# fantasy newsletter

The Fantasy & Science Fiction News Monthly

The Fantastic Collages of John Digby

Karl Edward
Wagner remembers
Lee Brown
Coye

James
Gunn on SF
in the sixties
and seventies

Interview:
Charles L.
Grant by
Douglas E.
Winter

PLUS: Somtow Sucharitkul Roger Schlobin





Work With The Pros!

Gene Wolfe master fantasist, winner of Nebula, World Fantasy Awards...

Brian Aldiss
dean of British SF, Hugo,
Nebula, BSFA winner
James Gunn
author and scholar,
Pilgrim Award, SFWA,
SFRA president
Barry Malzberg
"New Wave" SF, horror,
Campbell Award

# Workshop for Fantasy & Science Fiction Writers

A FOUR DAY INTENSIVE workshop for fantasy and science fiction writers will run concurrently with the International Conference on the Fantastic, March 10-13, in Boca Raton, Florida. Enrollment is limited to thirty aspiring authors, who will share the expertise of four successful professionals. Applicants must submit a manuscript of approximately 5,000 words for SCREENING. Preliminary judges will not assess literary excellence, but rather basic skills, sense of prose style, suitability of content. Applicants who qualify will be promptly notified. Address manuscripts to:

F & SF Writer's Workshop College of Humanities Florida Atlantic University Boca Raton, FL 33431 All manuscripts will be returned. Copies of those accepted will be forwarded to the professional writers for critiques. Successful applicants may submit a second manu-

script for analysis after completing registration.

THE PROGRAM will include eight intensive sessions (morning and af-

ternoon) spread over four days. Copies of manuscripts submitted will be available for other workshop members to read prior to each session. Part of each session will be devoted to discussion of these manuscripts (the list for each session will be published in advance). Each member will receive a personal critique of each manuscript submitted by one of the four professional authors.

Session leaders will alternate, and each will lead discussions of those mss. he has personally criticized. Members should also have ample opportunity to talk with the professionals informally breaks, cocktail parties, and other evening events, and to hear the professionals read from their own works in progress. State of the art information on markets will be provided. Members may also attend major events of the Conference on the Fantastic, including addresses by Science Fiction writer and critic Samuel R. Delany, British dramatist Tom Stoppard, and English biographer

REGISTRATION: The workshop fee is \$150; those notified of acceptance should submit the fee promptly since mss. cannot be forwarded for critiquing until the fee is paid. Applicants may indicate the reviewer of their choice, but not all such requests can be honored.

FOOD AND HOUSING: Workshop members (as well as "faculty") will be housed in the Sheraton, a mile from campus. Transportation to campus events will be provided. Rates are \$62 single, \$72 double. Lists of members will be circulated to aid in finding roommates. For reservations, phone (305) 368-5252. First night deposit required, major credit cards accepted.

Numerous small restaurants and fast food houses adjoin the motel, which has several dining rooms. No campus food service will be available (it's spring break).

The workshop is sponsored by The Thomas Burnett Swann Fund, and arrangements are being handled by the staff of the Conference on the Fantastic. For further information write to the address given above, or call (305) 393-3839.

The Thomas Burnett Swann Fund

# **Fantasy**newsletter

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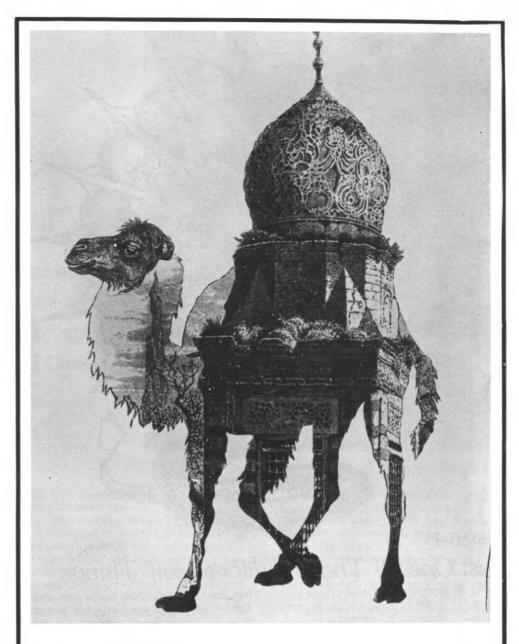
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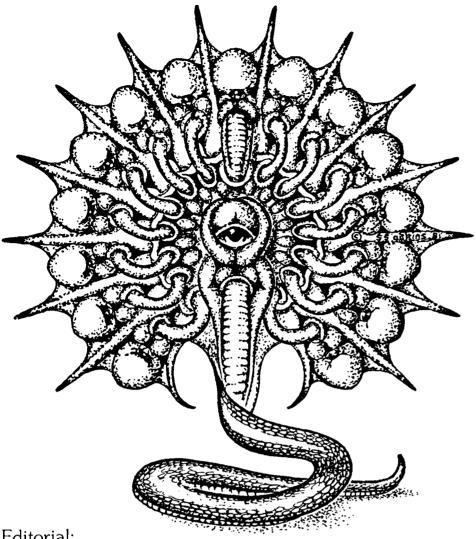
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Editorial:

## Just One Of Those 'Editor's Mail' Things

OUT OF MODESTY, no doubt, our World Fantasy Convention correspondent, Douglas E. Winter, failed to mention that he will be one of the Judges for next year's Awards. Others on the panel are Theodore Sturgeon, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, agent Virginia Kidd and Pat Cadigan, co-editor of Shayol (winner of this year's award for best amateur publication). Reader nominations will be solicited in January, and the complex process of balloting will begin once again.

Doug has also agreed to be FN's "personalities" correspondent, with the first of a series of columns on people in the field scheduled next month. Meanwhile, he will coordinate our series of interviews, and continue to review books that appeal to him.

Fans who have asked for a more regular review section will be pleased to welcome Roger Schlobin as Book Review Editor. Roger's column, The Dragon's Well, begins this month. Roger will also schedule reviews by other hands, so that important works are promptly covered.

THIS ISSUE also marks the debut of artist Sam Adkins, of Cleveland, Ohio, who tells us he's been trying for more than a year to "break into" our publication. We couldn't resist his winsome holiday witch (cover) and the tantric cobra (above), which suited our mood exactly at editorial time.

If you take a peek at the masthead you'll notice that rates have gone up again, one dollar for second class, two dollars for first. But then, postal rates are zooming and so are we -- count 'em, forty pages in this issue!

Meanwhile, Canadian author Charles R. Saunders reports that his novel Imaro wasn't released as scheduled in November (FN #42). It seems that Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc., threatened suit over the subtitle on the front cover: "The Epic Novel of a Black Tarzan." Rather than fight in court, DAW scrapped

the cover and rushed out a new one for December release.

RITZ LEIBER reports he's hard at work on the autobiographical introduction to The Illustrated Fritz Leiber -- we'll get an excerpt from that in his next column. His story, "The Mystery of the Japanese Clock," is scheduled for release early next year by Montgolfier Press in chapbook form, with an introduction by his son Justin. And he's planning to attend the Conference on the Fantastic in March, with a stopover in Clarksburg, West Virginia where Merle Moore "is planning a fantasy do ... for my friend Harry Fischer, who lives there, and me."

Somtow Sucharitkul, this year's Campbell Award winner, has just signed a five book contract with Timescape for \$37,500. And Timothy Robert Sullivan, another FN correspondent, has placed his story, "The Comedians," with Asimov's. (Tim's story, "Army of the Woods," a fine high fantasy, will appear in February -- we're waiting for Sabrina's illustrations.)

ENE WOLFE reports that his art-Gicle for FN is only half done, but will be coming along soon. In response to congratulations on his World Fantasy Award for best novel, Gene replies: "Awards aren't what it's all about, but boy they sure feel nice."

Darrell Schweitzer writes that his essay series, Exploring Fantasy Worlds, has now been scheduled by Borgo Press for March; the first volume will include essays by Michael Moorcock, Poul Anderson, L. Sprague de Camp, Sandra Miesel and himself. He also asks that contributors to Essays Lovecraftian (another casualty of the demise of TK Graphics) contact him -- he can pay them now, out of proceeds from personal sales of the book.

Finally, Here's an item I've been trying to find room for (no luck) on every other page:

Johnson County Community College, home of the Balrog Awards, announces Fool-Con V, April 2-4, 1982, at Overland Park, Kansas. GoHs will be Robert Bloch, James P. Hogan, and Alicia Austin. Toastmaster is Richard Lupoff, and guests include Carl Sherrell, Tim Kirk, Pat Cadigan and Arnold Fenner, and Real and Muff Musgrave. Memberships are \$7.50 until March 15, and dealer tables \$25 until March 1. Contact Jonathan Bacon, Johnson County C.C., 12345 College, Overland Park, Kansas 66210.

-- Bob Collins

## A Certain Slant of "I"

# The Horror... The Horror...

## By Somtow Sucharitkul

Caveat: Herein Somtow's Maniacal Glee for Grue may Register Rankly on Sensitive Palates. Diners and others with Queasy Plumbing should Desist.

HAIR-RAISING HERE is mostly a matter of wind resistance as the Terrified Thai plunges earthward on a roller coaster. Photo by Craig Glassner.





RECENTLY I went down to Florida, where I had the opportunity of seeing two movies unparalleled in their pursuit of the sanguinary. Now it is the night after Halloween as I sit down to write this month's column, and, although you will no doubt be reading these words some months after they have issued from my fingers, I thought I had better write an article that befits this most sanguinary of celebrations. It was after the fiftieth child had depleted our supply of candy bars, forcing me to go out in the dead of night foraging for sweets, that I began to gain a little understanding of the psychic makeup of those endless mad slashers. Fortunate it was indeed that I use an electric shaver; else the candy dole might have found itself liberally spiked with razor blades.

ONWARD THEN! I shall review, within these pages, some remarkably horrifying movies; and I shall conclude with a discussion of a book or two, to keep the non-mediaminded happy.

First: Doctor Butcher, Medi-cal Deviant. What a spectacle of unmitigated gore! Anthropology buffs will have a lot of chuckles

in this movie (I saw it with the redoubtable Tim Sullivan and some impressionable thirteen-year-olds. in a mosquito-infested Florida drive-in) which centers around a tribe of island cannibals who specialize in eating people alive; the eyeballs, popped still sizzling from the victim's angst-contorted faces, are a particular treat. We don't know who stars in this movie, since we came in late; nor do we know its country of origin. We were just in time to see a crazed killer guzzling on a palpitating human heart in an operating room in what was described as Bellevue.

From thence the action moves at breakneck pace to the primitive island, where the natives seem to be under the control of a Frankensteinish mad doctor. It is the latter who, in his great-whitefatherly wisdom, has restored the practice of cannibalism to the islanders, whose religious icon. drawn in blood wherever they make a kill, resembles nothing so much as the logo of the Hilton chain.

N THE BLOODCURDLING climax of the movie, Zombies shamble, the mad doctor plays musical scalps on his patients as they lie unanaes-

thetized on operating tables, and the heroine, naturally naked, is bound to a gigantic Hilton logo and made the object of a bang-'m-up fertility rite.

The cinematography frequently stuns with its stupefying lack of imagination. Shooting angles and framings have all the pictorial dynamism of a whorehouse peephole; never have I seen a more telling argument against minimalism in the arts.

And yet ... the movie does have a good point or two, a moment here and there of almost redemptory humor. Here are some of my favor-

 ${\bf H}^{ ext{EROINE}},$  having taken the obligatory nude shower, comes out to find a maggotty rotting head on the bed. Screams. Enter her host, who brushes it aside with "Don't worry, little things like this happen all the time." His tone is earnest, matter-of-fact. Another scene that evokes in me the most profoundly childlike sense of wonder: heroine strapped to the operating table; mad doctor is in the process of removing her brain. No anaesthetic. She screams in anguish. Doctor pulls out a surgical implement and

(Continued on next page.)

#### SUCHARITKUL, CONT.

pokes around in her mouth; screaming cuts off abruptly. Doctor murmurs (again with complete matter-of-factness) to his concealed tape recorder: Patient's screaming was annoying. Performed removal of vocal chords." How outrageous! How moving! Yes, it's just like something little kids would do while playing mad scientist. Indeed, it was in moments like this that the movie achieved a certain archetypal grandeur.

While I haven't had such a good time in years, I must say that Doctor Butcher, Medical Deviant is not altogether a success. From savage island to Manhattan madhouse, the movie is structurally a sort of inverted King Kong; yet fails, by its lack of sweep, scope and unified vision, to create the dreamlike splendor of the great classic. Nevertheless, it contains some delectable grand guignol, and sufficient unconscious humor to become an old warhorse of the Friday midnight crowd.

A word about the hilarious score of *Doctor Butcher*, *Medical Deviant*. A single Minimoog plinks away throughout the movie, at the goriest moments bursting into a gleeful minuet-like theme which I found particularly amusing. And you know what? The thirteen-year-olds loved every minute of it.

Glutton for puishment that I am, I went to another horror movie the next day. *Grim Reaper* is Italian and stars Tisa Farrow and others. While it is almost as cheaply made as *Doctor Butcher*, it manages to convey all the qualities a horror movie should: sheer terror of course, visual lushness, the unrelenting juxtaposition of sex and death, of apparent rationality and slavering id.

WHAT A FEAST this movie is! It begins unpromisingly, with one of your standard batherette-devouredby-sea-monster scenes; this particular batherette is somewhat mediocre of physique, but luckily she doesn't survive to sully the rest of the movie. The scene shifts to Athens--some pretty views of the Parthenon--where a bunch of rich kids is preparing for a yachting expedition to some of the Aegean islands. They are joined by Tisa Farrow, an American girl who is clearly Hiding Some Secret. After some mumbo-jumbo with tarot cards, they are stranded on a picturesque island on which everyone appears to have been killed ... and the fun begins in earnest. In

no time at all the killing begins...

What killings there are! Women, especially women who have just divested themselves of clothing, are of course the special object of all mad killers, symbolizing as they do the unfocused misogynistic wrath that lurks in the unconscious of the pubescent male (the genre's most stereotypical devotee). But the women of Grim Reaper are not mere cockteasers. Their victim-like quality is exagerated to an extreme -- one is pregnant, another blind and only a teenager. Sexuality isn't emphasized -- the murders take place on a far more brutal level, a level of naked infantile rage. The images attack us in our most childlike state, when we are most vulnerable; it is this that makes the movie, for all its crudities and stylistic infelicities, such a powerful, such a profoundly disturbing one.

"Grim Reaper is a metaphor for sibling rivalry...this monster is doing what all we older siblings have dreamt of doing to usurping babies...."

GRIM REAPER is unrelenting. Rotting corpses litter its settings; the throttling of the pregnant woman takes place after a long chase through catacombs crammed with decaying bodies from which the camera never flinches. And the slaying is a peculiarly horrid one, so much so that in describing it prose is insufficient, and I must burst for a brief moment into verse:

LINES ADDRESSED TO A MANIACAL SLASHER BY AN EXPECTANT MOTHER

Dear Mad Killer, I beg you to meet us

In a catacomb full of detritus.
When you're done, Mr. Grim,
Pray reach up my qu\*m
And strangle the miscreant foetus!

This act of insensate grossness is at the same time a moment of deep psychological insight into the nature of the mad slasher archetype. For we must remember (as I've discussed above) that inside every murdering monster is that raging child of the unconscious. At this very primitive level

it's a metaphor for sibling rivalry, and this monster is doing what all we older siblings have dreamt of doing to the usurping babies in our families! Yes, we are horrified. But it is at ourselves, for it is the monster we've been rooting for, not the hapless baby.

The movie is a cornucopia of such illusion-stripping images. It is a sort of Dante's Infermo as it might be seen through a child's eyes: chaotic yet ordered by some half-perceived, schizophrenic logic; unbearably terrifying yet luridly enticing. The atmosphere is overpowering: the lonely house in the storm, the huge mansion with the mad old woman, the graveyard chase scene...as we descend lower and lower in the labyrinth of horror the imagery intensifies. The graveyard gives way to the catacomb where long-corpses lie gnawed at by red-eyed rats. The catacomb gives way to the horrific chamber of the more recently dead....When our heroine breaks through the mirror on the wall and finds a room where corpses have been hastily shrouded and left to rot, and she inevitably strips off the sheet, we don't just hear a shriek and follow the camera as it pans away, which would be par for most similar scenes in this genre. No. Under Joe D'Amato's direction the camera dwells lovingly on the decaying faces animated by the wrigglings of maggots...and Tisa Farrow, far from screaming in terror, pulls away another cloth and uncovers another corpse, and another...it is through this sheer primitive repetition, this relentless unwavering of the cinematic eye, that the film achieves its epiphanies.

**T**COULD go on forever about Grim Reaper. I could describe how the mad killer rips off the blind girl's scalp; how he bites off huge chunks of a young man's neck, making the jugular and the carotid gush like a water fountain in a school corridor. Or the music with its screeching violin glissandos, which wisely makes no attempt at originality but merely cannibalizes and hamburgerizes from the narrow repertoire of standard classic horror movie sound textures. Or the director's brilliant use of the women's almost erotic half-panting, half-moaning as a musical percussive device. Or the wonderfully hokey psychological explanation for the madman's aberration, which exists only to satisfy the exigencies of the plot and which we instinctively know to be irrelevant.

(Continued on page 26)

#### COMMENTARY.

## Inner Concerns in Outer Space; The Real and The Surreal

#### BY JAMES GUNN

"Science fiction is a specialized kind of fantasy; it operates by making the fantastic seem real. ...as rational explanations...dwindle in number or credibility, the science fiction feel of the story dissipates,"

NOTE: THESE ARE THE FIRST in a series of essays written for The Road To Science Fiction, Volume Four, James Gunn's remarkable anthology of science fiction from ancient to modern. In each essay, Gunn relates the work of a writer to the issues of the time; here, the postwar disillusionment which was to stimulate the "New Wave" is reflected in two quite different ways by Frank Herbert and George Alec Effinger.

 $\mathbf{q}^{\text{N}}$  THE EARLY 1960's with the euphoria of the postwar boom already faded into disillusionment and the radical vigor of the New Wave yet to evidence itself, science fiction seemed to be drifting rudderless upon a sea of change. Outer space, as a symbol for the Campbellian emphasis on the importance of the external world, seemed insufficient; but was the only alternative a radical swing toward what J. G. Ballard would call "inner space"?

