



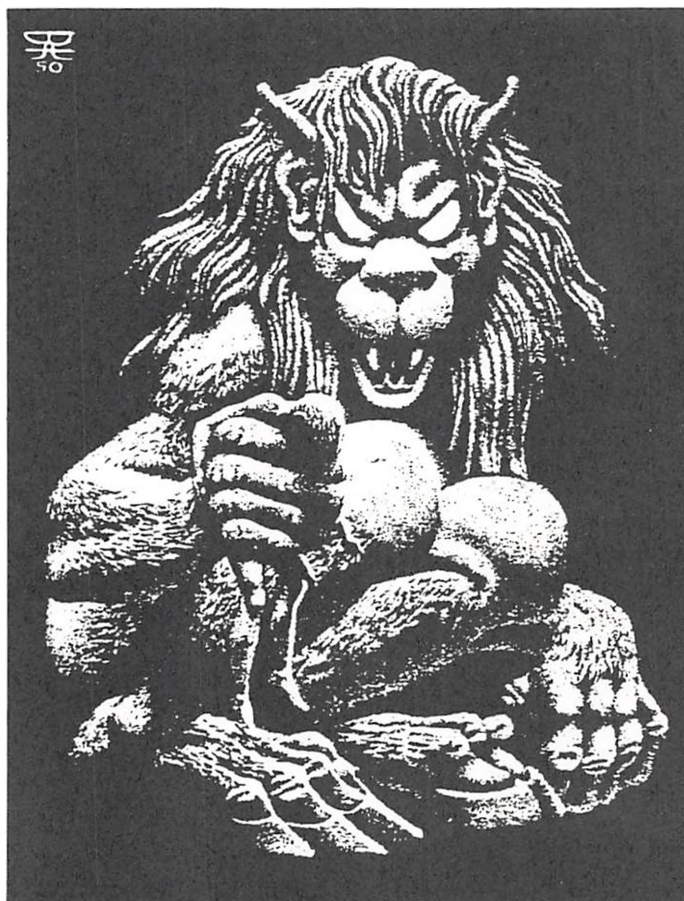
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WORLD  
FANTASY  
CONVENTION

October 31 - November 2  
Providence, RI

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# 12th WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION 1986

OCTOBER 29 - NOVEMBER 2

Biltmore Plaza Hotel, Providence, Rhode Island

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## GUESTS

RAMSEY CAMPBELL      CHARLES L. GRANT      J. K. POTTER

## TOASTMASTER

DOUGLAS E. WINTER

## COMMITTEE

Chairman: Robert Plante

Programming: Bob Booth, Stanley Wiater, Pat McCormick

Registration: Mary Booth

Operations: Jinx Cates

Art Show: Dick Brisson

Dealer's Room: Paul Dobish

Program Book Design: Robert Lavoie

Typesetting: Suzan Gervais

Special Program Assistance: Harry Beckwith, Mike Tell,  
Gerry Boudreau

Advisors and resident Bon Vivants: Les Daniels, Don Grant

Judges: Robert Collins, Ellen Datlow, Dean R. Koontz,  
Patricia McKillip, Charles de Lint

Special thanks to John Balleto and the Biltmore Staff, Barbara Plante, Debbie Johnson, Paul DePastene, Joe Schifino, Art and Elise Moore, Ginjer Buchanan, Iris Wiater, Dale and Dan Cates, Karen Lavoie, Amie Plante, Sara and Daniel Booth, Lynne Winter, Kathy Ptacek, John Merriam, John Stanley and the John Hay Library staff, Mark Lank and US Art, Pete Pautz, David Hartwell, the Tucson Committee and the rest of the World Fantasy Board of Directors. For those we've forgotten, forgive our memory lapse, and thank you.

# 1986 WORLD FANTASY AWARDS NOMINATIONS

## BEST NOVEL:

THE DAMNATION GAME — Clive Barker (Weidenfelt & Nicholson)  
 ILLYWHACKER — Peter Carey (Harper & Row)  
 THE DREAM YEARS — Lisa Goldstein (Bantam)  
 WINTERKING — Paul Hazel (Atlantic Monthly Press)  
 THE VAMPIRE LESTAT — Anne Rice (Knopf)  
 SONG OF KALI — Dan Simmons (Bluejay)

## BEST NOVELLA:

"Flight" — Peter Dickinson (IMAGINARY LANDS)  
 "Nadelman's God" — T.E.D. Klein (DARK GODS)  
 "Dead Image" — David Morrell (NIGHT VISIONS II)  
 "The Gorgon Field" — Kate Wilhelm (Aug., Asimov's)  
 "Do I Dare to Eat a Peach?" — Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (SHADOWS 8)

## BEST SHORT STORY:

"Paper Dragons" — James Blaylock (IMAGINARY LANDS)  
 "The Slovo Stove" — Avram Davidson (UNIVERSE 15)  
 "Return of the Dust Vampires" — Sharon Farber (WHISPERS V)  
 "The Jaguar Hunter" — Lucius Shepard (May, F&SF)

## BEST ANTHOLOGY/COLLECTION:

CLIVE BARKER'S BOOKS OF BLOOD, VOLS. 4, 5, 6 — Clive Barker (Sphere)  
 BLACK VENUS — Angela Carter (Chatto & Windus)  
 NIGHT VISIONS II — Charles L. Grant, ed. (Dark Harvest)  
 SKELETON CREW — Stephen King (Viking)  
 IMAGINARY LANDS — Robin McKinley, ed. (Ace)  
 WHISPERS V — Stuart David Schiff, ed. (Doubleday)  
 FAERY — Terri Windling, ed. (Ace)  
 DRAGONFIELDS & OTHER STORIES — Jane Yolen (Ace)

## BEST ARTIST:

Thomas Canty  
 Jeff Jones  
 Alan Lee  
 J.K. Potter

## SPECIAL AWARD — PRO:

Thomas Canty & Phil Hale (A MONSTER AT CHRISTMAS)  
 Donald M. Grant (Donald M. Grant, Publishers)  
 Patrick LoBrutto (Doubleday)  
 Terri Windling

## SPECIAL AWARD — NON-PRO:

Jeff Conner (Scream/Press)  
 David B. Silva (THE HORROR SHOW)  
 W. Paul Ganley (WEIRDBOOK/Weirdbook Press)  
 Paul Mikol and Scott Stadalsky (Dark Harvest Press)  
 Douglas E. Winter

# FINAL NOTES FROM THE CHAIR

Dawn cracked the darkness like an overripe tomato. I leaned back in my chair, tipped the fedora over my eyes and tried to catch another forty winks, but the big brunette came in and I knew I wouldn't be able to relax again for a long, long time. She nodded excitedly, like some plastic dog on a spring in the rear window of a car, and said we were it. We had been waiting for the go ahead for a while, for the big boys on the committee to give us the O.K., and now they had.

Sure I was nervous, but I was in the cockpit, and we had gone in twice before and come out alive. No one else has ever done that. The top pros were with me, and we had the top guns in Tucson and Ottawa soften up the opposition for us. I knew we were ready to face it again and come out smelling like a newly mown lawn. But we didn't know then, as we do now, that the game had changed, and no one knew the rules. We went in blind and neither we nor the convention would ever be the same again.

When the history is written, the 12th World Fantasy Convention will probably be known as The Watershed. None of the previous eleven conventions have sold out so soon or so completely. The Dealer's Room and Art Show were sold out soon after we began taking reservations; memberships and banquet tickets were sold out in June, almost four months before the convention.

Over four hundred and twenty-five rooms were reserved and sold to convention members in four hotels, more rooms than any other of our conventions, and to approximately the same number of attendees.

What happened? It is obvious to us and I'm sure to most attendees that you will no longer be able to wait until September to send in your membership for the World Fantasy Convention.

In fact, June might be too late. From now on attendance at a WFC convention will require long term planning.

But why? How did we get to this point? For us it would be easy to say that it is because of our great guests of honor, and while they are well respected and honored in the field, I feel that we would do a disservice to past guests of honor if we felt that was the main reason.

Nor do we believe it is because of our state and the city of Providence, or the beautiful Biltmore Hotel. The cities and hotels of Tucson and Ottawa have equally beautiful cities and facilities.

The fans in Rhode Island are no more intense or fanatic than in any other convention location, and probably less so since only about 50 out of the total membership are from this state.

The proximity to the publishing center in New York has often been cited as the reason for our success. While it is true that a large percentage of our attendees are from New York, we also have an equal number of members from the west coast and from Canada.

Finally we'd like to think that it is because our particular convention committee has a great reputation in the field, but alas, we don't believe that is the reason either.

But I do believe the solution is the sum total of all of these things, times twelve. I am always amused at how the World Fantasy Convention is listed and described in the SF Convention Register. I quote from their latest missive. " 'Literary gentleman' atmosphere (costumes discouraged)." While subscribers to the register might consider this a disparaging comment, I feel it is just the opposite. I believe that we represent the alternative, a convention where it is possible for professionals in the field to meet and socialize without the distraction of large crowds of people engaged in extraneous activities. If anything convinces me of this it is the fact that approximately 40% of the members are professionals in the field.

Our popularity is the result of the accumulated successes of the eleven conventions before us. The limited membership, quality programming, honored guests, strong committees and beautiful locations have all contributed to making us the best literary convention in the field.

The convention will be different from now on, but only in the sense that, because of its reputation, it will be more difficult to obtain a membership. Those qualities which have contributed to its success will continue and the convention will endure and prosper.

Bob Plante  
Chairman, 1986

# AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION

Compiled by Bob Booth

(The winners appear in bold type)

## 1975 — THE 1st WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION

THEME — The Lovecraft Circle

GUEST OF HONOR — Robert Bloch

TOASTMASTER — Gahan Wilson

SITE — Holiday Inn, Providence, Rhode Island

SELECTED BY — Kirby McCauley, (Founding Father)

CHAIRMAN — Kirby McCauley

JUDGES — Ramsey Campbell, Edward L. Ferman,  
David G. Hartwell, Fritz Leiber, Gahan Wilson

SELECTED BY — Kirby McCauley

### BEST NOVEL

Anderson, P.; *A Midsummer Tempest*

McKillip, P.; *Forgotten Beast of Eld*

Munn, H.; *Merlin's Ring*

### BEST SHORT FICTION

Aickman, R.; *Pages From A Young Girl's Diary*

Lanier, S.; *A Father's Tale*

Wagner, K.; *Sticks*

### BEST COLLECTION/ANTHOLOGY

Copper, B.; *From Evil's Pillow*

Wellman, M.; *Worse Things Waiting*

### SPECIAL AWARD/PROFESSIONAL

**Ian & Betty Ballantine**

Donald A. Wollheim

### SPECIAL AWARD/NON-PROFESSIONAL

Harry Morris

**Stuart David Schiff**

Roy Squires

### BEST ARTIST

**Lee Brown Coye**

Stephen Fabian

Gervasio Gallardo

Jeff Jones

Tim Kirk

### LIFE ACHIEVEMENT

Robert Aickman

**Robert Bloch**

Frank Belknap Long

Donald Wandrei

Manly Wade Wellman

## 1976 — THE 2nd WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION

THEME — Unknown Worlds

GUESTS OF HONOR — C. L. Moore, Michael Moorcock

TOASTMASTER — Gahan Wilson

SITE — Statler Hotel, New York, New York

SELECTED BY — Vote of 1st Convention Committee;

Kirby McCauley, Bob Booth, Donald M. Grant,

Charles Collins, David G. Hartwell

MAGISTER — Thom Anderson

JUDGES — Charles Collins, Basil Copper,  
Gordon Dickson, Stuart Schiff, Gahan Wilson

SELECTED BY — Kirby McCauley & 1st Convention Committee

### BEST NOVEL

King, S.; *Salem's Lot*

Matheson, R.; *Bid Time Return*

### BEST SHORT FICTION

Drake, D.; *The Barrow Troll*

**Leiber, F.; *Belsen Express***

Lumley, B.; *Born of the Winds*

Wellman, M.; *The Ghastly Wind Doth Reign*

### BEST COLLECTION/ANTHOLOGY

Davidson, A.; *The Enquiries of Dr. Esterhazy*

Ellison, H.; *Deathbird Stories*

Long, F.; *The Early Long*

Price, E.; *Far Lands Other Days*

### SPECIAL AWARD/PROFESSIONAL

Arkham House

Willis Conover

L. Sprague de Camp

**Donald M. Grant**

Donald Wollheim

### SPECIAL AWARD/NON-PROFESSIONAL

**Carcosa**

Gerry De La Ree

Harry Morris

George Scithers

Roy Squires

Robert Weinberg

### BEST ARTIST

George Barr

Stephen Fabian

**Frank Frazetta**

Edward Gorey

Tim Kirk

### LIFE ACHIEVEMENT

Ray Bradbury

**Fritz Leiber**

Frank Belknap Long

Manly Wade Wellman

1977 — WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION III

THEME — Clark Ashton Smith  
 GUEST OF HONOR — Richard Matheson  
 TOASTMASTER — Gahan Wilson  
 SITE — Los Angeles Biltmore, Los Angeles, California  
 SELECTED — In a runoff vote. Past committee members and interested parties were invited to vote by post. They were Dana Anderson, Thom Anderson, Bob Booth, Jack Chaiker, Charles Collins, Bill Desmond, Donald M. Grant, David G. Hartwell, T.E.D. Klein, Kirby McCauley, Stuart Schiff, George Scithers, Bob Weinberg & Gahan Wilson.

CHAIRMAN — Dennis Rickard  
 JUDGES — Robert Bloch, David Drake, Harlan Ellison, Charles L. Grant, Robert Weinberg  
 SELECTED BY — The newly created Awards Administration; David G. Hartwell, Gahan Wilson & Charles L. Grant

<p><b>BEST NOVEL</b>                  Campbell, R.; <i>The Doll Who Ate His Mother</i>                  Dickson, G.; <i>The Dragon and the George</i>                  Kotzwinkle, W.; <i>Dr. Rat</i>                  Moorcock, M.; <i>The Sailor On the Seas of Fate</i>                  Steinbeck, J.; <i>The Acts of King Arthur and His Noble Knights</i></p> <p><b>BEST SHORT FICTION</b>                  Campbell R.; <i>The Companion</i>                  Etchison, D.; <i>It Only Comes Out At Night</i>                  Kirk, R.; <i>There's A Long, Long Trail A-Winding</i>                  Sheckley, R.; <i>What Is Life?</i>                  Wagner, K.; <i>Two Suns Setting</i></p> <p><b>BEST COLLECTION/ANTHOLOGY</b>                  Bradbury, R.; <i>Long After Midnight</i>                  Bryant, E.; <i>Cinnabar</i>                  Campbell, R.; <i>The Height of the Scream</i>                  Campbell, R. (Ed.); <i>Superhorror</i>                  Carter, L.; <i>Flashing Swords #3</i>                  McCauley, K.; <i>Frights</i></p>	<p><b>SPECIAL AWARD/PROFESSIONAL</b>                  Alternate World Recordings                  Arkham House                  Ballantine Books                  Daw Books                  Edward L. Ferman</p> <p><b>SPECIAL AWARD/NON-PROFESSIONAL</b>                  Jonathan Bacon                  Arnie Fenner                  Nils Hardin                  Gary Hoppenstand                  Harry Morris                  Stuart Schiff</p> <p><b>BEST ARTIST</b>                  George Barr                  Roger Dean                  Stephen Fabian                  Tim Kirk                  Michael Whelan</p>	<p><b>LIFE ACHIEVEMENT</b>                  Jorge Luis Borges                  Ray Bradbury                  L. Sprague de Camp                  Frank Belknap Long                  H. Warner Munn                  E. Hoffman Price                  Manly Wade Wellman</p>
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1978 - THE 4th WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION

THEME — Robert E. Howard  
 GUEST OF HONOR — Fritz Leiber  
 GUEST ARTIST — Alicia Austin  
 TOASTMASTER — Gahan Wilson (Scheduled)  
 Andy Offitt (Actual)  
 SITE — Sheraton Fort Worth Hotel, Fort Worth Texas  
 SELECTED BY — Same Panel as 1977

CHAIRMAN — Michael Templin  
 JUDGES — Charles N. Brown, Carl Jacobi, Stephen King, T.E.D. Klein, Karl Edward Wagner  
 SELECTED BY — The Awards Administration

<p><b>BEST NOVEL</b>                  Donaldson, S.; <i>The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever</i>                  Grant, C.; <i>The Hour of the Oxrun Dead</i>                  Leiber, F.; <i>Our Lady of Darkness</i></p> <p><b>BEST SHORT FICTION</b>                  Campbell, R.; <i>The Chimney</i>                  Campbell, R.; <i>Loveman's Comeback</i>                  Davidson, A.; <i>Manatee Gal, Ain't Ya Comin' Out Tonight</i>                  Ellison, H.; <i>Jeffy Is Five</i>                  Grant C.; <i>When All the Children Call My Name</i>                  Vance, J.; <i>Bagful of Dreams</i></p> <p><b>BEST COLLECTION/ANTHOLOGY</b>                  Bloch, R.; <i>Cold Chills</i>                  Cave, H.; <i>Murgunstrumm and Others</i>                  Leiber, F.; <i>Swords and Ice Magic</i>                  Page, G. (Ed.); <i>Year's Best Horror Stories #5</i>                  Schiff, S. (Ed.); <i>Whispers</i></p>	<p><b>BEST ARTIST</b>                  Lee Brown Coye                  Stephen Fabian                  Tim Kirk                  Michael Whelan</p> <p><b>SPECIAL AWARD/PROFESSIONAL</b>                  E. F. Bleiler                  Ballantine Books (The Del Reys)                  Edward L. Ferman                  Donald A. Wolheim</p> <p><b>SPECIAL AWARD/NON-PROFESSIONAL</b>                  Jonathan Bacon                  W. Paul Ganley                  Gary Hoppenstand                  Stephen Jones                  Harry Morris                  Robert Weinberg</p>	<p><b>LIFE ACHIEVEMENT</b>                  Jorge Luis Borges                  John Collier                  Roald Dahl                  Frank Belknap Long                  Richard Matheson                  Manly Wade Wellman</p> <p><b>SPECIAL CONVENTION AWARD</b>                  Glenn Lord                  (This award is not voted by the judges, but given by the Convention for service to the cause of Fantasy.)</p>
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## 1979 — THE 5th WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION

THEME — Reunion

GUESTS OF HONOR — Stephen King, Frank Belknap Long

GUEST ARTIST — Michael Whelan

TOASTMASTER — Charles L. Grant

SITE — Biltmore Hotel, Providence, Rhode Island

SELECTED BY — The original committee had agreed that if the convention was successful enough to last five years, the fifth, a reunion of sorts, would be held in Providence.

CHAIRMAN — Bob Booth

JUDGES — Poul Anderson, Terry Carr, Dennis Etchison,  
Elizabeth A. Lynn, Roy A. Squires

SELECTED BY — The Awards Administration, Pete Pautz  
replacing Gahan Wilson

### BEST NOVEL

Daniels, L.; *The Black Castle*  
Grant, C.; *The Sound of Midnight*  
King, S.; *The Stand*  
Lee, T.; *Night's Master*  
Moorcock, M.; *Gloriana*

### BEST SHORT FICTION

Bishop, M.; *Within the Walls of Tyre*  
Davidson, A.; *A Good Night's Sleep*  
Davidson, A.; *Naples*  
Grant, C.; *Hear Me Now, My Sweet Abbey Rose*  
Niven, L.; *The Magic Goes Away*

### BEST COLLECTION/ANTHOLOGY

Davidson, A.; *The Redward Edward Papers*  
Grant, C.; *Shadows*  
King, S.; *Night Shift*  
Leiber, F.; *Heroes and Horrors*  
Page, G. (Ed.); *Year's Best Horror #6*  
Wagner, K.; *Night Winds*

### BEST ARTIST

Alicia Austin  
Dale Enzenbacher  
Stephen Fabian  
Michael Whelan

### SPECIAL AWARD/PROFESSIONAL

Edward L. Ferman  
Donald M. Grant

### SPECIAL AWARD/NON-PROFESSIONAL

Paul C. Allen  
Pat Cadigan/Arnie Fenner  
W. Paul Ganley  
Stuart David Schiff  
Donald H. Tuck

### LIFE ACHIEVEMENT

Jorge Luis Borges  
John Collier  
L. Sprague de Camp  
H. Warner Munn  
John Myers Myers  
Manly Wade Wellman

## 1980 — THE 6th WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION

THEME — Edgar Allan Poe

GUEST OF HONOR — Jack Vance

GUEST ARTIST — Boris Vallejo

TOASTMASTER — Robert Bloch

SITE — Marriott Hunt Valley Inn, Baltimore, Maryland

SELECTED BY — The now permanent Board of Directors;  
Bob Booth, Charles L. Grant, Donald M. Grant,  
David G. Hartwell

CHAIRMEN — Chuck Miller, Tim Underwood

JUDGES — Stephen R. Donaldson, Frank Belknap Long,  
Andrew J. Offutt, Ted White, Susan Wood

SELECTED BY — The Awards Administration

### BEST NOVEL

Grant, C.; *The Last Call of Mourning*  
Lynn, E.; *The Dancers of Arun*  
Lynn, E.; *Watchtower*  
McKillip, P.; *Harpist in The Wind*  
Wrightson, P.; *The Dark Bright Water*  
Yarbro, C.; *The Palace*

### BEST SHORT FICTION

Campbell, R.; *MacIntosh Willy*  
Klein, T.; *Petey*  
Leiber, F.; *The Button Molder*  
Lynn, E.; *The Woman Who Loved The Moon*  
Nolan, W.; *Saturday's Shadow*

### BEST ANTHOLOGY/COLLECTION

Asprin, R. (Ed.); *Thieves' World*  
Carr, T.; *Year's Finest Fantasy #2*  
Grant, C.; *Nightmares*  
Grant, C.; *Shadows 2*  
Salmonson, J.; *Amazons!*  
Schiff, S.; *Whispers II*

### SPECIAL AWARD/PROFESSIONAL

Lester Del Rey  
Donald M. Grant  
Pat LoBrutto  
James Turner  
Donald A. Wollheim

### SPECIAL AWARD/NON-PROFESSIONAL

Paul C. Allen  
Pat Cadigan/Arnie Fenner  
Harry Morris  
Stuart David Schiff

### BEST ARTIST

Stephen E. Fabian  
Don Maitz  
Boris Vallejo  
Michael Whelan

### LIFE ACHIEVEMENT

Avram Davidson  
L. Sprague de Camp  
Jack Vance  
Manly Wade Wellman  
H. Warner Munn

### SPECIAL CONVENTION AWARD

Stephen King



1981 — THE 7th WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION

THEME — Mark Twain, Jack London, Ambrose Bierce,  
Clark Ashton Smith  
GUESTS OF HONOR — Alan Garner (Did not appear for personal reasons)  
Peter S. Beagle  
GUEST ARTIST — Brian Froud  
TOASTMASTER — Karl Edward Wagner  
SITE — The Claremont Hotel, Berkeley, California  
SELECTED BY — The Board plus Chuck Miller & Tim Underwood,  
immediate past chairmen

CHAIRMEN — Jack Rems, Jeff Frane  
JUDGES — Paul C. Allen, C. J. Cherryh, Gardner Dozois,  
Donald M. Grant, Arthur W. Saha  
SELECTED BY — The Awards Administration

<p><b>BEST NOVEL</b> Godwin, P.; <i>Firelord</i> King, S.; <i>The Mist</i> Straub, P.; <i>Shadowland</i> Wolfe, G.; <i>The Shadow of the Torturer</i> Yarbro, C.; <i>Ariosto</i></p> <p><b>BEST SHORT FICTION</b> Charnas, S.; <i>Unicorn Tapestry</i> Klein, T.; <i>Children of the Kingdom</i> Waldrop, H.; <i>The Ugly Chickens</i> Yarbro, C.; <i>Cabin 33</i></p> <p><b>BEST ANTHOLOGY/COLLECTION</b> Campbell, R. (Ed.); <i>New Terrors 1</i> Ellison, H.; <i>Shatterday</i> Grant, C. (Ed.); <i>Shadows 3</i> McCauley, K. (Ed.); <i>Dark Forces</i> Pronzini, B. (Ed.); <i>Mummy! A Chrestomathy of Crypt-ology</i></p>	<p><b>SPECIAL AWARD/PROFESSIONAL</b> Terry Carr Lester Del Rey Edward L. Ferman David G. Hartwell Tim Underwood Donald A. Wollheim</p> <p><b>SPECIAL AWARD/NON-PROFESSIONAL</b> Pat Cadigan/Arnie Fenner Charles De Lint/Charles Saunders W. Paul Ganley Stephen Jones/David Sutton</p> <p><b>BEST ARTIST</b> Alicia Austin Thomas Canty Don Maitz Rowena Morrill Michael Whelan Gahan Wilson</p>	<p><b>LIFE ACHIEVEMENT</b> Joseph Payne Brennan Avram Davidson L. Sprague de Camp C. L. Moore Andre Norton Jack Vance</p> <p><b>SPECIAL CONVENTION AWARD</b> Gahan Wilson</p>
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1982 — WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION '82

THEME — Mark Twain  
GUESTS OF HONOR — Peter Straub, Joseph Payne Brennan  
GUEST ARTIST — Donald Maitz  
TOASTMASTER — Charles L. Grant  
SITE — Park Plaza Hotel, New Haven, Connecticut  
SELECTED BY — The original Board of Booth, Grant &  
Hartwell became an Executive Board. Selection was  
made with the assistance of past chairmen Miller, Rems  
& Underwood. Roy Squires, Charles Collins & Chris  
Steinbrunner were added as an Advisory Committee.

