fantasy newsletter

$1.95

December

no. 31

In This Issue:

Cover by Stephen Fabian - "Warrior"
Editorial page by John Borkowski - "The Bump in the Night"
Back cover by Robert Arrington - "The Garden of Mazirian"

Photo Credits:
Charles N. Brown - p.6
James E. Munn - p.7

Art Credits:
R. Garcia Capella - p.4,22
Susan Dexter - p.5

News in Brief

Fool-Con IV, the home of the Balrog Awards, will be held April 3-5, 1981, at Johnson Community College in Overland Park, Kansas. Confirmed guests who will be in attendance at the convention include Katherine Kurtz, C. J. Cherryh, Lynn Abbey, Robert Asprin, Herb Arnold, Real Musgrave and Tim Kirk. For registration and motel information, write: Johnson Community College, Overland Park, KS 66210. Or phone: (913) 888-8500, Ext. 409 or 410. Nomination forms for the 1981 Balrog Awards will be distributed with the January *FN*.

The 40th World Science Fiction Convention will be held in Chicago in 1982. (Don't confuse this with the 39th Worldcon to be held in Denver in 1981.) Guests of Honor will be A. Bertram Chandler, Kelly Freas and Lee Hoffman. For advance information about attending and supporting memberships at low early rates, write: Chicon IV, P. O. Box A3120, Chicago, IL 60690.

For information about the 39th World SF Con next year in Denver, see *FN #27*. Although the original $15 supporting and $25 attending membership rates were good only through September 15, 1980, the con committee has yet to announce a new rate structure.

The second annual International Conference on the Fantastic, sponsored by The Thomas Burnett Swann Fund at Florida Atlantic University, will be held March 18-21, 1981, at Florida Atlantic University in Boca Raton, FL. Guest speakers will include Brian W. Aldiss and John Barth. Additional speakers are being sought for up to 60 sessions, in addition to authors wishing to give readings of their works. For additional information, write: Conference on the Fantastic, College of Humanities, Florida Atlantic University, Boca Raton, FL 33431.

Dr. Marshall B. Tymn at Eastern Michigan University recently launched a new series of SF studies with Greenwood Press, entitled "Contributions to the Study of Science Fiction and Fantasy." The emphasis in the series will be on coverage of special subject areas, such as magazines, fandom, art, film, specialty publishers, neglected authors, motifs, and focused historical studies. The format will be book-length studies and anthologies of essays, only original material, no reprints. "With more than 30 volumes in progress," he notes, "this is the largest outlet for scholars in the field in this country." For information or to submit proposals, write: Dr. Marshall B. Tymn, English Dept., Eastern Michigan University, Ypsilanti, MI 48197. *

fantasy newsletter

The Monthly News Magazine of the Fantasy and Science Fiction Field.

Vol. 3, No. 12, Whole #31
December 1980 issue
ISSN 0199-3151

Fantasy Newsletter is published monthly by Paul C. Allen, 1015 West 36th St., Loveland, CO 80537. Single copy price is $1.95. Back issues: #1-17, 19 are 50¢, #20-30 are $1.50. Subscriptions:

North America:
$15.00 per year second class
$22.00 per year first class
Elsewhere:
$15.00 per year surface mail
$29.00 per year air mail

Display advertising rates are available upon request. See classified section for classified rates. *Fantasy Newsletter* is available at wholesale rates to dealers on a fully returnable basis. *Fantasy Newsletter* is also distributed by the following:

Sea Gate Distributors, Inc.
Box 177, Coney Island Station
Brooklyn, NY 11224
Bud Plant, Inc.
P. O. Box 1886, Grass Valley
CA 95945
Offset Distribution
339 Newbury St., Boston
MA 02115
F & SF Book Company
P. O. Box 415, Staten Island
NY 10302

Unsolicited submissions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Although all materials will be treated with care, the publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited materials. Letters to the editor will be considered publishable submissions with copyright assigned to *Fantasy Newsletter*, unless otherwise directed.

Second class postage paid at Loveland, CO. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Fantasy Newsletter*, 1015 West 36th St., Loveland, CO 80537.

Printed on Recycled Paper by
SUNDANCE PRINTING
Loveland, CO

Editorial

Fantasy Newsletter is moving! We'll be starting off the new year with the January issue being published from: Rochester, New York. The home of Kodak film, Xerox copiers, GM carburetors, the former home of French's mustard and Ragu spaghetti sauce, and the only place in the world where one can find "pork hots." Now the home of *Fantasy Newsletter*. Rochester is my hometown; both my wife and I were born and raised there. Now we're heading back, with one daughter born there and two daughters who are native Coloradoans.

With any kind of luck, the move should create barely a ripple in *FN*'s publishing schedule. As I write this, the issue you hold is going to press just one week late and I anticipate that the January issue will also be one week late. With February, we should be right back on schedule with an early December on-press date.

The reason this issue is just a week late is that my wife and I spent last week in Rochester buying a new home. The next few weeks will be hectic ones. Shortly after this issue goes into the mails, I'll be heading out to Baltimore for the World Fantasy Convention. Then it's back to Colorado to pack up all of our belongings and head east again to Rochester; meet with my new printer and get down to work on the January issue. (We'll actually be leaving Colorado about November 8th.) All of which ably illustrates, I suppose, the popular notion of our "mobile society." Mobile, hell!--I'll be happy to get it all over with and get settled once again!

Please note my new mailing address, effective immediately:

Fantasy Newsletter
Paul C. Allen
P. O. Box 170A
Rochester, NY 14601

Disregard the return address on the envelope and the address information on page 2 of this issue--that is what is required for mailing this last issue from Colorado and will be outdated by the time you read this. If you have recently mailed something to me, rest assured that it will be forwarded.

Please use my post office box above as the official mailing address. My new home address (or office of publication) will be: 11 Phaeton Dr., Penfield, NY 14526.

Although we are looking forward to the move, I'm going to miss a number of people here. My printer, Tom Jackson at Sundance Printing--who has been the salvation of *FN* on more than one occasion. And a number of people at the Loveland Post Office (Verlin Ruckle and J. J. Haddix, to name two)--who have provided me with a friendly and helpful brand of service that is rare these days. I will miss you. And before I leave, I want to make sure my readers know that you are a large part of *Fantasy Newsletter's* success.

-- *Paul C. Allen*

On Fantasy

by Fritz Leiber

"The Original Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser"

Speaking of apparitions from fantasy worlds entwined with reality, this August I experienced a week long visitation from the original and originator of the Gray Mouser, co-hero of my Nehwon "Swords" saga and my friend of fifty years, Harry Otto Fischer, once of Louisville, now of Clarksburg, West Virginia. There weren't any earth-shaking events, San Francisco was not thrown into confusion by the arrival of the Scourge of Lankhmar and one-time prophet of Chaoticism, nor any gargantuan carousings, both of us off the stuff, but there was a certain amount of stock-taking and musing by two old dreamers.

This short, comfortably-paunched, slope-shouldered, thick-necked, shaven-skulled Presence across the low table from me, smacking down his morning coffee and fussily adjusting his hearing aid (just as I'm forever nervously pushing my bifocals back up my nose as they slide down)--five decades ago he had been a slender, agile, horrifically intelligent undergraduate at the University of Louisville, headed for medical school if his doctor cousins, one named Roser, had their way. While I'd been a tall and slow-moving undergraduate with a lazy and somewhat theatric poise that masked extreme shyness, at the University of Chicago, where Harry's oldest friend, my fellow psychology student Franklin MacKnight had introduced us when Harry was paying him a weekend visit, having come up on the electric interurban that then linked the two cities.

The tall shy youth was fascinated by the other's thrusting wit, sardonic humor, grotesque fancies, breathtakingly wide reading and seeming even wider knowledge of the world, his air of general knowingness despite an occasional stammer. (His intimates at U of L appeared to be the instructors and professors, not the students.) While the short and more outgoing youth was impressed by the tall other's gentle and poetic manner, his imaginativeness, the artful carelessness of his attire, and his theatric aura (his father the noted Shakespearean actor).

They became fast friends and prodigious correspondents, the Louisville youth taking the lead there. A couple of years later in the course of his long missives on parchmenty paper, he penned a couple of pages romantically projecting himself as a cloaked and hooded rogue, subtle and fell, known as the Gray Mouser, and his friend as an amiable barbarian giant, Fafhrd. His friend received, read, was entranced, and eventually devoted fully one fifth of a lifetime's fiction writing to the adventures of the pair.

Why?

I directed some questions at the Presence across the table, mostly about boyhood and earlier youth, and got answers, several of which I believe I was hearing for the first time. As one grows older, the distant past sometimes becomes more real.

Toward the end of the last century, two boys became fast friends in an orphanage in Louisville, Jake Fischer and Charlie Roser. Jake had a little brother, Harry, also an orphan there, and a younger sister Carrie, in a nearby Catholic home for girls. Jake was apprenticed out of the orphanage to a butcher, then to a printer, while Charlie became a baker's apprentice.

A little later the two one-time apprentices married sisters--Bettie and Soph--in the numerous brood of the Biery family (the name had been Bieri in Switzerland), while later still Jake's little sister Carrie married Louie Barry, brother of the two sisters in this strange intertwining of Fischers, Rosers and Bierys--and the related Klingmans and Weisses.

In the midst of the year of Halley's comet, 1910, on July 9 near the time of its fullest shining, Bettie and Jake Fischer had a male offspring whom they named Harry Otto. The Otto was for uncle "Ott" Biery, a dramatic and picturesque person, thick-shouldered, short and strong like most of the Biery men, stone deaf from some early adult sickness, sometimes a gambler and always a courtly dresser. He wore a cape and carried a swordcane which which he'd wounded two muggers of that period. For a long time fortune favored him and he owned a jewelry store and two hotels. At Christmas he'd invariably give gold pieces to all, double eagles to the older people, eagles and half eagles to the smaller fry.

So from an early age Harry Otto always had entry to a half dozen aunts' and uncles' kitchens, not to mention Ott's two hotels. It was a case of instant "extended family," quite a thing for an orphan's child.

(At the end of the year of the comet I was born, knew the world of the theater briefly, then during school years through first year college stayed with relatives, chiefly two sisters of my father, the one childless and the other unmarrying, a rather confined apartment house existence--save for glorious summers with my actor, actress parents.)

Bettie Fischer, a head nurse turned Christian Scientist, wise in the ways of doctors and of quacks, filled her son with the assurance that whatever he did and whatever happened to him, he could never be really hurt. He became a rover and a fearless player of Childhood's more dangerous games, such as the ones involving leaps from second stories--he twice put nails through his feet without getting infected. But then he broke off a rusty nail in the root of his thumb and developed lockjaw, but his mother nursed him through the fatal disease hand-

ily, beginning a long process of seeing to it personally that her early assurances to her son were always borne out.

On a holiday morning, observing a ball game rather closely, he got his forehead laid open with a bat, but she bandaged it up and he went on the excursion riverboat ride just the same. He felt dizzy once or twice and got nauseated but nothing else happened--he never threw up--though his occasional stammer did date from that time.

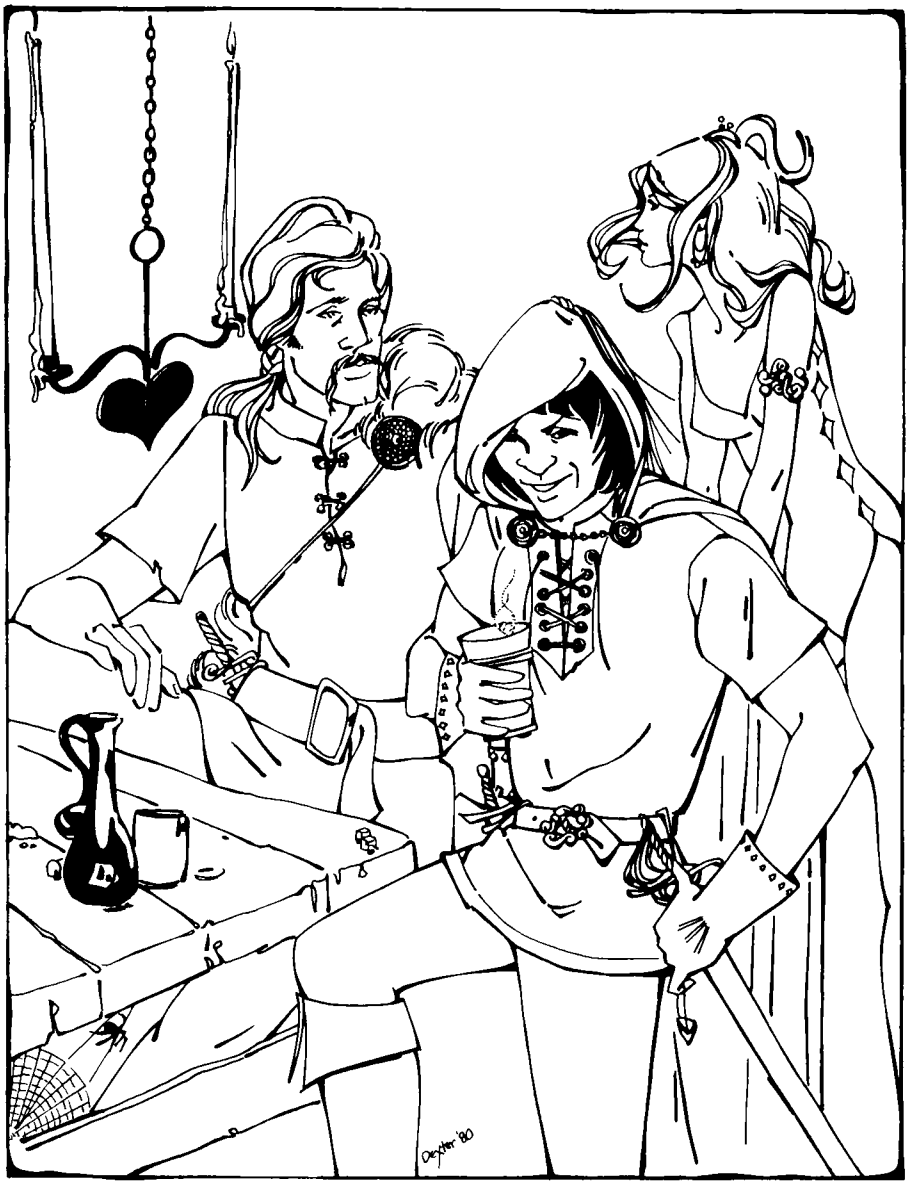
Some of his games were in Shawnee Park on the Ohio and in the nearby amusement park of Fontaine Ferry (popularly corrupted to "Fountain Ferry"). One involved feeding tickets without getting your fingers caught into an electric wringer running unattended on display. Harry Otto lost this game--and the adult who at last arrived and took action, instead of shutting the wringer off reversed it, almost completing the process of flaying his mangled hand.

The doctors agreed that amputation was necessary, but the mother opted for suspension of the injured member in a warm soapy saline solution with the almost detached glove of skin roughly refitted. After some doubtful times it healed with fingers bent, but the mother straightened this claw with endless massage and gave the boy a rubber ball to squeeze interminably. Eventually it became the stronger hand, showing no flaws.

(In rather sharp contrast, I was early aunt-embued with the idea that the only way to avoid accident was to stay out of danger--a precept I've followed so well that I've yet to fracture a bone--and the simplest way to stay out of danger was to stay indoors. Hard to tell how much of this was enforced by them and how much by my doing what I thought they wanted, the emotion-fraught master rule being, "Don't worry aunts.")

One thing we can say about Harry Otto's run of near-crippling accidents successfully survived, taken together with his mother's deep convictions--it gave him an abiding distaste for hospitals ("Hate the smell") and the business done in them; despite others' plans, he never went to medical school.

Another thing about Harry Otto's accident-run--it corresponded remarkably with a similar run suffered by my own father, except that in his case feet were involved instead of hands: left foot born twisted so that he had to wear a brace on that leg for ten years; right ankle run over by a horse-car at age six, tableau of doctors



opining, "Must amputate," and *his* father responding, "No--if he dies, let it be as he came into the world," protracted but completely successful healing--he became in high school a notable Chicago track and field athlete (he also won an oratory contest); lockjaw from unreported stepping on a rusty nail, another six months in bed, cure effected with a tetanus medicine that had worked on horses. He worked up to a full horse dose.

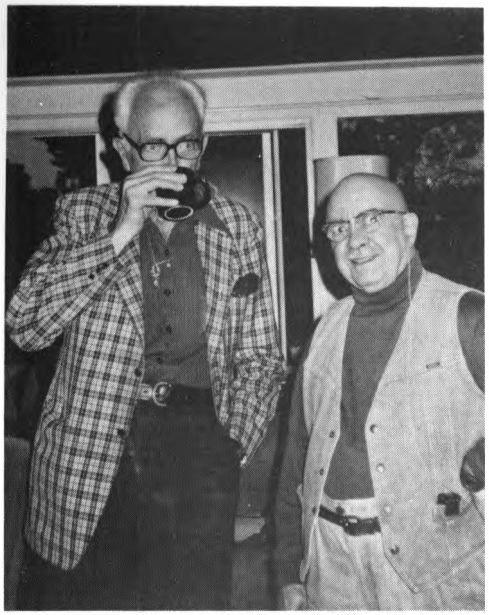
Did this coincidence turn Harry Otto into a bit of a father figure for me?

Horatio: 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

But one thing I *am* sure of about Harry's accident-run, it was the very stuff of weird adventure stories (for a serious accident *is* the basic weird adventure story: the encounter with danger, playing with it, the brush with death and crippling, attendant strange circumstances, the escape and recovery) while his active childhood in an extended family provided just the sort of colorful, workaday, real living stuff that such a story needs for background.

The one time Harry's written for print about the Mouser ("The Childhood and Youth of the Gray Mouser," *The Dragon*, #18, September 1978) he gave *him* an extended family of sorts--though for shock value and the honor of evil old Lankhmar, he turned the aunts and uncles to whores and pimps. His *The Finzer Family* (*The Dragon* #8 and #9 ran an abridged version), a juvenile novel about a likeable and level-headed brood of modern witches, is also pertinent here.

All this stuff also makes clear to me why I, the timid and withdrawing Chicago youth, should have been fascinated by the revelations of the Louisville youth and been the one to record in fiction



Fritz Leiber (left) and Harry Otto Fischer, the original Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser. Photo by Charles N. Brown.

(for over forty years now) the things that kept on growing from our first shared imaginings--I've always been mostly the observer in life, shunning action, playing it safe.

I asked the Presence across the table what *he* thought about it.

He took the question under advisement, as it were, seeming to go into a brown study.

We've always been pretty mysterious to each other, you know, Harry and I. Never been long enough together at a stretch to get *fully* acquainted (or bored--that's the good part), this time was only our third meeting in the past twelve years. We'd brought each other more or less up to date, praised each other's sons--my one, the philosopher and writer, his *two*, the mathematician and computer wizard, and the Bible scholar and athlete (those Biery shoulders)--talked about recent books (he recommends John Irving's *The World According to Garp*, about a boy whose mother is a strong-minded feminist trained nurse, it's good), poked around San Francisco a bit ("a friendly city," he finds it, "the bus-drivers are polite"), he bought a camera, we visited Japantown, ate peppery Chinese food at the Hunan and *sauerbraten* (Harry had a dark beer) at the German Cook, talked a little of this and that...but, as I say, we've always been pretty mysterious to each other and now we're getting old--no wonder I've half retired the Mouser and Fafhrd from sweaty megalopolitan Lankhmar to frosty Rime Isle to log a few hours at least of something more like family life...

All this was taking too long, so I nudged the Presence for an answer. He turned back to me, gave me a long enigmatic smile...and shrugged.

I don't suppose we *should* have expected any more. After all, he *is* the original Gray Mouser.