Frank Herbert apparently did not think so. His work displayed a respect for traditional science fiction, but he brought to it a new concern for inner struggle and for more difficult choices. The same social and psychological influences that led to the introspection of the New Wave may well have produced Herbert's emphasis on individual and mass psychology, sociology, history, religion, philosophy, mysticism and myth, but Herbert chose to build upon the past and use it for his own purposes.

Herbert was born at Tacoma, Washington, and attended the University of Washington. He worked as a newspaper reporter and editor for various West Coast newspapers, and also as a photographer, oyster diver, lay analyst, and oenologist. His first story was published in Esquire in 1945 and his first science fiction story, "Looking for Something?," in Startling Stories for April 1952, but the novel length was more suited to his interests and abilities. He has written comparatively few short stories, some of which have been collected in The Worlds of Frank Herbert (1970), The Book of Frank Herbert (1973), and The Best of Frank Herbert (1975). In 1970 he became a fulltime freelance writer.

HERBERT'S FIRST NOVEL came out of his service in the U. S. Navy in World War II; it was serialized in Astounding in 1955-56 as Under Pressure and published in book form as The Dragon in the Sea, 21st Century Sub, and Under Pressure. His second and most famous novel His second and most famous novel, Dune, was serialized in two sections in Analog--Dune World (1963-64) and The Prophet of Dune (1965) -and published in hard covers in 1965. In spite of the fact that it won the first novel Nebula Award and also won a Hugo, it was not the success that it became after steady sales in paperback accumulated to more than one million copies.

Herbert turned out a group of unrelated novels -- Destination: Void (1966), The Eyes of Heisen-



JAMES GUNN, author of such science fiction classics as The Listeners and The Immortals, is Professor of English at the University of Kansas and author of the leading science fiction text series, The Road to Science Fiction. Gunn is past president of Science Fiction Writers of America, and current president of Science Fiction Research Association. His fiction has won numerous awards, and has been dramatized on film, radio and television. His research works include Alternate Worlds, the Illustrated History of Science Fiction, and Isaac Asimov: Rational Man in an Irrational Universe (forthcoming). Photo by Wolfgang Jeschke, Dublin, 1978.

berg (1966), The Green Brain (1966), The Heaven Makers (1968), and The Santaroga Barrier (1968) -- before producing Dune Messiah (1969). That was followed by Whipping Star (1970), Soul Catcher (1972), The God Makers (1972), and Hellstrom's Hive (1973). But not until Children of Dune (1976), which became the first science fiction hardcover bestseller, was Herbert's position clearly established. Subsequently he sold the film rights to Dune to a major producer for a sum rumored

(Continued on next page)

#### GUNN, Continued

to be \$1 million. The fourth volume in the Dune series, God Emperor of Dune (1981), solidified Herbert's reputation as one of the most successful authors in the field. Two novels--The Dosadi Experiment (1978) and The Jesus Incident (1979) with Bill Ransom--and The Illustrated Dune (1978) appeared between the last two Dune novels.

 $\mathbf{D}_{ ext{appendices}}^{ ext{UNE IS a long (489 pages plus}}$ placed in the far-distant future of a human-inhabited galaxy. It includes a complicated Van Vogtian plot full of Byzantine intrigue and hidden super-powers placed in an Asimovian future history. Even its mythic structure of a youth needing to develop his mature strength and his superhuman abilities in order to regain his lost kingdom is Van Vogtian, and the novel's involvement with prescience is psychohistorical. One critic (John L. Grigsby) has called the Foundation stories and the Dune novels "a vision reversed," and Herbert, in a chapter contributed to The Craft of Science Fiction (1976), paid tribute to the Foundation Trilogy as "one of the all-time classics." But he suggested that the Foundation stories are based on "unexamined assumptions" and that other assumptions "could serve as the jumpingoff point for an entirely new series of stories."

The assumptions that Herbert makes in Dune are that conditions of life on various planets will produce different kinds of humans, that similar conditions will produce similar results (the desert world Arrakis has developed an Arablike character and culture), that hardship is good for people and produces stronger and more effective warriors, that the human species has hidden talents that can be brought into use through genetic selection and training, that racial memory resides in the cells and in special circumstances individual memories can be shared, that a galactic empire would be organized on loose feudal lines rather than Asimov's centralized Roman model, that the development of computers would have resulted in a galaxywide rebellion against machine intelligence and in the development of new human mental abilities, that the banning of atomic bombs and the development of bodyshields would mean a return to handto-hand combat, that individuals and human existence itself survive in a narrow space between life and death, between foresight and will,



FRANK HERBERT

between the pain of the black box and the poison of the gom jabbar, between the poison of the Water of Life and the change in it that produces sharing and visions . . . .

To these assumptions, and others, Herbert brought a mythic structure, a richly detailed social, historical and physical scene that helped establish a model for the invented-world novel (as critic Robert E. Foster has pointed out), and led to the publication of a Dune Encyclopedia, and a concern for ecology, human development, and messianic movements.

 $\mathbf{P}^{ ext{ERHAPS}}$  the most effective part of *Dune*, and the part that gives the series its title, is the desert world Arrakis, a world in which water is so scarce that people must preserve every drop of moisture, including that which makes up the human body; it produces an enviroment that people must honor, or they will die. But Arrakis also produces melange, the invaluable and addictive "spice" that can prolong life and enhance human ability to foresee the future; it also is inextricably a part of the Arrakeen ecology. Arrakis also produces the tough, tribal Fremen, the best warriors in the galaxy, and they can change the future through a wild, bloody jihad that Paul sees as "terrible purpose." Herbert got the idea for the novel from an assignment to write an article about the experiments of an Oregon coast research station attempting to control shifting sand dunes, and his long-held desire to write a novel about "messianic convulsions which inflict themselves upon human societies." He planned the work for five years.

The story of *Dune* is told on several levels: the effort to control Arrakis and the spice trade and eventually the galactic empire; the conspiracy that turns Arrakis over to Duke Leto and the Atreides family only to wipe them out with treachery and a massive attack; the

plans of the Bene Gesserit "witches," who practice body and mind control, to breed a "Kwisatz Haderach." a male who can endure the Bene Gesserit experience of remembering the past and foreseeing the future: the Fremen's effort to change the ecology of Arrakis; the education and development of the Duke's son Paul to avenge his father's death and restore his family's fortunes and position; Paul's rise as the Kwisatz Haderach and the Fremen's Lisan al-Gaib, and the internal conflict caused by his vision of a bloody future. . . .

The banquet that occurs after the arrival of the Atreides family on Arrakis brings together the various forces at work upon the planet, illustrates the value of water there, and introduces one ecological concern. It also demonstrates Herbert's narrative method: the richness of description in which each detail is linked to some element of plot or character, the development of plot through conversation punctuated by internal reflections on the meanings of statements and actions, and the 'unusual shifting point of view from Duke Leto to Paul to Jessica to Kynes and back around the cycle several times. In this manner Herbert develops theme and plot, enhances the elements of intrigue, role-playing and subterfuge, and brings out the difference between perception and reality. (In the anthology, forthcoming next fall, this essay will be followed by an excerpt, pp. 126-146 in Berkley's 1977 edition -- RAC)

Science fiction is a specialized kind of fantasy; it operates by making the fantastic seem real. Reality, then, may be as important to science fiction as fantasy; as rational explanations for events in a story dwindle in number or credibility, the science fiction feel of the story dissipates. Therein resides a remarkable contradiction: although science fiction is a part of fantasy, the more fantastic a story is, the less it seems like science fiction.

In the world of literature outside the formulaic ghettos of category fiction, the unprecedented horrors of World War I produced a range of reactions, one of which was "Dadaism"; in art and writing it rejected the idea of order in the universe and adopted conscious madness as a method. About 1924 it developed into "surrealism,"

(Continued on next page.)

#### GUNN, Continued

which presented, as one critic put it, "Chance events in disorderly array, much like the random sequence of events or recollections experienced in dreams." The "theater of the absurd" adapts surreal methods to portray man as a bewildered creature in an incomprehensible universe. "Anti-realism" abandoned realism's dependence on plot, setting, motivation, characterization, cause and effect, and sometimes logic. Early anti-realistic writers were Joyce and Kafka; contemporary anti-realists, though in different ways, are Samuel Beckett, Jorge Luis Borges, John Hawkes and Joseph Heller.

Perhaps it was inevitable that anti-realism would gain a foothold in science fiction, and that surrealism would begin to reshape science fiction's dreams. Liberated by the experiments of the New Wave, anti-realism and surrealism would become new ways of dealing with the strangeness of the Universe and the mysteries of the hu-

man mind.

\*EORGE Alec Effinger has been Gcalled a surrealist. He was born and raised in Cleveland, Ohio, attended Yale twice and New York University once, abandoning both for his lifelong ambition to write. He attended the 1970 Clarion Writer's Workshop and placed three stories in the workshop's first anthology. His first publication, however, was "The Eight-Thirty To Nine Slot" in the April 1971 Fantastic. His 1972 story, "All The Last Wars At Once" was a Hugo finalist, as was his 1973 novelette, "The City on the Sand."

Effinger's first novel, What Entropy Means To Me (1972), won considerable praise and was a Nebula finalist. Effinger himself came in second to Jerry Pournelle for the 1973 Capbell Award as best new writer. Since then he has written Relatives (1973), Nightmare Blue (1975, with Gardner Dozois), Those Gentle Voices: A Promethean Romance of the Spaceways (1976), Death in Florence (1978), reprinted as Utopia Three (1980), and Heroics (1979). He has been a writer for Marvel Comics since 1971 and wrote novelizations of four episodes of the "Planet of the Apes" television series, Man the Fugitive (1974), Escape For Tomorrow (1975), Journey Into Terror (1975), and Lord of the Apes (1976), and a non-fiction book, Blood Pinball (1981). His short stories have been collected in Mixed Feelings (1974), Irrational Numbers (1976), and

Dirty Tricks (1978).

An article in Twentieth-Century American Science Fiction Writers comments that "his ironic wit, his sense of the absurdity of the universe, his eye for concrete detail, and his parody of different styles have caused him to be compared to such writers as Jorge Luis Borges, John Barth, Donald Barthelme, and Thomas Pynchon."

Effinger dislikes handy labels and rejects the term "surrealist." "Surrealism is a starting point, not a style," he writes. "For over a decade I have been writing stories and novels using the traditional materials of science fiction, the conventional characters, settings and storylines, in a manner that is surreal. But beyond that, I have tried to develop an exploration of character, of motivation, and of response to crisis that is beyond the scope of the surreal story."

Effinger also displays in his writing a fascination with the attitudes and artifacts of contemporary life. As Robert Silverberg observes in his introduction to Irrational

"Perhaps it was inevitable that anti-realism would gain a foothold in science fiction. and that surrealism would begin to reshape science fiction's dreams...."

Numbers, "Effinger's material includes all the standard schlock furniture of comtemporary pop culture; what he makes out of it is something [like Los Angeles's Simone Rodia and his Watts towers], at times, with his ball players and mad scientists and sinister compu-

"Lights Out," originally published in the October 1973 Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, illustrates several aspects of Effinger's references and details; the force fields and scientific inquiry as well as the grave, pseudoscientific explanations of science fiction; the evanescent nature of reality; and the interrelationship of fiction and the real world that creates most of the story's surrealistic quality.

The last element, as much as the "exploration of character, of motivation, and of response to crisis," prevents easy categorization of Effinger as a surrealist. The interplay of the methods and myths of writing and the writing

life, the facts of publishing, and the real world make "Lights Out" a piece of fiction that comments on the fictional process as well as on the nature of reality. In this story, at least, Effinger is a writer of meta-fiction, or fiction about fiction.

The reader should not hunt too long for explanations of the events in "Lights Out." From the moment a casual journey home to Ohio (with elements of autobiography) begins to come apart in Courane's "simileconscious mind" with the realization that Aunt Bessie not only has read his potboiler of a science-fiction novel, Space Spy, but has recognized him from the picture on the back cover and remembers the details of his life, and from the moment Aunt Bessie remembers what he may or may not have forgotten, that he is married, events are governed more by the random associations of dreams than by the rational connections of the conscious mind.

The events in the story may be explained in many ways: the story itself contains a suggestion that Courane may be living one of his own stories, or that he may be a modern Odysseus ("his own Ithaca singing in his forgetful blood") bewitched by an ingenuous Circe, or that he is going mad, or that reality is coming apart. But readers should not put too much faith in explanations. The response that Effinger might treasure most is the readers' questionings of their own realities and their longing, like Courace, for the one certainty in a protean world, that "paragraph of life" on the back cover. [Readers may find "Lights Out" most conveniently in Mixed Feelings (Harper & Row, 1974). RAC]

--James Gunn

#### OMNICON III

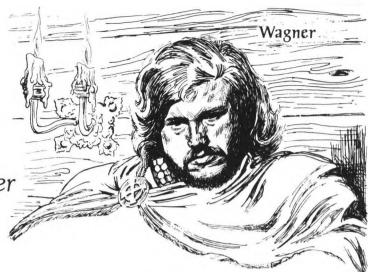
Paul Quartzmeyer reports that OMNICON III will meet February 5, 6, 7, 1982 at the Oceanside Holiday Inn in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Goh this year is David A. Kyle, Fan Goh is Kerry O'Quinn and featured artist is Kelly Freas. Special guests will be Nicholas Courtney and John Nathan-Turner of "Dr. Who," and Mike Jittlov of "Wizard of Speed and Time." Also featured will be Guest Star Jeremy Bulloch.

Registration options include: A 3-day ticket which includes Buffet, \$35.00; a 2-day ticket, \$12.50; or a 3-day ticket (excluding buffet) for \$17.50 (until December 31). To register contact OMNICON III, PO Box 970308, Miami, FL 33197.



## On Fantasy:

Karl Edward Wagner



# In Memoriam: Lee Brown Coye

NE OF THE SIDE-EFFECTS of plunging into the stormy seas of small press publishing, aside from ulcers, high blood pressure and a strained back, are the acquaintances and friendships you strike up in the course of putting dreams upon the printed page. These experiences are beyond any value, and endure long after the last book has made that transition from unsold stock to out of print collector's item.

If I hadn't begun Carcosa, I wouldn't have known the friendship of Lee Brown Coye.

By the time I entered high school, in 1959, I had extended my science-fiction and fantasy reading (and, of course, collecting) horizons beyond the local newsstands and used book shops to the wondrous vistas of specialty dealers' catalogs. Postwar copies of Weird Tales could be had for under a dollar, and an untold quantity of cola bottles, skipped lunches and hoarded allowances were converted into Weird Tales -- to be read with a sense of reverence that such a magazine had existed, and of frustration that I had missed subscribing to it by only a few years. It was here that I first encountered Lee Brown Coye: shuddery drawings of leaning, crumbling houses; smug, well-fed rats; shrunken, ravenous corpses; distorted landscapes beneath a crescent moon. That crescent moon: a sickle, a toe-nail, a signature.

In the early 1960s that sickle moon began to rise again--appearing on the dust jackets of Arkham House books (seen on the rare occasions when I could scrape together the staggering cost of a hardcover book) and in the pages of Fantastic (whose readers complained bitterly in the Letters column--more nudes and rocket ships if you please). I compared yellowed page to new page. There was not mistaking those emaciated figures and corpulent rats. Lee Brown Coye

was still at work.

Somewhere. Ten years later Dave Drake, Jim Groce and I had pooled our money to publish a collection of fantasy stories by Manly Wade Wellman, entitled Worse Things Waiting. Many of these stories had appeared in Weird Tales, and Coye had illustrated one of them at the time.

Cove seemed to be the ideal artist to illustrate the collection, but the problem was to get in touch with him. It had been a number of years since Coye's work had appeared in Fantastic, and in the wake of August Derleth's recent death, it seemed unlikely that anyone could help us at Arkham House. Fortunately, Richard Minter, good friend and pulp dealer nonpareil, remembered a Hamilton, New York address for Lee Brown Coye, and, thanks to Richard, we made contact with Coye and arranged for him to illustrate Worse Things Waiting.

How can you describe a friend-

T STARTED WITH letters: wildly enthusiastic praise on my part, as the drawings began to come in; warmly modest responses from Coye, who was pleased that someone still remembered and liked his work. Coye had assumed his work had been forgotten. A shy, quiet man, he lived with his wife in a small town in midstate New York, with his studio located above a local bar and restaurant. He had no contact with fandom. When August Derleth died, it had seemed that the only market for his macabre drawings had died as well. Now Coye was overjoyed that not only was Carcosa interested in his work, but so was another fantasy collector--a oung dealer named Stuart David Schiff who was starting a new magazine called Whispers. Stuart would be moving close to us in North Carolina, based, as an Army dentist, at Fort Bragg, and from this began another friendship.

June 21, 1974. Dave Drake and I pile into my trusty 1962 Falcon station wagon and set out to visit

#### WAGNER, Continued

Lee Brown Coye. Endless miles of Interstate, climbing from the flat pines of North Carolina to the scarred ridges of the northern Appalachians. Toll booths. Crown vetch. Kamikaze blackbirds hurl against the Falcon's grill. Each bridge warns us that ice will form here before it will on the road surface. Baffled smokies gape at their radar units in disbelief as the black Falcon wagon hurtles past. How far is it from Chapel Hill to Hamilton, anyway? Something like 850 miles, the odometer informs us as we cruise into Hamilton thirteen hours later. That stop for lunch in Harrisburg slowed us down. Thank God there's a bar downstairs from Lee's studio.

Lee breaks into a grin when he sees us standing outside the Bluebird. I'd told him to look for someone large, shaggy and red-bearded. Lee is easy to recognize. The hanged man on the dust jacket of Worse Things Waiting is a self-por-

EE BROWN COYE did look like one of his own creations, longbodied; cadaverously thin; a brush of age-bleached hair that still showed traces of red; bright, lively eyes shone from a long face. seamed and weathered by icy winters. His movements were slow, deliberate, almost hypnotic in their precise economy. He walked with a hint of an old man's shuffle, with the air of a man used to walking alone, and alone with with his thoughts; like one oh his characters, Coye's steps did not seem to touch the same ground that others trod upon.