CHAIRMEN — Norman L. Hood, Harold Kinney  
JUDGES — Pat Cadigan, Virginia Kidd, Theodore Sturgeon,  
Douglas E. Winter, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro  
SELECTED BY — The Awards Administration

<p><b>BEST NOVEL</b> Campbell, R.; <i>The Nameless</i> Crowley, J.; <i>Little, Big</i> Moorcock, M.; <i>The War Hound and the World's Pain</i> Thomas, D.; <i>The White Hotel</i> Wolfe, G.; <i>The Claw of the Conciliator</i></p> <p><b>BEST NOVELLA (New Category)</b> Cherryh, C.; <i>Ealdwood</i> Godwin, P.; <i>The Fire When It Comes</i> Holdstock, R.; <i>Mythago Wood</i> Wagner, K.; <i>The River of the Night's Dreaming</i></p> <p><b>BEST SHORT STORY (New Category)</b> Dann, J.; <i>Fairy Tale</i> Etchison, D.; <i>The Dark Country</i> Grant, C.; <i>Coin of the Realm</i> King, S.; <i>Do the Dead Sing?</i></p> <p><b>BEST ANTHOLOGY/COLLECTION</b> Carr, T. (Ed.); <i>Fantasy Annual IV</i> Grant, C. (Ed.); <i>Shadows 4</i> Grant, C.; <i>Tales From the Nightside</i> Schiff, S. (Ed.); <i>Whispers III</i> Windling, T. &amp; Arnold, M. (Ed.); <i>Elsewhere</i></p>	<p><b>BEST ARTIST</b> Alicia Austin Jill Bauman Thomas Canty Don Maitz Rowena Morrill Michael Whelan</p> <p><b>SPECIAL AWARD/PROFESSIONAL</b> Edward L. Ferman Donald M. Grant David G. Hartwell T.E.D. Klein Tim Underwood</p> <p><b>SPECIAL AWARD/NON-PROFESSIONAL</b> Paul Allen Robert Collins W. Paul Ganley Stephen Jones &amp; David Sutton Ken Keller</p>	<p><b>LIFE ACHIEVEMENT</b> Italo Calvino L. Sprague de Camp Andre Norton Jack Vance</p> <p><b>SPECIAL CONVENTION AWARD</b> Joseph Payne Brennan Roy Krenkel</p>
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## 1983 — WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION 1983

THEME — Sixty Years of Weird Tales  
 GUESTS OF HONOR — Gene Wolfe, Manly Wade Wellman  
 GUEST ARTIST — Rowena Morrill  
 TOASTMASTER — Robert Bloch  
 SITE — Chicago, Illinois  
 SELECTED BY — The above Board of Directors, Norm Hood  
 replacing Tim Underwood

CHAIRMAN — Robert Weinberg  
 JUDGES — Bob Booth, John Coyne, Sharon Jarvis,  
 Alan Ryan, Elizabeth Wollheim  
 SELECTED BY — The Awards Administration

## BEST NOVEL

Grant, C.; *The Nestling*  
 Martin, G.; *Fevre Dream*  
 Shea, M.; *Nifft the Lean*  
 Tessier, T.; *Phantom*  
 Wolfe, G.; *The Sword of the Lictor*

## BEST NOVELLA

Grant, C.; *Confess the Seasons*  
 Grant, C.; *Night's Swift Dragons*  
 King, S.; *The Breathing Method*  
 Leiber, F.; *Horrible Imaginings*  
 Wagner, K.; *Beyond Any Measure*

## BEST SHORT STORY

Bear, G.; *Petra*  
 Etchison, D.; *Deathtracks*  
 Lee, T.; *The Gorgon*  
 Swanwick, M.; *The Man Who Met Picasso*  
 Tem, S.; *Firestorm*

## BEST ANTHOLOGY/COLLECTION

Etchison, D.; *The Dark Country*  
 Grant, C.; *Nightmare Seasons*  
 Grant, C. (Ed.); *Shadows 5*  
 King, S.; *Different Seasons*  
 Ryan, A. (Ed.); *Perpetual Light*  
 Shwartz, S. (Ed.); *Hecate's Cauldron*

## BEST ARTIST

Jill Bauman  
 Tom Canty  
 R.J. Krupowicz  
 Don Maitz  
 Michael Whelan

## SPECIAL AWARD/PROFESSIONAL

Lester Del Rey  
 Donald M. Grant  
 David G. Hartwell  
 Patrick LoBrutto  
 Douglas E. Winter

## SPECIAL AWARD/NON-PROFESSIONAL

Francesco Cova  
 W. Paul Ganley  
 Robert T. Garcia  
 Stuart David Schiff  
 Stephen Jones &  
 David Sutton

## LIFE ACHIEVEMENT

Roald Dahl  
 (Nominees no longer announced)

## SPECIAL CONVENTION AWARD

Arkham House

## 1984 — WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION 1984

THEME — Fantasy, An International Genre  
 GUESTS OF HONOR — Taniith Lee, Jane Yolen  
 GUEST ARTIST — Jeffrey Jones  
 TOASTMASTER — Spider Robinson  
 SITE — Westin Hotel, Ottawa, Canada  
 SELECTED BY — The Board of Directors with the  
 addition of Bob Weinberg

CHAIRMEN — John Bell, Rodger Turner  
 JUDGES — Ellen Asher, Ginjer Buchanan, Les Daniels,  
 Mimi Panitch, George H. Scithers  
 SELECTED BY — The Awards Administration, John Douglas replacing  
 Charles L. Grant

## BEST NOVEL

Ford, J.; *The Dragon Waiting*  
 King, S.; *Pet Semetary*  
 Lainez, M.; *The Wandering Unicorn*  
 Macavoy, R.; *Tea with the Black Dragon*  
 Martin, G.; *Armageddon Rag*  
 Vance, J.; *Lyonesse*

## BEST NOVELLA

Baker, S.; *The Lurking Duck*  
 Bishop, M.; *The Monkey's Bride*  
 Lee, T.; *Nunc Dimittis*  
 Lynn, E.; *The Red Hawk*  
 Robinson, K.; *Black Air*

## BEST SHORT STORY

Kennedy, L.; *The Silent Cradle*  
 Lee, T.; *Elle Est Trois (La Mort)*  
 Morrell, D.; *The Hundred Year Christmas*  
 Shepard, L.; *Solitario's Eyes*  
 Wagner, K.; *Into Whose Hands*  
 Wu, W.; *Wong's Lost & Found Emporium*

## BEST ANTHOLOGY/COLLECTION

Davies, R.; *High Spirits*  
 Grant, C. (Ed.); *The Dodd, Mead Gallery of Horror*  
 Grant, C. (Ed.); *Shadows 6*  
 Lee, T.; *Red As Blood*  
 Yolen, J.; *Tales of Wonder*

## BEST ARTIST

Jill Bauman  
 Stephen Gervais  
 Edward Gorey  
 Robert Gould  
 Don Maitz  
 Rowena Morrill

## SPECIAL AWARD/PROFESSIONAL

Ian & Betty Ballantine,  
 Joy Chant, George Sharp  
 Everett Bleiler  
 L. Sprague de Camp, Catherine  
 Crook de Camp, & Jane  
 Whittington Griffin  
 Edward L. Ferman  
 Patrick LoBrutto

## SPECIAL AWARD/NON-PROFESSIONAL

Robert Collins  
 W. Paul Ganley  
 Stephen Jones & David A.  
 Sutton  
 Robert Price  
 Douglas E. Winter

## LIFE ACHIEVEMENT

(As a one time only, 10th anniversary special, six Life Achievement Awards were given out. These were not voted on by the regular panel of judges, but by a Blue-Ribbon panel of previous Life Achievement Award winners.) The winners were:

L. Sprague de Camp  
 Richard Matheson  
 Andre Norton  
 E. Hoffman Price  
 Jack Vance  
 Donald Wandrei

## SPECIAL CONVENTION AWARD

Donald M. Grant

1985 — THE 1985 WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION

THEME — Fantasy Writers of the Southwest  
 GUEST OF HONOR — Stephen Donaldson  
 SPECIAL GUEST — Evangeline Walton  
 GUEST ARTIST — Victoria Poyser  
 TOASTPERSON — Chelsea Quinn Yarbro  
 SITE — Doubletree Hotel, Tucson, Arizona  
 SELECTED BY — The Board of Directors with Rodger  
 Turner replacing Chuck Miller

CHAIRMAN — Randal Rau  
 JUDGES — Suzy McKee Charnas, Jo Fletcher, George R. R. Martin,  
 Baird Searles, Terri Windling  
 SELECTED BY — The Awards Administration

<p><b>BEST NOVEL</b>                  Holdstock, R.; <i>Mythago Wood</i>                  Hughart, B.; <i>Bridge of Birds</i>                  Jones, D.; <i>Archer's Goon</i>                  King, S. &amp; Straub, P.; <i>The Talisman</i>                  Klein, T.; <i>The Ceremonies</i></p> <p><b>BEST NOVELLA</b>                  Barker, C.; <i>Jacqueline Ess: Her Will and Testament</i>                  King, S.; <i>The Flexible Bullet</i>                  Pearce, G.; <i>In the Sumerian Marshes</i>                  Ryman, G.; <i>The Unconquered Country</i>                  Shepard, L.; <i>The Who Painted the Dragon Griaule</i></p> <p><b>BEST SHORT STORY</b>                  Baker, S.; <i>Still Life With Scorpion</i>                  Dann, J.; <i>Bad Medicine</i>                  McCammon, R.; <i>Nightcrawlers</i>                  Ryan, A.; <i>The Bones Wizard</i></p>	<p><b>BEST ANTHOLOGY/COLLECTION</b>                  Barker, C.; <i>Clive Barker's Books                  of Blood 1, 2, 3</i>                  Godwin, P.; <i>The Fire When It Comes</i>                  Harrison, M.; <i>Viriconium Nights</i>                  Kilworth, G. (Ed.); <i>The Songbirds of                  Pain</i>                  Ryan, A. (Ed.); <i>Night Visions I</i>                  Williamson, J. (Ed.); <i>Masques</i></p> <p><b>BEST ARTIST</b>                  Thomas Canty                  Edward Gorey                  Alan Lee                  J. K. Potter                  Michael Whelan</p>	<p><b>SPECIAL AWARD/PROFESSIONAL</b>                  Robert H. Boyer &amp; Kenneth                  J. Zahorski                  T.E.D. Klein                  Patrick LoBrutto                  Shawna McCarthy                  Tim Underwood &amp;                  Chuck Miller                  Chris Van Allsburg</p> <p><b>SPECIAL AWARD/NON-PROFESSIONAL</b>                  Jeff Conner                  W. Paul Ganley                  Paul Mikol &amp; Scott                  Stadalsky                  Stuart David Schiff</p> <p><b>LIFE ACHIEVEMENT</b>                  Theodore Sturgeon</p> <p><b>SPECIAL CONVENTION AWARD</b>                  Evangeline Walton</p>
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1986 — THE 12th WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION

THEME — From 'New Writers' to 'Old Masters'  
 GUESTS OF HONOR — Ramsey Campbell, Charles L. Grant  
 GUEST ARTIST — J. K. Potter  
 TOASTMASTER — Douglas E. Winter  
 SITE — Biltmore Hotel, Providence, Rhode Island  
 SELECTED BY — The Board of Directors now including  
 Randal Rau

CURRENT SELECTION COMMITTEE — Executive Board: David G. Hartwell,  
 Donald M. Grant, Charles L. Grant, Bob Booth, plus past chairmen  
 Randal Rau, Robert Plante, Robert Weinberg, Rodger Turner and  
 Jack Rems  
 CURRENT AWARDS ADMINISTRATION — David G. Hartwell, John Douglas and  
 Peter Pautz

CHAIRMAN — Robert Plante  
 JUDGES — Robert A. Collins, Ellen Datlow, Dean R. Koontz,  
 Patricia McKillip, Charles de Lint\*

\*Replacing T. M. Wright

# CHARLES L. GRANT: The Man and the Myth

by Douglas E. Winter

**G**RANT, CHARLES L. a/k/a Felicia Andrews, Timothy Boggs, Lew Charles, Lionel Fenn, C.L. Grant, Deborah Lewis, Geoffrey Marsh. Born September 12, 1942, in Newark, New Jersey (Turnpike Exit 14). B.A. History, Trinity College, Connecticut, 1964. Combat experience: United States Army, South Vietnam, 1968-70; New Jersey school system, 1964-68, 1970-74. Occupation: father, writer, editor, critic, computer maven, chocolate junkie, cheap drunk. Awards: American Legion (good citizenship, 1966); Nebula (best short story, 1976; best novelette, 1978); World Fantasy (best novella, 1983; best collection 1979 and 1983); Northwestern New Jersey Wrestling Federation (tag team championship, 1986).

Most of us know him from the bookshelves, and rightly so. Charles L. Grant ranks second only to Stephen King as the paramount force in contemporary American horror fiction. As an anthologist, he has produced a remarkable twenty volumes of short fiction, including the World Fantasy Award-winning *Shadows* series. As a writer, he is responsible for thirteen horror novels — most recently, *The Tea Party* and *The Pet* — and four fiction collections, including *Tales from the Nightside* and *Nightmare Seasons*. His short stories are a fixture of the field's leading magazines and anthologies.

Some of us know him from the conventions, these strangely named weekend convocations where he make appearances with regularity. Clad in maroon shirts, non-designer jeans, and cowboy boots, he is certain to be found at the most comfortable — and most visible — seat in the bar. There, clutching a Bloody Mary, he offers endless words of encouragement to fellow writers and not-yet writers, all of whom he seems to know by first name. He also reminds everyone repeatedly that there actually is professional ice hockey in New Jersey (the Jersey Devils, Turnpike Exit 16).

But only a select few know the *real* Charles L. Grant, the man behind the myth: poet laureate of Newton, New Jersey (Turnpike Exit 9), patron saint of Mother Fletcher's Fried Chicken (ditto), friend to those who have no friends, enemy to those who would call him an enemy. Only those elite, intimate few, members of what future generations will no doubt call the "Grant Circle," are capable of penetrating the myth — not to mention the odor of seafaring after-shave — that surrounds this man.

That task befalls me here because, alas, someone already had dibs on Ramsey Campbell.

Most of the following is true. Names would have been changed were there any innocent to protect.

**Myth:** Charles L. Grant was selected as guest of honor for the 1986 World Fantasy Convention only after a blue-ribbon panel reviewed an extensive list of worthy honorees.

**Reality:** Regis Philbin was unavailable this weekend.

**Myth:** Charles L. Grant is a patient word-smith, known, like Flaubert, to have spent days worrying over a choice between comma and semicolon.

**Reality:** Charlie Grant once sold twelve books to three different publishers in a single week. I was there for sales seven through twelve. ("Now," he announced, voicing the writer's perennial lament, "All I have to do is write them.") At last count, he has sold 42 books and 102 short stories under eight different names. This man doesn't need an agent, but an auctioneer.

**Myth:** Charles L. Grant has been nominated for more World Fantasy Awards than any other person.

**Reality:** True; but Charlie Grant has also *lost* more World Fantasy Awards than any other person. Let's just say that his batting average is roughly equivalent to that of the St. Louis Cardinals in the 1985 World Series.

**Myth:** Charles L. Grant is a sensitive artist, a talent of impeccable taste and distinction.

**Reality:** Charlie Grant is hopelessly devoted to Hostess Cupcakes, Ding Dongs, and Diet Dr. Pepper. His favorite film stars are Abbot, Costello, and Kitten Natividad. His only jokes involve puns and paraplegics. He has been known to write stories based on the music of Willie Nelson. He glories in the fact that he owns no lies — a certain sign of moral dissolution — and he favors a weather-beaten cowboy hat the color of a sick puppy.

Charlie Grant also has a problem with titles. His first published short story was called "The House of Evil." His first horror novel, *The Curse*, appeared in 1977 and has been mistaken for feminist nonfiction ever since. And consider the original titles of *The Nestling* ("The Birding"), *Nightsongs* ("Ditties of Doom"), and *The Pet* ("Something Wicked This Way Clops").

**Myth:** Charles L. Grant is not related to Donald M. Grant.

**Reality:** Charlie and Don Grant are identical twins, separated at birth by their impoverished mother in the darkest hours of the Great Depression. Young Donald was deposited at the doorstep of a well-known Rhode Island bookmaker, Tip O'Grant, while Bonnie Charlie was left in Kearney, New Jersey (Turnpike Exit 15), at the home of the inventor of the Naugahyde kilt, Shecky Grant. The rest is history.

Charlie is also related, albeit by marriage only, to Kathy Grant, also known as Kathryn Ptacek, also known as Kathryn Atwood, Kathleen Maxwell, Anne Mayfield, and Les Simons. Imagine what happens when these people check into motels.

Charlie is *not* related to Ian and Emily Grant, the two bright and beautiful children you may see cowering in his shadow this weekend. Although he would like to take credit for these charming kids, we all know that looks and intelligence are hereditary.

**Myth:** Charles L. Grant, the son of an Episcopalian priest, treads the straight and narrow path of the righteous soul.

**Reality:** Charlie Grant proved unable to take my phone call one night a few weeks ago. The call had been answered by a vaguely feminine voice: "Nhuh-huh? Mmoo Nwer?" I said, "Kathy?" Then came a strange slurping sound, and Kathy Grant's voice: "Sorry, Doug, I had a mouthful of peanut butter." "Oh," I said. "Could I speak

to Charlie?" Pause. "Well, I know this sounds strange, but Charlie can't come to the phone right now." Grand pause. "He's got peanut butter all over his chest."

And if you think that deserves the good taste award from *Penthouse Forum*, note that Charlie Grant also has a thing about ducks. His computer is named Daffy. The lead character of *The Pet* is named Donald. He has written, under a pseudonym, a trilogy of fantasy novels about his web-footed friends. He has corresponded with Marlon Brando on this subject.

Peanut butter and ducks. Consider the possibilities.

**Myth:** Charles L. Grant and I first met at the Bordertown Lounge (Turnpike Exit 7), watching the flashdancers after a late-night workout with one Jake Carpenter, better known to wrestling fans as the Howlin Hayseed.

**Reality:** It is commonplace when writing this kind of appreciation to spin out an amusing anecdote about one's first encounter with the subject. But I can't seem to recall just where and when I first met Charlie Grant (though I've spent many a night at the Bordertown Lounge). It seems like he's always been there.

He was the one who asked me to write a short story for his then-infant *Shadows* series, at a time when my most recent publishing credits were poetry, paid for in contributor's copies. He stepped in at the last minute as guest writer for my "Shadowings" column when I was locked in a trial. He introduced me to Steve King at one of these conventions, and to my agent, Howard Morhaim, to whom we both owe so much. He was the first interviewee for *The Faces of Fear*, and the first editor to buy a short story from me after a several year sabbatical from writing fiction.

The important point here is that I'm not a special case. Charlie Grant has given more back to this field than most professional writers will ever hope to take out of it. His unselfish and unflagging concern for the development of new writers has given so many of us — including a number of the professionals in attendance this weekend — the right word or the right opportunity at just the right time in our careers.

The past year has been a difficult one for Charlie. There have been highs: *The Pet*, his first trade hardcover novel, was optioned for film by Columbia Pictures. But there have also been lows. In December, Charlie's father broke his hip and complications resulted; he has been shuttled back and forth between hospitals and nursing homes ever since; even as I write, Charlie watches and waits, expecting the worst.

But in the midst of it all, this man somehow finds the time to call and ask, in his own gentle but insistent way, why I am taking so long with my novel.

Friends are hard to find in this world; I count mine on less than ten fingers. Charlie Grant is one — despite the ducks, the chocolate stains, the godawful jokes, the stupid movies he recommends, and those damn Turnpike Exits.

Or maybe, come to think of it, because of them.

# An Image In Twisted Silver

by Charles L. Grant

Robert locked the bathroom door when Joann began screaming. He leaned against it and closed his eyes, felt the sweat on his brow, felt the damp cold under his arms, felt the heel of his left foot tap rhythmically on the floor. In time to his wife's voice. Faster, now slower, now faster again when she realized what he'd done and threw something against the wall. His words were garbled, if words they were at all, and he stopped trying to give them meaning — the sound of her was enough, the anger and the hatred and the overwhelming despair that had begun in her pale eyes when he told her he was going to quit the firm that traveled in a rippling crescent from one cheek to the other, that settled around her mouth as her tongue licked her lips, as the lips began to tremble while the tears began to well, as her teeth clacked together as if she were freezing.

The sound of it beginning as a growl in her throat, pitching higher as she backed away from the kitchen table, higher still when she pointed at the stack of envelopes on the counter and demanded to know how the hell she was expected to pay all those bills if he no longer had a job. And why the hell hadn't he talked with her first leaving the house that morning, filled with the power of the righteous, the strength of ideals, the foolishness of the young who thought they'd live forever — because the goddamned bills were over there, stacked on the counter and waiting for the goddamned checks that would never be written because he had principles but no goddamned sense and she was sick of listening to his goddamned sermons about living with himself, about sleeping, about what had to be done before the world was made right.

He'd said nothing.

She was still screaming.

He'd only watched her pace the kitchen, slamming a hand down, kicking a cabinet door, opening the refrigerator to show him the food that would have to last them a while because they'd just bought a new car, just returned from vacation, just redecorated the front room and their bedroom in anticipation of his raise, and so had raided their savings because it was all going to be just fine. Then she pointed out the window to the backyard where their children were playing and asked him too sweetly how she was expected to explain it to them when all they would understand was that Daddy no longer

had to go to work in the morning, that Daddy had decided there was no future in the law if the law wouldn't insure a future for those who lived it, for those who enforced it, for those who tried to make it affordable for those who needed it the most. How, she wanted to know, opening and closing drawers, still kicking at the doors, was she going to explain his professional suicide to their friends, and their family, and to herself when all she wanted was not to return to the rundown places they'd lived in while he'd studied, and if that was too much to ask why the hell were they still married.

He said nothing.

She was still screaming.

He opened his eyes and looked left, to the mirror over the basin, and to his face looking back. Distorted because of a flaw in the surface, a whorl and a bulge that elongated his neck and turned his hair to wire and gave his lips a silly smirk when he stood in the wrong spot while he was shaving. He shrugged at it now, wondering for a moment why it seemed so young, the way he used to be young, back in the days when he believed so damned strongly in everything he believed.

He laid his head back, feeling rage make the door tremble, feeling his own anger stiffen his spine and tighten his buttocks and finally force him to stand upright and turn around, hands in fists, ready to go after her and compel her to understand that it wasn't *he* who had changed since their days in college and their first day of marriage and their first years together as they dreamed of modest wealth, modest family, modest hopes; it wasn't *he* who had fallen in love with a house much too large for four people, who had fallen in love with the checks that could be written every month while he wrote the briefs dealing with the homeless and the unwanted that made local history; and it wasn't *he* who had almost laughed when he almost cried at the turnabout the office made the week before when one of his court appearances had failed, had reached the papers, had made him look like a Quixote in a three-piece suit and school tie.

He didn't move.

She was still screaming.

And he knew she was afraid.

He understood, though she didn't know it, what the future would be like until he was back on his feet, in his own office, in another town.

He was willing to take the risk. Like Scrooge after the Phantom has shown him the grave, he had come to loathe the cynicism and the defeatism that

were cloaked in excuses of the real world, when the real world was only an excuse for old failures perpetuated on the young.

She hadn't listened when he tried to explain; she thought he was kidding.

She hadn't listened when he told her he couldn't take it anymore.

But she had listened this afternoon when he'd given her the news — with the ear that had heard the cries of their first child in that place they had tried to make a home when all it was was a hovel; with the ear that had heard him swear on his love for her and the boy that he would never permit them to live that way again.

Something hard crashed against the door.

He stepped back too quickly and the grey rug beneath him almost slipped out from under his feet. He grabbed for the basin counter and steadied himself, shook himself, winked I'm all right to his worried still-young reflection, and was astonished to see the tears in his eyes.

I'm not wrong, he told himself suddenly, fearing she had discovered a weakness; I'm not wrong. I'm not. I'm right, and you know it.

His children probably wouldn't understand, that much was true, and the only thing he could do was pray that understanding would come as they grew older. He loved them too much to deliberately hurt them, and he counted on their love for the support he would need even though they'd be blinded.

There was quiet.

Joann stopped her screaming.