Well, it's now December and Christmas is upon us (though I'm writing this in late September) and I'm rounding out a full year with *Fantasy Newsletter*. I've written a lot about the horror story and about Stephen King (there's a connection between those two) and the awareness of the strange, considerable about female writers, films, and the welcome plethora of fantasy publishing.

Last column I goofed by guessing Straub's *Ghost Story* and King's *The Dead Zone* would be vying for the World Fantasy novel award. The one wasn't nominated, the other was withdrawn by its author on the grounds that it's science fiction --a quibble if I ever heard one. Teach me to play the seer! A pox on it all! Double pox on genre quibbles!

To top that off I've just read King's 132-page novella "The Mist" in Kirby McCauley's monster anthology of originals, *Dark Forces* (Viking, 1980, $16.95, 551 pages). Whether called SF, horror, suspense, or mainstream, it's another humdinger, this time about sixty or so Maine folk beleaguered in a supermarket in a lake-town way down east. So far, I've read only two other of the 23 stories comprising *Dark Forces* and they're both outstanding: Karl Wagner's "Where the Summer Ends," which uncovers an ultimate horror in the kudzu-overgrown rased slum blocks of a delapidated southern city, and (most notable of the three I've read) T. E. D. Klein's "The Children of the Kingdom," which discovers a related horror--this one slippery, crawly, and white--in the overboiling ethnic underworlds of New York City; it's also the greatest story I've seen about urban blackouts.

I *would* pick the three stories with riproaring thunderstorms in them, but that's not cheapo--Shakespeare leaned heavily on thunderstorms in his two finest horror plays, *Macbeth* and *King Lear*.

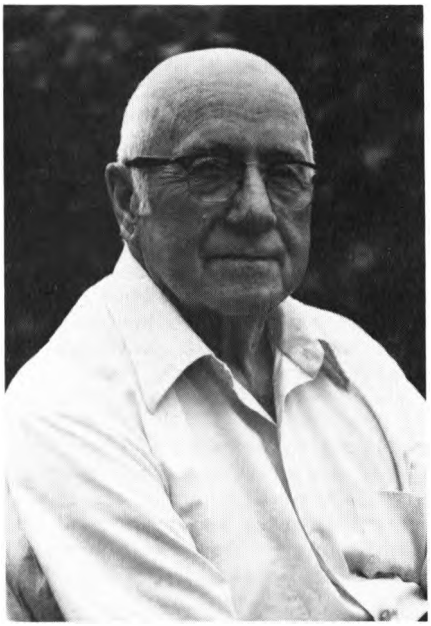
Another new big anth of outstanding horror tales is *The World Fantasy Awards/Volume Two*, edited Stuart David Schiff and Fritz Leiber, Doubleday, 1980, $10.95, 282 pages. My chief editorial contribution is the 21-page essay, "Terror, Mystery, Wonder," where I talk a lot about the *Zone:* area spotlighted during awareness of the strange--I found the name in Cocteau's *Orpheus*. Karl Wagner has a story here, too, about a giant's gigantic end, "Two Suns Setting," while King is represented by his early, able Lovecraftian "Jerusalem's Lot."

Two relatively new, worthy, long-period magazines I've been watching that are packed with interesting fantasy materials are *The Romantist*, published annually ($5.50) by the F. Marion Crawford Memorial Society, Saracinesca House, 3610 Meadowbrook Ave., Nashville, TN 37205, and *Gothic*, semi-annually ($6) by Gothic Press, 4998 Perkins Road, Baton Rouge, LA 70808.

The Romantist #3, for 1979 but just out, carries an article about Crawford by Donald Sydney-Fryer (horror devotees are most apt to know Crawford from his "The Upper Berth" and "The Screaming Skull" in *Wandering Ghosts*); a forceful appreciation of Russell Kirk by Don Herron (Kirk has stories in both *Dark Forces* and *WFA/II*, "The Peculiar Demesne" and "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding"); "Chambers and *The King in Yellow*" by Lee Weinstein, about the invented Hastur-mythology that ultimately involved Bierce, Chambers, Lovecraft, Derleth; "Poet of the Mist," about George Sterling, by Dale L. Walker; an H. Warner Munn story; and things about Arthur Machen and Henry James.

Gothic has a little more of the university, modern English department approach and seems to divide about equally between articles and fiction. From #3 (June 1980)'s "Beyond Mystery" by Paul Lewis, I find that modern views of the Gothic novel are best understood from books such as Leslie Fiedler's *Love and Death in the American Novel*, Robert Kiely's *The Romantic Novel in England*, and Tzvetan Todorov's *The Fantastic: A Structural Approach to a Literary Genre*, and I'm rather pleased to note he regards Jacobean tragedies such as Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi* and works like Melville's *Moby Dick* as Gothics of sorts, for those are conclusions I reached in the "Terror" essay mentioned above. The fiction's a mixed bag: a vampire comedy of manners by a Belgian, a deliberately old-fashioned ghost story about a haunted house in Baltimore, and "The Lady in Darkness," by Lee Weinstein (who did the "King in Yellow" article in *Romantist #3*), which turns out to be a pastiche of, or variation on Chambers' "The Yellow Sign." Odd.

-- *Fritz Leiber*



To Saint Joan

by H. Warner Munn

I have been told by a couple of exasperated, caring young friends --otherwise very nice people who are dear to me--that they worry about me. They have said that I live in a world of unreality and what I write is escapist--in other words that I write fantasy and fantasy is impractical. I do not believe this.

I am a sentimentalist; a romanticist; a hero-worshipper; an appreciator of fantasy and fantastic literature. I have been known to thrill to a glorious deed. Words of beauty and sadness have brought moisture to my eyes. I cannot read about Leonidas at Thermopylae or Saint Joan facing with bravery her enemies, either on the field or in the courts of law without feeling a kinship of the heart.

So, I am a fantasist if qualities such as these are outmoded and the world must be badly out of joint for a good many such as I, if this is true in an age of nonbelief and raucous protest against everything under the sun.

John Wayne once said, "If you don't believe in heroes, you shouldn't go to the movies." I might add: you shouldn't read books, see plays, let poetry sing to your spirit and uplift it.

Divorce yourself from ideals, which indicate that there is something better for which to strive. Steep yourself in the present surge of realism, which preaches that we are born, live and die in muck and despair and that we can expect no hereafter.

Sit in your lonely darkened room and brood on the evils of the world. They are truly there. Rub your nose in reality and cry yourself to death--happy in misery.

Recently Paul Gallico asked, "What is wrong with sentimentality?" He answered himself (and it might as well have been that he spoke in favor of fantasy): "If you disdain sentiment, then throw away your Bible, never retell the stories of King Arthur, Roland, David, Spartacus or Horatio at the bridge.

"Never listen to a tale of victory against unsurmountable odds. For what is sentiment in a sense but the celebration of high courage, the rebellion of the human spirit against the counsels of despair and the triumph of good over evil?"

So--I am a sentimentalist; a romanticist; a fantasist; but my world is real.

Being always an omnivorous reader and inclined toward fantasy and fairy tales for so long that the librarian refused to let me take out the books--"too old for such reading" -- I upgraded my age a little with *Wind in the Willows*, *At the Back of the North Wind*, *Lilith*, the writings of Jules Verne and Wells. Then astronomy, geology, ancient and medieval histories--all marvels in which there is a lot of fantasy if one looks for it.

Inevitably, fantasy seemed all around me. Dwelling upon the infinities of Time and Space which stretch indefinitely into nothingness, for neither know bounds, it seemed a world of wonders which a hundred lifetimes would be too little to span. It still does. How can a mind dwell on littleness with such magnificent vistas of mystery? Only fantasy can render them plausible.

I was lucky. Barsoom was being explored by Edgar Rice Burroughs; J. U. Giesy took me to Palos of the Dog Star Pack; Garrett Smith stretched time itself to show me what was to happen After a Million Years. George Allan England took civilization itself into Darkness and Dawn again. I read. I devoured. I yearned to write.

My first published story was in *Weird Tales*, 1925. I have repeated, to the point of boredom, that it was inspired by a letter written to the editor lamenting that there were no stories told by a werewolf in the first person.

Fantastic? Sure! I wrote it and it was successful. Still is. I guess that it is going to be one of those stories that just doesn't get dated. Bless me, if I know why.

I was working at a desk in a factory and had some spare time. I wrote on scrap paper, with pencil, more or less continuously from beginning to end. *The Werewolf of Ponkert* (which you won't find on any map) has been published and republished and the end is not yet, for *The Tales of the Werewolf Clan*, now out, continue the grim adventures of the Master in his single-handed war against the world, in which he knew many victories.

I do not know how very many other writers create. I have not written a story since in that manner. Mostly I do a section which appeals to me, amplifying notes into paragraphs, or a couple of pages--maybe a chapter--and then connecting them later. It happens to work for me and I think I can recommend it to a beginner. Interest seems to be maintained better that way.

Werewolf was accepted. I had expected that it would be and was not surprised, nor even much elated. Being something of a fatalist, I accept things as they come. However, with that publication and with the reward of $65, I considered myself a writer. I was 22 at the time.

I received a nice congratulatory letter from Howard Phillips Lovecraft, whose letter to *Weird Tales* had sparked my enthusiasm to take up his challenge. Later, I met him in Providence, R.I., through a mutual friend, W. Paul Cook. These were the first two writers I ever met, Cook being influential among the United Amateurs and a sporadic publisher of small chapbooks and magazines devoted to their interests.

Cook had a fine library, heavy with fantasy and what was then called pseudo-science.

Pseudo or not, I never felt qualified to base much of anything on a scientific background which I did not and do not possess. Be-

sides, fantasy interests me more and I was convinced of my correct choice of themes when I made a couple of mistakes in my "The City of Spiders" and was caught up short by Farnsworth Wright, then editor of *Weird Tales*. Embarrassing to me, but a valuable lesson which taught me to be careful and precise.

Not that one doesn't need to be the same in fantasy, but there is a little more leeway for the exercise of imagination. In any kind of writing, it seems to me that a firm base of fact is required. I like to compare it to the building of a house. It should be founded on a rock, not upon sand, but once this is done, airy wings, dormers and cupolas can embellish the stout framework.

Fortunately, I am passionately fond of research, read omnivorously and my mind has been compared to an overstuffed attic, with the usual problem of--"I know it's there, but where in ____ did I put it?"

So, "The City of Spiders" stemmed from my only real phobia, a crawling horror of spiders and am I thankful it isn't mice!

I was encouraged by Cook and H.P.L. to continue with the adventures of characters brought to life in *Werewolf*. The Master--an almost immortal villain--declares war against humanity and in a series of stories, continued up to the present time in *Tales of the Werewolf Clan*, has considerable success. No science--historical fantasy.

During that early time I met only two other authors and these in the company of either Lovecraft or Cook, sometimes both. Mrs. Miniter, who wrote *My Natupski Neighbor*, and was visited by us in her home in North Wilbraham, Mass., and later George Allan England in his home, Sans Souci, Lake Sunapee, N.H.

I was much impressed at being in the society of the great. England was a much admired writer in the pseudo-scientific genre in those days. He was a precisionist in style and research and Socialism seemed a promise for the future. Both of these writers, so different in interests and output encouraged me to continue writing.

Thinking back, I know I was influenced by what I read of Lord Dunsany, The Bible, M. P. Shiel and Jules Verne. "The Chain," a grim horror story, was suggested by the convolutions of a piece of string lowered slowly on the floor. Imagine it a chain, red hot, descending into a pit, where a man scrambles frantically to keep out of its unpredictable swaying! This was reprinted in the "Not At Night" series and was on radio long ago.

I read *The Return of Peter Grimm*. My "A Sprig of Rosemary," a gentle little tale, was the result. O. Henry, one of my favorites, wrote a story of a man who came to his death by the same pistol, although he had a choice of three different roads and the opportunity to take them all. My "Dreams May Come" dealt with a young woman who had the choice of marrying or not marrying. Destiny brings her to the same site where her death takes place. Different facets of the jewel that is fantasy.

I was a shy person at that time--still am, although I have had to argue some with people to make them believe it. Consequently, I never wrote many fan letters and was hesitant in answering those I received. I think this is a mistake, although even now I wonder why people whom I regard as being in the seats of the mighty bother to write to me.

A couple of letters to Robert E. Howard. A number exchanged between myself and H.P.L.; some to Frank Belknap Long, one of my most cherished friends; two letters to Clark Ashton Smith, whose prose dazzled me--maybe three. He sent me two books of his poems, autographed. I greatly admired his style.

I remember that Smith remarked, in one of his letters, that a good dictionary has well above a million words, each of which expresses a single and distinct nuance of thought for which no other word can be exactly substituted. This statement has been a guide to me in writing and I recommend it to anyone interested in writing.

Let's be as precise as possible and write with clarity. Carelessness leads to misunderstanding. Cook introduced me to a man, in Boston, who decided to improve his vocabulary. For one whole year, he read absolutely nothing but the dictionary. His conversation scintillated, as do the stories of Clark Ashton Smith, who also searched the dictionary assiduously in search of exotic, obsolete and unusual words which are worthy of perpetuation. The building blocks of fantasy.

One day I visited this Boston friend. He welcomed me, saying, "Come in. See how I have decorated my apartment!" I was overwhelmed with beauty.

For a few cents he had bought prisms from a broken chandelier in some junk shop and scattered them at random across table and floor. As the sun struck them through his large attic skylights, the room became a mass of slowly moving rainbows.

Smith never met this man, but I think they had much in common.

After I had written a few stories for *Weird Tales*, with usual acceptances, but no great prolific output, Otis Adelbert Kline complimented me by asking to become my agent. My output did not require an agent and only in the last couple of years have I ever had one.

Henry S. Whitehead, a very popular author of Haitian and Santo Domingo-based witchcraft stories at that time, wrote me with the object of including me in an author's league. E. Hoffman Price did the same.

I was flattered by this attention. These were famous names to me. I felt much out of their class, being a country boy with only a high school education. I never met any of these three and did not rise to the opportunities presented, which would doubtlessly have been useful.

Money being limited, I traveled through books. Ideas came by accident. Publication of the stories thus suggested have sometimes come in the same way.

King of the World's Edge, my first long novel, was suggested by one of the Welsh Triads, which said: "Merlin went to the Sea, in the House of Glass, with his Nine Bards--and whither he went is not known."

A mystery most intriguing! Whither? Why, to the West, of course. Where else from Britain? Why? When? Obviously after the Saxons won against Arthur, Merlin had little to hold him there.

In what? Arthur's great warship, the Prydwen, sheethed in tin against the teredo worm, glittering in the sunlight like glass.

Why to the West? Because most religions have placed the Land of the Dead, or the Terrestrial Paradise, in the West and Merlin, a very old, lonely and despondent man, has outlived friends whom possibly he might find there.

Instead he finds the Aztecs, the Mound Builders of Ohio, considered for the purpose of the story to be an off-shoot of the Mayans and the forefathers of the Iroquois. Commentators placed this story alongside the best of Robert E. Howard, ignoring the fact that the League of the Long House actually took place in historical times among known Indian nations of the

1700s, instead of about 600 A.D. where my fantasy placed their ancestors a thousand years earlier.

A humorless representative of those Indian nations picked up this discrepancy not too long ago. I replied that I was not writing history and there is a certain leeway in fantasy and rainbow-tinted fact.

This story spawned the sequel, *The Ship from Atlantis*. As a child I read an interesting story, "The Dominant Chord" (can't think of the author), in which a ship was operated at a distance by radio beam--an advanced idea then. My ship has a life of its own and is involved in the story almost as much as the characters.

From this, and an interest in the possible early contacts with accidental explorers in the Western world before Columbus, comes *Merlin's Ring*--definitely a historical fantasy, soundly historically based on fact--and hopefully a third, *The Sword of Merlin*, which will bring Merlin to long sought happiness.

In between these novels, a long distance apart in time, a series of poems in honor of, and with great affection for, a brave girl now dead these four hundred years, but not forgotten and deeply loved by me and thousands of others--Saint Joan.

Her story is not fantasy. My version of it may be considered so, as it is an earnest attempt to enter the minds of those who were her contemporaries; her parents, her companions and her enemies. I do not think that this has been done in a similar manner elsewhere.

Donald M. Grant, another fantasy lover, published this (as he did previously *The Werewolf of Ponkert* and more recently *Tales of the Werewolf Clan*), and helped me to keep the memory green of my beloved little Saint. And I hope to earn a little bit of her earnestly desired favor when I pass on.

Is this thought fantasy, too? I hope not.

Much of whatever stories are written by writers stem either deliberately or subconciously from what others have done in the past. This can be from a desire to take a theme previously exploited and see what variations can be wrung from it, or anger that the theme was not used to best advantage. Thus, "The Well" and "The Wheel," my only other horror stories comparable to "The Chain"--fantasy in a sense, but of a type which no longer appeals to me.

I have a number of other ideas which I want to amplify, but being a slow writer, I have no idea when or if they will be written. Verse lends itself well to fantasy and I have done quite a bit in that line, now published in a collection entitled *The Book of Munn*.

The recent novel published by Doubleday, *The Lost Legion*, is historical adventure but with fantastical connotations, for history --"a lie agreed upon" as has been cynically noted--is fantasy in itself and research within it, like verses taken out of context in The Bible, can be used to fit any theory with almost no departure from fact.

The future of fantasy is unlimited in scope. For me, personally? Alas! I heard of a most famous author who was being interviewed.

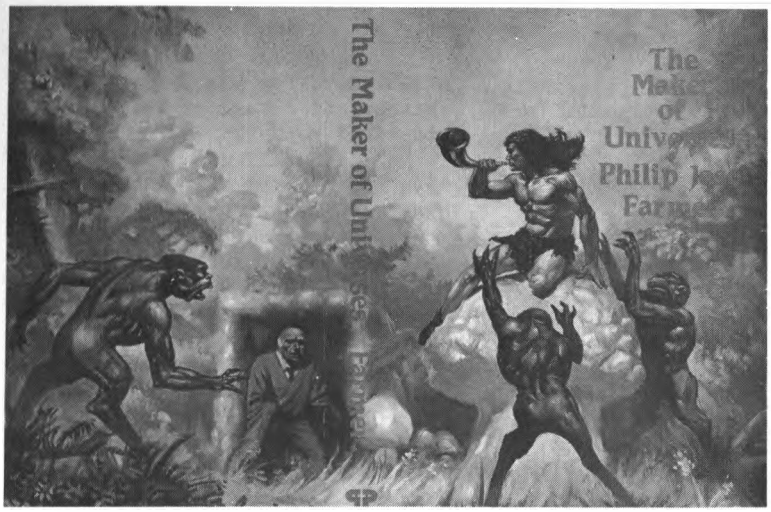
The interviewer gushed, "How did you *ever* write such a *wonderful* book?"

He replied, "Madam, I couldn't think of anything else that I wanted to do more at that time."

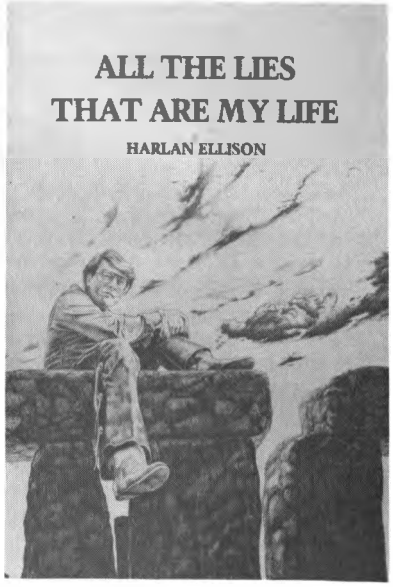
Unfortunately, I can think of too many things.

-- *H. Warner Munn*

Specialty Publishers



Artist: Doug Beekman



Artist: Kent Bash

PHANTASIA PRESS

As indicated here last issue, Phantasia Press has published its first limited edition volume in *Philip Jose Farmer's* "World of the Tiers" series, *The Maker of Universes*. This is a revised edition of the novel featuring a new foreword by the author and sporting a color wraparound dust jacket illustration by *Doug Beekman*. The 220-page clothbound edition is limited to 1,200 copies; 200 of which are are provided in a special signed, numbered and boxed edition. The regular trade edition is priced at $15 while the boxed edition has sold out at $25. Phantasia Press, 13101 Lincoln St., Huntington Woods, MI 48070.