Lee had been born in Syracuse. New York on July 24, 1907. He had lived most of his life in midstate New York, and when I met him he was crowding 67. A series of stomach operations made him watch what he ate very carefully. Highly strung, quietly emotional, he was exhausted by our short visit. He seemed little more than bones strung together with gristle and weathered skin; he looked too frail to survive the arctic cold of midstate winters. That frailness was deceptive, as we were to learn.

He lived in an upstairs apartment with his wife, Ruth, a warm, caring woman who worked as a registered nurse. The couple were married in 1928; a son lived in Syracuse, and for many years the Coyes had enjoyed the companionship of a gentle cocker spaniel named Susie. "Shuddery drawings of leaning, crumbling houses; smug, well-fed rats; ... corpses beneath a crescent moon...a sickle, a toenail. a signature."



LEE BROWN COYE IN HIS STUDIO.

Lee's studio was a short walk from their home, and both studio and home displayed numerous examples of this multitalented artist's works.

Coye's studio was a roomy, tworoomed affair that didn't seem to contain an inch of uncluttered space, and once inside one realized that this artist did far more than gruesome drawings inked on scratchboard. Stacks of lumber, massive pieces of woodworking equipment. Broad workbenches with innumerable tools of every description. Blow torches, centrifuge, electric furnace for silverwork. Drawing board, pens and knives, oil paints, easel, tubes and canisters of inks and pigments. Shelves bent with the weight of books, artifacts and equipment; bulging filing cabinets. A dozen, two dozen projects lying about in varying stages of completion.

It seemed that there was very little that Lee Brown Coye could not do and do well. He was a silversmith, turning out bowls, reliquaries, figurines, jewelry--including wedding rings for Barbara and me, and for Stuart and Susan Schiff. He was a woodcarver, with work ranging from "white structure" abstactions to stylized whales and birds. He was a painter, beginning in the days of the WPA art projects program (two of his murals can be seen in Hamilton at the Colgate Inn and at a local bar), and including covers for Weird Tales as well as a number of paintings now in private hands or in museums; in 1939 his painting, "The Dark House," was part of a display at the Whitney Museum of American Art and was subsequently purchased for its permanent collection by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He was an illustrator whose books included works by Balzac, Irving, Stevenson, a book on the subject of bundling, two medical texts on neuroradiology, privately printed books such as The Seventh Ogre and Scylla's Daughter, as well as three horror anthologies edited by August Derleth, (Sleep No More, Who Knocks?, The Night Side) for Farrar & Rhinehart during the 1940s, which brought Coye to the attention of Weird Tales and to horror fans. Perhaps most wonderful of all were Coye's three-dimensional constructions and dioramas -- pains takingly detailed scale models of houses and railroads and canals. miniature recreations of scenes and buildings from the area's past, perfect even to miniscule cups and plates on the tables of a tiny coffee house: the viewer felt that to be shrunk in size himself was all that was necessary to step into the world of a century past.

● OYE WAS AN excellent host and seemed to enjoy showing us the wonders of his world. We puttered about his studio. Coye showed us how he created his drawings: india ink penned onto scratchboard, white borders and shading then delineated by scraping away ink with a knife. A the time Lee had begun work on the second book he was to illustrate for us,  $\mathit{Murgunstrumm}~\&~$   $\mathit{Others}$  by Hugh B. Cave. Lee was especially fond of Cave's gothic grue and had taken on the project with demonic inspiration. Two fat black rabbits, named Mulvahey and Jum Peters after characters in one of the stories, were recent additions to his studio. They ran loose, covering the floor with droppings,

(Continued or the next page.)



LEE AT HOME with the family's aged cocker spaniel, Susie.

#### WAGNER, Continued

gnawing on everything in reach (including insulation on the electric cords, a beautifully carved rooster, frames and drawings stacked against the wall). Lee was sadly aware he would have to give them away. One of the rabbits scratched his hand. Lee experimented with his blood as a scratchboard medium, signing his name in blood for Drake.

We toured the rural New York countryside Lee loved so well, with Lee pointing out favorite spots: a weather-beaten barn, an abandoned gothic house, a bar and grill called theBucket of Blood that bore more than a little resemblance to the Gray Toad Inn in Murgunstrumm. Lee took us to Mann Brook, the site of his 1938 discovery of an isolated, abandoned house covered with drawings and three-dimensional lattices of sticks fastened together in incomprehensible structures, the inspiration for many subsequent drawings, and for my story, "Sticks." The road had been regraded, but Lee found the place on Mann Brook where he had begun his fishing trip more than 35 years before. The old railroad line was all but obliterated, the apple orchard completely overgrown with new forest. Before we had hiked very far, we began to encounter signs that warned: No Trespassing for Any Purposes. Enigmatic, but forceful enough. After several of these, we turned back to the Falcon. I've often wondered. . . .

"Lee studies the dessicated cadavers...speaks of them reverently... Once that door swung shut on me.' He nods to the cast iron door atop the stairs. 'When that happened, I just went away.... I never came back.'"

UT THE GREATEST treat was the old town cemetery, a short walk from Lee's studio. Here there were three civil war era crypts, and Lee had access to their keys. Some oil for the locks and hinges, a bit of wrestling with tire-iron sized keys, and doors can be opened. Then steps lead downward into musty, cobwebby gloom. Rows of caskets, many of them glass-fronted, are lined against the walls. The crypts are in poor repair, and broken coffins and other acts of vandalism are apparent. Lee Musingly studies the dessicated cadavers with their mouldering Victorian clothing and gnawed leathery faces. He speaks of them reverently, hurt by the vandalism; their faces are familiar, for he has visited them on other occasions. "Once that door swung shut on me." Lee nods to the cast iron door atop the stairs. A friend opened it again right away, but to me it seemed a long interval of time. I never came back."

Having already grappled with the discovery that Coye's marvelously mouldering corpses are "drawn from life," I stare at him as I realize he isn't making reference to return visits such as this one. The Falcon then refuses to start, and, yes, the sky is growing dark with the promise of a storm. We leave Drake to guard the Falcon and walk back into town, where two good old boys run me back with a new starter motor. Drake kas been dozing over a book beside a tombstone. but wakes up when he hears the rumble of their pickup's 429. Coye's signature in blood is a potent charm.

HERE WERE other visits, other adventures, other pleasant memories of friendship and congenial company. The following June, Drake and I returned, this time bringing along Jim Groce and my new bride, Barbara--the Carcosa gang was out in force. For Barbara and me it was a late honeymoon,



VISITING THE CRYPT where Lee's cadavers were "drawn from life."

made all the better when Barbara discovered that one of the crypts bore her maiden name, Mott. A year later we came back in October, on our way to the World Fantasy Convention in New York, where Carcosa was to win the World Fantasy Award. That was to be the last time we ould visit Lee.

A series of misfortunes had plagued Lee. Their spaniel, aged and stricken with a tumor, had to be put to sleep during one visit. We all did what we could to console Lee and Ruth, but there's little to be said at the loss of a friend. We drove them over to a nearby animal shelter where Lee chose a new dog, a frantic English setter that weighed more than Lee and had to be returned. Later the Bluebird Restaurant caught fire and Lee's studio was destroyed. Lee himself, making vital use of the masks he wore to avoid inhaling dust at his woodworking machines, led several victims down the smoke-filled stairways to safety. A friend donated half of his office space for use as a new studio. Lee was able to draw there, but most of his tools and equipment were lost in the fire, along with many pieces of his

Shortly before Christmas, 1976, Lee mailed the final drawing for Murgunstrumm & Others (the drawing for the first half-title page). On New Year's Day he suffered a major stroke. Ruth wrote us that Lee

(Continued on next page.)

#### WAGNER, Continued

was paralyzed, comatose, death was expected at any hour.

Lee had seemed frail. So does barbed wire. Incredibly, impossibly Lee fought back. For a year he passed in and out of coma, scarcely aware of his surroundings. He came back. Full consciousness returned, confusion slowly cleared. He recognized people, was able to converse. Despite residual partial paralysis, he worked desperately through physical therapy to learn to use his limbs, to walk again. There were setbacks, relapses, more surgery, complications. Lee kept fighting. He wanted to be able to draw again.

Three years after the stroke, I began to get letters from Lee again; the first in scrawled block letters, then in cursive script, increasingly recognizable as Lee's old handwriting. Each letter contained the same plea: send manuscripts to illustrate. Of course, I did. Lee had been working on a

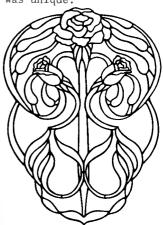
second Hugh B. Cave collection for us at the time of his stroke, another grisly volume entitled Death Stalks the Night. I sent him the rest of the manuscripts and bade him have at it.

Still working from his hospital bed, Lee was actually drawing again. It seemed beyond belief -the more so considering he worked without essential equipment. Each tiny line must have demanded full effort and concentration. But the drawings were coming once again.

In February of this year, Lee suffered cardiac arrest. Resuscitation efforts were successful, but he was not expected to live. Lee had proven them wrong before and he would again. In June Lee wrote me that he had begun four new drawings for Death Stalks the Night.

THIS WAS TO BE Lee's final stand. Not long after this letter, his kidneys began to fail, new complications arose, new surgery; his health began to deteriorate even beyond the power of his tireless spirit. On September 5, 1981, four and a half years after suffering the stroke, Lee Brown Cove died.

He was a kindly, gentle man-enormously talented and possessing the unsettling combination of a certain morbid genius with a whimsical sense of humor. Coye's work was distinctive: bizarre distortions and eccentric stylizations merged with his knowledge of clinical anatomy, and somehow his sardonic humor crept through even his most startlingly gruesome portrayals. In a field where artists are too often incestuously imitative, Lee Brown Coye was unique.



#### YOUR SCIENCE FANTASY BOOKSHOP ... IN THE MAIL

One of the best things to happen to the science fantasy field in the past few years has been the growth of the SF Bookstore. Unfortunately, these shops are few and far between. If you don't live in a major metropolitan area, you are out of luck. However, we offer a viable alternative to the local SF shop; a complete Science Fantasy marketplace, with a stock comparable to specialty shops, along with several exciting extras, through the mail.

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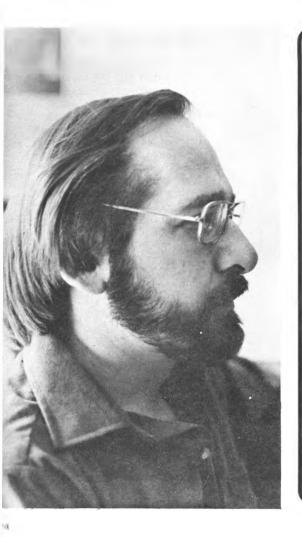
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## INTERVIEW:

## Charles L. Grant

By DOUGLAS E. WINTER

"The thing about the best horror fiction is that there is more to the horror than the horror. There are levels... that make books worthwhile... deliberate or not...."

photo by Peter D. Pautz

One cannot discuss contemporary horror fiction for long without hearing the name of Charles L. Grant. Stephen King has rightfully called him "one of the premier fantasists of his generation." As writer, editor and critic, he is an omnipresent force, and one of the most respected young talents to emerge in the modern renaissance of horror fiction.

Born in 1942 and raised in New Jersey, Charles L. Grant entered Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, in 1960, planning to follow his father's career as an Episcopal priest. During his junior year, however, he decided upon teaching history, literature and drama. Returning to New Jersey to teach high school, he began his first serious attempts at fiction in 1966, when he was invited to attend the meetings of a small writers' club. Although his first professional sale was in 1968, he was drafted by the Army that year. After serving in the military police, including a tour of duty in Vietnam, Grant returned to teaching, intent on becoming a parttime writer. Critical and popular success soon allowed him to write fulltime and, indeed, to become one of the field's most productive talents.

Several well-received short stories were followed in 1976 by Grant's first novel, The Shadow of Alpha. Since then, he has published numerous science fiction and horror novels. with his best known work structured into two coherent series: the "Parric Tapestry" future history, which includes his first novel, as well as Ascension (1977) and Legion (1980); and the "Oxrun Station" horror novels, which include The Hour of the Oxrun Dead (1977), The Sound of Midnight (1978) and The Last Call of Mourning (1980). His latest novels are The Grave (Popular Library, 1981), a tour-de-force of feverdream style set in Oxrun Station, and A Quiet Night of Fear (Berkeley, 1981), which combines elements of science fiction, horror and mystery with splendidly entertaining results.

Grant's horror short stories
Gregularly appear in the major
magazines in the field, and a stunning collection of these stories,
Tales From the Nightside, was released by Arkham House this August.
A collection of Grant's most popular science fiction, fantasy and

horror stories, A Glow of Candles, appeared from Berkley Books in November. His short fiction has been nominated for the Nebula Award five times, and has won twice-for "A Crowd of Shadows" in 1976, and for "A Glow of Candles, A Unicorn's Eye" in 1977. Grant has also been nominated for the World Fantasy Award some nine times -- for novels, short fiction and anthologies -and won in 1979 for his editing of Shadows. (He will be co-Guest of Honor at the Eighth World Fantasy Convention in New Haven, CT, next year.) That popular anthology series has now reached its fourth volume (with Shadows Five scheduled for fall 1982 release from Doubleday). In addition, Grant has edited a trio of paperback anthologies for Playboy Press, composed of Nightmares (1980), the newly-released Horrors, and Terrors, which is scheduled for 1982 publication.

Despite his success and reputation within the horror and fantasy fields, Grant has not yet gained the recognition of the mainstream audience that has graced peers such as Stephen King and Peter Straub. That mainstream suc-

## GRANT, Cont.

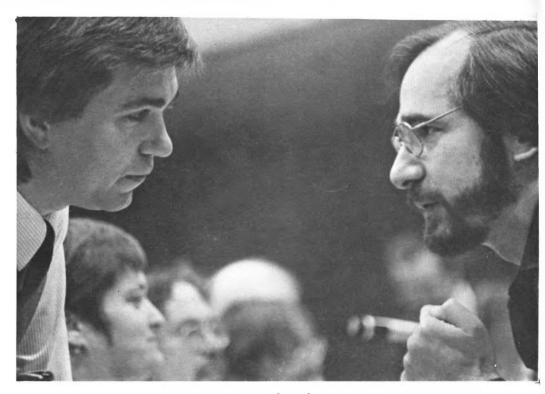
cess should be claimed by The Nestling, which will be Pocket Books' lead release in May, 1982. Also scheduled for release in early 1982 are two new Oxrun Station books, Bloodwind (Popular Library) and Nightmare Seasons (Doubleday).

s if these myriad efforts do Anot keep him sufficiently occupied, Grant is also the author of a highly popular supernatural historical romance series under the pseudonym Felicia Andrews (whose most recent installment. Moonwitch, was released by Jove in 1981).

Charles L. Grant resides in Budd Lake, New Jersey. His pastimes include reading, an extensive videotape library, jigsaw puzzles, and jazz music in the vein of Jean-Pierre Rampal and Claude Bolling. He is a quiet, gentle, unassuming man who writes not of the bloody horrors that rend the body, but of the more subtle and delicate horrors that invade the soul. We spoke with him during his preparations for his next two novels.

W: Why don't we start with the obligatory question -- when and why did you become interested in fantasy and horror?

G: I really don't know. When I was young, I used to read anything I could get my hands on, but usually not science fiction. I never made a distinction--I read everything. By the time I was in the sixth grade, I had read almost every book that the local library would let me read. It's funny, but out of all those early books, the only specific titles that I remember reading are Mary Poppins and Bob, Son of Battle. Sooner or later, I settled on mysteries--Ellery Queen, Josephine Tey and John Dickson Carr especially; but I never did like Agatha Christie or Nero Wolfe. In high school, we read Ray Bradbury, and in college, somebody got me to read Heinlein--Farnham's Freehold, as a matter of fact. And as far as I can remember, that is the first science fiction novel I ever read. I say that to people and they say, "Oh my God, that's fascist." Who cares? I remember when Heinlein was booed in Kansas City, and I was stunned--he is not really a great writer, certainly not anymore, but you ought to be able to separate the work from the politics, to judge the work on its own merits.



Douglas E. Winter (left) and Charles L. Grant at 7th World Fantasy Convention. Photo by Ronald L. Weston.

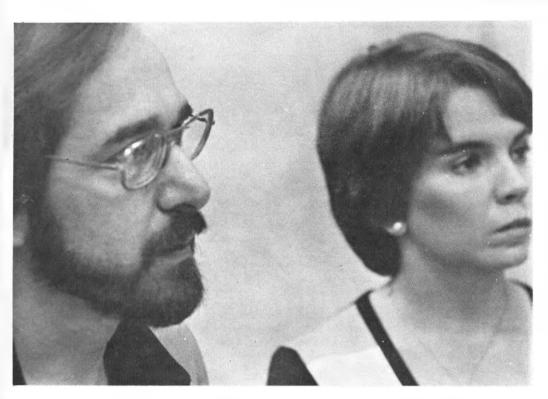
I think that my interest really stems from the movies that I watched -- they were always old horror movies. The first nightmare that I can ever remember came when I was a kid, after watching a double feature--House of Frankenstein and House of Dracula with Boris Karloff, John Carradine, Lon Chaney, Jr., and all those neat people. My father gave me phenobarb -- I didn't know what it was at the time, but everytine I had a nightmare, I would get this shot glass of red stuff. I loved those movies, and I went to them all the time. Of course, in those days, Saturday afternoon was the day when your parents said, "Here's a quarter, go to the movies." And if I was not at the theater, I was watching horror movies on television all of the time.

I didn't start writing horror or fantasy, because when I decided that I was going to try to write to sell, the biggest market was science fiction. I had learned from various would-be writers in this little town where I was then living--one of whom was a writer for teenage girl's magazines and had sold a few stories--that I should study the market. I looked around--Collier's was long dead, Saturday Evening Post was dying, Saturday Review wasn't publishing liction anymore, and New Yorker and Esquire were cutting down -- and I didn't want to write straight

stuff, which just didn't appeal to me. I was reading a lot of science fiction by that time, mostly contemporary authors like Ellison, Bradbury and Sturgeon, and I figured that I would have to write science fiction, because otherwise, I wouldn't sell. So--it's funny--I started to write science fiction, terrible stuff, yet the first story I ever sold was a fantasy, "The House of Evil."

