

# fantasy newsletter

#39 August 1981  
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# fantasy newsletter

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Fantasy and Science Fiction Field.

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# Editorial

I almost didn't publish the editorial I wrote last issue. I was tempted to merely dismiss the subject of unicorns at the World Fantasy Convention as a silly tempest in a teapot and forget about the matter. But since a lot of *FN*'s readers are artists and some (at least) enjoying drawing unicorns, I went ahead and printed it. Frankly, I'm still tempted to dismiss the whole thing as so much hot air, but I received such a nice reply from convention chairman Jack Rems (who may also by now wish he'd dismissed the damned thing in the first place...) that I'd like to share it with everyone. Following is his letter and, following it, a letter he references from Peter Beagle.

Thanks for your letter and the editorial. I suppose if you had to take it seriously at all, your tack shows your good common sense. You also summed up the problem better than I could have.

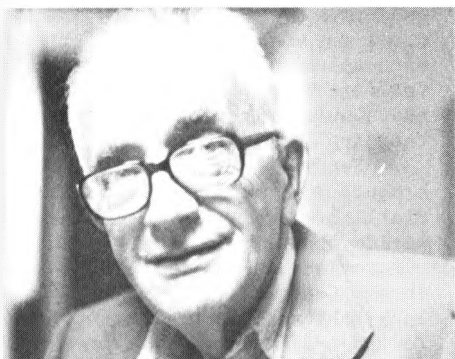
Please notice that the artist information section of the progress report says nothing about unicorns. Though I really do not expect any in the art exhibition, there is no rule against unicorns *per se*. Each artist's work will be judged on its merits as fantasy art, and included or excluded strictly on that basis. If, for instance, Gervasio Gallardo (who has been invited to exhibit) chose to submit a work with a unicorn in it, I am sure that such a painting would be accepted. The thing of it is--a picture of a nice looking horse with a horn is not fantasy art, is not even imaginative.

I still stand by my original "Word About Unicorns." 'Lancelot the Living Unicorn' will not appear (he doesn't go anywhere he's not paid), and I still think there won't be any unicorns in the art exhibition--though if there are, they'll be damn fine pieces of art, and I'll be as glad to see them as anyone else. My "Word" grew from seeds planted one evening over dinner by Peter Beagle. Peter is a dear friend, and probably only agreed to be a guest because he trusted me--he's something of a hermit, and likes his privacy. I didn't want this convention to be unpleasant for him, or for Alan Garner, whom I don't know but who probably suffers the same problem to some extent. Peter summed up his sentiments in an "open" letter to me, which you may certainly reproduce in *FN* along with this.

I'd like to state that this unicorn silliness has absolutely *nothing* to do with the art exhibition, which will be a three-day marvel and will have consequences (all of them good) more far-reaching than any other part of this or any convention. To any artist who wishes to participate, note that the deadline for initial submissions is August 1. All you have to do is send 35mm color slides (up to 20) of works you wish to exhibit. If you are accepted, work done after the deadline will also be considered. Include a short resume or cover letter with your vital statistics (name, address and phone number) and whatever you feel we'll need to know to judge your work. And if you include a postpaid return envelope we'll return everything. Send them to Will Stone, 560 Sutter St., Suite 201, San Francisco, CA 94102.

(To contact Jack Rems, write: Dark Carnival, 2812-14 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, CA 94705.)

(Continued on page 24, Col. 2.)



# ON FANTASY

## by Fritz Leiber

*Out of the mouth of the rat ... a Mistress of*

*Fantasy ... a Grand Master and what of it ...*

*the Gray Mauser ... a very large dog*

This March I was the grateful guest of the Second International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts held by the College of Humanities at Boca Raton, Florida. I like that Boca Raton--it gave me the first phrase of this column's sub-heading.

It was, quite simply, the finest affair of its sort I've been privileged to attend, a veritable banquet of fantasy, judging from what I managed to sample of it--only a few dishes, but they were choice.

A warm and pleasantly rambling keynote speech by Brian Aldiss; I'm going to have to read his history of science fiction, *Billion Year Spree*.

The charming symphonic suite *Starscapes*, composed by Sontow Sucharitkul and also conducted by him when the scheduled conductor was baffled by the notation. Reminded me in spots of Holst's *The Planets*. With Barry Malzberg playing first violin and Mary Beth Parrotta singing soprano wordlessly, or was it an extraterrestrial tongue? I also heard the versatile Sontow read one of his science fantasies, which emphasized the color, excitement, and imaginative luxury of the future. Heady stuff.

One of the films my son Justin and I were delighted to see again was Cocteau's fantasy tops, *Orpheus*, which I've always had the strange feeling should have run in Campbell's magazine, *Unknown*, perhaps because its charming and sinister visitants travel into and out of our world by way of mirrors, as did those in Heinlein's *The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag*. (I also think the script of *Last Year in Marienbad* should have run in *Unknown* alongside L. Ron Hubbard's *Fear*.)

And then there were papers and readings in profusion, art exhibits and books on sale; I picked up James Gunn's super anthology plus best history of science fiction I know: *The Road to Science Fiction* in three volumes--"From Gilgamesh

to Wells," "From Wells to Heinlein," "From Heinlein to Here"--published by Mentor, at a bargain \$2.75, \$2.75 and \$3.50.

And in the background the Atlantic Ocean, somehow still friendlier to me than the Pacific (I swam and floated around in it a wee), while Jupiter and Saturn marched nightly across the wide semitropical sky. I saw Canopus, second brightest star in the heavens, invisible from my home in San Francisco; also Alpha Lupi.

Just one example of the variety of the papers: There were four papers at the session "Olaf Stapledon in Perspective." Stapledon's monumental *Last and First Men* has been in my mind lately because of the Fifth Men's ultimately successful attempts to communicate with and influence the past by telepathy; Gregory Benford's Nebula-winning *Timescape* achieves the same end by a tachyon loophole in the laws of physics.

My son Justin delivered a paper at the session "Science Fiction and Possible World Semantics." (There were also fantasy sessions a-plenty: on George MacDonald, the Doppelganger, Golems and Robots, the Fool Figure, Fantasy in the Marxist milieu--Saints preserve us!--the Tarots, etc.) Justin read the King Kong in reverse bit (Heroine holding baby chimpanzee scales skyscraper) from his just completed second novel, *Beyond Humanity*; while I fell back on the balloon and black panther episode from *Our Lady of Darkness*.

I also attended the "Women of Wonder" readings: Jean Lorrain from her *Dragon Lord of the Savage Empire*, Jacqueline Lichtenberg, *Star Trek* historian, from her *Molt Brother* (wryly witty), and Marion Zimmer Bradley, from her *Mistress of Magic*, which impressed me mightily. It's the legend of King Arthur, with lots of blood and savagery, told from the points of view of the women in it. The passages she read held a fine balance between the pagan Merlin world and the Christian one, which coexist. This big work

is to be issued this fall in two hardcover volumes by Knopf and then in four paperbacks by Del Rey/Ballantine.

Bradley is certainly a fantasy figure to be reckoned with (as we say up in accounting). Her Darkover series has been coming along slowly, steadily, and surely for a lot of years now, until to my mind it surpasses even Andre Norton's wonderful Witch World. (And why aren't they both in the otherwise excellent *The Great Science Fiction Series*, edited by Frederik Pohl, Martin Harry Greenberg, and Joseph Olander, Harper & Row, 1980, \$16.95, 418 pages? Oh well, they're better described as science fantasy, and you can't crowd everything into one volume. Maybe a second?)

It's really wonderful and weird the mileage Bradley's got from those magical names in Chambers' *The King in Yellow*: Carcosa, Hastur and Hali, Cassandra and Cassilda, even surpassing the different use they've been put to by Lovecraft and the Cthulhu crowd, and the Leng and Kadath boys, though the latter fascinates me. From it came Fafhrd and the Mouser's Cold Waste.

I've just read Bradley's *Stormqueen!* (DAW Books, 1978), and it's the best Darkover I've seen yet. It's set in the Ages of Chaos and explains the general background of things Darkoverian before the Terran influence becomes strong with all the contrasts that involves, the early days of the great Darkover families when they're breeding their children for psychic powers. A fine blend of wish fulfillment and scientific reality, melded together by an overseeing deep psychiatric wisdom, which Bradley has in plenty--see in Chapter 3 the disquisition of the Father Master of Nevarsin monastery to Allart on how our fears and angers belong solely to us and are ours to express or not as we choose; see also in Chapter 11 the empathy of the monitor Renata as she attends the inner needs of a circle



of psychic workers--she's very much like MZB herself. The whole idea of developing and controlling mental powers to the point where they can be used in charging batteries and in mining on a metal-poor world--audacious! and with an unquenchable appeal to young and white-witch minds.

And then simply such colorfully magical things as the matrix jewels and the violet and green moons Liriel and Idriel and the cloud lake of Hali, where one can drown in dreams.

Another thing, Bradley's generous about her fantasy world; "she invites other kids to play in her sand box," as an admirer puts it. DAW has already issued one book of short stories by author-friends of Darkover, *The Keeper's Price*, and there's soon to be another, *Sword of Chaos*, with stories by Adrienne Martine Barnes, Dorothy Jones Heydt, Bradley herself, and others.

And she's versatile. Consider her huge (688 page) circus novel of homosexual love, *The Catch Trap*, Ballantine, 1979, \$3.50. As I said, an impressive fantasy figure.

The Conference on the Fantastic, to get back to that, honors Thomas Burnett Swann, who before his tragically early death managed to complete a wonderful clutch of mythic novels about centaurs, satyrs, fauns, nymphs, nixies and such, published entirely, or almost entirely, by Donald A. Wollheim's DAW Books: such heroic-pastoral fantasies as *The Not-World*, *The Minikins of Yam*, and *The Weirwoods* (which I recall reviewing a shade more enthusiastically in my "Fantasy Books" column in *Fantastic*

than I did Poul Anderson's delightful *A Midsummer Tempest*, which came out at the same time). Of course there were a bunch of papers on Swann. I certainly hope to be able to get to the Third Conference, next year.

Then late in April I flew briefly to New York City for the annual meeting of the Science Fiction Writers of America at the prestigious Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The sessions there concerned themselves muchly with money and how it comes, or doesn't, to the author. Seems that in general publishers are paid *immediately* by distributors and book dealers for books shipped out. (I didn't know that.) Some of this money gets to authors but most of it is put into a fund labeled "Reserve Against Returns," money with which to pay back distributors and book dealers for books they are unable to sell and so return after months or years. Naturally much interest attaches to how large such a fund should reasonably be, especially six months or a year after publication, or two years, or five years, or ten. And what authors or their agents should do about it. There are also, it seems, associations of agents. (I didn't know that, either.)

To one who'd always thought the Hotel Algonquin was tops in class (my father and mother were actors, you know), the tapestried parlieux of the Waldorf-Astoria were awe-inspiring, though I did like the old-fashioned homely convenience of glass mail chutes with brass entry slits on each floor. I had the Continental Breakfast in my room the two mornings I was there--"Much cheaper than just coffee and orange juice," Room Service assured me over the phone. It consisted of coffee in a small silver pot, a rose, imported strawberry jam and marmalade, and not only a croissant but also a brioche. I sealed those last in the plastic laundry bag and took them back to San Francisco with me. Along with a pad of memo paper with the W-A crest on it, very important looking.

I made one solo pedestrian venture out from this august abode, which lies between 50th and 49th Streets and Park Avenue and Lexington--west as far as Fifth Avenue, so that looking downtown along the north-south canyons I could see the inspiring forms of the Empire State Building and the World Trade Center, while looking down Lexington there was a wonderful view of the Chrysler Building, a needle-tipped crystalline spire. Tall buildings call to me. At the corner of 50th

and Lexington, just across from the hotel there was, providentially, an open-all-night drug store, passable for late-evening take-out snacks and a welcome economy if you're residing in a fancy-shmancy hotel.

Saturday night was the Nebula banquet 18 stories aloft in the Starlight Room. I've attended awards banquets held in mezzanine cafeterias. This was nothing like that. Centrally located behind the long table on the speakers' platform was SFWA President Norman Spinrad in a green velvet dinner jacket beside a very slim cat woman, Dore if I got the name right. I sat at the Ace table (sort of honoring Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser) between Ace editor Terri Windling and Lisa Stenyan, a microbiologist.

Spinrad had gathered a group of award presenters from worlds of awardee fringing science and science fiction--the Director of the Hayden Planetarium, folk like that. After a bit the attractive futurist Barbara Marx Hubbard got going about how this was a crucial decade for mankind, and how there would be a choosing and winning between the people empowered to meet the time's challenge and the slowpokes, and how great importance would attach to the first baby conceived and born in outer space--to the evident distress of Harlan Ellison and causing Somtow Sucharitkul to sketch evangelist angels on his napkin (he draws pretty, too), but if Isaac Asimov was discomposed behind his mutton chop whiskers and tuxedo he did not show it.

After a while I was called up to the platform to be invested by my colleagues with the title of Grand Master. I gazed down at my confreres' well-fed faces set like flesh-toned rosettes around the tables of snowy napery, wildly wondering whether with my white hair and new dignity I shouldn't sound off like a great bassoon, warning them in Old Testament-prophet fashion of the dooms and woes that might be visited on such an example of luxurious conspicuous expenditure and Lucullan feasting. Instead I got out my thanks to a mixed bag of absent people who popped into my mind as having helped me: Lovecraft, Harry Fischer, Judith Merrill, Joanna Russ, Jim Blish, Damon Knight, Bob Heinlein, Olaf Stapledon, and my late wife, Jonquil Stephens. Then I pointed out that the babe in space Ms. Hubbard had carried on about was prefigured in the Clarke-Kubrick SF film *2001* with its ultimate vision of the big-eyed embryo afloat in



the void. This tempted me into saying something about how the long, long, long landing strip needed by the Shuttle might be interpreted as evidence for the chariots of the gods--those long straight roads across the Peruvian mountain plains--but I decided I was becoming purely mischievous, so I hastily excused myself and climbed down. Later I was happy to be congratulated by Harlan, Isaac, and several others who have helped me as much as, or more than, any of the absent ones I'd mentioned from the platform, while Ms. Hubbard thanked me on her way out.

This break-point in my column is a convenient place to mention that of recent horror, fantasy, and juvenile adventure films I've seen, the best is *Clash of the Titans*. Harryhausen handles the Perseus myth even better than the Jason one: very nice gods and goddesses, an Andromeda who's a brave beauty, a sympathetic Beast in hoofed and horned Calybos (despite his seeming a newly invented entity), some lovely echoes of *King Kong* when they chain up Andromeda for the sea monster, and a little tin Minerva-owl fashioned by Hephaestus who's been programmed apparently by R2D2 of *Star Wars* and almost steals the show.

And now it's almost the end of May and I'm sitting in front of my typewriter, which rests on a long low coffee table, and gazing at the object I've stood on the end of the latter: the Nebula which was given me to signalize what you might call my grand masterdom. A barred spiral galaxy of glitter floats a-slant in the clear acrylic above a red, pink and brown mountain rock beside which nestles a palely banded small rock planet.

It's not the only such award I've been lucky enough to get. Beside it I've stood the 1975 Grand Master of Fantasy award of the World Science Fiction Convention, nicknamed the Gandalf and showing a dramatic bronze statuette of that Tolkien character 5 inches tall sculptured by Dale Enzenbacher. That award seems to be in abeyance currently.

Next to it I've set the silver-gray Easter Island bust by Gahan Wilson of H. P. Lovecraft that is the 1976 Life Achievement award of the World Fantasy Convention.

While behind these three I've propped on a chair the framed and gray-felted board to which is affixed the nonfunctional replica of a Mauser automatic pistol with grips painted gray: the talisman, you might call it, of the Fritz Leiber Fantasy Award for Outstand-

ing Contributions to the Field of Adult Fantasy. This annual award was instituted in 1977 by author Randall Garrett out of pure generosity of heart and a wicked imagination. In 1977 I was the sole recipient. In 1978, a special and unique year for this award, it went to two authors and one author-editor selected by Randall so there'd be enough of us to constitute a jury: Robert Bloch, Catherine L. Moore, and Donald A. Wollheim. In 1979 we recipients voted in, per plan, Evangeline Walton, whose novels of Welsh legend are a fantasy landmark; and in 1980, E. Hoffman Price, famed in *Weird Tales* and still producing--*The Devil Wives of Li Fong*, etc. And now we are in process of selecting the winner for 1981.

(Well, I guess we all know such awards are very chancy and unfair. There's always someone, or several, who got cheated. Or simply didn't live long enough--the T. B. Swanns. So perhaps it's

right and proper that there should be some capitious and quirky elements in the "Gray Mouser" award, reflecting the bland indifference of reality to our wishes and ideals, beginning with that "terrible" pun, as all puns are.)

Gazing with rapt admiration at these four items until I'm getting cross-eyed, I wonder what I'm supposed to do now I'm a grand master twice, or maybe four times over.

Issue drastic and astounding pronouncements from my 6th floor San Francisco eyrie, perhaps on the W-A crested memo sheets I swiped in New York?

Wring my hands in horrified anticipation of the awful dooms Fate must have in store for me after showering me with so many talismen of good fortune? I know of at least one, for sure.

Or maybe just keep writing, fiction preferred, trying to share the occasional and unremarkable insight or home truth I catch sight of, and doing my other little eyrie



things, such as exercising my voyeurism on Diana the moon and Aphrodite Venus and the other planets and stars and nebulae and galaxies on clear or least-misty nights (the fog, you know) and playing with my "dolls," my prized possessions, and other little indulgences.

