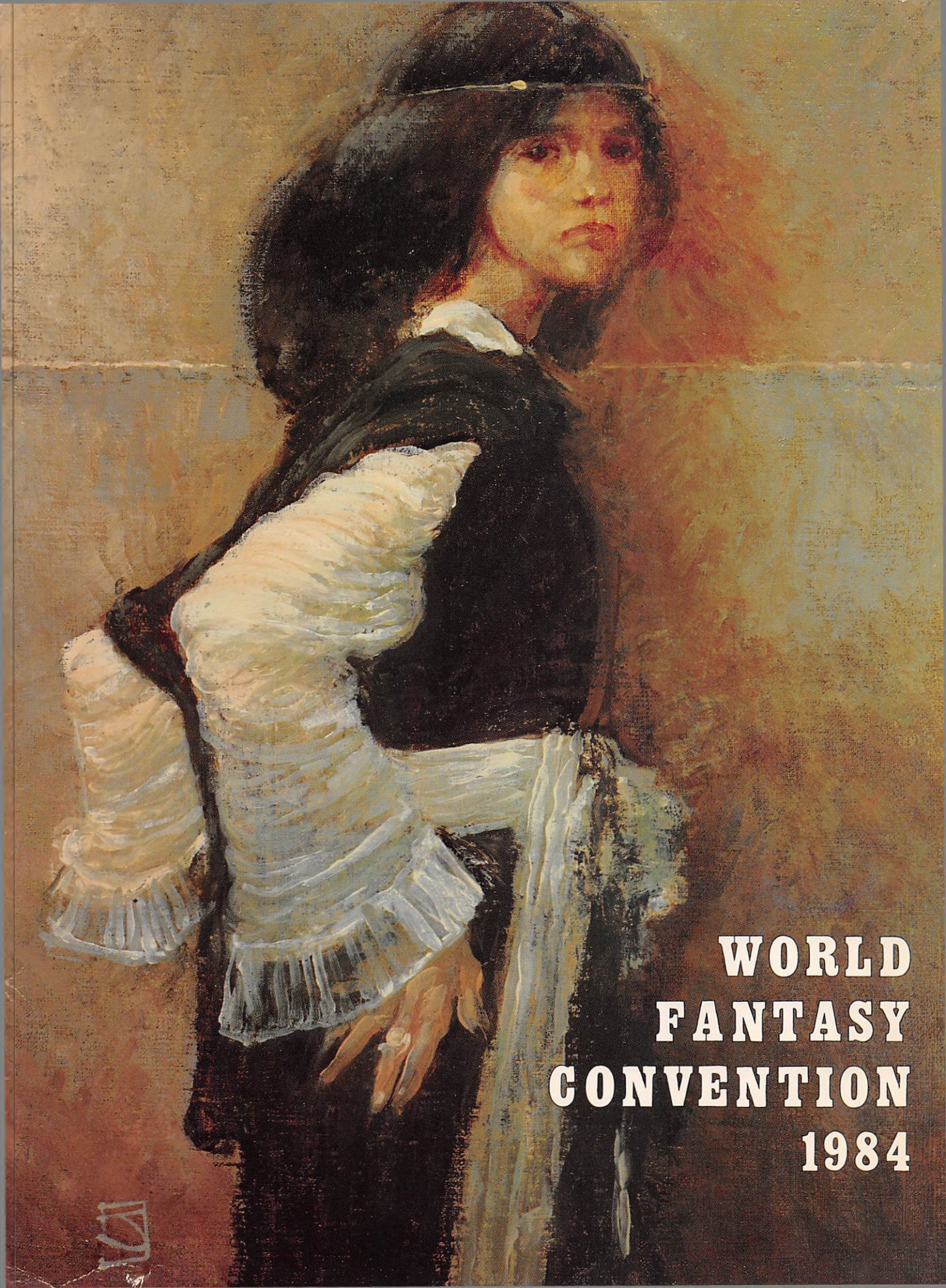
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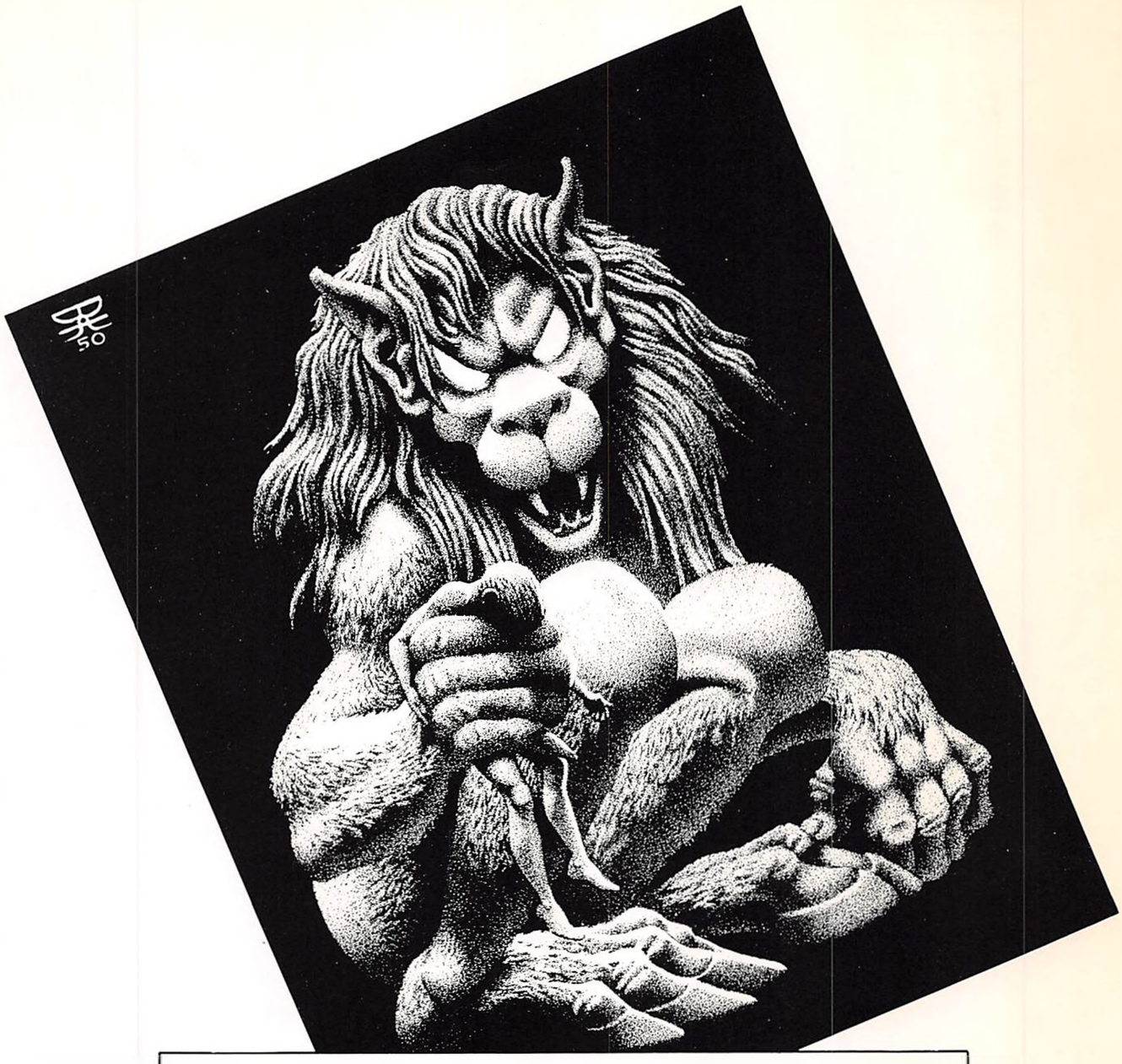

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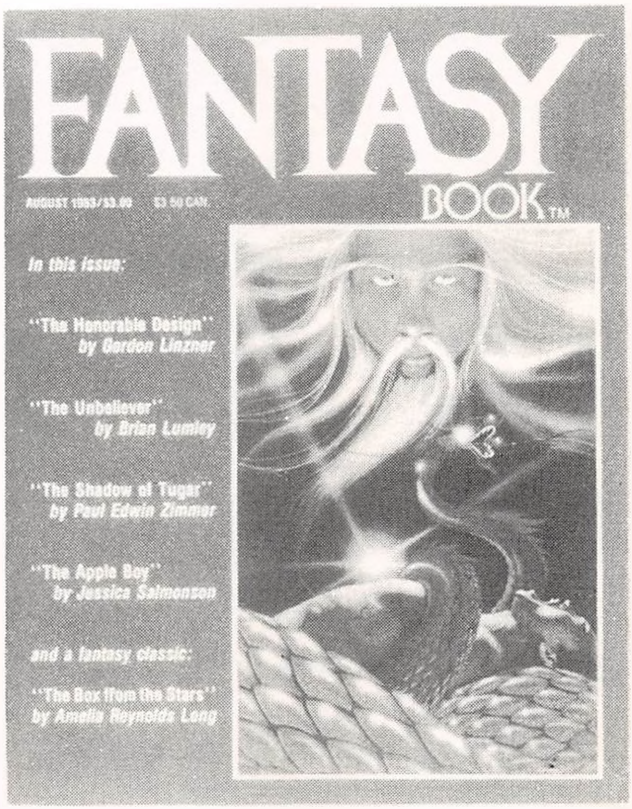

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1984 NOMINATIONS

BEST NOVEL:

THE DRAGON WAITING — John M. Ford
PET SEMATARY — Stephen King
THE WANDERING UNICORN — Manuel Mujica Lainez
TEA WITH THE BLACK DRAGON — R.A. MacAvoy
ARMAGEDDON RAG — George R.R. Martin
LYONESSE — Jack Vance

BEST NOVELLA:

"The Lurking Duck" — Scott Baker (Dec., *Omni*)
"The Monkey's Bride" — Michael Bishop (HEROIC VISIONS)
"Nunc Dimittis" — Tanith Lee (DODD, MEAD GALLERY OF HORROR)
"The Red Hawk" — Elizabeth Lynn (Cheap Street)
"Black Air" — Kim Stanley Robinson (March, *F&SF*)

BEST SHORT STORY:

"The Silent Cradle" — Leigh Kennedy (SHADOWS 6)
"Elle est trois (La mort)" — Tanith Lee (WHISPERS IV)
"The Hundred Year Christmas" — David Morrell (Grant)
"Solitario's Eyes" — Lucius Shepard (Sept., *F&SF*)
"Into Whose Hands" — Karl Edward Wagner (WHISPERS IV)
"Wong's Lost & Found Emporium" — William F. Wu (July, *Amazing*)

BEST ANTHOLOGY/COLLECTION:

HIGH SPIRITS — Robertson Davies (Penguin)
DODD, MEAD GALLERY OF HORROR — Charles L. Grant (Dodd, Mead)
SHADOWS 6 — Charles L. Grant (Doubleday)
RED AS BLOOD — Tanith Lee (DAW)
TALES OF WONDER — Jane Yolen (Schocken)

Art by Allen Koszowski

BEST ARTIST:

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

SPECIAL AWARD — PRO:

Ian & Betty Ballantine, Joy Chant, George Sharp — (THE HIGH KINGS, Bantam).
Everett Bleiler (THE GUIDE TO SUPERNATURAL FICTON)
L. Sprague de Camp, Catherine Crook de Camp, & Jane Whittington Griffin — (DARK VALLEY DESTINY, Bluejay)
Edward L. Ferman — (*F&SF*)
Patrick Lobrutto — (Doubleday)

SPECIAL AWARD — NON-PRO:

Robert Collins — (*Fantasy Newsletter/Review*)
W. Paul Ganley — (*Weirdbook*)
Stephen Jones & David A. Sutton — (*Fantasy Tales*)
Robert Price — (*Crypt of Cthulu*)
Doug Winter — (Criticism)

Winners: 1975-1983

First World Fantasy Awards (1975):
Life Achievement: Robert Bloch
Best Novel: THE FORGOTTEN BEASTS OF ELD by Patricia McKillip
Best Short Fiction: "Pages From A Young Girl's Diary" by Robert Aickman
Best Artist: Lee Brown Coye
Special Award Pro: Ian & Betty Ballantine
Special Award Non-Pro: Stuart David Schiff
Best Anthology/Collection: WORSE THINGS WAITING by Manly Wade Wellman

Second World Fantasy Awards (1976):
Life Achievement: Fritz Leiber
Best Novel: BID TIME RETURN by Richard Matheson
Best Short Fiction: "Belsen Express" by Fritz Leiber
Best Artist: Frank Frazetta
Special Award Pro: Donald Grant
Special Award Non-Pro: Carcosa Press
Best Anthology/Collection: THE ENQUIRIES OF DR. ESTERHAZY by Avram Davidson

Third World Fantasy Awards (1977):
Life Achievement: Ray Bradbury
Best Novel: DOCTOR RAT by William Kotzwinkle
Best Short Fiction: "There's A Long, Long Trail A-Winding" by Russell Kirk
Best Artist: Roger Dean
Special Award Pro: Alternate World Recordings
Special Award Non-Pro: Stuart David Schiff
Best Anthology/Collection: FRIGHTS edited by Kirby McCauley

Fourth World Fantasy Awards (1978):
Life Achievement: Frank Belknap Long
Best Novel: OUR LADY OF DARKNESS by Fritz Leiber
Best Short Fiction: "The Chimney" by Ramsey Campbell
Best Artist: Lee Brown Coye
Special Award Pro: E. F. Bleiler
Special Award Non-Pro: Robert Weinberg
Best Anthology/Collection: MURGUNSTRUMM AND OTHERS by Hugh B. Cave
Special Convention Award: Glenn Lord

Fifth World Fantasy Awards (1979):
Life Achievement: Jorge Luis Borges
Best Novel: GLORIANA by Michael Moorcock
Best Short Fiction: "Naples" by Avram Davidson
Best Artist: (tie) Alicia Austin & Dale Enzenbacher
Special Award Pro: Edward L. Ferman
Special Award Non-Pro: Donald H. Tuck
Best Anthology/Collection: SHADOWS edited by Charles L. Grant
Special Convention Award: Kirby McCauley

Sixth World Fantasy Awards (1980):
Life Achievement: Manly Wade Wellman
Best Novel: WATCHTOWER
by Elizabeth A. Lynn
Best Short Fiction: (tie)
"The Woman Who Loved the Moon"
by Elizabeth A. Lynn; & "Mackintosh
Willy" by Ramsey Campbell
Best Anthology/Collection: AMAZONS!
Edited by Jessica Amanda Salmonson
Best Artist: Don Maitz
Special Award Pro: Donald M. Grant
Special Award Non-Pro: Paul Allen
Special Convention Award: Stephen King

Seventh World Fantasy Awards (1981):
Life Achievement: C. L. Moore
Best Novel: THE SHADOW OF THE TORTURER
by Gene Wolfe
Best Short Fiction: "The Ugly Chickens"
by Howard Waldrop
Best Anthology/Collection: DARK FORCES
edited by Kirby McCauley
Best Artist: Michael Whelan
Special Award Pro: Donald A. Wollheim
Special Award Non-Pro:
Pat Cadigan & Arnold Fenner
Special Convention Award:
Gahan Wilson

Eighth World Fantasy Awards (1982):
Life Achievement: Italo Calvino
Best Novel: LITTLE, BIG
by John Crowley
Best Novella: "The Fire When It Comes"
by Parke Godwin
Best Short Fiction (tie): "The Dark Country"
by Dennis Etchison & "Do the Dead Sing"
by Stephen King
Best Anthology/Collection: ELSEWHERE
edited by Terri Windling & Mark Alan Arnold
Best Artist: Michael Whelan
Special Award Pro: Edward L. Ferman
Special Award Non-Pro: Robert Collins
Special Convention Awards: Roy Krenkel,
Joseph Payne Brennan

Ninth World Fantasy Awards (1983):
Life Achievement: Roald Dahl
Best Novel: NIFFT THE LEAN
by Michael Shea
Best Novella (tie): "Beyond All Measure"
by Karl Edward Wagner & "Confess the Seasons"
by Charles L. Grant
Best Short Fiction: "The Gorgon"
by Tanith Lee
Best Anthology/Collection: NIGHTMARE
SEASONS by Charles L. Grant
Best Artist: Michael Whelan
Special Award Pro: Donald M. Grant
Special Award Non-Pro: Stuart David Schiff
Special Convention Award: Arkham House

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Emma Bull
Jack L. Chalker
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Lawrence Connolly
Les Daniels
John de Chancie
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Gordon Derry
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John Eric Holmes
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John Kessel
Katherine Eliska Kimbriel
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Dean Koontz
Nancy Kress
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Tanith Lee (GoH)
Fritz Leiber
Alberto Manguel
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Ardath Mayhar
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Robin McKinley
Judy Merril
Thomas Monteleone
John Morressy
David Morrell
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Spider Robinson (T.M.)
Alan Ryan
Marlene Satter
Charles R. Saunders
Darrell C. Schweitzer
Josepha Sherman
Michael Stackpole
Nancy Springer
Peter Straub
Whitley Streiber
Joan D. Vinge
Karl Edward Wagner
J.N. Williamson
F. Paul Wilson
Gene Wolfe
Patricia C. Wrede
Jane Yolen (GoH)

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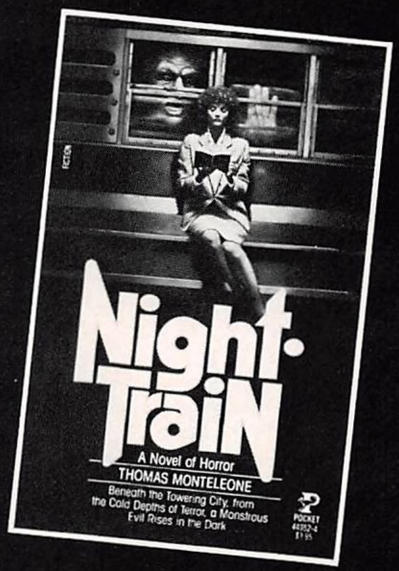

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THE PROVIDENCE CONNECTION

by
Donald M. Grant & Robert A. Booth

All Hallows Eve, 1975, and Providence, Rhode Island: this is a date and a city that produces strong and haunting memories in the hearts of more than a single devotee of the fantasy genre. For 1975 was the year in which the World Fantasy Convention was first organized, and it was in that year that the first convention was held in the colonial New England city of Providence. Providence. . . founded in 1630, rich in colonial architecture, its byways the models for many of the eldritch tales of the late Howard Phillips Lovecraft. Indeed, it was the very city in which Lovecraft spent a large portion of his life, studying that colonial architecture, exploring those narrow byways, and *writing*. Lovecraft once wrote: "I am Providence," and while we hate to say the reverse — that Providence is, or was Lovecraft — the city contributed much to the effectiveness of his settings.

It was a city well-known to another, earlier author of the terrifying, Edgar Allan Poe, who left his mark on Howard Phillips Lovecraft and the city in which he dwelled.

Howard Lovecraft, of course, needs little introduction to this assemblage. His writings are revered and collected; his influence on the literary development of many of those who are in attendance here is as important as was the influence of Poe on him. The First World Fantasy Convention was organized to pay homage to Lovecraft, as well as to honor those who have continued to make noteworthy contributions to the field. And it is *Howard* Lovecraft who lends his name to the prestigious awards — the "Howards" — that are presented each year by the World Fantasy Convention.

But the route to Providence was not an easy one.

The State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations (full name) is a tiny city-state — smallest in the United States in area — jammed awkwardly between its larger neighbors Massachusetts and Connecticut, its southern extremity fronting on the Atlantic Ocean. It is neatly split by the body of water known as Narragansett Bay and, it is said (and we have no reason to doubt) that Joseph Payne Brennan once pitched a coin of the realm across its dark, demon-haunted expanse, above the heads of diverse and frightening sea creatures.

At the head of Narragansett Bay is situated the capital city, Providence. Once upon a time — in Lovecraft's era — Providence was New England's second city, in population ranking second only to Boston. And while the bedroom towns around Providence have grown at the city's expense, the capital remains an attractive and interesting city, maintaining an active, if somewhat insular, devotion to the fantasy genre.

Understand, now, there was already a loose-jointed movement to bring a convention to Rhode Island, and the writers, artists, publishers and serious collectors of fantasy in the southern New England area were a ready-made staff for a fantasy convention. It remained for someone, somehow, to weld this disjointed collection of individuals into an operable unit. It was this unit, under the direction of Kirby McCauley, that was responsible for the First World Fantasy Convention.

In the beginning, a bold stroke was necessary to set the machinery in motion. McCauley had been lured to Providence by the Lovecraft tradition. During his stay in the city, he was afforded the opportunity to take the fabled tour of Lovecraftian sites with Henry L. P. Beckwith, local historian and genealogist, as his guide. This tour so excited McCauley that, without consultation or backing, he announced to the locals that evening that he had reserved a block of rooms in the Providence Holiday Inn for the three-day Halloween weekend of 1975 for the purpose of holding a World Fantasy Convention.

The convention chose to invite as many of the Lovecraft contemporaries as possible. Guest of Honor was Robert Bloch, a contributor to Weird

Tales, novelist, and correspondent of HPL. Joining Bloch in the spotlight were Frank Belknap Long, Fritz Leiber, Manly Wade Wellman, H. Warner Munn, Joseph Payne Brennan, and L. Sprague de Camp.

The Providence convention established the tone for future World Fantasy Conventions. It was a serious-minded gathering of fantasy professionals and afficionados of the field. While there was a highly successful art show in exhibit, the convention minimized costuming and non-professionalism. The panels concentrated on writing, recollections, and marketing, and they highlighted the exposure of several new figures in the field, all of whom have since achieved a large measure of success.

The convention offered a succession of bus tours of the Lovecraft sites in the city under the direction of Mr. Beckwith. A unique collection of Lovecraft memorabilia was assembled at the John Hay Library of Brown University by special collections librarian John Stanley. And Brown was also the site of an eerie night time reading of a Lovecraft tale by author Fritz Leiber.

Subsequent conventions were held in New York City, Los Angeles, and Fort Worth, Texas. In New York, C. L. Moore and Michael Moorcock were convention Guests of Honor, while Los Angeles chose to feature Richard Matheson. The fourth convention, held in Fort Worth, Texas, honored Fritz Leiber, and for the first time a fantasy illustrator was picked for a Guest Artist in the person of Alicia Austin.

In 1979, the Fifth World Fantasy Convention returned to Providence under the direction of Robert A. Booth, who had been active in the original convention hierarchy. This "reunion" in Providence of old and new served to honor fantasy's elder statesmen, Life Achievement Award Winner, Frank Belknap Long, and a rising new star of the genre, who has since succeeded in a fashion unprecedented in the history of fantasy — Stephen King. During the convention, King's then-current novel, *THE DEAD ZONE,* reached number one on the bestseller lists. Michael Whelan, who has since won the World Fantasy Award for Best Artist was Guest Artist.

The accent of this convention featured the new popularity of horror literature and attracted author Peter Straub and filmmaker George Romero to a fantasy convention for the first time.

Providence in 1979 was the first World Fantasy Convention to attract major media attention, and it was the first World Fantasy Convention to achieve the announced limitation of 750 members. The second Providence convention featured the first professionally typeset program and was illustrated throughout in full color. It served as a benchmark for subsequent publications, which have grown increasingly in stature and quality. The second Providence convention presented a revised Lovecraft exhibit and bus tour, along with the first fantasy film panel to feature filmmakers rather than film critics.

The Sixth world Fantasy Convention was held in Baltimore, Maryland, with Jack Vance as Guest of Honor, and a Guest Artist, Boris Vallejo. In 1981, the World Fantasy Convention was shifted to Berkeley, California with Peter Beagle and Alan Garner as Guests of Honor. Brian Froud was Guest Artist. Convention eight was held in New Haven, Connecticut, and this gathering marked a new high in convention attendance. Two Connecticut authors, Peter Straub and Joseph Payne Brennan, were Guests of Honor, while another Connecticut man, Don Maitz, was Guest Artist. The Ninth World Fantasy Convention was held in the windy city — Chicago — in 1983. Guests were Gene Wolfe, Manly Wade Wellman, and artist Rowena Morrill.

We look forward with much anticipation and pleasure to the 1984 and 1985 sites of Ottawa, Ontario (our first venture outside of the United States) and Tucson, Arizona.

In 1986, Providence is again bidding for what will be the Twelfth World Fantasy Convention. Chairman Robert Plante hopes to be allowed to continue the tradition of excellence and innovation established with the earlier Providence conventions. One proposed highlight of this new convention will be the first exposure of a magnificent collection of late 19th and early 20th century fantastic art in a special exhibit, complemented with the inclusion of some of the finest of contemporary art.

It is hoped that, with this third return to Providence, some of the magic and charisma that have been a part of fantasy in Rhode Island will be repeated.

SPIDER ROBINSON

Nineteen sixty-eight doesn't seem like sixteen years ago. I'm pretty sure that it was the fall of that year when I first saw signs around the campus of the State University of New York at Stony Brook for a folk duo called "Spider and Robin". I do know for sure that by the following fall, in nineteen sixty-nine, I knew Spider well enough to talk with him about science fiction, a little.

But Spider and I got to know each other not through science fiction. We both had to earn money in order to stay in school and do other things as well. Things like eating, listening to music — necessary things for both of us. He was working in the ticket booth of the Stony Brook Union; I was working across the small lobby of the Gymnasium (the Union wasn't even built until fall, 1969) at a desk known as the Main Desk. During a big concert or other event in the Gym, we both worked ourselves crazy until the crowd of people got inside the seating area. Then things would be quiet for a while, until the second show got ready to start.

I used to envy Spider in those days for his gift of musicianship, his easy manner, and his good looks. But I really didn't think of him as a science fiction writer at the time. I didn't even know he had ambitions in that direction until I heard from a couple of guys who were putting together a S.U.N.Y. Stony Brook Science Fiction Forum clubzine that this guy, Spider, had submitted a story to them for *Xrymph*, the shortlived but interesting zine they were working on.

Spider and I talked some from time to time, but we weren't best buddies. A couple of years after I graduated from Stony Brook, I was a little surprised to hear from Spider. He was writing science fiction, living on Long Island, and working for a real estate newspaper, or something like that. It was all very strange. But it was working! He was selling stories to *Analog* and they were really pretty good. Now, don't get me wrong. What he had written for Xrymph had been weird. But this stuff was good!

I remember spider being amazed and overwhelmed when he won the Campbell Award in Washington, at Discon II. By then, his wife Jeanne — oh, yes, he'd gotten married, to a wonderful person who loves him as much as life permits — was quite pregnant with daughter Luanna. Hours after the award, we three were sitting in their room, contemplating the facts — awards, babies, fame, fortune, life, the universe, and everything (that covers it, barely). None of us had any idea that the next ten years would bring the changes that have come. Spider didn't seem to know what he'd write next. . . some things haven't changed much. But then, that night, I could feel, I was sure, that Spider's career would take off.

I remember in December of 1974, when Luanna was only a couple of months old, and the Robinsons came to stay in my (shared) apartment in Brooklyn. Lu slept in a dresser drawer (emptied of other contents save for sheet and blankets), while Spider and I coughed with infected throats. Spider had heard of a folk remedy: chew and swallow a clove of garlic and the throat will heal. I'm sure he'd never tried it before for one simple reason. You'd get pretty lonesome talking to yourself while the garlic oozed through your pores and finally dissipated. He and I chewed, drank gallons of water (oh, the heat!) and finally oozed together for twenty-four hours. Miraculously, our throats cleared, and eventually people started coming within handshake distance again.

It was the sort of experience that brings people together. We were, all of us, young, poor, and struggling. Spider and Jeanne were not too long parents; he was still new as a writer — not yet published between book covers. I'll always remember that time fondly. It's where Spider and I share the deepest roots, in the ashes of the sixties whence we came.

Spider will always be for many people a symbol of the sixties, but he hasn't stood still. He's won two more Hugo's since then, and a Nebula. His books have become very popular, and his creations have become part of sf folklore. There was no pun-day night before CALLAHAN'S CROSSTIME SALOON. Nor did many people talk about zero-G dance before his and Jeanne's STARDANCE. But more than the awards, more than the fame, what has marked Spider's career has been the love that

readers feel for his work. Few writers of any kind inspire the kind of love from readers that Spider has attracted through his writing. Part of the reason is to be found in his characters — a memorable bunch, many of whom share Spider's qualities of compassion and deep concern for people and for peace. But mostly, it's Spider himself. He believes as does Robert A. Heinlein that if one is writing a novel, one should teach as well as entertain. So far, Spider has taught some fine things in his books. I'd almost forgotten that once upon a time, Spider didn't write these sorts of things. He does it so well.