One afternoon after school, I was reading a Tarzan book -- the one in which, at the end, Tarzan swings through the trees of West Virginia to save Jane from a forest fire. And I thought that was so funny--it's one of the few times I've literally fallen out of my seat laughing--that I went into my study and wrote a pastiche of Burrough's style, throwing in all of the most godawful puns I could think of, and using absolutely the most trite title, "The House of Evil." And as I wrote it, I was laughing to myself, thinking, "Ho, ho, I can just see Peter Sellers in this movie." I sent that off in April of 1968, after trying to sell stories for 2 years--and Ed Ferman sent it back and asked me to cut the first two pages down to one paragraph. The day I got that letter, I called in sick at school and rewrote it--that same month I also got drafted--and then he

(Continued on next page.)



GRANT and his fiancee, Kathryn Ptacek, at 7th World Fantasy Convention.

## GRANT, Cont.

bought it that June just before school ended.

I entered the Army at the end of the school year, and I didn't do much writing for the next two years. By the time I got back, I was writing some fantasy and some science fiction; but I flunked chemistry in college, and barely made it through physics, so I didn't have much of a background in science. I was more interested in social issues anyway, and so I tried to extrapolate from that, and when I ran out of ideas, I stopped writing science fiction--as simple as that. The stuff was getting really bad, and because I was still watching horror movies, I decided that I would rather write horror. There was no one particular turning point; my science fiction writing just sort of faded away.

W: You were recently quoted as saying that you were bored with science fiction. What was that all about?

G: I wrote a letter to that fellow about that quote. I'm not bored with science fiction. In terms of writing it, I don't have a broad enough background to have enough viable ideas to be able to write good science fiction stories. And I really can't afford to write a bad story anymore. In terms of the science fiction that's being

written, yeah, a whole lot of it bores me. Not because I'm bored with science fiction, but because the writing is so bad--it's writing for 14-year-olds. There is nothing wrong with writing for 14year-olds--Lin Carter's been doing it for 30 years -- but, as I said in my guest of honor speech at Paracon, I would hope that people would graduate from Isaac Asimov's to Analog and to F & SF, and read people like Michael Bishop and Ian Watson and Poul Anderson, when he's good. Although their hearts are right, outfits like Davis Publications are doing a great disservice to new writers by publishing so many of their works so uncritically. The writers get an impression of themselves -- that they have become a major force in the field-which is false. There are many people, names now forgotten, who exploded on the scene like Scott Card and Longyear and Sucharitkul have, and then five years later disappeared.

Two years ago there was one stretch of seven months where I didn't sell a single word of fiction. Not a blessed word. And I thought, that was it--I'd shot my wad. I was just like these comets, except mine wasn't as bright as some of the others. And then Bill Pronzini bought a story for one of his Arbor House anthologies, and

then The Nestling was sold, and my confidence in myself was restored; but that scared me. I was looking around for a job thinking, "My God, I'm really going to have to go out and get a 9 to 5 job." So I really worry about all the attention these new people get and why some of that stuff is published. People will say that it gives them exposure and experience, but I don't agree. It took me a long time to get more than 60 stories sold and published -- and my goal is to sell 100 stories before I'm 40 years old, which doesn't leave me a lot of time. There is an apprenticeship to be served and things to be learned, and publishing virtually everything somebody has written early on is no service to the writer. I suppose that's a very idealistic viewpoint, but I believe it and I really don't care what other people think.

W: Do you count any particular authors or filmmakers as major influences on your writing?

G: I get asked that a lot, and my usual quick response is Harlan Ellison and Ray Bradbury; but I've done a lot of thinking about that, and in trying to take an objective view of my work, I find that the major writing influence would have to be Nathaniel Hawthorne, and to a lesser degree. Herman Melville. That's why Hawthorne is named Hawthorne Street -for Hawthorne. Peter Straub was obviously influenced by Hawthorne, too; Shadowland is Hawthorne. There's magic in that book, just like there is magic in "The Minister's Black Veil" and "Young Goodman Brown."

Filmmakers? Val Lewton. Just as Hawthorne wrote the kind of horror fiction that I like, Val Lewton made the kind of horror movie that I like--very atmospheric and low key, but really tense stuff: The Cat People and I walked with a Zombie. There's very beautiful photography in there, black and white notwithstanding. When the girl in The Cat People is walking alongside the wall by Central Park, and the footsteps behind her suddenly disappear, and a cat is walking across the top of the wall--God, that's great stuff. That's what I want to do with my books if I can. I want to write a Val Lewton book, except they are not buying that anymore, which depresses the hell out of me. Blood and gore is the current trend--Karl Wagner calls them "splatter" films. Stephen King made me promise to see The Texas Chainsaw Massacre. That is the most loathsome, dirty, grimy, un-

## GRANT, Cont.

pleasant, despicable film that I have ever seen in my life. Oh, it was good; it did what it was supposed to do. But Tobe Hooper is a sick man. I will never see that again. The same night, I saw The Burning, which was another maniac film, but it was good, because it was very much like Psycho--you thought you saw what wasn't there. A lot of quick cuts and fast editing instead of endless gore. My favorite film, though, is Halloween; it is brilliant -- it is everything a horror movie should be, I think, everything.

W: Did your influences or interests change after you started

writing professionally?

G: No, not really. I still try to read just about every horror novel that comes out. When I get sick of them, I will still buy them and let them pile up, and I'll go back to reading mysteries and thrillers. I am also a disaster novel freak. I will read anything that has to do with a disaster. The worst one I have read so far is called Slide, about a mudslide that buries a supermarket in Malibu; but I couldn't resist it.

W: It could be that part of the disaster novel's appeal is similar to that of the horror novel: the unleashing of chaos on an otherwise normal world. Is there a parallel between the two forms?

G: Yes and no. Chaos is indeed unleashed in the disaster novel. There is order, it's just a different kind. There are no rules in a disaster novel. Once the disaster strikes, all bets are off. In a horror novel, you exchange one set of rules for another. There has to be a set of rules for the horror as well as for that fictional reality that the characters are used to. That's not totally chaotic--it may be momentarily chaotic for the main character, who must convince himself that there really is such a thing as the supernatural, but once he does that, the chaos is gone and order is restored. There has to be order. One of the great hard and fast rules of fantasy is that there must be rules for magic. Like magic, the supernatural cannot happen without reason.

W: Why must that be? Would the fiction become too divorced from reality to have any appeal?

G: Well, I don't know how much more divorced from reality you can get than the supernatural. Yet you are not too divorced because the supernatural is a reality in itself. It's an added facet of the reality you think you know. I have never denied the existence of the supernatural. I don't believe in it, but I don't deny its possible existence either. I don't know if there are any such things as vampires or ghosts. I doubt it very seriously, but I will never bet my life on it.

W: Does the best horror fiction bring the reader closer to reality?

G: The best horror fiction deals with reality, period. The best horror fiction deals with real people in real situations that have somewhere along the line another dimension tacked on to them--one that they weren't aware of and one

"There are many people, names now forgotten, who burst on the scene like Scott Card and Longyear and Sucharitkul have, and then five years later disappeared ...."

that they might never believe in right up to the very end, and maybe even after. But a horror novel that is totally divorced from reality fails, in my opinion. And that's because the horror is based on a gimmick rather than on the people who are subjected to the horror. This is my objection to most of the horror novels written today. I would go away and hide in the desert if people thought that in all of my books and most of my stories the gimmick was more important than the people involved. That would kill me. That would be the one criticism that I wouldn't be able to take.

W: You have spoken out often against blood and gore in horror fiction, and on the difference between shock and fear. What is the proper role of violence in horror fiction?

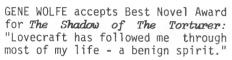
G: Violence has the same role in horror fiction as it has in any other kind of fiction. Where it is necessary you use it, and where it's not, you stay away from it-it is as simple as that. Gratuitous violence is much more vile that gratuitous sex, probably because sex can be impersonal, but there's no such thing as im-

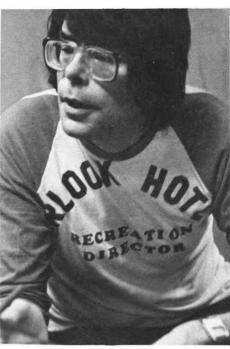
personal violence--people get hurt, they get maimed, they die. There is violence in my stories, but it's low key--although not necessarily in The Grave, where I let loose a little bit, which really felt good. There is more graphic violence in The Nestling, but it is all of a purpose. I don't kill anyone who doesn't need to be killed. Unless there is a good reason, I don't set people up to die; and, of course, people who are going to die in a book must be set up that way. In the shock movies and in the shock novels, people die to provide the shock. My people die because, in one way or another, it moves the hero or the heroine or the plot closer to the end. There is a definite reason for the violence. Friday the 13th is just as loathsome as The Texas Chainsaw Massacre in that respect. The only reason for Friday the 13th's existence is to show how many different ways the special effects guy can spill blood and gross out the audience. I don't need to get grossed out. I can get grossed out by seeing a dead deer alongside the highway; I don't need to see it in movies.

But it's blood and gore and sex, and that's what sells. The Nestling has blood and gore and sex, but in the way that people might expect my books to have blood and gore and sex, which is very little, and with reason, and I think that makes it all the more terrible. In Friday the 13th, by the time the fourth person dies, big deal. Psycho was so great-and two people get killed in Psycho. People think it's a bloodbath, but if you think back on it, only Janet Leigh and Martin Balsam get zapped--that's it. But people remember Janet Leigh in the shower and they remember Balsam getting slashed across the head as he's falling backwards down the steps, and they multiply that a dozen-fold. Class is the difference between Psycho and The Burning and Halloween on the one hand, and Friday the 13th and Maniac and Happy Birthday to Me on the other hand. The first group does it with class and respect for the audience, and the second group doesn't care--John Carpenter and David Cronengurg and John Sayles have a respect for the audience. I think they respect themselves. I really wonder if the people who did Friday the 13th have any respect for themselves. If they do, it's awfully shallow. I don't think I'd want to meet them. They are not my kind of people.

(Continued on page 34)







KIRBY McCAULEY COLLECTS Best Anthology or Collection Award for *Dark Porces*. "The hotel is topped by a lofty tower tenanted by McCauley."



STEPHEN KING as hotel recreation director "... munching a cheese-burger, resignedly at home before a throng of signature-seekers."

## Doug Winter's Diary

PHOTOS BY RONALD L. WESTON

## Notes on the 7th World Fantasy Convention

30 October 1981. The Claremont Resort, site of the convention, evokes immediate comparisons with the Overlook Hotel of Stephen King's The Shining. Now renovated from its once-tattered decline, the Claremont mounts a hill beneath which Berkeley, the Bay, and San Francisco beyond genuflect with marvelous scenic effect. The hotel sprawls at an obutse angle and is topped by a lofty tower, tenanted for the weekend, as one might predict, by Kirby McCauley. Yet the

panoramic vista and the Gothic threat dissolve as the shuttle car pulls closer, and the Claremont unveiled is a quaint, comfortable and remarkably informal hotel.

We plunge into the whirlpool of humanity surrounding the registration desks, nudging immediately into Charlie Grant, who introduces his fiancee, writer Kathryn Ptacek. Their wedding is planned for January, and one of their presents is Pocket's release of *The Nestling* 

in March. I share an unvoiced hope; this could be his breakthrough, establishing one of the field's finest talents with the unwashed mainstream audience.

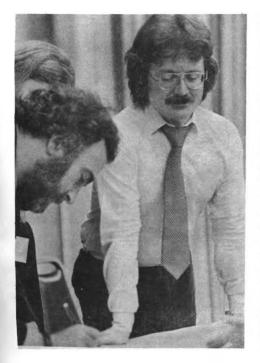
Registration brings the news that Guest of Honor Alan Garner is ill and unable to attend. Other news is more heartening: Michael Moorcock and M. John Harrison have made unannounced appearances. A plastic sack passed to each attendee, packed with a few freebies, includes a beautiful hard-



"WRITING THE OPPOSITE GENDER" panel (in drag), left to right, Paul Hazel, Suzy McKee Charnas, Ellen Kushner, Richard Lupoff and Ed Bryant.



"WHAT GOOD IS A CRITIC?" panel, left to right, Jeff Riggenbach, Douglas E. Winter (moderator) Richard Kearns, Stephen King, C. Quinn Yarbro.



Author Guest of Honor Peter Beagle (left "unprepossesing, modest, reflective") and Artist GoH Brian Froud exchange notes after a panel.

cover created especially for the convention, jammed with curiosities such as poetry by Peter Beagle and Peter Straub, and excerpts from Dennis Etchison's unpublished novel *The Shudder* and King's forthcoming magnum opus *It*. For a moment, the high registration and banquet fees seem appropriate.

Bags stowed, and one room change later (there was this corpse in the tub, you see), we waltz directly into the arms of Paul Hazel, and thence to lunch. After two years of writing, Paul has completed the sequel to his powerful Yearwood, which will be published by Atlantic Little Brown next September. Ellen Kushner joins us, brimming with customary non-stop effusiveness; she is excited about her first publication in Elsewhere, and she will prove a holy terror as the field's only true professional panelist.

Opening ceremonies reputedly occured at 10:30 a.m., but the first real massing of attendees is for the "Horror and Dark Fantasy" panel, presided over by Karl Edward Wagner, and featuring Etchison, Grant, King, Straub, Michael McDowell, and Pat Murphy. Sadly, the panel fails to fulfill its potential, staggering beneath its overpopulation and rather inevitable questions. A similar fate befalls the first "nasty" panel-Kushner, Betty Ballantine, Terry Carr and others on "Why So Much



TOASTMASTER Karl Edward Wagner peddles Carcosa Books, emcees banquet with "a low-key informality that infects the proceedings . . . ."

High Fantasy Looks Alike"-- which siderails by first attempting to define "high fantasy."

The climax of the day, and probably the highlight of the convention, is the authors' reception. The only real social event of the weekend, these two-plus hours of book-signing, drinking and mingling produce a kaleidoscope of images: Michael Moorcock making his surprise appearance, a striking figure, stalking to assume his post beside stacks of The War Hound and the World's Pain; Mike Harrison, looking mischievous yet slightly lost, darting through the crowd to tie known names to unknown faces; Michael McDowell, almost red-faced shy but proudly expectant beside a massive stack of The Elementals; Stephen King munching a cheeseburger, resignedly at home before a throng of signature-seekers; Paul Hazel enraptured by an earlier meeting with Evangeline Walton. Through it all, fans stagger with books precariously Dagwood-sandwiched in their arms, and conversation rumbles like a juggernaut.

The Guest of Honor Presentation of artist Brian Froud is unfortunately scheduled to follow the reception, and attendance suffers as groups leave for dinner instead. Upstairs, parties begin, with Berkley Books short on space and Pocket Books once again forgetting to

(Continued on page 25)

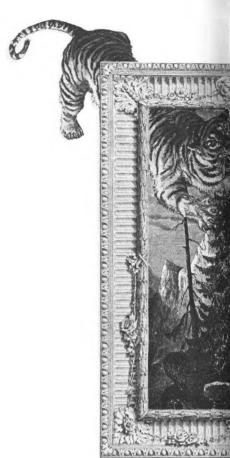


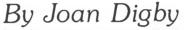
SCULPTOR FRANK WILLIAMS displays the most arresting work in the main art room: "tormented skulls . . . among charming detritus."



ELZIABETH LYNN demonstrates aikido on hotel lawn as Peter Straub and Stephen King kibbitz from behind.









Y MOST vivid dreams are always about birds and animals. They lead me to a garden in which creation still continues, a place so dense with bellowing, flight and song that I awake shaken with astonishment."

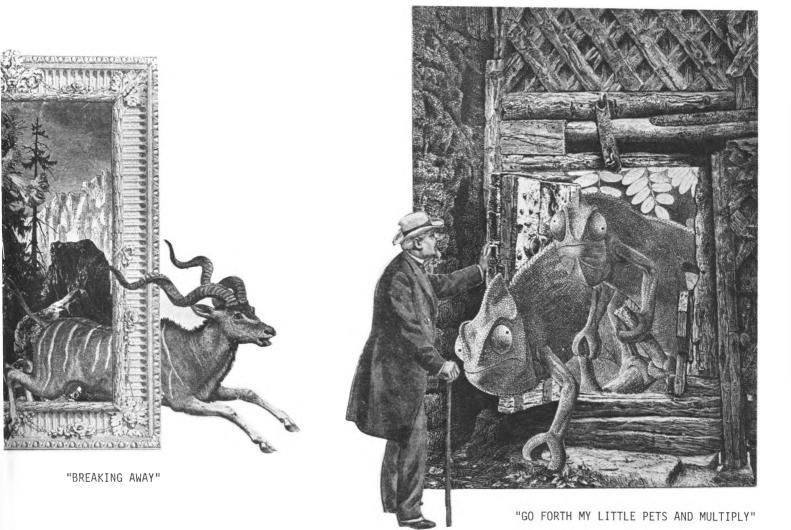
The wonder of the dream is the essence of John Digby's collages. A poet first, he regards his art as a visual form of lyric poetry, especially his birds and animals, which are studies of pure motion and grace in nature.

The elephants begin their dance Among a forest Burning with shadows Under the closed eye of night

--"The Shape of Sleep" \*
Through the body of a dancing Elephant, we catch a glimpse of Moorish towers, stone citadels carried like a weightless howdah. A camel lopes by, his hump transformed in-







# The Fantastic Collages of John Digby

to a filigree dome. In the clouds the brooding Ural Owl shakes its silent wings. Each is an isolated, poetic image. Digby's medium is cut paper, minute fragments of black and white engravings reassembled in intricate and imaginative ways that are full of surprise and vision. He works with a magnifying glass and surgical scalpels, careful of a single twig or bird's eye, often adding his own pen and ink drawing as the final touch.

Through the lens of dream the opaque world becomes for him transparent. Nature is not a backdrop, he assures us. It is an inner space that fills the animal and is its whole being. Digby's collages recreate that inner space in an arresting visual reversal. Instead of portraying a bird in nature, his image places environment inside the bird, as if it were his dream. He catches the poise of a Hawk bear-

ing his prey aloft. Inside the contour of wings we see the ragged shape of cliffs that harbor his secret nest.

