Theodore Sturgeon 1918–1985
A MAJOR NEW MEDIEVAL FANTASY

from Bluejay Books

"Have you ever found yourself—and all her future readers—a treasure!"
—Katherine Kurtz, author of Camber the Heretic

"An exciting tale, well told, with a great deal of originality."
—Poul Anderson
Theodore Sturgeon 1918–1985

COLUMNS & FEATURES:

Theodore Sturgeon: A Biographical Sketch
By BOB COLLINS

I Remember Ted
By JAMES GUNN

Eudiche: Theodore Sturgeon
By GARY K. WOLFE

A New Disciple
By LAHNA DISKIN

A Certain Slant of Eye: Worst Week of My Life
By S. P. SOMTOW

A Belated Interview
By DEBRA L. McBRIDE

REVIEW INDEX

DEPARTMENTS:

Feedback 34 Trade Books 30
Specialty & Fan Press 31 June Paperbacks 28

Events & Awards

We Are Hoaxed 11 McCarthy to Bantam 23
Nebula Awards 13, 15 Balrog Awards 26
Year’s Best Fantasy 19 Hugo Nominees 32

WHO WILL STAVE OFF THE LONG NIGHT
WHEN DOMINIC FLANDRY NO LONGER CAN?

INTRODUCING...
DIANA FLANDRY
in the first new
Polesotechnic League/Terran
Empire novel in years!
She'll do her old man proud!

Distributed by Simon & Schuster Mass Merchandise Sales Company
1230 Avenue of the Americas • New York, N.Y. 10020
He was a new kind of soldier, created for a new kind of war...

TIMOTHY ZAHN

Hugo Award-winning author of The Blackcollar

The Cobras were a guerilla force of cyborgs designed to die fighting in the war against the Trofts—their weapons surgically implanted, invisible yet incredibly powerful. They were a fighting force unmatched in human history. But power brings temptation—and could all the Cobras be trusted to fight only for Earth?

MAY • 55960-5 • 352 pp. • $2.95

Also coming in May from Baen Books:

TO THE RESURRECTION STATION
by Eleanor Arnason
What secrets lay mouldering in the old mansion on New Hope?
55961-3 • 288 pp. • $2.95

WOLFLING
by Gordon R. Dickson
To the High-born of Throne World, James Keil was only a wolfling...
55962-1 • 256 pp. • $2.95
On Sunday, May 5, Theodore Hamilton Sturgeon said goodbye to close friends, by telephone from his apartment in Springfield, Oregon. His lung condition (an effect of cystic fibrosis) had worsened, so that he could utter only a few syllables at a time. A few hours later he entered the local hospital with terminal pneumonia.

There was a gathering at the clan (Ted had five marriages and eight children). On Wednesday evening, May 8 ("I think he was just waiting for all the family to arrive," said a neighbor) Sturgeon ceased his efforts to breathe at 8:15 p.m., Pacific Coast time. He was 67.

Ted was born Edward Hamilton Waldo in Staten Island on February 26, 1918; his parents were a Protestant Episcopalian couple, Edward and Christine Waldo. The marriage was a failure: Ted saw his father only once a week at Sunday dinner. When he was nine, divorced brought him a stern and unsympathetic Scottish stepfather, employed as a teacher at Drexel College in Philadelphia, who gave him little more than a new surname.

His earliest dream, of a career as a circus trapeze artist (he was a star gymnast in high school, and had been promised an athletic scholarship at Temple University), was destroyed by a bout of rheumatic fever at 15 that left him with an enlarged heart. Always an erratic student, Ted's attitude worsened, and his stepfather refused to send him to college. Instead, partly with a small bequest from his grandmother, he was enrolled in Penn State Nautical School, but after a term there he ran away to sea as an engine-room wiper.

During his years in the Merchant Marine he began selling short fiction to McClure's newspaper syndicate. When a Brooklyn couple showed him a copy of John Campbell's Unknown he set out to write for that market. His "first sale" was "God in a Garden" to Unknown, but "Ether Breather" in Astounding was published earlier (1939); these sales began his first highly productive period ("Shottle Bop," "Microcosmic God," "Nightmare Island") during which he used the pseudonyms "E. Hunter Waldo" and "E. Waldo Hunter" to allow multiple stories in the same issue of Astounding.

Flushed with new success, in 1940 he married Dorothy Fillingame, his high school sweetheart, over her parents' objections. On his honeymoon he wrote that early classic of the macabre, "It," which established his reputation as a stylist. But World War II was just around the corner: caught in the British West Indies, where he had gone to manage a resort hotel to supplement his writing, Sturgeon found himself managing army properties instead. One of these was a tractor lubrication center, where Sturgeon learned to operate bulldozers and loved it. This stint inspired the only story he completed during the war, Killdozer (published in Astounding, 1944, filmed for television in 1974).

Sturgeon's long spell of writers' block undermined his confidence, and Dorothy's. She divorced him in 1945, keeping the children (Colin, Patricia, Cynthia), and he returned to New York in a daze. Sharing an apartment with L. Jerome Stanton, assistant editor of Astounding, he let Campbell coax him gradually out of his depression. In 1946, while writing again for Campbell, Sturgeon also tried agenting (for Pohl, Chandler, Merrill, etc.) and found some new markets, notably Weird Tales, which took many stories rejected by Campbell. Meanwhile he submitted "Bianca's Hands," a story of obsessive, fetishistic passion, so kinky American editors shunned it, to a story contest in the British magazine Argosy, and won! (1947). The same year his "Thunder and Roses," a powerfully pacifist atomic war story, suddenly captured the imagination of fans at the Philadelphia Worldcon. There he met his second wife Mary Mair, a showgirl who sang the "title song" from her story. Sturgeon's confidence was restored.

Although the marriage to Mary was brief and childless, through Jerome Stanton he soon met his third wife, Marion, with whom he lived for 18 years, producing Robin, Tandy, Noel and Timothy.

Meanwhile, Prime Press issued Sturgeon's first hardcover anthology, Without Sorecery (1948) and he founded Galaxy, which was to be Sturgeon's major mark over the next decade. There he published "Baby Is Three," his most famous short story, which he expanded in 1953 to More (By 1960, a blockbuster novel and which got simultaneous hardcover and paperback distribution, beating Alfred Bester's The Demolished Man for the International Fantasy Award (the best then going) in 1954). The earliest and best exploration of the "gestalt mind" concept, it has remained in print, a classroom classic, ever since.

During this time Sturgeon produced a series of important novels (The Dreaming Jewels, The Cosmic Rape, Venus Plus X, Some of Your Blood, the last a vampire tale) and a host of representativr novellas ("I Sturgeon," "E. Hunter Opposite," "The World Well-Lost," "The Silken Swift," "...And My Fear Is Great") as well as several story collections. In 1962, The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction founded an annual special issue to him, and he was Guest of Honor at the 20th Worldcon in Chicago, where he delivered a memorable speech outlining his philosophy of love.

The bitter conflict he then ended his third marriage in favor of a union with Wina Golden, who bore his last son, Andros. Then, a decade later, with that union gone flat, he married his surviving wife, Gayne.)

In retrospect, we can see that Sturgeon's most important work had been done by 1962. Yet the power of his mind and personality remained unpaired though relatively unused. His infrequent contributions in later years ("If All Men Were Brothers...", for Harlan Ellison's Dangerous Visions, 1967; "Slow Sculpture," winner of Hugo and Nebula Awards, 1970, "Why Dolphins Don't Bite," written for Ellison's Medea: Harlan's World), but first serialized in Omni, 1980) are devoted mostly to the very finest stories in the genre. Yet, E. F. Bleiler remarked, the moral of Venus Plus X (1960), that "even if there were a way to human salvation, humans would refuse it," seems to have been Sturgeon's final position. All of his subsequent work has reflected it.

His legacy, however, is unique. More than any other figure in Science Fiction's "Golden Age" he consistently attempted profound themes, in the belief that science fiction should be "an instrument of progress...an active participant in the dynamics of social change."
VERY member of the science-fiction community is irreplaceable, but some are more irreplaceable than others. We will never replace Theodore Sturgeon. He was uniquely and generously talented, as well as others have known him, who met him as a young man in New York in the early days of his self-discovery as a writer. My first contact with him was the result of a telephone monitor on his wild. Horace said he would buy my short novel "Breaking Point" if I would let Ted cut it by a third. I had such admiration for the author of most of the stories I liked best Ted was charged to bring for the approval of the editors. Later I met him occasionally at science-fiction conventions, most notably in Philadelphia in 1953, when I heard him announce Sturgeon's Law ("ninety percent of the writing of this genre can be improved by rewriting it"). I got to know him best in his later years, when he was not doing much writing any more, and when he was not even able to help with the Institute's Teaching of Science Fiction--my decade-long effort to teach the teachers of science fiction.

Ted arrived for the second Institute (as did Fred Pohl); only Gordon Dickson had a longer tenure, and Ted came last year when Gordon could not come. Last year Ted was watching his health, so I was invited to check his pulse and having some difficulty with hills, and that was frightening, because Ted had seemed always so wiry and inexhaustible that we all believed he could go on forever. But Ted was ready and immediately began to charm everyone around him. Ted cared about people, anybody, everybody. One student enrolled in the Institute only because Ted was there, and within hours she had poured out to him the intimate tragedies of her life. Ted was like that; he didn't so much invite people in as draw it into him with every breath, the very nature of what he did.

He would spend another evening discussing style and reading a particular favorite or two among his own work. But he would spend most of the time reading from the English translation of a French author who told the same ridiculous story in dozens of different styles, Ted chortling over each discovery, as if he were enjoying it for the first time, and then leaping further into the slender volume to come upon another. Once he forgot the book and wrote some examples of his own; they were far more interesting because he was a far better writer, but I never could convince him of that. He liked his French author because it showed that somebody else had discovered, before he had thought of it, a beautiful way to reveal the power of words and style.

He wanted the teachers to understand what he thought was important. That was writing. He wanted them to love words the way he did. He wanted them to love the right words and the right way to put them together, and he wanted them to pass the loves of his life along to their students. One evening he would talk almost entirely about his discovery of what he called "metric prose," the author's conscious choice of a particular poetic foot for passages in which the author wished to achieve special effects. He always insisted (I can hear him now in his intense, musical voice) that the reader must never become conscious of the technique or the game is lost.

I Remember Ted
By James Gunn

TED loved finding new writers or admiring the new work of older writers. He fell in love with them and his love overflowed into the reviews he wrote for The New York Times and other journals. He may not have been the best critic in the field, because he hated to give a work a bad review, but he was the best-loved critic. Dozens of important authors will never forget the encouragement he gave them.

Ted also wanted people to live, which meant to not be afraid to enjoy life and to be eternally curious, as he was. Ted wanted people to talk about "how to be more like me." That certainly was true of Ted's stories, which had more of himself in them than might be said about the work of any other writer. For good reason: More of his fiction involved those kinds of characters because they were his special people.

The Institute was that many science-fiction authors (maybe all of them) can be differentiated by what they think is the single change that will solve the world's problems. Ted believed that love, or perhaps the unloved, would become loved by everyone, and that the people who placed themselves beyond scorn or beneath contempt, was their practice or appetites. His favorite is among his own works was "If All Men Were Brothers Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?"

ONE of the insights that came to me in the early days of the Institute was that many science-fiction authors (maybe all of them) can be differentiated by what they think is the single change that will solve the world's problems. Ted believed that love, or perhaps the unloved, would become loved by everyone, and that the people who placed themselves beyond scorn or beneath contempt, was their practice or appetites. His favorite is among his own works was "If All Men Were Brothers Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?"

If there is an afterlife, Ted now must exist in a sea of love. He isn't, he left much behind, both in the people whose lives he touched and the books and the stories that distilled his message into fiction that continues to ask the next question.

--James Gunn

FANTASY REVIEW, May 1985
Eudiche:

Theodore Sturgeon

By Gary K. Wolfe

W E shall never see him again. There will be no more arguments, no more pleasant thinking with Eudiche, mourned Torth to the other Titan.

"Come now. Don't be so pessimistic," said Larit, stroking the machine. "The idea of dissociation has horrified you, that's all. There is every chance that his components will fuse."

This passage, from a not-too-well-known story by Theodore Sturgeon called "Make Room for Me" (1951), may not seem much of an epitaph for the man himself. There is, after all, little to be said about Sturgeon by way of praise that hasn't been said during his life by his fellow writers: "the finest conscious artist science fiction has ever had" (James Blish), "the finest of us all" (Alfred Bester), etc. But later in "Make Room for Me," we learn more about the departed Eudiche, an alien who has saved Earth from conquest by his own race. He was "imbalance," we find. "He suffered from an overbroadening of the extrapolative faculty. We call it empathy. It need not concern you. It is an alien concept and a strange disease indeed."

Perhaps more than any other writer of his time, Theodore Sturgeon brought this strange disease to science fiction. It may be what caused him to view the genre in unusual ways and what in turn made him hard to categorize for critics; of all the undeniably major figures in the field, Sturgeon has perhaps received the least critical and academic attention. He saw the science in science fiction as meaning "wisdom" rather than technology, and he explored themes that other writers would "invent" decades later. He was an unabashed stylist and romantic during a time when science fiction was characterized first by technology and later by social satire; neither was his forte. And to make matters worse, he made people uncomfortable—but more about that in a moment.

Because of his oblique perspective, he sometimes had to look for new words and concepts to express his concerns. Some of his phrases, like the famous "Sturgeon's Law," have become clichés of fandom. Others, like the "Prime Directive" which he formulated for the Star Trek TV series, have even entered the vocabulary of management and educational research, and are widely used by people who have never heard of Sturgeon. But I am referring mainly to the peculiar words that he made his own—words like "szyzgy," borrowed from biology to become a magical image of an impossible spiritual and physical union; or "infrarational," which he defined as "that source of belief, faith, and motive which exists beside and above reason." Or even "extrapolation," a term he didn't invent but that he used as the title of a short story that I want will forever change your notions of what this most overused of science fiction concepts really implies.

I sometimes wonder what readers who came to the genre late made of Sturgeon. The impact of a story like "The World Well Lost" appearing in a 1953 issue of If was Science Fiction is hard to recapture for anyone weaned on Le Guin and Delany. Perhaps the most commonly cited example of Sturgeon's being ahead of his time is his use of extrapolation, which I have read about the controversy surrounding Venus Plus X, with its depiction of a bisexual society a decade before The Left Hand of Darkness. And this, of course, brings us back to the question of why Sturgeon, even today, makes readers uncomfortable.

I don't think it's sexuality by itself that is the source of this discomfort. Sturgeon, more than any other writer in the field, was determined to make us aware of our bodies—and as simple as that sounds, it's something that few writers can get away with. Sturgeon's world is full of bodies in strange permutations—bodies that fly and vanish, bodies that can shed their skins, deformed bodies with appendages, bodies inhabited by sentient digestive tracts, bodies that sweat and smell and get dirty and that, one way or another, have to be dealt with. I leave it to some future scholar to explore this in more detail, with footnotes, but for now let me merely urge you to think about how much most science fiction really tells you about the flesh which you inhabit.

As one of the most sensuous of writers, Sturgeon knew that the rest of science fiction is still only beginning to discover. As a master of the most important arts of science fiction, he knew things that "mainstream" writers have only rarely discovered. We can see this most clearly in The Man Who Screwed the Lamp, in which Sturgeon had already written a story about the death of the alien race and what happens afterward in the universe of this fantasy. In time, there is every chance that his components will fuse.

—Gary K. Wolfe

A New Disciple

By Lahna F. Diskin

[Ms. Diskin is author of The Reader's Guide to Theodore Sturgeon, Starmont House.]

On the long eve (just two weeks ago) of Ted Sturgeon's death, I met Radisa and learned that we had written in New American citizen. Even before his defection from the Soviet Union, More Than Human had claimed him as its own. Seven years later, he has "learned" how the book has grown inside him and inside the book, his face and voice give him away as Ted's spiritual son.