ARKHAM HOUSE

Arkham House has announced plans for publishing three new titles during the winter 1980 and and spring 1981 season. First on the list is *The Third Grave*, described by Arkham as "an eerie new novel involving a desecrated tomb, murder and mayhem in a small English village, and the mysterious Lucian Mallory's quest for ancient Egyptian secrets of resurrection." The author is *David Case*. The book will be illustrated by *Stephen Fabian* and is "probable" priced at $9.95.

Dreams and Damnations by *Richard L. Tierney* is a collection of poetry gathered from a variety of weird fiction magazines and illustrated by *Jason Van Hollander*. It will appear in a 1,000-copy trade paperback edition "probable" priced at $6.95.

Tales From the Nightside will be a major short story collection by *Charles L. Grant*, featuring an introduction by *Stephen King*, interior illustrations by *Andrew Smith*, and a *Michael Whelan* dust jacket. The stories included are: "Coin of the Realm," "Old Friends," "Home," "If Damon Comes," "A Night of Dark Intent," "A Garden of Black-red Roses," "When All the Children Call My Name," "Needle Song," "Something There Is," "Come Dance With Me on My Pony's Grave," "The Three of Tens," "Digging," "From All the Fields of Hail and Fire," and "White Wolf Calling." The book is "probable" priced at $11.95.

As usual, Arkham House is accepting paid orders now at the "probable prices" noted, for delivery upon publication. If anything, these prices are likely to increase upon publication.

Indefinitely postponed are two previously announced volumes: *The Solar Pons Omnibus* by *August Derleth* and *Master of Shadows* by *Margery Lawrence*. Refunds are available for those who advance ordered these titles. Although officially listed as out-of-print in Arkham's latest stocklist, a few copies remain of *Songs and Sonnets Atlantean* by *Donald Sydney-Fryer*, at the original publication price of $5. Arkham House, Sauk City, WI 53583.

UNDERWOOD/MILLER

Last issue, I noted the availability of *All the Lies That Are My Life* by *Harlan Ellison*, in a 400-copy trade edition priced at $12 and a 200-copy signed and numbered deluxe edition priced at $25. If you didn't order then, you're out of luck--according to a recent note from Tim Underwood, both are out of print.

Tim advises me that in addition to the program book for the Sixth World Fantasy Convention, he will be publishing a separate hardcover book entitled *The Book of the Sixth World Fantasy Con*. The 96-page volume will include fiction by *Robert Bloch*, *Jack Vance* and *Edgar Allan Poe*; articles by *Robert Bloch*, *Poul Anderson* and *Fritz Leiber*; artwork by *Virgil Finlay*, *George Barr*, *Stephen Fabian*, *Jack Ghaughan*, *Boris Vallejo*, *David Ireland*, *Lela Dowling*, *Edmund Dulac* and *Harry Clarke*; and a color frontispiece by *Alicia Austin*. It will be limited to 1,000 copies, 800 of which will automatically go to attending and supporting members of the convention. The remaining 200 copies will be placed on sale at the convention (and through the mails) at $9.95. Underwood/Miller, 239 North 4th St., Columbia, PA 17512.

PEQUOD PRESS

Announced for early 1981 publication by Pequod Press is *John F. Carr's* newest novel, *Carnifex Mardi Gras*. This is a science fiction novel set in the 21st century, providing a tour of that era's tumultuous times as seen through the eyes of a holographic film maker. The book will be published in a 1,000-copy, library-quality, limited edition featuring more than 20 interior illustrations by *Stephen Fabian*. Included in the 1,000-copy

print run are 100 signed and numbered copies. Advance orders are now being accepted at the pre-publication prices of $10 for the regular edition and $20 for the signed and numbered edition.

Planned for publication later in 1981 is *The First Book of Phillip* by *John F. Carr* and *Camden Benares*, volume one of a projected eight-volume saga entitled "The Crying Clown Celebration." For additional information about the series, see the "Work in Progress" section in *FN #24*. Pequod Press, 9514-9 Reseda Blvd., Suite #301, Northridge, CA 91324.

ADVENT PUBLISHERS

Just out from Advent Publishers, Inc., is a new revised and enlarged second edition of *SF in Dimension* by *Alexei* and *Cory Panshin*. Approximately 50 pages longer than the original 1976 hardcover, this new trade paperback edition features a new preface and at least three new essays. Also included are an index and a brief bibliography of references. The 414-page volume is priced at $6.00. Advent Publishers, Inc., P. O. Box A3228, Chicago, IL 60690.

CORY & COLLINS

Paul Collins, formerly of Void Publications in Australia, has announced the formation of Cory & Collins, Publishers and Literary Agents. Along with Rowena Cory, Paul will be publishing the fourth in his hardcover original anthology series, *Distant Worlds*, in early 1981. Included will be stories by *Jack Wodhams*, *Wynne Whiteford*, *David Lake*, *Cherry Wilder*, *Trudy Rose*, *Keith Taylor* and *Darrell Schweitzer*. No price has been set yet. The previous three anthologies in this series were *Envisaged Worlds*, *Other Worlds* and *Alien Worlds* (see *FN #18* for details).

New novels that appeared under the Void imprint in 1980 included: *Looking for Blucher* by *Jack Wodhams*, *The Fourth Hemisphere* by *David Lake* (the fifth novel in his "Breakout" series, the first four were published by DAW Books in the U.S.), and *Breathing Space Only* by *Wynne Whitefield*. All three novels are available in both paperback and hardcover. The first two are $3.95 in paperback while the last is $2.95; all three are $12.95 in hardcover. Three new novels by *Jack Wodhams*, *Wynne Whiteford* and *Keith Taylor* have been commissioned for 1981 publication. Cory & Collins, P. O. Box 66, St. Kilda, 3182, Australia.

NOREASCON TWO

Now available by mail from the Noreascon Two committee are leftover copies of three publications from the 38th World SF Convention: *Better Than One* by *Damon Knight* and *Kate Wilhelm*, at $5.00, *Noreascon Two Program Book*, at $5.00, and *Noreascon Costume Exhibit Catalog*, at $3.00. Dealer quantities are available.

Also available is a blue-on-white ERIPMAV T-shirt with Damon Knight's story printed on the front and back; specify size (S,M,L,XL), at $7.00. Although it sold out at the convention, the Noreascon Two committee is considering ordering more of the Noreascon Two T-shirts, printed white on blue with artwork by Victoria Poyser; specify size, at $10.00. If enough orders for the latter are received by February 15, 1981, the committee will have more T-shirts made available. Noreascon Two, P. O. Box 46, MIT Branch Office, Cambridge, MA 02139.

LITTLE ECONOMY BOOKS

Just out from Little Economy Books is a fantasy tale by *Albert J. Manachino* entitled *Night of the Ghulstak Races*. The 50-page, 4" by 5" booklet ("Little Economy Book No. 4") is illustrated and priced at $1 per copy. G. F. Edwards, P. O. Box 1461, Lawton, OK 73502.

DON MAITZ PORTFOLIO

Now available from Chimera Art Division is a new full color art portfolio by *Don Maitz*, consisting of six plates "of his best material," signed and numbered. Included in the portfolio, according to the flyer I received, are his paintings for *Ariosto* (Pocket Books) and *Kill the Dead* (DAW Books). Price is $25. For additional information, write: Chimera Distr./Mostly Books, 222 Main St., Farmington, CT 06032.

SF BOOK CLUB

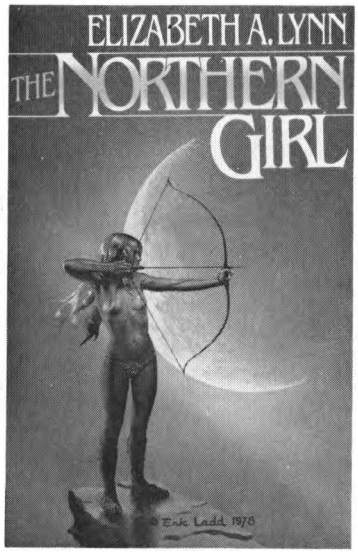
November selections from the Science Fiction Book Club are *The Magic Labyrinth* by *Philip Jose Farmer*, at $4.98, and *The Humanoid Touch* by *Jack Williamson*, at $2.49. Featured alternates include the first two Riverworld novels at $4.98 and *The Dark Design* at $7.98; or all three for $16.50.

The Magic Labyrinth was published in June by Berkley/Putnam at $11.95. *The Humanoid Touch* was published in a 500-copy limited edition by Phantasia Press at $30, while the Holt, Rinehart & Winston trade hardcover is scheduled for late October release at $10.95.

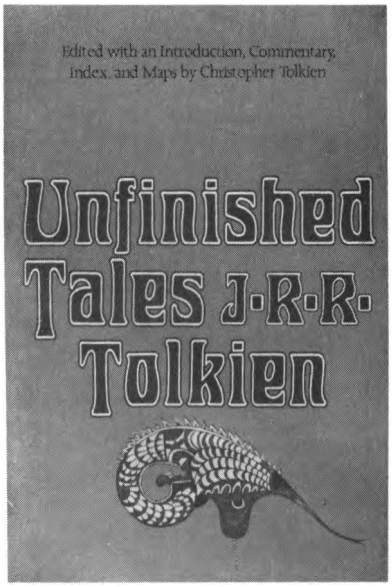
December selections include *Wizard* by *John Varley*, at $4.50, and *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* by *Douglas Adams*, at $2.49. Featured alternates are *Han Solo and the Lost Legacy* by *Brian Daley*, at $3.98, and *Sometimes, After Sunset* by *Tanith Lee*, at $5.98. The Lee volume is a 2-in-1 volume that contains *Sabella, or The Blood Stone* and *Kill the Dead*, both previously published in paperback by DAW. SF Book Club, Garden City, NY 11535. *

THE BOOK OF MUNN
BEST ARTIST: JUDY KING RIE
ALROG NOMMINEE: BEST COLLECTION
NIETS
order: 1622 n st Sacto Ca 95814
Munn
Or a Receipe For Roast Camel

Trade Books



Artist: Eric Ladd



Artist: Louise Noble

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

In *FN #29*, I noted the October publication of *Unfinished Tales* by *J. R. R. Tolkien* as edited by *Christopher Tolkien*. According to the publisher, the book has now been scheduled for a mid-November release, priced at $15.

In his introduction, Christopher Tolkien poses the question of how one properly selects and prepares for publication the scraps and assorted leftovers of a writing career of one no longer with us. Tolkien answers the question well: *Unfinished Tales* is a thick, 472-page collection of such miscellaneous scraps and leftovers, all neatly arranged and explained via introductions and commentary running throughout the text (the commentary being set in a different typeface to distinguish it from Tolkien's text). Included is a map of Numenore, a large foldout map of the west of Middle-earth at the end of the Third Age, and a detailed index.

It's too bad every famous writer can't have a son who cares enough about his father's work to preserve it in this manner. This volume is absolutely a must for the serious fan and Tolkien scholar, and will surely be of interest to more casual readers of Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, MA 02107.

BERKLEY/PUTNAM

Coming from Berkley/Putnam in December is the long-awaited final volume in *Elizabeth A. Lynn's* "The Chronicles of Tornor" trilogy, *The Northern Girl*, priced at $11.95. The first two volumes were *The Watchtower* and *The Dancers of Arun*, published in both hardcover and paperback by Berkley.

As noted here a couple of issues back, *Frank Herbert* has indeed turned in his newest Dune novel to Berkley: *God-Emperor of Dune*, slated for June 1981 publication. Berkley/Putnam, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.

THE DONNING CO.

In a recent phone call, Donning editor Hank Stine explained that his Starblaze Editions sold so well at the annual A.B.A. Convention that Starblaze now has the number one priority at Donning. Consequently, seven Starblaze releases are planned for the final three months of 1980.

Due out in October are the final three volumes in the original Starblaze series: *The Trouble With You Earth People*, a story collection by *Katherine MacLean; Mythconceptions* by *Robert L. Asprin;* and *The Shrouded Planet* by *Robert Silverberg* and *Randall Garrett*. For details on these volumes, see "Trade Books" in *FN #24*.

Due out before Christmas are three new Starblaze titles: *The Web of Darkness* by *Marion Zimmer Bradley*, the first novel in her new Atlantis cycle, illustrated by *C. Lee Healy; The Moon's Fire-Eating Daughter* by *John Myers Myers*, his new sequel to *Silverlock*, illustrated by *Thomas Canty;* and *The Dawning Light* by *Robert Randall* (*Robert Silverberg* and *Randall Garrett*), originally serialized in *Astounding SF* in 1957 and published by Gnome Press in 1958.

The seventh title is not actually a Starblaze Edition, but will appear under the Donning imprint: *Frankenstein Lives Again* by *Don Glut*, the first of ten volumes in Donning's "New Adventures of Frankenstein." The book will sport a *Ken Kelly* cover.

Prices on the Starblaze Editions are $4.95 each. Four-volume subscriptions are available directly from the publisher at $16.

Donning has also announced for summer 1981 publication the first of a two-volume art collection, *The Heroes and Heroines of Science Fiction*. Volume one, *The Heroines*, will feature 52 full color illustrations specially commissioned for the book from a variety of artists, with text by *David Bischoff*. The Donning Co./Publishers, 5041 Admiral Wright Road, Virginia Beach, VA 23462.

GREGG PRESS

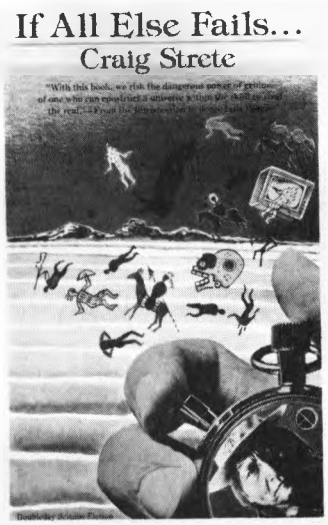
Scheduled for October release at this writing from Gregg Press are new editions of two familiar *Frank Herbert* novels, *The Dragon in the Sea* and *Whipping Star*. *Dragon* was Herbert's first novel (also known as *Under Pressure* and *21st Century Sub*) and includes a new introduction by *Peter Nicholls; Whipping Star* will feature a new introduction by *Joseph Milicia*. Both will be priced at $13.95.

Just out from Gregg in September are two collections: *The Worlds of Frank Herbert* and *The Swords Trilogy* by *Michael Moorcock*. The Herbert volume is a reprint of the 1977 Berkley paperback (which was a reprint of the 1971 Ace paperback) and includes 9 stories with a new introduction by *William M. Schuyler Jr.* Price is $13.50. The Moorcock volume is a reprint of the 1977 Berkley paperback, containing three novels comprising his first Prince Corum trilogy: *The Knight of the Swords, The Queen of the Swords* and *The King of the Swords*. Price is $17.95 and included in the volume is a new introduction by *Richard Gid Powers*.

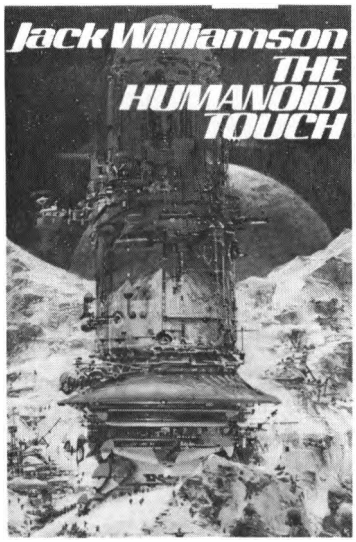
July releases from Gregg Press included the first two novels in *Philip Jose Farmer's* popular "Riverworld" series: *To Your Scattered Bodies Go* and *The Fabulous Riverboat*. Both volumes are reprinted from the 1971 Putnam's first editions. The former features a new introduction by *Peter Nicholls* and is priced at $12.95 while the latter is introduced by *Richard Gid Powers* and priced at $13.50.

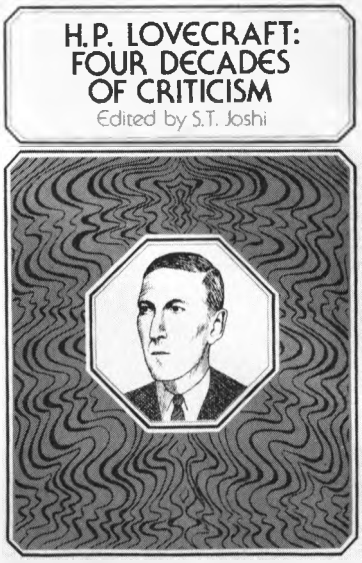
Early summer releases from Gregg, as previewed back in *FN #25*,

Artist: Margo Herr



Artist: John C. Berkey





included the following: *Messiah* by *Gore Vidal*, with a new introduction by *Elizabeth A. Lynn*, at $13; *The Continuous Katherine Mortenhoe* by *D. G. Compton*, with a new introduction by *Susan Wood*, at $15; *Space War Blues* by *Richard A. Lupoff*, with a new introduction by *James Frenkel*, at $15; *Galaxies* by *Barry N. Malzberg*, with a new introduction by *Malzberg* and *Marta Randall*, at $12.50; *The Mile-Long Spaceship* by *Kate Wilhelm*, with a new introduction by *Susan Wood*, at $13; and *The Humanoids* by *Jack Williamson*, with a new introduction by *F. M. Busby*, at $13.50.

Scheduled for November release under the G. K. Hall imprint are three additions to the "Masters of Science Fiction and Fantasy" bibliography series, under series editor *L. W. Currey*. The three new volumes will be devoted to *Samuel R. Delany*, *Roger Zelazny* and *Jules Verne*. The first two will be $15 each, while the Verne volume will run an estimated 544 pages at $30. Gregg Press, G. K. Hall & Co., 70 Lincoln St., Boston, MA 02111.

DOUBLEDAY & CO.

Due out from Doubleday in December is *Manly Wade Wellman's* second novel about Silver John, entitled *After Dark*. The first was *The Old Gods Waken* published last December and a third novel has been purchased by Doubleday.

Also scheduled is *Chrysalis 8* edited by *Roy Torgeson*, the first of his original anthologies to appear under the Doubleday imprint (or in hardcover--the first seven were Zebra paperback originals). Included in this newest volume are science fiction, fantasy and horror stories. Prices on both are listed at $8.95, although they may be higher upon publication.

A mid-October release that has appeared from Doubleday (as previewed in *FN #29*) is *If All Else Fails...*, a collection of stories by *Craig Strete*. Included in the collection are 19 stories one might best describe as bizarre fantasy, along with a brief introduction by *Jorge Luis Borges*. The price is $8.95. Not yet seen at this writing is *Firelord* by *Parke Godwin*, scheduled for October publication at $11.95. Doubleday & Co., Inc. 245 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017.

HOLT, RINEHART & WINSTON

A late October release from Holt, Rinehart & Winston is the first trade edition of *The Humanoid Touch* by *Jack Williamson*, the sequel to his classic *The Humanoids*, depicting man's ultimate confrontation with machines. This sequel continues that epic story on an outpost in which a remnant of human civilization has survived. This trade edition is priced at $10.95 and follows right on the heels of the 500-copy Phantasia Press limited edition priced at $30. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 383 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017.