 $\mathbf{T}^{ ext{O}}$  LEARN the secret nesting place of birds was Digby's whole childhood ambition. Born in London in 1938, he played truant from every school that locked out birdsong, finally leaving at fifteen to become a keeper at the London Zoo. There he specialized in small birds and made his rounds among the bigger beasts. His least favorite recollection is being gored by a wild boar that occasionally comes alive in a collage. Now he carries his zoo in his head. His bird and animal studies remain central to his work as a collage artist. Despite his recent move to Sea Cliff, New York and a new enthusiasm for the wildlife of North America, the animal studies are still perhaps

the most English of his compositions, delicate works striving for poetic wonder:

the very sky became a field of fire

I saw wagtail wheatears thrushes

grow immense among the raging flames

and take wing arrowing towards the sun

I turned knowing that winter had ended

--"Say Goodbye to
the Sad Rags of Winter"
His animate dreams took original shape in poetry. The Structure
of Bifocal Distance (London: Anvil
Press Poetry, 1974) was hailed as
the first volume of surreal poetry
published in England in forty years.
By the second volume, Sailing Away
From Night (London and Santa Cruz:
(Continued on next page.)



"THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT"

#### DIGBY, CONTINUED

Anvil Press Poetry and Kayak Books, 1978) he integrated poetry and collage, presenting the images not as illustrations but as alternative perceptions of a dream truth. Already in this volume, Digby had an urge to press collage to an unexpected, almost heretical goal of unity that was alien to the roots of surrealism.

 $\mathbf{W}^{ ext{HEN}}_{ ext{shocking ecnounter of an um-}}$ brella and a sewing machine on a dissecting table, he set the precedent for surreal opposition in an imaginative realm of anti-logic. Surrealists have always accented the distance, disparity, and chance of such an encounter. But Digby's collages choose an alternative view, to accept the conflict of opposites as the basis for a dramatic unity.

This sense of dramatic unity can be felt in a recent piece called "Breaking Away." Its center is a landscape painting through which a pouncing Tiger pursues a terrified Koodoo. The animals, in fact, trespass on the painting, adopting its fiction as their reality, unconcerned with scale and frame, which they violate altogether. What strikes us is not the disparity between the passive art and energetic nature but the unity of their encounter -- a unity that we accept in fantasy and dream, worlds that cope with tension by resolving it into patterns.

OLLAGE at its best, Digby argues, Child be a mirror of tension, the tension we feel when we confront disturbing fragments that resist an explanation. But the further we go, the more we are willing to look at the pieces and how they form a rhythm of their own, the more we feel the tension resolve itself.

Every act of imaginative unity is an act of creating new worlds, "and in order to create one must first destroy," Digby insists. Collage by nature encourages this paradox of creative destruction, shattering old images to build new ones. Often we experience the vertigo before the equilibrium in Digby's figurative collages where we find ourselves in two places at once or two points in history united by the imagination. In his whimsical piece, for example, called "You're Pulling My Leg," an unfortunate warrior is attacked by a Frilled Australian Lizard before the court of Henry III. Enamored of prehistory and a world of kings, every child experiences this synthetic reality in the world of dreams where he is the hero of civilization.

"URAL OWL"

S A CHILD in World War II London. A Digby recalls, "I witnessed the bombing of the city and its destruction. I remember ancient buildings within a split second reduced to rubble. Maybe it was out of fear that I retreated into my own private and secret imagination -- in order to rebuild them. Having no knowledge of architecture my imaginary buildings became fantastic [sic]. I think the experience of the war still influences my concern with wholeness and architecture in collage."

This is true both in imagery and composition. We enter his fantasy of war-torn London in a piece entitled, "Things That Go Bump in the Night." Hinting of the Brighton Pavilion, it is a domed, oriental city bombed by giant V-2 frogs. Its helpless ladies are directed to safety by an assuring bobby while colonials faint in the street. The composition forms a classic triangle, and we forget as we should the separate origin of parts.



"ELEPHANT"

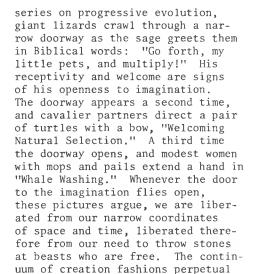
All collage, Digby feels. should lead to this forgetting. The practice, the technical skill of making a collage, should be invisible in order to achieve a mystery. For him, the mystery is contained in its wholeness, its ability to create the fanciful illusion of an original engraving that has never been altered or changed. A further dimension of mystery is suggested by his deliberate choice to work in black and white. We are easily dazzled, he feels, by a false attachment to saturated color. In a world of Kodachrome, black and white forces the artist to essentials and the viewer to a heightened awareness of the exquisite range of gray tonalities that lie between extremes of black and white. By eliminating color he comes back to the purity of line. And in bringing together patently disparate fragments, his goal in both formal composition and mastery of paper assemblage is to construct an invisible, magic unity complementary to his persistent theme of paradoxical wholeness.

From the colourless sleeve of sleep we discarded yesterday in furious battles against leaping winds running with handfuls of mornings to scatter among the birds alas more often than not caged in the lapping sheets of thrown

--"In the Cold Ear of the Hour"  $\,$ 

THE WHOLENESS of this world is still best symbolized for Digby in man's relationship to nature, to animate forms already alive with paradox and mystery. In his latest

"THE MAKING OF AN ART CRITIC"



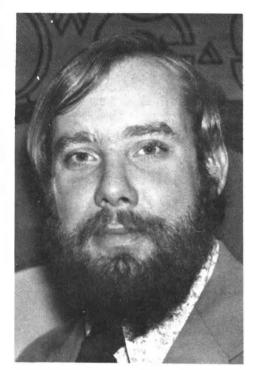
symbols of our own imaginative free-

dom. A world of "Revelations" is a

total freedom and unity, in which horsemen of the apocalypse are ready for the sight of flying sharks released from their prison cells.

The spiritual nature of this theme is made clear by Digby's frequent choice of Virgil and Dante as unifying guides to revelation. They enter the pictures as spectators of the unconscious. These are the wise ones experienced in fantastic vision, he suggests in a satiric collage entitled, "The Making of the Art Critic." Here in the brooding mountains of Purgatory, God deposits his newest clone, a cloak and dagger figure among a host of disreputable look alikes from melodrama. This is the disturbing dream of every artist whose fate is insecure among dastardly enemies of imagination and fantasy.

(Continued on page 36)



ROGER C. SCHLOBIN teaches at Purdue (North Central Campus), is editor of Starmont's Reader's Guide series and *The Aesthetics of Fantasy Literature and Art*. He has also published numerous bibliographical works on fantasy & science fiction.

Most Book-Review columns begin with a statement of philosophy, a string of thoughtfully conceived aphorisms that promise wit, objectivity, and epic thoroughness. Then, everyone, especially the reviewer, forgets it all. The reviewer becomes a realist engulfed by the drearies of too little time, late review copies, that famous too-long novel that promises, promises and fails on page 603. Somewhere, off in the shadows, someone may remember those initial manifestos. If that dark shade is tactful, there will be wise chuckling.

Nevertheless, the first number of The Dragon's Well will not violate the tradition of the "Initial Sacred Compact." Even with all expectations of pit and pratfalls, it should be possible to offer some prophecies on how all this serendipity and language play will turn out. First, fantasy will be stressed. Major literary events will receive attention, even some that won't be worth much. But the column's name is a commitment to those fiery, enrapturing tales that often require that the morning's responsiblities be confronted with only three hour's sleep. Experienced readers will understand that major literary pro-

## The Dragon's Well:

# Anthologies - "a glorious year for those glittering, golden hoards."

By ROGER C. SCHLOBIN

"Scott Card's *Dragons of Darkness...* is a rich kaleidoscope...more than the sum of its parts, [but] the major star of 1981 is Robert Lynn Asprin's *Shadows of Sanctuary....*"

ducts and wonderful books may be two totally different things. Sadly, complex, often boring novels somehow assume the mantle of "major," frequently as a result of literary fads and the necessity for teachers to fill classroom time with convoluted discussions. Since a fourth concern here will be to provide for the widely varied readership of the Fantasy Newsletter, which includes teachers and scholars as well as lovers and those delightful hybrids who manage to combine it all, literary complexity and profundity will receive its due-although not as much as the "hell-with-sleep" treasures. Admittedly, the well of the column's title owes as much to an amorous interlude in a misspent youth as it does to metaphor. However, that tale, like the one about the differences between fantasy and horror, will wait for a more opportune moment,

A MONG THE MORE draconic publications of 1981 have been the anthologies, and it has been a glorious year for those glittering, golden hoards. They are, in general, godsends for those tragic, compulsive readers who need to read themselves to sleep (as I do). An inescapable short story makes for a much better next day than a transfixing novel even though both assure amplified dreams.

In the past two to three years, anthologies have experienced a marketing renaissance. Earlier, they

were published mostly as courtesies to favored house authors; they provided exposure and income even though they didn't sell very well. The Berkley Showcases are in this tradition. However, they have been unusually successful, which is a tribute to the fine authors who write for Berkley/Putnam, such as Glen Cook, Orson Scott Card, Elizabeth A. Lynn, Piers Anthony, and Barry Longyear to name some of the more excellent ones. Traditional anthologies include a group of short stories, sometimes accompanied by poems and illustrations, that may be of high quality, but the book will have no ordering principle beyond that. With no disrespect intended to this tradition, these efforts can be identified as the "random" anthologies. Terri Windling and Mark Arnold's Elsewhere, which includes a rich and extensive selection of thirty quality short stories and poems with illustrations, includes samplings from well-known, neglected, and new authors, such as Evangeline Walton, Pat Murphy, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, John Gardner, Ursula K. LeGuin, Jane Yolen, Michael Moorcock, William Kotzwinkle, and C.J. Cherryh. Elric fans will love Moorcock's "Elric at the End of Time," a sardonic and absurdist view of this anomalous sword-&-sorcery hero. Nicholas Stuart Gray's wonderfully "O'Henryesque" "The Thunder Cat" will insure that cat lovers will never perceive their furry roommates in quite the same way again.

#### SCHLOBIN, Cont.

Interestingly, Elsewhere represents an attempt to weld the success of the series' novels with anthologies: it's the first of a planned trilogy, which is good news. Unfortunately, the volume is marred by the all-too-typically self-indulgent introduction that seems to assume that it is the first statement ever of the nature of fantasy and that no attention need be paid to all those who have examined it before. However with this minor exception, Elsewhere's large number of fine selections and \$2.75 price make it one of 1981's best values.

NOTHER UNUSUAL value is Cary NOTHER UNDODE VALUE OF Fantasy. A \$6.98, 504-page hardback, its historical approach to fantasy and its inclusion of such notable works as George MacDonald's Phantastes (1858) and William Morris' The Wood Beyond the World (1894), along with works by nine other major authors, make it a major bargain and one of the best choices of the year for a classroom text. Another good course selection, as well as a boon to the general reader, is Robert H. Boyer and Kenneth J. Zahorski's Visions of Wonder. It is the latest of their quality efforts for Avon Books. Like its major predecessors, the two-volume The Fantastic Imagination, it continues Boyer and Zahorski's reputation for intelligent introductions to each selection, and for recovering works by neglected but skillful authors. Visions of Wonder, for example, includes a little-known and difficult-to-obtain short story by Charles Williams and others by Verner Von Heidenstam and John Aurelio. The focus of this latest anthology on "Christian fantasy" however, represents a very small sub-group of the genre, which is usually more amoral.

Another excellent, comprehensive anthology is Terry Carr and Martin Henry Greenberg's A Treasury of Modern Fantasy. It reflects, in part, Carr's proven ability to select valuable examples of all types of fantasy, a skill that has made him the best anthology editor during the past fifteen years, beginning with New Worlds of Fantasy in 1967. The selections here are restricted to those that originally appeared in magazines, and the editors come very close to realizing their claim for a definitive gathering. Its thirty-three short stories span

1924 to 1978 and are by such luminaries as H. P. Lovecraft, A. Merritt, Henry Kuttner, C. L. Moore, Ray Bradbury, Fritz Leiber, and Roger Zelazny as well as a significant number of science=fiction authors who have adroitly skimmed the fantasy ocean on occasion. Its size and scope make A Treasury of Modern Fantasy one of the very best of the comprehensive anthologies ever published, and newcomers to the literature will be grateful for the extensive exposure it offers.

One of the better general horror anthologies of 1981 is the third in Stuart David Schiff's Whispers series. Culled primarily from his horror magazine of the same name (which is currently the best periodical of its kind, although issues have been irregular as of late) but with judicious additions of new material, its terrifying contents are guaranteed to shake even those readers hardened by the graphic terrors of the contemporary special-effects films. There are macabre illustrations by Stephen Fabian, Lee Brown Coye, John Steward, and Vincent Napier. Dennis Etchison's "The Dead Line" describes a husband's attempt to oppose the use of his wife's cadaver by doctors of the future. David Drake's "King Crocodile" insightfully explores the terrors of an ancient religion, a savage god, and a power-mad priest. "Firstborn," by David Campton, is a particularly effective variation on the demon-birth theme. Roger Zelazny's "The Horses of Lir" is yet another illustration of his uncanny ability to combine the warmly human and the mythopoeic within his deceptively simple style, and Charles E. Fritch's "Who Nose What Evil" has to be one of the great combinations of ironic humor and horror. Whispers III is this year's answer to last year's muchheralded Dark Forces, edited by Kirby McCauley, and is a must acquisition, especially for those who don't subscribe to Whispers.

NFORTUNATELY, though not unexpectedly, there have also been some disappointments among 1981's "random" anthologies. Lin Carter's attempts to revive Weird Tales demonstrate too clearly the superiority of contemporary authors to the "legends" of the 1920's. 1930's, and 1940's. It's a bittersweet moment to discover, for example, how much better Tanith Lee is than Robert E. Howard and to realize that many of the older reputations are built on nostalgia rather than

quality. Still, we should be tolerant of those pioneers who had to write themselves half-to-death to make a buck, and Carter's reborn Weird Tales, along with his Flashing Swords (#5 is due out late this year from the Science Fiction Book Club), is a mainstay of contemporary sword-&-sorcery fantasy. Another, more serious disappointment is Mike Ashley's Jewels of Wonder, which is too brief and which contains too many undistinguished selections (with the notable exceptions of Thomas Burnett Swann's "Vashti" and Keith Roberts' "The Wreck of the Kissing Bitch".

WHILE 1981 has been a well above average year for the traditional, "random" anthology, what has made it particularly noteworthy is the unusual upsurge of what can be called, with all respect intended, the "thematic" anthology. These coherent hoards of wonder and fear are unified by a single theme or setting, and provide the reader ith a much more sustained and satisfying experience, assuming that the reader likes the central focus. One of 1981's prime examples of this form, which in many ways mirrors such older framed narratives as Geoffrey Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, is Orson Scott Card's Dragons of Darkness, the sequel to his highly popular Dragons of Light. Both of these have two distinctive features: all the selections utilize dragons of one form or another, and each story or poem is matched with illustrations that are chosen to complement each author's style. What results is a rich kaleidoscope that combines variety and similarity within a visual and intellectual experience. As a result, Dragons of Darkness becomes more than the sum of its parts, a fortunate occurrence since many of the authors are newcomers whose works are below the standards of the more experienced writers contained in many of the other anthologies discussed here. Nonetheless, Glen Cook's "Filed Teeth," Stephen Kimmel's "The Dragons' Clubs," Joan D. Vinge's "The Storm King," and Kevin Christensen's "A Dragon in the Man" are as good as anything anthologized in 1981 and will be of special delight to dragon lovers.

Although not lavishly illustrated like *Dragons of Darkness*, Bill Pronzini's 1980 *Mummy!* is just the thing those of us with mummy fixations have been waiting for since the only other such anthology, Vic Ghidalia's *The Mummy Walks* 

(Continued on page 26.)

#### SCHLOBIN, Cont.

Among Us. Pronzini even provides an intelligent and well-written introduction to the history of the mummy in literature and film, and a bibliography of fiction and nonfiction. If only all editors were so thoughtful! Of special note in Mummy! are another tale of Sebek, the crocodile-headed god, by Robert Bloch, and a goodly number of original and reprinted tales of appropriate curses and reincarnations from both the nineteenth and twenieth centuries, including a particularly eerie Oxrun Station story by Charles L. Grant. Mummy! has been reprinted in the recently published Arbor House Necropolis, along with a reprint of Voodoo! and the new Ghoul! With a price of \$11.50, this omnibus volume is another of the year's great bargains for advocates of the chill and the arcane

However, the major star of 1981 is Robert Lynn Asprin's Shadows of Sanctuary, the third of his anthologies set in Thieves' World. This ongoing series was originally conceived by a small group of writers prior to the 1978 Boskone science-fiction convention. It arose from a common lament by Asprin, Gordon R. Dickson, and Lynn Abbey that the most difficult part of writing fantasy was the necessary creation of an original and new setting for each new story or novel. The solution was to design a single setting with a common group of characters that they could all use. Later they were joined by other major practioners of the art of world building: John Brunner, Joe Haldeman, Andrew J. Offutt, Poul Anderson, Marion Zimmer Bradley, and Philip Jose Farmer. The result was Sanctuary, complete with maps, inhabitants, customs, and religions. It resembles Fritz Leiber's Lankhmar,

gues' small city is a fiercely competitive, medieval environment that stresses the underbelly of society. Even the royalty is involved with the thieves. Considering the major talents that have been drawn to this unique project, it is no surprise that the characters are among the best in contemporary fantasy. There is Enas Yorl, a wizard cursed with an inescapable spell that causes him to constantly and uncontrollably metamorphose into a variety of hideous shapes, with an occasional attractive one thrown in to heighten his suffering. One Thumb is the oftenabsent proprietor of Sanctuary's most notable inn, the Vulgar Unicorn. Lythande is a sorcerous adept who wears the blue star on his forehead and who guards a startling secret that is the heart of his powers. Cappen Varra is the master minstral, and Hanse Shadowspawn is the master thief. Add to these characters many more subtle personality traits and add to the stories various occasional characters like a vivisectionist. winged beings, a sorceress who kills with coitus, an artist who paints souls, and a mercenary who is transformed into a blood-thirsty god-then, there might be the beginnings of a sense of the richness of the three Thieves' World anthologies. No self-respecting libraries nor collectors can consider their collections complete or even satisfactory without these fine volumes.

the home of Fafhrd and the Grav

richer. Asprin's and his collea-

Mouser, but it is in many ways

This fantasy-oriented survey of anthologies would hardly be complete without mention, albeit brief, of the two "year's best": Terry Carr's Rantasy Annual IV and Arthur W. Saha's The Year's Best Fantasy Stories: 7. This time around, they are both particularly good. Carr's includes some horror and has his usual good mix of fantasy and horror types. Saha's replacement of Lin Carter as editor of The Year's Best . . . has resulted in less of an emphasis on sword & sorcery, in all of the stories being reprints culled from the year's efforts (Carter often added original stories), and in a wider range of variations. The highlight of Saha's choices is Susan C. Petrey's tale of a musical and compassionate spider, "Spidersong," and the best of Carr's is Suzy McKee Charnas' contemporary view of a vampire, "Unicorn Tapestry," which is also part of her recent novel, The Wom-



## WINTER'S DIARY Cont. from p. 17

bring mixer. A great deal of liquor and at least two snakes will be in evidence, but enthusiasm is somewhat dampened; jet lag takes its toll of Easterners. Dinner certainly did not help; we had fallen in with a group of DeMilleian proportions that headed for a touted Russian restaurant, receiving a mundane meal as reward for a long walk and an hour wait. It was worthwhile, however, just for that precious moment when a young man loitering at the entrance saw Marta Randall's name badge, and looked up with a smile, leering, "What kind of fantasies are you into?"