It takes a toll. All writers write from the gut, if they put any of themselves into it at all. Spider puts a lot of himself into it, and it shows. You don't see the scars on the outside. Writers' scars aren't like that. But you can believe that if you feel moved by a story, the writer who created it was in pain before and probably during the writing of it. It's probably not physical pain (though Spider has had his share of collapsed lungs and other neat stuff) but something deeper and more personal. That's where the sixties can be found in his writing. In the sense of caring, and in his outrage over the inhuman way some people deal with the world.

Something else he does well, but which he was probably born with, rather than developed, is his ability to talk in front of an audience. He hasn't come close to equalling the Harlan Ellison record set at that same Discon II, but he has demonstrated his ample talents at many a convention, lo, these many years. If you've never seen him perform on stage — as Master of Ceremonies, or as a musician — you have a treat in store. If you have, then I don't need to tell you what you already know. He's one in a long line of master storytellers. So be nice to him at this convention. He'll be a terrific toastmaster, and probably the only one ever to come from Nova Scotia (we'll conveniently ignore his pre-Canadian background). And if you want to get him started, ask him again about the sewers.

That goes back to Long Island. Before science fiction. But not before Stony Brook. Spider and I share the late sixties at that weird, wired University. Maybe that's why we're both in science fiction.

Jim Frenkel

Detail from *Blind Narcissus.*

JEFFREY JONES

FIVE CHEERS FOR JEFFREY JONES!

The chief items connecting Jeffrey Jones and me also happen to be a simple proof of the singular power and honesty of his art. About 15 years ago he did the cover paintings for my first five Fafhrd-Mouser books, all of them Ace paperbacks. Today after many reprintings and design changes, these cover paintings are still on the same five books, helping to identify and sell them. They've been framed and reduced slightly in size, and that's all.

Now this is *most* unusual, if not unique. Generally in the world of paperback publishing when a book is reissued, there's one thing you can be sure of: that it'll have a new cover to zip it up, make it look like a new book, boost sales. Why, I can think of *many* cases where the reissue had cover art distinctly inferior to that of the paperback original: Eddison's WORM OUROBOROS, Poul Anderson's HROLF KRAKI'S SAGA, Mary Renault's THE MASK OF APOLLO, to name the first that come to mind.

The cynical answer is: Ace did it to save money. But you're supposed to *lose* money if you break the rule of Fresh Covers Boost Sales. It also doesn't explain why when Ace was sold, and then sold again to Berkley, the new owners stuck with the old covers.

No, those five covers, coming from the same years (1968-70) when Jeff Jones was first working in a basement room in New York City learning his trade, taking on every job and pouring out his heart and talent and inspiration at a prodigious rate to support wife and child... those five covers *had something* that even hard-headed publishers wanted to ride with.

As a matter of fact, Jeff Jones spent so much artistic energy those three years on other people's books and ideas that he cut out, or at least way down, on such work in order to do for *National Lampoon* his popular comic strip "Idyl", pregnant with his own serious ideas and original frivolities, and to concentrate on his own remarkable studies such as "Chastity", "In a Sheltered Corner", "Belling the Slayer", "Blind Narcissus", "The Muse", "At Night", "Within", "Black Sentinel," and "Wonder", which can be seen in the books YESTERDAY'S LILY and THE STUDIO.

But that's getting on to the story of Jeff Jones' life, which I don't know particularly well, and his ideas and work, which is told best by his pictures.

So let's return to a question I'm better equipped to deal with: What exactly was it about those five cover paintings that made them so good? What was it they had?

Sex? — say, like the JAWS cover of the young woman skinny-dipping in deep ocean with the submarine-size shark coming up under her?

Nope. In fact, there's not a woman or girl in any of the five. For no particular reason — it just happened that way.

Well then, were they the result of careful planning: long conference between author and artist, or at least the thoughtful exchange of many letters?

Nope. Not even a phone call or a note. First thing I knew about them (or about J.J.) was when I saw the finished books.

Were they strikingly authentic depictions of my two heroes?

Hardly. There's one figure might be Fafhrd, but he's being zapped by a lightning bolt and his face is averted. Another must be the Mouser, since he wears a short gray cloak with hood thrown back and he holds a sword at the ready — but that's all we can see of him: he's in silhouette, looking away from us.

Overwhelming originality? Not exactly. The first of them (for THE SWORDS OF LANKHMAR) was just a simplified rendering, very possibly suggested by Ace editor Donald Wollheim, of a magazine cover by another artist illustrating the novella around which that book was built.

Well, then, what in God's name *did* they have that made them so special?

It's an interesting story. At least one I enjoy analyzing and reconstructing. Because, of course, I wasn't there when Jeff conceived and drew them.

In 1961 Cele Goldsmith asked me to write for her magazine *Fantastic* a novelet which would fit an already completed cover that even gave me my story's title: "Scylla's Daughter". The picture, drawn and colored by Vernon Kramer, was one of those elaborately fanciful affairs *Fantastic* favored. It showed a two-headed green sea-serpent, reared up and poised, as if made of inflated rubber, atop a calm black sea, while astride the larger head sat a rider in a suit of many colors wearing a space helmet and draped short cloak and holding a boat hook

with which he presumably controlled the animal.

Now unlikely as it may seem, I saw how this phantasmagoria could be fitted to a story I'd given up on 23 years earlier about Fafhrd, the Mouser, a fleet of grain ships, and a horde of rats — though explaining the serpent-rider's strange costume would require a little ingenuity — but I needed the money and was able to finish it to Cele's satisfaction.

Then in the late 1960s, when Donald Wollheim suggested I write a Fafhrd-Mouser novel to launch them in paperback, "Scylla's Daughter" seemed the meatiest story to build one around. Though it figured chronologically as the fifth book of the saga, it was the first to be published, THE SWORDS OF LANKHMAR. For his cover painting Jeff simplified everything drastically. Gone were the second head, the boat hook, and several background inessentials. Instead we had a real monster, salt water cascading from its back, broaching out of a tumultuous real sea, the rider seeming almost a part of him with a cloak blown out and colors toned down.

Jones cover for SWORDS AGAINST DEATH as published by Ace Books, 1970.

Next published was book three of the saga, SWORDS IN THE MIST. Now Jeff was getting to know the stories and their heroes. His painting showed a rocky background and, climbing it, a barbarian figure stunned and thrown back by a bolt from above striking his sword.

The next painting (for book four, SWORDS AGAINST WIZARDRY) depicts one who might have hurled down such a bolt, a mighty and majestic figure, white-haired, white-bearded, and white-robed, with fists upraised in awesome anger.

Books one and two were last to be published, because I had to write more new stories for them, about Fafhrd's and the Gray Mouser's early years and first meetings. For SWORDS AND DEVILTRY Jeff depicted the Mouser in silhouette as I've already described, facing a giant figure in a fog — another bolt-hurler.

The cover painting for SWORDS AGAINST DEATH is the best of the lot. It shows a small boat in a rough sea with its two sailors crouched against the gunnel. The single billowing lateen sail catches the last orange beams of sunset. Encroaching storm clouds carry the ominous figure of a bearded sea god menacing them with a trident.

Adventuring men against hostile gods! Man against the gods! So Jeff Jones' five paintings sum up the Fafhrd-Mouser stories. With admirable honesty, sincerity, and truth — artistic all-essentials.

Fritz Leiber,
San Francisco, California

JEFFREY JONES

I'll be up front about it, lay my cards on the table at the very beginning; I don't care for the sort of art, so much in vogue on paperback covers these days, which tries to mimic photography as much as possible — which, in short, seems ashamed to be art. I'm hopelessly unimpressed with the sort of painter who lavishes as much care on blades of grass as he (or she) does on his primary subject matter; some people might be knocked out by such diligence, but as far as I'm concerned, all it shows is a lack of intelligence, of abstraction, of *strategy;* it indicates an inability to realize that certain things in a painting are more important than other things. Cameras can't distinguish that little fact, but I expect more from people. I don't give a damn if

every pore in our barbarian's flesh is lovingly represented when the poor bastard looks like a plastic statue; the central thing, the fact that the barbarian is supposed to be *alive,* has been left out, shunted aside in favor of the slavish cataloguing of meaningless detail.

What I do like is vitality, action, life; I like *painters,* people who really know how to sling the stuff onto the old canvas, who know which details *score,* and which should be left out, who aren't terrified if their brushstrokes show, and haven't been browbeaten into artistic constipation by some literal-minded clubfoot-for-a-head art director.

And that's why I like Jeff Jone's work.

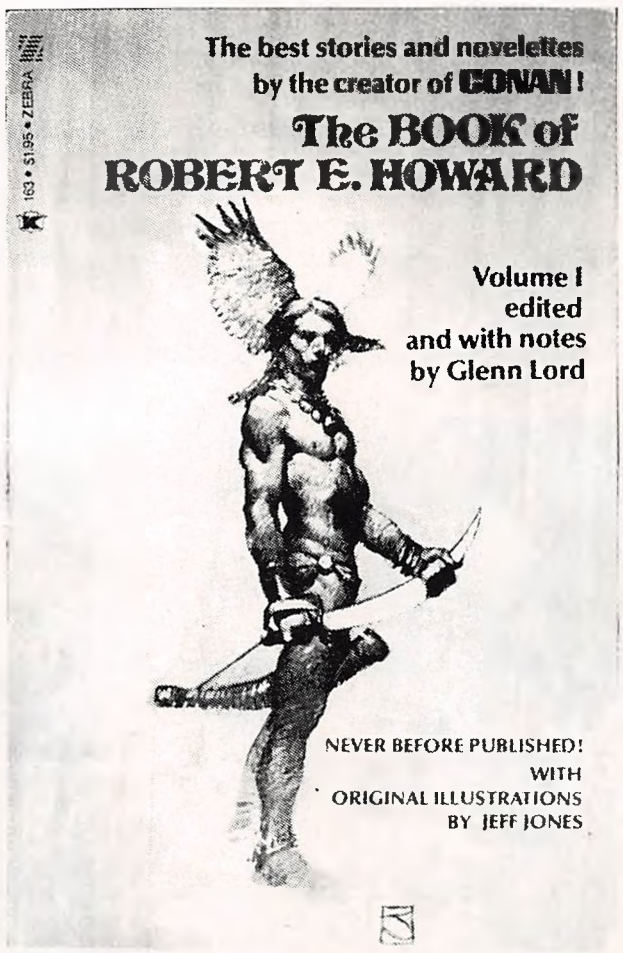
I first encountered it on the cover of an Ace Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser book, I think — I was standing in the bookstore at the Brick Plaza shopping center in Bricktown, New Jersey, back in '68, and my eyes lit upon THE SWORDS OF LANKHMAR, the one that had the picture of the sea-serpent on it. It really made an impression on me; *Whoopee,* thought I, *There's someone else besides Frazetta who knows how to paint.* I watched with great pleasure as Jones refined and developed his style, the drawing becoming ever more accurate, more assured, without any loss of spontaneity, the brushstrokes getting ever more crisp without any lapse into soulless realism; as time went on, he demonstrated clearly that he was a force to be reckoned with in the field of fantasy illustration, and I paid a lot of attention to him as I was developing my own artistic skills. So much of his art worked itself into my memory; I can still recall individual panels from the "Idyl" strips he did for *National Lampoon,* and there were both of his covers for THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS, and the one for THE CLOCKS OF IRAZ, and that astonishingly splendid illo for SWORDS AGAINST DEATH, which featured one of his most vivid color schemes, and which, to my mind, was the capper of his Fafhrd and Grey Mouser pieces.

And he just kept getting better; by the time he started in on those Robert E. Howard pictures he did for Zebra a while back, he was showing the kind of technique that hitherto I had only associated with people who had studied under Howard Pyle. And what strategic picture making! The whole series was marvellous reductionist stuff: near-monochromatic color schemes, extremely simple compositions, just enough detail to suck the viewer in and no more, superb metallic effects. And how the covers popped alongside their competition on the racks! In a period when covers were becoming ever more gaudy and busy, those Zebra pictures positively *compelled* the eye to zero in on them, the same way a woman in a stark black-and-white gown will grab the eye in a roomful of garish costumes. Consider what was, for me, the most striking piece in the series, the cover for *THE BOOK OF ROBERT E. HOWARD.* There's almost literally nothing to it — a single figure, no background to speak of, a palette practically devoid of real color. Yet how evocative it is! How intelligent, and elegant in the logical sense. There are a lot of artists out there (some of them *very* well paid) who should be tied to chair and forced to stare at this picture until they die or something sinks in.

Nope, there aren't many fantasy illustrators like Jeff Jones around, and what a pity; as a matter of fact, I haven't seen much new work from him recently either. Whether this is because I just haven't been looking in the right places, or he's not in fashion, or he just doesn't want to put up with the rat-race, I don't know. But this artist, for one, is eagerly awaiting the next installment.

Hint, hint, Jeff.

Mark E. Rogers,
Newark, Delaware



Jones cover for THE BOOK OF ROBERT E. HOWARD as published by Zebra Books, 1976.

AND ALL THE APES WORE SNEAKERS
From *Idyl* to *I'm Age* with Our Mr. Jones

The rules of good writing state that every essay should have a definite shape, a plan & pattern. All the best writers know this, all the authorities insist it. Thus, after tortured seconds of thought, I have decided that this — an essay on the artist Jeffrey Jones — will be parade-shaped.

Oh, it will be but a small parade, to be sure — three or four bands & a gaggle of floats — & it will march around just one city block. That is, it will start on Main, turn right, turn right, turn right, & meet up with its tail-end on Main again. Simple, neat.

So do try for a corner-position! This way you'll hear several bands at once, some advancing, some retreating, & all playing different tunes. If space permits, I will write some baton-twirlers & perhaps the occasional clown. I might even write a few celebrities — I will write them waving to you! It will be fun!

* * *

"CO-LUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE O-CEAN!"

* * *

Some eight years ago Jeffrey Jones & I were seated in his Soho apartment heatedly entangled in a give-no-quarter, thirty-syllable-a-second dissection of Art. Art! Its mysterious origins & auspicious lurchings forward, smeared & daubed across torch-flecked ceilings of saber-tooth-safe subterranean stone! Art! Its prehensile glyph-walk over Egyptian reed & papyrus! Its sly, murky slink thru Pre-European blackness, where huge Celtic-forged hammers chased runic tableaux! Art! Millet & the consecration of reality! Art! Picasso & the nuclear eye!

& this was really not all that unusual, a fair sampling of our typical conversational freightage. But still there were subplots brewing, strange new idea-creatures battling effortfully toward the beach-head — tiny gaspings for breath 'neath the seaswells of rhetoric —

The very first of these belly-whomped onto the shore when Jones mentioned, casually, that Idyl was over. There would be no new pages, the work was complete.

I think I countered with "Huh?"
I just couldn't believe it.

* * *

But let me tell you a little bit more about Jones.
Let me show you a snapshot.
Click

I present to you next, & from this same period — a time when Jones' star lit the public skies with the worldwide success of his Idyl soliloquies — some bits of a long-forgotten play. It is a funhouse thing whose acts crazy-mirror some well-known & very intoxicated artists, each of whom drunkenly chirrups the virtues of his own particular style. There's the mystical-symbolist:

The Wall.

Asleep.

"There! D'you see that one? The penguin with the trash-basket jammed on his head? Now, that's a death-symbol, isn't it?"

This about his new daub, "Hippolyta, Zeus & George."

& it is pretty much more of the same, with the sole exception of the character-who-would-be-Jones. This maniac stalks his part raving not about Art, but of Change & Time. About Leakey, Darwin, Cro-Magnon & the meat-eaters who mightily thought they might think. I give you this:

"& so when the fish climbed up into the trees... they decided to be apes... & when the apes climbed down... all the apes... wore sneakers..."

Not Art. Evolution. Ever-never-ending-change. Jones.

* * *

Look! Wave! That's Frankie Valli!
He's waving! He's singing!

* * *

"WALK LIKE A MAN! TALK LIKE A MAN!
WALK LIKE A MAN, MY —"

* * *

& so, back in Soho, I remember asking Jones what he thought he'd do next. Was there life after Idyl? & he really didn't know, had just this glimmering, a gleam.

So he steps across the room & retrieves this old book. & it's just el blando — eyestrain stitched between covers. Some horror-relic from the steamy nativity of the Industrial Assault. But he'd bought it for the title-page, its type & borders stamped in blocks of red & blue. & even this didn't really intrigue him — what he found most interesting were the spaces between the blocks.

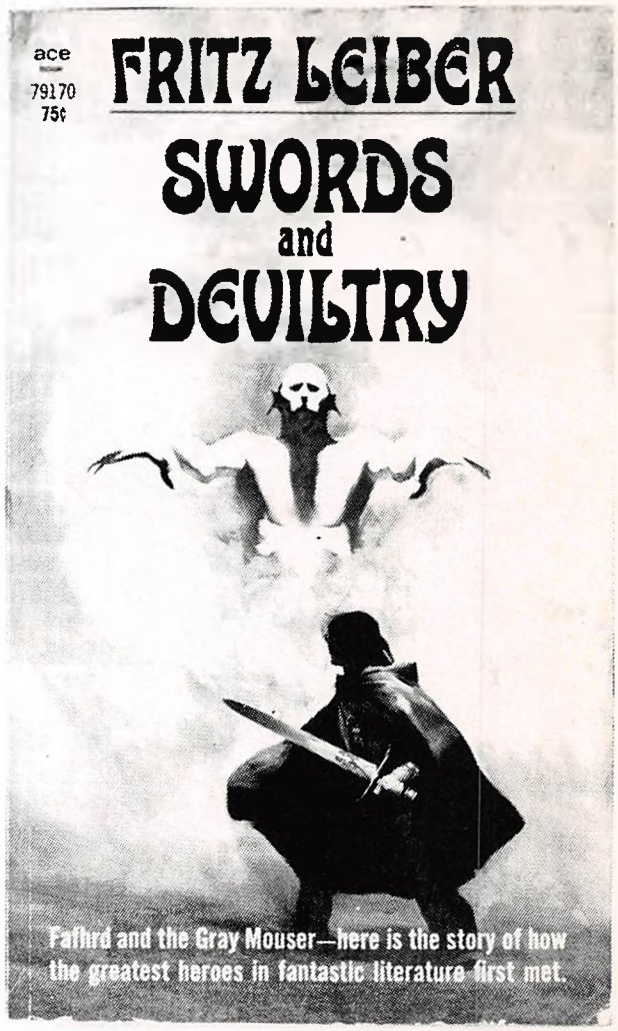
For each block had slipped, you see, just ever so slightly as they'd repeatedly slammed down upon each new book. & they'd left each book with its own tiny Zen-birthmark, the no-two-alike signatures of an invisible hand, the imprimatur of Mechanis Mammalia.

& so we both stood there studying these shapes, these crooked little doorways betwixt dolmens of ink. Fellow travellers spy countries of unknown law.

I'm Age

* * *

There is that great moment in Castanedas' journals when Don Juan walks him to the cliffs & points out



Jones cover for SWORDS AND DEVILTRY as published by Ace Books, 1970.

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the crack between daylight & darkness, the twilight path streaming forward to power. "There — there is the opening to the unknown! The unknown!"

* * *

Say, is that Teri Garr? It is!
She sees us! She's waving!

* * *

So Soho passes & Jones leaves the city to live deep in the woods, drawing & painting. I take to the highway for six moves in ten months. But we keep up, we write. I search out his magazines at stops along the road. Coffee-black-eggs-fried-no-bacon-no-too-many-nitrates-thanks-toast & jam. The slow heavy whispers of Kerouac-morning America.

& Jones has started drawing I'm Age. I read the first one over twice. Put the magazine back. Dawn,

Belling the Slayer.

road, roll —

* * *

Years pass & we talk on the telephone & we laugh at each other's jokes. He tells me about reading a letter in some magazine — the cranky whine of the wild malcontent captured in print. Went something like this:

"What HAPPENED to Jones? He get hit in the HEAD with a ROCK or WHAT?"

& we laughed & laughed, it was impossibly great. Someone actually standing up to say "I DON'T GET IT!"

O where O where O where were the flower-strewn scenes of the sun-kissed Idyl Eden? Where the burbling seas? The life-happy leaps of illogical poesy?

I'm Age? I mean, what is this stuff? Pictures scratched & scraped across the paper — stories that slip around like wet Rubik's cubes on ice —

I mean, is this rock-hit stuff or WHAT?

* * *

So Jones is forty now, forty years of personal change & evolution. He will never do what you would expect of him — I think its somewhere in his being's covenant with God. We write, we talk, he is currently happy. I can't say if he's currently popular or not.

But I tell you this — just a corner of one of his pieces remains immeasurably more inspiring than the whole heaped body of sweat I see posing as art in the periodicals these days: boredom-artists who firmly believe that something like pictorial symmetry is a really major life-accomplishment — or worse, the sad copy-cat brigades who want to imitate him in the worst way — & who, in this same manner, always succeed.

For they cannot copy Jones' freedom, his chameleon-changes, his uncanny capacity to learn & move on & dream & further evolve. They cannot copy his wit, his grace & humor. You just do not Xerox heart & soul.

& you, my reader-parade-goer, changing flesh on evolving bone, would you settle for less? Jones gives us his best, utmost & always. There is no one quite like him. There is no one even close.

Eric Kimball,
On Nelson Beach,
Plymouth, Massachusetts

From *Idyl*

. . . and sure enough, there was nothing there by him. Sorry, folks, this is the Halloween trick — not the treat. Better luck next year. (And a tip of the hat to you, Steve, for playing along.)

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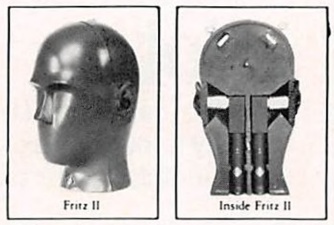

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FANTASY: AN INTERNATIONAL GENRE?

by
Charles R. Saunders

The roots of fantasy are a Gordian tangle of history, folklore, mythology, and cultural anthropology. From this tangle comes the imaginative power that has sustained the genre through a centuries-long cycle of popularity and obscurity.

There was once a time when there was no distinction between fantasy and mythology. What is now a genre of literature was then an integral part of the belief-systems of cultures all over the world. As some societies began to acquire a technological understanding of their environment and themselves, the boundary between fantasy-as-myth and fantasy-as-literature became established. The grand tales of folklore and mythology were no longer an integral part of those societies' belief-systems; they were "just stories".

Still, the old myths didn't die. They were de-mystified, stripped of many of their cosmological portents. But they remained good entertainment. In other cultures, myths have not been de-mystified, and they remain part of those societies' belief-systems. It is partly for that reason that the legends of the Greeks and the Norse are considered literature, while those of the Hopi and the Kikuyu are relegated to the realm of anthropology.

Although the influence of mythology in fantasy is fundamental, the role of history cannot be discounted. Indeed, so closely related is fantasy to the historical novel that at times it is only a supernatural element that distinguishes them. Traditionally, it has been the history and folklore of locations with which fantasy writers have been most familiar that have served as settings for their work. For that reason, a majority of the fantasy literature that has appeared since the time of William Morris and the early Lord Dunsany has been based on variations of Celtic, Arthurian, Scandinavian, and Greco-Roman themes.

These mytho-historical traditions account for the background of perhaps 90% of the fantasy novels that appear on bookshelves today. In other words, 90% of the genre is based on about 10% of the cultural, historical, and mythological milieus available in our world.

That 10% has, of course, been fertile ground for some of the most memorable works in all literature, such as T.H. White's THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING and J.R.R. Tolkien's LORD OF THE RINGS. More recent re-tellings of the Arthurian legend include Parke Godwin's FIRELORD and Marion Zimmer Bradley's THE MISTS OF AVALON. The traditional sources of modern fantasy will continue to be taproots of tales as long as there are people here to tell them.

Yet the other 90% of the world's cultures and myth-systems could be equally fecund sources for fantasy stories. And we are just beginning to discover them.

Even at the beginning of the renaissance in fantasy literature, the vast territories of non-European culture were not completely neglected.. Two of the greatest pre-Morris works, Charles Beckford's VATHEK and George Meredith's THE SHAVING OF SHAGPAT, were set in milieus reminiscent of the Arabian Nights. Also, the "Kai Lung" stories of Ernest Bramah were set in Mandarin China.

In those early days, the Orient (which included all lands west of Greece) was considered a mysterious and exotic place, in itself more mythical than real. Increased contact between West and East produced a raft of stereotype characters that populated the pages of fantasy novels for many decades. Only recently have fantasy writers taken a closer look at the vast mythological traditions of Asia. Richard Lupoff's SWORD OF THE DEMON,

Jessica Amanda Salmonson's "Tomoe Gozen" series, and E. Hoffman Price's THE DEVIL WIVES OF LI FONG and THE JADE ENCHANTRESS have all provided new insights into cultures formerly dismissed as "inscrutable". In mainstream fiction, the bookshelves are becoming crowded with "ninjas", "shoguns", and "senseis", possibly reflecting the development of a new set of Oriental stereotypes. Hopefully, the fantasy genre will explore Eastern culture at a deeper level than that.

Africa is another land left uncharted by fantasy writers. Beyond the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs and H. Rider Haggard, the genre has paid little attention to the so-called "Dark Continent". And the attention that has been paid to Africa in fantasy has been largely detrimental. The sense of wonder in most African fantasies is imparted by the implanting of non-African cultures into lost valleys, oases, and volcanic craters. Native Africans appear largely as foils against which the virtues of the non-Africans are contrasted.

Although some excellent adventure fantasy has emerged from the "anybody-but-the-blacks" tradition, the black Africans themselves have a rich and varied cultural background from which fantasy writers may draw. The ancient kingdoms of Kush, Mali, Benin, and Zimbabwe would provide excellent grist for the mill of the imagination. Recently, inroads have been made in the use of African backgrounds for fantasy. Hopefully, those inroads will continue.

Earlier, it was mentioned that European traditions were dominant in fantasy literature. Actually, those traditions are specifically Western European. Eastern Europe has not been as well represented in the genre. The Transylvanian region of Romania has been duly celebrated in vampire lore, but there is more to the Eastern European tradition than Vlad Drakul. Slavic history and mythology has a great deal to offer to fantasists — Cossacks and *bogatyrs,* Baba Yagas and river demons, among others. Tanith Lee's novel VOLKHAVAAR drew on pre-Czarist Russia for its background. More recently, Gordon Derry has published stories based on the lore of the Ukraine. A great deal more can be done in the Slavic tradition, where the line between East and West becomes blurred.

In the historical sense, the Americas ceased to be the "New World" several centuries ago. But for the fantasy reader, pre-Columbian North and South America remain unexplored. Yet there is a substantial amount of history and folklore from which memorable tales with Amerind background could be created.

Unfortunately, native Americans have been subject to stereotyping as invidious as any that has been applied to Asians and Africans. The content of those stereotypes need not be discussed here; they are embedded in our popular culture to a point where they are part of a modern mythology. In reality, however, Amerind history stretches back over a period that predated the European discovery of the Americas by thousands of years. Within that lengthy tradition, through cultures as diverse as the hunters of the North American plains, the farmers of the forests east of the Appalachians, the builders of Central America, and the jungle-dwellers of the Amazon, there is a tremendous potential for fantasy fiction of all varieties; from the epic mythmaking of William Morris to the rousing sword-and-sorcery of Robert E. Howard. Although there have been mainstream Amerind novels such as Gary Jenning's AZTEC and Ruth Beebe Hill's HANTA YO that have included fantasy elements, the fantasy field itself has not yet discovered the New World.

The land for which the Americas were originally mistaken, India, has fared only slightly better in the worlds of fantasy. It would seem that the intricate mythos of Hindu legendry would provide fertile ground indeed for fantasists, but that ground has remained largely untilled. Rudyard Kipling and Talbot Mundy wrote memorable tales set in the populous subcontinent, but those stories were couched in the context of the British Colonial period. There is much more that can be done in the land of the Taj Mahal and the *Bhagavad-Gita.* Tanith Lee's TAMASTARA, although on the whole more science fiction than fantasy, represents a major step toward the realization of the fantasy potential of East Indian culture.

Until the seventeenth century, Australia was known only as a hypothesized southern landmass called "Terra Incognita". Although the island continent is now firmly ensconced in the world community, within the fantasy genre it remains "Terra Incognita". There was a pulp-adventure series by Robert Moore Williams that featured a Tarzan-like character named Jongor. However, that series was set in a "Lost Land" somewhere beyond the outback, and it told the reader little about the lore of the aboriginal people of the continent.

With the work of Patricia Wrightson, however, the mythology of the native Australians has reached a much wider audience than the professional folklorists to whom it had previously been confined. Wrightson's three novels, THE ICE IS COMING, THE DARK BRIGHT WATER, and JOURNEY BEYOND THE WIND, bring the world of the Aborigine to vibrant life. That she has been able to accomplish this evocation in a contemporary setting is further tribute to her craft and commitment

to her subject matter. And there is every indication that there is more to the native Australian mythos than Wrightson has given us.