Among my favorite "dolls" are the metal statuettes of Enzenbacher: right now I've got his appealing "Pirate Queen" out, also "Waltzing with Death," most morbidly lascivious. And he just phoned to tell me he's done a "Tigerishka," cat lady of *The Wanderer*.

And the soft sculptured ones of Lovecraft, Poe, the Mouser and Fafhrd that are the work of Susan Dexter, whose novel, *The Ring of Allaire*, is scheduled for November release by Del Rey.

Newest of these curiosa on my coffee table, most frivolous and self-indulgent, is an atomizer of verbena-scented Guerlain cologne to which I have affixed the following label on green paper: "VERBENA-- 'It cools the forehead'--Morris Klew." Klaw was Sax Rohmer's old white-haired "dream detective" who traveled about with his beautiful *chic* daughter Isis solving mysteries, many of them Egyptological, by

napping and dreaming a dream at the scene of the crime. Whenever the resultant psychic turmoil would threaten to become too great, Isis would spray his forehead with verbena while Morris would disquise on how it was the favorite perfume of the Romans, as Falernian was of their wines, and how it cooled and quieted the mind. In this technological age when even the most expensive *chic* scents are apt to be synthetic coal-tar products, I searched long for verbena, and when I found it, decided to celebrate my discovery in a playful way which can hardly be amusing to everyone or even many.

Besides employing my atomizer vigorously, I tapered off from last column's vast and steamy involvement with *Stephen King's Danse Macabre* by reading his new *Cujo* (Viking Press, 1981, \$13.95).

It's a novel of suspense, fear, and physical horror set in the same small town of Castle Rock, Maine, where Frank Dodd did his string of nasty girl-murders in King's fifth, *The Dead Zone*.

Like that one, *Cujo* fulfills the prediction John D. MacDonald made in his introduction to *Night Shift* that King would soon be writ-

ing good solid mainstream stuff without benefit of "spooks and slitherings in the cellar."

(But there is a spell in the book, written by a modern adman, and a horror image that outdoes E. C. comics, and something very evil in a cellar and also in a hidden little bat-infested cave that's never discovered.)

The only supernatural items, if you can call them that, are a couple of bad dreams that might be roughly predictive or telepathic and then again mightn't.

There are also no science fiction elements as there were in *The Stand*, *Firestarter*, and *The Mist*.

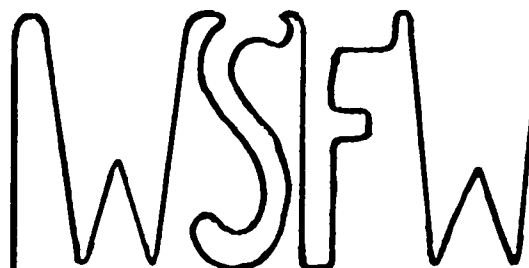
But there's a lot of use of what King calls in *Danse Macabre* "Society's phobic pressure points."

There's the adman in dread both of losing his one big account and also of the phobic pressure point that is New York City.

There's a woman afraid of dehumanizing young-mother and housewife loneliness.

There's a boy 4 years old terrified of the things he sees in a bedroom closet whose door keeps opening by itself.

(Continued on page 34, Col. 2.)



Brian Aldiss \* Gene Wolfe

Barry Malzberg \* James Gunn

## Workshop for Science Fiction Writers

**Space is**

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**details now!**

A limited enrollment, intensive workshop for writers of fantasy and science fiction will run concurrently with the Third International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts, March 10-13, 1982, at Florida Atlantic University, Boca Raton, Florida.

Each participant will have his/her work read and critiqued by one or more of the professional writers. Eight intensive sessions are planned over four days.

Applicants should submit a manuscript of approx. 5,000 words before January 1, 1982. Those accepted after screening may then submit an additional manuscript. Registration fee is \$150, meals and lodging not included. For details, write: WSFW, Humanities, Florida Atlantic University, Boca Raton, FL 33431



# Specialty Publishers

Artists: "Virgil Finlay Remembered by Virgil Finlay; "The Tanelorn Archives" by Steve Leialoha.

## Virgil Finlay Remembered



### MYSTERIOUS PRESS

The Mysterious Press has announced for September publication a special, 750-copy limited edition of *Cujo* by Stephen King, to coincide with the trade hardcover publication from The Viking Press (with a press run of 200,000). All copies will be numbered and signed by Stephen King and provided in a custom-made slipcase. Price is \$65 plus \$1 postage. Dealer discounts are not available. (The Viking edition, incidentally, is priced at \$13.95.) The Mysterious Press, 129 West 56th St., New York, NY 10019.

### GERRY DE LA REE

Due out in September from Gerry de la Ree, commemorating the 10th anniversary of Virgil Finlay's death, is *Virgil Finlay Remembered*. This 7th volume of Finlay's artwork edited by de la Ree will include 98 drawings from various SF and fantasy magazines, previously unpublished poetry by Finlay (written in 1945 while serving with the U.S. Army in Okinawa), and memoirs of Finlay by Lail Finlay, Sam Moskowitz, Robert Bloch, Harlan Ellison, Stephen Fabian and Robert A. W. Lowndes.

A 200-copy hardcover edition, numbered and in dust jacket, is priced at \$20. An 800-copy paper-



bound edition is priced at \$10. Gerry de la Ree, 7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, NJ 07458.

### CHEAP STREET

Cheap Street is a relatively new specialty publisher of limited edition chapbooks featuring new (or very scarce) material by popular fantasy authors. Its first volume was *Ervoool* by Fritz Leiber, detailed in FN #32 and still available at \$5.

Due out in September is *A Rhapsody in Amber* by Roger Zelazny, containing two new short stories. Despite the title, it is not part of the Amber series. The booklet will run approximately 32 pages and will be available in two editions. A "trade" edition of 297 copies will be signed and numbered by Zelazny and will feature handsewn signatures bound into stiff cover wraps, delivered in a printed envelope. Pre-publication price is \$5.50, which will increase to \$7.50 upon publication. A special 50-copy edition, with a hand-marbled paper dust wrapper and a cloth slipcase will be priced at \$22, plus \$1.50 postage.

When ordering the trade editions of these booklets, add \$1.10 for insured postage for each. In addition, Cheap Street is accepting subscriptions to its series of chapbooks for those collectors who

would like each with numbers assigned to them. Cheap Street, Route 2, Box 93, New Castle, VA 24127.

### PANDORA'S BOOKS

Just out from Pandora's Books is *The Tanelorn Archives*, an exhaustive primary and secondary bibliography of the work of Michael Moorcock, compiled by Richard Bil-yeu. This is a 108-page trade paperback providing the most complete bibliography of Moorcock's work yet published (it is far superior to the 1976 travesty published by T-K Graphics).

The volume provides an alphabetical list of Moorcock's books with complete edition and printing information, separate bibliographical listings of his shorter fiction and nonfiction, and additional listings for publications, editorials, letters, comic books, music and even movies. Also included are listings of works of fiction influenced by Moorcock, in addition to a bibliography of critical works and a list of posters, portfolios, games and other related materials. The \$7.95 volume is illustrated with numerous cover reproductions and sports a color cover painting by Steve Leialoha. Well done! Pandora's Books, Box 86, Neche, ND 58265.

### TWACI PRESS

Now available from Twaci Press is *Index to the Science Fiction Magazines: 1980* compiled by Jerry Boyajian and Kenneth R. Johnson. The 28-page, magazine-format index covers the acknowledged fantasy and SF newsstand magazines, including *Destinies*, but excluding *Omni*. The booklet contains complete listings of the contents to each 1980 issue of each magazine, an index by author, an index by title, and an artist index. A supplementary index in the rear of the booklet lists the fiction from *Omni* plus such magazines as *Playboy*, *Gallery*, and others that occasionally feature fantasy and SF.

All in all, this is a very handy reference tool and I hope the publishers decide to continue it with annual volumes. Price is \$4 postpaid. Twaci Press, Box 87, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, MA 02139. \*

# Trade Books



Artist: Caty Hull

BANTAM BOOKS

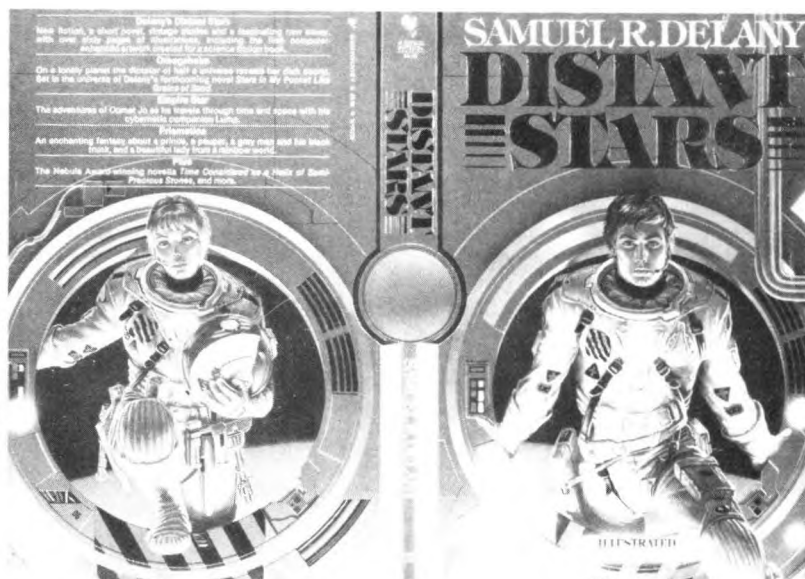
Due out from Bantam Books in August is the first of three fall trade paperback original releases, *Distant Stars* by Samuel R. Delany. This will be a 352-page, 6" by 9" illustrated trade paperback anthology of new and reprinted material, priced at \$8.95. New material consists of "Omegahelm," a short story set in the same universe as *Triton* and his forthcoming novel, *Stars in My Pocket Like Grains of Sand*; "Ruins," a fantasy that previously appeared only in *Algol*; and "Of Doubts and Dreams," an essay by Delany on how he writes. Reprinted material is his short novel, *Empire Star*, and four stories: "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones," "Corona," "We, in Some Strange Power's Employ, Move on a Rigorous Line," and "Prismatica."

The volume sports a wraparound cover painting by Michael Whelan and interior artwork by John Collier, Jeanette Adams, John Jude Palencar, John Pierard and John Coffey. According to Bantam, the volume also includes some innovative illustration techniques utilizing computer-enhanced artwork that blends into the text of "Helix." Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10019.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

Scheduled for August release from Houghton Mifflin Co. is *Laughing Space* by Isaac Asimov and J. O. Jeppson, at \$17.95. This is a thick, 640-page anthology of humor-

Artist: Michael Whelan



ous science fiction stories, poems, and cartoons, each introduced by Asimov, exploring the humorous side of SF. Included are works by Bill Pronzini, Robert Sheckley, Russell Baker, Theodore Sturgeon, and Damon Knight, among others. "There are satires, spoofs, outrageous puns, old chestnuts and new plums, tales intellectual and bawdy, something to tickle every fancy." Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, MA 02107.

DOUBLEDAY & CO.

Coming from Doubleday in August is the third volume in Stuart Schiff's original anthology series combining new fiction with some of the best stories from *Whispers* magazine, *Whispers III*.

Also slated is *Brinkman* by Ron Goulart, a science fiction novel about a young criminal sentenced to a forbidden city where only the rich are allowed to live. He later discovers his wealthy family had him brain-wiped and removed to the city. Both volumes will be priced at \$9.95.

A mainstream release for August is *Voyagers* by Ben Bova, a first contact novel about the discovery of an Earthbound extra-terrestrial space craft. Price is \$13.95.

June releases that appeared from Doubleday on schedule (as previewed in FN #37) are *Transfer to Yesterday* by Isidore Haiblum and *Universe 11* edited by Terry Carr, both at \$9.95. *Transfer to Yesterday* is an SF novel set in a future totalitarian society that has rewritten history to suit itself while outside the civilized cities bands of Revengers and Sloots lead primitive, outcast

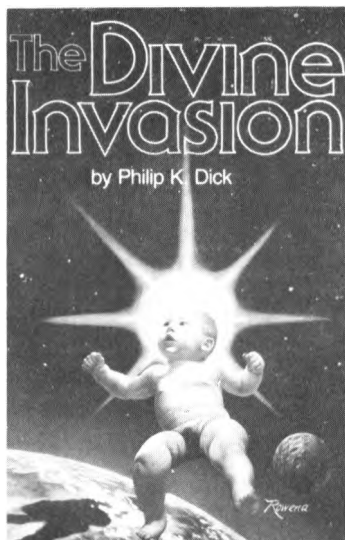
lives. Linking this world and ours is a group of people devoted to exploring the past and a Depression era private detective.

*Universe 11* is the latest in Carr's original anthology series, featuring 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 "Mummer Kiss" by Michael Swanwick. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, NY 11530.

GALE RESEARCH

Announced for July publication by Gale Research Co. is *Twentieth Century American Science Fiction Writers* edited by David Cowart and Thomas L. Wymer. The 650-page work, in two volumes, comprises Volume 8 in Gale's Dictionary of Literary Biography series. Included will be biographical-critical essays covering 90 fantasy and SF authors, written by noted experts in the field. Complementing the text will be photographs of the authors, dust jacket reproductions, and other illustrations. Also included are bibliographies of the authors' works as well as critical bibliographies. Six appendices to the book will cover such subjects as Trends in SF, the Media of SF, SF Fandom and the SFWA, a World Chronology of Important SF Works (1818-1979), Selected SF Magazines and Anthologies, and Books for Further Reading.

Some of the authors covered in



Artist: Rowena Morrill

the work include Poul Anderson, Isaac Asimov, James Blish, Ray Bradbury, Edgar Rice Burroughs, William S. Burroughs, Philip K. Dick, Harlan Ellison, Philip Jose Farmer, Robert A. Heinlein, Ursula K. Le Guin, Jack London, Frederik Pohl, Robert Silverberg, Theodore Sturgeon, and Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. The price will be \$116.00 for the two-volume set. Gale Research Co., Book Tower, Detroit, MI 48226.

#### TIMESCAPE BOOKS

An early June release from Timescape Books (Simon & Schuster) is *The Divine Invasion* by Philip K. Dick, at \$12.95. This is a science fiction novel about a future Earth ruled by the evil demon Belial. Rybys Rommey, a human living in star system C430-C430B, is chosen to bear the son of God and return him to Earth for the armageddon that will overthrow Belial and the powers of evil. Norman Spinrad describes the novel as "pointing the way to the new extended SF of the post-1980 period." Timescape Books, 1230 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020.

#### KENT STATE UNIV. PRESS

A late June release from Kent State University Press is *H. P. Lovecraft and Lovecraft Criticism: An Annotated Bibliography* by S. T. Joshi. The 475-page clothbound volume is an extremely detailed bibliography of everything by and about H. P. Lovecraft. Part 1, "Works by Lovecraft in English," is divided into sections on his books, contributions to periodicals as well as books by others, works edited by HPL, and miscellaneous works and apocrypha, totalling about 200 pages. A 50-page section details translations of HPL's works

## The Affirmation

A NOVEL

### Christopher Priest

Artist: Paul Bacon

while the third major section deals with Lovecraft criticism in extensive detail. The volume has five separate indexes to assist in locating information.

I'm not sure how many thousand and separate works and entries are cited here, but the amount of detail provided in this volume is immense, including even news items from foreign publications and reviews from hundreds of fan publications. The book is definitely a must for serious Lovecraft collectors and scholars. The volume is No. 38 in the Serif Series of Bibliographies and Checklists, Dean H. Keller, General Editor, Kent State University. Price is \$27.50. Kent State University Press, Kent, OH 44240.

#### CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Out from Scribner's in June is *The Affirmation* by Christopher Priest, priced at \$10.95. The novel is about a young man who loses his father, his mistress, his job and his apartment at the tender age of 29. Lost, he attempts finding himself through the therapy of writing his autobiography. However, his writing soon begins to confuse his real life with a fantasy world that begins to assume dominance over it. The novel has received good advance reviews, comparing it to the work of Borges and Pynchon. Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017.

#### ELSEVIER/NELSON

Out from Elsevier/Nelson Books is a new anthology of horror stories edited by Helen Hoke, entitled *Sinister, Strange and Supernatural*. Included in the volume are: "The Walking Shadow" by Jean Stubbs,

(Continued on page 34, Col. 3.)



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**A BALLANTINE BOOK**



# INTERVIEW

Karl Edward Wagner

Dr. Jeffrey Elliot

## Part II

*This interview began in the July issue of Fantasy Newsletter. Portrait at right by John F. Mayer, courtesy of Karl Edward Wagner.*

**Elliot:** In one interview, you stated that, as a young reader, you often identified more with the villain in a story than with the hero. What is the psychological appeal of such characters?

**Wagner:** Anyone who analyzed that would probably say it was childhood rebellion, adolescent rebellion, an identification with the aggressor. Especially for young people, it's common that they identify with the villain of the story. Without going into analytic detail, I always liked the villains because they were the ones who were usually doing something interesting in the story, who literally got the plot going. The villains were kind of heroic figures to me.