31 October. Halloween dawns rather pleasantly, and despite the presence of so many horror authors, it is a day devoted primarily to light fantasy.

The art show, subject of controversy this season, is somewhat cramped for space. Although the organizers have obtained some fresh talent, the women artists are strikingly absent, with only one woman represented in the twenty-five exhibts. Most personally striking is the work of mixed media sculptor Frank Williams, whose tormented skulls and figures among charming detritus would have worked perfectly as the art exhibition in David Cronenberg's Scanners. On another level of the hotel, the Pendragon Gallery offers the "alternative" art show, spawned not by the convention's ban on unicorns, but by the organizers' rather rigid deadline schedule and screening procedure. On its walls, we find works from fimiliar hands, including Rowena Morrill and Victoria Poyser. The "alternative" show proceeds comfortably, and with the apparent good wishes of the organizers.

Noon arrives rather swiftly; I take a sandwich onto a veranda, enjoying the shirtsleeve weather and the scene on the lawn below, where Elizabeth Lynn and several other strangely-clad folk demon-

#### SCHLOBIN, Cont.

pire Tapestry (Simon & Schuster, 1980; Pocket Books, 1981).

Thus, it has been a good year for those humans and dragons who need that 1 to 2 a.m., pre-sleep feeding. The hoard has been rich and high, perfect for dreams of fire and wing. Perhaps it has even been good for the Traveler in Black, who is John Brunner's bringer of justice and the potential bane of book reviewers.

strate aikido, one of the gentler arts of mayhem. Back inside, Peter Beagles's Guest of Honor interview is clearly the best of the formal presentations. He is utterly charming--unprepossessing, modest and reflective. He radiates a humanity that warms even this sterile ballroom. My feelings are confirmed when he later appears on the "Faery Tale, Myth & Folklore" panel, moderated by Robert Silverberg, and including among its again overpopulated membership Patricia McKillip and John Crowley. The latter is also impressive, with whip-crack intelligence and an intensity belied by the patient textures of his writing. "It's his Jesuit Upbringing," quips Alan Ryan, who should know. The panel is a stark counterpoint to "Writing the Opposite Gender," whose topic may have had potential on paper, but was painstaking in the execution. Moderator Richard Lupoff should have deferred to Paul Hazel's proposal to discuss albino bankers instead. The "Censorship in Fantasy" panel, including Dennis Etchison, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, Liz Lynn and David Hartwell is stimulating but rambling. Precisely when does publishing or editing or criticism--or indeed the act of writing itself--become censorship? Implicit in calling a work "fantasy" or charging \$2.95 for its purchase in prperback is some form of censorship. The marketplace of ideas may be more of a closed shop that we are willing to believe.

On the way to dinner, a band of blushed-face, weary wanderers struts through the hotel entrance. It is the Fritz Leiber Tour, back from its ramble through the sites of San Francisco eminent in *Our Lady of Darkness*. Don Harris devised and led the tour, which was joined by Leiber and Donald Sidney Fryer; but who was that pale brown thing scurrying in their wake?

The major party tonight populates Kirby McCauley's tower suite. where it is revealed that that Gothic precipice holds neither gibbet no Vladian stake, but a sauna-where else but in California? Alan Ryan leads me through a horde of partygoers to the open air of the tower, where he reveals a vision of the Pope standing upon the belfry sauna, blessing the Bay. It could be commercial. In the suite below, the crowd begins chanting hits of the fifties and early sixties with rather bellicose tones. forming a musical gauntlet along the exit stairway. No snakes in evidence tonight, but we do espy a roomful of people enjoying whippets, and I do not refer to the canine variety. We steal another glance at the awesome beauty of the Bay and the lights of San Francisco beyond. The horizon beckons, with the warm breeze its invisible hands; Alan believes he could sit here and write for years. Most of us would be content to sit and dream....

1 November. All Hallows' Day; the wear of jet lag finally begins to lift. Morning is a quiet time, and the convention visibly relaxes, with art presentations and a panel on "Fantasy for Children'" including Beagle, Jane Yolen and Laurence Yep.

I finally have the chance to speak at length with Mike Harrison. Sixteen-hour jet lag grips him, and he sadly reports that he must return to England in the morning. His third Viriconium novel is 5000 words from completion, and he needs to finish it immediately; indeed, part of the conclusion came to him after he awoke today, "while waiting for the morning to catch up." He is a wiry bundle of energy; I am not surprised when he mentions that he is a serious runner. He gestures toward the Bay and says, "What I really want to do is run the bridge," meaning the Golden Gate; but he has been unable to to obtain the ride necessary to put him in striking distance. The irony of his situation after thousands of miles of travel is not lost on him.

"What Good Is A Critic?" goes unanswered as a large crowd drawn by the presence of Stephen King gets little from King and suffers through a lecture on Edmund Wilson. Quinn Yarbro and I disagree amicably on the fundamental role of criticism. The third nasty panel, "Swords Against Boredom" (Karl Edward Wagner, Jo Clayton, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Fritz Leiber), like its Saturday counterpart, "About Bad Horror Fiction" (Charlie Grant, Michael McDowell, Greg Bear, Ed Bryant), suffers from the ease of the subject. If we must be nasty, why not tackle the negative aspects of reputedly good work?

The convention officially closes at 3 p.m., and the awards banquet begins. For \$25 a plate, we are treated to the inevitable chicken and bland vegetables. Karl Edward Wagner oversees ceremonies with the distinct desire to be somewhere else, yet produced a low-key informality that infects the proceedings, The honored guests eschew the opportunity to address the assembled troops, al-

(Continued on next page.)

#### WINTER, Cont.

though many jokes about vegetables are offered. We are thus brought matter-of-factly to the awards presentation proper, and a feeling of randomness descends brought on partly because only two winners managed to show up. It does not help that the first honor, a special convention award to Gahan Wilson, is given without any explanation or even a word about Wilson. Moreover, certain awards that follow--Don Wollheim for professional achievement, Michael Whelan for best artist--seem to vear little relation to work specifically performed in 1980. The non-professional achievement award, to Pat Cadigan and Arnie Fenner for Shayol, provides the only lively monent of the entire ceremony as Ed Bryant reads Pat's amusing, yet

sincere acceptance letter.

Someone over my shoulder grumbles about the lack of a cash bar, bless him. Photographer Ron Weston looks ready for a nap--will any winners show up? And lo, Kirby McCauley steps forward to accept for his shoo-in best anthology, Dark Forces.

After Howard Waldrop wins for "The Ugly Chickens," Gene Wolfe accepts the best novel award for The Shadow of the Torturer with a surprising homage: "Lovecraft has followed me through most of my life ...a benign spirit." This award is greeted with mixed sentiments; many strong feelings for Peter Straub's Shadowland are expressed, with which I concur. One can feel a tangible tension between the horror and general fantasy camps of the convention; it is curious and noteworthy that a horror novel has never won the World Fantasy

For the few who remain after the banquet, informal closing ceremonies evolve in the bar, which offers another enjoyable view of the Bay. Darkness descends quietly and quickly, and as fireworks cascade over the Sixth Fleet, Charlie Grant falls naturally to the task of storyteller, and spins out the opening of a new Oxrun Station novelette, building expertly to an unresolved climax. Yet reality stretches to win out again; for soon thereafter, we watch as the bronzed gibbous moon suddenly scythes into the San Francisco skyline, eerily disappearing from full view in a matter of minutes. With much more style than World Airways, nature has shown reality's ability to transcend fantasy. But I am not entirely convinced; if only for a moment, I would like to think that the moon was sucked into the depths of Fritz Leiber's typewriter.

--Douglas E. Winter

#### SUCHARITKUL, CONT.

I won't go on forever, though, because I could be making seven cents a word instead of a mere two. I urge you to see this movie. It is a diamond in the rough, but a diamond nonetheless.

Midnight has come and gone as I sit here banging away at the word processor, and I seem to be nearing the end of my allotted verbiage. I haven't had time to cover the other movies I saw this week, or any of the horror novels I planned to look at; they will have to wait for the next issue.

I still have about 150 words, however, so I'll finish with a few caveats. Avoid like the plague the movie The Boogens, in which a minedwelling beastie of rubber and plastic fails completely to terrify. I walked out. Avoid, too, the movie Student Bodies, out of which I also walked, which, while pretending to be a comic parody of the mad slasher genre, is actually considerably less funny than the average horror film. Don't say I didn't warn you.

Meanwhile, for those who missed my inaugural column in the last FN, I'm printing my address for the second and last time: 16 Ancell Street, Alexandria, VA 22305. It is to this address that you should send review copies of books, records, or anything else that you think I might interestingly share with the readership. And for those of you who are alarmed at this column's emphasis on the grosser things in life...I will be treating other subjects. Don't go away now. See you next month!



# Paperbacks

COVER ARTISTS: The Mind Master by Lisa Falkenstein; The Clewiston Test, The Red Magician by Carl Lundgren; Best of Randall Garrett by Rowena Morrill.



Timescape's January Releases

#### TIMESCAPE

James Gunn's The Mind Master is Timescape's January leader. Released in hardcover last year under the title The Dreamers, the novel concerns a dying Mnemonist, guiding spirit of a city of dreamers, and his search for a successor among a populace engaged in limitless reveries. (\$2.25)

A Timescape original is Lisa Goldstein's first novel, The Red Magician, a fantasy set in an Eastern European ghetto. Voros, the Red Magician, warns the Jews of catastrophe, but the local rabbi, also a magician, calls him an agent of the devil. Voros constructs a golem to protect the townspeople, but in a duel with the rabbi, Voros vanishes and his creation is destroyed. Meanwhile, the town is razed and its inhabitants sent to death camps. The story focuses on a young girl, Kicsi, whose allegiance is torn between the two magicians. (Lisa Goldstein is a well-known fan and coowner of the Dark Carnival Bookstore in Berkeley, CA.) \$2.25.

Another Timescape original is The Best of Randall Garrett, edited by Robert Silverberg, who has collected a roster of stars to introduce the stories: Isaac Asimov, Ben Bova, Frank Herbert, Philip Jose Farmer, Norman Spinrad, Harry Harrison, Marion Zimmer Bradley. The stories are humorous adventures in space or alternate worlds, and include two Lord Darcy tales, "The Eyes Have It," and "The Spell of War." (\$2.95)

A January reprint is A Storm of Wings by M. John Harrison, the second volume of Harrison's Viriconium series, which blends far-

future technology with fantasy backdrops and sword and sorcery action. In this one, alien insects swarm across the galaxy, threatening earth and its Evening Culture. (\$2.25)

Also reissued in January is Kate Wilhelm's classic, *The Clewiston Test*, a science fiction horror story concerned with bio-medical ethics and the pa factor, a pain suppressant that may be the cause of psychotic behavior. (\$2.25)

#### **BERKLEY**

Eric Van Lustbader's Beneath an Opal Moon is the fourth novel in his Sunset Warrior Cycle. In this one, the action focuses on Moichi, the Warrior's righthand man. A series of bizarre murders threaten the uneasy peace established in volume three, and Moichi must counter the plots of the sorceress Sardonyx. (Earlier volumes in the series: The Sunset Warrior, Shallows of the Night, Dai-san.) \$2.50.

The first mass paperback edition of Ursula Le-Guin's essay collection, The Language of the Night, is another January release. Edited, with background and bibliography, by the late Susan Wood, this collection of F&SF criticism is a classic. (\$2.75)

Another collection is Frederik Pohl's *Planets* Three, a reprinting of three sf adventure stories published under pen names in the 1950's: "Figurehead," "Donovan Had A Dream," and "Red Moon of Danger." (\$2.50)

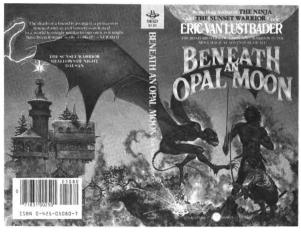
#### TOWER

Tower's only January science fiction offering is Fire Throne Mountain by F. Rew Bixby. The story concerns a group of earth colonists who arrive on the planet Vassa, only to be ruthlessly pursued by aliens, who drive them into a wild mountainous region where they finally discover the secret of survival. (\$2.25)

#### **LEISURE**

Leisure's January offering is UFO/MIB by J. N. Williamson. This is an earth-based alien yarn in which the humanoid crew of an invading spaceship abduct and gang rape a young earth woman. Definitely an antidote to Close Encounters . . . (\$2.95)

(Continued on next page.)



Berkley's January Leader. Artist: Don Maitz.

# Paperbacks continued

COVER ARTISTS: Centaur Aisle by Michael Whelan; Cerberus: A Wolf in the Fold by David Mattingly; Planets Three by Greg Hinlicky.



Del Rey Books for January

Berkley Books

#### DEL REY BOOKS

Centaur Aisle, Del Rey's January leader, is the latest in Piers Anthony's bestselling Xanth series. (The others: A Spell for Chameleon, The Source of Magic, Castle Roogna.) In this one Dor, hero of Castle Roogna, must cross into Mundania (where his magic won't work) in order to rescue King Trent, who has disappeared on a mission there. Dor is accompanied by Irene, Trent's daughter, a golem, an ogre, and a centaur with an "aisle" of magic. (\$2.75)

Also on tap is the second volume in Jack Chalker's new science fiction series, which began with Lilith, and is billed as The Four Lords of the Diamond. In this one a robot infiltration of the Federation is traced to the planet Cerberus, one of the untouchables of space. Only a convict stripped of personality can serve as the Federation's spy. (\$2.50)

A paperback original is Lee



Avon Books

Killough's Aventine, a collection of seven tales set in an artist's colony of the future. Included are "The Siren Garden," "A House Divided," "Bete et Noir," and "Broken Stairways, Walls of Time." (\$1.95)

Meanwhile, to celebrate the burgeoning horror market, Del Rey will bring out a series of Love-craft reprints, picked up from Arkham House. Scheduled for January are At The Mountains of Madness and Other Tales of Terror (\$2.25) and The Tomb and Other Tales (\$2.25). Announced for February are The Case of Charles Dexter Ward and The Lurking Fear and Other Stories. More will follow.

#### AVON BOOKS

New to the mass market is Avon's January release of *Mortal Engines*, a collection of fourteen stories by Polish science fiction writer Stanislaw Lem. Translated by Michael Kandel, the stories were first published in this country by Seabury. The stories explore the evolution of machine intelligence, and include "The Sanatorium of Dr. Vliperdius," "Two Monsters," "The Mask," and "The Hunt." (\$2.95)

Also released in January is the fourth novel in Susan Coon's Living Planet series, Chiy-une. (The others: The Virgin, Cassilee, Rahne.) This one concerns Enlickor, the bastard son of the Star Followers Family, ruthless exploiters of a dying planet, and Pamella, his half-sister, who will do anything to save her beloved Chiyune. (\$2.75)

Reissued for January is a science fiction juvenile, *Time Cat* by Lloyd Alexander, with illustrations by Bill Sokol. The plot line concerns a talking cat, able to take its young owner on a trip through time, to all the places where cats were very important: ancient Egypt, Rome, pre-christian Britain, Ireland, Japan, etc. (\$1.95)

#### BANTAM

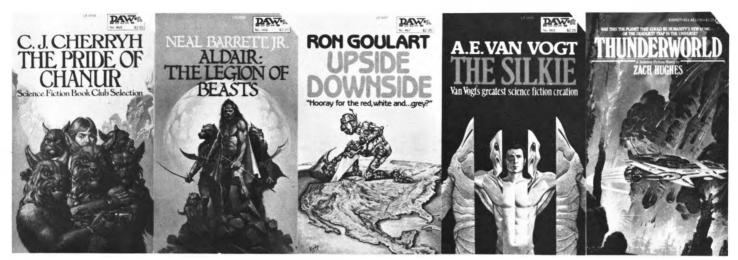
Bantam's January releases include a new novel by Frederik Pohl, Syzygy, set in the near future --very near since it concerns public panic over the great conjunction of the planets, scheduled for 1982. The plot involves a scientist and a beautiful NASA astrophysicist, who join efforts to avert mass hysteria.

Also on tap is a story collection, Gosh! Wow! (Sense of Wonder) Science Ection, edited by Forrest J. Ackerman. Subtitled "Nineteen Nostalgic Knockouts," it presents "Golden Age" fiction accompanied by Forry's reminiscences.

