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fantasy newsletter

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Contents Page by Cora Lee Healy
Editorial Page by Michael Morrison
Pages 5, 22 by R. Garcia Capella
Page 19 by Stephen Fabian



Editorial

This issue I owe Karl Wagner an apology for managing to screw up his "On Fantasy" column last issue. In pasting up his column, I inadvertently dropped one paragraph and linked up the first line of one paragraph with the remainder of another. Just to set things right, following are the two paragraphs as they should have appeared at the bottom of column one, page 6, in *FN* #36:

Mary Elizabeth Counselman returns with another new story by an Old Hand, "The Lamashtu Amulet." It's a bit of a muddle about an artisan who's making a reproduction of an ancient amulet in his hotel room in Iraq just when the demon against which that amulet gives

protection happens to be terrorizing the hotel. Talk about luck!

After which Lin Carter returns with "Something in the Moonlight," something that isn't billed as "a new tale of the Cthulhu Mythos" this time, but that was probably just an oversight. This one is told in the form of journal extracts and physician's notes, and is about a psychiatrist from the Miskatonic School of Medicine who becomes interested in a patient whose paranoid delusion is that something out of the Cthulhoid bestiary is going to get him. Well, it does, but the plucky lad keeps scribbling away in his journal all the while.

As it turns out, no one noted this error, despite the fact that Karl's column did attract a fair

number of comments on both sides of the fence.

At the risk of beating the subject to death, though, I'd like to re-emphasize some of the points Karl addressed. There is a sick irony to this whole business of dredging up the final, last-gasp writings of the founders of our genre such as Lovecraft and Howard and packaging it as some long-lost treasure. In the first place, most of it was purple prose even they didn't want published. More importantly, it is crowding out the work of younger, living authors who desperately need a professional vehicle such as a revived *Weird Tales*.

The irony is two-fold: First, Lovecraft and Howard would, I'm sure, vehemently support publishing the work of new authors and giving them a chance to develop professionally, rather than reprinting laundry lists that should be reserved to the fan press. Further, it is this very practice of reprinting this kind of sludge, which has no mass market audience potential whatsoever, that will surely kill the revived *Weird Tales*.

I couldn't agree with Karl more.

I also managed to screw up some additional information last issue. The back cover illustration by Charles Vess should have been titled "The Elemental," not "The Forests of Forever." (You'll be seeing the latter in a future issue.)

One other correction, courtesy of Robert Weinberg: *Second Game* by Charles V. De Vet and Katherine MacLean (DAW, May, \$2.25) is a reprint of a 1962 Ace paperback that appeared under the title *Cosmic Checkmate*.

It's a pleasure to be able to report some good news for a change. Although second class mail rates were recently increased, the hike had barely any effect on the postage costs for *FN*. Similarly, the hike in first class mail rates--even though they were substantially higher than second class--were essentially what I had anticipated and planned for. Consequently, I'm happy to say that no additional subscription price increases will be necessary for at least the foreseeable future. It seems nice to be able to say that after the incredible price hike that became necessary with overseas air mail.

-- Paul C. Allen



ON FANTASY

by Fritz Leiber

I started off this year's columns with a determination to stay away from the horror novel and the books of Stephen King for a good long while, since they'd figured heavily in last year's--and after all, horror, supernatural or otherwise, is at most a third of all fantasy.

A hitherto-unpublished erotic poem by Californian C. A. Smith provisionally gave me a contrasty take-off point and opened the way for San Franciscan Deirdre Evans' outrageously kinky fantasy ballads last bi-month.

But now I'm holding in my hands the bound page proofs of *Stephen King's Danse Macabre* (Everest, 1981, \$13.95), and what am I supposed to do?

It's a meaty (not to say bloody--and bloody clever and well researched) guide to and overview of American horror novels and films of the past thirty years, together with surveys of horror in TV and radio, and a few strays across the sea to the British and European products, and back in time to the horror "classics," in this case *Frankenstein*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and *Dracula*.

It's written with the idea that horror stories and films are best understood if discussed together, an assumption I agree with to the point of feeling that film-scripts such as those of Bergman, Cocteau, and Renais, say, have claims to be considered original fantasy-horror fiction.

Also, for fifteen years I toyed (often believing my intentions were serious) with the idea of writing a book about the fantasy novel and only two years ago abandoned it. *King's Danse* covers in greater detail, and after more energetic and adventurous research, a good quart-

er or fifth at least of the material I'd planned to discuss. Despite a certain amount of envy, jealousy, and resentment, I find myself excited by his results and still busting with things to say myself. So *not* to say something about King's book would be like shutting myself up for good.

Oh, well, I managed to stick to my 1981 New Year's resolution for two columns.

King rates the horror novel and film primarily on the power to frighten the audience, give them wickedly good *frissons*, or in a homelier phrase, scare the shit out of little kids and their grown-up confreres. Agreed. In fact, horror's quite like pornography in that its aim is to give the reader a concrete physical thrill, though of a very different (but by no means altogether unrelated) sort. For the writer, both can feel a little like dope-peddling: "We sell kinky ecstasies and nightmares."

From the three classics he discusses at length (he's recently written new introductions to the same three books), King derives the archetypes of the Thing, the Werewolf (Hyde's animality and murderous rages), and the Vampire. Only for variety he calls them "tarots," which is fine by me. They'd seem right in place if they turned up among the twenty-two Greater Trumps of the tarot deck alongside the Hanged Man, the Fool, the Lovers, and Death. Jung's archetypes, the tarots of the Greater Arcana (and those Knights between the Knave and Queen), the signs of the zodiac and planets--they all stir the imagination and dip down into the unconsciousness, and with the passing years I've grown fonder of them all, and more inclined to listen to their suggestions and play with them.

In his fat chapter on American horror film, what it says on the surface and what it hints between the lines, King gets down to his central business by giving us a list of twenty scare-movies that work successfully. It contains

Halloween, *Alien*, and *The Haunting*, but also *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, *Midnight Express*, and *Deliverance*--in fact, only a quarter of them at most bring in the supernatural, as King himself is the first to point out. The most common denominator of all terrifying "tarots" turns out to be the marcellous murdering maniac with the butcher knife or cleaver, or ax or chain-saw--or some equivalent thereof such as an inscrutable foreign government, a bugging mountain man, or an extraterrestrial seeking a living nest for his offspring. Such creatures embody--and can ultimately exorcise--all the evil and nastiness and simple meanness we know to be in ourselves. As King concludes, we can live by love alone...if we remember to keep the alligators of the unconscious fed.

Horror films constitute a real cinematic jungle, you know, especially since *The Exorcist* in 1973 set them off on their mightiest and most profitable surge, so even King's hard put to keep his footing and balance in it. At one extreme you have the host of cheapie productions designed to be shot in a week or two and turn a tidy profit on a small investment. Here for every *Texas Chain-saw Massacre* and *Night of the Living Dead* that have achieved at least a lasting cult success, and that boast a certain naturalism to justify their excesses, you have dozens of uninspired imitations, including such atrocities as *Motel Hell*, *My Bloody Valentine*, *Blood Beach*, *Werewolf in a Girl's Dormitory*, *Invasion of the Star Creatures*, *Green Slime*, and *Don't Look in the Basement*.

At the other extreme there are the monster, multi-million dollar productions, some of the most expensive and profitable films ever made, rivalling the big sci-fi films in their special effects and sometimes based on novels written by movie-wise authors with the film in mind--super "treatments" that may have considerable literary merits as well. A treatment is an extended outline of a film designed to impress the people who it's

hoped will finance the production. The characters are apt to seem twice as large as life, the situations twice as harrowing. Everything sounds very important and extremely expensive; often the style becomes a bit purple while remaining expert.

William Peter Blatty's *The Exorcist* is a good example of this sort of novel. Long a great admirer of the film (it punched my panic buttons, no question!), I finally got around to reading the book for the purpose of this review. I was amazed by the accuracy with which Blatty had provisioned the finished film scene by scene. As for the everything-important and twice-life-size angles, why else have the mother of the possessed girl a big movie star to start with? Why else set the film in Georgetown, almost

in sight of the Capitol dome and the White House? Or have an astronaut for dinner? (We are moving in very rarified atmospheres, Watson.) I delighted in such lavish touches as having the film-star mother rent her young female secretary a hotel suite simply because the latter's lover had come to town. (I don't think this subtlety quite made it into the film, but it was a marvelous *luxé* touch.)

Re this importance-angle, consider Rosemary's dream in *Baby* of being on a yacht with President Kennedy, Jackie, etc.

And naturally the medical and churchly details in *The Exorcist* are handled with great expertise and authenticity, almost as if the film had simultaneously seals of approval from the AMA and the Vatican. One final touch of this sort: The detective and two of the priests make movie jokes, compare each other to Gable and Bogart, and end the book with the same bit of dialogue as *Casablanca*. A good-luck charm?

The Sentinel and *The Omen* (the latter written by the scriptwriter after the film's success) are somewhat less effective examples of the same thing. Even King's own *The Shining* is touched with it, although Kubrick never made use of most of the book's best effects, more's the pity.

To keep his footing in this horror jungle, King, like anyone else, has had to cultivate a medical-student sense of humor to be able to stomach the floods of blood and medical curiosa in the bad cheapies, hunt for excuses when big ones flop (in *The Shining* Kubrick was trying for black humor such as he found in his *Dr. Strangelove*), and develop a sure feel for stirrings of true horror that appear from time to time in the papier mache wilderness (outstanding sleepers such as the not-giant-ant film, *Phase IV*, *Repulsion*, *The Fog*, and Matheson's TV film, *Duel*, with its sinister possessed truck.)

When it comes to the novels King selects for extended discussion in his fiction chapters, the movie influence does seem to continue, with King favoring those that have also been made into films: *The Haunting of Hill House*, Rosemary's *Baby*, Jack Finney's *The Bodysnatchers*, and *The Shrinking Man*. Along with these, Straub's *Ghost Story* (not a film yet, but due to be), Anne Siddon's *The House Next Door*, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, Campbell's *The Doll Who Ate His Mother*, and James Herbert's *The Fog* (not the recent film with that title).

At one point King says that the two finest horror novels of the past 100 years are *The Turn of the Screw* and *The Haunting of Hill House*, and that a case could be made for putting next to them the two long novellas--Lovecraft's *At the Mountains of Madness* and Machen's *The Great God Pan*. Here King gets furthest from the film influence, you could say.

He often dips back into childhood recollections to study the growth of his horror sensibilities. There's a wonderful description of his first viewing of *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* from the back seat in a drive-in beside his sleeping brother and behind his mom and her date, how he knows it must be a man in some sort of black rubber suit, but is also gloomily certain he'll see it later that night in his bedroom, perhaps hiding in the closet there. Another recounts his and some pals' day-by-day inspection of a decaying dead cat, the stark, coolly avid childhood curiosity about death--one thinks of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn and also of Gahan Wilson's *Nuts*. King becomes a good social historian here; the children of World War II and its immediate aftermath, like King himself, absorbed different fears from their parents, than those of World War I, such as myself.

This shows up in a changing attitude toward vampires. King understands very well that for the Victorians and early Twentieth Century folk vampirism equated murkily with sex, oral and sado-masochistic sex especially, but when he came to writing *Salem's Lot*, he tells us, he decided to play down the sexual angle simply because the rules against writing about sex were no longer in force, and the inhibitions underlying them fading. Dracula's become more of a power and cannibalism trip than a sexual and corrupting one.

I think this change accounts in part for the tremendous fascination the film *The Night of the Living Dead* seems to have for younger writers, yes, and *The Texas Chain-Saw Massacre* and *Dawn of the Dead*, too. (In Straub's *Ghost Story* the first of those films runs through one of the book's climaxes, is projected onto the embattled characters.)

I must confess that what impressed me with Romero's early film is the suggestiveness of the first twenty minutes or so, when a vague horror about the impending darkness is generated and I wonder uneasily what those figures walking about in the distance are up to.

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Later when they come marching and eating their way across the landscape and through houses, I find myself putting up with them for the sake of what's gone before, but the real terror has pretty much disappeared--at least the terror I enjoy.

What Dracula loses in this transformation from demonlover to cannibal is his glamor, his mysteriousness, our sense that he has wonderful cosmic secrets he might share with us, forbidden ecstasies.

Similarly in *The Exorcist*, I get the keenest chills from the first confrontation of the old priest with the uncouth dark statue of the demon Pazuzu (one of the joys of the film is the magnificent performance it got from Max Von Sydow, who can generally be stirred into acting only by Ingmar Bergman) and the sounds of the menacing chained beast in the attic, who's never seen, only heard. While I only uneasily *endure* the later scenes where Regan's fully possessed and there are lots of levitation, poltergeist phenomena and physical loathsomeness, green face and vomit, forever afraid they'll go too far and become laughable.

If a monster is simply something or someone who will cut us up, torture us, kill us, we can seldom have any sense of wonder along with the terror, no awe mixed with the dread. Rather, at the climax we're being asked (at least I feel I am), "How much can you take?" Of blood, entrails, cannibalistic chewing, etc. Very much as hard-core filming pornography asks us, "How much can you stand to watch?" Of full-out sexual action (which does get pretty monotonous for the non-participant) long after the film has achieved its aim of sexual arousal--if it ever did.

Pause one last time to reiterate that this is a rich, charming and generous book (King has all sorts of mostly nice and illuminating things to say about other horror writers) and that it achieves for horror, in a narrow and more personal focus, almost as much as Damon Knight's *In Search of Wonder* did for science fiction. Whatever you feel about horror films.

Well, so far this column we've been walking (or waltzing--*Danse Macabre*) a long and weary way through bloody hell and midnight with the devil and Mr. King. (An early chapter of Sax Rohmer's *The Yellow Claw* is titled "Midnight and Mr. King"--there's a trivia memory for you.) And maybe wondering if God is dead and all decency departed.

So let's have something from the other side to take away the taste. Something completely different. A few new, hitherto unpublished poems (recalled my last two columns) from the contemporary romantic San Franciscan Margo Skinner, Donne scholar, old India hand, a woman word-intoxicated and godstruck:

The Shark

*The Great White God
Comes from the deep,
Choosing his own sacrifices.*

*There is nothing to say to him,
No plea for mercy.
He is the Other.*

*Beware of the sea,
The sailboat's dip and flirt with
the wind,
The sparkling beach in summer.*

*Cling to the land.
There are gods older than men.*

Unity and Diversity

*Look alike, think alike, be alike,
Join.
You are me and I am you.
True.
Untrue.*

*Dress in neat little uniforms.
Rock no boats;
Create no storms.
Trace with hot needles across each
brain
Patterns of sameness, again and
again.
We are one.*

*No.
I will be two, ten, thirteen, eight
(My favorite number at roulette),
Wear one red shoe, one blue,
A robe with purple polka dots.
Identical I am not.*

*Yet the great black whale and the
silver trout,
The small brown sparrow and the
raucous gull*

*Are me; so is the sea,
Shasta like a great white snow cone,
A beat-up dog gnawing a bone,
A star exploding parsecs far,
A silver-ankleted ayah in the
bazaar,*

*A Brooks-Brothers-suited, string-
tied broker,
A fur-coated, blowsy hooker,
A sun, a dandelion, a lion.*

*On the day of complete unanimity
The world will smother in mud;
On the day of complete diversity,
Like a snow globe,
Shatter into shining shards.*

*How beautiful is a gleaming neck-
lace,
Sardonyxes, sea shells, diamonds,
carved wood,
Worn around the neck of God.*

God and the Cat

*God carries a cat
In the curve of His arm.
Purring, it looks at Him,
Full in the eyes.
Green eyes are fearless.
Claws knead His arm.
"Courageous, destructible, impu-
dent creature!"
God smiles
And strokes soft fur
With His great hand.*

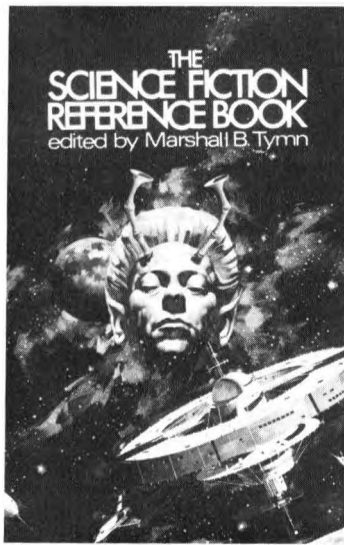
Creation

*Is life extended metaphor
Penned by the hand of God?
A major artist has infinite range
From pageant, puppet show and shadow play
To commedia dell'arte and high
tragedy,
With even our Will a strutting
player,
And fair Helen gliding across the
stage
As beautiful as Death; Caesar puts
on a crown
Or catsup seeps scarlet in the
Forum.
Arthur rises again in Avalon;
Merlin, released, brings wisdom to
the world.
Troy falls; Rome burns; the Round
Table is riven;
Gone with the wind the topless
towers of Manahatta.
The prairies seethe with heat, the
seas incarnadine.
The greatest show on Earth: It's
got everything.
Swords and dim music, lovers' vows
by night,
Sonnets and epigrams, epics more
grandiose
Than earthly Homer's, or the
northern skalds',
Each form a realized perfection,
Characters as large as life,
Magnitude immense, or small as a
Dickenson cameo.*

*The material is infinite
For reams of creamy paper.
Blot, erase, rip up; there is
always more.
Eternal virtuosity of creation.
Hurl it in the fire; it doesn't
play.
Begin again, and on the seventh day
Put down the pen
Until a new week is begun.*

-- Margo Skinner
Fritz Leiber

Specialty Publishers



Artist: Vincent Di Fate

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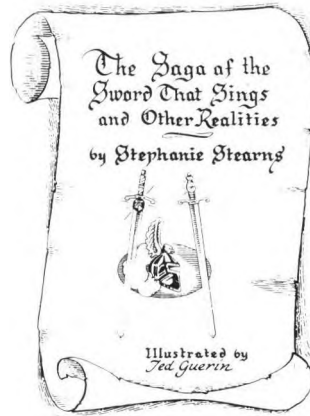
Just out from Starmont House is *The Science Fiction Reference Book* edited by Marshall B. Tymn. This is a thick, 536-page reference book aimed primarily at teachers, but of interest to collectors as well. It consists of 18 essays and bibliographies written and compiled by numerous contributors and divided into four major categories: Backgrounds, Fandom, Academe, and Appendices.

Backgrounds is made up of five essays: "Toward a History of SF" by Thomas D. Clarkson, "Children's Fantasy and SF" by Francis Molson, "SF Art: Some Contemporary Illustrators" by Vincent Di Fate, "The Fantastic Cinema" by Vincent Miranda, and a bibliography of critical studies and reference works compiled by Tymn.

Fandom contains: "SF Fandom: A History of an Unusual Hobby" by Joe Siclari, "The Writing Awards" by Harlan McMan, "Literary Awards in SF" Howard DeVore, and a brief rundown of current fantasy and SF magazines by Tymn.

Academe features: "From the Pulp to the Classrooms: The Strange Journey of SF" by James Gunn, "Masterpieces of Modern Fantasy: A Core List" by Roger C. Schlobin, "Outstanding SF Books: 1927-1979" by Joe De Bolt, "SF and Fantasy Collections in U.S. and Canadian Libraries" by Elizabeth Cummins Cogell, and a bibliography of references and other resource materials for teachers by Tymn.