Captain Nemo, in *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, was one of my favorites. The movie must have come out around the time I was pushing ten or eleven. I really identified with Captain Nemo. Here's this guy who has lost his wife and family to some unspecified foreign power, but instead of being down in the dumps about it and deciding to join the monastery, he's made himself an atomic submarine, and is cruising around having swell adventures, sinking his enemies' ships right and left.

Then there was Peter Pan, the immortal bad boy. As a kid, I could identify with that. Peter Pan doesn't have to go to school, doesn't have to grow up. He can stay up all night if he wants to. He lives in Never-Never Land, fights pirates and consorts with mermaids and battles Indians, instead of having to get up in the morning and brush his teeth and go to school.

I can't say whether everybody has this feeling of empathy with the villain or not; I know that a lot of people do. People will say to me, "I'm not really sure if I like Kane, but he certainly is fascinating." Well, I hope he is fascinating, but I'm not really asking people to like him, like falling in love with Mark Hamill



in *Star Wars*.

The villain, at least to me, is the most interesting character. In fact, Kane was my attempt to combine things that I liked in various villains. Other writers do it by combining things they like in various heroes. That could be what

Ian Fleming did with James Bond. On the other hand the main strength of the James Bond books, and the movies, too, has been the villains.

As a rule, the villain is someone who is extremely intelligent--an expert criminal, an arch-fiend, a master genius--and who is

somewhat weak, usually an old man. Fu Manchu, for example, is one of my favorite villains. He always had to have henchmen do his dirty work, though. He could never really wade in there where the blood was thickest, and dispatch people with blows right and left. Sometimes, the villains are the big, dumb brutal ones--the Lee Marvin types. These are the heavies who have physical power, but no brains. And then there are the nice, little, suave, nasty villains, like Peter Lorre or Charles Laughton, for example, who can invite their victims to dinner, sit there drinking fine wines and quoting choice bits of poetry, and planning on vivisectioning them within the next fifteen minutes before the soup is served.

Kane is a sort of combination of all of these. He's a master genius, who also is powerful enough to handle his end of the fight and then some--and then, along with the intellectualism, has a psychotic streak in him, kind of a combination of Fu Manchu and Dracula and Billy the Kid, with maybe a touch of the giant from "Jack, the Giant Killer."

I do see evidence that people tend to be more fascinated with the villain than the hero. You'd be hard-pressed to find anyone in the U.S. who hasn't heard of Dracula. But if you ask the man in the street who Jonathan Harker is, virtually no one would know. You remember the arch-fiends, but the poor, beleaguered heroes who spend the whole novel trying to undo what the villain is doing, you can't even recall their names.

*Elliot:* What makes Kane such a memorable character? Why is he so popular with readers?

*Wagner:* Any series character is going to get a following. Collectors tend to be obsessive-compulsives who want the "entire set." *Darkness Weaves*, when it came out from Powell in 1970, languished on a few porno stands and disappeared. Then, when Kane caught on and people began finding out that there was an earlier Kane book that no one had read, I had dealers tell me they had waiting lists of maybe twenty-five customers wanting that book.

Maybe Kane inspires a fanatical following, because he's a *different* series character. A lot of people identify with a character who is a rebel and gets away with it. Kane is a character for the modern age, a unique character, not a pseudo-Frodo or a pseudo-Conan. Kane knows that he has been

damned by his god. He's not about to turn to religion and try to beg forgiveness. Next time God sees him coming, God better run.

*Elliot:* How do you view those critics who fault the Kane series for excessive violence? How legitimate is that charge?

*Wagner:* "Gratuitous violence," I think, is the term that has been used in association with Kane. I maintain that it's not gratuitous--it's essential to the story.

The Kane books are certainly very violent, and if violence isn't your thing, read about Hobbits. I do, however, feel that Kane is a realistic portrayal of violence. There are a lot of different types of epic fantasy, which is one of the reasons I hate the term "sword and sorcery." If you like fairyland fantasy with beautiful princesses and enchanted castles and dashing young minstrels and cute fairies and elves, that's one sub-genre of epic fantasy, and you're welcome to it. On the other hand, if you read a Kane book and are appalled because people are fighting with edged weapons and getting cut, don't call it "gratuitous violence." Simply say that it's not your thing, and if you don't want to read it, go read another fairyland fantasy book, instead.

Sam Peckinpah again becomes an irresistible analogy. He's been criticized for "gratuitous violence," because in *The Wild Bunch*, when people are being shot with .45s and shotguns, there's a splash of blood and the person is knocked head over heels. But this is what really happens when you get hit at close range with a load of double-ought buck, as opposed to the old westerns where somebody gets shot by a .45 at point-blank range, clutches his chest and says, "Oh, you got me!", and slowly crumbles to the floor.

Some fans think that armed warriors, swinging swords at one another, can fight a battle without anybody being hurt. You cut your finger peeling a potato, and it hurts. Imagine that you've just been slashed with a six-foot long sword, and it's your entrails that you're looking at. People start swinging edged weapons, and things have a way of being cut off and cut open, and people bleed a lot when they're taken apart. Combat *is* violent, and that's the reality of it.

*Dark Crusade* probably drew the most fire for "gratuitous violence." The book itself was inspired by the wars of religion in



Europe. Over the period of centuries, civilized people destroyed towns, laid waste to other countries, killed and tortured millions--all in the name of religion. Was the violence in *Dark Crusade* an unrealistic portrayal of religious war? If you think so, talk to the Huguenots after the Saint Bartholomew's Day Massacre. Ask them if violence was a realistic mode of expression in religious argument. You need only go back to World War II, when, if you were Jewish, into the oven you went. Reality was the nightmarish absurdity of six million people being killed because of their ancestry. If you write a novel about World War II, should you be accused of "gratuitous violence" because you mention the Holocaust? Or because you mention that a flamethrower cooks people alive when it hits them? This is violence, certainly, but it's realistic. If this sort of realism offends you, watch "The Waltons." Take fantasy instead of reality.

*Elliot:* How would you respond to the charge, made by some critics, that Kane hasn't caught up with the women's movement--that women are treated in the series as subservient to men?

*Wagner:* Any critic saying that has definitely never read any of my work. That's a criticism that you could level at Howard, but then Howard was writing for the pulp audience of the '30s, when pulp heroines were, by editorial decree, no more than beautiful things to be rescued.

As a matter of fact, some of my friends who are active in women's lib, including friends who are militant lesbians, have rather liked the women in the Kane series

because they weren't the standard "Conan, oh, save me, save me!" types. For example, the character, Teres, in *Bloodstone*, is certainly a liberated woman. Teres is a woman who is very much in charge of things; she certainly leads her own life and is not subservient to anyone. I think that you could say that Teres is the first liberated woman to appear in an epic fantasy novel--and by that I don't mean she's simply Conan in drag. The female lead in *Dark Crusade* is, again, a person who does not follow the standard fantasy cliches. Kane doesn't go about rescuing women, which is a standard plot in sword

and sorcery stories.

However, because some critics label a book as "sword and sorcery," they automatically assume they already know what it's going to be about. And they *never* read the damned book, because they don't like sword and sorcery. Critics are the first to judge a book by its cover and look no further. I read an astonishing review of *Bloodstone* where the reviewer was not at all familiar with the character or any earlier books, and started writing the review as a diatribe against pseudo-Conan trash. About half way through the review, he evidently started to read the book.

He completely changed his opinion of the book and the character, but he didn't have the afterthought to go back and correct the misinformation he was ladling out with invective in the first half of the review, *before* he ever read the book and found out that *Bloodstone* was not another "Bongo the Barbarian Rescues the Princess" novel.

The women in Kane are very independent characters. Kane is *not* a romantic lead, nor do the Kane books follow the old formula of boy-meets-girl and so on. I don't think there's any way someone could read a Kane book and say that the women are the helpless-girl stereotypes. A criticism might be made that the women in the Kane stories are frequently amoral, calculating, and quite ruthless, but *not* that they are simpering girls in diaphanous gowns.

*Elliot:* In an interview, a few years back, you stated: "Ten years from now, I may grow up and find I want to do something significant for society other than write this escapist, juvenile fare." Is this how you really feel about what you're writing?

*Wagner:* No. I was being sarcastic with that comment. When you go into free-lance writing after already having set up a nice medical career, you have a feeling that, "Gosh, I'm having a good time. There must be something bad about this." Some people that would bother. It doesn't bother me. It's sort of like being on an endless summer vacation, and you keep thinking that eventually it will be the end of August and you'll have to go back to school or have to start earning a living or something. It's the old view that you shouldn't enjoy what you're doing. Working for a living is supposed to be drudgery, something you hate. Very rarely do you find people who are doing what they want to in life, and who are making a living doing it. Right now, I am. My opinions or attitudes may change, and I may someday be sitting behind a desk in a three-piece gray suit and a narrow tie, advising my young patients that they ought to make something out of themselves in life and not to give rein to their day-dream fantasies. Right now, I doubt it. At the beginning of *Peter Pan*, Barrie writes that "all children but one grow up." I'm like Peter Pan. I may be the one who has never grown up.

*Elliot:* How do you select the names for your characters? Where do they originate?

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*Wagner:* Generally, they're imaginative. There are a number of approaches you can take on names. One of the things that Howard did in the Conan series was to give the characters semi-mythical names, for the most part. He said that the names would sound familiar because we still had vague memories of this earlier age. That's why some of his characters have Latin names, some have Spanish names, some have Italian names, and some of the place names are almost real place names--instead of India, you have Vendhya. I find this irritating. It's the sort of thing a kid does--garbled borrowings from stories and movies without any real awareness as to what's appropriate.

Another approach is what Tolkien did, where you're almost creating your own language, but using a really well-researched, scholarly basis in Celtic myth and Celtic languages. It comes across authentic as all hell, although you may need a glossary.

Still, another approach is to try to create names that do not have an immediate identification with a classical or medieval European milieu, which is what I usually try to do. One of the cliches of "sword and sorcery" is that you usually have a pseudo-Arabian Nights setting, or a pseudo-Classical setting, or maybe a pseudo-Nordic setting. The Kane stories are set on different continents in an age before history begins. It wouldn't make sense for the names to sound like something out of Bullfinch's *Mythology*.

*Elliot:* As you view it, what part of being a fantasy writer is learned, and what part is innate?

*Wagner:* It would certainly vary with each writer. I'm one who believes very firmly that you have to have the ability to write within you, or else all the creative writing classes you take and the authors whom you study will avail you nothing. It's a lot like being an artist. You can take art history courses, study the works of the masters, and speak about art in the most expert manner, but you still couldn't create a memorable painting. You have to have something in you, some ability to tell a story, to communicate ideas, to take what is in your head and put it on paper in recognizable fashion so that the reader will be able to recreate in his imagination what you were saying. You've got to have that talent, or else taking creative writing classes and studying Russian authors won't help you.

I was a History major as an undergraduate, then attended medical school for my professional training. The only creative writing courses I've attended were a couple that I'd been asked to sit in on and explain what it is to be a "writer." Maybe if you read my stuff, you'll say, "*Obviously*, he's never had a creative writing class." On the other hand, you do have to have a certain amount of technical skill. Otherwise, all you may do is come up with some great idea, but never be able to communicate it because you lack the technical skills required to write prose fiction.

Technique is something that you'll pick up, though, if you've got both the talent that it takes to write and the drive, the determination, or killer instinct, whatever it takes to keep working at it until you get it right. For myself, I picked up technique by reading a lot of other writers whose work I enjoyed. I'd find myself reading things I disliked, and wondering, "Why didn't I like that?" When I read things I liked, I thought, "Is this an effect I can duplicate? Is this an effect I can use in my own writing?"

Early on, a lot of fantasy fans read Lovecraft. They think, "Boy, Lovecraft is great." So they sit down and start writing stories, using four or five adjectives for each noun, and manage to say "eldritch," "blasphemous," and "squamous" at least three times in each paragraph. They are trying to duplicate the more glaring aspects of Lovecraft's prose technique, but that's not really what's good in Lovecraft. I'm fond of him, although I admit that he's a terrible stylist. To my mind, what's impressive about Lovecraft is his profound cosmic negativism: the idea that mankind is confronted by horrors that are completely beyond his comprehension, forces against which he is powerless, and when he begins to realize these horrors exist, they inevitably destroy him.

*Elliot:* Speaking of technique, how conscious of technique are you as you write? Is experimentation an important objective?

*Wagner:* I'm very conscious of technique, and very interested in experimenting with it. With the stories in *Night Winds*, for example, each one is an experiment in technique or theme. In "Undertow," time is out of sequence. I did that to create a deliberate nightmarish effect in the story. Robert W. Chambers is said to have created



A 1971 photo of Karl astride his Norton.

deliberate barriers to final comprehension--rather like an artist who chooses to draw a formless, nebulous horror instead of, say, a carefully delineated werewolf. There are times when you want to do one, and times when you want to do the other. If all of your horrors are vague and formless, your readers will decide that you don't really know what's happening yourself. In "Sing a Last Song of Valdesse," Kane is off-stage, but is central to the story. He is incognito, seated among a group of travelers who are discussing Kane as a legend, and his identity and presence are essential to the denouement.

One reason that I like to write epic fantasy is that there is a lot of room for experimentation in the genre. It has the

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potential to be the most imaginative genre of any of them. In epic fantasy, you can create your own universe, and you can make your own rules--just so long as the result is convincing. It makes me mad when some critics dismiss the genre as simple-minded fare, "thud-and-blunder" stories for nine-year-olds. Some books may be that way, but you still have many other writers--Le Guin, Zelazny, Vance, Peake, to name just a few--who are not writing that sort of epic fantasy. You can't judge a genre by considering only the worst examples of it. If you do, you're a far bigger fool than the writers you're sneering at.

*Elliot:* How would you describe your audience? Do you write with a particular reader in mind?

*Wagner:* Actually, I write with myself in mind, and I hope that if it's a successful story, it will appeal to enough readers to be worth their attention as well. Usually in a story, I'm trying to achieve a certain effect. I'm writing something that interests me. I don't start by thinking, "Well, let's see, the average reader of a sword and sorcery story is a thirteen-year-old with forty-seven pimples and vocabulary of a six-year-old. Therefore, this story should be keyed to a grade-school detention hall audience."

The Kane stories are written on multiple levels. I hope the reader can pick up the book and you bog down the action in the fights." They prefer a story where a bunch of men get their swords and

armor, jump on their horses and ride out and fight, and, by the end read it through without being bored. For many fans, it's enough that there's plenty of action, a couple of plot twists, and it's a good read. But there are other fans who have gone through and reread these books half a dozen times or so, picking up new little head trips each time. There's a lot of in-joke stuff in the Kane stories. For example, chapter titles are frequently taken from songs or from other book titles, and worked in for readers to boggle over. If you want to find deeper symbolism or hidden meaning, you can play that game, too. There are people who read deep symbolism into stuff, sometimes even when the author claims there was no symbolism intended.

The Kane books are intended for sophisticated audiences. I'm hoping for a bit more than the standard "Give me a sword fight on every other page and kill a monster each chapter" type of audience. I've had military buffs who have read *Dark Crusade* tell me that the cavalry techniques are very convincingly portrayed. I spent about six months researching heavy cavalry, the pre-firearms period. On the other hand, I've had fans say, "You spend so much time on detail, of the day, only the good guys are left standing. If I don't like what I'm doing, it doesn't get written. That's one reason why I'm such a notoriously slow writer. If it's a successful book, it's the way I wanted it to be."

*Elliot:* How concerned are you with impact? How would you like to affect your reader?

*Wagner:* I think that any writer would like to have his work be remembered. This goes back to the basic egotism of a writer. It's nice to think that what you have to say is so good that somebody wants to read it. It's even nicer to think that people may want to read it for years to come.

I think that Kane has already made an impact on the genre. The character is recognized as an original one, the books are considered innovative. As proof that Kane has arrived, I now have imitators. Whether or not my books are still in print twenty years from now, I think there will be hardcore fantasy fans who will remember Kane and will still have battered copies of the books around on their shelves.

*Elliot:* Do you have to be in a particular mood to write? For

example, do you have to feel gloomy in order to write something down--beat?

*Wagner:* There's a temptation to assume that writers must always think or look the way they write. For example, if you were to meet Robert Bloch, you'd be expecting some gloomy, cadaverous character, probably with a nervous twitch and all the sense of humor of a mortician. Instead, you'd find a very pleasant, enormously funny man. He's extremely witty. In fact, he ought to have his own talk show on late-night television. Or take Gahan Wilson. You might expect someone about 3'4", probably with tusks and a half-formed Siamese twin growing out of one shoulder. Again, he's a very pleasant, humorous, polished gentleman.

Another temptation is to assume that a writer exorcises his own evil spirits in his writing in order to work out the gloom, the depression, the anger, the rebellion, or whatever else is bottled up inside of him. However, this isn't necessarily so.

Writing demands enough attention to craftsmanship that you have to be in a fairly "up" mood in order to write. If you're really depressed, you don't want to sit around and obsess over comma splices or such. On the other hand, some of what I write does reflect moods or feelings that I've experienced at one point.

Probably the most depressed story that I wrote was "The Last Wolf," which I completed on my twenty-fifth birthday. I had been trying to break into professional writing--I had broken in, and then I really hadn't after all. My writing was being rejected right and left. I'd get lovely rejection slips from people like Fred Pohl, saying, "Well, this Kane story is certainly different for its type, and it's quite good for its type, but we don't publish this type of story."