OHIO UNIVERSITY PRESS

A late October publication from Ohio University Press is *H. P. Lovecraft: Four Decades of Criticism* edited by *S. T. Joshi*. This 250-page clothbound volume should be of interest to all but the most casual of Lovecraft fans, gathering together 22 essays about Lovecraft. Included are contributions by editor Joshi, *Fritz Leiber*, *Edmund Wilson*, *J. Vernon Shea*, *Robert Bloch*, *Richard L. Tierney*, *Peter Cannon*, *George T. Wetzel*, *Dirk W. Mosig*, *Edward Lauterbach*, *Peter Penzoldt*, *T. O. Mabbott*, *Barton L. St. Armand*, *Kenneth W. Faig*, *Paul Buhle*, *Winfield Townley Scott* and *R. Boerem*. Also included are a poem ("To H.P.L.) by *Clark Ashton Smith* and two appendices: one detailing the currently available collected works and the other providing references for supplementary readings. The price is $15, which places it well within the reach of even the average fan and certainly no library should be without this important critical work. Ohio University Press, Athens, OH 45701.

MAYFLOWER BOOKS

Scheduled for an early November release from Mayflower Books is *Tour of the Universe* by *Malcom Edwards* and *Robert Holdstock*, a visual tour of the Aurora-Magellan Federation. Depicted in the large format trade paperback are dozens of full color illustrations of various sights around the Federation such as the Steel City and Galactic Zoo, travel brochures, diagrams, passports, immigration papers and other memorabilia/artifacts of a real tour through a galactic federation. An amusing read with a heavy emphasis on artwork by more than ten artists, nearly all of it in full color. $11.95 in trade paperback and $17.95 in hardcover. Mayflower Books, 575 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10022.

A&W PUBLISHERS

An early October release from A&W Publishers is a nonfiction volume written by *Simon Welfare* and *John Fairley* under the editorial supervision of *Arthur C. Clarke*. *Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious World* is a compendium of mysteries that

have intrigued Clarke since childhood: the Yeti, UFOs, sea serpents and the Loch Ness monster, the great Siberian explosion, and others. At Clarke's direction, Welfare and Fairley travelled the world interviewing eyewitnesses and experts to provide evidence and reports about unexplained (and sometimes unexplainable) phenomena.

The 217-page deluxe hardcover features 79 color illustrations, 86 b&w illustrations, and 9 maps. It is priced at $14.95 until January 1st and $17.95 thereafter. A&W Publishers, Inc., 95 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

Two October releases from St. Martin's Press are *The Demeter Flower* by *Rochelle Singer* and *Ariadne* by *June Rachuy Brindel*, priced at $9.95 and $10.95, respectively.

The Demeter Flower is about a female utopia governed by woman following the collapse of the late 20th century patriarchal society. It was founded by women who withdrew to an isolated village and, just as a rift is beginning to develop in the village, a man and a woman show up from a new, developing, patriarchal culture.

Ariadne, subtitled *A Novel of Ancient Crete*, is yet another novel set in a matriarchal society; this one steeped in history--ancient Crete, the last matriarchy in the western world. Author Brindel reinterprets from a feminist viewpoint the fall of Crete and the mythology of Crete that has been passed down to us.

I'm not sure what prompted St. Martin's to publish two novels about matriarchal societies in one month, both written by women. Add to that the fact that both are first novels for the respective authors and were published October 10th. St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010.

CAPRA PRESS

A recent release from Capra Press is a classic reprint of *The Smoking Land* by *Max Brand*, an SF adventure novel that originally appeared in *Argosy* as a 6-part serial in 1937 under Frederick Faust's *George Challis* pseudonym. This Capra Press edition is a 112-page trade paperback facsimile reproducing the novel from the pages of *Argosy*. Included is a new introduction by Max Brand's biographer, *Robert Easton*.

This is apparently the sixth volume in a series that Capra is doing, entitled "Max Brand Popular Classics Series." The previous titles have included a western, an Indian tale, a mystery novel, an espionage story, and a love story. *The Smoking Land* is priced at $5.95. Capra Press, P. O. Box 2068, Santa Barbara, CA 93120.

DOVER PUBLICATIONS

Just out from Dover Publications is a reprint of *Basil* by *Wilkie Collins*, his second novel, originally published in 1852. The novel is somewhat of a suspense melodrama that has been compared to his *The Woman in White*. The novel apparently raised some eyebrows when first published and this Dover edition is a facsimilie republication of the 1862 edition with notes by Collins. Price is $4.50. Dover Publications, 180 Varick St., New York, NY 10014.

*

Shadowings

by Douglas E. Winter

Despite the commercial predominance of the novel, short fiction remains the lifeblood of fantasy. The short story is the proving ground for the fledgling author as well as the art form of choice for most of fantasy's major talents. It is the medium in which modern fantasy (and particularly the contemporary horror genre) was spawned and matured; and it was the mainstay of modern fantasy's historical and sentimental precedents, from *Weird Tales* and Arkham House to *Unknown* and *Avon Fantasy Reader* to *Fantastic* and *New Worlds*. Today, although there are no regular newsstand magazines and few serial anthologies devoted solely to fantasy, the fantasy short story survives.

In fact, it may be that 1980 is remembered in fantasy circles as the year of the anthology. No single year in recent memory has seen the publication of fantasy anthologies of the quantity and quality of this year's field; and the following survey of major short fiction releases of the past few months provides ample evidence of the survival, if not the resurgence, of the short story in fantasy.

The third quarter of 1980 probably saw the release of the most propitious sampling of horror short fiction ever. At its crest was the debut of Karl Edward Wagner as the editor of *The Year's Best Horror Stories: Series VIII* (DAW, $1.95). Wagner has attempted to restore the explicit intent of the series as an overview compilation of the "year's best" short horror fiction. He has declined to follow Gerald Page's irksome habit of including original publications; moreover, he has placed strong emphasis on the so-called "little" magazines, where much of today's premier horror fiction first sees print. Heading the list of memorable selections are Dennis Etchison's "The Dead Line"; Ramsey Campbell's "To Wake the Dead" (actually the prologue to Campbell's latest novel, released in the U.S. as *The Parasite*); and two outstanding stories by Harlan Ellison, "In the Fourth Year of the War" and "All the Birds Come Home to Roost."

An equally weighty collection making its first paperback appearance is *Shadows* (Playboy, $2.25), the initial volume of Charles L. Grant's World Fantasy Award-winning original anthology series. Little need be said at this late date about this marvelous assemblage, which features the masterful "Naples" by Avram Davidson (which itself won the 1979 World Fantasy Award for best short fiction), as well as Stephen King's "Nona." Grant's *Shadows 3* (Doubleday, $9.95), scheduled for a November release, includes an intriguing Sherlockian tale by Davis Grubb, "The Brown Recluse"; further exploration of the vampire theme by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro in "Cabin 33"; and Ray Russell's "Avenging Angel." As in each installment of this series, intriguing characterization and subtle uncertainties are Grant's preference; and the result is yet another superb collection.

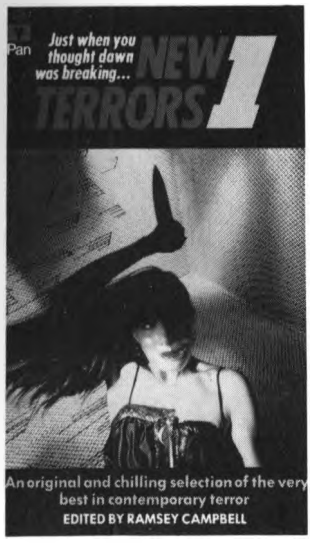
Stuart David Schiff of *Whispers* is responsible for three outstanding anthologies appearing this fall. He has edited and published the ghostly tales of the late Canon Basil A. Smith in *The Scallion Stone* (Whispers Press, $12.00). These five stories were written by Canon Smith for personal amusement and have never before been printed (except for the title piece, which Schiff presented in a anthology). Set in Smith's beloved Yorkshire countryside, these tales are written with uncommon charm, authenticity and an ephemeral Jamesian eeriness that should delight the connoisseur of the antiquarian ghost story. A brief introduction by Russell Kirk is included.

Schiff's *Mad Scientists* (Doubleday, $9.95), is a reprint anthology that seeks to present "the many and varied facets of the scientist in fantasy and horror." Schiff proves equal to this somewhat nebulous task. He has produced an entertaining--although overly familiar--collection, relying a trifle heavily on tales previously published in *Whispers* publications, while also including several over-anthologized pieces (notably "Cool Air" and "The Hounds of Tindalos"). The thematic juxtaposition of the stories is interesting, but insufficient to make this anthology of significant appeal to horror affi-

cionados. Rather, Schiff's principal focus is the unitiated reader, and to this audience *Mad Scientists* is highly recommended.

In collaboration with Fritz Leiber, Schiff has also edited *The World Fantasy Awards, Volume Two* (Doubleday, $10.95). An apt sequel to Gahan Wilson's *The First World Fantasy Awards* (Doubleday, $8.95), published in 1977, this volume seeks, within "a finite length and budget," to represent the winners and nominees from the second and third years of the Award competitions. Even more than *Mad Scientists*, the contents will be familiar to the hardcore reader: from Harlan Ellison's opening "The Whimper of Whipped Dogs" to the closing "There's A Long, Long Trail A-Winding" of Russell Kirk, with stops along the way from names such as King, Bradbury, Davidson and Campbell. Yet there is a treat here even for the most prolific reader of horror fiction: an original, 23-page introductory essay by Fritz Leiber entitled, "Terror, Mystery, Wonder," and consisting of Leiber's inimitable highly personalized ruminations on fantasy. Substantial editorial commentary and an appendix memorializing the first three years of the World Fantasy Awards further commend this powerful anthology to both the new and the experienced horror reader.

The Shapes of Midnight (Berkley, $2.50) is a long overdue retrospective of the short fiction of Joseph Payne Brennan. Stephen King's chatty introduction says it all: "Brennan writes in...a style which is as modest and self-effacing as Joe Brennan is himself...it is a sturdy style, capable of wielding enormous power when it is used well." Brennan's most famous and probably best tale, "Slime," climaxes the twelve-story collection; but less renowned and equally po-



tent are the likes of "Canavan's Back Yard" and "The Horror at Chilton Castle."

Bill Pronzini has added to his growing list of thematic anthologies with *Mummy! (A Chrestomathy of Cryptology)* (Arbor House, $10.95). As with its predecessors, *Werewolves!* and *Voodoo!*, this volume may collect slightly more than one would really wish to read at one time about its subject. Reprinted stories include classics by Poe and Bloch, as well as Tennessee Williams' first short story; while the several original stories are headlined by Charles L. Grant and Barry N. Malzberg. In addition to Pronzini's typically informative introduction, *Mummy!* includes a useful bibliography of writings and films.

The long-awaited *New Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos* (Arkham House, $11.95), which was reportedly in the planning stages at the time of August Derleth's death, has finally appeared under the capable editorship of Ramsey Campbell. His choices generally follow the perceptive recognition that "few of Lovecraft's imitators...are influenced by his best qualities, his skill in organizing his material and in atmospheric preparation, or his originality." One indicium of Campbell's persistence in avoiding fiction of the type that has given the "Cthulhu Mythos" an almost pejorative modern connotation is that the collection's weakest constituent is "The Black Tome of Alsophocus," a completion by one Martin Warnes of the 1934 Lovecraft fragment, "The Book." With modest success, Campbell has assembled a group of decidedly contemporary stories that so scrupulously avoid pastiche that some bear little more than sentimental relationships to Lovecraft's "Mythos" fiction. Few of the contributors sought to undertake constructive development or exegesis of the "Mythos"; and indeed, one or two stories read as if the author simply mouthed Lovecraftian name references in order to qualify for the anthology. Entries such as Stephen King's "Crouch End," A. A. Attanasio's "The Star Pool" and Campbell's own "The Face at Pine Dunes" are equal to the best non-Mythos horror fiction published today; yet the collection also includes a true masterpiece in "Black Man With A Horn" by T. E. D. Klein. This novelette describes the last months of an aging contemporary of Lovecraft who has survived to modern times, his life and supernatural writings always in Lovecraft's shadow, only to find himself in the role of a character in a Lovecraftian scenario.

Ramsey Campbell has also edited *New Terrors 1* (Pan, £1.50), the first installment of a two-volume original anthology, currently available only in England. The relatively lengthy (336 pages) collection clearly bears Campbell's trademark: its stories are often of that enigmatic and vaguely disquieting quality typical of his own stories. Several truly outstanding contributions are included, particularly Daphne Castell's "Diminishing Landscape With Indistinct Figures," Robert Aickman's "The Stains," and "Watchers at the Strait Gate" by Russell Kirk. *New Terrors 2* (Pan, £1.50), scheduled for an October release, includes tales from Campbell, Bloch, King, M. John Harrison, Charles L. Grant and Felice Picano.

The pinnacle of this impressive list of new horror anthologies, and without doubt the premier fantasy anthology of the year, is Kirby McCauley's *Dark Forces* (Viking, $17.95). Its table of contents reads like a "who's who" of horror fiction--Aickman, Bloch, Bradbury, Campbell, Etchison, Grant, King, Kirk, Matheson, Sturgeon, Wellman --yet it also includes such "mainstream" heavyweights as Isaac Bashevis Singer and Joyce Carol Oates. There are almost 550 pages of totally original fiction, with not a weak story in the lot. Stephen King contributes a Lovecraftian novella, "The Mist," is which an apparent disaster at a secret government installation plunges the northeastern U.S., if not the world, into the throes of a bizarre, monster-haunted mist. Yet the crowning contribution is again provided by T. E. D. Klein in the novella "Children of the Kingdom." Other highlights include Charles L. Grant's "A Garden of Blackred Roses" and Dennis Etchison's "The Late Shift." *Dark Forces* is certainly worth its immoderate price, and probably a World Fantasy Award as well.

* * *

Although the realm of general fantasy has seen relatively fewer short fiction showcases than the horror genre, several recent anthologies are noteworthy. Lin Carter's *The Year's Best Fantasy Stories: Series VI* (DAW, $1.95), has made its annual appearance with its usual self-indulgence, emphasis on sword and sorcery, and contents that generally belie its name. *Caveat emptor*. The next installment in Terry Carr's superior series, *Fantasy Annual III* (formerly *The Year's Finest Fantasy*) is scheduled for a spring 1981 release from Pocket Books.

One of the best general fantasy anthologies to appear this year is *Basilisk*, edited by Ellen Kushner (Ace, $2.25), and composed of both original and reprint material. The selections are admittedly "idiosyncratic"; and, although there is a principal theme of heroic fantasy, the reader is left with a somewhat schizoid impression. Kushner favors traditional, quasi-Medieval European heroic fantasy, represented primarily in selections by Ursula LeGuin, Joan Vinge, Elizabeth A. Lynn and Lynn Abbey. Yet the collection's strongest components are M. John Harrison's gloomy "The Lamia and Lord Cromis," a short story from that author's superb Viriconium Sequence; and Michael Bishop's "The Yukio Mishima Cultural Association of Kudzu Valley, Georgia," which succeeds despite its gross thematic disparity from the remainder of the volume.

A more cohesive fantasy collection is *The Phoenix Tree*, edited by Robert H. Boyer and Kenneth J. Zahorski (Avon, $2.50), who also edited both volumes of *The Fantastic Imagination* for Avon. Subtitled "An Anthology of Myth Fantasy," this collection ranges from tales as old as Benjamin Disraeli's "Ixion in Heaven," written in 1833, to a new Galad Elflandsson story originally scheduled for publication in Loay Hall's fanzine, *Valhalla*. The editors have a very specific definition in mind when they utilize the term "myth fantasy," which they attempt to detail in their introduction. Although readers may find the editors' academic overtones begging for disputation, the stories themselves, as well as the lengthy introductions, cannot be faulted. The selections are generally highly literate, and

include many rare and unfamiliar items.

The Savoy Book, edited by David Britton and Michael Butterworth (Savoy, 95p) shows a 1978 publication date, but became available (at least in this country) only this year. Firmly in the tradition of *New Worlds*, its brief 128 pages contain a significant amount of experimental fiction, poetry and graphics, as well as an extremely outdated interview by the editors with Brian Aldiss (conducted in 1972?!). Although a quite inconsistent collection, it must be rated as a success if only because of its ambition. Its cornerstone is "The Incalling" by M. John Harrison, a lengthy horror tale that exposes (at least to American audiences) yet another aspect of this talented author. Also included is Harlan Ellison's "Eggsucker," the prequel to his renowned "A Boy and His Dog."

In the realm of single author anthologies, two major titles lead the field this year. Gene Wolfe's *The Island of Doctor Death and Other Stories* (Pocket, $2.95), which unbelievably is a paperback original, fully lives up to Ursula LeGuin's description as containing "(s)ome of the best American short stories of the decade..." Wolfe's talent is awesome, and this collection features fantasy, science fiction, horror and stories that defy genre typing. There is little doubt that this book is fantasy's most important paperback release of the year.

One of the real treasures in recent years is the monumental collection *The Stories of Ray Bradbury* (Knopf, $17.95). Packaged in the same format as Knopf's earlier, similar collection of the stories of John Cheever, this volume presents Bradbury's one hundred "best" stories, including six printed in book form for the first time. There is no adjective of sufficient fecundity to describe this book; and after all, how many authors does one know who have one hundred "best" stories?

In closing, it is worthwhile to note three collections from the significant fantasy writing perpetrated in the so-called literary "mainstream." A genre-oriented view of fantasy is seemingly endemic to American readers, and this tunnel vision tends to exclude not only important, literate authors but most ground-breaking experimental work as well. Terry Carr astutely included T. Coraghessan Boyle's "Descent of Man" in the initial *Year's Finest Fantasy* collection. Now an anthology of Boyle's work is available--*Descent of Man* (McGraw-Hill, $3.95)--some seventeen stories, many of which appeared in the nation's finest "slick" magazines and literary reviews. In one tale, a beer can collector journeys after "Quetzalcoatl Lite, brew of the ancient Aztecs"; while in another, Thorkell Son of Thorkell the Misaligned leads a band of slapstick Norsemen in raids on the Irish Coast. Almost every tale is incontrovertibly fantasy, filled with outlandish humor; and all are undoubtedly...different.

Another "mainstream" author of interest to fantasy readers is Ian McEwan, who has had two short story collections released this year: *First Love, Last Rites* (Berkley, $2.25) and *In Between the Sheets* (Berkley, $2.25). McEwan's fiction is intensely psychological, occasionally light-hearted, often sardonic, and always perverse. The influence of Roald Dahl is apparent, particularly in stories such as "Pornography," in which two women take revenge on a man who uncaringly inflicts each with venereal disease. McEwan will appeal most strongly to readers of horror fiction who enjoy the ironies of Dahl and the impish psychological terror of Robert Bloch.

-- *Douglas E. Winter*

Book Reviews

New Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos edited by *Ramsey Campbell*. Arkham House, Sauk City, October 1980, 257pp. $11.95

After fifty-odd years of purple prose and cosmic fear, one might think that Cthulhu and his dreadful crew of slithering nightmares would have little left to offer in the way of thrills and chills; that the close scrutiny of scores of homage-hungry writers had stripped the Master's brain-child of its power to inspire us with anything but nostalgia. While much of this is sad truth, *New Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos*--with its deliciously 'good-old-days' style dust wrapper and All Hallows Eve publication date--comes as a welcome addition to the movement to 'modernise' the Lovecraftian tradition.

To be sure, there are inherent difficulties in such an undertaking --what imaginary hobgoblin can compare with the horrors we, as a race of sentient beings, have seen fit to inflict upon ourselves?--yet *New Tales* seems to have succeeded, at least partially, in overcoming the problem of Cthulhu's credibility in a godless age.

The three heavily traditional stories in the volume--Attanasio's "The Star Pools," Lumley's "The Second Wish," and the Lovecraft/Warnes collaboration, "The Black Tome of Alsophocus"--tend to lose something in translation, being too vividly Mythic to be anything more than just interesting; however, a number of the remaining tales work rather well (and even horrifically) because an element of human warmth has crept into the cold, creeping horror of the cosmos. The protagonists are not introverted decadents wandering blindly toward their own private dooms; rather, they are emotionally involved with the characters around them, sharing the experience or its imminence. The cosmic fear hangs above them by a thread, but the human fear serves as the backdrop against which the drama is enacted. Of these stories, the two most notable are Frank Belknap Long's "Dark Awakening" and T. E. D. Klein's "Black Man With A Horn," the latter being the amusing, whimsically sad story of an aging protege of HPL who unwittingly finds that not all of his mentor's fictional horrors were the product of his imagination.