The Oceanic Islands share the vastness of the Pacific with Australia. From the time they were first visited by Europeans, the South Sea Islands embodied an escapist dream of lush scenery, exotic women, and an absence of inhibition. Despite an accumulation of evidence to the contrary, this idyllic image of the Pacific cultures has persisted to the point where it could be considered part of Western folklore. Within the fantasy genre, though, there has been little exploration of the South Seas beyond A. Merritt's THE MOON POOL and some of H.P. Lovecraft's "Cthulu Mythos" stories that create a mythology that has little to do with the true cultures of the islands.

As with Amerindian-based literature, it is in the mainstream that we find the best representation of South Sea culture. The early chapters of James Michener's quintessentially mainstream HAWAII, which describe the original settlement of the Hawaiian Islands by immigrants from Bora-Bora, reads like the best of epic fantasy. The tale features policital intrigue, heroic battles, manifestations of ocean gods, and an odyssey across the Pacific in search of a new homeland. Hopefully, writers within the fantasy genre will see fit to delve as deeply into Oceanic folklore as did Michener.

Is fantasy an international genre? Given the preceding outline of what fantasists have done in non-traditional settings, the answer to that question is "yes". But thus far, the "yes" can only be nominal. Within the 90% of the world's cultures that lie outside the traditional settings of fantasy, there is a great deal of unexplored territory. If our colleagues in the field of science fiction can write convincingly of cultures set on other planets, then we in fantasy should be able to do no less for the widely-varied cultural traditions of our own world. Steps have been taken in that direction. But there remains much more to be done if fantasy is to become a truly international genre.

DONNA GORDON

I could tell you that Donna Gordon graduated from the Ontario College of Art in 1973 and that she did post graduate studies at the George Brown Technical Institute in 1982. Or I could talk about her gallery shows, her album cover work for Northern Productions, or her editorial illustrations for the likes of *Chatelaine, Books in Canada, The Financial Post* and *MacLean Hunter*. I might mention her privately-commissioned paintings, her poster work, or even the many fine illustrations that she's done for my own Triskell Press. But somehow that comes off sounding too cold and impersonal.

Perhaps I could mention instead that she's of medium height, has light brown hair and wonderfully sparkling eyes, and smiles a lot. Or that she's a combination of a relaxed young woman and a tightly-coiled spring of an artist. Or how about the fact that she's a little shy in person, but not at all shy when she's putting pen to paper, brush to canvass. . .

That doesn't quite do it either.

You see, the problem is this: I've had a love affair going with her art from the very first time my wife brought home a poster by her and said something along the lines of, "Hey, wouldn't this Donna Gordon's art be just right for *Dragonfields*?" Well, yes. It would be. And it was. But when I look for words to describe just *why* her work is so good, all I can come up with is gushy wows.

She has a penchant for circles, puts dragons into country-squire tweeds, thinks about every bit of ink that goes into one of her pieces and knows that the ones you leave out are just as important as the ones you leave in, laughs a lot, knows the rules and when to break them, looks you straight in the eye when she talks to you, will spend hours drawing an exquisitely detailed background and then cover it up with cross-hatching and shadowing until only a hint of it is left, you see, but just the right hint of course. . .

Check out the portfolio on the next few pages. Have a look at the originals hanging up in the Art Show. Maybe pick up a chapbook or magazine with some of her work in it in the Dealers' Room. Then come back and tell me how you put that kind of magic into words.

Charles de Lint,
Ottawa, Canada

Logo for *Dragonfields* review section.
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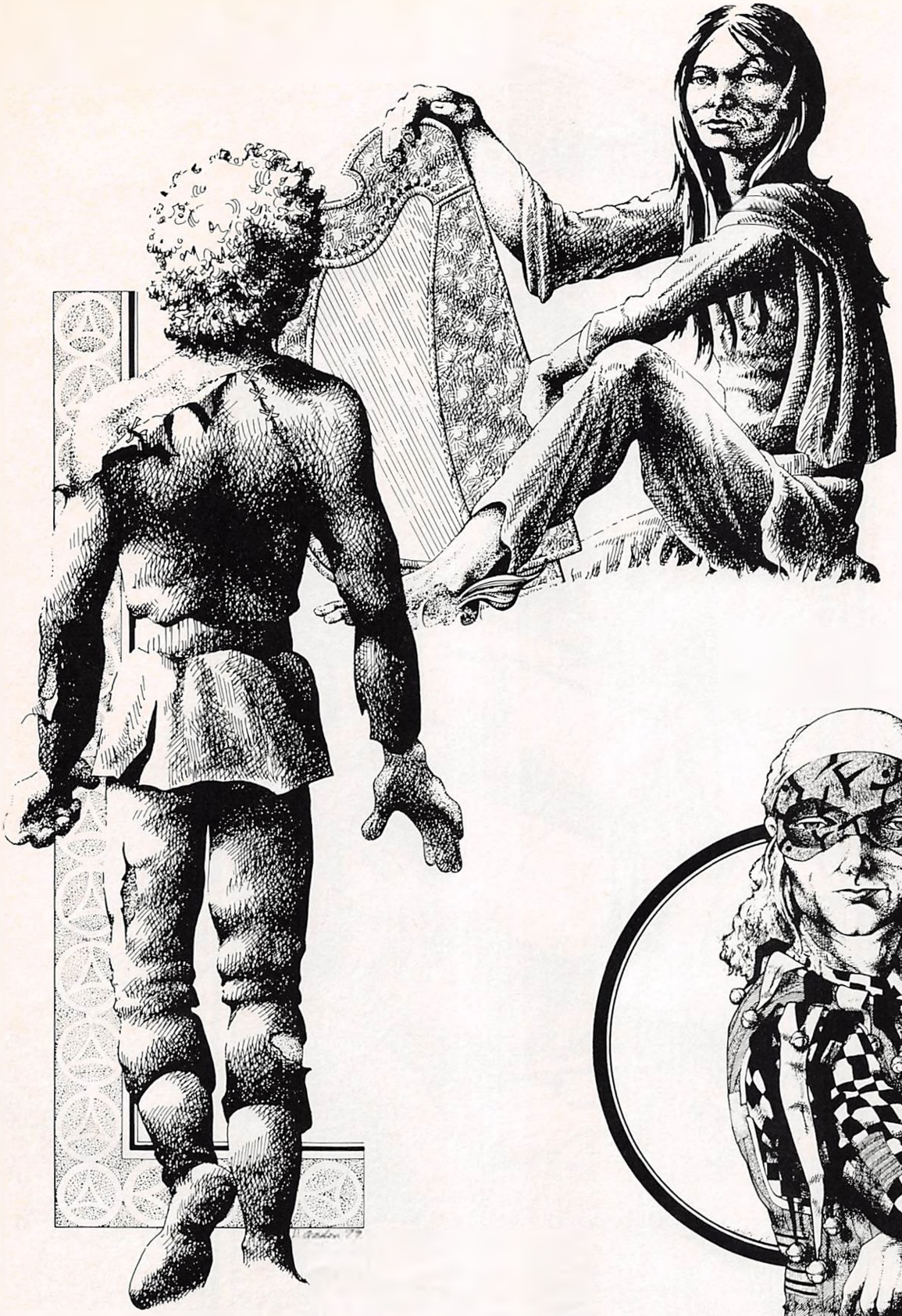

Where Mermen Finger Sea-harps of Worn Bone.
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Cover for *In Mask and Motley* chapbook.
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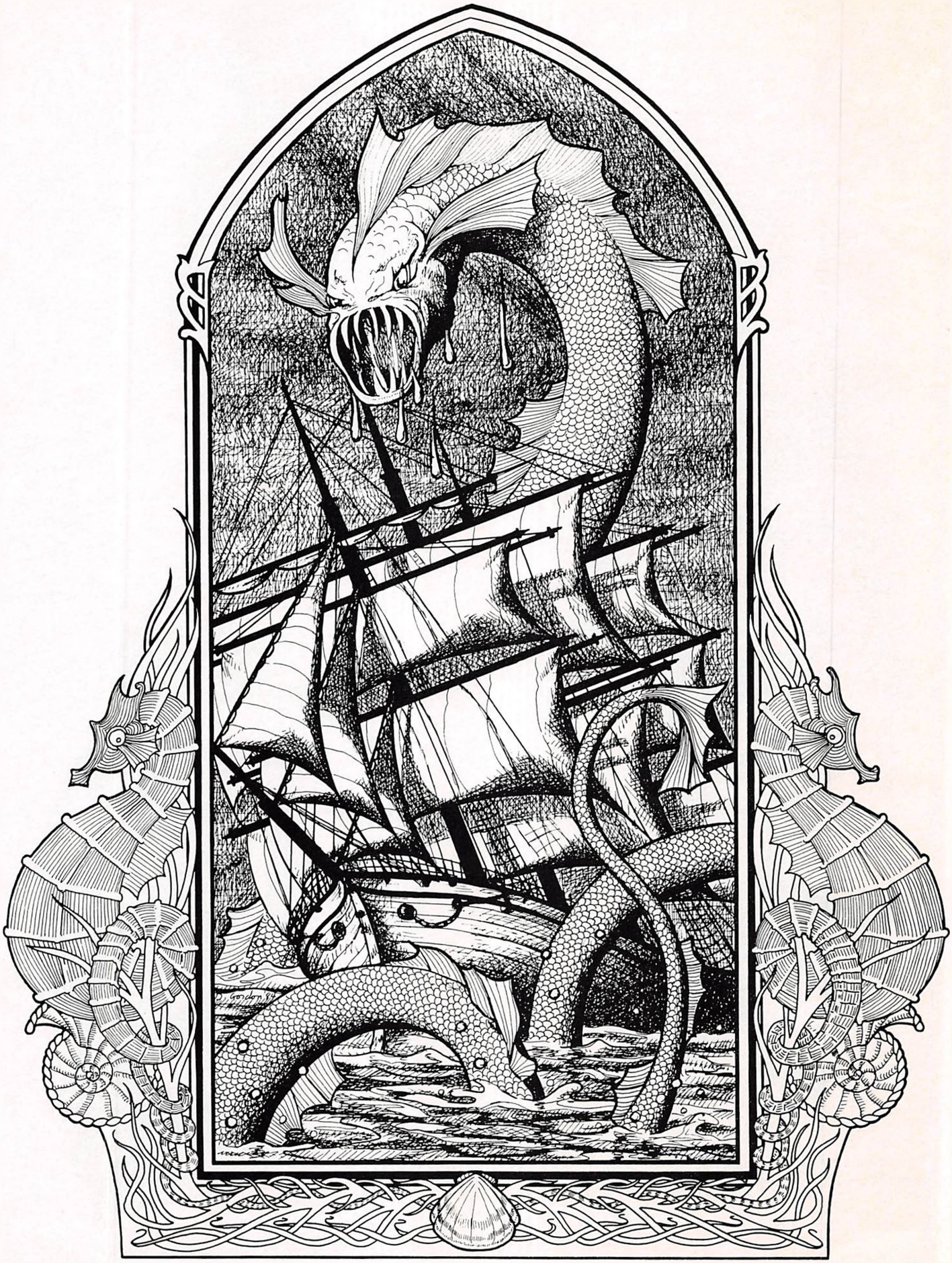
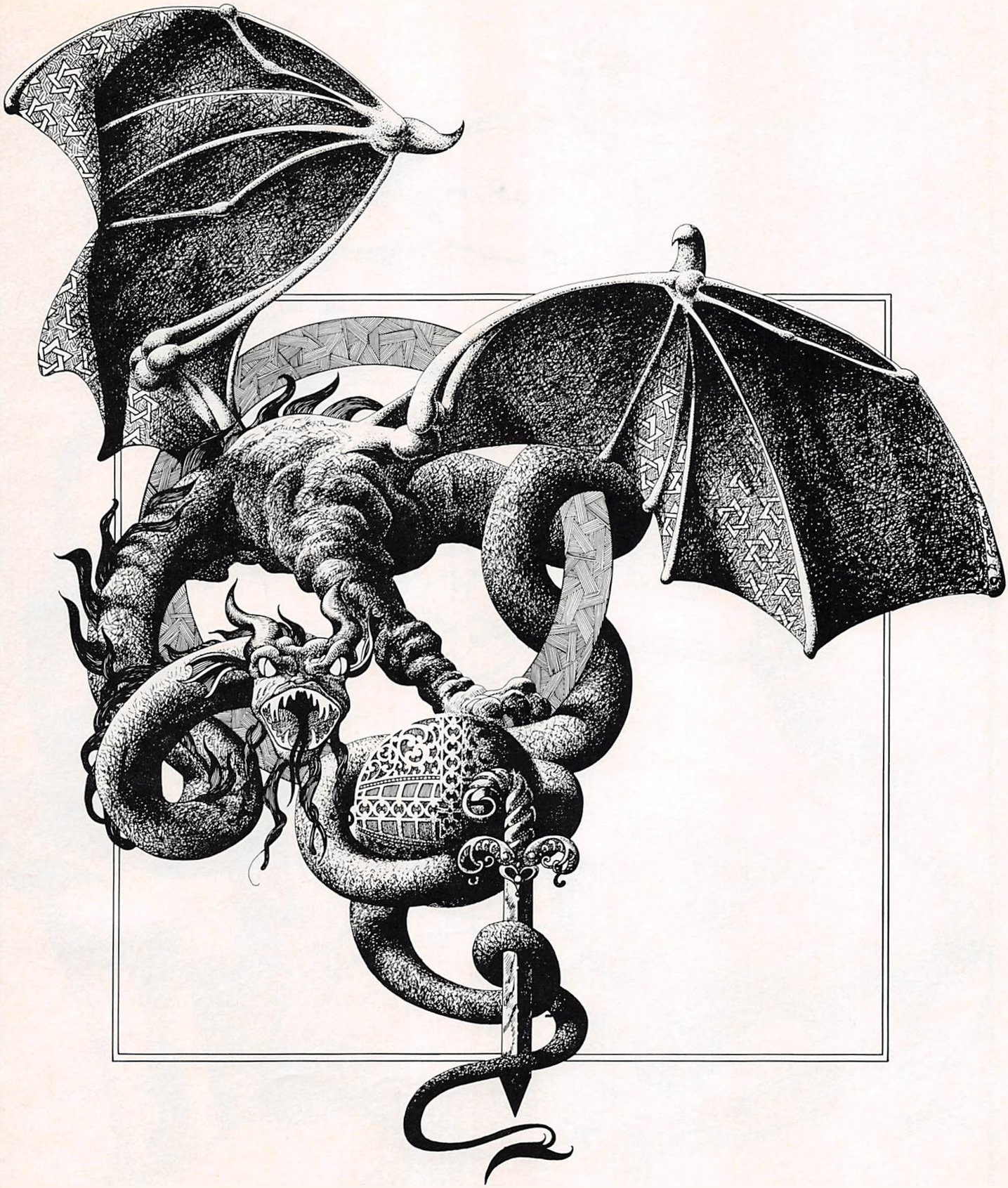


Sea serpent.



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Cocktails at Five (After the Campaigne).

JANE YOLEN

A LITTLE MERMAID ON THE *STAR WORTS*

One does not meet Jane Yolen, at least in my experience. There was a time (gray and sad, sad and gray) when I did not know Jane. Now there is the present, brave and bright, when I do. The change came slipping between the minutes like a boy slipping between the palings of a fence to steal apples. I was sitting in a wide hall whose margins were lost in mist. Or at least, they are lost in mist now. This was at the World Fantasy Convention, when all the fantasies of the world convened in Oakland. I was listening to something, I think, though I cannot now say what it was.

Beside me sat a small, brown woman who said, "Gene, when this is over, you're coming upstairs with me to eat stinky cheese. If you don't like stinky cheese, you can come upstairs and talk to me while *I* eat stinky cheese." Now it so happens that Gene *does* like stinky cheese. He ate some, and so has been bound in Faerie ever since. (Good.) Such are the laws of Faerie.

At *this* World Fantasy Convention, you too are to be bound, and it is all a matter of magic toads. But Mr. Wolfe has already spoken too much. Let's let Mr. Rat talk for a change:

> 'He is indeed the best of animals,' replied Rat. So simple, so good-natured, and so affectionate. Perhaps he's not very clever — we can't all be geniuses; and it may be that he is both boastful and conceited. But he has got some great qualities, has Toady.'
> Rounding a bend in the river, they came in sight of a handsome, dignified old house of mellowed red brick, with well kept lawns reaching down to the water's edge.
> 'There's Toad Hall,' said the Rat.

Such then was Mr. Toad, of Toad Hall, in the very early years of the present century. Many have wondered whatever became of him. Did he marry and settle down, though perhaps not so very much? Did he merely meet a feckless, scapegrace Miss Toad in his travels? We know there were children, because we have seen the splash made by his descendant Commander Toad in the 25th Century. The energy and enterprise Mr. Toad (of Toad Hall) once showed in fooling around with his new-fangled motor cars, Commander Toad (brave and bright, bright and brave) has channeled into the exploration of space. The boats and gypsy carts of old have been replaced by the magnificent *Star Warts*, Mole, Rat, and Badger (who were always getting in the way anyhow) by a co-operative though largely ineffectual crew of frogs. But it is the same family, without doubt.

One would like to know where it came from. Was there a Sir Toad at the Table Round? A Bufo Fortis on the Claudian invasion of Britain? It seems very likely. (I have just finished reading an article on the Vikings of York, in which it is stated that the most common Viking household pest was the "frog". One error at least is obvious; but it seems likely that there is a second that is less so: "pest" for *guest*.) Unquestionably, the family was originally Greek, and it was well known to a certain Phrygian slave of the 6th century B.C.

Art by Liz Danforth

The ancient tradition of Speaking Animals is very much alive today. Pogo Possum remains in memory ever green, and there are the rabbits of *WATERSHIP DOWN*, Opus the Penguin and his friends, and many others. Jane has enriched the tradition, to be sure; but it would flourish without her. There is another and much more central and important tradition, however, of which she is a foremost representative, and nearly the only living representative. It too is concerned with magic toads, and it is the thing we call the Fairy Tale, though it is so seldom about fairies. Because it was humanity's cradle literature, we have come to think of it as a literature written for children, and almost as a literature written *by* children. The truth is that it was generally not written at all, and only written down (in two senses) long after the telling.

May I tell you a dream — a real dream — I had many years ago? I was walking in a country of bare, rocky hills; and I knew in that indefinable way we know things in dreams that I was in Greece. When I had walked for a long while, seeing only rocks and stones and a few straggling weeds, I met a man dressed as poor farmers and laborers dress in every Western country, and I told him that I had always imagined Greece to be more beautiful. He nodded and said, "Once all these hills were covered with trees, and no one would cut them, because they thought there were nymphs who lived in them, and the nymphs would blight their fields. But we know better today."

Fairy tales were the tales told when the ordinary man and woman studied nature as only a very few men and women do now, and when they respected it as almost no one does now, because they had not begun their study by cutting up living frogs. A thousand years before Science told us that our race has developed from lower animals — that it had once, in fact, crawled up from the water — fairy lore had seen that there was a jewel even in the head of the toad. The two concepts represent two quite different ways of thinking, and it seems to me that the main difference between them is that the older one made us think better of human beings, and the newer one worse.

I have said that there are seldom any fairies in fairy tales (though there is so much magic). That is as true of Jane's as of Oscar Wilde's or Charles Perreault's. Her most characteristic character is the merman, just as Hans Christian Andersen's was the mermaid. There is a whole school of mermen at the end of "The White Seal Maid" (arguably the best of her many fine stories), and she has written "The Lady and the Merman," "Sule Skerry," "One Old Man, with Seals," and many others you should read. Even in "Sun/Flight," the hero (who is Icarus) says that his mother was the sea; so that we realize that even the man with wings has crawled up out of the water.

And if you don't understand about Commander Toad *now*, ask Jane.

Gene Wolfe,
Barrington, Illinois

JANE YOLEN

"What is a heart?" a child asks in one of Jane Yolen's stories, and is answered: "A vastly overrated part of the body."

Some days, sure. But Jane's tales themselves do seem to spring to the eye with wondrous simplicity, and from there, with the fearless and awesome language of dreams, into the heart of childhood.

In the tradition of legends and myths and unbowdlerized old fairytales, her stories make no promises, guarantee no happy endings. They present worlds which alter under our eyes like the shapes of clouds. Image flows into image: the tree becomes a lover, the ribbon of grey hair becomes a silver road out of torment, the tears become flowers, the old drunk on the beach becomes the god of the sea. Each image is a gift, without explanation. The old woman on the roadside hands the poor woodsman an apple of gold. What does it mean? Where did it come from? Who knows? The value lies in its appropriateness: the gift, the image, the transformation comes when, in the reader's heart, it feels most right. And that, to me, is the most special quality of Jane's fantasy. It *feels* true, inarguable as the unreasonable reason of dreams.

The first book of Jane's I bought, years ago, was THE GIRL WHO CRIED FLOWERS, a book which looks as lovely as it reads. Since then, I've been exposed to rather different moods of her work, and, to my pleasure, to Jane herself. A woman sitting on a bed in the Claremont Hotel, surrounded by apples and wine-bottles, giving a brisk, intelligent critique of a litter of fantasy-jackets — well, I know storytellers don't necessarily match their stories, but Jane seems to preserve an almost formidable balance between two worlds. Wife, mother of three, teacher — where could the poet have a chance to preserve herself except in the regenerative solitude of that "vastly overrated part?"

My impressions of both her and her work have gotten more complex. She hates snakes, gets hungover on two inches of wine, and can break records on the New Haven to Staten Island run driving an old station wagon and making bad puns at the same

Raves for Jane Yolen

"Most of the great makers of *märchen* are unknown to us and will always be unknown to us. Of those whose names are known, I can think of only four. Of these, only one is a living writer: Jane Yolen. In a better world, we shall hear her tales, with Oscar Wilde's, Hans Christian Andersen's, and Charles Perrault's, over a winter's evening of ten thousand years."

—**Gene Wolfe,** World Fantasy Award and Hugo winner, author of *The Book of the New Sun* tetralogy

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—**Joan Vinge,** Hugo Award-winning author of *The Snow Queen*

"Jane Yolen is both artist and craftsman—if you can catch your breath long enough from simply marvelling at these tales, you will be drawn in all over again by her skill in telling them."

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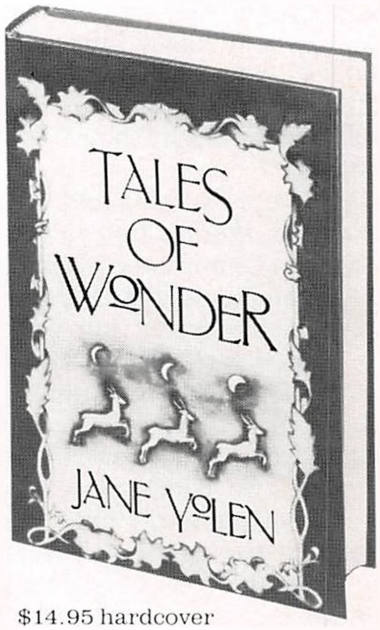

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time. She lives in a Massachusetts farmhouse, teaches at Smith College, has acquired a Golden Kite Award, and threatened to acquire a National Book Award. She has written over seventy books. Among her latest are the bitter-sweet adult collection, TALES OF WONDER; a novel, CARDS OF GRIEF, in which the sophisticated trappings of science fiction and the darker wisdom and intuitions of fantasy intermingle to provide another fine adult drama; and HEART'S BLOOD, a sequel to DRAGON'S BLOOD.

On top of all that, she is kindly, she can make you fall off your chair laughing, and she is well beloved by librarians, teachers and classrooms full of young students parched for a story.

If I had a hat on, it would be off to you, Jane. Birds would fly out of it, they would turn into flowers, and fall down the face of a young girl in one of your stories, who would collect them in her apron and give them to you, from me. . .

Oh, well, I don't have a hat on. So I'll just raise two inches of wine and say, "Here's to you, Dream Weaver!"

Patricia McKillip,
San Francisco, California

THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE COSMIC EGG
and Other Secrets about Jane Yolen

Once upon a time I went to a party at a Boskone. . . which Boskone, I can't remember. At any rate, something utterly magical happened to me there, under what seemed very prosaic circumstances.

Through apparently random mixing-about at this party, I suddenly found myself sitting next to a lady in her middle years — one with long dark hair, neatly tied back, and an open and very cheerful face. We started talking, and the conversation turned without warning to a punning session. Not a contest: there wasn't the slightest element of competition to it, just two people playing with words the way a pair of hawks play with an updraft. . . and, on the cheerful lady's part, with a sheer virtuosity that was nothing short of astonishing. We kept going for nearly an hour and a half without stopping. Finally, exhausted, we sat back laughing and wiping off tears, and noticed each other's nametags. . . and I found out I had been punning around with Jane Yolen.

As soon as I recovered from the bout of stammers that the discovery caused, I began examining this lady closely. . . looking for signs of a secret about her, one that I had been suspecting for a while. Let me share with you the evidence that had aroused my suspicions.

Leaving endless short fiction and essays out of the reckoning, this woman has written and sold seventy-plus books, many of them for children. I say "seventy-plus" because with Jane it's useless trying to deal with exact numbers: she's probably written another book while you were counting. And to those of you inclined to take this lightly — those of you who might think that writing for children is easy, and that you could probably knock off a kids' book in a couple of weeks — well, try it. Try seventy. And try making them as good as Jane's.

Her range is incredible. There are some people writing today whose work can be identified without a title page at fifty paces because both style and thematic matter never alter, no matter what story the writer's telling. This isn't intended as a slur by any means. Some of our best in fantasy and SF tell the same story again and again, and so engagingly that no one cares. Yet there's also something fascinating about range: about a writer so varied that she exudes new styles without seeming effort, and works as richly and clearly in short stories, novellas, novelettes, picture books, children's books and young-adult novels, as she does in novels meant for adults. If you're a reader, Jane's range and virtuosity are a source of endless delight. If you're a writer, they may make you wonder how to pull the stunt off yourself. . . but the delight isn't lessened.

And if this isn't enough, there's a further quality to her work that too often gets lost these days. It involves not only clarity and simplicity of language, but an economical, spontaneous kind of storytelling that partakes of the best of verbal storytelling tradition, without losing the special tension and beauty that comes with yoking story to the written word. From the Commander Toad books for very small children, to the small, perfect, gemlike dissertation on Kites, to the amazing "Blood" series of dragon books, the purity of story uncomplicated by flash, noise, glitter, posturing, lecturing — untouched by anything but real feelings felt by real people — bursts out again and again. The wonder is not applied cosmetically, as special effects; it grows naturally in her work, and all her characters from Jakkin to Luke Starjumper wear it.

Now such levels of quality and quantity in this difficult field are clearly far above the mortal norm. . . or at least what the norm is accepted to be these days. And when one weighs all this evidence on its own merits, only one conclusion is possible.

Jane Yolen is really Mother Goose in disguise.

Secret identities are delicate things. We all know who Superman is, but we'd never tell, because we know what damage it would do to the effective

performance of his duties. In Jane's case, though, she's been performing her duties right out in front of everybody for years now, calmly going about her business of enchanting people of every possible age.

As a number of years went by and my suspicions about Jane became more concrete, I began to wonder whether her secret really needed to be one any longer. We had come to be friends, and had shared a lot of other secrets (and puns, and bad jokes) since that Boskone. I felt our friendship could stand the strain of a confrontation on this particular issue, getting it out in the air at last. So I took my courage in my hands one day and confronted Jane with the evidence. She does, after all, live on a farm in New England, a place well equipped with the raw material for fairy tales: youngest sons, beautiful daughters, a handsome husband. . . hills, trees, wind, sky. There are cats and mice and chickens and other beasts of the field (including a talking smoke detector), all but the last of these well known as characters in the great rhymes and myths and fables of old. There are all those books Jane's written. . . as well as her huge and incriminating knowledge of myths, legends, *marchen* and folktales, a knowledge which informs all her present work and lends it power and delight. And — the most telling revelation of all — every pillow, comforter, parka and "down" vest in her house is actually stuffed with Dacron polycrylic.

Jane laughed at all this evidence and immediately claimed to be, not Mother Goose, but Hans Jewish Andersen. However, she abruptly stopped laughing when I said to her, "Great. Then you won't mind telling me where you were in 1697?"

She blushed, hard, and tried to hide the reaction; and I knew I had her. For it was in 1697 that "Charles Perrault" had published the first edition of *TALES OF MY MOTHER GOOSE.* Then I showed Jane a copy of Perrault's autograph — and compared it to one of hers on my presentation copy of *COMMANDER TOAD IN SPACE.* Jane blanched. Finally I threatened to trace her lineage back even farther — past Juno Anserina, patroness of Rome's geese and inventor of the stories they told their oracular priests — and if necessary all the way back to the Egyptians' "Great Cackler", the Goose that laid the Cosmic Egg and started all these stories going. If forced to it, I would even take her to Central Park and show her the Mother Goose statue near the boat basin. The likeness was fairly flattering, except for the nose.

