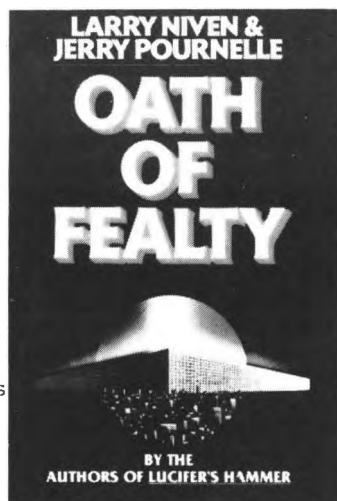
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Paperbacks

Cover Artists: *The Sigma Curve* by Carl Lundgren; *In the Hands of Glory* by Rowena Morrill.



TIMESCAPE/POCKET BOOKS NOVEMBER RELEASES

TIMESCAPE/POCKET BOOKS

Coming from Timescape Books in November is *The Sigma Curve* by William Barnwell (\$2.50), the concluding volume in his 'Blessing' trilogy. The first two, also published by Timescape/Pocket, were *The Blessing Papers* and *Imram*.

Another original this month is *In the Hands of Glory* by Phyllis Eisenstein (\$2.50), a science fiction planetary adventure novel about the descendants of a group of refugees who fled the collapse of the Interstellar Empire 200 years before. The heroine of the novel is a young patrol officer who is captured by rebels and falls in love with their leader.

A third original novel is *Resurrection Days* by Wilson Tucker (\$2.25), about a carpenter who is killed at a railroad crossing in 1943 and awakens in a matriarchal society of the future.

Also slated for November is *Fantasy Annual IV* edited by Terry Carr (\$3.50). The volume's contents are: "The Monkey" by Stephen King, "The Brave Little Toaster" by Thomas M. Disch, "The Attelborough Poltergeist" by Richard Cowper, "The Hot and Cold Running Waterfall" by Stephen Tall, "Unicorn Tapestry" by Suzy McKee Charnas, "Strata" by Edward Bryant, "The Confession of Hamo" by Mary C. Pangborn, "Feesters in the Lake" by Bob Leman, "Don't Look Back" by Pat Murphy, and "Letters to the Postman" by Robert Aickman.

A reissue this month is *The Best of Harry Harrison*, at \$2.95. All of the above releases will appear under the Timescape logo.

Under the Pocket Books imprint, watch for the first paperback edition of *The Vampire Tapestry* by Suzy McKee Charnas (\$2.75), published in hardcover by Simon & Schuster.

BERKLEY/JOVE BOOKS

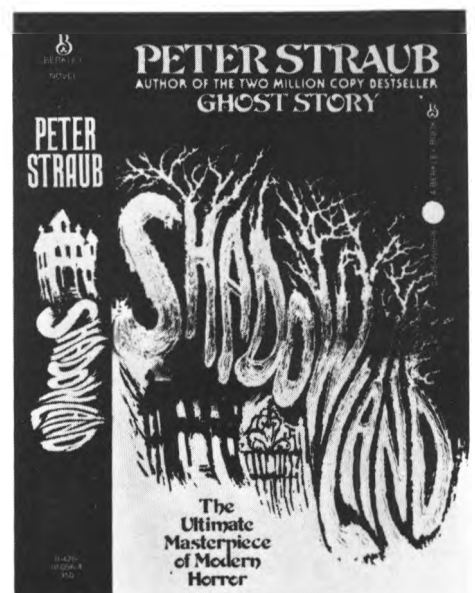
Out in November from Berkley Books is the long-awaited first paperback edition of *Shadowland* by Peter Straub (\$3.50), published in hardcover last year by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan and nominated for a World Fantasy Award. The book will have two cover variations in silver and black.

A new story collection by Charles L. Grant is *A Glow of Candles and Other Stories* (\$2.25), containing 12 stories that either won awards or were nominated. They are: "A Crowd of Shadows," "Hear Me Now, My Sweet Abbey Rose," "The Three of Tens," "Temperature Days on Hawthorne Street," "Come Dance With Me on My Pony's Grave," "The Dark of Legends, The Light of Lies," "Caesar, Now Be Still," "White Wolf Calling," "The Rest is Silence," "When All the Children Call My Name," "Secrets of the Heart," and "A Glow of Candles, A Unicorn's Eye."

A reprint for November is *The Word for World is Forest* by Ursula K. Le Guin, at \$2.25.

A mainstream release is *The Visitor* by Jere Cunningham (\$2.95), an occult horror novel originally published in hardcover by St. Martin's Press.

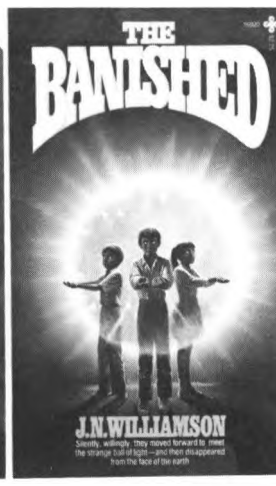
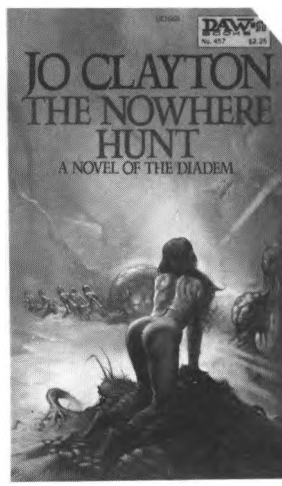
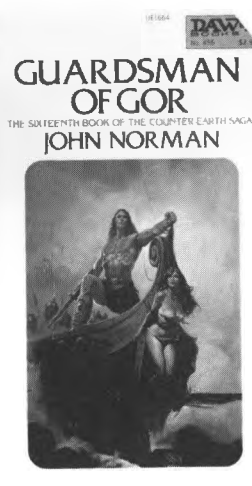
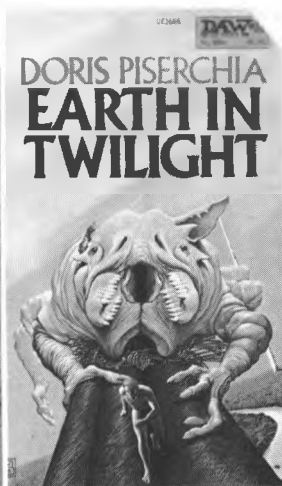
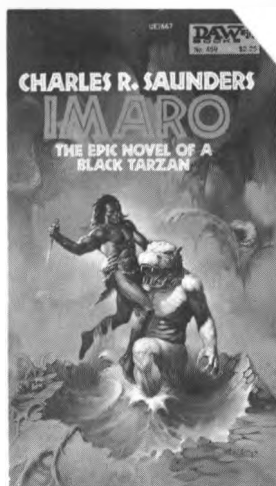
Slated for November release from Jove Books are a series of four "No-Frills" books designed to resemble the popular "Generic" grocery products. All are uniformly priced at \$1.50 (reduced from \$1.75) and cover the following genre categories: Mystery, Romance, Western, and Science Fiction. The
(Continued on next page)



BERKLEY BOOKS

Paperbacks CONTINUED

Cover Artists: *Imaro* and *The Nowhere Hunt* by Ken Kelly.



DAW BOOKS

PLAYBOY

books do not contain titles or authors. Under the SF heading, in black on a white background, the copy reads: "Complete With Everything: Aliens, Galaxies, Space Cadets, Robots, Time Travel, One Plucky Girl." They should be good for a laugh, at any rate.

DAW BOOKS

Leading off DAW releases for November is the latest Gor epic by John Norman (#16 in the series), *Guardisman of Gor*, priced at \$2.95. Continuing another popular series is Jo Clayton's latest Novel of the Diadem, *The Nowhere Hunt*, at \$2.25.

Earth in Twilight by Doris Piserchia (\$2.25) is an original SF novel about an astronaut who returns to a long-abandoned Earth that is now supposedly a wasteland. What he finds is a teeming jungle populated with strange beasts left over from mankind's experiments in genetics.

Also scheduled is *Imaro* by Charles R. Saunders (\$2.25), his first novel: a heroic fantasy novel starring a black hero in an authentic Africa. Although billed as a "Black Tarzan," Imaro bears more similarities to Conan.

The reissue this month is *Interstellar Empire* by John Brunner, at \$2.50.