Objectively, it cannot be said that these nine *New Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos* conjure up much in the way of staggering impact, yet each of them is solidly written with a reverent eye cast toward that which give it life. Tradition works both ways. We can ask ourselves, "Without Lovecraft, where would we be now?"; we should ask as well, "Without him, where will we be tomorrow?"

Besides, we really ought to keep tabs on the Big C, just in case...

-- *Galad Elflandsson*

Master of the Five Magics by *Lyndon Hardy*. Del Rey/Ballantine, New York, October 1980, 374pp. $2.25

It used to be that almost every fantasy novel published was something special, but now, it seems fantasy has become as standardized for the Del Rey line as space opera was for Ace doubles. You know: preset packaging, plots, characters, images, ideas, settings, and even idiom. In this case we have yet another pseudo-medieval world, more awkwardly named than most (Bardinia, Ambrosia, Arcadia), plus the usual wizardry, warfare, etc. The only sign of creativity in sight is in the magic, which is more rigidly systematized than usual until it forms a kind of alternate science, a'la *Unknown Worlds*.

The characters are completely one dimensional, mostly because of the appalling *gunk* the author inflicts upon them as dialogue in an amateurish attempt to "sound archaic" as the saying goes. But this "archaicism" is without grace or beauty or sensitivity of expression, so one fails to see what good it is. The descriptive prose is a lot better, typical pulp standard.

Quite frankly, I found myself unable to *care* what goes on in this book. But I suppose that like the Ace doubles of yore, it will suffice for an undemanding and unjaded audience for whom all these books are interchangeable anyway. As for Hardy, he needs to memorize Le Guin's "From Elfland to Poughkeepsie."

-- *Darrell Schweitzer*

Sea Trial by *Frank DeFelitta*. Avon, New York, August 1980, 271pp. $4.95

The Night Boat by *Robert R. McCammon*. Avon, New York, August 1980, 261pp. $2.50

Bonegrinder by *John Lutz*. Berkley, New York, September 1980, 232pp. $2.50

Popular entertainment thrives on imitation, and the horror genre seems particularly susceptible to the unabashed trading off of its successful entries. With the battle cry, "Nothing succeeds like success," authors and filmmakers rush to don their lemming suits, while advertising copywriters parrot vague comparisons with *Rosemary's Baby* or *The Exorcist* or *Carrie* or even such drudgeries as *The Omen*. A premier example is found in the aftermath of Peter Benchley's passable potboiler *Jaws* (itself less than original in premise), which Steven Spielberg's film interpretation glorified to near-classic status: it has spawned a a virtual torrent of derivations, both in film and in print, that continues to date without apparent fatigue.

The three novels under scrutiny bear witness to the continued efficacy of the *Jaws* phenomenon despite years of predictable imitations. Indeed, the commercial success of Benchley's work is the only apparent reason for the publication of DeFellita's *Sea Trial*, a Benchley pastiche that holds little intrinsic merit. It is yet another retelling of "The Most Dangerous Game," this time on board a pleasure craft in a superficial Caribbean setting. The illicit rendezvous of two adulterous lovers on a private sea cruise is rendered into a nightmare because the captain and his wife play a motiveless game of survival of the fittest. This time, the protagonist outwits the captain. DeFelitta writes without any semblance of style, and by page twenty, one cares precious little about either the characters or the outcome of events.

McCammon's *The Night Boat* is a much better book, but oddly more dissatisfying, because of its glimpses of unfulfilled potential. McCammon is a frustrating read: he writes very well but seems inextricably trapped in convention and unimaginative imitation. In *The Night Boat*, a Nazi U-boat is raised from the ocean floor thirty-five years after its demise, which was brought about by voodoo. Its crewmen, trapped on board when it sank, are undead; they assault a tiny Caribbean island in well-worn *Night of the Living Dead* style. After repairing the submarine, the crew

threatens to terrorize the high seas (not unlike the modern-day pirates of Benchley's *The Island*); but they are conquered in an inevitable *Jaws*-like climactic sea battle.

Lutz's *Bonegrinder* is the least original imitation of the lot; it simply transfers the *Jaws* scenario to an Ozark lake, replacing the shark with a mysterious creature that apparently rises from the water to mutilate and kill. The stock cast of characters is also present, including that time-honored horror protagonist, the beleaguered sheriff who is at odds with a greedy, incompetent mayor. Nevertheless, *Bonegrinder* has entertaining moments, primarily because of Lutz's well-paced narrative style, and it features an open-ended resolution quite uncommon to the *Jaws* derivations.

One cannot be anything but cynical in attempting seriously to review books of this nature. Imitation or derivation is alone certainly not a fault in the writing of fiction; but these novels offer precious little other than a fourth or fifth generation retelling of an overly familiar tale. All told, such books may be more readily termed phenomena than literature. They are trendy, geared for popularity, but--perhaps as a direct result--not very good fiction. They should not be excused in the name of entertainment; but they sell copies, and that may be the saddest note of all.

-- *Douglas E. Winter*

The Parasite by *Ramsey Campbell*. Macmillan, New York, August 1980, 268pp. $10.95

Young, vulnerable and at the mercy of unknown terrors, Rose Tierney is literally invaded by a demonic spirit at a seance conducted in a house throbbing with evil. This is just the prologue, but the mood is set quickly for Ramsey Campbell's intriguing new novel, *The Parasite* (*To Wake the Dead* in Great Britain).

The first pages after that mind-gripper reveal a Rose of later years, a self-assured Britisher deeply involved with her career as a film historian, critic and lecturer. It's a career she shares with her husband Bill, a job that takes them around the world frequently, in pursuit of directors and other curious habitues of the film circuit. The story, seen entirely through her viewpoint, is the discovery of the supernatural and how a person can either survive or break under its influence.

With the help of a New York friend, Rose first begins to investigate the occult by becoming aware of its possible existence; she then experiments with astral projection, something she had done as a child without being able to define. And in spite of her husband's disapproval, Rose continues to investigate; her out-of-body experiences become more extensive and it eventually becomes explicit just who the spirit was that invaded her and just what it is he wants...which adds to the inevitable confrontation between them.

The sub-plots include a tangle of marriage and career difficulties, a family problem that helps to define the character of Rose still further, revealing her intense feelings of self-responsibility and an anguished resentment.

Lush with visual imagery and an almost florid writing style, Campbell has written a major piece of horror utilizing the Lovecraftian themes of survival. Well-researched and complete with mentions of the Golden Dawn and an England still fragrant with the incense of occult ceremonies, *The Parasite* entertains. More than that, it reveals a writer who can also find horror in the most unexpected places--in greenhouses where a most unwholesome sort of plant grows--on naked light bulbs that bloom grotesquely--in vivid sheets of orange rain--or in grass that gleams "like shards of bone." This sort of sensitivity is often sorely lacking in much of today's current mainstream horror.

The Parasite provides an ample showcase for the man who brought you *The Doll Who Ate His Mother* and *New Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos*. I can only hope it brings Campbell the wider audience he deserves.

-- *Melissa Mia Hall*

Dark Forces edited by *Kirby McCauley*. Viking, New York, September, 1980, 551pp. $16.95

Stephen King is the leader of the pack, but there's a legion of dark riders running right behind him and a number of them have been riding the dark forces long before King was out of diapers. Kirby McCauley has brought these nightmare riders together in an exciting, delightfully massive collection of new stories and two short novels. It's a landmark of horror literature--horror that goes far beyond ghost stories and blood and guts and terror.

The writers contributing to this historic achievement include: Robert Aickman, Robert Bloch, Ray Bradbury, Edward Bryant, Ramsey Campbell, Dennis Etchison, Charles L. Grant, Edward Gorey, Davis Grubb, Joe Haldeman, Stephen King, Russell Kirk, T. E. D. Klein, Richard Matheson, Richard Christian Matheson, Joyce Carol Oates, Clifford Simak, Isaac Beshevis Singer, Theodore Sturgeon, Lisa Tuttle, Karl Edward Wagner, Manly Wade Wellman, Gahan Wilson and Gene Wolfe.

Almost overwhelming: the names invoke a shudder of awe for the range of their talents are immense, overriding genre lines and labelling, and because each one adds a succinct, individual interpretation of horror.

The stars of the anthology, the stories that shone the brightest and elicited the strongest response ran the gamut from the straightforward horror of King's "The Mist" and Klein's "Children of the Kingdom" to the surreal suspense of Wolfe's "Detective of Dreams" and Oates' "The Bingo Master," the thought-provoking, gut-wrenching terror of Grant's "Garden of Blackred Roses" and Bryant's "Dark Angel" and the dreamlike anguish of Tuttle's "Where the Stones Grow" and Gorey's "The Stupid Joke." Last but not least in the outstanding column was the Nobel prize winning Singer's "The Enemy," a little gem of supernatural oddity.

Stephen King's popularity at this time is undisputed and well deserved. His work is always eagerly awaited and "The Mist," like all the rest of his work, succeeds admirably. It's what *The Fog* should have been and I can only heap praises on this very satisfying work.

T. E. D. Klein is a newer writer and more unproven than King, but his entry in this anthology, "Children of the Kingdom," was a worthwhile read; a full-bodied description of New York City and a sympathetic rendering of some very likeable characters. Somewhat reminiscent of Harlan Ellison's "Croatan," and other works concerned with the underside of New York City. "Kingdom" has a lush ending that does feel a bit unfinished; the only flaw in a lucid, touching work.

The other stories in *Dark Forces* are all worthy jaunts into the definition of horror. A few fall blatantly short such as "The Crest of Thirty Six" and "Peculiar Demesne," by Messrs. Grubb and Kirk, respectively. But on the whole, this anthology is stunning, remind-

(Continued on page 34, Col. 1.)

WARREN'S NEWS & REVIEWS

film news by Bill Warren

Once again I'm going to have to forget the news and plunge right into reviews. For one thing, I saw enough movies to fill up the column with reviews alone; for another, working on my book has taken up so much of my time lately that I simply have not had the opportunity to dig out the news.

I do know one rumor going around. Irving Kershner told Warner Bros. that he would direct *I, Robot* on the condition that Harlan Ellison be kept on as writer. Unfortunately, the story goes, Kershner didn't get this in writing. And the ink wasn't dry on his contract when Warners informed Harlan his services would no longer be needed.

On that dismal note--Harlan's script is very good--I plunge heedlessly into reviews.

Flee, Flee, Jamie Lee

Jamie Lee Curtis is an actress I've praised in these pages before, and will, considering the way her career is going, praise in these pages again. In the last two months, a couple of films starring her have been released; both are Canadian, both are vengeful-killer horror movies and both, unusually enough, are quite good for such things.

The first to be released was *Prom Night*, which seems partly "inspired" by both *Carrie* and *Saturday Night Fever*. In one sense, films like this can never really be called *good*, because they are so formalized that the structure has begun to approach ritual. First we see the reason for the killer's derangement; then we see preparations being made for some sort of event; during the event, the killer strikes, working his/her way toward the central figure, usually Jamie Lee Curtis.

Although, as I said, the rigidity of this structure prevents real art or good filmmaking from being possible, inventive directors can often run interesting changes on this structure while preserving it enough for the audiences who seem to go for this kind of movie.

In the past year, there's been *Friday the 13th*, *He Knows You're Alone*, *Don't Go in the House*, *Prom Night* and *Terror Train*--as well as a few others. In one sense, I suppose we should be grateful that there aren't more of these, but we should also be grateful that some of the writers and directors are determined to, if not rise above their material, at least meet its challenges with panache.

Prom Night was written by William Gray and directed by Paul Lynch. Working with the standard deranged-killer gambit (a childhood death causes traumas that surface at a prom night dance), Gray and Lynch still produced a film that is exciting and amusing. Although, as usual, it takes quite a while for things to get underway, Gray has some fun with the dialogue. There's rather too much of phony tensions being aroused (a kid in a mask attacks another one in a lunch room; the killer wears a similar mask), but once the Prom Night itself starts, things really start popping.

Jamie Lee Curtis as Kim Hammond in *Prom Night*, described as a teenage mystery thriller.

There's rather less gore in *Prom Night* than in most of these, but there's more excitement. Except for the first victim, who more or less stands there while the killer does his thing to her, all the other victims (except for one more, who is taken by surprise) fight back. This is something new in these films, and gives the scenes more excitement and tension, as well as increasing believability. You don't sit there thinking that the people involved are idiots who should run when they see a madman with a sword approach them--because they *do* run. It never does them any good in *Prom Night*, but at least they make the effort.

The climax is a battle with the killer on a flashing dance floor to the sounds of disco music; Jamie Lee and her boyfriend slug it out with the madman, and the whole thing is funny, scary and phantasmagorical. I saw it with an audience that was just loving the film; with a marvelous climax like this, I can't blame them.

Jamie Lee, in an interview, said she thought her character in *Terror Train* had more depth then in her other horror films, but I disagree. She's much more lively and believable in *Prom Night*, more of a real person, although certainly too old to play a high school senior. Still, this is not to gainsay her job in *Terror Train*, which is also good and so is she.

Terror Train is a notch below *Prom Night* in dialogue and pacing, but it does gain some points for originality of setting. It's a large fraternity party being held aboard an excursion train traveling through snowy mountains. Once again, there's a mad killer; this time, we know right from the beginning just who he is--but then again, we really don't. Many of the partygoers are wearing masquerade costumes. As the killer wipes out one, he puts on the costume, then goes after the next. There's a story problem with this: it makes it pretty clear who the next victim is likely to be, in that it has to be someone in a costume. The movie also makes much less use of this than it might have.

Terror Train (written by T. Y. Drake and directed by Roger Spot-

tiswoode) definitely takes too long to get underway, but once it's rolling, it delivers the goods regularly. Magician David Copperfield is a suspect in the killings, and so acts very suspiciously toward the beginning. The real Killer's "hiding place," however, genuinely surprised me. The director was clever enough to let us know who the killer was moments before the plot actually reveals his identity. The audience can then feel clever.

The climax is similar to that of *Halloween* in that the killer seems very, very difficult to halt permanently. And the ending is prolonged beyond reason; tension evaporates somewhat.

Ben Johnson and Jamie Lee Curtis share the star spots. Johnson is his usual likeable self as the conductor who realizes that something bad is going on well before anyone else does. He also realizes there's little that can be done right away. There's winter outside the train windows, and no towns for miles. What's to be done? Johnson's solicitousness of Jamie Lee increases sympathy for both actors. Johnson is one of the warmest actors in movies, and he uses his warmth well.

Neither *Prom Night* nor *Terror Train* are really oustanding in any way, but both movies are well above average for the kind of film they are, and I enjoyed them both.

The same Jamie Lee Curtis (previous page) in a less composed moment from *Terror Train*, in which she is stalked by a deranged killer during a masquerade party aboard a speeding train.

The Face of John Merrick

Although perhaps it doesn't really qualify for review in these pages, I'd like to talk about *The Elephant Man*.

Most of you may already know that this film deals with the last few years in the life of John Merrick, the pathetic individual who was known as The Elephant Man. Merrick suffered from a still incurable disease called neurofibromatosis, as well as already having a grotesquely deformed body. The result was what may have been the ugliest man of all time. Yet within this distorted body (and the disease also caused Merrick to give off a terrible odor) was a sweet, gentle and kind romantic. He was fortunate enough to encounter Sir Frederick Treves, a dedicated physician, who made a home for Merrick in a London hospital. After a lifetime of filth and degradation, Merrick finally had a home, and he lived there happily until he died.

The film is not based on the play of the same name, but is instead derived from writings about Merrick by Treves and Ashley Montagu. Oddly enough, the primary money man behind this movie was Mel Brooks, whose Brooksfilms financed it with Paramount.

The movie was directed and co-written by David Lynch, whose only previous film was *Eraserhead*, a bizarre black comedy-drama financed by the American Film Institute.

What Lynch brings to *The Elephant Man* is compassion for and even a kind of love of the deformed John Merrick, as well as a new way of looking at the past. Together with cameraman Freddie Francis (back on camera after a decade and a half of directing), Lynch creates the past before your eyes, but an interpreted past. There are many shots of the machinery of this, the middle Victorian era (about 1890), as well as the sounds of hissing gas jets and boiling cauldrons. Lynch seems to be trying to connect Merrick with the industrial age, but the connection is emotional, not intellectual, as I'm sure he intended. Is Merrick a reaction to or a product of this age, in Lynch's mind? It's hard to say, and I'm pretty sure the director couldn't say himself.

John Hurt plays John Merrick, it says here. I'm not certain (although, of course I really am) it was Hurt because there is nothing of his face visible. Unlike the play of "The Elephant Man," in the movie we see Merrick's deformities. Lynch leads us into it carefully, though; letting us see him as an individual who suffers before we see him as a freak. And the result is that we very soon become accustomed to the face; it stops looking like a deformed person, and begins looking like perhaps a perfectly ordinary inhabitant of some other world. Lynch has said he sees a kind of beauty in Merrick's face, and such is his skill as a director that we see it as well.

Hurt is magnificent in the kind of role that imaginative actors die for. He totally expresses the anguish, the sadness and the joy of John Merrick. We fully understand him by the end of the film, and he's so real that we start to wonder uncomfortably if perhaps we are no better than those who paid their farthing to see the real Merrick's deformities.

There's a central problem with the film, however. In real life, Treves examined Merrick, who returned to the reasonably kindly showman who exhibited him, and then went to Europe. The show collapsed financially, and Merrick returned to London, seeking out Treves. From then on, Merrick was provided and cared for, and for the first time in his life knew a great happiness. The first half of *The Elephant Man* is incredibly successful in depicting this growing happiness on the part of Merrick; there's a scene in which he weeps when, for the first time in his life, a beautiful woman shakes his hand, and this scene was so deeply affecting that I almost left the theater, feeling I couldn't take any more. It was just too moving.

But Lynch and the other writers have chosen to move Merrick's journey to Europe to later in his life; he's actually kidnapped by the slimy venal showman played by Freddie Jones in the film (and very

well, too). He escapes, returns to England, and is happy for a short time before he dies. In addition to needlessly altering the facts of Merrick's life, this has the effect of making his death seem like it comes from despair at ever having happiness. To me, the miracle of John Merrick was that despite everything, he died a happy man. The movie diminishes that miracle.

But it is still an extremely good movie, and very much worth seeing. I've reviewed it here because I feel that it is the kind of movie readers of this publication would enjoy.

Ray Guns of the Magnificent Seven

Much to my surprise, I thoroughly enjoyed *Battle Beyond the Stars*. It had a struggle getting to the screen, mostly because Roger Corman was reluctant to spend any money on it; he began production only when another company put up half the cost. Some sources have claimed that the film cost as much as $5 million with over a million going for effects, but a very inside source tells me that it cost $2.6 million, with that $.6 million being the entire effects budget. I mean *entire*, including light bulbs in the bathrooms at the effects shop, water in the dispensers, and so forth. As well as purchase of the building in which the effects were done.

Considering all that, and considering an editor who was so into punk that he wanted the effects to look poor so they would be "funky," it's astounding that the effects are so good. They aren't great, but they are the best and most extensive effects I have seen for a film of that budget level. The effects were mostly done by Bob and Dennis Skotak, and they deserve all the praise they can get.

I mean, when you realize that originally Roger Corman wanted his imitation *Star Wars* to be done even cheaper--well, here's the story as a different insider told it to me. When he saw how much money *Star Wars* was making, Roger decided that New World Pictures could do their own. He wanted to give a little kid $500 to build the models--"after all," he allegedly said, "$500 is a lot of money to a little kid"--and to set the film on a dirt planet and a water planet. They could use Bronson Caverns for the dirt planet and Beech Dickerson's swimming pool for the water planet, said Roger with enthusiasm. But cooler heads prevailed.