The Appendices consists of: "Doctoral Dissertations on SF and



Artist: Ted Guerin

Fantasy, 1970-79" by Douglas R. Justus, a listing of SF organizations and societies by Tymn, a listing of specialty publishers by Tymn, and "Definitions of SF and Fantasy" by Roger C. Schlobin.

The volume is fully indexed and is illustrated by Vincent Di Fate. It is available in trade paperback at \$14.95 and in hardcover at \$20. Starmont House, P. O. Box 851, Mercer Island, WA 98040.

DUBLESS PUBLICATIONS

Fantasy poet Stephanie Stearns, under the imprint of Dubless Publications, has self-published an epic poetry collection entitled *The Saga of the Sword That Sings and Other Realities*. The publication is an unusual one in that it is printed by a word processor and, except for the artwork which is offset printed, every copy in the 500-copy limited edition is an original. This, incidentally, is not a fuzzy, hard to read computer scroll, but is neatly typed on 7½" by 8½" stock and is both legible and attractive.

The contents consist of 20 poems comprising the title saga along with four additional poems. Also included are an introduction by Charles R. Saunders and 24 full page illustrations by Ted Guerin. The 120-page spiral bound volume is priced at \$6.50 postpaid. Stephanie Stearns, 3980 West Radcliff, Denver, CO 80236.

REYNOLDS-MORSE FOUNDATION

Now available from the A. Reynolds Morse Foundation is the first

edition of a never before published novel by M. P. Shiel entitled *The New King*. Various known as *The Splendid Devil* and *The Kiss*, the manuscript to the novel has been in the collection of A. Reynolds Morse, who notes that it was Shiel's 25th and final novel, written during the period 1938-45.

The 174-page, softcover, 8½" by 11" volume is similar in format to Morse's previous three Shiel volumes. It is limited to 500 copies and is priced at \$10 plus \$1 postage. A very few copies of a 53-copy hardcover edition may still be available at \$15.25 (ppd), although most of these were presented to contributors to Morse's earlier volumes.

Still in preparation and tentatively planned for early 1982 publication is the final volume in *The Works of M. P. Shiel*, titled *Shiel in Diverse Hands*, a collection of essays about Shiel and his works. For additional information about this project, see FN #29 (and a variety of other back issues: #3, 13, 14, and 18). John D. Squires, P. O. Box 67 MCS, Dayton, OH 45402.

UNDERWOOD/MILLER

Tim Underwood and Chuck Miller have announced two more hardcover releases for June publication, in addition to the three new titles previewed in FN #35.

The Changing Land by Roger Zelazny will be the first hardcover edition of this first novel about Dilvish the Damned, originally published as a paperback original by Del Rey Books in April. The Underwood/Miller edition will feature a dust jacket illustrated by Thomas Canty and will be available in two editions. The 800-copy trade edition will be priced at \$14.95 and a 200-copy signed and numbered edition will be priced at \$30.

The Last Defender of Camelot by Roger Zelazny will be a hardcover collection containing the complete contents of the Pocket Books edition plus four additional stories: "Shadowjack" (from *The Illustrated Roger Zelazny*), "A Very Good Year," "Fire And/Or Ice," and "Exeunt Omnes" (all from *After the Fall* edited by Robert Sheekley). The volume will be illustrated by Alicia Austin and limited to 333 signed and numbered copies at \$30. About a year ago, Underwood/Miller published a softcover pamphlet con-

taining only "The Last Defender of Camelot." Underwood/Miller, 239 N. 4th St., Columbia, PA 17512.

SCHANES & SCHANES

Schanes and Schanes recently announced for April release a new six-plate black-and-white portfolio by Greg Irons entitled *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. It will be limited to 750 signed and numbered copies and is priced at \$12.

Following that will be *The Forgotten Beasts of Eld* by Alicia Austin, limited to 1,500 signed and numbered copies and priced at \$15.

In the meantime, *Unicorns*, a six-plate portfolio by Lela Dowling, is being readied for shipment. It is limited to 1,200 copies and is priced at \$12. For additional details on these portfolios, see *FN* #35. Schanes & Schanes, P. O. Box 99217, San Diego, CA 92109.

PHANTASIA PRESS

Planned for June availability from Phantasia Press is *A Private Cosmos* by Philip Jose Farmer, the third volume in his 'World of Tiers' series. The book will sport a full color wraparound dust jacket by Eric Ladd and will include a new introduction by Farmer. As with the previous two volumes in this series, two editions will be available. The 1,000-copy trade edition is priced at \$18 and a 250-copy, signed, numbered and slipcased edition is priced at \$30.

Phantasia is also offering, free of charge, an original map of the World of Tiers, with any orders for either the trade or special editions in the series. Add \$1 for insurance when ordering. Phantasia Press, 13101 Lincoln St., Huntington Woods, MI 48070.

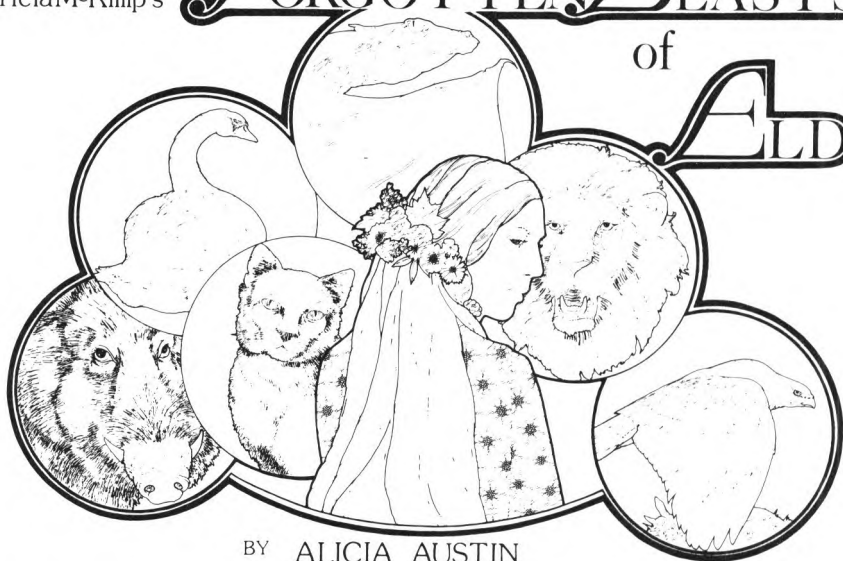
MISFIT PRESS

Now available from Howard DeVore at Misfit Press is a revised edition of *A History of the Hugo, Nebula and International Fantasy Awards*, compiled by Donald Franson and Howard DeVore. The 141-page softcover booklet provides brief histories of each of the awards and detailed listings of all of the winners and nominees in every category for every year the awards have been presented. Included in this latest edition are the 1979 Nebula Awards and the 1980 Hugo Awards.

Franson and DeVore do a nice job on this booklet and provide more complete information about the awards than is available anywhere else. What is definitely lacking,

ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM
Patricia McKillip's

THE FORGOTTEN BEASTS of ELD



BY ALICIA AUSTIN

however, is recognition of three additional major awards in the field: the World Fantasy (Howard) Award, the Balrog Award, and the British Fantasy Society Awards. I hope Franson and DeVore see fit (no pun intended) to either expand the scope of their present book or publish a companion volume. Misfit Press, 4705 Weddel St., Dearborn, MI 48125.

RUSS COCHRAN

Russ Cochran has announced an early summer delivery date for his final, long-awaited volume in *The Edgar Rice Burroughs Library of Illustration*. Unfortunately, due to copyright difficulties that have delayed this last volume by three years, it will not include much of the later Burroughs artwork by Frazetta. In place of his later work for Ace and Doubleday, Russ will be including more recent Burroughs artwork by Boris Vallejo and Michael Whelan.

For additional information about the three-volume *Library*, see *FN* #9. Russ notes that 1,900 of the 2,000 numbered sets have been sold. Only 100 (or fewer) copies remain at the pre-publication price of \$180 for all three volumes, in a slipcase. Once the final volume appears this summer, any copies remaining will be sold at \$250 per set. Russ Cochran, P. O. Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775.

SCIENCE FICTION BOOK CLUB

Spring selections of the SF Book Club are *To the Stars* by Harry Harrison, member priced at \$5.50, and *The World and Thorinn* by Damon Knight, at \$2.98. The former is a three-in-one volume containing the novels: *Homeworld*, *Wheelworld* and *Starworld*. The trilogy originally appeared as paperback originals from Bantam Books (the last to be published this July). The Knight volume was a February release from Berkley/Putnam at \$12.95.

Featured alternates are *Dark Forces* edited by Kirby McCauley, at \$5.98, and *Beyond Rejection* by Justin Leiber, at \$4.50. The former was published last summer by Viking at \$16.95 and the latter was a paperback original from Del Rey last September. SF Book Club, Garden City, NY 11535. *

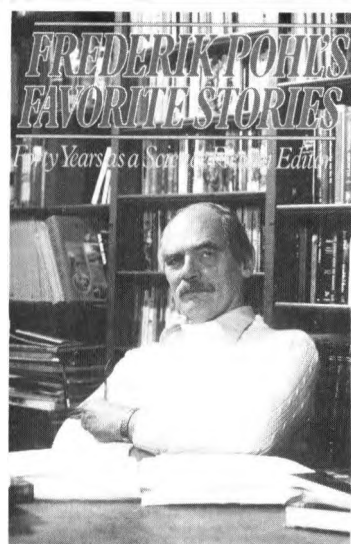
(Magazines--continued from page 25)

The cover price is \$3, or it may be ordered from the publisher at \$4, ppd.

Upcoming issues of *The Dragon* include an interview with Tim Hildebrandt (plus a color cover by him) in the May issue (#49). Carl Lundgren will do the July cover. In August, Boris Vallejo will be the cover artist and interview subject. Single copies are \$3. TSR Hobbies, P. O. Box 110, Lake Geneva, WI 53147. *

Trade Books

GARLAND PUBLISHING



BERKLEY/PUTNAM

Coming from Berkley/Putnam in June is *Frederik Pohl's Favorite Stories*, subtitled "Forty Years as a Science Fiction Editor." As the title implies, this is an anthology of Pohl's favorites, categorized as The Pulp, The Anthologies, The Galaxy and If Years, and The Paperbacks. Included is a brief introduction to each section (including an extra on Fanzines) in which Pohl reminisces. The volume is a thick 504 pages, priced at \$16.95.

Following is a rundown of the contents: "Into the Darkness" by Ross Rocklynne, "Emergency Refueling" by James Blish, "The Halfling" by Leigh Brackett, "Let There Be Light" by Robert Heinlein (as Lyle Monroe), "Strange Playfellow" by Isaac Asimov, "Interstellar Way-Station" by Bob Tucker, "The Report on the Barnhouse Effect" by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., "Eco-Catastrophe!" by Paul R. Ehrlich, "The Nine Billion Names of God" by Arthur C. Clarke, "The Man With English" by H. L. Gold, "Space-Time for Springers" by Fritz Leiber, "The Monster" by Lester del Rey, "The Rull" by A. E. van Vogt, "The Embassy" by Donald A. Wollheim (as Martin Pearson), "Guinevere for Everybody" by Jack Williamson, "The Pain Peddlers" by Robert Silverberg, "Oh, to Be A Blobel!" by Philip K. Dick, "The Ballad of Lost C'Mell" by Cordwainer Smith, "A Gentle Dying" by Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth, "Slow Tuesday Night" by R. A. Lafferty, "Street of Dreams, Feet of Clay" by Robert Sheekley, "The



Artist: Ron Hunter

Coldest Place" by Larry Niven, "The Great Slow Kings" by Roger Zelazny, "The Life Hater" by Fred Saberhagen, "Old Testament" by Jerome Bixby, "The Moon Moth" by Jack Vance, "The Last Flight of Dr. Ain" by James Tiptree, Jr., "Among the Bad Baboons" by Mack Reynolds, "Sweet Dreams, Melissa" by Stephen Goldin, "A Bad Day for Vermin" by Keith Lawmer, and "At the Mouse Circus" by Harlan Ellison, along with excerpts from *Dragon Lensman* by David Kyle, *Dhalgren* by Samuel R. Delany, and *The Short-Timers* by Gustav Hasford.

An anthology for young adults that appeared under the Philomel Books imprint in March (part of the Putnam group) is *Tales Out of Time* edited by Barbara Ireson. It contains 14 selections: "Pawley's Peepholes" by John Wyndham, "Light of Other Days" by Bob Shaw, "Time Has No Boundaries" by Jack Finney, "Alcie's Godmother" by Walter de la Mare, "The Shape of Things" by Ray Bradbury, "Time Traveling" by H. G. Wells (from *The Time Machine*), "Blemish" by John Christopher, "The Love Letter" by Jack Finney, "Halloween for Mr. Faulkner" by August Derleth, "Phantas" by Oliver Onions, "The New Accelerator" by H. G. Wells, "Trying to Connect You" by John Rowe Townsend, "A Sound of Thunder" by Ray Bradbury, and "Deadline" by Richard Matheson. Price is \$9.95. Berkley/Putnam, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.

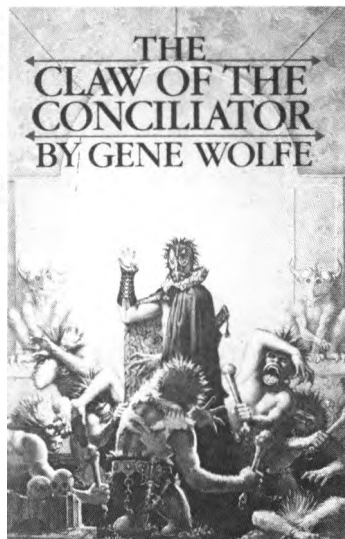
Garland Publishing recently announced The Garland Library of Fantasy Classics, edited by Roger C. Schlobin with advisory editor L. W. Currey. The 33-volume collection of fantasy titles will be published during the second half of 1981 in library quality cloth-bound editions with acid-free, 250-year-life-paper. All but a few of the volumes will be reprinted from the original first editions.

Following is a list of the 33 titles, with number of pages in parenthesis (some are thick volumes), and price. The exact publishing order has not yet been established.

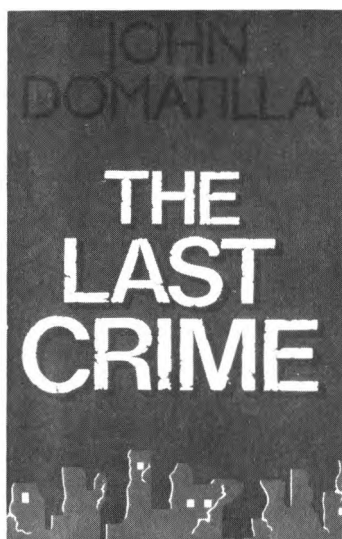
The Broken Sword by Poul Anderson (274) \$25; *Operation Chaos* by Poul Anderson (232) \$24; *Three Hearts and Three Lions* by Poul Anderson (191) \$20; *Dragons and Nightmares* by Robert Bloch (185) \$20; *Figures of Earth* by James Branch Cabell (356) \$30; *The Silver Stallion* by James Branch Cabell (358) \$30; *Phantasmion* by Sara Coleridge (387) \$30; *Khaled: A Tale of Arabia* by F. Marion Crawford (300) \$30; *The Phoenix and the Mirror* by Avram Davidson (209) \$20; *The King of Elfland's Daughter* by Lord Dunsany (301) \$30; *The Worm Ouroboros* by E. R. Eddison (445) \$35; *The Unholy City* by Charles G. Finney (167) \$17; *The Magician Out of Manchuria* by Charles G. Finney (109) \$15; *The World's Desire* by H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang (316) \$30; *The Last Magicians* by John Jakes (190) \$19; *The Haunted Earth* by Dean R. Koontz (192) \$19; *The Birthgrave* by Tansith Lee (408) \$35; *Lilith* by George MacDonald (351) \$30; *Phantastes* by George MacDonald (323) \$30; *The Sorcerer's Skull* by David Mason (192) \$19; *The Well at the World's End* by William Morris (500) \$40; *The Nine Unknown* by Talbot Mundy (353) \$30; *Silverlock* by John Myers Myers (349) \$30; *The Mislaid Charm* by Alexander M. Phillips (91, oversize) \$14; *Pavane* by Keith Roberts (287) \$25; *Cry Silver Bells* by Thomas Burnett Swann (192) \$19; *The Forest of Forever* by Thomas Burnett Swann (158) \$16; *Day of the Minotaur* by Thomas Burnett Swann (159) \$16; *The Green Man* by Henry Treece (255) \$24; *Jack of Shadows* by Roger Zelazny (207) \$20; *New Worlds of Fantasy* edited by Terry Carr (253) \$24; *New Worlds of Fantasy #2* edited by Terry Carr (254) \$24; *New Worlds of Fantasy #3* edited by Terry Carr (253) \$24.

All of these volumes purchased separately would total \$814. A

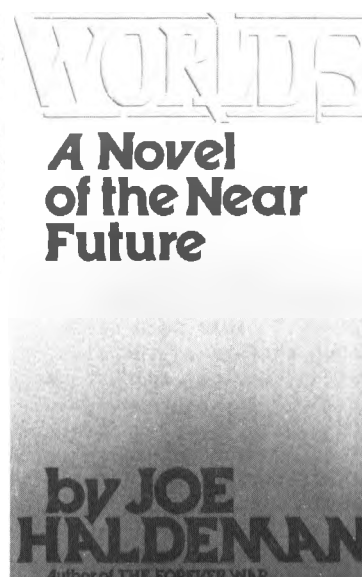
Artist: Don Matits



Artist: Anita Turpin



Artist: Mel Brofman



special introductory set price of \$650 is being offered until December 1, 1981, after which it will increase to \$757. Libraries (or collectors) wishing to prepay for shipment upon publication may order the entire set at \$487.50 prior to December 1st and \$568 thereafter. Prepaid orders are also shipped postpaid.

I will try to provide updates on this library as individual titles appear between now and December. Garland Publishing, Inc., 136 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.

THE DONNING COMPANY

The Donning Company/Publishers has announced for fall publication the first volume in a planned series of illustrated graphic novels, *Elfquest Book I* by Wendy and Richard Pini. The 160-page, 8½ by 11" volume will reprint the first five issues of the original series published by the Pinis, but for the first time in full color. It will be available in a \$9.95 softcover edition and a \$35.00 limited edition hardcover, including a limited signed print. The Donning Company/Publishers, 5041 Admiral Wright Road, Virginia Beach, VA 23462.

ARBOR HOUSE

Although not really fantasy or SF, a June release of interest here from Arbor House is *Masques* by Bill Pronzini. Described as a novel of suspense and terror, it is about a man who visits the Mardi Gras in New Orleans to escape his marriage and finds himself in a living nightmare with a mysterious woman. Arbor House Pub. Co., 235 East 45th St., New York, NY 10017.

DOUBLEDAY & CO.

Due out in July from Doubleday are *Transfer to Yesterday* by Isidore Haiblum and *Universe 11* edited by Terry Carr, at \$9.95 each. The former is a science fiction novel about a future in which the world is comprised of literally dozens of warring factions, each defending its own version of the truth.