PLAYBOY PAPERBACKS

Due out from Playboy Paperbacks this month (as noted briefly last issue) is volume two of *Galaxy: 30 Years of Innovative SF* edited by Frederik Pohl, Martin H. Greenberg and Joseph D. Olander, at \$2.50. The volume contains the balance of the contents from the Playboy Press hardcover edition published last year.

An original novel of the occult for November is *The Banished* by J. N. Williamson (\$2.75), set in 1984 and centered around a group of children at the Clemora House of Friends on mysterious Venus Hill in Indianapolis.

SIGNET

A paperback original this month is *The Death of A Legend* by Robert Adams (\$2.50), the eighth volume in his Horseclans saga set in a heroic fantasy future Earth.

Another paperback original is *Premature* by Mary L. Hanner (\$2.75), a medical thriller about a woman whose baby is born dead. However, she soon begins to believe her baby is alive and being used for strange purposes.

ACE BOOKS

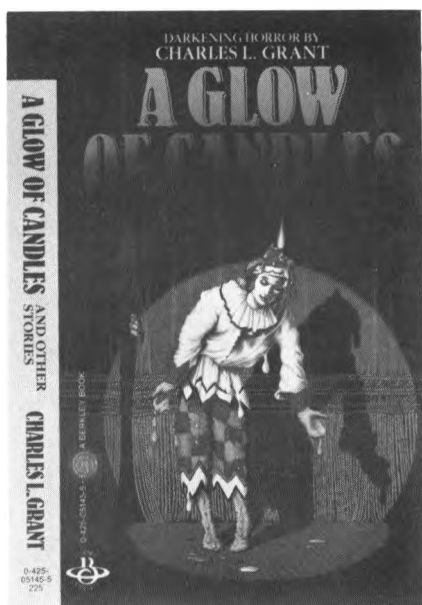
New from Ace Books in November are *Satori* by Dennis Schmidt (\$2.50) and *Bard* by Keith Taylor (\$2.50). The Schmidt novel is the third in his 'Way of the Sword' science fiction series, preceded by *Way-Farer* and *Kensho*. *Bard* appears to a collection of Taylor's Felimid the Bard stories, a series of heroic fantasy novelettes originally published in *Fantastic* in 1976-77 under his Dennis More pseudonym.

Making their first paperback appearances are *Galactic Effectuator* by Jack Vance (\$2.25) and *The Best from Fantasy & Science Fiction* edited by Edward L. Ferman (\$2.50). The Vance title was published in hardcover by Underwood/Miller last year while the Ferman anthology was a Doubleday release in 1980.

Reprints and reissues this month include *If the Stars are Gods* by Gregory Benford and Gordon Eklund (\$2.25), *Time of the Fourth Horseman* by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (\$2.25), *The Night Face* by Poul Anderson (\$1.95), *The Witches of Karres* by James Schmitz (\$2.75), and *Sargasso of Space* by Andre Norton (\$1.95).

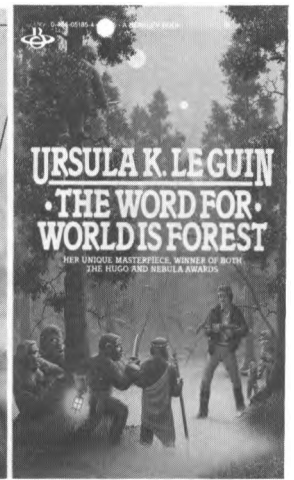
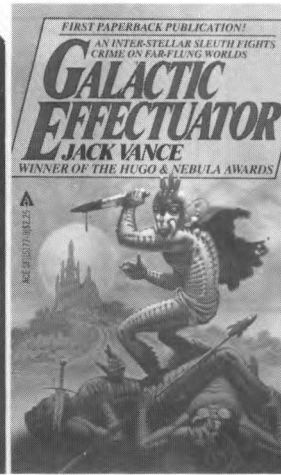
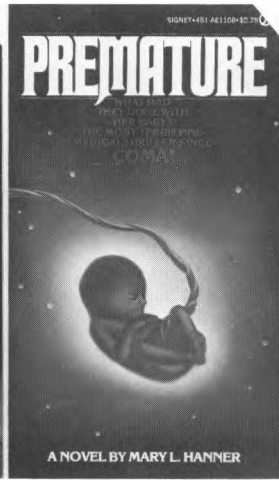
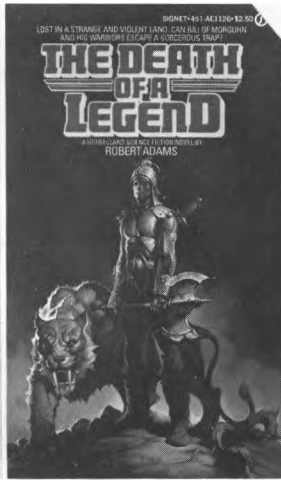
TOWER

New from Tower Books in November is *The Eternity Stone* by Aden



BERKLEY BOOKS Artist: Jill Bauman

Cover Artists: *Galactic Effectuator* by David Mattingly; *The Word for World Is Forest* by Roger Courtney.



BOOKS

Foster Romine and *Mary Cox Romine*, at \$2.50. The novel is billed as sword and sorcery in the far future and concerns a warrior outcast's quest for the Chalice of Time and the Eternity Stone.

WM. B. EERDMANS

Two recent paperback releases from Wm. B. Eerdmans Pub. Co. are reprints of *Phantastes* and *Lilith* by George MacDonald. Both volumes contain introductions by C. S. Lewis and feature unusually nice cover illustrations by Jim Lamb. Each is priced at \$3.95.

TOR BOOKS

Out from Tor Books in September (as noted in FN #40) are *The Cache* by Philip Jose Farmer and *Fantasy* by Poul Anderson, at \$2.50 each. The Farmer volume reprints *Cache From Outer Space* (Ace, 1962) under a new title, "The Long War-path," and also includes two short stories (both reprints), "Rastignac the Devil" and "They Twinkled Like Jewels." *Fantasy* is a collection of 14 essays and stories, most reprinted from a variety of sources. Included are two new essays by Anderson and Sandra Miesel.

AVON BOOKS

An Avon original novel for November is *The Hot Car* by Lou Cameron (\$2.25), an SF novel about a stolen radioactive isotope that is implanted in a car. It appears to be a detective/chase novel with science fiction overtones.

Yet another original, billed as a suspense novel but with SF

SIGNET BOOKS

elements thrown in, is *The Shiloh Project* by David C. Poyer (\$2.50). Based on the premise that the South won the Civil War, oppressed blacks in a contemporary Southern town plot to overthrow the police state using a deadly new weapon.

A reprint this month is *Titan's Daughter* by James Blish (\$1.95).

BANTAM BOOKS

On Deck from Bantam Books in November is *When Trouble Beckons* by Mike McQuay, the second novel in his Mathew Swain series about a private eye of the future. The first was *Hot Time in Old Town*, published in September, while the third will be *The Deadliest Show in Town* next February.

A new story collection is *A Life in the Day of...And Other Short Stories* by Frank M. Robinson.

October releases I was unable to cover last month include two original novels, *The Janus Syndrome* by Steven E. McDonald and *Slow Fall to Dawn* by Stephen Leigh. The former is billed as a contemporary space opera (?) and concerns the misadventures of a "brash, hip, unruly hero." *Slow Fall to Dawn* is Leigh's first novel, set on the feudal world of Neweden. The plot centers around a guild of assassins known as the Hoorka--professional assassins who subscribe to a strict code of neutrality.

DEL REY BOOKS

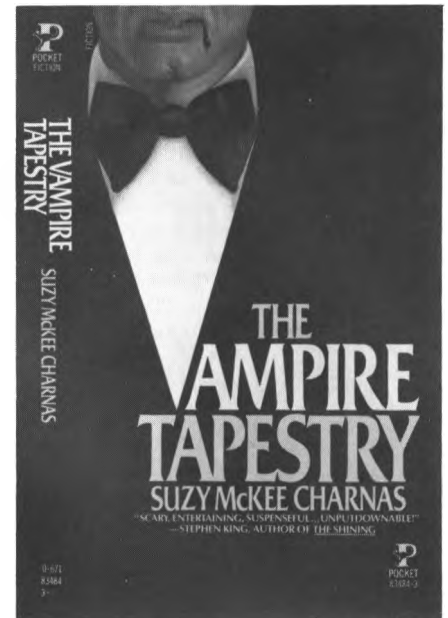
Coming from Del Rey Books in November is the final volume in Katherine Kurtz's 'Camber of Culdi' trilogy, *Camber the Heretic* (\$2.95). As most Kurtz fans know, the volume

ACE BOOKS

is also the sixth in her Deryni series, which consists of two fantasy trilogies.