So time passed, and a script was written and rewritten and rerewritten. The final screenplay is by John Sayles, and it's derived from *The Magnificent Seven*. The debt is acknowledged in several ways; Akira Kurosawa directed the Japanese film, and there's a planet in the film called Akir; the inhabitants are the Akira. Robert Vaughn plays the exactly equivalent role in *Battle Beyond the Stars* that he had in John Sturges' Western remake of the Kurosawa film: the expert but weary gunfighter who only seeks a good meal and a place to sleep. Vaughn overdoes it a little here, but is otherwise good.

Sayles' script is very entertaining. It's full of good laughs--I didn't hear one laugh that wasn't intended--and the characters are interesting enough to get you through the film unbored. Sayles is everywhere these days, and is destined to be one of the most important writers in Hollywood. Every script by him that I have either seen filmed or read has been notable in its dialogue. So far, all his scripts have been written to fit an already-plotted movie, except for *Return of the Secaucus Seven*, which he wrote and directed. But the scripts for *Battle Beyond the Stars*, *Alligator*, *Piranha*, *The Howling* and others are all extremely well-written in the most important areas: dialogue and characterization. He is the best writer now working in these medium-budget films, and he's not going to be in them much longer.

Jimmy Murakami directed *Battle Beyond the Stars*, but seems to have allowed the actors to do pretty much what they wanted. The actors Murakami used to work with--he was an animation director--were more directly controllable, I guess. The result is a bizarre salad of acting styles. Richard Thomas is very good as the young hero, playing him as something other than just a variation on Luke Skywalker. George Peppard as the cheekily-named Space Cowboy (Sayles beat everyone to the punch; that's what the character would have been called by reviewers anyway, so why not?) is languid and relaxed, but it's still one of his better jobs. Vaughn is icy and controlled, and definitely not funny, unlike everyone else in the film. Once again, John Saxon is just great, as the nasty villain. Overall, the film works both because and in spite of the actors.

There was one virtue of *Battle Beyond the Stars* that I found lacking in *The Empire Strikes Back*. It has a real sense of joy and fun throughout. *Star Wars* had it, but *The Empire Strikes Back* is mostly too glum. *Battle Beyond the Stars* brings back this sense that space war movies should be entertaining, and I appreciate it for that. (No, it's not as *good* as *Empire*, but it's *breezier*.)

The movie is full of ideas, the kind of ideas that Corman at one time would have made the basis of an entire movie. For example, there's a spaceship full of little white people with three eyes who are components of a giant being. It takes five of them to run the ship with their shared mind, but there are six aboard. "We always carry a spare," they/it explain(s).

So far, *Battle Beyond the Stars* has made $20 million, just in the U.S., so Roger's out to make a lot of science fiction movies in the future. His effects shop is set up and raring to go--I've been invited over to see it, and will report back when I do--and Roger always heads for the money.

Go see the movie, if you can find it by now. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised as long as you don't expect anything more than a silly movie with some entertaining effects and excitement.

The Fans Strike Back

More and more and even more, science fiction and horror movies are being made by those people who grew up loving them. I once read through the Monster Club section in old issues of *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, and discovered dozens of names of people who are now working in movies, including one Steve Spielberg of somewhere in Arizona.

Battle Beyond the Stars had several fans working for it; so did *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Star Wars*, *Escape from New York* (John Carpenter used to publish horror movie *fanzines*, for God's sake) and so forth. Sometimes the involvement becomes very direct. *Scared to Death* was written and directed by William Malone, who for years has had the hobby of rebuilding the famous robots from movies. His Robby has appeared on television a lot, for instance. He also built a Gort, but so far hasn't got around to a Tobor the Great.

Scared to Death is uncomfortably similar to *Alien* in a few too many respects. The monster (which looks very much like that in *Alien*) captures people and hooks its offspring up to them. The monster also has a habit of grabbing people by the head and forcing something from its mouth into theirs.

It's really a shame that Malone (or, much more likely, his backers) felt it necessary to bouy up the film by utilizing elements from

another successful movie, because *Scared to Death* is basically a pretty good little horror movie.

In this case, the monster is a "Syngenor"--Synthetic Genetic Organism--which lives in the Los Angeles sewer system, from which it emerges in search of victims. Just why it wants these people is never clear; dialogue makes it seem that, for some reason, the critter seeks to rip off the left legs of various people. We eventually are told it eats spinal fluid, which it extracts by means of a long, pointed tongue. But why such a thing would want minute quantities of spinal fluid goes unanswered. Also unexplained in the film is why the monster occasionally tears people to pieces instead of supping from their spines.

Malone has a good deal to learn about handling exposition as well as nepotism. His wife, Tony Jannotta, appears in the film, but gives an inadequate performance as the only person who knows the secret of the Syngenor. She wouldn't look quite so bad, and indeed is pretty good toward the end, if she didn't have to spout long expository passages of dialogue intended to fill us in on the origin and purpose of the Syngenor. That is, she simply *tells us* everything we need to know.

Also, the film is riddled with scenes of people who know they are in terrible danger who simply walk off by themselves, instead of sticking with their companions.

But despite these flaws, some of which are due to a very small budget (less than $100,000, I've been told), *Scared to Death* is good enough to indicate that Malone's talents will grow with his succeeding films. There are several very tense and exciting scenes, especially at the climax as everyone is running madly around inside what seems to be a steel-stamping mill. Furthermore, much of the dialogue is good and shows an understanding of the use of humor in horrifying scenes.

One of the best features of *Scared to Death* is the performance of John Stinson as Ted Lonergan, the lead. He does have a problem in that the low budget meant the removal of scenes explaining his character's motivation, but Stinson himself is quite delightful. It's a superbly professional performance, one that would be a highlight of a much more expensive film than this one.

Some people have accused me of being too soft on cheap little pictures like *Scared to Death*, but I've never felt it useful to stomp on the early efforts of earnest people. Malone knows his movie is no better than fair at best; he's no fool. I think it's better for a variety of reasons to praise that which is good in the work of someone of promise than to point out most of the obvious shortcomings. The reasons I do talk about the bad sides of the films is for the benefit of the potential moviegoer--not everyone is as patient with low-budget movies as I am--but these reviews are also being written out of a sense of obligation to the filmmakers and to posterity. It's not that I pull my punches; it's that I *really do* like these movies. I want to see more of them, but I want to see better ones, too. But that's no reason to shred a movie that has little pretentions of quality in the first place.

You'll have to make up your own minds as to whether or not you should see *Scared to Death*. I didn't expect much, but the film was better in several ways than I thought

(Continued on page 34, Col. 3.)

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION	A. PUBLICATION NO.	2. DATE OF FILING
Fantasy Newsletter	5 0 9 6 9 0	Oct. 1, 1980
3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE	**A. NO. OF ISSUES PUBLISHED ANNUALLY**	**B. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION PRICE**
Monthly	12	$12.00

4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION *(Street, City, County, State and ZIP Code) (Not printers)*
1015 West 36th St., Loveland, Larimer, CO 80537

5. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS *(Not printers)*
1015 West 36th St., Loveland, CO 80537

6. NAMES AND COMPLETE ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR

PUBLISHER *(Name and Address)*
Paul C. Allen, 1015 West 36th St., Loveland, CO 80537

EDITOR *(Name and Address)*
Paul C. Allen, 1015 West 36th St., Loveland, CO 80537

MANAGING EDITOR *(Name and Address)*
Paul C. Allen, 1015 West 36th St., Loveland, CO 80537

7. OWNER *(If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be giving. If the publication is published by a nonprofit organization, its name and address must be stated.)*

NAME	ADDRESS
Paul C. Allen	1015 W. 36th St., Loveland, CO 80537

8. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGEES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING 1 PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGES OR OTHER SECURITIES *(If there are none, so state)*

NAME	ADDRESS
none	

9. FOR COMPLETION BY NONPROFIT ORGANIZATIONS AUTHORIZED TO MAIL AT SPECIAL RATES *(Section 132.122, PSM)*
The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes *(Check one)*

☐ HAVE NOT CHANGED DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS ☐ HAVE CHANGED DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS *(If changed, publisher must submit explanation of change with this statement.)*

10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION	AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS	ACTUAL NO. COPIES OF SINGLE ISSUE PUBLISHED NEAREST TO FILING DATE
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES PRINTED *(Net Press Run)*	2559	2800
B. PAID CIRCULATION 1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS AND CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS AND COUNTER SALES	1501	1584
2. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS	660	914
C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION *(Sum of 10B1 and 10B2)*	2161	2498
D. FREE DISTRIBUTION BY MAIL, CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS SAMPLES, COMPLIMENTARY, AND OTHER FREE COPIES	191	123
E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION *(Sum of C and D)*	2352	2621
F. COPIES NOT DISTRIBUTED 1. OFFICE USE, LEFT OVER, UNACCOUNTED, SPOILED AFTER PRINTING	186	179
2. RETURNS FROM NEWS AGENTS	21	0
G. TOTAL *(Sum of E, F1 and 2—should equal net press run shown in A)*	2559	2800

11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

SIGNATURE AND TITLE OF EDITOR, PUBLISHER, BUSINESS MANAGER, OR OWNER
Paul C. Allen Publisher

12. FOR COMPLETION BY PUBLISHERS MAILING AT THE REGULAR RATES *(Section 132.121, Postal Service Manual)*

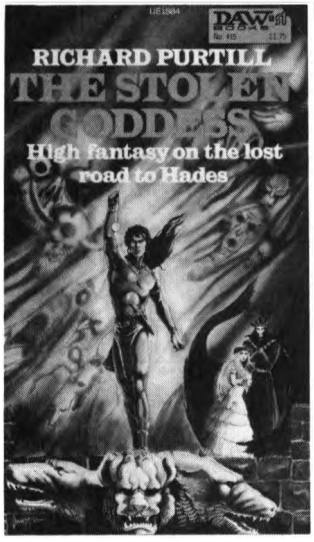
39 U. S. C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates."

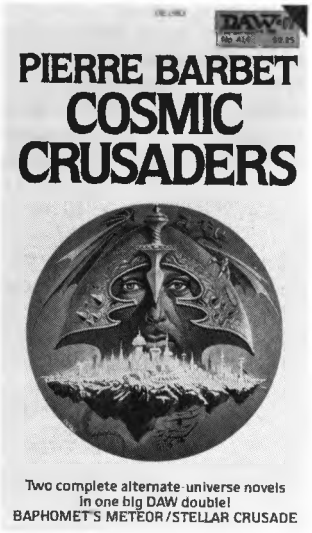
In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in item 1 at the phased postage rates presently authorized by 39 U. S. C. 3626.

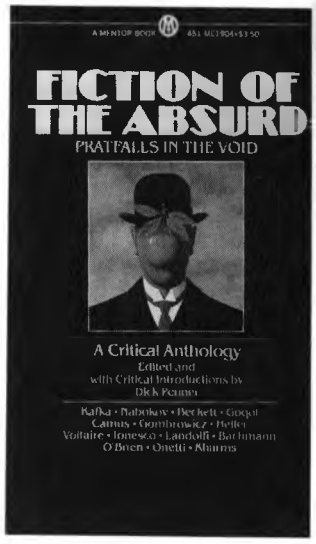
SIGNATURE AND TITLE OF EDITOR, PUBLISHER, BUSINESS MANAGER, OR OWNER
Paul C. Allen

Paperbacks

Cover artists: "The Stolen Goddess" by Duursema; "The Lucifer Comet" by Gino D'Achille.







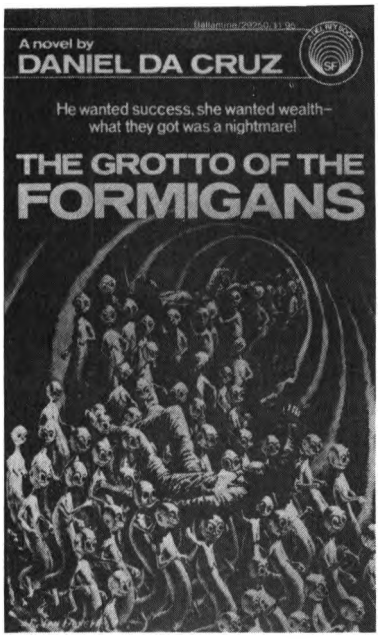
DAW BOOKS

A new "high fantasy" novel due out from DAW Books in December is *The Stolen Goddess* by *Richard Purtill*. Set in the pre-Grecian world of Kaphtu, the novel is a sequel to his earlier *The Golden Gryphon Feather*. Price is $1.75.

An original science fantasy is *The Lucifer Comet* by *Ian Wallace*, concerning the discovery of a frozen comet in which are preserved the bodies of Prometheus and Lucifer; when thawed, they present problems even for the advanced science of the future. $2.25.

Two additional new volumes are *Rebel of Antares* by *Alan Burt Akers*, #24 in the Dray Prescot series ($1.95), and *Cosmic Crusaders* by *Pierre Barbet* ($2.25). The latter contains two short parallel history novels, *Baphomet's Meteor* and *Stellar Crusade*, translated by *Bernard Kay* and *C. J. Cherryh*. *Baphomet's Meteor* was a 1972 paperback from DAW, while I believe *Stellar Crusade* is new to the DAW imprint.

The reissue for December is *Wollheim's World's Best SF #4*, at $2.25.



SIGNET

The Intruder by *Brooke Leimas* is an original horror novel slated for December from Signet. Appears to be another demomic possession yarn set in contemporary New York; Signet is comparing it to *Rosemary's Baby*. *Fiction of the Absurd: Pratfalls in the Void* is a new anthology of stories by 14 masters of the absurd, edited with critical introductions by *Dick Penner*. Authors include *Kafka*, *Nabokov*, *Beckett*, *Gogol*, *Camus*, *Gombrowicz*, *Heller*, *Voltaire*, *Ionesco*, *Landolfi*, *Bachmann*, *O'Brien*, *Onetti* and *Kharms*. The former is priced at $2.50 and the latter at $3.50.

DEL REY/BALLANTINE

Coming from Del Rey Books in December are two original SF novels, *Players at the Game of People* by *John Brunner* and *The Grotto of the Formigans* by *Daniel de Cruz*. The former is about a war-hero and jet-setter who has everything he ever wanted until the game of life begins to change. The da Cruz title is about an anthropologist and a woman who stumble upon a strange world peopled by even stranger creatures. Prices are $2.25 and $1.95, respectively.

Also slated is the first paperback edition of *Beyond the Blue Event Horizon* by *Frederik Pohl*, at $2.50, a hardcover release from Del Rey last February. A reprint is *The Lost Princess of Oz* by *L. Frank Baum*, volume 11 in Del Rey's reprint Oz series, at $2.25.

Reissues for December are *The Best of C. L. Moore*, at $2.25, and *Gateway* by *Frederik Pohl*, at $2.50.

A Ballantine title of interest here is *The Devil and Max Devlin* by *Robert Grossbach* ($2.25), a fantasy/comedy tie-in with the Disney movie planned for Christmas release.

BERKLEY BOOKS

Berkley Publishing Corp. will have a number of first paperback editions out in December. Included is volume two in *Eric Van Lustbader's* "Sunset Warrior" trilogy, *Shallows of Night*, at $2.50.

Another is *Transfigurations* by *Michael Bishop*, his novel about the Asadi published in hardcover by Berkley last year (see *FN #17*). Price is $2.25.

Yet another is *Came A Spider* by *Edward Levy*, published in hardcover by Arbor House. This is a creepy-crawly about an invasion of hairy spiders, priced at $2.50.

And finally, there is *Yellow Peril: The Adventures of Sir John Weymouth-Smythe* by *Richard Jaccoma*, originally published by Richard Marek. This is a spoof of pulp adventure fiction billed as "erotic

The Pocket Books F & SF Page

Hooray! A brand-new novel by Poul Anderson, his first in two years--and backing up Poul's book, reprints of van Vogt and Ted White's best SF novel--plus Damien Broderick's original and surprising The Dreaming Dragons and a solid collection of all-original speculative fiction selected by Ursula K. Le Guin and Virginia Kidd--another banner month in SF from Pocket.---D.G.H.

The Dreaming Dragons

Damien Broderick

An egg-shaped device from no one knows where and the unearthly power of a child link anthropologist Alf Dean to a five-million-year-old mystery in the Australian outback. To learn the secret in the heart of the earth, Dean crosses the seemingly impassable barrier to the egg. He'll explode the myths of science and legend and unveil the destiny that will change humanity--and awake the dreaming dragons. Cover art by Carl Lundgren. 83150-X/$2.25
A POCKET BOOKS ORIGINAL

By Furies Possessed

Ted White

Tad Dameron discovers what's wrong about Bjonn, a colonist from Farhome: Bjonn is planning an alien takeover of Earth. Now Dameron, alone, has to battle interstellar enemies in a desperate attempt to save himself--and mankind. "A fast-paced, tight, engrossing novel, with a sharp eye for hard-boiled action. Riveting." --Gregory Benford, author of Timescape. Well-known sf/fantasy editor/writer Ted White has many novels to his credit.
83308-1/$2.25

The Devil's Game

Poul Anderson

Seven people, lured by the promised wealth of an eccentric millionaire, gather on a Caribbean island for a sinister game of "Follow The Leader." As need and desire build, the play grows ever more ruthless, ever more deadly, reaching finally beyond human greed and longing. For this contest is refereed not by the millionaire host--but by the demon Samael. And the hollow voice that whispers from the shadows is running a different game, with different rules. A game--played with human souls... THE DEVIL'S GAME--outstanding original fantasy-thriller by Poul Anderson, six time Hugo winner, author of The Avatar and The Merman's Children, one of the most celebrated writers of fantasy and science fiction in history.
A POCKET BOOKS ORIGINAL
83689-7/$2.50

Edges

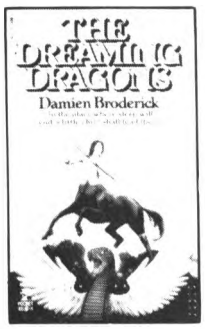
Ursula K. Le Guin
Virginia Kidd, Editors

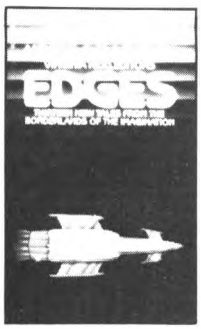
The vengeance of a goddess--the origins of magic--the city of future rebels--the dragon at the bottom of the world. All subjects in this unique collection by writers "who live on the edge of the edge." Gene Wolfe, Thomas Disch, Carol Emshwiller, Avram Davidson and nine others make this the book for readers who want "what is best, most accomplished, most humanly engaging in science fiction today." --John Crowley 83532-7/$2.50
A POCKET BOOKS ORIGINAL

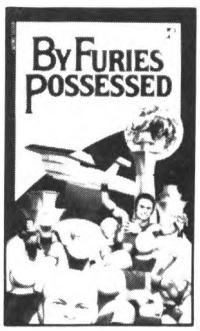
Mission to the Stars

A. E. van Vogt

Hidden for eons, the rebel colonies of Fifty Suns now face the ravaging slavers of Imperial Earth. Only Peter Maltby can unite Fifty Suns to crush the invaders; but Maltby is a hated superhuman--and his lover, Lady Laurr, commands the enemy forces from Earth! A classic of a super-race's intergalactic rebellion by "one of the all-time greats" --Fantasy and Science Fiction magazine
83661-7/$1.95

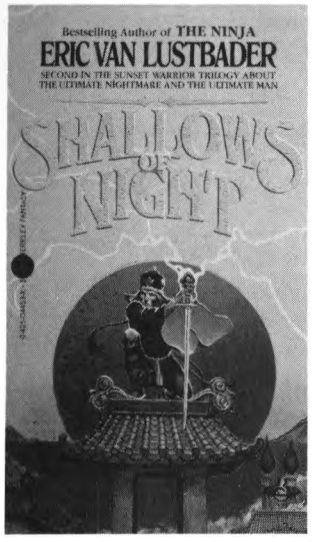


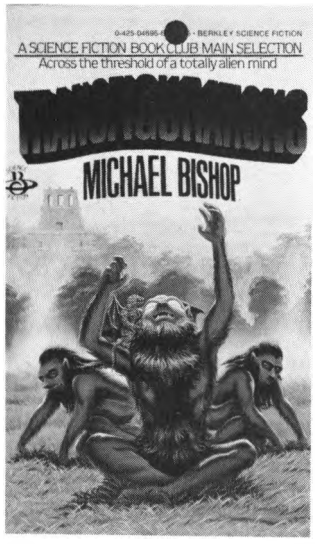


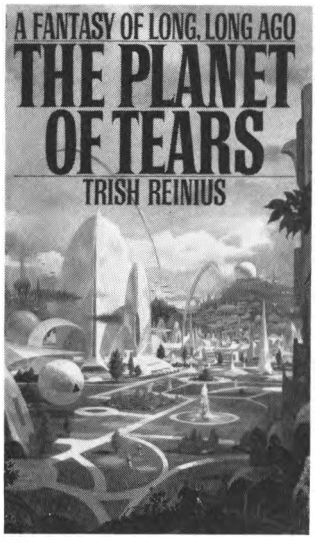


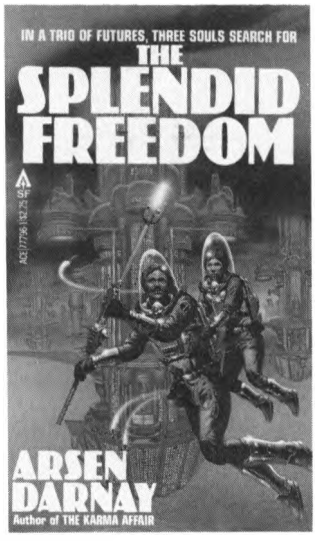
POCKET BOOKS
David G. Hartwell, Director of Science Fiction

Cover artists: "Shallows of Night" by Don Maitz; "Transfigurations" by J. Gampert; "The Planet of Tears" by Paul Lehr.









adventure in the outrageous style of the original pulps." Price is $2.95.