#### SIGNET

A science fiction original for January is *Thunderworld* by Zach Hughes. The plot concerns a scoutship, the Santa Maria, seeking a planet fit for human habitation. "Worthless," too far from its sun for comfort, is barely livable, but when the crew is stranded by a cataclysmic upheaval, they must learn to cope. (\$2.25)

Also on tap from Signet for January is a horror/thriller,



DAW Books for January

Signet

The Blood Snarl by Ivor Watkins. A savage winter brings down from the northern wilderness an invasion of giant grey wolves, slaughtering animals, then children, then ... no one is safe, and so on. (\$2.75)

#### DAW BOOKS

DAW's January leader is C. J. Cherryh's The Pride of Chanur, a Science Fiction Book Club selection and one of the four books excerpted in the first issue of SF Digest. It's a space opera, starring Cherryh's interstellar crew of female felines, with lots of catty competition no doubt agreeable to a female audience. The plot concerns a hapless human male refugee, ably protected by leonine viragos, and the interstellar crisis that might occur if he fell into the "wrong hands." (\$2.95)

Also out in January is the third novel in Neal Barrett, Jr.'s Aldair series, Aldair: The Legion of Beasts. (The others: Aldair in Albion; Aldair, Master of Ships.) The series concerns a race of humanoids created from beasts before mankind departed the earth. In this one, Aldair (one of the "new men") locates his creators' hiding place in the cosmos, and leads his companions to a final confrontation. (\$2.25)

Ron Goulart's Upside Downside, a Daw original, concerns a plot to inject America's leaders with an old-age virus, thus killing them off. The hero, Zack Tourney, must solve his own murder before it's time to lie down and die. (\$2.25)

DAW's January slate is completed by two A. E. Van Vogt reprints: *The Silkie*, a 1969 classic

about a superman able to live in air, sea or space, and *Pendulum*. (Each \$2.25)

#### ACE BOOKS

Rudy Rucker, Doctor of Philosophy, leads Ace's January line-up with Software, a novel in which robots, given consciousness and eternal life, control the world. What's left of humanity is a collection of 80-year-old hippies. Their only chance for survival involves transferring the mind's "software" (programming) to the immortal robot bodies. But some people can't give up their flesh that easily. (\$2.25)

Water Witch, by Cynthia Felice and Connie Wills, is a fantasy set on a desert world where the control of underground rivers is the key to power. The royal family relies upon an immense computer system for control, but the heroine claims to be the last of the water witches, whose control of this vital resource was magical. The plot concerns her reach for power. (\$2.50)

Another January release is 900 Grandmothers, a collection of 21 humorous tales by R. A. Lafferty. (\$2.50) Also released is an unfinished H. Beam Piper story, First Cycle, edited and expanded by Michael Kurland. It concerns the evolution of two very different races inhabiting nearby planets, and the story of their first neeting. (\$2.25)

Reissues for January include Ursula LeGuin's *Planet of Exile* (1966), and Philip Jose

Farmer's *The Lavalite World* (1977), the concluding novel of his World of Tiers series.

Related non-fiction releases are Volume II of *The Endless Frontier*, edited by Jerry Pournelle, with essays by Gregory Benford, Poul Anderson, Robert Silverberg, Dean Ing and others (\$2.95); and the first paperback edition of *The Space Enterprise* by G. Harry Stine, author of the controversial *The Third Industrial Revolution*, also reissued.

#### **POCKET**

Pocket has two horrors on tap for January: Nightmare Street by Margaret Tabor, which concerns a woman whose whole world apparently disappears in one day; and The Hunger, by Whitley Strieber, a novel which apparently combines slavering nymphomania with vampirism, and has naturally sold to the movies (United Artists, screenplay by James Costigan). (\$2.95)



Pocket

Signet

# Trade Books

#### DOUBLEDAY

On tap from Doubleday in January is The Gods of Cerus Major, an action-packed space adventure by Gary Alan Ruse. A hyperspace accident hurls Commander Jason Smith and crew into an unknown part of the galaxy, and a forced landing on a savage planet. They encounter telepathic aliens, who keep symbiotic "mindslaves." They also find a lost group of human colonzers who have forgotten their earth ancestry, and protect themselves from the aliens through mastery of plant genetics -- they have "grown" an enclosed city with connecting tube roads. Ultimately Jason's visit uncovers the "gods" of the planet, an eons-old race engaged in an evenly matched "civil war" for a hundred thousand years. Jason may be the key to deciding the outcome. \$10.95.

[Note: Since Doubleday's Publicity Dept. wasn't able to provide a cover proof, we've reproduced the author's own cover sketch, which was rejected.]

#### **TIMESCAPE**

The third volume of Gene Wolfe's The Book of the New Sun tetralogy, The Sword of the Lictor, is Timescape's trade leader for January. (For a review by Somtow Sucharitkul see FN #43.) In this segment, Severian the Torturer, exiled for the sin of mercy, is abandoned by his companion Dorcas, questions and rejects his role as torturer, and flees into the mountains. For a while a boy, his namesake, accompanies him, but is killed in a deserted city where they revive a man whose body is inhabited by the soul of an old enemy of the Conciliator. Severian joins a people who live on floating islands of reeds, and helps them attack the castle of their enemies, the shore dwellers. In the fortress he learns the secret of the relationship between Baldanders and Doctor Talos, but loses control of his body in a battle, and wanders away.

#### MACMILLAN

World's Spring, a new collection of twenty science fiction stories from the Soviet Union, was a late December release from MacMillan. Edited by Vladimir Gakov, a Soviet critic, the volume won the Jules

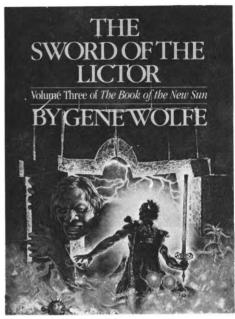


Ruse's rejected sketch for Gods...

Verne prize when published in Sweden last year. Gakov provides a literary and historical perspective on each entry. The stories range from the title piece by Victor Kolupaev, a fable concerning the arrival of spring on a perpetually frozen world, to comic tales like Anatoly Dneprov's satire on computer-simulated economics. 13.95. MacMillan, 866 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022.

#### HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

A January release is Julian May's The Golden Torc, a sequel to his widely acclaimed The Many Colored Land, a novel set in the Pliocene era on earth, to which future time travellers resort in an effort to escape the complexities of their own world. There they encounter two alien, extraterrestrial races, and get involved in the war between them. The last party to make the time jump went in groups of four, and volume one concentrated on the adventures of half the party. The sequel completes the saga, concentrating on the lives of the second four in "Group Green," and the fate of Madame Guderian's plan to liberate Pliocene humanity from the extra-terrestrial races. \$13.95. Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, MA 02107.



Third volume of New Sun Tetralogy.

#### **ATHENEUM**

Recent releases from Atheneum include three science fiction and four fantasy novels, all more or less aimed at the juvenile market, and two for younger children.

Day of the Starwind, by Douglas Hill, is the third in a series about Keill Randor, last legionary of Moros, and his planet hopping adventures. \$8.95. A Gift of Mirrorvax, by Malcolm MacCloud, concerns a young trainee on Vax, sent by the largest conglomerate on his planet to investigate and claim for the company a "mirror" planet, Transvax, which occupies the same orbit 180 degrees apart and thus is always hidden by the sun. \$9.95. The Voyage Begun, by Nancy Bond, is a near-future story about pollution and the energy crisis, set in a ghost town produced by disastrous shifts in climate. \$12.95.

The Keeper of the Isis Light, by Monica Hughes, concerns Olwen, an orphan and the only human inhabitant of a planet used primarily as a beacon in space.\$8.95. The Joining of the Stone, by Shirley Rousseau Murphy, is a story of sorcery, seers, and "dark powers" in a vaguely Celtic landscape. \$10.95. Soul-Singer of Tyrnos, by Ardath Mayhar, is the story of a young girl initiate in the peace

#### TRADE BOOKS. Cont.

and justice keeping force of soul singers in a land without armies. courts or judges. \$9.95. A Circle in the Sea, by Steve Senn, concerns a psychic symbiosis between a young Dolphin and a young girl. \$11.95.

For younger readers are Footprints at the Window, third in a series by Phyllis Reynolds Naylor, about Dan Roberts, a young boy with an hereditary disease who is mysteriously transported to fourth century Britain; and The Witching Hour, by Stephen Krensky, about a young girl who takes a job as "gofer" at a witches conference. Both are \$9.95. Atheneum, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

#### UNIVERSITY PRESSES

Announced for January by Notre Dame's university press is Roger C. Schlobin's anthology of essays on the nature of fantasy, The Aesthetics of Fantasy Literature and Art. The book contains six essays exploring the essential nature of fantasy, by such recognized scholars as Gary K. Wolfe, C. N. Manlove, W. R. Irwin, Kenneth Zahorski, Robert Boyer, Francis Molson and George P. Landow. These are followed by more specific treatments of high fantasy, utopian fantasy, "Lost World" myths and heroic fantasy. The volume concludes with a checklist of modern fantasy fiction by the editor, and a bibliography of critical studies and reference works by Marshall B. Tymn. \$19.95. University of Notre Dame Press, Notre Dame, IN 46556. Essential for the scholar.

Now out from Kent State University press is Richard C. West's Tolkien Criticism: An Annotated Checklist, Revised Edition. In the eleven years since the first edition, this checklist has increased five times in size, and is proof of the abiding interest in Tolkien's work. Section I is a bibliography of Tolkien's published work to date, and includes Unfinished Tales, but not, of course, the letters. Section II lists and annotates 755 critical works on Tolkien. Section III lists reviews, of Tolkien's work, and in a separate section, reviews of critical works on Tolkien. The last section is a series of indexes: a title index of Tolkien's published work (the bibliography is chronological); an author index of books, monographs and anthologies concerning Tolkien; a title index of critical works; a list of doctoral and masters

theses on Tolkien, and a list of Tolkien related Groups and Publications. This book is absolutely essential for libraries, scholars, and serious fans of Tolkien. \$25. Kent State University Press. Kent, Ohio 44242.

#### LOVECRAFT STUDIES

The fall issue of the biannual Lovecraft Studies, issue #5, edited by S. T. Joshi of the Classics department at Brown University, contains an exhaustive study of HPL's xenophobia by Barry L. Bender, and an essay on his penchant for "sunset terrace" vistas and perspectives, by Peter Cannon. There are also reviews, of Marshall Tymn's reference work, Horror Literature, and of the Editor's bibliography of Lovecraft. \$3. Necronomicon Press, 101 Lockwood St., West Warwick, RI 02893.

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# lagazines

#### ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE

The cover story for the January 19, 1982 issue is "Aquila" by Somtow Sucharitkul, illustrated by George Angelini. Following are the stories scheduled for January: "Among the Dream-Speakers" by Robert Silverberg, "Tanya Hits and Misses" by Martin Gardner, "Exorcycle" by Joan D. Vinge, "Halfway" by Sharon Farber, "The Invisible Foe" by Garry Kilworth, "Bleeding Turnips" by Juleen Brantingham, "Cherry Jubilee" by Gene Wolfe. Avram Davidson's article is "Who Makes the Mandrakes?" and Isaas Asimov's editorial discusses "The Writer's Plight."

#### MAGAZINE OF F&SF

Short stories for January include; "Souls" by Joanna Russ, "The Night Stair" by Mike Conner, 'Maureen Birnbaum, Barbarian Swardsperson" by George Alex Effinger, "Spare the Child" by Thomas F. Monteleone, "Houseguest" by Timothy Zahn, "The Dream Executioner" by Richard Grant, "The Outpost Undiscovered by Tourists" by Harlan Ellison, "Starhaven" by Charles Platt and Shawna McCarthy. Cover art is by Paul Chadwick.

#### **ANALOG**

Three novelettes are featured in the January 4th issue of Analog; the cover story this month is "The Scourge" by James White, "A Little Muscle" by Edward A. Byers, and "When Jonny Comes Marching Home" by Timothy Zahn. Short stories include "The Turtle and O'Hare" by Grant D. Callin and "The Case of the Chemist's Cache" by Thomas R. Dulski. In the Science Fact section Daniel Basil Lyle and Dr. Robert Lundak offer "The Hybridoma Horizon."

#### OMNI

The January Omni will feature an excerpt from Barry Longyear's new novel Elephant Song. Also scheduled is "Triggering" by John Shirley.

#### SF DIGEST

The "premiere" issue of Davis' Publications Science ction Digest appeared late in October with four condensed books. The first is "Asimov on Science Fiction," condensed from the Doubleday book of the same title, a series of critical essays. "Swarmer, Skimmer," by Gregory Benford, is condensed from Across the Sea of Suns, (Pocket Books, forthcoming), the second volume of a trilogy which began with In the Ocean of Night (Dell). "The Pride of Chanur," by C. J. Cherryh, is condensed from the novel of the same title, a January release from DAW. The last entry, "Sunwaifs" by Sydney J. Van Scyoc, is condensed from a novel of the same title released by Berkley last October, the first volume of a trilogy.

In her first editorial, Shawna McCarthy defends the digest format as a "guide to the overwhelmed reader," selecting the best from "exciting young writers" as well as old favorites. The selections are billed as "excerpts, cleverly hewn from complete books," and McCarthy promises, "we will not do any rewriting."

The second issue of the digest will go on sale in late January. Selections are from Stephen King's Cujo, F. Paul Wilson's The Keep, Tanith Lee's The Silver Metal Lover, and John Crowely's Little, Big. The column of publishing news, "Speculations," will be continued, and a movie news column, movie reviews, and an interview with John Crowely will be added.

# Specialty & Fan Press

#### ARKHAM HOUSE

Forthcoming from Arkham are a story collection by Michael Bishop and a new science fantasy novel by Canadian author David Kesterton.

Blooded on Arachne is the first collected edition of Michael Bishop's fiction, and includes stories nominated for Hugo and Nebula awards: "Blooded on Arachne" "Cathadonian Odyssey," "Effigies," "The House of Compassionate Sharers," "In Chinistrex Fortronza the People Are Machines," "Leaps of Faith," "On the Street of the Serpents," "Pinon Fall," "Rogue Tomato," "Spacemen and Gypsies," and "The White Otters of Childhood." The book is illustrated by GlennRay Tutor, jacket by Ron Walotsky. \$13.95.

David Kesterton's The Darkling concerns the epic search of Maradek, a northern tribesman, for his father, on a world convulsed with "seasons" of terror and nightmarish phantoms. The hero's companions include "a strange bestial anomaly" who communicates via telepathic subspeech, and a hermit plainsman, and their journey is through a landscape of "deathhaunted cosmic alienage." Illustrated by Jason Van Hollander, jacket by Raymond Bayless. \$11.95 Arkham House, P.O. Box 546, Sauk City, WI 53583.

Arkham House's November (1981) release, Collected Poems: Night-mares & Visions, by Richard L. Tierney, is illustrated by Jason Van Hollander and dedicated to romanticist Donald Sidney Fryer. It may well be something of an event in genre publishing. Tierney's poems are an elegant, mannered expression of misanthropy from a temperamental anachronist-- a stance familiar among lovers of high fantasy.

Tierney's rhymed, metered verse and "traditional" poetic diction are intended to denigrate the norm of this decadent day. Unlike his diction, his themes are hardly those of the "nobler" past. Tierney is consistently and deliberately perverse, somewhat like Baudelaire, whose verse he translates. He opens with a poem designed to alienate every ordinary sensibility:



Sprague de Camp's poetry volume.

The stinking crowds that surge and swell,

The laughing couple on a "date,"

The adolescent's raucous yell,

These are things that stir my hate.

He concludes with a hymn of adoration addressed "To The Hydrogen Bomb":

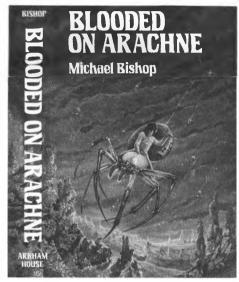
Within the whiteness of your fiery core,
The dawning of a brighter age
I see -When, in the crescendo of all-

when, in the crescends of allending war, Mankind shall be gathered unto thee.

Along the way he treats many topics familiar to fantasy fans: Cthulhu, Carcossa, Minas Morgul, Zarria, Yahweh, Jack the Ripper, Gorice XII and the Mountains of Madness. There are, predictably, poems to Poe, Lovecraft, Eddison. If you like your poetry rhymed (and poetry editors may soon be the only ones who don't) and if you also have a strong tolerance for gloom and bitterness, Tierney will entertain you. (RAC) ISBN 0-87054-092-0. Paper. Direct order only. \$6.95 plus shipping. Arkham House, P.O. Box 546, Sauk City, WI 53583.

#### DONALD M. GRANT

Three extremely handsome volumes now in hand from Donald M. Grant, Publishers, include poetry collect-



Michael Bishop's story collection.

ions by L. Sprague de Camp and Joseph Payne Brennan, and a story collection by C. L. Moore.

Heroes and Hobgoblins, de Camp's verse collection, is worth its tortuous publishing history, which saw it revived from the defunct Heritage Press, only to run into frustrating delays at the bindery. Lavishly illustrated, with six four-color interior illustrations, as well as jacket and end sheets, by Tim Kirk, it provides a charming insight into the moods of its author, moods which range from whimsical jingles to poems of delicate beauty. Among the best of the jingles are those commenting on the sex habits of various fauna (I like the one about the female praying mantis vis-a-vis "liberated woman"); the best of the lyrics, for me, is "Tintagel." (RAC) Each of the 1,250 copies is signed by author and artist. \$25.

Creep To Death is Joseph Payne Brennan's seventh volume of poems, but the first since 1964. Most of this assembly of 80 poems is "horror fantasy" in genre, with "Sunday Morning" representative:

Sunday morning shingled with slate, rain-soaked, ruminating.

The sadness of centuries filters through ceilings, throttles like fingers, invisible, invincible.

Time congeals, solidifies to silence; a noose on a hook swings in my mind.

Widely published, though somehow never properly acclaimed as a mainstream poet, Brennan's latest collection of verse is almost uniformly bitter and macabre. His own appraisal of his life appears in "Summation": "The laurels that I knew / were thin and parched -- and few." This volume also contains three poems by the author's wife, Doris Philbrick Brennan. \$15. Illustrated by Jane F. Kendall, signed by author and artist.