As a result, I wrote a story about the last writer on earth--literature having died out, not because of governmental intervention, as in *Fahrenheit 451*, but just because of popular apathy. Why read, when there's television? The writer in "The Last Wolf" is making his last stand when nobody gives a damn any more. His agent tries unsuccessfully to get him to compromise and write some scripts for television, suggesting a new television situation comedy about a Vietnam POW camp, and another hit situation comedy about bomb-throwing hippies back in the '60s--all

of this being nostalgia by then. If somebody had told me in 1957 that there would be a hit television situation comedy about funny hoods and the '50s scene, I would have hit them. At any rate, at the time, I was feeling like, "to hell with it." I was really burned out, pissed off, and wrote this story kind of portraying that mood.

*Elliot:* Does writing come easily to you? Do words flow smoothly and effortlessly once you get started? Do you agonize over such things as word choice, syntax, etc.?

*Wagner:* I have a Roget's *Thesaurus*, but I seldom use it. It's on top of an old radio speaker, buried beneath my copy of Stone's *Glossary of Arms and Armor*, several manuscripts, and a 1978 calendar, which shows how often I use it. I find that a dictionary is a far more useful tool to me. I've got a pretty fair vocabulary, and I can usually think of the word that I want, even though I might have to make sure how it is spelled or be sure I have the right shade of meaning. A dictionary is more useful for that. A thesaurus is what got Clark Ashton Smith into trouble. People talk about Smith's rich

vocabulary. What Smith actually was doing was dipping into a thesaurus and frequently using the wrong shade of meaning.

Clearly, word choice varies from writer to writer. Nobody writes the same way. I tend to compose in visual forms, and then try to reconstruct these images in prose with just the right word or phrase. Some people have said, after reading my work, that it was like being there, like watching a movie. I'm very much influenced by movies, and I try to reconstruct cinematic imagery in words rather than film.

*Elliot:* Finally, what were your reasons for establishing Carcosa? What satisfactions do you derive from publishing your own line of books?

*Wagner:* I was reading it, collecting it, and writing it, so I thought I might as well publish it. It started because I'm a collector of pulp magazines. I was aware of some excellent writers, very popular in their day, who had been unjustly forgotten because their work had not been reprinted since the pulp days.

On the other hand, the amateur

presses were reprinting any scrap of scribbles by famous writers like Robert E. Howard, H. P. Lovecraft, or Clark Ashton Smith. Or, if you wanted to buy a lavishly illustrated hardcover boxed edition of a book by a famous writer that was available in paperback anyway, you could do so. But if you wanted to read some of the best stories by less well known writers like Manly Wade Wellman, or E. Hoffman Price, or Hugh B. Cave (to name the three writers that we've published so far), you'd better have an extensive collection of rare pulps, because otherwise you weren't going to read them. Their stories had not been reprinted, the authors had been forgotten, and they probably weren't going to be reprinted.

So, with the help of a couple of friends in Chapel Hill, I started Carcosa with the idea of bringing out big collections of the best stories by some of these other excellent writers of the pulp era. Being a collector, I thought it would be nice to bring out the kind of book that collectors dream of and publishers refuse to produce.

We wanted to produce hardcover editions with nothing spared in terms of materials and binding

(Continued on page 21, Col. 3.)

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*The King, The Magician  
and the Sword*

For years, John Boorman has been hoping to make a film of the legends of King Arthur. Part of his *Zardoz* was derived from this idea. He had hoped to film *The Lord of the Rings* (also influenced by Arthurian tales), but he couldn't raise the money for this ambitious undertaking. Boorman gave up the rights to Tolkien's books and turned back to Arthur. He directed *Excalibur*, now in release.

And he has produced the finest, richest film on the subject to date. His vision is unique, refreshing, classic and vivid. It's quite the most astonishing fantastic film since *Star Wars*, and the two films resemble each other in some particulars. Not that Boorman was deriving anything from *Star Wars*, but that both films draw on the same epic myth ideas.

Boorman has shown extraordinary courage in this baroque film; he's dared to assume his audiences will accept mythic fantasy. When the Arthur legend was previously filmed on a similar scale, the result was *Knights of the Round Table* (I'm not counting *Camelot*). And that film, good swashbuckler though it was, left out virtually all the fantasy. What remained was a story about a medieval king whose best friend had an affair with the queen, and whose illegitimate son caused him some trouble. These melodramatic elements are *not* what the Arthurian legends are really about; for the first time, the real stuff has been put on the screen, and splendidly. *Excalibur* is flawed and unique, a one-of-a-kind glory.

A friend rightly observed that *Excalibur* is both too long--140 minutes--and too short. There's an

# WARREN'S NEWS & REVIEWS

film news by Bill Warren

air about the movie that Boorman and his cowriter, Rospo Pallenberg, felt that they had to include virtually everything Arthurian, and do some things (such as just what the round table knights *do*) are slighted. Galahad isn't even in the movie. It isn't quite a cook's tour of Camelot, but some important material does seem slighted. This doesn't really weaken the film, however. The uneven acting, the overlength and the occasional pomposity also do not detract from its effect.

Boorman seems almost to be an instinctive director, although he intellectualizes every frame of the film. Many people detested his *Zardoz*, because as science fiction it's awfully damned weak. But as a grim, sardonic myth, the picture was outstanding. Boorman's Jungian views occasionally surfaced in that picture, but overall he's much more comfortable with the already mythically rich Arthurian material.

Boorman places Merlin at the center of the film. He's the last of the great necromancers, and knows that the gods of woods and field, magic, innocence, are giving way to the "one true God" that is coming with Christianity. (Arthur and Guinevere are married in a Christian ceremony.) Jung felt that "the cry of Merlin," his death-cry, signified not only the end of the rule of magic, but the end of what we now see as the Golden Age of mankind's youth. Boorman uses these ideas and others--the Fisher King myth attracts him, as it did Coppola in *Apocalypse Now*--to shape his Arthurian movie.

This medieval England (the country is never mentioned) is a time that never was, but it's the past that we dream of, that lives in our legends and Jungian collective unconscious. The armour--and the knights are rarely seen out of it--is from the 16th century. The castle Camelot seems to date from the 21st century, looking like it's made of aluminum blocks. The siege equipment seems pre-Roman. The scaffolding in woodsy glades looks Druid. Yet it all hangs together because Boorman's vision is that strong. (The one design failure is Merlin's ghastly cave beneath

Camelot; it looks like something from *Lost in Space*.)

*Excalibur* is so rich in terms of ideas, themes and myths that it's difficult to get a grasp on it. We are shown one miracle, resonating with psychological meanings and archetypes, after another. Arthur becomes the wounded king when he thinks of himself as a wronged husband, and the land falls barren. When he finally finds it is in his heart to forgive Guinevere (now a nun, many years after her indiscretion with Lancelot) and Lancelot (now a wandering madman), Arthur rides forth from Camelot with his remaining knights, and the land literally blooms. That which restores Arthur to himself is the Holy Grail (of knowledge) that Percival has found in the clutches of Morgana, who is trying to hold back the advancing present. She's Arthur's half-sister and mother of his glowing, golden bastard son Mordred who seeks Arthur's kingdom.

And behind all these things, Merlin, foreseeing and arranging events, has been locked away beneath Camelot, and can appear to Arthur only in his dreams, the same dreams we all have of the days when the world was young (or Jung).

The film is visually stunning. It looks as if it is taking place in the green and golden youth of the western world. Streams swiftly flow, men are strong and agile, oak is everywhere, the grass is lush and tall, and the Dragon moves in the woods. The joust between Gawain and Lancelot takes place in the forest, and the viewing stands are part of the living trees. The film has no historical accuracy whatsoever, but it stresses spiritual and emotional accuracy; this is the way we want the time of King Arthur to look.

Even glowing and green-gold dreams when filmed must employ actors of solid flesh. Boorman could not force his vision to take on physical reality, and had to hire fallible human beings. The main failing of the movie is that the characters do not engage us as characters; they're archetypes, not swashbuckling heroes (unlike *Star Wars*; some people refuse to believe that those characters were



King Arthur (Nigel Terry) recovers the healed Excalibur from the Lady in the Lake, after his battle with Lancelot in *Excalibur*.

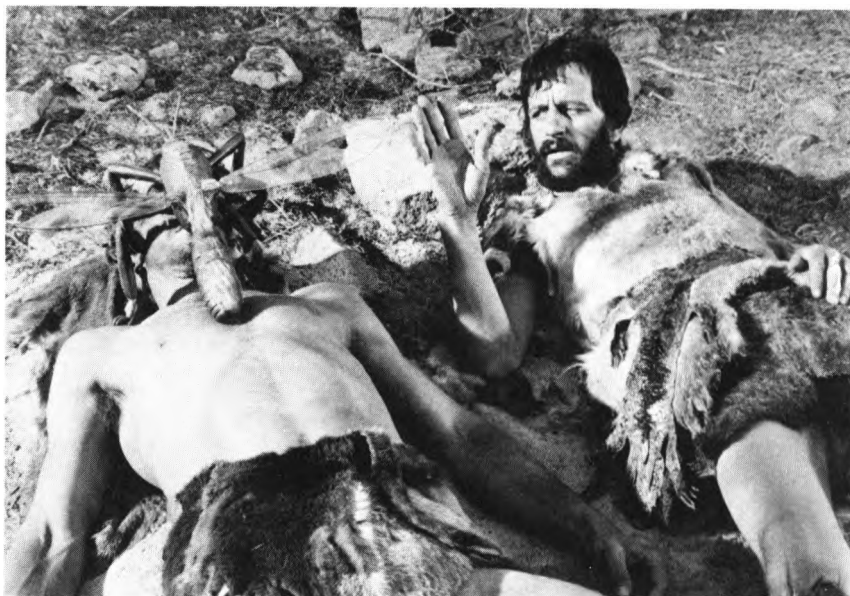
also conceived as archetypes). Boorman has turned his back to that idea perhaps a little too resolutely.

Lancelot (Nicholas Clay) doesn't have the burning intensity and passion he needs, though he's certainly beautiful and suffers nicely. Morgana (Helen Mirren) seems somewhat too contemporary and fleshy, though her performance is good. Cherie Lunghi makes an attractive and medieval woman-child of Guinevere. She's sensitive, sensual and intelligent. Guinevere is part of her times in a way that her poor tormented husband never is.

It's hard to find real fault with Nigel Terry's dashing, sincere and naive King Arthur. He's basically right, from his ingenuous squire to the aging and wounded King. His eyes hold visions of dreams unborn. This role is not likely to make Nigel Terry a star, because his Arthur is such a part of the film around him.

Nicol Williamson is an erratic actor. He's never less than very good, but sometimes misjudges the impact his performances will have on screen; he has a tendency toward theatrical broadness. His Merlin is not quite right, not quite the great shaper and mover and charlatan that Boorman intended. It's a fine, amusing performance, but it's somehow just a shade off.

But finding fault with *Excalibur* is like picking apart a ballad. What point is there in doing it?



Atouk (Ringo Starr) takes a swat at a prehistoric insect that has attacked his sleeping friend, Lar (Dennis Quaid), in this scene from the slapstick comedy, *Caveman*.

Audiences are responding strongly to Boorman's enchanting bravado. It took tremendous courage to make the movie this way, and it's simply wonderful that audiences are taking it for what it is. Boorman has made awful mistakes before (*Exorcist II* for instance), but he's always respected the intelligence of moviegoers.

In the history of movies, I can recall only four that have at once become something larger than themselves. In three cases (*2001*, *Star Wars* and *Excalibur*) this was deliberate, in one (*King Kong*) it was accidental. But they all serve to validate Boorman's claims that moviemaking can be the strongest form of art there is. *Excalibur* is art, and that's damned rare in commercial films. It's not a perfect movie, but it is a perfect myth.

#### *One Zillion B.C.*

A film is not responsible for the way it is advertised. For instance, the campaign for *Caveman* emphasizes a kind of low-brow smuttiness that's not reflected in the robust and funny movie itself.

Some people are going to hate *Caveman*, thinking it's an affront to their intelligence. Well, maybe it is. You do have to park your brains under the seat to have a good time with this cockamamie caveman comedy; I laughed a lot, and I didn't expect to.

It uses the usual movie caveman story. A weakling, Atouk (Ringo Starr), is ousted from his tribe for wanting to zug zug with Lana

(Barbara Bach), the woman of big strong Tonda (John Matuszak); Atouk forms his own tribe, finding his own woman Tala (Shelley Long) in the process. Along the line, Atouk invents fire, singing and walking upright, not to mention poached eggs and the hotfoot. He almost invents the wheel.

The movie, directed by Carl Gottlieb, has a lot of wandering back and forth between the two tribes as they steal things from one another. Some of the scenes are shapeless, and they sometimes don't cut together. But this is Gottlieb's first time out as a director, and he'll learn in time.

His other screenplays have ranged from excellent (*Jaws*) to unfortunate (*The Jerk*). He wrote *Caveman* with Rudy de Luca, a name associated with Mel Brooks and ca-ca poo-poo jokes. The script for *Caveman* has some of those, but since the dialog is entirely derived from a fifteen-word language invented for the movie, the gags tend to be visual rather than verbal. The screenplay must consist mostly of stage directions.

The most unusual thing about the jokes in *Caveman* is that there actually are some new ones. A bit with an enormous fly perched on a troglodyte's face climaxes with a punch line I've never seen before; it's revolting but funny.

Ringo Starr is Our Hero. He's always been considered the Beatle with the least promise, and has always confounded that opinion. He's a genuinely good actor, and has a personal sweetness that comes through on the screen. Atouk is

bright but a reluctant leader, and Ringo makes him charming as well. It's a star (and a Starr) performance; Ringo shines. He's funny and lively.

The other performers also fit well into the film. Shelley Long, as the Good cavegirl, is winsome, tough and funny. She looks like she came from the 1930s, which suits the film well. Barbara Bach, as the Bad cavegirl, is dumber but sexier and has a good time (enough so that she's now engaged to Ringo in real life). John Matuszak isn't allowed much variation in his character, but he's 6'8", and that's about all the character a stupid, hostile caveman needs. Dennis Quaid is inventive and personable as Ringo's sidekick, and Avery Schreiber is good as Matuszak's buddy.

One of the best aspects of the film is the stop-motion animation. This was under the direction of David Allen, after Jim Danforth left the project. It's the first time I can recall that stop-motion monsters were used for comedy in a live-action film. There's a Big Horned Lizard which energetically views cavemen as food, but which becomes an ally by the end. There's also a played-straight pteranodon and a lizard that bays at the moon. However, other than Ringo, the best thing in the movie is a large, pudgy and aging Tyrannosaur. This near-sighted, easily-tired beastie is something like the Coyote in Chuck Jones' Roadrunner cartoons. He's always trying to catch a cave-person, but always failing--it's hard for a 20-foot dinosaur to tiptoe up behind someone. The last we see of him is as he falls into a dazed snooze on a rock. The animation of this beast, mostly by Randy Cook, is delightful. It's realistic, but funny, something new.

*Caveman* is a gross, silly movie, but it's also funny. It's the most amusing comedy I've seen in quite a while, and I recommend it.

#### *Manhattan Melodrama*

There's a certain kind of science fiction adventure that is rarely dramatized; I don't know of any films until now in this sub-subgenre, the crime-and-police thriller. John Carpenter's entertaining *Escape from New York* has a plot like a Philip K. Dick novel commissioned by Frederik Pohl for publication in the *Galaxy* of the 1950s. Snake Plissken (Kurt Russell), a master criminal, is recruited/coerced by U.S. Police Commissioner Hauk (Lee Van Cleef)

into entering the last maximum security prison in the U.S. to free the President (Donald Pleasence) who is being held captive there. The kicker is that this prison is Manhattan Island. By 1997, all law-abiding citizens have been evacuated from Manhattan, and three million prisoners are dumped there, left to work out their own culture. A wall is built around the island, and anyone trying to escape is shot.

Snake rides a glider to the top of the World Trade Center, and battles his way through the filthy streets of Manhattan in an effort to wrest the President from the clutches of the Duke of New York (Isaac Hayes). Snake is unwittingly helped by Brain Hellman (Harry Dean Stanton), his squeeze Maggie (Adrienne Barbeau), and the last Cabbie (Ernest Borgnine) in New York.

Now either you buy this premise and decide to go along with the fun, or you don't. And if you don't, there's no way the film will win you over, despite its being slick, clever and fast-paced. I bought it, I enjoyed it. It's not a serious speculation about the future; it was made for the fun of it from a wacky premise that doesn't bear close examination. But Carpenter's script, co-written with Nick Castle (the masked killer in *Halloween*), is funny without being witty, tightly-constructed and suspenseful. Even though the suspense is slightly bogus: there's a rigid time limit on getting the President out, and Snake carries a watch counting down the hours.

The picture looks expensive. The special effects, by the recently established New World effects house, are superb. There are huge vistas of crumbling, blacked-out Manhattan (the movie takes place almost entirely at night) that are handsome and convincing. The photography by Dean Cundey is dark and glistening. The music by John Carpenter his very own self is outstanding, reminiscent of Tangerine Dream.

Kurt Russell, as the ultra-tough and colorful Snake Plissken is a flashy character, like something from a Marvel comic book. He wears an eyepatch, loud leggings, fancy boots, and has a snake tattooed on his belly. Russell plays the role with a Clint Eastwood hiss, and he's amusing and likeable.

