Ray Bradbury Celebrates Fiftieth Year in Science Fiction
Rafti was a beautiful firedancer—until she died in a firepit and came back sharing the soul of a murdered girl. Now she is forced to live a new and infinitely different life by the priest who resurrected her, Moth. He too shares the soul of another and, like Rafti, is cursed to unearth the darkest secrets of necromancy. They must journey together into a world where students betray their masters and priests betray their gods. In the world of the damned only one can win—and one will lose.

September 1986
$2.95 • 384 pages • 0-812-53145-0

Distributed by Warner Publisher Services and St. Martin’s Press
Published monthly by Meckler Publishing Corporation with the cooperation of Florida Atlantic University, the Science Fiction Research Association, and the International Association for the Fantastic in the Arts. Editorial offices and Office of Publication at Florida Atlantic University, 500 N.W. 20th St., Boca Raton, FL 33431. Phone (305) 393-3839.

Single copy $3.50. Back issues, $3. Yearly subscriptions are $27.95, delivered second class in the U.S. and Canada. Add $15 for first class U.S. postage or surface overseas, $80 for airmail overseas. Correspondence concerning subscriptions, advertising, dealers and distributors should go to Meckler Publishing Corp., 11 Ferry Lane, Westport, CT, 06880; Phone (203) 228-8967.

Display advertising rates, based upon current circulation of 3000 copies, estimated readership of 12,000, upon request. Wholesale rates to dealers upon request. Fantasy Review is also available from FASF Book Co., P.O. Box 415, Staten Island, NY 10302, and Ingram Periodicals, 347 Reedwood Dr., Nashville, TN 37217.

Publishers: Please send review copies, related correspondence, prepublication announcements, cover proofs, and all specialty and fan press materials to the editorial offices.

Contents copyright © 1986 Meckler Publishing Corporation. Rights revert to authors and artists after publication. Submissions are welcomed, and are handled with care, but we cannot be responsible for loss. Letters to the magazine are considered submissions for publication; we reserve the right to edit them. Opinions expressed by bylined articles and columns do not reflect the views of the editors. Office of publication at 500 N.W. 20th St., Boca Raton, FL 33431. Second class postage paid at Boca Raton, Florida. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO FANTASY REVIEW, COLLEGE OF HUMANITIES, FLORIDA ATLANTIC UNIVERSITY, BOCA RATON, FL 33431. Printed by Review Financial Printers, Miami, FL.
**EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK**

**Up, Up, and Away!**

This resurrection is a real high friends! Unless something goes wrong at the printer's, what you hold in your hands is the fattest, slickest regular issue you've ever received from *FR*, and it's only a token of things to come.

With our new laser typesetter waiting in the wings (we have to learn how to run it!), next month should bring a marked improvement in appearance, with nearer, easier to read type and fresher design. We have a host of features on tap for you, plus all our regular columnists, and beginning next month we'll expand our coverage of the fantastic to include all media forms as well as literary ones. Matthew Costello, who regularly covers gaming for *Analog*, will be bringing you monthly round-ups of the latest in film, videotape, cassettes and electronic games.

Meanwhile, we have to make up for two years of fighting inflation with bargain basement prices, and put *FR* back on a sound financial basis. So we're raising our rates. The cover price at bookstores will go to $3.50 with this issue. One year, twelve issue subscription by second class mail (U.S. and Canada) will rise to $27.95, a 33 1/3 percent off the cover price. To compensate for rising postage costs, overseas customers will add $15 to the base price, and U.S. customers who want their copies sent first class will also need to add $15. For airmail overseas customers, the subscription is perilous: we've been subsidizing these subscriptions, but we can't do it any more. Airmail to Europe costs 44 cents per half ounce at present, and with the average copy of *FR* (with envelope) weighing in at 7 ounces, that's more than 6 dollars a copy, so the privileged few in Europe and Asia will need to send us another $80 to cover air delivery.

Do I hear a chorus of gasps out there? No doubt that seems steep at first, but it's actually a matter of sound investment. We can't bring you all the features you want if we're losing money and can't pay for them. The increase in rates will bring you a much better magazine in just a very short time. Since our fans are largely dedicated readers, who need or want *FR* to support a somewhat elitist taste in entertainment (in terms of mass popularity, reading is certainly at the bottom of the list of contemporary spectator sports in America), we don't believe we'll scare you away. We mean, pretty simply, to pay our writers, and that, of course, will mean adding to the best information resource in the field, and that without further ado!

In this issue, for example, we cover Atlanta's Worldcon from three angles - that of the two hosts for the Science Fiction Writers of America Hospitality Suite (they spent most of their time celebrity watching) - that of a Big Nip Nip Nip, and that of a smaller group who happened upon Arkham House, the prosperous granddaddy of all small presses, will interrupt its next month for a long bullish report on small press prospectus, gleaned at the

Atlanta Worldcon (yes, the old bear has changed his coat!). Contributing Editor Douglas E. Winter returns at last with a thoughtful piece on popular horror and its evolving sub-texts (what the author or movie-maker is really getting at). S. P. Somtow will be back with a risible spoof datelined Hollywood, and Mike Ashley's British Scene will catch you up on books in the old Empire. Critic Eric S. Nkbin has some provocative speculations about the appeal of telepathy as a special fiction, while fellow fiction writers, while author Mike Resnick records some of the things other writers have said that most influenced his career. We'll have interviews with George R. Martin and Jonathan Carroll, a new essay by Gary K. Wolfe on Gregory Benford, and an essay by Brian Stableford about the effects of two World Wars on English "Scientific Romance."

That's just for now, fans -- new manuscripts, new ideas come in every day. Meanwhile we'll keep you up on forthcoming hardcovers and paperbacks, plus some of the genre novels and we will continue to review everything we can get our dedicated staff, ninety-strong, to report on. If there are features you'd particularly like to see, drop us a card. We try, but sometimes we actually fail to anticipate your every desire. Let us know about it.

Now, while I have a little space left, let me catch up on some items that wouldn't fit in elsewhere. We misreported the title of Timothy R. Sullivan's new novel from Avon in our last issue: it's "Destiny's End, not "Fields of Immortality", and it's scheduled for early 1987. Darrell Schweitzer caught our typos in his essay on Mervyn Wall, and wants two of them corrected. In his assessment of Pursey's "marketing" he simply said: Darrell had meant to say, "I bet the Pursey books would even be quite commercial." And on page 11 we dropped a line of type, accidentally attributing Pursey's story to Ambrose Bierce. The section should have read: "It is ostensibly a children's story, but it reads like a children's story written by Ambrose Bierce...." J. N. Williamson reports, in answer to a query, that no, his award-winning anthology, "Masques", has not yet seen a paperback edition, though he's hoping for one. He adds that he's just been elected secretary/treasurer of the Horror Writers of America (Dean R. Koontz was elected president, and Dale Anderson vice-president). The new professional society is actively seeking qualified members. Query Williamson at P.O. Box 26117, Indianapolis, IN 46226. Williamson's new horror novel starts serialization in *Night Cry* this month.

We didn't have room on the contents page to list Elizabeth Anne Hull's little piece on the Moscow Writers' Conference, pages 18, or the association news from IAPA, which is on page 48. And that fills it for this month!

—Bob Collins

**FANTASY REVIEW** September, 1986
THE SUMMER TREE
By Guy Gavriel Kay

"ONE OF THE VERY BEST FANTASIES ... SINCE TOLKIEN"
Andre Norton, author of the Witch World series

"SHOULD STAND ON THE SHELF BETWEEN TOLKIEN AND McKILLIP"
— Marion Zimmer Bradley, author of The Mists Of Avalon

"POWERFUL AND FASCINATING"
— Evangeline Walton, author of the Mabinogion series

Summoned by a wizard, feared by a king and awaited by the dark lord, Fionavar's saviors would come from a very strange place, indeed: from a world called Earth.

The Summer Tree. Volume One in the Fionavar Tapestry. The first novel by Guy Gavriel Kay, who worked with Christopher Tolkien on The Silmarillion.

$ BERKLEY PAPERBACK $3.50
FEEDBACK

Afraid We'll Disappear!

Dear FR:

I've just received my third issue of Fantasy Review (No. 93), and feel compelled to write a complimentary letter to my subscription to the The Horror Show, and that was the first I'd ever heard of your publication. That complimentary issue is a great idea, because one look is all it takes. I subscribed within a week, showed the issue to a friend, then he subscribed the next week. Your publication fills a need that is not, to my knowledge, adequately filled elsewhere. But for people who are doing a thankless job, and doing it very well, you seem to attract a lot of venom.

What gives? To an outsider (I'm outside a lot of things: the publishing industry, academia, etc.), all of this hoopla is confusing. I always thought book people spent their time reading and seriously considering BOOKS. Silly me, I completely ignored the fine arts of backstabbing, nitpicking, and temper tantrums. When do they get the time to read? Or do they?

Once having found your magazine, I feel paranoid about it disappearing (which is happening in the SF field). I'd like to contribute articles or reviews to help out, but I'm afraid my sole status lies in being an outsider, not generally considered adequate. Carol McGuirk's article in issue No. 93 got me thinking though. If I could manage to get something rejected by Neil Barron (a challenge I feel prepared for) could I write reviews for you?

Saddly, I feel my contribution must remain being a mere subscriber. Hope "outsider" subscribers like me can be of service by just buying, reading and appreciating. Though you might like to hear from one of us. See, a whole letter than that. I guess you have nothing but editing a quality publication!

--Cindy Bartorillo

"Libels" of SFRA Not Funny

Dear FR:

Usually when a polemical battle in print upsets me, I try to think of something out of the witty and energetic literature of 18th-century England about piles of Shadwell or the praises of dullness. But that sort of wit presupposes some common ground of knowledge or even "rules of the game"; and Carol McGuirk writing in FR 93 is simply dead wrong in her assumptions and her generalization of the situation. I must correct her on three points.

1) Neil Barron's ideas in his letter to me that both McGuirk and Collins refer to (Barron copied them) are his ideas alone and are not policy of the SFRA. Any representation of this meeting did not have a "string of seconds," and McGuirk knows that members of our executive committee assured her at the time that Barron's ideas were not SFRA policy.

2) No sense literary organizations want to control the content of reviews of books by its members. No one I know in SFRA wants to, or has ever wanted to, exercise such control. And for McGuirk to suggest that there are such narrow motives is just weak thinking—even libelous. We write and want our peers to review our work. But to control the content of reviews is unthinkable.

3) Similarly, SFRA does not think, handle the creative literary program or identify, but if it would not be the characterization that McGuirk lays on us. For her to complain that we are not "theoretic" enough in our work is astounding because of our work. We have a profound theoretical interest and have published just such discussions. What I suggest McGuirk ought to do, rather than dash off such misinformed trash, is to "down to" a scholarly review of some of our theoretical work. I can supply her titles.

--Donald M. Hassler
President, SFRA

[Ed note: In regard to point 1: the "several simultaneous seconds" to Barron's motion, reported by SFRA secretary Bill Hardesty (in the July/August Newsletter), but seem logically equivalent to the "string of seconds" reported by McGuirk.

In point 2, Hassler sidesteps the issue. Several speakers at the conference implied that a "disqualified" (non-SFRA) reviewers to "mis-reviews" books by SFRA members. Her response was confined to her personal column, and was an honest reflection of her impression of the conference. Not even Justice Rehnquist could find libel in her remarks.

In regard to point 3, McGuirk re-frames again to numerous statements made by prominent speakers, in panels and sessions, deriding theoretical criticism; these statements shaped her impression of the conference. She did not intend to characterize the membership of SFRA, three quarters of whom were not there.]

Appalled at the Politics

Dear FR:

I appreciate the good job that FR has been doing and am appalled to learn from your July/August issue of all the politics that have been going on behind the scenes. I hope that FR can continue doing well despite all the turmoil. If SFRA drops it, I will subscribe separately.

Thank you for your efforts in keeping it going.

--Mary Kay Bray
Wilmington College

Sorry McGuirk is Leaving

Dear FR:

I was most grateful to hear that Fantasy Review will survive, especially after your editorial in issue #92. I was also very happy to read that you will continue as editor of FR. (I was a bit surprised at the news, again in light of your earlier editorial, as well as the announcement of your retirement in the FR newsletter, which I received the day before.) Let me state herein that I have enjoyed the editorials and articles which have appeared in FR, and I hope to enjoy the interesting material in the future.

On the other hand, I was sorry to read that the SFRA Newsletter was correct in reporting that Ms. Carol McGuirk was stepping down as editor, and I also wish to congratulate editorial and her Plan Nine from the Sunbelt were quite thorough in explaining the reasons behind her decision to resign. Though I may be late in stating it, I think Ms. McGuirk did a very solid job of running the review section, and I think she was quite right in continuing the policy of reviewing science fiction/fantasy (small press and mass-market) and non-fiction works, as many as available. In this way, I think she served the purpose of both academics and readers in general, by informing them of material they might not see easily and to confirm their book想找. (After all, FR is meant for both an academic and general audience.) Though I might have disagreed with every opinion expressed in the reviews, Ms. McGuirk still tried to provide a range of views and reviewers. Please extend to her my thanks for her work at FR.

Despite the actions taken at the SFRA Conference, I still have confidence in Fantasy Review. I hope that a vote of the general membership will be taken before FR is taken from the SFRA members. However, whatever the decision of the SFRA executives, I will stay with Fantasy Review, whether it be in the SFRA, the IAFR or as a FR subscriber.

Thank you for staying on as editor, and please keep the wide range of books reviews. --Nicholas S. DeAlarber

[FR will poll the membership via the next Newsletter. FR is also conducting its own poll. --Ed.]

Palace Coup?

Dear FR:

I just received the latest FR and I can't tell you how delighted I am to know you are continuing publication. Again I want to tell you how much I do enjoy the variety of your publication and the promptness of your reviews.

However, I may not agree with you about the reasons you believe are behind the Barron incident"—I think it was much more a parent-child hate relationship and the feeling that something he had let go was doing well in his heart than a general conflict with the fantasy group. You and Carol forget (or did forget) that quite a few people in SFRA belong to IAFR as well, and participate in both. No, I do not think that is the main problem. What I saw was a grab for power within SFRA, and for Neil a disappointment, because he is part of the majority people did not pick up on his little palace revolt.

--Charlotte Dansky
"A rousing tale in the best Howard tradition."
~Robert Jordan,
author of Conan the Defender

In his native Cimmeria, Conan discovers foreign sorcerers defiling the
most sacred place in the land in their struggle for the power to
command the gods themselves. As ancient blood-enemies of his people
invade, Conan must unite the ever-feuding clans to face an even greater
foe. Demons ride to war on the slopes of Ben Morgh—and the fate of
the world rides on the sword of...

CONAN

THE VALOROUS

BY

JOHN MADDOX ROBERTS

September 1986 • $2.95 • 288 pages • 0-812-54252-5

Distributed by Warner Publisher Services and St. Martin's Press
SFWA HOSTS Greg Frost, Tim Sullivan collapse after long, sleepless weekend.