Jane glared at me and said several words not frequently seen in children's books — then burst out laughing, and came clean.

She always did hate that statue.

So now everything can finally come out in the open. I doubt the revelation will make much difference except to those who will delight in having one more reason to honor one of the great names of our field. Certainly the revelation has made little difference to Jane — as little as time seems to have, since we first met all that while ago. Her hair is a bit shorter these days, but otherwise there she sits, up at Phoenix Farm in Massachusetts, doing business as usual: weaving tales and signing contracts, delighting readers and writers alike. And long may she remain there, doing just that. We'll be lucky if she does. Mother Goose rarely stays long in any one country; she has a lot of ground to cover.

You don't believe me about all this? Luckily, belief makes little difference to the truth. But you might ask Jane, when you see her, where she was in 1697. Ask her nicely, and don't make her blush. After all. . . it's not nice to fool with Mother Goose.

Diane Duane,
Bala Cynwyd, Pennsylvania

JANE YOLEN

In one sense, all storytellers are fantasists, all storytelling is an act of magic, the creation or re-creation of people, places and events in the land of Once Upon a Time — whether that land is the real world of the 20th Century or a land that exists only in the imagination. This annual Fantasy convention honors more than a modern publishing genre born out of *Weird Tales* magazine or the publication of THE LORD OF THE RINGS, but an ancient literary tradition with roots in epic, myth, and fairy tale, and practitioners in every age, from The Arabian Nights to Mallory, from Charles Perrault's elegant tales for the court of Louis XIV to Shakespeare's dramatization of the fairy court, from Edgar Allan Poe in the 19th Century to Gabriel Garcia Marquez in this one. And among contemporary storytellers, few draw directly upon this fantastic heritage as adroitly as Dr. Jane Yolen, author of over seventy books for children, young adult and adult readers.

Like Perrault and Madame d'Aulnoy in the 17th Century, or J.R.R. Tolkien in our own, Jane Yolen uses the symbols and language of fairy tales to create stories that are timeless — stories that have the haunting quality of an old folktale retold. Yet her stories are not straight retellings of classic tales, but brand new tales that grow out of her own life and experiences in modern America — flavored by her extensive knowledge of myth and fairy tale, but

not bound by it. Her themes are classic: love and hatred, fear and courage, honor and betrayal, the ritual of coming of age, woven into tales of poetic simplicity with evocative titles like "The Boy Who Sang for Death", "The Sleep of Trees", "The White Seal Maid", "The Girl Who Loved the Wind", "The Soul Fisher". Even her titles have a faint ring of familiarity, as if these are stories we've heard before, written centuries ago by Anonymous; for the adult reader Jane Yolen's fiction can recreate the sense of wonder we felt as children hearing a Hans Christian Anderson or Brothers Grimm tale for the very first time. It is no surprise that she has been called the Hans Christian Anderson of our day.

Working with Jane as an editor is a fascinating experience — for she is as adept an oral storyteller as she is a writer. It is wonderful to listen while a new tale is being born. When she finished the story "In the Hall of Grief" for the Ace anthology ELSEWHERE she found that she could not quite pull herself away from its complex world of elaborate death rituals and a society poised on the edge of some great change... and over the next year she began to make further forays into that imagined world, returning one time with the full set of tarot-like "cards of grief", another time with snatches of songs and poetry, another with the revelation that a man from our world had fallen in love with a woman from theirs... Eventually these bits and pieces of invented history were collected into the book CARDS OF GRIEF, her first novel written directly for an adult fantasy audience. Currently a story that reworks the "Sleeping Beauty" theme has set her off on the trail of a family of cantankerous fairies; with each phone call and letter from Jane this new world becomes more vivid, and real enough to touch.

Perhaps Jane Yolen's greatest talent, besides that as an explorer in magical lands, is her ability to find magic in everyday life — to find other people with a touch of magic in their soul and bring them together, to encourage new writers, artists, musicians, students of fiction and folklore to develop their talents and share them with others. In her introduction to her latest collection, TALES OF WONDER, she writes: "I would like to believe that there is that of faerie in each of us, a little trickle or stream that, if we could but tap it, would lead us back to the great wellspring of magic we share with every human being, every creature — and the world." Many of us who know her have been encouraged or helped or simply touched by her own special brand of magic; I imagine that many who have never met Jane Yolen have felt the touch of her magic as well, woven indelibly into her fantasy tales.

Terri Windling,
N. Brooklin, Maine

THE OLD LADY IN THE CAVE

Truth and Lying in Storytelling

by
Jane Yolen

There is an old French fairytale called "John of the Bear" that warns the listener:

> *I go through a forest where there is no wood, through a river where there is no water, through a village where there is no house. I knock at a door and everybody answers me. The more I tell you, the more I shall lie to you, I am not paid to tell you the truth. (BORZOI BOOK OF FRENCH FOLK TALES,* edited by Paul Delarue/Knopf)

Many stories begin that way, with a kind of warning about the falsity of the tale: "Once upon a time," which is all times and no times. The Persians say: "Once there was and there was not." It is the paradox of the storyteller — what is true, what is not true. Storytellers are, after all, not paid to tell the truth.

As a storyteller I am expected to entertain, to enlighten, to provoke, to push my listeners and readers through the magic of word and image into the world of imagination. But no one ever mentions truth.

Perhaps it is best to think about the statements uttered by a seer in Jack Vance's marvelous science fiction novel *THE DYING EARTH:*

> *"I respond to three questions," stated the augur. "For 20 terces I phrase the answer in clear and actionable language; for 10 I use the language of cant, which occasionally admits of ambiguity; for 5 I speak a parable which you must interpret as you will; and for 1 terce I babble in an unknown tongue."*

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Listeners do not know what a storyteller has been paid, and so each must make up his/her mind about the *meaning* of a story: is it a call to clear action? Is it an ambiguous story? Is it directly interpretable? Or does it seem too strange and far removed for understanding? Is it, in the end, any kind of truth for the listener or is it a simple rota of out-and-out lies?

Let me tell you a story: *once upon a time there was a man who was in all things successful and comfortable. He had a fine family, money enough to treat his friends, and a craft for which he was justifiably proud. He had an honest name and an untroubled heart, yet still he was not completely happy.*

"I must know Truth." he said to his wife.

And because she was wise enough to know that his unhappiness would — in the end — be her own, his wife said to the man, "Then you must seek her until you find her." And she packed his bag and sent him out on the road a beggar after Truth. (For she was smart enough to put everything in her own name against the time of his return.)

The man searched in towns and villages. He looked for Truth in the city streets. He made his way into farmlands and out to seacoasts, through deserts and hilly wastes. And after many sleepless nights and tired days, in a small cave atop a vast mountain, he found her.

She was not at all what he expected. Truth was a wizened old woman with only a single tooth left in a puckered mouth. Her eyes were rheumy; her skin was drawn and crackled as parchment over prominent bones. Her hair hung in lank, greasy strands on her shoulders. But when she gestured to the man with a hand crabbed with age and called him into the cave, her voice was low and lyrical and pure, and it was thus that he knew that he had found Truth at last.

He spent a year and a day by the old woman's side

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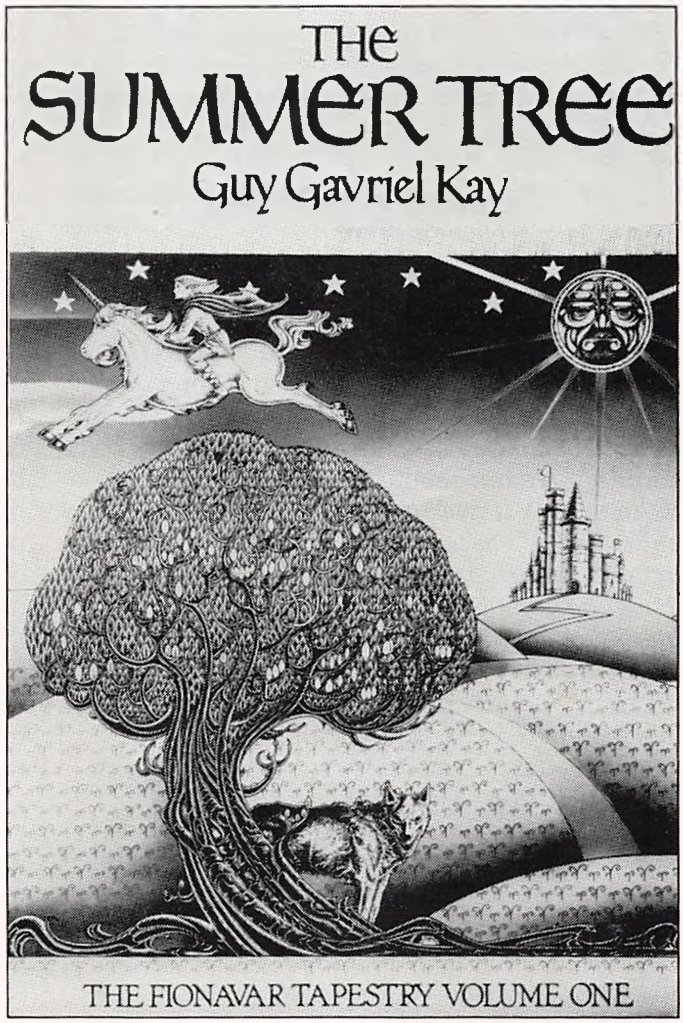

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and learned all that she had to teach. And at the end of that time, he said to her: "My Lady Truth, I left my wife and my family, my hearth and my friends to be by your side and to learn from you. Now I am ready and must go home. But still, I would do something for you in exchange. What can I do?"

Truth looked at him and cocked her head to one side. She held up an ancient finger. "When you talk of me," she said, "tell them that I am young and beautiful."

When I first heard that story, I thought, laughing, "So much for truth." But the more I thought about the tale, I realized that it was the perfect metaphor for Story. Story is not isomorphic, after all, a philosophic term which refers to a map, picture, or description which corresponds point for point with the thing it symbolizes. Most — if not all — stories are non-isomorphic.

Does that mean stories lie? Rather say that it means they look at things slant-wise, through slotted eyes. Emily Dickinson wrote, "Tell all the truth but tell it slant —", which is wonderful advice to any storyteller.

I did not discover this first, nor will I be the last, but someone who wrote about the phenomenon rather beautifully was the Norman-French poet Wace who lived in the mid-twelfth century. In his *ROMAN DE BRUT*, an adaptation of Geoffrey of Monmouth's Arthurian stories, Wace wrote:

> *I know not if you have heard tell the marvelous gestes and errant deeds related so often of King Arthur. They have been noised about this mighty realm for so great a space that the truth has turned to fable and an idle song. Such rhymes are neither sheer bare lies, nor gospel truths. They should not be considered either an idiot's tale, or given by inspiration. The minstrel has sung his ballad, the storyteller told over his story so frequently, little by little he has decked and painted, till by reason of his embellishment the truth stands hid in the trappings of a tale. Thus to make a delectable tune to your ear, history goes masking as fable.*
> (ARTHURIAN CHRONICLES, translated by E. Mason.)

Personal history, too, goes masking as fable. The truth of a storyteller's life is hid — often well hid — in the trappings of a tale. In the old oral tales that have traveled the earwaves so long, the original teller may have been lost and only a few minor thumbprints are left as clue to a tale's origins. The small shoe in many Cinderella variants tells us of the Chinese birth of this story for it was in China, land of the "lotus foot", where female babies born of nobility had their tiny feet cruelly bound.

It is easier, of course, to root out a single storyteller's life from the deckings and paintings and embellishments. Like the *khaibit*, an Indian word that referred to a shadow as the external soul of its caster, tales are an author's shadow-side.

Hans Christian Andersen considered himself an ugly duckling, and indeed he was: homely, large-nosed, gangly, he longed to move easily in high society. But he was the almost-illegitimate son (a last-minute wedding gave him his father's name) of a lower class drudge. Still, by the beauty and power of his words and tales, he was able to swim alongside the swans of Danish society. He was also a collector of, would-be lover of beautiful actresses, singers, and ballet dancers though, alas, he died a lifelong (though not voluntary) celibate. One of his many "crushes" had been Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," whose artlessly pure voice Andersen prized above all the intricate artifices of the popular Italian opera company stars. His story, "The Emperor's Nightingale," comes directly out of this reality. Is the story then the truth — or a lie?

I wrote a story called "The Lady and the Merman" (found in three of my collections — *THE HUNDREDTH DOVE, NEPTUNE RISING, TALES OF WONDER*). It concerns a girl who is so homely, her sea-captain father calls her Borne, for she is his burden. "She shall never be wed; she shall be with us forever," he says. My father always complained of my looks. And in fact, recently, when I cut my hair having worn it long and piled on top of my head for twenty years, he said in a mildly approving manner: "You look much better, now. Younger, Like. . ." and he paused thoughtfully, "like a waitress at Woolworth's." This came from a man who was a sophisticated public relations executive more at home at New York's 21 Club than a five-and-dime store. In the story Borne meets and falls in love with a merman, though she loves the fish half of him more for it is all that she dares. In the end the merman invites her to follow him below the waves, signals to her, really, because they do not speak the same language. (My husband is a computer scientist and I am a computer Luddite. Make of this difference in language what you will.) Borne's story ends when she dives after the merman into the sea:

> *The sea put bubble jewels in her hair and spread her skirts about her like a scallop shell. Tiny colored fish swam in between her fingers. The water cast her face in silver and all the sea was reflected in her eyes.*

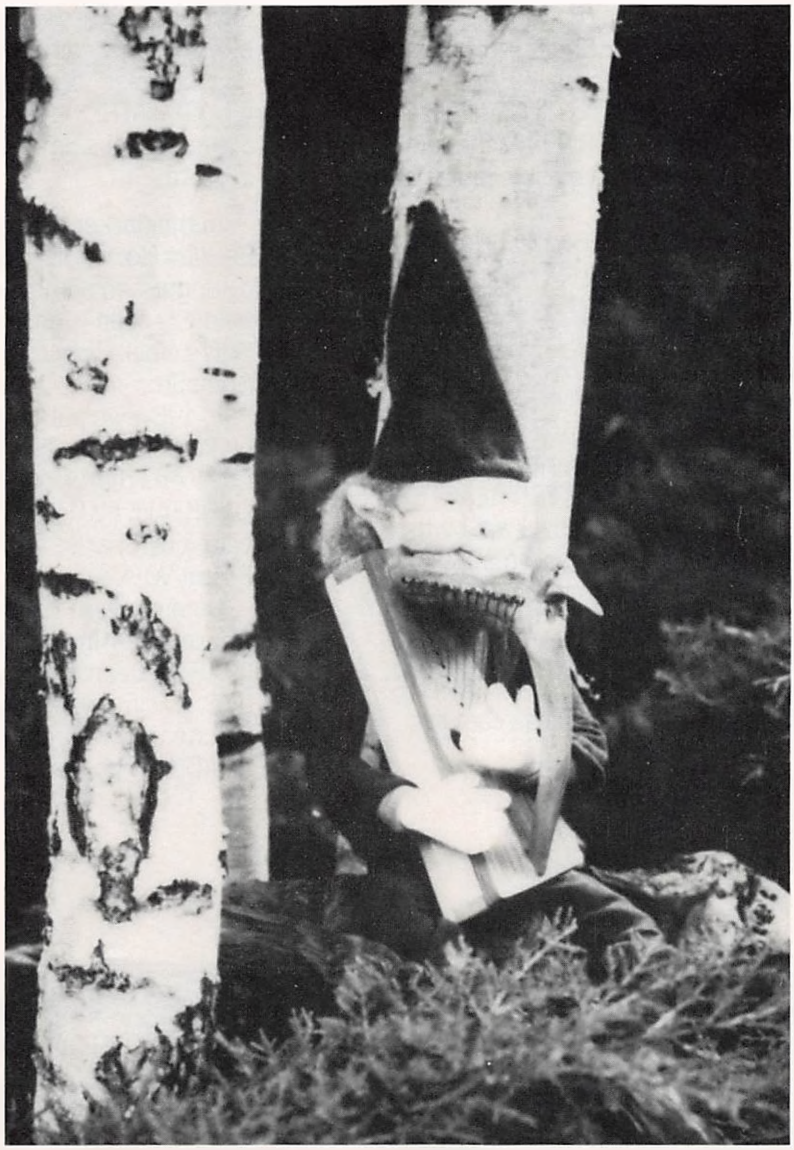
She was beautiful for the first time. And for the last. I, on the other hand, dove into the sea of

matrimony and had three children. My father, now terminally ill, has lived with us, attended by full-time nurses, in an apartment we built on to our house. He is, ironically, now our burden.

When I first read that story to my oldest two — they were 10 and 8 at the time — the 8 year old, a boy, put his head to one side and considered, "She's dead, right?" He had been having a great concern about matters of death and dying. It was important for him to discover this small truth in the tale. But my daughter put her arms around me, going with a kind of natural simplicity to the heart of the story, knowing without prompting that it was *khaibit,* a casting of my soul. She said: "I think you're beautiful, Mommy."

When you think about it, just one small letter stands between never-never land and ever-ever land and it was with exquisite care that someone once called the land of Faerie: *the place where things never were and always are.*

To tell a story is not stating the truth — badly. No one wants to hear a message. As Isaac Bashevis Singer has said so wisely, "Truth in art that is boring is not true." That is why the wise storyteller tells a lie, a fabrication, a taradiddle, makes a truth palatable by making it young and beautiful. Then the listener's job is to take that story and wear it again. Stories need to be heard twice, once in the ear and once in the heart, before the judgement can be made.



Patrick Woodgnome by MaryAnn Harris
Soft sculpture, 16" tall 1983
Birdharp and photo by Charles de Lint.

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Ace Books has been publishing fantasy for over 30 years, a commitment we are proud to continue today. Under the Ace Fantasy logo we strive for a varied and plentiful list that includes not only works by well known genre authors, but also seeks out new authors and new ideas, encouraging the exploration of fantasy lands "beyond the fields we know."

Our 1984 list featured the very first adult fantasy novel by Convention Guest-of-Honor, Jane Yolen: CARDS OF GRIEF, and the first *two* novels by Ottawa's own Charles de Lint: RIDDLE OF THE WREN and MOONHEART; as well as works by Robert Asprin, John Bellairs, Steven Brust, Jonathan Carroll, Les Daniels, M. John Harrison, Fritz Leiber, Shulamith Oppenheim, Sheri S. Tepper, Patricia C. Wrede and many others.

Among the many titles scheduled for 1985 are two new books by Jane Yolen; a Romany gypsy thriller by Charles de Lint; new "True Game" adventures and a contemporary romantic fantasy from Sheri S. Tepper; Robert Asprin's "Myth" series; a retelling of "Tristan and Iseult" by Dee Morrison Meaney; a retelling of the Irish "Tain" by Gregory Frost; a new "Bard" novel by Australian fantasist Keith Taylor; an Oriental fairy tale by Jessica Amanda Salmonson; and THE WANDERING UNICORN: A tour-de-force by Argentinian author Manuel Mujica Lainez. We have more from the irrepressible Minneapolis "Scribblies": Patricia C. Wrede has a new high fantasy novel in the works, Steven Brust has written a swords & sorcery tale set in Heaven and is at work on a new "Vlad Taltos" novel, and two more "Scribblies" join the Ace list with first novels: Will Shetterly and Pamela C. Dean. The entire group has put together an anthology of interconnected stories, scheduled for Summer publication, called LIAVEK.

January 1984 marked the debut of MagicQuest,™ the first line of paperback books devoted to top works of modern young adult fantasy. In the first year we published titles like: THE THROME OF THE ERRIL OF SHERILL by Patricia A. McKillip; THE SEVENTH SWAN by Nicholas Stuart Gray; THE PERILOUS GARD by Elizabeth Marie Pope; the "Ash Staff" trilogy by Paul R. Fisher; TULKU by Peter Dickinson; THE DRAGON HOARD by Tanith Lee; THE POWER OF THREE and THE MAGICIANS OF CAPRONA by Diana Wynne Jones; THE MAGIC THREE OF SOLATIA by Jane Yolen; and TIME PIPER by Delia Huddy—with cover and interior art from Don Maitz, Stephen Hickman, Kinuko Craft, Carl Lundgren, David Heffernan, Judith Mitchell, Charles Vess, Richard Salducci and others. In 1985 we've got more great YA books in store—and if there are any YA fantasy titles you'd particularly like to see brought into paperback, drop us a line! (MAGICQUEST,™ Terri Windling/Marilynn Poe, Ace/Tempo Books, 200 Madison Ave., NYC 10016)

Terri Windling

—Terri Windling Fantasy Consultant

Susan Allison

—Susan Allison Editor-in-Chief

THE FOXWIFE

by
Jane Yolen

It was the spring of the year. Blossoms sat like painted butterflies on every tree. But the student Jiro did not enjoy the beauty. He was angry. It seemed he was always angry at something. And he was especially angry because he had just been told by his teachers that the other students feared him and his rages.

"You must go to a far island," said the master of his school.

"Why?" asked Jiro angrily.

"I will tell you if you listen," said his master with great patience.

Jiro shut his mouth and ground his teeth but was otherwise silent.

"You must go to the furthest island you can find. An island where no other person lives. There you must study by yourself. And in the silence of your own heart you may yet find the peace you need."

Raging, Jiro packed his tatami mat, his book and his brushes. He put them in a basket and tied the basket to his back. Though he was angry — with his master and with all the teachers and students in his school — he really *did* want to learn how to remain calm. And so he set out.

Sometimes he crossed bridges. Sometimes he waded rivers. Sometimes he took boats across the wild water. But at last he came to a small island where, the boatman assured him, no other person lived.

"Come once a week and bring me supplies," said Jiro, handing the boatman a coin. Then Jiro went inland and walked through the sparse woods until he came to clearing in which he found a deserted temple.

"Odd," thought Jiro. "The boatman did not mention such a thing." He walked up the temple steps and was surprised to find the temple clean. He set his basket down in one corner, pulled out his mat, and spread it one the floor.

"This will be my home," he said. He said it out loud and there was an edge still to his voice.

For many days Jiro stayed on the island, working from first light till last. And though once in a while he became angry — because his brush would not write properly or because a dark cloud dared to hide the sun — for the most part he was content.

One day, when Jiro was in the middle of a particularly complicated text and having much trouble with it, he looked up and saw a girl walking across the clearing towards him.

Every few steps she paused and glanced around. She was not frightened but rather seemed alert, as if ready for flight.

Jiro stood up. "Go away," he called out, waving his arm.

The girl stopped. She put her head to one side as if considering him. Then she continued walking as before.

Jiro did not know what to do. He wondered if she were the boatman's daughter. Perhaps she had not heard him. Perhaps she was stupid. Perhaps she was deaf. She certainly did not belong on *his* island. He called out louder this time: "Go away. I am a student and must not be disturbed." He followed each statement with a movement of his arms.

But the girl did not go away and she did not stop. In fact, at his voice, she picked up her skirts and came towards him at a run.

Jiro was amazed. She ran faster than anyone he had ever seen, her dark russet hair streaming out behind her like a tail. In a moment she was at the steps of the temple.

"Go away!" cried Jiro for the third time.

The girl stopped, stared, and bowed.

Politeness demanded that Jiro return her bow. When he looked up again, she was gone.

Satisfied, Jiro smiled and turned back to his work. But there was the girl, standing stone-still by his scrolls and brushes, her hands folded before her.

"I am Kitsune," she said. "I care for the temple."

Jiro could contain his anger no longer. "Go away," he screamed. "I must work alone. I came to this island because I was assured no other person lived

here."

She stood as still as a stone in a river and let the waves of his rage break against her. Then she spoke. "No other person lives here. I am Kitsune. I care for the temple."

After that, storm as he might, there was nothing Jiro could do. The girl simply would not go away.

She did care for the temple — and Jiro as well. Once a week she appeared and swept the floors. She kept a bowl filled with fresh camellias by his bed. And once, when he had gone to get his supplies and tripped and hurt his legs, Kitsune found him and carried him to the temple on her back. After that, she came every day as if aware Jiro needed constant attention. Yet she never spoke unless he spoke first, and even then her words were few.

Jiro wondered at her. She was little, lithe, and light. She moved with a peculiar grace. Every once in a while, he would see her stop and put her head to one side in that attitude of listening. He never heard what it was she heard, and he never dared ask.

At night she disappeared. One moment she would be there and the next moment gone. But in the morning Jiro would wake to find her curled in sleep at his feet. She would not say where she had been.

So spring passed, and summer, too. Jiro worked well in the quiet world Kitsune helped him maintain, and he found a kind of peace beginning to bud in his heart.

On the first day of fall, with leaves being shaken from the trees by the wind, Jiro looked up from his books. He saw that Kitsune sat on the steps trembling.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The leaves. Aieee, the leaves!" she cried. Then she jumped up and ran down to the trees. She leapt and played with the leaves as they fell about her. They caught in her hair. She blew them off her face. She rolled in them. She put her face to the ground and sniffed the dirt. Then, as if a fever had suddenly left her, she was still. She stood up, brushed off her clothing, smoothed her hair, and came back to sit quietly on the steps again.

Jiro was enchanted. He had never seen any woman like this before. He left his work and sat down on the steps beside her. Taking her hand in his, he stroked it thoughtfully, then brought it to his cheek. Her hand was warm and dry.

"We must be married," he said at last. "I would have you with me always."

"Always? What is always?" asked Kitsune. She tried to pull away.

Jiro held her hand tightly and would not let her go. And after awhile she agreed.

The boatman took them across to the mainland, where they found a priest who married them at once, though he smiled behind his hand at their haste. Jiro was supremely happy and he knew that Kitsune must be, too, though all the way in the boat going there and back again, she shuddered and would not look out across the waves.

That night Kitsune shared the tatami mat with Jiro. When the moon was full and the night whispered softly about the temple, Jiro awoke. He turned to look at Kitsune, his bride. She was not there.

"Kitsune," he called out fearfully. He sat up and looked around. He could not see her anywhere. He got up and searched around the temple, but she was not to be found. At last he fell asleep, sitting on the temple steps. When he awoke again at dawn, Kitsune was curled in sleep on the mat.

"Where were you last night?" he demanded.

"Where I should be," she said, and would say no more.

Jiro felt anger flowering inside, so he turned sharply from her and went to his books. But he did not try to calm himself. He fed his rage silently. All day he refused to speak. At night, exhausted by his own anger, he fell asleep before dark. He woke at midnight to find Kitsune gone.

Jiro knew he had to stay awake until she returned. A little before dawn he saw her running across the clearing. She ran up the temple steps and did not seem to be out of breath. She came right to the mat, surprised to see Jiro awake.

Jiro waited for her explanation, but instead of speaking she began her morning chores. She had fresh camellias in her hands, which she put in a bowl as if nothing were wrong.

Jiro sat up. "Where do you go at night?" he asked. "What do you do?"

Kitsune did not answer.

Jiro leaped up and came over to her. He took her by the shoulders and began to shake her. "Where? Where do you go?" he cried.

Kitsune dropped the bowl of flowers and it shattered. The water spread out in little islands of puddles on the floor. She looked down and her hair fell around her shoulders, hiding her face.

Jiro could not look at the trembling figure so obviously terrified of him. Instead, he bent to pick up the pieces of the bowl. He saw his own face mirrored a hundred times in the spilled drops. Then he saw something else. Instead of Kitsune's face or her russet hair, he saw the sharp-featured head of a fox reflected there. The fox's little pointed ears were twitching. Out of its dark eyes tears began to fall.

Jiro looked up but there was no fox. Only Kitsune, beginning to weep, trembling at the sight of him, unable to move. And then he knew. She was a *nogitsone,* a were-fox, who could take the shape of a

beautiful woman. But the *nogitsone's* reflection in the water was always that of a beast.

Suddenly Jiro's anger, fueled by his terror, knew no bounds. "You are not human," he cried. "Monster, wild thing, demon, beast. You will rip me or tear me if I let you stay. Some night you will gnaw upon my bones. Go away."

As he spoke, Kitsune fell to her hands and knees. She shook herself once, then twice. Her hair seemed to flow over her body, covering her completely. Then twitching her ears once, the vixen raced down the temple steps, across the meadow, and out of sight.

Jiro stood and watched for a long, long time. He thought he could see the red flag of her tail many hours after she had gone.

The snows came early that year, but the season was no colder than Jiro's heart. Every day he thought he heard the barking of a fox in the woods beyond the meadow, but he would not call it in. Instead he stood on the steps and cried out, "Away. Go away." At night he dreamed of a woman weeping close by his mat. In his sleep he called out, "Away. Go away."

Then when winter was full and the nights bitter cold, the sounds ceased. The island was deadly still. In his heart Jiro knew the fox was gone for good. Even his anger was gone, guttered in the cold like a candle. What had seemed so certain to him, in the heat of his rage, was certain no more. He wondered over and over which had been human and which had been beast. He even composed a haiku on it.

Pointed ears, red tail,
Wife covered in fox's skin,
The beast hides within.

He said it over many times to himself, but he was never satisfied with it.

Spring came suddenly, a tiny green blade pushing through the snow. And with it came a strange new sound. Jiro woke to it, out of a dream of snow. He followed the sound to the temple steps and saw prints in the dust of white. Sometimes they were fox, sometimes girl, as if the creature who made them could not make up its mind.

"Kitsune," Jiro called out impulsively. Perhaps she had not died after all.

He looked out across the meadow and thought he saw again that flag of red. But the sound that had wakened him came once more, from behind. He turned, hoping to see Kitsune standing again by the mat with the bowl of camellias in her hand. Instead, by his books, he saw a tiny bundle of russet fur. He went over and knelt by it. Huddled together for warmth were two tiny kit foxes.

For a moment Jiro could feel the anger starting inside him. He did not want these two helpless, meuling things. He wanted Kitsune. Then he remembered that he had driven her away. Away. And the memory of that long, cold winter without her put out the budding flames of his new rage.

He reached out and put his hand on the foxlings. At his touch, they sprang apart on wobbly legs, staring up at him with dark, discerning eyes. They trembled so, he was afraid they might fall.

"There, there," he crooned to them. "This big, rough beast will not hurt you. Come. Come to me." He let them sniff both his hands and when their trembling ceased, he picked them up and cradled them against his body, letting them share his warmth. First one, then the other, licked his fingers. This so moved Jiro that, without meaning to, he began to cry.

The tears dropped onto the muzzles of the foxlings and they looked as if they, too, were weeping. Then, as Jiro watched, the kits began to change. The features of a human child slowly superimposed themselves on each fox face. Sighing, they snuggled closer to Jiro, closed their eyes, put their thumbs in their mouths, and slept.

Jiro smiled. Walking very carefully, as if afraid each step might jar the babies awake, he went down the temple steps. He walked across the clearing leaving man-prints in the umarked snow. Slowly, calmly, all anger gone from him, he moved towards the woods where he knew Kitsune waited. He would find her before evening came again.

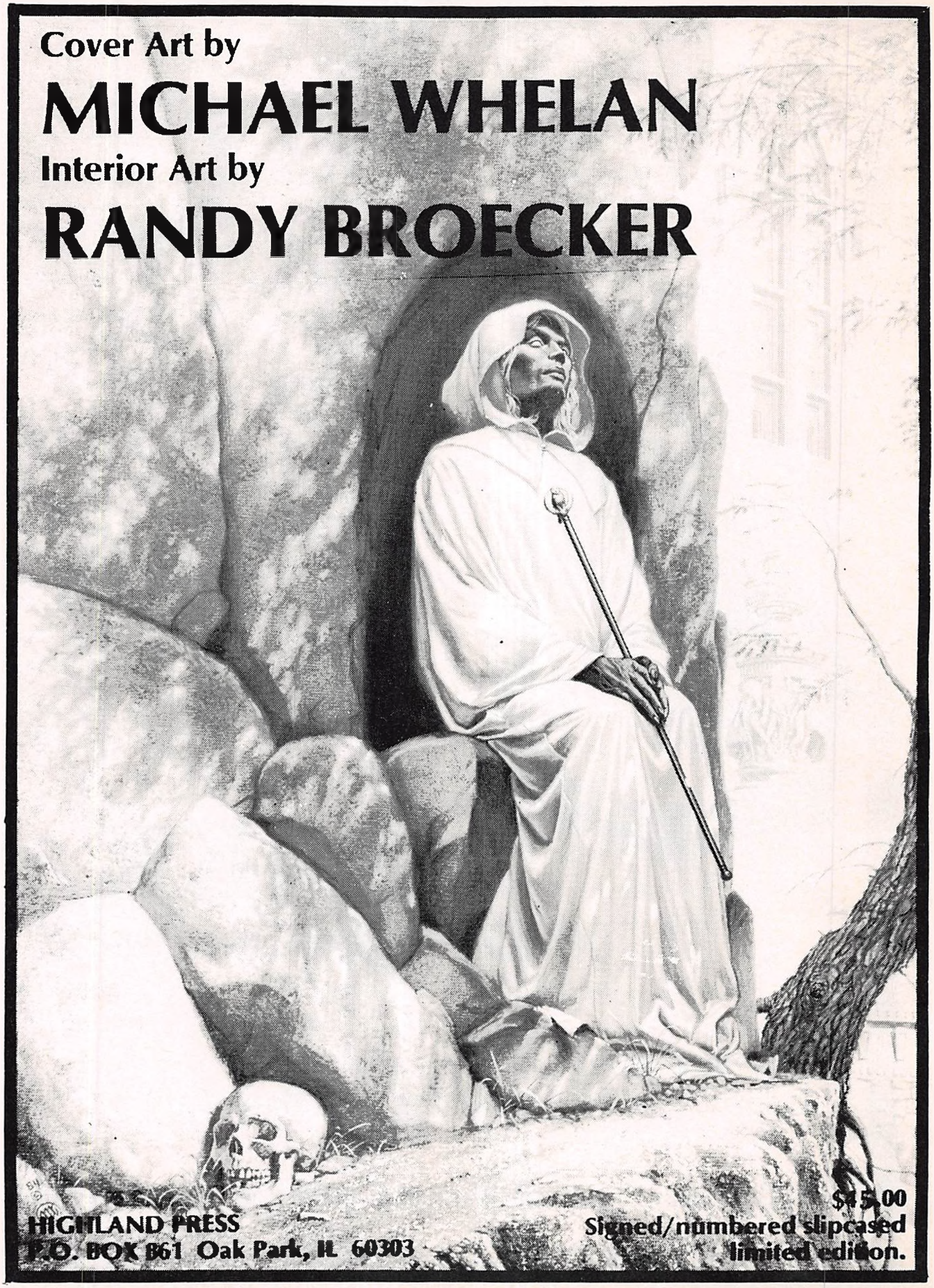
Tanith Lee's DEATH'S MASTER

Cover Art by

MICHAEL WHELAN

Interior Art by

RANDY BROECKER



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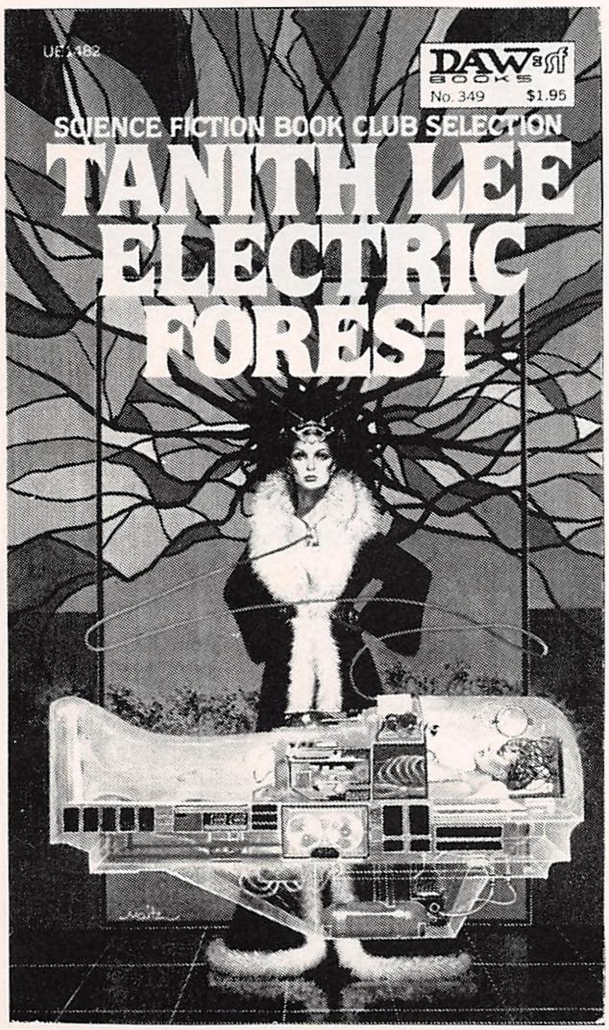
TANITH LEE

THE ONE TANITH

A golden bird singing in a tree. . . a princess in a high stone tower. . . a sky-high goddess with eight arms looming over an alien landscape. . . a slender young man with a sword striding over a desert in search of marvel. . . a woman sculpting dead men's heads from clay while the tumbrils of revolution rumble in the streets below. . . and a bare-bosomed archer launching arrows from a chariot while a blood-hungry crowd roars. . .

The first time I saw Tanith Lee she was standing alone in the lobby of a London hotel waiting. I came out of the elevator and there was this slim girl, hesitant, a bit anxious but undoubtedly the author of THE BIRTHGRAVE. She was the newly awakened girl from the volcano, and yet just another nice soft-spoken Englishwoman. We had lunch in a fine restaurant with a good beef list — but she was vegetarian that month and ordered accordingly. An individualist this one — in phases. The vegetarian phase passed in another year. . . And then she was into vampires for the longest time. . .



ELECTRIC FOREST
DAW Books, 1979.

We talked — at first the usual sparring between the publisher from over the ocean and the writer who was his discovery. But she discovered herself; the stars had risen for her, she knew her capacity. I hoped she was right, and, as usual, she was, she was.

She writes her tales by hand in quick personal script in note books. She writes anywhere and everywhere — I recall her writing in her hotel room at the Brighton Worldcon. I recall trying to read her work-in-progress and finding it impossible to decipher more than one word out of ten. She had her manuscripts retyped by her mother who could read her code. An interesting family — her mother and her father were both writers. Her mother had been published, her father not, and she recalled having grown up in a home where at one time or another three people were writing three novels simultaneously in three separate rooms. Talent will out — she had a double dose genetically and she soared higher than her progenitors.

A body-changer in a robotic city near world's end. . . pussycats creeping up on a busy typewriter. . . a silver-skinned singer of romantic ballads. . . and a black-cloaked veiled vampire walking through Hyde Park — or the outback of a new and stranger Mars. . .

She was born and raised in London. The family moved often. You can't trace her locale by her accent. . . Mother worked as an office manager and wrote books. Her father taught dancing and his daughter grace. His books were , I am told, grim wartime memoirs. Tanith went to various London schools — the kids called her Tanny and she hated it. Don't ever try it. She studied art. She studied acting. She is an artist. She is an actress. She is a poet, a dancer, a storyteller. She has written plays about Ancient Greece and they went out over BBC Radio. She has written sequences for BBC televi-

sion — science fiction for *Blake's Seven.*

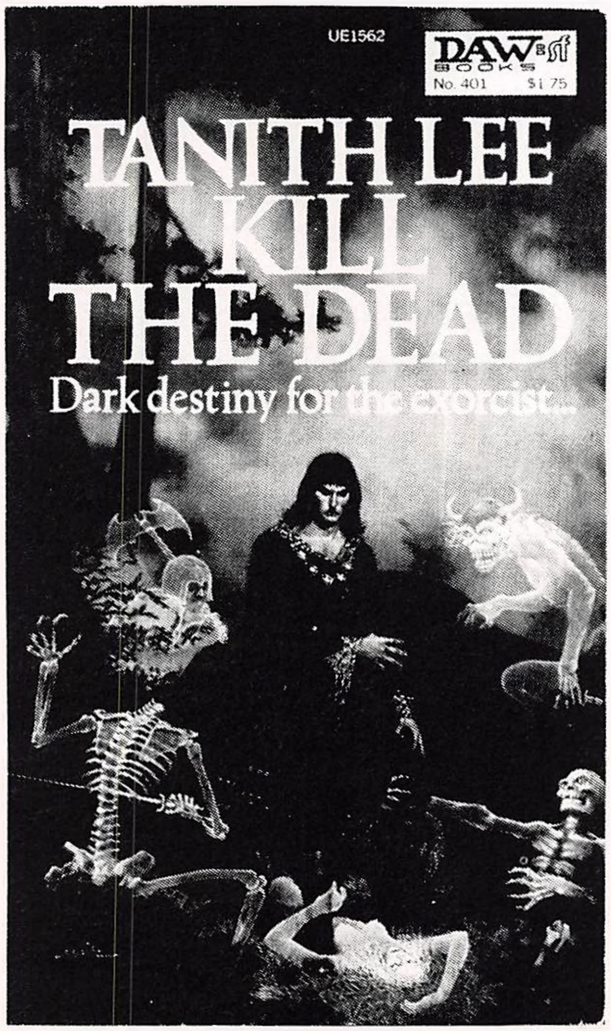
When her mother was eighteen she read a book on mythology. She found the name Tanith therein and said to herself, I will name my daughter by that name. She did. Tanith, daughter of Baal, sister of Moloch, goddess of Lost Carthage. She is with us again. An admiring reader named her newborn babe Tanith and asked for blessing. Tanith refused, hated it, would not answer. There is no Tanith but Tanith and DAW is her prophet.

She rarely left London, except for one school excursion to Paris. Yet she has toured the universe from her writing table, and the deserts and mountains and poles and ancient cities and the far stretches of the oceans are as familiar to her as the streets outside her window. An imagination which is without boundaries, nothing is foreign to her. She lives now in her own little house, painted black and white, whose name is The Panda.

Mystic India and the tiger that stalks the night. . . fairytales that stand on their heads and wiggle their painted toes. . . a wandering minstrel who slays the slain. . . and a woman whose tales foretell the life of an alien planet. . .

When she attended her first convention, the Brighton Worldcon, she was jealous of a cherry blossom at my table. She wore a blonde wig and smoked a cigar and hoped it would make the blossom wilt. It didn't — and now, time passed, and she and Carolyn are fast friends. Carolyn says she will read anything Tanith writes, even to her laundry list. Rivalry gave way to amity as Tanith moved out of seclusion into the light of a vast and loving audience. She is always unique, always a surprise, always a joy. We all love her.

Donald A. Wollheim,
New York, NY



Finished cover of KILL THE DEAD as published by DAW Books, 1980.

Original sketch for cover of KILL THE DEAD. Copyright by Don Maitz.

TANITH LEE

Sometimes, being a writer takes all the fun out of reading.

More often than not lately, I have caught myself going through a book not so much for the story it contains but for how the author did it, constructed it, pulled and pulled off all the neat little tricks some of which I wonder if I can get away with myself. It's sad because the romance of reading vanishes, and the excitement of being lost in someone else's world fades.

Sometimes, however, is not all the time.

Once upon a very long time ago, I read THE BIRTHGRAVE.

By then I was sick unto death of folks talented and untalented alike attempting to rewrite or be in "the grand tradition" of Tolkien (with whom, after the first reading, I was not all that thrilled with in the first place); I was mightily sick and tired of reading about Tinker Bell in chain mail, and John Huston in a long beard and ragged bathrobe muttering spells in language so pseudo you had to look it up in a glossary; I was fed up with portentious thunder rolling ominously over the Doom/Death/Nasty Mountains, and paragraph-long sentences that cuddled cliches and purple prose together as if the hybrid they'd produce could legitimately be called writing; and I didn't think I could stomach one more so-called science fiction novel that was merely warmed-over fantasy, only this time on a planet where Tinker Bell wore furs and the wizard wore snow-shoes and the paragraph-long sentences were still breeding bastards.

Publishers were getting rich, and I was getting sick.

So why I picked up THE BIRTHGRAVE I can't tell you. I honestly do not remember. But one afternoon in New York I did. And I read it. And if the talent displayed there was a bit raw, and if the skills were not quite perfectly honed, by the end of the first page it didn't matter. I was delighted, and I was hungry for more — because it was more than a fantasy, it was a novel. A real, honest-to-god novel that happened to have fantastic elements involved.

And I was having fun again, in a field I'd long since given up as hopelessly stagnant.

Since then, there hasn't been much of Tanith's work that I haven't read because she is, if nothing else, one of those very few writers who can reach me with her prose, touch me deeply with her emotions, take me with her into regions light and dark without a qualm. She is not afraid to be intelligent and challenge her readers to use their intellect as well as their imagination, and she is obviously not afraid to

write the story as it should be done and not the way the marketplace demands.

Reading Tanith Lee is like reading no other author that I know of, and that is a goal every one of us hopes to achieve — that we be, in a profession as competitive as any other, somehow unique, that our voices be somehow heard above the rest.

By the time I first met Tanith in person, then, I counted myself one of her biggest (and some might unkindly say, hysterical) fans. I was certainly vocal about her work, and the opportunity of actually being able to speak with her face to face filled me not only with great delight, but also with trepidation.

As luck would have it, it wasn't an out-of-the-blue meeting, so I wasn't totally unprepared. We had already spoken over the telephone several times, and we had exchanged a few letters. So came an sf convention in Boston, I actually broke down and bought a new jacket for the occasion, and Chelsea Quinn Yarbro will be forever in my prayers for introducing us.

It was Friday, and Tanith was standing in line at the hotel registration desk with Don and Elsie Wollheim, and after a bit of dithering on my part (what do you say to someone like that? Gee, I really like your books, Miss Lee?), Quinn grabbed me by the wrist and brought me up. Tanith turned from under a rather large hat and held out her hand, smiled, and said to Quinn. . . well, never mind, but I blushed.

To my credit, I didn't say, "Gee, I really like your books"; I think what I said was, "Duh," or something equally cogent, and much to the relief of the Wollheims, who were eyeing me at that point as if I were a rival publisher determined to steal their star away.

But Tanith does that to people, you see. There is a look about her, and a presence, and an inflection in her voice that can turn you to stone in more ways than one. And when fans have asked me what she is really and truly like, is she really the way she appears to be in public, I don't answer. Nor will I answer it here. What I know I keep to myself, because it makes her very special to me; special, and cherished.

As she has become, in many different ways, very special to her steadily increasing number of fans. In both her long and short fiction she has proven a rare creature among us — an artist in the truest sense of the word. She creates tapestries and cameos, por-

traits and landscapes, fusing them all in such a way that every piece she writes becomes Tanith's, and no one else's.

Get her stories, then, and her books and you'll see exactly what I mean; talk to her, listen to her, and you'll see what I mean again.

And you'll also know, if nothing else, why I still count myself one or her greatest (and unabashedly hysterical) fans.

Sometimes, being a writer takes all the fun out of reading.

Unless I'm reading Tanith Lee.

Charles L. Grant
Newton, New Jersey

TANITH LEE

I will be forever grateful to the Wollheims for introducing me first to Tanith Lee's work and later to Tanith herself. DAW sent me Tanith's manuscript, DRINKING SAPPHIRE WINE in the hope that the writing would inspire an attractive cover. A manuscript always brings the hope of enjoyment. Sometimes it is not easy to "picture the story". That is, come up with an idea for an illustration that faithfully depicts the story and at the same time produces an attractive painting. No such problem exists with a Tanith Lee manuscript. Concept, story, characterization, research and mood are all handled so smoothly that before I know it I am wrapped up in it all. My imagination is completely swept into the goings on. I seem to sense the color schemes, what the characters look like, the emotions of the place. She has a marvelous way of writing words that come together to make strange characters and places come to life. Once the idea has shape, I usually reread the manuscript for more costume information and visual reference. In this second reading I realize how concise the stories are, how each chapter and paragraph is essential to developing the story. Just enough information given in the right spot, wordiness omitted and the reader may fill in or draw conclusions.

The titles of Tanith's books are well thought and give an accurate description of the tone or mood of the book. Incorporation of something from the title into the illustration helps to complete a picture. Examples:

DRINKING SAPPHIRE WINE... the character is holding a wine glass.

THE ELECTRIC FOREST... has a wild stained glass tree effect.

DAY BY NIGHT... has rays of darkness alternating with the green atmosphere radiating from the characters. In this cover Tanith portrays the heroine and the artist's image appears in the mirror.

TAMASTARA... is the latest Tanith Lee book I have illustrated. Each story in this collection is pure enjoyment. It was difficult to decide which story or scene to illustrate. Finally, pieces from several stories composed the cover painting. TAMASTARA, as Tanith explained, means dark star or dark scar — hence the dark star/scar in front of the moon on the dancing girl's palm. Her dance is an interpretation of the stories told in the book.

Other Tanith Lee novels I have had the pleasure to illustrate are KILL THE DEAD, THE SILVER METAL LOVER and SOMETIMES, AFTER SUNSET. To paraphrase an old saying — I don't know much about writing, but I know what I like. I have yet to read a story by Tanith that I did not find imaginative, provocative and well told.

It is my sincere hope that all who read this tribute will have the opportunity to meet and talk with this most talented woman.

Don Maitz,
Plainville, Connecticut

Art by Liz Danforth

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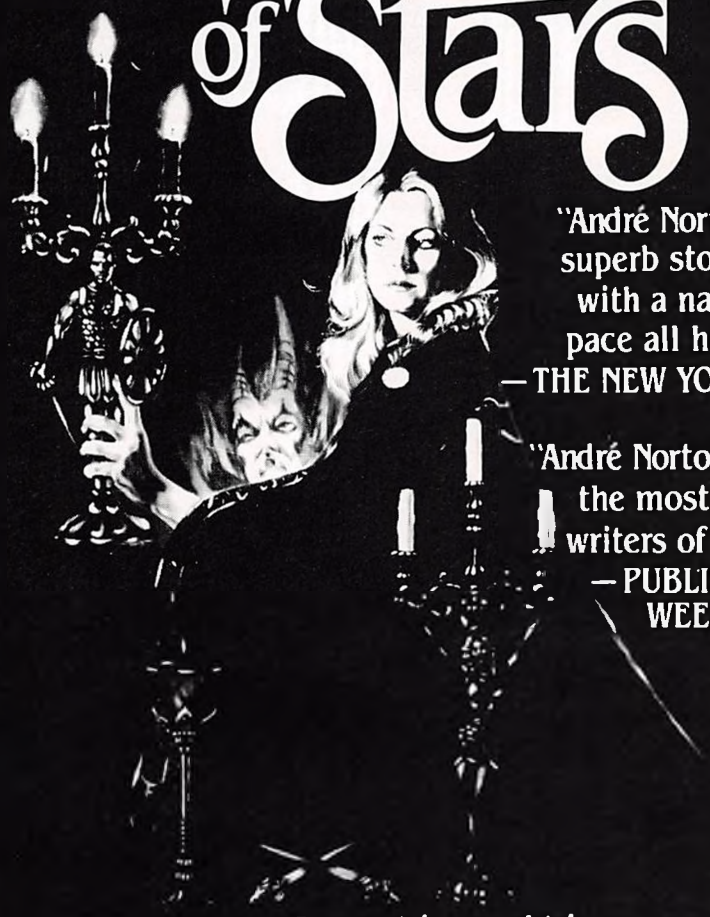

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TOR BOOKS
WE'RE PART OF THE FUTURE

Extract:
DELIRIUM'S MISTRESS

by
Tanith Lee

She lived inside a hollow stone, the daughter of Azhrarn.

That the stone was beautiful, in its cold pure way, did not much concern her, if at all. It was a cliff of quartz, pierced by a hundred caves. The light which never altered gambolled and slid about the cliff, and winked from each of its facets. The pearly mist stole in from the sea and threaded through the openings, so the whole edifice seemed to float. And sometimes a wind fluttered in and out, and then the cliff played weird chiming, thrumming notes, as if the structure were one huge instrument of strings and pipes.

Two of the greater caves had become rooms. They were furnished — at the order of Azhrarn, probably, how else? Draperies hung there and carpets, and silks lay thick on the ground, and lamps rested in the air which would light themselves at a whim, not to give illumination, but to tint and highlight something or other. These rooms had window-panes of painted glass that showed pictures which occasionally altered, telling stories, if any had observed them. In an annex there was a crimson bed with columns of deep red jade, and filmy curtains.

Here lay a doll on its back, all white in a dress of white tissue, save the black hair blacker than blackness that curled around her and down on to the floor, and the open eyes so blue they seemed half-blinded by their own colour. Did she, looking out through those sapphire lenses, see a world shaded by them also to blue?

No doubt she had learned many things without any tutor, had been born, even, with knowledge denied to humankind. No doubt, too, she did not know what knowledge was, or its value. Nor what she herself was or might be. That she remembered her beginning, the mother who had told stories to her while she was yet in the womb, the awful death of that mother, her first abandonment to men, her second to the island, so much is unarguable. Yet even these dreadful memories did not move her to any expression.

She lay on her royal bed in the Underearth, three days away, or three thousand years away, from Druhim Vanashta. Perhaps she even felt, like the dim echo of some gigantic exploding star, the resonance of Azhrarn's mourning. But if she did, it gave her nothing, it asked nothing, it turned its face from her. And so she was — or so she was *not*.

Fuzzies by Michael Whelan


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CHRIS VANDENDRIESSCHE

When I began with a magazine that dealt with fairy tales, sagas, myths and fantasy, one critic wrote: "This magazine promises a lot, especially on the artistic field." Right he was, because the first subscriber on the HEXA magazine was Chris Vandendriessche and he became the most important contributor to HEXA. To say more, he became the face of HEXA for a long time.

Chris Vandendriessche is a young Belgian artist who left art school in order to explore his own imagination. Even as a child Chris had the urge to draw. By the time he left art school he became under the influence of the hippie-movement and the "May '68" thing. Some of their strange and open-minded ideas and questions he spotted and reflected in the works of the surrealists such as Dali, Magritte and de Chirico. He began to draw in the same direction. But it was too difficult to survive as a young artist, so he began to work as an illustrator. A lucky coincidence brought him to HEXA with a beautiful illustrated version of the celtic story "The Stone of Arddu". The beauty of it struck me. From then on we worked as a sort of team for HEXA, the magazine that we both believed in. Chris became well-known amongst the publishers in the Netherlands and Belgium and orders followed. However even for a successful illustrator the future in a small country nowadays remains very uncertain. The job is hard, the result mostly unrewarding.

The thing that strikes the most in Chris' work is the purity and differency of it. Pure because with a few lines he can create an image that attracts you and leaves you in wonder. In other drawings he can hide some small details in the picture, little things that catch your eye after a long time and give you the pleasure of discovery. Different because Chris hasn't one style but many. I found it always very thrilling to guess with which techniques he should make his drawings for HEXA.

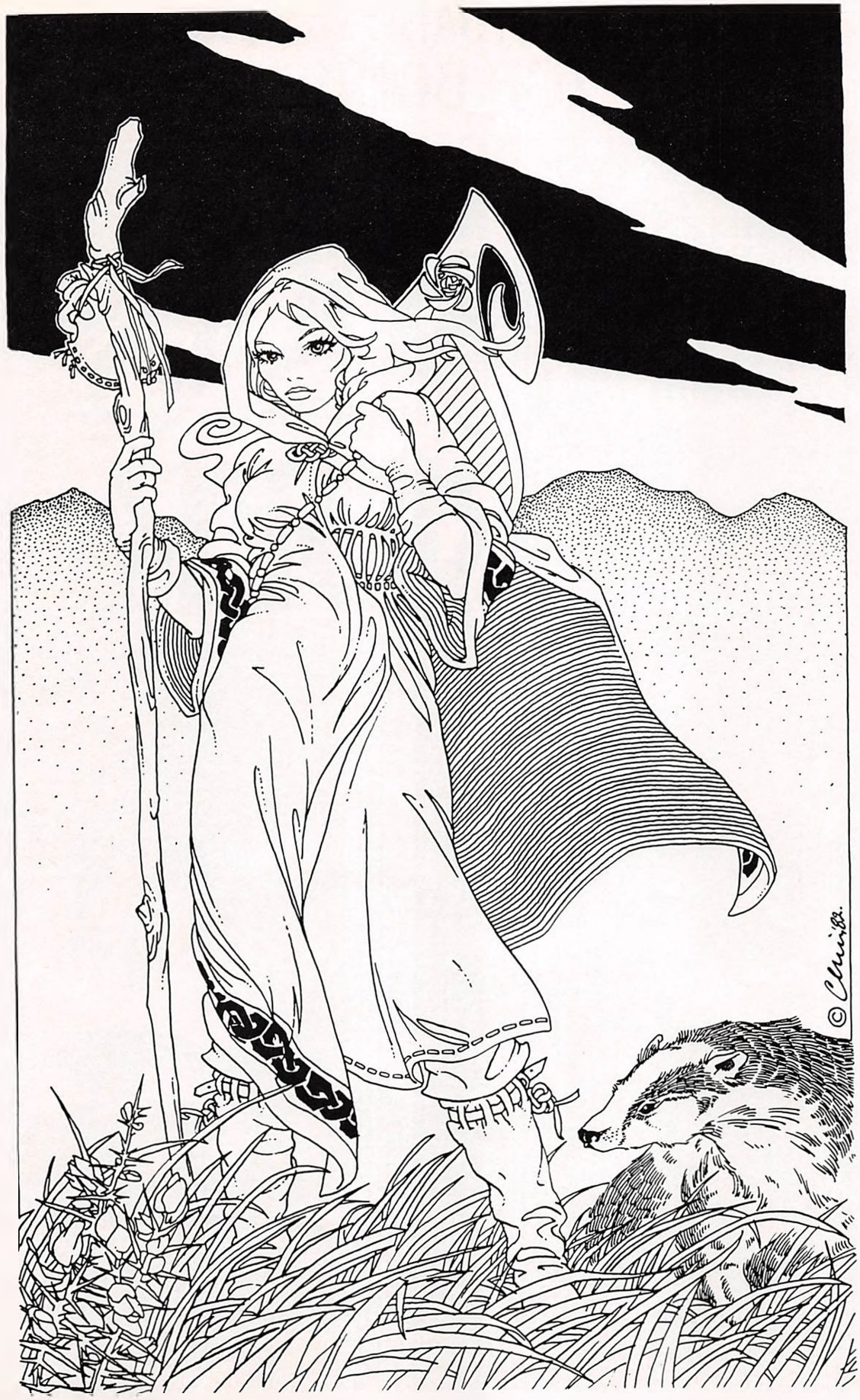
In his career as an illustrator he drew illustrated versions of great myths and ancient stories as "The Children of Lyr", "Pyramus and Thisbe", "Hades and Persephone", "The Grail" and made drawings for "The Beauty and the Beast", "The Broken Sword", "The Lord of the Rings" and "The Grey Rose". People he admires in the illustration field are, amongst others, Frank Frazetta, Rudy Nebres, Aubrey Beardsley, William Heath Robinson, Berni Wrightson and Jeffrey Jones. I hope that he can develop his skills and become as successful as they are.

Ronald Grossey,
Antwerpen, Belgium

Witch Travelling by Basket. Copyright (c) 1980 by Chris Vandendriessche.

The Narrow Path. Copyright (c) 1979 by Chris Vandendriessche.

Illustration from JAN PIKKEDANG, a Flemish folk-tale, published by Altiora-Averbode, Belgium. Winner of the Best Illustrated Children's Book Award of 1983 in Belgium. Copyright (c) 1982 by Chris Vandendriessche.



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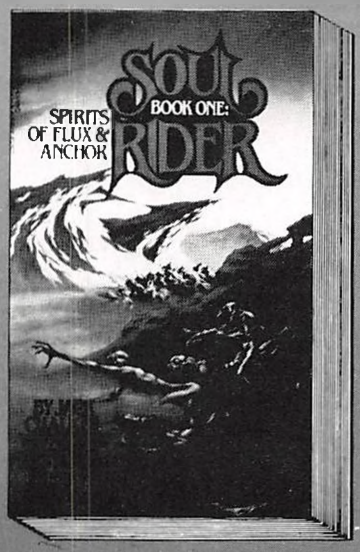

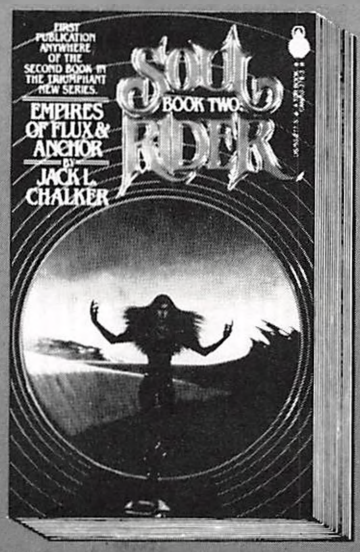

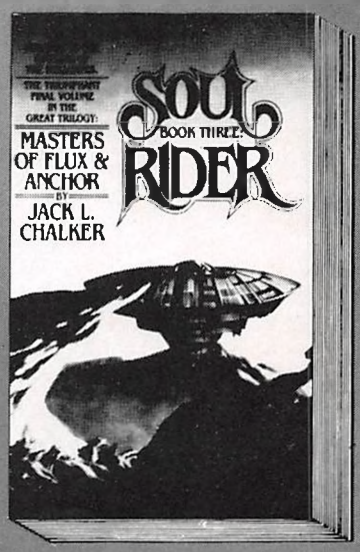

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TOR BOOKS — WE'RE PART OF THE FUTURE

FANTASY ISLAND

by
Mike Ashley

Write something about fantasy in England, they asked. Sure, I said. But, by the fourth finger of Frodo, where does one start? By taking the traditional blinkered parochial view which is second nature to us British, almost all fantasy of any note has come from these isles. How could I do it justice. Then I started to wonder just how much being British influenced the writers themselves in creating their fantasy worlds, and that sent me on a little voyage of discovery. Hop on board.

When we talk about modern fantasy (as distinct from traditional folk tales on the one hand and supernatural horror on the other) there is a general consensus of opinion that it owes its regeneration to three main writers: George Macdonald, William Morris and Lord Dunsany. Although from one side of the Atlantic it might be viewed that these all came from the British Isles and are thus all British, this couldn't be further from the truth. Macdonald was Scottish, Morris English and Dunsany Irish, all three having distinctly separate backgrounds.

George Macdonald (1824-1905) was a rather more rebellious preacher than his congregation or his authorities were prepared to accept and he was forced to resign turning his thoughts and energies to fiction. Amongst his prolific output are a number of children's fantasies and adult fairy tales that form a bridge between the traditional folk tales and modern fantasy. His influence was immense, not just on his contemporaries such as Lewis Carroll, but on later writers such as Tolkien, Charles Williams and especially C. S. Lewis, and on through to today's writers such as Ramsey Campbell, who can recall being scared witless by a scene in Macdonald's *THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN* when he was six years old.

Of major concern to modern fantasy are Macdonald's two 'adult fairy tales' as he termed them, *PHANTASTES* (1858) and *LILITH* (1895). At first glance there would seem little within these works to betray Macdonald's Scottish upbringing. There is more of the mystical romance as evident in the German writers, especially Hoffman and the 'Prophet of Romanticism' Novalis. But on further reading the land of Macdonald's childhood begins to appear as a dream within a dream. No one who has seen the savage bleak beauty of the Scottish highlands especially around Huntly, near Aberdeen, where he was born, can fail to recognise the descriptions of Fairyland in *PHANTASTES*. Raised in a farmhouse near the fast-running river Bogie (which name means literally goblin or demon) surrounded by the forest-girdled mountains Macdonald often revisited his homestead to recapture those formative years. The following excerpt from *PHANTASTES* to my mind captures the very essence of that feeling.

> . . . after many days travel, I found myself, one gorgeous summer evening, resting by the side of a broad river, with a glorious horse chestnut tree towering above me, and dropping its blossoms, milk-white and rosy-red all about me. As I sat, a gush of joy sprang forth in my heart, and overflowed at my eyes. Through my tears, the whole landscape glimmered in such bewitching loveliness that I felt as if I were entering Fairyland for the first time, and some loving hand were waiting to cool my head, and a loving word to warm my heart. Roses, wild roses, everywhere! So plentiful were they, they not only perfumed the air, they seemed to die it a faint rose-hue. The color floated abroad with the scent, and climbed, and spread, until the whole west blushed and glowed with the gathered incense of roses.

At the time of writing *PHANTASTES* Macdonald was living on the English south coast at Hastings where he met and became firm friends with Lewis Carroll. In 1868 he moved to a house called 'The Retreat' on the north bank of the River Thames in the suburb of Hammersmith, to the west of London. This house must surely be one of the most important in the whole of fantasy, not just because of

Macdonald, or of the earlier resident William Blake, but for a later resident of whom more in a moment.

Whilst at 'The Retreat', Macdonald wrote his early children's novel *AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND* (1871), which is remarkable for its depiction of the deplorable social conditions in London at that time — a situation already championed by Dickens. A grim novel it explores the theme of the acceptance of death which served as a further vehicle in Macdonald's last fantasy *LILITH*. Unlike *PHANTASTES*, LILITH does not evoke the land of Macdonald's youth. A dark and sinister novel it reflects more Macdonald's own inner struggles as a man now in his late sixties looking back over a life which had at first followed a seemingly inevitable Calvinist direction and had then diverted into worlds mystical and allegorical. By the time he came to write *LILITH*, Macdonald was a much traveled man and his many impressions reflect in the land of the novel, 'the region of seven dimensions'.

Macdonald sold 'The Retreat' in 1878 and it was purchased by one of his wide circle of friends, William Morris, who promptly renamed it Kelmscott House. Thus, this house not only saw the creation of some of the most inspired children's fantasies, but the birth of the modern heroic fantasy.

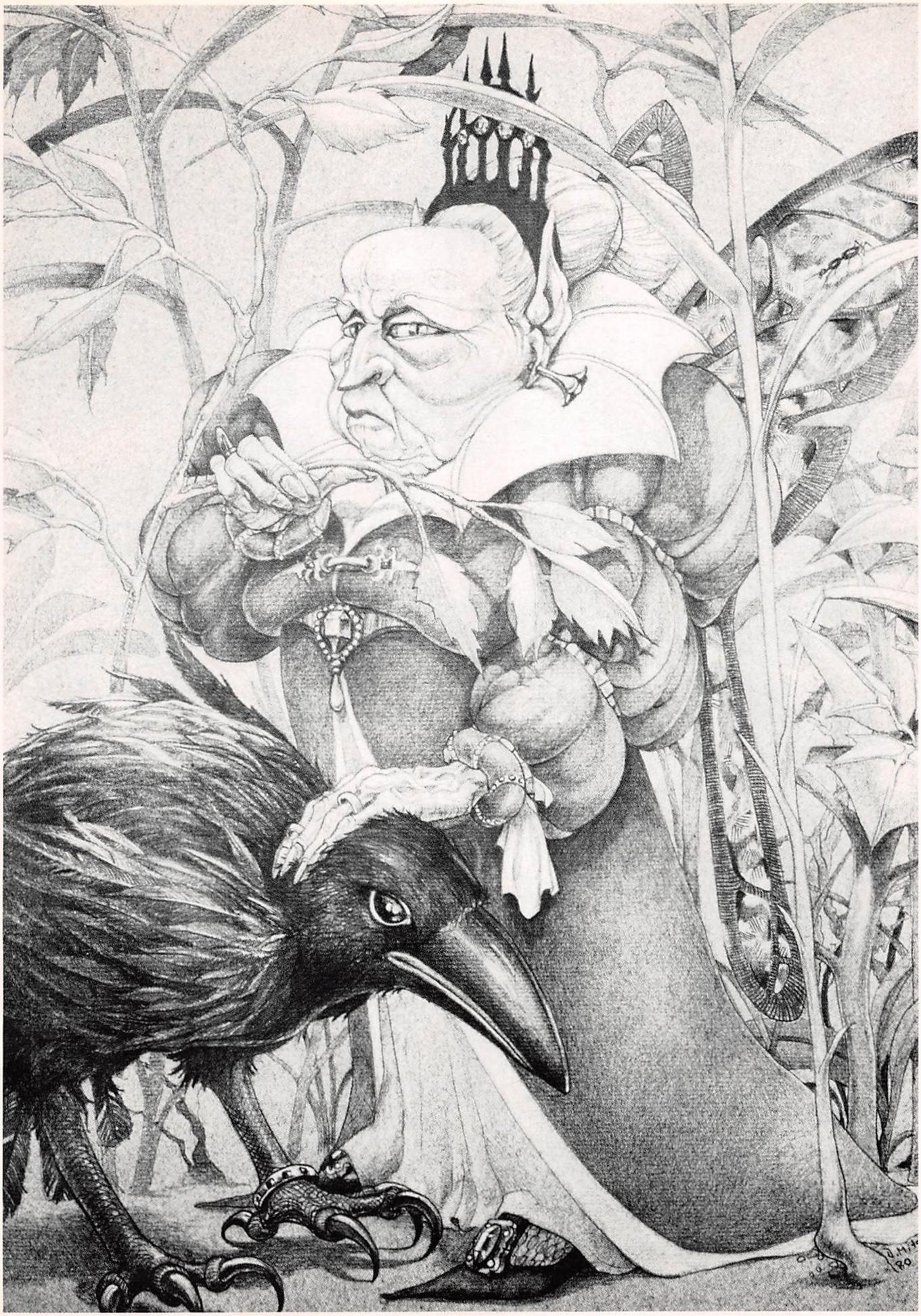
William Morris (1834-1896) had a writing career that virtually parallels Macdonald. Starting as a poet, all of Morris's early verse and prose shows a strong influence of English and Nordic history and legend. His earliest 'fantasy', THE HOLLOW LAND (1856) is basically a historical novel in a dream-land surround. From an early age Morris was fascinated with history and chivalry. Born in Walthamstow to the north-east of London on the borders of Epping Forest, he became fascinated by the works of Sir Walter Scott and apparently made himself a miniature suit of armor in which he would enact all manner of wondrous stories in the surrounding forest.

Morris later found himself inspired by the Nordic myths, especially the Icelandic. He found in Iceland a country and people so real and basic and free, contrasted to the industrialised land and harnessed people that he had come so well to know. Morris grew more dissatisfied with England of the second half of the nineteenth century, and yearned more for the simple but honest life of the Middle Ages. He felt this was reflected most strongly in the artistic creations of the peasant craftsmen. In a lecture delivered in 1877 Morris said:

> . . . for there indeed, if anywhere, in the English country, in the days when people cared about such things, was there a full sympathy between the works of man and the land they were made for. . .

This desire for the past and for the expressions of the common man brought Morris into politics as a passionate socialist. At length it also turned him into a novelist, initially in such socialist and utopian romances as *THE DREAM OF JOHN BALL* (1886/7) which takes us to the past, and *NEWS FROM NOWHERE* (1891) which takes us to the future.

But he found his best expression in the medieval romance which, as book followed book, became more magical and fantastic — the magic serving as a parallel for the disruptive industrial forces prevalent in Morris's day. Whilst the earliest of these, *THE STORY OF THE GLITTERING PLAIN* (1890), still drew solidly on Nordic mythology, thereafter the stories exist more in a world of an English timeless past. *THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD* (1894) the next fantasy to be completed, starts in the seaport of Langton on Holm which is a fine fantasy equivalent of medieval London. Setting out to sea the hero, Golden Walter, is at length blown off course to the magical land of the Wood. It seems so fitting that Morris's first major fantasy should take place predominantly in a



Dowager by Judith Mitchell.

Old Troll by Judith Mitchell.

wood that so reflects Morris's own childhood in Epping Forest. The earliest encounter in the wood seems to echo what could well have been one of Morris's childhood fantasies:

> So he came to where the land was level, and there were many trees, as oak and ash, and sweet-chestnut and wych-elm, and hornbeam and quicken tree, not growing in a close wood or tangled thicket, but set as though in order on the flowery greensward, even as it might be in a great king's park. So came he to a big bird-cherry, whereof many boughs hung low down laden with fruit: his belly rejoiced at the sight, and he caught hold of a bough, and fell to plucking and eating. But whiles he was amidst of this, he heard suddenly, close anigh him, a strange noise of roaring and braying, not very great, but exceeding fierce and terrible, and not like to the voice of any beast that he knew. As has been aforesaid, Walter was no faint-heart; but what with the weakness of his travail and hunger, what with the strangeness of his adventure and his loneliness, his spirit failed him; he turned round toward the noise, his knees shook and he trembled: this way and that he looked, and then gave a great cry and tumbled down in a swoon; for close before him, at his very feet, was the dwarf whose image he had seen before, clad in his yellow coat, and grinning up at him from his hideous hairy countenance.

The wood is of equal sinister significance in Morris's next novel, *THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES* (1897) which with his epic *THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END* (1896) which was being written at the same time, takes Morris a step further still. Now he has infused much more in the way of symbolism and allegory into his work, more akin in fact to the work of Macdonald, but we are still in an English medieval world. Morris's use of mock-archaic English, which dominates these two works, was deliberate ploy to help create the strangeness of another world, but at the same time it was a language that was common to the people of an elder day, the very people that Morris admired and respected. It was only with his final work, *THE SUNDERING FLOOD* (1897), that Morris forsook an English medievalism for the Icelandic, the novel itself having been inspired by an Icelandic story. Perhaps this work came closest to Morris's ideal for a socialist message; it is certainly the most accessible of his works and the best for a newcomer to start on a discovery of Morris.

It is a curious thing that the first major modern fantasy novels should be written in English by someone with such a passion for the Icelandic and Northern legends but it only goes to emphasise that there is seldom anything new under the sun. Macdonald's adult fairy tales were the next logical step in the evolution of folk tales, whilst Morris's fantasies were a backward glance to a timeless world of salvation.

Likewise there was nothing completely new in what Lord Dunsany did except that he introduced the concept of a whole fantasy cosmogony to the short story — in fact to this day no one has written more short stories in the fantasy genre.

Now Dunsany was Irish by birth, and though a great traveler, he felt most at home in the village of Shoreham at Dunstall Priory set up high on the hill overlooking the river Darent in the historic Darenth Valley in Kent. The rolling fields and hills of the Kentish North Downs influenced Dunsany as much as his ancestral home. Curiously, though, Dunsany was first inspired to write by a play set in the Orient: *THE DARLING OF THE GODS*. Suitably stirred, Dunsany put together his own miscellany of mood pieces and prose poems in *THE GODS OF PEGANA* (1905). The tales seem to owe more to Hindu and Oriental mythology than anything English, but it was this that gave to Dunsany what is possibly his greatest contribution to fantasy fiction — the creation of names. Too seldom do people fully consider the sound and meaning and implication of a name. Too often can a book be killed by the inclusion of too many implausible or repugnant names. Dunsany got it right more often than not. Whilst Morris relied on archaic English to create his aura of strangeness, Dunsany concentrated on names. Seldom were they ever English-sounding names. Instead we have such stories as "The Fortress Unvanquishable save for Sacnoth", "The Distressing Tale of Thangobrind the Jeweller", "Erlathdronion", "The Fall of Babbulkund", "The Relenting of Sarnidac" and "The Madness of Andelsprutz". Dunsany's enviable knack was in blending such names into whatever setting he desired, whether the far Orient or something that seems as English as roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Take the opening paragraph of "The Fortress Unvanquishable. . ." which could be anywhere in England, but is translated to strangeness by the names:

> In a wood older than record, a foster brother of the hills, stood the village of Allathurion; and there was peace between the people of that village and all the folk who walked in the dark ways of the wood, whether they were human or of the tribes of the beast or of the race of the fairies and the elves and the little sacred spirits of trees and streams. Moreover the village people had peace among themselves and between them and their lord, Lorendiac. In front of the village was a wide and grassy space, and beyond this the great wood again, but at the back the trees came right up to the houses, which, with their great beams

and wooden framework and thatched roofs, green with moss, seemed almost to be part of the forest.

It's interesting, too, how much woods and forests have played a part in the establishment of a fantasy milieu.

Dunsany's treatment of fantasy has been an inspiration to many: not just his fellow Irishmen W.B. Yeats and James Stephens, but considerably his American admirers H.P. Lovercraft, Clark Ashton Smith and Jack Vance.

Not all of Dunsany's fantasies are set totally in other worlds, but no matter where the action takes place Dunsany was able to create that feeling of otherworldliness. It is perhaps best exemplified when he blends the two taking the reader from the real world to the fantastic. There's a wonderful passage in "The Bird of the Difficult Eye" that I never tire of reading. The names mentioned in the first few sentences are stations on the railway line from Victoria Station to Eynsford, the village near Dunsany's Kentish home. I said before the Kentish hills inspired Dunsany, and I feel one must go far to find anything more inspired than this:

> So Neepy Thang set out. He bought the purple ticket at Victoria Station. He went by Herne Hill, Bromley and Bickley and passed St. Mary Cray. At Eynsford he changed and taking a footpath along a winding valley went wandering into the hills. And at the top of a hill in a little wood, where all the anemones long since were over and the perfume of mint and thyme from outside came drifting in with Thang, he found once more the familiar path, age-old and fair as wonder, that leads to the Edge of the World. Little to him were its sacred memories that are one with the secret of earth, for he was out on business, and little would they be to me if I ever put them on paper. Let it suffice that he went down that path going further and further from the fields we know, and all the way he muttered to himself, "What if the eggs hatch out and it be a bad business!" The glamour that is at all times upon those lonely lands that lie at the back of the chalky hills of Kent intensified as he went upon his journeys. Queerer and queerer grew the things that he saw by little World-End Path. Many a twilight descended upon that journey with all their mysteries, many a blaze of stars; many a morning came flaming up to a tinkle of silver horns; till the outpost elves of Fairyland came in sight and the glittering crests of Fairyland's three mountains betokened the journey's end. And so with painful steps (for the shores of the world are covered with huge crystals) he came to the risky seas of Shiroora Shan and saw them pounding to gravel the wreckage of fallen stars, saw them and heard their roar, those shipless seas that between earth and the fairies' home heave beneath some huge wind that is none of our four.

Certainly the Kentish names of Bromley, Bickley and Eysnford evoke no images, but once we reach Shiroora Shan. . .

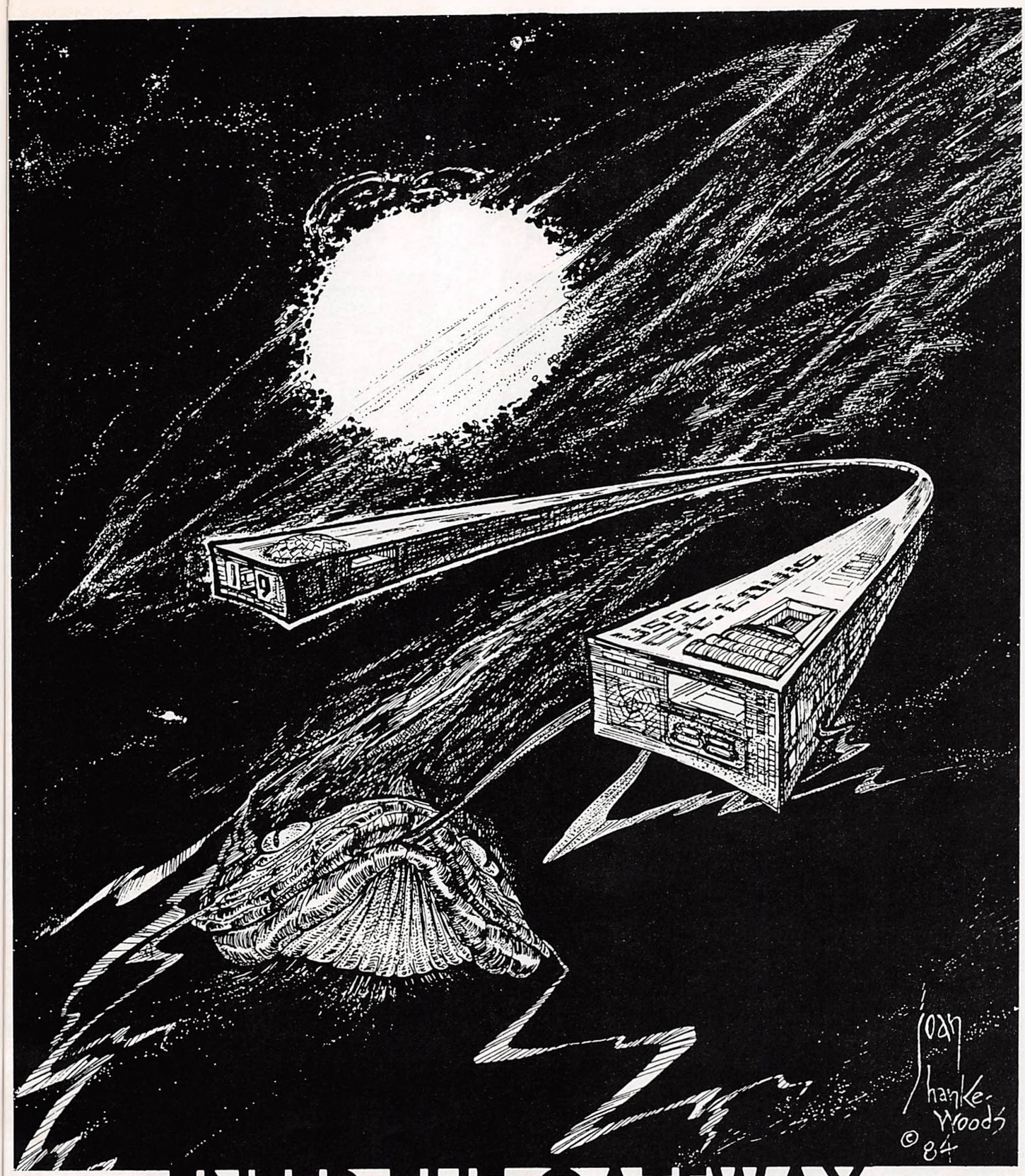
So what does all this mean? It seems to me that although modern fantasy was created by three British writers, it owes its origin only partly to Britain. Each of the writers was able to take that part of the British Isles that he knew and loved and which represented the familiar, and was able to blend it with something that to the readers would be strange and otherworldly. For Macdonald this was a dream world inspired much by the Germanic romances, for Morris this was the Icelandic and Nordic sagas, for Dunsany it was the mystic East. What it means as well is that it was only by chance that the fantasy novel was reborn in Britain. It is presumptuous to totally claim its origin in any case, as there are equal claimants in other European countries, especially France, and I've no doubt that had Poe lived longer he might well have ventured into terra incognita — he was certainly heading that way in *THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM.*

What perhaps is more relevant is why those fantasies came to be written. For Macdonald it was a way of expressing religious views that he was unable to express in the pulpit, for Morris it was a way of putting over a socialist message. For Dunsany — well, for Dunsany it was pure fun.

Let's take a few steps further along this road. Macdonald, Morris and Dunsany may have created modern fantasy, but without a doubt the single greatest influence upon the genre has been the work of J. R. R. Tolkien, and in particular, of course, *THE LORD OF THE RINGS.*

Tolkien was influenced, in part, by these same three writers, and like Morris he was fascinated with the northern sagas and myths, from which he derived many of his dwarfish names and words. Tolkien's orcs owe "a good deal to the goblin tradition, especially as it appears in George Macdonald" wrote Tolkien in 1954. As for the Dead Marshes, "they owe more to William Morris and his Huns. . .". As to the influence of Dunsany, that was in the coinage of words. As a scholar of languages, Tolkien was an expert in the use and creation of words, but none the less he acknowledged the skill of Dunsany in creating the right word for the occasion.

But could Tolkien be said to be inspired by the English countryside. He was, after all, born in south Africa. But his father died when Tolkien was an infant, and his mother brought the child back to her native town of Birmingham, in England's industrial midlands, in particular the village of Sarehole, just south of Birmingham. It was the land around



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Sarehole — and there is some very beautiful countryside near Birmingham despite many English people's beliefs to the contrary — that formed the basis for The Shire. As Tolkien commented in a rather vehement letter he wrote in 1956 (on the occasion of a Dutch translator taking it upon himself to translate the names into Dutch as well): "'The Shire' is based on rural England and not any other country in the world. . . The toponymy of The Shire is a 'parody' of that of rural England, in much the same sense as are its inhabitants." The names, he mentioned in a later letter, are all derived from the style, origins and mode of formation of English place-names, especially in the English Midlands. In a more light-hearted letter written in 1958, Tolkien remarked that "[I] lived for my early years in the Shire' in a pre-mechanical Age."

Once again the English countryside becomes a haven against the strangeness of Other Worlds.

It is inevitable that a writer is going to be influenced by the lands and people that surround him, and in fantasy perhaps more so than in the allied genres of science fiction and supernatural horror. I feel though that, by extension, I could equally have followed the influence of Britain in the works of H. G. Wells, William Hope Hodgson, Sheridan Le Fanu, Arthur Machen and M.R. James, as a few examples. Where there is a difference, however, is that in the horror genre countryside that is so friendly and familiar at one moment can become horribly sinister the next. This can be seen to good effect in M.R. James's "'Oh, Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Lad'" with the pursuit of the man by 'a figure in pale, fluttering draperies, ill-defined' along the sea front at Felixstowe.

What I did want to discover was the English influence on current writers, and in the limited time available to me I contacted a handful asking them whether being English had affected their work.

"I should say so," replied Ramsey Campbell. Ramsey's early work was so Lovecraft-inspired, whilst later works show an influence from horror comics, that although Campbell has established many a terrifying scene in Liverpool and the North of England, I couldn't help wondering whether his stories and style derived more from the American continent. "Lovecraft was an influence, of course, but one could argue that since he was the most anglophile of American horror writers, there wasn't much that was transAtlantic about his influence. If HPL's rigorous analysis of the structure of horror fiction first showed me how to do it properly, it's nevertheless true that I had already been profoundly impressed by M. R. James, Le Fanu, E.F. Benson, Arthur Machen and Algernon Blackwood. One of my ambitions was certainly to pass on some of the terror and delight these writers had given me."

There'll be an opportunity for you to compare Campbell's Lovecraftian and non-Lovecraftian work at the convention. His best HPL stories have been collected by Scream/Press as *COLD PRINT* whilst from Tor Books will be the paperback of his current novel *INCARNATE*.

In the science fiction field there has always been something of a British tradition — usually associated with disaster novels — of which S. Fowler Wright, John Wyndham and John Christopher are the main thread. On the basis of his first novel, *THE FURIES*, Keith Roberts might easily have continued that chain. If anything, though, I think his work subsequently has been even more typically British, especially *PAVANE* which is a beautiful evocation of a non-industrialised alternate England. If anything Roberts's stories do evolve from 'place', rather than the other way round, an observation that M. John Harrison had also made about Robert's work, and which Roberts took as a compliment. "It's obvious that had I been American, or lived in America a long time, I'd have a wholly different outlook. I think it's true, though, that I do show more British influence than most." Charles Platt

emphasises this point further in his interview with Roberts in *DREAM MAKERS II*. "Roberts uses the richness of British scenery as other fantasists use alien planets." Roberts seems to have been emotionally affected by the realization of the full impact of the Norman invasion of Britain after 1066 and its effects upon society. That whole shock runs through *PAVANE* and especially the "Corfe Gate" episode. I've spent the last hour going back through that episode seeking a suitable passage to quote and finding, instead, myself overwhelmed with the emotive intensity of the tale. If any passage, though, reflects Roberts's passion for England it is that when the Revolt of the Castles begins and the Lady Eleanor learns the news from the Signallers. Here, too, in his choice of names — this time real English towns — Roberts echoes the sense of the past just as Dunsany could reflect a sense of the strange.

> "Caerphilly has taken arms. . ."
> She jerked sharply, staring up; her mouth moved, but no sound came.
> "And Pevensey," said the seneschal, reading. "And Beaumaris, Caerlon, Orford. . . Bodiam has declared for the King, Caernarvon has burned its Charter. And Colchester, Warwick, Framlingham; Bramber, Cardiff, Chepstow. . ." She heard no more but ran to him, laughing and swinging her arms round his neck, waltzing round in the tiny space, upsetting wires and batteries and coils. And all day long the noise from the hill went on as the messages came lagging through on the old arms that were no longer of any use. All day till nightfall and far into the dark, spelling out the names in streaming arcs of flame; the old places, the proud places, Dover and Harlech and Kenilworth, Ludlow, Walmer, York. . . and from far out of the West, calling through the sea mist, the words that were like the tinkling of old armour; Berry Pomeroy, Lostwithiel, Tintagel, Restormel; while the lights crawled forward from the heath, and far out on the sea. At midnight the arms stopped working; by next morning Corfe Gate was invested, and nothing moved on the semaphore towers but the swaying bodies of men.

One other British writer has created that same powerful feeling of the depth of history and mystery in Britain and that is Richard Cowper, most effectively in his 'White Bird' sequence which began with *THE ROAD TO CORLAY*. Actually it began a little earlier than that in a short story "Piper at the Gates of Dawn" (1976) itself the title of a chapter from that most British of books *THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS* by Kenneth Grahame. I was entranced from the moment I began that story and continued through the novels. Starting in the year 2999 A.D. we are in an England flooded by rising waters and now divided into the Seven Kingdoms. Technology has failed and we are back in a feudal society so undeniably English. I put this point to Cowper: "What I suppose makes 'The White Bird' saga seem particularly English (or at least 'European' as opposed to 'American') is the underlying sense of history within it — a continuity of culture stretching back for millenia. No one can live for long in England or travel through the continent of Europe without being made perpetually aware of it. All I did was move forward in my imagination for 1000 years and then look back over my shoulder and write with poetic feeling about what I saw behind me."

This is made most clear in the scene where Tom, the 'piper' of the title, first encounters York, after a long journey across the North of England from Cumbria.

> York was the first city that Tom had ever laid eyes on. As soon as he had recovered from his initial astonishment, he found it put him irresistibly in mind of an ancient oak that grew on a hillside near his home in Bowness. Known locally as 'the Wizard's Oak' this once lordly tree had been completely shattered by lightning and given up for dead. Then, a year later, it had begun to generate a few leafy shoots and, within ten years, had become a respectable living tree again. Now as he wandered about the bustling streets and squares and nosed into the dark alleys, Tom's sharp eyes picked out the dead skeleton branches of ancient York still standing amidst the new, and he found himself wondering about the race of men, long since dead and forgotten, who had erected these incredible buildings. . .
>
> Yet, even underneath those stark bones he perceived faint traces of a structure yet more ancient still; great blocks of grey granite cemented into the foundations of the city's walls and, here and there, twisting flights of stone steps worn thin as wafers by the feet of generations all hurrying on to death long, long ago. Once, wandering near the Minster, he had seemed to sense their hungry ghosts clustering all about him, imploring him with their shadowy charnel mouths and their sightless eyes to tell them that they had not lived in vain. He had fled up onto the city walls and, gazing out across the Sea of Goole, had tried to imagine what it must have been like to live in the days before The Drowning. He strove to visualize the skies above the city filled with Morfedd's 'metal birds' and the great sea road to Doncaster thronged with glittering carts drawn by invisible horses. But in truth it was like believing that the world traveled round the sun — something you accepted because you were told it was so — and a good deal less real than many of Old Peter's tales. Even the importunate ghosts of the dead were more alive in his imagination as they came flocking greyly in upon him, uncountable as the waves on the distant winger sea.

I'm sure it is that sense of the past that has made something special out English fantasy, that com-

bined with a sense of place. Without the past, Morris could never have written his anglicized sagas, Roberts his alternate England, or Cowper his future past. Without the place Tolkien could never have created the Shire, nor Macdonald his fairy dreamland, nor Dunsany his worlds of wonder. Could it be that other countries do not have these two senses so vividly or so passionately? Clearly any country with an extensive continuous history must have a sense of the past, but the unreality of those countries to English eyes do not make for an immediate association with that past. But what about that sense of place? Perhaps because I am English, with a strong association with both the past and the localities, I can latch on to this in even the smallest quota in any book, but I've not noticed it in any book written by an American, wherever that book is set. The closest I've seen it is in Marion Zimmer Bradley's *THE MISTS OF AVALON* where she magically recreates the West Country. But I don't, for instance, find any sense of place in any of the Thomas Covenant volumes, whereas there is a strong sense of alienness. Perhaps this is the difference between English fantasy and American. In this country we can associate with it because it seems so close to our past and that which has lingered to the present. In American fantasy this same sentiment is missing, the fantasy has to be created and, as a consequence, it is that much harder to feel directly involved as part of the story.

This can work both ways and is perhaps most noticeable in the works of Ian Watson, one of the best of our current novelists. Although English by birth, he has lived extensively abroad, first in East Africa where he discovered the political realities of the Third World, and secondly in Japan where, he says "writing sf became a necessity, a psychological survival mechanism amidst the future-shocking 21st century cityscape of Tokyo." As a consequence Watson has had no desire to set his fiction in Britain or write with that British sense of time and place. You may say that it is the characters and the story that matter, but it is equally true that both of those will be shaped by the locale and the past. In the end I think it boils down to a sense of belonging, and I feel that it is what I enjoy most about British fantasy and sf — the feeling of being there.

Art by Michael Whelan

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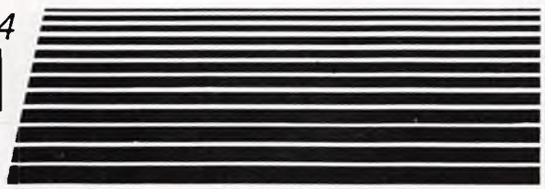

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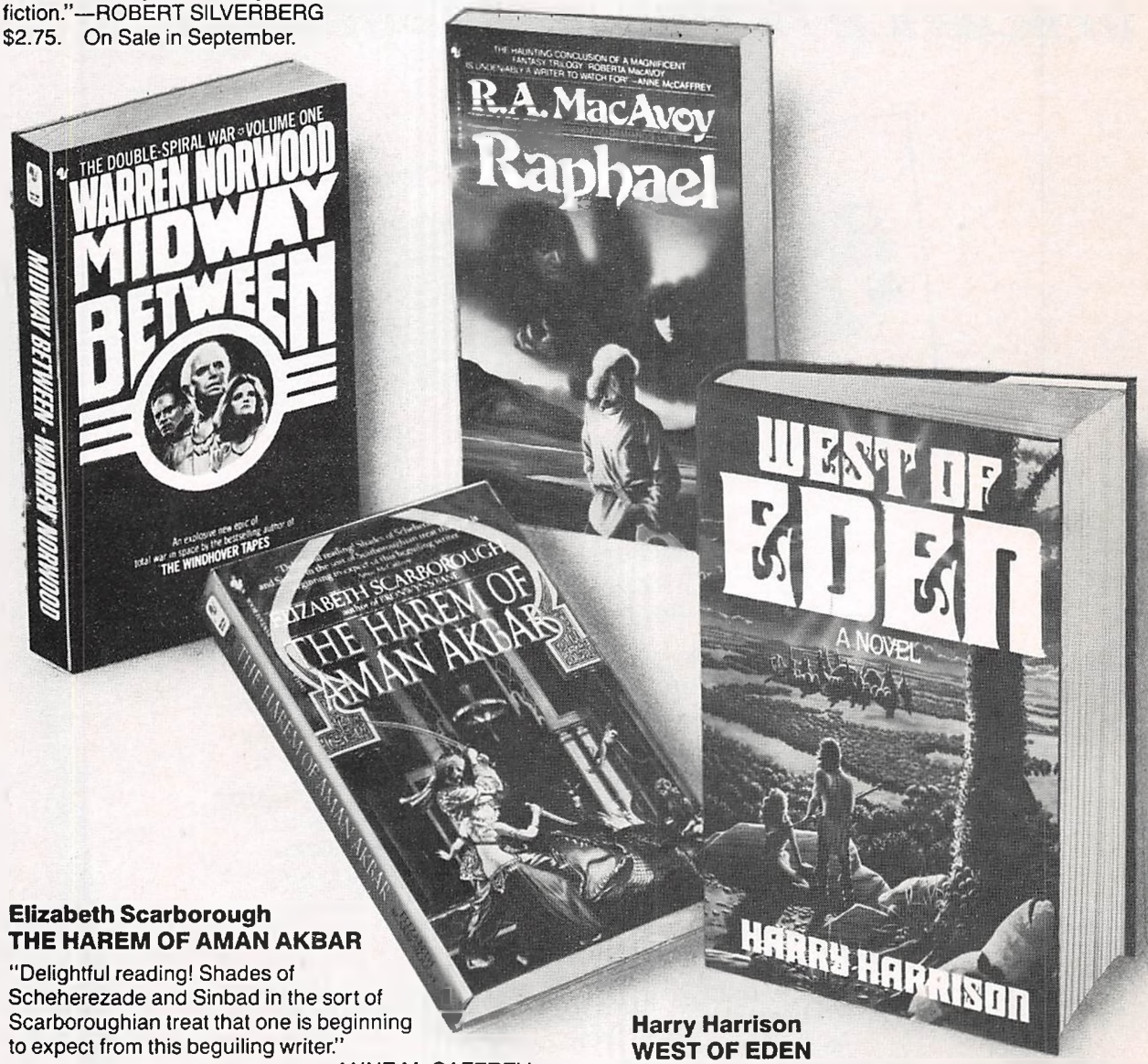

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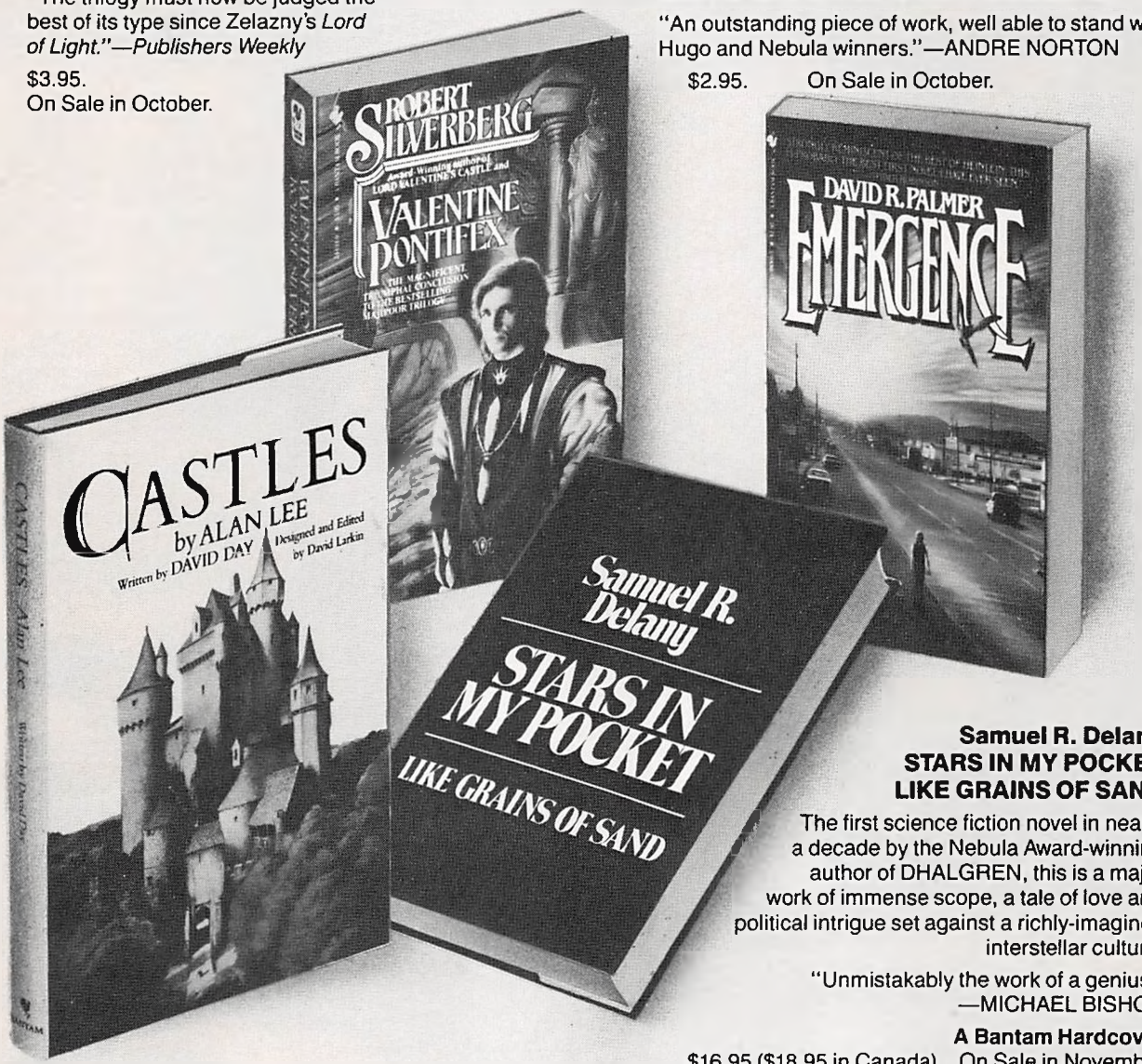

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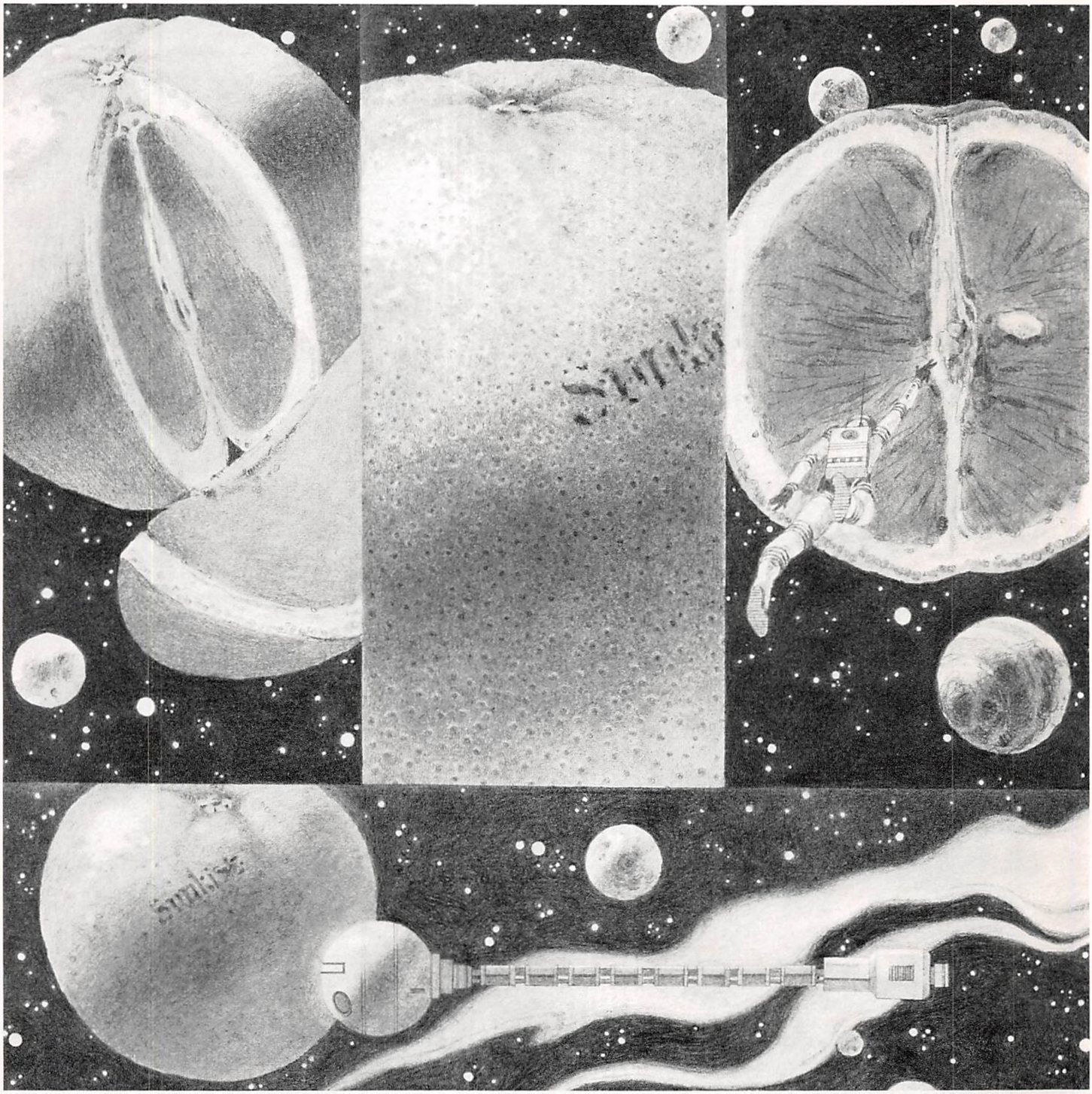


Art by David B. Mattingly

Kotchoi (b) and detail from *Forest Lord's Staff* (f) by Gordon Derry. Two sculptures in natural wood. 12'' tall and 72'' tall respectively. 1983

THE CITY OF THE END OF THINGS

by
Archibald Lampman

Illustrated by Gene Day

Beside the pounding cataracts
Of midnight streams unknown to us
'Tis builded in the leafless tracts
And valleys huge of Tartarus.
Lurid and lofty and vast it seems;
It hath no rounded name that rings,
But I have heard it called in dreams
The City of the End of Things.

It roofs and iron towers have grown
None knoweth how high within the night,
But in its murky streets far down
A flamming terrible and bright
Shakes all the stalking shadows there,
Across the walls, across the floors,
And shifts upon the upper air
From out a thousand furnace doors;
And all the while an awful sound
Keeps roaring on continually,
And crashes in the ceaseless round
Of a gigantic harmony.

Through its grim depths re-echoing
And all its weary height of walls,
With measured roar and iron ring,
The inhuman music lifts and falls.
Where no thing rests and no man is,
And only fire and night hold sway;
The beat, the thunder and the hiss
Cease not, and change not, night nor day.

And moving at unheard commands,
The abysses and vast fires between,
Flit figures that with clanking hands
Obey a hideous routine;
They are not flesh, they are not bone,
They see not with the human eye,
And from their iron lips is blown
A dreadful and monotonous cry;
And whoso of our mortal race
Should find that city unaware,
Lean Death would smite him face to face,
And blanch him with its venomed air:


GENE
DAY ©
78

Or caught by the terrific spell,
Each thread of memory snapt and cut,
His soul would shrivel and its shell
Go rattling like an empty nut.

It was not always so, but once,
In days that no man thinks upon,
Fair voices echoed from its stones,
The light above it leaped and shone:
Once there were multitudes of men,
That built that city in their pride,
Until its might was made, and then
They withered age by age and died.
But now of that prodigious race,
Three only in an iron tower,
Set like carved idols face to face,
Remain the masters of its power;
And at the city gate a fourth,
Gigantic and with dreadful eyes,
Sits looking toward the lightless north,
Beyond the reach of memories;
Fast rooted to the lurid floor,
A bulk that never moves a jot,
In his pale body dwells no more,
Or mind, or soul, — an idiot!

But sometime in the end those three
Shall perish and their hands be still,
And with the master's touch shall flee
Their incommunicable skill.
A stillness absolute as death
Along the slacking wheels shall lie,
And, flagging at a single breath,
The fires shall moulder out and die.
The roar shall vanish at its height,
And over that tremendous town
The silence of eternal night
Shall gather close and settle down.
All its grim grandeur, tower and hall,
Shall be abandoned utterly,
And into rust and dust shall fall
From century to century;
Nor ever living thing shall grow,
Or trunk of tree, or blade of grass;
No drop shall fall, no wind shall blow,
Nor sound of any foot shall pass:
Alone of its accursèd state,
One thing the hand of Time shall spare,
For the grim Idiot at the gate
Is deathless and eternal there.

DZINTARS MEZULIS

A couple of years ago, during an extended summer vacation, I enrolled in a clay sculpture course with the simple intention of playing about in the mud for a week. I knew little about the instructor other than having heard some glowing comments on his work from a friend, so I was unprepared for the marvelous and hypnotizing images that were presented to me as I viewed the slide show that accompanied our first class.

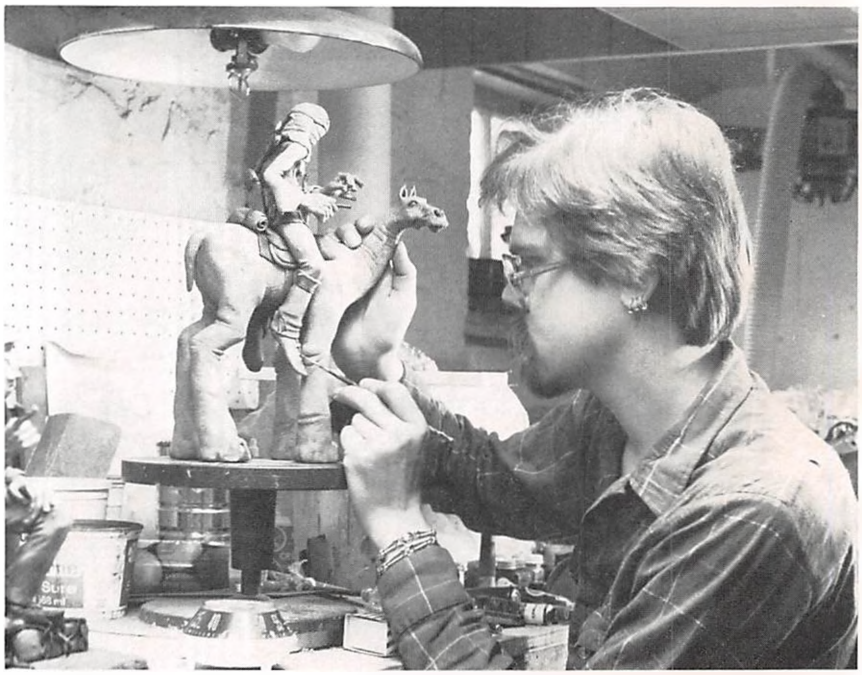
Dzintars Mezulis was taught by his father to use handtools when he was 5 and told to make his own toys. He turned it into a lifework. His sculptures have been aptly described as "literally fantastic. . . creations that could as easily have turned up in the archeological digs of an exotic primitive culture as in the mind of a young, 20th-century sculptor." Indeed, Dzintars does glean most of his inspiration from his extensive travels throughout Europe, Africa, the Middle East, Asia, Central and South America, the U.S. and Canada.

Each sculpture is an exquisitely detailed miniature (most are less than 15 inches high), with each muscle, vein and fingernail lending a vivid sense of life to the piece. I kept getting the eerie notion throughout my sculpture course that the fellow he brought along, "Darkness Draws Near", might rise and saunter across the table.

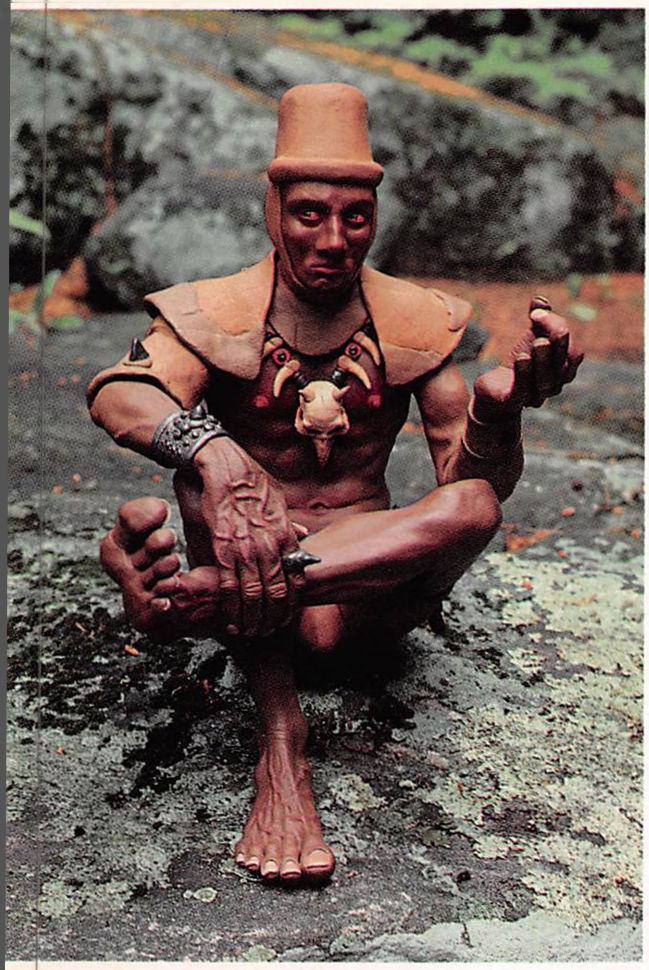
Dzintars lives in Toronto. Although he is best known for his sculpture, he also uses other media extensively including photography, silversmithing, illustration and graphics. He is primarily self-taught and one heck of a nice guy. Don't miss his work in the art show or his slide presentation at the Con.

MaryAnn Harris,
Ottawa, Canada

Ritual Herb Pipe
Ceramic Sculpture,
23 cm. tall 1983



Dzintars in his workshop,
Toronto, Canada.



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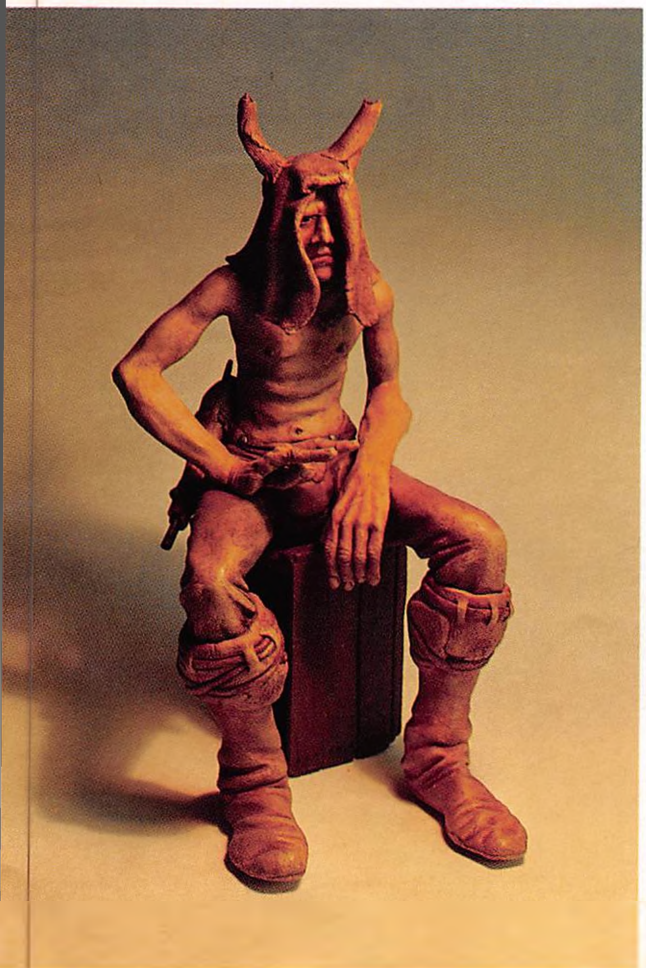


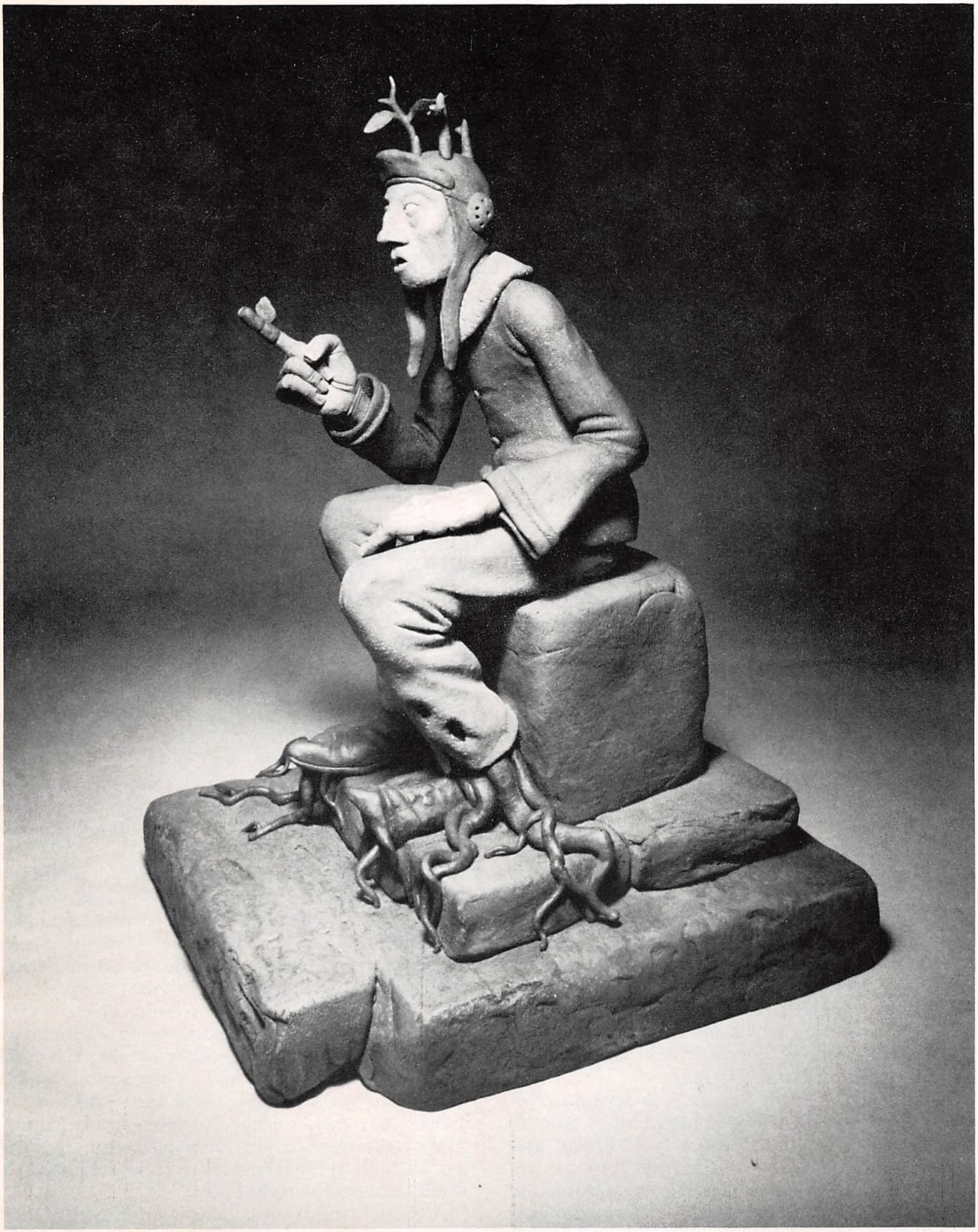
C.

A. *Harzak Centering*
Ceramic Sculpture,
30.4 cm. tall 1979

B. *Ringing in the Sheep*
Ceramic Sculpture,
35.5 cm. tall 1978

C. *Darkness Draws Near*
Ceramic Sculpture,
25.4 cm. tall 1978

Descending White Sleep
(Detail — *Lost Aviators*)
Ceramic Sculpture,
15 cm. tall 1978



Mr. Mañana the Procrastinator
Ceramic Sculpture,
30.4 cm. tall 1978

THE HEROIC REALISM OF HUBERT ROGERS

by
John Bell

For nearly three decades, from the late twenties until the demise of the pulp magazines, Canadian artist Hubert Rogers figured as one of the science fiction and fantasy fields most accomplished illustrators. Interestingly, his achievement in the United States during the pulp era were largely unknown in his own country owing partly to his strong desire to put his illustration work behind him once he resolved, in the mid-fifties, to embark on a new career as a portraitist. However, while Rogers emphasized the dichotomy between his illustration and fine art, there is a considerable degree of unity evident in his *oeuvre*.

A grandson of Prince Edward Island Lieutenant-Governor Benjamin Rogers, (Reginald) Hubert Rogers was born in Alberton, P.E.I. on December 21, 1898. After attending Acadia Academy in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, he moved to Toronto in 1914 to study art at the Toronto Technical School. Two years later he joined the Canadian Army, serving overseas as a map draughtsman, gunner, and dispatch rider. The latter experience left him with a love for fast machines, a passion which his brother, the Canadian ace, W. Wendell Rogers, would indulge after the war by taking Hubert flying.

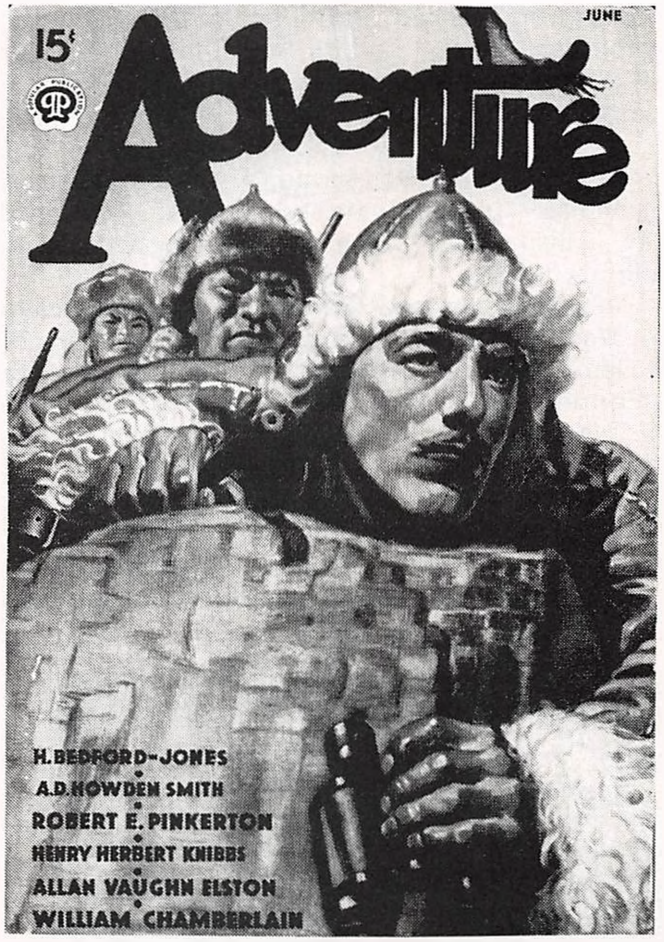
Demobilized in 1919, Rogers took advantage of the Soldiers Civil Re-establishment Plan in order to resume his art training under S.S. Finlay and Alfred Howell, A.R.C.A. at the New Toronto Central Technical School. Following his graduation Rogers returned to the Island, working as a designer at Holman's department store in Summerside. It soon became apparent, however, that job opportunities at home were scarce, so like many Maritimers of his generation he headed for New England. From 1922 to 1925 he studied at the Massachusetts Normal Art School and the School of the Museum of Fine Arts while employed as a commercial artist in the Boston area.

In 1925 he moved to New York where, after serving for about a year as the *New York Times* Art Editor, he became an illustrator for such book publishers as Doubleday Doran, Doubleday Page, and Houghton Mifflin, and pulp companies like Munsey and Street & Smith. Specializing in adventure subjects, he illustrated fiction by writers like H. Bedford-Jones, Talbot Mundy, John Buchan, Arthur O. Friel, and Harold Lamb.

Given his training and temperament, Rogers was perfectly suited to magazines dedicated to two-fisted heroism, pitting white adventurers against a multitude of hazards in exotic, faraway places. While undeniably escapist, male adventure fiction, particularly as it appeared in *Adventure*, was a demanding field. Writers were obliged to pay rigorous attention to the authentic depiction of geography, clothing, equipment, and other details. Even the most fantastic exploits had to be carefully underpinned by realism. The same held true for the artists. As a consequence, Rogers not only exhaustively researched covers but he also regularly hired models and rented costumes to ensure that he would achieve the right effect.

Although the subject matter often necessitated illustrations involving several figures, many of the approximately fifty covers that Rogers contributed

Cover, ADVENTURE MAGAZINE. Photograph by Charles N. Brown.



Cover, ADVENTURE MAGAZINE.

to *Adventure* consist largely of oil portrait studies, as in the compelling painting for Talbot Mundy's "King of the World" which graced the magazine's November 15, 1930 issue. Lit from below to create a brooding and mysterious atmosphere, the piece exemplifies Rogers' strong sense of design. The June 1938 cover features one of the artist's few self-portraits. In this instance, Rogers himself assumes the role of the intrepid white adventurer.

In 1939 Rogers' illustration career shifted from pulps like *Argosy, Adventure,* and *Doc Savage,* to *Astounding Science-Fiction.* Over the course of the next seventeen years he would paint fifty-eight covers for the magazine, making him the third most prolific cover artist in its history. In addition, he provided interior illustrations for sixty issues, emerging as the leading *Astounding* artist during the early years of John W. Campbell's editorship.

Just as he had earlier related to those who ventured into remote and dangerous regions of the globe, he readily identified with even more distant frontiers. In a field very much preoccupied with technology Rogers was able to give free rein to his penchant for fast vehicles, designing sleek, powerful spaceships penetrating the dark vastness of space. However, unlike many SF illustrators, he did not allow his technological bent to displace people. In many of his covers, particularly the best, the human figure occupies the foreground.

While others relied on the lurid imagery of bug-eyed monsters and women in distress to attract their chiefly male and youthful readership, Rogers approached the future with much the same subdued realism that characterized the fiction of Robert A. Heinlein. Both men realized that SF would be more effective and convincing if it was conveyed with a measure of restraint. Just as Heinlein utilized understatement and matter-of-factness, Rogers' palette became more muted and his rendering less textured. Such a style lent *Astounding* an air of seriousness

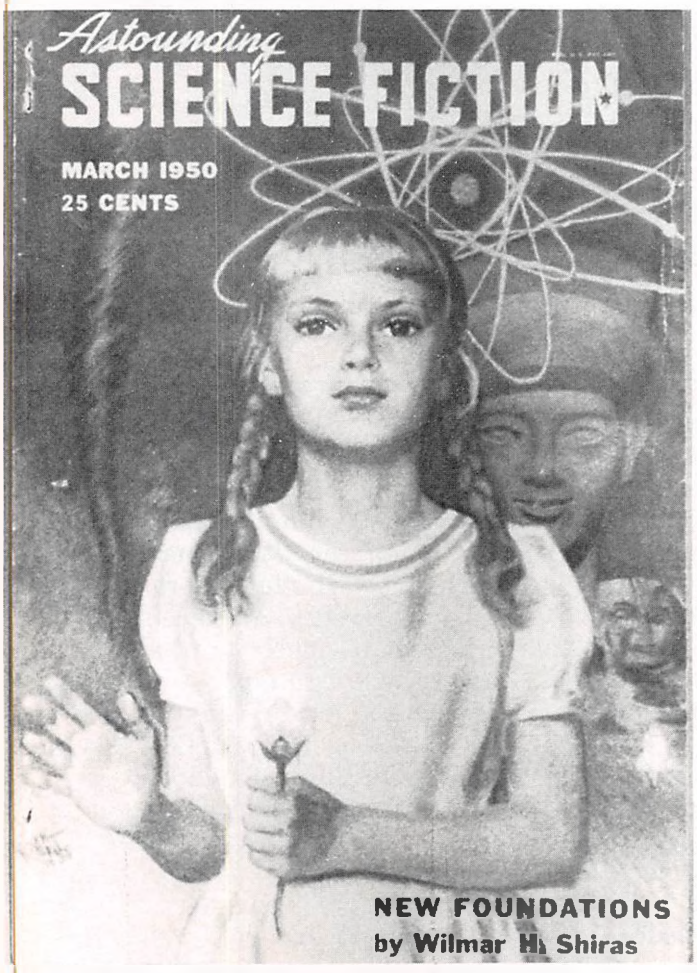
which helped to distinguish it from its competitors.

Many of the virtues identified in Rogers' adventure artwork are also apparent in his SF covers. His heroic rendition of Skylark Smith for the October 1939 issue of *Astounding* is rightly regarded as a classic genre illustration. Very much in his early pulp style, it is a powerful, almost primal image, conveying a total faith in man's ability to harness technology and dominate the universe. Needless to say, it also reflects the artist's abiding interest in military themes.

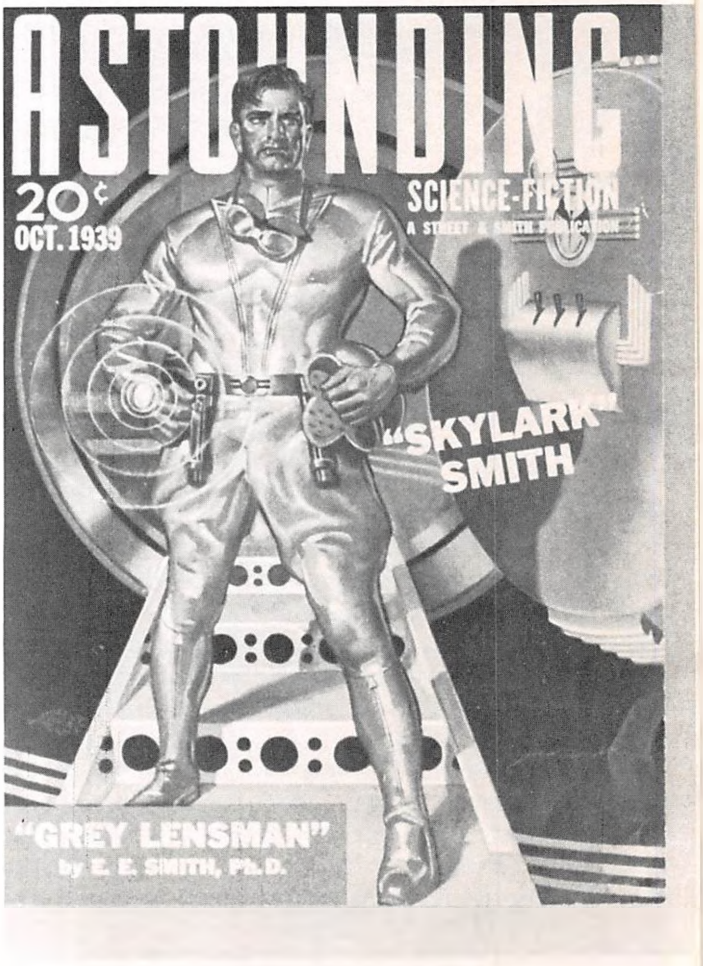
Another exceptional *Astounding* cover appeared in May 1947, interpreting "Fury" by Lawrence O'Donnell (Henry Kuttner). It is at once a majestic and ironic depiction of the exiled survivors of the earth's destruction. In the midst of awesome technological achievements rests the ultimate symbol of humanity's more destructive urges: our lost planet. As the men in the foreground march toward us, they are dwarfed by the contradictory aspects of the human psyche, a contrast that Rogers emphasizes with his use of light and form.

While Rogers involvement with *Astounding* spans the years from 1939 to 1956, he did not contribute to the magazine between 1943 and 1946. Following the death of his cousin, Norman McLeod Rogers, the minister of National Defence in a plane crash, Rogers was determined to join the Canadian war effort. Moving to Ottawa in 1942, he worked for the Canadian Wartime Information Board (W.I.B.) and the Order of St. John, bringing his unrivalled experience in the portrayal of men in action to the production of propaganda. Among his most memorable efforts during this period were the "Men of Valour" posters, documenting outstanding acts of heroism by Canadian servicemen.

Perhaps Rogers best war poster was "Attack on All Fronts" which he prepared for the W.I.B. in 1943. A full-colour painting, it combines his skill as a designer and his abilities as a representational artist in a stunning, potent example of propaganda. Three serial figures jut along a cutting diagonal to



Cover, ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION, March 1950.



Cover, ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION, October 1939.

Wartime Information Board Poster,
"Attack on All Fronts", 1943.
The Hubert Rogers Collection,
Public Archives of Canada: C-103527.

symbolize a unified drive by all sectors of society for victory against the Axis powers. The dynamism and heroic realism that distinguish much of Rogers' illustration work reach their consummate expression in this singular image.

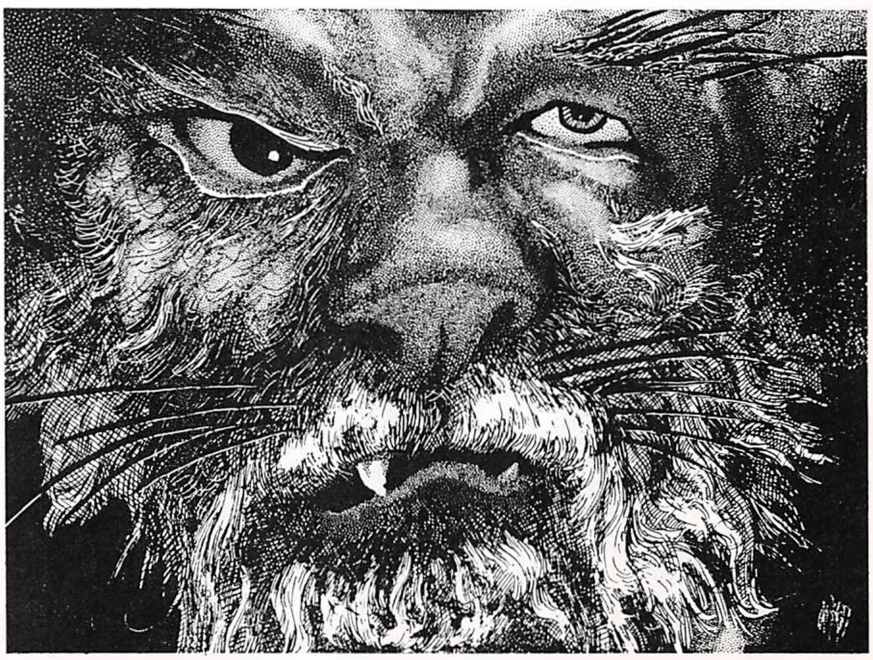
After World War II, Rogers left Ottawa for the United States where, for nine years, he continued with illustration, working out of a studio home which he purchased in Brattleboro, Vermont in 1947. During this period he contributed to *Astounding* as well as the specialty publisher, Shasta. By 1956, though, he had decided to redirect his career toward portraiture. The choice was a natural one. Many of his *Astounding* covers were, in fact, portraits against SF backgrounds, as evidenced by the painting of a Brattleboro neighbour's child that was the central cover image on the magazine's March 1950 issue. Also evident in this painting are the elements of symbolism that are found in some of Rogers' late SF covers. As for his interior drawings, the human figure is even more prevalent.

Given his illustration background and his classical training, it's not surprising that Rogers' portraits are usually quite conventional. At no point did he endeavour to penetrate far below the surface, exploring the inner selves of his subjects through expressionism or abstraction. Instead, he sought to capture a basic reality, representing it with both veracity and respect.

Among his best known portraits were those of the Governor-General of Canada, the Right Honourable Viscount Alexander of Tunis; the first woman Speaker of the Senate, Muriel Fergusson; Prince Edward Island Lieutenant-Governor Gordon Bennett; General E.M.D. Leslie; and five R.C.M.P. Commissioners. In 1967 Rogers purchased the Manotick studio of renowned Canadian artist A.Y. Jackson, dividing his time between Vermont and Ontario.

Although the hundreds of portraits that Rogers produced between 1956 and his death, in Ottawa, in 1982 do provide an undeniable contrast to his pulp artwork, they also serve to underscore the continuity in his career. Clearly, both as an illustrator and a portraitist, Rogers' forte was the human figure, and the primacy of people in his art unifies what might initially seem a disparate body of work.

While Rogers tended to value his later work over his pulp illustrations, there is no doubt that within the genre he will long remain an artist of major stature. As Vincent Di Fate observed, Rogers' passing marked "the end of one of SF's most distinguished art careers." Like Finlay, Cartier, Bok, and a handful of others, Rogers was able to transcend the limitations of the genre, producing work that challenges many assumptions about the distinction between popular culture and fine art.



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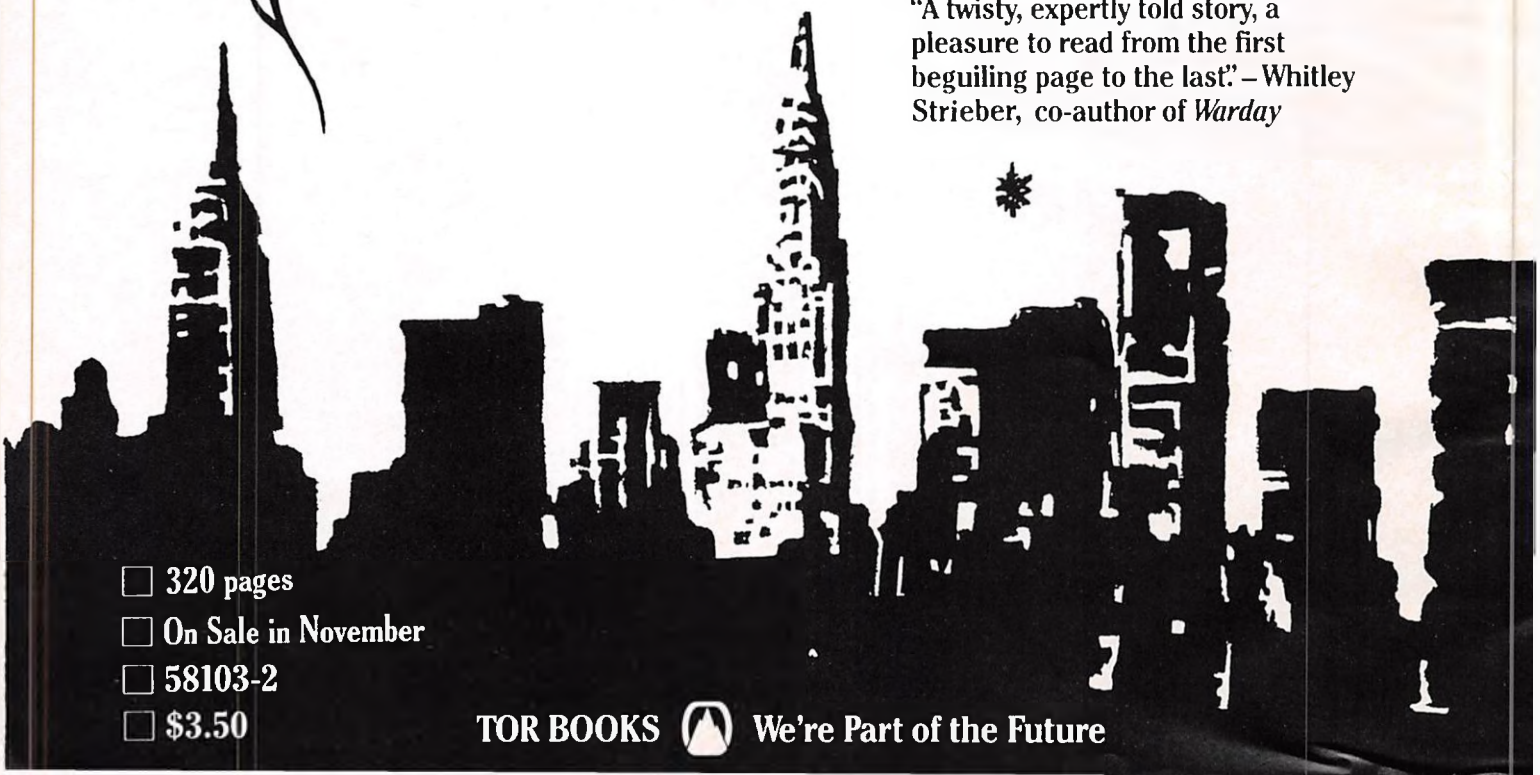

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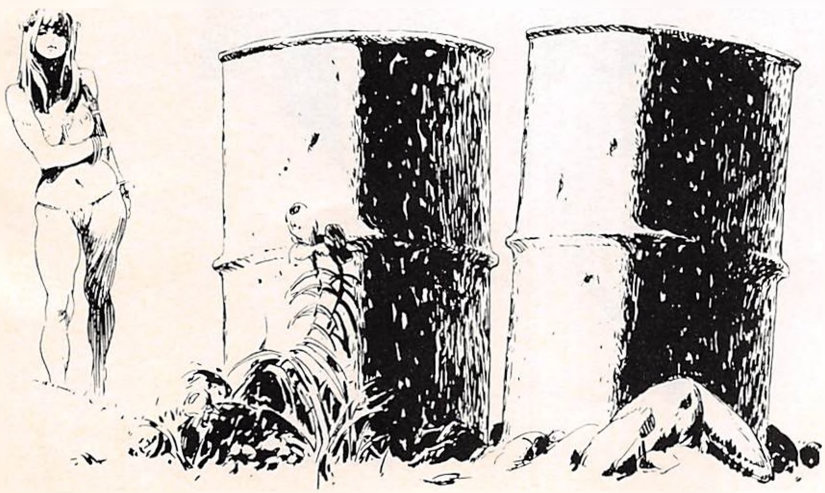

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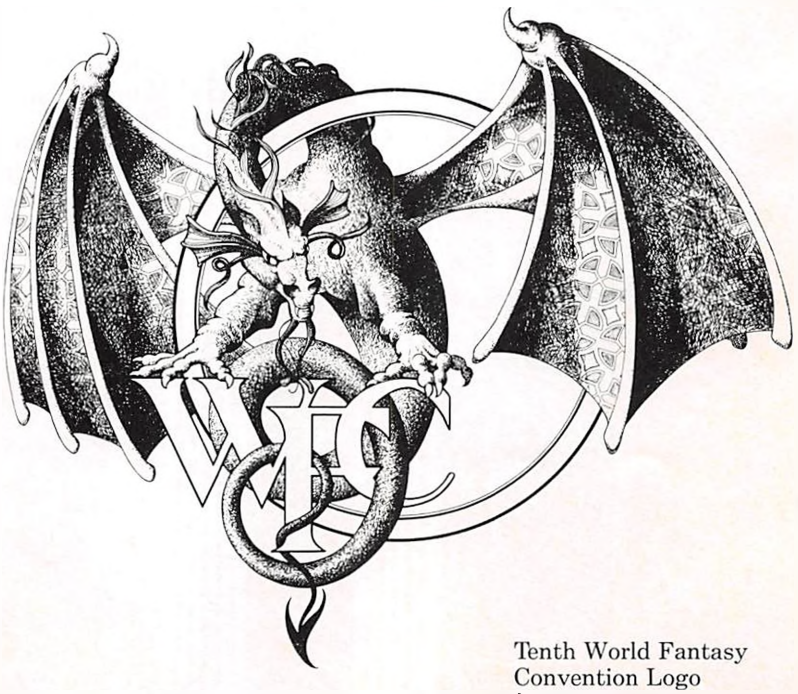

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