The other most interesting character is Brain Hellman. Harry Dean Stanton has become one of the most reliable and pleasing character actors now working. His Brain

is a scared, smart, ratty little guy who clearly thinks of himself as a survivor type who always lands on his feet. Be he's a clumsy cat, and because of impetuosity and an inclination to betray everyone who trusts him, he always comes out on the short end of things. It's a subtle and funny performance.

The rest of the cast is all good, although Donald Pleasence doesn't do much to disguise his British accent as the American President. Ernest Borgnine, often obnoxious, is more relaxed and understated than he's been in years. Lee Van Cleef, the greatest snake-eyed villain since Zachary Scott, is a little out of his element as the wily but honest Police Commissioner, and the script doesn't give him nearly enough to do, but it's good to see him again. Adrienne Barbeau (Mrs. Carpenter) seems to be in the film primarily because her husband wanted to give her a job, but she's sluttishly sexy, warm, powerful and female. The look she gives Snake when they first meet stays with you. She's so good it's a pity the part doesn't amount to much. As the Duke of New York, Isaac Hayes is required only to look villainous, which he does well. His wild-haired assistant Romero, played by Frank Doubleday, makes an indelible impression--he's bizarre and fascinating; it's a shame they didn't try for more roles this out.

The film doesn't work entirely. At the beginning, it's a little slow and confusing--we aren't shown Snake nearly early enough. The script included a robbery sequence featuring Snake, but this was dropped from the finished film. But we should have known from it that Snake's rough and tough as everyone seems to think. A running bit which has everyone he meets muttering that they thought he was dead was lifted from a John Wayne western, *Big Jake*, and it worked there. Because Russell is clearly young, it doesn't work here. Wondering what the rest of the U.S. is like in 1997 is futile; there isn't a single clue.

But within its own limited boundaries, *Escape from New York* is a fine piece of work. It's swift, funny and fascinating. The acting is generally good, the photography, music and sound are excellent. It's John Carpenter's best film so far, superior to both *Halloween* and *The Fog*, and makes me look forward to his next project, a remake of *The Thing*.

*The Bore With Five Fingers*



Oliver Stone wrote the script for *Midnight Express*, and so overdid it that if the direction of the movie hadn't matched the excesses of the script, it would have seemed outrageous and ludicrous. Stone has now written and directed *The Hand*, but his directorial style is so bland and colorless, so afraid of taking chances, that the over-written, underthought script is left naked.

It's the first crawling hand movie in some time, but adds no laurels to this not-very-honorable subgenre of fantasy. Michael Caine plays a comic strip artist (art by Barry Windsor-Smith) who loses his right hand in an automobile accident, then imagines the hand taking revenge on those who wronged him. At least I assume he imagines it. The film carefully shows that all these early attacks are clearly the fantasies of Caine's eroding sanity; the last scene shows conclusively that the hand was real all along.

This kind of idiotic double vision infuses the entire movie. We are supposed to think that Caine is a brutal tyrant and this his wife (Andrea Marcovicci) is right to want to leave him; at least the dialog almost indicates this. But the direction makes us believe that Caine is right and she is wrong. When he can't draw his comic strip any more--no hand, after all--another artist is brought in. I suppose we are intended to think the new artist will bring fresh insights, but the scenes play as if he's an insolent swine intent on destroying Caine's work. Caine gets a job in California as a teacher, and is quickly seduced by a sexy young student. When she seems to be interested in another man, Caine becomes insanely jealous--and we never knew that he cared about her at all, except as a bed partner.

The film doesn't work as a psychological thriller, because we are never given any idea what makes Caine's mind tick or crumble. It doesn't work as a horror movie because every shock scene is heavily telegraphed and then fails to deliver the goods. If the hand is real, we have no idea why it is doing the things it does. If it's a fantasy, we don't know why it attacks Caine.

Notes on the technical side: King Baggott's photography is competent but uninteresting. Michael Riva's production design is okay, light at the beginning, dark at the end. The crawling hand is credited to Carlo Rambaldi, who keeps getting work despite never turning in useable effects. The hand in the



In this scene from *The Hand*, Michael Caine portrays a comic strip artist who later loses his hand. The artwork for the dailies seen here was provided by Barry Windsor-Smith.

movie is usually that of Clark Paylow, the production manager and executive producer.

Michael Caine is an excellent actor, but he cannot create a character from nothing. Stone's script makes the artist so erratic that Caine can't maintain a personality from scene to scene. This isn't the wavering of insanity, it's merely bad writing. At the beginning of the film, the scenes are so short that Caine can't even get going in them, and he's required to do such outmoded things as turn and look at the camera to signify shock.

Annie McInroe makes a vivid impression as the sexy little student, but she's not on screen long enough to establish a character. Like Caine, she's left high and dry by Stone.

Sometimes Caine's fantasies about the hand are in black and white, sometimes they are in color. There seems to be no scheme to this at all. Perhaps Stone is trying to tell us that sometimes the hand is only a fantasy and sometimes it is real. But what's the point of that? To keep an audience confused is not the same thing as keeping it guessing, but Stone doesn't seem to understand the difference.

When *The Hand* was over, my first thought was to wonder just what the heck it was about. I could find no answer, because I don't think Oliver Stone ever had a clear idea of the kind of film he was making. *The Hand* is a shapeless failure.

-- Bill Warren

(Interview with Karl Edward Wagner continued from page 17.)

quality--lavishly illustrated by major artists--thick books that you could sit down and read over many evenings, as well as display proudly on your shelf. And, we wanted to bring out the book at the lowest possible price so that average fans could afford the thing. It seemed an impossible thing to bring off, but we did manage to do it.

Fans are enthusiastic about our books, and our authors have begun to receive the recognition they deserve. The thing I'm happiest about, though, is that all three writers whom we've published so far have become active again in the fantasy field, after having been out of it for a long time. Wellman recently has sold four fantasy novels to Doubleday. Price has just sold his third fantasy novel to Ballantine. Cave has sold new fantasy novels to Avon and Dell. They got recognition in their lifetime, which is important. I'm sure that Lovecraft and Howard would be very flattered to see all the fans they have now, but it's too late for that.

-- Karl Edward Wagner  
& Jeffrey Elliot



# The British Scene

by Mike Ashley

Hardcover summary time again, covering those books published between January and June, 1981. As I've said in previous columns I have not seen all books mentioned herein, so a listing is not proof of publication. Other details such as month of publication and price may also change at the whim of the publisher.

- Joan Aiken: *The Stolen Lake*, Cape, May, £4.95--a sequel to her earlier children's adventure set in a parallel world, *The Wolves of Willoughby Chase*.
- Martin Amis: *Other People: A Mystery Story*, Cape, Mar. £5.95--labelled as a 'metaphysical thriller.'
- Poul Anderson: *The Merman's Children*, Sidgwick & Jackson, May, £7.95--first UK hardcover edition.
- Mike Ashley: *Jewels of Wonder*, Kimber, May, £5.75--an anthology of five long heroic fantasies: "Thieves of Zangabal" by Lin Carter, "A Fortnight of Miracles" by Randall Garrett, "Vashti" by Thomas Burnett Swann, "Blood in the Mist" by E. C. Tubb, and "The Wreck of the Kissing Bitch" by Keith Roberts.
- J. G. Ballard: *Hello America*, Cape, Jun. £6.50--this book is set in the U.S. a century after it has 'bun-gled the energy crisis.'
- Jo Bannister: *The Matrix*, Hale, Feb. £5.75--'Everyone had forgotten that the Matrix existed but it had not gone, it was merely waiting. It had a purpose, in pursuit of which it was prepared to be every bit as ruthless as the imperialists of Tok-ai-do.'
- Tony Barnett: *The Head of Ocrin*, Hale, Jan. £6.50
- Leigh Beresford: *Fantocine*, Hale, Jan. £5.95
- Lawrence Block: *Ariel*, Hale, Feb. £6.75--about the malevolent activities of a precocious 12-year-old, Ariel Jardell.
- Ray Bradbury: *Stories*, Granada, Feb. £12.50--928 pages of Bradbury yarns; sounds like an essential volume.
- Christine Brooke-Rose: *A Rhetoric of the Unreal*, Cambridge, Jul. £17.50--a study of fiction from short stories to tales of horror, fantasy, romance and SF.
- R. M. H. Carter: *The Dream Killers*, Hale, Apr. £5.75--'Stafford could not understand why Manero encouraged the affair he was having with his wife. Had he set the whole thing up so that Stafford could enjoy the experience and then have a reward of death at the end?'
- R. Chetwynd-Hayes: *Tales of Darkness*, Kimber, Jun. £5.50--a collection of five new ghost stories: "Which One?," "Tomorrow's Ghost," "Darkness," "The Haunted Man," and "The Outside Interference." This is one of RC-H's best collections with some original treatments of old themes. "Which One?" is set during WW II and concerns a group of men digging out a bombed air-raid shelter in which they find an unrecognisable body. It gradually dawns on them that the body must be that of one of them and that one of them must be a ghost, but which one! "Tomorrow's Ghost" is a clever twist on trying to change the past, and "Outside Interference" employs a television as the agency for the supernatural. "Darkness" is a total revision, expansion and updating of "Keep the Gaslight Burning."
- John Christopher: *Fireball*, Gollancz, Jun. £4.95--the latest JC novel for young readers set in a parallel world.
- Arthur C. Clarke: *Science Fiction Hall of Fame*, Gollancz, Jun. £7.95--anthology of past Nebula winners.
- Adrian Cole: *Wargods of Ludorbis*, Hale, Apr. £5.75
- Alex Comfort: *Tetrarch*, Wildwood House, Apr. £7.95
- Robin Cook: *Brain*, Macmillan, Mar. £5.95
- Richard Cowper: *Dream of Kinship*, Gollancz, Mar. £5.95--the sequel to *The Road to Corlay*.
- Michael Crichton: *Congo*, Allen Lane, Apr. £6.95--a futuristic, third-world thriller that includes an intelligent gorilla.
- Richard Davis: *Space 7*, Hutchinson, Apr. £5.50--an anthology of 13 SF stories.
- Richard Davis: *The Octopus Encyclopedia of Horror*, Octopus, Jun. (no price)--a thematic coverage of the supernatural fiction field with long essays by Basil Copper, Richard Cavendish, Mike Ashley and others. Fully illustrated.
- Terrance Dicks: *Dr. Who and the Terror of the Autons*, W. H. Allen, Feb. £4.25
- Gordon R. Dickson: *The Alien Way*, Hale, Jan. £5.95--first UK hardcover.
- Vincent DiFate: *Catalogue of SF Hardware*, Sidgwick & Jackson, Feb. £8.95, or £4.50 softcover.
- Thomas M. Disch: *Fundamental Disch*, Gollancz, Apr. £6.95
- Iain Douglas: *The World of the Sower*, Hale, Jan. £5.75
- Iain Douglas: *The Hearth of Ruwaig*, Hale, Jun. £5.95
- Alfred Dyer: *The Gabriel Inheritance*, Hale, Jan. £5.75
- Eric Ericson: *The World, the Flesh, the Devil: A Biographical Dictionary of Witches*, NEL, Jun. £6.95--fully illustrated, the first real who's who of witches.
- Philip Jose Farmer: *Dark is the Sun*, Granada, Jan. £6.95
- Mick Farren: *The Song of Phaid the Gambler*, NEL, Jun. £6.95--a 416-page fantasy extravaganza.
- Maurice Gee: *The World Around the Corner*, Oxford, Feb. £2.75--a children's novel about magic glasses which endow their owner with a new power and reveal another world.
- David Gerrold: *Deathbeast*, Hale, May, £6.25
- Rumer Godden: *The Dragon of Og*, Macmillan, Apr. £3.95--another children's novel, illus. by Pauline Baynes, it tells of Angus Og's attempts to kill a beautiful, gentle river-dragon.
- Harry J. Greenwald: *Chinaman's Chance*, Hale, May, £5.95--two young scientists find a solution to the world energy crisis through the cultivation of a plant, but at the point of success, the violated ecology of the world strikes back.
- Peter J. Grove: *The Levellers*, Hale, Jun. £5.95--Mankind is plunged into decades of crime and oppression with only the small band of Levellers, guided by their mystical Tuan, as a sign of hope.
- H. Rider Haggard: *The Best Short Stories of Rider Haggard* ed. by Peter Haining, M. Joseph, Jun. £6.95--12 items, including stories obtained not only from long out-of-print collections, but also some never previously published in book form: "The Real King Solomon's Mines," "Hunter Quatermain's Story," "Long Odds," "Magepa the Buck," "Black Heart and White Heart," "The Kiss of Fate," "The Tale of Philo," "The Trade in the Dead," "Smith and the Pharoahs," "A Ghostly Connection," "The Mahatma and the Hare," and "Only A Dream."
- Peter Haining: *Dead of Night*, Kimber, May, £5.50--13 stories: "The Bus Conductor" by E. F. Benson, "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber" by Thomas Prest,

"The Middle Toe of the Right Foot" by Ambrose Bierce, "King's Evidence" by Algernon Blackwood, "The Sire de Maletroit's Door" by R. L. Stevenson, "The Hands of Mr. Ottermole" by Thomas Burke, "A Thing About Machines" by Rod Serling, "The Weird Tailor" by Robert Bloch, "The Pit and the Pendulum" by E. A. Poe, "Perez" by W. L. George, "The Pond" by Nigel Kneale, "The Ferryman" by Kingsley Amis, and "De Mortius" by John Collier.

Peter Haining: *The Final Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, W. H. Allen, Jan. £5.95--a volume of uncollected Holmes stories plus a few associated items, all by Conan Doyle and all genuine. Haining, incidentally, has also assembled a short Holmes collection for younger readers, *Sherlock Holmes Meets the Sussex Vampire*, Armada, Feb. £0.80.

Harry Harrison: *The QEII is Missing*, Severn House, Mar. £6.95--first hardcover edition of this Mary Celeste thriller.

Frank Herbert: *The God-Emperor of Dune*, Gollancz, May, £6.95

James Herbert: *The Jonah*, NEL, Mar. £5.95

Alfred Hitchcock: *Down by the Old Bloodstream*, Severn House, Apr. £5.95--first UK hardcover.

David Hogan: *Who's Who of the Horrors*, Tantivy Press, Apr. £9.50--a biographical dictionary of the men in and behind the horror film.

Helen Hoke: *Sinister, Strange and Supernatural*, Dent, Apr. £3.95--a new anthology for younger readers including stories by Bradbury and Lovecraft.

Robert Holdstock: *Where the Time Winds Blow*, Faber, May, £6.25--set on an unpredictable planet where time itself drifts in the wind.

H. M. Hoover: *Return to Earth*, Methuen, Apr. £4.95--SF adventure for younger readers.

Monica Hughes: *The Guardians of Isis*, Hamish Hamilton, May, £4.95--her latest SF novel and sequel to *Keeper of the Isis Light* (see next month's pb listing).

Malcolm Hulke: *Dr. Who and the Green Death*, W. H. Allen, Apr. £4.25

David Hutchinson: *The Paradise Equation*, Abelard, Feb. £4.75--a short (95 pages) collection of new stories: "In the Soul Bank," "The Window on the Edge of the World," "The Bridge," "The Man Whose Job Was in Danger," and "The Paradise Equation."

Rosemary Jackson: *Fantasy*, Methuen, Apr. £6.50, or £2.95 softcover--looks like a literary reference and analysis of fantasy fiction, but I haven't seen it.

Victor Kelleher: *The Hunting of Shadroth*, Kestrel, Feb. £4.95--a new fantasy novel, again for young readers (they're getting all the good books!).

Gary Kilworth: *Gemini God*, Faber, Jun. £6.25--set on New Carthage where the inhabitants live in perpetual slow motion to avoid the intolerable daytime heat.

David Lancaster: *Caroline R*, Hutchinson, Feb. £6.95--I don't think a book has appeared with such classic mistiming since Victor Rousseau wrote *The Messiah of the Cylinder* in 1917. This book, set in the future when Prince Charles has become King, concerns his choice of bride for Queen--a beautiful, strong-willed American heiress. It appeared just at the time Prince Charles announced his engagement to Lady Diana Spencer. Oh well...it can still be read as an alternate world novel.

David Langford & Chris Morgan: *Facts and Fallacies*, Webb & Bower, Jun. £5.95--a non-fiction survey of prophecies or plain simple bungles, such as the American general who said heavier-than-air flight was impossible, three years after the Wright Brothers' flight in Kitty Hawk!

John Light: *The Well of Time*, Hale, Feb. £5.75

Jean-Marc Lofficier: *The Dr. Who Programme Guide*, W. H. Allen, May, £4.95--a summary of every TV episode,

and a 'Who's Who's Who!'

John Lymington: *The Power Ball*, Hale, Jun. £5.95

Frank McConnell: *The Science Fiction of H. G. Wells*, Oxford Univ. Press, Apr. £8.50, or £2.50 paperback.

Patricia McKillip: *The Chronicles of Morgan, Prince of Hed*, Sidgwick & Jackson, Mar. £7.95--omnibus volume of the trilogy.

Alberto Manguel & Gianni Guadalupi: *The Dictionary of Imaginary Places*, Granada, Mar. £12.50--I was rather disappointed with this outwardly very impressive book as it seems to ignore most of the real worlds of fantasy.

Ian Marter: *Dr. Who and the Enemy of the World*, W. H. Allen, Feb. £4.25

Douglas R. Mason: *Horizon Alpha*, Hale, Feb. £5.75

Douglas R. Mason: *The Typhon Intervention*, Hale, May, £5.95

Barbara Michaels: *The Walker in Shadows*, Souvenir Press, Feb. £6.95--a supernatural romance set in two identical neo-Gothic houses which become the focus for an engulfing malevolence that threatens the innocent families whose emotions have set free the evil forces lurking in the ancient stonework.