IT'S all over but the sleeping, nine or ten hours of blissful, uninterrupted slumber after the 44th World Science Fiction Convention—Atlanta's Confederation—has finally ended. The long overdue snooze takes place at the misty mountain retreat of Sharon and Bryan Webb in north Georgia, only an hour or so away from Hot 'Lanta. We have just hosted the hospitality suite for the Science Fiction Writers of America, and hospitable it was. Indeed, any fan or pro who has ever doubted that there is such a thing as southern hospitality should know better by now.

Along with artist Ray Ridouen — the three of us dressed to the nines—we took care of business throughout the long weekend, Thursday evening through Monday morning. If that sounds suspiciously like work, well, it was, but the real work—not noticed because it was executed so smoothly—was carried out behind the scenes by Sharon and Bryan Webb and two of their lovely daughters, Jerri and Wendy. The Webb family are southern hospitality made flesh, and SFWA owes them a large debt for their unceasing labors on behalf of the organization. Almost all publishers' dues such as the ones we have paid, by the way, and let us hope that Jim Frenkel of Bluejay Books finds his checkbook real soon, before the Webbs' next Master Card bill arrives in the mail.

The Worldcon site was ideal, encompassing the Hilton and Marriott Hotels in the peachtree area of downtown Atlanta, two of the largest and eventful two we've ever seen. The Marriott resembled a Frank R. Paul illustration of '20s neo-Bauhaus futurism. The Hilton looked like it was designed by the art director for Blade Runner (bedrooms replete with silver walls). The Dome of Ellen Datiles—constructed when Ellen was late for her own party, and it was necessary to find a host replacement—shades of Max Headroom! Jerry Pournelle admitting that he wrote the movie tie-in for Escape From the Planet of the Apes (but otherwise on his best behavior, at least in the suite, though we heard rumors that he'd been tossed out of an Atlanta restaurant). Dozois again, creating a kinetic sculpture by wrapping an entire roomful of people in toilet paper. Robert Chilson, who arrived one evening with his face thumbtacked into place. Frenkel again, who spent half an hour repacking a box full of Bluejay posters after his credit party on Sunday night, proclaiming himself in a decent southern dialect, "the northern Jewboy with a steel-trap mind." Jim Baen, Reaganiah Disco King, hosted a dance party.

Armed guards, courtesy of the Chattanooga fan club and Uncle Timmy, were stationed at the door, prompting Craig Shaw Gardner to remark that SFWA had been in need of "more firepower for some time." Ladies attired in hoop skirts and gentlemen in confederate uniforms helped out after the masquerade. It was like attending a cost party for Gone with the Wind. One gray-clad soldier wore a prosthetic device, a nod to the official Confederation logo, which pictured a robot wearing a confederate uniform. The guards helped keep the crowds down to a manageable size. Libyans or Palestinians gained entrance to the SFWA suite, but a number of furiners did. These included Patrice Duvie of Orsay, France, late of Rockville, Maryland, and now residing in Ottawa (look for Patrice's movie, End of the Line, next spring at a theater near you!), Japan's deconstructionist of erotic, whose name escapes us at the moment; Malcolm Edwards, of encyclopedist par excellence and chairperson of next year's worldcon.

FUTURISTIC interior of the Marriott Marquis featured 41-story atrium, glass gondola elevators. Fans who overloaded one got 15 floors of free-fall.

Party Foibles of the Great

But these laudable events hardly tell the whole story. When you live in such close quarters for three days, you gain a heightened perspective on the sophisticated behavior of those graced with creative minds, and their urban habits. To wit: Marvin Kaye, ready to throttle Jim Frenkel for playing trail boss Gil Favor at the big late night cattle drive as we attempted to clear the suite on Saturday morning. Gardner Dozois and his wind-up, dancing genitalia (male and female—no sexist comment) with his cross-out party favors—a silicon breast surgery implant and a vibrator. Hugo. Ann Crispin offering to strip for a slice of pizza. The stuffed, mirrorshades-wearing, blow-dry of Ellen Datiles—constructed when Ellen was late for her own party, and it was necessary to find a host replacement—shades of Max Headroom! Jerry Pournelle admitting that he wrote the movie tie-in for Escape From the Planet of the Apes (but otherwise on his best behavior, at least in the suite, though we heard rumors that he'd been tossed out of an Atlanta restaurant). Dozois again, creating a kinetic sculpture by wrapping an entire roomful of people in toilet paper. Robert Chilson, who arrived one evening with his face thumbtacked into place. Frenkel again, who spent half an hour repacking a box full of Bluejay posters after his credit party on Sunday night, proclaiming himself in a decent southern dialect, "the northern Jewboy with a steel-trap mind." Jim Baen, Reaganiah Disco King, hosted a dance party.

Armed guards, courtesy of the Chattanooga fan club and Uncle Timmy, were stationed at the door, prompting Craig Shaw Gardner to remark that SFWA had been in need of "more firepower for some time." Ladies attired in hoop skirts and gentlemen in confederate uniforms helped out after the masquerade. It was like attending a costume party for Gone with the Wind. One gray-clad soldier wore a prosthetic device, a nod to the official Confederation logo, which pictured a robot wearing a confederate uniform. The guards helped keep the crowds down to a manageable size. Libyans or Palestinians gained entrance to the SFWA suite, but a number of furiners did. These included Patrice Duvie of Orsay, France, late of Rockville, Maryland, and now residing in Ottawa (look for Patrice's movie, End of the Line, next spring at a theater near you!), Japan's deconstructionist of erotic, whose name escapes us at the moment; Malcolm Edwards, of encyclopedist par excellence and chairperson of next year's worldcon.

Continued on page 12.
The Main Events
By Jane Jewell

CONFEDEATION, the 44th World SF convention, held in Atlanta over Labor Day weekend, had the honor of being the first convention to have Ray Bradbury as Guest of Honor. Terry Carr was Fan GoH (Terry was a famous fan long before he became a pro), and Britain's own Bob Shaw was Toastmaster.

For his Toastmaster speech at the Saturday Evening Hugo Ceremonies, Shaw gave a long, humorous recap of his writing career with short interruptions to present the Hugos. Two big video screens on either side of the stage provided an unobstructed close-up view for those in the back (or you could watch the entire show free in the privacy of your hotel room on closed circuit television). This year there were no blatant gaffs or technical problems, but there were two major surprises.

In accepting his Hugo for Best Professional Artist, Michael Whelan withdrew his name from eligibility next year, in order to help draw voters' attention to other deserving artists. (Whelan has won the Hugo seven years running now.) He also urged the creation of more art categories on the Hugo ballot, stating that only one professional award does not accurately reflect or reward the contributions of artists to science fiction. He then led the audience in a round of applause for the other artist nominees.

Later the audience was shocked, but sympathetic, when Editor Owen Locke read a letter from Lester Del Rey rejecting the Best Editor Hugo won by his wife, Judy Lynn. Lester wrote that Judy Lynn had objected on principle to posthumous awards, and that the fans had had plenty of time to vote her a

AWARD WINNERS and their stand-ins include, top row left to right, Orson Scott Card, Jack Chalker for Tom Weller, Michael Whelan, John Palowick, George Laskowski, Julius Schwartz, Ray Beam for Donald Wandrei. Bottom row left to right, Frederik Pohl, Harlan Ellison, Charles N. Brown, Joan Hanke-Woods' stand-in, Melissa Scott, Rusty Hevelin.

EMBLEM on Michael Swanwick's combat fatigues: "Kill a Commie For Mommy."

ELECTIONER Ellison raised $28,000 to pay Manly Wade Wellman's medical bills.

PUBLISHER Tom Doherty congratulates Orson Scott Card for Best Novel Hugo.

GEORGE LASKOWSKI's Lan's Lantern outpolled "no award" for the controversial fanzine Hugo.

GUESTS OF HONOR Ray Bradbury, Terry Carr and Bob Shaw confer before the opening ceremonies.
The Hugo Awards

**BEST NOVEL:**
*Ender's Game*, Orson Scott Card

**BEST NOVELLA:**
"24 Views of Mt. Fuji, by Hosukai"
Roger Zelazny

**BEST NOVELLETTE:**
"Paladin of the Lost Hour"
Harlan Ellison

**BEST SHORT STORY:**
"Fermi and Frost," Frederik Pohl

**BEST NON-FICTION:**
*Science Made Stupid*, Tom Weller

**BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION:**
*Back to the Future*

**BEST SEMI-PRO MAGAZINE:**
*Locus*, Chas. N. Brown

**BEST FANZINE:**
*Lan's Lantern*, George Laskowski

**BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR:**
Judy Lynn Del Rey

**BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST:**
Michael Whelan

**BEST FAN WRITER:**
Mike Glyer

**BEST FAN ARTIST:**
Joan Hanke-Woods

**BEST NEW WRITER:**
Melissa Scott

---

**MAIN EVENTS, Continued**

Hugo while she was alive. He would have accepted the award in her dying. After finishing the letter, Locke left the stage. Moss was the Hugo sitting on the podium. Hank was startled, but the audience handled the situation well, saying "she has the award in our hearts," before continuing his speech.

Zelazny, Woods, and Weller were not present, and their awards were accepted by others. In addition to the Hugos, the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer was won by Melissa Scott. First Fandom Awards went to Julius Schwartz and Donald Wandrei. Longtime fan Rusty Havelin was clearly surprised and deeply moved to receive the Big Heart Award, but the audience clearly thought no one deserved it more.

The facilities, located in two hotels directly across the street from each other, were excellent, with enough space so that the convention didn't degenerate into a mob scene. In fact, it was hard to believe almost 5,500 people were there. In any other city, the Hilton would have been considered an outstanding hotel. However, it paled next to the fabulous Marriott Marquis. With a 41-story open atrium and nary a right angle, the Marriott gave fans the impression of being inside a giant whale or a generation space ship. Even the acrophobes and agoraphobes (found clinging to the walls) admitted that the hotel was a wonder. Unfortunately,

some people thought it was fun to drop things off the balconies, endangering heads below. Also, fans crowded the glass-walled elevators to the point where several slipped dangerously. The convention had to post monitors.

The program included authors' readings and signings, virtually round the clock films and videos, and panels on practically every topic imaginable. Harlan Ellison ably auctioneered the Manly Wade Wellman Benefit auction, which raised over $28,000 to help Wellman's wife pay off massive medical bills. (The highest bid was $5,200 for Stephen King's notebook.)

Probably the single most popular event, aside from the Hugo Ceremonies and the masquerade, was Orson Scott Card's Secular Humanist Revival. Preaching to a packed house in the time-honored tradition of rabble-rousing evangelists, Card defended freedom of thought and religion, and the separation of church and state. Audience members eagerly testified to their favorite scientific theories. Backed up by four deacons and one gabbler (girl rabbit?) Card's message was serious, his humor hilarious.

It was a good convention, not as large as some Worldcons, but that was probably all to the good. Close to 500 professionals (writers, editors, artists, agents, etc.) were present. Con committee representative Jim Gilpatrick reported that financially the convention was comfortably in the black. Next year the world convention will be held in Brighton, England, from August 27 to Sept. 2.

--Jane Jewell

---

**AT BAEN BOOKS BALL** Craig Shaw Gardner and Tess Kissinger whoop it up.

**NORWEGIAN** agent/publishers Lynda Bentzin and Siri Baalsrud cultivate author Robin Bailey.

**NOVELLA HUGO** for Roger Zelazny was picked up by Shawna McCarthy.

**BOB TUCKER,** Rusty Havelin, and Patricia Taviss at the Tucker Roast.

**PARTY group:** A. J. Budrys, Mary Mason, Amy Thomsen, David Hartwell.

**S&M in SF** panelists Mike Ford, Chris Clairmont and a prospective victim.
ATLANTA'S WORLDCON
Bradbury Flying High!
His First Worldcon in Half-Century!
By Sam Moskowitz

ORSON SCOTT CARD's Secular Humanist Revival was popular crowd pleaser.

RAY BRADBURY is all affability as he celebrates 50 years in science fiction.

UNQUESTIONABLY the most remarkable thing about Atlanta's World Science Fiction Convention was Ray Bradbury's presence as Guest of Honor. Bradbury had attended the The First World Science Fiction Convention (The Nyecon I) in New York City in 1939, and after he attained international renown as a writer of science fiction and fantasy, he had been asked on numerous occasions to be Guest of Honor, but always refused for a variety of reasons, among them his prejudice against flying.

The most likely reason for Bradbury's breaking his self-imposed rule against accepting Guest of Honor offers (he even flew to this convention!) is that 1987 marks the fiftieth anniversary of his entry into fandom: September 5, 1937, at a meeting of the Los Angeles Chapter of the Science Fiction League. As he acknowledged in his talk, it had not been for that step -- and the knowledge, contacts and professional help he received within the field -- he might never have generated and sustained the drive that evolved into a first rate talent. In fact, as he recalls, he might well have directed his energies into some other field, such as acting (which also beckoned to him with a siren's call -- and there was even a mild flirtation with the idea of becoming an illustrator).

In 1937, at the age of 17, Ray Bradbury was a chubby, sandy-haired, thick lensed, red-nosed, extremely affable fellow. Through the fifties and sixties he assumed a trim, more business-like appearance, and a more sophisticated manner. For Confederation he arrived at least 50 pounds overweight, with a full head of hair, very white, just as affable as in his early days, and cooperative with the convention beyond all reasonableness. He cheerfully faced autograph sessions of a dimension no author should suffer --

In addition to his Guest of Honor address, which was recorded and can be purchased as a cassette, he submitted to a Question and Answer period not unlike a press conference (though he was asked no embarrassing questions, and much of the information he dispensed was not new). But it may be of importance to summarize his remarks as confirmatory, and in some cases, illuminating.

Mr. Electro

Bradbury remembered meeting, at 12, a carnival and circus performer named Mr. Electro, whose act was to permit a dangerously high electrical charge to pass through him. As Ray marveled, Mr. Electro tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Life for ever." Then, he took the fascinated boy on a tour of the circus. As they moved from attraction to attraction, he told Ray that they had met before in a previous life, that Ray had been his friend who was killed in 1918 (Bradbury was born in 1920) and welcome back! Mr. electro was a minister who lived in Cairo, Illinois. That encounter was the spark that set Ray writing intensively three months later. (But as far as belief in reincarnation goes, Bradbury says he will live on through his four daughters and four grand daughters).

On the subject of carnivals, Bradbury remembers that he actually feared a ride on the merry-go-round as a child: in his mind, the animals moving up and down possessed a grotesque aspect. He did not realize it at the time he wrote Something Wicked This Way Comes, but in retrospect he feels his youthful fear was the genesis of the story.

Continued on next page.

BRADBURY mobbed by fans in lobby.