Making their first U.S. paperback appearances are *The Ice is Coming* by Patricia Wrightson (\$2.25, first published in Australia) and *Red Shift* by Alan Garner (\$1.95, first published in Britain in 1973).

Reprints and reissues this month include: *Police Your Planet* by Lester del Rey (\$2.25), *The Broken Sword* by Poul Anderson (\$2.50), *Iceworld* by Hal Clement (\$2.25), *Camber of Culdi* by Katherine Kurtz (\$2.50), and *Saint Camber* by Katherine Kurtz (\$2.75).



POCKET BOOKS

Trade Books

HOLT, RINEHART & WINSTON

A late August release from Holt, Rinehart & Winston is *Sci Fi* by William Marshall, priced at \$10.95. The novel is a humorous suspense novel and the sixth of Marshall's "Yellowthread Street" mysteries (the first five are definitely in the mystery-suspense genre, as opposed to SF). The story begins with the annual "All-Asia Science Fiction and Horror Movie Festival," in Hong Kong. The action concerns a Spaceman who lifts his ray gun and vaporizes a plywood flying saucer, then goes on to leave a trail of charred bodies.

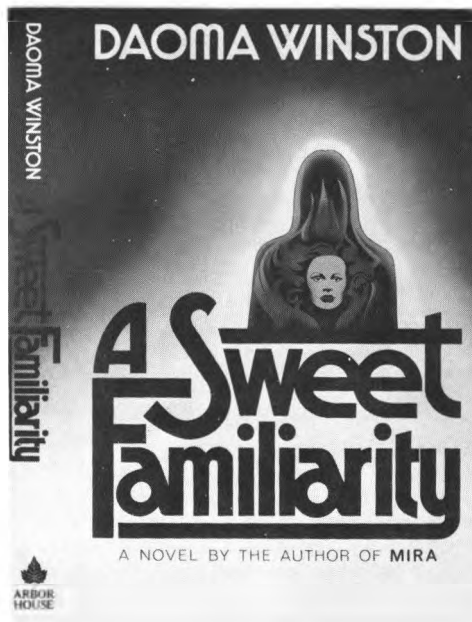
A late September release, previewed in FN #40, is *The Wine of Violence* by James Morrow, an SF novel with fantasy overtones. It is set in the future on another planet that contains two societies. One is the non-technological, utopian city of Quetzalia, patterned after ancient tribal Mexico. It is separated by a liquid river of hate from a race of savage wanderers known as the "brain eaters." The volume is priced at \$13.95. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 521 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10175.

ARBOR HOUSE

An early October release that has appeared from Arbor House (as noted in FN #40) is *A Sweet Familiarity* by Daoma Winston, priced at \$11.95. Billed as a novel of occult vengeance and reincarnation, the story concerns a young man who returns home ten years after an accident that killed the woman he loved. He falls in love with another woman who gradually begins taking on the appearance of his lost love...with dire results. Arbor House Pub. Co., 235 East 45th St., New York, NY 10017.

TIMESCAPE BOOKS

Due out from Simon & Schuster in November under the Timescape Books imprint is *The War Hound and the World's Pain* ("a fable") by Michael Moorcock. Price is \$12.95. Simon & Schuster, 1230 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020.



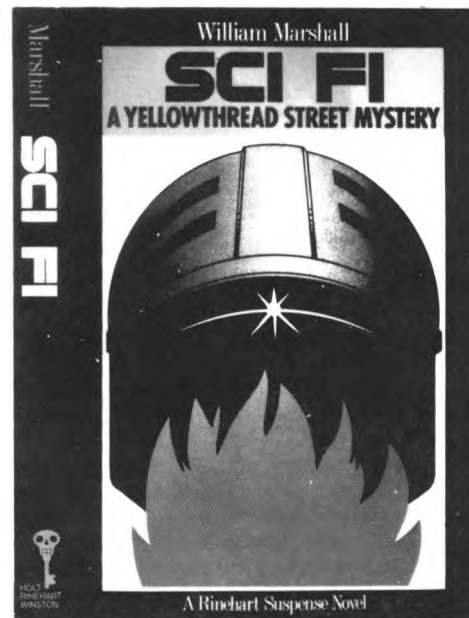
ARBOR HOUSE

ACE BOOKS

Due out from Ace Books in November as a trade paperback original is *Madwand* by Roger Zelazny, the sequel to his earlier *Change-ling* (an Ace trade paperback original in June, 1980). In this second novel, Pol Detson has grown from a mere changeling into a sorcerer, but as an untrained "Madwand" must undergo an initiation into the rites of sorcery. The illustrated trade paperback is priced at \$6.95. A limited hardcover edition of the novel was published in late June by Phantasia Press (see FN #38, #40). Ace Books, 51 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10010.

BALLANTINE BOOKS

Slated for November release from Ballantine Books is the long-awaited *The Art of Leo and Diane Dillon* edited by Byron Preiss. (See FN #30 for the original announcement of this title a year ago.) The 96-page volume includes some 90 illustrations by the Dillons, 48 of them in full color, along with commentary by the artists and in introduction by Harlan Ellison. It will be available in trade paperback at \$14.95 and in hardcover at \$30. Ballantine Books, 201 East 50th St., New York, NY 10022.



HOLT, RINEHART, WINSTON

DOUBLEDAY & CO.

A November release from Doubleday & Company is *Ozymandias* by Thomas F. Monteleone, the sequel to his earlier novel, *Guardian*, published by Doubleday last year. *Ozymandias* is the only computer left, hidden in a secret citadel on a far future world destroyed by constant warring.

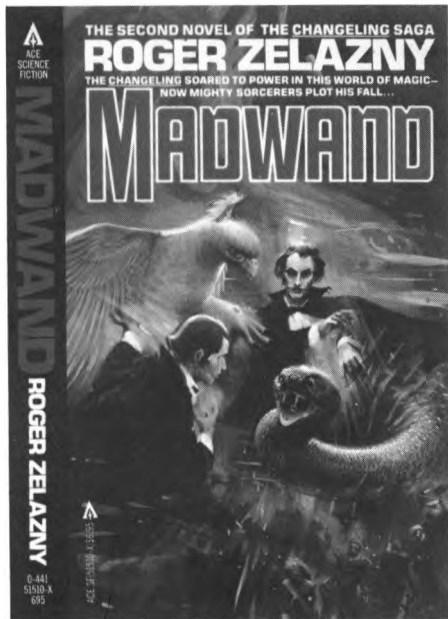
Also on tap for November is *More Wandering Stars* edited by Jack Dann, his second anthology of Jewish science fiction and fantasy (a sequel, of sorts, to *Wandering Stars*).

A mainstream release of interest is *The Shadow: Jade Dragon & House of Ghosts* by Walter Gibson, reprinting two classic Shadow stories in celebration of The Shadow's 50th anniversary. All three of the above titles are priced at \$10.95 each.

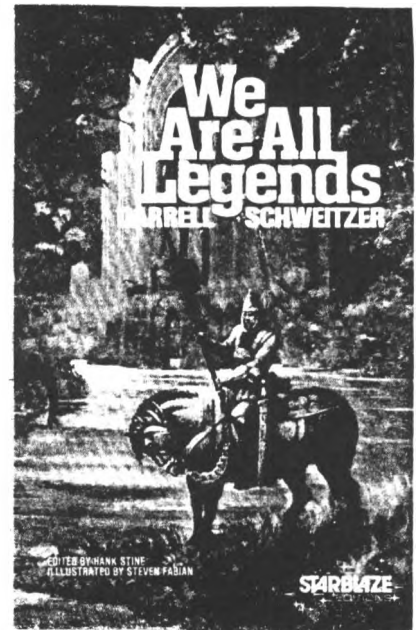
A nonfiction title for November is *The Sun Shines Bright* by Isaac Asimov, exploring the wonders of our sun and several nearby stars, as well as a history of man's perceptions of them over the centuries. Price is \$13.95.

In FN #41, I listed what I thought were the contents to Stuart David Schiff's newest anthology, *Whispers III* (an August release), based upon a list provided to me by Stuart. Unfortunately, the contents listing he sent me was to

Cover Artists: *We Are All Legends* by Stephen Fabian;
The Moon's Fire-Eating Daughter by Thomas Canty.



Artist: John Berkey.