His reflection lifted an eyebrow, and he turned to the door, wondering what she was up to, turned back and saw the expression on his face. A young face, doubting, and darkening with an anger he couldn't feel. He shook his head. Distortions trembled. He stepped away and scrubbed his cheeks with his palms until the imperfections in the mirror had him strangling himself.

"Jesus," he said, and looked away quickly.

Something leaned against the door, and he heard Joann whisper his name. Not a begging. And not a quiet screaming. A name, nothing more, telling him the tantrum was over and she was ready to talk.

He stared at the glass doorknob, at the towels on the rack, at his bathrobe on the hook near the top of the door.

"It's been so long," he heard her say.

"Robert, it's been so long."

He closed his eyes briefly. Not denying, but holding her away, trying to keep her from telling him what he already knew. Too long in the trenches, too long for them to return.

He knew that.

He wasn't stupid.

He wasn't so much the fool that he hadn't coveted what he now had, hadn't

worked the miserably long hours in order to build up what his banker not so laughingly called his estate, hadn't dreamt of even more until he was given the assignment to defend a charitable group who showed him the alleys and the gutters and the trash and the people who lived there because they'd grown too thin to walk the cracks; until he looked at them and remembered how his father had worked double shifts and his mother had worked as well and how his education had been paid for in their dying; until he came home one evening and was so filled with love at the sight of his wife and the sounds of his son and new daughter that he felt at once blessed, and disgusted with himself. A disgust because he knew that to beat the system he had to work in it, and in working in it had become lost, and in getting lost had lost his life.

Sentiment, he told himself.

His reflection stretched and widened and collapsed upon itself.

Easier for the rich, not so easy for those who caused it.

Practical. Windmills. Reality. It happens. "Robert," she said. "Robert, please open the door."

He filled the basin with lukewarm water and splashed it on his face, looked up at his dripping reflection and could no longer see the tears.

"Idiot," he whispered.

The shattered face stared back, eyes narrow, lips tight, and he nearly laughed at the parody of anger he saw, reminding himself that even Scrooge had probably compromised a little the day after he had given over the free Christmas goose.

"Robert, come on, we have to talk. I'm sorry."

He knew she was sincere, that she wasn't lurking out there with a knife behind her back or a club in her hand; he knew that weeping for Tiny Tim wasn't the same as weeping for the man who lived in a cardboard box. He knew that now. Perhaps he hadn't known it before. Perhaps, in telling her over the last few months what he wanted to do if he ever got the nerve, he hadn't seen the response in her eyes, in the way

she held him, in the way her hands clasped together, knuckles white while lips were smiling. Perhaps . . .

He reached for the doorknob and looked at himself in the mirror.

Jesus, he thought with a quiet laugh and shake of his head, it's a wonder I don't cut my head off every morning.

He laughed again, a bit louder, and told Joann not to worry, she'd scared him but he was fine.

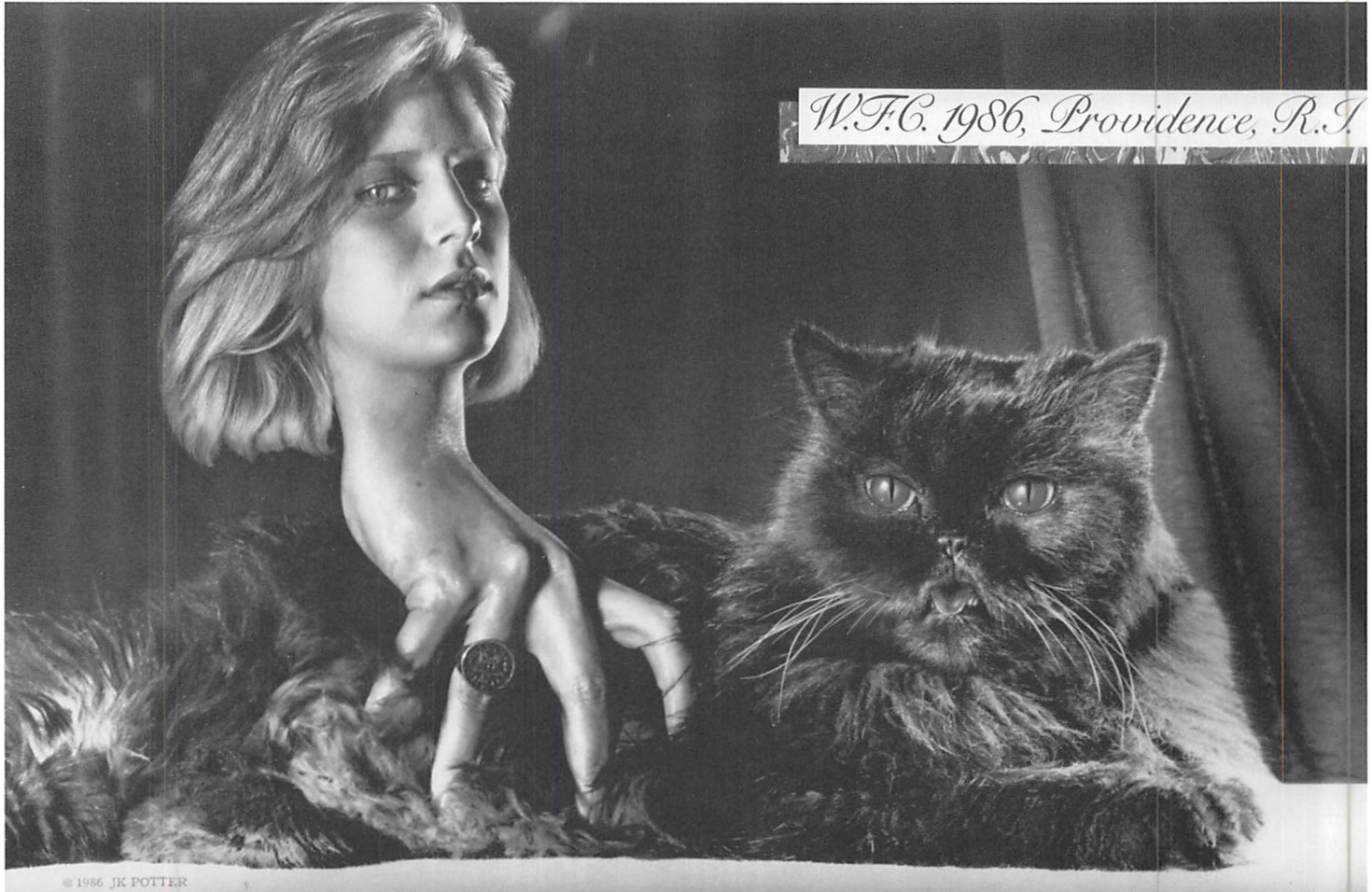
She giggled and rattled the knob. "Open up," she said. "I think I'm ready."

"So am I," he told the face that looked at him with regret. "And the first thing in the morning I'm going to give you a new look, one that won't scare me awake."

"Robert?"

He turned the knob.

And his reflection reached out and tore a hole in his throat.



*W.F.C. 1986, Providence, R.I.*

# POTTER'S FIELD

by Ramsey Campbell

**T**ry as I may, I can't recall exactly when I first became conscious of the work of J. K. Potter. It seems a long time ago: longer than his published credits say it ought to be. It seems as if he took up residence in my subconscious before I knew he was there. Or has he always been back there in our shadows, waiting to be noticed? How can he have taken his camera into the darkest areas of our minds?

Perhaps by being inconspicuous. I'm assured that we met at the World Fantasy Convention in New Haven, but he registers only as a shy presence at the table in a restaurant near the hotel (though it may be that his presence was signified obliquely by the appearance on the menu of a meal none of our party dared order, the Open Face Smother Burger, which sounds even more alarming than the thing that sprang on John Hurt in *Alien*). However, I'm certainly aware of meeting him and his charming wife Catherine the following year, in Chicago, where they proved to be extremely congenial and stimulating company. And certainly nobody who visited the art show that year could have failed to be aware of his work, especially his superb illustrations for Jeff Conner's equally superb edition of *The Face That Must Die*. Many were the folk I saw falter to a halt before his slashed portrait of a psychopath, complete with the actual razor that had been used to reveal the further nightmares beneath. The picture hangs on the wall of my workroom now, tattering reality.

There are aspects of the business of writing that give me particular pleasure: reading my stories to audiences, for instance, or severely cutting first drafts of my work. Being illustrated can be the keenest pleasure of all: I always look forward to seeing how someone else visualized something I wrote. First was Eddie Jones, illustrating "The Tower From Yuggoth" in Pat Kearney's 1961 fanzine *Goudy*, and since then I've been illustrated by many other fine artists, among them Frank Utpatel, Jill Bauman, Matt Mahurin, Peter Gudynas, Steve Crisp, Stephen Gorman, Jon Weiman, Ron Fendel, Paul Stinson (one for the detectives among my readers), Hector Garrido, Don Grant (no, not the gentleman from Rhode Island!), Stephen Gervais, David Lloyd, Alan Hunter, John Stewart, the human simulation of Dave Carson's tentacled self, Randy Broecker, Jim Pitts (who I thought excelled himself for "The Sneering"). Chris Peltiere (a deeply felt, extremely powerful etching for "Cyril"), Allen Koszowski... but I think nobody has outdone J. K. Potter: nobody else has understood and conveyed so much about my work.

"I've instinctively gravitated toward the 'weird' for as long as I remember," he tells

me. "I started collecting Arkham House books when I was 13. I was initially attracted to the work of Lovecraft and Clark Ashton Smith but gradually grew to like a more modern strain of horror. The book *Demons by Daylight* became sort of a catharsis for me. I couldn't grasp the book at all at first, but I kept returning to its pages again and again, fascinated."

If that means that in some way I helped shape his work, I can't think of anyone I would be prouder to have influenced. Not that his work immediately developed as we see it now; when he graduated from high school he went to work for Warren Comics, where, he remembers, he was responsible for the color separations of Berni Wrightson's *Muck Monster*. "Naive Southern boy that I was at 17, I was thoroughly intimidated by the Big Apple, and returned home to Louisiana with a different perspective on the publishing capital of the world" — and so much the better for us, his audience.

He was born in southern California in 1956 but has spent most of his life "in one Confederate state or another," which is important to him: "I love the contrast Louisiana offers me photographically. From the starkly modern skylines, the big refineries and chemical plants, to the primitive bayou country with its decrepit cemeteries and dripping cypress trees. I have been strongly influenced by photographer Clarence John Laughlin, who perceived Louisiana as an Elysium being ruined by political corruption and corporate greed."

For a while J. K. was involved in making all this look more appealing: "I initially specialized in retouching photographs for a well known portrait photographer, airbrushing the fat from the asses of plump society matrons, removing the multiple chins from board-of-director-type businessmen. I eventually grew weary of catering to these weird vanities, so I started digging scrap prints of people out of the garbage and I would airbrush their clothes off or give them coneheads. It started to become a form of therapy for me, giving weird haircuts to stolid conservatives, transforming bulbous noses into phallic protuberances. My fellow workers found this to be a morale-lifting form of amusement and would occasionally bring personal photographs from home for me to mutate."

(From these beginnings he developed into probably the most remarkable portraitist in our field, and I say this as one of his subjects — see his interpretation of my schoolboy self in *Cold Print*. By all means also seek out his portraits of Harry O. Morris and Clarence John Laughlin in *Nyctalops* 17.)

His freelance work was to lead him further into the undermining of reality. "On one occasion, while working on a photo of

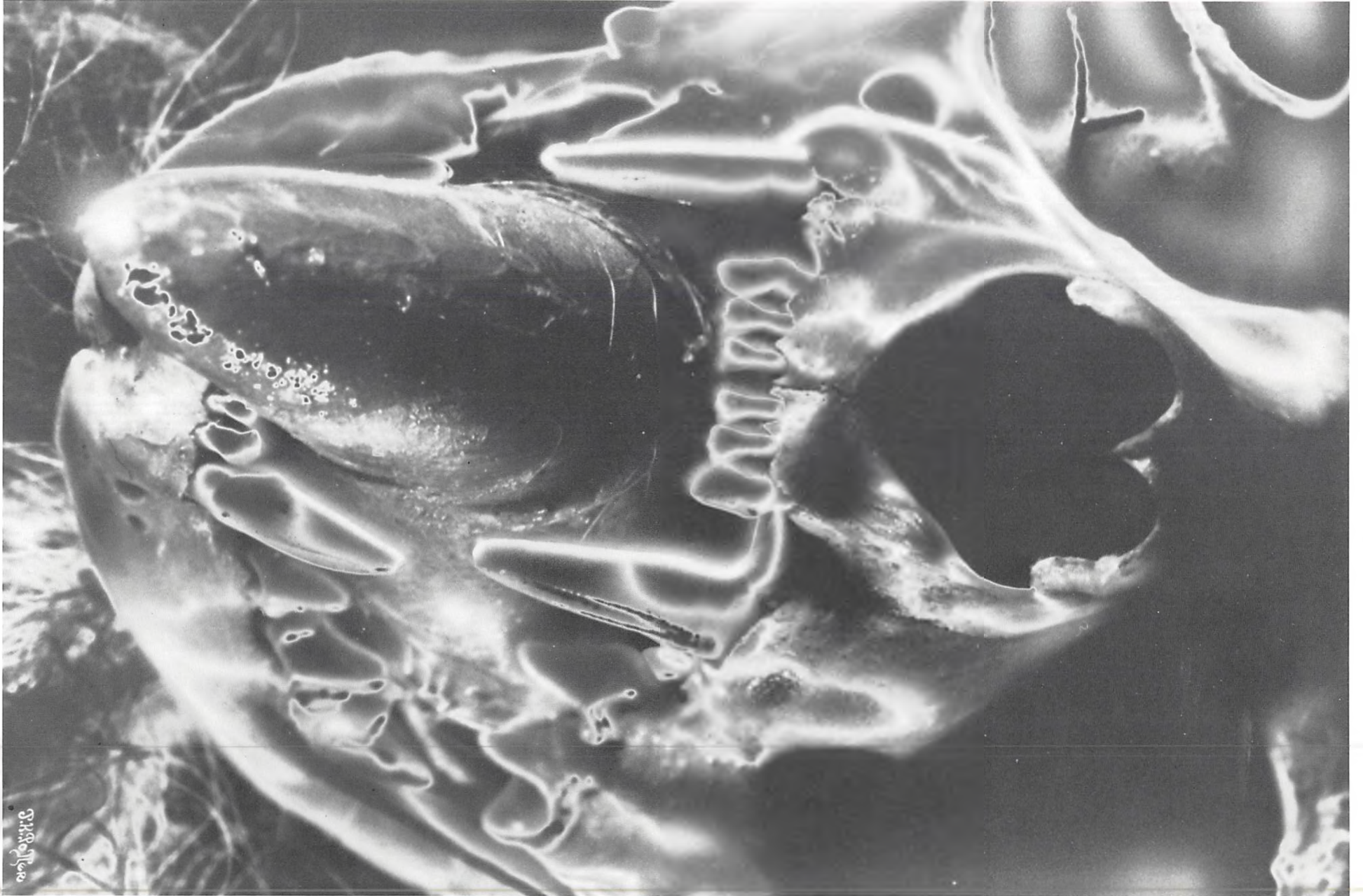
a city skyline for a bank, I was asked to reduce the size of its competitors' bank buildings. 'Just shave off three or four floors so no one will notice — we want our bank to look bigger even if it's not.' After ten years of this type of insanity, illustrating horror, fantasy, and science-fiction full-time has been a boon to my mental health," he says, but I wonder if the work we know him for includes images of those ten years, of that sense of photographs as works of fiction, impossible images with the paradoxical clarity and enigmatic wholeness of dreams. Of his work he says "I am largely a cinematically influenced artist. I strive to create a stylized movie still, without the movie. In fact my work has been greatly influenced by the often nameless movie still photographers, whose work often fills compendiums on film. I like to use photography in my work because it makes the artistic process a more extroverted experience. I love photographing people, and I like to look for different emotional perspectives in the facial expressions of my models. Many painters paint from photographs, or hire a photographer to create photos that they can paint from. I feel that what I'm doing is the next step toward combining art and photography — a logical progression. I hope all this raving helps you a little bit . . ."

Of course it does, and yet in a way it's also beside the point, in that the eloquence of his pictures is such that no amount of background information is likely to add to an understanding of them. Indeed, I think understanding is far less important than the way they let J. K.'s subconscious speak directly to that of his audience. Did I mention how haunting I find his portrait of Lovecraft, or that cloaked figure that stares into the troubled water in the stone bowl under the moon? Aren't there faces forming in the trees behind him? Have I mentioned how the light (and, certainly, the darkness) in his illustrations for *The Face That Must Die* reminds me of the illumination of my own most intense nightmares? Or how disturbing I found his images of others of my stories ("The Faces at Pine Dunes", "The Voice of the Beach")? Or how afraid I would be to meet some of his models?

Much more to say, no space in which to do so, and my pen is becoming a black slot in reality through which messages from the subconscious might be posted, an eye-slit in the mask of reality through which I may peer . . . Perhaps I need say only this: that I never fully realized how perfect the best of his work is until I tried, as a tribute, to derive a story from his cover for this convention book. I think there's no doubt that "The Other Side" is redundant, yet I hope it pays back a little of the pleasure and imaginative enrichment Potter's work has given me. Long may he continue to till his field, where we thought our dreams and nightmares were buried.

# J. K. POTTER

*Tales of the Werewolf Clan Vol. II*, Donald M. Grant Publishers, 1980



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Portrait of Clarence John Laughlin from *Nyctalops 17*

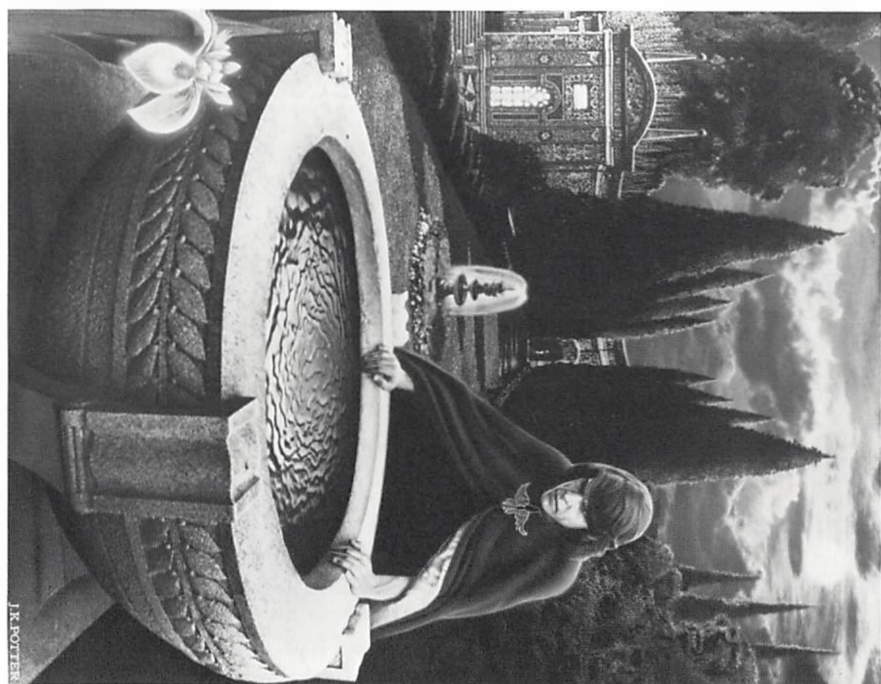


Illustration from "VALSIN" by Clarence John Laughlin, from *Nyctalops 17*, 1979



"HORRIDGE BLUES" from *The Face that must Die*, by Ramsey Campbell, Scream Press, 1983



Illustration from *Who Made Stevie Crye*, by Michael Bishop, Arkham House, 1984





# RAMSEY CAMPBELL: An Appreciation by Clive Barker

**B**ut for want of a typewriter, Ramsey Campbell might well have emerged at birth with an essay on the darker side of life in the womb. For Ramsey possesses a vision of the world, and all it contains, unlike any other; he finds the shadows with unerring skill, and picks out from scenes and situations that most of us would find quite unremarkable pieces of darkness embedded there like glass shards in a car wreck victim.

The world of his short stories and novels is composed of many realities, no one of which is likely to be more true than another. In such a chaos of conditions the most we can hope to do is compare psychoses while the night comes down, and trust that once in a while our notions overlap. Where they do, there's contact — albeit brief. Otherwise we're left yelling at the moon.

Not an easy vision, but one of his many admirers — of which, it perhaps goes without saying, I am one — are addicted. Beside it the bleakest creations of many of his contemporaries seem almost dishonestly optimistic, picturing as they do a kind of moral and metaphysical victory which we have little or no reason to believe. Not for Ramsey the easy dichotomies: the Great Evil pitted against the Great Good; the aberrant against the natural; the beast against the bourgeois; night against day. Returning to Ramsey's work after reading elsewhere is to taste the pure stuff, and it's heady indeed. Here is a world in which everything is in flux; in which the mind has at best a tenuous hold on its perceptions, and something scrabbles perpetually at the foundations of any certainty.

This bracingly honest worldview springs from a mind with an extraordinary knowledge of and love for the horror genre. He was first published, by Arkham House, at an age when most authors are still plotting to lose their virginity, and is more thoroughly versed in the theory and practice of his craft than anyone else I know. But though his early work was overtly Lovecraftian in tone he was soon to emerge from behind this influence with a voice uniquely his own, and a landscape to go with it.

That landscape has very often been Liverpool and its immediate environs, which was my own stamping ground for two decades, so I know whereof he speaks. It was in that fine but distinctly haunted city that we first met, when he came to my school — he was then an impressive fellow in his early twenties — to deliver an informal talk on his passion for horror in the cinema and on the

printed page. The talk was called, I believe, *'Why Horror?'* The question needed no answer as far as I was concerned (except possibly: *Why Not?*) but he talked with a warmth and wit which left many amongst the audience mightily impressed. Though there were only a handful of years between he and I, he stood in the outside world while I still laboured in the salt-mines of State-supplied education, and it was wonderful to hear somebody from that other world express such an unalloyed love of all things dark and disturbing. The pride he took in the genre contrasted forcibly with my own slightly furtive passion. Horror fiction has rarely been viewed as an intellectually credible area of endeavour and I — with one eye on Oxford and the other Edgar Allan Poe — didn't have the courage of my enthusiasms. I may say he changed that, simply by demonstrating that horror fiction could be spoken of with as much aesthetic insight as any other fiction — with the added bonus that it gave you apocalyptic dreams.

We met sporadically thereafter, usually at the house of a mutual friend — the teacher who had invited Ramsey to the school, in fact: Helen Clarke — and he was always full of suggestions for fresh books to investigate and movies to see. But as time passed, and the study of Philosophy and English Literature came close to drowning me in an excess of sense and sensibility, we lost touch. I moved to London, while he remained in Liverpool, finding new and pungent terrors in streets and squares which I had hitherto thought perfectly benign.

I bought his books as they came out of course, and read them with pleasure. Anyone familiar with Ramsey's short stories — which were the first of his work I encountered — knows the delights to be found there. The skilled pacing that carries the reader through the tales with mounting anxiety, never certain of which direction the narrative is taking until it's too late — your sympathy is won and suddenly you and the protagonist are face to face with something unspeakable. All this delivered by measured, elegant prose which in addition to producing some of the profoundest chills in short fiction is informed with a sly, dry humour which allows us to interpret events as absurd, even ridiculous, even as the horrors shamble in our direction. It's a tight-rope walk — and Ramsey has performed some of the most impressive balancing of humour and horror that the genre can boast.

The novels are no less heart-stopping. Everyone will have their favourites. I'm particularly fond of *'The Face That*

*Must Die'* and the much more recent *'Incarnate'*, but sample them freely if you haven't already; each one has its charms.

Anyway; almost three years ago, after a long silence, I contacted him afresh, needing some advice on the contracts for my *'Books of Blood'*, and hoping he — who'd been this route before me — might offer some guidelines. He was unfailingly generous with his time and advice, offering enthusiasm for the stories I nervously showed him, and later putting his name to that enthusiasm by penning an introduction to the first of the volumes.

Since then we've met at a number of conventions, sat behind tables on Horror and Censorship, and at late-night readings; so often now that his wife Jenny has come to view us as something of a double act. Whether we're Abbott and Costello or Burke and Hare is a moot point, but I still find myself stimulated by his views, which are usually delivered in a dead-pan fashion that defies the listener to sort belief from irony. He is, as any who have listened to him know, a first-rate entertainer, with the ability to present his most deeply held opinions in a manner both engaging and accessible.

And of course he continues to produce major work. He's now become one of that handful of horror writers whose next book is keenly anticipated from the announcement of the title to the moment you open your virgin copy. Though he has produced some short fiction recently the bulk of his work has been in novel form. For those who are already fans a recommendation is redundant. For those of you who aren't, his world is waiting . . .