FANTASY REVIEW September, 1986 11
BRADBURY, Continued

As a youngster he always felt that science fiction was the genre in which he would write, and his first story of that sort was a sequel to Edgar Rice Burroughs's *The Princess of Mars* (he wrote his own since he couldn't afford to buy those that existed). Despite this, *Weird Tales* was a great influence on him; since he couldn't afford to buy it, he perfected a technique of reading the stories (by E. Hoffman Price, Seabury Quinn, H. P. Lovecraft, Robert Bloch, Henry Kuttner) standing up in the newspaper section of the newstand at the 7-Eleven.

The first bit of science fiction with the personal touch that became his trademark was *King of the Grey Spaces*. "He couldn't seem to sell it anywhere, until *Famous Fantastic Mysteries* took it for its December, 1943, issue. It was a moving story of the thoughts and events of the last day spent at home by a 14-year-old boy, who had been drafted for space patrol training course, and would not see his family or friends again for that period. Bradbury was 24 at the time, the same age that his fictional hero would have been when he completed his training."

"Many SF fans were in the army in 1943, and Private Paul Spence, in the reader's column of the following issue, wrote: 'Ray Bradbury is making a name for himself as one of the most promising new authors. 'King of the Grey Spaces' is a work of real skill, a delightful story.'" Private Oscar G. Berry called it a "brilliantly executed little piece.""

The appearance of that story also prompted me to write in the April, 1944, issue of *Fantasy Times*: "Another new author who has continued to rise lately is Ray Bradbury. Remembering the years he plugged on without encouragement, knowing that he is the possessor of one of the world's largest collections of rejection slips, and knowing, too, just how poor some of his early stuff was, one can't help glancing at what he's made the grade at last. One hates to feel that patience, perseverance, and hard work have no recompense in the long run."

"While still in school, Bradbury recalls he was writing weird tales, not science fiction. One of the earliest tales was "The Lake," which did not appear in *Weird Tales* until the May, 1944, issue. It was a short poignant tale of a young boy who has seen his blond, little girl schoolmate drown, and who returns to the same beach on his honeymoon to encounter a lifeguard who has recovered her body from the lake after ten years."

Selling to the Slicks

Bradbury tried very hard to sell "The Million Year Picnic" (*Planet Stories*, Summer 1946) and "Mars Is Heaven" (*Planet Stories*, Fall 1948) to the slicks. They circulated to The Saturday Evening Post, to Collier's, and finally returned to Wilbur Peacock, acting editor of *Planet Stories* under Malcolm Reiss. The stories the "quality" magazines refused, an "adventure" pulp accepted. But finally the slicks did begin to take his stories. One of his favorites of that era was "There Will Come Soft Rains," published in *Collier's*, May 6, 1950, one of the actual "New Wave" classics of the Post-Holocaust school of science fiction.

Bradbury remembers getting the idea for that story from his wife long before they were married. He had met her in a book store, and she quoted Sara Teasdale to him, including the line, "There will come soft rains," which gave him the key image for one of his most successful stories.

"Inspiration also came from George Bernard Shaw's plays. Bradbury has memorized a number of Shaw's prefaces, and loves Shaw's work as he does the Bible and Shakespeare. He has written a story about a robot counterpart of George Bernard Shaw in outer space, and in another story, "Forever and the Earth" (*Planet Stories*, Spring 1950) he brought back Thomas Wolfe, another of his literary idols, to describe the wonders of space.

Work in Progress

"Bradbury says he does not read very much in the science fiction and fantasy field. He is afraid of encountering ideas that might turn him away from something he is planning or already working on. He always has a number of works in various stages of completion. When any subject gives him trouble, he walks away from it until the mood strikes him again."

"One of his current projects is a sequel to his detective novel, *Death Is a Lonely Business* (Knopf, 1985), which he anticipates will be finished in about a year. He remembers seeing a man with a large, fair, soft face sitting next to a beautiful woman. The new novel is based on his speculations about the reasons for that man's expression."

"Bradbury credits Charles Laughton with helping him to develop his dramatic sense of metaphor; he once did the libretto of a one-act operetta for Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lancaster. Bradbury did not set out to write plays, but once he moved into the field, his sense of dramatic metaphor made adaptation of his stories to play form play easier. Besides the stage, Bradbury also loves music, opera, oldtime radio and the movies."

"Bradbury says he always admired the adaptations of his stories by Bill Gaines of E.C. Comics. Prince Valiant was also a favorite of his, and during the course of correspondence with Hal Foster, the famous comic strip artist, "I started sending him huge panels from that adventure feature."

"If he hadn't become a writer, Bradbury says, "I would have made a good priest, rabbi, or minister, and I might have been a diplomat."

"He would not have cared to be a movie director -- the work is too exhausting."

"As for his nostalgia bent, he recalls going back ten years ago to his home town, Waukegan, Illinois, looking for old landmarks. A woman came out of an old house, recognized him, plucked a dandelion and handed it to him. A barber, Ben Powell, whom Bradbury did not remember, identified him, and in an attempt to jog his memory, said: 'I was your grandmother's boarder. Maybe you don't remember me, but I remember you. You were a rotten kid. You threw leaves on fresh painted wheels.' This opens a new avenue of research: just what sort of person was the child, Ray Bradbury?"

"Frost is not a two-way street in Waukegan."

"From the vantage point of his fifty year association with it, Bradbury said science fiction fandom is as crazy as ever, but he and the fans will remain nutty together."

"Bradbury displayed an excellent sense of dramatic timing throughout the interview. His voice projected. He seemed self-assured, almost aggressive in his roles. As the interview ended, I heard him inviting people to dinner (Jack Williamson among them). He sounded like he might pick up the tab."

―Sam Moskowitz

CATBIRD SUITE, Continued from p. 8.

FROST hosts the "entire Norwegian Science Fiction Industry": Morgana.

and the entire Norwegian Science Fiction Industry.

We Assist the Birth of Industry

Your humble servants had the pleasure of going to dinner with Lynda Bentzen and Siri Balsrud. Together, Siri and Lynda are Morgana, the first combination agency, publisher, translator and bookselling operation in Norway dedicated to sf and fantasy publishing. Sound incredible? You should meet these two charming and lovely women from Oslo, who came to Atlanta to meet sf professionals, with the intention of setting the groundwork for a full line of sf and fantasy in their country. Such a specialty publishing did not heretofore exist in Norway, and Lynda and Siri intend to fill the gap with Morgana. At the Second International Feminist Bookfair in Oslo, they recently introduced their first volumes, the translation of Heidi Amand Salomon's *Amasoners*, in Norwegian. After all, the Norwegians must have something to do on those long winter nights.

Guest of Honor Ray Bradbury, long overdue for a worldcon fete, made a Continued on page 12.
COMING TO TERMS...
Excerpts From a New Glossary
For Science Fiction Critics
By Gary K. Wolfe

ONE of the most common complaints about the scholarship of fantasy and science fiction is that, as Everett Bleiler put it in his 1944 Pilgrim Award acceptance speech, "Our terms have been muddied, imprecise, and heretical in the derivational sense of the word." Critics often resort to neologisms or specialized usages to talk about this literature, sometimes inventing whole new systems of literary classification. Fans and writers sometimes complain about the gnomic nomenclature of the academics, while the academics themselves complain of the looseness of the fans' favorite buzzwords. And since SF is a popular literature, the critical vocabulary has come to include terms originally confined to the publishing industry or the professional concerns of authors.

Few of these critical terms are defined in standard encyclopedic references works about SF or fantasy, and fewer still are found in traditional handbooks of literature. But if the field is ever to establish a coherent critical vocabulary, scholars, fans, and writers alike need to know what the others are talking about.

Critical Terms for Science Fiction and Fantasy, to be published this fall by Greenwood Press, is a preliminary attempt to discover and arrange our critical terminology. More than 400 terms are discussed and cross-referenced, with citations to key critical works in which terms they appear. The glossary is profaced by a lengthy essay on the development of SF and fantasy criticism, and followed by a bibliography of over 20 critical works which provided the sources of most of the terms. What follows is a sampling of these definitions, omitting (for space reasons) the documentation and bibliography.

ACADEMIC: Used both as an adjective and a noun to describe the involvement of professional scholars and teachers in the criticism, history, theory, and teaching of science fiction. Such a meaning might seem obvious, but the term has gained a great many overtones, usually either disparaging or defensive, and has come rather improbably to be contrasted both with *Fan* or amateur scholarship in the field, and with the various "internal" works of history and criticism generated by science fiction and fantasy writers themselves. In this usage, the "academic" is often regarded as an outsider trained in traditional humanistic methodologies which are sometimes felt to be inadequate for science fiction; interestingly, the term is seldom applied to university scientists or even social scientists, suggesting that it refers not necessarily to the academic world per se, but specifically to inhabitants of English or history departments in universities.

ALTERNATE HISTORY: A narrative premise claimed equally by science fiction and fantasy--namely, that time contains infinite branches and that universes may exist in which, for example, the Allies lost the Second World War (Philip K. Dick's *The Man in the High Castle* [1962]) or the Spanish Armada was victorious (Phyllis Eisenstein's *Shadow of Earth* [1979] or Keith Roberts's *Pavane* [1962]). One of the earliest genre treatments of this theme, Murray Leinster's "Sidewise in Time" (1934), is clearly intended as science fiction. The theme has been present in the genre at least since 1926, although Darko Suvin has identified a number of "alternate histories" published as early as 1971. Suvin's definition, somewhat broader than the commonly accepted usage of the term, relates the alternate history to utopian or satirical fiction, identifying it as "that form of SF in which an alternative locus (in space, time, etc.) that shares the material and causal verisimilitude of the writer's world is used to articulate different possible solutions to similar problems. Later, those problems being of sufficient importance to require an alteration in the overall history of the narrated world." Another bibliography of such works, by Barton C. Haaker and Gordon B. Chamberlain, appeared in *Extrapolation*, 2, 4 (Winter 1981).

BLURB: Promotional copy written on the dust covers of hard bound books and on the front and back covers and front page of paperbacks. Although blurbs are most often written by promotional staff or free-of-charge public relations writers, blurbs are also written by groups of fellow reviewers or nationally known authors. Given the overall importance of marketing and packaging to the audience's perceptions of popular literature, blurbs can also be revealing in a number of specific subgenres such as science fiction or fantasy. One of the earliest science fiction anthologies, for example (Donald A. Wollheim's *The Poet Book of Science Fiction*, 1943), featured a blur which characterized the contents as belonging to "that realm of superscience which is the antithesis to science." Wollheim's later anthology, *The Portable Novels of Science, 1945* avoided the term "science fiction" on the jacket cover by calling the contents "novels of visionary speculation," which, although an early Judith Merril anthology disguised the science fiction contents as a "different kind of mystery thrill" and a popular anthology by Orson Welles used the phrase "inner stories," however, the paperback market for science fiction at least (fantasy would emerge later) became sufficiently strong that such evasive blur copy was replaced by enthusiastic and frequent use of the term "science fiction" (except in the case of novels, such as Philip Wylie's *Tomorrow!* [1954], directed at the juvenile market, which quickly led to complete lines of science fiction titles from Doubleday, Ballantine, and other publishers. (It is interesting to note, however, that after the success of Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles* [1950], the Doubleday and Macdonald imprint "Doubleday "From the World of Science Fiction," his second book for Doubleday, *The Illustrated Man*, 1951, was not identified as science fiction anywhere on the jacket.) As the field became more diversified, blurbs came more to reflect what was known of reader interest and consequently somewhat less hysterical; a common technique (still in use, although perhaps more in fantasy) was to compare the work with an acknowledged classic or a recent bestseller; blurbs often became instant "classics" themselves. Although most serious readers claim not to be swayed by blurbs, they may still find them useful. There is much to suggest that, along with cover design, they are crucial in capturing the casual reader and thus influencing sales figures, which in turn affect the number of books in circulation and the emphasis of manuscript development and acquisition.

COGNITIVE ESTRANGEMENT: Widely quoted term from Darko Suvin describing the defining characteristic of science fiction, which Suvin sees as estranged from the naturalistic world but cognitively connected to it. "Noncognitive estrangement," according to this scheme, would include myths, folktales, and fairy tales, which are naturalistic but cognitively linked to the natural world. Suvin argues that the defining characteristics of science fiction are "Estrangement and cognition," the latter characterized by the "eclipsing potential of variability and detail drawn from the empirical environment which establishes a link between the experienced world of the reader and the world of the work of fiction; a flying carpet would violate this principle of cognition.

DESIRE: A term sometimes used to describe the wish-fulfillment aspect of the appeal of fantasy, and sometimes used (as by Rosemary Jackson) to characterize the nature of language in fanta-
sy narratives, as opposed to the more representational language of conventional narratives. Leo Bersani’s use of this term in his essay "Astyanax: Character and Desire in Male Manuscripts" (1974), suggests that it refers to a generalized yearning for something beyond the real, and thus might in part account for the structures of character and narrative. It has been suggested that this form of science fiction has been used as science fiction so well, not only in Eizykman’s "Science Fiction et capitalisme" (1974), again with the implication of subverting dominant social structures, but in other fields as well, as possible. Much contemporary use of the term derives from the work of French psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan, and in particular his discussions of desire in its relationship to fantasy and to *Other.*

**EXTRAPOLATION:** Probably derived from "interpolation" and used by statisticians to refer to the process of predicting a value beyond a known series by detecting patterns within the series. Extended into the social and natural sciences, "extrapolation" has become one of the most common characteristics of reading science fiction, and even provided the title for the field’s first academic journal, founded in 1959. Generally, it is used to mean the technique of basing imaginary worlds or situations on existing ones through cognitive or rational means; a *Satire*, therefore may be based on an extrapolation but need not be, since the relationship of the world of the satire to our own might be strictly metaphorical. An example of an extrapolative science fiction satire is Frederik Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth’s *The Space Merchants* (1952), in which a future society dominated by commercial agencies is clearly an outgrowth of trends visible in the early 1950s.

The term is closely allied with *Speculative Fiction*, and one of its earliest uses is in a 1960 essay in which he proposed the latter term: in the "speculative science fiction story," he wrote, "accepted science and established facts are extrapolated to suggest a new framework for human action." Perhaps in part because of its scholarly sound, the term quickly gained popularity, and by 1955 Basil Davenport could report that extrapolation was "a word that is as much as great a directive in discussions of science fiction as ‘space-warp’ is in science fiction itself; it may be defined as ‘plotting the curve.’" While treating extrapolation as viable and innovative, speculative fiction would seem to limit the genre to fiction of the future, critics have managed to adapt the word to include extrapolations about the past, about "Altered Worlds, Wiser Men," as in Samuel R. Delany’s "The Ballad of the Sad Cafe," or about parallel evolutionary narratives, as in Thomas M. Disch’s "The Man Who Only Love the Moon." These uses of extrapolation as a "closely reasoned technological story." Neither definition quite encompasses the breadth with which the term is actually used, however: in some cases it refers only to stories in which the setting is carefully worked out from known scientific principles (as in the work of Hal Clement or Larry Niven), in other cases to stories in which the plot hangs on such a principle, and in still others to stories in which any science fiction is associated with a political, social, or aesthetic concept in time, place. In the latter sense, the term may become almost synonymous with science fiction of the *Campbell Era.* See also Soft Science Fiction.