Universe 11 is an original anthology, like its predecessors, containing the following stories: "The Quickening" by Michael Bishop, "The Snake Who Had Read Chomsky" by Josephine Saxton, "Shadows on the Cave Wall" by Nancy Kress, "The Gernsback Continuum" by William Gibson, "Venice Drowned" by Kim Stanley Robinson, "In Reticulum" by Carter Scholz, "Jean Sandwich, the Sponsor and I" by Ian Watson, "The Start of the End of the World" by Carol Emshwiller, and "Mumer Kiss" by Michael Swanwick.

Unfortunately, the Doubleday computer hasn't quite caught up with my move east yet, but a quick phone call to New York confirms that the March and April Doubleday releases did appear on schedule, as previewed in FN #34 and #35. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, NY 11530.

BEAUFORT BOOKS

Scheduled for June publication from Beaufort Books is *Isaac Asimov Presents the Best Science Fiction of the 19th Century* edited by Asimov, Charles G. Waugh and Martin H. Greenberg. Included in the 288-page volume are the following stories: "The Sandman" by E. T. A. Hoffman, "The Thames Valley Catastrophe" by Grant Allan, "The Mortal Immortal" by Mary Shelley, "Rappa-

cini's Daughter" by Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Horla" by Guy de Maupassant, and "A Descent Into the Maelstrom" by Edgar Allan Poe. Price is \$12.95.

An occult novel for young adults published in March is *The Shadows of Jeremy Pimm* by Betsy Haynes, at \$8.95. It's about a young boy who discovers a mansion and a nice man who lives there... along with a hidden evil. Beaufort Books, 9 East 40 St., New York, NY 10016.

TIMESCAPE BOOKS

Simon & Schuster has officially adopted the Timescape Books imprint for its hardcover fantasy and SF releases. The first title, released in mid-March, is *The Claw of the Conciliator* by Gene Wolfe, at \$12.95. As noted in FN #35, this is the second volume of 'The Book of the New Sun' and the sequel to his earlier fantasy novel, *The Shadow of the Torturer*. Volume 3, *The Sword of the Lictor*, is slated for late 1981 publication.

Scheduled for a late April release is *Windhaven* by George R. R. Martin and Lisa Tuttle, an SF novel, portions of which previously appeared in *Analog*. Price is \$13.95. (If things work out right, you should find a review of it elsewhere in this issue.) Timescape Books, 1230 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020.

ATHENEUM PUBLISHERS

Out from Atheneum Publishers in March is the first U.S. publication of *The Last Crime* by John Domatilla (psuedonym), at \$8.95. Set in the 21st century, the novel concerns a conspiracy to sabotage

the totalitarian government of the western world, now centered in London in an England controlled by a dictatorship. Atheneum Publishers, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017.

THE VIKING PRESS

A mid-March release from The Viking Press is *Worlds* by Joe Halderman, subtitled "A Novel of the Near Future." This is a science fiction novel that takes the ills of our current society and extends them to their logical conclusions in 2084. It's a grim picture: pollution, over-crowding, incredibly high taxation, promiscuous sex, people living on asteroids, and the world on the verge of revolution. This is the first volume of a projected trilogy. Price is \$12.95. The Viking Press, 625 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

MACMILLAN

An early April release from Macmillan is *Small World* by Tabitha King, at \$10.95. The wife of best selling author Stephen King, this is her first novel. It's about the selfish, arrogant daughter of a

former U.S. president who collects miniatures and then gets her hands on a machine capable of shrinking people and objects. Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc., 866 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022.

FOUR WINDS PRESS

The Midnight Son by Steven B. Miller is an illustrated science fantasy novel scheduled for late April release from Four Winds Press. Described as an adventure for all ages, the novel relates the adventures of Phaedran, lost child of the universe, in his quest for the Midnight Sun. The volume is illustrated by the author (a newspaper reporter and editorial cartoonist) and is available in both hardcover (\$14.95) and trade paperback (\$9.95). Four Winds Press, 50 West 44th St., New York, NY 10036.

GREGG PRESS

March releases from Gregg Press are *The Universe Against Her* by James H. Schmitz, at \$13.50, and *The Green Brain* by Frank Herbert, at \$13.95. The Schmitz title is facsimilie reproduced from the 1979

Ace reprint and features a new introduction by Bob Mecooy.

The Green Brain is a facsimilie reprint of the first edition published by Ace Books in 1966, with a new introduction by Joseph Milicia. The author's signature is embossed in gold on the cover. Gregg Press, 70 Lincoln St., Boston, MA 02111.

AVON BOOKS

An early April trade paperback release from Avon Books is *A Treasury of Modern Fantasy* edited by Terry Carr and Martin Harry Greenberg. This is another thick, 588-page anthology, priced at \$8.95.

The contents are as follows: "The Rats in the Walls" by H. P. Lovecraft, "The Woman of the Wood" by A. Merritt, "Trouble With Water" by H. L. Gold, "Thirteen O'Clock" by C. M. Kornbluth, "The Coming of the White Worm" by Clark Ashton Smith, "Yesterday Was Monday" by Theodore Sturgeon, "They Bite" by Anthony Boucher, "Call Him Demon" by Henry Kuttner, "Daemon" by C. L. Moore, "The Black Ferris" by Ray Bradbury, "Displaced Person" by Eric Frank Russell, "Our Fair City" (Continued on page 34, Col. 1.)

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The British Scene

by Mike Ashley

In Memoriam:
Robert Fordyce Aickman

Robert Aickman, whom Gahan Wilson called 'one of the very best ghost story writers ever to take pen in hand'--a thought echoed by many--died in a London hospital on February 26th, aged 66. He had been ill for some time.

Robert Aickman was a man of many talents. He was, for instance, the director (since its foundation) and chairman (1954-69) of the London Opera Society. He had been responsible for the general direction of the very successful Market Harborough Festival of Boats and Arts in 1950 attended, some estimate, by more than 50,000 visitors. This was topped in 1962 when he directed the waterborne concert with fireworks at the City of London Festival with an audience of 100,000. Of major importance was his interest in canals. He was the founder in 1946 of the Inland Waterways Association and it is thanks to his efforts that so many can now enjoy the quiet waterways of Britain. He produced two books on the subject, *The Story of Our Inland Waterways* (Pitmans, 1955) and *Know Your Waterways* (Coram, 1956).

His interest in the supernatural was life-long, perhaps even inherited. His maternal grandfather was the noted Victorian writer Richard Marsh, author of the bestselling *The Beetle* (1897). Aickman was involved in the famous investigation into the equally famous, haunted Borley Rectory. He was a member of the Society for Psychic Research and remarked in one letter to me, "What impact such things have had on me, and the sources of my inspiration, are simply too much for a letter. If you wish to pursue such topics, I shall be pleased to have a talk." Alas, we never did have that talk. His early life detailing some supernatural episodes will be found in his autobiography, *The Attempted Rescue* (Gollancz, 1966).

I was pleased to see that the unnamed writer of Aickman's obituary in *The Times* said, "...his most outstanding and lasting achievement was as a writer of what he himself liked to call 'strange tales.' He brought to these his immense knowledge of the occult, psychological

insights, and a richness of background and characterization which rank his stories with those of M. R. James and Walter de la Mare." I still believe that Aickman's talent has not been recognised by the general reading public. Too few of his stories are easily available in paperback, and these are frequently the same ones reprinted time and again such as "Ringing the Changes" and "The Trains." Aickman's writings are an acquired taste like fine wines. I have no doubt that his work will always remain unknown to the majority of readers, and perhaps he would rather it that way. He wrote what and how he wanted, for expression, not for popularity. In another of his letters to me he said, "I have received a good deal of esteem, but never a big commercial success, and am usually wondering whether anything by me will ever be published again."

His first story collection appeared in 1951, *We Are for the Dark*, with three of Aickman's stories interlaced with three by Elizabeth Jane Howard. The occasional story appeared in magazines and anthologies during the rest of the 1950s, but his involvement with his many societies kept him from any writing at length. 1964 thus came as a watershed with a slightly mystical novel, *The Late Breakfasters*, a story collection, *Dark Entries*, and the first *Fontana Book of Great Ghost Stories*, which he edited for eight volumes. His own subsequent collections were *Powers of Darkness* (1966), *Sub Rosa* (1968), *Cold Hand in Mine* (1976), *Tales of Love and Death* (1977), and *Intrusions* (1980). His story, "Pages from a Young Girl's Diary" (*F&SF*, February, 1973; later in *Cold Hand in Mine*) won the first World Fantasy Award in 1975, which pleased him immensely as, at that time, he considered it his best story.

Recently his stories have been of greater length as evidenced by "The Stains" in Ramsey Campbell's *New Terrors* 1. My last correspondence with Aickman was last June when he was still bemoaning the lack of interest in "The Model," a short novel of about 35,000 words, and illustrated by Edward Gorey. As I reported in *FN* #25, it is astonishing that someone of Aick-

man's stature should have difficulty in selling his work. Perhaps now, too late for Aickman's benefit, someone will have the sense to publish it.

At the time I was compiling my *Who's Who in Horror and Fantasy Fiction* Robert Aickman objected to the inclusion of his date of birth. Instead he said that the entry should read: "Aickman, Robert. Man of Mystery."

"That," he added, "would be helpful. I should approve entirely." And despite all we do know about him, I think he has had his wish. Perhaps Britain's greatest writer of strange tales is, very much, a man of mystery.

I wish I could turn to brighter topics, but 1981 is not treating the fantasy field kindly. Already we have lost H. Warner Munn, Stephen Tall, and J. Vernon Shea in the States, and Robert Aickman and David Garnett in this country. Garnett is not so closely associated with the field as the others. His first book, *Lady Into Fox* (1922), a neat twist on the werewolf theme, was also his best known. Other works that border on our field were *A Man in the Zoo* (1928), *The Grasshoppers Come* (1931), *Two by Two* (1963), and *Uterior Motives* (1966). He was also a close friend of T. H. White and Sylvia Townsend Warner. He had been resident in France for many years, and it was there that he died on February 17th, a month short of his 89th birthday.

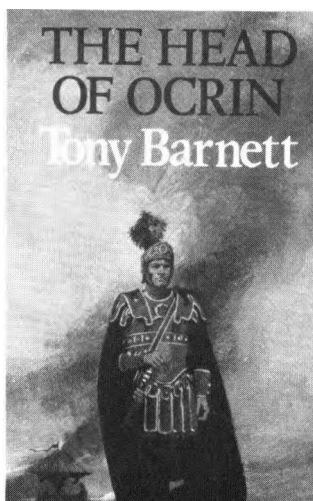
The big news for fantasy fans in Britain must be the radio dramatisation of *The Lord of the Rings*. The adaptation by Brian Sibley is in 26 half-hour episodes and is being broadcast at 12:00 noon on Sundays from March 8th on BBC Radio 4. As I write I have just heard the first episode which is well up to BBC standards. Next to reading, the radio medium is the best for fantasy. Back in 1969 the BBC produced a fine adaptation of *The Hobbit*, and I hope their version of *LOTR* can keep to that standard. I must admit that the masterful performance of Paul Daneman as Bilbo and Herman Carvic as Gandalf in that earlier broadcast has rather prejudiced me against the current

portrayals of those characters by John Le Mesurier and Michael Hordern, respectively, good though they both are. Praise must go to Peter Woodthorpe who masterfully creates Collum. Other parts include Ian Holm as Frodo and William Nighy as Sam. I'll be interested to see how characters like Elrond, Galadriel and Tom Bombadil are portrayed. I'll keep you informed as the serial proceeds. The BBC incidentally have produced a souvenir poster based on an Eric Fraser painting that graced the cover of this week's *Radio Times*. Tolkien completists may like to order it direct from the BBC, Radio 4 Poster Offer, P. O. Box 4ZZ, Broadcasting House, London W1A 4ZZ. The price is £1.00.

Also to coincide with the serial, Unwin Paperbacks are re-issuing all their Tolkien-related books, many with new covers, plus a new book, *Journeys of Frodo* by Barbara Strachey (Unwin, February, £2.95), which consists of 51 two-color maps of the route of Frodo and others through Middle-earth. (Published in the U.S. by Del Rey Books at \$7.95 and \$12.95.)

We've been rather spoilt in Britain for radio and TV fantasy recently. Back in November last year Radio 4 broadcast a four-part comedy series, *Lord of the Things*, co-written and produced by John Lloyd and A. P. R. Marshall. I only heard the first episode and unfortunately the BBC Radiophonic Workshop had enjoyed themselves so much transforming the actors' voices into funny noises that I couldn't understand half what was going on. I gather it was about the Kingdom of Albion, last refuge of all that is Good, and of the Crown Prince Veganin who alone saw the mortal dangers that Albion faced.

More important is *Earthsearch*, a ten-part adventure scripted by James Follett and broadcast on BBC Radio 4 at 22:30 Tuesday evenings from January 6th to March 10th. It concerns the starship *Challenger*, one of three ships sent from Earth to find possible planets to colonise when it is discovered the Sun may go nova within a millenium. The *Challenger* suffered major casualties during a meteor collision which left only a handful of survivors. They return as the third generation after 150 years ship-board time only to find that a million years have passed Sol-time and that technology has advanced to the point where mankind has left the solar system along with the Earth. The serial thus follows the *Challenger's* search for the Earth.



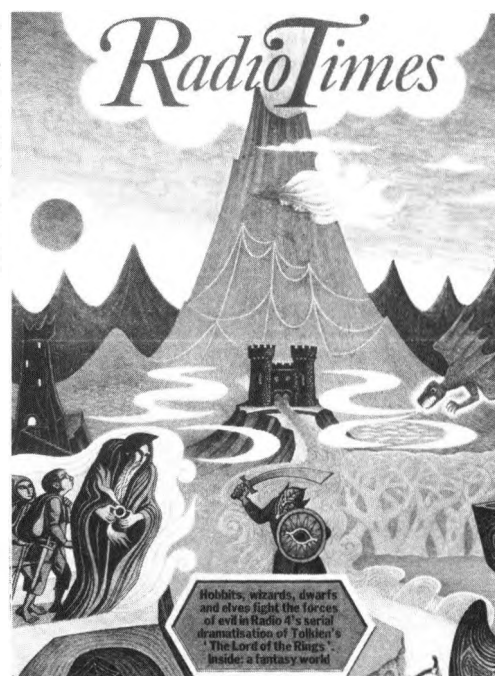
Artist: Eileen Walton

This is far in advance of what one would expect for a general radio serial and in spite of some of the more obvious shortcomings of radio drama (where in moments of dire peril actors have to explain the events when they ought to be saving their breath--and their hides), and the fact that so much which SF fans take for granted has to be explained to a general audience, the serial is remarkably good.

And then there is, of course, *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, which was translated from radio to television with far more success than I dared hope. Most of the radio actors remained with the series including Simon Jones as Arthur Dent and Mark Wing-Davey as the two-headed Zaphod Beeblebrox, plus the wonderful voices of Peter Jones as the book itself, and Stephen Moore as Marvin, the paranoid robot. Everyone concerned with the series, including Rod Lord who produced the animated sequences, Glenn Hyde the film editor, and of course Douglas Adams who created and wrote it all, must be congratulated. The series was broadcast in six episodes on BBC-2 on Monday evenings at 21:00 from January 5th, and needless to say, both books by Douglas Adams, are first and second on the paperback bestsellers list.

I was very surprised, and rather apprehensive, to discover that the Saturday Night Theatre on Radio 4 on March 7th was a new episode of *Journey Into Space* by Charles Chilton. This was the second in an occasional series that follows the writing of SF from the turn of the century to the present day. (The first had been an adaptation of Wells's *The First Men in the Moon*, broadcast on January 17th, and not particularly successful, I thought.) I was apprehensive be-

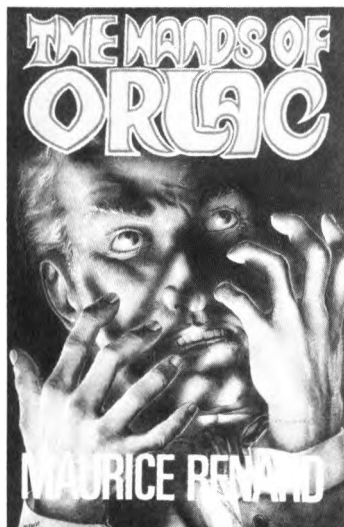
Artist: Eric Fraser



cause *Journey Into Space* was one of those radio series I grew up with during the 1950s. Along with many other things it was what created and sustained my interest in science fiction and I cherish the memories of the series that linger in my mind. Could a new play from the same writer and with the same characters (not all played by the same actors) re-create that nostalgia? As I feared, it didn't. It was a hoary old plot--returning from Mars the *Discovery* enters a time-warp and lands on a very much altered Earth millenia in the future--rather badly handled. I think I'd rather keep my memories.

Now I see that this coming Thursday (March 12th) the BBC are to broadcast a two-part adaptation of Huxley's *Brave New World* produced for American TV by Jacqueline Babbitt and starring Keir Dullea and Julie Cobb. I feel we fantasy fans are being somewhat over-pandered to.

Incidentally, I must correct one statement by Harlan Ellison in *FN* #35 (page 22) where he says that the *Outer Limits* is just now being shown in England for the first time and is "the biggest hit." I hesitate to correct anything Harlan says, but I must disillusion him. Most of the original *Outer Limits* were broadcast at the time they were made back in the early 1960s and, although relatively well-received, I don't think it is any the better received now than it was then. Though I can't recall which one they showed first (this time round), I did watch it for purely nostalgic reasons (and wished I hadn't again) and it cer-



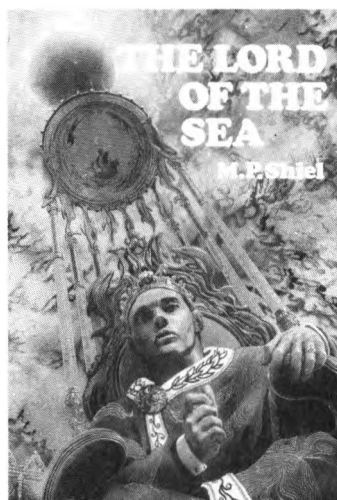
Artist: Oliver Frey

tainly wasn't *Soldier* or *Demon*, both of which followed a few weeks later. They weren't on midnight Monday nights either, but originally Friday and then Saturday nights. Sorry, Harlan.

Space is rapidly running out, so I shall try and get in as much news as I can on latest releases. Britain's leading SF hardcover publisher, Victor Gollancz Ltd., has a very impressive Spring catalogue. A book I've been waiting for is *A Dream of Kinship* by Richard Cowper (March, £6.95), the sequel to *The Road to Corlay*, which I reported in FN #23 (then under the working title, *A Tapestry of Time*). Both titles give, I feel, a fair clue to the novel's content. The U.S. paperback rights have been bought by Pocket Books. Richard Cowper, incidentally, has a new story lined up for *F&SF*, "Incident at Huacaloc."