Radisa is a man compelled to translate the book into movie us to help God in the future to do that. Perhaps it never worked because the real wonder of it was for this match. Radisa was utterly and completely a Ted—like Ted, not in the least embarrassed to show his love. To be worked over by Ted's stories is to understand Radisa's possession. To know the man behind the stories was to be one of many privileged lodgers in his roomy heart.

Radisa was desperate to meet Ted Sturgeon and show him the script he and his wife, Emilia, had written. They had hungered for Ted's blessing and counsel. He said he had sent a letter, but I suggested he talk to Ted somehow--on tape so Ted knew Radisa will not be free until he makes the book live out of the people that darkness in theatres around the world, its own light triumphant in the light of the camera's eye. Talk to him, I said, so that he knows the "meaningless audience shared" by Lone, Gary, Janie, Hip, Bonnie and Beanie changed the life of a young man in Russia—yes, it overcame national restraints. Imagine the other barreter can tell.

I am sad for myself, and for Radisa because he will never meet Ted, but the book as movie will come to be somehow not only because Radisa is bound to do it but also because we owe it to Ted Sturgeon for giving us ourselves in his characters and their lives, vulnerable and imperfect but seeking, asking the next question—even better, the right questions—enabling us to live and learn how to love. All of us owe Ted for his honesty, catching us out and catching us up whenever, less than human, we are afraid to companion the exceptions among us. I am glad for Radisa and us that his connection with Ted, in spite of death, is alive and urgent—un STOPPABLE.

Radisa was one of the few Sturgeon who are already his spiritual daughters and sons and those to come find him in The Rare Breed where he says, "Life certainly has a way of throwing in complications. This happens so frequently, and in such spectacular ways, that one tends to overlook that from time to time life can, Continued on page 32.
I have been promising Collins I would return to the pages of his august magazine for some time. I had hoped to make my comeback with some apocalyptic, biting satire, but it is not to be. Two weeks ago I was visiting Los Angeles, attempting to peddle "high concepts" in Hollywood. I was going to do this silly, witty article about it. But instead, I'm sitting at the keyboard contemplating a week of grief, both for myself and for the world of science fiction. It's been rough, my friends.

It's obvious that I'm going to talk about Ted Sturgeon. It seems that I was among the last people to talk to him, last Sunday (May 5) when I received a message from Sharon Webb, who suggested that I call the Sturgeons. "I think he's dying," she told me. "I just spoke to him, and..."

"I was saying goodbye." When I phoned him in Oregon, he spoke breathlessly, panting between words. I told him that my new book, The Darkling Wind, was dedicated to him. I had meant it to be a surprise, when it came out, but I knew it would be too late. Ted said, "I love you very much." "I love you too," I said. "I said, "Goodbye." I talked to Jayne for a while longer, but I was barely coherent from weeping. I heard his voice in the background; "Tell him, "Thanks for the S.P. "I really appreciate it." and even the chimp in Mike's story of his school newspaper. Of all the prospective young writers who send me mail, I am sure he was by far the most talented. I can't help wondering what would have happened if I'd been home to receive his phone call. That is one of the hardest things for me, because I once tried to kill myself when I was a teenager and was prevented from doing so by the thought that I'd have to destroy it in fifteen years. I have learned that life isn't so bad, but I also know that I once thought otherwise.

I do not mention Matt because of my personal grief, which is great, but because this is someone who devoted a disproportionate amount of his life to our field, and whose passing deserves mention in one of its major vehicles.

This brings me back to Ted Sturgeon, because I was really barely grownup myself when, at SunCon, eight years ago, I barged into the nave and manipulated the people running the Hugo Banquet seating into sneaking me onto the very table where the Supreme Deity of my Personal Pantheon happened to be sitting. I had planned all these intelligent things to say, but I ended up rather tongue-tied in his presence. Until Ted himself, perhaps noticing how hard I was sweating, started a conversation with me. I can't remember a thing about that conversation except the excitement I felt. It never occurred to me that Ted would still recall the incident, but years later I heard him say to Jayne, "You know, he was that kid at our banquet table." By then he had become my friend, but the aura of being "More than Human" never quite went away.

Once, before I knew Ted, I had a young friend who was sick. He had to stay in bed, and all he could do was talk on the telephone. He asked me to read him a story. I read him "The Crate," by Ted Sturgeon. In the story a bunch of kids, and their teacher, crashland on this planet. They have to send a crate among the wreckage, and with her dying breath the teacher points it out to the kids and tells them they have to take it to the town because the whole world depends on it. They carry the crate through rough terrain, endure terrible despair and hardship, and grow from children into young men and women; finally they reach the outpost, only to find that the crate is empty. The teacher had told them it was important, to give them a purpose, so they'd go on living until they could reach safety. Afterwards, the kid who's narrating the story says to the teacher, "You know, she really loved us."

That's how I feel about Ted. We all have to go on carrying the crate. As many have said, all of Ted's stories deal, in some way, with the idea of love. The same can be said of his life. Ted's love is in that crate, and if we think it's empty, we're wrong, because the things they can't see are the most important things in the world.

---S.P. Somtow

FANTASY REVIEW, May 1985

9
TED FIELDS QUESTIONS from Writers' Workshop students at Swanncon.

A Belated Interview

By Debra L. McBride

The interview which follows was conducted by telephone late last year, as the series of Bluejay reissues of Sturgeon's major novels was well underway. Ted and "Lady Jayne" had just returned to Oregon from a teaching trip in Hawaii. Ted was promoting Venus Plus X, perhaps his most controversial 'utopian' novel, originally published in 1960. The Bluejay edition, with illustrations and cover art by ROWENA MORILL, was third in the series.

The protagonist in Venus Plus X, Charlie Johns, thinks at first that he is on another planet, then Earth via a time transport device. The natives, the Ledom, say they need an objective look at their society from an outsider, and will return him where he came from after giving his evaluation.

The Ledom are biologically androgynous, have no violence in their society, and have evolved sciences which leave time for preserving handicrafts and the arts. They have constructed a statue of a giant child to represent their ideologies -- they worship children. There is a harmony permeating the entire society; a sense of oneness.

Johns is impressed by the beauty, harmony, and artistry of the Ledom, until his guide, Philos, discloses a secret; the race was not an accidental mutation, but a race genetically planned, designed, and brought about by our own sciences. Unable, now, to accept the Ledom, regarding them as freaks, John attempts to escape.

After twenty-five years, this book still causes ripples of anger. However, it takes a hard look at human sexuality and how it affects our culture.

"It was never their purpose or mine to have this a continuing species," Sturgeon explained. "But for some reason a lot of readers overlooked that. This was an experiment to maintain the humanity of humanity. I didn't think that humanity could retain that particular thing as long as the sexes were separated, exploited in one way or another."

"The idea for writing the book came when I saw an ad in a magazine for tire chains. Weed Tire Chains. There was a picture of a girl in her underwear holding a tire chain. I said 'What the Hell is a girl in her underwear doing holding a tire chain?' Pure sex exploitation."

"I tried to imagine a situation where there was no such thing as exploiting sex. The first draft was called Oyster World, because oysters are like that; ambisexual. They can switch to one side or the other. And this is basically the same idea Ursula (LeGuin) had when she wrote Left Hand of Darkness."

"But then I tried to make that work, and I couldn't make it work as well as the concept of having each individual with organs for both sexes."

"I get all kinds of weird mail on it. From up in Canada somewhere, or the Midwest, a teacher is wildly excited about that book. She orders 30 copies every year. She's going to be delighted by this particular rerun, because it's been hard to get."

"She sent me her senior papers on this. I thought I was being relatively explicit in saying exactly what I meant. But one student thought we were killing all the little girls when they were born; and another thought the whole things wasn't possible because the Ledom would fertilize themselves. All of which was explicitly explained in the book, but apparently not well enough."

"One of them wrote me an article about 'Homosexuality is not the cure for any social problems.' But this is not homosexuality. He missed that altogether."

"This was not a reader's book; it was a writer's book. In a whole lot of things I didn't go into particular detail. But mechanically, biologically, it's perfectly possible."

As always, Sturgeon had quite a few irons in the fire; one of them was his book entitled "Godbody," named after the story's main character. At the time of the interview, Sturgeon hadn't sold the book; he said that a sale meant a contract, and that meant a deadline. He refused to put a deadline on "Godbody."

But about the book, he said: "It's my conviction that sex and religion were at one time very much the same thing. In organizing worship, the two were divided; and a lot of the world's ills stemmed from that particular division -- the creation of shame, guilt and so on. It's the only way for a secular organization or organized church to keep their hands on the shoulder of the worshipper when he's not in sight."

"Godbody is a young guy in the twentieth century who sets himself to bring the two together again. That's the basic theme."

Sturgeon also had several unpublished stories in the hands of his agent. "Most of my time has been taken up recently by teaching," he said. "I and we have traveled almost 20,000 miles this year. Two years ago, we did about 36,000 miles in six months. We crossed the country six times. We did twelve courses at universities. We were actually looking for a place to live then."

"Eugene is picture perfect. Really beautiful! My lungs aren't so hot, and the air here is absolutely diamond-clean. It never gets too hot and it never gets too cold. This is what we were looking for. Last Christmas we spent our first white Christmas they had in 21 years, and the snow was gone by New Year's Eve. The first week of January I saw an old lady with a power lawnower out mowing her lawn. It's really lovely out here!

"I'm looking out of this big window -- it's a little, tiny apartment we have with a huge window -- and all I can see is the vegetable garden the landlady is giving a manicure to out there, a horse."

Continued on page 32.

TED as panelist in Boca Raton.
**We Are Hoaxed by Gabby Snitch!**

**PLEASE, friends! There is no Helen Purcell, there is no Pinetree Press, there are no porno novels by Stephen King. King (and I) have been hoaxed, by Gabby Snitch, alias Charles Platt, alias Helen Purcell, plus I'm afraid to leak a personage than our own departing Review editor, the heretofore sage and sober Neil Barron.

How come? For openers, I was away playing GoH at the Sixth Conference on the Fantasticks in Beaumont, Texas, while the last dillutet of this from California was run and pasted up for FR 78. Thus I failed to notice the review entitled "Another Pseudonymous King Book?" on page 31. No did Neil warn me.

Thus I was caught slack-jawled and speechless when Kirby McCauley (King's agent) pinned me by phone for my ignorance.

The rest of the story can be derived from the epistolary record:

**King Testifies**

**Dear FR:**

In the April 1985 issue of *Fantasy Review* someone who identified himself as Helen Purcell offered a brief critique of a novel called *Love Lessons*, issued in a limited edition by Pinetree Press, at a price of $35 per copy. According to the review, I'm John Wilson. Purcell states that a cover letter accompanying her reviewer's copy says so. Purcell adds her own opinion that I am the author based on style and characterization.

*Love Lessons* was originally published in the early 70's by Bee Line Books. Although Bee Line at that time routinely put out one-line copyright notices on their novels, they were never actually registered by copyright with the Library of Congress. Whoever is behind this scam was apparently smart enough to realize that with no copyright certificate on file, the notion that I wrote this book could not be definitely disproved. The fact is, I did not write *Love Lessons*, nor have I ever published a so-called porno novel under any name. In 1968, when I was an impoverished college student with only three pairs of underwear (who frequently supped on fried Cheeries and peanut butter), I actually did try to write a porno novel. About forty pages in, while writing a scene in which gorgeous twin sisters are making love in a birdbath, I collapsed in shrieks of laughter and banished the project into the outstow.

I am dismayed at being misrepresented in this fashion and dismayed that no one at *Fantasy Review* asked for a confirmation or denial before running this review, but mostly I am anxious that collectors not be fleeced in such an unsavory business as this one. Collectors of the Baenman novels will know that the secret finally came out because of copyright information filed with the Library of Congress. I deny that I am John Wilson, and would caution anyone against buying a so-called "collector's edition" at such scalper's prices where the provenance is so suspiciously unclear.

--Stephen King

**Lawyer Threatens**

**Dear FR:**

Please be advised that I am Stephen King's attorney.

I call your attention to pages 31 and 32 of issue No. 78 of *FR* wherein there appears an article by Helen Purcell entitled "Another Pseudonymous King Book?"

The statements in said article attributing to Stephen King authorship of a certain pornographic short story entitled "Love Lessons" by John Wilson are inaccurate, highly libelous and of great

Continued on page 34.
Fiction

Kipling Flies High--Again


Diana Crowfeather, a cute teenage Kim, just happens to be the daughter of Dominick Flandry. Now that the Terran Empire is breaking up, and Anderson is tying loose ends in his Polesotechnic Ineign-Terran Empire series, the Mindworn yet another challenge to stability and intergalactic relations from the Merseians and friends, plotted on the model of (1) the British in India and (2) the Japanese in Asia.

While Kipling concentrated on Kim and said little about the reasons for his spying, Anderson makes sure we understand the complex situation. We see military and political maneuvering, and some laundered results in soppohnt misery; we meet scores of more-or-less attractive races more or less casually (it helps but is not altogether necessary to have read other works in this series) and at last we really do see Flandry himself in action, for at least half of two chapters.

But there are drawbacks to using such a well-known model as Kim. For one thing, the Wodenite, Azor, earnest as he is, simply is not given the intensity of purpose that would allow him to function as Kim's Lame, while Diana is an interesting character, but nobody's chela. For another, Kim is effective partly because the plot does not detail the results of Kim's espionage; he worked for a vast, and realistic, organization. In the present novel, Targovy (read Mahbub Ali) have to uncover and handle an Empire crisis all by themselves. For a third, Anderson seems on occasion to forget that he is using a model, and then forces a recovery. He's clever, but the patches show. The Game of Empire is good, but not great, Anderson.

--Martha A. Bartter

First Come in Last


The problems for the editors were to determine where an interesting science fiction fiction idea appeared first, and then to choose pieces that were good and not too long. They came up with twelve stories, 1839 to 1966, each of which is preceded by a short note intended to establish its claim to primacy.


Unless you have a desperate need for the Clark and Wileox stories or the bibliographical notes (which fudge occasionally-the editors might have asked Fritz Lieber whether he was writing about cloning, as they claim, or parthenogenesis, which they admit is possible but would not be a first), this book is not recommended.

--William M. Schuyler Jr.

Latest in an Extremely Valuable Series


Even if you have most of these stories in other anthologies—or, more likely in several anthologies and collections—you should get this book, too. Looking at these stories in historical context give a sense of how SF was developing. Although Campbell's Astounding had stagnated, new magazines such as F & SF and Galaxy suddenly gave SF writers broader markets and fresh challenges. There's joy in these stories, a knowing that, hey, we can do anything. That's true even of grim stories such as "Coming Attraction" that succeeded in summing up the dread that lay under the surface of those serene "happy days." Not all the stories are this successful. Not all share the excitement of shuttering barriers. But as a whole they suggest that it was a good time for SF, as writers were encouraged to stretch themselves, to write better than they'd imagined they could.

The anthology is a fine installment in an extremely valuable series. Strongly recommended.

--Joe Sanders

Flawed Time-Travel Novel


A Matter of Time is a competent and well-structured time-travel novel, combining its time-travel premise with techniques and themes from police procedurals and political thrillers, plus a low-key alternative-universe theme. There are occasional lapses into the climax of the entire story is presented through very contempo (and decorous) non-linear plotting, with enough older virtues to hold the attention even of those of us who aren't particularly keen about authors' messing about with time, either as topic or technique.

I'd like to recommend A Matter of Time and would, except that the fictional universe here isn't sufficiently disconnected from ours to keep the book from being in very bad taste. A major part of Cook's premise is that some (many? most?) American POWs captured by the army of North Vietnam were brainwashed by the Chinese and sent back as potential Mancurharian Candidates in various politically important fields. Some of the brainwashed were retained: "Those chosen to remain forever MIA were the moral weaklings." (178).