ACE BOOKS

DONNING/STARBLAZE

a forthcoming anthology, *Death*, to be published by Playboy Paperbacks next July. Following is a true list of the contents to *Whisper III*: "The Dead Line" by Dennis Etchison, "Heading Home" by Ramsey Campbell, "King Crocodile" by David Drake, "The Door Below" by Hugh B. Cave, "Point of Departure" by Phyllis Eisenstein, "Firstborn" by David Compton, "The Horses of Lir" by Roger Zelazny, "Woodland Burial" by Frank Belknap Long, "The River of Night's Dreaming" by Karl Edward Wagner, "Who Nose What Evil" by Charles E. Fritch, "Comb My Hair, Please Comb My Hair" by Jean Darling, "A Fly One" by Steve Sneyd, "The Button Molder" by Fritz Leiber, and "The Final Quest" by William F. Nolan. Also included in the \$9.95 volume are illustrations by Stephen Fabian, Lee Brown Coye, John Stewart, and Vincent Napoli. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, NY 11530.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

Coming from Houghton Mifflin in November is a new collection of stories by Kate Wilhelm entitled *Listen, Listen*, priced at \$13.95. Included are two new novellas, "The Winter Beach" and "With Thimbles, With Forks, and Hope" (the latter is also scheduled for the November 24th issue of *Asimov's SF Magazine*).

Also included are two reprinted novellas, "Moongate" and "Julian." In addition to the four novellas, the volume will contain her Guest of Honor speech from the 1980 World SF Convention, "The Uncertain Edge of Reality."

Another November title of interest here is *All But Impossible* edited by Edward D. Hoch, a collection of 20 locked room and impossible crime stories. Price is \$11.95. Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park St., Boston, MA 02107.

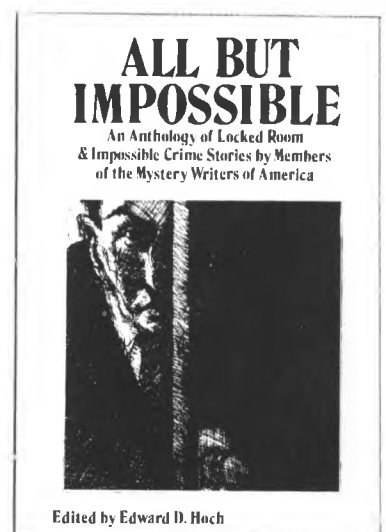
DONNING/STARBLAZE

Two new releases from Donning Company's Starblaze line: *We Are All Legends* by Darrell Schweitzer, an epic story collection geared to the swords and sorcery market; and *The Moon's Fire-Eating Daughter* by John Meyers Meyers, a classic fantasy, and a sequel to his popular 1940 novel, *Silverlock*. Both are trade paperbacks, priced at \$4.95.

(Continued on page 31.)



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN



Specialty & Fan Press

ARKHAM HOUSE

Due out in early October from Arkham House is *Tales from the Nightside* by Charles L. Grant, a collection of 15 stories that includes seven new ones. Five of the stories are from his Oxrun Station series and four are tales from Hawthorne Street. The new stories are: "Coin of the Realm," "Old Friends," "Home," "A Night of Dark Intent," "The Gentle Passing of A Hand," "Something There Is," and "Digging." Reprints are: "Come Dance With Me on My Pony's Grave," "If Damon Comes," "When All the Children Call My Name," "The Three of Tens," "Needlesong," "From All the Fields of Hail and Fire," "The Key to English," and "White Wolf Calling."

Also included in the volume is an introduction by *Stephen King* and eight very nice interior illustrations by *Andrew Smith*. The dust jacket illustration for the book is by *Michael Whelan*. Price is \$11.95. Arkham House, Sauk City, WI 53583.

THOMAS CANTY

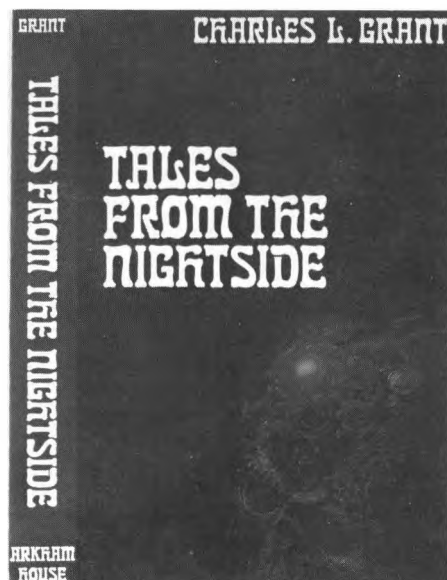
Sunrise Publications has re-leased a very attractive 5" by 7" note card reproducing *Thomas Canty's* "Lady Ice" illustration in full color. (See FN #19 for details about "Lady Ice.") I have no price on these, but information is available from Sunrise Publications Inc., Bloomington, IN 47402.

REAL MUSGRAVE

FN readers who have enjoyed *Real Musgrave's* covers for this magazine (FN #30, #37) will be delighted to know that Others & Others has released a series of 36 note cards reproducing his work in full color. Included is his cover illustration to FN #37. I, again, do not have prices on these, but information and color promotional sheets are available from Others & Others, P. O. Box 9092, San Diego, CA 92109.

POTTERSFIELD PRESS

Just out from Pottersfield Press in Canada is *Visions from the Edge* edited by *John Bell* and *Lesley Choyce*. The volume is an



ARKHAM

anthology of 20 stories by Canadian writers selected from magazines and collections published between 1880 and 1980. Included are: "The Porter of Bagdad" by *Archibald MacMechan*, "The Swamp Monster" by *James DeMille*, "Hairbreadth Escapes of Major Mendax" by *Francis Blake Crofton*, "The Stone Dog" by *Charles G. D. Roberts*, "The End of the World" by *Simon Newcomb*, "After the Cataclysm" by *H. Percy Blanchard*, "The Dancer in the Crystal" by *Francis Flagg*, "The Living Galaxy" by *Laurence Manning*, "House Party at Smoky Island" by *L. M. Montgomery*, "The Amulet" by *T. H. Raddall*, "The Ghost of Reddeman Lane" by *Desmond Pacey*, "About Time to Go South" by *Douglas Angus*, "Remembrance Day, 2010" by *Hugh MacLennan*, "For Sale, Reasonable" by *Elizabeth Mann Borgese*, "Owe, Canada" by *Andrew Wetmore*, "Letter from America" by *H. R. Percy*, "Space Greens" by *Jean Marie Chard*, "It's a Sunny Day" by *Spider Robinson*, "The Sow's Ear" by *Harold Walters*, and "The Curio Shop" by *William Kotzwinkle*.

The 215-page volume is illustrated by *Rand Caynor* and is available in hardcover at \$14.95 and in trade paperback at \$7.95. Pottersfield Press, R. R. 2, Porters Lake, N.S., Canada B0J 2S0.

THE BEST TALES OF TERROR EDITED BY
OF ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN HUGH LAMB

THE BEST TALES OF TERROR OF



ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN
EDITED BY HUGH LAMB

MILLINGTON

AMRA

Just out from *Asimov's SF Magazine* editor George Scithers is the 70th issue of *Amra*, in a format identical to its previous one, but now typeset and twice the size (40 pages). Featured in the issue are the following articles: "Conan the Chronicled" by *Poul Anderson*, a movie review of *Excalibur* by *Darrell Schweitzer*, "Pseudohistory" by *L. Sprague de Camp*, "Incident Beyond the Zarkheba" by *John Boardman*, "Conan of the Movies" by *L. Sprague de Camp*, and "Whither Goest, Cimmerian?" by *Gordon W. Cavalier*. Also included are two short stories, "The Blacksmith" by *Raul Garcia Capella* and "Seven Threads" by *John Boardman*, along with loads of artwork by *Roy G. Krenkel*, *George Barr* and *Chuck Carter*.

Amra is the allegedly-official publication of The Hyborian Legion and is undoubtedly one of the oldest fanzines around (celebrating its 25th anniversary). It's also the best one around! \$2 per copy or \$9 for five issues. P. O. Box 8243, Philadelphia, PA 19101-8243. (Yes, nine-digit zips have arrived although they're not yet mandatory. Nevertheless, we will include them here as they become available.)

MILLINGTON

A collection of macabre tales by the popular 19th century col-
laborators, Emile Erckmann and Al-
exandre Chatrian, is now out from
Millington (an imprint of Davison
Publishing Ltd., 109 Southampton
Row, London WC1 4HH). Edited by
Hugh Lamb, the collection provides
the first modern texts of such sto-
ries as "The Crab Spider," "The
Man Wolf" and "The Wild Huntsman."
The jacket design by Peter Ballard
incorporates detail from "Tam O'
Shanter" by Thomas Stothard. The
price is £7.50.

PANDORA

Featured in *Pandora* #8 are the
following new stories: "The Prin-
cess, the Fencing Master, and the
Unicorn" by *Jim Aikin*, "The Pain-
less Dream Detective" by *Tim Coats*,
"This is No Reflection On You" by
D. M. Rowles, "Loom Shadow" by *S.
A. Smith*, "Brother Computer, What
Say Ye of Salvation?" by *Ralph
Roberts*, and "Just Around the Cor-
ner" by *Frank Ward*. Also included
in the issue are a number of poems
and artwork by *Vance Kirkland*,
Phil Normand, *David Sandoval*, *Val
Jaeger*, *Gabriella Nissen*, *Sandy
Sampson*, and *Barbara Armata*.

The 68-page, digest size issue
sports a full color cover and is
single copy priced at \$2.50. Sub-
scriptions are 4 issues for \$6.
Editor Lois Wickstrom has a new
address: 3721 Barcelona St.,
Tampa, FL 33609.

OWLFIGHT

Millea Kenin recently published
her second issue of *Owlflight*, a
thick, 92-page, perfect bound maga-
zine that features loads of poetry
and artwork, plus the following
stories: "Wilbur's Out Again" by
Gene O'Neill, "Pay the Piper" by
Jean Lorrain, "Music of Note" by
Ralph Roberts, "Early Warning" by
Steve Rasnic Tem, "Facelift" by *M.
David Johnson*, "Waste Not" by *Bill
Woffington*, "My Tongue is the Pen
of the Reddy Riter" by *Gene Michael
Higney*, "Once Upon A Lily Pad" by
Shari Prange, "The Evil Inn" by
Jessica Amanda Salmonson, "Megacy-
cles" by *Jon de Cles*, "The Bridge"
by *Jan Smyth*, "Have Another Glass"
by *Bruce Boston*, "Game Zone" by
David B. Silva, "The Spectacle in
Parker's Wood" by *R. F. Boberg*,
"Only A State of Mind" by *C. Bruce
Hunter*, "Purification Process" by
Timothy Finn, "The Reacher" by
Gerard Houarner, "The Silver Path-
way" by *Sharon Lee*, and "Altera-
tions" by *David Prill*.

Single copies of *Owlflight* #2
are priced at \$3 and subscriptions
are \$10 for four issues. Millea
Kenin, 1025 55th St., Oakland, CA
94608.

EVENT HORIZON

Event Horizon is a relatively
new quarterly magazine of science
fiction, somewhat similar in over-
all appearance to *Starship*, but
devoted principally to fiction.
Included in the third issue are
the following stories: "Transil-
ience" by *Jeff Grimshaw*, "Awaiting
the Matrix" by *Stephen Dorato*,
"Losing the Lobster" by *Jeff Grim-
shaw*, "The Mitty Effect" by *Gene
O'Neill*, "The Rift" by *David
D'Amico*, "Out of Touch" by *Dan
Willens*, and "...Right After This
Commercial" by *James Glenn*. In
addition to poetry, the issue
features an adaptation of a speech
("Fools and Madmen") by *Isaac Asi-
mov*, an interview with *A. E. van
Vogt* by *Jeffrey Elliot*, and a forum
on "The Spectre of War" by *Elliot*
that includes comments by *Brian
Aldiss*, *Stephen Goldin*, *Pamela*

Sargent, and *Robert Anton Wilson*.
The 48-page issue sports a two-
color cover (unfortunately unre-
producible here) by *George "Speed"
Webber* and is single copy priced
at \$1.50 plus 75¢ postage. Garrett
Oliver, 110-20 197th St., Hollis,
NY 11412.

PAPERBACK QUARTERLY

Paperback Quarterly is a
digest size quarterly devoted to
paperbacks in general that fre-
quently features articles of inter-
est to fantasy and SF collectors.
Featured in the latest issue (#13,
Spring) are interviews with *John D.
MacDonald* and *Robert Bloch*, along
with bibliographies of their works,
an article on dust-jacketed paper-
backs, "Ian Fleming: Alias James
Bond" by *Billy C. Lee*, and an arti-
cle on artist *James Steranko*, in
addition to other shorter articles.
As always, the 60-page issue is
profusely illustrated with cover
reproductions to some very scarce
paperbacks. Single copies are
priced at \$2.95 and subscriptions
are \$10 for 4 issues. 1710 Vincent
St., Brownwood, TX 76801.

Magazines

ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE

Upcoming in the October 26th
issue of *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine*
are the following new stories:
"The Artistic Touch" by *Ian Watson*,
"Parallel Pasts" by *Martin Gardner*,
"I Ain't Too Dumb to Care" by *Jon
P. Ogden*, "The Anatomy Lesson" by
Scott Sanders, "Intersections" by
John M. Ford, "The North Wind" by
James Gunn, "Improbable Bestiary:
The Missing Link" by *F. Gwynplaine
MacIntyre*, "Our Man in Vulnerable"
by *Sharon Webb*, "Backup System" by
F. M. Busby, and "The Dark Side of
Mallworld" by *Somtow Sucharitkul*.
Features include "Adventures in
Unhistory: The Theft of the Mul-
berry Tree" by *Avram Davidson* and
"On Coincidences in Nature" by
Bernard Carr and *Tony Rothman*, in
addition to the usual features.
The cover is by *Larry Noble* for
"The Artistic Touch."

On tap for the November 23rd
issue are: "With Thimbles, With
Forks and Hope" by *Kate Wilhelm*,
"Luke Warm at Forty Below" by *Mar-
tin Gardner*, "Waiting for the Morn-
ing Bird" by *John M. Ford*, "Without
(General) Issue" by *Reg Bretnor*,
"The Dark Light Girl" by *Alan Dean*

Foster, "Mud/Aurora" by *D. D. Storm*,
"The Loom of Thessaly" by *David
Brin*, and "Improbably Bestiary:
The Martian" by *F. Gwynplaine Mac-
Intyre*. The cover is by *Wayne D.
Barlowe* for "Loom of Thessaly."

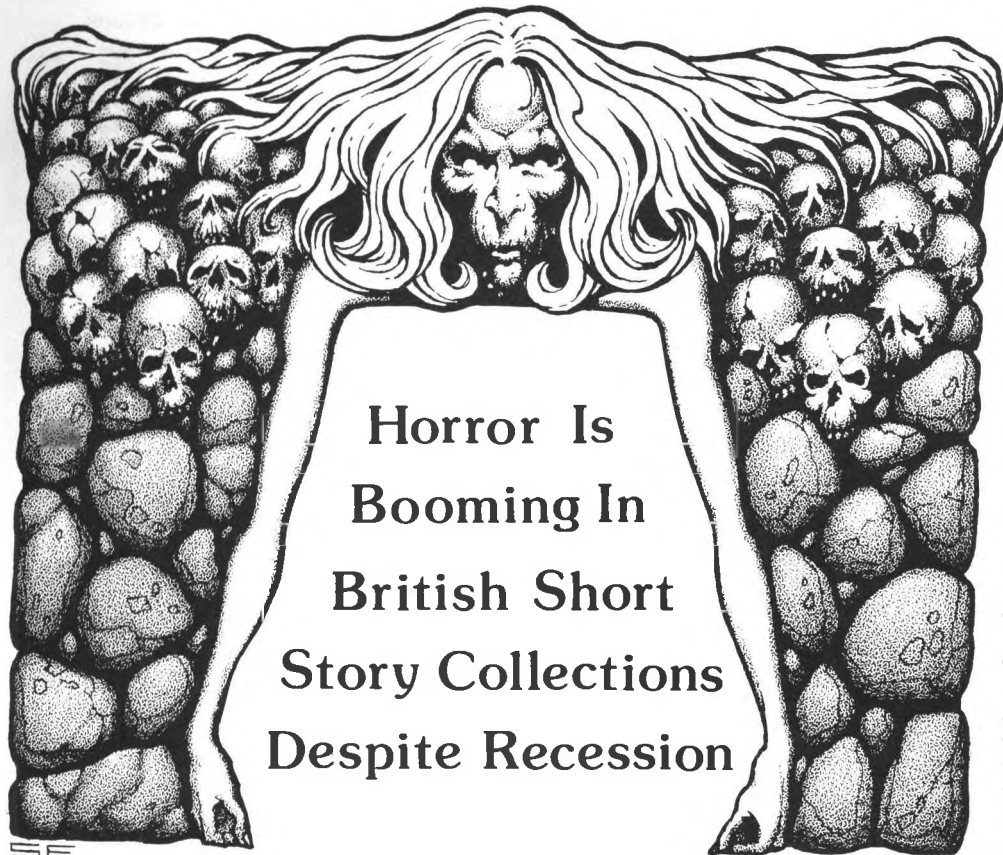
ANALOG

Scheduled for the November 9th
issue of *Analog* is part 3 of the
4-part serial *Dragonstar* by *David
Bischoff* and *Thomas F. Monteleone*,
a novella, "Petals of Rose" by
Marc Stiegler, and a novelette,
"Job Inaction" by *Timothy Zahn*.
Short Stories are: "Tremors" by
L. A. Taylor, "A Second Chance" by
Al Charnatz, and "The Guilt Game"
by *Eric Vinicoff*. The science fact
article is "Rubber Sheet Physics"
by *Tim Poston* and *Ian Stewart* and,
along with the usual departments,
the issue will contain a guest
editorial by *John G. Cramer*, book
reviews by *Spider Robinson*, and
"The Alternate View" by *G. Harry
Stine*. The cover is by *Wayne Bar-
lowe* for "Petals of Rose."

MAGAZINE OF F & SF

Slated for the November issue
of the *Magazine of F&SF* are two
novelettes: "The Man Who Saw the
Thousand-Year Reich" by *John Brun-
ner* and "Talisman" by *Larry Niven*

(Continued on page 32.)



Horror Is Booming In British Short Story Collections Despite Recession

When publishers pull in their belts, as in the present recession, one of the first things to suffer is the short story--in anthologies, collections and magazines. Publishers retrench to the safety of the novel, the TV/film tie-in, or mass trivia (such as books of lists or graffiti or how-to-master-Rubik's-cube and so on). If you contact publishers most of them will only too quickly confirm this fact - the short story is definitely a no-no area.

It's good to be able to report, therefore, that the short story is very much alive and kicking and that publishers obviously aren't aware of what they're producing. There seem to be more short story collections and anthologies imminent than at any time in the past few years. The following are just some of the ones for which I've been able to obtain full contents data.

FOUR HORRORS FROM FONTANA

Fontana Paperbacks are amongst the biggest publishers of horror anthologies because they have four regular series. Out in July was *The 14th Fontana Book of Great Horror Stories* (£1.00) edited by Mary

"The short story is very much alive... publishers obviously aren't aware of what they're producing...."

Danby containing 13 stories of which 7 are new. These are "Starvation Diet" by Ken Burke, "Polish the Lid" by Terry Tapp, "So Typical of Eleanor" by Roger Clarke, "Headlamps" by Tony Richards, "The Boorees" by Dorothy K. Haynes, "The Vigil" by Robert Haining and "The Witness" by Mary Danby. The reprints are "Thanatos Palace Hotel" by Andre Maurois, "Blind Man's Buff" by H. Russell Wakefield, "Lot No. 249" by Arthur Conan Doyle, "The Bird" by Thomas Burke, "The Ghoul" by Hugh Clifford and "Akin to Love" by Christianna Brand. Only the Doyle, Brand and Wakefield stories are easily available elsewhere which makes this volume a worthwhile purchase.

For younger readers Mary Danby also edits the *Armada Ghost Book* of which the 13th volume is due in mid-October. Contents are "Ghost Hunter" by

The British Scene

by
Mike Ashley

Sydney J. Bounds, "The Return of the Lorelei" by Ken Burke, "The Girl in the Cellar" by Tony Richards, "The Day I Died" by Terry Tapp, "The Baby-Sitter" by Alison Prince, "The Fisherman's Ghost" by Maxina Bailey, "The Thing That Went Bump in the Night" by Rosemary Timperley, "Dance of Death" by Ken Burke, "The Shadow-Cage" by Philippa Pearce (the only reprint) and "Lorimer's Bride" by Mary Danby.

Mary Danby has also edited a bumper anthology, *65 Great Tales of Horror*, for the Marks and Spencer chain. All but two are reprints. The new stories are "Activity Time" by Monica Dickens, and "See How They Run," by Terry Tapp.

Ronald Chetwynd-Hayes edits the other Fontana series and December will see *The 17th Fontana Book of Great Ghost Stories* with appropriately 17 stories almost half of which are new. The line-up is "The Reaper's Image" by Stephen King, "Help the Railway Mission" by Dorothy K. Haynes, "The Cupboard" by Jeffery Farnol, "In the Dark" by Mary E. Penn, "The Shot-Tower Ghost" by Mary Elizabeth Counselman, "After Dark" by Tony Richards, "Dead Man's Barn" by A. E. Ellis, "The Passing of Edward" by Richard Middleton, "The Last Innings" by Daphne Froome, "Christmas Eve in the Blue Chamber" by Jerome K. Jerome, "Catherine's Angel" by Heather Vineham, "The Lamp" by Agatha Christie, "Welcombe Manor" by Roger Malisson, "The Bed" by Terry Tapp, "An Unsolved Mystery" by E. Owens Blackburne, "Which One?" by R. Chetwynd-Hayes, and "The Horrors of Sleep," by Emily Bronte.

Due in October is *The 6th Armada Monster Book* also edited by R.C-H and containing "The Mudadora" by Angus Camp-

(Continued on next page.)

ASHLEY continued

bell (R.C-H himself), "The Slip-pity-Slop by Henry Glynn (R.C-H again), "Legend of the Spiders" by Keith Timson, "The Prince and the Dragon" by Andrew Lang, "The Bean Rock Monster" by Terry Tapp, "The Giant Weevil" by Daphne Froome, "Monster in Distress" by Patricia Moynehan and "The Gale-Wuggle" by the real R. Chetwynd-Hayes. The Predominance of R.C-H in this volume is because, he tells me, "there are just not any good monster stories for children on the market. Those one does find are always about dragons or giants. And we find that kids nowadays want really terrifying monsters." So, there's a plea if ever there was one. If you think you have a good monster yarn for young'uns in you, or a good ghost or horror story for that matter, why not try either R.C-H or Mary Danby c/o Fontana Books, 14 St. James's Place, London SW1A 1PS.

CAMPBELL'S GRUESOME BOOK

On the subject of books for young readers, Ramsey Campbell has now ventured into that territory with an anthology called *The Gruesome Book* due from Pan's Piccolo imprint next year. It includes the sort of story that scared JRC when he was young, though a glance at the contents makes me wonder if JRC ever was young. I think all readers will want a copy of this: "Calling Card" by Ramsey, "The Pond" by Nigel Kneale, "The Extra Passenger" by August Derleth, "Hobe" by Robert Bloch, "Bones" by Donald A. Wollheim, "The Deep-Sea Conch" by Brian Lumley, "Long Distance Call" by Richard Matheson, "The Graceyard Rats" by Henry Kuttner and "3.47A.M." by Dave Langford.

Ramsey's own new novel, *The Nameless* is due out here from Fontana and Macmillan in the States in September. Macmillan has also taken his new collection *Dark Companions* which Fontana will publish in Britain in 1982. The contents are "Mackintosh Willy," "Napier Court," "Down There," "Heading Home," "The Proxy," "The Depths," "Out of Copyright," "The Invocation," "The Little Voice," "Drawing In," "The Pattern," "The Show Goes On," "The Puppets," "Calling Card," "Above the World," "Baby," "In the Bag," "Conversation," "The Chimney," "Call First," "The Companion."

The 22nd Fan Book of Horror Stories is the latest in this long series edited by Herbert van Thal published in October. Contents are "The Clock" by Edwin Brown, "Love Bites" by Harry Turner, "The Singer Not the Song" by Gregory Alexander, "Incident in Cairo" by Bessie Jay, "The Final Card" by Jane Louis, "Dante's Bistro" by Carolyn L. Bird, "Side-show" and "From the Depths of the Earth" by Norman Kaufman, "Child of Ice" by Tony Richards, "Pond Weed" by Roger Clark, "Pornography" by Ian MacEwan, "A Cross to Bear" by David Case and "Waste Nothing" by Ken Johns.

WATSON'S PICTURE STORIES ...

I haven't finished with short fiction just yet. One of the most exciting books about to appear is *Pictures At An Exhibition* edited by Ian Watson. This is to be published by Lionel Fanthorpe's imprint Greystoke Mowbray and will be just the second volume to appear from that house. Ian has assembled a fascinating collection of new stories where the writers have concocted a story around a particular famous (or not so famous) painting. As if this isn't enough there's another secret ingredient which links the stories together into a 'synergistic whole.' Ian won't reveal the secret, only to say "that it is 'evolutionary' and 'interstellar.'" Hmmm. The contents are: "A Spy in the Domain of Arnheim" by Michael Bishop (based on *The Domain of Arnheim and Others*, Rene Magritte) "The Sacrament of the Last Supper" by Roger Campbell (Dali's painting) "Transcends All Wit" by David Langford (*Melancholia 1*, Durer) "Second Chance" by Brian Stableford (*The Expulsion From Paradise*, Giovanni di Paolo) "Brief Lives" by Chris Morgan (various Franzetta paintings) "The Cry" by Richard Downes (*The Scream*, Munch) "Et in Arcadia Ego" by Pat and Lionel Fanthorpe (*Les Bergeres d'Arcadie*, Poussin) "The Mystic Marriage of Salome" by Ian Watson (*Salome Dancing Before Herod* by Gustave Moreau).

Lionel Fanthorpe hopes to have the book out in time for the Cymrucon in Cardiff in November.

AND HIS NEW NOVEL ...

Ian Watson, in the meantime, has much in the way of fiction forthcoming. October sees his new novel *Deathhunter* (£5.95)

from Gollancz. It sounds a fascinating book set in a House of Death where people terminally sick come to die, such as Nathan Weinberger, who believes that people who are aware of their imminent death emit a chemical signal which attracts a creature which is Death itself. Together with Jim Todhunter, the guide in the House of Death, they trap Death, and then follow the creature into the strange world of the after-life. UK paperback rights have already been sold to Corgi.

Ian has edited another volume with Michael Bishop, *Changes*, tentatively slated for publication by Ace Books in July, 1982. In addition he has a number of forthcoming short stories: "Sun-stroke" in *Ad Astra*, "The Artistic Touch" in *Asimov's SF Mag* (26 October issue as cover story), "The Thousand Cuts" in *Omnit*, "The Call of the Wild: The Dog-Flea Version" in *F and SF*, and "Peace" and "The Ultimate One-Word First Contact Story" in an anthology *Alien Contact* due from Taplinger.

SHORT STORIES MAGAZINE

Britain's own magazine, *Short Stories*, is undergoing several metamorphoses with a change in editor, content and format. The new editor, Michael Nelson, took over from John Ransley as from the August issue with the policy that the magazine be all-fiction and the emphasis on new stories. I must admit this is good news for writers, even though it has meant that Peter Ellis's series on writers and my own series on forgotten stories have been dropped (the swines!), but at least it makes it yet another market. The July, 1981 issue is something of a rarity for it actually includes a photograph of yours truly with an article about Jules Verne's short fiction and introducing Verne's "Dr. Trifugas." Other stories of interest are "Aftermath" by G. Phillips (an after-the-bomb story), "A Little Bit of Her Time" by John Symons, "Beggars" by Susan George, "Looking For Someone" by George Kennedy, "Flight of Fancy" by Patricia Chown (about a shy spinster who suddenly discovers she can fly), "Birthday" (with a robot nurse), "The Signalman" by Charles Dickens, "Dad's Last Project" by Paul Sherman, and "No Way Home" by Brian Lumley.

Brian Lumley also appears in the August issue with "David's Worm" originally in *Pulp 1971* and

(Continued on next page.)

reprinted in Richard Davis's *The Year's Best Horror Stories: II*. There is less in the way of horror and fantasy in this issue, but one will find such mystery stories as "Exhibit 'A'" by H. G. Battye, "The Second Turning" by Joan Herdman, "The Final Payment" by Arthur A. Wilson, "The Play's the Thing" by John Stoker, "Good Morning, Miss Willis" by Lauren Lucas and Conan Doyle's "The Speckled Band." All but the latter with macabre overtones, plus the rather more macabre "Butt's Global Benefaction" by Robin Brooks and "The Last Bus" by Mrs. Johnson-Smith.

So don't believe it when people say the short story is dead. Supernatural and science fiction are keeping it alive and very healthy.

Next column apart from usual news about books and writers, I'll give a complete run down of all the episodes and actors in the BBC Radio dramatization of *The Lord of the Rings*.

-- Mike Ashley

Continued from page 19~

out to seduce him. They are later apparently murdered for their passion.

Sharon Stone is not an actress at all, poor thing, although she is very pretty. Lana has nightmares about spiders and is almost cornered in the barn by someone, a scene also involving spiders -- which raises the question of whether the killer is a mind-reader.

Ernest Borgnine, unpleasantly and disappointingly hammy as the Hittite leader, keeps muttering in his beard about a succubus being responsible for everyone's transgressions. This makes him seem crazy, as there is utterly no evidence for this; the supernatural just doesn't exist in terms of the film. But after the last murder, and after everything is settled, Martha returns home alone. The room suddenly darkens, the ghost of her husband appears and moans something about a succubus (or incubus; I can't read my notes). The floorboards of the house erupt, a demon from hell

pops up and clutches Martha, and yanks her down through the floor, which tidily closes up after them.

The only possible response is stunned disbelief. This outrageous ending is apparently Craven's pride and joy, and I suspect he is either altogether responsible for it, or altered the script so that the supernatural didn't seem a part of any possible explanation. He is very pleased that no one could even guess the ending of his movie. Well, he's right. Neither would anyone guess that the cowboys in a western might be saved from the Indians by a flying saucer zooming down and zapping the redskins. To totally change the rules at the climax isn't a surprise, it's cheating. The film's ending is moronic, and it's hard to imagine audiences responding favorably to it, which will probably mystify Craven.

It's too bad when a director who has shown glimmerings of talent becomes convinced he's a genius, which only demonstrates again that early, excessive praise is the deadliest blessing of all.

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The Fan as Alien

By Phineas Phundament

TRADE BOOKS continued

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In September, G. K. Hall & Co. added three new authors to its "Masters of SF and Fantasy" series of single author primary and secondary bibliographies. This time, however, all three have been combined into one thick, 291-page hardcover volume, priced at \$23. Previous volumes in the series ran well under 100 pages and were priced at \$15 each or more.

Included in the volume in the same format as earlier volumes are highly detailed and very complete bibliographies of works by and about *Lloyd Alexander*, *Evangeline Walton Ensley* and *Kenneth Morris*. The compilers are *Kenneth J. Zahorski* and *Robert H. Boyer* and the series editor is *L. W. Currey*. As in previous volumes, each bibliography is broken into four parts covering fiction, miscellaneous media, nonfiction, and critical studies. The Alexander section occupies 110 pages, Walton, 49 pages, and Morris, 106 pages. As always, the book is printed on acid-free stock and features a library quality cloth binding.

For details about previous volumes in this excellent series of bibliographies, see *FN* #24 and #34. As I have noted in the past, these volumes are exceptional

(Continued on page 32.)

Understanding the enduring popularity of the alien in science fiction isn't difficult. One can see the prototype at any sf convention: an overweight blob with terminal acne and green teeth (it's easy to forget a toothbrush).

I don't mean to be cruel--just to point out an obvious truth about fandom: fans are a very large group of alienated individual persons. Often intelligent, sometimes brilliant, these individuals usually do not fit into the "social scene."

Why not? For one thing, it isn't easy being smarter than every one else as a kid -- even your own parents in some cases. It gets worse when the frustrations of puberty compound the social dilemma.

Because that's the time, early puberty, when most of us found science fiction. I don't mean to rehearse the psycho-sexual images attributed to fantasy and science fiction, but to suggest the emotional need that drives fans across the country, sometimes to another continent, to find a group of true believers. Some of us sell books, arts and crafts, or even paintings, but not for enough to pay our way. Others welcome the chance to wear weird costumes, or worship our favorite authors.

Mostly, though, we go to find friends, folks who get their jollies the way we do, from stories about necrophiliac gryphons who wear Foster Grant sunglasses, for instance. Try that one at a Shriner's convention and see what the reaction is.

At the end of a recent film about a group of aging hippies who get together for a few days each summer to relive the '60s (*Return of the Secaucus Seven*, written and directed by John Sayles), one of the women says: "You can't imagine what a relief it is having people around that I don't have to explain my jokes to."

Fans share that feeling. At a con I can always find people who get my jokes. They may not find them funny, but they understand. Some fans tell even weirder

jokes than I do--and some of them are funny.

But the point is that fans are the only organized group I know of who actually thrive on alienation.

It took some of us a while to face up to it. Aliens in the old pulps were generally BEMs, slaving monsters bent on molesting virgins or destroying the earth. But over the years, literary treatments of aliens have become more sympathetic. In 1952, Philip Jose Farmer shocked people by creating an alien that a human could make love to. By the late '70s Hollywood and Steven Spielberg were ready to give us the benign and compassionate weirdies of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. In novels and magazines, often with great sensitivity, writers have struggled to show us the universe through an alien glass darkly--in the hope of providing us with a new perspective on our own world, which is, after all, the only one most of us will ever know.

Likewise with our own minds. At the end of *The Left Hand of Darkness* the Terran protagonist, Genly Ai, has been on the planet Gethen for a long time. Through a series of intrigues and adventures he comes to understand the androgynous Gethenians, largely because of the selfless love Lord Estraven has shown him. After Estraven has sacrificed his own life for Genly's mission, a shipful of Terrans lands on the planet. Genly Ai is repelled by their strangeness. His own people have become the aliens. Just as part of us rejects the image of "normalcy" society teaches us, and cherishes an "alien" self.

Yes, the alien resides in each and all of us. Some are able to call it forth more easily than others, some try to repress it. But there is an unusual group of loosely and not-so-loosely connected people who not only know the alien when they see it, but are eager to see it again and again.

They think of it as a friend, a part of themselves, even a lover. Would you accept the fan as alien?

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MAGAZINES

Continued from page 27.

and *Dian Girard*. Short Stories include: "Quill Tripstickler Out the Window" by *John Shirley*, "Casey's Empire" by *Nancy Kress*, "The Slinger and the Dark Man" by *Stephen King*, "Sanasardo Meets Attila" by *Alan Ryan*, "Treading the Maze" by *Lisa Tuttle*, and "Plenty of Nothing" by *Michael D. Taylor*. "Books" is by *Algis Budrys*, in addition to the usual departments, and the cover is by *Michael Garland* for "Talisman."

WORLDCON

Continued from page 5.

speechmaking isn't necessarily the forte of a writer. Clifford Simak proved a moving tribute to his co-guest of honor, bringing Ms. Moore to tears and earning him a hug. He then turned to the changing world SF has reflected over the years. Mr. Simak called those gathered with him "a majestic fellowship" who looked futureward. He was grateful that "science fiction gave him the license to dream where others

might only see nonsense."

Miniature film sets and life-size muppets from the forthcoming film *The Dark Crystal* were on exhibition. There were also exhibits on Halley's Comet, the space program, education computers, and "Space City" acrylics sculpted by Richard Allan Murray.

The masquerade on Saturday night went on too long but had a number of fine costumes. Awards were divided into three sections. Most impressive were "The Egyptian Gods," with ten costumes by members of STAR San Diego; "Alien Love," by Sally Fink and George Paczalt; and "The King of Elfland's Daughter," by Barb Schofield, Martin Miller, and Jan Howard Finder.

The committee also gave a bogus Gandalf Award to C. L. Moore. The award was not voted on; it had been dropped as a duplication of the World Fantasy Award. (Moore is also up for Grand Master at the World Fantasy Con.)

See you in Chicago.

Joe Siolari

TRADE BOOKS

Continued from page 31.

reference works for the researcher and librarian, but a bit expensive for the average collector. This latest volume is a step in the right direction toward reducing costs in an effort to lower prices while maintaining high quality production standards. G. K. Hall & Co., Inc., 70 Lincoln St., Boston, MA 02111.

GALE RESEARCH CO.

Now available from Gale Research (as previewed in *FN* #39) is *Twentieth Century American Science Fiction Writers*, edited by David Cowert and Thomas L. Wymer. The two volume collection of biographies and bibliographies of 91 authors is eighth in the "Dictionary of Literary Biography" series.

Written by a number of academic contributors, the entries include for each author a selected list of works, a biography, and a critical bibliography. Most essays include photographs. Appendices at the end of the second volume cover fandom, SFWA, media, magazines and fanzines, art, films, chronologies.

The two clothbound volumes total 650 pages on 8 1/2 by 11 enamel paper. Price for the pair is \$124, high for most collectors but essential for libraries. Gale Research Co., Book Tower, Detroit MI 48226.

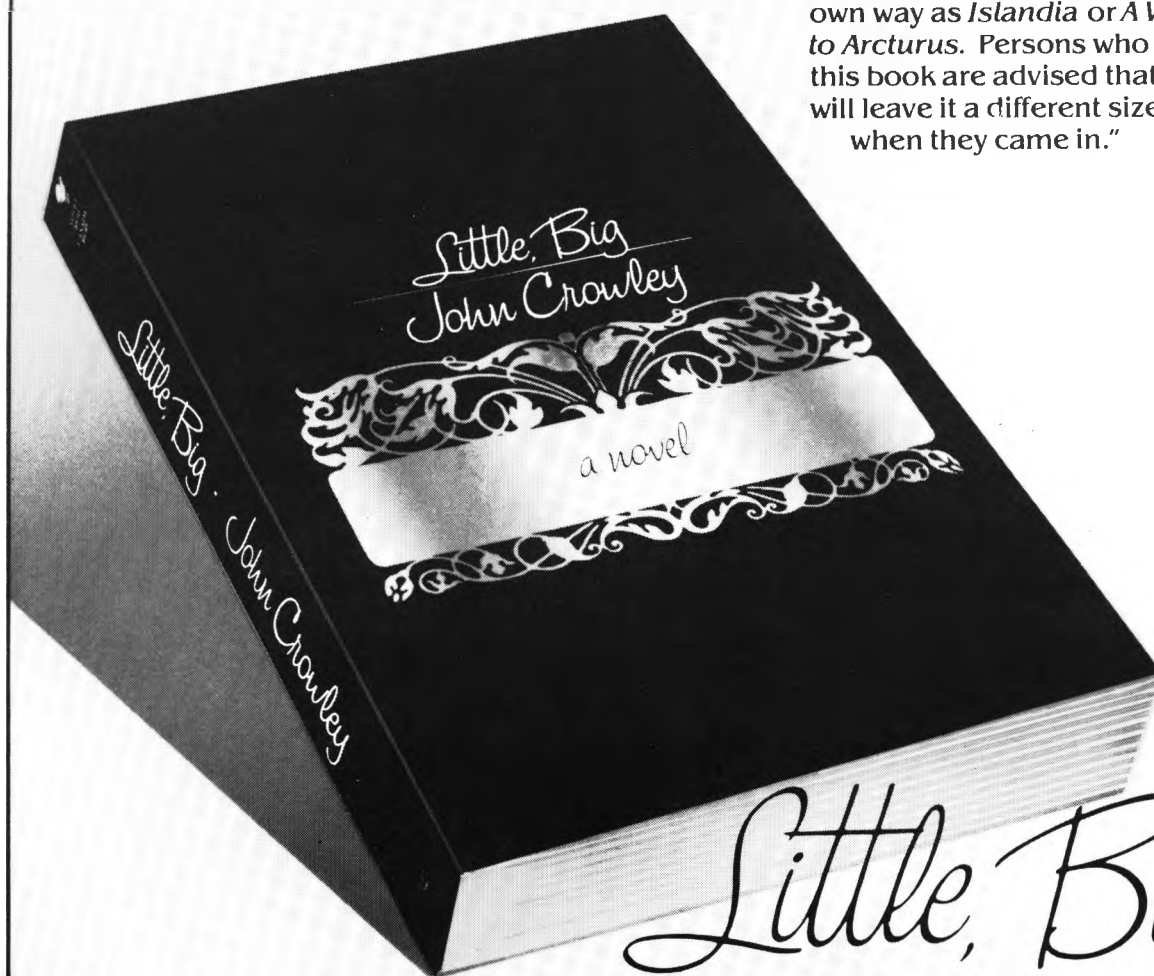
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-Ursula K. Le Guin

Once in a great while a book comes along that changes forever the way we look at the world. In contemporary fiction, it has been *Gravity's Rainbow*, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, *The World According to Garp*. In fantasy, it has been *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Lord of the Rings*, *The Once and Future King*.

John Crowley's *LITTLE, BIG* is such a book.

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