And it is a world. In a fashion that few authors, either in genre literature or in so-called 'mainstream' writing achieve, Ramsey has taken a whole slice of the real world and so charged it with his imaginative interpretation that for his readers whole landscapes become functions of his vision, rather than the other way about. The bleak inner city wastelands haunted by things without proper names (things perhaps it would be best not to name); the joyless bourgeois ghettos, suddenly and mysteriously blighted by worse than joylessness, or just as mysteriously offered a glimpse of self comprehension. His is a world both relentlessly modern — filled with particulars that speak uniquely of our late twentieth century malaise — and yet concealing forces that seem to emerge from a timeless place somewhere between the private anxieties of ego and id, and the world of physical sensation, of hunger and desire: that

no-man's-land from which all the great monsters must perforce emerge.

Though Ramsey eschews too theoretical dissection of his work, and will tell you that explanations of his subtexts come as a genuine surprise to him, he nevertheless touches the same deeply-rooted concerns as any mainstream author. He talks of death and loneliness and fear and regret; of the frailty of hope, and the greater frailty that comes should we put hope aside, bringing to his fictions all the intelligence and technique needed to shape a work that carries both resonance and weight but is still written to appeal to a wide audience. On the page, as on a convention platform, he is at heart an entertainer and a storyteller.

And face to face, what is this Master like? Mild-mannered, engagingly opin-

ioned, a perfect gentleman; a loving family man, a warm and attentive friend.

It may be that the darker the portions of the psyche one can commit to paper the easier it is to smile at the world. If so, that may go some way to explaining the paradox that writers of horror are amongst the most courteous of men. But, all sweetness of manner aside, Ramsey's work is the product of an uncompromising imagination, which remains immune to the trite interpretations of analyst or academician. Like all artists possessed of a fierce personal vision his books cannot be reduced to pat formulae, nor adequately evoked by a list of adjectives.

His work springs most forcibly to life in the exchange between reader and word. Only there does the complexity and elegance of his art become appar-

ent, and it is to that experience I am delighted to commend you.

One of the best things about writing horror fiction, you know, is that a book is one place you can never take a friend . . .

You must go absolutely alone, and deal with each revelation as it appears. In that sense, perhaps reading best approaches the condition of living: it is ultimately, perhaps triumphantly, a solitary experience.

Alone then, you are obliged to enter the world of Ramsey Campbell, though perhaps there are others already in between the pages somewhere. Lost souls who wandered in and never wanted to find their way out.

Or, more likely, discovered it was a place the leaving of which would be very like *exile*.



Detail of Cover to NIGHT VISIONS II by Robert Lavioie

# The Other Side

by Ramsey Campbell

When Bowring saw where the fire engines were heading, he thought at first it was the school. "They've done it, the young swine," he groaned, craning out of his high window, clutching the cold dewy sill. Then flames burst from an upper window of the abandoned tenement a mile away across the river, reddening the low clouds. That would be one less place for them to take their drugs and do whatever else they got up to when they thought nobody was watching. "Bow-wow's watching, and don't you forget it," he muttered with a grin that let the night air twinge his teeth, and then he realized how he could.

A taste of mothballs caught at the back of his throat as he took the binoculars from the wardrobe where they hung among his suits. The lenses pulled the streets across the river toward him, cut-out terraces bunched together closely as layers of wallpaper. The tenement reared up, a coaly silhouette flaring red, from the steep bank below them. Figures were converging to watch, but he could see nobody fleeing. He let the binoculars stray upward to the flames, which seemed calming as a fire-side, too silent and distant to trouble him. Then his face stiffened. Above the flames and the jets of water red as blood, a figure was peering down.

Bowring twisted the focusing screw in a vain attempt to get rid of the blur of heat, to clear his mind of what he thought he was seeing. The figure must be trapped, crying for help and jumping as the floor beneath its feet grew hotter, yet it appeared to be prancing with delight, waving its hands gleefully, grinning like a clown. To believe that was to lose control, he told himself fiercely. A jet of water fought back the flames below the window he was staring at, and he saw that the window was empty.

Perhaps it always had been. If anyone had been crying for help, the firemen must have responded by now. Among the spectators he saw half a dozen of his pupils sharing cigarettes. He felt in control again at once. He'd be having words with them tomorrow.

In the morning he drove ten miles to the bridge, ten miles back along the far bank. The school was surrounded by disorder, wallpaper flapping beyond broken windows, houses barricaded with cardboard against casual missiles, cars stranded without wheels and rusting in streets where nothing moved except flocks of litter. Ash from last night's fire settled on his car like an essence of the grubby streets. In the midst of the chaos, the long low ruddy school still looked as it must have a hundred years ago. That felt like a promise of order to him.

He was writing a problem in calculus on the blackboard when those of his class who'd come to school today piled into the classroom, jostling and swearing, accompanied by smells of tobacco and cheap perfume.

He swung round, gown whirling, and the noise dwindled sullenly. Two minutes' slamming of folding seats, and then they were sitting at their desks, which were too small for some of them. Bowring hooked his thumbs in the shoulders of his gown. "Which of you were at the fire last night?" he said in a voice that barely reached the back of the room.

Twenty-three faces stared dully at him, twenty-three heads of the monster he had to struggle with every working day. There was nothing to distinguish those he'd seen last night across the river, not a spark of truth. "I know several of you were," he said, letting his gaze linger on the six. "I suggest you tell your friends after class that I may have my eye on you even when you think nobody's watching."

They stared, challenging him to identify them, and waited until dark to answer him with a scrawl of white paint across the ruined tenement. FUCK OFF BOW WOW, the message said. The binoculars shook until he controlled himself. He was damned if he'd let them reach him in his home, his refuge from all they represented. Tomorrow he'd deal with them, on his patch of their territory. He moved the binoculars to see what he'd glimpsed as they veered.

A figure was standing by the tenement, under one of the few surviving streetlamps. The mercury-vapour glare made its face look white as a clown's, though at first he couldn't see the face; the long hands that appeared to be gloved whitely were covering it while the shoulders heaved as if miming rage. Then the figure flung its hand away from its face and began to prance wildly, waving its fists above its spiky hair. It was then that Bowring knew it was the figure he'd seen above the flames.

It must be some lunatic, someone unable to cope with life over there. Suddenly the mercury-vapour stage was bare, and Bowring resisted scanning the dark: whatever the figure was up to had nothing to do with him. He was inclined to ignore the graffiti too, except that next morning, when he turned from the blackboard several of his class began to titter.

He felt his face stiffen, grow pale with rage. That provoked more titters, the nervous kind he'd been told you heard at horror films. "Very well," he murmured, "since you're all aware what I want to hear, we'll have complete silence until the culprit speaks up."

"But sir, I don't know —" Clint began, pulling at his earlobe where he'd been forbidden to wear a ring in school, and Bowring rounded on him. "Complete silence," Bowring hissed in a voice he could barely hear himself.

He strolled up and down the aisles, sat at his desk when he wanted to outstare them. Their resentment felt like an imminent storm. Just let one of them protest to his face! Bowring wouldn't lay a finger on them — they wouldn't lose him his pension that way — but he'd have them barred

from his class. He was tempted to keep them all in after school, except that he'd had enough of the lot of them.

"Wait until you're told to go," he said when the final bell shrilled. He felt unwilling to relinquish his control of them, to let them spill out of his room in search of mischief, sex, drugs, violence, their everyday lives; for moments that seemed disconcertingly prolonged, he felt as if he couldn't let go. "Perhaps on Monday we can get on with some work, if you haven't forgotten what that's like. Now you may go," he said softly, daring them to give tongue to the resentment he saw in all their eyes.

They didn't, not then. He drove across the bridge to be greeted by the scent of pine, of the trees the April sunlight was gilding. Hours later he lay in his reclining chair, lulled by a gin and tonic, by Debussy on the radio. Halfway through the third movement of the quartet, the phone rang. "Yes?" Bowring demanded.

"Mr. Bowring?"

"Yes?"

"Mr. Bowring the teacher?"

"This is he."

"It's he," the voice said aside, and there was a chorus of sniggers. At once Bowring knew what the voice would say, and so it did: "Fuck off, bow-wow, you —"

He slammed the phone down before he could hear more, and caught sight of himself in the mirror, white-faced, teeth bared, eyes bulging. "It's all right," he murmured to his mother in the photograph on the mantelpiece below the mirror. But it wasn't: now they'd found him, they could disarray his home life any time they felt like it; he no longer had a refuge. Who had it been on the phone? One of the boys with men's voices, Darren or Gary or Lee. He was trying to decide which when it rang again.

No, they wouldn't get through to him. Over the years he'd seen colleagues on the teaching staff break down, but that wouldn't happen to him. The phone rang five times in the next hour before, presumably, they gave up. Since his mother's death he'd only kept the phone in case the school needed to contact him.

Sunlight woke him in the morning, streaming from behind his house and glaring back from the river. The sight of figures at the charred tenement took him and his binoculars to the window. But they weren't any of his pupils, they were a demolition crew. Soon the tenement puffed like a fungus, hesitated, then collapsed. Only a rumble like distant thunder and microscopic clink of bricks reached him. The crowd of bystanders dispersed, and even the demolition crew drove away before the dust had finished settling. Bowring alone saw the figure that pranced out of the ruins.

At first he thought its face was white with dust. It sidled about in front of the jagged foundations, pumping its hips and pretending to stick an invisible needle in its arm, and then Bowring saw that the face wasn't covered with dust; it was made up like a clown's. That and the mime looked doubly incongruous because of the plain suit the man was wearing. Perhaps all this was some kind of street theatre, some anar-



chist nonsense of the kind that tried to make the world a stage for its slogans, yet Bowring had a sudden disconcerting impression that the mime was meant just for him. He blocked the idea from his mind — it felt like a total loss of control — and turned his back on the window.

His morning routine calmed him, his clothes laid out on the sofa as his mother used to do, his breakfast egg waiting on the moulded ledge in the door of the refrigerator, where he'd moved it last night from the egg box farther in. That evening he attended a debate at the Conservative club on law and order, and on Sunday he drove into the countryside to watch patterns of birds in the sky. By Sunday evening he hadn't given the far side of the river more than a casual glance for over twenty-four hours.

When he glimpsed movement, insect-like under the mercury lamp, he sat down to listen to Elgar. But he resented feeling as if he couldn't look; he'd enjoyed the view across the river ever since he'd moved across, enjoyed knowing it was separate from him. He took as much time as he could over carrying his binoculars to the window.

The clown was capering under the lamp, waving his fists exultantly above his head. His glee made Bowring nervous about discovering its cause. Nervousness swung the binoculars wide, and he saw Darren lying among the fallen bricks, clutching his head and writhing. At once the clown scampered off into the dark.

In the false perspective of the lenses Darren looked unreal, and Bowring felt a hint of guilty triumph. No doubt the boy had been taunting the clown — maybe now he'd had a bit of sense knocked into him. He watched the boy crawl out of the debris and stagger homewards, and was almost certain that it had been Darren's voice on the phone. He was even more convinced on Monday morning, by the way that all Darren's cronies sitting round the empty desk stared accusingly at him.

They needn't try to blame him for Darren's injury, however just it seemed. "If anyone has anything to say about any of your absent colleagues," he murmured, "I'm all ears." Of course they wouldn't speak to him face to face, he realized, not now they had his number. His face stiffened so much he could barely conduct the lesson, which they seemed even less eager to comprehend than usual. No doubt they were anticipating unemployment and the freedom to do mischief all day, every day. Their apathy made him feel he was drowning, fighting his way to a surface which perhaps no longer existed. When he drove home across the bridge, their sullen sunless sky came with him.

As soon as he was home he reached out to take the phone off the hook, until he grabbed his wrist with his other hand. This time he'd be ready for them if they called. Halfway through his dinner of unfrozen cod, they did. He saw them before he heard them, three of them slithering down the steep slope to a phone box, miraculously intact, that stood near a riverside

terrace that had escaped demolition. He dragged them toward him with the binoculars as they piled into the box.

They were three of his girls: Debbie, who he'd seen holding hands with Darren — he didn't like to wonder what they got up to when nobody could see them — and Vanessa and Germaine. He watched Debbie as she dialled, and couldn't help starting as his phone rang. Then he grinned across the river at her. Let her do her worst to reach him.

He watched the girls grimace in the small lit box, shouting threats or insults or obscenities at the phone in Debbie's hand as if that would make him respond. "Shout all you like, you're not in my classroom now," he whispered, and then, without quite knowing why, he swung the binoculars away from them to survey the dark. As his vision swept along the top of the slope he saw movement, larger than he was expecting. A chunk of rubble half as high as a man was poised on the edge above the telephone box. Behind it, grinning stiffly, he saw the glimmering face of the clown.

Bowring snatched up the receiver without thinking. "Look out! Get out!" he cried, so shrilly that his face stiffened with embarrassment. He heard Debbie sputter a shocked insult as the binoculars fastened shakily on the lit box, and then she dropped the receiver as Vanessa and Germaine, who must have seen the danger, fought to be first out of the trap. The box shook with their struggles, and Bowring yelled at them to be orderly, as if his voice might reach them through the dangling receiver. Then Vanessa wrenched herself free, and the others followed, almost falling headlong, as the rubble smashed one side of the box, filling the interior with knives of glass.

Maybe that would give them something to think about, but all the same, it was vandalism. Shouldn't Bowring call the police? Some instinct prevented him, perhaps his sense of wanting to preserve a distance between himself and what he'd seen. After all, the girls might have seen the culprit too, might even have recognized him.

But on Tuesday they were pretending that nothing had happened. Debbie's blank face challenged him to accuse her, to admit he'd been watching. Her whole stance challenged him, her long legs crossed, her linen skirt ending high on her bare thighs. How dare she sit like that in front of a man of his age! She'd come to grief acting like that, but not from him. The day's problems squealed on the blackboard, the chalk snapped.

He drove home, his face stiff with resentment. He wished he hadn't picked up the phone, wished he'd left them at the mercy of the madman who, for all Bowring knew, had gone mad as a result of their kind of misbehaviour. As he swung the car onto the drive below his flat, a raw sunset throbbled in the gap where the tenement had been.

The sun went down. Lamps pricked the dark across the river. Tonight he wouldn't look, he told himself, but he couldn't put the other side out of his mind. He ate lamb

chops to the strains of one of Rossini's pre-adolescent sonatas. Would there ever be prodigies like him again? Children now were nothing like they used to be. Bowring carried the radio to his chair beside the fire, and couldn't help glancing across the river. Someone was loitering in front of the gap where the tenement had been.

He sat down, stood up furiously, grabbed the binoculars. It was Debbie, waiting under the mercury lamp. She wore a pale blue skirt now, and stockings. Her lipstick glinted. She reminded Bowring of a streetwalker in some film, that image of a woman standing under a lamp surrounded by darkness.

No doubt she was waiting for Darren. Women waiting under lamps often came to no good, especially if they were up to none. Bowring probed the dark with his binoculars, until his flattened gaze came to rest on a fragment of the tenement, a zig-zag of wall as high as a man. Had something pale just dodged behind it?

Debbie was still under the lamp, hugging herself against the cold, glancing nervously over her shoulder, but not at the fragment of wall. Bowring turned the lenses back to the wall, and came face to face with the clown, who seemed to be grinning straight at him from his hiding-place. The sight froze Bowring, who could only cling shakily to the binoculars and watch as the white face dodged back and forth, popping out from opposite edges of the wall. Perhaps only a few seconds passed, but it seemed long as a nightmare before the clown leapt on the girl.

Bowring saw her thrown flat on the scorched ground, saw the clown stuff her mouth with a wad of litter, the grinning white face pressing into hers. When the clown pinned her wrists with one hand and began to tear at her clothes with the other, Bowring grabbed the phone. He called the police station near the school and waited feverishly while the clown shied Debbie's clothes into the dark. "Rape. Taking place now, where the tenement was demolished," he gasped as soon as he heard a voice.

"Where are you speaking from, sir?"  
"That doesn't matter. You're wasting time. Unless you catch this person in the act you may not be able to identify him. He's made up like a clown."

"What is your name, please, sir?"  
"What the devil has my name to do with it? Just get to the crime, can't you! There, you see," Bowring cried, his voice out of control, "you're too late."

Somehow Debbie had struggled free and was limping naked toward the nearest houses. Bowring saw her look back in terror, then flee painfully across the rubble. But the clown wasn't following, he was merely waving the baggy crotch of his trousers at her. "I need your name before we're able to respond," the voice said brusquely in Bowring's ear, and Bowring dropped the receiver in his haste to break the connection. When he looked across the river again, both Debbie and the clown had gone.

Eventually he saw police cars cruising back and forth past the ruined tenement, policemen tramping from house to house.

Bowring had switched off his light in order to watch and for fear that the police might notice him, try to involve him, make an issue of his having refused to name himself. He watched for hours as front door after front door opened to the police. He was growing more nervous, presumably in anticipation of the sight of the clown, prancing through a doorway or being dragged out by the police.

Rain came sweeping along the river, drenching the far bank. The last houses closed behind the police. A police car probed the area around the ruined tenement with its headlights, and then there was only rain and darkness and the few drowning streetlamps. Yet he felt as if he couldn't stop watching. His vision swam jerkily toward the charred gap, and the clown pranced out from behind the jagged wall.

How could the police have overlooked him? But there he was, capering beside the ruin. As Bowring leaned forward, clutching the binoculars, the clown reached behind the wall and produced an object which he brandished gleefully. He dropped it back into hiding just as Bowring saw that it was an axe. The clown minced into the lamplight.

For a moment Bowring thought that the clown's face was injured — distorted, certainly — until he realized that the rain was washing the makeup off. Why should that make him even more nervous? He couldn't see the face now, for the clown was putting his fists to his eyes. He seemed to be peering through his improvised binoculars straight at Bowring — and then, with a shock that stiffened his face, Bowring felt sure that he was. The next moment the clown turned his bare face up to the rain that streamed through the icy light.

Makeup began to whiten his lapels like droppings on a statue. The undisguised face gleamed in the rain. Bowring stared at the face that was appearing, then he muttered a denial to himself as he struggled to lower the binoculars, to let go his shivering grip on them, look away. Then the face across the river grinned straight at him, and his convulsion heaved him away from the window with a violence that meant to refute what he'd seen.

It couldn't be true. If it was, anything could be. He was hardly aware of lurching downstairs and into the sharp rain, binoculars thumping his chest. He fumbled his way into the car and sent it slewing toward the road, wipers scything at the rain. As trees crowded into the headlights, the piny smell made his head swim.

The struts of the bridge whirred by, dripping. Dark streets, broken lamps, decrepit streaming houses closed around him. He drove faster through the desertion, though he felt as if he'd given in to a loss of control: surely there would be nothing to see — perhaps there never had been. But when the car skidded across the mud beside the demolished tenement, the clown was waiting bare-faced for him.

Bowring wrenched the car to a slithering halt and leapt out into the mud in front of the figure beneath the lamp. It was a mirror, he thought desperately: he was dreaming

of a mirror. He felt the rain soak his clothes, slash his cheeks, trickle inside his collar. "What do you mean by this?" he yelled at the lamplit figure, and before he could think of what he was demanding, "Who do you think you are?"

The figure lifted its hands toward its face, still whitewashed by the mercury lamp, then spread its hands toward Bowring. That was more than Bowring could bear, both the silence of the miming and what the gesture meant to say. His mind emptied as he lurched past the lamplight to the fragment of tenement wall.

When the figure didn't move to stop him, he thought the axe wouldn't be there. But it was. He snatched it up and turned on the other, who stepped toward him, out of the lamplight. Bowring lifted the axe defensively. Then he saw that the figure was gesturing toward itself, miming an invitation. Bowring's control broke, and he swung the axe toward the unbearable sight of the grinning face.

At the last moment, the figure jerked its head aside. The axe cut deep into its neck. There was no blood, only a bulging of what looked like new pale flesh from the wound. The figure staggered, then mimed the axe toward itself again. None of this could be happening, Bowring told himself wildly: it was too outrageous, it meant that anything could happen, it was the beginning of total chaos. His incredulity let him hack with the axe, again and again, his binoculars bruising his ribs. He hardly felt the blows he was dealing, and when he'd finished there was still no blood, only an enormous sprawl of torn cloth and chopped pink flesh whitened by the lamplight, restless with rain. Somehow the head had survived his onslaught, which had grown desperately haphazard. As Bowring stared appalled at it, the grinning face looked straight at him, and winked. Screaming under his breath, Bowring hacked it in half, then went on chopping, chopping, chopping.

When at last exhaustion stopped him he made to fling the axe into the ruins. Then he clutched it and reeled back to his car, losing his balance in the mud, almost falling into the midst of his butchery. He drove back to the bridge, his eyes bulging at the liquid dark, at the roads overflowing their banks, the fleets of derelict houses sailing by. As he crossed the bridge, he flung the axe into the river.

He twisted the key and groped blindly into his house, felt his way upstairs, peeled off his soaked clothes, lowered himself shakily into a hot bath. He felt exhausted, empty, but was unable to sleep. He couldn't really have crossed the river, he told himself over and over; he couldn't have done what he remembered doing, the memory that filled his mind, brighter than the streetlamp by the ruin. He stumbled naked to the window. Something pale lay beside the streetlamp, but he couldn't make it out; the rain had washed the lenses clean of the coating that would have let him see more in the dark. He sat there shivering until dawn, nodding occasionally, jerking awake with a cry. When the sunlight reached the other side, the binoculars showed him that

the ground beside the lamp was bare.

He dragged on crumpled clothes, tried to eat breakfast but spat out the mouthful, fled to his car. He never set out so early, but today he wanted to be in his classroom as soon as he could, where he still had control. Rainbows winked at him from trees as he drove, and then the houses gaped at him. As yet the streets were almost deserted, and so he couldn't resist driving by the tenement before making for the school. He parked at the top of the slope, craned his neck as he stood shivering on the pavement, and then, more and more shakily and reluctantly, he picked his way down the slope. He'd seen movement in the ruin.

They must be young animals, he told himself as he slithered down. Rats, perhaps, or something else newborn — nothing else could be so pink or move so oddly. He slid down to the low jagged gappy wall. As he caught hold of the topmost bricks, which shifted under his hands, all the pink shapes amid the rubble raised their faces, his face, to him.

Some of the lumps of flesh had recognizable limbs, or at least portions of them. Some had none, no features at all except one or more of the grimacing faces, but all of them came swarming toward him as best they could. Bowring reeled, choked, flailed his hands, tried to grab at reality, wherever it was. He fell across the wall, twisting, face up. At once a hand with his face sprouting from its wrist scuttled up his body and closed its fingers, his fingers, about his throat.

Bowring cowered into himself, desperate to hide from the sensation of misshapen crawling all over his body, his faces swarming over him, onto his limbs, between his legs. There was no refuge. A convulsion shuddered through him, jerked his head up wildly. "My face," he shrieked in a choked whisper, and sank his teeth into the wrist of the hand that was choking him.

It had no bones to speak of. Apart from its bloodlessness, it tasted like raw meat. He shoved it into his mouth, stuffed the fingers in and then the head. As it went in it seemed to shrink, grow shapeless, though he felt his teeth close on its eyes. "My face," he spluttered, and reached for handfuls of the rest. But while he'd been occupied with chewing, the swarming had left his body. He was lying alone on the charred rubble.

They were still out there somewhere, he knew. He had to get them back inside himself, he mustn't leave them at large on this side of the river. This side was nothing to do with him. He swayed to his feet and saw the school. A grin stiffened his mouth. Of course, that was where they must be, under the faces of his pupils, but not for long. The children couldn't really be as unlike him as they seemed; nothing could be that alien — that was how they'd almost fooled him. He made his way toward the school, grinning, and as he thought of pulling off those masks to find his face, he began to dance.

# The John D. Merriam Exhibit by Donald M. Grant

The Merriam Exhibit which has been assembled for display at the John Hay Library of Brown University is a selection of approximately 80 representative pieces from a private collection of paintings numbering several thousand. Indeed, John Merriam's collection is unique in the fantasy genre, and its content ranges from gentle fantasy to the horrific.

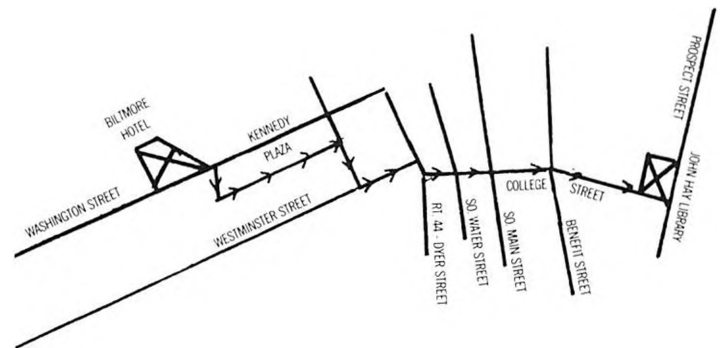
For a vast majority of Conventioneers, this Exhibit will be a first opportunity to view such near-legendary original art, much of it from "The Golden Age of Illustration". It is hoped that it will generate a new area of interest and appreciation in newcomers to the field, at the same time serving as a stimulant to the art connoisseur.

Among the artists exhibited are numerous pieces from this earlier age of wonder. London-born Arthur Rackham achieved great success in his lifetime and has remained a favorite on both sides of the Atlantic, as has Edmund Dulac, the versatile Frenchman who adopted England as his country in 1904 when he was only twenty-two. There are delicate line illustrations painstakingly worked by Hans Henning, known to us as "Alastair", a somewhat shadowy figure who spent much of his life in Germany, and more line illustration — Beardsley influenced — from the German Marquis, Franz Von Bayros. Take particular notice of the Harry Clarke gem from *The Fairy Tales of Charles Perrault*. It is executed in pen, ink, pencil and watercolor, and it is easy to understand why there are those among us (this writer among them) who say that Clarke, with his total command of pen, ink, pencil, color and stained glass mediums, is the most versatile of all artists — of all eras! Clarke's color, however, gets a stiff challenge from Copenhagen-born Kay Nielsen whose background in Norse legend and folklore becomes somehow mingled with the art of the East and Far-East.

Look for two watercolors by the brilliant Englishman, W. Russell Flint, one of them the famous "Silver White". Also included in this exhibit are three pieces by the Australian Norman Lindsay, long a favorite of our fantasy genre, among them the sensuously fantastic "Beauties and Beasts". There are works by Heinrich Kley; Sidney Sime, who will be known to many by his fanciful illustrations in the books of Lord Dunsany; an illustration for Poe's "The Raven" by the famous French artist of still earlier days, Gustave Dore (1832-1883); and eight representative offerings picked from Mr. Merriam's collection of some five hundred originals by Boris Artzybasheff.

This astonishing exhibit with its wonders from "The Golden Age of Illustration" is equally exciting in its presentation of the work of a group of contemporary artists. Names that include Patricia Lucas-Morris, Mark Spencer, Dixie Gay, Thomas Grabosky, Martin Carey, and Verujan Boghosian are scarcely household words for the art enthusiasts who are in attendance at this Convention. But here is a remarkable group of new talents who are scarcely less imaginative, scarcely less creative than those giants of another era.

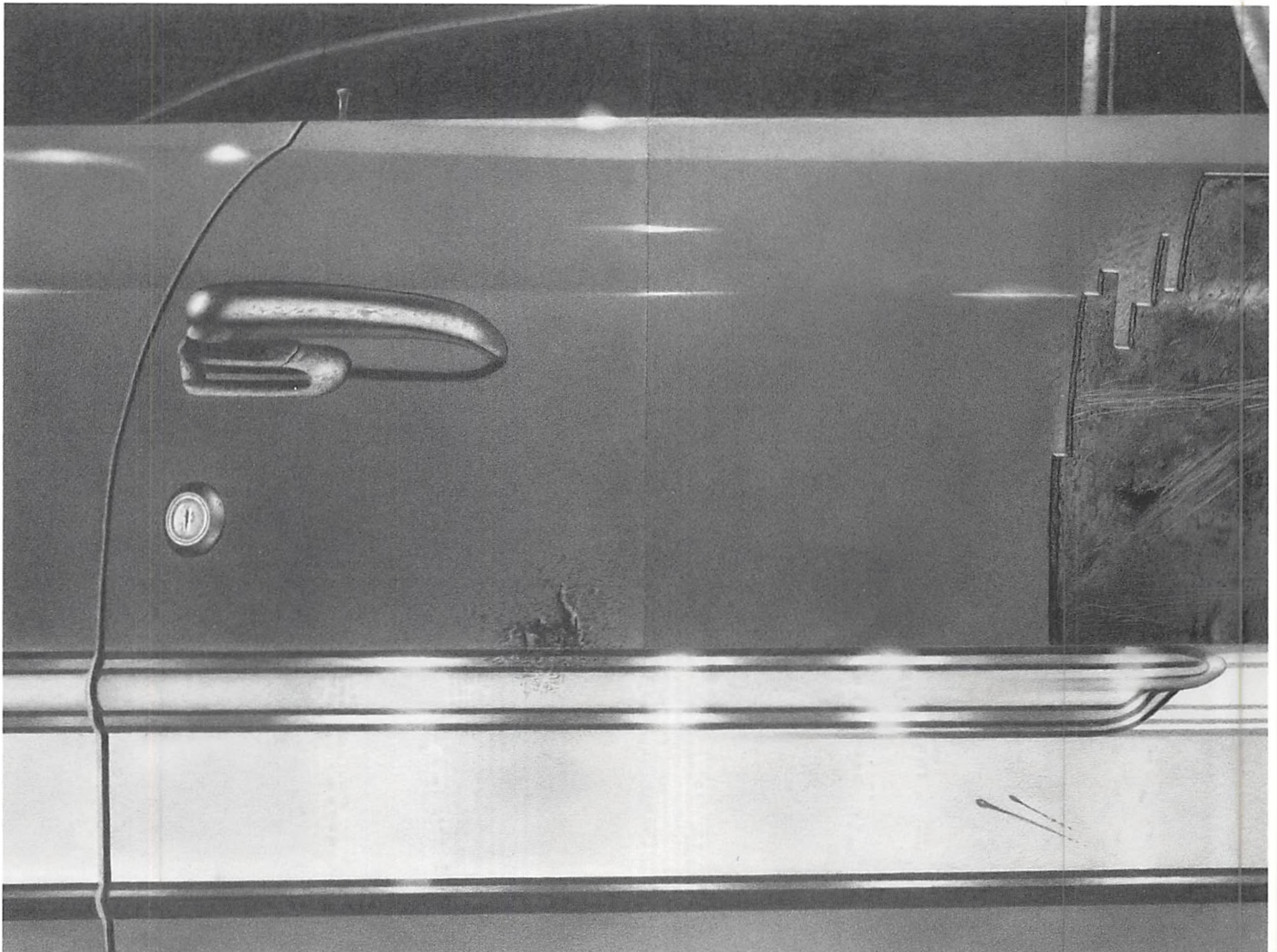
The Twelfth World Fantasy Convention is fortunate to have this representative selection of original art from the John D. Merriam collection on display at the John Hay Library of Brown University. The Library is within easy walking distance of the Convention Hotel (see map), and attendees are urged to take advantage of Mr. Merriam's generosity in both loaning and preparing the exhibit. The World Fantasy Convention is greatly indebted to Mr. Merriam, as it is to Brown University and its Special Collections' Librarian, John Stanley.



# STEPHEN GERVAIS



"GAMES" Illustration from *Ghost Story*, by Peter Straub, Hill House Publishers, 1984



"NEW SKIN" Title Page from *Christine*, by Stephen King, Donald M. Grant Publishers, 1983

"ANNA SHIFTING" Illustration from *Ghost Story*,  
by Peter Straub, Hill House Publishers, 1984



"FACES" Illustration from *Night Visions III*, Dark Harvest, 1986

"LOVE ME" Illustration from *Night Visions III*, Dark Harvest, 1986



"KILLING JAR" Illustration from *Ghost Story*,  
by Peter Straub, Hill House Publishers, 1984

# DOUGLAS E. WINTER: The Man and the Myth

by Charles L. Grant

Several years ago I sent a rejection letter to a young man who had submitted a story to me for an anthology. I don't remember the story, and I don't know which book it was intended for, but I do know that I used a reason I often find necessary when I have to send something back to its author — sorry, but I was at the end before you were, which greatly lessened the story's impact.

I say that a lot because it's true.

Unfortunately, Doug Winter refuses to believe me. He thinks it's just a way to circumvent my vow never to use a form letter rejection, that I would find something to say about every story that crosses my desk, give some reason, no matter how outlandish, why I cannot accept the brilliant prose lying before me.

But that sort of reasoning is exactly the kind you'd expect from a man who, on the one hand, is a superb and fair lawyer (not, in this case, a contradiction in terms) who hails from the Midwest and now lives in Virginia, and who, on the other hand, wears wrap-around sunglasses, a trucker's cap, sneakers with a suit, and gets red in the face when you try to explain that professional wrestling is not, when it comes down to it, a hell of a metaphor for what Clint Eastwood does much better in his westerns.

Hulk Hogan pales next to Eastwood's steely stare; the Iron Sheik is a travesty next to Lee Van Cleef's understated villainy; and the sound of Roddy Piper's entrances to the ring are as nothing but a breaking of showbiz wind compared to the thunder of a vengeful High Plains Drifter sweeping across the landscape.

I mean, really.

Ricky "The Dragon" Steamboat? The Great Moola? King Kong for God's sake Bundy?

I hesitate to mention that this is also a man who finds in the horror films of the Italian directors Lucio Fulci and Mario Bava such grace and style and moments of sheer terror that he actually goes out and spends real money on the video-cassettes as soon as they are available.

I also hesitate to mention, on the third or fourth hand, that this is a gentleman who, because he was unable to travel with Kathy and me to England last September, shipped his wife and sons off to Texas to visit family so he could run down to the nearest appliance store to buy one of those monster 45-inch television sets — the better, I suppose, to watch Christopher George get his brains ripped out of the back of his head.

In the Winters' bedroom, I might add. So how can I appreciate a man with

such obvious flaws in an otherwise sterling character?

Because I know him.

As a professional writer, Doug has made quite a mark for himself in non-fiction with two of the most successful and best-written volumes in the field — *THE ART OF DARKNESS* and *FACES OF FEAR*. In addition, his columns and articles of criticism have never failed to please me; and though I don't always agree with his assessments, he, unlike many others who trod the same path, is at least willing to accept, with grace, dissenting opinions.

Recently he has taken those same skills and has shifted his attention to fiction. A declaration of impending stardom would be premature, of course, but I have no compunctions at all about saying that said stardom is not beyond his grasp. As he writes on, as he finds his own voice, his ability will grow to match his not inconsiderable talent, and when that happens we may very well have a hell of a time keeping up with him.

There are writers, new and not so new, who have or will never realize their potential. That's sad. In some cases, it's their own fault, believing too much in their press releases (self- or otherwise generated) and therefore smothering themselves in self-congratulations without understanding that such delusions are fatal in more ways than one. In other cases, they struggle on with little or no attention, little or no support, and sooner or later the strength they began with becomes eroded, loses power. That's sad, as well.

I say this because Doug fits neither of the above categories. He is not stupid. He has a strong sense of his own worth, his own abilities, and is rapidly learning where his strengths are, where his weaknesses are. I doubt very much if he will ever reach that point where he will believe he has no growing left to do.

As for support — well, it isn't easy being the family of a man who wants nothing more than to put words on paper for other people to read. It's a hell of a life. I ought to know. But Doug is blessed. There's Lynne, and there's John, and there's Steve, and that should be enough to keep any man going when the hard times come and there's always that temptation to give it up, to kill the dream. I strongly suspect that Lynne, in particular, would stone him to death before that ever happens.

This, then, is a damned nice guy to know. His delight in the ridiculous keeps

him from being too solemn, his belief that he and I have the power to knock off unwanted actors and actresses (we did it to Burton, we're working on Lee Remick) makes for fascinating movie watching, and the fact that he procured for me my very own autographed copy of a Guy N. Smith novel cannot say enough about how I feel about the man.

He will notice, then, that I have been good enough not to mention his designer jeans.

He will also notice that there is, out here, a great deal of affection for him.

I suggest to you, then, that you seek him out, offer him a beer, and talk with him, listen to him, watch as he listens to you. Ask him about the massive injuries he suffers each year playing softball. Ask him why the hell his eyes are so damned blue. Ask him about the time he begged me to take him to the Sussex County Fair so he could watch the women mud-wrestle.

Ask him.

You'll like him

Simply because you'll know him.



THE ACE by Robert Lavioie

# The Funhouse of Fear

by Douglas E. Winter

## The Dark Carnival

Let's admit it: Fear is fun. An undeniable attraction of the horror story is the excuse to say, "Check your brains at the door, gang, and let's boogie." We don't really care if effects-oriented films like *Poltergeist* or *The Evil Dead* have flimsy plots — after all, nightmares rarely follow a coherent storyline. The images alone work a special magic: the hideous faces popping into view, the suddenly grasping hands, the buckets of stage blood are all props of a high-tech carnival. We love to see something so grotesque and so unexpected that it makes us scream or laugh (and sometimes, we do both) — secure in the knowledge that here, in the funhouse of fear, this kind of behavior is not only accepted, but encouraged.

The operative word is escape. "Dreaming," reports Charles Fisher, clinical professor of psychiatry and director of the sleep laboratory at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, "permits each and every one of us to be quietly and safely insane every night of our lives." His words apply as well to the waking dreams of horror fiction and film. We live in perilous times, shadowed by the threat of nuclear war, and we need, on occasion, something more perilous than the gentle fantasies of romance or comedy or high adventure.

With each news report of Americans held hostage in foreign lands, of pain relievers laced with poison, of toxic waste dumps hidden beneath school playgrounds, the horror story seems more inviting — if only because it shows us that things could, after all, be worse. As Stephen King wrote in "The Mist":

"When the machines fail . . . when the technologies fail, when the conventional religious systems fail, people have got to have something. Even a zombie lurching into the night can seem pretty cheerful compared to the existential comedy/horror of the ozone layer dissolving under the combined assault of a million fluorocarbon spray cans of deodorant."

That zombie seems cheerful because it is confined to the printed page or motion picture screen; in horror, we control our fears, put them into order, and, more often than not, defeat them. And no matter how desperate things seem, we are offered a simple escape from escapism: we can leave horror's funhouse at any time. Every horror story, like every nightmare, has a happy ending; we can wake up and say that it was all just a dream.

Or can we?

## The Nightmare Becomes Reality

No funhouse would be complete without a hall of mirrors; we may discount the rubber masks and *papier mache* monsters as purest fantasy, but those warped mirrors reflect something undeniably real. We are drawn seductively to the chance to observe ourselves from odd angles, distorted perspectives — and, perhaps, to see things that we might not otherwise expect.

The horror story is not simply an escape; it also has a cognitive value, serving — consciously or not — as an imperfect mirror of the real fears of its times. The memorable horror films of the 1950s invoke the cold war, offering the "big bugs" of *Them* and *The Beginning of the End* in visceral response to nuclear arms, and *The Thing* and *The Invasion of the Body*

*Snatchers* as indulgences in anti-communist hysteria, raging against the "alien" lifeforms that threatened the American way.

A glance into the dark mirror of modern horror reveals no less reactionary trends. American horror, particularly in film, has always been rich with Puritan subtext: if there is a single certainty, it is that teenagers who have sex in cars or in the woods will die. Most books and films of the Eighties offer a message as conservative as their morality: Conform. The boogeymen of the *Halloween* and *Friday the 13th* films are the hitmen of homogeneity. Don't do it, they tell us, or you will pay an awful price. Don't talk to strangers. Don't party. Don't make love. Don't dare to be different.

Their victims, lost in the peccadilloes of the "Me" generation, waltz again and again into their waiting arms. Their sole nemesis is usually a monogamous (if not virginal) heroine — a middle-class madonna who has listened to her parents, and thus behaves. And it is proper behavior, not crucifixes or silver bullets, that tends to ward off the monsters of our times.

## The Monster of the Eighties

Those monsters have changed.

The vampire is an anachronism in the wake of the sexual revolution. The bite of Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, sharpened in the repression of Victorian times, has been blunted by the likes of Dr. Ruth Westheimer. The bloodthirsty Count and his kin survive today because of sentiment rather than sensuality — and as a fantasy of upper class decadence, the commoner's forbidden dream of languorous *chic* (replayed most recently by Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie in the film adaptation of Whitely Strieber's *The Hunger*).

The werewolf, too, has grown long in the tooth; its archetypal story, Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, also hinged on the Victorian mentality, with its marked duality of civilized gentleman and low-brow brute. As class distinctions wane in our populist times, the duality blurs. The werewolf will live so long as we struggle with the beast within, but its modern incarnations — *The Wolfen*, *The Howling*, *An American Werewolf in London* — suggest that the savage has already won and is loose on the streets of the urban jungle.

The invader from outer space, that prominent bugaboo of the Eisenhower era, regained a brief vogue with *Alien* and John Carpenter's remake of *The Thing*, but was transformed by the wishful fantasies of Steven Spielberg into a cuddly savior from the skies. The instant legacy of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *E.T.* has been a series of lovable aliens, from the mermaid of *Splash* to the cozy extraterrestrials of *Starman* and *Cocoon*, that may not be overcome by the "bug hunt" mentality of this summer's *Aliens*. Gone too are the survivals of past cultures — the mummies, the golems, the creatures from black lagoons; they cannot survive in a no-deposit, no-return society whose concept of ancient history is, more often than not, the 1950s.

The monsters of our time are less exotic and, discouragingly, more symptomatic than their predecessors. A soulless insanity sparks the finest horror novel of the Eighties, Thomas Harris' *Red Dragon*. Child abuse is the relentless theme of the best-selling novels of V.C. Andrews, while the dissolution of family and

marriage haunts the fiction of Charles L. Grant. The curses of socialization — notably, venereal disease — infect the films of David Cronenberg and the fiction of Clive Barker. Urban decay is the relentless background of Ramsey Campbell's short stories. Stephen King glories in the malfunction of the mundane, giving life to the petty tyrannies of our consumer culture — our household goods, our cars and trucks, our neighbor's dog.

And the true monster of the Eighties looks even more familiar. We may call them zombies, but as a character in George A. Romero's *Day of the Dead* pronounces, "They're us."

## The Dead Next Door

Zombies have been part of the monster menagerie since the turn of the century, when West Indies voodoo lore gained a certain vogue; its stories of devil dolls, pagan sacrifice, and the walking dead were soon appropriated for such early classic films as *White Zombie* (1932) with Bela Lugosi, and Val Lewton's *I Walked with a Zombie* (1943).

But the modern zombie traces its heritage to 1968, when Pittsburgh filmmaker George A. Romero transcended the lowest of low budgets to produce *Night of the Living Dead*. In *Night* and its two sequels — *Dawn of the Dead* and last year's best horror film, *Day of the Dead* — Romero recast the zombie in a contemporary mold, abandoning the ritualistic trappings of voodoo to present a horrifically prosaic vision of the dead next door. Shambling, silent, eyes locked in thousand-yard stares, these are the people who work the late shift at the 7-Eleven, who take your change at highway toll booths; in *Dawn of the Dead*, Romero likens them to mall shoppers, pale reflections of the mannequins poised next to them in storeroom windows.

As envisioned by Romero and the enthusiastic Italian pastiches of Lucio Fulci, zombies are the liberal nightmare: the huddled masses, yearning to breathe free, arriving on your doorstep with one thought in mind. "They want to eat you," reads one of the more charming film posters, for Fulci's *Zombie*; and their bite is infectious, bringing momentary death, then new life as part of a vacuous, drooling, cannibalistic whole.

Romero and Fulci — and writers like King (in *Salem's Lot*), Peter Straub (in *Floating Dragon*), and Thomas Tessier (in his brilliant *Finishing Touches*) — subvert the conservative lesson of conformity that the traditional horror story seeks to teach. Zombies, they tell us, are the state of conformity — mindlessness on a national scale — that has brought so much fear to our daily lives. Only through the intrusion of horror may we see our world clearly, know both its dangers and its possibilities. Otherwise, like the citizens of Clive Barker's most memorable story, "In the Hills, the Cities," who form into a giant and march off to battle, we are doomed:

"Popolac turned away into the hills, its legs taking strides half a mile long. Each man, woman and child in that seething tower was sightless. They saw only through the eyes of the city. They were thoughtless, but to think the city's thoughts. And they believed themselves deathless, in their lumbering relentless strength. Vast and mad and deathless."

In *Day of the Dead*, the last vestiges of rational order — soldiers and scientists — are trapped in an underground missile base with the detritus of civilization, from abandoned recreational vehicles to duplicate copies of income tax returns. The zombies wait aboveground, walking symbols of the ultimate mind-

(Continued on Page 66)

# ROBERT LAVOIE

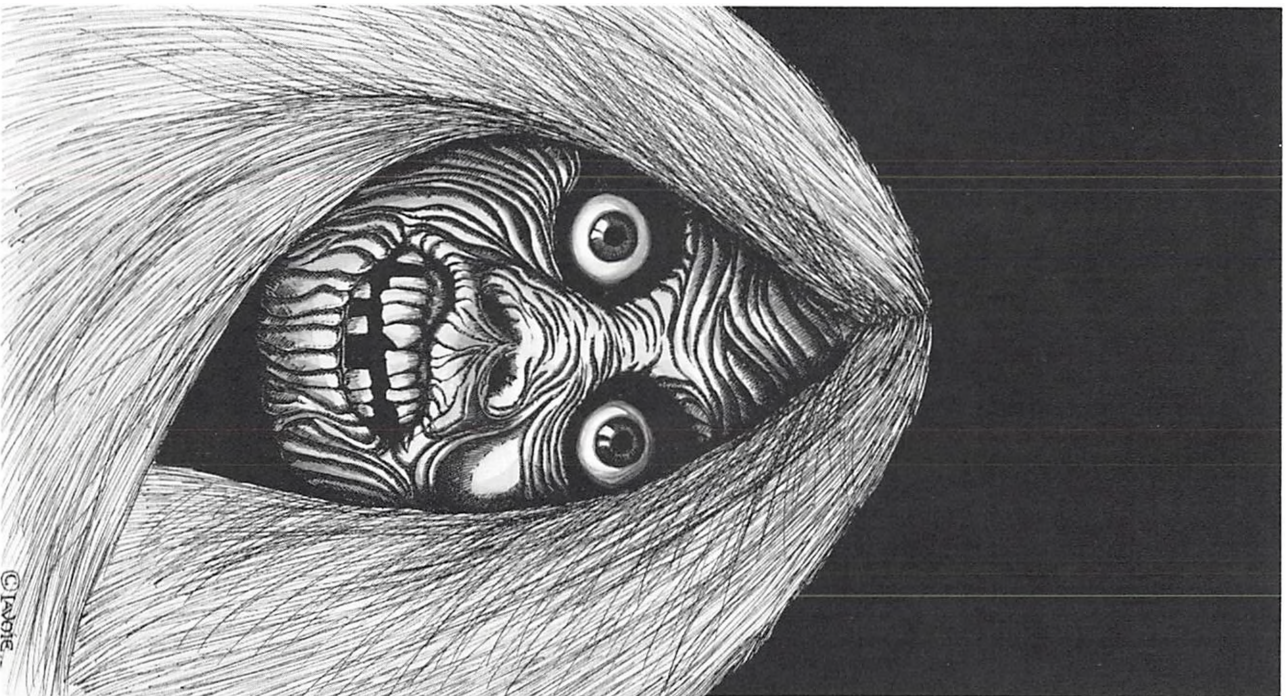


Illustration from "THE HAUNTING AT JUNIPER HILL" *Night Visions II*, Dark Harvest, 1985

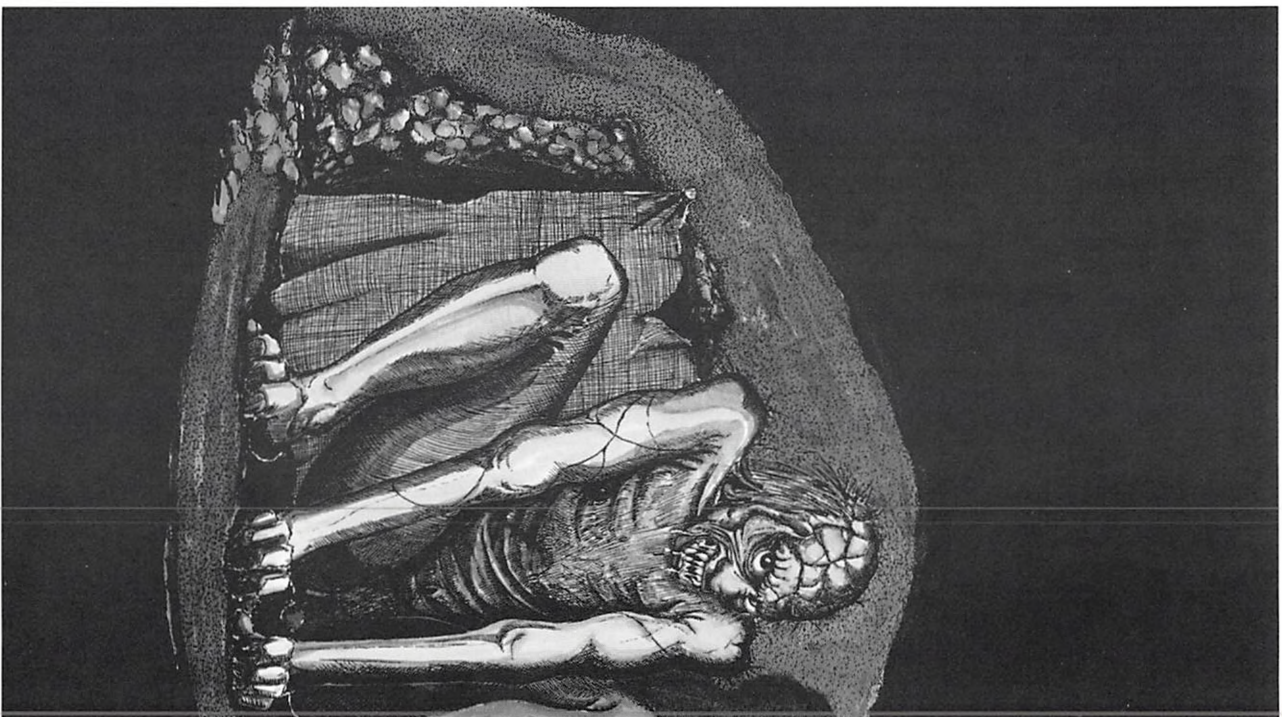


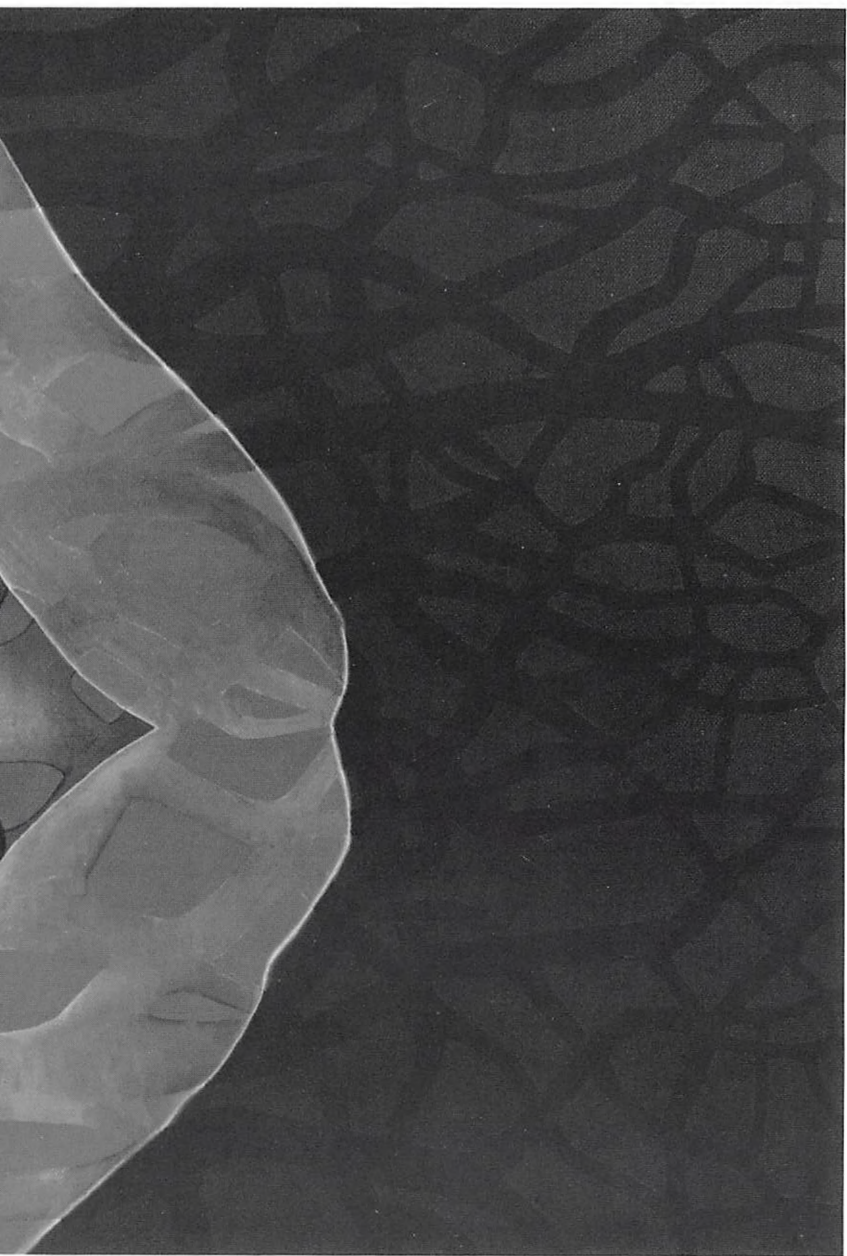
Illustration from "CANAVAN CALLING" *Night Visions II*, Dark Harvest, 1985



Cover Illustration, *Love Child*, Tor Books, 1986



WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION



# In the 13th Colony by Les Daniels

“**O**ld Providence! . . . Here lay the arcana, wondrous or dreadful as the case may be, for which all his years of travel and application had been preparing him.”

So wrote H. P. Lovecraft in *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*, which is, if not The Great American Novel, at least The Great Rhode Island Novel. In the same book, Lovecraft called the state “that universal haven of the odd, the free, and the dissenting.”

In short, Rhode Island was the thirteenth of the thirteen colonies, a site where, long before revolution was a gleam in a rebel’s eye, the area had become a refuge for elements that would hardly have been tolerated elsewhere. In some sense the weirdest and wickedest of American cities, Providence is where the witches went before they could be hanged by the more austere authorities of other climes. Roger Williams preached tolerance, and here is the result.

The state has its strange stories. It has been reported, by the eccentric Montague Summers and the august *Providence Journal*, that as recently as 1874 “in the village of Peacedale, Rhode Island, a well-known inhabitant, Mr. William Rose, himself dug up the body of his own daughter and burned her heart, acting under the belief that she was exhausting the vitality of the remaining members of the family.” This seems to have met with the approval, or at least the tolerance, of his neighbors. Another Rhode Island woman, Nellie Vaughn, was reputed to have been a vampire even though she died as late as 1889. Her epitaph reads “I am waiting and watching for you.”

Yet much of the legend of Rhode

Island is literary, based on the scribbling residence of H. P. Lovecraft, whose importance as the foremost influence on the dark fantastic in the twentieth century has been acknowledged by writers from Robert Bloch to Ramsey Campbell. Even Stephen King, whose own numerous followers may have been inspired more by Mammon than by Cthulhu, has written that “Lovecraft . . . opened the way for me.”

The evil is certainly here, whether one dwells on recent stories of organized crime or old yarns about the lucrative slave trade, but mundane cruelty is only half the story. Look around. An ordinary cross current of civility and stupidity is always on view, but the astute observer will note denizens with vacant stares and glassy eyes, those strangers for whom no simple explanation will suffice. These are the citizens of the city where Lovecraft lived, the city that he knew. This is not Innsmouth, or Arkham, or Dunwich. They are only imaginary landscapes. This is Providence. It is real.

A local mental hospital sports a brass plaque asserting that the institution was established for the benefit of those who have been “deprived of their reason by divine providence.” This may be more than a pun.

And so it is that Providence, where the World Fantasy Convention began, has its roots in the macabre. Other conventions, in sunnier cities, may choose to consider horror a mere “dark corner of the shop”, but here it is all. Elves and unicorns and fairy princesses shrivel in this black light.

For such a small state, Rhode Island has more than its share of tough customers. Artists Stephen Gervais and Chris Van Allsburg have won World

Fantasy Awards. Publisher Donald M. Grant has four at last count. There’s room here for published writers like Jim Anderson, H. L. P. Beckwith, Jr., Bob Booth, Gerry Boudreau, Noel-Anne Brennan, Les Daniels, Owen Haskell, John Hawkes, Mark Michaud, Barton St. Armand and Joe Schifino, in addition to artists like Bob Eggleton, Fritz Eichenberg, Bob Lavoie, R. J. Krupowicz, and Frank Villano.

This is a bad neighborhood. And it always has been.

Providence may justifiably claim to have been the city where the first World Fantasy Convention bloomed, but the 1975 date may be in question, for over the city looms the shadow of that sad and unsociable author, Edgar Allan Poe. Romantic tales have it that Poe visited Providence in 1848 to woo a versifying widow, Sarah Helen Whitman, but history assures us that he was at least equally devoted to one Annie Richmond, of another city. Poe himself has been quoted as saying “I am not going to Providence to be married, but to deliver a lecture on poetry.” He did speak, before an audience estimated at 1800, and he also took the time to sample some wine with congenial companions, a deed that reportedly caused the abstemious widow to dismiss him. He died in 1849.

The evidence is in. The world’s most prominent master of the macabre came to Providence in 1848. He spoke on his work; he looked for love; he imbibed.

Lectures on literature, questionable courtships, and debauched drinking all combine to create what is clearly a privileged moment. Can anyone doubt that this was the original World Fantasy Convention, or that its guest of honor was no less a personage than Edgar Allan Poe?

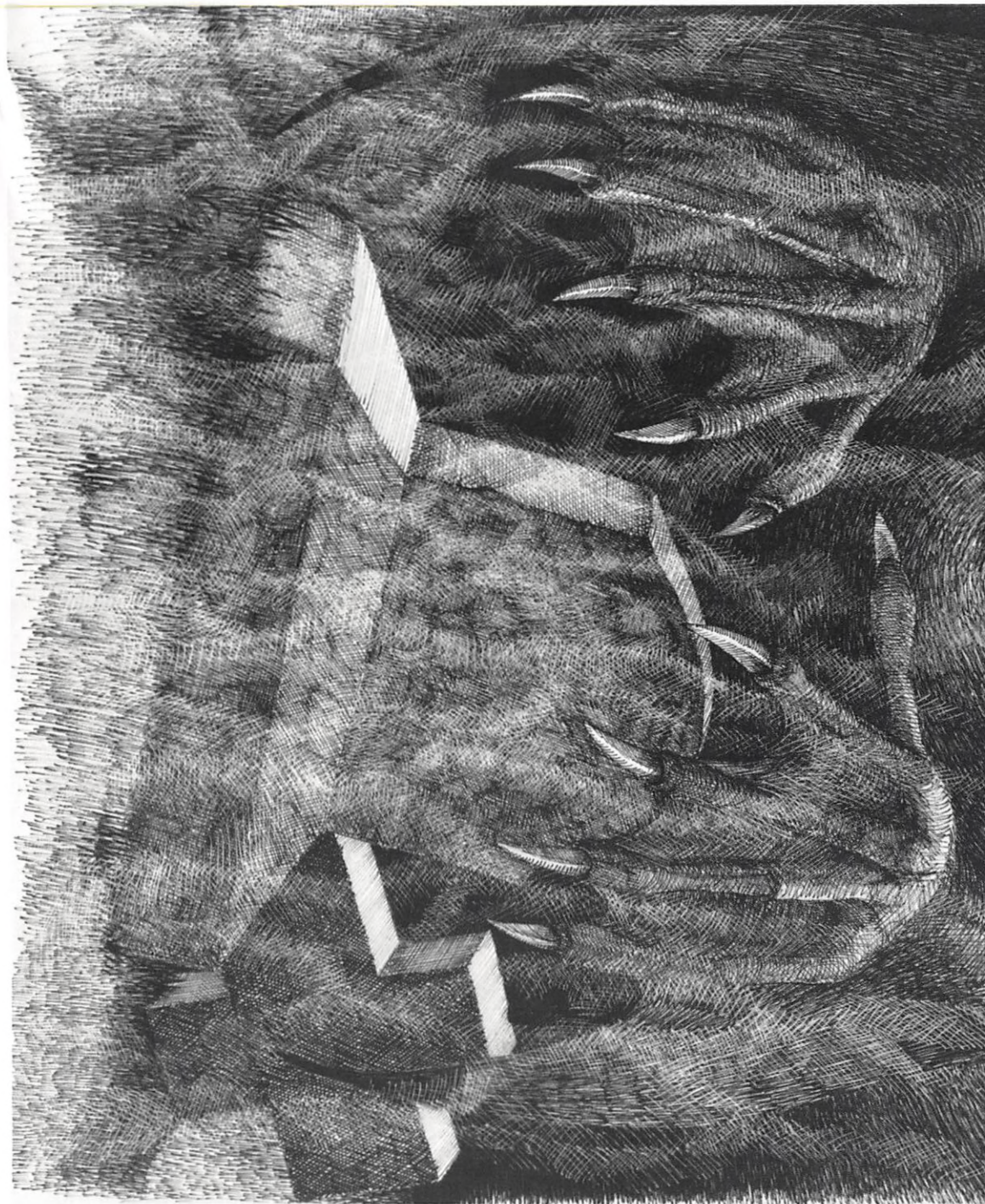
The scene of the crime, of course, was Providence.



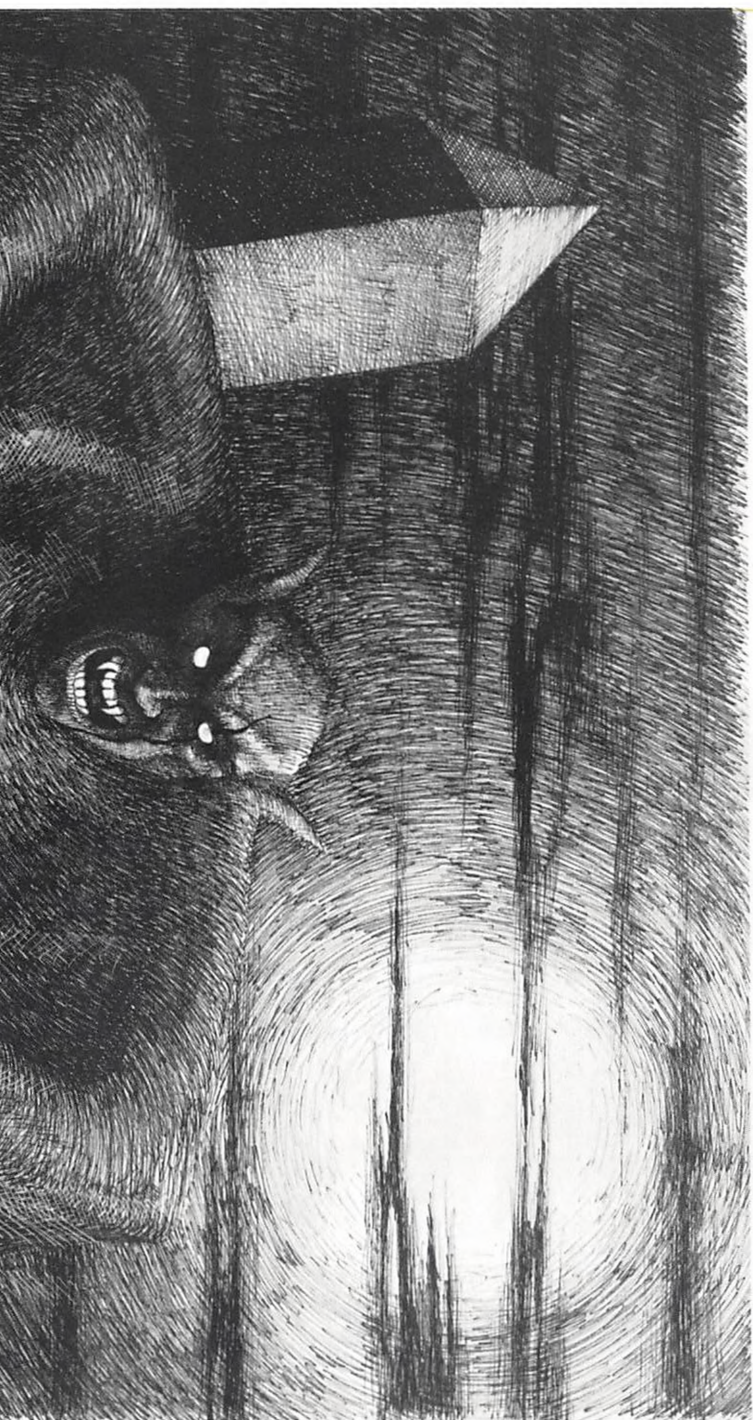
Thunder Storm Over Providence, by Stephen Gervais

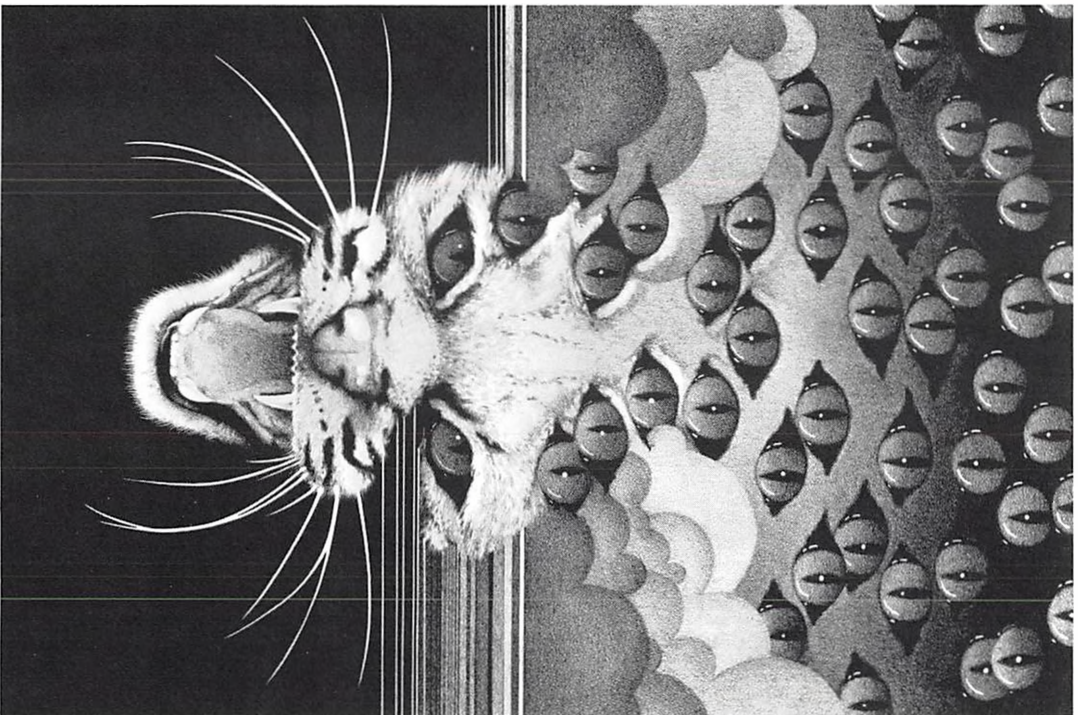


Planet and Benefit, by Stephen Gervais

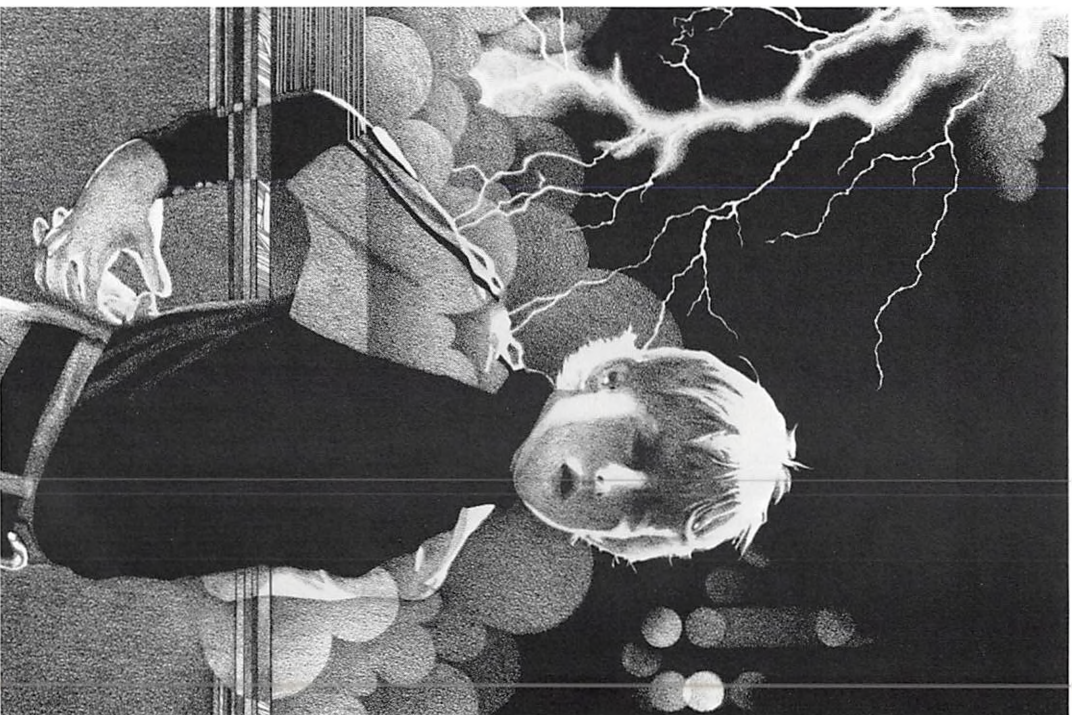


WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION



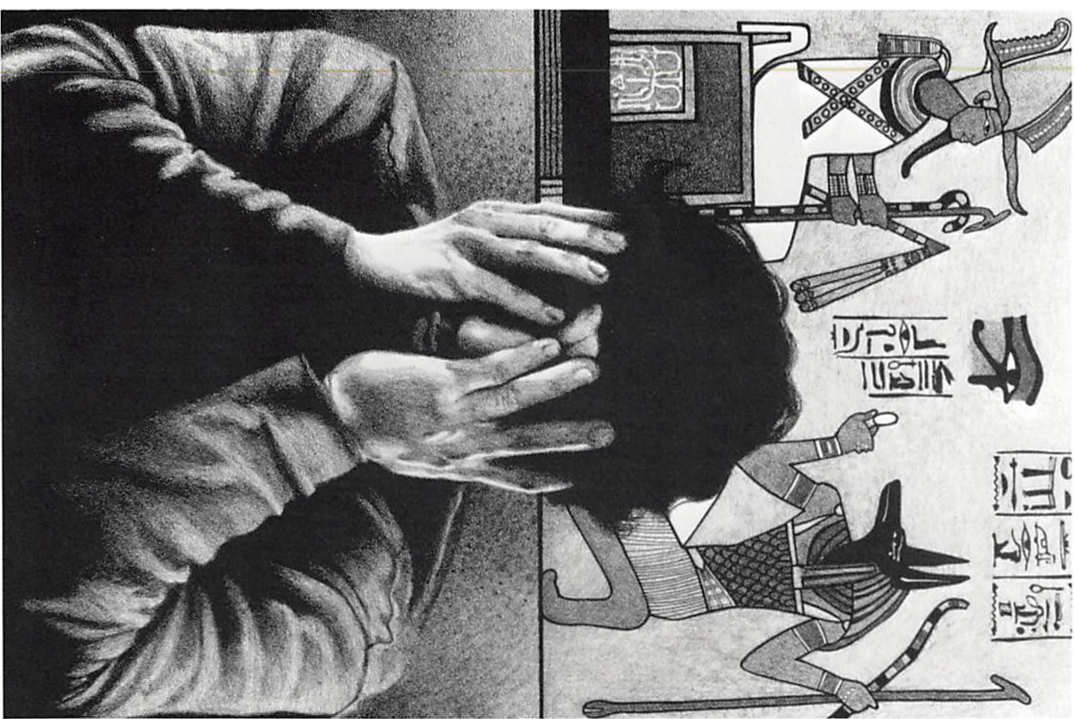


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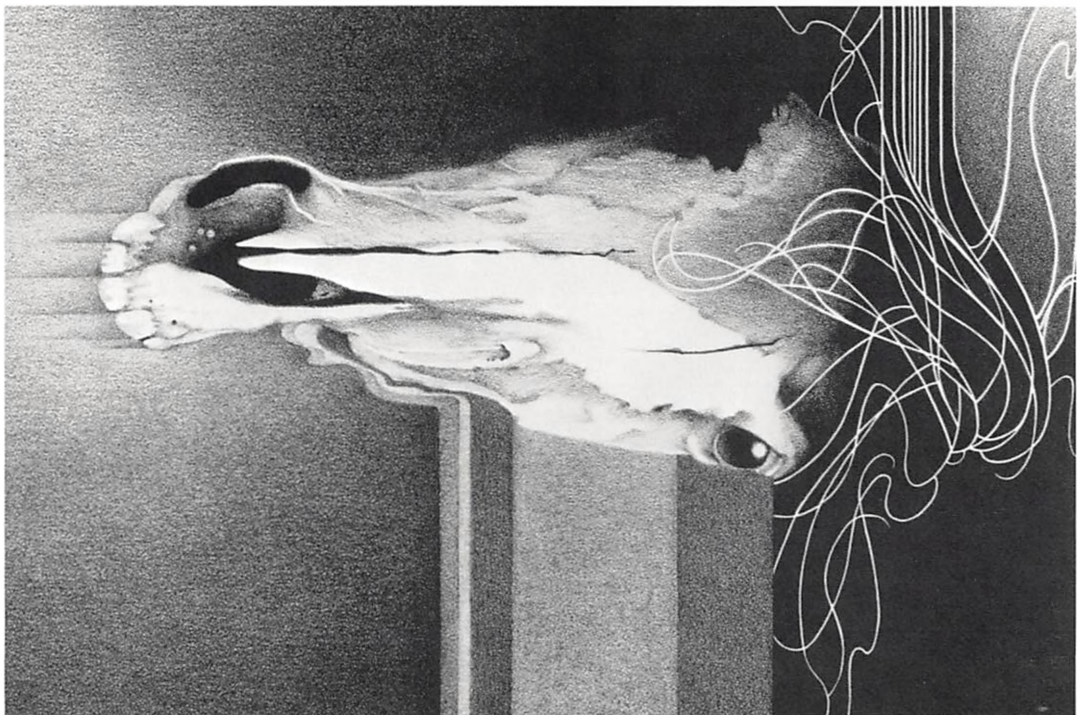
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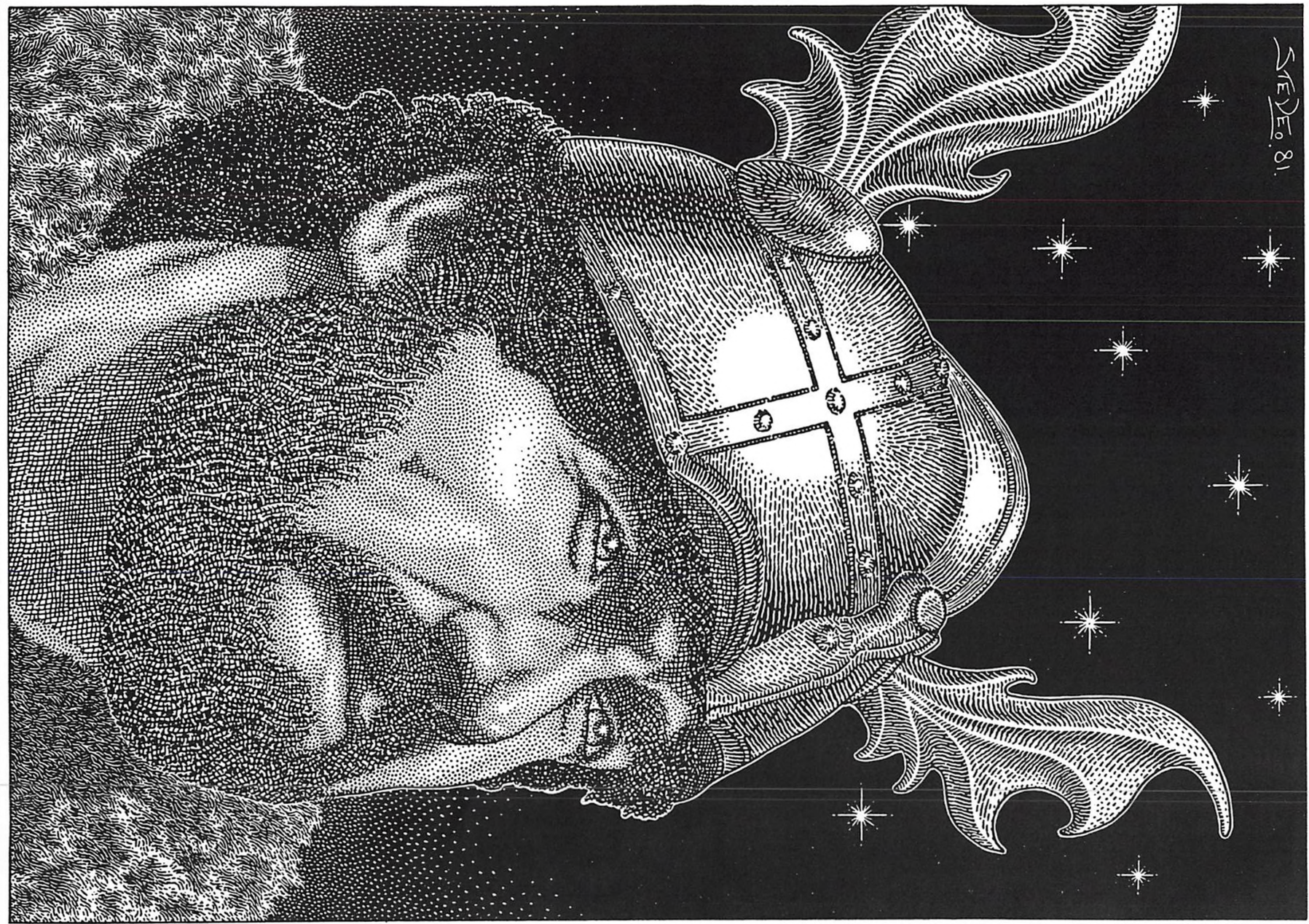


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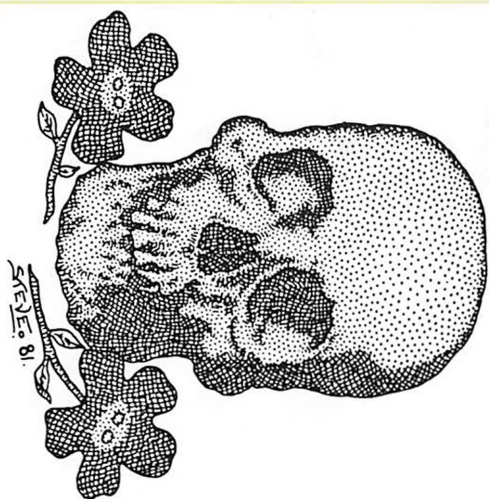


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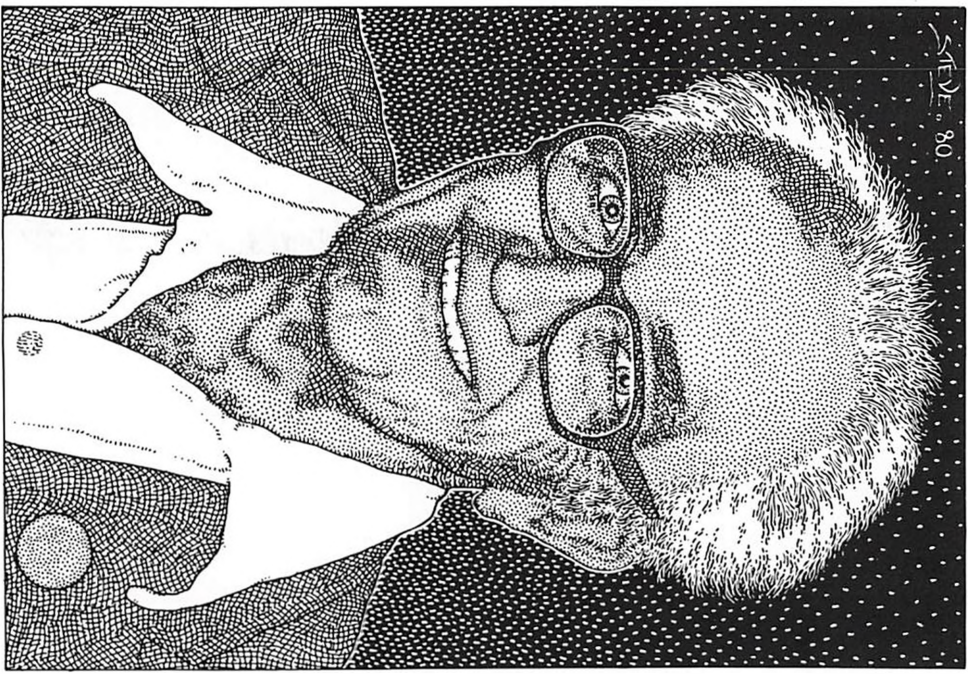
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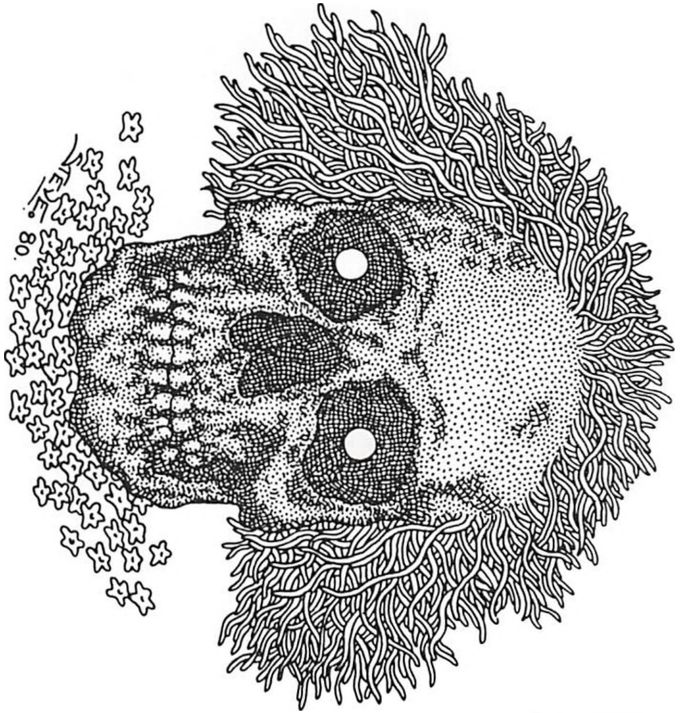


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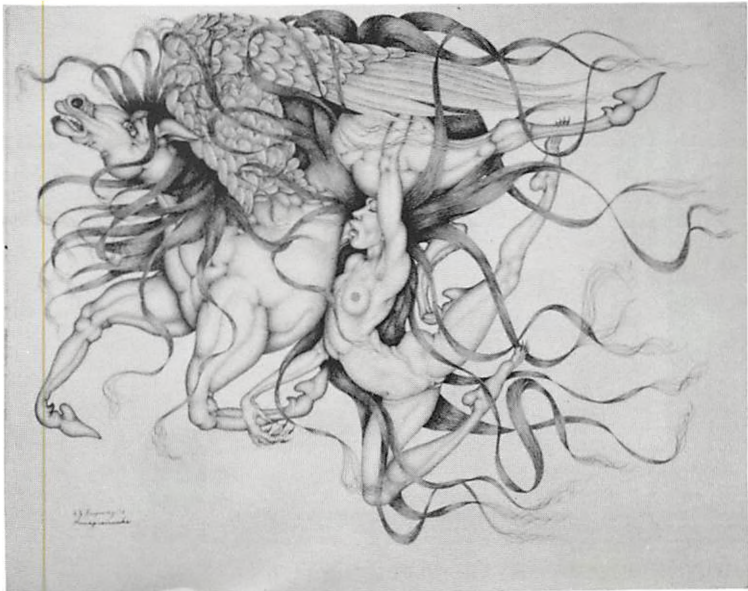
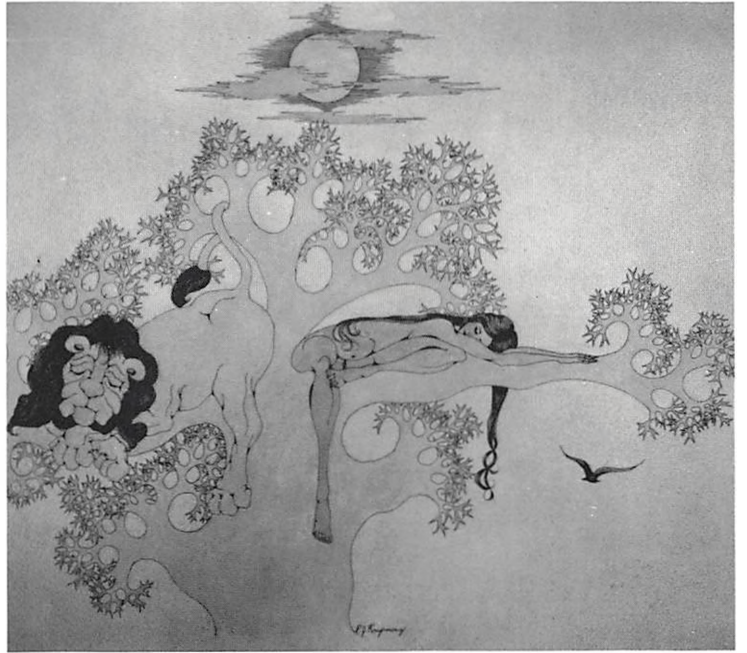






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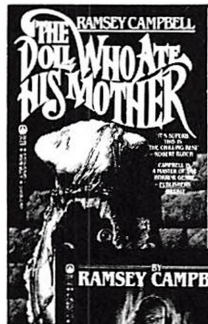
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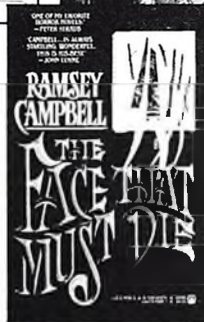
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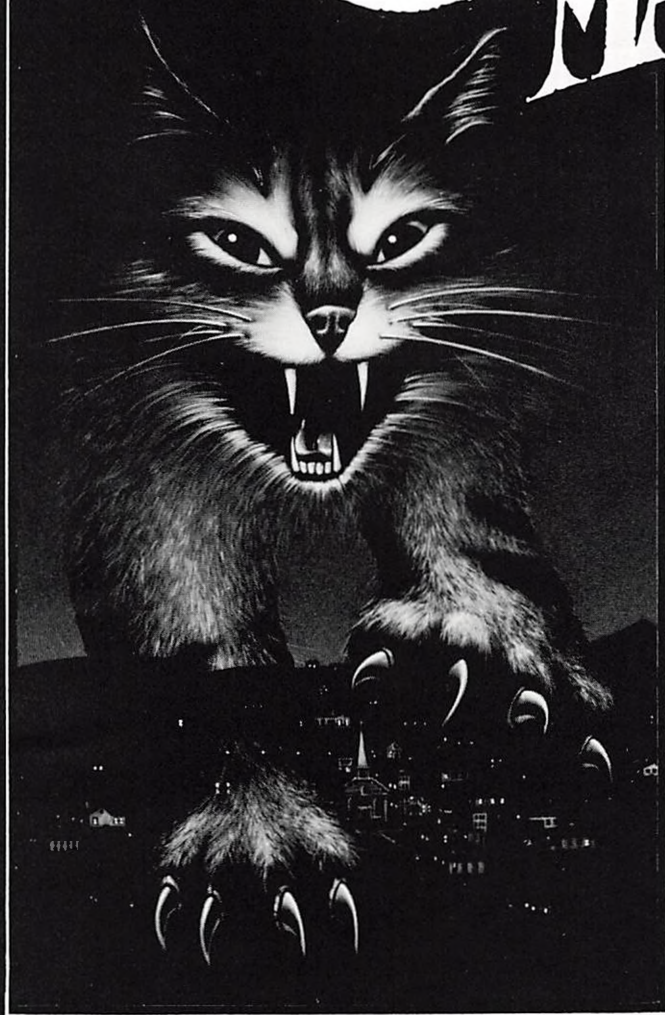




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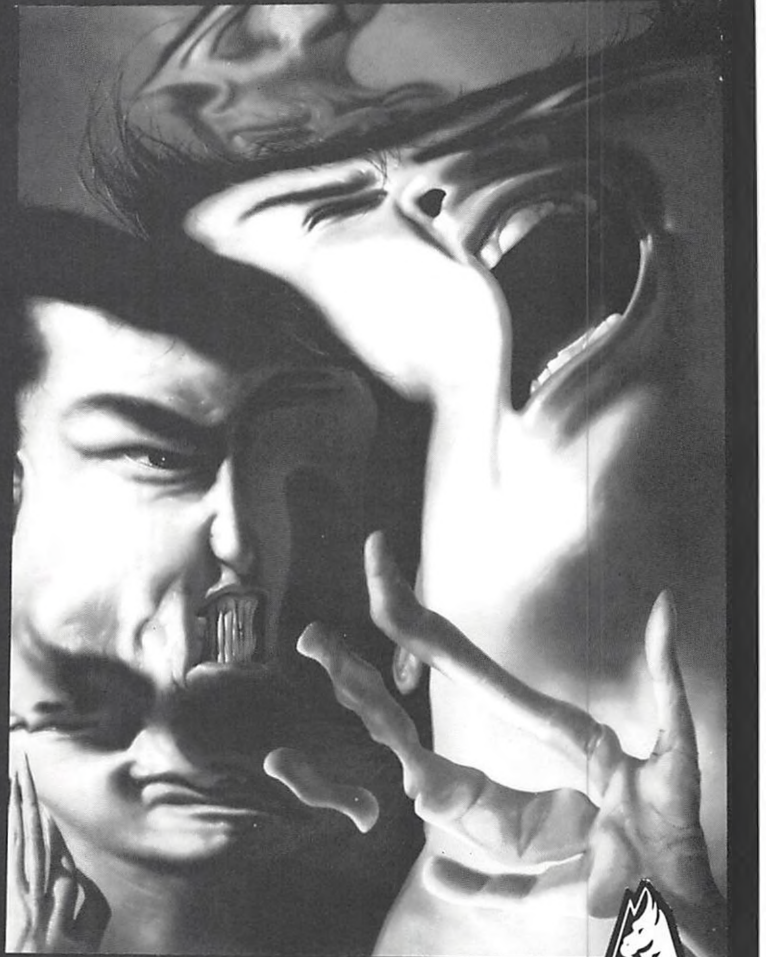
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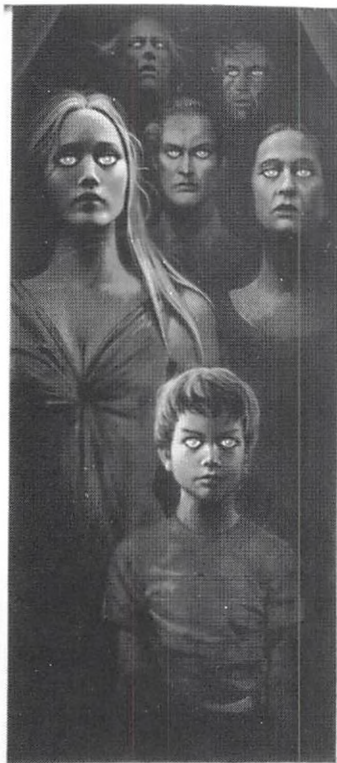
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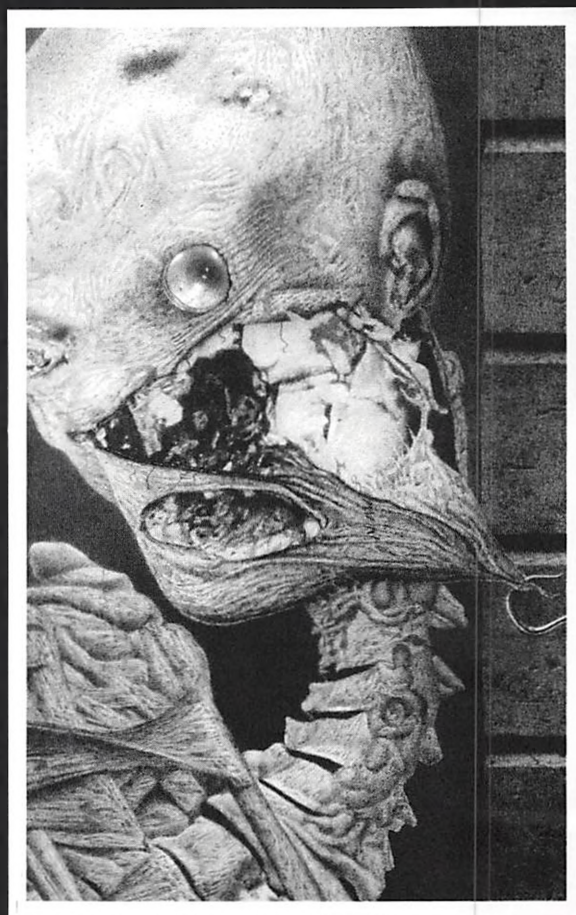
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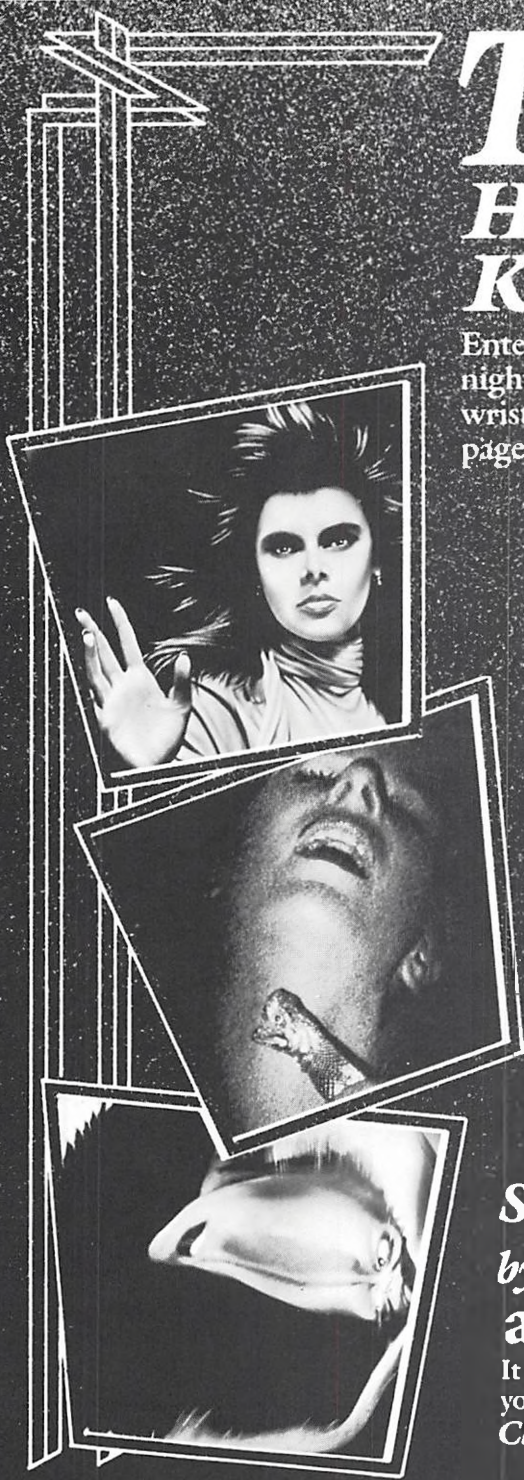
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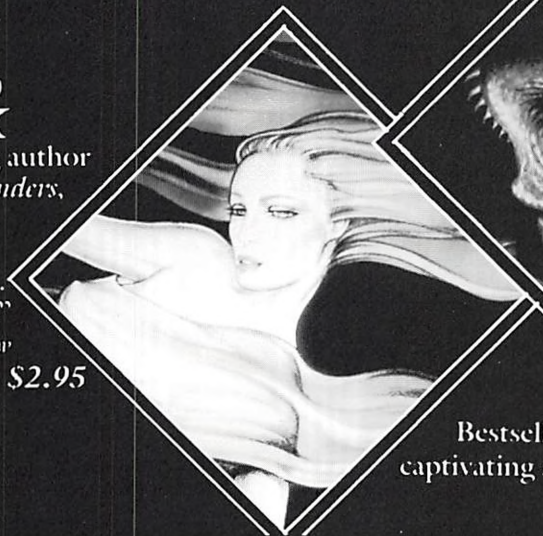
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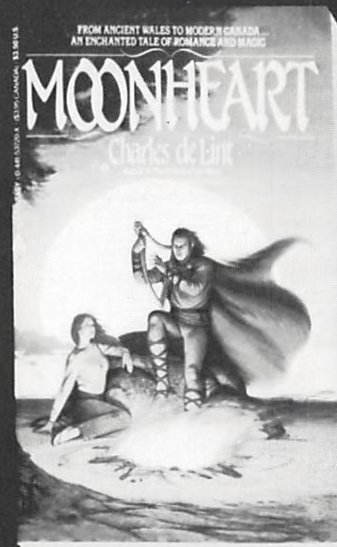
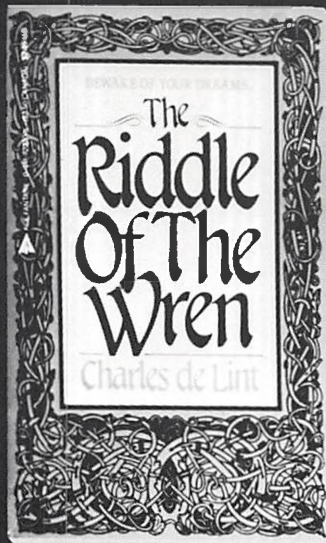
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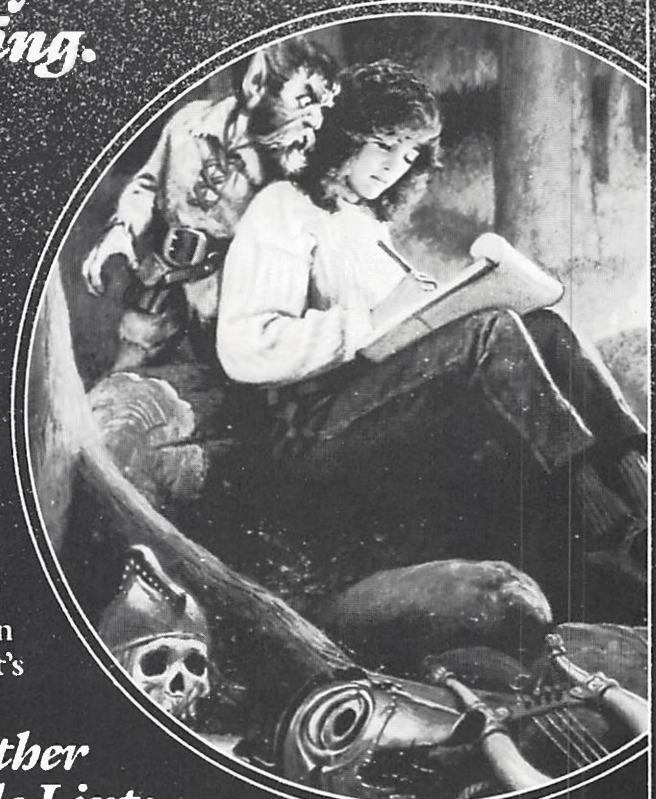
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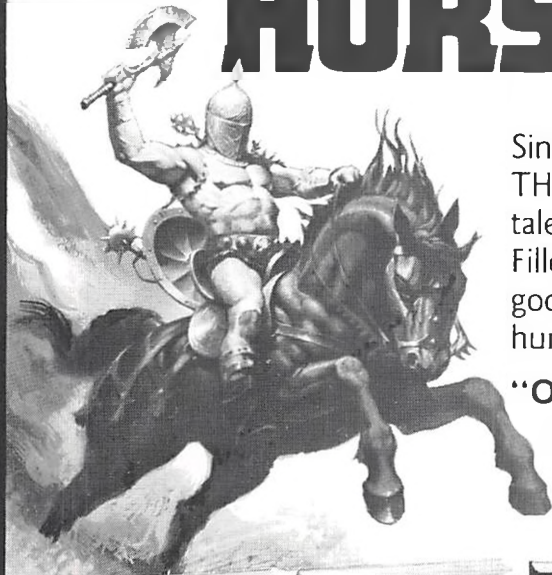
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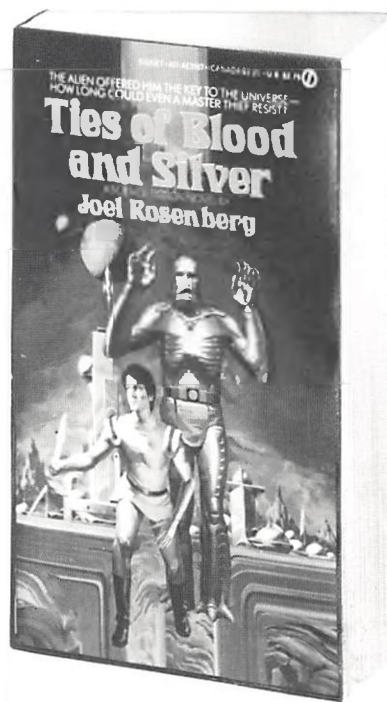
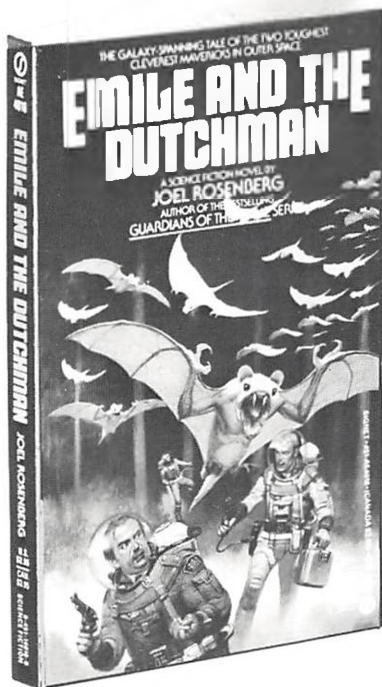
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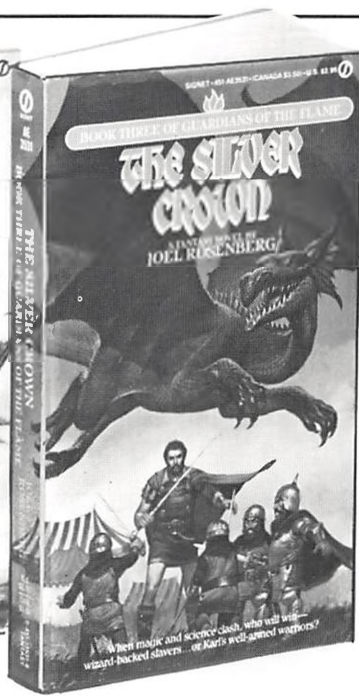
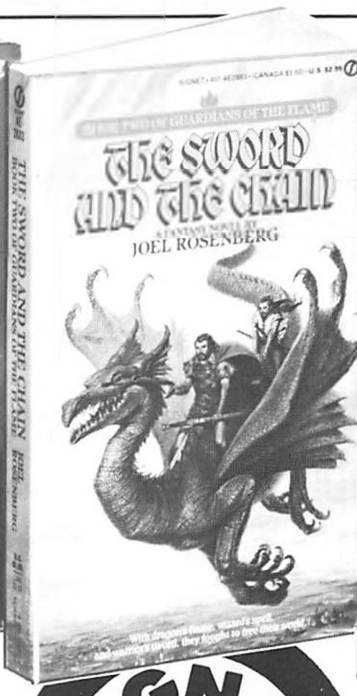


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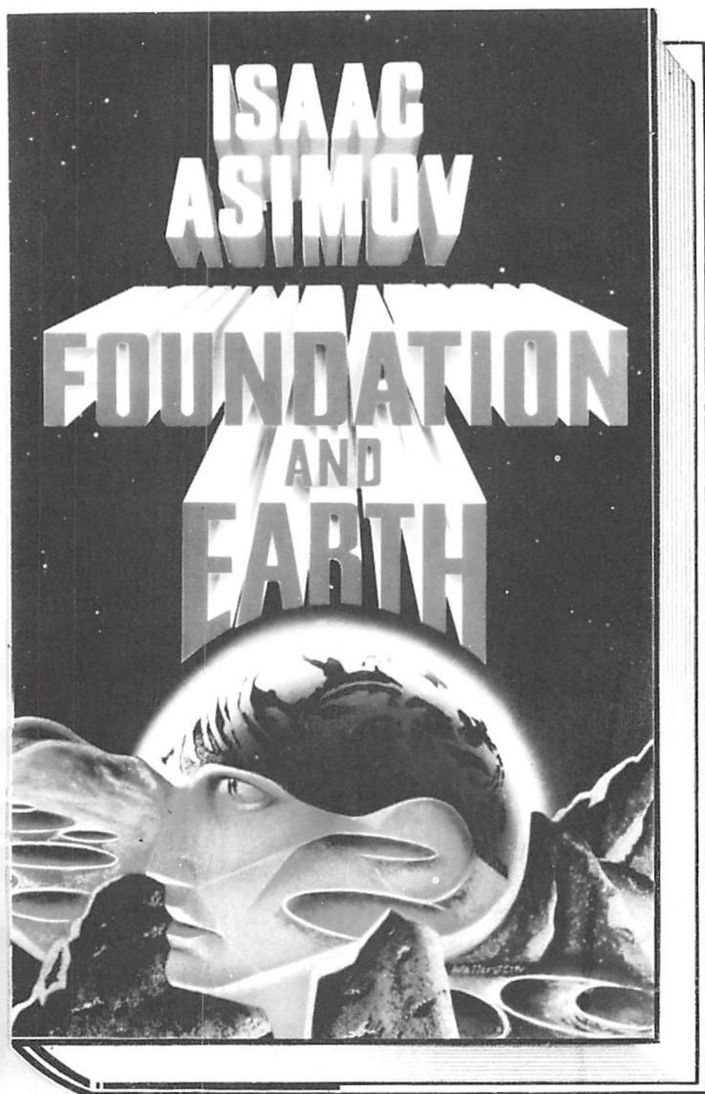
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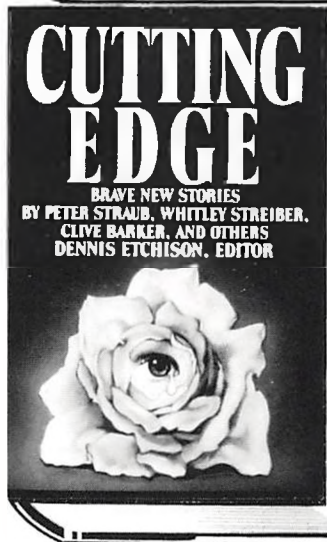
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#### A WORD FROM THE EDITORS

We hope you've enjoyed the first year and a half of Spectra's publishing program. During that time, we've published a list that we are very, very proud of, including David Brin's Nebula and Hugo Award nominee and Locus and John W. Campbell Memorial Award winner, *THE POSTMAN*, and his collaboration with Gregory Benford, *HEART OF THE COMET*, Samuel R. Delany's *STARS IN MY POCKET LIKE GRAINS OF SAND*, Harlan Ellison's Locus Award winner, *MEDEA: HARLAN'S WORLD*, Raymond E. Feist's *Riftwar Saga*, Parke Godwin's *THE LAST RAINBOW*, Lisa Goldstein's World Fantasy Award nominee, *THE DREAM YEARS*, Harry Harrison's *WEST OF EDEN*, James P. Hogan's *THE PROTEUS OPERATION*, R.A. MacAvoy's *THE BOOK OF KELLS*, and Norman Spinrad's *CHILD OF FORTUNE*. It's certainly as eclectic, ambitious, sophisticated and entertaining a list as can be found anywhere.

But as pleased as we are to have been part of this program so far, it can't come close to the excitement we feel over the list we will be presenting during the remainder of 1986 and throughout 1987.

The highlights are virtually too numerous to mention. There's the first mass-market edition of Gregory Benford's breathtaking *ACROSS THE SEA OF SUNS* and a new hardcover set in the center of the galaxy. David Brin's *THE UPLIFT WAR* is an epic parallel novel to *STARTIDE RISING*. John Crowley's *AEGYPT*, the long-awaited (and well worth the wait) follow-up to World Fantasy Award-winner *LITTLE, BIG*, will appear in hardcover in the spring. Raymond E. Feist concludes the incredible *Riftwar Saga* with *A DARKNESS AT SETHANON*. William Gibson joins our list with *MONA LISA OVERDRIVE*. Parke Godwin has written an extraordinary contemporary fantasy, *A TRUCE WITH TIME*. Lisa Goldstein is back with *A MASK FOR THE GENERAL*. Harry Harrison's sequel to *WEST OF EDEN*, *WINTER IN EDEN*, is just out and we'll have a new Stainless Steel Rat book in the fall of '87. James P. Hogan will have a new near-future thriller, *ENDGAME ENIGMA*. Ursula K. Le Guin's American Book Award-nominated *ALWAYS COMING HOME* will make its first appearance in mass market paperback. R.A. MacAvoy's sequel to *TEA WITH THE BLACK DRAGON*, *TWISTING THE ROPE*, is just out and she'll have a major new fantasy, *THE GREY HORSE*, in the spring. Norman Spinrad's *LITTLE HEROES* is an incredible novel about rock and roll and artificial personalities. The bestselling authors of *Dragonlance Chronicles* and *Dragonlance Legends*, Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman have created *The Steel Sorcerer Trilogy*.



Then there are a couple of major breakthrough novels by two terrific writers. RUMORS OF SPRING is an absolutely unforgettable fantasy by Philip K. Dick Award runner-up Richard Grant. And Mike McQuay's MEMORIES is one of the best time-travel novels in years.

And to top this all off, we have a list of first novels (and one short story collection) that's truly amazing. There's Connie Willis' LINCOLN'S DREAMS, the kind of extraordinary novel we all knew she would write. There's Geoff Ryman's THE WARRIOR WHO CARRIED LIFE (to be followed by an expanded version of his World Fantasy Award-winning THE UNCONQUERED COUNTRY). There's Karen Joy Fowler's collection, ARTIFICIAL THINGS, Robert Charles Wilson's A HIDDEN PLACE, Patricia Geary's LIVING IN ETHER, and an as-yet-untitled novel by Pat Cadigan.

Pretty impressive, huh? Well, there are more excellent Spectra books where those came from. In fact, every single book on the Spectra list has something very valuable to offer. Now, we realize that no one buys books by imprint. However, should you notice the Spectra imprint on a book that you are thinking of buying, you can be sure of one thing—we love it and we think there's a pretty good chance that you'll love it, too.

We hope you have fun with Bantam Spectra Books in the future.

Lou Aronica  
Publishing Director

Shawna McCarthy  
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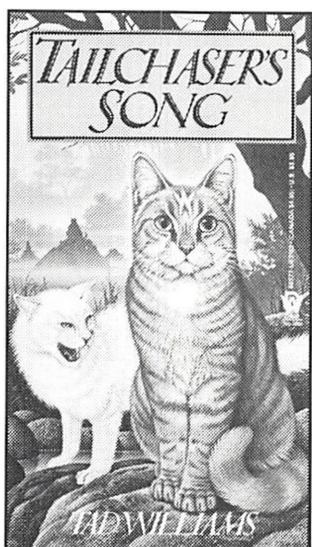
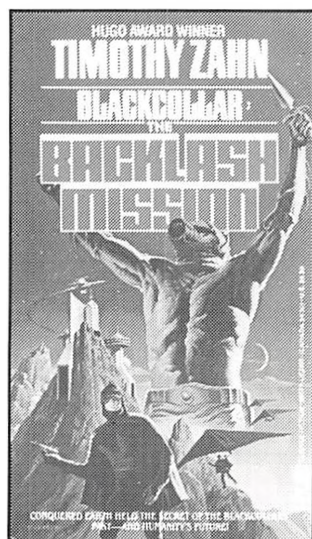
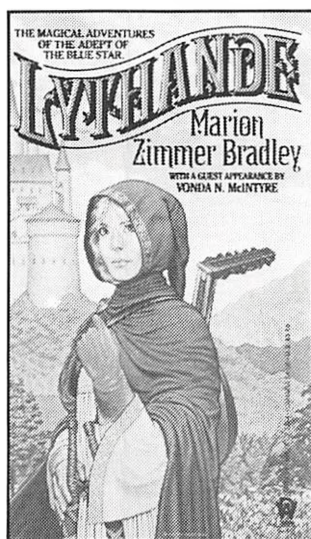
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**( *THE 1986 ANNUAL WORLD’S BEST SF* )**

HUGO AWARD WINNERS

**For Best Novelette:**  
**‘PALADIN OF THE LOST HOUR’ by Harlan Ellison**  
**( *THE YEAR’S BEST FANTASY STORIES: 12* )**

**For Best Short Story:**  
**“FERMI AND FROST” by Frederik Pohl**  
**( *THE 1986 ANNUAL WORLD’S BEST SF* )**

### THE FUNHOUSE OF FEAR (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

lessness — nuclear overkill. In *Night and Dawn*, Romero proposed the standard solutions of Americana — religion, family, consumerism, superior firepower — but nothing has worked. As *Day* opens, the chief scientist is struggling to find something that will make the zombies *behave*; he is, of course, hopelessly insane. It is we who must learn *not* to behave like zombies. In the final trumps the sole survivors are those who refuse to conform, rebelling against the sterile semblance of authority; they take an appropriately symbolic route of escape — ascending through an empty ICBM silo to find a paradise of peace.

#### Out of the Dark

"Death is a mystery," writes Stephen King in his zombie novel *Pet Semetary*. Those few words are the key to the abiding lure of the horror story. The *genre* is responsible for countless films and paperback potboilers whose sole concern is the shock value of make-believe mayhem; but at its most penetrating moments — those of that immaculate clarity of insight which we call art — the horror story is not about make-believe at all.

At its heart is a single certainty: that, in Hamlet's words, "all that live must die." We're not looking for answers to that mystery — we know, if only instinctively, that these are matters of faith. What we are looking for is a way to confess our doubt, our disbeliefs, our fears; and the horror story offers the rare opportunity to laugh and to cry about the fact of our mortality.


When we enter the funhouse of fear, we descend into an ultimate abyss — we see the darkest night — and when we exit, moving out of the dark and into the light, we have *survived*.

And then, don't you know, we're ready to try it again.

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# The Count Dracula Fan Club

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A VISIT TO COUNT DRACULA FAN CLUB HEADQUARTERS

By Jon Gannon Fairchild



Dr. Jeanne Youngson, founder and president of The Count Dracula Fan Club, greeted me at the door of club headquarters wearing a smile as bright and warm as the sun itself. She was packing for her yearly trip to England to search for rare vampire books for the society library, but took the time to show me the club's collection of Dracula and vampire memorabilia, including (among many other items) autographs of Bela Lugosi, John Carradine, Frank Langella, Boris Karloff, Elsa Lanchester, Christopher Lee, Bram Stoker, Jonathan Frid, and Vincent Price. I was impressed!

Her organization's membership, 3,803 in the Americas and 189 overseas, includes people of all ages and in all walks of life.

The club was founded in 1965 and has fifteen divisions which provide a focal point for the funneling of inquiries, information, and projects affecting, and of interest to, members. These divisions include The Moldavian Marketplace, which contains items of unusual interest such as Dracula stationery, pins, mobiles, and the like. The other divisions are a Research Library, The Bram Stoker Memorial Collection of Rare Books, Friends of the Library, Special Research Division, Research Referral Center, Dracula Press, Picture Collection, Clipping Collection, Permanent Collection of Vampire and Horror Memorabilia, Membership, The Unicorn Unit, Booksearch Service, Special Interest Division, and The Fantasy Bookshop. There is also a Pen Pal Network and two special free lotteries every year, with rare books and vampire memorabilia as prizes.

Beside being the beloved "Prez" of the society, Dr. Jeanne Youngson, who holds doctorates in both Language Education and Communications, is also a free-lance writer, poet, artist and a former award-winning animation filmmaker. PLUS, she is marvelously, magnificiently, wonderfully FUNNY! After a couple of hours in the company of this delightful lady, it's easy to see how--and why--the Count Dracula Fan Club has captured and holds the imagination of so many vampire, Dracula (and horror!) fans.



Membership information, sample newsletter, and a "giant" souvenir COUNT DRACULA FAN CLUB lapel pin are available for \$2.50 from DRACULA UNLIMITED, Penthouse North, 29 Washington Square West, New York, N.Y. 10011 USA

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# Panel Schedule: 1986 World Fantasy Convention

(All panels to take place in the Main Ballroom)

- FRIDAY, NOON — KEEPING IT UP: Maintaining Series Creativity**  
Robert Asprin (Mod.), Lynn Abbey, Gordon Dickson, Robert Vardeman, Dennis McKiernan
- FRIDAY, 1pm — AFTER THE UNICORNS: Contemporary Fantasy Art**  
Don Maitz (Mod.), Carl Lundgren, Mark Rogers, James Warhola, David Cherry
- FRIDAY, 2pm — BLONDIE AND THE BAD BOYS: Horror Illustration**  
Jill Bauman (Mod.), Robert Lavoie, Stephen Gervais, J. K. Potter, Drew Smith
- FRIDAY, 3pm — OIL & WATER: The Mixing of Print and Film**  
Stanley Wiater (Mod.), James Van Hise, John Farris, David Schow, William Nolan
- FRIDAY, 4pm — THE TEN BEST HORROR NOVELS OF THE LAST TWENTY YEARS**  
J. N. Williamson (Mod.), Richard Christian Matheson, Tom Monteleone, Stephen Gresham, Alan Ryan
- FRIDAY, 5pm — J. K. POTTER: Guest of Honor Slide Show**
- SATURDAY, 9am — HIGH FANTASY: Is the Magic Still There?**  
Joel Rosenburg (Mod.), Jane Yolen, Patricia McKillip, Raymond Feist, Esther Friesner
- SATURDAY, 10am — CAN WE BUY IT AT 7-11?: Editors & Publishers On Censorship**  
Ginjer Buchanan (Mod.), Susan Allison, Ellen Datlow, Tom Doherty, Pat LoBrutto
- SATURDAY, 11am — RETURN OF THE DEAD PUPPIES: Explicitness In Modern Horror**  
Steve Jones (Mod.), David Morrell, Ray Garton, Kathryn Ptacek, Steve Rasnic Tem
- SATURDAY, NOON — SERIOUSLY, WHERE DO YOU GET THOSE WEIRD IDEAS?**  
Les Daniels (Mod.), Stephen King, Fritz Leiber, John Coyne, Hugh B. Cave
- SATURDAY, 1pm — OLD MASTERS: The 1975 New Writers Panel**  
David G. Hartwell (Mod.), Charles L. Grant, Ramsey Campbell, David Drake, Karl Wagner
- SATURDAY, 2pm — NEWER WRITERS PANEL: 1986**  
Pete Pautz (Mod.), Joe Lansdale, Lisa Tuttle, Chet Williamson, Al Sarrantonio
- SATURDAY, 3pm — WRITING THE HEAVY HORROR NOVEL**  
Doug Winter (Mod.), Peter Straub, F. Paul Wilson, Dean R. Koontz, Robert McCammon
- SATURDAY, 4pm — RAMSEY CAMPBELL: Guest of Honor Speech**
- SATURDAY, 5pm — CHARLES L. GRANT: Guest of Honor Speech**
- SATURDAY, 11pm — THE DARK CORNER OF THE SHOP: Continued**  
Dennis Etchison (Mod.), Joe Haldeman, Ed Bryant, Jessica Salmonson, Jack Dann
- SUNDAY, 9am — NEW MYTHS FROM OLD**  
Marvin Kaye (Mod.), Parke Godwin, Morgan Llwellyn, Paul Hazel, Charles deLint
- SUNDAY, 10am — "THE THREE MUSKETEERS OF WEIRD TALES": How Have They Aged?**  
Jack Sullivan (Mod.), L. Sprague deCamp, Robert Price, S. T. Joshi, Darrel Sweitzer, Frank Belknap Long
- SUNDAY, 11am — THE TEN BEST FANTASY NOVELS OF THE LAST TWENTY YEARS**  
Art Saha (Mod.), Jo Clayton, M. John Harrison, Lisa Goldstein, Leo Giroux

## SCHEDULE OF NON-PANEL EVENTS

(All take place in Baccante Room)

- FRIDAY, 2pm — Lovecraft Seminar with S.T. Joshi & friends**
- FRIDAY, 4pm — Lovecraft Tour Film**
- FRIDAY, 5pm — Paul Dice "The Festival" for solo piano**
- SATURDAY, 9am — Paul Sammon Film Preview**
- SATURDAY, 10am — Craig Miller Film Preview**
- SATURDAY, 10pm — Acoustic Music with Ellen Kushner & friends**
- SUNDAY, 9am — Future Writers of America with Algis Budrys & friends**
- SUNDAY, 10am-Noon — Horror Writers of America Meeting**

## SCHEDULE OF SPECIAL EVENTS

(All in the Main Ballroom)

- FRIDAY, 6 - 7:30pm — The Cumberland Company**
- FRIDAY, 8 - 11pm — Author's Autographing Party**
- FRIDAY, 11:30pm — The Turtles**
- SATURDAY, 7 - 9pm — Artist's Reception**
- SATURDAY, 9pm — Doug Winter & Craig Gardner on the music of horror**
- SUNDAY, 1pm — Awards Banquet**

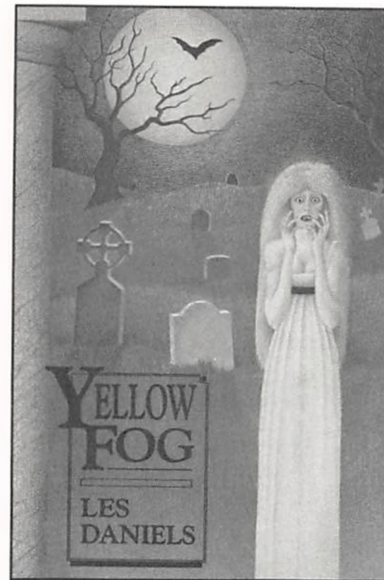
# A SALUTE TO RHODE ISLAND AUTHORS

## Three New Books

### LES DANIELS

#### Yellow Fog

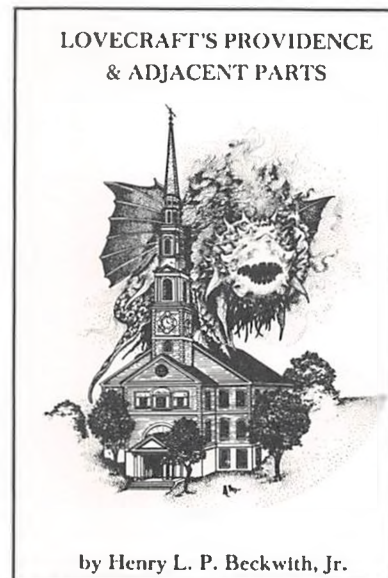
Sebastian, like most vampires, just won't stay dead! The character emerged in its embryonic form during 1965 when Les Daniels was a graduate student at Brown University in Providence — the land of Lovecraft. A decade later, Don Sebastian de Villanueva appeared, now fully developed, in the novel *The Black Castle*. In this fourth adventure of Don Sebastian, *Yellow Fog*, Les Daniels has turned the traditional Victorian vampire story inside out, revealing both the aspirations of the undead and the depths of degradation that only mortals may achieve. 800-copy edition. SIGNED by author and artist Frank Villano. \$30.00



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