Michael Moorcock: *Byzantium Endures*, Secker & Warburg, Apr. £6.95--the first volume of Moorcock's mighty non-fantasy saga which the publisher's delayed from last season.

Michael Moorcock: *Warrior of Mars*, NEL, Jan. £7.95--omnibus volume of the Michael Kane Martian trilogy.

Jan Needle: *Wild Wood*, Deutsch, Jun. £5.95--for all lovers of *The Wind in the Willows*, this tells the story from the viewpoint of the Wild Wooders.

Bradford J. Olesker: *Beyond Forever*, NEL, May, £4.95--Keith and Joanna Blake were very much in love and after Keith is drowned in a boating accident, Joanna still senses his presence. This isn't the usual run-of-the-mill Gothic romance, but a far more powerful novel of the supernatural in the same vein as "The Turn of the Screw."

Michael Palin & Terry Gilliam: *The Time Bandits*, Hutchinson, Apr. £4.95--the book of the latest film by the Monty Python team. I haven't seen the film yet, but I have seen some advance scenes and the special effects look excellent.

Barbara Paul: *An Exercise for Madmen*, Hale, Apr. £6.75

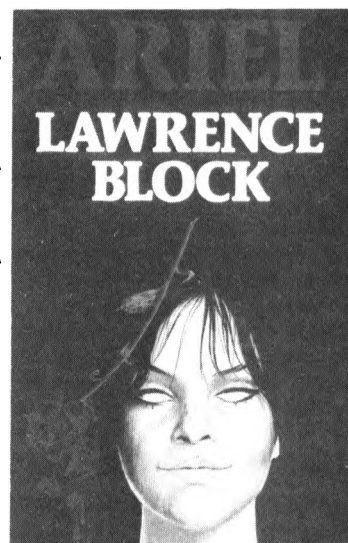
Roger Perry: *Esper's War*, Hale, Jun. £5.95--colonists fight for freedom with the aid of aliens.

Audrey Peyton: *Ashes*, Hale, Mar. £5.75

Frederik Pohl: *The Cool War*, Gollancz, Feb. £5.95

Frederik Pohl: *Nebula Winners 14*, W. H. Allen, Apr. £6.95

Artist: Barbara Walton



- Joe Poyer: *Vengeance 10*, M. Joseph, Feb. £6.95--a wartime plan by the Germans to use the Moon as a base to launch an atomic attack on the Earth.
- Christopher Priest: *The Affirmation*, Faber, Jun. £6.25 --'in which Peter Sinclair searches for his identity, wins immortality in a lottery and maintains two mistresses, one fantasy and one real.'
- L. P. Reeves: *If It's Blue, It's Plague*, Hale, May, £5.95
- Maurice Renard: *The Hands of Orlac*, Nightowl, Mar. £6.95
- Jack Rhys: *The Eternity Merchants*, Hale, Mar. £5.75--a honeymoon island turns out to be a nightmare of deadly intrigue.
- Julia Riding: *Deep Space Warriors*, Hale, Mar. £5.75--Sergeant Anders is rescued from a lingering death by aliens whose power he only begins to appreciate.
- Ann Ruffell: *Pyramid Power*, Julia MacRae, Mar. £4.95--a supernatural adventure of a boy growing up in a one-parent family. Experimenting with a mail-order pyramid-construction kit he unlocks another world.
- Charles C. Ryan: *Starry Messenger*, Hale, Apr. £5.75
- Ras Ryman: *Weavers of Death*, Hale, May, £5.95
- Sally Scott: *The Elf King's Bride*, Julia MacRae, May, £5.25--another fantasy for younger readers about a princess ensnared by elves.
- Bernard Sellin: *The Life and Works of David Lindsay*, Cambridge, Jul. £15.00--rather pricey but what should prove the definitive book on Lindsay.
- Miranda Seymour: *Medea*, M. Joseph, Jun. £6.50--for all lovers of Greek mythology, the story of the sorceress who ensnared Jason.
- Bob Shaw: *The Ceres Solution*, Gollancz, Apr. £6.50--about the interaction of two vastly different human civilisations.
- Charles Sheffield: *Earthwatch*, Sidgwick & Jackson, Jun. £10.00--an astonishing volume full of satellite photographs of the Earth reproduced in staggering clarity and detail.
- M. P. Shiel: *The Lord of the Sea*, Nightowl, Mar. £6.95
- Clifford D. Simak: *The Visitors*, Sidgwick & Jackson, Jan. £7.95
- George H. Smith: *Witch Queen of Lochlann*, Hale, Apr. £5.75--first UK hardcover of a novel first published by Signet Books in 1969.
- Michael Spicer: *Final Act*, Severn House, Apr. £6.95--a new novel from a publisher that specialises in reprints, and one written by an M. P. (the Conservative Member for South Worcestershire). Set in the year 2005 when the world is divided into either the Russian or American zone, Britain has fallen under Russian domination, with but a dedicated few striving for freedom.
- Norman Spinrad: *Songs from the Stars*, Sidgwick & Jackson, Mar. £7.95
- David Stobin: *The Unborn*, Heinemann, Mar. £6.95--'a blend of ingenious medical speculation and pure horror.'
- Peter Straub: *Shadow Land*, Collins, Apr. £6.95
- Whitley Streiber: *The Hunger*, Bodley Head, Apr. £5.95 --apparently a new twist on the vampire theme.
- Rosemary Sutcliff: *The Sword and the Circle*, Bodley Head, Feb. £4.95--the second in her series about King Arthur, this one precedes *The Light Beyond the Forest* and deals with Arthur's early years.
- Ursula Sygne: *Swan's Wing*, Bodley Head, Apr. £3.95--the tale of a man cursed with a swan's wing in place of an arm in search of an escape from the disenchantment.
- Douglas Terman: *Free Flight*, MacDonald/Queen Anne, Apr. £6.95--another set in a post-nuclear war world with a man on the run from a hostile and disintegrating U.S. government.
- Rosemary Timperley: *The Spell of the Hanged Man*, Hale, May, £6.25--a woman trapped by the destiny in the tarot cards.
- Gore Vidal: *Creation*, Heinemann, Mar. £7.95--a massive (600 pages) retelling of early man in the ancient world.
- Joan Vinge: *Fireship/Mother & Child*, Sidgwick & Jackson, Mar. £6.95
- Joaq Vinge: *The Outcasts of Heaven Belt*, Sidgwick & Jackson, Jan. £6.95
- Ian Watson & Michael Bishop: *Under Heaven's Bridge*, Gollancz, Feb. £6.95--the enigma of planet Onogoro and its machinelike inhabitants, the Kybers: are they organic, or a race of robots planted by an alien intelligence?
- Morris West: *The Clowns of God*, Hodder, Apr. £6.95--bound to be a bestseller, this book looks at a future Pope who prophecies and awaits a Second Coming.
- Robert Westall: *The Scarecrows*, Chatto & Windus, Mar. £4.95--another children's book that looks rather too good to miss. It's about a boy whose hatred for his step-father releases the destructive power of the scarecrows. Worzel Gummidge will never be the same again.
- Tim White: *The Science Fiction & Fantasy Worlds of Tim White*, NEL, Feb. £9.95--144 pages of White's wonderful artwork.
- Eric C. Williams: *Homo Telekins*, Hale, Mar. £5.75
- Colin Wilson & John Grant: *The Directory of Possibilities*, Webb & Bower, Jun. £8.95--an alphabetical directory of all those areas on the fringe of knowledge. Divided into such sections as "The Occult and Miraculous," "Mythology and the Ancient World" and "The World of Tomorrow," it includes such contributors as David Langford, Stuart Holroyd and Michael Wenyon.
- Allen L. Wold: *Star God*, Hale, Jun. £5.95
- Chris L. Wolf & Michael F. Maikowski: *Fire in the Sky*, Hale, Feb. £5.75
- Gene Wolfe: *The Shadow of the Torturer*, Sidgwick & Jackson, Mar. £7.95--the much-applauded volume one of The Book of the Sun series.
- Barbara Wood: *The Watch Gods*, NEL, May, £6.95--an occult thriller about the reawakening of the Seven Gods, the unseen protectors of the tomb of the Egyptian King Akhnaton.

I make that about 115 books and to buy them all would cost about £760 or \$1,780!--or 118 years worth of *Fantasy Newsletters*! Yer pays yer money and takes yer choice.

-- Mike Ashley

(Editorial -- continued from page 4.)

Peter S. Beagle: I couldn't agree more with your decision to ban unicorns as an art form entirely from the World Fantasy Convention. Whatever slight connection my book, *The Last Unicorn*, may have had with the torrent of unicorn junk that has been rolling over us all in the last several years, I feel as though I ought to apologize to unicorns themselves. They are fierce, proud, mystical beasts, totally unsweetened--there is nothing in the least sentimental or ingratiating about them. If I get sent one more postcard, one more calendar, one more stuffed toy, one more keyring, one more paperweight, one more comic-strip painting of a horned horse, one more Victorian-romantic poem, one more rubber stamp...if I read one more article on the exploitation of a one-horned goat (poor old Mommy Fortuna couldn't have done half as well), I may yet go and enlist as an apprentice harpy. By way of pennance. \*



# THE NEW SF MAGAZINE



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## ISSUE #1 FEATURING . . .

- STRENGTH OF STONES, FLESH OF BRASS. A 30,000 WORD ADVENTURE OF THE FAR FUTURE BY GREG BEAR.
- AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH BEN BOVA, AUTHOR AND EDITOR OF OMNI.
- SHORT FICTION BY DAVID BISCHOFF, TOM EASTON, DICK LUPOFF AND KARL T. PFLOCK.
- AN SF-IN-THE-MEDIA COLUMN BY ALAN DEAN FOSTER.

AND MUCH MORE!

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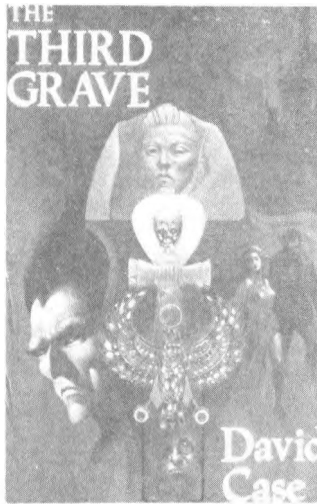
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# Book Reviews



THE THIRD GRAVE by David Case.  
Arkham House: Sauk City, June  
1981, 184pp. \$10.95

Reviewed by Galad Elflandsson

Perhaps one of the finest Gothic horror stories ever written was published in Britain in 1971: a novella entitled *Fengriffen*, which was the title story of David Case's second collection of macabre tales. Coupled with the success of his first collection, *The Cell & Others* (1969), Case became something of a *cause celebre* amongst those appreciative of good solid spine-chilling fiction. Then Case disappeared from the scene and it wasn't until recently that he "resurfaced" as the author (under a dozen or so pen names) of westerns and pornography! *The Third Grave* is his third excursion into the realm of horror; after ten years, it should be an eagerly-awaited jaunt, indeed.

*Fengriffen* was a beauty, a dead corpse of a story line--old family curse comes home to roost upon Victorian gentleman and his beautiful young bride--that came alive under Case's necromantic literary skills. It was a page-turner--Victorian Gothic with an injection of modern expertise--and when the wind on the moors had died down and the triple twist at the end had done terrible things to your sense of well-being...well, it was a wonderful feeling. It was so wonderful that this latest full length novel comes as something of a disappointment.

*The Third Grave* is the first-person narrative of Thomas Ashley, a scholar in the field of Egyptian hieroglyphics, who receives a letter from a man whom he has met only twice before, over four years ago

in Egypt. Lucian Mallory has written with a request that Ashley come to his home outside the small British town of Farriers Bar in order to decipher several papyrus scrolls that Mallory has retrieved from an ancient Egyptian necropolis. Though possessed of a strange antipathy for Mallory himself, Ashley finds the lure of the scrolls irresistible and journeys to Farriers Bar to find the sleepy town buzzing in the wake of two grisly murders.

Thereafter, Ashley begins his translations and, at the last, realises that the scrolls contain not the secrets of resurrection and immortality that Mallory so avidly seeks, but the key to a hideous pharaonic curse that has survived down through the centuries.

*The Third Grave* develops into a rather ingenious variant of the Frankenstein myth, yet for all the promise of its plotting, it remains a narrative of very little impact. The problem lies in Case's handling of his setting and characters. At some pains to provide the trappings of a contemporary setting, there is too little *real* modernity to substantiate it, in spite of the fact that Farriers Bar is an isolated British backwater. As well, Case's protagonists are eccentric on a level that approaches absurdity within the context of his story; they seem to labour under a Victorian propriety thoroughly at odds with the "free-ness" of his supporting characters...almost as if Case was not at all certain he wanted his story to be a modern tale of terror. From the outset, this vacillation robs *The Third Grave* of its firepower, undermining even Case's fine descriptive passages and seriously taxing one's willingness to believe in the reality of the whole thing.

As a Gothic thriller along the lines of *Fengriffen*, Case might have made a go of *The Third Grave*. In its present form, the conflicting elements of style are irreconcilable, and *The Third Grave* seems to hover between unfulfilled brilliance and irritating mediocrity.

---

CITIZEN VAMPIRE by Les Daniels.  
Charles Scribner's Sons: New York,  
May 1981, 204pp. \$9.95

Reviewed by Charles L. Grant

One of the many casualties of our technological society is the old-fashioned horror story villain. Frankenstein's monster has been

reduced to a sitcom, the werewolf has been turned into a creature of bathos, and the vampire has fallen prey to the revisionists, the explainers, and those who have decided to play up the erotic and play down the terror. Or play up the tragic and forget the trappings. Even Dracula, in Fred Saberhagen's excellent series, is more like the Lone Ranger than a member of the Cavendish Gang.

Not so Don Sebastian de Villanueva. In both *The Black Castle* and *The Silver Skull*, Sebastian was decidedly not a tragic figure, nor was he forced into doing good deeds in order to achieve evil ends. In the former he contended almost successfully with the Spanish Inquisition, and in the latter managed to overcome the machinations of Aztecs and Spaniards to free himself from his vampiric affliction. Which is *not* to say, however, that Sebastian is a vampire to feel sorry for, weep over, and root for. Not in the least. He's a villain, and in *Citizen Vampire*, a villain surrounded by the villains who perpetrated the French Revolution.

And not so oddly enough, considering Les Daniels' skills as a writer, *Citizen Vampire* is a fun book. Not only are there glorious bits of grue and bile scattered throughout the novel, there is also a deft jab here and there at fanatics of all kinds, from royalists to revolutionaries, which adds a texture and dimension to the reading not easily achieved in an ordinary novel. And make no mistake about it--this is no ordinary novel. In this, Daniels has avoided the overly historical which somewhat weighted *The Silver Skull*, and the temptation to throw in the obligatory good guys, as in *The Black Castle*. The only reason Sebastian seems to come off well here is because those around him are just as evil, if not moreso, than he is.

If there is a quibble, it would be with the somewhat muddled time scheme involved. It's really not all that clear how much time has passed between events unless the reader is acquainted with the sequence of years which separate the fall of the Bastille and the beheading of King Louis.

But it is only a quibble, and one for the perfectionists at that.

Rather, I commend this last of the Sebastian trilogy for its wit, for its evocation of old-fashioned nastiness and horror so sadly lacking in most contemporary horror fiction, and for somehow managing to make the Marquis de Sade appear more sane than the folks who run the asylum. It is a wonderful

achievement, and one to be proud of.

---

TOO LONG A SACRIFICE by Mildred Downey Broxon. Dell Pub. Co.: New York, April 1981, 251pp. \$2.50

Reviewed by Michael Stamm

It is odd that the treasure-trove of Irish legend and tradition has only recently been much used by fantasy writers. Merritt played with it in *The Moon Pool*, and Howard made some use of it in stories like "The Grey God Passes," and borrowed fragments for his patchwork Conan mythos. More recently George H. Smith used it in the Celtic hodge-podge of *Witch Queen of Lochlann*, and Leonard Wibberley drew on Irish hero-tales (among other things) for the grimly excellent *Homeward to Ithaca*. Jim Fitzpatrick incorporated visual elements in his beautiful *Book of Conquests*, as did Alicia Austin (to a lesser extent) in Poul Anderson and Mildred Downey Broxon's *The Demon of Scattery*. 1981 offers Kenneth Flint's *A Storm Upon Ulster* and the work at hand, Mildred Downey Broxon's *Too Long A Sacrifice*.

A great deal of 'fantasy' is being written these days. Little is worth reading; the bulk of it is highly derivative, ersatz Tolkien or Howard, and (with one or two notable exceptions) most of it fails miserably because its writers lack either Tolkien's erudition or Howard's fey grimness, as well as any sense of language.

*Too Long A Sacrifice*, on the other hand, is a tale others will strive to imitate. It harks back to the age of the classic storytellers in the intensity of its narrative power. The erudition is there--unobtrusive but giving the story an air not so much of absolute reality but of the *essence* of reality. The fey perception is there--sometimes grim, but often moving and always sensitive. And *Too Long A Sacrifice* is the most beautifully written fantasy I have read in years. Broxon has achieved a *stateliness* in her prose--not stilted, as in *The Worm Ouroboros*, but clean and possessed of a certain dignity. It reads with a perfect clarity of sense but an otherness of tone, as befits a tale which begins in the dim past, when Earth and Faerie were not always seen as mutually exclusive realms.