Scarlet Dream, C. L. Moore's story collection, is illustrated by Alicia Austin, and comes in a trade edition and a limited signed edition. The volume collects Moore's Northwest Smith stories. all published in Weird Tales during the thirties, the best known being the first, "Shambleau." Trade \$20: Signed \$35. Moore's earlier collection of tales about Jirel of Joiry, the red-haired woman warrior, is still available at \$15 in a trade edition: Black God's Shadow. Donald M. Grant. Publisher, West Kingston, RI 02892.

#### CREATURES AT LARGE

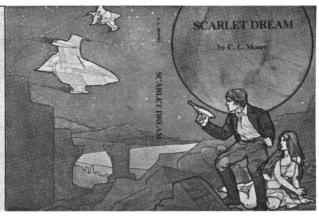
Recently published by Creatures at Large is The Creature Features Movie Guide by John Stanley. The volume is a relatively low-priced but comprehensive, alphabetized guide to "all theatrical and TV films which fall into the categories of science fiction, fantasy and horror." From Abbot and Costello Go To Mars to Z-7 Operation Rembrandt, the book is a handy and entertaining, albeit necessarily superficial, reference guide. Compiler Stanley, host of the Creature Features television program on KTVU -TV, Oakland, California and entertainment writer for the San Francisco Chronicle, eschews encyclopedic commentary in favor of breezy but often effective criticism and quite a bit of humor.

The 208-page, illustrated trade paperback also includes an introduction by Fritz Leiber. \$8.95. Creatures at Large, 1082 Grand Teton Drive, Pacifica CA 94044.

#### J. D. S. BOOKS

John D. Squires' private press specializes in M. P. Shiel. The third in a series of limited paperback editions of Shiel's fiction is *The Rajah's Sapphire*, released in October. The edition is limited to 500 copies, and is a facsimile





Left, Brennan's poetry collection; right, Moore's Northwest Smith stories.

of the 1896 English printing, as well as the first U. S. edition. The novel was written in collaboration with W. T. Stead, and Squires provides an essay on the relationship, "The Curious Tale of Shiel, Stead, and The Sapphire." \$6.

J. D. S. Books, P.O. Box 67 MCS, Dayton, Ohio 45402. Other volumes in the series are The New King (\$12) and The Quest for Redonda (\$10).

#### CHOPMEN PUBLISHERS

A collection of new stories by Brian W. Aldiss, Foreign Bodies, is the result of Aldisa stint as GoH at the Singapore Book Fair in 1980. All the stories have Singapore, or other Southeast Asian settings, as a unifying device, and the collection was commissioned by the publishers. According to the flier, they range from "Boat Animals," a whimsical fantasy about refugee fauna, to "Frontiers," the long-est and most serious, concerning the political tensions of the area. Prices are \$10 U.S. hardbound, and \$5 U.S. paperback. Chopmen Publishers, 428 & 429 Katong Shopping Centre, Singapore 1543, Republic of Singapore.

#### SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

SFR's Fall issue, #41 with a cover by Stephen Fabian, boasts reviews of 60 books, an interview with Michael Whelan, articles by David Gerrold, Clifford R. McMurray, Gene DeWeese and Darrell Schweitzer. Gerrold takes a swipe at *The Patchin Review* with "Chuck's Latest Bucket." McMurray contributes a space shuttle report. There are some nice black and white samples of Whelan's work interspersed among the pages of the interview, conducted by Sandra Miesel. And of course poems, cartoons, etc.

(plus a confession that Geis tried to swipe Leiber from us when he thought we were dead). \$2. SFR, P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211.

#### RIGEL

Rigel #2 contains six short stories, articles by Ben Bova and Alan Dean Foster, an interview with Jack Williamson, and a book review column by Debbie Notkin. The Stories include: "Still Fall the Gentle Rains," by Joseph Green and Patrice Milton, "Transtemporal Creatures Unlimited," by Richard Lupoff, "O Happy Day," by Michael Bishop, "Communication," by Alan Dean Foster, "Truth, Justice and The American Way," by Eric Vinicoff and "The Imagination Machine," by Jon Inouye. \$1.75. Aesir Press, P.O. Box 2523, Richmond, CA 94802

#### P\*S\*F\*Q

P\*S\*F\*Q #6 features a roundtable discussion between Vonda McIntyre, Joanna Russ and Jessica Amanda Salmonson, moderated by Richard Evers. There are eight articles, plus an extensive letter column. Heather Holmes' "Vastness Observed" examines the role of the anti-hero in the history of civilization; Jeanne Gomoll almost succeeded in getting me to appreciate Doris Lessing's space novels ("Canopus in Argos") while Steven Tait's extrapolations from the battle languages of Dune were amusing, and the longish piece by Peter Cannon on his search for "Lovecraft's Newburyport" only mildly tedious. The round-table ladies spent too much time, as usual, on editors and publishing (it can't really interest the average reader as much as writers believe) but they also had some

(Continued on page 35)

# GRANT ~ ~ Cont. from p. 15

W: What about the recent reaction, directed at films and books like Friday the 13th, condemning sexism and violence in horror films and fiction?

G: Anti-sexism is the current popular bandwagon, and I refuse to get on it, which is not to say I'm sexist. I hate buzz words. Chauvinism has to do with patriotism; it has nothing to do with sexism. Somebody calls me a male chauvinist, and I reply that I'm not partriotic at all. And I am not splitting hairs.

It has been a time-honored tradition in literature and in films that you have the weak or helpless heroine--and, from what I can tell of these new films, this attitude continues even now in this so-called enlightened age where both sexes are equal. What a crock. I mean, we're sitting here in the Manhattan Playboy Club. I can hear a million people saying, "Oh my God, that Goddamn Grant, he's going in there to look at the naked pictures on the walls." Well, sure I am, what do you think I am -- blind? Look at the beautiful waitresses -- sure I am -why not? That has nothing to do with sexism.

My affinity for the women's movement begins with the idea that it just makes perfect common sense that if a woman and I write the same kind of book for the same publisher, we should be paid the same money. If we both work for AT&T, at the same job with the same responsibilities, we should be paid the same kind of money. That just makes sense to me. I do find it shocking and totally illogical that women get paid less than men for the same job. By the same token, I really find it repulsive to have to face a fanatical women's libber, and to have to watch every word I say for fear of offending, because she'll take it as a sexist remark. Well, shit on that -- a broad is a broad. Not every woman is a broad, but there is a connotation to broad. and some women are broads and some women are Ladies with a capital L. Kate Wilhelm is a perfect example of a Lady with a capital L in the best sense of the word. She is a marvelous woman, and if anybody ever takes offense when I say Kate Wilhelm is a Lady, then I don't want anything to do with them, because they are not listening to what I'm saying.

I understand the inequities and I deplore them, and where I can, I try to alleviate them in whatever

"Anti-sexism is the current popular bandwagon and I refuse to get on it...which is not to say I'm sexist."

way possible--but I'll be Goddamned if I'm going to say sales person when the word is saleswoman or salesman. No ideology has ever succeeded through an attempt to change the language. And this one isn't going to either, which is why it is so nice to talk to people like Quinn Yarbro and Suzie Charnas who, while they are feminists, are not so terribly defensive that they can't hold a normal conversation with a man without looking for a dig where a dig doesn't exist.

So, having said all that: the sexist attitude that allegedly surrounds the threatened women in current horror films and particularly in the "splatter" films--I don't see it as much as the rabid feminists do, because I also see guys getting chopped up pretty damn good, too. Jamie Lee Curtis in Halloween was anything but a helpless female. And it's only a human reaction when you are dealing with horror, whether it's supernatural or psychotic, to run screaming out of the room regardless of whether you are a man or a woman. But because it happens to be a woman, people scream "sexist." Any man faced with a guy wielding a hatchet or a chainsaw is going to turn and run like hell, and there is nothing unmanly about it.

It took me a long time to be unashamed to cry, and I do cry. I was brought up old world Scots-British: be a man, don't cry--even if it hurts, don't cry. When I got back from Vietnam, a lot of things changed, and one of them was that attitude. If I feel moved by something I'm going to cry, and I don't give a shit what anybody thinks. Tiny Tim dies--I'm wiped out. In the Alastair Sim film--that one shot, the crutch all by itself by the fireplace -- that wipes me out everytime. I'm a softy--I think all horror writers are softies at heart.

I think the "sexism" witchhunt is an overreaction. It's like Mc-Carthyism. Constant cries of sexism, this bullshit with the Moral Majority--which frightens me more than anything in terms of the way the world is going, even more than nuclear threats--is a conglomeration of buzz words and media hype, people's insecurities about them-

selves, and the fact that they haven't got the guts to stand up for what they believe in. I admit that I'm old-fashioned in a lot of ways, and if I weren't I wouldn't be me. And I think that is all reflected in my books and in my stories. One of the best things my books ever did for me was to force me to use a female character as a protagonist. Once in Kansas City, in the SFWA Suite, I was talking with Marta Randall and Liz Lynn. and I mentioned that I was having a hard time in a book because I wasn't sure how a woman would react in certain situations. And Marta turned to me and said that it was very simple--you take a man's reactions and you soften them, which is not a denigration of a female character, but the way the majority of women seem to react. And she was right. As much as people have criticized me for my women characters, I've never condescended. My female characters are all independent, even in the historical romances; it's the woman, not the good guy, who kills the villain. The heroine, not the hero, solves the problem. As a matter of fact, in all of them, it's the heroine who saves the hero from certain death. And it is deliberate. Think of the stereotypical bubblehead women in gothics who don't kiss the good guy until the very end--who don't have enough sense of their own security that they can't make love to somebody who is not the hero and not feel terribly guilty about it. I can't write about that. I may not write very well, but I am doing the best I can with what I've got and the kind of person I am. And if the rabid feminists don't like it, they can shove it.

W: You've also seen the other end of the spectrum. The first three Oxrun Station novels were written under sex and violence guidelines for Doubleday's Romantic Suspense line. Did you find it difficult to work within those restrictions, and more importantly did you find it difficult to write a convincing horror novel--which you did three times--under those restrictions?

G: There was no reason for sex in the first three books, so that didn't bother me. You know what really bothered me? That I couldn't swear. I really had to fight to get my damns and hells. I traded off this damn for that damn, this hell for that hell, this Jesus Christ for that Goddamn.

Censorship at Doubleday was so bad that in *The Last Call of* 

Mourning, when Cyd at one point stays with Ed in his apartment, she wakes up on the couch. As written originally, they went to Ed's apartment, they embraced, and then there was a line break, and when she woke up the next morning, Ed was at the bedroom door, dressed and ready to leave. I had to change it because the implication was that they had spent the night together. That is really stupid. Doubleday kept saying that the libraries wouldn't buy it. I can't imagine that there are still that many little old ladies running libraries these days, but Doubleday seems to think so. I let loose a little bit in The Grave.

W: After having read the first three Oxrun Station novels, the scene in *The Grave* that leaps out at you comes about one-third of the way into the book, at the end of one of the chapters, when Andy says "We'll fuck first, make love later."

G: I was so glad I could write that line. Because that's exactly what she meant. And she was the kind of woman who would say that. There was a fair amount of sex in *The Grave*, but there is a reason for that, as you found out when you read the end. I loved that last scene--I love it! There is no way I could have gotten that through for Doubleday--no way.

W: If you had free reign to write--and publish--whatever you wished, what would you write?

G: I have two answers to that. One is that I would write my next book, and when that's done, the book after that. The second answer is that, in my secret heart of hearts, really deep down inside, I want to write a comic novel. But I'm not funny in print--I'm not funny in person, but I'm not funny in print either. I've sent Terry Carr a couple of stories that were supposedly comical, and he once told me that I'm really not very funny. I tend to lay a bludgeon about; it's probably because of the kind of comedy I like--Abbott and Costello, the Marx Brothers, Laurel and Hardy--and I don't pull it off very well. I would love to be able to do a Peter deVries kind of novel, but since I can't -- and I've tried -- I just want to write the best horror novel that I can.

One of the biggest problems about most horror novels today is that you can't read them more than once. You have to wait a long, long time to try and read them again, and even then a great deal of the effect is dissipated because you say, "Oh yeah, I remember that

part." I have read Salem's Lot seven times now, and each time there is something different that I missed the last time or the time before, that is just as effective as the major scares I had when I read it the first time. And that is what I want to be able to do. I hope I've done with The Nestling -that people will read it, and with any kind of luck, it moves fairly rapidly and tension builds and things happen, and they get a little nervous, and something drastic happens and they get a little scared, and then the end, with any kind of luck, blows their mind. But then if they could come back to it a couple months later, they'll see that there's other stuff in there--layers. Which isn't to say that I'm trying to write anything artsy fartsy.

The best thing about the best horror fiction is that there is always more to the horror than the horror. There are levels to the good horror stories -- many of them, deliberately or not -- and that's what makes them good. From Hawthorne and Poe to Straub, Jack Cady, who wrote The Well, and Michael McDowell, with Cold Moon Over Babylon. There are levels in their books. Maybe that is my English and History background speaking, but levels make books worthwhile. and that's what I would hope, that my books involve more than just plunking down \$2.50 for a quick read on the subway.

W: Do you think the public currently views horror fiction as literature or as subway read?

G: Horror fiction is the subway read. People are tuned to that by John Saul, and it is obvious by the fact that Peter Straub doesn't sell as well as Stephen King, and he should--he tells beautiful stories, but in a less colloquial manner than Steve does. Steve does what he does, the way he does it, better than anybody else--this colloquial, "let's sit down on the back porch and pop beer and scare the hell out of each other" style. Straub scares you just as well, but because he is more literary, he doesn't sell as well. People won't take the time for him. That is probably the schools' fault -- not teaching people to appreciate literature, to appreciate reading more. It's probably the publishers' fault for not being more demanding of their authors; and it's the fault of the people who have bought up the publishers--Gulf & Western and the like--because all they care about is making money and whether an author sells a lot of books.

(To Be Concluded in February)

# SPECIALTY PRESS, Cont. from p. 33

thoughful things to say about writing. Unlike many fanzines, Pretentious Science Fiction Quarterly is intelligent, sometimes witty, and worth putting the mind in gear while reading. Too many fans substitute pro-philia and inside dopesterism for the life of the mind. \$2.50 Michael Ward, Box 1496, Cupertino CA 95015.

#### ARCHIVAL PRESS

Two breathtakingly beautiful offerings by romantic artist Thomas Canty are vailable from Robert K. Weiner's Archival Press. The first is a portfolio of seven pencil drawings carefully reproduced under the artist's supervision. They are 12 x 17 inches in size, and contained in an elegant jacket with a hand-tipped plate on the cover. Each of the 1500 numbered copies is signed by the author. The collection is titled Fields of Sleep.

The second offering is a photoprint in full color of Canty's Corwin of Amber, matted, mounted, and shrink wrapped for protection. This edition is limited to 100 signed and numbered copies. Fields of Sleep \$15; Corwin of Amber \$35. Box 93, MIT Branch, Cambridge MA.

#### APOGEE I

Apogee is a chapbook of "imaginative poetry" with original illustrations, edited and published by Robert Randolph Medcalf, Jr. The first issue contains 32 poems and some very crude illustrations, no doubt partly due to the apparently mimeographed reproduction, though the format is neat enough and free of typos. The poems vary greatly in craftsmanship. \$3. Quixsilver Press, Box 171, Baltimore, MD 21203

#### PELLENORATH #4

Pellenorath's November issue focuses on Darkover, with two maps, and a gazetteer supported by textual references, based on a 17 item checklist of Darkover books. This "geographically oriented" fanzine promises maps of Mike Sirota's landscapes in the Ro-Lan, Dannus and Berbora novels in its next issue, #5, followed by maps of "Turnof the Century" romantic novels, including The Prisoner of Zenda, in #6. Rod Walker, "Alcala," 1273 Crest Drive, Encinitas CA 92024.



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## DIGBY'S COLLAGES Cont. from p. 21

When eagles talked only of defeat When trees shut their hearts against the light

When roads of pure space fell into disuse

Where was the hero?

Attempting to write his name in

-- "A White Paper for the Hero"

VISIONARY world is essentially A world of romantic quest, dark and stirring like a Beethoven symphony. In Digby's studio Beethoven's death mask hangs as a brooding spectator above his drawing board. And in the collages, too,

the contemplative spectator is Digby's recurring symbol of imaginative unity. In "Death and the Maiden," for example, a host of grinning death masks hang as silent spectators of courtship. The maiden bows, back turned to the monastery grate, mindless of their presence and of the irony implicit in her suitor's shovel. But the truth she misses we are drawn to by onlookers gaping and musing at the proximity between life and death. Revelation comes to them, as so often to us, in a kind of street theatre of the unconscious.

Indeed, many of Digby's spectator figures are deliberately theatrical, as in the piece he calls, "Before the Telephone." Here, framed in the threshold of their common world, father and son share the experience of a sublime pano-

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rama. Each is absorbed in his own discrete vision, and yet they may be one. For who's to say that Beethoven's pure energy is not born of the saintly impulse to slay dragons.

TIKE THE spectators of these collages, the living audience is lured to dream. In the theatre of imagination we are free at once to be father and son, actor and audience, and to experience man's double self as one.

From the synthesizing of "bifocal vision" we can rearrange the world, "this void in which we are often placed." And it is then, Digby comments, by passing through the baptism of imagination, we can grapple with the situation confronting us. "During the war, I remember amidst the rubble the songs of birds. Often I see the two together, the broken stones given new form and containment in the body of the living bird. In my collages, the truth that the bird can shape the broken stones and give them new meaning is cause for hope." In his art he happily composes a world in which

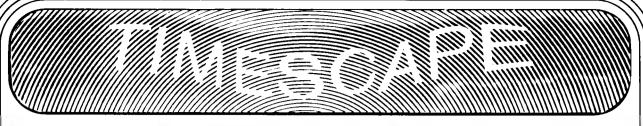
Zoo-keepers had become kind to animals.

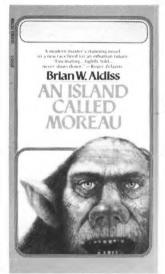
The latest philosophy was: each individual was encased in a cake of soap.

We were waiting for some God to wash his hands.

-- "This Morning"

\*All of the poetry cited is by John Digby.





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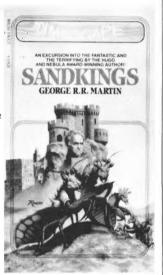
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