Other Gollancz volumes are *Under Heaven's Bridge* by Ian Watson and Michael Bishop (Feb., £6.95), *The Dreamers* by James Gunn (April, £6.95), *Fundamental Disch* by Thomas Disch (April, £6.95), *The Cool War* by Frederik Pohl (April, £5.95), *The Ceres Solution* by Bob Shaw (April, £6.50), and *God-Emperor of Dune* by Frank Herbert (May, £6.95). A couple of books for children also of possible interest are *The Seventh Raven* by Peter Dickinson (May, £4.95) and *Fireball* by John Christopher (June, £4.95). Also in their lists is *Leese Webster* by Ursula Le Guin (June, £3.95), a 32-page large-size picture book, illustrated by James Brunsmann and telling the delightful story of Leese Webster, a very talented spider who could weave any picture she thought of.

Two books are receiving major



Artist: Oliver Frey

promotion from New English Library at present, one in hardback and one in paperback. The hardcover is the latest novel from James Herbert, *The Jonah* (Mar., £5.95). It tells of Kelso, a good undercover man, but a Jonah, and jobs turn nasty when he's involved. Transferred to the drugs squad he stumbles into his biggest break and finds he must rely on his Jonah-demon for his past, his future and his sanity. James Herbert is now rated as Britain's number one horror writer, and in terms of sales this must be true. Most of his recent books, especially *Fluke*, *The Spear*, and *The Dark*, have been original and entertaining, and another, *The Survivor*, has been filmed and should be released later this year. It stars Robert Powell and was directed by David Hemmings.

NEL's major paperback for April is Robert A. Heinlein's *The Number of the Beast* (£2.25). Last year NEL published this in what proved to be the first hardcover edition available in the world, and I've an idea their paperback edition may also just pip the American.

Britain's most prolific publisher of SF is Robert Hale, and I will be looking at their latest lists in more detail next column. There are a few I'd like to highlight here, though. It would be true to say that most of Hale's fiction is rather run of the mill, but there are exceptions, and one that pleasantly surprised me was *Fantocine* by Leigh Beresford (Jan., £5.95). Beresford is the pen-name of two aspiring writers and their combined talents have produced a very readable book. It's a straight fantasy set on another planet with two moons, and concerns the exploits of master Thief Marraign who enters the employ of Carbolan the Illusionist. Carbolan craves

for possession of the Fantocine which he had formed but which had been stolen. It's an inventive and enjoyable story and I hope it will be taken up by paperback publishers both here and in the States. Apparently the writers have other completed novels under consideration in the States at the moment, so I hope I'll have some good news to report in a future column.

Another new book from Hale's is *The Fifth Sally* by Daniel Keyes. Billed as a mainstream novel, it is fiction based on a factual case of multiple personality and concerns a certain Sally Porter who in differing circumstances becomes four very different people, and it is up to psychiatrist Roger Ash to deal with the case. The book is due in April, priced at £6.75.

Of interest to fans of historical fiction with an occult slant will be *The Head of Ocrin* by Tony Barnett (Hale, Jan., £6.50). It takes place during the Roman occupation of Britain and tells of Marcus Domitius and his attempts to suppress a rebellion by the Celtic tribes organised by the Druids and their bizarre idol, the Head of Ocrin.

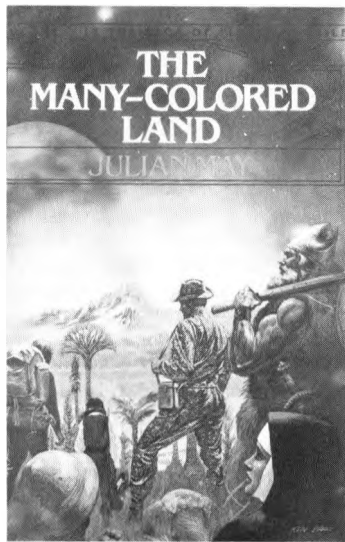
Savoy Books have become Savoy Editions, and at present won't be publishing books directly. Instead they will be packaging books which will appear from other publishers under a joint imprint. This does not alter their scheduled books which will still appear, though when and under which imprint is still not clear.

In the meantime Souvenir Press have launched a new hardcover imprint, Nightowl Books, aimed specifically at the fantasy field. It will reprint the best imaginative fiction of the last hundred years, and to launch the series they are issuing in March *The Hands of Orlac* by Maurice Renard (translated by Iain White), first published in France in 1920, and *The Lord of the Sea* by M. P. Shiel, first published in 1901 and last in print in England from Gollancz in 1963. The price is each volume is £6.95.

Nightowl Books will also publish the best new writings in the fantasy field. The next two titles, due for publication in the Autumn, will be *Satyrday* by Steven Bauer, and *The Lastborn of Elvinwood* by Linda Haldeman.

If you haven't yet caught up
(Continued on page 34, Col. 3.)

Book Reviews



Artist: Ken Bann

THE MANY-COLORED LAND by Julian May.
Houghton-Mifflin: New York, April
1981, 415pp. \$12.95

Reviewed by Roger C. Schlobin

This is Julian May's first published novel. However, it has a skill and a dexterity that mirror her lengthy career as a writer of nonfiction. As a member of "second fandom" and the wife of publisher Ted Dikty, her knowledge of the SF field far exceeds her earlier excursions in it: "Dune Roller" in *Astounding SF* (Dec. '51) and "Star of Wonder" in *Thrilling Wonder* (Feb. '53).

The Many-Colored Land is one of those extraordinary novels that comes along with all too infrequent regularity. Like Farmer's Riverworld and Norton's Witch World, *Land* provides all the necessary artistry for a credible and deeply enthralling reading experience.

The novel opens with an account of a dying spaceship that echoes the alien fascination of the obelisk in Arthur C. Clarke's *2001*. The sentient craft and its physically interwoven crew crash through Earth's atmosphere, but as the valiant ship dies, its crew escape in birdlike lifeboats and a mysterious "golden torc" is thrown from the wreckage. A ramapithecus throws the torc into a thicket where it remains until the second, as yet unpublished volume of the trilogy, *The Golden Torc*.

With this primordial background established--prehistoric Earth occupied by aliens and their powerful tools--the novel's action switches to the 22nd Century and a time machine that transports its users to "Exile," the Pliocene

Epoch. May now begins to draw on numerous psychological types to construct the group of characters the reader will follow from the decadent and stagnant 22nd Century through the time portal.

May's strength is her characterization. She deftly balances a large cast of characters amid the well-developed setting. All of them are misfits--all fleeing from their environment, some fleeing from themselves--and as they involve themselves in the elaborate training necessary for their survival in the Pliocene, the reader comes to know them and their relationships well.

The travellers are stunned to discover that their Pliocene arrival point is part of a highly structured and regimented society. This ironic revelation becomes even more shocking as the characters soon find that their promised land is ruled by a group of alien exotics, the Tanu, who arrived in the spaceship described earlier. The Tanu enslave all humans, draw power from golden torcs that amplify their mental abilities, and single out the humans with extra-sensory abilities for special use.

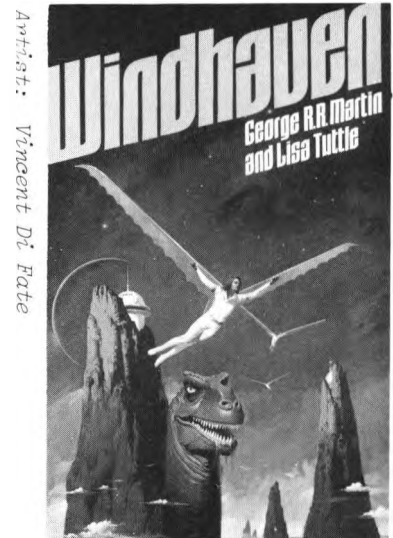
Enslaved by the low-power gray torcs, which are bound to the wearer's life force, the humans react with a full range of weaknesses and strengths. Some rationalize; others fawn; most rebel. The latter portion of the novel focuses on the rebels' alliance with the torc-less Firvulag, a group of outcast and friendly aliens, and their search for an awesome weapon and the technology aboard the aliens' downed spaceship.

The Many-Colored Land is filled with far too many exciting details to even begin to relate here. I will be surprised if it is not among the Hugo and Nebula nominees for 1981 and I anxiously await the remaining two volumes in the trilogy, *The Golden Torc* and *The Lord of Misrule*.

WINDHAVEN by George R. R. Martin & Lisa Tuttle. Timescape Books: New York, April 1981, 350pp. \$13.95

Reviewed by Melissa Mia Hall

Martin and Tuttle, both award winning writers, have combined their talents to produce a romantic and enjoyable novel about flight, as typified by the sensual vision of a hang glider soaring.



Artist: Vincent Di Fate

But in Windhaven, flyers go far beyond the hang gliders we're familiar with. They wear wings of a mysterious, exceptional quality an aeronautics expert would love to get his hands on. If you've ever dreamed of flying, the wind against your face, this book's for you.

It all began with a 1975 *Analog* novelette called "The Storms of Windhaven" that introduced us to Maris, the flyer who had to win her wings the hard way in a world of pastoral island kingdoms where flyers have a distinct prestige over the landbound. As winged messengers, they are entrusted with bearing important messages to and from the "Landsmen" of the various island kingdoms.

Part One, "Storms," depicts Maris winning her wings back, overturning an outmoded system which prevents those not of flyer parentage from flying. This leads to the establishment of "Woodwings" academies which give landbound children a chance at wearing wings.

Part Two, "One Wing," presents a future where the academies have been placed in jeopardy and the courageous efforts of a woodwings, "Val One Wing," to bring more justice into the flyers' world. It is also where Maris comes to grips with her own origins and values. Most of all, it's homage to the freedom of flight and the responsibilities that go with it.

Part Three, "The Fall," relates the tumultuous changes Maris undergoes when flight is taken away from her by a disastrous fall. At the time, Maris is middle-aged and far from her home island. She tries to give up all interest in flyer life, but becomes embroiled in a crisis involving a flyer who has borne a false message to a Landsman to pre-

vent war.

Windhaven is an interesting story of a woman's life, but its strongest impact lies in its view of flight as power; flight as something to be won and protected. In a way, one could say the same of writing, singing, dancing...and that is probably what Tuttle and Martin have in mind.

Martin has a few Hugos to his credit and he's no stranger to the Nebula. Tuttle is a past winner of the coveted Campbell Award. Together they make a delightful team. Separately, they're dynamite. *Windhaven* bodes well for their future, showing a growth of feminist perception on Martin's side and Tuttle's growth in a longer narrative form.

THE WORLD AND THORINN by Damon Knight. Berkley/Putnam: New York, February 1981, 214pp., illustrated by Val Lakey. \$12.95

Reviewed by Michael E. Stamm

The World and Thorinn is Damon Knight's first novel since *Mind Switch* (aka *The Other Foot*, 1965). It incorporates three stories that first appeared in *Galaxy* in 1968 and its appearance marks the end of a major writer's block for Knight. I suspect it's something of a transitional work. In any case, it was well worth waiting for. Knight has been part of the SF world for over 40 years now, and an important part for almost as long. His fiction has consistently been informed by a penetrating intelligence and a sometimes sardonic humor, as well as a quirky way of looking at the world.

The novel is several different types of novel in one. Tom Hallman's jacket painting leads the reader to expect a Tolkienesque fantasy; there's a little of that, and the story is partly that of a quest, though it is a quest lacking a single tangible goal. The novel is also a story of the end of innocence, of growing up, and it's something of a mystery as well. There is little outright suspense here, but most of the novel is pervaded with a sense of uncertainty, a "What-in-the-world-is-going-on-here?" feeling that keeps the reader turning the pages.

The novel is not fantasy. It is, to quote Roger Zelazny, "a science fiction story to satisfy the fantasy fan, and something close to vice-versa." There are suggestions--brush-strokes that stop short of complete explication--that Thorinn's world, and the

strange, multifaceted inner world into which he ventures (involuntarily, but not coincidentally, very much in the manner of Alice down-the-rabbit-hole) are distantly descended from our world following the averting of a catastrophe.

There are hints of how that catastrophe--which drew the world away from its sun on a voyage into endless space--was met, and of incalculable periods of time during which whole realities and, more importantly, perceptions of reality changed. *The World and Thorinn* is a superficially simple story set in a very subtle, very complex series of worlds-within-a-world.

I almost wish the book were longer. I have mentioned the hinted complexities, the hidden histories; Thorinn's world is one about which I want to know more.

I don't think it could have been made longer. Knight writes with a clean, spare, deceptively simple prose. It takes consideration of a kind most readers are not interested in for one to realize that, while it could have been written differently, it could not have been written better.

The World and Thorinn is not for every SF or fantasy reader. There are no intergalactic battles, no Hobbits, and no wizards (those who read the novel, and who look at the jacket photo, may disagree with me there). It is a finely crafted, extremely readable, engrossing, intelligent tale which will stay with the reader long after bigger, flashier stories are forgotten.

THE WELL by Jack Cady. Arbor House: New York, January 1981, 242pp. \$11.95

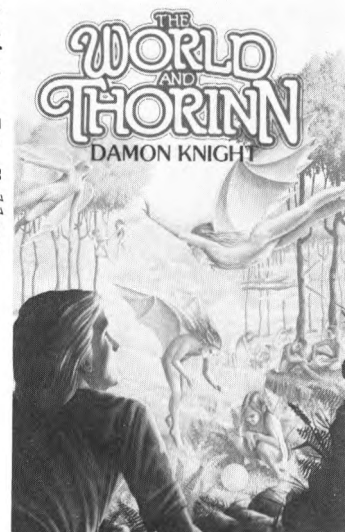
Reviewed by Douglas E. Winter

This impressive first novel begins with a well-worn Gothic horror premise--the return to a haunted family mansion--and creates an intriguingly powerful scenario, told with an obvious love of language, that deserves the immediate attention of the horror reader.

The house of the Trackers is perhaps the penultimate haunted house, rivalled only by the Overlook Hotel of Stephen King's *The Shining*. An architectural monstrosity built piecemeal at the whims of four generations of the Tracker family, the house encompasses more than 250 rooms assembled in maze-like abandon, and includes mischievous--and deadly--surprises for the uninvited and the unwary.

John Tracker returns to the

Artist: Tom Hallman



house with his lover, conducting a farewell inspection after an absence of twenty years; he has agreed to a state condemnation of the property for a highway project, obtaining not only a lucrative landscaping contract, but also the assurance that the house--and his unsettling memories of youth in its confines--will be laid to rest. Yet within the apparently deserted house waits a palpable evil, initially manifested in bizarre traps devised by Tracker's forebears and in evidence that members of the family remain alive, but ultimately revealed as a physical incarnation of his family's corruption. The blood of Tracker's ancestors has descended as a curse.

Tracker is destined to explore the house, confronting his ancestry much like the doomed de la Poer of Lovecraft's "The Rats in the Walls;" indeed, each chapter of *The Well* is introduced with a description of an element of Tracker's dark pedigree. That the house is a genealogical lodestar should be obvious; but Cady's historical exposition of the Tracker family produces a compelling, enigmatic vision of evil that broods upon the reader with a weight equal to that of the house's shadowed corridors. And the well, buried deep at the heart of the house and in the memory of what may be the last surviving Tracker awaits...

Superbly conceived and written, *The Well* may be faulted only in its rather anti-climactic resolution, which successfully preserves the enigmatic quality of the house's evil but nevertheless is disappointingly tidy. Without doubt, however, *The Well* should prove one of the year's significant horror novels. It is not to be missed.



The Residents

by Charles L. Grant

The old man sat on the top step of the brownstone's front stoop and, with the patience of a vulture waiting for certain death, watched:

The street nearly somnolent with the worn comfort of age, the thin trees with courageous foliage defying the city's air, the gutters newly awash and cleansed of their debris, the buildings like the old man's building dark and safe and huddling against the pavement like a series of grandmothers protecting their broods;

The people, sitting as he did on steps and lawn chairs and blankets of newsprint, talking and laughing, reverent and profane, pointing gleefully at antics and shaking their heads at displays. A large woman leaned out her first floor window, folds of armpit covering the sill, talking with a neighbor on the sidewalk whose head was arrayed in a brilliant green kerchief to hide the yellow rollers that bound her black hair. A pair of young men held up a lamppost, smoking quietly, nodding to each other, hoping for the women who occasionally stray down from the avenue to give their eyes relief. A newly married couple, hugging near the bus stop, a suitcase in his hand, a damp tissue in hers. And the children: hopscotch near the block's center, stickball in the street, idling wherever the adults wouldn't bother them, racing bicycles and skate boards and a loose pink rubber ball.

The cars.

One car.

It waited at the curb in front of the old man. The ghost, the substantial ghost of a 1957 black Chevrolet. Most of the black, however, was gone, the chrome on the tailfins stripped away to rust, the windows smashed out from the inside, the tires miraculously still on their wheels but long since gone flat and faded to dead grey. Its radio was firm in the dashboard, its seats were unslashed, the floorboards intact, and a Piels suicide knob was still clamped to the steering wheel.

Every so often, though not as often as you would think, a band of kids would organize an expedition--not, however, before several of them would eye the old man nervous-

ly and whisper prayers and dire threats under their breath. But once courage was found and properly secured, they would start at the rear bumper, shouting, laughing, scrambling (no hands allowed once the climb had begun) over the trunk to the roof. Stomping their sneakers as hard as they could. Marching across to the front hood, leaping from the roof to stand astride the missing hood ornament's gap before screaming a Geronimo and jumping to the street.

That's what they did.

That's all they ever did.

They never went inside, they never tried to slash the tires; no cherry bombs were tossed onto the seats, no knives or wrenches or Louisville sluggers ever touched the paint, or the dimming stripes of primer, or the flakes of rust that clung to the sides between heavy rains.

They climbed it, and they stomped on it, and when they were done they streaked away because they didn't like the voices they thought they heard inside.

And the old man sat on his stoop and watched.

Until the sun finally set over the antennas and the roofs. Then he rose unsteadily on spindly legs and made his way inside with a smiling nod to the woman in the window, the woman on the sidewalk, with a fleeting wistful glance at the newlyweds by the bus stop. His apartment was on the first floor right, just inside the double glass doors that opened onto a small hall smelling of fresh polish. He went into his home and he locked the door behind him. Sat in a great old wingchair by the single casement window, and watched the night-street, watched the nightpeople, watched the black car.

He didn't hear the knocking at first, and almost didn't recognize it. It persisted, however, and finally he stirred, rubbing a slow hand over a face lank and heavily bearded, over eyes somewhat sunken and curiously bright (young) blue, back through hair long and silky and banded with startling white.

He was neither thin nor husky, tall nor short, his clothes nondescript and clinging to arms and legs, chest and waist as though they were a second skin waiting to be sloughed.

He walked across the floral carpet, neither striding nor shuffling, turned over the lock quickly and pulled the door to.

A young boy, perhaps thirteen or twelve, stood apprehensively at the threshold. Red hair, freckles, a youth's puffy cheeks and a slightly bulging tummy. His shirt was shortsleeved, his trousers somewhat baggy, and the end of his belt was wrapped nearly around to the small of his back. He grinned; a single tooth was missing.

"Mister Morrison?"

Morrison blinked slowly. It was his name, though he seldom had occasion to use it, and it sounded odd in the child's manner. He nodded.

"Mister Morrison, my name is Kenny Ross." He glanced over his left shoulder, to the staircase. "I'm...I live upstairs, in 2-C?"

Morrison was patient. He smiled, splitting the beard and giving fat to his cheeks.

"My mother, she's a nurse, and she said you've lived here on the street for a long time." He had started out rapidly, ended faintly, as if he were afraid he'd given offense.

Morrison nodded, encouragement now in the tilt of his head.

Kenny smiled, thinking perhaps this wouldn't be too bad after all. "I'm doing this...well, this thing for school, Mister Morrison, and it's about the block and everything and I was wondering if you answer ...if you could please tell me what it was like all that time ago."

Morrison laughed. Not loudly; a gentle rumbling that came somewhere behind the thicket of his beard. He stepped back, and Kenny hesitated. Another glance to the staircase. A glance to the front door. There was a ballgame in the street, and the shouts seemed like echoes.

Then a shudder, perhaps a shrug, and he hurried into the room and took the first seat he could find, a small couch more wood than upholstery that faced the wingchair, that faced the window. He kept his knees together, his hands on his thighs and his elbows close to his sides. It was warm in the room though the sash was up, and his nose wrinkled at the dry scent of must that clung to the fabric, to the flowered walls, to the bare wood around the carpet that had no dust at all.

"Yes."

Kenny jumped, the old man's voice sounding extraordinarily loud, not quite pleasantly deep. Maybe, he thought, I ought to forget this.

"Yes," Morrison said, "I would like to tell you things. Some things." He leaned back, rose suddenly and switched on a lamp midway across the floor. Its shade inverted white glass, and when the bulb glared on it cast a moon on the ceiling.

When he took his seat again, Kenny noticed the pale hands were trembling as they lay quietly on his trousers.

"But I can't."

I knew it, Kenny thought. The whole thing had been his mother's stupid idea, to get what she called an oral history--whatever that was. And though he had to have the essay done tomorrow, he'd been reluctant. After all, there were rumors (and he'd heard dozens of them since he'd moved to this place just eight months ago), rumors that Morrison knew more than he was saying about how every once in a while one of the neighborhood kids would up and run away. Good kids, too. Not in trouble with the cops or with their old ladies or anything like that. They would up and leave, just like Aaron did two months before. Weird. But Kenny was a realist. That's what his mother told him all the time--he was a realist. And a realist was a person who saw this old guy sitting on the stoop every day, every night, probably not even going to the bathroom except when he couldn't stand it any longer. Just sitting there and watching the kids playing and nodding to the young mothers and...well...kind of like the retired king of the block.

And besides, the paper was due tomorrow and the old man probably watched the stupid block being built from scratch, for crying out loud.

"I'm sorry," Morrison said. "I'd like to help you, but I can't." It came out before he could stop it: "Why?"

A shrug.

"Because I don't remember."

Kenny didn't know what to say. His mother worked with old people like Morrison in the hospital on the other side of the city, and he'd heard enough stories from her about how they sometimes forgot things, like even their own names. But he didn't expect it of this man. Not Morrison. He took too much in, watched too much. How could he forget what it was like around here when he was a kid?

But he didn't ask. He rose instead, and dusted his hands against his pants. "I'm sorry, Mister Morrison," he said, edging toward the door. "I...I guess you want to have your supper now." He

turned as he spoke, but in the wrong direction. Instead of facing the door, he was staring into the galley kitchen; cobwebs in the corners and looped from the ceiling, dust over the counters, dust on the floor. A cupboard door canted from a single tarnished hinge, and its shelves were bare. The refrigerator's plug coiled like a dead blacksnake around the base of the wall.

"Kenny."

He turned back, his mouth open.

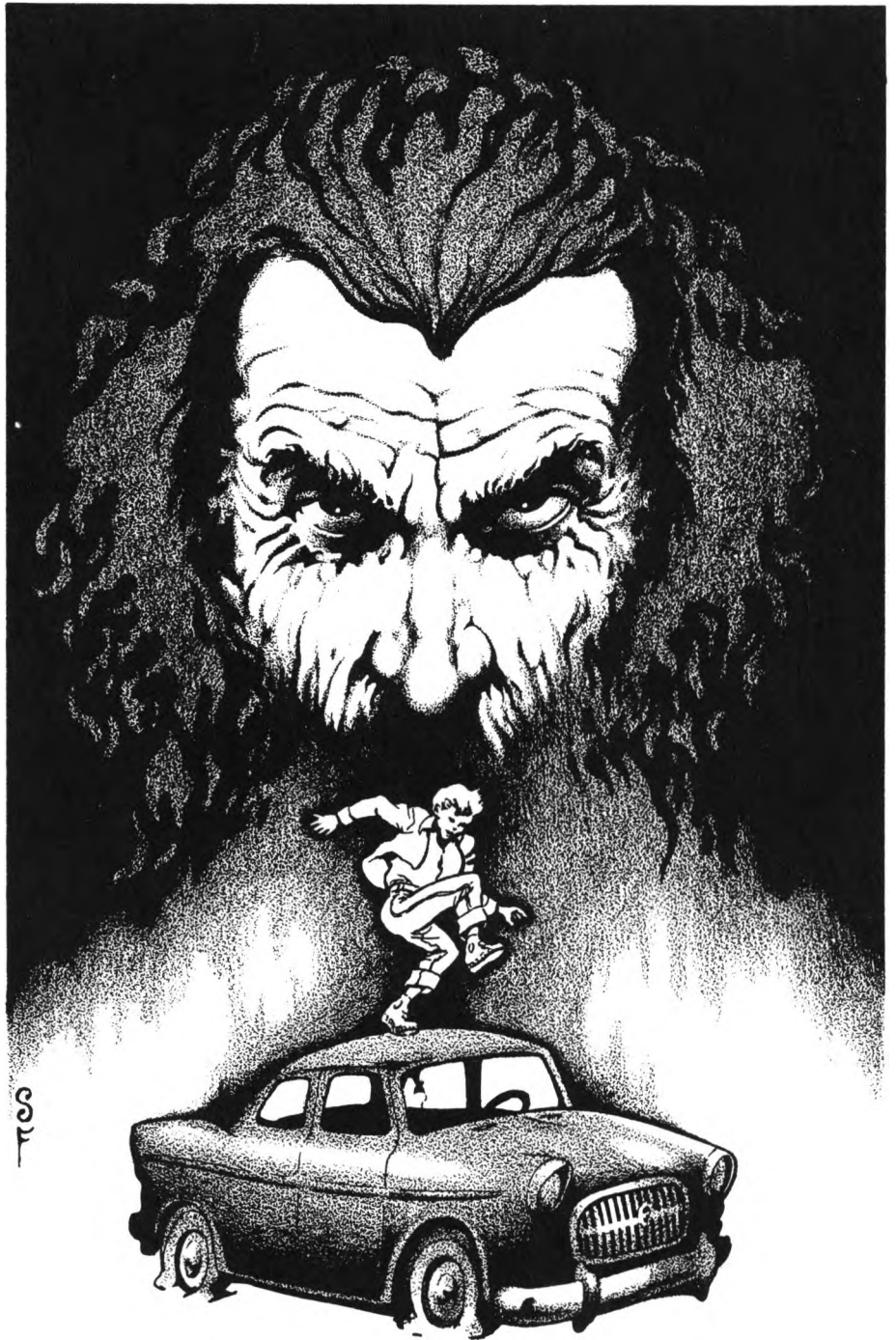
"I do remember something."

Morrison was on his feet and

moving, his hand on the doorknob before Kenny could stand aside.

"I know it sounds silly, all this talk of having no memory. I should have made myself more clear, in case I've mislead you." They were in the hall. "What I should have said was, all my memories, after my poor wife passed on many years ago, are tied up in my car." They were on the stoop. A breeze slipped through the tops of the trees, and the streetlamp opposite was only working at half power.

"This school project of yours, it must be very important to you to want to talk with an old fart



like me," Morrison said as they walked slowly down the steps.

"I need an A or else," Kenny told him glumly. "My Mom says she'll have my--she'll kill me if I blow this one."

"Yes, yes, I expect she will. But school's very important, you know, Kenny. You must learn things, or you'll never make it in this world."

"How far did you get, Mister Morrison? In school, I mean." He was surprised at his boldness, but the old man actually didn't seem to be all that bad. In fact, he seemed kind of nice, once he started talking. Real nice.

A hesitation on the bottom step. "I...I'm really not sure, m'boy. College, I think."

Oh yeah, Kenny thought; you went to Harvard or something, and then worked for the government and that's why you're living here now in those old clothes, with a car that looks like a bomb was dropped on it.

"So. You like living here? You like our little neighborhood?" Morrison looked down at him, his eyes hidden in the dim light.

"Sure," Kenny said enthusiastically. "It's neat. Really neat."

The day's September heat hadn't dissipated with sunset, and it became a weight, became laden with moisture that spotted a veil over the moon.

"Someday," the old man said then, scratching slowly at his beard and looking up toward the

avenue, "someday I'm going to leave. Travel a little, see the world. You know, sometimes you can grow too attached to one place or another, and if you get to like it too much you find out it's awfully hard to leave. Sometimes you find out it's like you're on a leash, or there's a wall around the neighborhood, and you find out you can't leave unless you have some help." He stopped, picked at a side tooth, and laughed. Loudly, heartily, shook his head and grunted. "Do you want to see the world, Kenny?"

"Oh sure," he said. "God, yeah. I mean, I sure don't want to spend the rest of my life here, you know what I mean? I want to be a lawyer or something, make lots of money and..." He grinned shyly and scuffed a toe over the curb. But he didn't look up at the old man, because then he might see the truth of the lie. Actually, he didn't want to leave at all. Who wants to see the world, anyway; every place he'd lived in since his father had died was somehow less than it was promised to be. Here, though, there were lots of kids his own age, a nice apartment for a change, and his mother seemed happy for the first time in years. Why should he leave? Even the noise of the city didn't travel down here.

The heat. The mist. Somewhere on the river that swept past the city a tugboat argued with a swirling cloud of gulls.

"Hey, how about a ride?"

Kenny frowned, unsure this was right. Not that he was scared, though. And not that the old man was anything like the strangers he wasn't supposed to talk to. But he wasn't sure his mother would approve of his leaving the neighborhood. On the other hand, the sheer movement of the car just had to be cooler than standing here like this, sweating like a pig.

"Sure, why not?"

Morrison smiled and from a deep pocket he pulled a large key ring, leaned down and unlocked the driver's door of the 1957 black Chevrolet. The window caught the apartment building's light and whisked it out of sight; the paint gleamed, and the chrome on the tailfins sparked the spectrum.

"Slide in, Kenny."

The seats were red-and-black striped cloth, cool, and he grinned at his reflection in the windshield as Morrison fired the ignition and pulled away from the curb in a single smooth motion. He switched on the radio, and Kenny rolled down the window, elbow on the ledge, face catching the wind and making him squint. Hot, but nice. At

least it was moving.

"You're right to want to get out of here when you can, Kenny," Morrison said as they turned left at the corner. "You're certainly not the same as the rest of the kids here. They have...well, I'd guess you say they have no drive, no ambition."

"Yeah, maybe. I don't know." His smile had faded somewhat. The carwind was churning whisperings in his ears, tinny and thin, like a chorus of schoolboys some of them singing, some of them laughing, some of them talking, some of them screaming. He shook his head to clear it, but the voices wouldn't stop.

"It's a great world out there," Morrison said, one hand leaving the wheel to gesture at the street before them. "London, Paris, Rome, Moscow--"

"My mother says you should see America first."

"Well, sure," the old man agreed loudly, laughing. "Los Angeles, Dallas, Miami, Chicago-- of course, see the country. See Canada. See Mexico, if you've a mind." He paused, and his lips worked as if he were going to spit. "See anything," he whispered. "Anything but this place."

They turned left.

"You know," Morrison said, melancholy gone, jovial again, "you should really take a lesson from me, son. You should take a good look at me and learn a valuable lesson."

Kenny nodded. The voices simmered, drifting now into the shadows of the back seat. Why is it, he wondered, that grownups are always trying to teach kids a lesson? Like they didn't go to school or anything.

"I mean, here I am, as old as I am, and I've never been out of the neighborhood for more than a few hours at a time. Once in a

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Los Angeles, CA 90027.

while I see a movie, go to a ball-game, go to a museum--but do I ever leave the city? Not once in all my miserable years do I leave this miserable city. You're lucky, son. You want to get out so bad I bet you can taste it."

"How old are you?"

Morrison sniffed, and wiped the back of a hand under his nose. "I don't know, son. I just don't know."

Suddenly, as they slowed for a red light, the only car on the street, the only people in the world, Kenny wanted to go home. He didn't like the way the lights from the shops stayed out of the car, and he didn't like those voices living there in the back, and he didn't like the way old man Morrison was drumming the fingers of his right hand on top of the dashboard. Like he was coming to a decision. Like all those rumors about him and those other kids were true. Like he was going to take a knife or a meat cleaver out of the glove compartment and force him into the back seat where he was going to do things he couldn't even begin to imagine, not even in his nightmares.

He didn't like the way the heat was making his brain so fuzzy.

"Yep," Morrison said with a quick, sharp nod. "Yessir, I'm glad you're ambitious, son. I really am glad." Then he slapped the dash, and Kenny jumped. "How do you like the car, huh? Great, right? Practically live in this damned thing. I do. And the memories...ah, the memories, Kenneth. You wouldn't believe them. They're all here, every one of them. Every one of them telling me to get out, get out of the neighborhood, get out of the city. See the world, see the universe. Don't be like us, don't be so--"

"Us?" Kenny said. His head was growing heavy; he could barely turn it. He tried leaning out the window, but the wind kept him in.

Morrison smiled broadly. "us. Them. It's all the same, boy, all the same. Partners. Just like you and me."

"I'm your...partner?"

"But of course!"

They turned left when the light changed.

"Mister Morrison, I want to go home."

"But of course, son, of course you do."

The heat.

The chorus of schoolboys flailing in the dark.

"My mother--"

"Is a good woman, Kenny. I've been watching her, chatting with her every so often. She's a fine,

strong woman. In fact, a very strong woman. She's had a lot of tough breaks in this life, I can tell. And I'll let you in on a secret, Kenny--I can tell she'll take another real well. Real well."

Kenny blinked and pushed a knuckle into his eyes. The voices were louder now, though he still couldn't understand a word. He had no idea how many of them there were, but he knew, he knew they had been there a very long time.

"Partners," Morrison said, and took a slow deep breath.

They turned left again, onto the street.

Kenny sighed, and his eyes opened wide. Wider. He forced another sigh. Tinny, and thin. He looked down, and there was nothing to see, nothing but the back of the seat, the back of Morrison's head, the brush of the streetlamps over the car's gleaming black hood.

Then sight died, and there was only the voice slipping into the chorus.

Morrison braked. Got out. Locked the door and went inside.

He sat at the wingchair by the window and stared at the battered black Chevrolet dying at the curb. At the glassless windows. At the flattened tires. He sat at the window and he watched, and it wasn't long before he knew the boy had lied to him. No drive at all, no ambition.

Later, he heard Mrs. Ross calling for her son, heard the frantic whisperings, saw the police car ghost to the curb. He answered the knock when it came and he told them what he had to. Closed the door. Locked the door. And sat at the window.

Lied; the little bastard lied.

Ah well, he thought; and when the sun came up he sat on the stoop and watched the street, watched the people, watched the car; he sat on the stoop and watched the kids playing.

--Charles L. Grant





WARREN'S NEWS & REVIEWS

film news by Bill Warren

The Doldrums: Because movie companies generally feel that the early months of the year are not likely to bring many people to movies no matter what you release, minor pictures or those the studios wish to "dump" are usually released in January-April. So I don't have much to talk about; the good movies come later.

Bakshi's Back

So far, Ralph Bakshi's best pictures have been those that have been the closest to his own experience; *Heavy Traffic*, which was almost his autobiography, was also his best picture. I have not seen *Coonskin*, and *Hey Good Lookin'* is allegedly "uncompleted" (although insiders tell me otherwise). *Wizards* was uncomfortably similar to Vaughn Bode's cartoons, and *Lord of the Rings* was uncomfortably similar to a fiasco.

He seems to be stuck on the rotoscoping that he used in *LOTR*. Rotoscoping: the tracing of live-action footage for use in animation. (At least, that's the meaning of rotoscoping as Bakshi uses the process.) His new picture, *American Pop* is, like *LOTR*, entirely rotoscoped, but the process is much more successful here. It still isn't really animation, but it serves the story and concept better; *American Pop* is a realistic story; *LOTR* was a fantasy, so the very realistic look of rotoscoping action looks better.

So does the movie. Although afterward, I was inclined to wonder just what the hell the point of the whole thing was, *American Pop* entertained and interested me. The script by Ronni Kern tells the story of several generations of an American family and of their involvement with popular music. Zal-

mie flees Russia as a boy, begins to work as a singer in Vaudeville (or burlesque? it's unclear) but a World War I wound ends his singing career. He marries an entertainer, later killed because of Zalmie's involvement with The Mob; their son becomes a jazz pianist, but is killed during World War II (while playing the piano). His son Tony becomes the central character in the film, and it is with Tony's wanderings that the film really comes to life. Tony (voice of Ron Thompson; I do not know who provided the live-action model) is a fresh and unusual character for movies. He's representing both the end of the beatnik movement and the beginning of the hippie movement, but is still a character unto himself. He's sardonic, innocent and vulnerable. I even forgive them showing him writing "Don't Think Twice." He has a one-night stand with a waitress in the tall corn country, takes up with a Joplin-like singer, and becomes a drug-addict songwriter. His son Pete (the result of the one-night stand) meets Tony, and the man and the boy go on to New York. In time, Tony kind of vanishes, the boy begins dealing cocaine, and with that nose candy buys his way into the big time. Finally, as the ads promise, one of them is a star.

But the point eludes me. If it's just a Story About People, we should know all of them as well as we do Tony; it's about people and popular music, a great deal of popular music is skipped over. Where's the influence of Dixieland? Of show music? Of Elvis? The Beatles? And so forth. I'm afraid that *American Pop* really has no point, although it probably did when the project began.

The "animation" is unimaginative. To introduce distortion into the drawings, the live action actors were filmed with a distorting lens, and this visual distortion was painstakingly copied. Only in the scenes in which an almost absurdly street-smart Pete dispenses cocaine to rock musicians does the rotoscoping seem "improved upon" by Bakshi's animators. The use of color, however, is excellent. Not

limited to reproducing a fantastic reality as in *Lord of the Rings*, here Bakshi can (and does) use color to express mood and importance. Except in some of the war scenes, I don't think that true-to-life color is used anywhere in *American Pop*.

Columbia Pictures is releasing this picture, and has heavily promoted it. Bakshi's career, to a degree, depends on how well *American Pop* does; he has a multi-picture contract with Columbia, but it's entirely contingent on how well this film does. It deserves to do well. Despite its muddled script and the non-animated animation, *American Pop* is a clever, entertaining movie; it's unique, and in Tony, has one of the most interesting characters I've seen in recent years. When Bakshi gets down with the dirt-and-grime of city life, he begins approaching his area of greatest ability; *American Pop* confirms this.

Going, Going, Gong

In 1957, Universal Pictures released a movie that has come to be regarded by many (including me) as a genuine classic of science fiction moviemaking. Although *The Incredible Shrinking Man* has problems--it doesn't really have a conclusion, just an ending--it is vital, engrossing and intelligent. It was also very popular, and its unusual title has resulted in its being one of the most famous movies ever made; jokes still are made on the title. So all in all, it's not surprising that the film would be remade; it is also not surprising that it would involve a sex change and emerge as *The Incredible Shrinking Woman* (in 1958, a sequel to the original, to be called *The Fantastic Little Girl*, was briefly considered.)

But what is surprising is that they would choose to remake the film as a comedy. What's disappointing is that the film would be so mediocre. All in all, this shouldn't have surprised me. Originally, John Landis was to have directed the picture, and from him I heard stories about how elaborate



American Pop is the latest Ralph Bakshi Film, a study of American pop music through four generations of a family of performers.



Lily Tomlin in a scene from *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*, which Warren terms an inept remake of the classic 1957 movie, *The Incredible Shrinking Man*.

the film was going to be. But Landis was taken off *Shrinking Woman*, the budget was reduced, and Joel Schumacher was assigned to direct. This may have been because, as stories had it, Landis had overreached himself. But it was probably because the first film written by Jane Wagner and starring Lily Tomlin, *Moment by Moment*, had been released to almost unanimous critical pans and miserable profits. Wagner also wrote *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*; although Schumacher directed, one suspects that Wagner had much to do with the film's direction. At least, I hope so. It'd be too bad for Universal if Schumacher is this awful on his own.

One of the central problems with the film is that, contrary to what seems to be the fervent belief of everyone connected with *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*, just the fact of someone shrinking is not hilarious. It is, in fact, tragic; shrinking is not just a metaphor for the gradual loss of power and authority, it is a dwindling of life itself. The best scenes in *Shrinking Woman* are those that are the most like the original film (which was well directed by Jack Arnold) and these scenes are serious, not comic.

Schumacher's direction is so inept, moreover, that although I felt that some scenes were supposed to be serious, a sudden change revealed that they were to have been funny all along. In particular, I recall one in which the kidnapped tiny Lily is talking to her husband (Charles Grodin) on the phone. He had thought she was dead, and learning she's still alive seemed touching to me. And then they are cut off by Ernestine, Lily's telephone operator character. This comic

intrusion made it clear that the whole scene was supposed to be comic. Also, Mark Blankfield plays a lab assistant who refuses to pay any attention to the tiny Lily, a captive in the lab; he seems slimy and offensive. Much to my surprise, I eventually deduced (which is the right word) that he was supposed to be a good guy. We were supposed to like him. But the writing, direction and acting all told us otherwise.

Schumacher (or Wagner) seems to have had the idea that to have everyone wear bright, solid colors and to paint the sets accordingly was making some sort of comment. Or maybe they thought this would look like a comic book. But comic books are clean and simple in color, not cluttered (at least the good ones are uncomplicated); the broad palette of colors plus very muddy film processing made *The Incredible Shrinking Woman* look like one long television commercial.

Which is ironic, because the central target of the satire in the film, if it has a central target, is consumerism and products. Our heroine shrinks because she is exposed to all these products: sprays, food colorings, additives, cereals, preservatives, etc. etc. She's also rescued by them, which not only blunts the satire, but makes it seem as if the ultimate message of the picture is that this profusion of products may be good for you.

The plot becomes as muddled as the photography with the introduction of Ned Beatty as Grodin's spineless boss (Beatty's always better when he can shout; he whispers here), as well as Henry Gibson and others as villainous scientists who are out to conquer the world. They will use a serum derived from

Lily's shrunken blood to shrink everyone they wish to dominate. This plot goes nowhere.

The special effects are variable. I suspect that the muddy processing was employed partly to hide the less good effects; I've been told that they were shot several times. However, because of poor choice of camera angles, we never have that feeling of Lily existing in an ever-increasing (to her) space. In the old film, Grant Williams not only shrank, the rooms increased in relative size around him. The best Schumacher can come up with is to occasionally shoot Lily from above. There's nothing to compare with the shot of Williams being pursued across a football-field-sized living room by a giant housecat.

Rick Baker, one of the screen's best makeup artists, appears here as Sidney, a friendly gorilla. Although Sidney's elaborate face is designed for a comedy, the suit is the best gorilla suit yet built, and Baker gets almost all the few laughs the film offers.

Lily plays two roles. One is Judith Beasley, a character she sometimes does in her act; she's the snoopy, friendly lady next door, a consumer activist and the ultimate consumer. She's not all that funny when Lily does her in the show--she's too unreal, never reminding us of anyone we know--and she's a disaster here. She has absolutely no function in the storyline at all, and it shows. I cannot imagine what the justification was for including her.

As the shrinking woman, however, Lily is excellent. She plays a very ordinary person undergoing a very extraordinary adventure. She never seems less than real and authentic. Her Pat Kramer is a



The demon Lucifer raises an army of the living dead in this scene from *Fear No Evil*.



Charlie Chan & the Curse of the Dragon Queen stars Peter Ustinov (center) as Charlie Chan and is billed as a comedy whodunit.

fine creation; it's too bad that she's buried in a film as misfired as *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*.

The Devil's Other Son

Counting *Rosemary's Baby*, Damien of the *Omen* films, and Simon Ward in *The Chosen*, Stefan Angrim in *Fear No Evil* plays at least the fourth son of the Devil to be depicted in movies. He's much less interesting than the rest of them, although the movie itself isn't totally worthless. Almost, but not totally. I have the feeling that the fourth or fifth film from Frank LaLoggia, the writer-director (and coproducer) of *Fear No Evil*, will be really interesting. Here, he's tried far too many things, and succeeds at almost none of them.

The story deals with Andrew, apparently the son of the Devil (Lucifer, here) who had been fooling around in upstate New York until he (Richard Jay Silverthorn) was impaled by an old priest (Jack Holland) who is apparently one of three angels sent to safeguard the Earth from the advent of Lucifer. Andrew is a high school student who is only vaguely aware of his heritage, although he knows he has a lot of power—he kills a fellow student with a basketball, no less --and at the end decides to claim his heritage.

Kathleen Rowe McAllen plays a classmate of Andrew, who, she learns, is the reincarnation of one of the three angels, and helps an old lady (Elizabeth Hoffman) battle Andrew. Who is raising the dead out there on an island with a castle, and also attacking (by long distance whammy) the audience of a Passion Play. He makes the audience's hair bleed, and cruci-

fies the actor playing Jesus. In the meantime, he grows breasts on a tough kid (Daniel Eden) who had been tormenting him. The film is crowded with incidents.

At the end, Angrim runs around in a filmy black negligee and a silly, pasty makeup, looking like a halfway finished transvestite imp. He shrieks a lot and occasionally turns himself into other people in an effort to sway the two people/angels from their appointed task. But good wins out in the end.

Fear No Evil looks as if it was first planned visually. LaLoggia thought of lots of Really Neat Scenes, such as the panic at the Passion Play, or the dead crawling out of graves (all on that island? that's the way it looks), or shadowy, smoky scenes of Lucifer running around madly. There's one very nice shot involving a shadow and a slammed book, and also a good scene of an old house getting older and older; LaLoggia is not without talent. He is, however, so far without discipline. He's thrown in elements from *Carrie*, *The Omen*, *Rosemary's Baby*, *Night of the Living Dead* and *Star Wars* (very flashy special effects) without attempting to relate them to one another. He must be so close to his story that he's forgotten that there are those of us in the audience who don't know it. And he fails to tell it to us.

In a way, *Fear No Evil* is more disappointing than many worse films. LaLoggia clearly does have some ability, but without the understanding of how to tell an effective story, all the talent in the world won't enable him to produce anything other than flashy light shows. Which, in the final analy-

sis, is all that *Fear No Evil* is.

Warner Oland It Ain't

While *Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen* was being filmed, Oriental activist groups picketed the production, and were frequently interviewed by the media; they were upset that 1) a new Charlie Chan movie was being made, because Charlie Chan is a degrading image for Orientals, and 2) if one was going to be made, an Oriental actor should be playing Chan.

I have never understood at all why Orientals hate the image of Charlie Chan. He's wise, dignified, intelligent, and appealing. Sure, he talks with an Oriental dialect, but people who were born in other countries and came later to the U.S. (even Hawaii) usually do talk with dialects, accents, and broken English. I do not think the Chan movies put down Orientals. I think the complaints about not starring an Oriental as Chan do have validity, however, although Peter Ustinov is much better in the part than I expected. His previous Oriental role was embarrassing.

However, there is still a lot to complain about with *Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen*. It is a lame, dull comedy-mystery, heavily over-directed by Clive Donner. The script by Stan Burns and David Axelrod is aimless and peculiar, and the music by Patrick Williams overemphasizes every comedy scene. The only genuine laugh in the film (involving a dog and a candle) is of a completely different style than the rest of the picture. The Dragon Queen (Angie Dickinson in unflattering makeup and long straight hair) is a red

(Continued on page 35, Col. 2.)

Magazines

A new fantasy magazine slated to make its appearance in July is *Fantasy Book*, currently in the process of soliciting submissions. It will begin as a quarterly with issues dated July and October, and will go bimonthly with the January, 1982, issue. The magazine will be a 100-page digest emphasizing fantasy over science fiction. The preferred range for story lengths is 2,000 to 10,000 words; stories may be "high fantasy, light fantasy, fairy stories, sword-and-sorcery, horror, (or) fables." Payment rates vary between 2¢ and 4¢ per word, payable upon acceptance. Replies in 4-6 weeks. Send submissions to: Fantasy Book, P. O. Box 4193, Pasadena, CA 91106.

Upcoming in the June issue of *Playboy* is a new fantasy story by *Gardner Dozois* and *Jack Dann*, "A Change in the Weather."

An update regarding the double issue of *Sorcerer's Apprentice* reported in *FN #35*: due to the loss of some artwork in the mails, the Manly Wade Wellman story is being held until a later issue. Replacing it will be an article on alien tongues by *C. J. Cherryh* and a new story by *Al Sirois*. In addition, editor *Liz Danforth* asks me to note that the Dilvish story by *Roger Zelazny* will be a reprint, not a new story. The issue is expected out shortly.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Fiction scheduled for the June issue of *The Twilight Zone* is as follows: "The Jaunt" (a long SF horror story) by *Stephen King*, "Deadline" by *Mel Gilden*, "The Way I Heard It" and "A Summer's Cloud" (two short-stories) by *Anthony Boucher*, "The Inn of the Dove" by *Gordon Linzner*, "The Dreamshattering" by *Mary Kittredge*, "The Fireman's Daughter" by *Phyllis Eisenstein*, "Waiting for the Papers" by *Alan Ryan*, "Scenicruiser and the Silver Lady" by *Peter S. Alterman*, and "The Assignment" by *Mitch Potter*. Additional contents include an interview with *Robert Bloch*, a photo preview of *Outland*, "100 Years of Fantasy Illustration" by *Stephen DiLauro*, "The After Hours" (an original *Twilight Zone* TV script) by *Rod Serling*, book reviews by *Theodore Sturgeon*, and film reviews by *Gahan Wilson*.

On tap for July are the following stories: "The Corn Dolly"

by *Eileen Roy*, "Luna" by *Georgette Perry* and *William J. Wilson*, "Smiley" by *Steve Rosse*, "A Thousand Paces Along the Via Dolorosa" by *Robert Silverberg*, "The Swamp" by *Robert Sheekley*, "Papa Gumbo" by *Ron Goulart*, "Escape" by *John Keefauver*, "Silver" by *Charles L. Grant*, "Camouflage" by *Stanley Schmidt*, "The Rules of the Game" by *Jack Ritchie*, and "The Dump" by *Joe Lansdale*, in addition to an untitled story by *Carmen Carter*. Other features include an interview with *Richard Donner* (director of *Superman*) and "The Eye of the Beholder," another *TZ* script by *Rod Serling*.

Tentatively slated for the August issue are: "The Hidden Laughter" by *David Morrell*, "Tiger of the Mind" by *Ron Wolfe*, "A Friend in Need" by *Lisa Tuttle*, "Identity Crisis" by *James Patrick Kelly*, "The Man Who Couldn't Remember" by *David Cutts*, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" by *Reginald Bretnor*, "The Tale the Hermit Told" by *Alastair Reid*, "Midnight" by *Sam Wilson*, "Four" by *Douglas Jermae*, "The Artisan" by *Lori Allen*, and part 1 of "Professor Van Helsing's Guide to Ghostly Literature." Also included are "The Odyssey of Flight 33" by *Rod Serling* (a *TZ* script), an interview with *George Romero*, and a film survey by *Bob Martin*.

MAGAZINE OF F&SF

Coming up in the June issue of the *Magazine of F&SF* is a new novella by *Robert Silverberg* entitled "The Desert of Stolen Dreams" (also to appear as a limited hardcover from Underwood/Miller in June). Also included in the issue are two novelettes: "A Winter Flowering" by *Dorothy Gilbert* and "Take a Midget Step" by *Felix C. Gotschalk*, along with five short stories: "Eucharist" by *Greg Bear*, "The Coming of the Doll" by *Pat Cadigan*, "If it isn't Love That Makes the World Go 'Round" by *Reg Bretnor*, "Transubstantiation" by *Gordon Eklund*, and "Skirmish on Bastable Street" by *Bob Leman*.

"Books" are by *Algis Budrys* and poetry is by *Doris Pitkin Buck*. This issue includes four cartoons and the cover is by *Barclay Shaw* for the *Silverberg* novella.

ANALOG

Slated for the June 22 issue of *Analog* is part 3 of *Dawn* by *Dean McLaughlin* (of 4 parts) and two novelettes: "Taboo" by *Phyllis Eisenstein* and "The Price of Survival" by *Timothy Zahn*. Short stories are "A Matter of Compliance" by *Michael P. Kube-McDowell* and "The

Hunter" by *Jerry Craven*. The science article is "Mars in 1995!" by *Bob Parkinson*, "The Alternate View" is by *Jerry Pournelle*, and book reviews are by *Spider Robinson*. The cover illustration is by *David Hardy*.

OMNI

The tentative fiction lineup for the July issue of *Omni* is: "Blind Spot" by *Jayge Carr*, "The Palace at Midnight" by *Robert Silverberg*, and "I Am Large, I Contain Multitudes" by *Melisa Michaels*.

Next fall, you'll be able to watch *Omni* on television. A series of 26 half-hour weekly shows are being placed in syndication by Mag-Net.

AMAZING SF STORIES

Scheduled for the July issue of *Amazing Science Fiction Stories* are the following stories: "The Hunter" (a new 'Horseclans' tale) by *Robert Adams*, "The Naked Mator" by *Roger Zelazny*, "Namesake" by *Elizabeth Morton*, "The Nosepickers" of *Dawr* by *Ova Hamlet (Richard Lupoff, I imagine)*, "Timestopper" by *Ken Doggett*, "Last Contact" by *James Patrick Kelly*, "The Passing" by *Rick Parks*, "The Butter Lady" by *Ron Montana*, "Raving Lunacy" by *Darrell Schweitzer*, "No Smoking" by *Robert H. Brown*, "At the Center of the Universe" by *Wayne Wightman*, and "Plumrose" (a classic reprint) by *Ron Goulart*.

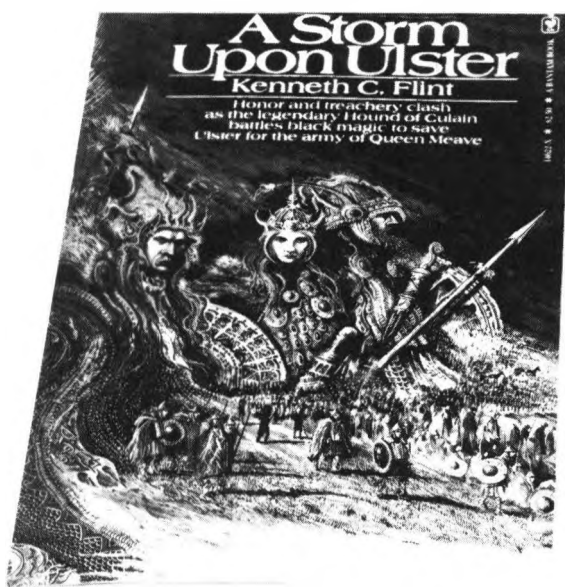
Features include an interview with *Bob Shaw*, "Is Speculative Fiction Afraid to Gamble Anymore?" by *Barry N. Malzberg*, "Opinion" by *Robert Silverberg*, "The Man Who Loved Mars" by *Dave Stover*, and "Impossible Numbers" by *Steve Aaronson*.

THE DRAGON

Now available from the editors of *The Dragon*, the monthly fantasy gaming magazine, is *Dragontales*, an original anthology in magazine format of new heroic fantasy stories. Included in the 80-page, heavily illustrated volume are the following stories: "The Wizards Are Dying" by *John L. Jenkins*, "Dragon's Fosterling" by *Ruby S. W. Jung*, "Out of the Eons" by *Gardner F. Fox*, "Sir George" by *Carl Pagliagrecio*, "Black Lotus Moon" by *Tom Moldvay*, "Honor Among Thieves" by *Roger Moore*, "Ice Dream" by *David F. Nalle*, "In the Darkness, Hunting" by *Janrae Frank*, "Just Call Me Albert" by *Martin Mundt*, and "Birth of A Wizard" by *Marie Desjardin*.

(Continued on page 9, Col. 3.)

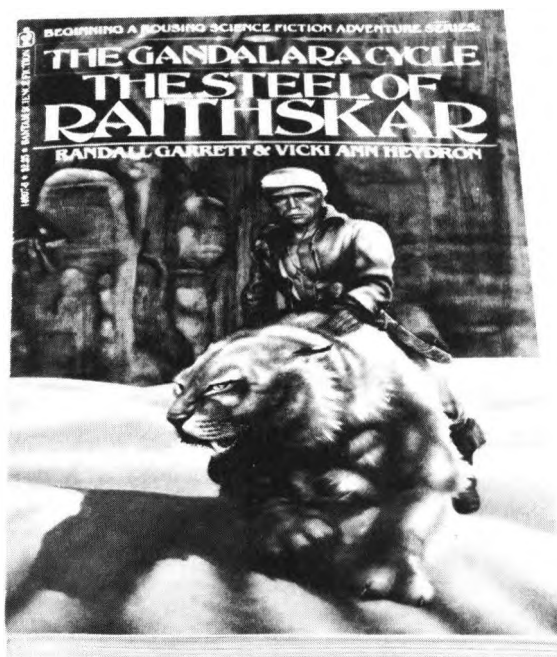
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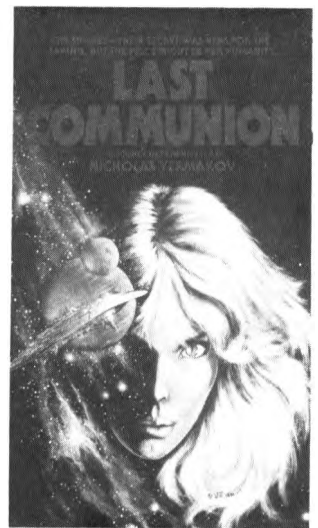
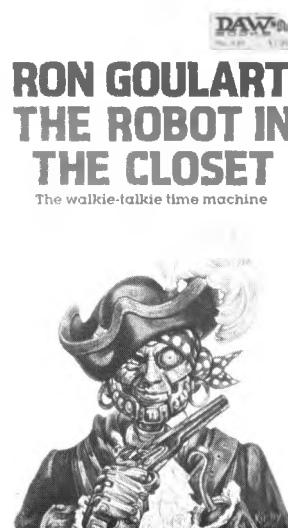
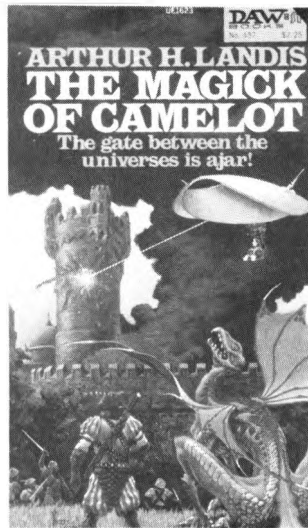
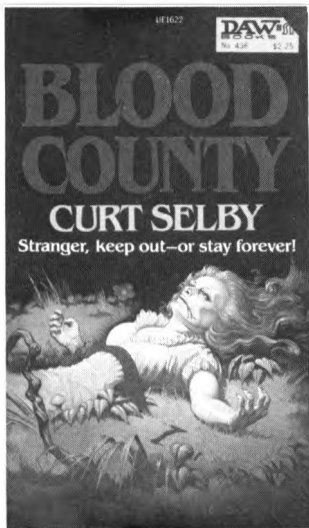


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Paperbacks

Cover artists: "Blood County" by Ken Kelly; "The Magick of Camelot" by Richard Hescow; "The Robot in the Closet" by Josh Kirby; "Last Communion" by Jill Bauman.



DAW BOOKS

DAW Books will introduce a new symbol on the back covers to its paperbacks in June, beginning its tenth anniversary celebration—a trifle early, actually, since the first DAW book appeared in April, 1972. The symbol consists of the DAW colophon superimposed over the number 10, with the legend: "Our tenth year leading the SF field."

Leading off this month's pack is an original horror novel, *Blood County* by Curt Selby, at \$2.25. The novel is about a mountain town of that name, a terrible secret that keeps out even the census taker, and a magazine reporter who wanders in to do a story.

An original fantasy novel I'm

sure will be welcomed by many is *The Magick of Camelot* by Arthur H. Landis, at \$2.25. This is his third humorous fantasy about Camelot, following *A World Called Camelot* (1976) and *Camelot in Orbit* (1978).

A third original for June is another humorous novel by Ron Goulart entitled *The Robot in the Closet*, at \$1.95. Are you ready for this?: this is a time-travel novel about a robot that climbs family trees. Typical Goulart...

This month DAW will have two reissues: *Lamarchos* by Jo Clayton and *Flow My Tears, The Policeman Said* by Philip K. Dick, each at \$2.25. Despite being a reissue, the Dick volume is being assigned a new title number, #438 (bibliographers take note).

SIGNET

Last Communion by Nicholas Yermakov is a science fiction original due from Signet in June, at \$2.25. The novel concerns the colonization of the planet Boomerang and the challenge presented to a survey team whose mission is to establish relations with the humanoid inhabitants.

Another June original is *Childmare* by A. G. Scott, another 'possession' novel, this time about some weird force that turns a city of teenagers into violent killers. Price is \$2.25.

Slated for reprinting this month is *Islands in the Sky* by Arthur C. Clarke, at \$1.95.

AVON BOOKS

Due from Avon in June is the fourth volume in *Roland Green's* Wandor the Swordsman series, *Wandor's Flight*, at \$2.75. The first three volumes in the heroic fantasy series were *Wandor's Journey*, *Wandor's Ride* and *Wandor's Voyage*. Coming next is *Wandor's Battle*.

Also scheduled is the third volume in Susan Coon's 'Living Planet' series, *The Virgin*, at \$2.50. The first two volumes in this SF series were *Rahne* and *Cassilee*, both published by Avon.

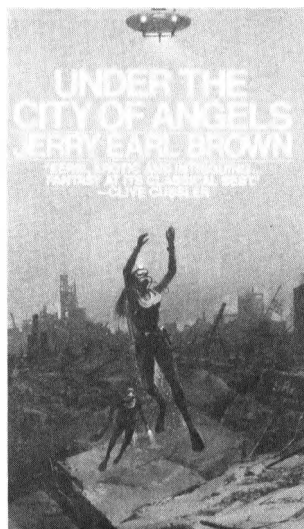
Two occult fiction originals slated for June release are *The Intrusion* by David Combs (\$2.25) and *The Trespasser* by Melvin Weiser (\$2.95). *The Intrusion* is about a man and a woman, each identical twins whose other twin has disappeared. Together they discover a horrible secret about a nightmare that exists in the bodies of all twins and threatens humanity. *The Trespasser* concerns a woman who was killed and returns 30 years later for revenge.

A humorous novel and a fantasy (of sorts) is *Two by Two* by Swedish writer Bo Beskow, making its first appearance in the U.S. (\$2.95). It's described as a bawdy version of the tale of Noah's Ark.

Also making its first paperback appearance is *The Castle of Hape* by Shirley Rousseau Murphy (\$1.95), the third novel in her 'Children of Ynell' series. The first two were *Ring of Fire* and *The Wolf Bell*, published in hardcover by Atheneum and in paperback by Avon.



Cover artists: "Under the City of Angels" by Lou Feck; "An Infinite Summer" by Don Punchantz; "Time Machine II" by John Melo.



BANTAM BOOKS

A science fiction original for June is *Under the City of Angels* by Jerry Earl Brown, at \$1.95. It appears to be an adventure novel in a future Los Angeles submerged under water.

Making its first paperback appearance in June is *The Humanoid Touch* by Jack Williamson, at \$2.25. The sequel to his earlier, *The Humanoids*, it appeared in hardcover from Phantasia Press and Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

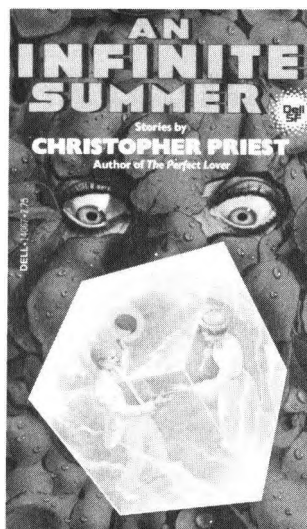
DELL BOOKS

Dell will have three new releases out in June, will take a vacation during July (at least from fantasy and SF) and then return with two releases in August.

An original SF novel for June is *Kinsman* by Ben Bova (\$2.95), set in the near future against the backdrop of a space shuttle program, it portrays the political intrigue of the space program. Naturally, its release is timed with the maiden voyage of the real space shuttle.

Time Machine II by George Pal and Joe Morhaim (\$2.25) is a sequel to the H. G. Wells novel, completed shortly before George Pal's death. In this sequel, the son of Wells' time traveller builds a new time machine from his father's notes and travels into the future to find him.

In Infinite Summer by Christopher Priest (\$2.50) is a collection of five stories that includes the title story and "Palely Loitering."



DEL REY/BALLANTINE

Coming in June from Del Rey Books is an original fantasy novel, *Dragonslayer* by Wayland Drew, based upon the original screenplay for the forthcoming movie by Hal Barwood and Mathew Robbins. A young apprentice sorcerer by the name of Galen, in post-Roman Britain, is chosen to put an end to the dragon Vermithex, who twice yearly has demanded appeasement in the form of a proverbial fair young maiden. Price is \$2.75.

A second fantasy original for June is *The Seven Altars of Dusarra* by Lawrence Watt-Evans, the sequel to his earlier Del Rey original, *The Lure of the Basilisk*. \$2.50.

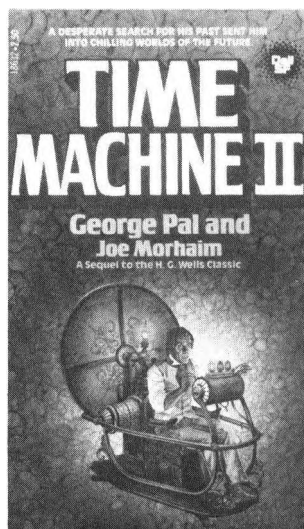
The third June original is *Space Doctor* by Lee Correy (G. Harry Stine) at \$2.50. It's described as a novel of future medicine taking place in the unknown frontier of space...where hospitals are thousands of miles away.

Reissues this month are *More Than Human* by Theodore Sturgeon (\$2.25), *Martian Time-Slip* by Philip K. Dick (\$2.25), and *Up the Line* by Robert Silverberg (\$2.50).

Slated for its first paperback publication under the Ballantine imprint in June is *Freddy's Book* by John Gardner, a fantasy novel about a 16th century Swedish knight whose destiny it is to kill to the devil. Price is \$2.95 (see FN #27 for a review of the Knopf hardcover edition).

ACE BOOKS

An Ace original novel slated



for June release is *Tomoe Gozen* by Jessica Amanda Salmonson, at \$2.50. The first volume of a planned series, *Tomoe Gozen* is an alternate worlds heroic fantasy steeped in Japanese legendry. It relates the adventures of a samurai warrior, Tomoe Gozen, in the imaginary land of Naipon, "a land of magical beasts and strange sorceries."

A science fiction original is *Systemic Shock* by Dean Ing, also at \$2.50. This is a post holocaust novel (not only nuclear, but biological and chemical warfare, as well) set in the early 21st century about a man who finds a soft life for himself in the religious-fanatic government that has arisen.

Making its first paperback appearance in June is *Combat SF* edited by Gordon R. Dickson, an anthology of 16 future war stories, priced at \$2.50.

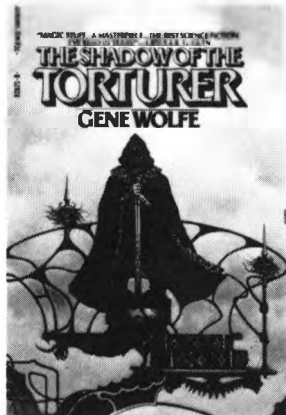
Reprints and reissues for June include: *Lord Kalvan of Otherwhen* by H. Beam Piper (\$2.25), *A Private Cosmos* by Philip Jose Farmer (\$2.25), *The Malacia Tapestry* by Brian W. Aldiss (\$2.50), *Breed to Come* by Andre Norton (\$2.25), and *Alien Art/Arcturus Landing* (a two-in-one volume) by Gordon R. Dickson (\$2.75).

Two nonfiction reissues of interest this month are *Dianetics* by L. Ron Hubbard (\$3.50) and *The Truth About Scientology* by Trevor Meldal-Johnsen and Patrick Lusey (\$2.50).

POCKET BOOKS

Hard on the heels of his second 'Schrodinger's Cat' volume, Robert

TIMESCAPE



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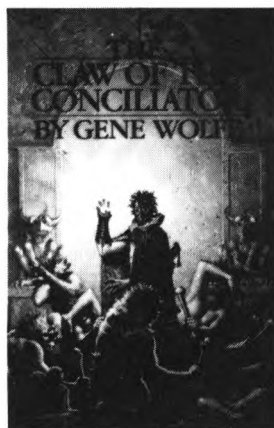
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COMING IN JULY
TIMESCAPE

by Gregory Benford

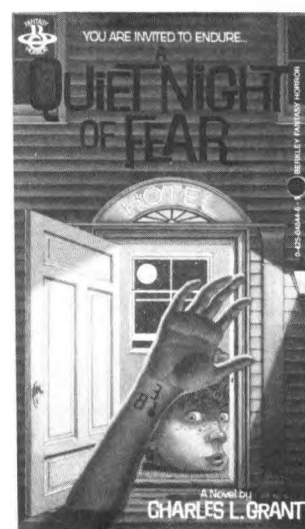
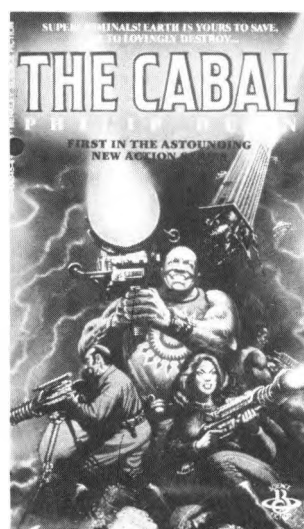
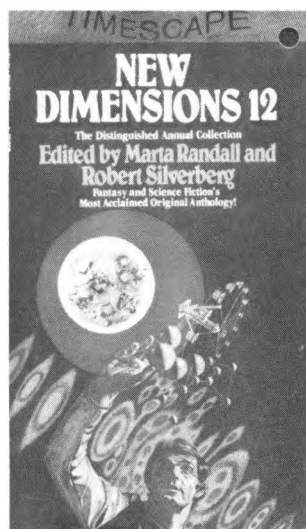
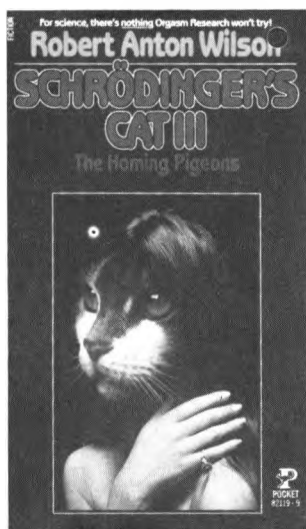
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...I believed totally
while I was reading."
--Anthony Burgess

TIMESCAPE BOOKS Published by Pocket Books

David G. Hartwell, Director of Science Fiction

The name "Timescape" is taken from the title of the novel by Gregory Benford, which will be published by Pocket Books in July, 1981.

Cover artists: "The Homing Pigeons" by Janet Belden Beyda; "A Quiet Night of Fear" by Jill Bauman; "War Games" by Alexander.



Anton Wilson's final novel in his fantasy trilogy, *The Homing Pigeons* will be a Pocket Books original in June, at \$2.95. The first two volumes in the alternate universe trilogy were *The Universe*, published last December, and *The Trick Top Hat*, published in May.

A new Star Trek novel scheduled for June is *The Entropy Effect* by Vonda N. McIntyre, at \$2.50. This is the first volume in a new series of Star Trek novels by popular SF writers, planned by Pocket Books.

Also slated for June is the newest *New Dimensions* original anthology, *New Dimensions 12* edited by Marta Randall and Robert Silverberg, at \$2.95. Included in the volume are: "Pain and Glory" by Gordon Feklund, "The Woman in the Phone Booth" by Elizabeth A. Lynn, and "Elifleda" by Vonda N. McIntyre,

in addition to new stories by Jack Dann and Barry N. Malberg, Michael Swanwick, Gregory Benford, Michael Ward, Tony Sarowitz, Juleen Brantingham, Peter Santiago C., and Carter Scholz.

Another original of interest this month is a mainstream horror novel, *Limb to Limb* by John Russo (author of *Night of the Living Dead*), at \$2.75.

Two science fiction reprints this month are *The Joy Makers* by James Gunn (\$2.50) and *The Lifeship* by Harry Harrison and Gordon R. Dickson (\$2.25). An occult/horror reissue is *When Michael Calls* by John Farris (\$2.75), with an introduction by Stephen King.

With the exceptions of the Wilson, Russo and Farris titles, all of these will appear under the Timescape imprint.

PLAYBOY PAPERBACKS

War Games by Karl Hansen is a science fiction novel set in his Hybrid universe about a man and a woman who meet during a war in the ice forests of Jupiter's moon. If nothing else, it boasts one of the best cover blurbs I've seen in a while: "Makes Heinlein's *Starship Troopers* look like a pack of cub scouts."--Edward Bryant. Price is \$2.50.

BERKLEY BOOKS

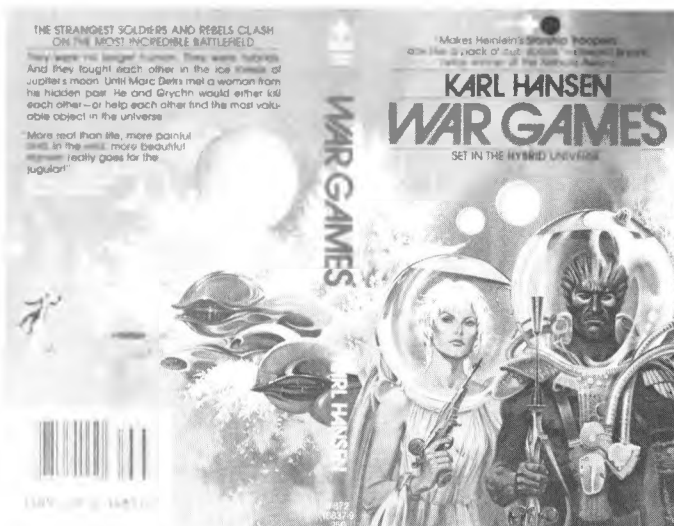
Coming from Berkley in June is the first novel in a science fiction trilogy by Philip Dunn about a 'cabal' of powerful super criminals. In *The Cabal* (\$2.25), invaders from the planet Calm devastate New York and other cities before the cabal is brought in to stop them.

An original horror novel for June is *A Quiet Night of Fear* by Charles L. Grant (\$2.25). The novel is about murder in a society where Androids have replaced human labor and is based upon a 1976 short story, "A Crowd of Shadows."

King of the Sea by Derek Bickerton (\$2.50) is about a man who has to choose between humanity and aquatic life and literally chooses the latter. It was a hard-cover original from Random House.

Another first paperback publication of possible interest here is *Crooked Tree* by Robert C. Wilson (\$2.75), a horror novel about a state forest that becomes "a bloody nightmare of inexplicable horror."

A reprint new to the Berkley (Continued on page 35, Col. 3.)



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SHAYOL

Easily the most professional of all of the 'fan'zines on the market today is *Shayol*, published by the husband and wife team of Arnie Fenner and Pat Cadigan. *Shayol* #4 recently appeared and is another elegant issue--beautiful to look at and interesting and entertaining in content. Fiction this issue includes: "The Change" by Ramsey Campbell, "Community Property" by Lisa Tuttle, "The Two Corbies" by Gordon Larkin, "All About Strange Monsters of the Recent Past" by Howard Waldrop, "In Silvered Shadows Are Born the Screams" by Charles L. Grant, and "Kings of the Afternoon" by Lewis Shiner.

Features include a portfolio by Hank Jankus, a profile of Leo and Diane Dillon, an article on SF in *Dimension* by Michael Bishop, an article on horror by Marta Randall, poetry by S. Dale and Michael Bishop, and "Leather Hobbits of Gor" by Phil Bolick. Additional artwork is by Roger Stine, John Stewart, Clyde Caldwell, Robert Haas, Victoria Poyser, Barry Windsor-Smith, Jeff Easley, Stephen Fabian, and too many others to list here.

The 56-page issue is printed on enamel stock, features a color cover, and is very reasonably priced at \$3. You won't be disappointed. The address is: 1100

Countyline Road, Bldg. 8, #29,
Kansas City, KS 66103.

NYCTALOPS

Nyctalops #15 is out from Harry Morris at the Silver Scarab Press and features the following Lovecraftian/horror articles: "High House, Shunned House, and a Silver Key" by Robert Pierson, "The Man Who Was W. Paul Cook" by R. Alain Everts, "Lovecraft's Old Men" by Peter Cannon, "The Horrible Doctor Hitchcock" by Michel Caen, "Lord Dunsany: The Plays" by Darrell Schweitzer, "Sardonic Fancists: Saki" by Ben P. Indick, and a number of book reviews.

Stories include "Among the Pictures Are These" by Ramsey Campbell, "The Chymist" by Thomas Ligotti, and "Dinner in Red" by Abe Surd, in addition to poetry by Neal Wilgus, Billy Wolfenbarger, Thomas M. Egan, Denise Dumars and others. Artists include John Stewart, Tim Kirk, Susan Dexter, and numerous others, in addition to the bizarre collages and graphics by editor Morris.

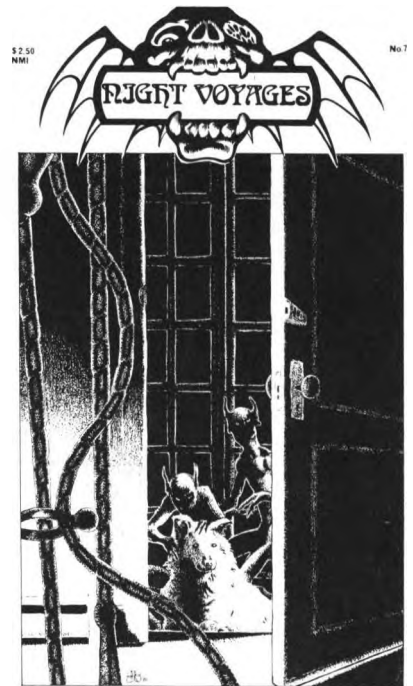
For those not familiar with it, *Nyctalops* is one of oldest and is probably the definitive magazine about Lovecraftian and horror fiction. The 56-page issue is priced at \$2.50. Two-issue subscriptions are \$4.50. Harry Morris, Jr., 502 Elm St., S.E., Albuquerque, NM 87102.

NIGHT VOYAGES

Featured in *Night Voyages* #7 are the following new stories: "Taking the Night Train" by Thomas F. Monteleone, "To Pull Down the Gods" by Wayne Hooks, "The Eyes and Fall of Jim Kurst" by Phillip C. Heath, "The Mountain Son" by Della Colantone, and "Basilisk" by David F. Nalle. Also included in the issue is an interview with Monteleone, "Sunslayer" (comic strip), poetry by Jessica Amanda Salmonson, and artwork by John Borowski, Randal Spangler, Brad Foster, Bruce Conklin, and Charles Pitts, among others. The 54-page issue is priced at \$2.50. Gerald Brown, P. O. Box 175, Freeburg, IL 62243.

MYRRH

James D. Denney, publisher of



Art & Story, recently sent out a free one-shot publication entitled *Myrrh* to subscribers who have been waiting patiently for the publication of *Art & Story* #3. *Myrrh* is a 28-page magazine, well illustrated and typeset, that contains two stories, "Dread Vintage" by Nancy Montensen and "The Star Sorcerers" by John Kelly. Also included are a comic strip adaptation by Denney of Ray Bradbury's "The Gift" and an article on SF films by Woodrow Nichols, "Star Wars and the SF Film Conspiracy." The edition is limited to 1,000 numbered and signed copies. To finance the cost of his free distribution, James is selling copies to those interested at \$3.50 each. James D. Denney, P. O. Box 9124, Fresno, CA 93790.

PAPERBACK QUARTERLY

Paperback Quarterly #12 includes among its contents a tantalizingly brief article on the Ace science fiction doubles by Bill Crider, in addition to an interview with writer Gil Brewer, an article on Dell mystery novels, and two lengthy articles on paperback cover art. Although the SF content is slim this issue, *PQ* usually manages to feature some material of interest to fantasy and SF collectors and should definitely appeal to anyone with a serious interest in paperback. Each issue generally features numerous paperback cover reproductions from the early days of paperbacks. \$2.95 per copy or \$8 per year for four quarterly issues. This latest is 64 digest size pages with a 2-color

cover. Pecan Valley Press, 1710 Vincent St., Brownwood, TX 76801.

STARSHIP

Featured in the latest issue of *Starship* (#41) is an interview with Robert Anton Wilson, "I Remember Derleth" by Sam Moskowitz, "Sins of the Reviewers" by George R. R. Martin, "The Grand Master: Robert A. Heinlein" by James Gunn, and the usual columns of commentary and reviews by Frederik Pohl, Vincent Di Fate (art), and Robert Stewart (films). Unfortunately, the issue also contains the late Susan Wood's last book review column; Richard A. Lupoff has agreed to return at least temporarily until editor Andrew Porter can find a replacement. The 52-page issue sports a humorous full color cover by Janny Wurts and has a new cover price of \$3. Subscriptions are \$10.60 per year for 4 issues. P. O. Box 4175, New York, NY 10163.

POTBOILER

Out from Canadian fan Lari Davidson is *Potboiler* #2, a blend of fan fiction and comic strips. Stories in the issue include: "Eugenia and the Necronomicon" by Albert J. Manachino, "Relationship" by Jeffrey Goddin, "In the Land of the Dwarfs" by Alisa D. Rovind, and "Wire Service" by Peter Cocking. The issue is printed in a variety of colors and runs 60 pages in a 7" by 8½" format. Price is \$2.15 ppd. Lari Davidson, 8471 Bennett Road, Richmond, BC, Canada V6Y 1N6.

SPWAO MARKET GUIDE

Now available from the Small Press Writers & Artists Organization is the 1981 edition of the *SPWAO Market Guide*, listing some 70 or more small press and fanzine markets. Also included is a supplementary listing of about 30 additional markets, including professional magazines. The 24-page, digest size report is priced at \$2. Order from: Allyson Whitfield, P. O. Box 206, New Rochelle, NY 10804.

OVERLOAD

Billing itself as "the adult fantasy/humor magazine" is *Overload* --a fan magazine I hadn't seen until issue #4 popped into my mailbox. This is essentially a fantasy and SF comic strip magazine with a variety of contributions by fan artists and writers. As I think I've said in these pages before, comic strips zine are not my

thing, but this one seems to be pretty well produced. This issue features a very attractive 4-color cover illustration by Stephen Fabian and runs 52 pages plus an insert. The price is \$2.50, ppd. Don Chin, 1951 Quaker St., Eureka, CA 95501.

NO SEX

No Sex is the title of a faanish fan fiction magazine now in its 13th issue. Included in the 68-page, digest size issue are two fan-written science fiction stories, a number of fan comic strips, and a lot of artwork. The zine generally seems to be a cross between comics and SF fandom. Frankly, this is not my cup of tea, but might be worth checking out as it is reasonably well done. There is no price listed in the issue I received, so you'll have to write for information: Capt. David Heath, Jr., HHC 4-37th Armor, Fort Knox, KY 40121.

RIGEL

James Ware at Aesir Press has announced plans to publish a new SF magazine entitled *Rigel*. The magazine will debut in May on a quarterly basis with a 2,000-copy press run. It will be 8½" by 11"

in format, complete typeset, and 68 pages in length. The cover price will be \$1.75 and subscriptions will be \$6 per year.

The editor of the new magazine is Eric Vinicoff. Featured in the first issue will be new stories by Greg Bear, David Bischoff, Tom Easton, Richard A. Lupoff, and Karl T. Pflock. Also included will be an interview with Ben Bova and a media column by Alan Dean Foster. Good luck! Aesir Press, P. O. Box 2523, Richmond, CA 94802.

A couple of brief notes:

Rochester fan Mark Sprague has put together a small board game based on the Cthulhu Mythos, entitled "Set the Old Ones Free." Price is \$5, ppd. Mark Sprague, 295 West Ave., Rochester, NY 14611.

Doug Fratz is returning to work on *Thrust* following his recent move. His new address is: 8217 Langport Terrace, Gaithersburg, MD 20760.

Strange Things Happen is the title of a small poetry chapbook published by Robert Medcalf, Jr. The digest size, 40-page volume contains 29 "weird love" poems. Price is \$2. Robert Medcalf, Box 171, Baltimore, MD 21203. *

On and on beat the wings, steady, incessant, maddening, like drums, like the throb-
bing and pul-ling of a massive heart.

With p' magoric swiftess snatches
of dull gr 'le illumination flew
before his 'hing whizzed past
his ear, whisp. 't went, leaving
the darkness in. if possible,
than before.

On nervous impulse, 's
fingers to the side. His han-
something wet, slimy, cold. Inst-
he snatched it away, with a convulsion. s
shoulders, as when one reaches into a pou- to
confront a scorpion.

In the blackness, thick, jelly-like fin-
gers slithered against his face. Something
whipped like a snake about his neck, and was
gone before he could even cry out.

Mysak could not fathom what they had
passed in the darkness. But it carried the
horror of half-remembered dreams, of things
feared in childhood, nyctaloptic things
dwelling in the shadows, breathing heavily and
waiting.

But it did not touch him again. And like
the rising of an unseen dawn or the enkindling
of invisible wizard-lamps, Mysak became aware
that the darkness was attenuating. being sup-
planted by WEIRDBOOK BOX 35, Amherst Br, Buffalo, NY 14226
crimson) your span

Distantly ahead, Mysak heard the rising
of an eerie hum, a high-pitched wail like the
outcry of a thousand pleading voices, the ulu-
ations of a myriad tortured souls. Long before
he saw them the sounds rose to a screaming
dissonance, an evil melody penetrating than

"Admittedly," the Chimera mused, "fresh
blood is tasty, flowing hotly from new wounds.
But then, on the other hand, age knows the se-
cret ways of enhancing the flavor of meat.
Don't you agree?"

Andalous merely nodded to the Chimera's
query, too dumbstruck and drained to do more.
"Good! Then it is decided. This night
we shall make a meal of the aged corpse!" With
a heavily clawed foot, the Chimera flung the
bountyman's cadaver aside into the shadows of
other headstones, as easily as a child's rag doll.

One swipe of a massive
from the coffin a good
rotten flesh, al-
which protr-
a week

"Andalous AND THE CHIMERA
the Creature commanded,
thrusti lds Andalous a thick portion of
the cadaver-flesh, stinking vilely in a state
so decomposed as to defy identification. In
trembling hands he held the piece, greasy and
loathesome, with its smell alone commanding
 seas of nausea.

Observing the hesitation on Andalous' part,
and the way he shirked, staring at his hands,
he Chimera spoke up. "Your appetite wanes?
Perhaps our chance meeting here, and the sudden
your span

of time --- has proven too much excitement?"
Andalous nodded sickly, his ghastly pallor
having been exchanged for one not a little
before hartreuse about the face.

"Fear not! I have confidence that it will
return hale and hearty. I know it as I
nd breathe! And I'll not leave this spot
does! Think of the happenings this
we must enjoy a meal in celebr"

sample cuts of goose flesh

from *Ebon Roses*, *Jewelled Skulls*

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All 8 Tom Corbett books, 1 set only; hdbk originals, djs, g to f, high bidder by June 30; Dan Hays, 733 E. 15th #10, Eugene, OR 97401. (503) 687-0320.

(Trade Books

continued from page 12.)

by Robert A. Heinlein, "Come and Go Mad" by Fredric Brown, "There Shall Be No Darkness" by James Blish, "The Loom of Darkness" by Jack Vance, "The Rag Thing" by Donald A. Wollheim, "Sail On! Sail On!" by Philip Jose Farmer, "One Ordinary Day, With Peanuts" by Shirley Jackson, "That Hell-Bound Train" by Robert Bloch, "Nine Yards of Other Cloth" by Manly Wade Wellman, "The Montavarde Camera" by Avram Davidson, "Man Overboard" by John Collier, "My Dear Emily" by Joanna Russ, "Descending" by Thomas M. Disch, "Four Ghosts in Hamlet" by

OTHERGATES--The most complete sf/fantasy market guide. Twice year, \$3/issue, \$5/2 issues. **OWLFLIGHT**--Alternative sf/fantasy magazine. \$3/issue, \$10/4 issues. Checks to Unique Graphics, 1025 55th St., Oakland, CA 94608.

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("The British Scene" by Mike Ashley
continued from page 15.)

with the new English magazine *Short Stories*, I urge you to do so. I reported its first issue (December 1980) last column. Appearing on a monthly basis (price, 90p), each issue has included a number of stories of fantasy interest. Issue two (January 1981) included "The Secret of the Growing Gold" by Bram Stoker, "Sums" by John Jakes and Richard E. Peck, "Cat" by Christopher Leach, "Dead Call" by William F. Nolan, and "The Body Snatcher" by Robert Louis Stevenson, plus--of associational interest--"A Love of Life" by Jack London and "At a Price" by Guy de Maupassant. Issue three (February) includes "The Friends of the Friends" by Henry James, "Helping" by Stephen Henry Whittell, "The Third Eye" by Robert W. Chambers, and "The Mystery of Room 666" by Jacques Futrelle.

The fourth issue (March 1981), not seen as I write this, will contain a story by Gaston Leroux, introduced by Peter Haining, and a rare short story by H. Rider Haggard, introduced by Peter Beresford Ellis. Each issue carries a directory of short story volumes in print, so many of which are SF, fantasy, or horror. The magazine is edited by John Ransley, 222 London Road, Burgess Hill, West Sussex RH15 9RD, England.

Ad Astra, which suffers from rumours of demise, is still going strong with a healthy (for this country) circulation of about 18,000. Issue 14, published at the end of February, included an exclusive article by Vivian Moore on "Saturn--A Ringside View," which summarises all the latest discoveries. It starts a column of American news by Gray Levett and presents three new stories by new writers, Alistair Bonham Noyle, George McIntyre and Irene Hogarth. In fact editor James Manning wants to concentrate on new writers this year and is planning at least three issues devoted to debut sales. If you want to give it a try, the address is *Ad Astra*, 22 Offerton Road, London SW 4. Manning currently has on hand a new John Brunner story, "He Who Fights," plus new stories by Robert Holdstock and Ian Watson.

-- Mike Ashley

Events & Awards

BALROG AWARDS

The 1981 Balrog Awards were presented at Fool-Con IV, April 5, at Johnson Community College in Overland Park, KS. Following are the winners in each category:

Best Novel: *The Wounded Land* by Stephen R. Donaldson (Del Rey).

Best Short Fiction: "The Web of the Magi" by Richard Cowper (F&SF, June, 1980).

Best Poet: H. Warner Munn.

Best Artist: Frank Frazetta.

Best Amateur Publication:

Fantasy Newsletter ed. by Paul & Susan Allen.

Best Professional Publication: *Magazine of F&SF* ed. by Edward L. Ferman.

Outstanding Amateur Achievement: Paul & Susan Allen for *Fantasy Newsletter*.

Outstanding Professional Achievement: George Lucas, for contributions to the SF and fantasy film genre and for the Star Wars saga.

Best Collection/Anthology: *Unfinished Tales* ed. by Christopher Tolkien (Houghton Mifflin).

SF Film Hall of Fame: *The Empire Strikes Back*.

Fantasy Film Hall of Fame: *The Wizard of Oz*.

Special Judges' Choice Award: Fritz Leiber and Jorge Luis Borges for their major contributions to the fantasy field.

7th WORLD FANTASY CON

The 7th World Fantasy Convention will be held October 30th through November 1st, 1981, at the Claremont Resort Hotel in Berkeley, CA. Guests of Honor at the con are *Peter S. Beagle*, *Brian Froud* and *Alan Garner*. Master of Ceremonies is *Karl Edward Wagner*. The convention's theme this year is in commemoration of Mark Twain, Jack London, Clark Ashton Smith, and Ambrose Bierce.

The convention chairman is Jack Rems, owner of the Dark Carnival bookstore in Berkeley. Co-chairman is Jeff Frane, Will Stone is director of art exhibits, and Dan Chow is dealers' liaison.

Inquiries about the Art Show should go to Will Stone at 560 Sutter St., #201, San Francisco, CA 94102. Dealer inquiries should go to Dan Chow at 690 Walavista Ave., Oakland, CA 94610. Inquiries about advertising should go to Jeff Frane at P. O. Box 2293, Berkeley, CA 94702.

Attending memberships are \$25, but will increase to \$35 after April 30, 1981. Supporting memberships are \$10. Attendance is limited to 750 people. For additional information, write: Jack Rems, Dark Carnival, 2812 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, CA 94705.

MYTHCON XII

Mythcon XII, the annual conference of the Mythopoeic Society, will be held at Mills College in Oakland, CA, from August 7-10, 1981. The conference is devoted to high fantasy, particularly the works of Tolkien, Lewis and Charles Williams. Guests at this year's conference are *Elizabeth M. Pope* and *Joe R. Christopher*. Attending memberships are \$15. Mythcon XII, 90 El Camino Real, Berkeley, CA 94705.

('Warren's News & Reviews')

continued from page 24.)

herring, and an uninteresting, overemphasized one at that.

Everyone except Ustinov overplays things. Roddy McDowall is capable of playing comedy on almost any level, but here way overplays the part of an apparently crippled butler. The late Rachel Roberts is painful as a screaming housekeeper, and Brian Keith blusters to no effect as the local police chief. Lee Grant maintains some dignity as Hatch's mother, but her part is so screwily conceived as to finally destroy the movie completely.

Charlie comes to San Francisco to investigate a series of weird murders. How he arrives at the solution is a bigger mystery than the identity of the killer, but of course he does in the usual confronting-all-suspects scene. Ustinov has very few silly things to do, and seems aware of the dignity of Chan throughout.

It's too bad the producer (Jerry Sherlock, also author of the original story) didn't have the brains to play the character straight. It's as if he hadn't noticed the world-wide success of the two Hercule Poirot films; they were played absolutely straight (and in one Poirot was Ustinov). The "camp" approach used in *Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen* is insolent and arrogant; it insults the material and the audience. I don't blame Oriental actors for being annoyed with the film (although there are lots of



them in it); it is a blot on the reputation of Charlie Chan.

The model for the picture seems to have been the Pink Panther pictures. Not wishing to make Chan a buffoon, Sherlock passed along Inspector Clouseau's clumsiness to Lee Chan, but failed to give any reason for it. Clouseau is clumsy because he's so earnest and so stupid. Lee seems to have a curse on him (not the curse of the Dragon Queen, either); things just happen around him. This is truly dumb.

I don't know what kind of business the film is doing; I hope it's not popular, because that would result in sequels.

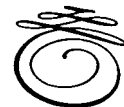
-- Bill Warren

(Paperbacks

continued from page 30.)

imprint is *God of Tarot* by Piers Anthony (\$2.25), the first novel in his Tarot trilogy. It first appeared under the Jove imprint just two years ago, shortly before Jove was acquired by Berkley. This is the first time the entire trilogy has been available from Berkley.

In reprints: Making a return trip to press in May with new cover illustrations by Don Punchantz are *To Your Scattered Bodies Go*, *The Dark Design*, and *The Magic Labyrinth* by Philip Jose Farmer. *Destination Void* by Frank Herbert is now in its 15th printing and *The Time Machine* by H. G. Wells will see its 37th printing in May. *



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