*Too Long A Sacrifice* begins 1400 years ago, in an Ireland just beginning to feel the inroads of early Christianity. Through curse and enchantment, two lovers are

taken from their world to the timeless realm of the Sidhe, the Old Ones, and return to modern Northern Ireland, torn apart by war. Separated, they are forced to seek each other across more than physical boundaries, for fate decrees that they be on opposing sides in both human and more-than-human terms. The concept is an ambitious one--the Celtic heritage may encourage such challenges--and Broxon carries it off magnificently; her love for Ireland, its history, its people, is very clear. Books like this are written too seldom.

---

A SENSE OF SHADOW by Kate Wilhelm. Houghton Mifflin: New York, April 1981, 215pp. \$9.95

Reviewed by Michael Stamm

I read Kate Wilhelm's work slightly less for the stories than for how she tells them. Her writing is always insightful, infused with what is sometimes a frighteningly clear vision: there are no stereotypes, no illusions here. It is an unusual, an unsettling approach, and a valuable one. A Wilhelm novel is not an easy read, where the characters survive to reach the end more or less unchanged; in her novels the *process* of reaching the end is what matters: not events but the characters' reactions to them. Development is the key word.

*A Sense of Shadow* is the most unusual ghost story I have ever read; it is also probably the most frightening (with Shirley Jackson's *The Haunting of Hill House* being the only other contender). Revenants and vampires are nice for chills read by firelight; Kate Wilhelm's ghosts are the stuff of nightmare. Joe Haldeman spoke of "metempsychosis" in his comment on the book; it's a lovely word, full of shadowy undertones, and it means "possession." Possession by what--or of what, a house or those in it--that, the reader is never sure of.

The most frightening thing about *A Sense of Shadow* is that the reader is never certain that the ghost is real. It must be, for it is experienced by the one person, of many in the story, who could not be imagining it. Or could she?

Wilhelm wrote of a ghost she could believe in. So can we all--for this ghost is one in the mind, compounded of memory true and false, of belief in a spirit so strong it might intentionally survive the grave--it is a ghost whose very uncertainty of existence makes it more real than any shrouded phantom. Wilhelm has kept her

ghost in the gray area between reality and illusion, where it is more terrifying than anything partaking of one or the other.

*A Sense of Shadow* is, as other reviewers are discovering, a book which cannot be adequately described. It must be read--and I recommend it without reservation.

---

AN ISLAND CALLED MOREAU by Brian W. Aldiss. Simon & Schuster: New York, January 1981, \$10.95

Reviewed by Douglas E. Winter

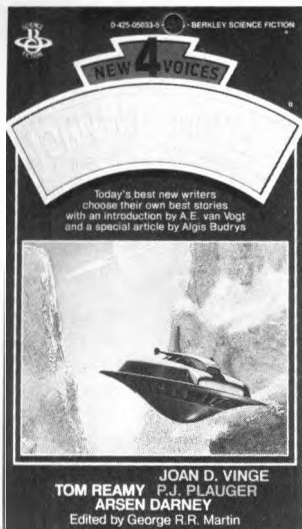
In 1896, H. G. Wells' *The Island of Dr. Moreau* was published, one of the several masterpieces of the "decadent Gothic" of the 1890s that also spawned, within the space of eleven years, Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886), Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891) and Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (1897). As David Punter observed in *The Literature of Terror*, each of these seminal works concerned the question of degeneration so appropriate in that era of imperial decline: "how much ...can one lose--individually, socially, nationally--and still remain a man?"

That Brian Aldiss should choose to revisit Wells' allegory should not come as a surprise to the America of the 1980s; and indeed, although Aldiss is British, his updated version is cast in a decidedly American context. In 1996, the world is at war and nuclear holocaust is imminent. Calvert Roberts, an American undersecretary of state, is rescued at sea following a space shuttle crash, and is brought to the island that was the basis for Wells' novel; its inhabitants are a strange crossbreeding of men and animals descended from Moreau's original experiments. Roberts meets Moreau's successor, Mortimer Dart--a quadriplegic thalidomide victim who is psychopathically obsessed with his enigmatic experiments. However, it is Roberts who bears many of Moreau's attributes: he is the personification of the Gothic vision of empire on which the original novel was founded--for example, he strikingly asks whether other "white" people live on the island. The irony is made complete when Roberts learns that Moreau Island is a government research installation, intended to produce a successor race to carry on the goals of Americanism in the event of nuclear conflict. And when the beast-men, restrained from violence

(Continued on page 32, Col. 3.)

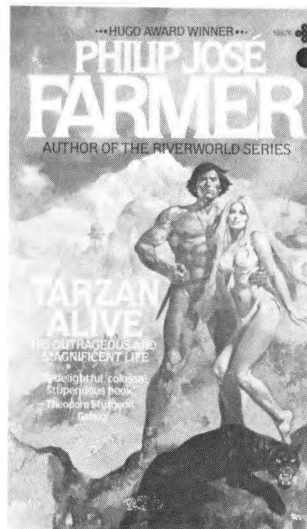
# Paperbacks

Cover artists: "New Voices #4" by Young Artists; "Space Prodigal" by Richard Corben; "The Black Wheel" by Ken Barr.



## BERKLEY BOOKS

Due out from Berkley in August is *New Voices 4: The John W. Campbell Award Nominees* edited by George R. R. Martin, the fourth volume in this original anthology series featuring new stories by the winner and nominees for the 1976 John W. Campbell Award. Included are the following stories: "Blue Champagne" by John Varley, "Entertainment" by M. A. Foster, "The Pilgrimage of Ishten Telen Haragosh" by Arsen Darnay, "Psiren" by Joan D. Vinge, and "M is for the Million Things" by the late Tom Reamy, in addition to an introduction by A. E. van Vogt and an afterword on Tom Reamy by Algis Budrys. Price is \$2.25.



## AVON BOOKS

Coming from Avon Books in August is *The Black Wheel* by Abraham Merritt and Hannes Bok, first published in a limited hardcover edition in 1947 by the New Collector's Group. It has never before been reprinted and is a collector's item. The novel was begun by Merritt and completed by Bok. Price is \$2.50.

Also making its first paperback appearance in August is *Tales of Pirx the Pilot*, a collection of five stories about a bumbling space cadet by Stanislaw Lem, published in hardcover by Harcourt Brace. Price is \$2.95.

## PLAYBOY PAPERBACKS

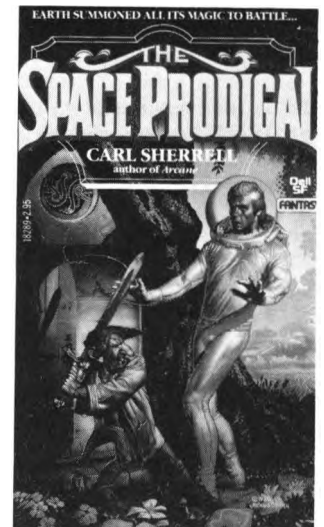
The August release from Playboy Paperbacks is a reprint of *Tarzan Alive* by Philip Jose Farmer, published by Doubleday and Popular Library in 1972. Price is \$2.75.

They defied their odds and fought to survive

## revolt of the micronauts



by gordon williams  
author of The Micronauts and The Microcolony



## BANTAM BOOKS

Scheduled for August from Bantam Books is *Revolt of the Micronauts* by Gordon Williams, his third novel of the Micronauts (*The Micronauts*, 1977 and *The Microcolony*, 1979). Price is \$1.95.

Also on tap is *Nebula Winners 13* edited by Samuel R. Delany, at \$2.50, originally published in hardcover by Harper & Row. Included in the volume are 1977 Nebula Award winners and runners-up.

Two July releases I neglected to cover last month are *Escape from New York* by Mike McQuay (\$2.50) and the latest Doc Savage volume by Kenneth Robeson (\$1.95). The former is a movie tie-in (reviewed by Bill Warren this issue). The Doc Savage book contains two titles: *They Died Twice* (#105) and *The Screaming Man* (#106).

## DELL PUB. CO.

*The Space Prodigal* by Carl Sherrell is an original fantasy novel due out from Dell in August, at \$2.95. The novel is about a space pilot who lands on an Earth that was abandoned and placed off limits centuries before, and whose inhabitants have become masters of magic. It sports a delightful cover painting by Rich Corben.

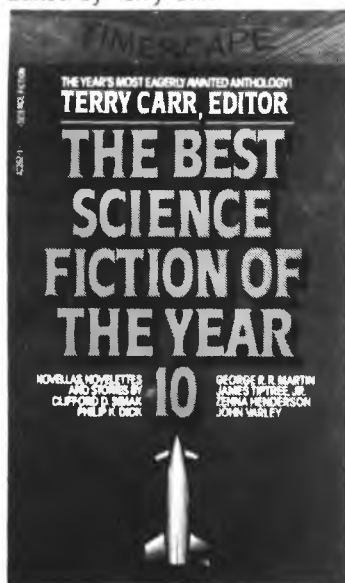
Also scheduled is the first paperback publication of *Songmaster* by Orson Scott Card (\$2.25), published in hardcover last July by The Dial Press.



# TIMESCAPE

## THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR #10

Edited by Terry Carr



In its first appearance on the Timescape list, Terry Carr's much-admired anthology features the same peerless mix of the old masters and the young movers that distinguished the first nine volumes of this well-established series. This year's collection boasts rare excursions into shorter forms by two recognized sf virtuosos--Clifford D. Simak and Philip K. Dick--and two hot young writers at the peak of their form--George R. R. Martin and John Varley. Plus new talents Michael Swanwick and F. Gwynplaine McIntyre, and much more--Suzy McKee Charnas, James Tiptree, Jr., Barry Malzberg, and the rest of the best, for a dozen sf masterpieces.

THE TIMESCAPE LEADER  
42262-6/\$3.50

## THE VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE

A.E. van Vogt

From the author of such classics as *Slan*, *The Weapon Makers*, and *The Weapon Shops of Isher*, *THE VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE* is a tale of interstellar discovery and danger as a crew of explorers drive ever deeper into space toward a terrifying alien intelligence. Only Elliot Grosvenor's science of Nexialism can combat the pervasive threat from the monster that lives at his very side. Classic adventure by one of science fiction's acknowledged greats.

48993-3/\$2.50

## RETIEF OF THE CDT

Keith Laumer

Jaime Retief is an interplanetary diplomat with a refreshingly casual attitude towards protocols and proprieties. The Ambassador is a charming fellow whose qualities include tact, guile, and a handy flexibility about the rules. He's not above a little breaking and entering--in a good cause, of course--or a spot of blackmail, but only if it'll save the day for his superiors. The five stories collected here make an entirely delightful excursion into some very foreign affairs.

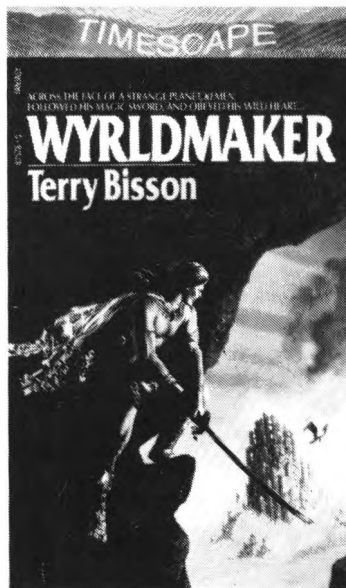
A TIMESCAPE REISSUE  
43406-3/\$2.25

## WYRLDMAKER

Terry Bisson

He was the heir to one of the eleven kingdoms of Treyn, a royal warrior bred to glory. It was Kamen's heritage to rule...but then came Noese, and with her, love. And after she had gone, Kamen's world lay shattered, his kingdom embroiled in bitter war, his son--and Noese's--dead. There was nothing left to Kamen but Wyrlmaker, the magic sword that would lead him down the path to death...and on to a fantastic destiny, a quest that will take him far beyond the bounds of his imagination.

A TIMESCAPE ORIGINAL  
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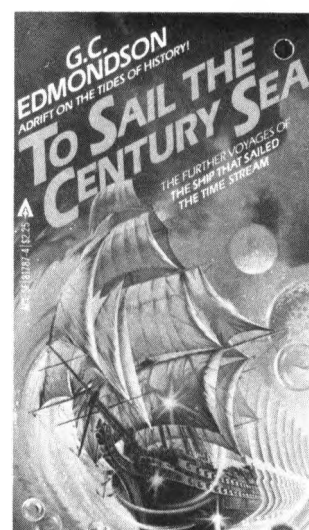
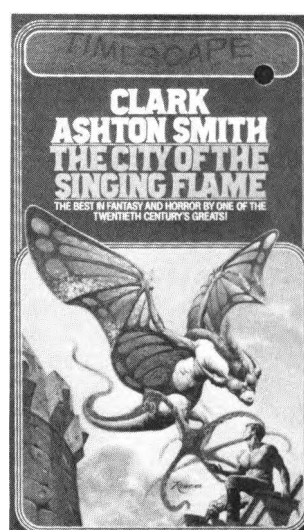
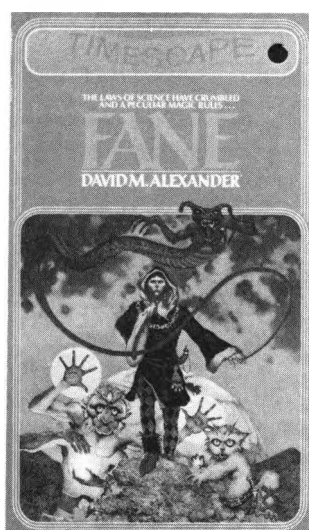
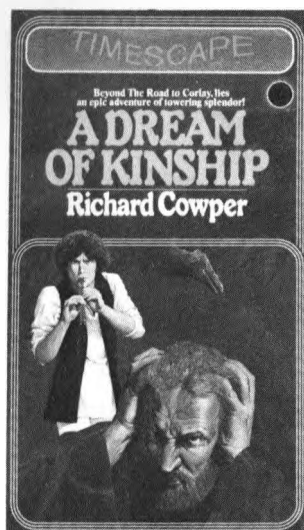
TIMESCAPE BOOKS Published by Pocket Books  
David G. Hartwell, Director of Science Fiction  
The name "Timescape" is taken from the novel by Gregory Benford.

Read the Nebula Award Winner

**TIMESCAPE**  
by Gregory Benford

On Sale Now

Cover artists: "Fane" by Don Maitz; "The City of the Singing Flame" by Rowena Morrill; "Stellar SF Stories #7" by David B. Mattingly.



#### POCKET/TIMESCAPE BOOKS

August may well go down in history for Timescape fantasy releases with no less than three original novels. Leading them off is *A Dream of Kinship* by Richard Cowper (\$2.95), the sequel to his earlier fantasy novel *The Road to Corlay* (based on "Piper at the Gates of Dawn").

*Fane* by David M. Alexander (\$2.95) is another new fantasy set on a planet where technology has deteriorated to be replaced by magic. The plot involves the quest for a magic ring.

*At the Eye of the Ocean* by Hilbert Schenck (\$2.50) is a science fiction novel set in the 19th century about a sea captain with a strange affinity with the ocean. He uses his power to control the

sea.

A new collection for August is *The City of the Singing Flame* by Clark Ashton Smith, (\$2.95), the first in a projected series of Smith collections. This volume reprints 13 stories.

Also scheduled is a "classic" reprint of *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* by Jules Verne, translated by Walter James Miller (\$2.50). Miller was the editor of the annotated edition of this novel for Thomas Y. Crowell Co. in 1976 and his translation is considered to be the definitive one, restoring much that was left out of previous English editions of the book.

#### DEL REY BOOKS

Due out from Del Rey Books in August are two paperback originals. *Their Majesties' Bucketeers* by L. Neil Smith (\$2.25) is a science fiction-adventure novel that combines SF with the locked-room murder mystery.

*Stellar Science Fiction Stories #7* edited by Judy-Lynn del Rey (\$2.50) is an original anthology that contains nine new stories: "Making Light" by James P. Hogan, "Horn O' Plenty" by Terry Carr and Leanne Frahm, "Excursion Fare" by James Tiptree, Jr., "War Movie" by Larry Niven, "Folger's Factor" by L. Neil Smith, "Pelangus" by Rick Raphael, "The Mystery of the Duplicate Diamonds" by Paul A. Carter, "The Two Tzaddiks" by Ira Herman, and "Identity Crisis" by James P. Hogan.

Also slated for August is the

first paperback appearance of *The House Between the Worlds* by Marion Zimmer Bradley, published a year ago in hardcover by Doubleday. Price is \$2.50.

Reissues for August include *Merlin's Ring* by H. Warner Munn (\$2.95), *The Long Result* by John Brunner (\$2.25), and *The Wooden Star* by William Tenn (\$2.25).

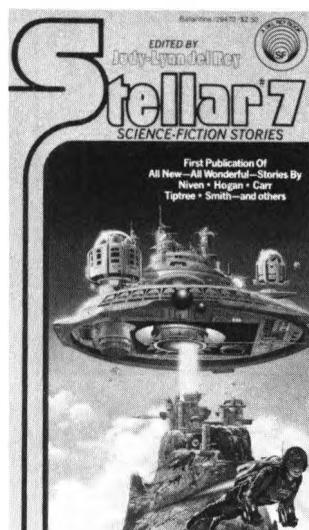
#### ACE BOOKS

As noted here last issue (and detailed in FN #35), Ace will publish the last issue of *Destinies* (#11) in August. The volume was originally announced for April publication. Price is \$2.50.