**HETERO TOPIA:** Originally a medical and biological term referring to a displacement of an organ or an organism; later it came to mean a place other than the "home place." "Everyone has a Heterotopia" was suggested by Robert Plank in 1968 as a convenient term for works of fiction which invent "not only characters but also settings." Plank included such fiction, much fantasy, and utopian fiction. For this reason, the term is often used to refer to a place other than the "home place." Although not widely adopted, the term was invoked in the subtitle of Samuel R. Delany’s novel *Triton* (1976): "An Ambiguous Heterotopia.*

**IDIOT PLOT:** Probably coined by James Blish, but popularized through the reviews of Damon Knight, who defined it as a plot which "is kept in motion solely by the action of an idiot, a character so involved is an idiot." Specifically, he refers to stories in which characters act at the convenience of the author rather than through any perceivable motivation, and uses the term to attack fantasy novels which seem based on the assumption that fantastic elements obviate the need for fictional credibility. Similar terms have been employed by other critics of popular fiction and film.

**NEW WAVE:** Françoise Giroud’s term (*nouvelle vague*) to describe a group of younger French film directors who emerged in the late 1950s and whose successes were enthusiastically appropriated by promoters of almost any unconventional movement within a popular art form previously characterized by conventions of audience expectations. A similar term was introduced by Judith Merril in a 1966 essay for *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* ("Books," 30, 1 [January 1966]) to refer to the "new wave" of some of the more experimental fiction which began to appear in the English magazine *New Worlds* after Michael Moorcock assumed the editorship in 1964, and which was later popularized in the United States through Merril’s own appallingly titled anthology *England Swings SF: Stories of Speculative Fiction* (Garden City: Doubleday, 1968). Although Harlan Ellison’s anthology of original stories *The New Wave* (Garden City: Doubleday, 1967) has sometimes been retroactively credited with unleashing the American version of the New Wave, and though Ellison spoke of the book as "a revolution" of "new horizons, new forms, new challenges," Ellison himself has expressed chagrin at having been once labeled the "chief prophet" of the New Wave. Harlan Ellison, "The Talk of the Town: Evolution and Ideation," 16 September 1967. Similarly, many of the other writers associated with this movement, such as Brian Aldiss, J.G. Ballard, Thomas M. Disch, Samuel R. Delaney, and Robert Silverberg, have on frequent occasions ex.
pressed disdain for or confusion over the term. Nevertheless, writers associated with the New Wave have been credited with introducing new narrative strategies into science fiction images as metaphor, and with weakening the boundaries that had long separated science fiction from *Mainstream Fiction.

POSTHISTORY: Gene Wolfe's term for far future settings (as in his own *Book of the New Sun* [1980-83]) in which artifacts from the present or near future constitute a kind of fragmentary or semi-legendary history for the characters in that setting. The term is obviously modeled on "prehistory" in that it refers to a culture in which we view as continuous historical process and even individual human beings fragmented or obliterated; the technique is fairly common in works which have been characterized as "Medieval Futurism.

PSYCHOMYTH: Term used by Ursula K. Le Guin to describe those of her stories which lack identifiable historical or science fiction references, "more or less surrealistic tales, which share with fantasy the quality of taking place outside any history, outside of time, in that region of the living mind which--without invoking any consideration of immortality--seems to be without spatial or temporal limits at all."

PULP: Originally a kind of cheap, acidic wood-pulp paper, but now more often used to refer to the magazines published on such paper, which attained a collective circulation of nearly ten million per issue during the 1920s. It is often associated to Russell Nye ("The Unembarrassed Muse", 1970). More broadly, the term came to characterize the fiction and illustrations published in those magazines, and finally to any fiction or illustrations making use of the pulp forms. The invention of the pulp magazine is generally credited to Frank Munsey, who in 1896 decided to convert his children's magazine *Golden Argosy* into the first pulp magazine titled *Argosy*, and switched to cheap untrimmed wood-pulp paper in order to keep the price low. Pulp magazines are of particular importance to the history of American science fiction, beginning with *Weird Tales* in 1923, they provided a focal point, consolidated an audience, and began to establish conventions and formulas for several subgenres of fantasy, especially *Horror fiction* and *Science fiction*. Western, romance, detective, aviation, and war story pulps also flourished, but magazines devoted to other subgenres (such as *Oriental Tales*, begun in 1930) did not do well. Somewhat less ornate, *Weird Tales* has been influential in creating a young audience for older *Lost-Race fantasies* and horror fiction. By the mid-1950s, most pulp magazines had been replaced by *Dime Magazine* and, although some notable exceptions have been published with the occasional success story. The term may fall into this category.

SCI-FI: Neologism coined by science fiction fan Forrest J. Ackerman and which has become anathema to many science fiction writers and readers. Perhaps because of its widespread use in the popular media in what often seems a denigrating or stereotyping manner, "sci-fi" has, in effect, become science fiction's equivalent of "nigger." More recently, however, some writers and editors have begun to suggest that the term may in fact have a legitimate use in describing highly formulaic mass-audience entertainments, and particular Hollywood movies. Isaac Asimov, for example, defines sci-fi as "trashy material sometimes confused, by ignorant people, with s.f." and cites the film *Godzilla Meets Mothra* as an example. Damon Knight has suggested the term be used for "the crude, basic kind of s.f. that satisfies the appetite for pseudo-scientific marvels without appealing to any other portion of the intellect" (he also suggests the term be pronounced "skiffy"). Somewhat less condemnatory, Elizabeth Anne Hull has suggested that films such as *Star Wars* might appropriately be termed sci-fi to distinguish them from the more complex (but still not clearly defined) fictions labeled "SF." Neither argument has gained much acceptance outside the science fiction community, however, and "sci-fi" remains in wide use as a popular media term for science fiction in general.

GARY K. WOLFE is Dean of Continuing Education at Roosevelt University. His life-long interest in science fiction is reflected in numerous articles, and a classic book on the "icons" of the field, *The Known and the Unknown*. A recent study of Gregory Benford will appear in the November issue.

FANTASY REVIEW September, 1986
RISING STARS OF
An Unholy Trio:
Craig Shaw Gardner
Al Sarrantonio
Steve Rasnic Tem
By Roger Anker

"...Working in PR, doing what I did, I would always be working sixty hour
weeks. My free time just wasn't there. So I decided I was going to be
a Poor Artist."

Craig Shaw Gardner

FOR the past several years, Steve Rasnic Tem, Al Sarrantonio and
Craig Shaw Gardner have been producing impressive fiction at a pro-
digous rate. But unlike some writers in the horror-fantasy field who have built
their reputations solely upon the writing of novels (Whitley Strieber is one of the
many), or those who have devoted equal time to the novel and to short fiction
(Charles L. Grant is a shining example), these three young talents have estab-
lished themselves withing the genre by writing the type of prose they love best,
and what is considered by many the most difficult type of fiction to compose:
the short story.

The short story demands, from the writer, an economy of words: a lighter
focus not only on plot, but on characteriza-
tion, setting, and action. It has never been easy to make a name—or
earn a living—solely through short fic-
tion. One reason is that it is relatively
easier to sell a book than it is to sell a
short story; there are more markets
open to the novel today because of its
greater commercial value. And when
one stops to consider the fact that a
short story of 5,000 words can take just
as long as a 100,000-word novel to complete (and sell for disproportionately
lower rates), then it comes as little
surprise that novelists in the horror-
fantasy field far outnumber the commer-
ciated writers of short fiction—which is why, due to reasons of economic survival and
career advancement, Tem, Sarrantonio
and Gardner have recently turned their
collective hands toward the writing of
novel-length prose.

One of the major anthologists in the
field, Charles L. Grant (who, since
1978, has been editing yearly antholo-
gies for Doubleday, Playboy Press and
now for Tor Books), praised Tem, Sar-
rantonio and Gardner as "three of the
best of the newer writers of dark fan-
tasy."

A quote not to be taken lightly.

Craig Shaw Gardner

After Craig Shaw Gardner made his
first story sale to Fantastic magazine in
1978, he decided to try his hand at a
novel. His first effort, entitled Wheels
of Death, dealt with a talking wheel-
chair and was deemed by Gardner "bad
enough never again to see the light of
day." He returned to short fiction, and
quickly made his name in such anthologies as Charles L. Grant's
Horrors, Alan Ryan's Perpetual Light,
and Marvin Kaye's Ghosts.

Although he resides in Cambridge,
Massachusetts, his formative years were
spent in Rochester, New York, the home of
Eastman Kodak. "The only thing you
did in Rochester was make movies," says
Gardner. "So, as a youngster, I would
write my own screenplays and make
these incredibly long and boring films. I
did two Tarzan parodies and a Warner
Brothers gangster parody. All of which are
forever hidden from the eyes of man."

His initial introduction to the
world of fantasy fiction came "when my
fifth grade teacher made us read The
Time Machine by H.G. Wells," Gardner
recalls. "And that's what hooked me.
I then went on to read The Island of
Doctor Moreau, The Invisible Man,
and The War of the Worlds."

Soon a voracious reader, Gardner
went through the complete works of
Robert E. Howard and H.P. Lovecraft
during this period. When he was
twelve, he read forty-three Edgar Rice
Burroughs novels, one a day. "Then I
stopped," Gardner says. "I suddenly
decided—even at the age of twelve—
that I had had enough of Edgar Rice
Burroughs.

"But what I really liked were the
short story collections. Pulps such as
Weird Tales and Unknown Worlds—
stories from the Forties, which, in a
way, was the golden age of the fantasy
short story. I'd read a lot of novels, but
it was the short fiction that always
stayed with me. So when I began
writing, that was naturally what I began
with."

After Gardner received a B.S. in
broadcasting and film from Boston
University, he took a number of jobs,
including five years of public relations
with The Massachusetts Hospital. He
was offered the position of department
head, but declined, opting instead to
pursue his writing ambitions full-time.

"I just decided that I was going to be
serious about writing as opposed to
being half-assed about it. Working in
PR, doing what I did, I would always
end up working sixty hour weeks. My
free time just wasn't there. So I
decided I was going to be a Poor
Artist."

Gardner's decision to write full-
time seems to have paid off; he has
recently sold three novels to Ace-
Berkley books. The comic trilogy (A
Malady of Magick, A Multitude of
Monsters, and A Night in the
Netherhells) revolves around the
wizard Ebenezum, who happens to be
allergic to magic. In addition to his
fiction, Gardner regularly reviews books
for the Washington Post and Cleveland
Plain Dealer; he has also written for
Fantasy Review and Douglas E.
Winter's Shadowings. Nevertheless,
Gardner maintains that his main interest
is in writing short fiction. "I write
short stories, at least partially, because
I get a lot of short story ideas," Gardner
explains. "And I like the form—I enjoy
compressing everything into a certain
very finite amount of space. And there
are certain ideas that are just there—a
central thought or emotion that can only
be conveyed in the short form. The
pure short form is a bit like a Chinese
box puzzle; you have to have all the
pieces fit just right, without any excess
at all. I enjoy that kind of challenge."

Gardner's work—both his fiction
and non-fiction—frequently possesses a
sharp humorous edge; in fact, he feels
there isn't much difference between a
humor story and a horror story, and
these are the two kinds of fiction he
writes. "I think they both have an
element of the absurd within them," he
says. "And if you were to look at both
of them dispassionately, you could see
that both of them could be pretty silly
on occasion. They both deal with the
subtle twisting of reality for effect. The
end result is just a little different."

"In a humorous piece, you are
exaggerating reality to make people
HORROR FICTION

laugh for satire effect. You have coincidences occur in such a way that they can be both absurd and funny at the same time.

"In horror fiction, you are also twisting reality to a certain extent. I think the really successful horror story is one in which people can recognize themselves and their emotions. They can latch onto something they can really feel, so whenever the underlying horror makes itself apparent, they end up getting frightened.

"In a humorous story, also, if people recognize themselves in the humor, they will find it all the funnier. I think that each story works best in its way as an extension of the everyday, or the extension of what we perceive about ourselves."

Al Sarrantonio

Al Sarrantonio's stories have appeared with increasing regularity in many magazines and anthologies, including Shadows, Heavy Metal, Chrysalis and Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine. Presently residing in Putnam Valley, New York, with his wife and son, he has recently given up his post as science fiction editor for Doubleday to write full time.

Like other writers, Sarrantonio went through his own reading period, digesting large amounts of H.G. Wells and Ray Bradbury. His first love in the science fiction field was Eric Frank Russell, author of Men, Martians and Machines. "That book really stuck with me," says Sarrantonio. "I read it eight times."

But Sarrantonio didn't begin to write until his teen years. His first sale appeared in Flying Saucers, an 8 x 11" magazine published in Wisconsin to capitalize on the flying saucer craze of the sixties. "When I was sixteen or seventeen," Sarrantonio recalls, "I had written an article about flying saucers and sent it to Ray Palmer, the editor. I never got an acknowledgement that he'd received it. Never got a letter that he was publishing it. Never got a dime. All I got was my subscription copy eight months later. In the article I sent him and my name listed on the front cover. I flipped! I didn't give a damn if he'd asked me for money--I'd have given it to him. I was just happy to be in print."

Yet all the while, Sarrantonio's ambition was to publish fiction. In 1974, two weeks after he graduated from Manhattan College with a degree in English literature, his father gave him six hundred dollars to attend Clarion Writers Workshop at Michigan State University. Six writers (Robin Scott Wilson, Gordon R. Dickson, Harlan Ellison, Thomas Disch, Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm) ran the workshop, each of them teaching one week. "Twenty-five of us attended the workshop," Sarrantonio says. "It had a pressure cooker atmosphere. Basically, we would sit around in a big circle and beat the shit out of each other's stories. I remember Ellison stomping one of my stories into the ground. What we were doing, of course, was learning how to take criticism and learning how to look at our material not quite so seriously, so we could take the faults out of it. After six weeks of that, I came home tormented. I didn't touch a typewriter for two weeks.

What was happening was that all this goop in my head started percolating, and at the end of those two years, I started to write again. And I was a different writer. Suddenly, most of the amateur stuff was gone. I'd somehow weeded it out. And within a couple of years, I was selling."

Sarrantonio sold his first fictional piece to Asimov's in 1978. In the beginning, he was writing straight science fiction, but he didn't find a comfortable niche until a few years later, when Charles L. Grant bought one of his stories for Shadows 4. "That's what did it for me," Sarrantonio says. "For some reason, I wasn't the same afterward. My style started to change and jell into what I've done since then. I felt that I found myself in the horror genre and have basically been writing horror stories since."

After Sarrantonio's short fiction began selling regularly, he decided to write a novel. "I had people yelling at me to try a novel," he says. "Eric Van Lustbader, who was the Doubleday author, would scream at me to write one. In a first edition of his first bestseller, The Ninja, he wrote: Write a novel, schmuck! But I never attempted one. The short form was so different from the novel. But if you can master the short form, I think you would find it a hell of a lot easier to go into a novel-length story."

Sarrantonio has recently sold three novels---The Worms and Campbell Wood published by Doubleday, and, Totentanz just out from Tor Books. Yet he feels that he has neglected the short story. "Novels take up so much time," he says. "If I'm working on something--that's it; unless I hit a block, I won't go on to something else in the middle of it. So if a novel takes nine months, there's no short story for nine months. But I'm still writing them. I do them in between novels."

Even though Sarrantonio believes that the short fiction market is healthier now than it has been in years, he is concentrating his efforts on novels, and feels that it is probably easier to sell a novel today than it is to sell a short story. "Novels are sold today with a three page sheet--a proposal," he explains. "I sold my first three books by writing them all the way through. My agent is trying to get me to change. But you can't do a one page outline for a short story. You have to write it before you can sell it. It's got to be finished and it's got to be damned good or close to perfect or it's not going to sell. If it doesn't hit an editor the right way--that's it. You don't get a second chance. I enjoy that type of challenge."

Steve Rasnic Tem

"...Novels are sold today with a three page sheet, a proposal. But you can't do a one page outline for a short story. You have to write it... It's got to be finished and it's got to be damned good or close to perfect or it's not going to sell. You don't get a second chance. I enjoy that type of challenge."

During his nine years as a freelance writer, Steve Rasnic Tem has published more than eighty horror,
"White Nights in Moscow," by Elizabeth A. Hull

Imagine the president of the United States observing (in silence!) a meeting of the Authors' Guild or SFWA for six hours. It's hard to convey the feeling of gasp group horror fact to the 8th Congress of the USSR Writers' Union held 24-28 June 1986 in Moscow, although the fact that Mikhail Gorbachev himself sat in on a full afternoon's plenary session invites a second thought of how seriously the Kremlin leadership takes writers in their country.

Throughout the entire period of plenary sessions, running from 10 a.m. till 3 p.m. daily, least one member of the Central Committee of the Party also listened attentively to the delegates representing writers of both fiction and non-fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, etc., as well as the publishers, editors, critics, and academicians who make up the membership of the USSR Writers' Union.

The Congress of over 500 official delegates was attended by about 500 more members of the Writers' Union and guests of both Socialist and Capitalist as well as unaligned countries. Besides Frederik Pohl and me, foreign science fiction was represented by Mr. & Mrs. Claude Aviles of France. Every year represents an increasing number of two Americans who spoke to the assembly, earning an enthusiastic response to his plea for international cooperation to preserve the environment.

In the audience were Fred and I videotaped a rather long interview for a cultural arts program to be aired later this year, with Maria Ossintseva serving as interpreter. We also got to visit science fiction writer Yeremy Parnov and old friend (and Wolls scholar) Yuli Kagarlytsky and his family.

Fantasy, and science fiction short stories, appearing in such publications as Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine, Fantasy and Science Fiction, and Webs, Whispers, and Weirdbook. His stories have also been included in the Chrysalis and Shadows series, and in many British publications. In addition, he has scripted several comics for the Marvel Comics Group, and written extensively in the field of computers.

Presently residing in Denver, Colorado, with his wife and three children, Tem grew up in Utah and attended Virginia Polytechnic Institute in Blacksburg, where he received a BA in English Education. He moved to Colorado in 1974 and two years later received a MA in Creative Writing from Colorado State University.

By the time Tem began selling his short fiction to literary magazines in 1976, he had already published nearly one hundred poems, many of them fantasy fiction. In fact, the first genre story was sold to Ramsey Campbell's New Terrors in 1979. Tem has rapidly gained a reputation as one of the prominent new writers of short fiction in the field of dark fantasy.

His stories, the natural product of a poet's imagination, are usually very short, very terse, and visually powerful. Atmospheric and tone are of the utmost importance in Tem's horror fiction—at times, more important than plot. "Fear often doesn't stem from concrete events or things," says Tem. "I think the short story is just like a fiction lever; for you try all kinds of techniques and approaches. They catch a dark fantasy element is introduced into the horror story very greatly. But short fiction, compared to the novel, is much harder to write. You have such a limited space to develop characterization and to lay your background. You have only one chance to get it right. In a novel, you have numerous chances. Also, the shorter the form, the more dangerous it is to the playwright. And you can't afford to make any mistakes in a short story, because they become very noticeable."

Tem has written one novel, which hasn't yet sold, and is currently working on a second. Although he considers short stories his "first love" and intends to write them for many years, he feels that novels offer more scope for writing and excitement about composing a novel-length story. "I found there were certain scenes and certain things I could do which I could never have done in a short format," explains Tem. "The story in my first novel concerns a giant flood in a mountain town, and I'd realized as I was writing it that I would never have been able to make it work in a short story because it was much too big. It was a lot of fun to write and it's what got me thinking that I wanted to do more novels."

Another reason Tem has concentrated on the novel is the commercial potential. And though he does view today's short fiction market as more stable (if fairly small), he does not regard it as healthy. "It is very hard to make a living writing short stories," Tem says. "I do most of my work as a short story writer who does, except for Edward D. Hoch, the mystery writer, who has published a short story in every issue of Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine for years."

Like most good fiction, Tem's stories revolve around characters--real people in real situations. In fact, much of the horror in his tales occurs as a reflection or result of his character's personalities. It is a motif he frequently uses, causing his fiction to be labeled "psychological horror."

Tem, who attributes most of what he knows about "psychological horror" to modern masters Ramsey Campbell and Dennis Echison and grandmaster M.R. James, believes that this "label" is sometimes a problem because he does, on occasion, write more graphic material. "Something which has occurred to me lately is that we seem to have divided up writers as either psychological or supernatural," he says. "And it strikes me as a strange division, because I think the horror is all there, depending on how you look at the character. With writers who are very good at characterisation--which would include Stephen King, Dennis Echison and Charles L. Grant--the supernatural aspects of their storytelling works because those aspects come out of the character. The only horror writers I can think of whose supernatural horror stories really don't have that strong psychological element are bad ones."

I don't think Charlie Grant labels himself as a psychological horror writer; I think he's one of the most psychological horror writers working, because he always的关系 so between the horror and what is happening to the character. In a sense it's telling you that these events would not happen if the characters weren't as they were."

In addition to the previously noted titles, Tem has the recently published Umbra Anthology of Science Fiction Poetry; seven of his short stories appeared in the Alan Ryan-edited anthology Night Visions (Dark Harvest).

---Roger Anker

Catbird Suite

Continued from page 12.

moving speech and appeared on a dinosaur panel at which he was made to laugh heartily by our own Ray Sidwell, who brought some dino paintings along for the occasion. It was good to see Bradbury, tanned and fit with gleaming white hair, which he himself immensely. Fans surrounded him wherever he went, often telling him, in the words of his Tor editor Wanda June Alexander, that "you made my childhood bearable."

Worldcon Swan Song

On a more somber note, Ted White showed up, after his conviction on a Virginia drug bust rap, but before sentencing. Ted referred to Confederation as his "swan song," but let's hope he gets out on parole soon. Pandom will miss him while he's away, though I wouldn't be surprised if Ted continues his long-time vocation as a slammer, and we look forward to seeing what he produces under such dire conditions.

Programming went well, though programming director Joe Sielaru was unwell. He is recovering from severe illness in the family. Nancy Atherton, his assistant, filled in admirably. Mike Glyer was editor-in-chief of the daily convention update, doing his usual sterling job, getting the color-coded flyers out every morning in time for coffee. And speaking of food, Atlanta has to be the worst city for restaurants since MidAmerican, though the Marriott did contain The Lasso, Power's, and La Fuente, for seafood and Mexican cuisine, respectively. The SFWA suite had veggies, fruit--including Georgia peaches, of course--chips, crackers and cheese, doughnuts and coffee in the morning, and a full complement of the world's finest boozes. Beautiful people tended bar most of the time, with the exception of Sunday evening, when Jim Frenkel mixed the drinks.

Moving on, in a state of near-exhaustion, we left Atlanta for the Blue Ridge mountain home of the Webb's, where we drank sherry and watched a videotape of Re-animator until we passed out (which brings us full circle).

---Tim Sullivan & Greg Frost

18 FANTASY REVIEW September, 1986
### Editorial Notes

**Now, Back to Business**

By Rob Latham

Along with the job of book review editor, I have inherited from Carol Motrik the responsibility of periodically setting problems which I am optimistic enough to believe I can solve. (Somewhere I hear Carol laughing quietly.) In this first column, then, I will enumerate my complaints—gently, gently—because I ask our reviewers to give these attention in realizing that the majority of you are not guilty of all the faults—indeed, that some of you are not guilty at all—and so I request your professional patience in advance. Here goes.

The most pressing problem involves books that have been mailed out for review, only to silently vanish. This is bad. Since FR remains committed to reviewing everything (first printings, reprints, and significant reprints) published in the genres of fantasy, sf and horror, it is imperative that reviewers return to me either a finished review or the book itself. I know sometimes you are vexed to receive the latest supermarket shlock instead of a Nebula-nominee, but instead of tossing the offensive volume into the rubbish, I ask that you send it back so we can find someone willing to review it. (I promise we will reimburse you for the postage, book rate.) You see, we generally receive only one copy of each title, so once we have mailed it, we are entirely dependent on the reviewer to respond in some way (preferably with a pithy, eloquent review). And lest you suspect that it is only backdoor that is disappearing, I must inform you that we have as yet received no word on Dan Simmons’ World-Fantasy-Award-nominated Song of Kali, a review copy of which was mailed out many moons ago.

A related problem concerns the matter of up-to-date information on reviewers. It is very possible that the reason for so many lost books is because we do not have current addresses on file. I ask you all to make sure we have your latest address so that we can inform you of any changes during the year when you will be unavailable for review. Also, please keep us informed of any changes in your reading interests so that we can correspond appropriately. For example, so that you will not bump into books you might be tempted to trash (literally).

Some editorial nits: Please make sure that all reviews have the appropriate heading information, in the appropriate order, at the top of the page. It will save me a lot of time. And since you, the reviewers, have the best knowledge of the contents of the books, I ask that you read over your copy to ensure that your plot summaries are sufficiently intelligible to people who have not read the books (which, alas, often includes me). The summaries should be as brief as possible and should also be carefully checked, as we do get irate letters from writers whose protagonist D'Mrfga was inaccurately rendered as M'Drfga. Without the book, we can't double-check such spellings. The foregoing is not intended to suggest that I want you to devote all your attention to details, but only that you lay the appropriate foundation for your own critical discussion. Thanks.

Finally, a few words about policy. As a long-time reader of FR, I have often felt that the magazine has not adequately attended to the small-print horror and fantasy (of the "literary" as well as the fancier variety). Occasional-

### INDEX TO THE REVIEWS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Reviewer</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ALEXANDER, Lloyd</td>
<td>The Illlyrian Adventure</td>
<td>Susan Harper</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ANTHONY, Hers.</td>
<td>Prosthro Plus</td>
<td>Joe Sanders</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ATTWOOD, M.</td>
<td>Handfuls Tale</td>
<td>Ned Barrow</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BAILEY, Robin W.</td>
<td>Bloodsongs</td>
<td>Diane K. Bauerle</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BARBEY d'AUREVILLY, J.</td>
<td>Les Diaboliques, E.</td>
<td>Brian Stablerfeld</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BARNES, Steven</td>
<td>Kundalini Equation</td>
<td>Barry Reynolds</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEN-YEHUDA, Nachman</td>
<td>Dev. &amp; Moral Boundaries...</td>
<td>Martin Wooster</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOYER, Elizabeth</td>
<td>Troll's Grindstone</td>
<td>Judith Hardin</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BRADLEY, Marion Z.</td>
<td>Lythande</td>
<td>Susan Nickerson</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BRUVAND, Jon</td>
<td>The Mexican Pet</td>
<td>S. Dzienowianowicz</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUJOLD, Lois</td>
<td>Shards of Honor</td>
<td>Carol McGeethon</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CANAL, Richard</td>
<td>Malediction de l'Éphémère</td>
<td>Pascal Thomas</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CARRUTHERS, James &amp; CHALKER, Jack</td>
<td>Lords of the Middle Dark</td>
<td>Brian Stablerfeld</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLAYTON, Jo</td>
<td>Quater's Endgame</td>
<td>James Crawford</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLough B.W.</td>
<td>The Newel SF Americaine</td>
<td>Patricia Altman</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CORDESSA, Gerard</td>
<td>Texas on the Roeks</td>
<td>Michael Levy</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DA CRUZ, Daniel</td>
<td>Iskiri</td>
<td>Pascal Thomas</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EASTON, M.</td>
<td>Armelet of the Gods</td>
<td>W.D. Stevens</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coleman</td>
<td>Cutting Edge</td>
<td>Patricia Hernlund</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ESCHBAH, Lloyd</td>
<td>Jason and the Argonauts</td>
<td>Susan Harper</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ETHANSON, Dennis, ed.</td>
<td>Eyslin, Bernard</td>
<td>Michael Morrison</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EVSLIN, Bernard</td>
<td>Phaid the Gambler</td>
<td>Amelia Rutledge</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FARRÉN, Mike</td>
<td>Dogs of the Righteous</td>
<td>Dave Reed</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FELICE, Cynthia</td>
<td>Artificial Things</td>
<td>Lynn Williams</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FOWLER, Karen</td>
<td>Grimbold's Other World</td>
<td>Lance Olsen</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GRAY, Nicholos</td>
<td>God Game</td>
<td>Michael Levy</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GREELEY, Andrew</td>
<td>Dealing in Futures</td>
<td>Veronica Kennedy</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HALDAMEN, Joe</td>
<td>Reargard</td>
<td>Joan Gordon</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAREWOOD, Charles</td>
<td>Horrifying/Hideous Hauntings</td>
<td>Veronica Kennedy</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOKE, Helen &amp; eds.</td>
<td>Limits of Vision</td>
<td>Brian Stablerfeld</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IRWIN, Robert</td>
<td>Wave and the Flame</td>
<td>C.W. Sullivan</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KELLOGG, M. Bradley &amp; KILLOUGH, Lee</td>
<td>Spider Play</td>
<td>Dave Mead</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KRENSKY, Stephen</td>
<td>A Ghostly Business</td>
<td>Richard Law</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KRILIK, Theodore</td>
<td>Roger Zelazny</td>
<td>Michael Levy</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LANCE, Kathryln</td>
<td>Pandor's Children</td>
<td>Debbie Ledesma</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LASKY, Kathryln</td>
<td>Home Free</td>
<td>Richard Law</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LAWHEAD, Stephen</td>
<td>Siege of Dome</td>
<td>Vernon Hyles</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LINDEHOLM, Megan</td>
<td>The Wizard of the Pigeons</td>
<td>Diane Bauerle</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LINZNER, Gordon</td>
<td>The Oni</td>
<td>Kevin Anderson</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARTIN, Lori</td>
<td>The Darkling Hills</td>
<td>Lynn Williams</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MC KIERAN, Dennis</td>
<td>Trek to Kraggen-Cor</td>
<td>Paula Strain</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MC KIERAN, Dennis</td>
<td>The Brega Path</td>
<td>A. Goldrick-Jones</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MILLER, J.P.</td>
<td>The Skook</td>
<td>Anne Gay</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MORRIS, Jack</td>
<td>Beyond Wizzardwall</td>
<td>Susan Nickerson</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MUELLER, Richard</td>
<td>Jernigan's Egg</td>
<td>Debbie Ledesma</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POHL, Frederik</td>
<td>Wolfbane</td>
<td>Dave Mead</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POURNELLE, Jerry &amp; POWERS, Tim</td>
<td>Forsake the Sky</td>
<td>Dave Mead</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REY, Pierre, ed.</td>
<td>Robotech Art 1</td>
<td>Dave Mead</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REYNOLDS, Kay &amp; ROBBINS, David</td>
<td>The Wereling</td>
<td>Pascal Thomas</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROBERTSON, Jennifer</td>
<td>Run to the Stars</td>
<td>Michael Klossner</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROHAN, Mike</td>
<td>Morale: Quest of...</td>
<td>Victor Kemper</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROYMAN, Geoff</td>
<td>The Unconquered Country</td>
<td>Michael Levy</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SABERHAGEN, Fred</td>
<td>First Book of Lost Swords</td>
<td>Barry Reynolds</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHAW, Bob</td>
<td>Ragged Astronauts</td>
<td>Patricia Hernlund</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHEFFIELD, Charles</td>
<td>The Nimred Hunt</td>
<td>Brian Stablerfeld</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHEPHERD, Charles</td>
<td>Star of Gypsies</td>
<td>Susan Harper</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHEPHERD, Charles</td>
<td>The Fates</td>
<td>Chris Morgan</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SILVERBERG, Robert</td>
<td>The Fates</td>
<td>W.D. Stevens</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TESSIER, Thomas</td>
<td>The Pendent</td>
<td>Michael Klossner</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TIGG, John</td>
<td>Sanedale</td>
<td>Thom Dunn</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TUTTLE, Lisa</td>
<td>The Untragahd</td>
<td>James Hemesath</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VINSON, Verner</td>
<td>The Nighthawks of Maormorin</td>
<td>Wendy Bousfield</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WATT-EVANS, Lawrence</td>
<td>Marooned in Realtime</td>
<td>Stephen Jones</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WILIAMSON, Jack</td>
<td>Shining Steel</td>
<td>Keith Scotts</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOLFE, Gene</td>
<td>Firechild</td>
<td>Vernon Hyles</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ZAHN, Timothy</td>
<td>Soldier of the Mist</td>
<td>Arthur Lewis</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Casde Point</td>
<td>Fernando Gouvea</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Pascal Thomas</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**FANTASY REVIEW** September, 1986 19
Fiction

Orthodontists in Space!


Unwillingly becoming Earth’s first interstellar dentist when he is kidnapped by aliens with bad teeth, Dr. Dillingham keeps his professional integrity unasserted through a series of bizarre adventures. This is, obviously, a humorous novel. That there is something fundamentally absurd in the notion of a DDS in space, was shown in Aavam Davidson’s stories of Dr. Morris Goldpepper. But while Davidson delicately but mercilessly satirized his characters’ self-important attitudes, Anthony seems quite fond of Dr. Dillingham, a decent fellow always willing to sacrifice himself to keep a patient from suffering.

As a novel, Prosthado is episodic. Before being cobbled together in book form in 1973, it was written as a series of short stories; see Anthony’s story introductions in his collection Anthology for a description of the process.) It probably would not have been reprinted except for Anthony’s recent rise to superstar bestseller status. Nevertheless, it is a likeable book; if you enjoy reruns of Leave It to Beaver or The Andy Griffith Show, you’ll like this novel.

--Joe Sanders

A Dark, Eloquent Vision


Theocrazies have been a common form of government throughout history, often interesting, rarely—to my mind—appealing. Atwood’s cautionary tale depicts with chilling intensity a near-future northeast U.S. The Republic of Gilead is presumably the result of a sketchily described revolution against a licentious American society; that there are suggestions that convulsive social changes have transformed other parts of the world.

This constricted world is depicted through the eyes of Offred, whose recorded “diary” we read. A rapidly declining birthrate resulting from perceptible, but radioactive and social changes, has led to a rigidly patriarchal society in which social dissent—i.e. heresy—is ruthlessly purged. Women occupy various subordinate domestic positions. Handmaids serve as seed-bearers to quasi-military commanders, whose wives are sterile.

The book’s back cover quotes Marjorie Piercy: “...[Atwood] gives us a society in which all of the New Right’s preaching about women is put into law and into practice...” Piercy assumes greater unanimity of belief than really exists in fundamentalist circles, but her point is a legitimate one.

Margaret Atwood is a respected Canadian novelist, short fiction writer, poet and critic. What is most distinctive and rewarding about her new novel is not its plot, elements of which veteran SF readers have encountered before, but its sparse yet eloquent prose which resonates with poetic sensibility. Offred is presented, but her position limits her knowledge, and we see her world through a glass, darkly. Her vision illuminates our world as much as her own and I highly recommend her disquieting chronicle.

The Return of Superwoman


While the title suggests the kooky creator, her extraordinary versatility expanded to almost unbelievable proportions. Retired from her mercenary fighting, Frost has been settled down for twenty years as mother, tavern keeper, exotic dancer and wife to her once would-be-assassin. Her tranquil existence is gradually eroded, by her elder son’s abrupt departure, her husband’s mysterious death, her younger son’s murder, and finally by the destruction of her property. Suddenly she is embarked on a desperate race to prevent her elder son from destroying her adopted land and to exact revenge on him for her father’s and brother’s deaths.

As with the previous Frost books (Frost, Pocket Books, 1983; Skullgate, FR 89), Bloodsongs is action-packed, full of violence, with slightly pedestrian character development and somewhat strained coincidences driving the plot. The paltriness of some of Frost’s youth (she kills her father and brother, and caused her mother’s suicide) returns to haunt her, echoed in her struggle against her son and the mysterious wizard who drives him. Again things seem too easy for Frost, although the ending is more ambiguous than in Bailey’s previous books. Readers who enjoyed the earlier Frost novels will want to read this one (and naturally the end has left room for a sequel); this is solidly average female sword and sorcery.

--Diane K. Bauerle

The Passion of Women


The latest in Dedalus’s series of European Classics is a celebrated collection of non-supernatural tales of the macabre. Robert Irwin’s introduction describes the subject matter of the tales as “the satanism of appearances,” and this is faithfully upheld. Barbey is a very light touch, but his fascination is the way in which elaborate codes of etiquette and morality can become masks so perfect that there is hardly any way of knowing what lies behind them. His suspicion, outlined in these stories, is that the masks which women put on conceal astonishing depths of passion. The key story in the collection is, perhaps, “Beneath the Cards in a Game of Whist,” in which the carefully deceptive and skillful behavior of card-players is analogically related to the “game” of life, whereby the appearances presented to the world by secret lovers conceal entirely the intense drama of their private feelings and covert meetings. This warrant description as “satanism” because Barbey believes, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, that the passions know no morality of their own, and hence may easily drive us to evil actions which—though they must be concealed from the world—generate no honest repentance. All the women herein avoid the stigmatization of scarlet letters, and avoid too the agonies of guilt. The men, by contrast, can only talk in tones of wonder about what women are capable of, because the codes of morality and convention demand of them such obvious propriety of appearance, and hence do not necessitate such ingenuity of concealment; nor, it seems, are men capable, in Barbey’s view, of such intense passion.

Although not supernatural, Les Diaboliques has some fine horror stories, and it remains intriguing as an exercise in speculative psychology.

--Brian Stableford

A Martial Formula


An intriguing blend of psychobiology, physiology, yoga, martial arts, and mystic fringe cults.

Adam Ludum is an overweight smoker in a sedentary job fading into his middle years; his lack of drive and dedication has cost him his girlfriend, his dying father’s respect, and his own self-esteem. Desperate, he begins a body conditioning program and becomes involved with a California cult known as the Children of the Earth Heart, which was founded by an asceticized Pakistani guru named Savagi.

Through controlled breathing, mediation and physical exercise (codified as the Kundalini Equation), Savagi’s mind/body philosophy becomes the Tao for Adam. Fueled by his belief that someone with Savagi’s power can and needs to visualize, the ‘out-of—shape radio station engineer is transformed into a karateka extraordinaire, then, gradually, into a virtually indestructable, possessed killer of unsurpassing strength, speed and regenerative capabilities.

Barnes’s rationale for Adam’s Berserkergang are the
(theoretical) paleopsychic processes: humans possess three brains, each brain having its own intelligence, subjectivity, sense of time, space, and memory. By tapping into his low reptile brain, Ludium sets free the primordial power of the animal mentation within, that hunter/survivalist strength that "feeds on death." It is this power the Children of Earth Heart worship; and Ludium unwittingly becomes their Messiah. Adam's struggle to control and understand the demon within creates a real tension: when he succeeds, we are treated to dizzying martial arts action and gruesome deaths; when he succeeds, we get a smattering of Sixties soul searching, though some of it is a bit shopworn. Recommended.

--Barry H. Reynolds

Not a Grind(stone)


Leifr, an unemployed and outlawed Viking, takes on the challenge of locating the mythical grindstone that will restore the edge to the weapons of Alfarr, people of a Norse fairyland, enabling them to defeat the remaining magic of the evil sorcerer Sorkvir. To find the Grindstone, a magic sword must be reclaimed from under Sorkvir's nose and the earth magic restored to a section of land known as The Pentaclie. With the mysterious, crippled Gotiskeller and the wizard Thurid as companions, Leifr undertakes the quest masquerading as one Fridmnarr, an Alfarr he soon discovers is hated by one and all for his betrayal of his people into Sorkvir's power.

Boyer's tale is an absorbing one, with tight plotting and excellent characters; Leifr is particularly believable. A great way to spend an evening.

--Judith Hardin

Fascinating Character


Bradley conceived Lythande, magician and musician, as her contribution to the Thieves' World universe, and a fascinating person she is indeed. In choosing to become a Pilgrim Adept of the Blue Star, Lythande has had to conceal her gender and now must protect this secret from everyone. Thus she is in continual conflict with others who seek her secret and with herself, making her a genuinely tragic protagonist. This book is a collection of five Lythande stories by Bradley and one by Vonda N. McIntyre—one of the conventions of Thieves' World being that any character can be used by any author. Readers unfamiliar with Thieves' World can ignore such fine points and relax and enjoy some top-notch storytelling.

--Susan L. Nickerson

The Enemy's Face


Shards of Honor is a first novel, beginning much like a Star Trek pastiche. But it rapidly leaves the formulaic; realistically and with ruthless penetration, it deals with sensitive, intelligent and interesting people under pressure.

On the surface, Shards looks like a Haffield-McCoy love story. Cordelia Naismith, Commander of a peaceful BETAN survey expedition, finds herself allied with Vorkosigan, commander of the Barterian force that has destroyed her camp and attacked her crew. Reluctantly but inevitably, they fall in love and begin to question whom they see as their own problems: romance between widely differing cultures poses others. Bujold handles these neatly, with grace and wit, then adds another, contemporary consideration, the "romance" of war.

Fixing a clear eye on modern warfare, fought "cleanly," at a safe distance, she calls this "taking away the enemy's face," and scorches it. Rather than opposing sides in battle, Cordelia and Vorkosigan represent two possible ways to respond to the inhuman pressures of politics—with honor and humanity.

--Carol McGeehon

Sharp Pictures


This is the Strugatskii's Roadside Picnic with the artifacts replaced by works of art and you have a fair picture of this novel's argument. A "searcher" and a "roadrunner" (along with "stalker," these terms are rendered in English) raid bombed out, irradiated downtown Toulouse for great sculptures and paintings after a catastrophic war, toppled by an ET intervention, has rearranged the world and left deep psychological and physical scars on mankind.

It is risky of Canal to place art—rather than science or politics—at the heart of his book (as well as in the heart of the forbidden cities) for the artistic experience is a difficult one for a reader's novel. However, interesting to note that the emphasis is shared by many of the most promising French SF writers of the 80's (Jouanne, Dunyach...). Canal manages well, since he slyly focuses on the outskirts of art, on "searchers" and dealers.

La Malediction de l'Ephemer ("Curse of the Ephemer") is perfectly paced, combining brevity and efficiency, but perhaps burning itself out too fast, like its irradiated artists.

--Pascal J. Thomas

S&S Comix


Savoy Books' latest production is a large-sized comic strip adaptation by James Cawthorn of the second part of Moorcock's "Runestaff" tetralogy, following the earlier Jewel in the Skull. There is an introduction by Byrne Hogarth. As with all Savoy productions, the artwork is well-designed, and the adaptation has been done with care and skill. Cawthorn's association with Moorcock goes back to the earliest days of the writer's career, when the Elric stories in Science-Fantasy were frequently adorned with his illustrations. Cawthorn thus has a sensitive appreciation of the texture of Moorcock's work, and his pictures blend well with the text. A comic-strip adaptation of the first volume in the Elric series is promised soon. The price of this volume is low by comparison with similar items I have seen, reflecting the fact that Savoy's enterprise is really a labor of love, and all their publications are excellent value. American collectors and readers may have to make a little effort to secure this item, but it is well worth the trouble.

--Brian Stableford

Masterful Tale


With this book Chalker begins another series, entitled The Rings of the Master. Master System is a supercomputer system established to save the Earth from man's warfare. The system, however, is so advanced that it takes over, killing those who threaten its existence and reducing Earth to scattered primitive societies. Massive numbers of people are biologically altered and established on a variety of other worlds.

Enter Hawks, who works for the Council, a group of people who have moderate technical knowledge and are under the direct control of Master System. Hawks is on leave to his Indian tribe, and while on leave learns how possibly to end Master System's tyrannical rule. He is joined on his quest by Cloud, Dancer and Silent Woman, his two Indian wives.

Meanwhile, in China, a brilliant young boy named Song Ching takes part. He is the son of Chinese New World leaders. Song's song is egocentric, spoiled, and due to be altered mentally into a docile, over-sexed woman. Also, a greedy Chinese Lord is working behind the scenes; he, too, wants the key to controlling Master System.

Chalker's tale is excellent, beginning a series that will probably match if not exceed in quality his previous works.

FANTASY REVIEW September, 1986
Chalker's characters come alive; we see their inner turmoils, their lofty goals, and their struggle against the harsh reality of Master System's control. This novel is strongly recommended.

--James T. Crawford

The Game Ends


This novel and concluding volume of Clayton's *Diadem saga* centers on Aleyteys, wearer of the diadem, and the search for her lost heritage. After wandering throughout the universe Aleyteys has made a life for herself on the planet Wolff, a stark, primitive place where she earns her way as a galactic bounty hunter. But now she decides to leave Wolff, at least temporarily, in order to accompany her long-lost mother, Shareem, to the planet Vrthian and claim her rightful place as a member of the Vryth, a super-race whose mortal lives span hundreds of years. Complications abound in this seemingly simple quest. Aleyteys has an implacable enemy, a Vryth names Kelh whom she encountered in an earlier adventure. He has sworn to kill her and sets about creating elaborate traps designed to insurge her destruction.

The first trap quickly becomes apparent. At the very moment she is to leave for Vrthian, word arrives that her lover, Grey, has disappeared while hunting a criminal on the planet Avosing. Aleyteys recognizes Kelh's hand in this, as does her friend Shadith, an alien poet and musician who once spent many years trapped in the diadem. Shadith volunteers to journey to Avosing and rescue Grey. Meanwhile Aleyteys travels with Shareem to Vrthian, there to face Kelh on his own turf and fight a battle to the death.

In this better than average quest-fantasy, there are minor plots which show the intricate nature of life on Vrthian by contrasting the soft nature of the normal, mortal inhabitants with those of the privileged near-immortals. Clayton is a master of complex plotting and characterization. Followers of the series will certainly want to read the final chapter of the saga, but even those totally unfamiliar with it will find it enjoyable.

--Patricia Altner

Another Slapstick S&S Series


L. Sprague de Camp perfected the humorous Sword and Sorcery tale and Piers Anthony turned it into bestselling formula fiction. Now every fantasy publisher has at least one open-ended slapstick series going, if not two or three. *The Realm Beneath* is B.W. Clough's third entry in the sweepstakes.

This novel, which was preceded by *The Crystal Crown* and *The Dragon of Mishbil* (in the author's *Avendar* series), relates the ongoing story of Liras-van, unlikely wizard, unwilling King of the Shan. Liras fights a never-ending battle to achieve both peace with his pugnacious neighbors and domestic bliss with a queen who tends to throw things when angered. Both forms of warfare occasion a mixture of low comedy and relatively mild mayhem of a sort unlikely to offend the parents of the teenage boys who probably constitute the major audience for books like this. *The Realm Beneath* is neither better nor worse than most of the other Anthony imitations. It can be read independently of the earlier books in the series and is an entirely acceptable light entertainment for those uninterested in, or too young to appreciate, better work.

--Michael M. Levy

Icebergs, Not Oil, for Texas


This book is a sequel to *The Ayes of Del Rey* (Del Rey, 1982) but is an entirely separate story. Texas is now an independent Republic. Ripley Forte has dual citizenship in Texas and the U.S., and is the son of Gwillim Forte, who saved Texas in the first book by destroying Russia's fleet.

Texas is in economic depression, the U.S. is suffering from a severe water shortage, Forte's personal nemesis has teamed up with a U.S. presidential aspirant, and Russia is once again tampering with the affairs of Texas and the U.S. The answer to these problems appears to be rooted in a bountiful supply of water, and Forte undertakes to supply it in the form of icebergs delivered to the coast of Texas.

Although several stories have been written about iceberg farming, this one brings enough plot elements together to make it interesting and enough technical detail to make it plausible. Despite a style which is more expository than conversational and a predictably macho ending, the book is recommended for an afternoon's pleasant diversion.

--W.D. Stevens

An Arabian Nights Story


*Iskikr* is Easton's second book to appear as a Questar novel. The first was a tightly written character study of an old man and his female apprentice who were *Masters of Glass* (July 1985) in a magical "medieval" setting. The second book is entirely different, with a loose Arabian Nights plot and some humorous references.

The story concerns Iskikr, a young man whose mountain village was destroyed by stone monoliths that surrounded it and then slowly slid together to crush all its life except his. Moving to the city, he works for his cousin, a sham magician in a country of magic, and falls in love with Adee before the monoliths show up again to threaten his new life.

The story then follows him and his cousin into the desert where they seek the help of a real magician who had lived in the mountain village. Iskikr turns out to have a latent magical talent, and the girl (conveniently) to have a complementary one, which enables them, with the help of the whole cast, to save the city. The villain turns out to be a fanatic religious cult which can turn dates into the enormous monoliths.

Despite this relatively uninspiring work, Easton should not be dismissed; he has a talent for unusual plot and setting.

--Patricia Hernlund

Second Gate: More of the First


The second gate into the lands beyond the portal, the underworld, leads the hero, Alan Mac Dougall, into further trouble with the gods in this second entry of a quartet by one of the best SF writers of the year. (The first part of the series was *The Land Beyond the Gate*, FR 75, p. 12.) In a style similar to Merritt's, Eshbaugh presents a tale of all-powerful enemies and shape-shifting heroes, who travel back and forth through space-time, meeting a vast number of cardboard characters, all seeming to be either terribly good or incredibly bad.

The reviewer of the first volume admired the style, but could not recommend the work. Though the plot of this entry did hold my attention, I found the book to be too confusing in its plot and too simplistic in its theme and characterization. I can't recommend *The Armlet of the Gods*, nor do I care to see what happens in the next part of the series. Skip all of it, if you're wise.

--Susan H. Harper

Horrible Imaginings


"Imagination," notes Death in Robert Bloch's "Reaper," "possesses a power of its own." In *Cutting Edge*, twenty-one imaginations focus on the contemporary landscape, creating nightmares both startling and provocative. The result is the best anthology of original horror fiction since Kirby McCauley's *Dark Forces* (1980).

The demons that infest *Cutting Edge* include "The Monster" that assaults two soldiers on a recon mission in Cambodia, in Joe Haldeman's graphic tale; the "bit of Oide
NEWS & REVIEWS

Following the collapse of a high-techn civilization, Earth is divided into divergent pocket-cultures separated by almost impassable zones of extreme heat and cold. Among these sometimes exotic, always violent communities moves Phaid, the protagonist, a worldly if slightly stupid gambler down on his luck. His journey toward, and eventually his adventures in, Chrystianville, capital of the great "Republic," are the subject of Phaid Things and the concluding volume of Citizen Phaid, of this two volume novel (to be called The Song of Phaid the Gambler), is promised for next January, but the divided nature of the work is NOT noted on the cover!

Farren's future strikes me as the sort of world Gene Wolfe might imagine existing sometime between now and the age of the New Sun. It is nicely imagined, though Phaid himself is not particularly sympathetic or interesting. The piecemeal plot, naturally encouraged by the fragmented geography through which Phaid moves, seems more than usually disconnected, but I take this to be the result of the publisher's division of a unified novel to make two books (Phaid was originally published in England by New English Library.) The inter-relatedness of Phaid's adventures is certainly hinted at, but when the volume closes, rather abruptly, we are still waiting for significant action to begin.

I have a friend who won't read a magazine series, waiting always for the complete novel. She'd be pretty annoyed with this book, as will anyone expecting closure. The "sequel" has a way to go to make the story worth $7 in paperback. Half-heartedly recommended.

--Dave Mead

Women on Top


Cynthia Felice, whose several novels combine hard SF with action and romance on an exotic planet, has recombined familiar elements in Double Nocturne, her latest. A planet originally colonized by a mixture of convicts and religious fanatics (like 17th century America) has been isolated from its Homeworld for several generations. When its Artificial Intelligence fails, the society goes into cultural drift. A religious society develops in which men are the minority and subject to women. Meanwhile, a mission sent from Homeworlds to supply a new AI is shot down. Its captain and engineer are badly injured, and likely to die unless they can be returned to their orbiter.

A handsome young male pilot -- the archetypal SF hero -- attempts to rescue them, but he is also forced down. Since he knows nothing about the planet, he gets in trouble immediately and his only chance of escape, find help, recover his lander and then its missing parts, signal the AI in his orbiter, and finally rescue his crewmates. Meanwhile his escape route exposes him to various dangers, including women who find him attractive and attempt to use him for their own pleasure or profit. At length he finds himself in love with a seductive beauty whom he cannot tell from her identical twin.

The weaknesses of Double Nocturne lie not in plot or setting, but in the clumsy way in which the author handles them. Her dialogue is wooden and unconvincing. She omits basic facts in her exposition, then tosses in unfamiliar terms as if she's forgotten that the reader does not know her universe as well as she does. Cultural details are not carefully worked out: I never did understand what was so special about the planet's religious orientation, or what the title referred to. However, this novel is too confusing, and characters appear to behave illogically: in situations calling for tact and discretion, the supposedly experienced voyager hero is rough and macho, confirming the local belief that men are too impulsive to be trusted.

These flaws are less annoying as you get used to the story, and if you buy into the premise of this novel. A good editor, though, could have caught most of the flaws, and coerced the author into producing a better book.

--Lynn F. Williams

Running the 220


Not a Sure Bet


Evading Euripides


Books such as Jason and the Argonauts perform the service of making traditional tales accessible to those who have missed the usual anthologies. Esvin attempts to employ contemporary fiction. In Jason and the Argonauts, his sometime narrator, Eikon ("Viper"), one of the three sons of Hermes by the Nymphs of the Grove, sounds modernly cynical and street-smart, and his speech is often not in harmony with the event or thing described (his reference to his brother, the poet Daphnis, as "goofy," is a case in point).

Esvin alternates effectively between Eikon's narration and an omniscient viewpoint, skillfully combining the several sources of the Jason story. His pacing is particularly effective in the section devoted to assembling Jason's crew, which is reduced in size compared to the traditional version, but still colorful; it ranges from Castor and Pollux (beautiful, loyal, and enormous) to the shipbuilder Argo (a classic portrait of the obsessed craftsman).

The Medea episode is presented in a complicated and not fully satisfactory fashion. Esvin introduces the naad, Lethe, who falls in love with Jason, and manipulates Eros into blighting the love between Jason and Medea. The tale is further complicated by Boreas, who loves Lethe, and thus is jealous of Jason. In a note at the back of the book, Esvin indicates that the least well-written of the story, that of Euripides, "is not what I would choose to emphasize."

But despite occasional narrative dissonance, the appealing old tale comes through. Recommended.

--Amelia A. Rutledge

Joe Haldeman's prose--clean, sharp, moving, provocational, and telegraphic--is always a pleasure to read. His second collection of short fiction provides no exception. The 10 stories here comprise a high-quality collection, three poems, and an interpolated running commentary. Except for one poem and the commentary, all the pieces have been previously published, though it is a service to have them gathered up from the numerous magazines and anthologies where they first appeared. Joe is a slow writer and fans waiting for the third volume of his Worlds series will be grateful for this gathering of the fruits of his careful labor.

Although this collection is distinctively Haldeman, not only in style but in content (war, intrigue, bargains, and curses), it also shows the range of his skills. "Blood Sisters" and "More than the Sum of His Parts" are packed with (non-sexist) sex and violence. "A !Tangled Web" and "Seven and the Stars" are effective light and humorous pieces. "Seasons" is a complex novella (I wish it were longer, a down-right novel) of anthropological SF. "Lindsay and the Red City Blues" is a creepy horror story and "You Can Never Go Back" returns us to the characters and world of The Forever War.

The prose ranges from the straightforward to the experimental and from conversational to poetic, while retaining Haldeman's characteristic voice.

Haldeman links the stories with a commentary that discusses craft, sources, and connections. Besides "sucking you into the next story," the afterwords reveal something of the great care Joe takes in putting together a story. Indeed, if any criticism can be levelled against his writing it is that he is never willing to cut anything so compact, that the reader wishes for a little sloppy expansion once in a while. This volume is highly recommended.

--Joan Gordon


In a style that flows easily, Harness competently describes a red-tinted world whose credulity and fanaticisms make it all too like Earth. Yet in this land of witchburning, religious hysteria, and over-heated sexuality, actions unfold all too predictably. The religious mythology of Redworld, which includes a cosmic dualism, a Madonna, and a promised Revenant, is merely a caricature of what one finds, again, on the home planet of mankind. Earthman--or rather Woman--does turn up in a pseudo-messianic role. A major theme of the narrative, the quest for immortality, is never meaningfully explored and the book loses its opportunity to capture the imagination. The result is a mildly entertaining read, recommended for those with hours to kill.

--Allene Stuart Phy

Existential Housework?


This novel, published "in association with" Dedalus--the company which Irwin and two friends founded in order to publish their first books--presumably represents the author's ticket to literary respectability. I cannot think of anyone who deserves it more: his first novel, The Arabian Nightmare, is one of the best fantasy novels written this century, and the present short novel is a relatively minor piece, to be confection by comparison--is very funny; it sparkles with brilliance and has a truly superb ending.

Appropriately Irwin, when he quit his full-time job (as a teacher of medieval history) in order to give more time to his writing, took over the duties of running the marital home. The Limits of Vision is a testament to his discovery of the fragile joys, inceint obsessions and painful anxieties of housework. Women, of course, have been doing housework for centuries (a fact acknowledged by Irwin's use of a housewife as the central character), but it has taken a man to do the philosophical groundwork necessary to provide a competent existential analysis of the cosmic significance of domestic duties. (Among other things, this book provides a genuine challenge to those people who think men's minds are no different from women's--why did we have to wait for a man to do housework before this book could be written?) In these pages the pioneering Marcia carries
forward the great cosmic war against Mucor, the deity which
presides over at least 12 forms of corruption we call dirt, aided
by Teilhard de Chardin, Darwin, and Charles Dickens, and
philosophically inspired by Levi-Strauss and Sartre, while
the ladies who come to her coffee morning try as best they can
to fit into the scheme of things. The fearlessness of the battle
and the difficulty of achieving a lasting victory make this
easily the most impressive war since the war.
I confidently predict that there will never be a better
novel about housework, and that no real housewife will ever
imagine a better sequel to The Brothers Karamazov than
the one which Meta shares.

Robert Irwin is an extremely fine writer who is a sheer
joy to read. Start buying up his first editions now, before he
wins the Booker Prize and becomes famous.

--Brian Stableford

The "philosophic groundwork necessary to provide a
competent existential analysis" of housework was performed
by Simone de Beauvoir in The Second Sex, some 30 years
ago; at best, Irwin's novel is simply building on her
foundation. Anyway, Stableford's iteration of the book's plot
sounds like a better rehash of the story "The Heat Death of the Universe." There were also the
examples of Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "The Yellow
Wallpaper" and Kate Wilhelm's "The Downstairs Room" to
coach Irwin to his heroic flight.

--Ed.

Pure Lithium

Kellogg, M. Bradley, with William Rossow. The Wave and
the Flame: Vol. I of Lear's Daughters. Signet/NAL, New

The scenario is not new. A lander from an orbiting ship
has come to Flix to check out an advance probe's sighting of
possible lithium sources, and the CONPLEX corporation's
representative will authorize a whole planet of open pit
mining if the lithium is there in sufficient quantity and
quality. Opposing them are the expedition's linguist and
anthropologist as well as some of the locals whose seemingly
primitive culture is of no concern to CONPLEX. Further
complications arise when the lander and the communications
equipment are damaged, stranding the landing party on the
planet's surface for no one knows how long.

But The Wave and the Flame is anything but a dull
rehash of familiar SF plots and conflicts. Kellogg and Rossow
manage to present a planet and its indigenous culture with the
detail and flair that at times remind me of Lequin, Herbert, and Brin at their best. Not bad company. The
detail includes the people and their dwellings, habits,
customs, rituals, crafts, etc.--an anthropologist's treasure
trove. The flair includes linguistic as well as cosmic
mysteries. Are the weather goddesses real, as the Saws'
language suggests? And to what do the hints of a subtle
technology beneath what seems to be only a rather
sophisticated cave society point?

By the end of this long first book of the Lear's
Daughters series, the stage is thoroughly set, the characters
carefully drawn, and the reader frustrated because he cannot
go right to the next volume. There's plenty to be sure, a few
spots where the pacing is a bit too high, and these
future people do seem to know a lot about twentieth-century
Earth. But these are, in the end, minor complaints about
a book of deep texture. The Wave and the Flame is not a
quick read, but it is highly recommended.

--C.W. Sullivan III

Satisfying Police Procedural


Persuasively realized police stories are quite rare in
science fiction; Lee Killough is the author of two: The
Doppelpanger Gambit and now Spider Play.

When a hearse is hijacked and a corpse mutilated,
Sergeants Janna Brill and Mahlon "Mamme" Maxwell of the Shawnee County (Kansas) Police Department's Crimes Against
Persons squad (ca. 2080 A.D.) must discover whodunit and
why. Their investigation takes them to an orbital space
factory in a case involving both industrial espionage and
murder.

The procedural details and human behaviors of Spider
Play are quite convincing; Killough's cops speak and act like
policemen, not caricatures thereof, and they solve the crime
through energetic work, careful observation of clues, and
the application of reason. The world in which Brill and
Maxwell work is a believable one--if not cyberpunk-gritty
future, and the deduction they do is consistent with that
world. There are no magic "frannists" or dei ex machina here.

While Spider Play is less flashy than some recent
science fiction (I found the space station's bars cleverly
imagined), it is a very solid, enjoyable work. Recommended
with pleasure.

--Dave Mead

Beware the Wild Deenas (DNA's)

Lance, Kathryn. Pandora's Children. Questar/Popular
Library, New York, May 1986, 288p. $3.50 paper. ISBN 0-

Pandora's Children continues the story begun in
Pandora's Genes. The setting is a future Earth where
recombinant DNA has run wild and altered everything.
There are no machines and women are slowly dying off from
a genetic illness. The women scientists of "the Garden" are
trying to find a cure while "the Principal" tries to reestablish
civilization. His evil is "the Traders," a fanatical religious
group dedicated to the destruction of all knowledge and
science.

One of the scientists, Evvy, is kidnapped by the Traders
to be sacrificed. The Principal (recovering from an injury),
sends his brother Zeeh to rescue her. The plot revolves
around these three characters with their conflicts,
weaknesses and love for each other. Each of them is
believable and real.

This is my first encounter with Ms. Lance's work. Her
writing is smooth and flowing, with a solid balance of theme,
action and romance. Readers will enjoy this book, but should
read Pandora's Genes first to know what is going on.

--Debbi Ledesma

In the Footsteps of Lewis

Lawhead, Stephen. The Siege of Dome. Crossway Books,

Like his philosophical mentor, C.S. Lewis, Stephen
Lawhead is beginning to build a canon that is both
respectable and informative by a Christian understanding of the
world. Thus, it is impossible to discuss The Siege of Dome
without also examining briefly what Lawhead has
accomplished and what he plans to accomplish.

Lawhead's first fiction was a trilogy. In the Hall of
the Dragon King, The Warlords of Nin, and The Sword
and the Flame are indented, as are all such fantasies, to
Tolkien. Being derivative, though, is in this case not a
criticism: the trilogy is good imitation Tolkien (complete
with maps of Lawhead's secondary universe), depicting the
perennial life-and-death struggle between good and evil, and
the deadly but necessary quest. The trilogy reveals a depth
of character not often found in heroic fantasy, as well as a
sense of high drama, a thematic richness, and an elevated
style and language that are worthy of The Lord of the
Rings.

Dream Thief, Lawhead's next novel, is science fiction.
It centers on Dr. Spencer Reston, a dream-research scientist
on the space station "Gotham." Again, the novel can be
favorably compared to the work of the Oxford Christians. It
is not only similarly infused with Christian theology and
myth, but is also infused with Christian theology and myth.

The Siege of Dome is the conclusion of what Lawhead
calls the "Empyrion Saga." The Search for Fierra is the
first book of the saga, and the publication of each marks the
author's return to the heroic fantasy genre. Orion Treet is
the hero of both books, but he is joined by all sorts of
interesting companions. The books are episodic, as good
sagas should be, and Lawhead continues to show a flair for
description, character development, and thematic consistency.
IN THE ICE KING’S PALACE
THE WORLD IN AMBER
BOOK 2
A. ORR

The enchanting sequel to a “delightfully, originally, thoroughly captivating,“ maturity auspicious debut,”**
The World in Amber.

*Baedeker in Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine
**The Kirkus Reviews

$15.95 trade hardcover
Now on sale
Jacket art: Ron Lindahl

THE COMPLEAT TRAVELLER IN BLACK
JOHN BRUNNER

A fantasy classic, published in its entirety for the first time, with
16 stunning illustrations by Canadian artist
Martin Springett.
BLUEJAY ILLUSTRATED EDITION #15

$8.95 trade paperback
Now on sale
Jacket and interior art: Martin Springett

BLUEJAY BOOKS
James Frenkel, Publisher
1125 Broadway, Suite 906
New York, NY 10010
Distributed in the U.S.A. by St. Martin's Press
Distributed in Canada by Methuen Publications
Gene-Spliced Goddess?
Man-Made Hell-Spawn?
Her Fiery Reign Has Begun!

Firechild
The new novel by
Jack Williamson

Nebula Grandmaster
and
Hugo Award winner

"This pulp-era story, related in modern, toned-down prose, will certainly keep most readers turning pages.... Sure to please Williamson's fans."

— ALA Booklist

$17.95 trade hardcover
Now on sale
Jacket art:
David B. Mattingly

Bluejay Books
James Frenkel, Publisher
1123 Broadway, Suite 306
New York, NY 10010
Distributed by the U.S.A. by St. Martin's Press
Distributed in Canada by Methuen Publications
To subscribe to the Bluejay Fantastic Flyer, write to Dept. BFF at the above address
The primary interest for Lawhead continues to be the struggle between good and evil which continually rages in the world and in the individual heart and mind.

The entire canon is impressive, and, even though the books may be read singly, the complete work develops a mythology and a world view that may be taken as a whole. I am most excited about Lawhead's next effort. Crossway has commissioned the author to write two volumes using Merlin as a central figure and the archetype of True Western Man. The two books will trace the connections between Arthurian romance, Celtic and Mediterranean elements, it is obvious from reading the first books that Lawhead will emphasize Christian concepts in developing his vision of the Western ideal. If these two works follow in the impressive footsteps of Lawhead's earlier fiction, we can expect that Christian fantasy and science fiction will continue to build on the Tolkien/Lewis/Williams foundation.

--Vernon Hyles

The Street-Bum Wizards of Seattle


More magical realism a la Brabyns than fantasy, this is the tale of Seattle's wizards, a small group of gifted people, known only to themselves, who circulate among the bums and street people of the city. They are compelled by the nature of their powers to dispense their special gifts to people in need. Euripides can grant wishes, while Wizard, the leader, by the power of his character, can tell the Truth Of the future, to strangers he meets. The life of modern urban street people is portrayed in detail; the magic is focused in the four extraordinary/ordinary wizards and the encroachment of Mir, a gray dog which threatens to engulf them all threats to the city. Lindholm has created a fascinating, absorbing, and well-written fantasy, incorporating interesting characterizations with the history and topography of Seattle and the psychological turmoil of Vietnam vets. Recommended to all thoughtful readers.

--Diane K. Bauerle

Ancients vs. Moderns


Gordon Linzer is well known in the small press as the man who has for the past twenty years published the magazine Space & Time, one of the better semi-professional SF/F magazines. Linzer's own fiction has also been appearing in The Magazines of the Worlds Will in Space & Time and in his self-published book, The Spy Who Drank Blood (1985). The Oni is Linzer's first novel for a professional publisher.

The story is about an ancient Japanese demon, called an oni, who has been trapped inside the hilt of a ceremonial sword for centuries until it is accidently released in modern-day New York. The story alternates between a typical "New York cops vs. monster-of-the-week" yarn and a much more interesting tale of the original appearance of the oni in Seventh Century Japan. Linzer's grasp of ancient Japan has enriched the story, although the action sometimes provides realism to the historical setting; particularly interesting is the background friction between ShinTo and the first encoachment of Buddhism from China. I would have been intrigued to see an entire novel set in the earlier time period.

The Oni has all of the usual ingredients of modern horror, but they're put together in a refreshing way. In most horror novels, the first few victims are just monster-meat to introduce the supernatural villain before the main characters get involved; in The Oni, however, we gain a deeper understanding of the depth of the first victim and the reason for her mother's flight to America, which determines to hunt the creature down. The book has several interconnecting storylines, but occasionally Linzer sections off too much of one of them, resulting in inconsequent gaps between appearances of the main characters. A few of the scenes seem to be mere padding and could probably have been omitted. Though Linzer's prose is not artistic it is serviceable, and The Oni is a well-done book for modern-horror fans.

--Kevin J. Anderson

An Attractive Fantasy


The publisher of The Darkling Hills bills it as a M.Z. Bradley clone, and one can certainly see its similarity to the fantasies of Bradley, Paxson, et al. Lindhane is one of those fantasy worlds we have encountered many times before--an isolated little country of hills, farms, palaces and temples, maintaining order through limited political means. Lindahne's political slant is conservative--the bad guys are more or less democratic and freethinking, the good people support the values of aristocracy and religious piety--but her world is sexually egalitarian: there is a royal family in which the King and Queen take turns as rulers.

Dallena, crown princess and heir to the throne, is a devotee of the goddess Nialia, who has given her the gift of prophecy. However, when the goddness inspires her to fall in love with a young nobleman who belongs to an interdicted family, Dallena is threatened, which throws the royal court into chaos and gives the villain, evil Uncle Silius, a chance to take power just as an army of Mendales prepares to invade. And so on....

Although its themes and setting are over-familiar, The Darkling Hills is a surprisingly good book. Tiny Lindahne is vividly realized, the characters are believable and reasonably complex, and their fates both absorbing and moving. If you are familiar with Dostoevsky's The Idiot, you cannot help but wonder how appropriately the book is titled, since the action of this book is set in the same time and place as the other--the psi power that the lovers have is actually caused by the same psi power that caused the Russian Revolution. Also, the subplot of the evil Uncle Silius's scheme is very much like the plot of that book, and the action moves in a similar direction--the heroic couple is nearly destroyed by their own misdeeds.

Although it's basically not a very original story, The Darkling Hills is a very engaging one, and I would recommend it for the character studies alone. Although it is a fantasy novel, it has a lot of psychological suspense, which makes it very readable. The book is well-written, and the story moves along briskly without getting too involved in the details. Although the book is not as good as Dostoevsky's The Idiot, it is still an enjoyable read, and I would definitely recommend it for anyone who enjoys this type of fantasy.

--Lynn F. Williams

He Loved Tolkien


This is a sequel to the author's Iron Tower trilogy (though it was written a year or two before). It is a typical first novel by a late-blooming author who was deeply impressed in adolescence by The Lord of the Rings. Its hero, Pereglin Took (cf. Pereglin Took); his companion Cotton Bucklebur leaves; the English rusticities, of Cormac; and Cotton Bucklebur speaks the English rusticities of Sam Gamgee. Other characters are dwarves, elves, men, and warlocks (hobbits without hairy feet but with jewed eyes). Their quest is to reclaim the dwarves' lost underground palace from the evil monsters Spounen or Squoun, and their daily adventures reflect early LOTR ones: a war council of mixed races to explain the background to the story to the reader, a mountain blizzard, an octopus-tentacled monster lurking in a mere beside the sealed door of the underground kingdom. The book ends midway through the quest in order to provide for the obligatory second volume.

The language of the tale is precisely mannered with many a "whelm" and exclamation mark. ("Clang! Bang! Boom!" indicates action.) Characters rarely "say," they "grit" or "rasp." It's pretty awful, but one keeps reading. Within the gallimaufrey there is life, and movement, and invention. McKiernan can create such engaging creatures as the Password Boru and his three sons and interestingly describe how swordhandling may be taught to rank amateurs in a short time. If he can abandon Tolkien, his next novel may have a full story worth one's full attention.

--Paula M. Strain

A Battle Against Words


The Brega Path, the second novel in Dennis L. McKiernan's Silver Call Duology, depicts an excuriatingly detailed yet lifelike, two-dimensional fantasy world. This is a clear case of violating the first principle of writing: McKiernan has substituted for simplified, more graceful prose a compendium of names, parenthetical translations and
explanations, stilted soliloquies, and place-descriptions that read like geographical reports on the terrain. The plot-line is stilted itself--Peregrin Fairhill and his friend Cotton Buckleburrow conclude the adventure they began in The Trek to Kraggen-Cor. To help the Dwarves regain their lost realm, Perry must guide his companions along the dreaded underground Brega Path, then draw on hidden knowledge during a final battle to save them. The main character, Maggot-Folk, is a human. Yet a reader must fight an even more difficult battle to get any sense of concrete reality out of the labored prose. By the time this reader got to the novel's climax, the characters' griefs, labors, and triumphs had lost any appeal they might have had. What lacks in this duology is a major ingredient: emotional immediacy. All those words have killed it.

The Brega Path has appendices, lovingly fashioned after the Tolkien tradition, which take up 25% of the total number of pages in the novel. Beautifully organized, cross-checked, and tabulated, they almost make the story itself superfluous.

--Amanda Goldrick-Jones

Literate Entertainment


The Skook is a substantial and rewarding hybrid of many genres, going back to the early twentieth century cullé du moi novels by way of sixty's and seventies' self-actualization themes. Not in the least pretentious, Miller has added fantasy and a little something of his own. (Not only that--the story partakes of the thriller as well.) Not as lurid or as dry as Steppenwolf, The Skook is the story of a middle-aged man who attains his destiny when he is trapped alone in a subterranean cavern and has to rely on himself--with the help of the mysterious "Skook," that is. This novel explores the paradox that lies at the heart of man-kind's struggles in a complex world: who or what can we rely on? Is there anything we can trust in, some outside force, or is our hope for such aid merely a projection of our own need to have faith? Miller provides no easy answers.

The Skook is a tale well told, full of real-life people seen in ordinary and extraordinary circumstances. The descriptions of even mundane things are such as to touch a deep chord in the reader's mind, and the creature "Skook" stirs deep responses. If there is a single fault it is that the book is slightly too long. