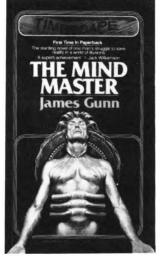
# Fantasy Fan Dewsletter

#45 February 1982 \$1.95 Fantasy & Science Fiction News Monthly

\*The Army of the Woods a faery tale By Timothy Robert Sullivan \*Fritz Leiber recalls a lifelong dalliance...with chess \*PLUS Mike Ashley \*Somtow Sucharitkul \*Charles L. Grant \*Bill Warren \*\*







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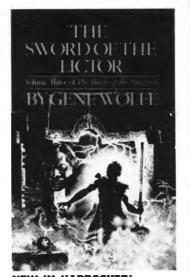
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## fantasy pewsletter

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## The Pornography of Violence

## By Mark Siegel

Mark Siegel is Professor of English at the University of Wyoming, Laramie.

 $\mathbf{T}^{ ext{HE WEREWOLF, not part man and}}$  part beast, but an inhuman demonbeast, bursts through the metal door and tears the police commissioner's head from his neck. The bloody ball bounces into the traffic of Picadilly Circus, and a symphony of vehicular manslaughter ensues. A bus, swerving to avoid the stalking beast, ejects a passenger through a closed window as if he'd been shot out of a cannon. A policeman is slammed between two automobiles. A street-level, full body shot of a woman lying on the pavement is held for two seconds, just long enough for the viewer to focus, before a speeding car runs right over her, bouncing the body rhythmically into the air with each tire contact.

This is not the goriest sequence of scenes in An American Werewolf in London, but rather a typical example of a half-dozen such scenes of carnage. Every sadist seems to have his favorite. What goes on in the heads of fantasy fans, who came for something else, can't be any prettier.

That director John Landis is, at least technically, a master filmmaker as well as a man of some wit cannot be denied, but exactly to what end he is applying these gifts may be a matter of concern. His previous film Animal House was reputedly a liberating attack on prudery, hypocrisy, and misplaced solemnity -- and was just plain fun for most viewers -- but what is his purpose here?

 $\mathbf{W}^{ ext{ t HILE}}$  THE WEREWOLF precipitates the violence in the scene described above, the sequence has little to do with resolution of the plot, or with characterization, or with commentary on the nature of society or even the problems of traffic What justifies such control. random, stomach churning violence, then -- or is it its own justification?

There are plenty of theories as to why people "enjoy" horror fiction and film. A popular one is that viewing fictional mayhem allows us to confront the troubling near-certainty of our own deaths. We are "practicing up," the neo-Freudians say, for accepting the real "big event" on an emotional level. Or

we might be exorcising fears of death or injury which we constantly repress in order not to worry ourselves during the normal course of the day. If we can identify with characters who are suffering on the screen our fears are purged, and after ninety minutes we can go home with our load of anxiety lessened. In his essay, "The Uncanny," Freud suggested that our fear of the supernatural is the flip-side of our belief in God; conversely, then, if we can believe in demons that are formulaically thwarted at the end of the film, we can believe in a god of goodness.

Finally -- and I suspect this is particularly true of those who root for the werewolf -- we may be venting our own repressed feelings of violence, especially against the more unlikeable types who frequently appear as victims in these stories. (After all, the good guys usually survive.) In An American Werewolf the dead include a detestable police commissioner, several derelicts, and three middle-aged, middle-class types -- just the sort toward whom teen-age horror-movie addicts are likely to feel the most immediate resentment.

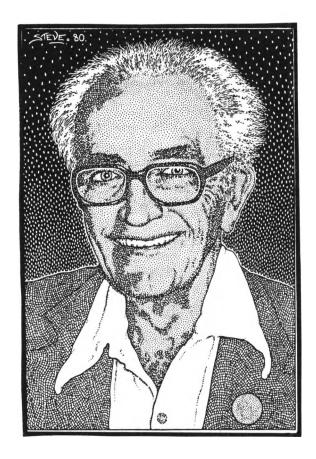
There's little doubt that the film industry sees itself in the midst of a horror movie boom. Just as the disaster film (in which an indifferent or hostile world devastates a nearly helpless humanity) and the occult-horror film (in which the darker side of man or God surfaces) passed their peak, Landis has managed to combine both in one film, and has salted them with more than a little humor. But An American Werewolf marks the onset of that decadence which often follows the decline of a fad. The humor in the film is not satire (as it is in Dawn of the Dead, where comic zombies let loose in a shopping center approximate mindless consumers). In this film, many of the jokes are about the movie itself.

THE EDITING of the film, good as Tit is, is never devoted to creating suspense. In Alien, timing and selection, subjective camera angles and cutting were all employed to create apprehension and terror in the audience even when nothing terrifying was happening. There the editing was very abrupt and discontinuous, designed to make every scene feel sudden and ominous. In Am American Werewolf, these techniques are employed almost strictly to shock us by showing us the actual gore, the guts themselves, the kinds of things usually implied rather than shown in horror films -- even

(Continued on page 7)

# On Fantasy by Fritz Leiber

Fritz recalls his lifelong dalliance with the game of chess, and "how it was marked (and marred?) by a father-rivalry..."



 $T^{ ext{HE}}$  CALL for this column finds me in the midst of the most interesting and illuminating piece of writing, full of self-insights, that I've done in some time: the long introduction to Bantam's "Illustrated Fritz Leiber," a collection of nine of my stories, for which I've suggested the title Strange Wonders. The introduction takes the form of a candid autobiography or autobiographic scan in which the major topics of the stories (cats, sex, comradeship, the Shakesperean stage, the occult, science, etc.) serve as springboards for surveying those areas of my own life, which in turn reflect light back on the whys of

So it strikes me as fitting and topical to give you a section of this work in progress.

But which section? Well, just this morning the news has come that Karpov has defeated Korchnoi and retained his title as the world's chess champion. Chess has long been a game dear to writers of fantasy, sword and sorcery, and even science fiction (I'm thinking of Henry Kuttner's novel. The Fairy Chessnen, and and shorts like Bierce's "Moxon's Master.") The chess pieces rival the Jungian archetypes, the signs of the zodiac, and the tarots for their symbolic weight and wide allusiveness. While one hardly need mention its wargaming stature. I've myself

written at least four chess stories and novelettes, of which "Midnight by the Morphy Watch" appears in this new collection.

The following section of my autobiography takes up in December 1922. I'm in sixth grade. I'm living with two aunts, my father's sisters Dora and Marie (and the former's husband, Ed Essenpreis) at 4353 1/2 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, and attending the nearby Ravenswood public school. As usual my father Fritz and mother Bronnie are touring their Shakesperean Repertory Company. While they're playing Denver, I and my aunt Marie take train and join them for the Christmas vacation.

**1** D JUST turned twelve. This visit to my parents on the road was especially memorable because during it I was taught how to play chess by Alexandre Andre, an actor with a commanding brow and steely gaze and Slavic mien; I think he played Caesar sometimes. Later I noted the minor similarity of his name to that of Alexander Alekhine, soon to become one of the world's more eccentric (but they're most of them that) chess champions. Such was my introduction to the maddening game that has since taken up a good slice of my spare time during several periods of my life (during others I've foresworn it).

There was a fly in that ointment, though. My father picked up the game by watching me learn it, and beat me in our first encounter. I was reduced to tears, literally, My father was terribly good at picking things up that way, and a tireless competitor. I've mentioned golf. He went out for his introductory game with a couple of actors in his company who played it, and shot his first nine holes in under fifty even though he held the club crosshanded, just as he'd batted in baseball. Oddly he never got much better than that at golf although he played for years and eventually adopted the conventional grip. At golf, and at tennis too, he hit the ball just like he hammered a nail.

Would you believe it? when I first began writing stories and submitting them to magazines, my father immediately started doing the same thing? He actually ground out three or four, I think, and he showed a couple of them to me. One of them was that "The Adventures of a Penny" story that I imagine every budding author thinks of writing, and maybe one in fifty of them actually writes (the adventures of a penny, a twodollar bill, a wig, a ring, a sword, a gun, a flag, a car, a space probe -- I recall a fellow alcoholic showing me a story he'd just knocked out about the adventures of a beer can) (Continued on next page.)

## LEIBER, Cont.

and that maybe sells once in ten million times.

The other story was a bull fight told from the viewpoint of the bull. He'd just been in Mexico doing a picture, and been taken to his first (and last) bullfight, and was disgusted by how the fight was rigged, the way he saw it, for the matador to win. This story had considerable pathos and indignation and strong feeling about it, but not much of a

 $\mathbf{T}^{\text{'M NOT SURE}}$  my father actually submitted any of his stories; I don't recall him showing me any rejection slips, but I shudder to think how I'd have felt if one of his stories had really sold, because then it was two or three years before the first of my own stories got accepted!

But speaking of stories, one of the reasons I'm writing this introduction is to show how the stories in this collection got written, when and how their themes became part of my life, what triggered them off, and other connections and synchronicities that seem interesting.

The stories in this book were selected because the editor liked them best, but they also happen to represent most of my chief interests in life, the things that have fascinated me persistently and made me study them.

"Midnight by the Morphy Watch" is a story about wild talents and chess and San Francisco, my present home, and a strange historical object that actually existed and may still exist: a gold watch with its dial circled by the symbols for chess pieces instead of the usual hour numerals.

I've already told you how I learned chess and how it was marked (and marred?) by a father-rivalry, as has been suggested was the case with the ultimately psychotic Paul Morphy, "the pride and sorrow of American chess," who was astounding the world with his precocious genius back in the 1850s, the decade when my maternal grandfather was getting a toehold in America.

My interest in chess and my ability to play it with any small degree of mastery developed very slowly, as has been true of all my approaches to most if not all of my big interests in life. I played it a little during the rest of grammar school and a little more in Lake View High School, where I joined the Chess Club, but it wasn't until I got to the University of Chicago (fifty to sixty blocks deep in the early abhorred south side!) and met the players in its Reynolds Club that I got really hooked and read up some on the fascinating story of the game and began to dream romantically of becoming a chess master (and a great mathematician, I told myself for a year or so).

I should explain here that my 4353 1/2 environment continued to enfold or at least loom about me: through my four years of college I was still for a while with Dora and Ed. We'd all just moved to a very similar apartment 24 blocks north of the old one but still close to Ashland, on Wallen Avenue, a short street named for my uncle-in-law the real-estate entrepreneur and enthusiast for Nature and for German culture, at whose office a short distance away Marie now worked.

 ${f F}^{ ext{OR MY FIRST}}$  year at the U. of C. I lived at home on Wallen and commuted to college, though it meant traveling almost from one end of Chicago's El system to the other twice a day, which took almost three hours in all. On chilly winter mornings I'd see the stars while waiting on the Loyola El platform, not knowing how much they'd some day mean to me -- another very slowly developing interest. But I can't grudge the time spent on those long El rides at dawn and dusk. They introduced and wedded me to Chicago's lonely and dismal world of roofs and some 15 years later gave me "Smoke Ghost," my first strong supernatural

That daily elevated trek at the third story level of the city's gray roof-world only went on for my freshman year and an odd month or two of the next. Thereafter I domiciled in one of the men's dormitories, Hitchcock Hall, at first by my lonely self in a rather narrow north-wall room that looked out on the Gothic-styled grey Indiana limestone of the Anatomy Building with a griffon crawling down the roof's steep angle as if about to launch into space (he, merged with other gray beasties from the gatetops and roofpeaks and from under the eaves all around, became years later the original of the one in my novel Conjure Wife), but during my junior and senior years in the adjacent larger northwest room which I shared with one Charles L. Hopkins, who became my lifelong friend and eventually sold a story to New Yorker, "Jesus on a Flagpole." During this

period I quite often journeyed up to the north side for Sunday dinner and perhaps a movie with Marie, and of course that's where I was bedded down when I had that month or so of low fever, that last aftermath of the 1918 'flu, in my junior year at U. of C.

GUST AFTER I moved into Hitchcock Jand while playing chess at the University's Reynolds Club below the limestone-toothed spirelets and crenelated towerlets of Mitchell Tower in the quadrangle a block east. I made my first friendship based on similar tastes and interests. life patterns and temperments, a friendship that's endured throughout my life. I'm sure that during the first 20 or so moves of our first game together Franklin MacKnight and I sensed we were kindred spirits; we both hated obvious moves. liked to find "mysterious" ones and surprise each other with complications. Later, away from the chess board, we began to explore the areas of kinship. We both liked supernatural horror stories and were attracted by all manner of strange weird happenings -- the sort of taste catered to, rather crudely, by Hearst's American Weekly; ours had a wider range and involved greater subtleties -- those were the biggest things. A love of and search for the weird, fantastic, and mysterious. (By contrast, my friendship with Charles Hopkins, begun a bit later, lacked this one element, though in other ways as deep or deeper.) Mac and I both were majoring in psychology, but we were attracted to all the sciences and read science fiction and fantasy. We were both solitaries, unaggressive. sensitive, socially unpracticed, yet willing to talk honestly when the barriers were down. "Mac" was a great devotee of literal truth, I soon found out. It was all a revelation to me.

Yet all this came from a game of

And Mac a little later on led to other things: to my reading the supernatural horror stories of H. P. Lovecraft, who gave an enduring set to my life ways and to my writing ambitions. And Mac introduced me to his hometown Louisville, Kentucky friend, Harry Fischer, who both invented and became the Gray Mouser. (I tell more about those things in my essays, "Terror, Mystery, Wonder" in World Fantasy Awards: Volume Two and "Fafhrd and Me" in The Second Book of Fritz Leiber.)

FRITZ FACES the fans at the 1981 WFC in Berkeley. (Photo by Paul Nelson)

## LEIBER, Cont.

All that too from a game of chess.

But I mustn't stretch this point too far, build too high and mysterious a silver pinnacle for chess in the dark lonely world, pile all of this on too thickly.

Mac and I got deeper into chess, played on a Reynolds Club team or two: then about the time I got married I gave the game up, figuring it was too dangerous, that it could steal away too much especially from a writer. Gave up serious tourament, match, and team chess, that is. And as for the other kind, "skittles," playing for fun. I never cared for that much. Chess seemed to me too important a game to be trifled with.

Then about twenty years after that, after an alcoholic midlife crisis, I took up serious chess again, reading up on it and studying it some more, self training regularly, and playing in three or four tournaments a year. I figured I was too old and my writing drives too deeply established to be much endangered by it. Also I deserved some sort of reward, I thought, for giving up booze. I kept this up for about five years, enough to achieve Expert rating (above an A player, below a master) and wrote the novelette, "The Sixty Four Square Madhouse" about the first tournament in which a computer programmed for chess played on an equal basis with the world's leading international masters.

Then I gave up chess again, or it gave me up, when I began to drink again, and struggle against drinking, and then quit again and drink again, in an on and off pattern.



FTER the death of my wife and af-After what I guess you could call an alcoholic old age crisis, I played in one last tournament in San Francisco, a rather slapdash, happygo-lucky, unimportant, unrated contest promoted by a restaurant man who was inspired by the goddess Caissa, or else nutty about chess, depending on how you feel about such things. And that experience led me to write "Midnight by the Morphy Watch." Rasputin and the Czarina in that story were real people, real contestants in the tournament, and I invented those private nicknames  $% \left\{ 1\right\} =\left\{ 1$ for them before I conceived the story. But I never did happen on that wonderful antique store and its eccentric proprietor, alas.

As for the actual tournament in Paoli's Corner House restaurant on Commercial Street, I didn't win it. Rasputin did, just ahead of the Czarina.

I guess you can see from this backgrounding I've been doing of the Morphy watch story how it necessitated jumping around in time, fitting in autobiographical bits when they seemed helpful. Some of those different Fritz Leibers (Fritz Leiber, Juniors, until my father died in 1949) seemed quite familiar to me, others rather strange, but all of them were working together in a sense, gathering material for stories yet unwritten and undreamed of.

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## SIEGEL Cont. from p. 4

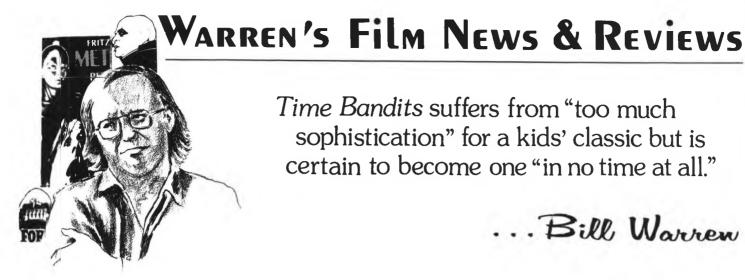
in **Aliem**. Landis's selection of effects seems limited to humor, visceral horror and revulsion, and just a trace of sex.

In fact, the conjunction of sex and violence in this film provides an interesting insight into its effectiveness. Quite consciously, landis seems to be constructing a

pornography of violence. While sex and violence are often connected in horror films, violent films tend to be hypocritically puritan in their sexual morality. Usually, as in Halloweem, the licentious characters are punished with death, while the "pure" hero and heroine survive. Am American Werewolf is not quite consistent in this regard. Jack, who's mildly obsessed with "getting laid," is indeed the first victim, the patrons of a porno film house in Picadilly Circus are all slaughtered,

but the nurse who goes to bed with David is spared -- perhaps because she's "only had seven lovers before" and tells us she's honestly attracted to her young patient. But what distinguishes this film from other horror films is that it does not seek to titillate its audience sexually and then "cleanse" them psychologically by murdering the guilty characters -- rather the violence itself is portrayed with a graphic, visceral (perhaps sensuous) direct—

(Continued on page 12)



Time Bandits suffers from "too much sophistication" for a kids' classic but is certain to become one "in no time at all."

... Bill Warnen

One of the hardest things for movie makers to do is films that are truly for children. It's not hard to make a picture for the family market; a simple plot, a few chases -- that's the way they see the requirements. But it's harder to make a movie for children because you have to think like a child. Children love silly puns, danger, eye-popping adventures and logic more like that of a dream than a textbook.

Only a few movies have succeeded at this: parts of Judy Garland's Wizard of Oz, The Five Thousand Fingers of Dr. T, Invaders From Mars. If Time Bandits doesn't achieve this level of success it's not for want of trying, but from too much sophistication. For instance, the scenes with a twinkling, robust Sean Connery as Agamemnon are almost perfect children's film; young Craig Warnock, the story's true hero, is matter-of-factly entranced with Agamemnon's court. He wants to stay there forever because it's different, beautiful, sensual and violent. Those are elements that appeal directly to children.

But the sequence with John Cleese as a very upper-crust (and very dishonest) Robin Hood is dead wrong as material for a children's film. Robin Hood is a hero to kids, and his Merrie Men are loyal sidekicks. In Time Bandits, Robin's a sissy, and the Merrie Men are dirty thugs. That's material for a Monty Python routine, not a children's film. The screenplay by Michael Palin and Terry Gilliam wants to appeal to adults and children, and tries to do so by appealing to them alternately. It's a confusing approach.

Another flaw is that the title characters, played by a passel of dwarves (including Kenny Baker, who inhabits R2D2), are too uncaring of Craig as a person. They should all have been his buddies. It was an immensely clever touch to make them adults -- screwy to be sure, but adults -- the same size as our young hero. But they should have been glad to have him along. David Rappaport, the head Time Bandit, does like Craig, and that helps a lot.

But the film's successes outweigh its failings. It's splendidly imaginative, with a skyscraper giant, the Palace of Ultimate Darkness, the toaster-popped holes in time, a bizarrely talkative Napoleon, gorgeous set design. The climactic battle between the Bandits and Evil himself (David Warner, who is excellent) doesn't go anywhere much, but the attacks and counter-attacks are fun to watch. Most of all, Time Bandits is different, it stands out among the look-alike competition.

The structure is similar to the wonderful children's novels of writers like E. Nesbit and Edward Eager in which children undergo wondrous, danger-laden but amusing adventures one after another. The overlay of adult sophistication -- Evil wants a transistorized world -- usually doesn't get in the way, except for the conception of Robin Hood, and serves to make some people think they are watching more than a "mere children's film," as if such things were "mere."

Director Terry Gilliam is much better this time than with "Jabberwocky," a misconceived mess. I have the feeling that if he shed Michael Palin altogether he'd make better pictures. Palin is in this one, as a silly lover. He's harmless, but his innamorata, Shelley Duvall, is better than that.

Despite its failings, then, Time Bandits is among the great kids' movies, and is certain to become a "timeless classic" in no time at all -- so it's a shame the central idea wasn't followed more carefully.

Someone who could conceive of a knight leaping on horseback out of a boy's closet one night, and then the boy sitting up with a polaroid camera the next night -- that creator has the stuff to make a film masterpiece for children. Time Bandits isn't that, but it's rich and flavorful.

TWO-FISTED, FIGHTING PLASTIC SURGEON

Those who take Michael Crichton's Looker seriously are doomed. will find it riddled with flaws (Albert Finney parks in the baddies' lot while "secretly" investigating them) and ultimately preposterous. But I had a pretty good time; it's flashy and choked with ideas and briskly paced. So what if there are missing details, such as the reason for the killings which get the plot started. Looker is good looking.

It's about good looks, too. Several models have come to plastic surgeon Finney with peculiarly exact instructions as to how he's to alter their faces. And after He's done so they are murdered, in bizarre ways. Suspicion eventually falls on Finney so he begins prying into things, with the help of the last perfect but as yet unmurdered model, Susan

He soon discovers that evil business magnate James Coburn and his icy partner Leigh Taylor-Young are behind things, creating electronic, computer operated images of each of the perfect models, then having a mysterious thug murder them. What were Coburn and Taylor-Young afraid of? Paying residuals?

But as I said, there's little logic here, so to strain for answers is a waste of time. Better to relax and enjoy the pretty pictures, some of which (like Terri Welles) are stupefyingly pretty. There are also



The TIME BANDITS run aground on the bald pate of a giant, their ship the former galleon of an ogre & spouse.



The TIME BANDITS pose for a photograph taken by the little boy they have kidnapped, Kevin. They have just stolen loot from Napoleon (note goblets) and are about to encounter a foppish Robin Hood, played by John Cleese.

fun ideas, such as a flash-pistol which is so bright (or something) that it temporarily numbs the mind, making the wielder of the pistol invisible. There are a couple of good scenes involving this gadget -- one in which Finney's apartment is ransacked before his unseeing eyes, and another in which he is pummeled by an unseen opponent.

At the climax, Coburn and Rossovich stalk Finney among empty (to them) sets which TV cameras and computers are populating with generated images of people. Rossovich gets shot between the eyes, and collapses over a vacant table: on TV we see children moaning about having to eat the "same thing" again: the "same thing" appears to be Rossovich. If nothing else, this surrealistic nonsense should have tipped people that Crichton was not being serious.

But all the style, flash guns and computer fun in the world can't make up, finally, for deficient plotting. Looker's flaws are serious: the film is entertaining, but it's not good.

WHAT'S COMING UP IN FANTASY FILM

It's been a long time since I discussed actual film news in this column. So here's the latest from Hollywood.

At MGM, they are putting the finishing touches on the Steven Spielberg-produced thriller, Poltergeist, which is a modern-day ghost story. Other announced properties from that studio include Millenium, The Exper-

iment, Brainstorm (in production) and a Village of the Dammed remake. this time perhaps to be called The Midwich Cuckoos.

Paramount will soon be releasing Jekyll and Hyde Together Again, a comedy version in which Jekyll becomes a punk rocker; Star Trek II finishes shooting live-action footage in January. This time the special effects (to be done by George Lucas' ILM) are much less expensive, and the picture is due to be released in the summer of 1982. No. I don't know if Spock dies. A1 50 on Paramount's schedule are Amok. Dick Tracy, Horror Holiday, The Wizard of Id, which may be done in live action.

At Avco Embassy, they are about to release Swamp Thing, from the Berni Wrightson-Len Wein comic book, and the monster looks like the one in the comics all right. Humongous is in production, but The Philadelphia Experiment, to be helmed by Joe Dante, is still in the planning stages. The animated feature, The **Plague Dogs**, is in the final stages before release. But **Classified Sec**rets. The Inheritor and Trelnor The Wanderer are distant prospects.

United Artists is scaling down from a big-deal production company. to a middling-deal production company. So the medium-budget The Beast Within, to be released early in 1982, seems to be more their speed these days. It's a variation on Jekyll and Hyde, with long-time horror movie fan Paul Clemens playing the monster. UA will also release The Secret Of Ninh, from the children's book "Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of NIMH." This animated feature is being directed by Don Bluth, and mostly animated by the defecting Disney animators who left that studio when Bluth did. Stab is about to be released. and is a variation on Jack the Ripper, with a female The next James Bond picture, Octopussy, is stalled for lack of a Bond; Moore may not be back. And United Artist's horror comedy, Thursday The 12th, will probably get a title change to avoid competition with New World's already-released Saturday The 14th.

The only fantastic films currently in production at Columbia are Blue Thunder, starring Roy Scheider in a Dan O'Bannon screenplay (set slightly in the future, it deals with helicopter surveillance) and Night Skies, originally to have beem Spielberg's other-side-of-the-coin from Close Encounters, with nasty aliens, but he's decided they'll be benign in this one, too. It's likely to have several more title changes. Columbia has announced many others, however, including Alley Cop, the long-delayed Cold War in a Country Garden, Demons 5 Exorcists 0, The Dragons of Krull, Fantastic Voyage II, Sheena, Queen of the Jungle, Earthly Possession and The Survivor.

Warner Brothers has a busy schedule. Blade Runner will be the first one out; it stars Harrison Ford in a much-changed adaptation of Philip K. Dick's novel, Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep? (Yes, Alan E. Nourse was paid for use of the "Blade Runner" title.) The director is Ridley



A TIME BANDITS behind-the-scenes location shot, showing director Terry Gilliam discussing a scene with Katherine Helmond and Peter Vaughan, who play Mr. and Mrs. Ogre in the film. Gilliam co-wrote the film too.



SEAN CONNERY plays Agamemnon, a "robust, twinkling" hero, whom young Kevin wants to stay with.

Scott, who brought a good deal to Alien, so Blade Runner is promising. Other Warner fantastic films include Greystoke (the definitive film; it ends with Tarzan seeing Jane's ship arrive for the first time), Batman (dead serious), Firefor (Clint Eastwood steals a superlane from the Russkies). The Glow (scientific jogging vampires). Two Guys From Space, Ladyhawke, Star Man and, of course, Superman III.

Roger Corman's New World Pictures will also have several fantastic projects in mind, including Barbariam, Labyrinth (to be directed by Miller Drake), Mausoleum, Watch Me When I Kill, Crocodile, Battletruck and Quest.

Thanks to Ray Bradbury I recently visited the sets of Something Wicked This Way Comes, now in production at Disney Studios. This \$18 million production is being directed by Jack Clayton, from Bradbury's own script. The sets are excellent; the entire small standing street set on the Disney lot has been converted into an Illinois town of the early 1930s (or late 1920s). Every detail is accurate, to the bandstand, the cigar store, barber shop, and fresh vegetables. Tall brick storefronts surround a small park. I have high hopes for this picture; it may at last be the film that Bradbury deserves, as none of the filmed adaptations of his work have been up to his level. The actors in the film are mostly unknowns, with the exception of Jason Robards, Jr., as the librarian. Christopher Price plays Mr. Dark.

Also at Disney is Tron, a bizarre adventure starring Jeff Bridges as a computer programmer who is swallowed up by a computer program. The liveaction of the picture, which also stars David Warner, Barnard Hughes, and Cindy Morgan, completed principal photogaphy in July, 1981. The long post-production phase, leading to a summer, 1982, release, is being taken up with extensive computer graphics. Bridges is a computer genius who is drawn into another world within the computer, a universe of electricity and light which parallels our world. He finds a civilization within the computer. The music is being created by Wendy Carlos.

Other announced Disney fantasies include Total Recall, by the ubiquitous Dan O'Bannon and Ron Shusett. Also Trick or Treat, which sounds like a mistake to me: adults play the roles of children. Who Censored Roger Rabbit, from the recent novel, will be a blend of live action and animation. The next big animated feature from Disney, now in production, is The Black Cauldron, which'll be followed by Musicana, a follow-up to Fantasia.

At Universal, there are several major fantastic projects, including several remakes. **Cat People**, with Mastassia Kinski and Malcolm Mac-Dowall, will be out in the spring. The summer will see the release of John Carpenter's highly promising remake (or rather new version) of The Thing. This version, from a script by Bill Lancaster, follows the original story quite closely and

yes, The Thing this time has the ability to be more than one creature at once, to alter its shape at will. Over a million dollars is being allotted to the special effects by Rob Bottin. Exteriors will be shot in British Columbia, on sets constructed in the summer which were left to stand until the winter, so they could be really covered with snow. Kurt Russell heads the cast, which includes Richard Masur, Richard Dysart and Donald Moffat. The clip shown at science fiction conventions recently is promising, and the script is outstanding.

Dume is farther down the line. This Dino de Laurentiis production (don't groan -- he's generally good except at certain projects) will be directed by David Lynch, who directed The Elephant Man and Eraserhead. But don't be surprised if Lynch backs out before filming begins.

To me, the most promising project at Universal, except perhaps for The Thing, is one that I originally did not have much hope for, except as a curiosity piece, and that's the remake of The Creature From The Black Lagoon. The original film has a pretty bad script by Harry Essex but Jack Arnold directed the picture very well, and the monster suit is one of the most interesting ever constructed, logically designed and handsomely sculpted. The remake, with the same title, is also going to be directed by Jack Arnold. I don't know who is building the suit. but I've heard that there will be more than one Creature this time. And, like the original, rumors have

it that the remake is going to be in 3-D. The executive producer is John Landis, who made the best fantastic film of 1981; his producers are John Davidson (Airplane) and Mike Finnell (The Howling). But the best news, as far as I'm concerned, is the writer: Nigel Kneale.

Some of you may not be familiar with Kneale's name, but you should be. He's a Manxman living in London. His first collection of short stories, Tomato Cain, was especially good and included a couple of fantasies. He first came to prominence with a 6-part teleplay for the BBC. called "The Quatermass Experiment," and gained further fame for his teleplay adaptation of "1984." "The Quatermass Experiment" was so popular that eventually three other tales of the dedicated scientist Bernard Quatermass were produced: "Quatermass II," "Quatermass and the Pit," and, in 1979, "The Quatermass Conclusion." Kneale has written several other fantastic teleplays. including "The Creature," "The Stone Tape," "The Road" and "The Year of the Sex Olympics" (not what you might suspect). He's also written several screenplays, including The Entertainer (with Olivier), Look Back In Anger and Dann the Defiant.

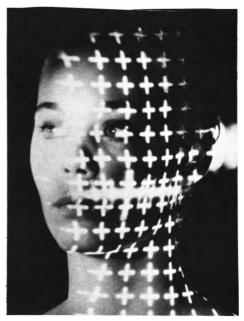
When the Hammer movie versions of his first three Quatermass teleplays were released in this country, they each lost their original titles, and were shown here respectively as The Creeping Unknown, Enemy from Space (coscripted for movies by Kneale). and Five Million Years To Earth (solo by Kneale). The last one, The Quatermass Conclusion, uses the same footage for TV and movies, but has not been shown in the US as yet.

Kneale's superb imagination and dialogue can only bring a quality of dignity and intelligence to Creature From the Black Lagoon. He's the best writer who has ever created fantastic material directly for filming. Landis' choice of writers reflects his intelligence.

#### ASLEEP IN THE DEEP

I know you can't copyright ideas, so probably James White doesn't have a case regarding the two-part TV movie Goliath Awaits. It is quite similar to his novel, The Watch Relow; a luxury liner, sunk by the Nazis, retains a bubble of air and some survivors, settling to an upright position on the ocean floor. The ingenious survivors manage to find a way to generate air, and forty years . . . .

After that ellipse in White's book, aliens find the ship. After the ellipse in the TV movie Goliath

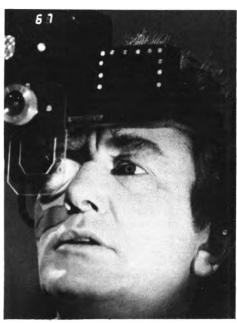


LOOKER Susan Dey is electronically scanned by a computer to duplicate her for use in the killers' scheme.

Awaits, ordinary human beings do. And so the story takes a very different turn. To be fair, it wasn't The Watch Below the makers of Goliath Awaits were stealing from; it was The Poseidon Adventure and (in terms of plot) perhaps Forbidden Plamet also. Young adventurers, a
military type, a romantic type, and a doctor come into the enclave of an eerily intelligent man with a dead wife and one living daughter. Just like Forbidden Planet. The resemblance may be accidental but that to The Poseidon Adventure isn't; I'm sure the story derived from a consideration of what might have happened if the survivors aboard the Poseidon hadn't been rescued.

Well, that's a fairly interesting premise, and for one of these "off-network" movies, Goliath Awaits is not too bad. It seems padded, and it drags in extraneous material, such as a missing U.S. Government document, that adds nothing to the story line at all. And there's a kind of by-the-book overall plotline that seems tired. The strange business that the captain (Christopher Lee) would not know that his right hand man (Frank Gorshin) has been murdering people for forty years, in the captain's name, is more incredible than the plot itself.

Some of the acting is pretty good: Christopher Lee is actually the lead, the engineer who has appointed himself virtual god of the Goliath and decides to go down (or up) with the ship at the end -- he's dignified, intense enough, and lends a pleasing air of authority. John



In LOOKER, Albert Finney has his reactions tested while watching a commercial, leading to murder.

Carradine, in a small role as an old time movie actor, is very good, and has a nice curtain scene. The head of the rescue crew, Robert Forster, has his usually effective sardonic style. Frank Gorshin, however, as the Irish sidekick of Lee, is as always in dramatic films dreadfully hammy and unconvincing. He seems to be doing an impression of Peter Finch vocally, and Lionel Barrymore physically.

## **BALROG AWARDS**

Fan nominations for the 1982 Balrog Awards are due by January 31 in nine categories: Best Novel. Best Short Fiction, Best Collection/Anthology, Best Poet, Best Artist, Best Amateur publication, Best Professional Publication, Outstanding Amateur Achievement, and Outstanding Pro Achievement. A tenth Award, "Judges Choice," will be awarded by a panel including Robert Bloch, James Hogan, Alicia Austin and Richard Lupoff.

The panel will have the results of the fan balloting before making their decision.

The fantasy awards are presented annually at Fool-Con during April Fools' week at Johnson County Community College, 12345 College at Quivira, Overland Park, Kansas 66210. Official nomination forms are not required, but are provided on request.

### SIEGEL Cont. from p. 7

ness that pushes every other consideration out of mind. We do not wonder what caused the violence or how we might escape it, but are simply overwhelmed as the flood of blood rises around our ankles.

THE CONNECTIONS Landis makes be-tween sex and violence are uncommonly overt: Jack and David talk sex at the start of the film, and again just before they are attacked. David kisses the nurse after his first visitation from Jack-thecorpse, and has just made love to her before Jack's second visit in which David is reminded that he is soon to become a werewolf. David is horny when he awakes from slaughtering a full moon's worth of victims. David is introduced to the fresh walking-corpses of those victims in the back row of a porno movie theater, and Landis cuts the dialogue among the ghouls and David with shots from the porno film; then David makes his second transformation and slaughters everyone in the theater. Throughout the film, each appearance of the werewolf is preceded by a popular moon song -- "Blue Moon," "Moondance," "Full Moon Rising" -- all of which have sexual overtones.

It would be nice to think that Landis is making some sort of definitive statement on Western morality, where sexual behavior is condemned and violence condoned -- but he is enjoying the gore too much himself, obviously having a giggling good time. This is not a film about the pornography of violence -it is a pornography of violence, a film in whih the only psychological needs to be gratified are associated with violence itself. For the same reason, the film does not function as a desensitization to violence: the climax of the film would be ineffective if we did not respond to the gore. Finally, while a movie such as An American Werewolf may fulfill some of the functions of

horror films suggested earlier, the escalation in graphic violence here does not serve to further any of those functions, all of which rely psychological identification and suspense.

**T**OR INSTANCE, all previous were-wolf films have benefitted, on one level or another, from the original construction of the werewolf archetype as half-man, half-beast. This archetype suggests that the behavior of the beast is part of us all, and that only constant vigilance can prevent it from surfacing in our own normal lives. David's transformation, unlike that of Lawrence Talbot, is complete; he is utterly human and loving during the day, and totally and absolutely the beast, the alien other, at night. If the beast and the man are thus completely separate, and if, as he is told by Jack, his only "hope" is to commit suicide, what possible significance can the werewolf hold for the movie-goer? Landis has simply inserted the impersonal violence of the disaster movie into the human world of the monster movie--and has thereby eviscerated the significance of both. Again, all we are left with is a gruesome, high-tech display of violence.

"Pornography" has never been adequately defined; its meaning is usually construed by majority consensus as behavior which is not morally permissable. Clinical experiments on the effects of sexuality and violence in the media on viewers and readers have never conclusively shown whether in fact displays of this type make people more or less likely to engage in the behavior displayed. At a time when the socalled moral majority, particularly organizations like the National Conservative Political Action Committee, are campaigning against sexuality on film and television, there seems to be a rising public acceptance of violence in the media, from the "soft-core" violence of Clint Eastwood to the less easily explained, more generalized violence of punk rock. The same high quality special effects that have been so important in the recent resurgance of fantastic film, that have helped make it increasingly an adult rather than merely a children's genre in flim, seem likely to be turned more and more often toward portraying graphic violence. The exploding bodies of Outland and the occasional bloody battle of Excalibur were necessary to their emotional and thematic effectiveness. An American Werewolf, however, raises the spectre of a new, high-tech pornography of violence, films in which the depiction of violence is an end in itself.



photo by Craig Glassner

WELCOME BACK to my column, second in a subseries where I look at various horrifying movies and books. Last month, you'll recall, I discussed two foreign movies, Grim Reapper and Doctor Butcher—Medical Deviant, raving over one and deriding the other with faint pans. Today I'll look at some recent local products. For in that gory week I saw no less than four spectacles of unmitigated horror, and the fun has only just started.

Ah yes: **Hell Night**. This stars Linda Blair of **The Exorcist** fame, now grown considerably less cute with encroaching adulthood; also Peter Barton, popular teen idol who will also star in a skiffy highschool TV series this fall. This movie came and went in my area in a week flat; what a shame, for it is, in its own small way, a gem.

We first see Linda Blair at a College Soiree. "What a doll!" the men crow as she enters, and all the horny college boys turn around to gaze on her. It is a moment of stunning bathos; for while it is true Miss Blair's bosoms seem about to burst their confining bodice at any moment, the effect is far from that of a roundly sexy Rubens figure. Instead she resembles nothing so much as one of Jim Henson's more porcine creations.

The basic plot situation unfolds briskly. This is Hell Night, an annual combined sorority/fraternity

## A Certain Slant of "I"

## The Horror... Part 2

## By Somtow Sucharitkul

From the "archetypal resonances" of Catholic trash to the "King Lear-ish splendor" of Peter Straub ~

hazing. Two couples are to undergo this rite tonight: a young English exchange student-cum-junkie and her iron-thewed. lithocephalic boyfriend; a stiff-upper-lipped preppy; and the buxom Miss Blair, a mechanic turned scholar. The throng of college students inducts these four into the place of trial, our old friend the mysterious haunted mansion; and they are told the creepy story of the mad killer and son who murdered the family and are reputed to be still there somewhere. So far, so good.

But this movie is a little like Verdi's Aida, which apart from one scene of shattering spectacle is actually an intensely domestic work. Here too, the crowd scene soon evaporates, leaving the four hapless youngsters alone with their terror.

But there are complications galore. For the abandoned house has been wired by the frat honchos, who gleefully prepare to scare the living excrement out of the pledges with an awe-inspiring display of technological virtuosity -- holographic ghost generators, bloodcurdling synthesizers that imitate everything from clanking chains to whoopie cushions, two-way mirrors, selflighting, self-extinguishing dles. And, as the four intrepid initiates huddle in the house, the tricksters get to work, toggling switches and crossing wires. The screams begin . they are just in fun.

Unbeknownst to the pranksters, however.

You guessed it! The slash-happy murderers out of the mansion's unhappy past are still here, and soon they begin to dispose of the tricksters in various hideous ways. The head-twisting sequence here is especially fine, both despite and because of the **Exorcist**ian resonances.

The action speeds up as the killers pursue their victims through the labyrinthine estate . . . and what an estate it is! Endless rooms

with sagging floors and four-poster beds. Secret passages that pop up beneath Persian carpets. garden paths lined with hedges a la The Shining, in which the hideously garotted corpse of a young man lies Basements that lead to rotting. other basements and finally to a maze of dank limestone tunnels that lead into chambers hewn from the naked rock and finally to a tableau of ultimate horror -- quite simply the finest rotting-corpse-banquetscene ever to befoul the silver screen -- a grim memento mori in lurid color -- interestingly enough the most brightly lit scene in the entire movie. It is ten times more spectacular than the comparable sequence in the recent movie Happy Birthday to Me, in which corpses in various stages of decomposition sit around a birthday cake. It is all the more remarkable for being completely unexpected, a sudden sensual feast of the terrifying . . like finding a hundred-dollar bill tucked away at the bottom of a Christmas stocking when you think you've already dug out all the gifts.

When the monsters finally emerge, we see some of the most impressive shambling the genre has ever evinced.

Some other splendid scenes: the old decapitated head in the bed trick (rather shopworn, I'm afraid, but much better done than, for instance, in **Doctor Butcher**); and the film's climax, in which the final monster is dispatched by Linda Blair in a sizzling sequence that combines **grand guignol** with a car crash and the old impaling railing stunt, a little reminiscent of the first **Open** movie. The monster takes a gratifyingly long time to die, too, and his facial contortions achieve just the right balance of grotesquerie and

I guess I shouldn't rave too much about what is, after all, a somewhat trashy movie. Despite the fact that it is a great deal slicker in execution, and a little better acted. than the two movies I discussed last month, it somehow doesn't have the mythic grandeur, the overwhelming vision of vast vistas of horror, of Grim Reaper. It's simply on too small a scale for that.

Indeed, to generalize wildly, the quality of primal splendor which characterizes the trashy Italian horror movie at its best seems wholly lacking in American movies. My housemate, the redoubtable Tim Sullivan, attributed this to Catholic guilt. "In American movies," he told me, "only the girls who take off their clothes are punished. This is essentially a simplistic and Puritan viewpoint. In the Italian ones, the innocent get it as gruesomely as the guilty." On reflection I find Tim's statement to be an unwontedly wise one. After all, the

Catholics come armed with centuries of traditional descriptions of hell. and Grim Reaper, tawdry as it is, is able to draw on this vast body of archetypal resonances. The American film, ostensibly similar in tone, is in fact far less inwardly-directed, far more superficially titillating, far more domestic. Grim Reaper has mythic power despite its cheapness; in Hell Night such levels of profundity are neither promised nor delivered.

Let us now take a look at Halloween II. by far the most expensively produced of the movies under review. It takes off where the first movie left off, and our friend the young monsters continues gleefully on his rampage. Jamie Lee Curtis turns out to be the killer's sister in a series of revelations as hokey as they are unnecessary. While it doesn't have the driving force of the pre-

quel, it does contain half a dozen cleverly orchestrated killings and a moment or two of suspense. The climactic self-immolation of Donald Pleasance was a charming touch. Seeing it was an apt dessert to my four-course meal of gore. Of all the movies under review it had the fewest surprises, but I loved it anyway. And it will no doubt make more money than all the others put together.

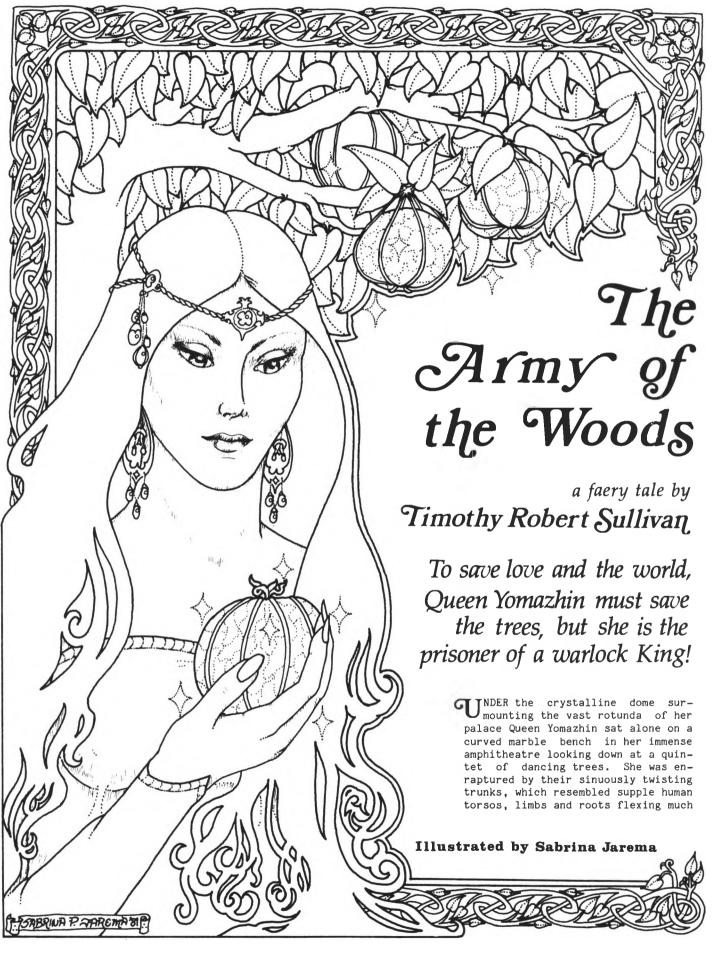
PETER STRAUB'S Shadowland is now out in paperback from Berkley and is already inching its way up to the top of the bestseller lists. I read the book in hardcover, but saw very little coverage within our genre; so I feel justified in reviewing it here. Mr. Straub's Ghost Story has received incredible review attention; many have called it the definitive novel of its subgenre, and of course the movie is due out December 16th, so that it will have been widely seen by the time these words see print. The redoubtable Tim Sullivan, who also read Shadowland, finds it less focused, less perfectly structured than Ghost Story. But, though one may find more fault with the fine details of the structure, I find it if anything more assured, more pyrotechnical. more overwhelming in its effect.

This is a deceptive book. first sequences are set in a secondstring, pretentiously genteel private school in Arizona, where we first meet the two boy protagonists. Tom Flanagan and Del Nightingale. The heroes are not yet out of their childhood, and this is very important . . . for Peter Straub's intent in this novel is no less than to open the forbidden room in the Bluebeard's Castle of all our childhoods, to explore every byway of the dark universe of fairytale. Straub evokes the drabness, the pettiness of the school with astonishing concision. There may never have been a school like this, but this school is the quintessence of such schools, the Platonic ideal of Hideous Schools towards which all the Hideous Schools of the real world strive. Quickly we learn that Del's Uncle is the most powerful magician in the world, and that they are to spend the summer on his estate, the dark and wondrous Shadowland of the title . . and that one of them will become, in some sense, the magician's successor.

I don't know whether or not it's deliberate, but in its structure the book seems to be a monumentalized version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's celebrated story The Diamond as Big as the Ritz. That too has the two

(Continued on page 39)





## Army of the Woods

like arms and legs. From her solitary seat on the top row they appeared as a matchless spectacle of whirling branches tipped with carmine, orange and yellow leaves, hurled outward in the passion of their vegetable ballet.

But in spite of all this colorful, energetic movement Yomazhin was somehow saddened, for a great longing seemed to emanate from the trees -- and surely trees knew no such emotion! -- filling the vast, empty rotunda where they performed. Her state was a melancholy one as usual.

Such moments of solitude were unavoidable, however, ensured as they were by the hundred guards, each armed with sword and halberd, who stood between her and the metal gates of her palace. And so she was startled by the touch of a hand on her silken sleeve.

She thought it must be the king, for who else could gain entrance without her knowledge? But it was not king Quarazun. Somehow this bedraggled stranger, who now took the liberty of sitting on the bench next to her, had made his way past the guards who imprisoned her in her own palace. Her amazement and indignation were momentarily forgotten as she looked into the intruder's green eyes. These seemed to glow with a light of their own, so brilliantly did they reflect the light filtering through the glass dome above.

Prisoner though she might be, she was still Queen of Lai'ikin. "How dare you enter here?"

The stranger remained silent, emerald eyes intent upon hers.

"Answer me! How did you get in here?"

"I entered first through your mighty adamantine gates, your majesty. Then I passed through a long corridor, at the end of which I found a gallery of floating sculptures -- many statues of surpassing beauty, I might add -- and I next climbed marble steps and walked through an onyx passageway that brought me to this rotunda. Is there another way?"

"Why, no . . .?" In her puzzlement, her voice lacked the authority a Queen's voice should carry. What was more, his voice sounded oddly familiar. She found this annoying and frustrating — and not a little fascinating. "What is your name?" she asked, trying to regain her composure.

"Tothim."

"Tothim . . ." An outlander, and yet he had managed to smuggle himself into her palace. "How did you

"She fancied she could enter the oval portal her mouth had made . . . therein to discover the answers to awesome mysteries . . . "

get past my guards?"

"I doubt that you would readily accept my explanation."

"I will be the judge of that."

This was maddening. "I have little time for games."

"And yet," Tothim replied, glancing at the dancing trees, "you find time to watch the Luarrua."

"Luárrua? Do you mean the trees?"

"Yes, for that is what they are called in Mirabor."

"Mirabor? No one lives in Mirabor except the . . . Luarrua . . ."
The word evoked the whisper of wind through scarlet foliage, of kinetic tropisms undreamed of here in the great city of Lai'ikin.

But how could a single word generate such resonances? A word issuing from the mouth of this shabby fellow, at that?

"The word possesses a . . . mystical quality," Yomazhin said. In a way, it made her feel like a child again.

"The trees' importance is more than mystical. Humankind depends upon them to give life and beauty." "I see."

"I thought you would, your majes-

Was he goading her? Perhaps, but somehow she could not believe his intent was malicious; inclined to let him live a little longer, she did not call the guards. She was confused by her own reluctance to use what little power she possessed, but she wanted to know Tothim's purpose in coming here. It seemed to involve the trees. What was it the gardeners had told her about the trees? Something about their fruit?

"Do you derive sorcerous powers from the eating of Luarrua fruit?" she asked. "I have heard that this may be done."

"There is some truth in such a claim, your majesty," Tothim said, "though I have not partaken."

"Is it true that the fruit causes delusions?"  $\,$ 

Tothim smiled. "Perhaps."

"Do you suppose my guards have

eaten some today?"

The smile broadened. "I doubt that these five trees could provide enough for all of them."

"Then you have seen my guards?"

"Of course, my lady. Have I not said I often frequent your palace?" She rolled her eyes. "And you

say you have not eaten the fruit?"

"No one in Mirabor may eat it,"

Tothim said, suddenly serious.
"Then you come from Mirabor, the

"Then you come from Mirabor, the province of the dancing trees — the only province."

"I am native to Mirabor," he admitted.

"And, if I guess correctly, you have come to protest the removal of these five trees from Miraborian forestland, have you not?" She stretched out a delicate hand. "You belive it a crime that they are not in their natural habitat?" How tedious this strange intrusion might yet prove to be.

"No, your majesty, I have come on a much larger errand, that encompasses this issue."

"And what might this . . . larger errand . . . be?"

Instead of answering her, Tothim turned to the colorful tiled circle on which the Luarrua danced below them. He sat on the curved marble bench, apparently transfixed by the display of whirling, brilliant colors.

Enraged by his lack of courtesy, Yomazhin clapped her hands. At once, three figures emerged from portals ringing the tiled rotunda floor. They were powerfully built but short men, dour dwarves with shaven heads who tossed a sparkling powder that spread over the trees like morning mist. In a few moments the trees were stilled, but for the trembling of their leaves; soon, even this infinitesimal movement ceased in the breezeless rotunda.

"Pluck a fruit and bring it to me," she commanded.

A gardener-dwarf walked briskly to the nearest of the Luarrua and groped beneath its brilliant foliage. He withdrew a spherical object covered with fine russet threads, which held the fruit to the bole in spite of the tree's movements. Stripping these away, the gardener held in his gnarled hand a glittering magenta ball that seemed to pulse with a life of its own. He ran up the marble steps to the Queen and presented it to her, coming only to her knee. As she snatched it from his upraised hand, he bowed so deeply he disappeared beneath the marble bench completely.

"You dare to play with me, Tothim," the Queen said. "But now I will see what you have seen, and

then we will be on more equal footing."

"Are we not on equal footing here in your palace, your majesty?" Tothim asked.

Her palace? She could not admit to him that she was a prisoner here, though it was the worst kept secret in Lai'ikin. He, on the other hand, was self-assured, in command. She sensed that these qualities were derived from some inner strength, that his confidence was no mere sham. Did the fruit instill it?

Looking directly at Tothim's dark face, Yomazhin bit into the fruit. Sweet juices flowed over her tongue. At once her senses seemed strangely awakened, renewed. She held the fruit up to her eyes and examined it.

"It is like a jewel," she said. But the break in the surface of the globe did not reveal the facets of a gem. She saw instead a labyrinth of pulpy ridges, tiny glints of lightning flashing within their depths. She fancied she could enter the oval portal her mouth had made, perhaps therein to discover the answers to awesome mysteries. "Should I eat more?" she asked, enchanted.

"If you wish . . . though I doubt you will need more."

But Yomazhin did not hear him. Through the sparkling portal she glimpsed . . .?

She entered, and for a moment was both within and without the fruit. Then the curved walls of the rotunda faded, as did the remainder of her palace. The pavilions, spires and ziggurats of Lai'ikin momentarily appeared, the River Penzu'ur rushing past them like living silver. But this tableau, too, shimmered and dissolved.

SHE and Tothim were alone now in a wilderness of still Luarrua trees. He towered over her, an aristocratic figure in robes the colors of the earth. Her samite gown seemed garish beside these forest hues.

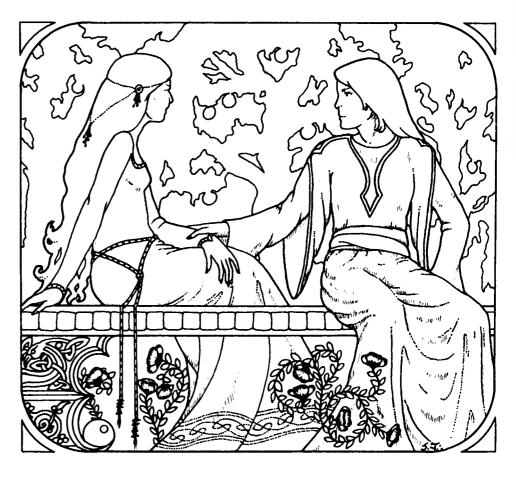
"Tothim," she asked, "who are you?"

"I am the King of the Army of the Woods." With lordly mien he looked down upon her. "My soldiers once covered the world's surface from shore to shore. Now we are but few, and you bring our most glorious artists to your palace as though they were slaves for your amusement."

Yomazhin's voice was reduced to a whisper. "But they are only trees."

"Only trees!" The King's anger

"Only trees!" The King's anger was palpable, seeming to warp the



very air currents around her. Lines in his handsome deepened, his skin growing so dark it came to resemble bark. "Once we ruled this world, and there was peace. Humankind has disturbed the world's rest, leaving only Mirabor as a haven for the Luarrua. And now you dare to invade Mirabor."

"We did not know!" Yomazhin protested.

"Nor did you care," said the King. "The proliferation of your own kind was your single law, and now you threaten our last refuge."

"Humankind needs room to grow,"
Yomazhin said, mouthing a phrase she
had heard since infancy.

"And do not the Luarrua?" Tothim

"But trees cannot think or feel. They cannot --"

"Can they not, indeed? And how do you suppose you came to be here? By eating the Luarrua's fruit, you now share its thought processes."

"The tiny lightning flashes ..."

"Resonances of its very soul, a sense whose spark passes through the limber wood, animating the tree even as it provides a kind of heart and mind not unlike your own."

"Have I harmed it then?" Yomazhin asked. horrified.

"No, for another fruit will grow to replace that you have eaten." "Yomazhin shook her head, crying, "But this is madness."

Tothim lifted his hands so that his robes spread like wings, and the trees advanced toward her. She shrank from him as they loomed overhead, their branches blotting out the light. She was terribly frightened, but she dared not run, being completely encircled by the trees. By their blood-red leaves she knew them to be Luarrua; if they could dance, they could also chase her.

And where would she flee? For the first time since she had been exiled to her palace she was outside its walls. She had been displaced to somewhere other than Lai'ikin, presumably Mirabor. But was it only a Mirabor of the mind?

"What do you want of me?" she screamed, her words seeming to come from her mouth far too slowly. Indeed, she felt that she could barely move, could not avert her eyes from Tothim's terrible glare. She was rooted to the ground!

"Behold!" the King shouted.

Slowly, the boles of the trees stretched toward the sky. Their limbs drew back, leaving Yomazhin and the King along in a brightly lit forest clearing, the sun a golden disc above their boughs.

"I cannot move," Yomazhin managed (Continued on next page)

## Army of the Woods

to say. "I have grown roots."

"The roots may be drawn up from the soil at will."

"By what black sorcery have you turned me into a tree?" she demanded. "I tell you, Tothim, I cannot

"Only because you are frightened. When you are at ease you will be capable of movement. In time you might even become graceful."

Was he taunting her again? Yomazhin still did not feel at ease. but she marveled at her long, slender limbs. Their leafy tips seemed to be made of fire drawn from the sun itself. Disconcerted. she nevertheless delighted in her new beauty, for it had been some time since she had been made to feel like a woman. Without the love of King Quarazun she had grown wan, a captive in her own palace. But here she was not deprived of sunlight. Here she literally bloomed, truly a Queen once again.

Surely this was a glory the people of Lai'ikin must come to know. Perhaps she might use what little influence she possessed for that end . . . if she ever got back to Lai'ikin.

"Can we not live together, humankind and Luarrua?" she asked. "Is that not possible, Luarrua King?"

"We had always hoped so, your majesty. But humankind has proven blind to our needs. Thus the Army of the Woods, to protect our helpless kin, must rise up and fight against the injustices humankind inflicts upon us and our immobile brethren."

"But surely an agreement can be reached. You have yet to try diplomacy -- humankind does

"Humankind does not care." Tothim's earthen robes had become bark. and from his uplifted arms sprouted tiny crimson buds.

"Tothim, I am still Queen of the greatest city in the world," Yomazhin said. "I will find a way to make the people listen. This I promise you."

"Very well," his voice echoed. "My soldiers and I will wait a little longer." Now the buds were lengthening, growing pointed tips like slowly licking flames. What was left of his false human flesh -finely woven russet threads -- fell away, revealing clusters of bright fruit beneath. In full, luxurious foliage, he stepped forward, and the other trees, pale in comparison, began to sway as their King embraced the Queen of Lai'ikin in his fiery limbs. They danced then, Yomazhin's awkwardness more than compensated by Tothim's balletic grace. As they whirled, their roots barely touched the soft humus. They were nearly flying! Yomazhin had not felt so ecstatic since she was a little

She lost all track of time, as the greens and yellows and reds of the forest kaleidoscoped in the exquisite choreography of nature.

The dance was timeless, but it ended all too soon.

At last the King stepped back from her, his limbs so heavy with blazing foliage that Yomazhin wondered how he could lift them at all. much less dance so magnificantly. "I have known you," he said, "and you have known me. The seed of trust has been planted, and it will flower . . . if . . ."

"If?" Yomazhin whispered.

"If the Luarrua are not betrayed." The King's form began to van-ish, and in place of the forest stood the vast rotunda and crystalline dome that topped Yomazhin's

If they could dance, they could also chase her. But where would she flee?... was it only a Mirabor of the mind?"

palace. Only the quintet of trees remained, still frozen in the stabilizing mist. In her hand was the piece of magenta fruit the dwarf had brought her: the oval portal where she had bitten it had turned brown at the edges, and she could discern no spark within.

"I will keep my promise," Yomazhin said. But the King of the Army of the Woods was nowhere to be seen.

Could it all have been a delusion? She hated to think so, for she had known an innocence and joy today that she had all but forgotten. If she had been drugged by the sweet juices, she felt no ill effect now; her head was as clear as the sky over Mirabor.

As she contemplated her state of mind, the effect of the paralyzing mist abated, and Yomazhin began to detect faint stirrings among the five Luarrua -- the subtle trembling of blood-red leaves. Slowly the trees returned to life. Like sleepers rising, they stretched forth their powerful yet slender limbs.

Transfixed, Yomazhin watched them bend toward her, their topmost branches gracefully descending toward the floor in obeisance. Before she had thought them mindless, but now that she had danced with their King, they bowed to her in respect. Their gesture was unmistakable.

WHEN they had been brought from Mirabor for her amusement she had believed the trees mere intricate natural mechanisms powered by the sun much as the greased machines beneath the city were fueled by furnaces stoked endlessly by a race of enslaved dwarves.

But this! Tothim had not suggested that the trees had brains like human beings, but he had declared that they possessed minds and hearts. He himself had changed into a human semblance so flawless that she had not suspected his arboreal nature until he chose to reveal it to her. And the authority with which he had led the seemingly endless legions of Luárrua!

She was reminded of the terraced gardens of Lai'ikin, where her father had so often taken her as a child. An official in the palace of old King Sederon, he had delighted in pointing out the rainbows of flowers separated by rows of magnificent trees stretching to the blue sky. But now the gardens were gone, and children did not know that the sky had once been blue, assuming in their innocence that it had always been the same dismal gray.

When wise old King Sederon had died, the city grew as never before. At first Sederon's son, King Quarazun, had ruled with discretion too. But he soon became immersed in wizardry. As time passed he exhausted the resources of the alchemists of Lai'ikin with his incessant demands that they reveal to him their secrets -- all save one, Bellak the Mysterious. For each miracle that Bellak showed him, and these were indeed marvelous, a thousand more were suggested by that greatest of magicians. The King could not master Bellak's art, becoming sullen and turning the Mysterious One away from court. He then called for necromancers from all lands of the world, promising them great wealth if they would teach him their black

And while the King withdrew into the worlds of witchery, no one oversaw the chaotic sprawl of Lai'ikin and the other great cities of this world. Like a vile fungus, these cities grew, greedy men growing rich as nature strangled. At last even the great terraces of Lai'ikin were leveled to make room for the structures the people now needed. And the multitudes were herded together like cattle as profiteers of human misery grew nearly as wealthy as the King himself. But when Quarazun was told of this by his dark thaumaturgists, he tortured them all to death, for he was now so steeped in sorcery that his powers exceeded theirs.

Yomazhin had known him before he turned to wickedness, however. Even so, she had been frightened the day the young King had sent for her. She had met him at a court reception shortly after Sederon's demise, knowing with her young woman's intuition that he desired her above all the other women in Lai'ikin. That had been the last palace function her ailing father was ever to attend.

A gentle man, a widower since Yomazhin was three years old, Alloram had died knowing that his daughter was to be Queen of Lai'ikin . . . . If only Yomazhin had been so happy in her marriage.

Just as Quarazun had tired of his royal duties, he had become annoyed with Yomazhin when she demanded to be more than a vessel for the King's pleasure. Before her wedding she had believed herself beautiful, but never since . . . until today.

She had no doubt that Quarazun

She had no doubt that Quarazun had gone mad, and that his treatment of her had been symptomatic of his illness. When she could no longer bear to be touched by him, he thought himself a cuckold. A dozen guiltless men had been put to death before his jealous rage abated.

Then he had left the palace, Yomazhin imprisoned within, calling forth stonemasons to build him a new castle, wherein he had resided ever since, preoccupied there solely by the black arts.

And so she remained a captive in old King Sederon's palace, ruling yet within its jewel-inlaid walls, even after her many attempted escapes . . . here she was still the Queen.

STRAIGHTWAY she called her sorcerors, alchemists, and other practitioners of white magic. Within
minutes these were gathered in her
amethyst throneroom, seven loyal men
and women, all possessed of knowledge and power beyond the ken of
ordinary human beings. And yet none
was as great a wizard as Quarazun -save one.

They bowed low as Yomazhin entered and took her place on the golden throne above them. She bid them stand, and said, "We must find a way to restore a balance between human-

kind and the trees."

Mystified, the wise men and women waited for their Queen to elaborate.

"We cannot live without the trees," she said.

By your leave, your majesty," said Asiever, most outspoken of the ensorcelled. "King Quarazun has found a way to make air, that it may be circulated in place of natural air if need be. So you see, we can live without trees."

"Is this possible?" She looked to Bellak the Mysterious, whose advice she valued most, but no word emerged from the depths of his black cowl.

"The magic of Lai'ikin is very old," said Javos, "and such a feat might easily be engendered."

"Even so," argued the rotund Trebeh, "the beauty of the trees would be sorely missed. Life would be much meaner without them."

"Would be meaner?" grunted taciturn Venvez. "Life is meaner -- and not only because the sky over Lai'-ikin is drenched in filth, no tree growing within two thousand leagues of the city. That is only part of it."

"Precisely," Yomazhin said. "Humankind has an aesthetic need that has been sorely neglected of late. Our engines have spewed cinders and noxious vapors while we have pushed the trees ever backward, until now only the land of Mirabor harbors them. If things go on this way, even this last refuge will soon be gone."

"What can be done about it, your majesty?" asked Kyria.

"I propose this," the Queen said.
"While I try to persuade the king to restrict these dangerous activities, every man, woman, and child must grow a tree if they can find the space for it. If not, they must grow a shrub, or a flower at the very least."

"Can it be done?" asked Coroft.

"It will be your task to cast a spell on them to see that they do it."

The seven sorcerors were silent now, deep in thought.

"It will not be difficult once they have tasted this," Yomazhin said, drawing a shiny Luarrua fruit from a fold of her gown.

Understanding murmurs arose from the assembled wizards.

"But can so many fruits be harvested," said a voice that seemed to emanate from a deep cavern, "that every human being in the world might eat one?"

All turned to Bellak -- for it was he who had asked the question -- as the Queen pondered this. "I think not," she admitted, "even if all the resources of Lai'ikin

"In a strangely reverberating voice Bellak said, 'One day
The Army of the Woods will inhabit the places of man'."

were lavished upon the project."

"Then what is the alternative?" asked willowy Kyria, the white witch. "How may we save the trees?"

"First, all of you must eat of the fruit," said the Queen.

"Why? demanded a baritone voice from an invisible source.

"The King!" Trebeh  $\,$  cried,  $\,$  chins atremble.

A tapestry behind the throne billowed, and Quarazun stepped from behind it to enter the throneroom. The Queen had not seen him in quite some time, and so was startled by the dissolution of his manly features, and the wildness of his great mane of golden hair. His attire, from boots to cape, was composed entirely of black sendal embroidered with intricate gold ornamentation. His eyes were as red as garnets. He approached the Queen, saying, "What is this fruit you have commanded the wizards to consume?"

"Luárrua fruit."

"Luárrua . . . this has a familiar ring to it, I think. From whence does it come?"

"From Mirabor," Yomazhin said, knowing that he was toying with her.

"Mirabor!" the King shouted.
"This then is the fruit of the famous dancing trees, the sweet stuff that makes men -- and women -- daft."

Yomazhin glared at him, but the King's hard face didn't flinch. "You sent dwarves to fetch them for their beauty, I suppose. And now you have become seduced by their juices."

Yomazhin was confused. She had assumed that the trees were a gift from the King, for though they were estranged he often presented her with gifts through an intermediary, to occupy her in her cage. But if not Quarazun, then whom . . .? Tothim?

"It is you who have been seduced, Quarazun; by wickedness."

With a toss of his shoulder length, yellow hair, the King mounted the marble steps to the beaten gold throne, taking the fruit gently from her hand.

"They claim it produces delusions, hallucinations," he said, fingering its tiny, dark stem.

## Army of the Woods

"Would you befuddle these alchemists, so that they might harm themselves with their own vitriol and poisoned philtres?"

"They must taste the fruit only once."

The King sneered. "To what pur-

"They must taste it ... to understand."

"To understand!" He laughed derisively. "More likely to labor under delusions, I think -- like you, Yomazhin."

"Please, Quarazun," she said. "If you taste the fruit, then you too will know."

"I ...?" He held the fruit to his mouth as though to bite it, a thoughtful expression on his face. But then he smiled wickedly. He dashed the Luarrua fruit onto the marble dais with a wet, explosive

From its pulpy remains there exuded a sweet fragrance ... and something more. The onlookers gasped as sparks leapt from the crushed fruit and formed fleeting visions of a brilliant sun, of scarlet and amber foliage, of lush verdure, of damp shifting woods shadow, wafting through the throneroom. But these images were soon gone, leaving behind only an icy vacuum.

It seemed a very long time before the King broke the silence, his voice clearly not carrying the conviction he had intended it to convey. "So you see ... nothing but illusions."

"Are you so drowned in sorcerous artifice you can no longer recognize reality?" Yomazhin demanded. "There is truth in such visions. I have witnessed it."

"If you must indulge yourself, my dear, then you must," Quarazun replied, "but please spare others your delusions."

With that he strode regally from her throneroom.

"You are dismissed," she said vaguely to her wizards, slumping into the cushioned depths of her throne. She sat, chin in hand, for nearly an hour.

"Your majesty," a voice whispered at length.

SHE looked up, and there stood Bellak the Mysterious, cowl pulled over his face as always, so that only the reflection of light on his eyes showed beneath the dark cloth.

"You are still here, Bellak?" "Yes, my lady, for I think you have need of me."

"Oh?"

"If I may be so bold."

"By all means, Bellak, go on."

"It would be a simple matter for me to synthesize the essence of Luárrua fruit in my laboratory, if . .

"If?" Yomazhin leaned forward. "If your majesty is certain that the king is wrong."

"You know me," Yomazhin said. "Do you think I would take such a stand lightly?"

"No, but what of the king's position?"

"He has eyes everywhere. I am certain he knows about the visitor who came to see me earlier today." "Visitor?"

"The King of the Army of the Woods," Yomazhin said, and their dance sprang anew into her mind.

"The Army of the Woods . . . I have heard of this." The alchemist bowed his head. "You believe King Quarazun to be jealous?"

"Yes." All of Lai'ikin knew of the king's insane jealousy, attributing it to the evil nature he had adopted from the study of black magic. Curiously, though, he had shown little interest in her until he had put to death all the wizards in his own palace. It was as though he needed someone to bedevil now that they were gone. She feared him as never before. "Bellak, will you help me?"

"I, too," the cowled head spoke, "fear the destruction of the world's plant life."

"If something is not done soon, the trees will strike back at humankind," said the Queen. "Are you aware of this?"

"There is a prophecy concerning the Army of the Woods."

"A prophecy? What might it be?"

In his strangely reverberating voice, the Mysterious One said: "'One day the Army of the Woods will inhabit the places of Man.'"

Chilled, Yomazhin asked, "And this is why you have decided to help me?" For even the King could not command this sorceror.

Bellak bowed once again. "The prophecy need not prove so dire in its fulfillment as it sounds."

"Go then." said the Queen. and see that it does not."

Bellak bowed for the third time, turned, and glided past the guards at the throneroom's entrance. Not one gleaming barbot turned toward him, the sentries appearing not to notice him at all. In truth, Yomazhin felt that their conversation had been less real than her meeting with Tothim. But in spite of his inscrutability, she had to trust Bellak.

For none but he would dare risk the King's vengeance.

 $T^{ ext{HE}}$  DAYS passed with agonizing slowness, and Yomazhin grew ever more anxious. She began to fear that the King had learned of Bellak's complicity with her, and that even now the Mysterious One languished in some dark and clammy dungeon; powerful as was Bellak's magic, surely not even he could withstand the might of the King's bullies if they came to arrest him.

One afternoon at sunset she went to the rotunda, where the Luarrua were once again frozen in the glittering mist. Near the entrance leading from the onyx passageway stood a pyramid of white spheres. She touched the topmost of these. and it swiftly unraveled, forming a web around her body that carried her toward the rotunda's curved balustrade. By moving her foot so, or her shoulder thus, she maneuvered the floating web to face the river.

In the distance, looming over the peaks and gables of the old city. was King Quarazun's fortified palace. The crenels and cops of its parapets resembled a crown, but reflected in the palace moat they looked more like the upper jaw of a skull. The still water collected the incarnadine of dusk, so that the palace appeared -- to Yomazhin at least -- as a crowned death's head resting in a pool of blood.

Opposite her palace, forming a triangle with the King's, stood the burnished gold tower of Bellak the Mysterious, on the bank of the rushing Penzu'ur. Was the wizard working there even now, or had the King put a stop to her plan once and for al1?

She had to know the truth, she decided, guiding the web past the still Luarruas and onto the tiled floor. If Bellak had been found out there was little hope; war between humankind and tree would surely follow, for the other wizards were too frightened of the King to help her. And her promise to Tothim would not be kept. Somehow that disturbed her more than the certainty of war, though she felt it unseemly for a Queen to think this way.

Her feet lit upon the floor, the web extricating itself from her limbs and torso, reforming a ball and bouncing onto the floor and up onto the topless pyramid to make it whole once again. Hurrying to her handmaidens quarters, she soon emerged wearing a turban and loosefitting robe. She went through the kitchens and then through passageways she knew to be frequented only by servants, finally entering the gallery of floating sculptures through a side entrance. Thus far she had neatly avoided all sentries, but fully half of the palace complement lined either side of the long corridor leading to the gates, twenty-five standing abreast along each wall like still suits of armor, halberds leaning forward to form a deadly arch. Holding her breath, she started through the gauntlet without looking back.

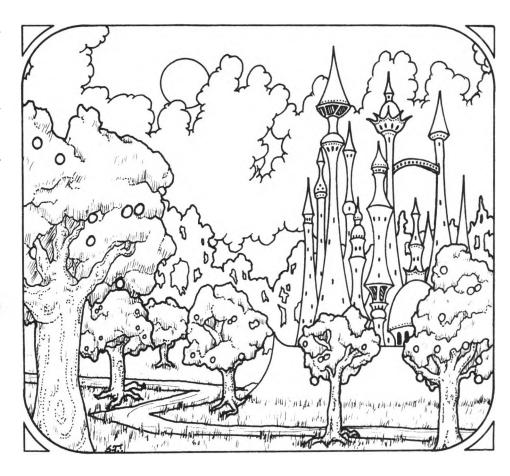
At the base of one huge metal gate, daylight streamed through an entrance just large enough to admit one person at a time. Yomazhin rushed past the fifty sentries with her head down, praying that she wouldn't be recognized. And then . . . she was outside!

The sun warmed her (a rare enough occurrence in Lai'ikin that she took it as a good omen) as she made her way through the twisting streets. For the first time since Quarazun had entered his new palace she was free. Free! The King's guards had become lax, it had been so long since she had tried to escape; they had not even bothered to question her, no doubt believing her to be a servant . . . a good thing, that.

Everywhere she looked there was life. Men, women, and even children bought and sold copious goods in brightly colored pavilions; proud soldiers of fortune, seeking gainful employment, displayed muscular physiques and demonstrated their skill with weapons; cripples and old people begged for favors in heartrending wails. Each haggling merchant Yomazhin wistfully envisioned hawking sweetmeats laced with Luárrua-fruit-essence instead of sugar.

Far back along the riverbank, she saw the alchemist's tower rising like a golden needle over the rooftops. Soon she found a palanquin for hire -- for no magical means of transport was available outside the palace -- and was swiftly carried through milling crowds to Bellak's tower. As they entered the wizard's courtyard, the babble of Lai'ikin's people became nearly inaudible. Yomazhin had no coinage, and so she paid the bearers with a golden bracelet, which they stared at in amazement. She left them gaping at the bauble while she passed through the arch at the tower's base and made her way up the winding stairs within. There were no sounds at all here, save her own footfalls.

N THE LANDING atop the stairwell, Onear the golden tower's summit, hissing and bubbling erupted from



the entrance to Bellak's laboratory. The dark figure of the Mysterious One, heavily garbed as ever, resembled a giant looming over a tiny city of glassware, the arcane instruments of his science at his elbow. He crushed gleaming lumps with a pestle made of a bone from the foot of a giant beast. As he carefully emptied the contents of the mortar into a glistening cucurbit, the freshly powdered crystals melted and boiled from the heat of a taper's flame, their vaporous essence rising to the alembic surmounting the gourd-shaped vessel. But for the variegated light through a huge stained-glass window at the alchemist's back, the stone walls and floor were shrouded in gloom.

And yet the long crystalline beak of the alembic dripped a fluid as golden as the sun, causing Yomazhin to wince. She entered the laboratory then, as the flask slowly filled drop by drop with the precious liquid.

"Your majesty," Bellak said, his voice reverberating, "do you think it wise to come here?"

"It has been far too long since last I heard from you, Bellak . . . and if I had sent for you, Quarazun would have suspected our purpose."

"And will he not be suspicious as it is?"

"I think I slipped from the palace unnoticed."

"We shall see." Bellak bowed deeply and returned to his work.

"And is this the essence of the Luárrua fruit?" the Queen asked, pointing at the brilliant contents of the flask as she stepped into the pattern of multi-colored hues thrown through the casement.

"Behold!" Bellak's long, black sleeve descended, and when it rose his strong brown hand clutched the flask, its scintillant glow paling the radiance of the burnished tower, rivaling the sun itself.

"You are truly the greatest alchemist in all the world!" Yomazhin cried, clasping her hands to her bosom.

"But your majesty cannot be certain that this elixir's effect will be true."

"Give it to me, then." snatched the flask from his hand and drank from it.

The liquid's ravishing sweetness

seared her lips and tongue, seeming a thousand times more potent than the actual fruit. As the room receded, it occurred to Yomazhin that she had first entered the world of trees through the bite she had taken from the Luarrua fruit; this troubled her, until she saw that she might enter that same magical world through the neck of the flask. She

## Army of the Woods

did so gladly, sliding down its smooth glass interior with the exhilarated abandon of a child.

At the bottom of the glass slide stood the Army of the Woods, row after row standing abreast as far back as the eye could see. At their head stood a darkly robed and cowled figure: Bellak.

"What are you doing here, alchemist?" she demanded.

Instead of answering her, he threw back his cowl and allowed his dark robes to fall about him.

"Tothim!" Yomazhin cried. ran to him and embraced him. Together they danced before the Army of the Woods, leaping, pirouetting, cavorting in joy. Yomazhin knew now without any doubt that she loved Tothim, for he was a true king -- the only true king she had ever known.

The Luarrua trees broke ranks, joining the dance. Their branches swirled in time with the whispering wind, marking a lovely, muted music as ancient as the forest itself.

Never had Yomazhin been so happy. so alive.

"Yomazhin!" a voice boomed over

All movement ceased as a dark figure strode into the clearing.

QUARAZUN. But how had he come here to this enchanted woodland? Yomazhin understood then that this place was both Mirabor and Lai'ikin, and that the King's sorcery had enabled him to track them here.

A sword was in Quarazun's hand, and insane rage in his reddened eyes. He approached the lovers.

"Stand aside," he commanded Yomazhin, who already felt herself returning to human form.

"No!" she cried. But even as they spoke, the Army of the Woods faded and they were once again in Tothim's laboratory. Quarazun rushed upon them, seizing the Queen's wrist and flinging her across the floor. She collided with the alchemist's table in a great splintering crash, and as she collapsed onto the stone floor, she saw the golden flask fly.

But Tothim yet retained his arboreal form, and he snapped forth a limb, coiling it around the flask in midair. Setting it down in a corner, he rose to meet Yomazhin's assailant. Quarazun swung his heavy sword, striking Tothim squarely in the shoulder. A dark substance oozed from the wound like sap.

"Long have I waited for this chance to best you, Bellak. Many peasants at the border of Mirabor died before I learned your true identity."

"Then it was you who ordered . . ." Dazed, bleeding, Yomazhin could not finish her thought aloud.

"Yes, I had dwarves sent to bring the most glorious dancers to your palace, hoping that Bellak would tip his hand, for long have I suspected that so great a sorcerer could not be human." And with that, Quarazun smote the King of the Army of the Woods a second time, the blade burying itself deeply in Tothim's side.

Now Quarazun could not easily remove the sword's edge from his victim, and so worked the blade back and forth until it was nearly free. But Tothim laughed at him, and drawing back a mighty limb, slapped out at the evil King as one might lightly strike a naughty child. Quarazun reeled backward, nearly falling as broken glass cracked under his bootheels.

Wrenching the sword from his side, Tothim clutched its haft in one hand and its point in the other, snapping it as though it were a

And yet, as the two pieces of now useless metal clanked onto the stones, Quarazun showed no sign of fear. From within a fold of his black garment, he withdrew a pouch even as Tothim lunged at him. Opening the pouch just in time, Quarazun drew forth a handful of sparkling powder and hurled it at his nemesis. But his hand was deflected by Tothim's powerful charge and the powder settled in a sparkling mist upon the Queen.

Instantly, Yomazhin felt a paralysis set into every part of her body, even as she watched Tothim strangle Quarazun.

"Tothim!" she cried. the syllables drawn out into sounds so slow that she feared he would not hear

But Tothim dropped the gasping Quarazun onto the floor and turned to her. By now, she was completely frozen and could not speak or move at all.

"The stabilizing mist," Tothim said. "Do not fear, I have the antidote here." He stretched a branch outward to a bench and withdrew a beaker and a simpulum. Pouring a crimson fluid into the simpulum, he ladled the stuff into her yet open

Over his shoulder, Yomazhin could see Quarazun rising to his knees. Clutching at his pouch, the King of Lai'ikin withdrew from it a tiny lozenge. He then crawled across the broken glass to the taper, which,

though overturned, still flamed. With his bare hands, he held the lozenge -- a magic pastille -- over the flame, heedless of his singed fingers. A noxious smoke roiled from the pastille, which Quarazun inhaled greedily. And when all the smoke was taken into his lungs, a transformation began to occur.

Yomazhin, frozen by sorcery as she was, could not warn Tothim, who labored over her still form that he might re-animate her. But her heart was as frozen as her body as she saw Quarazun's nostrils enlarge, flames issuing from them. His form grew large and burst from his clothing, great clawed feet and forelimbs grasping greedily as a barbed tail lashed wildly about the laboratory. splintering furniture and smashing the very stones embedded in the golden walls to powder.

And yet the head of this hideous wyvern still bore a resemblance to King Quarazun's visage, though monstrously distorted. Its serpentine scales were as golden as had been his shock of hair, standing now like a spiny crest atop the saurian

"A shadow loomed over her... and she looked up into Quarazun's gargoyle face... as he settled his veined wings by his scaly sides"

Life began to return to the Queen just as the monster unleashed its fiery breath upon Tothim's unprotected back. She saw his mouth and eyes open wide in surprise and pain, and she felt the torrid effect of the flame, though her skin remained unscorched.

The immense leathern wings of the wyvern beat with glee as Tothim writhed in anguish. In a raucous, cracked voice, it announced: "Now there is no greater wizard than Quarazun in all the world."

"And no more monstrous villain!" Yomazhin cried, her words making her realize that she could move again. But as she ran to help Tothim, her foot struck something that clattered metallically. Glancing down, she saw the broken sword's bejeweled pommel, and before her lover could be attacked so treacherously again, she thrust it with all her gathering strength into the beast's jaws. Where the jagged blade slashed the soft meat between its yellowed fangs, an odious purple substance oozed over the reptilian scales. Flapping its great wings in agony now, the Wyvern King plucked forth the weapon from its gums with its talons and cast it aside. Its vile blood spattered from the haft and melted several stones set in the floor.

With a roar that shook the very foundation of the tower, the monster reared back to unleash its hellish breath on Yomazhin. But though he suffered mortal agony, the King of the Army of the Woods thrust his burning body before the Queen just as fire belched forth from the Wyvern King's bleeding jaws.

Raising his flaming limbs, Tothim cried out in a piteous wail. Smoke poured from his blackening form as he toppled, his foliage seared away, his body a smoldering ruin.

Crying out in horror, Yomazhin ran to him where he lay, heedless of the embers that burned into her soft skin. Smoke rose and gathered into the lordly shape of the King of the Army of the Woods, and then dispersed.

A shadow loomed over her like a dark cloud, and she looked up into Quarazun's gargoyle face as he settled his veined wings by his scaly sides.

"There is nothing more you can do to me, Quarazun," the Queen said.

"Is there not?" the monster cackled in a voice that seemed to come from Hades itself. With another earth-shaking roar, it reared back its hideous head to destroy her.

 $\mathbf{W}^{ ext{ITH}}$  an almost musical sound, the stained-glass window behind the Wyvern King shattered inward though in reply to their brief exchange, and through the jagged aperture stretched a limb of crimson leaves. An immense tree stood without, flailing at the burnished gold tower with its thick branches. Behind it, along the riverbank and the diminishing distance, marched thousands upon thousands of Luárrua.

"No!" Quarazun screamed, but tendrils wrapped themselves around the monster's scaly limbs, binding him fast, even as he began to revert to human form.

horror, Yomazhin Despite her could not look away as he was dragged through the broken window, thrashing wildly as shards of colored glass lacerated his naked flesh. By now he was completely mortal -- what was left of him. Yomazhin stumbled to the window and looked out to witness the spectacle of a vast host of Luarruas advancing

upon the city. Most of them were wading across the Penzu'ur, but many had already gained the near bank.

"Stop!" she cried.

For a moment the trees hesitated. perhaps in recognition of the love their King had shown Yomazhin, but they soon began to lurch once again through the riverfront alleyways in a murderous parody of their own dance. The weak and the small were trampled underfoot as the terrified populace fled from crumbling buildings, roots and tendrils snaking between cracks in masonry to topple these structures.

Yomazhin could not let this happen to her people. She drew back from the broken window to run down into the city to offer what help she could. But as she frantically turned toward the stairwell she spied. not two paces from the fallen Tothim, the flask set in the corner where the King had placed it for safekeeping.

She lifted the container of golden elixir, drank deeply, and then hurled it with all her might through the shattered window. It flew past the marching forest giant who held the now unmoving body of Quarazun in its branches, splashing into the silver waters of the Penzu'ur.

Where the flask sank, the water turned gold. Gleaming ripples expanded outward, and soon the river outshone the sun itself.

"I am your queen," Yomazhin said in a gentle yet commanding voice, "and I command you to cease."

And the Luarrua obeyed. was no sound: not the chirping of birds, nor the buzzing of flies. The air was as still as the bottom of the sea, or the spaces between the stars.

Yomazhin turned to the fallen body of Tothim. His position had not changed, of course, no matter how much she prayed that he might yet live. He lay with his arms at his sides, his charred and smoldering face expressionless. She knelt beside him. His brilliant green eyes seemed to look within her soul, her heart. But when she touched his burnt cheek there was no response.

A great weight fell upon the Queen, and she buried her face in her hands. Tears streamed through her fingers and fell upon the embers of her beloved.

At last she stirred. "I cannot stay here," she said.

She rose and staggered down the winding stairwell. Like a somnambulist she passed through the arch into the now oppressive sunlight. Frightened, awe-stricken faces peered from the wreckage bordering the tower's courtyard as the dust settled. They would soon understand.

"His brilliant green eyes seemed to look within her soul...but when she touched his burnt cheek there was no response."

she thought dimly, for they would drink from the river. All Lai'ikin would drink from it, and the Penzu'ur's tributaries flowed through all the great provinces of the world. The deed was done.

At the riverbank she began to walk south, away from the city. Light reflected from the river turned her wan flesh to gold as she made her way past the still trees. Soon she was nearly out of sight of Lai-'ikin. But before she vanished in the hazy distance, a Luárrua branch gently stirred. It reached forth with a slow, longing gesture, drew its roots from the soil and took a tentative step forward, following the Queen. Then a second tree shifted slightly in the perfect stillness, and then a third. The immense tree that had destroyed King Quarazun fell in step, and within moments the entire Army of the Woods marched behind the golden figure of Queen Yomazhin.

**F**<sup>AR</sup> FROM Lai'ikin, that great city where a race of once-ensiaved dwarves tend the most beautiful gardens in the world, there lies a wondrous land called Mirabor. It is a place of endless dancing forests, wherein stands a single unmoving tree rooted atop a mound in the attitude of a monarch overlooking a host of brilliantly clothed subjects. Around this marvelous tree dance the five most graceful of all the Luarrua (for so these dancing trees are called) in all of Mirabor, their movements slow and funereal.

Pilgrims who have traveled into the heart of this enchanted land have remarked upon the singular beauty of this motionless tree. Brightly plumed birds make their nests in its scintillant foliage, and the sun illumines the golden sheen of its bark. But most astonishing of all are markings resembling the features of a woman. From the eyes of this Queen of the Luárrua there descend two deep runnels, filled in inclement weather with raindrops that flow like tears.

## The British Scene:

# by Mike Ashley

## Mike's Semi-annual Roundup

Tr's THAT TIME again when I cover the books published in Britain in the last half-year, July to December 1981. Unlike previous listings I'm combining hardcovers and paperbacks into one long list. With the increase in trade paperbacks and quality softcovers in Britain and the similar increase in concurrent hardcover and paperback publication, it two-fold list rather repetitious and makes a confusing.

The following list is alphabetical by author and compiled from a variety of sources. There is no guarantee that the book was actually published at the time or the price indicated -- publishers often change their minds at the last minute, and particularly the later items may not have appeared as

If there's one trend clear in the following it is that big books -- for the most part omnibus editions -- are in, and all very reasonably priced. I'll quote the number of pages for these editions.

ADAMS, MORTITIA. Amarant (Paper Tiger; Sep; L7.95) a fantasy on the flora and fauna of Atlantis.

ADAMS, RICHARD. The Girl in a Swing (Penguin; Jul; L1.50) paperback edition of 1980 hardcover.

ADAMS, RICHARD.Grimm's Fairy Tales (Routledge & Kegan Paul; Sep; L6.95) illustrated by Pauline Ellison. Adams selects and introduces his own favorites.

ALDISS, BRIAN W. Helliconia Spring (J. Cape; Jan '82; L6.95) the first in Aldiss' new trilogy. Helliconia is an esrthlike planet where the winters last for centuries. The first novel concerns Yuli, a loner who becomes a priest.

ALVERSON, CHARLES. The Time Bandits (Severn House; Oct; L6.50) the book of the film, from Michael Palin's screenplay.

AMIS, KINGSLEY. The Golden Age of Science Fiction (Hutchinson; Sep; L6.95). Haven't seen this one yet.

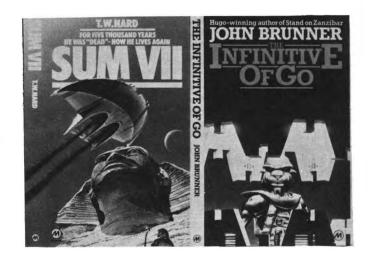
ANDERSON, POUL. The Horn of Time (Corgi; Aug; L1.25) story collection.

ANDERSON, POUL. The Merman's Children (Sphere; Oct; L1.75).

ANDREWS. ALLEN.The Pig Plantagenet (Arrow; Dec; paperback edition of this L1,95) allegorical

ANOBILE, RICHARD J. Outland -- The Movie Novel (Titan; Aug; L5.95) fotonovel from the film.

AUEL, JEAN. The Clan of the Cave Bear (Coronet; Sep; L1.95) the paperback edition of 1980's big seller about a Cro-Magnon girl, the first in a saga with the overall title of Earth's Children -- something along the lines of Vardis Fisher's Testament of Man. The next in the series is The Valley of the Horses, scheduled by Hodder for May '82.



BAILSEY, ADRIAN. The Walt Disney World of Fantasy (Paper Tiger; Oct; L12.95) includes 400 color illustrations.

BAKER, DENYS VAL.Ghosts in Country Houses (Kimber; Oct; L5.95) not a travel book but an anthology of ghost stories by 12 writers.

BARBAR, RICHARD. Arthurian Literature (D. S. Brewer; Nov: L15.00) not cheap but apparently the first of a series of annual volumes. This one contains essays ranging from a previously unpublished medieval account of Arthur's death examination of Charles Williams' poetry.

BARKER, D. A.A Question of Reality (Hale; Aug; L6.25) Benson starts off like any other protagonist against the authoritarian future state, but later becomes a dual personality when a former incarnation as the barbarian Eldred is revived. There's an aline invasion as well, so it's a bit of a got-pot. Good cover by Morris Scott Dollens.

BARNOUW, ERIK. The Magician and the Cinema (OUP; Aug; L6.95) about the early days of cinema special effects, borowed from the magicians to produce fantasy on the screen.

BAUER, STEVEN. <u>Satyrday</u> (Souvenir Press/Nightowl Books; Oct; L6.95) the first new novel by this occasional fantasy imprint.

BEER, DR. JEANETTE. Medieval Fables (Paper Tiger; Aug; L6.95) a 72 page large format book beautifully illustrated by Jason Carter with over 60 drawings in colour and gold. The translation is by Dr. Beer from the lais of Marie de France (13th Cent.) translated for the court of Henry II from an English version of a Latin translation of the Greek Ysopet -- don't ask me to repeat all that.

BENFORD, GREGORY. Timescape (Sphere; Jan '82; L1.50) first UK paperback of the 1980 Nebula winning

BLISH, JAMES.Cities in Flight (Arrow; Sep; L2.50) omnibus edition, 608 pp.

BOORSTIN, PAUL.Savage (Corgi; Oct; L1.50) a remote South American tribe is massacred to make way for a new development including a luxury hotel, but the tribe come back to take revenge.

BRADSHAW, GILLIAN. Hawk of May (Magnum; Oct; L1.65) the first volume of her Arthurian trilogy.

BRADSHAW, GILLIAN. Kingdom of Summer (Eyre Methuen; Oct; L6.95) the second in this Arthurian trilogy.

BRITTON. DAVE and BUTTERWORTH, MICHAEL. Savoy Dreams (Savoy Editions; Dec; ?) promised for Christmas at this writing.

BROWN, ROBIN. Megalodon (M. Joseph; Aug; L6.95) a creature twice the size of a whale takes on the US submarine Jules Verne.

- BRUNNER, JOHN. The Infinitive of Go (Magnum; Dec; L1.25) first UK paperback edition.
- CAMPBELL, RAMSEY. The Nameless (Fontana; Sep; L1.25) Ramsey's new novel which I haven't had time yet to read, but the jacket blurb is pretty grim: "Their dark secrets are known only to the initiated and to their victims, for whom the truth has dawned too late. They are the nameless."
- CARPENTER, HUMPHREY. (ed.) Letters of J. R. R. Tolkien (Allen & Unwin; Aug; L9.95).
- CARR. TERRY (ed.) Best Science Fiction of the Year 10 (Gollanez; Oct; L7.95) 448 pp.
- CHANDLER, A. BERTRAM. Star Loot (Hale; Oct; L6.25) another in the Grimes series.
- CHANDLER, A. BERTRAM. Bring Back Yesterday (Allison & Busby); Nov: L5.95) the third in the Rimworld series. When The Dream Dies and The Rim of Space were both published by A&B in June, but omitted from my last bibliography.
- CHARNAS, SUZY McKEE. Walk To the End of the World, and its sequel, Mother Lines (Coronet; Oct; L1.25 ea.)
- CHETWYND-HAYES, R. Tales of Darkness (Kimber: Oct: L5.95) delayed from June (see FN 39 for details).
- CHETWYND-HAYES, R. (ed.) The 17th Fontana Book of Great Ghost Stories (Fontana; Oct; L1.25) see FN #42 for details.
- CHRISTOPHER, JOHN. Empty World (Puffin Plus; Dec; ?) the latest disaster novel for children.
- CHRISTOPHER, JOHN. The White Mountains, The City of Gold and Lead, and The Pool of Fire (Beaver Books; Aug; L.90 ea.) JC's Tripods Trilogy about man's battle against the overlord alien masters back in print again.
- CLARKE, ARTHUR C. Science Fiction Hall of Fame, Vol. 4 (Gollancz; Nov; L7.95) a glorious 640 pages presenting Nebula winners for short story, novelette and novella from 1966 to 1971 (includes Aldiss' "The Saliva Tree," Vance's "The Last Castle," McCaffrey's "Dragonrider," Ellison's "A Boy and His Dog," Moorcock's "Behold The Man," and so on).
- COLE, ADRIAN. The Lucifer Experiment (Hale; Jul; L6.25) an experiment with a super computer. Lucifer, results in the hero's superhuman powers.
- COX, ERLE. Out of the Silence (Angus & Robertson; Sep; L3.95) the 1925 Australian classic back in print at last in a quality paperback under the Sirius imprint.
- COYNE, JOHN. The Searing (Fontana; Sep; L1.35) horror novel.
- CURVAL, PHILLIPPE. Brave Old World (Allison & Busby; Aug: L6.95) trans. from the French by Steve Cox. Set in a 21st century "totalitarian utopia" where time has been slowed down by a factor of seven.
- d'AGNEAU, MARCEL. The Curse of the Nibelung (Arlington; Sep; L6.95) Sherlock Holmes with Dr. Watson in a wheelchair answers a call from no less than Winston Churchill.
- DANBY, MARY. 65 Great Tales of Horror (Heinemann; Secker & Warburg; Octopus; Sep; L6.95) see FN #43 for details.
- DAVIS, RICHARD (ed.) The Encyclopedia of Horror (Octopus; Sep; L6.95) see captioned cover (above) for details.
- DICK, PHILLIP K. The Golden Man (Eyre Methuen; Jul; L4.95) UK hardcover of earlier Magnum paperback.
- DICK, PHILIP K. Valis (Corgi; Nov; L1.25) first UK paperback.
- DICKS, TERRANCE. Dr. Who and the Day of the Daleks (W. H. Allen; Aug; L4.50). Dr. Who and the State of Decay (Allen; Sep; L4.50). Dr. Who and the

- Auton Invasion (Allen; Oct.; L4.50) reprints of earlier paperbacks; see also Malcolm Hulke.
- DICKS, TERRANCE. Star Quest Terrorsaur (W. H. Allen; Aug; L4.50) the last part of a trilogy for young readers.
- DICKS, TERRANCE. Cry Vampire! (Blackie: Oct: L4.95) start of a new horror series for young readers.
- DISCH, THOMAS. The Man Who Had No Idea (Gollancz; Jan '82; L6.95) a new collection.
- DUANE, DIANE. The Door Into Fire (Magnum; Jul; L1.50).
- EDMONDSON, G. C. The Aluminum Man (Hale; Aug; L6.25) a story about an alcoholic scientist and an Indian scholar who set out together to end civilization.
- EVANS, CHRISTOPHER. Capella's Golden Eyes (Granada; Jan '82: L1.50).
- EVANS, CHRISTOPHER. The Insider (Faber: Nov: L6.95) his latest novel.
- FARBER, JAMES. Blood Island (Hamlyn; Jan '82; L1.25) novel of voodoo.
- FARMER, PHILIP JOSE. Tongues of the Moon (Corgi; Oct; L1.00) new edition of this collection.
- FARREN, MICK. Phaid the Gambler (NEL; OCT; L1.95) latest novel.
- FITZPATRICK, JIM. The Silver Arm (Paper Tiger; Oct; L5.25) a beautifully illustrated (78 in colour) interpretation of Irish pre-Celtic legend.
- FOLLETT, JAMES. Earthsearch (BBC; Sep; L7.50 & L1.75) novelization of the BBC SF serial broadcast earlier in 1980 (see FN #37).
- FORWARD, ROBERT L. Dragon's Egg (NEL; Aug; L1.50) first UK edition of this super-science epic.
- FOSTER, ALAN DEAN. Cachalot (NEL; Jul; L1.50).
  FOSTER, ALAN DEAN. Clash of the Titans (Futura; Jul; L1.25) book of the film.
- FOSTER, ALAN DEAN. Outland (Sphere; Aug; L1.50) book of the film.
- GALLOWAY, BRUCE. Fantasy Wargaming (Patrick Stephens; Nov; L7.95) billed as a heavily researched book which provides a gateway to the supernatural; explains how fantasy wargaming originated and how fantasy role-playing games work, with emphasis on setting the games in our real past, the Europe of the Dark Ages. See also John Eric Holmes.
- GARLICK, NICHOLAS. California Dreaming (Hale; Aug; L6.25) "in 1997 the world was devastated in a bloody frenzy by the nerve gas Luny Tunes. Five years later they were back to threaten the survivors and only Rella could stop the onslaught."
- GENDALL, STUART Weekend Book of Science Fiction (Harmsworth; Sep; L1.00) spin-off from the popular magazine "Weekend." Contains: "Look, You Think You've Got Troubles," Carol Carr; "Security," Brian M. Stableford; "I, Mars," Ray Bradbury; "The Sixth Palace," Robert Silverberg; "The Day Volman Died," Philip Dunn (new); "Computers Don't Argue," Gordon R. Dickson; "An Honest Day's Work," Harry Harrison; "Action Replay," Richard Quarrie (new); "The Yellow Pill," Rog Phillips; "The Nothing," Herbert; "Mix-up." George Collyn; "Time Frank Fuse," Randall Garrett; "It's A Good Life," Jerome Bixby. Illustrations by Reginald Gray.
- GILMORE, MAEVE. Peake's Progress (Penguin; Oct; L5.95) bumper book of Mervyn Peake stories and drawings with useful comments by his widow.
- HAINING, PETER. See Sean Richards.
- HALDEMAN, LINDA. The Lastborn of Elvinwood (Souvenir Press/Nightowl Books; Oct; L6.95) about the last of the fairies hidden in a Surrey wood.
- HALE, JAMES. The Twilight Book (Gollancz; Oct; L6.95) a new volume of specially commissioned ghost stories by writers like Alex Hamilton, Fred

Urquhart, Giles Gordon, Roger Dunkley, Sarah Lawson & others.

HARD, T. W. Sum VII (Magnum; Nov; L1.50) about a high priest in ancient Egypt whose mummy is so perfectly preserved scientists are able to revive it. Apparently being filmed.

HARRIS, ROSEMARY. A Quest For Orion (Puffin Plus; Nov; L.90) for older children, a disturbing vision of a Europe invaded and subdued by a foreign power.

HARRISON, HARRY. Starworld (Granada; Oct; L1.25) the final volume in the "To the Stars" trilogy.

HARRYHAUSEN, RAY. Film Fantasy Scrapbook (Tantivy Press: Sep; L6.95) the third edition, expanded and revised to include new chapters on "Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger" and "Clash of the Titans." Introduction by Ray Bradbury.

HAYES, MICHAEL. Supernatural Poetry (J. Calder;

Sep; L3.95).

HEINLEIN, ROBERT A. Heinlein Triad (NEL; Jul; L7.95) reprint of the omnibus edition of "The Puppet Masters," "Waldo," and "Magic, Inc." in 429 pp.

HELMS, RANDEL. Tolkien and the Silmarils (Thames & Hudson; Sep; L5.50) an analysis of Tolkien's 50 years of labor over The Silmarillion.

HERBERT, FRANK. Nebula Winners 15 (W. H. Allen; Nov; L7.95).

HERBERT, JAMES. The Jonah (NEL; Oct; L1.50) first paperback edition.

L, DOUGLAS. Planet of the Warlord (Gollancz; Sep; L4.50) the final book in the series for HILL, DOUGLAS. children about Keil Randor, last legionary of the planet Moros (the second, Deathwing Over Venyaa,

had a paperback edition in August, Piccolo, L.95). HITCHCOCK, ALFRED. Tales To Scare You Stiff (Bodley Head; Aug; L5.95) anthology. Having a Wonderful Crime (Severn House; Aug; L6.95) anthology. Alive and Screaming (Severn House; Dec; L6.96) anthology. Master's Choice (Hodder; Jul; L1.25) paperback reprint.

HOKE, HELEN. Mysterious, Menacing and Macabre (Dent; Oct; L4.95) ten tales of the unexpected for younger readers by Roald Dahl, Ray Bradbury,

Elizabeth Bowen etc.

HOLMES, JOHN ERIC. Fantasy Role-Playing Games (Arms & Armour; Sep; L6.96) a summary and description of various games, their props, paraphernalia, etc. See also Bruce Galloway.

HORNSBY, KEN. Bitter Harvest (Dobson; Nov; L5.95) new novel.

HOSKINS, ROBERT, Legacy of the Stars (Hale; Sep; L6.25) poor novel about an alien visitation to earth.

HORWOOD, WILLIAM. Duncton Wood (Hamlyn; Sep; L1.95) the first UK paperback edition of this molerama, moving up the best-seller lists.

HOYLE, TREVOR. Blake's 7: Scorpio Attack (BBC; Oct;

HULKE, MALCOLM. Dr. Who and the Cave Monsters (W. H. Allen; Nov; L4.50). See also Terrance Dicks.

IPCAR, DAHLOV. A Dark Horn Blowing (Lion; Nov; L.85) something intrigues me about this book meant for children, and I think it's worth looking out for.

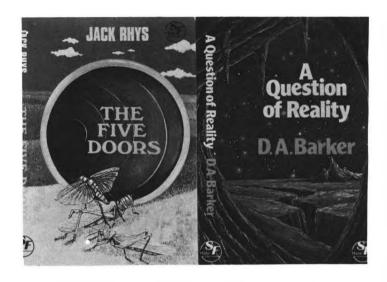
IRESON, BARBARA. Fantasy Tales (Beaver Books; Sep L.70) anthology for young children.

JONES, TERRY. Fairy Tales (Pavilion Books; Oct; L6.95) meant for children but Terry Jones is one of the Monty Python team so it may have something for all of us. 20 new stories illustrated by Michael Foreman.

Ghost Flight (Arrow; Nov; L1.35) KATZ, WILLIAM.

occult novel.

KEA, NEVILLE. Scorpion (Hale+ Aug; L6.25) a rather unlikely but no less entertaining adventure of



scientists investigating a future time track in a world populated by intelligent beavers.

KILWORTH, GARY. Split Second (Penguin; Jul; L1.50) first UK paperback of this skillfully written novel about a mental link between a youth of today and a caveman.

KING, STEPHEN. <u>Danse Macabre</u> (MacDonald; Aug; L8.95 & 5.95) essays on horror fiction. I wonder how many will buy without looking, thinking it's a new novel.

KING. STEPHEN. Firestarter (Futura; Aug; L1.95) first UK paperback.

LANGUTH, A. J. <u>Saki</u> (H. Hamilton; Oct; L9.95) the first full-length biography of this important Edwardian writer.

LEE, TANITH. Volkhavaar (Hamlyn; Sep; L1.25) rather belated first UK paperback.

LEM, STANISLAW. Solaris (Penguin; Jul; L3.50) omnibus King Penguin of 544 pp., including title story, <u>Chain of Chance and Perfect Vacuum.</u>
LESSING, <u>DORIS</u>. <u>Marriages Between Zones Three</u>, Four

and Five (Granada; Nov; L1.95) first UK paperback, the second volume in Lessing's Canopus in Argos: Archives cycle.

LEVIN, IRA. <u>Nightmares</u> (M. Joseph; Sep; L7.95) omnibus edition, 464 pp., with <u>Rosemary's Baby</u>, The Stepford Wives, and A Kiss Before Dying.

LEWIS, RICHARD. The Web (Hamlyn; Nov; L1.10) sequel to The Spider's about, guess what?

LOFFICIER, JEAN-MARC. Doctor Who Programme Guide, Part 1 (Star, Aug; L1.25) and Part 2 (Oct; L1.25). Part 1 is the complete program guide, and Part 2 a concordance to characters, creatures, etc.

McCAFRREY, ANNE. Dragondrums (Corgi; Nov; L1.25) at last in paperback in Britain.

McCAFFREY, ANNE. Worlds of Anne McCaffrey (A. Deutsch; Jul; L9.95) omnibus edition, 656 pp., with Restores, Decision at Doona, The Ship Who Sang.

AMMON, ROBERT. They Thirst (Sphere; Dec; L1.50) his latest horror novel. McCAMMON, ROBERT.

McCAULEY, KIRBY. Dark Forces (Futura; Sep; L1.95)

first UK paperback edition of this bumper horror anthology, 551 pp.

McGILL, GORDON. The Final Conflict (Futura; Sep; L1.10) book of the film, culmination of the "Omen"

MACKELWORTH, R. W. Shakehole (Hale; Sep; L6.25) an intriguing novel set in a future Britain on the brink of civil war, by a much-overlooked writer of the '60s New Worlds magazine.

McINTYRE, VONDA. The Entropy Effect (Orbit; Oct;

L1.25) a Star Trek Novel.

- McQUEEN, RONALD A. The Man Who Knew Time (Halee; Aug: L6.95) chaotic novel of time adventures.
- McQUEEN, RONALD A. Mardoc (Hale; Aug; L6.25) ultimate weapon story.
- MANK. GREGORY WILLIAM. It's Alive: The Classic Cinema Saga of Frankenstein (Tantivy; Oct; L7.95) a factual account of the eight original Frankenstein films from Universal with behind-the-scenes and background material.
- MARSHALL, ELLIS. Return To Darkness (Magnum; Sep; L1.50) another novel of a depressing near-future England.
- MASTERTON, GRAHAM. Famine (Severn House; Sep; L1.50) first hardcover edition of this disaster novel.
- MILLER, RON & HARTMANN, WILLIAM K. The Traveller's Guide to the Solar System (MacMillan; Oct; L8.95) lavishly illustrated tour with 125 full colour paintings.
- MONTELEONE, THOMAS F. The Secret Sea (Hale+ Aug+ L6.25) a fun adventure into a parrallel world where Captain Nemo and Robur the Conqueror are battling
- MONTSARRAT, NICHOLAS. Darken Ship (Pan; Dec; L1.50) first paperback edition of the last novel by Montsarrat, completed by his widow. Continues the doomed immortal life of the Master Mariner.
- MOORCOCK, MICHAEL. The Entropy Tango (NEL: Sep: L5.95).
- MOORCOCK, MICHAEL. The Brothel on Rosenstrasse (NEL; Jan '82; L5.95) how the hero sits out a siege in the beautifully gothic city of Brondheim.
- MOORCOCK, MICHAEL. The Steel Tsar (Granada; Dec; L1.25) the third and final volume of the Oswald Bastable trilogy. (The second,  $\underline{\text{The Land Leviathan}}$ , was reissued in September.)
- NORMAN, DIANA. A Sword For A King (Hodder; Oct; L6.50) another Arthurian novel--the monks at Glastonsbury find Arthur's sword and take it to Henry II at war in France. Set in 1189, the year of Henry's death.
- NORMAN, JOHN. Timeslave (Star; Jul; L1.95).
- OLDEN, MARK. The Book of Shadows (Hamlyn; Sep; L1.25) occult novel (the book of the title is a mythical witchcraft tome, a new addition to the library of mythical books like "The King in Yellow" and "Necronimicon.")
- OLIVER, FRED S. (see Phylos the Tibetan).
- ORAM, NEIL. Lemmings on the Edge (Sphere; Jul; L1.75) Volume 2 of the Warp series.
- PESEK, LUDEK. Trap For Perseus (Kestrel; Aug; L4.95) sf for young readers, set in an isolated future community.
- PHYLOS THE TIBETAN. A Dweller on Two Planets (Harper & Row; Jul; L3.50) a new edition of a 1905 religio-occult novel by Frederick S. Oliver -quality paperback.
- POE, EDGAR ALLAN. Tales, Poems and Essays (Collins Gift Classics; Sep; L4.95), 576 pp.; Selected Works (Octopus; Aug; L6.95) sumptuous edition of 800 gilt-edged pages.
- POHL, FREDERIK &CO. The Great Science Fiction Series (Harper & Row; Sep; L5.95).
- Quantum Special 3 (Sidgwick & Jackson; Sep; L8.95) 578 pp. Stardance by Spider & Jeanne Robinson an Kinsman by Ben Bova.
- RAITT. A. W. The Life of Villiers de l'Isle Adam (OUP; Oct; L25).
- RHYS, JACK. The Five Doors (Hale; Jul; L1.95) novel version of short story by Michael Stall in New Writings in SF-23; concerns a strange cylinder that appears overnight and serves as a doorway into alien worlds.

- RICHARDS, SEAN. The Barbarian Swordsman (Star; Oct: L1.25) why Peter Haining needs to use a pseudonym I don't know (he used it last year on the 'freaks' anthology that cashed in on the "Elephant Man" interest). It's a good volume with a hitherto unpublished Robert E. Howard story, "Brachan the Kelt," one of the James Allison racial memory stories. My records show this as being one of Howard's uncompleted stories but Haining lists no one as having completed it. (It may be Gerald Page who completed another Allison story, "The Guardian of the Idol" for Weird Tales 3.) Other stories: "The War of Fire," J. H. Rosny; "The Sword of Welleran," Lord Dunsany; "The Tower of the Elephant," Robert E. Howard; "Jirel Meets Magic," C.L. Moore; "Spawn of Dagon," Henry Kuttner; "The Thief of Fortha," Clifford Ball; "The Two Best Thieves in Lankhmar," Fritz Leiber. Introduction by Haining; appendix, "The Man Who Influenced Robert E. Howard."
- ROBINSON, DUNCAN. William Morris, Edward Burne-Jones and the Kelmscott Chaucer (Gordon Fraser; Oct; L29.50) definitive study of the relationship between Morris and Burne-Jones and the genesis of the Kelmscott Chaucer. A beautiful book about the first deliberately beauty book.
- RONSON, MARK. The Beaver Book of Horror Stories (Beaver; Oct; L0.90) anthology series for young readers; stories by Ray Bradbury, John Buchan and
- RONSON, MARK. SON, MARK. Plague Pit (Hamlyn; Oct; L1.10) an archeological dig in London uncovers one of the burial pits of the 1665 Great Plague, and the plague breaks out again.
- ROSE, MARK. Alien Encounter: Anatomy of Science Fiction (Harvard Univ. Press; Sep; L7.80).
- ROSS, RAYMOND J. One Hundred Miles Above Earth (Hale; Sep; L6.25) RAF squadron kidnapped by UFO.
- RUSH, ALISON. The Last of Danu's Children (Allen & Urwin; Oct; L7.95) a first novel.
- SALWAY, LANCE. Black Eyes and Other Original Spine Chillers (Pepper Press; Oct; L3.75) stories for children by Philippa Pearce, Joan Aiken, Helen Cresswell, Marjorie Darke, Dorothy Edwards and Jan Mark.
- JL, JOHN. <u>Comes the Blind Fury</u> (Coronet; Aug; L1.50) first UK paperback; the heroine is possessed by the spirit of a blind girl seeking SAUL, JOHN. revenge for her death a century earlier.
- SCIENCE FICTION SPECIAL Sidgwick & Jackson have a truly bumper selection of nine volumes, L8.95:
  - 33 (Jul; 506 pages) Frederick Turner, A Double Shadow; David Lindsay, The Violet Apple.
  - 34 (Jul; 606 pages) Sterling E. Lanier, Hiero's Journey and The War For the Lot.
  - 35 (Aug; 635 pages) Sterling Lanier, The Peculiar Exploits of Brigadier Ffellowes + D. F. Jones Xeno + John Morressy, Frostworld and Dreamfire. 36 (Aug; 437 pages) Arthur C. Clarke, Prelude to
  - Space and Childhood's End.
  - 37 (Sep; 469 pages) Tom Reamy, Blind Voices + Keith Laumer, The Ultimax Man.
  - 38 (Oct; 620 pages) Chris Lampton, Gateway To Limbo + F. Paul Wilson, Wheels Within Wheels Allen Wold, The Planet Masters.
  - 39 (Oct; 607 pages) Jayge Carr, Leviathan's Deep + Ardath Mayhar, How the Gods Wove in Kyrannon + C. L. Grant, The Ravens of the Moon.
  - 40 (Jan 82; 631 pages) Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, False Dawn + Time of the Fourth Horseman + Cautionary Tales.

41 (Jan 82; 573 pages) Charles Sheffield, Sight of

Proteus and Web Between the Worlds.

SCITHERS, GEORGE. Isaac Asimov's Marvels of Science Aug; L6.75) Fiction (Hale: assemblage Asimov's Magazine.

SCUPHAM, A. G. Duty To the Devil (Kimber; Oct;

L5.95) ghost stories.

SHARMAN, NICK. The Surrogate (NEL; Nov; L1.50) horror novel.

SHAW, BOB. The Ceres Solution (Gollancz; Jul; L5.95) his latest novel about the clash between two vastly different human civilizations: one on a future Earth and another on a distant world.

SHAW, BOB & HARDY, DAVID. Galactic Tours (Proteus; Sep; L4.95) text by Shaw, illustrations by Hardy.

SHEFFIELD, CHARLES. Sight of Proteus (Arrow; Aug; L1.60) set in 22nd Century where shape-changing is permissable but certain shapes are illegal. (See also SF Special 41).

SHOBIN. DAVID. The Unborn (Pan; Nov; L1.50) novel of

the paranormal.

The Book of Skulls (Coronet: SILVERBERG, ROBERT. Aug: L1.10).

SILVERBERG, ROBERT. Lord Valentine's Castle (Pan; Oct; L1.95).

SIMAK, CLIFFORD D. Project Pope (Sidgwick & Jackson; Sep; L7.95).

SMITH, GUY N. Crabs on the Rampage (NEL; Sep; L1.25) another crab epic from the author of Night of the

SMITH, GUY N. Warhead (NEL; Dec; L1.25) no crabs in this one, but vampires attacking a British missile

STABLEFORD, BRIAN M. War Games (Pan: Jul: L1.50) first UK paperback edition published in US a

STEWART, MARY. A Walk in Wolf Wook (Knight: Oct: LO.95) two children transported back to medieval Germany.

SWINDELLS. ROBERT. The Wheaton Book of Science Fiction Stories (Wheaton; Sep; L3.95) one of a series of Wheaton anthologies for youngsters.

TENNANT, EMMA. The Search For Treasure Island (Puffin; Aug; LO.85) about a young modern boy who finds himself involved in the actual adventures and characters of the classic novel.

TILLEY, PATRICK. Mission (M. Joseph; Nov; L7.95 & L5.95) about the Second Coming.

TOLKIEN, J.R.R. (see Humphrey Carpenter, and also Randel Helms.)

TREMAYNE, PETER. Zombie! (Sphere; Aug; Ll.25).
TREMAYNE, PETER. The Destroyers of Lan-Kern (Bailey Bros. & Swinfen; Oct) last of the trilogy.

TURNER, GEORGE. Vaneglory (Faber; Nov; L6.95) a sequel to Beloved Son set in the aftermath when the world is threatened by the chance of 'dreams-come-true'.

TUTUOLA, AMOS. The Witch-Herbalist of the Remote L6.50 & L2.50) the first novel in about 14 years from this inimitable Nigerian

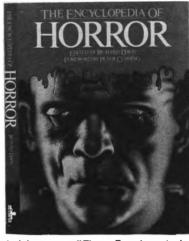
Twentieth Century SF Writers (Macmillan; Sep; L28.00). VAN GREENAWAY, PETER. Edgar Allan Who (Gollancz; Aug; L5.95) anthology title story about a woman serving a life sentence for child murder and cannibalism who is released on parole. Another is about refugees from another planet seeking sanctuary on Earth.

VAN THAL, HERBERT. 22nd Pan Book of Horror Stories (Pan; Oct; L1.00) (details in FN42).

VEREY, CHARLES. Night Whispers (Granada; Dec; L1.50) horror novel.

VINGE, JOAN D. Eyes of Amber (Macdonald; Jul; L5.95; Orbit; Aug; L1.75).

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF HOR-ROR, ed. Richard Davis, (Octopus: Sep: L6.95) is certainly not as I expected, with emphasis mostly on horror film. mostly on horror film.
My own chapter, "The Supernatural," is the only one that looks at fiction in any depth. Basil Copper's chapter on vampires mentions nothing in fiction more recent than Dracula, with no mention of Le Fanu's "Carmilla" as seminal. A disappointing book for fiction fans. Contains:



"Evil Monsters," Tom Hutchinson, "The Frankenstein Saga," Michel Parry, "The Devil's Army," Richard Cavendish, "Vampires and Werewolves," Basil Copper, "The Supernatural," Michael Ashley, "The Undead," Richard Davis, "Travelling Beyond," Douglas Hill, "The Catalogue," Richard Davis & Denis Gifford

WAGNER, KARL EDWARD. Dark Crusade (Coronet; Jul; L1.25) Kane novel, first published in US, 1976.

WATSON, IAN. The Very Slow Time Machine (Granada; Aug; L1.25).

WATSON, IAN. Deathhunter (Gollancz; Oct; L5.95) new novel about the hunt for the creature Death.

WATSON. IAN (ed). Pictures At An Exhibition (Greystoke Mowbray; Nov) ingenious new anthology. (See FN 42 for details.)

WESTALL, ROBERT. The Devil on the Road (Puffin Plus; Aug; L0.95) for older children, about a young motorcyclist caught in a time trap.

WILDE, OSCAR. Sphinx (Curwen Press/Century Editions; Sep: L250) First in a new series of scholarly limited edition facsimiles, lavishly illustrated and decorated by Charles Ricketts and hand-bound in vellum. A companion volume by Stephen Calloway sets the work in its literary and artistic context, with additional illustrations Ricketts, some previously unpublished. The address to write if you're rich is 62 Gordon Place, London W8.

WILHEIM, KATE. Juniper Time (Arrow; Jul; L1.60). WILLIAMS, GORDON. The Revolt of the Micronauts (NEL; Sep; L1.50) the last of the trilogy, thank

goodness.

Witches (Paper Tiger; Oct; L8.50) an WILSON, COLIN. illustrated history of witchcraft with 84 colour paintings by Una Woodruff.

WILSON, COLIN. Poltergeist (NEL; Nov; L7.95) an investigation into the recorded evidence about famous poltergeists.

the Computers WILSON, GRANVILLE. War of (Granada/Dragon; Dec; L0.85) sf novel for young readers.

WILTSHIRE, DAVID. Genesis II (Hale; Aug; L6.25) the bodies of top scientists are missing from their graves and the cremation residue in an urn is not human.

WOLFE, GENE. The Shadow of the Torturer (Arrow; Sep; L1.60) deservedly receiving major promotion. The second volume of this tetralogy; The Claw of the Conciliator was also issued. (Sidgwick & Jackson; Sep; L7.95).

YARBRO, CHELSEA QUINN. False Dawn (Granada; Sep; L1.50) (See also SF Special 40).

YARBRO, CHELSEA QUINN. The Palace (NEL; Sep; L1.50). ZELAZNY, ROGER. Roadmarks (Futura; Jul; L1.50).

## INTERVIEW: PART II

## Charles L. Grant

By DOUGLAS E. WINTER

"I have my most important relationships in my writing.... If someone wants to know me, they'd better read my stuff, because they aren't going to otherwise."

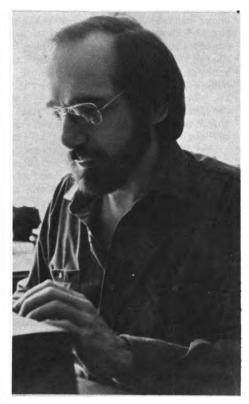


photo by Peter D. Pautz

W: You talk about the popularity of horror fiction in your introduction to Shadows, and you focus on the savage in all of us -- some indefinable force but innate fear of the unknown that to you seems to be the major factor behind the current popularity of horror fiction. Does that factor play the principal role in the formulation of your horror fiction?

G: I've been fooling aound with that "savage under the pipes" image for quite some time, and I was so glad that I had the chance to use it in Shadows. I really believe there is no such thing as a truly sophisticted human being. What we call "sophistication" is all pseudosophistication; we are building defenses around ourselves against those things that we don't understand, and we replace true knowledge with fast living and shallow study, which allows us to be very glib and use facile quotes from Bettelheim and those fellows, and make it sound profound, when we really don't know what the hell we are talking about. A really good horror writer conunconsciously or sciously We're not as understands that. sophisticated as we like to pretend to be. It's one thing to walk down a dark street in the middle of New York City at night, because you know the dangers -- there are muggers out there. It's not as bad

as everybody from out of town thinks it is, but the danger is there. Only an idiot would walk in Central Park at 3:30 in the morning all by himself, but there are also very few people who can walk down a deserted country road in October with the wind blow- ing and the moon up, and not get a little nervous. They know that there are things out there -- it could only be a deer but it would scare the hell out of you; it's an unknown -not murders, muggers, rapists -but things out there that you don't know about, and the best writers tap into that, consciously or not.

W: Your fiction relies very little upon conventional horror constructs. Is that a conscious effort on your part?

G: Sure. Stereotypical constructs of horror don't frighten me. When I write what frightens me, I figure that if it scares me, it's got to scare somebody. I was think- ing about this the other day, when I made a note in one of my idea note- books. All it said
was "the power of love." That's where much of my horror is based.

I've written a couple of traditional things, but I've tried to twist them -- for example, I've written a werewolf story, but it's not your typical werewolf, and I wrote what might be called a vampire story, "Love Starved," but the vampire feeds on emotion rather than on

There are a lot more things that are frightening to people than monsters. Monsters have been killed by television, because they have become known, rather than the un-known. The saddest thing I can think of is what television has done to the Frankenstein monster and to Dracula and to the Wolfman and the That's really sad -- those are great old monsters, but it's really hard to watch the original films (and I would guess more so for young people today, because they have been exposed to TV) and really get nervous, or tense or even a little bit chilled, because you've always got in the back of your mind those cartoons and comercials that have used the monsters, and "Abbot and Costello Meet Frankenstein" -which, by the way, is one of my favorite movies. Television has killed monsters, and that is why I don't write about them anymore.

W: What frightens you?

G: Everything I write about frightens me. I don't send anything out unless I'm scared at the end -unless I get a chill and say, "Ha -I love that last line." It has been noticed that, even in the novels, most of my first. sentences don't have verbs in them, but I don't know if it's also been noticed that all of my stories, without exception, depend on the last line. That is what I work toward, and that is what people like Darrell Schweitzer

argue against. They think I should proceed further to explain what happened, but that means to me they've missed the entire point of the story, not only the horror of it but everything else that goes with it. Everything frightens me -- love frightens me, hate frightens me. I think that loneliness frightens me, although being alone doesn't, because I am. What frightens me frightens everbody, that's relationships between human beings, and that is what I guess all my stories are about, relationships -- those that fall apart, or that never quite get started, or that get started and then are not what the protagonists thought they would be. That is very scary, because when all is said and done, that is what life is all about -- human relationships.

I see a continuing theme in the Oxrun Station novels of human relationships that are used or abused by manipulation, takeover, secrecy or conspiratorial conduct. Does that reflect this fear of relationships?

G: Max Perkins was editing William Faulkner's The Sound and the Fury, and he said to Faulkner, "You know, I see such and such a theme in here, that is really interesting." And Faulkner replied, "Well, you know I didn't put it in there, but if you see it's there, then it must be there." And that must be my response to you. I don't set out to write a theme story. I've done it a couple of times, but I don't like theme stories because they are preachy. Although I think Joanna Russ is a terrific author, The Female Man is the worst novel that was ever written in the field of science fiction -- not for the content, because she was angry and I suppose rightfully so, but because it was a tract. It wasn't a novel, and no novelist worth his or her salt dares fall into the trap of preaching. The best novels never preach; and I avoid advocating a theme when I sit down to write. That "power of love" thing that I wrote in my notebook is something that I will work on, but it won't be a conscious theme. working on a story now called "When Love Turned Around and Whispered, 'You're Dead'"; but it's the end that gets me, and it has to do with love and all that business, but it's not conscious theme. My worst stories are very self-conscious and they don't get published.

W: So you're saying that you are not intentionally writing moral fiction?

G: Well again, I don't set out to do it, although I'm aware that I'm doing it. I'm trying to write the best fiction I can, and that implies not only the primary purpose -- which in my case is to make people nervous or frightened -- but also some sort of elucidation of the human character or human nature. That sounds terribly pompous, but I have no intention of being half a writer, so I've got to do those things. I'm forced to do them, and I want to do them, but I don't deliberately do them. If you see what you said you saw in my stories, that's great -- then I've achieved one of my purposes, which is to have something below the surface of the story. But I don't do it deliberately. Writing is very difficult for me in spite of the fact that I do a lot of it. I would really tie myself up in knots if I said, today I'm going to write about what happens if . . .

Let me give you a perfect example. Barry Malzberg and Bill Pronzini and Marty Greenberg edited The Arbor House Treasury of Modern Horror. When Barry wrote to me about his decision to use "If Damon Comes" he said, "We are not kidding each other. This is a story about the disintegration of the marriage and the collapse of human relations." And he's right -- that's what it is. But that is not what I sat down to write. I had this neat idea about a kid who loved his father so much that he wasn't about to leave him and not even death was going to stop

W: Are there appropriate ingredients for horror fiction?

G: Oh, yes. The most important ingredient, vital to any horror fiction, is real people in a real world. It doesn't have to be contemporary, it doesn't have to be now, but it must be real. Conan is not real, no way in hell. That is why I have this terrible block against heroic fantasy, because its characters are not real people. They are not bigger than life, they are just not life.

The other ingredients follow. What you have to deal with is real fear, and all I do is translate real fears into the supernatural. I just give them a little shove off the ledge. Like I said, everybody is afraid of human relationships. People who appear to be the most open and the most vulnerable don't want to be intimate with anybody else. I don't mean that in a physical sense. They don't want to bare their souls -- because it makes them vulnerable, and it's vulnerability in every emotion and every human contact that is the most frightening. Some people are more open than others, but nobody is totally open. This is what kills me about this

California crap of pseudo-religions and pop psychology -- I'm okay, you're okay -- that's a crock. Nobody is ever totally open with anybody else, no matter how much you insist you are being that way, because you are afraid to be -- you don't want to lay yourself open for a killing blow. I suspect that this is one reason why I have my most important relationships in my writing. My relationships with normal people don't work, and I've been accused of letting out all my energy in my writing -- emotional, sexual and otherwise -- and that may very well be true. If someone wants to know me, they'd better read my stuff, because they aren't going to know me otherwise.

Once in a great while there are exceptions. I think I have now my first two real friends in my entire life. One of the things about my stories and about my living relationships is that I do not use the word "friend" in any sense except what I believe to be its true meaning. I don't interchange friend and acquaintance or close acquaintance. When I was a teacher, I told my students that they would be lucky to have three or four real honestto-God friends in their lives. Having two friends now, at the same time -- one a man, one a woman, and both of them writers -- that's incredible to me. It's marvelous. I don't really know how to handle it, so I handle it in my stories. I don't know if that is true of all writers. It's a cliche that writers are either loners or brawlers. I wonder if writers are emotional cripples -- if they have never really been taught how to handle relationships with real people. So what they do is work out relationships on paper, and they either idealize them, or they make them overly cynical; and maybe writing horror stories does both, idealizes them on the one hand and takes care of them very cynically on the other. I think that is probably what is close to an unpleasant and painful truth. One of my goals for whatever I have left of my life is to try and translate some of what I can do in my work to real people outside pen and page.

W: What would be your first bit of advice to a fledgling horror au-

G: To read a lot. I admire Carol Emshwiller a great deal as a writer. She shocked me once at a conference by saying that she didn't read. I can't see how a writer -- a real writer -- can write without reading. And I don't mean just in his field to see what is going on, but anything he can get his hands on



photo by Peter D. Pautz

-- biographies, non-fiction, fiction of all sorts. Not just to learn how a story or a novel is put together, but to learn about people, to learn about situations, to pick up historical information that you may need sometime. I'm in the midst of reading four biographies -- Catherine The Great, Peter The Great, Walt Whitman and Nathaniel Hawthorne -not to mention the thrillers and horror novels and the science fiction that I can stomach. I read constantly, four or five novels a week. I'm trying to keep up with the magazines, although again, I'm having less and less tolerance with fiction. I used to make a point of finishing everything I started to read, but this lack of tolerance that has grown in me -- I can't do it anymore. If I get a third of the way through a book and I'm not hooked one way or another, I won't finsih it. I don't have the patience for it anymore. I wonder if it's male menopause.

W: Would you care to give your opinion on the work of some of your contemporaries?

G: Peter Straub is the most literary of us, and Shadowland is the best Goddamn fantasy novel in the last ten or fifteen years. Michael McDowell has the potential to be a superb writer, as Gilded Needles and Cold Moon Over Babylon. I also recommend Bernard Taylor, a very little known British writer, who wrote The Godsend and Sweetheart, Sweetheart, which -- and I'm sorry, Peter Straub -- is the best ghost story I have ever read in my life.

I think the best short story writer in the field today, bar none, is Dennis Etchison. He is not always the easiest writer to work with, but when he is on the top of his form, I don't think there is anyone better. Dennis thinks Ramsey Cambell is the best -- he didn't mention me, the rat -- and although Ramsey is very. very good, I think his weakness and mine are the same. Neither of us really plot worth a damn. I wish Ramsey would get the hell out of Liverpool and expand his settings a lot more than he does; but I suppose he may think the same thing about me and Oxrun Station. Ramsey's reason for using Liverpool so often may be the same as mine -- when I get something really important, it just automatically comes back to Oxrun Station or Hawthorne Street, and I suppose Ramsey also goes back to what he knows the best.

My opinion of James Herbert is dropping rapidly. The Survivor and The Fog I like, but The Dark was terrible. King likes Herbert a lot -- so much for King's taste. Earlier, Herbert was briefer and more concerned with character; now he is on a revulsion kick with The Spear and The Dark, which really bothers the hell out of me. The Fog has a great little vignettes of characters. You know they're going to die before the vignette is over, but he develops memorable characters -they stick with you a long time after the book is done. Then somehow or other -- I don't know whether it was commercialism -- he started to fall apart. He wrote this really terrible novel about a guy who comes back as a dog, which couldn't have been serious; and that seemed to be the turning point.

I think that Lin Carter ought to be banned from the face of the earth and that H. P. Lovecraft is vastly overrated. He is great when you are fourteen years old, but when you grow up, you discover what attracted you when you were fourteen was his rococo style and very little else. His style makes the stories, and when you can no longer stomach the style, you can't stomach the stories. I don't think he was a good writer -- I don't care what anybody says. I could also dump on John Saul and Graham Masterson, but that is like shooting fish in a barrel -dead fish in a barrel for that matter -- in a leaky barrel, worse.

W: Your horror novels and most of your science fiction are constructed as mysteries. Have you ever tried to write within the mystery field? Is there an intrinsic difference between a traditional mystery and one written with horror or science fiction constructs?

G: I can't write a mystery worth a shit. I really don't know why -maybe because the clues in a real mystery have to deal with real things, and cannot be faked, but you can futz around with them in a horror novel. In all of my novels. I haven't known how the book was going to end until I finished them. I didn't know the end of The Last Call of Mourming until I got to the nextto-the-last chapter in the final draft. Then I got this great idea: she's been living with a dead man all this time. I loved it, and I wrote it. My editor -- Sharon Carter, who was at Doubleday at that time -- and I were walking out of her office through the secretarial pool, and she had just read the ending. She said, "You're disgusting," and all these heads turned around. And I said, "Yeah, how about that?"

The same thing is true about the other horror novels; I didn't know how exactly they would end. All I knew about the end of The Hour of the Oxrum Dead was the erroneous impression that I had to have a happy ending. It would not have a happy ending had I not been mistaken. I would have ended it differently how I don't know, but it would have been different. And that is the only reason why I dislike that book. The ending is all-important to me -the last chapter or the last paragraph or the last sentence has to tie everything together, give all the explanations, make the character realize that he has been wrong in all his assumptions, give the correct assumption and then end the piece with the impression that it is all not over. My favorite type of horror fiction creates the idea that when the book is over, it's not over for the poor schmucks who were caught in the web.

W: In The Grave, one of your characters makes this marvelous ironic understatement: "You can't live in the Station all your life without knowing the place isn't what you call your normal town." What is it about Oxrun Station that makes it such an ideal location for continuing horror? And when is everybody going to wise up and move out?

G: I didn't want to create an-other Arkham. I didn't want to use the stereotypical small town or small village that's falling apart and a little spooky. I wanted a Greenwich-type community where people -- for practical reasons as well as for the contrast -- are just different. Upper-middle-class and upper-class people are more mobile and have more free time. One of the hardest parts about writing any novel, whether it's horror or not, is picking the right profession for the protagonist so that he has mobility. Otherwise you either have to skip over his profession entirely, or half the book is going to be in a law office or something like that. Mobility was a prime consideration for creating Oxrun Station.

You will also notice that I'm very careful to isolate all the people in each book in one part of the village or another, even though it's not very large. The characters don't have much interaction with the rest of the village. All of the incidents are isolated and not cataclysmic and they affect at most a dozen people. And that's deliberate -- it has to be -- or, as you said, the place would be deserted after The Hour of the Oxrun Dead. That's also the reason I made it so spread our physically. You've got the village, the park, the estates and the farmland. Each is a distinct section of the town, so things can happen in any one of those sections, and spill over only a little -- for example, The Grave takes place mostly in the farmland. The dumbest criticism I ever had on the Oxrun Station novels was from an editor who said that she had never seen a community like Oxrun Station in Connecticut. Of course she hadn't -- because it's my town.

I also have to be very careful that the official views of the crises that happen involve a reasonably rational explanation. So throughout the books, Chief Stockton knows better, but has to force himself to believe that there is a perfectly rational explanation for all these fires and dead people and so on. Otherwise he'd go crazy -- and as a matter of fact, he's retiring pretty soon.

Another problem with writing about Oxrun Station is my having to get rid of some potentially sticky problems by having people leave town suddenly. In The Grave, you found out what happened to Jamie in The Sound of Midnight, whom we last saw sitting there turning over the chess piece. In The Grave, Joshua then goes to Jamie's funeral -- he died suddenly and unexpectedly, which raises more questions than it ansswers. Why did he die unexpectedly? Did Dale murder him? Did Vic murder him or did he in fact . . . ? It's really rather unusual that a child should die unexpectedly and I don't give the reason for his death. But that's also another neat thing about doing Oxrun Station. If someone says, "Well, what happened to so and so?" I can say, "Well, if you'll notice in this little tiny sentence here in this book or in this story. I've taken care of that."

Also, a small town is important because I place such a great emphasis on characters; the reading public has been conditioned -- and I suppose I am this way, too -- to believe that people are impersonal in a large city. There aren't very many one-to-one relationships in a large city. You know the cliche about how you live in an apartment house for ten years and you never know your neighbors; and the corrollary is that all I've ever lived in are small towns. In a small town, everybody knows the guy, at least by name, who runs the luncheonette; everybody knows the guy who runs the newsstand, the jeweller, and so on, even if they don't have a social life. That's not true in a big city. So in a small town there's a ripple effect. What affects one directly or indirectly affects almost everybody else in the community -- so, as Josh's father tells us in The Grave, it's not your basic normal town. He may never have been directly faced with some of the things that have gone on. By the same token, he knows that people have disappeared and that that's weird. But it's not weird enough, and I worry more about that kind of thing -- about tipping over the balance -- than I do about the plot.

W: You have said that you likely will not be writing any more Oxrun Station novels in the near future. What are your current writing proiects?

I've got ideas for a dozen more Oxrun Station novels if only they'd let me write them. I'd be perfectly happy doing it the rest of my life. It's something that has to be worked out with my agent, myself and my current publisher, which is Simon and Schuster/Pocket Books. If nothing else, Oxrun Station will be around in short-story form. And somehow we're going to have to work out an arrangement whereby I can write Oxrun Station novels, because the ideas that I have for the Oxrun Station books are not really commercial ideas. They're small town ideas. And I will write them -- one way or another I'll write them. As far as the novels are concerned, probably after next February, when Nightmare Seasons by Doubleday comes out. It will be at least two or three years before the next one shows up. Nightmare Seasons is not a novel, but four novelettes becomes the major character in the second and the minor character in the second becomes major in the third. It covers forty years, and if you don't think it was hard figuring out forty years of Oxrun STation history, let me tell you differently.

My newest project is a book called Night Songs. It is a zombie novel, and I want to do for zombies what Stephen King did for vampires in Salem's Lot; I want George Romero to eat his little heart out.

W: What is it about the undead that appeals to you?

G: I don't know. Maybe because they're neither dead nor alive, and thus can be so totally repulsive. They're not like a vampire -- to me a vampire, with all due respect to Quinn Yarbro, is much more sensuous and evil than Quinn's Saint Germaine, who is a marvelous character: so I much prefer the vampires in Les Daniels' books or in Whitley Strieber's The Hunger, because they are really evil and Iove them for it. Night Songs goes back to Val Lewton. I picture those zombies in Lewton's pictures: they were black plantation slaves on an island, walking around with eyes so wide I suspect that their eyes were taped open, made up so they didn't blink. I will steal that image right out of Val Lewton, no question. I'm not above stealing anything that really strikes my fancy. For example, in The Sound of Midnight, when Dale and Victor are up on the hill in the car and this fire creature appears out of the  $\mbox{smoke, that's from a movie } \mbox{I}$ really loved, Curse of the Demon. I It's a minor classic. When the warlock conjures up the windstorm in the middle of the Halloween party for the kids, and he says to Dana Andrews, "How can I make you believe in witchcraft?" -- and he pinches his nose and he thinks and all of a sudden this wind whips up. It's brilliant; that's the kind of stuff I want to do.

Night Songs will be a Val Lewton novel, just as The Nestling is a Val Lewton novel. It's been pointed out that I don't use a lot of color. That's deliberate on my part. I stole that from Stephen Crane, as a matter of fact. It's really effective, in The Red Badge of Courage, I think especially. Remember the forest? Is it green? No, he never says green. He just says the troops are marching through the forest. You just assume everything so that when he mentions a color, it jumps out at you. Seventy percent of the colors I use are grey. And that's one of the biggest fights I have with editors. I insist on "grey" as opposed to "gray" because to me they're two different colors. "Gray" is a battleship. "Grey" is a fog. I am very adamant about that. From the hardcovers of The Hour of the Oxrun Dead and The Sound of Midnight to the paperback version

(Continued on page 38)

# Paperbacks

Cover artists: Claw of the Conciliator, Don Maitz; Garden of Delight, Hieronymous Bosch; Lights of Barbrin, Carl Lundgren; Fall into Darkness was painted for Berkley by Jill Bauman.



Timescape's February Releases

Berkley Books

#### TIMESCAPE

Timescape's February leader is Gene Wolfe's The Claw of the Conciliator, published in hardcover last year by Simon & Schuster. It is the second in Wolfe's series, The Book of the New Sun. (The third. The Sword of the Lictor, was a January hardcover release; see FN 44.)

First paperback release of Ian Watson's The Gardens of Delight (out in hardcover in England by Gollancz last year) is also scheduled for February. It concerns a spaceship crew mysteriously translated into figures in a painting by Hieronymous Bosch, "The Garden of Earthly Delights."

Also on tap from Timescape are The Best of Wilson Tucker, a story collection combining humor and horror, and two reissues: Joseph Burgo's fantasy, The Lights of Barbrin, and Alfred Bester's classic SF novel The Demolished Man.

#### BERKLEY BOOKS

February leader is Janet Morris's Dream Dancer, billed as the greatest far-future creation since Frank Herbert's Dume. It is the first of a projected trilogy about the Kerrion Empire, and a royal family saga of intrigue. Its heroine is Shebat, a backward earth girl transported to the homeworld of a vast trading empire, and adopted by its patriarch as his heir.

Also featured for February is a new novel by Nicholas Yermakov, Fall Into Darkness. Set on a world settled by Caucus Mountain people and separated from earth as its technology decayed, it presents a hierarchical society and features the two sons of a dishonored member of the warrior caste, one a pirate and the other a gypsy magician, who seek the truth about their father.

A story collection, with each entry bearing a new preface by the author, The Book of Philip Jose Farmer includes three hitherto uncollected "The Last Rise of Nick titles: Adams," "The Freshman," and "Uproar in Acheron." Two other Farmer titles are among the month's reissues: The Fabulous Riverboat, and The Dark Design. Other reissues are Frank Herbert's Destination: Void, Elizabeth Lynn's Watchtower and The Dancers of Arum, Alfred Bester's The Stars My Destination, Piers Anthony, Wision of Tarot, and the H. G. Wells classic, War of the Worlds.

#### BANTAM

Bantam's February leader is Sharan Newman's Guinevere, a "biographical" fantasy which debuts in paperback (hardcover 1981 by St. Martin's Press). It begins with the future queen's early years and follows her career up to the night of her wedding with Arthur, after a series of magical happenings.

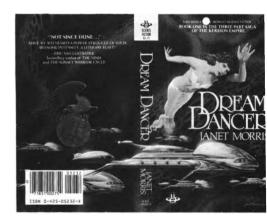
Also from Bantam is Elizabeth Scarborough's Song of Sorcery, a juvenile fantasy in the manner of Diana Wynne Jones. It follows Maggie Browneyes, a hearthwitch, in her effort to retrieve a wayward sister from the clutches of a band of gypsies and a particularly nasty sorceror. Lots of mythic beasts: dragons, unicorns, gnomes, mermaids,

dancing bears.

The third in the Mathew Swain series, The Deadliest Show in Town. featuring a hardboiled 21st century detective, is another February release. This time Mike McQuay's hero battles a multi-media conglomerate. The Thing, a movie novel by Alan Dean Foster based on the John Carpenter film adapted from the John Campbell story, "Who Goes There," is another winter entry, early enough to whip up interest in the film. which is scheduled for summer.

Reissues include Samuel R. lany's Babel-17, the first in a series of Delany reprints which will bring most of his early work back into bookstores.

(Continued on next page.)



Berkley's leader, artist Don Punchatz.

## Paperbacks continued



#### AVON

The Science Fictional Dinosaur, a "Flare Original," is Avon's February leader. It's a collection of nine dinosaur tales, by Asimov, Silverberg, Aldiss, Poul Anderson and others. Also on tap is a reprint of James Blish's The Star Dwellers, a story of man's fear of "angels," immortal beings of pure light energy who offer to solve the world's energy problems.

#### POCKET BOOKS

February releases include a horror "original" by John Russo, Black Cat. It concerns a man-souled panther brought back from Africa, and a hapless American family who become its victims.

Also on tap is World War III, by Brian House (pseud. for Robert Ludlum), a doomsday thriller tied-in with a two-part, four hour TV drama



One of Ace's Andre Norton Reissues

scheduled to air in February, starring Rock Hudson, David Soul, Cathy Lee Crosby and Brian Keith. It concerns an "ultimate" confrontation between Moscow and Washington, set in 1987.

#### ACE BOOKS

Federatiom, a collection of five novellas that form the core of H. Beam Piper's future history, is the Ace leader for February. Preface by Jerry Pournelle.

A February original is Jessica Amanda Salmonson's The Golden Naginata, the sequel to Tomoe Gozen and the second novel of her current trilogy. It concerns a female samurai warrior on an oriental island, and the difficulties presented by her father's attempt to arrange her marriage. But Tomoe can neither abandon her calling as a warrior or disobey her father. The first book is also being reissued this month.

Another sequel, Michael de Larrabeiti's The Borribles Go For Broke, appears in its first American printing. Borribles are fantastic street urchins with pointed ears and wooly hats, whose natural enemies are the London cops who want to turn them into dull, ordinary, normal kids. Ace will reissue the original tale. The Borribles, at the same time.

A "high fantasy" for February is Ardath Mayhar's How The Gods Wove In Kyranmom, an Ace reprint of the 1979 Doubleday hardcover. It concerns a king who doesn' believe in magic and the attempt of the protagonists, who do, to prevent the genocidal war

the king is intent upon.

Another Doubleday hardcover out in paperback this month is David F. Bischoff and Dennis R. Bailey's novel, Tin Woodman, an intergalactic chase story pitting a vengeful starship captain against a telepath who has taken up with a sentient alien adventurer

Also reissued is Robert Silverberg's The Time Hoppers, a portrait of a sordid, overcrowded 25th century earth from which refugees escape into the past via an illegal time machine. The plot concerns the "High Government's" attempt to stop the exodus.

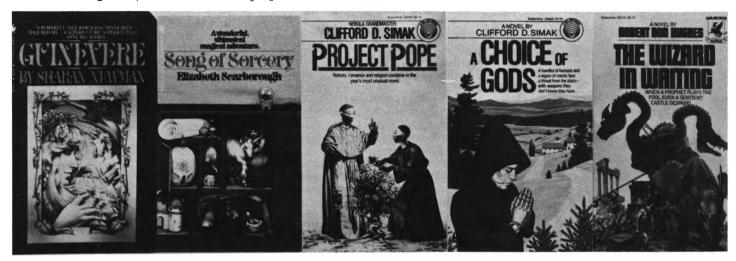
Another of Andrew J. Offut's Conan continuations, The Undying Wizard (first published by Zebra in 19-76), is also a February release. It concerns Cormac Mac Art, and his ancient foe, the sorceror Thulsa Doom, who raises armies of the dead to demolish the Irish champion.

Ace will also reissue three Andre Norton fantasies in February: Dragon Magic, Lavender-Green Magic, and Red Hart Magic, a trilogy of time travel tales. A final fantasy classic. The Arabian Nights, completes the roster for the month.

#### DEL REY

February leader for Del Rey Books is Clifford Simak's Project Pope, a Science Fiction Book Club selection about a bizarre society of robots and humans on a rim planet called End of Nothing. The plot concerns an attempt to perfect an all-embracing faith, and features an all-wise computer as the ultimate Pope.

Cover artists: Federation, Michael Whelan; The Borribles go for Broke, Don Maitz; Project Pope, Rowena Morrill; The Wizard in Waiting was painted for Del Rey by Darrell Sweet.



A paperback original is Michael McCollum's A Greater Infimity, which is billed as a free-wheeling adventure across multiple parallel universes. The hero is an engineering student who becomes a Paratime agent through the wiles of an alien woman.

The Wizard in Waiting, by Robert Don Hughes, is a fantasy "original" scheduled for February. It concerns a kingdom which awakes after a thousand years in which magic had been banned by a two-headed dragon. Palace intrigue picks up where it left off, and the rightful heir to the throne must be rescued from a usurper. The prequel to this one, The Prophet of Lamath, is also being ressued.

More reissues this month: Simak's A Choice of Gods, and two more Love-craft titles, The Case of Charles Dexter Ward, and The Lurking Fear & Other Stories.

#### DAW BOOKS

February's DAW titles include one collection and four novels. The anthology is **Hecate's Cauldron**, edited by Susan M. Schwartz. The Rest of the line-up is **Vazkor**. Som of **Vazkor** by Tanith Lee, **The Rape of the Sum** by Ian Wallace, **The Warrior Withim** by Sharon Green and **The Werewolf Principle** by Clifford D. Simak.

More than that we cannot tell you since the usually reliable DAW failed to send covers or tip sheets, and of course we haven't yet seen the books. (We attribute this to Yuletide abandon, since our February issue goes to the typesetter in mid-December.)

#### ODYSSEY

Doc Savage fans will welcome the third in a series of booklets, The **Secrets of Doc Savage**, by Will Murray. This collection of articles is bound in a wraparound cover by Frank Hamilton (\$2.95).

Odyssey also plans to publish a dozen scripts from the 1934 radio show under the title: Incredible Radio Exploits of Doc Savage. First of two volumes is scheduled for spring release, the second for fall. Advance orders will save fans a dollar at \$8.95. Odyssey Publications, P. O. Box G-148, Greenwood, MA 01880

#### SIGNET

Among February Signet releases is **Birthright: The Book of Man**, by Mike Resnick. It's billed as "a profound contribution to science fiction" by that ubiquitous blurb verbalist Barry N. Malzberg, but beyond apologies we ourselves are uninformed since Signet's promo people also crossed us off their Xmas list.

#### SF BOOK CLUB

February selections are the two Julian May novels of a Pliocene era colony of time travellers, **The Many Colored Land** and **The Golden Torc**, both for \$7.98, and Roger Zelazny's **Madwand**, \$2.98. Featured alternates include Philip K. Dick's **The Divine Invasion** (\$5.98), Poul Anderson's **The Dark Between the Stars**, and Marlys Milhiser's **Lightmare Country**, \$4.98.

#### MARCH LEADERS

Del Rey will he pushing Frederik Pohl's **Thee Cool War**, a novel of espionage in the energy poor second decade of the next century. They'll also bring out **Bipohl**, a reprinting of two "short novels," "Drunkard's Walk" and "The Age of the Pussy Foot,"

Berkley will stress reprints of Piers Anthony's Chthom and Peace, an early fantasy novel by Gene Wolfe, the first paperback edition. Timescape will also stress a classic in a new edition. Alexei Panshin's Rite of Passage, while Ace will lead with Robert A. Heinlein's collection of stories, articles and reminiscences. Expanded Universe, reprinted from an Ace trade edition last year. They'll also offer Satan's Chance, billed as a "novel of the occult in the Stephen King mold," by Alan Ross Shrader. Avon will also balance SF and fantasy with War of Omission by Kevin O'Donnell and Heroes of Zara Keep by Guy Gregory.



Del Rey

Ace

## Events & Awards~



SPECIAL GUEST ISAAC ASIMOV

#### PHILCON REPORT

The 45th Philadelphia SF convention, better known as Philcon, met December 4-6 at the Philadelphia Centre Hotel. The oldest of its kind (dating back to 1936), this annual meeting also awarded the first Hugo back in 1953. GoH Joe Haldeman and guest artist Darrell Sweet were joined by Isaac Asimov, Charles Sheffield, Gardner Dozois, Darrell Schweitzer, Rowena Morrill, David Hartwell, Ellen Datlow, Barry Longvear. Timothy Robert Sullivan. Ron Walotsky, Jill Bauman and Don Maitz, among the writers, editors and artists.

Most notable announcement was George Scither's resignation as editor of Asimov's (his replacement: Kathleen Moloney). Scithers gave no reason for his early retirement, but his statement marked the end of an era for SF in Philadelphia.

Midshipmen from Annapolis, there for the Army-Navy football game on Saturday, provided some corridor friction. but it wasn' 'til the tie game was history that the ship really hit the fans. Many parties were closed down by the hotel because of the swabbies' riotous goings on, and the management's ire then spread to some Philcon affairs, most notably ASFA's party.

Despite the earth-sea battle, it was a warm and friendly gathering. The dealer room was well-stocked if crowded, the art show interesting if poorly run, and there was the usual assortment of cit-seen cinema. But Philcon 46 could use a new hotel.

. . . Craig Glassner

## Specialty + Fan Press~

FANTASY BOOK

On sale in February is Fantasy Book #4 with ten new stories and one reprint, "Love in the Year 93 E.E.," by S. Fowler Wright. Contents include: "The Loneliest Unicorn." R. Bretnor: "Cellini's Pitchfork," Mary Elizabeth Counselman: "Telepathique," Jack Wodhams; "Meaadow Silence," Jessica Amanda Salmonson; "Profit and the Grey Assassin," Raymond E. Feist; "Earth Mother, Sky Father," Bill & Lois Thomas; "Triage." M. D. Copely: "Chrysalis." Jean Darling; "The Handsome Prince," Sharon Lee; "Clover and Clover Again." Steven Frankos.

Subscription rates are up slightly, to \$16 a year domestic, \$17.25 Canadian and \$22.50 overseas. Cover price is \$3 per issue (six issues a year) so subscriptions are still a substantial saving. Fantasy Book, P. O. Box 4193, Pasadena CA 91106.

#### UNDINAL SONGS

The premiere issue of this poetry journal quotes Poe's notorious "I cannot love except where Death mingles His with Beauty's breath," and announces itself as a "medium for expression of humanity's macabre thoughts . . . to merge the spectres of love and death." It is dedicated to the memory of Irma Eleanor, "who achieved the Ultimte 8/7/81" and edited by Leilah Wendell and Kiel Stuart. They welcome submissions of poetry, graphics, short fiction and reviews.

The first issue contains, suggestively, thirteen poems, plus reviews and a market report. Quarterly, \$2 a copy, 24 pp. Undinal Songs, P. O. Box 70, Oakdale, NY 11769.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL SPECULATIONS

Begun by a group of philosophermembers of the University of Delaware Fantasy Society. Philosophical Speculations in Science Fiction & Fantasy has become a quarterly learn ed journal, superseding but not entirely replacing the editors' (Erwin S. Bush and Kathryn Rogers') earlier fanzines, Galadrimmings and Burnt Shrubbery. The first two issues contain articles on Philip K. Dick, C. S. Lewis, Frank Herbert, Isaac Asimov and George MacDonald, all from a philosophical perspective, naturally. No. 2 includes R. A. Lafferty's Guest of Honor Speech at DeepSouth-Con 1979, "The Day After The World Ended," and several pieces are by Fritz Leiber's son Justin, who is a philosophy professor at the University of Houston. Rates are \$3 per copy, \$11 a year (4 issues) domestic and \$16 per year overseas air mail. Burning Bush Publications, P. O. Box 178. Kemblesville, PA 19347.

#### TWACI PRESS

The first of a series of retroactive indexes to science fiction magazines is now available from Twaci Press. The indexes cover "professionally published magazines devoted entirely or primarily to Science Fiction and Fantasy." Only American magazines are covered, and "semi-pro" (those not available on newsstands) are omitted. An appendix lists stories in major magazines with occasional fiction.

For the major nine or ten zines covered, there are alphabetical lists by magazine, story title, and author. An index of illustrations alphabetical by artist. is also included. Indexes are now available for 1979, 1980 and 1981. Those for 1977 and 1978 are in preparation. Compilers are: Jerry Boyajian & Kenneth Johnson. Price is \$4.50 postpaid for each yearly index. Twaci Press, Box 87, M.I.T. Branch, Cambridge MA 02139.

#### CHEAP STREET

Our coverage of these special limited editions was somewhat oversimplified last month. Jan O'Nale reports that only the special edition of Zelazny's "A Rhapsody in Amber" is sold out. The ordinary edition is still available at \$7.50 plus \$1.10 postage.

Special editions are limited to 50 copies, slipcased, with special endpapers, and signed by both author and artist. Ordinary editions have no cases, and are signed by author only. Both special and ordinary editions are handsewn.

Special editions are sold to subscribers only (those who purchase all in-print titles).

Currently in press is Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's "On Saint Hubert's Thing" (see FN #43) in an edition of 333 copies, 50 of them the slip-cased special editions.

#### THE WESTMARCH CHRONICLE

This is the bimonthly newsletter of the Tolkien Fellowships, edited by Bernie Zuber. The November/December number contains reviews of Tolkien's letters and of the BBC (Continued on page 39)

#### ANALOG

The cover story in the February l issue is Donald Kingsbury's serial "Courtship Rite." Novelettes featured are "The Eternal Juice Machine" by Dean McLaughlin and "Patrol Term" by Eric Vinicoff. Short stories are Christopher Anvil's "Top Line" and "Vanishing Point" by Bill Pronzini & Barry Malzberg.

#### ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE

The February 16 issue cover story is "Calintane Explains" by Robert Silverberg, cover art by Joe Burleson. Other fiction offered: "Mystery Tiles at Murray Hill" by Martin Gardner; "The End Papers" by Jonathan Milos; "Michaelangelo and the Celestial Dome" by Peter Payack; "Lest We Remember" by Isaac Asimov; "Through Time & Space with Ferdinand Feghoot X!!!" by Grendel Briarton; "Like Gentle Rains" by "Improbable Rosenberg; Bestiary: The Hollow Earthers" by F. Gwynplaine MacIntyre; "The Revelation of Cleo" by Tom Fristoe; "Origin" by Timothy Zahn: "Fire Watch" by Connie Willis. Articles include, "Why Is There So Little Science In Literature?" by Gregory Benford and "The What March?" by Somtow Sucharitkul.

#### F & SF

Novelettes featured in February are "The Healers Touch" by Susan C. Petrey and "Nightlife" by Phyllis Eisenstein. Short Stories include "Understanding Human Behavior" by Thomas M. Disch; "Sergeant Pepper Variations" by Howard Roller and Parke Godwin; "Mascots" by Stanley Schmidt; "Blackmail" by George Florance-Guthridge; "Almost Heaven" by Garry Kilworth; "High Steel" by Jack C. Haldeman II and Jack Dann. Cover art for "High Steel" by David Hardy.

#### TWILIGHT ZONE

Fiction featured in February includes, "Playing the Game" by Gardner Dozois and Jack Dann; "My Old Man" by George Alec Effinger; "The Voices of the Dead" by Leslie "Essence of Alan Horvitz: Charlotte" by Charles L. Grant; "Holiday" by Richard Christian Matheson; "The Bite" by Elizabeth Morton; "Top of the Stairs" by Steve Schlich; "Other" by Jor Jennings.

## Magazines Trade Press~

#### DEL REY

Del Rey's sole hardcover offering for February is Clifford D. Simak's Special Deliverance. The plot concerns a professor who finds that one of his students has bought a brilliant paper on Shakespeare from a slot machine. Confronting the evildoer, he is presented with two keys and sent in search of other machines -- one of which takes his money and sends him off to a strange new world (12.50).

#### ATHENEUM

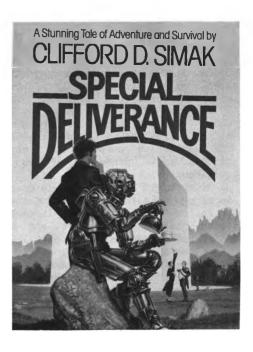
February's leader is the first volume of a new trilogy by Brian W. Aldiss, Helliconia Spring. The series is set on a planet where winter is centuries long, and the first volume concerns the alienated Yuli. who becomes a priest. Aldiss, the only SF writer to make the Times list of Britain's twenty top authors, is rumored to have a "blockbuster" here. First American printing, \$12.95.

#### DOUBLEDAY

Doubleday's trade entry is a nonfiction essay collection by Barry N. Malzberg, The Engines of the Night: Science Fiction in the Eighties. His discourse on the state of the art is described by insiders as "sizzling," though some suspect it is merely an extended version of his depressive schtick revamped from Empire.

#### UNIVERSITY PRESSES

The search for science fiction in the works of "mainstream" authors continues with Southern Illinois University's latest story collection, The Best Science Fiction of Arthur Comam Doyle. (Another is David Ketterer's yet unpublished volume on Mark Twain's SF.) This one, editor George Slusser suggests, is SF because Doyle, like many others, saw monsters in modern technology, and presented them in dozens of stories. Representative of this thesis is "The Lift," in which a deranged mechanic exercises the power to throw a group of innocent vacationers "down to Hell" in punishment for their sins. Whatever the plea, the stories are well worth collecting. SF or no. 210pp. \$14.95.



#### DONNING/STARBLAZE

Scheduled for February release as a trade paperback is They'd Rather Be Right, by Mark Clifton and Frank Riley. The novel won a Hugo as serialized in Astounding in 1954, but has been unavailable since because of copyright problems.

The novel concerns bigotry. process conferring immortality is discovered, but it won't work on those with irrational preconceptions or value judgments. Thus bums have a better chance than social lions. students a better chance than their professors. Illustrated by M. W. Carroll. \$4.95.

#### RANDOM HOUSE

Michael Moorcock's darkly comic "historical" novel of the Russian revolution, Byzamtium Endures, gets "mainstream" hype this month as a "genre crossing" experiment. Moorcock's hero is Pyat, a Jewish antisemitic cocaine addict, a scientific prodigy and avid fan of H. G. Wells, a liar and con man, a would-be inventor whose main talent is doubletalking his way past a series of disasters. Naturally, he is caught in the Bolshevik uprisings, where his penchant for science fiction provides grist (like the impromptu invention of a "violet-ray gun") for imaginative escapes. Some critics attribute the "largeness of the design" in the book to Moorcock's experience in "SF and Fantasy worldbuilding." Others comment on the nineteenth-century "texture . . . like Dickens and Tolstoy gone mad." First American Edition, a January release. \$14.50.

## GRANT.

-- Popular Library, bless Karen Solem's little heart -- changed the spelling of "gray" to "grey" I explained to them the difference. There's a mood involved. I don't think readers consciously realize I'm spelling it that way for a purpose, but I hope that in their minds "grey" is a different color.

After Night Songs, I have a couple of projects in mind. One of them is called Something Stirs. It deals with a lake and a creature, and my editor at Pocket Books didn't like the idea because she thought there were too many Loch Ness monster But I'm going to books around. write that book anyway, not only because I love the title: I made up a poem so the title would fit. And then there's a book I want to do about -- with all due respect to Alan Ryan -- a black panther and an albino snow Tiger, neither of which is real. With any kind of luck I will be able to write what I want no matter what my editor thinks.

But the worst thing about all these novels is I don't have time for short stories. They take a lot of time to write. It's a lot harder to write a short story than it is a My latest short story. "When Love Turned Around and Whispered 'You're Dead'," which I really want to finish very much because it's really going to have a foul ending, requires another couple of weeks, and I don't have another couple of weeks.

W: What's your impression of the present market for horror fiction?

G: It's lousy, and it will probably stay lousy. The only magazines regularly publishing horror stories are Twilight Zone and Fantasy & Science Fiction. Another new market. Famtasy Book, has just started. I don't know if it's going to survive or not. All those cycle magazines and surfing magazines and gold magazones and archery magazines, they're going to bet buried.

As for the future for novels -- I said it at the World Fantasy Con and was chastized, but I see the market diminishing. The real supernatural horror novel has faded on the stands and been replaced by psychological horror. It's the normal shakeup after King and Straub exploded on the scene and made it commercially respectable to buy horror. Publishers bought all the horror they could get their hands on, and then realized that not all of it was going to sell so there will be fewer garbage novels now, and generally fewer horror novels, but the ones they do buy will probably sell pretty well.

W: If you were me, what question would you ask Charlie Grant -- what would you want to know?

G: I don't know. I know myself so terribly unwell. What I'd really like to know is what you're doing

The best thing about being a writer is being able to do exactly what I want, get paid for it, and be able to live comfortably. I get to do neat things like give interviews. The worst thing about it is the void your books drop into. They're published, and they go away. You never know if anybody reads them, aside from your friends. Then you come along, and I don't understand why. I've never won any awards, and I certainly don't make a lot of money, and I don't sell hundreds of thousands of books, and I don't get fan letters. Felicia Andrews gets fan letters -- usually complaining be-(Continued on page 39)

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#### RUSS MANNING DIES

From Tarzana, California, comes the sad news that Russ Manning, veteran illustrator of Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan, died of Cancer December 1, 1981. Manning was a lifelong figure in ERBdom, illustrating the "Tarzan Club" newsletter of the Burroughs estate until his death.

George T. McWhorter, curator of the ERB collection at the University of Louisville, praised Manning's "enormous contribution to the Burroughs legend" in extending condolences to the artist's family and friends.

#### SUCHARITKUL

· Continued from page 14

kids (one of them sort of all-American, the other darkly mysterious) and the pretentious school, the vacation invitation, the ominous train journey, the arrival in a secret and fantastical kingdom where nothing is what it seems, the choice between aquiescence and death.

As the book proceeds deeper and deeper into the inner landscape of Shadowland, images from the earlier book -- such as one of a glass owl whose alleged theft causes a furore at the school -- come back to haunt and torment. Nothing is what it seems. Death can be made and unmade. Scenes repeat themselves in different ways and one never knows whether or not they were illusory. Coleman Collins, the uncle, is portentously blurry; only occasionally does his character seem to resolve into something comprehensible. And the girl too, Rose Armstrong, who (like a dream character) pops up here and there out of nowhere, in a manner both numinous and vague . . . . I cannot quite decide what I think about this final, crucial portion of the book, for there are times when it has a certain tempestin-a-teapot flavor about it, and times when the epic confrontation, embroidered as it is by a bewilderingly frantic welter of imagery and by Straub's not inconsiderable verbal artistry, does achieve a kind of King Learish splendor. There's nothing Straub doesn't throw into his dizzy climax: grizzly fairytales, crucifixion imagery, sensual violence. It is overwhelming, and reading it is an emotionally draining experience. But, recollecting
in tranquillity, I'm not entirely convinced. Peter Straub may, like the sorceror's apprentice, have unleashed a spell so powerful that he

cannot quite control it. But I em-

joyed the getting-out-of-hand pro-cess, and I can't make up my mind

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whether it was deliberate or not. Yet in the end it will be the opening sequences in that Arizona private school, chillingly and tellingly portrayed, that return to haunt me most.

That's it for horror. I am now on the eve of my departure for Rome, where I'll be spending a couple of weeks reliving my youth and so on. There's a stack of books here for the plane though, so don't miss next month when A Certain Slant of "I" goes to Imperial Rome for a fortnight of epic spectacle!

### GRANT, Cont. from p. 38

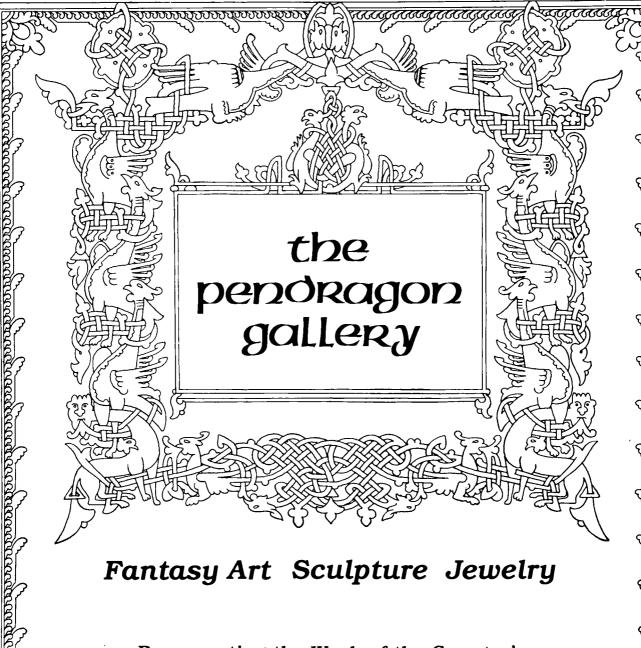
cause the heroine has gone to bed with someone besides the hero -but I never get fan letters for my fantasy writing. I don't understand

So when we're finished I'll go home and work on that new Felicia book, pull out a couple of stories

I want to get down before I forget them, and make notes on Night Songs. And by that time it'll be October, my favorite month. That's when the wind has a special voice to it, the moon a special light, and if my readers stay with me, I think they will like what I come up with, before winter comes down and cuts us all off. From what? Now that's for me to know and for you to hope you never find out . . .

#### FAN PRESS, Cont. from p. 36

radio adaptation of the Lord of the Rings, which Zuber greets considerably more critically than Mike Ashley did (FN \$43). The Chronicle is almost the only and certainly the best place to keep up with Tolkien fandom, and is often decorated with very handsome drawings by Patrick Wynne and others. \$5 a year (6 issues), \$7 overseas. P. O. Box 8853 San Marino, CA 91108.



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