An original novel scheduled for August is *To Sail the Century Sea* by G. C. Edmondson (\$2.25), the sequel to his classic fantasy novel, *The Ship That Sailed the Timestream* (Ace, 1965). Along with it, Ace will reissue *The Ship That Sailed the Time Stream*, at \$2.25.

*Paratime* by H. Beam Piper (\$2.75) is a new collection of short stories concerning the adventures of Piper's Paratime Police that originally appeared in *Astounding Science Fiction*. Included is an introduction by John Carr, putting the stories into perspective.

Making their first paperback appearances in August are *The Nitrogen Fix* by Hal Clement (\$2.75) and *Strange Seas and Shores* by Avram Davidson (\$1.95). The former was an Ace trade paperback original last September and is illustrated by Janet Aulisio. The



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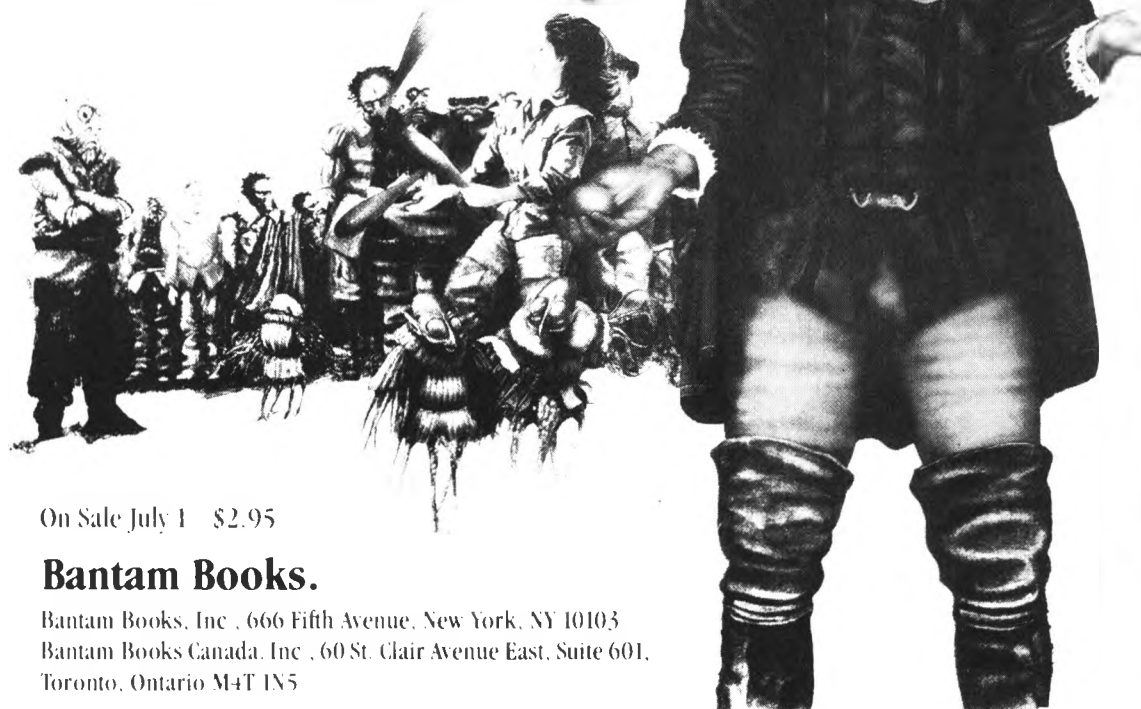
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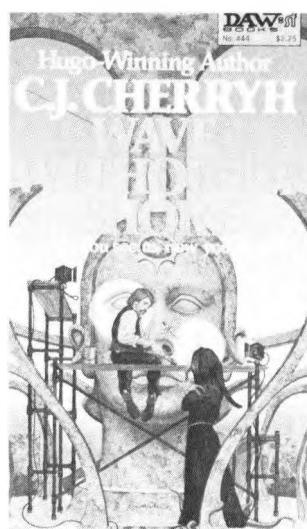
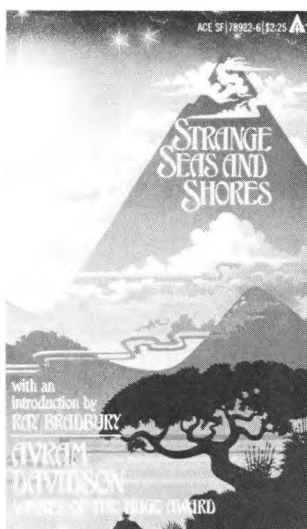
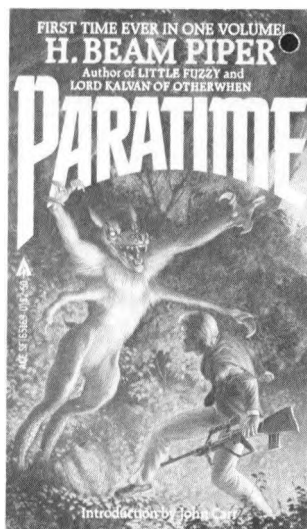
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**Bantam Books.**

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Toronto, Ontario M4T 1N5



Cover artists: "Wave Without A Shore" by Don Maitz; "Year's Best Horror Stories #9" by Michael Whelan; "Legions of Antares" by Ken Kelly.



Davidson volume is a collection of stories hardcovered by Doubleday in 1971.

Reissues for August include: *The Face in the Frost* by John Bel-lairs (\$2.25), *The Zero Stone* by Andre Norton (\$2.25), *Storm Over Warlock* by Andre Norton (\$2.25), and *The People Trap* plus *Mindswap* (a two-in-one volume) by Robert Sheckley (\$2.75).

#### SIGNET

Leading off Signet releases for August is the first paperback publication of *Firestarter* by Stephen King (\$3.95), published in hardcover last September by Viking. The paperback will be marketed with two cover designs, one with a white background and the other black.

Reprints for August are *Swords of the Horseclans* by Robert Adams

(\$2.50), the second novel in his Horseclans series, and *Today We Choose Faces/Bridge of Ashes* by Roger Zelazny (\$2.95), formerly two separate volumes from Signet together in one volume for the first time.

A horror reprint is *The Voice of the Night* by Brian Coffey (\$2.75) which is described as "A novel of adolescent evil." *The Lodge* by Colleen Mahan (\$2.75) is a disaster novel about a resort full of rich people being swallowed up by a crack in the Earth. Both were Doubleday hardcovers.

#### DAW BOOKS

*Wave Without A Shore* is the newest novel from C. J. Cherryh, slated for August release (\$2.25). Billed as "different sort of inter-planetary novel," it concerns an artist and autocrat on an isolated planet named Freedom.

Two additional new titles are *The Year's Best Horror Stories, Series IX* edited by Karl Edward Wagner (\$2.50) and *Legions of Antares* by Alan Burt Akers (\$2.25), the 25th Dray Prescott volume. Included in Karl's annual anthology is "On Call" by Dennis Etchison, published in FN #22.

Although billed as an original novel, *King of Argent* by John T. Phillifent (\$2.25) is a reprint; it was originally #46 in the DAW series and is now renumbered #447.

The reissue this month is a two-in-one volume containing *Man-hounds of Antares* and *Arena of Antares* by Alan Burt Akers (Dray Prescott). Price is \$2.75. \*

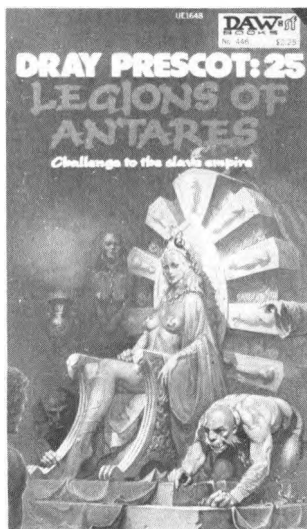
(Paperbacks

continued from page 27.)

by laws that Dart has implanted in them through rock-and-roll jingles, ultimately revolt, Roberts escapes to "humanity" at the moment that it wipes itself from the face of the earth.

Like Wells, Aldiss condemns scientific progress unrestrained by moral compunction: we are meant to be appalled not only by Dart's coldly inhuman successor race, but by the condition to which men and beast-men alike have been reduced. For Aldiss, however, Wells' moral arguments about the difference between man and beast have disintegrated: "I recalled how the fable of H. G. Wells, when the beasts on his island had slowly degenerated from the human back to animal, sounded a note of melancholy. These actual beasts were slowly advancing from the animal to the human; and I could not find it in my heart to think that less melancholy."

Although *An Island Called Moreau*, like much of Aldiss' work, is a novel whose emphasis is moral rather than plot, the narrative moves with the brisk style of its predecessor and is livened by Aldiss' characteristically whimsical tone. Enjoyable as an adventure story, a wryly sentimental updating and a polemic, it should gain Aldiss the deserved respect of the American audience, which has oddly underrated his work. \*





# Magazines

## MAGAZINE OF F&SF

Planned for the August issue of *F&SF* are a novella, "Polyphemus" by Michael Shea, and two novelettes: "Bait" by C. A. Cador and Marc Laidlaw and "The Free Agent" by Michael Cassutt. Short stories are: "Alas, Poor Yorick" by Thomas A. Easton, "A Born Charmer" by Edward P. Hughes, "Upgrading the Kitchen" by Coleman Brax, and "Taaehalaan is Drowning" by Lee Killough. In addition to the usual features, the issue contains a new "F&SF Competition" and book review by Algis Budrys. The cover is by Barclay Shaw for "Polyphemus."

## ANALOG

Due out in the September 15th issue of *Analog* is part 1 of a new 4-part serial, *Dragonstar* by David Bischoff and Thomas F. Monteleone. Also included are two novelettes: "A Tangled Web" by Joe Haldeman and "Jolly Roger" by Gary Alan Ruse; and three short stories: "Misfits" by Edward A. Byers, "Absent Thee from Felicity Awhile" by Somtow Sucharitkul, and "Tiger by the Tail" by Joe Patrouch. "The Alternate View" is by G. Harry Stine and book reviews are by Thomas A. Easton. Cover art is by Robert Crawford.

## OMNI

The following stories are scheduled for the September issue of *Omni*: "Going Under" by Jack Dann, "The Fighter" by Wayne Wightman, and "Forever" by Damon Knight.

## SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST

*Science Fiction Digest* will make its newsstand debut September 24th with the October/November issue, featuring a cover photo of Isaac Asimov. *SF Digest* is the newest addition to the Davis Publications line of SF and mystery digests. It will be published bi-monthly and each issue will contain condensations of three or four new novels. Featured in the first issue will be: *Swarmers*, *Skimmer* by Gregory Benford, *The Pride of Chanur* by C. J. Cherryh, *Sunwaifs* by Sydney J. Van Scyoc, and *Asimov on Science Fiction* by Isaac Asimov. Cover price will be \$1.95.

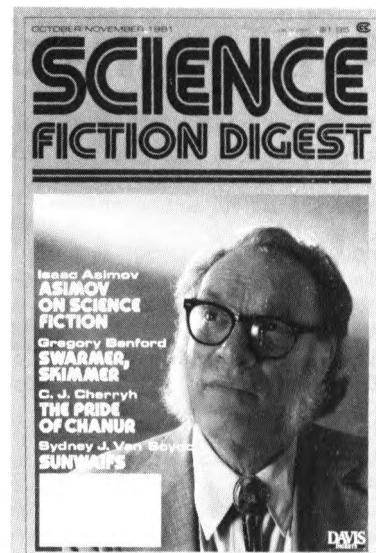
Davis currently publishes *Analog* and Isaac Asimov's *SF Maga-*

*zine*, in addition to a number of mystery titles. Also making its debut in September is *Crime Digest*, which will feature condensations of new mystery and detective books.

## SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

Just out from Flying Buffalo, Inc., a manufacturer of fantasy boardgames, is *Sorcerer's Apprentice* #9-10, a special double issue containing three stories and a number of articles of interest to fantasy fans as well as gaming enthusiasts. The stories are: "Thelinde's Song" by Roger Zelazny (originally published in *Fantastic* in 1965), "God & Golem, Inc." by Al Sirois, and "Endgame" by Victor Milan. Additional articles include "Farmers, Chieftains, Bards, and Pirates" by Keith Taylor, "The Crueliest Cut of All" by David F. Nalle, "The Heroic Barbarian" by L. Sprague de Camp, and "In Alien Tongues" by C. J. Cherryh. This

double issue is priced at \$3.50. Subscriptions are 6 issues for \$10. Flying Buffalo, Inc., P. O. Box 1467, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. \*



# The Fan Press

## SONGS OF THE DAMNED

Just out from The Silver Eel Press, publishers of an excellent Fritz Leiber tribute a few years back, is a collection of poetry by Karl Edward Wagner entitled *Songs of the Damned*. The 24-page, digest size booklet reprints 9 poems by Wagner and sports a wraparound cover illustration by John Mayer with interior artwork by Charlie Williams. The 300-copy booklet is priced at \$4 postpaid. The first 50 copies, signed by Wagner, are priced at \$6. Vernon Clark, The Silver Eel Press, 4900 Jonquil Lane, Knoxville, TN 37919.

## OTHERGATES

*Othergates* is a twice-yearly market report fan magazine providing information about professional and small press markets. Issue #2, dated Summer, 1981, lists detailed information on more than 130 magazines, with names and addresses for dozens more. Also included in the 48-page issue are general guidelines for writers in submitting work. The editor of *Othergates* is Millea Kenin, who seems to pay a good deal of attention to detail and accuracy in her writeups and makes every effort (via pre-printed forms) to keep her information up

to date. Offhand, I'd say this is one of the best market reports sources around if not the best. The amount of information provided makes it equally interesting to the casual fan in search of reading material (i.e., locating more magazines to subscribe to...). Millea Kenin, 1025 55th St., Oakland, CA 94608.

## FANTASY MACABRE

*Fantasy Macabre* #2 recently appeared from the joint British and U.S. publishing team of Dave Reeder and Richard Fawcett. Featured in the 60-page, digest size issue are an interview with Ramsey Campbell, part 1 of a David H. Keller bibliography compiled by Mike Ashley, an art portfolio by Allen Koszowski, and four short stories: "Allan and Adelaide: An Arabesque" by Thomas Ligotti, "A Greater Darkness" by Richard Fawcett, "Testing the Spirits" by Stephen Gresham, and "Cae Coch" by Dave Reeder. Artists include Dave Carson, Emmanuel, John Borkowski and David Lloyd. \$3 or 90p per copy. Richard Fawcett, 61 Teecommas Dr., Uncasville, CT 06832. Dave Reeder, 32a Lambourne Road, Chigwell Row, Essex, U.K. \*



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and endurance, the reduction of human beings to their most primitive level.

As there is in John D. MacDonald's books, incidentally. You know when you open a new Travis McGee that along with the beach kittens and good drinking sessions there's at least one person in it (most likely Travis) slated for the intensive care unit, brain damage preferred.

But King (like MacDonald) makes himself live through it all as fully as possible, without flinching or holding back, and studying up in the medical books when necessary--and that's at least fifty percent of them being good writers, I'd say.

Not a nice book, some people will judge. Yet they'll probably read it compulsively word by word as I did.

-- Fritz Leiber

(Next issue: "On Fantasy" will be written by Karl Edward Wagner.)

(Trade Books continued from page 11.)

"One Grave Too Few" by Cynthia Asquith, "Bookworm" by John Edgell, "Forever and the Earth" by Ray Bradbury, "Cool Air" by H. P. Lovecraft, "Transition" by Algernon Blackwood, "Housebound" by R. Chetwynd-Hayes, "Contents of the Dead Man's Pocket" by Jack Finney, "The Warlock" by Fritz Leiber, and "The Pipe-Smoker" by Martin Armstrong. Elsevier/Nelson Books, 2 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016.

## BERKLEY BOOKS

Berkley Books has announced it will introduce a new trade paperback line next spring. Included among the first batch of releases will be *God Emperor of Dune* by Frank Herbert, published in hardcover this past May by Berkley/Putnam, along with reprints of the first three Dune novels, all with new artwork. Also slated for spring is *Satyrday* by Steven Bauer, published in hardcover by Berkley/Putnam last November.

Additional titles that will appear later in the year include *Demon* by John Varley, *Lyonesse* by Jack Vance, *The Dream Makers Encyclopedia* by Charles Platt, and *Frederik Pohl's Favorite Stories*. Also planned are reprints of such classics as *The Once and Future King* by T. H. White.

Whether or not any of the new titles listed here will appear first in hardcover is unclear. \*

("On Fantasy" by Fritz Leiber continued from page 8.)

There's good old Sheriff Bannerman, whom we got to know in *The Dead Zone*.

And there are a lot of dirty old drunks and otherwise crusty and unendearing Maine characters, so many, in fact, that you might be able to get away with calling *Cujo* Stephen King's *Peyton Place*.

And above all there's *Cujo*, a friendly 200-pound Saint Bernard, a very good dog, to whom something horrifyingly unpleasant but perfectly natural happens, something that shouldn't happen even to a Nazi Doberman pinscher.

All in all, as you can begin to see, there's a lot of harrowing stuff in the book, pain and physical suffering, the testing of human machinery to its limits of strength

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