A paperback original for December is *Galactica Discovers Earth* by *Glen A. Larson* and *Michael Resnick*, volume five in the series and priced at $2.25. Although it's a welcome sight to see Mike Resnick returning to the field, it's too bad he had to pick a formula turkey like this for his return.

A reprint for December is *A Different Light*, *Elizabeth A. Lynn's* first novel (see *FN #4*), at $2.25. Other reissues include *Mistress Masham's Repose* by *T. H. White*, at $2.25, and *The Deathworld Trilogy* by *Harry Harrison*, at $2.50.

BANTAM BOOKS

Conan fans will be delighted, I'm sure, with the long-awaited appearance of the fifth volume in Bantam's new Conan series, *Conan and the Spider God* by *L. Sprague de Camp*, at $2.25. The title was to have preceded *Conan the Rebel* by *Poul Anderson*, but was delayed.

The Planet of Tears by *Trish Reinius* ($1.95) is billed as a "fantasy of long, long ago" about a young man and woman exiled from the eternal planet of Everfor to the Planet of Tears. The book is illustrated by *Bob Johnson*.

An original SF novel for December is *The Integrated Man* by *Michael Berlyn* ($1.95), author of *Crystal Phoenix*. This one is set in the distant future and concerns computer-encoded memory chips that can control people and the overthrow of a corporate empire.

ACE BOOKS

Billed as a paperback original from Ace for December is *Anasazi* by *Dean Ing* ($2.25), an SF novel about an alien parasite that preys on mankind: "the brain case of a human child was of a perfect size to hold its host, once most of the brain had been eaten..." Also included in the volume are two short stories.

The Splendid Freedom ($2.25) is a new collection of three stories by *Arsen Darnay*, all of which appeared in *Galaxy* in the mid-'70s: "The Splendid Freedom," "The East Coast Confinement," and "Plutonium."

Scheduled for its first paperback edition in December is *The Patchwork Girl* by *Larry Niven*, a trade paperback release from Ace this past April, at $2.50. The rack-size edition features the same wraparound cover illustration and interior illustrations by *Fernando*.

Reprints and reissues for December include: *Make Room! Make Room!* by *Harry Harrison* (new to the Ace imprint), *The Maker of Universes* by *Philip Jose Farmer*, *Forerunner Foray* by *Andre Norton*, and *Space Viking* by *H. Beam Piper*. All are priced at $2.25.

Also scheduled under the Tempo imprint is the third new novel in *David Hagberg's* new series of Flash Gordon adventures, *Crisis On Citadel II*, at $2.25.

Some fans may also want to watch for *A Rude Awakening*, a WWII adventure novel by *Brian W. Aldiss*, published in hardcover by Random House. It will appear under the Charter imprint at $2.25.

AVON BOOKS

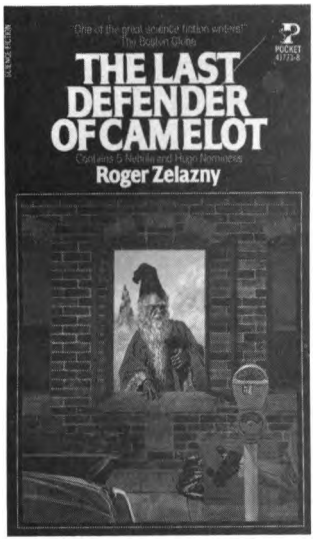
About the closest thing I can find to a science fiction or fantasy release from Avon this month is *Quicksilver* by *Norman Hatley*, originally published by Atheneum. Actually, it's a suspense novel set in the near future about a computer magnate out to become the most powerful man in America via a 1984-like control of computers. Price is $2.50. Fortunately, there's better news for January, but I'll get to that next month.

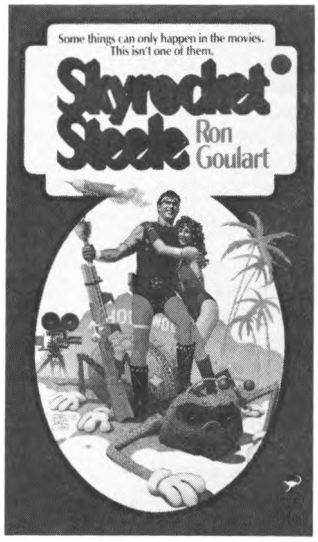
FAWCETT BOOKS

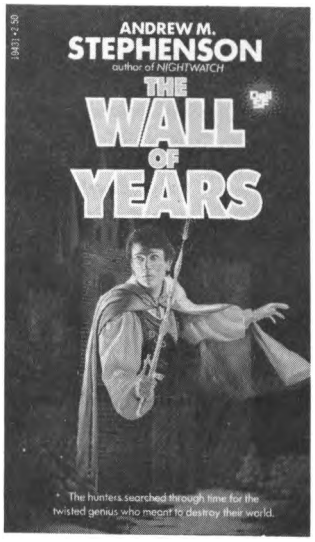
William F. Nolan and *Martin H. Greenberg* have come up with a neat anthology that will appear from Fawcett Books in December: *Science Fiction Origins*. After seeing it (in bound proofs), I can't help but wonder why someone hasn't come up with a theme anthology like this before: its contents consist of seven stories that eventually became novels (and very popular ones at that). Included are: "The Fireman" by *Ray Bradbury* (*Fahrenheit 451*), "The Days of Perky Pat" by *Philip K. Dick* (*The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*), "The Fasterfaster Affair" by *William F. Nolan* (*Space For Hire*), "Hopper" by *Robert Silverberg* (*The Time Hoppers*), "He Who Shapes" by *Roger Zelazny* (*The Dream Master*), "Malice in Wonderland" by *Evan Hunter* (*Tomorrow's World*, as *Hunt Collins*), and "Guardian Angel" by *Arthur C. Clarke* (*Childhood's End*).

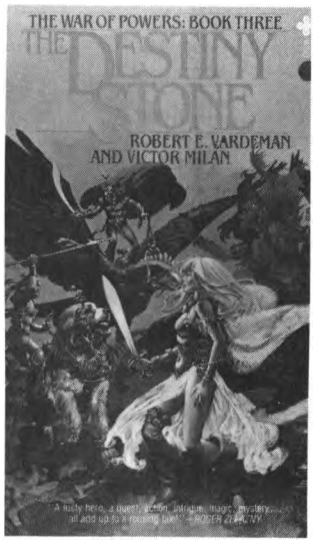
As an added bonus, each story is followed by a new afterward by

Cover artists: "The Last Defender of Camelot" by Carl Lundgren; "Skyrocket Steele" by Carl Lundgren; "The Wall of Years" by Larry Kresek; "The Destiny Stone" by Fernandez.









each author. Price is $2.25.

POCKET BOOKS

Leading off Pocket Books releases for December is a new collection of stories by *Roger Zelazny* entitled *The Last Defender of Camelot* ($2.50). Among the 16 stories included are "For A Breath I Tarry," "The Engine at Heartspring's Center," "He Who Shapes," and the title story.

Two original novels for December are *Skyrocket Steele* by *Ron Goulart* ($2.25) and *Starfinder* by *Robert F. Young* ($2.25). The Goulart title is another of his spoofs, this time about an alien invasion (set just before WW II) disguised as a low-budget SF serial. The latter is an SF adventure about spacewhaling--the hunting of space whales who are mineral-based, intelligent interstellar beings.

Slated for its first paperback publication is *The Spellcoats*, a fantasy novel by *Diana Wynne Jones*, published by Atheneum as an Argo Book last year (see *FN #17*). Price is $2.25. A reissue for December is *The Luck of Brin's Five* by *Cherry Wilder*, at $2.50.

DELL BOOKS

The Wall of Years is *Andrew M. Stephenson's* second novel (his first was *Nightwatch*), slated for December release from Dell. This is an SF/fantasy novel about time travel and the havoc its discovery brings about; set in both the 27th century and 881 A.D. Price is $2.50.

Also on tap from Dell for December is a reissue of *Wolfling* by *Gordon R. Dickson*, at $1.95.

PLAYBOY PRESS

Due out from Playboy Paperbacks in December is the final volume in "The War of the Powers" trilogy by *Robert E. Vardeman* and *Victor Milan*, entitled *The Destiny Stone*. The first two were *The Sundered Realm* (October) and *The City in the Glacier* (November). All three are priced at $2.25.

TOWER BOOKS

A recent Tower Books release is *Star Axe*, a heroic fantasy novel by *Duncan McGeary*, priced at $2.25. Typical swords & sorcery adventure about a hero who inherits an ancient and powerful Star Axe. *

Magazines

Magazine of F & SF for December will feature two novelettes, "The Autopsy" by *Michael Shea* and "The Other Mother" by *Lisa Tuttle*. Short stories are: "Neander-Tale" by *James P. Hogan*, "Uncle John and the Saviour" by *John Kessel*, "Melpomene, Callipe...and Fred" by *Nicholas Yermakov*, "The Man With a God That Worked" by *John Brunner*, "The Twentieth Century Murder Case" by *Barry N. Malzberg*, "Escape Velocity" by *Mack Reynolds*, "Getting Into Synch" by *Coleman Brax*, and "The Tents of Kedar" by *Robert F. Young*. Book reviews this issue are by *John Clute* and the cover is by *Ron Walotsky* for "The Autopsy."

British horror writer R. Chetwynd-Hayes recently starred as the hero of his own comic book and will soon be the hero of a movie, as portrayed by John Carradine in *The Monster Club*. Based upon the novel of the same name by Chetwynd-Hayes, the movie is currently in filming and stars Vincent Price, Donald Pleasence and Britt Ekland, in addition to Carradine.

To help promote the movie, producer Milton Subotsky published a 32-page, slick comic book adaptation of *The Monster Club* for distribution at Cannes. The comic was limited to 1,000 copies and is now a collector's item, according to Subotsky.

Although I am not a subscriber, the publishers of *Gay Community News* recently sent me a copy of their September 27th issue, with a cover article on the World SF Convention in Boston. Entitled "When It Changed: Lesbians, Gay Men and Science Fiction Fandom," writers Pat M. Kuras and Rob Schmieder explore the changing scene of liberated SF fandom. Copies of the issue are available at $1 from: *Gay Community News*, 22 Bromfield St., Boston, MA 02108. *

The Fan Press

ALTERNATIES

Alternaties #5, formerly *1985*, recently appeared from the editing team of Matt Berger and Alexander Klapwald. In addition to an interview with *Ron Goulart*, the issue features the following stories: "The Engine at Heartspring's Center" by *Roger Zelazny* (reprinted from *Analog*), "The Seventh Angel" (pt. 2) by *Matthew Berger*, "Shining Armor" by *Alexander Klapwald*, "Like Banquo's Ghost" by *Larry Niven* (reprinted from *If*), "When Deaf, Do We Speak?" by *Andrew Andrews*, "The War Between the (Altered) States" by *Matt Berger* and *Kenneth Sharp*, and "Farther from the Heart" (pt. 2) by *Jeff Patterson*. Also included in the issue are book and fanzine reviews, with artwork by *Allen Koszowski*, *Jason Keehn*, *Steven Fox*, *Lori Gajewski*, and *Dan Berger*. The 60-page issue is priced at $3. Alternities Publications, 18 Lester Place, White Plains, NY 10606.

FARMERAGE

One fan magazine I'd heard of but never seen until quite recently is *Farmerage*, published by George H. Scheetz at the Ellis Press, on behalf of Philip Jose Farmer Society. Now in its third issue, *Farmerage* features articles about Philip Jose Farmer and his works, in addition to reprinting stories and articles by Farmer. The current issue runs 28 digest pages and includes a lecture by Farmer, "The Affair of Logical Lunatics" (1971), an article on Farmer's *Love Song* by *Don Z. Block*, an article on *As You Desire* by editor *Scheetz*, a review of *Jesus On Mars*, reprints of a couple of newspaper articles on Farmer, and news about Farmer's activities. Copies of *Farmerage* are $1 each and membership in the society is $3 per year. George H, Scheetz, 710A West Moss Ave., #3, Peoria, IL 61606.

THRUST SF

Thrust SF in Review #16 features an interview with *Joan Vinge* and the text of a speech on the subject of SF fans versus pros by *Jessica Amanda Salmonson*, in addition to columns by *Ted White*, *Michael Bishop*, *David Bischoff*, *John Shirley*, and *David Nalle*, plus an article by *Mark J. McGarry*, "The Image of the Beast." Add to that book reviews and *Thrust's* usually lively letters column. The 44-page issue is priced at $1.95 and subscriptions are 6 issues for $9. Doug Fratz, 11919 Barrel Cooper Ct., Reston, VA 22091.

MANDRAGORA

Mandragora is the title of a new art portfolio by *Tim Hammell*, which he describes as "the first male nudes folio." I doubt that it really qualifies as the first, but it definitely is male nudes--five plates of fantasy scenes, each measuring 10" by 13" and printed in a chocolate brown ink on a "desert sand" parchment. The signed and numbered portfolio is limited to 500 copies and priced at $10 plus $2 postage. Tim Hammell, 205-1330 Harwood St., Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V6E 1S7.

JUST PULP

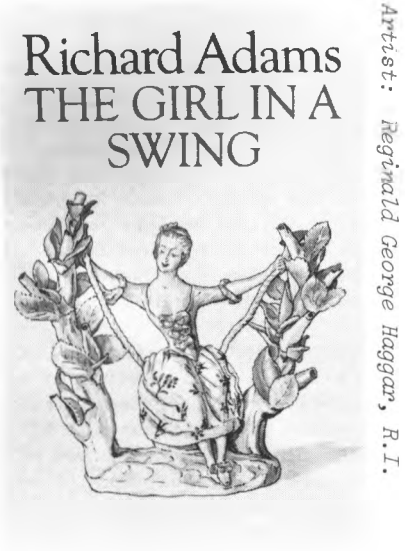
Featured in the fall issue (#15) of *Just Pulp* are the following stories: "The Macalester Business" by *G. W. Kennedy*, "The Case of the Pathopsychicidal Effluvium" by *M. David Pohlman*, "Flesh and Blood" by *Gerald Haslam*, "Asylums" by *Gary Sloan*, "The Spirit of the Foundress" by *Brother Benet*, "The Thing in the Stone" by *Paul A. Gilster*, and "Last Rite of Spring" by *Anthony deFrance*, plus poetry by *Joe Smith*, *Lynne Masover*, *Anne T. Quinterno*, *Joan Colby*, *Jay Barwell* and *Lawrence Markert*.

Just Pulp, subtitled 'The Magazine of Popular Fiction," is devoted to all types of fiction, but usually includes a sprinkling of mystery and fantasy stories. Recent issues have run in excess of 100 pages in an attractively designed digest format, perfect bound with two-color covers. $1.95 per copy or four issues for $6. *Just Pulp*, P. O. Box 243, Narragansett, RI 02882.

*

The British Scene

by Mike Ashley



Artist: Reginald George Haggar, R.I.

Adams, Tolkien and Donaldson, all within a few weeks of one another--what more can one ask for?

Richard Adams, who will remain immortal as the author of *Watership Down*, has been trying to change his image somewhat in his new book *The Girl in a Swing*. I reported this in my column in *FN #26* as destined for May hardcover release from Allen Lane. Last minute hitches caused it to be rescheduled, so if you're wondering why you haven't seen a copy, it's now due for release in October. To recap on the plot, the animals have moved aside for people and porcelain--Alan Desmond, a porcelain collector and dealer, and his beautiful wife Kathe, plus the rare figurine that gives the book its title. Briefly, it's a supernatural love story.

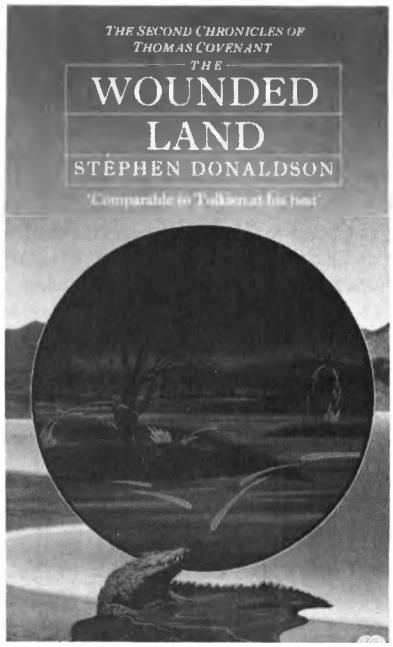
The rescheduling of the novel has meant it's been overtaken by what would have been Adams's next book, *The Iron Wolf and Other Stories* (Allen Lane, September, £5.95), a collection of 19 folk-tales from all over the world beautifully illustrated by Yvonne Gilbert and Jennifer Campbell (who--at the cost of a short phonecall--I discovered, is *not* Ramsey Campbell's better half!). Adams has presented each tale as told by a different narrator in a time and place especially relevant--such as an aged Cossack telling Tolstoy an old legend.

Tolkien is never far from the news, and as 1980 marks the 25th anniversary of the first complete publication of *The Lord of the Rings* it gives Allen & Unwin an excuse to refurbish various volumes. Unwin paperbacks are issuing a boxed set of the three paperback parts of *LotR* in October for £4.50. What is significant about the set is that an extra is a 16-page souvenir booklet exclusive to the boxed set and not for separate sale. It tells of the book's publication and charts the growth of its popularity. It's illustrated with photographs and reproduces correspondence, part of the original manuscript and some of the first reviews.

From Allen & Unwin comes *Unfinished Tales* (October, £7.50) edited by *Christopher Tolkien*. It's a collection of narratives ranging in time from the Elder Days of Middle-earth to the end of the War of the Ring. It contains the only story that survived from the ages before the downfall of Numenor, and all that is known of such matters as the Five Wizards, the Palantiri and the legend of Amroth. Then, for the completist, there is *Pictures by J. R. R. Tolkien*, a boxed book selling at £15.00 and bringing together, for the first time, all of Tolkien's published pictures.

I think that by the end of the year there will be more editions of *Stephen Donaldson's* 'Covenant' books available in Britain than in the States. Let's see. Firstly--and remember this was the first paperback edition of all three volumes of the first Chronicles--there is the Fontana paperback edition published in September 1978. Then, as reported in my last column, Fontana are also doing the first paperback edition of *The Wounded Land* (October, £1.75), which will be published simultaneously in hardback by Sidgwick & Jackson (£6.95). All that leaves is the first UK hardcover edition of the first Chronicles and this will also appear in October from the Glasgow based Molendinar Press, priced at £6.95 per volume. The same Peter Goodfellow wraparounds that graced the Fontana set will be used as dust jackets.

Who remembers *S. Fowler Wright?* Regrettably today his name does not roll as trippingly off the tongue as in days past, but there'll be those who recall fondly his classic *The World Below*, originally published in 1929. Wright died in 1965 in his 90s and since then I feel his books have been unjustly overlooked. But now the Irish firm of Gilbert Dalton has resurrected three Wright Fantasy Classics, *The World Below* (£2.40 paper, £4.00 cloth), *Deluge* (same prices), and *The Island of Captain Sparrow* (£2.20 paper, £3.90 cloth). *Sparrow* is my own favorite, perhaps because I first discovered it in the musty pages of an old *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*, but I'm sure this adventure of a man shipwrecked on an island in the north Pacific inhabited by the half-human descendants of Captain Sparrow--and more besides--will be just as enjoyable today. *Deluge* deals with the survivors of a flood that covers Britain, whilst *The World Below* is a Wellsian vision of the world half a million years in the future. All three books were released simultaneously in hard and softcover editions in September and are available in the UK through Fowler Wright Books, Ltd., in Herefordshire.



Although Hutchinson is not noted as a hardcover publisher of SF or fantasy, there are a number of relevant titles hidden amongst their Autumn releases. *Sun Moon Star* (September, £4.95) is a new book by *Kurt Vonnegut* in collaboration with graphic designer *Ivan Chermayeff* which tells the story of the nativity as seen through the eyes of the new-born child. *The Pig Plantagenet* by *Allen Andrews* (September, £5.95) is one of those allegorical fantasies in the tradition of *Reynard the Fox* about a pig who heads a revolution in medieval France. It's illustrated by Michael Forman. Also in September is *The*

Frankenstein Diaries (£4.95) edited by the Reverend *Hubert Venables* and purported to be the true story of Viktor Frankenstein as revealed by his diaries.

In October comes *Earthly Powers* (£6.95) by *Anthony Burgess* which spans sixty years of a writer's life and details his many confrontations with the manifestations of evil in this century. Also in October is a volume of *Kingsley Amis's Collected Short Stories* (£6.95) which includes a new version of the Dracula legend.

Still in October, Hodder & Stoughton will be releasing in softcover an original first novel *The Clan of the Cave Bear* (£4.95) by *Jean M. Auel*. Set at the end of the Ice Age it concerns a young orphaned Cromagnon girl who is raised by a Neanderthal tribe. Whilst from Corgi in October comes an original lead title *Genesis* (£1.75) by *W. P. Harbinson*--a novel that reveals the earthly origins of UFOs.

Sphere's lead title for October is *Bethany's Sin* by *Robert R. McCammon* (£1.40), the author of *Baal*, which seems to be yet another book about an idyllic village threatened by an evil cult. More promising for October release is the first UK paperback appearance of *Basil Copper* with *The Great White Space* (£1.10) originally published by Robert Hale way back in 1974. As reported earlier Sphere are publishing three of Copper's books, the others being *Necropolis* and *Here Be Daemons* which will follow in ensuing months.

I haven't finished with October yet. New English Library will be issuing the paperback of *James Herbert's The Dark* (£1.50), a tale of evil that lives on even after the house is demolished. Hamlyn will be issuing *Death Walkers* (£1.00) by *Gary Brandner* which has a rather more original plot about a drowned girl brought back to life but haunted by the dead she should have joined. And from Futura comes *Sixth Winter* (£1.50) by *Douglas Orgill* and *John Gribbin*, about the return of the Ice Age.

Because of my gap in reporting whilst working on the *Complete Index to Astounding/Analog*, I omitted coverage of a number of items published in the last few months. In my next column, therefore, I will concentrate on catching up on publication details, and apologise in advance for what will be primarily more of a list than a chatty column.

You're not rid of me this month yet, however, as now it's time for:

Female Focus

Tanith Lee
(courtesy of Mike Ashley)

I don't think many will deny that much of what is good in fantasy these days is the work of women writers: Anne McCaffrey, Ursula K. Le Guin, Katherine Kurtz, Joan Vinge, Phyllis Eisenstein, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Patricia McKillip, and so on. Well, I thought it worth making the point that you don't have the monopoly on such talent in the States, so let's take a look at what Britain's wonder women have been up to.

Tanith Lee is probably the most successful of British fantasists at present. Recently the BBC, in their infinite wisdom, managed to transmit the first episode of *The Martian Chronicles* on television at the same time (8:30 p.m., Saturday, August 9th) as BBC Radio broadcast Tanith Lee's play, *The Silver Sky*. As I also missed the repeat, I can't say exactly what it was about other than that it concerned a research scientist who pushes ahead with his experiments into time travel, despite Government cutbacks, with unexpected results. That week's issue of *Radio Times* carried a photo of Tanith Lee and praised her as "one of the most skilful of writers in the way she handled the characters." The reference was to an episode of *Blake's Seven* that she scripted and the character interpretations she developed each actor found "devastatingly accurate." *The Silver Sky* was Tanith's third radio play but there are no more lined up at present, though she is hopeful as regards possible TV outlets.

As regards books, her latest, just out from DAW is *Kill the Dead*, which she was working on at the 1979 Worldcon in Brighton and remains one of her own favourites. Next will be *Day By Night* set on a planet with one face always to the sub, the other always in darkness. On the sunside a beautiful young woman, Vel Thaidis, is betrayed by love and sinks to poverty in the broiling hell of Slumopolis. The question arises however as to whether her situation is no more than the imagination of the Darkside Fantasist Vitra Klovez.

Early next year will come *Lycanthia*, a novel set in a French chateau in 1913 and concerns the tragic life of a brilliant young pianist, Christian Dorse, who finds his days and nights beset by manifestations of the macabre and erotic, and learns of his connections with the Pan-like de Lagenays, a man and woman who haunt the nearby woods.

Next is *Delusion's Master*, the third in the Azhrarn series, my own personal favourites of Tanith Lee's works. This concerns another of the five Lords of Darkness and tells of the Prince of Demon's most intense love affairs with a mortal woman.

As for her next novel she only tantalises by saying that it "has been a source of delight to me...I intend to say nothing more about it except that it too is a personal favourite, probably beyond all others so far."

I'll endeavour to keep you informed when she reveals all the facts.

Josephine Saxton has been absent from the scene for far too long. Jessica Salmonson's anthology *Amazons!* included a new story by her, "Jane Saint's Travails," which was but one of ten parts of what has become *The Travails of Jane Saint* to be published by Virgin Books (Josephine Saxton says in November, Virgin say February 1981, price £1.95). It is being advertised as illustrated, but the publishers have since changed their minds, so whether this will reflect in the price I don't know. If you've read the story in *Amazons!*, you'll have some idea of the book's content but if not, this is how the author herself sums it up: "It is ten parts of the true history of Jane Saint who journeyed in strange lands and of the beings she met there and of what she tried to accomplish for this world. It is not classifiable but I have used many SF cliches and adventure story format, but this is a political book(!) in a sense, although--well, let's say it's first of all funny, ironic comedy, a sort of cross between the temptations of St. Anthony and Pearl White... And it is only the first of ten parts; if this goes

down well I plan several more."

So, there you are. I asked Josephine Saxton why she had been absent from the field for so long and was promptly told, "...it is not because I am not writing but not being bought, so what's new?" Indeed, here again is an example of a wonderful talent being ignored by publishers. How many more will my simple enquiries reveal? She has sold a new story, "The Snake Who Had Read Chomsky," to Terry Carr for his next *Universe* volume. Also *The Pollyanna Enzyme* has recently come out in Germany, but nowhere else. A collection of her short stories is currently going the rounds, whilst another unsold story "No Coward Soul," about a woman performing her own brain surgery, will probably be expanded into a novel. There are a number of other short stories so, all you editors out there, instead of wondering why you can't get any good short stories, why not drop Josephine Saxton a line (c/o Virgin Books), and perhaps she won't have to write stories about food for the West Midlands Arts Council!

Elizabeth Walter has been too busy as the editor of Collins Crime Club to get round to writing any supernatural stories lately, but she does offer the tempting news that Arkham House are hoping to do a second volume of her stories.

Vera Chapman is without doubt the Grand Lady of British Fantasy, having published her first book, *The Green Knight* in 1975 at the age of 77. Since then she has completed the Arthurian trilogy, available in one volume as *The Three Damosels*, plus *The Wife of Bath* (1978), *Blaedud the Birdman* (1978) and a children's book *Judy and Julia* (1977). She also founded The Tolkien Society, so she is an admirable example that it is never too late to start. Forthcoming is a new children's book, *Miranty and the Alchemist*, due from Rex Collings in the UK and Avon Books in the U.S. Completed but without a publisher are *The Jerusalem Talisman* and *So Sweet a Changeling*, whilst in progress is a new Arthurian tale, *The Enchantresses*. I do believe Mrs. Chapman has discovered the secret of eternal youth and, for the sake of fantasy, I wish her many more years of writing.

Rosemary Timperley is, I believe, rather less well known in the U.S. than in Britain, so perhaps I can put that matter to rights. Mrs. Timperley has been writing short stories and novels for over thirty years now, and a fair proportion of her output concerns the supernatural or bizarre. Her last novel in print was *The House of Mad Children* (Hale, May, £5.50) which told of a group of mentally disturbed children who live together in a hostel run by a mother and daughter. The story is told by another women who helps out for a while but finds that madness is infectious. There are a variety of ghostly incidents as it is discovered that when the children unite they are more powerful than those caring for them.

Her latest book is *Homeward Bound* (Hale, September, £5.75) about a man who drives home from work one evening to find his wife has committed suicide. She has left a letter which causes him to contact various people of whom he had never heard, and which leads him deeper into her secret life.

Her next book, *The Spell of the Hanged Man*, has been accepted by Hale but is not yet scheduled. It starts with a gypsy in Rome telling an Englishman's fortune with the Tarot cards. The card of the Hanged Man turns up and the client falls under its spell. It's interesting how often the Tarot crops up in fantasy and SF, but for something special on the Tarot, see below.

One of our most talented lady writers is *Joan Aiken*, perhaps better known for her children's fantasy novels of which the most recent is *The Shadow Guests*, published by Cape back in February, 1980 (£3.95). This concerned a boy who finds himself the subject of a repeating family curse which results in a number of supernatural manifestations. Although Joan Aiken's novels will suit any ages, her latest genuine adult volume is a historical fantasy, *The Lightning Tree*, published by Gollancz (£6.95) in September. Joan Aiken recently moved to an eighteenth century house in Sussex which had an old weeping ash dwarfing and threatening the house. She was forced to cut it down, but by way of atonement wrote it in to this novel which begins as two entirely separate stories, one set in Miss Aiken's home in the eighteenth century, the other in far away India, but both stories are haunted by the mysterious power of the ash tree.

And finally one of our most promising talents is *Louise Cooper*, who has recently completed her novel *Crown of Horn* to be published under the *Elizabeth Hahn* pseudonym

(Continued on page 34, Col. 3.)

Classified Advertising

Your advertisement here is read by more than 7,500 people (three per copy). Rates are 50¢ per column line, 34 characters to a line, including punctuation, spaces, etc. Four line minimum. All CAPS and *italics* at no extra charge.

(Book Reviews continued from page 21.)

ing one of its parallel in the science fiction field, Ellison's *Dangerous Visions*. It bodes well for the editorial expertise of Kirby McCauley, whose only previous anthology, *Frights*, won the World Fantasy Award in 1976.

-- *Melissa Mia Hall*

A Dark Horn Blowing by *Dahlov Ipcar*. Penguin Books, 1980, 222pp., paper, $3.95

This novel is a tale of conflict between the worlds of Faerie and Man. A young housewife, Nora Kimbell, is stolen from her husband and her baby son by the power of Elfin magic to serve as nursemaid and surrogate mother for the baby prince Elver of Erland. Erl is a land of another dimension of life animated by the ancient Norse myths and legends; its rulers are steeped in the "deep magic" which has its own dangers for the user--it must be learned ever so carefully and used wisely or tremendous evil can result. Nora must protect her tiny charge against the malevolence of the Erl King and herself against his lust. The question of the novel revolves around how "Eelie," the young heir to this realm of magic, will use his growing powers. Subplots are introduced involving the enchantment of Nora's husband by the witch Bab Magga, and the attempt of her son to keep his independence from the power of magic.

This is a first novel by the authoress, an American artist of some note and a farmer's wife whose life on a small Maine island gives her the experience to portray Nora and her locale and lifestyle. She situates her tale in the present on a British island off the North Sea, and makes her human characters simple ordinary folk caught up in something they never really have a chance to fully understand. Her style helps get the reader personally involved: the story is seemingly told to an invisible listener by the four main protagonists. This first person approach involves some repetition of detail at times, but does get the reader involved in the trials and challenges of life to these folk.

Mrs. Ipcar bases her view of the "Otherworld" on ancient Norse mythology, but also implants other folklore motifs from the Anglo-Saxons, Celts and Scots. There are witchcraft, beast-lore, and strange birds that carry strange powers. Battles are avoided (except for one savage struggle over a "hellgate" in this Fairyland). The magic is brought out slowly for the reader and intermingled with the ordinary details of life in a rather primitive existence. The tone is somber throughout and the use of copious excerpts from medieval Anglo-Scottish ballads helps greatly in the feel of an Elfin world. The beauty of the language used throughout the work reaches its high point in the last chapter, as Elver reaches his destiny and lets the reader see glimpses of the living mythic creations that lie in his world.

The story is a "slice of life," not a catastrophe-struggle. Come and read.

-- *Thomas M. Egan*

("Warren's News & Reviews" continued from page 25.)

it might be. It's going to be a real audience-pleaser: the climax is very exciting. And it shows promise of better things to come by all those involved: Bill Malone, Bob Short, John Stinson, and others.

-- *Bill Warren*

("The British Scene" continued from page 33.)

by Hamlyn next April (see *FN #21*). Louise apparently has a number of possible irons in the fire at the moment and I shall say no more on them for fear of casting a hex. I hope to return to them in a future column.

Louise Cooper's first novel was *The Book of Paradox* back in 1973. This hinged on the mystery of the Tarot which brings me back to that subject. August 28th saw the first proper history of the Tarot ever written, *The Game of Tarot* (Duckworth, £45) by the philosopher Professor Michael Dummett. It runs to half-a-million words and some 632 large format pages and traces the entire evolution of the game with all its many variations. Two chapters are devoted to the mystical/occult aspect of the Tarot and reveal the truth about the Tarot at least. Believe it or not but this massive tome has a companion book, *Twelve Tarot Games*, published simultaneously with a paper edition at £5.95. I would imagine that armed with *The Game of Tarot*, writers should soon be able to weave even more intricate plots, and perhaps it's not before time.

-- *Mike Ashley*

SUBSCRIBE

...and save as much as 70¢ per copy on every issue of *Fantasy Newsletter*--the field's only monthly magazine of news and features--while enjoying home delivery to your mailbox every month. That's a savings of more than $8 a year and you'll never miss an issue at the newsstand. All copies mailed in a sturdy, protective envelope.

North America:
$15 per year second class
$22 per year first class
Elsewhere:
$15 per year surface mail
$29 per year air mail

Enclosed is my hard-earned $_____ for the *Fantasy Newsletter* issues indicated below.

$_____ for a one-year (12 issue) subscription

$_____ for the back issues I need (circle #s desired)

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 19 -- 50¢ per number

20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 -- $1.50 (Last chance at this price!)

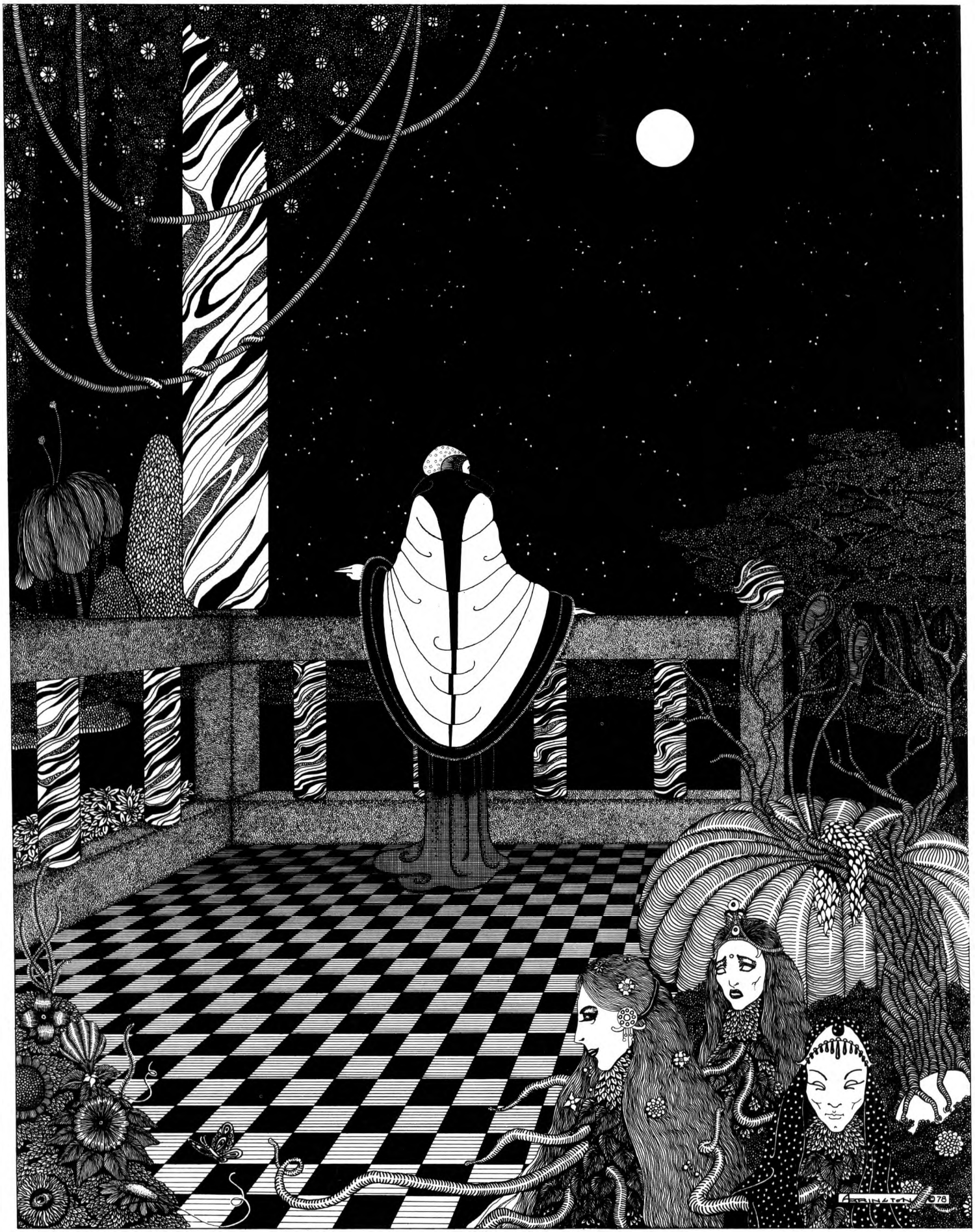
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

fantasy newsletter

Paul C. Allen
P. O. Box 170A
Rochester, NY 14601


078