In at least one case, the Chinese were spectacularly wrong (as the plot turns out) about a soldier "Missing In Action", but a "what-if" idea has been planted, and the suggestion--applied to our world--is rather silly and more than a little obscene.

--Richard D. Erlich

The Pretender and the Prophet


In The Fire in His Hands (FR 72), Glen Cook chronicled the rise of the desert prophet, El Murid, as he acquired a following sufficient to challenge Yousif, a regional leader roughly equivalent to a duke. By the end of that book, Yousif had been killed, El Murid was in nominal control of the region, but Yousif's son, the neophyte sorcerer Haroun, had escaped.

With Mercy Toward None is somewhat more balanced, following both El Murid in his religious maneuverings and Haroun in political operations. Secondary characters, especially Haroun's "viking" friend, Bragi Ragnarsson, and El Murid's daughter, Yasmid, are more completely developed. Cook also introduces an interesting new character, a con man and charlatan named Mocker. In addition, Cook takes time in this book to more thoroughly plot people, places, and events.

This novel, like the first one, begs some comparison with Herbert's Dune series (with both positive and negative results), but Cook's novels have a solid historical feel to them--and with the disappearance of El Murid's "Angel" and the bracelet which enabled him to call down lightning, much of the magic/fantasy element disappears as well. What is
Stark, Unflinching Portrait of War


Passage at Arms is set in the same universe as Cook's Starfisher's Trilogy but the focus is much narrower in this novel. The story concentrates on the crew of one small group of men confined in close quarters under conditions of high stress. In this, the novel is much like WWI submarine novel...and-Sex, and Silent, Run Deep or the German film Das Boot.

The SF elements, such as the detailed description of weaponry and battle procedures, add little to the story. The best part of the book is the stark, unflinching portrayal of the crew as they fight battle after battle under gradually deteriorating conditions. It's a perspective not common to SF and makes the book worth reading.

--Keith Soltys

More Mashing, Less Art


This is "Jalav IV" in Green's Amazon Warrior series and features heroine Jalav venturing forth to do battle among the feuding clans. Green's novels are proof that heroic fantasy can provide a setting for sexual fantasies of struggle and capture which are lusty without descending to the female bondage futility of John Norman's Gor series.

In variety of incident and just plain fairness, then, Green's books have the edge in the sub-genre of Swords-and-Sex, but they fall far behind, unfortunately, in prose style. Their relentlessly elevated diction with locations like "knew not" and "knew naught, "save that" and even "naught save," leaves this "Jalav IV" wholly unworthy and wishing Green would get on with it. More mashing with less pseudo-art!

--Thom Dunn

A.M.

I awoke screaming my alarm clock turned me off and went to work

--A. J. Glimaldi

left, then, is rather good historical/fantasy fiction; and this book should not be the last in the series. Recommended.

--C. W. Sullivan III

The Company Goes Home


The White Rose concludes Cook's trilogy on the mercenary Black Company (The Black Company, FR74; Shadows Linger, FR77). The young girl, Darling, now the White Rose, has retreated to the Plain of Fear with the last remnants of the Company. She prepares for a final confrontation with the Lady and the Taken, while, at the same time, the enchantments which hold the Lady's dead husband, the Dominator, are being loosened. The possibility of the Dominator's rising from the Barrow gradually draws the Lady and Darling together as they discover a common interest in preventing his resurrection. The novel concludes with Croaker, the healer/warrior preparing to return the Annals of the Company to the Company's first home, Khatovar. The last paragraph hints at still more adventures to come.

As in the second volume, Cook works with a split narrative, but here it is less effective, with the events in Barroldland contributing much to plot but little to the theme. Cook introduces new characters and new wonders, and some characters who are wonders, but his energetic portrait drawn in the first two volumes of the complex relationships among the men of the Black Company is missing here. Several of the previous characters do develop in this novel, particularly the Lady and Darling, but strong dramatic tensions on the personal level are for the most part lacking.

Even though the beginning and end are not as satisfying as the middle, Cook's trilogy is well-written, imaginative, above-average in characterization, and sophisticated in narrative structure. Recommended for those who like their fantasy with a bit of grit and for libraries with moderate-to-large holdings.

--Glenn Reed

Nebula Awards

William Gibson

Best Novel

The odds-on favorite, WILLIAM GIBSON, walked away with the Nebula Award for Best Novel as members of the Science Fiction Writers of America banqueted at New York's Warwick Hotel May 4. Gibson's Neuromancer also took the Philip K. Dick award for best paperback original, and is among the finalists for the Hugo Award in the same category.

John Varley

Best Novella

Best Novella was JOHN VARLEY's "Press Enter 1," which first appeared in ASIMOV'S last May. OCTAVIA BUTLER took the Nebula for Best Novelette with "Bloodchild," another Asimov's story.

GARDNER DOZOIS picked up his second Nebula Award with "Morning Child," first published in Omni in January, 1984, and judged Best Short Story.

For a full list of nominees see FR 77, p. 13.

Continued on page 15.
his home to enable him to create multimedia works of art that draw on the resources of a central memory bank containing what appears to be the entire range of Western music, painting and literature. This story was previously published in *New Voices 4*, an anthology edited by George R. R. Martin, and Foster comments that he still cannot resist tinkering with it. I have not seen the earlier version but this latest incarnation is certainly impressive.

"The Man Who Loved Owls" and "Leanne" are competent if not outstanding stories but "The Conversation," like "Entertainment," is material of a different calibre. Here, a writer creates a character who begins to take on an independent life of her own and eventually becomes aware that she may be a character in a fiction. Although there are fewer of Foster's distinctive descriptions in this story, they have some of the enigmatic and hieratic quality of the futuristic cityscapes in Rimbaud's *Illuminations*. This quality is also fleetingly present in "Entertainment" and whether it comes from Borges or Rimbaud, it is striking.

Apparently, Foster considers these stories to be the kinds of exercises in other styles that musicians and artists often engage in as they progress toward a more individual style. Whatever his intention, they demonstrate in technical accomplishment and thematic integrity characteristic of Foster's longer fiction and I would like to see him publish more of them.

--Walter Albert

**Harlan and the Argonauts**


In April of 1975, Harlan Ellison convened a synergy of science fiction luminaries to create the planet Medea, moon of the gas giant Argo in the Castor binary star system 50 light years from Earth. Writers Hal Clement, Poul Anderson, Larry Niven, and Frederik Pohl developed the planet's species and characters, thinking their visions together with an artist's rendering by Kelly Freas were then presented to a UCLA seminar of Thomas Disch, Frank Herbert, Robert Silverberg, and Theodore Sturgeon (Ellison was moderator) who hashed over possibilities for story creation before an audience of students and fans. After some "Second Thoughts" in 1977, these writers and Kate Wilhelm and Jack Williamson wrote the eleven Medea stories which have appeared in major outlets over the past decade. The "Straw bosses" for this project, Ellison, was given the title of Medea's creator by the other writers of the project -- species "jackpot" session, Freas' artwork, audience suggestions, "Second Thoughts" and 300 pages of stories--make this one big, unique and exciting book.

Ellison's Medea is the fruition of his project is palatable and justified, for his book pleases on several levels. The stories are suspenseful and detailed, with Pohl and Sturgeon offering the deepest extrapolations of alien sentience, the stories' main subject. And there is the added interest of seeing the authors deal with the many givens of the setting. Wisely, Ellison resisted a momentary insane (his word) impulse to justify all the inconsistencies in the tales, preferring the "song of friends at work" to strict adherence to imposed rule. The stories, then, appear each in its own cadence, and we have the fun of going back to the developmental sections of the book to see these stories germinating in discussion. Finally there is the framing tale of the thousand-year human occupation of Medea and its concomitant evidence that creative process has been laid so bare at such length, nor has the problem of alien consciousness such a many-faceted exploration. Students of creative writing, then, along with all fans and philosophers will find Medea a golden treasure worth a long and dangerous voyage.

--Thom Dunn

**Horrors More Assailed Than Developed**


"From its profoundly unsettling first pages," the dust jacket of *The Unhappy Man* declares, "Eric C. Higgs' riveting vision of the nightmare of South African apartheid and of the American dream, brilliantly echoes the grand Gothic horror tradition of Edgar Allen Poe and Roald Dahl." Even given the hyperbolic nature of dust jacket blurbs, this assessment is at best misleading. The opening pages are unsettling, but only because Higgs begins with climactic violence, then reconstructs events leading to it. While the technique is valid, *The Happy Man* depends too much upon the reader remembering that opening horror and not on enough of an incremental sense of horror. Events move too fast; characters either change overnight or Higgs's merely asserts a change. And the novel resembles Poe less than King. Structure, style (including King's trademark use of brand names), theme--all suggest King. Like King's best works, *The Happy Man* wants to horrify or, failing that, "gross out" the reader.

Unfortunately, *The Happy Man* succeeds at being merely unpleasant. Its sexual content is more explicit than King's and less inherent to the plot. Nor does it convince me that sinister, powers operate within America's upper middle-class; when it finally identifies those powers, the novel lacks the resonance of horror associated with King. Higgs's villains are more venial than mortal, his characters uncomfortably one-dimensional, and his horrors more asserted than developed.

*The Happy Man* might interest dedicated horror readers: it lacks the depth, however, to draw from a very much larger audience.

--Michael Collings

**Pop Art Physics**


Amanda Jowarski, the roller skating astronaut, is a heroine who has everything—a "Wonder Woman" outfit which emphasizes her special wiggly walk and rivets the attention of every man in the Pentagon, two lovers, a cat named Schrodinger, a visiting "Frankenstein" who helps dry the writer's jittery nervedots, and an advanced degree in particle physics. Only her intelligence, courage, and determination can save the earth from the evil master of the Universe. She is also a dinging blond who claims women think better than men. She likes to talk to high school classes on "Aspects of the Unknown" because "the unknown itself was her very favorite thing," she adores the hairy, macho, and already married Bronco McCloud, and she slobbers over her stupid cat. I loathed her immediately.

This has made writing a review rather difficult, because there was so great a deal I liked about this funny and literate novel. Hill has filled a world taken from comic books and pulp SF with some real science, including an awareness that the more we learn about subatomic physics the more mystical it seems. Her improbably cast of characters includes a spacegoing chimpanzee, a green alien, a fourteen year old genius with thick glasses, Indians, Russian spies, and even a doddering President who falls asleep during his own speeches; she impossibly far-out plot has an entirely predictable ending.

Will Amanda's courage and daring enable her to rescue her cat and save the earth from certain destruction? Well, of course. Do we care? Unfortunately, not much.

That's the trouble with pop art. Despite its wit, this novel ultimately begins to seem as hollow and exaggerated as the giant hamburgers and one-upmanship veined in the original. However, according to the publisher, it is soon destined to become a motion picture. If so, let's hope they give Goldie Hawn the lead. She'd be just right.

-- Lynn F. Williams

**Too Little, According to Hoyle**


One of the many stereotypes of SF which cause literary readers to blanch is the "book of ideas." *October the First is Too Late* is purely an idea, a thought experiment (abandoned halfway through that) clothed in a wretched excuse for a novel.
Pelman Three

Book Three of Pelman the Powershaper shares the strengths and weaknesses of many multi-volume narratives: it calls upon a fully developed world, with well-developed characters, trusting the reader to connect one volume to another. It is also, however, difficult to read after the three years hiatus since The Wizard in Waiting and the six years since The Prophet of Lamath.

Still, Hughes creates intriguing characters and situations: magicians capable of appearing in alternate shapes, and sites the castles and monstrous creatures, including Vicia-Heinox, the two-headed dragon defeated and dispatched in the earlier books. While the narrative finds itself toward stereotypes (young heroes, beautiful and impetuous queens, evil merchant-wizards, peerless warriors), Hughes' narration is engaging as Pelman forges alliances among the Three Lands to defeat the evil Flayh, recover an ancient talisman, and restore unity to the land. To do so, Pelman must either relinquish his power to Flayh or destroy the powershapers' magics. It all falls apart, Hughes interweaves narrative threads until all logically join. The Three Lands are united, the Talsman is re-forged, but the powershapers remain; maybe there is another way? New powers may be discovered, presumably in further volumes.

--Michael R. Collins

First Novel Needs Sequel

This first novel is set in a future world devastated by the consequences of recombinant DNA research. Eivy, the daughter of poor farmers, is sold to be the concubine of the Principal. Will the help of Will, a soldier sent to take her to the capital she escapes and joins the Garden, a communal group of women scientists struggling with the ravages of plague and ignorance. But her new-found security is shattered when barbarian attacks force her into the company of the Principal.

Lance concentrates on character development to the detriment of some of the other aspects of the story. The character of the Principal, a man driven by the desire to possess Eivy and the altruistic urge to be a good ruler, is very well drawn. But the details of the world he rules are painted in much broader strokes and the background never really comes alive. The story stops rather than ends suggesting one or more sequels are likely.

--Keith Solty

Free to be You and Me

In Liberty's World a group of colonists leaving oppressive, bureaucratic Earth for the freedom of the stars land on an unknown, extremely earthly-like planet after their spacecraft malfunctions. They soon find themselves enmeshed in the complex, violent politics of the intelligent humanoids. Liberty Ibara, on Earth an "undocumented" person living by her wits outside the "suffocating cocoon of government protection," must convince the naive Hees to help the humans find a place of their own, apart from the Hees, where the dangers of culture shock can be minimized and where the humans can enjoy the individual and collective freedom they have left Earth to find.

One of the pleasures of Killough's fiction, here and in such works as Aventine and A Voice Out of Ramah, is persuasive characterization. Liberty Ibara seems quite plausible in her thoughts and actions consistent with what we know of her personal history and Killough's imaginary future (cf. The Dopplganger Gambit). The Hees are also interesting, though less for their personalities than their culture, which may remind one of ancient China. Unfortunately, simple errors of science in the first fifteen pages (e.g."angstrom units" are taken to be "astronomical units"—p.11) subvert even the most willing suspension of disbelief. Killough's plot demands too much coincidence, and our credulity—overworked just in getting Liberty and the Invetus safely landed—is further strained by the requirement that she learn a Hees language almost overnight. The solution to the human-Hees dilemma, although thematically apt, seems contrived and anticlimactic.

This is not one of Lee Killough's triumphs. Recommended with reservations.

--Dave Mead

After the Bomb: No Elves Need Apply

Morris interested me into the collection of short stories with the observation that when she first solicited stories about post-nuclear holocaust, there were a remarkable number of stories by elves with witches. Most of these stories were rejected, although three of them, chosen for the collection (Stephen Leigio's "Geha's Stones," Dieter Paxon's "The Phoenix Garden," and Esther Friesen's "Primary"), do lean toward the fantastic. Both Leigh's and Friesen's stories deal with space/dimension/time warps resulting from nuclear holocaust.
NEWS & REVIEWS

Of Monsters, Men, and Mythic Maidens


However, the author pulls some strange alien ritual, a bit of luck, or quite unbelievable coincidence out of his hat. These pitiful devices are used to extricate the author from the intensely boring situation he has created. They fail.

In all fairness, readers with a good sense of humor might enjoy this book. It is crammed with unintentionally funny passages. For the rest, not recommended.

—Allan Jenoff
and some are, indeed, excellent. Unfortunately, the two writers/anthologists/essayists who edited this volume are not particularly expert in the field. Their introduction is shallow, and the biographical summaries preceding each story are painfully brief. In an apparent effort to present "some of the very best the genre has to offer," as with Edith Wharton's "Afterward" and May Sinclair's "Where Their Fire Is Not Quenched," they've reprinted the author's most anthologized work. In other instances, the editors have included either the only one or one of a few macabre stories written by a famous writer. There is a lack of depth of research and an inconsistency of selection which belies the pretentiousness of the editors' stated goals.

And where are Ellen Glasgow and Mary Wilkins-Freeman, for God's sake; or even Margery Lawrence? Elizabeth Bowen? Surely a selection from one of those writers of superior supernatural tales would be more appropriate than the inclusion of a mediocre story by one of the co-editors. 

At $19.95, the price is too steep for too little return. Recommended only for rich people.

—Sheldon Jaffery

**A Science Fiction Soap**


In a near-future Manhattan, all of the city's honest residents have fled the island, leaving it to a mob of assorted criminals and revolutionaries. That mob, to be sure, has to have something to turn on to, in this instance the Parkhurst, a huge luxurious building on Central Park West. There, a more select, well-heeled crowd is getting ready to celebrate the centennial of the structure. Reed operates a *reductio ad absurdum* of the violent contrasts of today's New York; but where she had put preposterous premises to comical use (in "The Attack of the Giant Baby" or Magic Time), here she turns melodramatic, evoking revulsion at the sight of the hideously armed throngs of Central Park. The atmosphere is akin to that of A. Offutt's *The Castle Keeps.*

However, the rich she describes with such a wealth of detail do not get better treatment—dividing themselves between the irresponsible, the perverts, the fascistat best they are indecisive, like Abel Parkhurst. The protagonists Bart Cavanaugh and Regan Milane, are outsiders to the building, both finding solutions to their psychological problems (he suffers amnesia and loss of reading ability, she needs to kick the bottle) in the cruel siege they are trapped in.

One wonders if the same dramatic goals would not have been achieved just as well in a different genre: substitute a cruise ship, stranded on an island with ferocious savages.... It is a good novel, but does it contribute anything to SF?

—Pascal J. Thomas

**A Good First Novel**


Stirling's first novel is set several thousand years in the future, in a post-nuclear war North America, and details the opening stages of a clash between two cultures. One, the Komman, combines a horse culture with highly developed skills in the martial arts. Their culture is brutal, individualistic, and militaristic. Their traditions hold that their ancestors, the Zhanateh akkomman (Strategic Air Command?), had gone to live in the Sun during the Godwar and the Year Without Sun that followed.

The other culture, the Minzans, are traders, farmers, and craftsmen, perhaps descended from farmers, American Indians, and urban dropouts. Their culture strives for harmony within the group and with the land. Although pacificist, they have just recently begun to train a specialized defense group to deal with the Komman. Magic works in a limited way and is practiced by both sides, with differences depending, of course, on the culture.

The split narrative presents the tale as seen by Shkai'ra, the leader of a Komman raiding party that attacks a Mintzan settlement, and by Maihu, a Mintzan captive of the Komman. Other points of view are presented which allows Stirling to provide background information without interrupting the narrative flow. While this novel is independent, the inconclusive ending leaves one to expect future volumes.

Recommended for large libraries. While there is enough spurring blood, crunching bones, and splattering brains to satisfy those who appreciate such niceties, the real interest rests with the changes in and the clash between the two cultural survivals. If Stirling explores this conflict in future volumes, he has what could be an interesting series; if not, then he has produced well-written but unnecessary sword-and-sorcery clone.

—Fred Runk

**All-y, All-y In Free**

Not Simply Another "Mad Max" Post-War Novel


Reading the dust-wrap of Kevin Mayhew's new novel, one is left with impression that The World Ends in Hickory Hollow is of the same violent ilk as the Australian "Mad Max/Road Warrior" films. Instead, it is more akin to the family survival philosophies of Swiss Family Robinson set in a new frontier: Post-war America.

The bombs have fallen, the holocaust has come, and the world is changed in Hickory Hollow. Set in the East Texas scrubland where Mayhar makes her home, the Hardeman family rises to the challenge of living with survival, but the continuance of common-sense values and morals. The Hardemans (aptly named) are self-sufficient. Despite the bombs fell, having returned to their family farm from Houston when city life palled on them. Because of this they are able to rise above the chaos and to make good in the new post-war world, gathering around them an extended family of orphaned children and senior citizens. The book follows the first year of their new life, from the day-to-day details of their own pionee- ring life to the more grand challenges they confront. In a word, this book is a testament to the indomitable harridans who have degenerated from tooting for survival.

While Mayhar has always been a master at spinning her stories, The World Ends in Hickory Hollow is easily her best work to date. It speaks from the heart, with a voice much like Mayhar's own in its first person narrative. Recommended to those who enjoyed Suzanne Haden Elgin's "Ozark" trilogy.

—Charles de Lint

Basicallly Berserker Stories


This is billed as a collaborative novel—indeed, as a "stellar publishing event!" It is, instead, just another entry in the extremely popular anthologies where a group of well known authors are invited to write in with their own versions of someone else's universe.

Saberhagen displays considerable ingenuity in his stories, compositions, which attempt to tie the short stories together, and which account for any novular features that the books employ.

The best of the half dozen short stories are also the ones which knock off a Berserker with a minimum of effort. In "The Bare Life of Poul Anderson gives us a bunch of typically Andersonian Scottish-worlders who triumph through the masterful combination of Caledonian engineering and strategic skills. In passing, he also explains, by implication, the development of the great 15th Century Scottish Enlightment. Connie Willis, in the next best selection, gives us a wonderfully irritating group of Emerald City stories. Every instance of social friction into a major civil rights violation. It is not too much to say that they — indirectly — annoy a Berserker to death.

Pleasant as these stories are, they do not justify the price of the book. Berserker Base is for those who want complete collections of this type of thing.

—Jackson Houser

Second Rate Simak


This collection suffers from the duality of purpose of the French edition of the d'Or series: to offer "Best Of" anthologies of major SF writers with a critical introduction and bibliography, and at the same time to lure the French public with as many previously untranslated stories as possible. Only one of the eight novels is this volume has appeared in English before, and it was not in any of the half-dozen collections of Simak's short fiction published in the language.

As a result, all the texts here are minor, and most of the older ones down-right dull. "The Creator," which opens the chronology-antedead, is a novel which would fit right into a 1930's SF anthology, but is no more than a bit of Simak memorabilia in the stories from the 50's, "Courtsey, "Worlds Without End," and...
"The Immigrant," show Simak simply being competent. "Final Gentleman," on the other hand, is a welcome surprise, a conspiracy story as Philip Dick could have done it. As usual, Simak is at his best dealing with a rural background, in "No Life of their Own," and "Silent Spring."

Those stories which were translated by Lorris Mcmillan were well-rendred: the bibliography is competent, the introduction pedestrian. For Simak completists only.

--Pascal J. Thomas

Saurians in Osaka


Visitors take up martial arts and impose pre-Meiji isolation and fuedalism on Japan. Sucharitkul didn't strain his brain writing Alien Swordmaster but it is fractionally superior to other V novels, with more local color and characterization, less subplot sprawl, and more humor, most of it black. "She was so hungry. The gas station attendant, perhaps? No, just a snack was what she needed." To show that all is in fun, Sucharitkul named his man-eating villainess Lady Murasaki, after the fastidious 11th century author of this book. A.C. Crispin's V (FR ?) are the only acceptable novels in the V series.

--Michael Klosner

War Is Heck!


Admiral Pratt and his small crew of navy misfits and several agents have a few days to save the world. Things look bleak. The Soviets have provoked a conflict between Turkey and Greece, seriously weakening both NATO allies. Communist inspired peace protestors wreak havoc in Japan. The Russians have more ships, more submarines, more missiles and their memories of growing up. Whatever they do, Pratt and his crew must create a plan to destroy NATO's information network. Against this the Americans have a wild-eyed group with a deception plan, plus strength and cunning overwhelming panic and a bizarre sense of humour, probably not.

Wrede has a smooth, facile style, and she inhabits well-crafted settings with interesting people, human and non-human. I grew very fond of the the minstrel because he did not attempt to play sword-wielding hero, just his harp. The story provokes some of the same tings as the leadness, An in one of the old Wierd Tales, but don't ask me to remember titles. Recommended as an evening's entertainment, but not for libraries.

--Robert J. Ewald

Arabian Nights as SF


Robert Young is an old pro, who has turned out a charming fantasy/science fiction hybrid. Using a time machine to visit the legendary past is nothing new, and the pairing of an enterprising hero and a spunky heroine is no newer, but Young shows that old tricks can make a delightful new pastiche.

Mark Billings passes from twenty-first century America to ninth century Arabia to kidnap Sheherezade. But he gets her kid sister instead and the pair are transported to an earlier time of real jinn and magic lamps. Their extraction forms the plot. Young's twenty-first century isn't much different from our twentieth, but likeable characters, swift pace, and smooth prose make us ignore such quibbles. Recommended for popular collections.

--Joan Gordon

Young Adult Fiction

YA Novel Recommended for Adults As Well


Jones is a British author of several highly recommended books. This novel deserves equal acclaim. It is the story of a college-age girl puzzling over recent clues about her past that don't seem to correspond with the facts. The remainder of the novel is a series of flashbacks as she attempts to recreate the crucial events in her past that have led to this confusing situation. The plot becomes an intricate romantic fantasy filled with mystery, magic, sorcery and intrigue as the girl is drawn into an unusual relationship with an older man.

There is much here to interest the younger reader, especially girls, since they would more easily identify with the main character. The plot is well written and gripping. The author reads it hopefully will respond to the message through the book advocating the joys of reading as found in Tolkien, Dumas, fairy tales, folk ballads, The Golden Bough, and many other works.

Though marketed for younger readers, it is a well-written book for anyone. Adults can appreciate the finely-crafted plot, their own shared memories of the painful process of growing up, and the deepening mysteries that unfold. Reality shades hazily into magic and the lack of sharp distinctions between the two add much enjoyment to Fire and Hemlock.

--Gary Zacherias

An Extraordinary Fairy Tale


Isn't it boring to read about princesses who are blond, blue-eyed, sweet, and destined to live happily ever after with some handsome prince? M. M. Kaye has taken up her pencil against the usual fairy tale to tell of Princess Amy who was granted the special gift of ordinariness by the Fairy Crustaceae. Mousy hair, freckles, girlish awkwardness, and a snub nose set Amy apart from her doll-like sisters. She goes out into the forest to play with her friends, a squirrel and a crow (and also with ordinary girls). Happiness and goodness are her virtues. When no prince wants a plain princess, Amy runs off to a neighboring land and goes to work to earn a dress to replace the one that is falling apart from being out in the forest. Of course, she develops a relationship with a

Taylor is the author of Sunset Patriots and Show of Force. While hardly a literary giant, he's no amateur. This kind of novel does produce a fast paced and easy-to-read novel. At characterization, he is hopeless. None of his heroes or villains is anything more than a sad collection of cliches. But this does not matter: the book is about ships and a woman. Taylor is very much at home describing the modern nuclear and computerized navy. He walks the reader through these vessels and provides detailed descriptions of their destruction.

Readers looking for a thoughtful novel about a possible future will be disappointed. Readers looking for a novel will be disappointed. Readers will be disappointed. Members of the billion mile club will have long train trips ahead of them might like this book.

--Allan Jenoff

Year's Best Fantasy

Here are this year's best fantasy stories as picked by Arthur W. Saha:

"Draco, Draco" by Tanith Lee in Beyond the Lands of Never.

"The Harvest Child" by Steve Rasnic Tem in Elsewhere, Vol. III.

"Love Among the Xoids" by John Sladek in Drum Booklet No. 15.

"Stoneskin" by John Morressy in F & SF, (June 1984).

"Unmistakably the Finest" by Scott Bradfield in Interzone, (Summer 1984).

"The Foxwife" by Jane Yolen in the 1984 World Fantasy Convention Program Book.

"Golden Apples of the Sun" by Gardner Dozois, Jack Dann and Michael Swanwick in Penthouse, (March 1984 as Virgin Territory).

"My Rose and My Glove" by Harvey Jacob in Omni, (May 1984).

"Strange Shadows" by Clark Ashton Smith in Crypt of Cthulhu no. 25.

"Two-Chair Barber Shop on Phillips Street" by Donald R. Burleson in Twilight Zone, (April 1984).

"Taking Heart" by Stephen L. Burns in Sword and Sorceress.

"The Storm" by David Morris in Shadows 2, and

NEWS & REVIEWS

"Jack of all trades" who turns out to be an ordinary king and ends up normally happy ever after.

This is a charming tale to read aloud or be read by youngsters. Kaye herself did the sketches and full color plates, complete with truly exquisite princesses as well as lively Amy and her friends. In addition to the 32 illustrations, Kaye offers an introduction by the author now famous for The Far Pavilions. Recommended for librarians and parents, ordinary or otherwise.

---Mary S. Weinkauf

Mildly Didactic Fantasy


Changing Times is fantasy novel about a fifteen year old girl whose clock transports her back and forth in her own life. Victoria is the beautiful and self-centered daughter of unhappily married parents and her journeys to her childhood and her possible future teach her to understand her parents and to become less self-centered and more self-aware.

Kennemore's characterizations and dialogue are convincing, quite a feat when one realizes that this requires him to enter the mind of not only a teenage girl, but of an eight year old and an infant as well. In fact, this is a skillful adolescent novel, gently and sensitively written for female readers ten to fifteen years old. It is amusing, the character of Victoria idiosyncratic and uncliched, the fantastic premise workable and intriguing if not especially likely [after all, this is fantasy]. Changing Times is a pleasant, mildly didactic read.

---Joan Gordon

Alien Communication Explored for YA's


Since her parents were left to die on the planet they were exploring, Kira has become the only E-comm [extraterrestrial communications] expert on the station. Only a cadet and kept from the normal educational routes by her mother's ideas about how an E-comm should be educated, she feels strange with her fellow cadets and handicapped by being the only female in her senior year. Suddenly she is assigned to the elite group of cadets who are to act as scientific liaison with the superior Vallusian planetary exploration team. The other cadets resent everything as they work with Kira, and she must learn to deal with their feelings as well as her own grief and imagined inadequacy.

Science here is mainly a host of fascinating and varied aliens and how communication is possible between such a variety of types. As such, it is both crucial to the plot and easy for readers to understand. In essence, The Dancing Meteorite is a rite of passage tale concerning the acceptance of human and alien difference, of pain and death, of emotion and the lack of it. It is a first novel for Mason, and I hope to see more like it. Recommended with enthusiasm to YA collections and readers.

---Susan H. Harper

Thought-Provoking Novel For All Ages


Pamela Sargent, best known for her Women of Wonder and Beyond the Mirror books, has returned the acclaim she has received for both her adult and YA science fiction. Earthseed [SF&FBR 16] was a 1983 ALA Best Book for Young Adults choice, and Homesmind lives up to reputation earned by that very fine novel.

Homesmind, gently conceived and gently told, picks up the themes and setting of Watchstar [Pocket, 1980]. It is set in a far future, post-holocaust world when horror of a violent past of separateness has led mankind to develop cybernetic minds which can unite them in a net of telepathic union, a development which has brought peace to Earth. Peace but also, to the central character, Anna, a solitary who is allowed to live only because the comet dwellers on returning to Earth will had brought with them the technology of transplants which open that telepathic door. Though Earth people now allow more of the solitaries to live, they isolate them in a colony which stays in contact with the comet people and Homesmind and which might gradually build a bridge over Earth's fear of separateness.

But then the strange comet appears in Earth's orbit, a cold, threatening cybernetic mind that whispers of the end of man's cycle, of the death wish, of extinction. In peril are not only the Earth people and the comet people, but also the minds which unite them in the Network. As Sargent develops this situation, she works with themes of the Yin and Yang of technology, human resistance to change, and the meaning of human experience and promise. Woven into the fabric of the novel is a love story and a love triangle.

The novel is well conceived and well told. The characters are well developed, the narrative pace good, and the content thought-provoking. It builds to a gripping conclusion and leaves the reader with profound questions to stimulate examination of the novel's themes. It is worth reading both for young adults and those young enough at heart to hope for ultimate solutions to ultimate problems. Highly recommended.

---Fredricia K. Bartz

One of A Small Number of Fantasy Classics


In The Darkangel, [1982; SF&FBR 6], the orphaned young serving-maid Aeriel freed 13 maidens from enslavement to a Darkangel vampire and delivered him from his bondage to a malevolent water-witch by becoming his bride and performing a ritual sacrifice. In A Gathering of Gargoyles Aeriel and her husband, Iryylath, have gone to his mother's kingdom, but Iryylath remains distant from his bride and suffers from troubling dreams. Aeriel is visited by the thirteen brides who tell her that the water-witch "whispers" to him in dreams and who recite her an enigmatic rhyme which must be solved before a quest is set out on a second quest. It is this quest which Pierce relates in A Gathering of Gargoyles as Aeriel attempts once again to free Iryylath from the water-witch by destroying her power over the remaining Darkangels and the countries they dominate. The Darkangel world has been selected by the American Library Association as the Best Book for Young Adults in 1982, was a New York Times "Notable Children's Book" for 1982, and was a recipient of the 1982 International Reading Association Children's Book Award. A Gathering of Gargoyles is, perhaps, an even finer work since Pierce seems to have found her own, distinctive voice and to be less indebted to fantasy writers like Tolkien and C. S. Lewis. As in the earlier book, one of her great strengths is her ability to capture the colors and textures of the physical world and the voyage of Aeriel across the perilous Sea-of-Dust is a splendid achievement that confirms Pierce's stylistic growth. Her handling of both the fabulous and human characters is equally secure and the air-born conclusion is exhilarating and moving.

If Pierce does no more than equal her achievement in A Gathering of Gargoyles in the third volume, the three novels will surely be ranked with the small number of enduring fantasy classics. This may be intended for children in the 8-11 age bracket, but older children and adults should find it equally engrossing.

---Walter Albert

Young Residents Impressed By Non-Threatening

This sequel to *My Friend the Vampire* [Dial, 1984] continues the saga of Tony Noodleman who lives with his parents in an apartment in a vaguely defined city and has become the friend of Rudolph and Anna, vampire children who live with an extended family in a nearby cemetery. Anna has not yet obtained supernatural abilities and Rudolph is old enough to require blood which he obtains from mice, rabbits, and, apparently, from humans although the author carefully avoids any specific description of his feeding activities. He shows a slight interest in Tony's throat at one point and his Aunt Dorothy actively pursues the young human, but Tony preserves his blood virginity in a series of ploys designed mainly to keep his parents from learning that Rudolph, exiled from the vampire clan for his friendship with Tony, has taken up residence in the Noodleman's basement. Anna has clearly taken a fancy to Tony, and her portrait by artist Amelie Glienke shows her to be a pretty, bulbous-eyed girl with the pointed ears that seem to be a distinguishing feature of all the vampires. Rudolph looks somewhat malevolent, and if the series continues Tony may have something of a problem retaining his human status. The attractive, funny drawings are an asset to the pleasant text, and older readers might find this series of interest for the skill with which Sommer-Bodenburg has so far handled what is basically adult material in a non-threatening way.

—Walter Albert

Promising Australian Award Winner


What might have been an excellent book is marred by a few weaknesses. The continuity of action is frequently presented in an unconvincingly elliptical manner (e.g. the children's space bus approaches their home planet, overshoes and passes it in the space of two short paragraphs). Surprisingly, the characterization is somewhat sexist, with the girl, Lara, presented as the emotional character, who is no good at mechanical things, and the boys, Peaty and Rex, as the computer experts who work out how to fly the ship. The story is, in many ways, a succession of clichéd science fiction themes: the black hole leading to an alternative universe, children discovering latent telepathic abilities, the advanced civilization meeting the primitive, the descendants of a space colony becoming [through generations] a primitive society, worshipping high technology, the old sage who is really a robot...all these have been done before, and often more successfully. There are also a few technical weaknesses.

But I don't think this is a book entirely without merits. It is a pleasant departure from popular space opera and the characters, while stereotyped, are drawn with some warmth; the most endearing character is Radar, the telepathic chimpanzee. The morals which are drawn (morals of anti-war, of a sensible approach to technology, of the basic equality of humans with each other and with other animals, etc.) are not drawn overtly or clumsily, as is sometimes the case with juvenile SF. Despite being an Australian/Vogel Award winner, this promising writer has realized its full potential but will appeal to some younger readers. Illustrations are by Greg Taylor.

—M. W. Leachy

Lord Of The Cats


In a 16th century French rife with poverty, superstition, and warfare, young Cam of Cambridge, an itinerant jack of all trades, fights against the destiny thrust upon him by a chance meeting. Driven by a knife that hunger for the blood of evil men and mysterious white horses, Cam finds himself among huge intelligent cats, the Miw, who are protecting the young Duke whose father has been assassinated. The usurpers are led by a mad young boy who surrounds himself with cutthroats so vile that they hate the cats who have always been the luck of the city. In order to return justice the cats, led by Amon, also an untried youngster, organize and fight alongside men and the horses. Although Cam thinks he has found a wonderful pet in the large yellow cat, he soon discovers that his life is in its paws.

**The Cats of Seroster** is full of intrigue, battles, and convincing characterizations of cats. Anyone fond of cats will enjoy the tales of Miw and their feisty relatives as they struggle to stay alive. Cam's love for this cat (actually he had two but never realizes it) parallels the love of one of the villains for his pet, kept in spite of their reputed indifference to people—an aspect of the novel that will warm young cat fan's hearts.

In addition to the cuteness of the portrayals of animals, Westall has created a vivid picture of the sordidness of the time. Cam and Amon come very close to losing their struggle. The man tries to do things his own rational way in spite of the mystic role thrust upon him, and Amon ignores what he believes to be superstitious foolishness, therefore creating more hardships than necessary for themselves and others. There are many things for young readers to reflect on after finishing this complex adventure. Westall continues to prove himself one of the outstanding writers of fantasy for younger readers.

—Mary S. Weinkauf

Rulers Of Hylor Saga Continues


The *Rulers of Hylor* v. 2.

*Yorath the Wolf* follows much the same pattern of development as its predecessor, *A Princess of the Chamel,* focusing on a character who, even though high-born, must go out alone into the world and define himself. Wilder uses this device not only to structure the story but as an effective magnet to attract and hold her readers. Seeing strong characters succeed in leaving a familiar environment for the stresses of a new environment permits them to psychologically rehearse their own "leaving the nest." The rehearsal gives them confidence to face their own forthcoming real experiences.

Yorath, the hero, is a legitimate heir to the throne of Mel'Nir, the only surviving grandchild of the Great King, Ghanor. Because he is deformed at birth, however, he is to be killed because of a prophecy that the Great King lies "in jeopardy from a marked child of his own house." But Yorath is whisked away under cover of a magician's spell to a marshy, rural area called Nightwood, where he grows up far from the influence of the court and unaware of his true identity.

Most of the story describes Yorath's adventures as he comes to adulthood and flies inevitably down the path of destiny. His story is compelling, and the book itself is mechanically better than *A Princess of the Chamelin.* It is

**FANTASY ARCHIVES**

"THE UNCOMMON"

Specialist Antiquarian Booksellers

**SCIENCE FICTION - FANTASY**

**MODERN FIRST EDITIONS**

We are now paying highest prices for fine material in our field. A list of books for which we have firm orders is available.

We take pride in our fine stock of First Editions, manuscripts, ALS, TLS, proofs and original art pertaining to the Fantasy genre.

Want Lists, Search Service, Catalogues (irregularly)

**71 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10014, USA**

(212) 929-5391

FANTASY REVIEW, May 1985 21
more tightly focused, the characters are better drawn and thus more identifiable, and the story moves along briskly and directly through Yorath's adventures. Wilder seems to have better control of both the characterization and the world of Hylor than she did in the earlier book, though some questions remain, to be answered in volume 3.

Nonetheless, Yorath is a well-developed, finely-drawn, and thoroughly appealing character who will make readers care about him. His story is one which young readers, in particular, will find imbued with significance and meaning. Despite some faults, Yorath the Wolf is well-worth reading.

--Carl B. Yoke

The Golden Age of SF is 12


Human society on planet Tigris is organized around the psi powers that all of its children possess. Until they reach puberty - "Transition," as the book has it -- they can levitate and move objects by telekinesis, which makes them potential dangers for psi-deprived grown-ups. Still living in the fear of the dark years when the development of the abilities in the first colony of children caused general chaos, adults have set up a system where children are kept busy, productive and ignorant, until the teen Transition strikes.

This makes the children into pawns for everybody from scientists to criminals. The novel itself is a crime story, a thriller in the sense that we follow the progress of the detective's inquiry while knowing all along who the culprit is. The writing is serviceable, the characters satisfactorily delineated, the book reads fast and pleasantly.

But do not look for originality here; in a sense Zahn takes SF back forty years, and his product is very much like Asimov's (Caves of Steel comes to mind). Being able to reproduce today the energy of such works is no mean feat, but not unheard of. Ideologically, the novel participates in SF's fascination for young geniuses, both directly in the over-bright character of Lisa, and through the adult-pretense relationship in the society it describes. Since its main question is "What happens when you grow up?" (it is "clean" enough to be a juvenile) it should make excellent reading for "young adults." Recommended for libraries.

--Pascal J. Thomas

Non Fiction

Another Fannish Survey


Benson's Vintage Science Fiction Films, 1896-1949 is an index, an annotated bibliography of secondary sources, and a filmography of almost 400 films, and presented in a plain green binding that suggests a no-nonsense approach to the subject. However, this stern, critical appearance is deceptive since the narrative history of silent and sound films and serials that comprises about two-thirds of the book is a chatty series of often humorous plot resumes, production information, and capsule actor critiques ("dandy Jon Hall, the forgettable " charter member of the seen-from-Germany" that make the book moderately entertaining on a first reading as quickly qualify as informed critical commentary.

There is no introduction and, thus, no statement of Benson's principal sources or the criteria for inclusion or exclusion in this index. He includes films he considers of interest that have inventors of serums, weapons and machines unknown to "modern science," and with scientists/doctors experimenting with dead and living bodies of both humans and animals/insects/reptiles. This allows him to devote a considerable amount of space to the Universal horror film cycle, in particular Frankenstein and its numerous spawn, a subject I would have thought was treated in more than sufficient detail in Mank's It's Alive (Barnes, 1981), thus making it unnecessary to give extended plot summaries as Benson does. Benson lists the Arm's Press New York Times Directory of the Film (1971) with the comment that this guide was "used too numerous to list individually." This cryptic--and systematicallyecombination of fable-notation makes one suspect that this was a principal source but in the casual manner of too many genre fans masquerading as historians Benson seems to consider footnotes, a statement of purpose, principal sources, and material excluded and included as dispensable, an exer-cise in his own making. The bibliography does not direct the user to some sources but a bibliography which pretends to be critical (it is, after all, annotated) but which fails to list Philip Strick's fine Science Fiction Movies (Octopus, 1976) and includes Jeff Rovin's A Pictorial History of Science Fiction Films (Citadel Press, 1975) with no comment on its major defects can't be recommended.

It is difficult to imagine what audience this book can serve. There is almost no visual material -- the few stills included are not rare; it is not a solidly researched and presented historical survey; and although the "unimportant" writing might recommend it to the fan public, it is too expensive and too bare to attract them. And, finally, I have no idea what is meant by a "vintage" film. Students in my film courses tend to consider anything in black-and-white or that predates their meager experience as ancient and from my ancient viewpoint I would have thought it more appropriate for silents or early sound films. But I must compliment Mr. Benson for including one of my favorite "B" films of the forties, Night Magic, and I would like to have seen some mention of that series of horrific moments created by the adroit use of croaking frogs.

--Walter Albert

Blurry Vision of De Palma


This survey of Brian De Palma's career from his first commercial film, Greetings (1968) through Blow Out (1981) offers a pretty clear example of both the virtues and vices of current movie criticism. Or, one might say, an insightful, detailed analysis of the director's "filmic" excellencies, the vices being an ignoring of almost every other aspect of the movies in question. After an awkward "Introduction," in which he apologizes for his "linear" approach to film criticism, Bliss settles down to a plodding but interesting picture by picture discussion of De Palma's work, his intention being to "avoid unnecessary confusion and categorization of De Palma's films by treating each of them as an integral, self-contained text." This approach works well in explaining De Palma's techniques, his manipulation of visual and verbal imagery to reinforce character and theme. Bliss gives us a thorough delineation of both De Palma's surfaces and his subtexts. What we do not get is a sense of De Palma as a storyteller. The separate observations do not coalesce to give us a sense of the whole film; the individual chapters do not quite add up to a satisfying overview of his subject's career.

And because Bliss says so little about plotting, character development and interaction, and performance—the "non-cinematic" elements of filmmaking—he does not come to terms with—or apparently even see—the basic problem, De Palma's weakness in the construction of generally satisfying whole films, as against brilliant sequences, scenes, and individual shots. Because he concentrates so narrowly on the exclusively filmic elements in De Palma's work, Bliss does not appreciate the fact that less cinematically astute observers think Obsession (1976) and Blow Out to be long dull movies, despite brilliant beginnings and endings, and that viewers experienced do not coalesce to give us a sense of the whole film (half of Dressed To Kill (1980) contrived and self-indulgent.

Perhaps the flaw in Bliss's approach can best be seen in his handling of the sources of De Palma's films. Except for his introductory discussion of "The Hitchcock Connection," Bliss gives the impression that De Palma's movies spring full grown from the director's head. Yet Carrie (1976) and The Fury (1978), the two films that may be De Palma's best and are certainly his most coherent, are relatively faithful adaptations of major horror/SF novels. Bliss cannot ignore Kinkaid (as he does, with some sketchy characterizations and awkward dialogue)
Food For Flik Song Fans


This collection of Bruner's flik songs was published by NESFA for the 41st Worldcon, ConStellation, as the society's Guest of Honor book. Reproduced in neat music calligraphy by Theresa Renner, illustrated by W. Barton Shinn, these 32 songs are Bruner's protest songs, con-songs and satirical songs, all collected and printed together here for the first time.

The tunes, generously "filed" from British traditional folk sources (except for one original tune), may be as easy to learn as they are to forget. Memorability must come from the verses Bruner has penned. Though there are the usual bits of pure doggerel, the rest of the songs are quite strong. There are pleas for peace, disarmament, humanism, and for the understanding of the SF fan as a creature of his own (satirically done, naturally). Bruner's many fans and the admirers of flik song will appreciate the convenience of the collection. As for others, it is interesting and nicely done, but can't be termed an essential purchase.

--Susan H. Harper

De Palma Dissected


Dworkin, author of Making Tootsie, and a playwright, provides a close look at Brian De Palma's 1984 film, Body Double, blending with an interview with De Palma [1944- ] her observations during the shooting of Body Double, and comments from the cast and crew.

Dworkin prefaches her study with a brief history of De Palma's, The Wedding Party [1968], the stepping stone for Robert DeNiro, who starred in the film along with Jill Clayburgh and unconvincing"--and then goes on to credit De Palma with all kinds of insights that are clearly in the original (one has to wonder if Bliss really did give the novel John Iatridis or if Farris fares even worse. Although he also wrote the screenplay, Farris's name is not mentioned in the text nor is the fact that his novel was the basis for the movie even alluded to. This is not to say that De Palma's brilliant handling of the two books, only to point out that De Palma was building on the received vision, not starting from scratch.

To do his best work De Palma needs a good story and a good script. Left completely to his own devices, he creates marvelous shots, scenes, and sequences, but not whole movies. His two best works, The Bluest Eye and Scream Bloody Gore, were written by other people. De Palma is at his best when he is not given responsibility for the entire production. His work is often better than that of his collaborators, but it is not very original or significant.

--Keith Neilson

Subterrene Sludge


On the second page of McEvoy's Samuel R. Delaney, we can read: "Even when attending the prestigious and progressive private school of Dalton, dyslexia was not yet known as a brain dysfunction. I was tempted to let this quotation stand as the subtitle of this disaster of a book, but more remains to be said.

Repetitive, superficial, incompetently written and edited (not to mention lacking any sense of an audience), this book also displays a towering ignorance of all previous serious criticism of Delaney's works. Its only reason, in fact, is the one which the author does everything in his considerable power to negate, lies in the biographical facts which Delaney generously gave to McEvoy, facts which he then misuses at every turn to apply a reductivist biographical analysis to Delaney's subtle and complex fictions. And these simplex analyses are always at the expense of other possible readings of Delaney's multiplex and formally innovative writings.

One of the delights of reading Delaney is that his style, though often complex and demanding, always rewards his readers with insights and a sense of just how much the language of fiction can do in the hands of someone who loves its play. One of the many drudgeries of reading McEvoy is that his style, though intellectually simple, is so full of common errors and obsessions it obscures even the plainest points he wishes to make--about the social relevance of Delaney's novels, for example. Indeed, [the only writing worth reading in this volume is contained in the many quotations from Delaney; the rest is sludge.]

This volume is part of Frederick Ungar's "Recognitions" series, and I can't, for the life of me, figure out who its audience might be. Any serious reader, let alone student, of SF will find it superficial, offering as analysis less than they already know from Delaney's works. Meanwhile, the reader must put up with McEvoy's continual editorializing, involving the inane points, suggesting the immense importance of such puerile statements as: "One of the puzzling things about ancient Greek authors is that they would produce a trilogy of plays that were on a serious theme, which they called a tragedy, and then would always have a fourth play called a comedy, which paralleled the first three, and the fourth were always put on at the same festival, in that order!"

again, do you ask, what this is all aimed at? It was not aimed at me, and I wish it had missed me. If the rest of Delaney's Recognitions texts are as poorly written, researched, and edited as this one, they are to be avoided at all costs. Samuel R. Delaney deserves far better than this.

--Douglas Barbour.

Charles Pfluger. Dworkin provides more details about De Palma's later films, such as Carrie, Dressed To Kill, Blow Out, and the very controversial and violent film, Scarface, starring Al Pacino.

Dworkin has a different chapter for each segment of the movie. Her interview with De Palma illuminates his somewhat elusive character and some of the unusual ways he relates to his cast and crew. Dworkin explores most fully the evolution, casting and scripting of a pornographic movie within the total film, especially his use of sexuality as an index of character.

Dworkin provides detailed and fascinating accounts of key sequences in Body Double, but these are comprehensible only to one with an in-depth familiarity with the film. Thirty-three unnumbered pages of b & w production photos supplement the text. She shows that De Palma's artistic vision transcends the sex and violence characteristic of all of his films and which have made him suspect in the eyes of many critics. A useful if rather specialized account of a controversial director whose appeal will be to more thoughtful fans of horror cinema and large film collections.

--Jon Jensen

McCarthy Goes to Bantam

SHAWNA MCCARTHY, editor of Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine since the resignation of George Scithers three years ago, has moved over to Bantam Books, where she replaces LOU ARONICA as Science Fiction Editor.

ARONICA has moved up the Bantam hierarchy, after launching the new Bantam- Spectra imprint.

McCarthy won a Hugo from fans last year as Best Professional editor.
A Solid, Factual Appreciation


Alan McKenzie, British film critic and editor of Starburst magazine had produced a pleasantly readable account of Ford's rise to fame, profiling along with interesting descriptions of the productions in which he appeared, plot outlines of the films themselves, and odes of black and white pictures, mostly stills from the movies. It is a sound, economical, factual appreciation that accurately assesses Ford's skills and contributions, without making extravagant claims for its subject or the films in which he has appeared. The fangush is minimal and the "analyses" are confined to relevant quotations from critics, directors, fellow actors and Ford himself. Thus, while it may raise no profound critical points or answer few questions about Art, Life, or even the deepest secrets of its subject, The Harrison Ford Story is a useful factual book for anyone interested in contemporary adventure films.

--Keith Nelson

Destinies and Manifestoes


Far Frontiers takes up where Jim Baen's Destinies left off, offering roughly the same mix of stories in the "hard SF" vein and space advocacy articles. Book reviews are done by Richard Geis, who likes a good adventure yarn; each story is chattily introduced by Jerry Pournelle.

These interations create a theme issue on nuclear war, out of Brunner's and Bova's stories. Both suffer from didactism, their characters being little more than mouthpieces for various points of view. But the longer piece by Brunner can be saved for superior writing and substance. Gordon Dickson contributes another novella, and since it is part of his Aaang invasion cycle, it too is distantly relevant to the theme (as domination by a foreign power is the perceived alternative to the arms race). It would be good if it did not read like an installment out of a novel, in which it belongs.

Some good short stories are penned by names unknown to me; Rory Harper in "Petrogypsies" competes with John Varley in the field of zoologic engineering, and John Park with "The Software Plague" writes a fine evocation of a computer-heavy future, not unlike Bruce Sterling's.

The non-fiction is space-enthusiastic, but run of the mill and predictable. While Far Frontiers may provide an alternative to Analog, this issue is not a memorable one.

--Pascal J. Thomas

A Valuable Source Study of Frankenstein


This is a reworked version of Vasbinder's 1976 doctoral dissertation for Kent State and surveys Shelley's systematic reading of such thinkers as Condillac, Priestley, Erasmus Darwin, and Sir Humphry Davy in order to ascertain how much of the novel's alleged "science" is accurate and current. Vasbinder seeks to answer the question, to what extent can the novel be understood as an exercise in amplification of scientific fiction, growing out of a declining Gothic tradition but as a philosophically precise work whose speculative science is also scientifically? Vasbinder's thesis is careful and clearly pursued and his findings are based on some painstaking research including a close investigation of the primary text, the manuscript of the 1818 edition of the novel. He discovers that Victor Frankenstein's attitudes and procedures in the construction of an artificial being are "strangely Newtonian, not just 'scientific-looking,'" thus verifying the study's major claim that it is more than a "literary mode" for the speculative elements she used and knew more about scientific matters and was more interested in these matters than she is generally given credit for. Vasbinder has arranged his materials into seven chapters each designed to show not simply the pervasive presence of accurate and up-to-date scientific knowledge in Frankenstein, but the novel's role in helping Mary Shelley's learned and accurate portrayal of the new scientist. Chapter two places Mary Shelley's work in the emergent tradition of intellectual fiction and responds to skeptical critics such as James Rieger ("Dr. Polidori and the Genesis of Frankenstein") and with Bovas's Frankenstein: Tracing the Myth who see the science of Frankenstein as meretricious or as a dark metaphor for her mythic view of the constructive power of the overreaching intellect. Independently useful to researchers is Vasbinder's fourth chapters, "The Literary and Scientific Sources" and "Writers and their Writings," which lists a bibliography of criticism on Frankenstein as well as the history of science. Recommended for graduate and undergraduate level of readership and libraries serving these levels.

--Frederick S. Frank

Self-reflective SF


Wendland's revision of his 1980 University of Pittsburgh thesis distinguishes between SF in the "conventional mode" and SF in the "experimental mode." The distinction, although the author occasionally offers a disclaimer, is invidious. Conventional SF does "not raise new issues"; its ideas "reinforce the reader's self-esteem" which is founded on "images of unlimited power and space travel." These images represent the "wish-fulfillments" of the status reader and believes is rightfully his. In this mode, SF "supports only its particular group and not all of humanity." Conventional SF irritates the experimentalist, he cannot stand the mirror in which the dialectic "interplay between the subject and the object" involves the reader in an extended and serious examination of self and society.

The remainder of Wendland's text explores this division in relation to works by such writers as Clement, Anderson, Anthony, Lem, Clarke, Niven, Leiber, Aldiss, Russ, Wolfe, Bradbury and Ballard.

Wendland remarks that the revision of his thesis was more stylistic than substantive, and his text does avoid most of the pitfalls associated with the dissertation style. He includes a useful, but unannotated, bibliography. His modes of SF, if not his terminology, will strike most readers of SF as familiar, but his rationale for the divisions is thoroughgoing and well presented. He has concentrated his effort on detailing the presumed virtues of "experimental" SF and spent less time sniping at the readership he associates with "conventional" SF. This halfhearted polemic is a distraction form the strengths of his thesis, and is too weakly developed to constitute a dialectic function. Considering the value and content, this is a book for specialists and large libraries.

--Glenn Reed

Willis Marches On


Willis's first volume [1972] had 4400 entries; his second [1982] 2350. Volume three has 760, including all titles released from late 1981 to late 1983 [even the rock video
Derleth in Brief


This well-produced booklet is a useful introduction to the life and work of August Derleth, aimed at those who cannot obtain, or cannot afford, any larger volume on the subject. The biographical essay by Nye Howard is good and interesting, as is the excerpt from one of Derleth's semi-autobiographical stories, "The Stuff of Legend." This is a bibliography which is accurate but too skimpy to be valuable. This item is intended for general fantasy collectors rather than for libraries.

--Chris Morgan

Trekkng Along Together


Devoted fans of Star Trek, who can never get enough information and/or speculation regarding every possible aspect of the famous TV and movie series, will undoubtedly love this book. Those of us who are somewhat less enamored of the whole thing are more likely to find the book, like the magazine from which these articles are drawn, tells us a good deal more about Star Trek than we care to know.

Still, it is only fair to add quickly that the pieces in the book are, for the most part, intelligently written (the two pieces written by Love, the book is made up mostly of letters from fans) and one or two of them might interest anyone with a fondness for science fiction. There are the three reviews of the latest Star Trek movie, including one by the editors. They are all sufficiently detailed and thoughtful to make want to go see *The Search for Spock*. Along with them are a short parody, a speculation on whether Kirk and Cadet Capt. Kirk was as a boy, and the results of a poll of fans.

Thriller], new discoveries from before 1981 and additions to entries from the first two volumes. In many cases, a film's critical annotation is in volume three, while the film's credits are in volume one or two and are not repeated in volume three. Including appendices and addenda, there are nine alphabetic sequences (including the filmographies). Most entries include references to other printed sources, including periodical reviews—a valuable feature.

As the number of entries per volume has shrunk, the length of Willis's annotations has grown, from a line or two in volume one to a three or four-line entry in volume two. In volume three, half a page is devoted to the average piece of drreck and two pages to an important film. Willis is often brilliant at discovering significant details in apparently trivial material, but he too often arrives at unreliable conclusions. He seriously underestimates some good films, including *Bride of Frankenstein, Things to Come, The Thief of Baghdad* (1940), *Cat People* (1942), *A Christmas Carol* (1951), *War of the Worlds, Kwaidan, The Seventh Seal, The Wicker Man and Alien.* Willis shares with Queen Victoria the irritating habit of underlining several words in most paragraphs.

Libraries wanting a nearly complete filmography to update Walter Lee's *Reference Guide to Fantastic Films* (1974) should consider the Willis set, and committed fantastic film buffs will want to consult his annotations. However, general libraries that need only a selective critical guide should prefer Phil Hardy's *Science Fiction* [FR 76] in Morrow's Film Encyclopedia series, supplemented by the forthcoming horror film volume in the same series.

--Michael Klossner

**Evolution is All Very Well, But I'm Not Ready to Give Up My Immortality!**

**Even for Sex?**

Foreign Language

An Irreplaceable French Bibliography


This book attempts to list all science fiction books published in French (in France, Belgium, Switzerland and Canada) from the 18th century through 1982, approximately 11,000 titles. French histories of the genre by Jacques Sadoul or Jacques Van Herp, for instance, provide some bibliographic help as does the massive 1972 *Encyclopedie* by Pierre Versins, but none aimed at bibliographical completeness. Francis Valery's previous mimesograph attempt to a bibliography of French SF book series pales in comparison to this work.

Since Delmas & Julian also include price estimates for out-of-print books, and many remarks on various editions of interest to collectors (see the very long section about the various reprint of *The Three-Edged Sword*). They are the three reviews of the latest Star Trek movie, including one by the editors. They are all sufficiently detailed and thoughtful to make want to go see *The Search for Spock*. Along with them are a short parody, a speculation on whether Kirk and Cadet Capt. Kirk was as a boy, and the results of a poll of fans.

For the most part though, this is strictly for Trekkies.

--Paul M. Lloyd

Bleak and Skimpy Future


The compilers annotate novels written after 1945 (the beginning of the atomic age) for Orwell's year of 1984 and limit their selection to realistic novels of war among existing or realistically-imagined civilizations.

Though Newman and Unsworth describe their annotations as "more often descriptive than evaluative," literary criticism, mostly negative, creeps into a majority of entries. Arrangement of entries is chronological so that each work may be seen "in the social, political, and military context of its creation," but author and title indexes and cross references are provided.

The bibliography is not worth its $25.00 price tag. Recommended for large collections only.

--Agetha Taormina

**Panties of Pink**

Take those amazing, sexy panties and they're yours to keep. Some say it's kinky, I say its neat. So take them my love—but get your jeans on! Pete Ferret
NEWS & REVIEWS

1985 BALROG AWARDS

This year the awards were presented at the Alt-ego's convention in Denver, CO, April 7-9.

BEST NOVEL went to David Brin for The Practice Effect, DAW. Runners up were Stephen King for Pet Semtary, Doubleday; and Michael Bishop for Who Made Stevie Crye?, Arkham.

BEST SHORT STORY went to Patricia McKillip for "A Troll & Two Roses," in Faery. Runners up were Robert McCammon for "Night-crawlers," in Masques, and Jessica Amanda Salmonson for "Mrs. Chauncy and her TV Set," in Eldritch Tales.

BEST COLLECTION went to Stephen Donaldson for Daughter of Regals, Del Rey. First Runner Up was J.N. Williamson, ed., for Masques, Maclay; and Second Runner Up was Alan Ryan, ed., for Night Visions I, Dark Harvest.

BEST POET was Ardath Mayhar with Fred Mayer as First Runner Up and Steve Rasnic Tem as Second Runner Up.

BEST ARTIST was Richard & Wendy Pini. J.K. Potter got first runner up while Allen Koszowski and Real Musgrave tied for second.

BEST AMATEUR PUBLICATION went to Eldritch Tales, ed. Crispin Burnham, First Runner Up was Fantasy Review, ed. Robert A. Col-...
TRUMPS OF DOOM
by Roger Zelazny
The new AMBER novel, in which Roger Zelazny returns
to the world of his most popular classic adventures!
$14.95.

SUDANNA, SUDANNA
by Brian Herbert
"A tingling saga of rare depth and
complexity—comparable to, but absorbingly
different from, the intelligent, authoritative
work of Brian Herbert's father, Frank."
—Kirkus Reviews (starred)
$15.95.

ANCIENT OF DAYS
by Michael Bishop
Bishop's first novel since his Nebula Award-winning No Enemy But Time. A.E. Van Vogt says of this book: "Michael Bishop is becoming
the best science fiction writer in the world."
$16.95.

SUDANNA, SUDANNA
by Brian Herbert
$15.95.

TRUMPS OF DOOM
by Roger Zelazny
$14.95.

ANCIENT OF DAYS
by Michael Bishop
$16.95.

SUDANNA, SUDANNA
by Brian Herbert
$15.95.

Blood Music
by Greg Bear
"A Childhood's End for the 1980s, replacing
aliens and mysterious mental evolution with
the effects of genetic engineering
run wild."—Locus
$14.95.

THE CYBERNETIC SAMURAI
by Victor Milan
A big, blockbuster SF adventure about the first
computer super-hero warrior!
$14.95.

SCHISMATRIX
by Bruce Sterling
A space adventure set in Sterling's famous Mech
vs. Shaper universe to challenge the classics of
Alfred Bester and A.E. Van Vogt.
$15.95.

and coming in October:
The Summer Tree by Guy Gavriel Kay.
The first volume of THE FIONAVAR TAPESTRY,
a major fantasy trilogy by the co-editor of
J.R.R. Tolkien's The Silmarillion.

SUDANNA, SUDANNA
by Brian Herbert
$15.95.

TRUMPS OF DOOM
by Roger Zelazny
$14.95.

ANCIENT OF DAYS
by Michael Bishop
$16.95.

SUDANNA, SUDANNA
by Brian Herbert
$15.95.

Blood Music
by Greg Bear
"A Childhood's End for the 1980s, replacing
aliens and mysterious mental evolution with
the effects of genetic engineering
run wild."—Locus
$14.95.

THE CYBERNETIC SAMURAI
by Victor Milan
A big, blockbuster SF adventure about the first
computer super-hero warrior!
$14.95.

SCHISMATRIX
by Bruce Sterling
A space adventure set in Sterling's famous Mech
vs. Shaper universe to challenge the classics of
Alfred Bester and A.E. Van Vogt.
$15.95.

and coming in October:
The Summer Tree by Guy Gavriel Kay.
The first volume of THE FIONAVAR TAPESTRY,
a major fantasy trilogy by the co-editor of
J.R.R. Tolkien's The Silmarillion.

ARBOR HOUSE
235 East 45th Street, New York 10017
A division of the Hearst Corporation
JUNE PAPERBACKS

ACE BOOKS

July fantasy leader (released in June) is Liavak, edited by EMMA BULL and WILL SHETTERLY (0-441-48180-9, $2.95, $3.50 Can., cover by GARY RUDDELL). It introduces the City of Luck, a society of trading shop brimming with magic and wizards, in adventures written by the Minneapolis Writers Group, Gene Wolfe, Barry Longyear, and others. Includes a Tourist Guide to Liavak (year: 3317), A Magician's Primer and Rules of Magic.

Decadent giants with rings of power, bestial natures, untouchable hybrids, and legendary heroes with immortal bodies are among The Children of Anhi (0-441-10399-5, $2.75, $3.25 Can., cover by MARTUCCI & GRIEBSCH), who is the goddess of Ruanti, a toxic world lit by a black sun. Here, the smuggler and killer Omari, a clone without a soul, finds himself pursued by Rhyi Saunders, who seeks to bring Omari to justice.

The destinies of a noblewoman possessed by a demon, a roughish thief, and a blackhearted villain cross as they seek the sorcerer Lorean in A Yoke of Magic, The Swords of Raematly by ROBERT E. VARDEMAN and GEO. W. PROCTOR (0-441-48400-5, $1.75, $3.25 Can., cover by LUIS ROYEL). According to the Powers that be, a simple man must go mad to win his love in the Oriental fantasy Ou Lu Khen and the Beautiful Madwoman by JESICA AMANDA SALMONSON (0-441-63500-8, $2.75, $3.25 Can., cover art by KINUKO CRAFT). To do this, he sets out for the crumbling tombs of the Lost Dynasty, a time of demons so horrifying it has been erased from history.

In PHILLY GOTTLEB'S The Kingdom of the Cats (0-441-44453-9, $2.95, $3.50, cover by SANTA & ENAD), the final book in a trilogy A Judgment of Dragons and Emperor, Swords, Pentacles, a colony of Ungrukh, huge telepathic starcats, come to the world of Soltreth. They are led as a gesture of interstellar goodwill, but an insane criminal seeks to destroy them.

AVON BOOKS

This month Avon reissues both the fourth and fifth novels of PIERS ANTHONY's interplanetary Cluster series: Thousandstar (0-380-75556-4, $2.95, $3.75), and Viscous Circle (0-380-79879-2, $2.95, $3.75 Can.).

BAEN BOOKS

In ROBERT SILVERBERG'S Shadrach in the Furnace (0-671-55956-7, $2.95), Genghis Mao, dictator of a world overrun by plague, seeks the means to survive at all costs. His projects include the development of a mechanical robot to house a computer clone of himself, and cell-renewal research to keep his body healthy forever. But the project closest to completion would plant Genghis Mao's brain into the healthy, living body of a younger man.

Afterwar, created by JANET MORRIS (0-671-55967-2, $3.95) consists of four SF tales set after apocalyptic war, including one written by MORRIS. The others include a story of a mysterious religion founded in the Last War by C.J. CHERRYH, a survival tale where those remaining set out to determine whether they are really alone by GREGORY BENFORD, and a DAVID DRAKE story about four men who guard a precious secret.

The Peace War by VERNOR VINGE (0-671-55965-6, $3.50) is about what happens when a Concerned Scientist discovers the Ultimate Weapon, one that makes all others not only obsolete, but non-existent in a future world where all research is banned.

In CHERRYH'S Wilder's fantasy, A Princess of the Chameleon (0-671-55966-4, $2.95), the princess Adris is forced to flee her kingdom even as her parents lie dying, victims of invading armies.

BANTAM/SPECTRA

Beginning in June, Bantam is releasing its SF and fantasy books under a new imprint, Spectra. Among them is Polar Fleet by WARREN NORWOOD (0-553-24877-4, $2.95), which follows the first book in his Double-Spiral War series, Midway Between. Devastated by a terrible battle in the Matthews system, the forces of the Sondak Confederacy regroup on the world Satterfield. As three alien races vie for power, two young lovers are reunited and a proud Admiral tries to turn the tide of war.

The only thing tougher than dragonhides are the men who hunt them in Skinner by RICHARD S. MEENROE (0-553-245497-X, $2.95). It's the only way to survive on the world of Trollshuil. But Chavez Blackstone is different, the one man strong enough to defy the world's greatest sentinels.

The latest Star Trek adventure from Bantam is Vulcan by KATHLEEN SKY (0-553-24643-X, $2.95).

In the fantasy line, reissues by PARKE GODWIN's Fireblood (0-553-25269-0, $3.95), a portrait of King Author and his relationship with Guenever, the Queen, and Morgan, the mother of his son Modred; and Beloved Exile (0-553-24924-X, $3.95), a novel about what happens to Guenever after Author dies.

BERKLEY BOOKS

June leader is Empirce by MICHAEL P. KUBE-MCDOWELL (0-425-07763-2, $2.95, $3.50 Can., cover by RON MILLER), about a near-future Earth where nuclear fusion has been eliminated and scientists are blamed for everything that's wrong. Astronomer ALDEN Challiss, hiding in the Idaho woods, has been missing for 17 years, to hear from space, in hopes other intelligent life can resolve the world's ills. Book One in the Trigon Disunity.

The final book in MICHAEL MOORCOCK'S Chronicles of Castle Briss is The Quest for Tanelorn (0-425-07763-2, $2.75, $3.25 Can., cover art by ROBERT GOULD).

Billed as PHILLIP JOSE FARMER's underground masterpiece, Image of the Beast (0-425-07708-X, $3.50, $3.95 Can., cover art by BARCLAY SHAW) is a horror novel about the murder of a detective in a bizarre sexual ritual that is recorded on film. When the victim's partner sets out to solve the crime, however, he is faced with the possibility that the killer is a vampire.

Reissues include House of Zeor by JACQUELINE LICHTENBERG (0-425-07745-4, $2.75, $3.25 Can., cover by PAUL ALEXANDER) the original novel of the Sime-Gen Universe.

In the horror novel Phantom, (0-425-08027-7, $2.95, $3.50 Can.), author THOMAS TESSIER has conjured up all the nightmares of childhood. Only these don't disappear when the lights come on.

DAW BOOKS

Celebrating 50,000,000 books in...
JUNE PAPERBACKS

DAW Books

print this month, DAW heads off its
SF list with The 1985 Annual
World's Best SF, edited by DONALD A.
WOLLHEIM (0-88677-047-5, $2.95, $3.50
Can., cover by FRANK KELLY FREAS).
Ten selections selections include a
novella about the counterrevolution by
JOHN VARLEY. Plus stories by STEPHEN DONALDSON, JOHN DALMAS,
CONNIE WILLIS, IAN WATSON, and
others.

There’s fun in store with Tik-Tok
by JOHN SLADEK (0-88677-048-3,
$2.95, $3.50 Can.) He’s one of the
finest robots ever made, but it seems
his circuitry is slightly awry; he wants to
be vice-president! His route to this
exalted position is fraught with cat-
astrophes -- especially for the
unfortunate humans who are his masters.

Atlan: The Overture: Atlant Century 3
by JANE GASKELL (0-88677-049-1,
$3.50, $3.95 Can.). Ciaja, wedged against
her will to Zerd, conquer of Atlan, is in
danger when war is revived on the
same planet as Zerd. Zerd must fight to
hold on as the enchanted Atlan wakens
to rid itself of the invaders.

Kyon knows only that he is a
gardener in the Ultimate City in LIN
CARTER’S Room 102 (0-88677-
050-5, $2.75, $3.25 Can., cover by T.
JACOBS). The people are strangers, but
Destiny is waiting for him.

Reissued this month, four ANDRE
NORTON novels: Horn Crown (0-88677-
051-3, $2.95, $3.50 Can.), Merlin’s
Mirror (0-88677-052-1, $2.95, $3.50
Can.), Yurth Burden (0-88677-054-8,
$2.95, $3.50 Can.), and Garan the
Eternal (0-88677-055-6, $2.95, $3.50
Can.).

DEL REY BOOKS

Dorothy is almost convinced that
she really dreamed it all up, when a
terrific storm takes her back to her
friends in Return to Oz, by JOAN D.
VINGE (0-345-32077-X, $2.95), Del Rey's
major promotion and movie tie-in for
June based on the photoplay by WALTER
MURCH and GILL DENNIS, with the film
by Walt Disney Pictures to be released
this summer. But she finds Oz is now
under the spell of the evil Nome King.
To coincide with the book and the mov-
ie, Del Rey is bringing back several Oz
books by L. FRANK BAUM originally
published in hardcover by Contemporary
Books, including The Wizard of Oz (0-
345-31363-1), The Land of Oz (0-345-
31060-8), Ozma of Oz (0-345-31888-9),
Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz (0-
345-31198-6), The Tin Woodman of Oz
(0-345-31897-8) and The Emerald City of Oz
(0-345-32032-8-X, all $2.25

Although farsighted humans had
hiddan a colony at the end of the 20th
Century to help Mankind recover from
the War, time is about to run out for
them in The Gaian Expedition, Part 2
of THE EARTHTHING CYCLE By WAYLAND
DREW (0-345-30898-3, $2.95, cover by
D.K. SWEET). If something isn't done
soon, the leader Yggdrasil may have to
resort to the methods that destroyed the
world.

In Walk the Moons Road by JIM
AIKIN (0-345-32169-3, $2.95), a
human sea captain and adventurer on the
Vil’s world carries a lilith, one of the veiled
and secretive Vil priestesses, on his
ship. She disappears and he has to
rescue her.

It is anticipated that it will cost
at least 150 lives to get a special
satellite working to transport enough
3,000/5,000 people to a planet Earth
destroyed in Space Doctor by LEE
COREY (0-345-32486-2, $2.95), so Dr.
Tom Noel is charged with running an
emergency center 22,000 miles out in
space.

JOVE BOOKS

Florida’s changed a lot since the
last time the extraterrestrials made a
stop here 5,000 years ago in DAVID
SAPERSTEIN’S Coconu (0-515-08400-X,
$3.50, $3.95 Can.), the tie-in to the
20th Century Fox film directed by RON
HOWARD, scheduled for July release.
Back to Earth after the ones they left
behind, the alien Antareans discover
they need help before they can lift off
for home. A group of retirees in a Coral
Gables condo are just the people they
need.

SIGNET

June science fiction leader, is
Golden Witchbread by MARY GENTLE
(0-451-13698-6, $3.95, hardcover by
William Morrow), an epic, complex
novel of planetary diplomacy, intrigue
and betrayal during a central point in
history. How it all turns out depends on
the choices made by one woman.
A child whose mangled remains have
been identified, is found wandering
the streets three years after being
kidnapped by her father, whose mangled
remains have also been found, in the
horror novel The Door to December
by RICHARD PAIGE (G 0-451-13605-5,
$3.95, $4.50 Can.).

The latest in the Horsecaster
series (# 13, to be exact) by ROBERT
ADAMS, is Horsecaster of the
North (0-451-13626-8, $2.95, $3.50
Can.).

TROW BOOKS

Tor is releasing the first mass
market publication this month of
Pretender by Piers ANTHONY and
FRANCES HALL (0-812-53108-6, $3.50,
$3.95 Can., cover art by DON MAITZ).
The host’s body is dying, and NR-2
hopes to revive the body of a young boy.
His only hope is to become a god, but he may have to
destroy the Babylonian Empire to do it.

Reissues are The Imperator Plot
by STEVEN SPRUILL (0-812-55488-
4, $3.50, $3.95 Can., cover art by TOM
KIDD); SPIDER ROBINSON’s Melancholy
Elephants (0-812-55231-8, $2.95, $3.50
Can., cover by JILL BAUMAN); DIANE
DUANE’s high fantasy The Door Into
Shadow (0-812-53873-2, $2.95, $3.50
Can., cover by SUSAN S. COLLINS) and
Ben Bova’s As on a Darkling Plain
(0-812-53200-7, $2.95, $3.50 Can.,
cover art by TOM KIDD).

WARNER/POPULAR LIBRARY

The Hammer and the Horn by
MICHAEL JAN FRIEDMAN (0-445-20028-
6, $2.95) is about a Norse god, Vidar,
who survived the destruction of Asgard,
home of the gods, 1,000 years earlier,
and now lives on Earth posing as a
sculptor. When a new enemy comes to
destroy the rebuilt city, however, he
must go back home and take with him the
Horn of Death, which once protected the
city of the gods.

Wilf Ansor Brim, a young starman
from the most poverty-stricken world in
the galaxy, proves to the blue-blooded
cadets and officers on his ship that he’s
the better man in The Helmsman
by MERL BALDWIN (0-445-20027-8, $2.95),
a space adventure.

FANTASY REVIEW, May 1985 29
TRAD_E

TRUMPS OF DOOM by ROGER ZELAZNY, jacket art by ANDREW RHODES, May 30, 1985, hardcover $14.95, 0-87795-718-5.

This new Amber novel begins a trilogy centering around Merlin, Corwin's son.

Merlin and the new inherent powers of Amber, but is content to live in San Francisco as a computer programmer, until his life is threatened. He must fight his way, through Shadow, back to Amber, where he finds a complex plot is brewing. He must claim his heritage, but his first priority is survival.

ARGO

The Saga of Grettir Sundotha by ARDATH MAYHAR, jacket art by NEIL FEIGELES, July 1, 1985, hardcover $12.95, 0-889-310097-8.

Grettir is seven feet tall, and her mother despaired of marrying her off. When Grettir refuses a marriage proposal, she is forced to leave home.

She encounters ruffians, sorcerers, and witches, even strange people claiming to be from outer space. She learns to use powers she had never dreamed of, and she learns about the demanding world outside her home.

BANTAM BOOKS


Scheduled to coincide with the Phantasia Press Special Edition (see p. 37) with major multi-media promotion, this is a collection of short stories chronicling the evolution of Medea, a planet envisioned by Ellison, formed and peopled by the collective imaginations of twelve respective contributors: Poul Anderson, Hal Clement, Thomas M. Disch, Harlan Ellison, Kelly Freas, Frank Herbert, Larry Niven, Frederik Pohl, Robert Silverberg, Theodore Sturgeon, Kate Wilhelm, and Jack Williamson. The book is divided into five sections, beginning with "The Spec's," or scientific data, moving through concepts, question and debate, into the final section, "The Stories."

The Last Rainbow by PARKE GODWIN, cover by STEPHANIE GERBER, July 1985, paper $7.95 (Can. $8.95), 0-553-34142-1.

Patrick is poised between the old magics of pagan Britain and the new faith he is sworn to spread. Dorelei seeks sanctuary for her people, the Faerie Prydn. Together they bridge a new age, in a world beyond the last rainbow.

DONALD I. FINE

Tom O'Bedlam by ROBERT SILVERBERG, July 15, 1985, hardcover $16.95, 0-917657-31-4.

Tom O'Bedlam lives in the high tech, post-industrial world of A.D. 2103. Tom feigns insanity as a means of coping with the mental powers he possesses. He can send his mind out through space and communicate with other worlds. When a star probe sends back images of life, Tom must become the representative of these distant worlds on earth.

DOUBLEDAY

The Glamour by CHRISTOPHER PRIEST, jacket art by LINDA FENNIMORE, June 15, 1985, hardcover $15.95, 0-385-19761-6.

In the world they call the glamour, Richard and Susan meet and fall in love. To Richard, a victim of a terrorist bombing trying to piece together his shattered memory, it is a love both strange and new. But to Susan it is a love that began in Richard's forgotten past.

The glamour is a power that can help them both, but it is quickly becoming a power they must escape, or be haunted by, forever.


GREENWOOD PRESS

The Scope of the Fantastic -- Theory, Technique, Major Authors: Selected Essays from the First International Conference on the Fantastic in Literature and Film edited by ROBERT A. COLLINS and HOWARD D. PEARCE, Spring 1985, hardcover $35.00, 0-313-23447-7.

A scholarly incursion into the fantastic mode, concentrating on current theoretical approaches, structural techniques, purpose and literary relationships, and critical studies of the works of recognized authors of fantastic literature: Singer, Kafka, Borges, Tolkien, etc.

HARPER & ROW

The Book of Sorrows by WALTER WANGERIN, JR., jacket art by JACLYNE SCARDOVA, May 1985, hardcover $15.95, 0-06-250929-2.

In this conclusion to The Book of the Dun Cow, Chauntecleer, Pertelote, and others from the Coop struggle to piece together their shattered lives in the aftermath of their conflict with Wyrm. Wyrm again appears, but the reappearance of the dog Mundo Cani unveils an even darker mystery and the threat of a final horror.

DONALD I. FINE

Tom O'Bedlam by ROBERT SILVERBERG, July 15, 1985, hardcover $16.95, 0-917657-31-4.

Tom O'Bedlam lives in the high tech, post-industrial world of A.D. 2103. Tom feigns insanity as a means of coping with the mental powers he possesses. He can send his mind out through space and communicate with other worlds. When a star probe sends back images of life, Tom must become the representative of these distant worlds on earth.
SPECIALTY & FAN PRESS

You can feel the chill rising from the pages of Cold Print by Ray Bradbury. Nightmarish illustrations by J.K. Potter punctuate fifteen tales which include the previously unpublished Blacked Out. Released in May, trade edition at $17.50, signed limited edition $37.50. P.O. Box 8531, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. Add one dollar for postage and handling.

UMI RESEARCH PRESS


Underwood-Miller

The Trumps of Doom by Roger Zelazny begins another sequence in the Amber Series. This deluxe, signed and numbered edition of 500 copies will be released in June. Priced at $55.00, this volume features material that will not be included in the trade hardcover. ISBN 0-89733-006-1.

Scheduled for early summer release are two previously unpublished suspense novels by Jack Vance, Strange Notions and The Dark Ocean. These novels were written in the early 60's, just prior to Vance's return to the science fiction genre. Signed and numbered, limited edition of 500, two matched volumes in linen slipcase. $65.00. ISBN 0-89733-005-3.

An April release, Lyonesse II: The Green Pearl; Jack Vance's magnum opus, is now available in a signed, numbered, slcased edition limited to 500 copies. $80. ISBN 0-89733-010-X. [Berkley's mass market edition has been delayed until April, 1986.]


CORBBOREE PRESS


BORG PRESS


FOOTSTEPS V

Munster's 80 page, digest size, "Special Stephen King Issue" contains four articles on King (three of them first presented at the 1984 Conference on the Fantastic) plus an interview with King's biographer, DOUGLAS E. WINTER. There's also an interview with T. E. D. Klein, former editor of Twilight Zone. Fiction includes stories by JANET FOX, J. N. WILLIAMSON, JESSICA SALMONSON, MICHAEL R. COLLINGS, CHRISTINA KIPLINGER, ELIZABETH MASSLE and SUSAN LIEF TAYLOR. Cover by DOUG SHORT, $4 postpaid. Box 63, Westfield, NY 14892.

DELTA CON

About a hundred copies remain of MIKE RESNICK'S The Inn of the Hairy Toad, a humorous fantasy published in a limited edition of 199 copies for Delta Con (April 12, 1985). 41p., digest size, $3.75 postpaid. One Finch Street, New Orleans, LA 70124.

RICHARD FAWCETT

Fantasy & Terror #6, edited by JESSICA SALMONSON, is a handy thing to keep in the john, most of the pieces being short enough to read at a sitting. It's a mixture of old oddities reprinted and new ones contributed, and the list of authors is too long to rehearse here. 40p., digest size, $2.50 postpaid. 61

Teecomwas Drive, Uncasville, CT 06382.

THE HORROR SHOW

Dave Silva's Spring issue contains (suggestively) thirteen tales of horror by J. N. WILLIAMSON, JOE R. LANDE, MARK PARKS, DAVE ANDERSON, CHERYL COOK, G. L. RAISOR, BEN STOLTZFS, CHARMAINE PARSONS, SEAN COSTELLO, SUE MARRA, THOMAS JENSON and TOMMY BATES. There's also an interview with PETER STRAUB. Cover by BRAD FOSTER. Full size, 60p. $4.95 postpaid. Star Route 1, Box 151-T, Oak Run, CA 92609.

THRUST NO. 22

Doug Fratz's summer issue contains an article on PHILLYS ANN KARR, by Janrae Frank, a profile of PHILIP JOSE FARMER by E. L. Gilpatrick, "A Conversation with Al Sarrantonio" by PARKE GODWIN, an article by MICHAEL BISHOP about how Omni butchered his prose, an interview with ALEXIS GILLILAND by Priscilla Lowell, and movie reviews by DARRELL SCHWEITZER. $2.25 postpaid, 4/8. 8217 Langport Terrace, Gaithersburg, MD 20877.
corral, and an orchard. The orchard goes down for about two and a half football fields, it goes down to the river. I can't see the river; but beyond the river, of course, are the mountains. That's all I can see. No roads, no buildings, nothing.

"I spend so much time at the window; taking pictures and watching the geese flying north when Spring comes along; watching sunsets and rainbows, for there's more here than anywhere we've ever been."

By "we," Sturgeon was referring to his wife, "Lady Jayne," whom he described as the greatest inspiration in his life. She'd been an actress since the age of four, and had been an ordained minister, teaches seminars on the Tarot, has written several book entitles to "Chippenden" (for "computer children"), besides working with her husband on various projects. They met several years ago at a Con, and the love that radiates between the two is remarkable. She'd even feel it seeping through the phone wires during a long distance interview.

While everyone else was at the Los Angeles World Con in August, he and Jayne were teaching a writing course in Maui.

"I enjoy teaching very much because you don't know what you know and you don't know what you believe until you tell somebody else," Sturgeon related. "That's what teaching is. Now I'm that much firmer in my own convictions, and my own abilities for that matter, by teaching somebody else.

"Of course, on Maui, I've got to say, all I could do was scratch the surface of the talent that could be explored. I've never seen anything like it to.

"This one, as a matter of fact, came up very abruptly; and it came up not specifically because of teaching, but because a friend of ours was having very serious difficulties there, and we were afraid we might lose the thing to do was to make her busy.

"I found out years ago when my ex-wife was in radio; she would work at night writing news, and every once in a while she'd get suicide. Sometimes she'd handle it herself, and occasionally she'd field it over to me at three or four o'clock in the morning. But I'd talk to them, and I found that THE way, the absolute way to have some success in handing a new beginning to the person or getting the trust of the person is to make a date. 'Meet me at one o'clock tomorrow afternoon. We'll talk about it this some more. I'll see you at one o'clock,' or whatever. As soon as you make a future arrangement..."

This whole thing (Maui) fell together very rapidly, and was the most successful class we've had there. That's the third time we've been over there; but this time it worked out just beautifully.

That particular course, incidentally, was videotaped, and will be edited into twelve half-hour segments. They're going to catalog it in colleges, possibly for credits, as well as marketing it in video stores, bookstores, and possibly for broadcast by either PBS or cable.

"We tried as hard as we could to avoid the 'talking heads' bit, so we shot background scenery, and we did different sets," said Sturgeon, in describing how the video was done. "One of the students there (Jim Frankel) wrote music to it on guitar -- the scene opens and closes with it, and Jane comes in with a composition she wrote."

One of Sturgeon's students on Maui, Betsy Angstrom, will soon publish her first novel, When Darkness Loves Us.

Sturgeon's most famous novel, More than Human, is under option to a French film company which bought the option three years ago, and recently had asked for renewal. Sturgeon said he refused the renewal because some American film companies also want the property. The French company has until the end of October to either shoot it or lose it.

"More than Human is now in 16 languages," Sturgeon said. "I have no idea how many editions."

"I'm selling the SFT as a field has become too commercial."

"No writing area will ever get too commercial as long as people are artists in a perfect sense, which they must be to be good writers. That even goes for porno, you know; there's a certain artistry involved. You can exploit that and make a big business out of it; a distortion. But, like it says in the Good Book, 'In the beginning, there was the Word.'"

1985 Hugo Nominees

Best Novel
William Gibson, Neuromancer, Ace
Robert A. Heinlein, Job, Del Rey
Larry Niven, The Integral Trees, Del Rey
David R. Palmer, Emergence, Bantam
Vernor Vinge, The Peace War, Bluejay

Best Novella
David Brin, "Cyclops," Asimov's
Joseph R. Delaney & Marc Steigler, "Valentina," Analog
Charles L. Harness, "Summer Solstice," Analog
Geoffrey A. Landis, "Elementals," Analog
John Varley, "Press Enter H," Asimov's

Best Novelette
Octavia Butler, "Bloodchild," Asimov's
Kim Stanley Robinson, "The Lucky Strike," Universe 14
Hilbert Schenck, "Silicon Muse," Analog
Lucius Shepard, "Man Who Painted the Dragon Griaule," F&SF
Eric Vinicoff & Marcia Martin, "The Weigher," Analog
Connie Willis, "Blued Moon," Asimov's
Timothy Zahn, "Return to the Fold," Analog

Best Short Story
David Brin, "The Crystal Spheres," Analog
George Alec Effinger, "The Aliens Who Knew, I Mean, Everything," F&SF
Stephen Gould, "Rory," Analog
Lee Killough, "Symphony For a Lost Traveler," Analog
Lucius Shepard, "Salvador," F&SF
PACE

Slow Ferraris creep by a turtle wrapped around a telephone pole

A. J. Grimaldi

Diskin, continued

...from page 8.

at a single stroke, simplify." There we have the keys to the beauty of Ted's life and work. His life had its complications but he always emerged clearly a rare breed and in ways indeed spectacular. His was a master of the stroke, because his fiction has a powerful immediate effect. His stories will go on forever helping us to simplify and not overlook.

Ted's death breaks my heart. Although I have him and will love him for as long as I go on, I wanted him to live forever. We always want our heroes in the flesh; we always want the people we love to outlive us. And, of course, Ted Sturgeon is and will...

--Lahna F. Diskin

Biography, continued

...from page 6.

change" (Bleiler). The kind of progress that interested him was moral rather than material. He anticipated the "Love, not War" ethos of the 60s Flower Children by at least a decade; unlike them he never abandoned belief in the therapeutic power of love. His assault upon the irratios taboos of human society included empathetic treatments of such "deviant behavior" as homosexuality, incest, and cannibalism; even his unfinished novel Godbody, an attempt to restore the primitive link between sex and religion, was based on the conviction that cultural frustration and exploitation of human sexuality is at the root of all evil.
The space saga continues...
Fueled by fury and a quest for social reform...
His rise to power promises to ensure Jupiter's future.
But his fall from political titan to political prisoner threatens to obliterate any trace of his destiny.

Politician.
Volume III in Piers Anthony's epic series, Bio of a Space Tyrant.
Superb science fiction from a master storyteller.

An AVON Paperback Original.
$2.95
Can.
$3.95

© 1985 Avon Books/The Hearst Corporation
King Hoax, cont.

**CONTINUATIONS**

**FEEDBACK**

**CLASSIFIED**

**CLASSIFIED RATES:** $1.00 per line, 35 characters per line, spaces included. Four line minimum. ALL CAPS or **BOLD**face at no extra cost. Small display ads at $6 per col. inch (paste-up size 3" wide).

**Buy and Sell**


**For Sale**

COLORADO'S FINEST SF STORES! Stop in and see us. Open 10-6, M-Sat., 12-5 Sun., pb & hb. Mail orders, Mile High Comics, 1717 Pearl Street, Boulder—443-4500; 2901 E Colfax, Denver—333-0478; 220 N Tejon, Colorado Springs—635-2516.

660 TRIVIA QUESTIONS — FANTASY/SCI FI MOVIES & BOOKS, adaptable to trivia games. $5. SAGITTARIUS RISING, Box 252-F, Arlington, MA 02174.

**Notice**

FANTASY is the focus of MYTHCON XVI July 26-29. Panels, films, drama, music, art, dealers,任意, ALL MYTHCON XVI, Box A3120, Chicago, IL 60680.


BOWL-HORROR & OCCULT WRITERS LEAGUE Forming writers organization. Focus on horror/occult. Send $5.00 for proposal reports & further info. H.O.W.L., 608 Christian, Nacogdoches, TX 75961.

**DEDICATION FROM THE TENTH FLOOR**

My hot sharp body slicing through cool fan air makes me feel sooo good all over
Oh, I feel sooo good all
Oh, I feel soo good
Oh, I feel so
Oh, I feel
I can't feel anything now.

34 FANTASY REVIEW, May 1985
Swords-and-sorcery at the beginning of time—in Heaven!

Yes, Heaven. The home of the angels Michael, Gabriel, Ariel, Lucifer, Beelzebub, Satan, and so forth. The time is The Beginning, and the story is the first swords-and-sorcery epic in the history of the universe—a tale of intrigue, power and corruption, of monstrous transformations and magical battles that shake Creation. If there ever will be a Creation...

“When I realized where he was going with this story, my first reaction was, ‘He isn’t going to be able to pull this one off.’... I was wrong. ... He tells a fantastically engaging story with consummate grace and genuine artistry.”

—from the foreword by Roger Zelazny

TO REIGN IN HELL

STEVEN BRUST

AUTHOR OF JHEREG AND YENDI

ACE FANTASY

$2.95
Up to your eyeballs in catalogs?

Lately it seems that everyone is issuing a new Science Fiction book catalog. Most of them are dull incomplete listings issued haphazardly, and of little interest to the collector.

Then why not order from the most popular, fully annotated, monthly catalog available?

Here are some good reasons:

- A new listing every month sent First Class.
- Annotated listings by people who read every item—not just publisher's blurbs.
- A full line of new Science Fiction and Fantasy hardcovers and paperbacks from all of the major publishers and specialty presses.
- The largest selection of semi-professional magazines, including Nyctalops, Weirdbook, Whispers, Crypt of Cthulhu, The Armchair Detective, Echoes, The Doc Savage Quest, Fantasy Tales, (U.K.) and many others.
- A 10% discount on orders of $25 or more.
- Quick reliable, friendly service.
- Full-time booksellers for over ten years.
- Packers who treat your order with the same care they would want shown to books they would order through the mail.
- Shipping by UPS or Post Office.
- A huge selection of British imports.
- Autographed copies of new books, such as The Night of the Ripper, Usher's Passing, Birds of Prey, and many others at no extra charge.
- Phone orders taken with VISA or Mastercard for even faster service.

ROBERT & PHYLLIS WEINBERG

15145 OXFORD DR. OAK FOREST, ILLINOIS 60452

BOOK SPECIALISTS

(312) 687-5765

Second Class Postage Paid at Boca Raton, FL

Issue No. 79, Vol. 8, No. 5, May, 1985

College of Humanities
Florida Atlantic University
Boca Raton, FL 33431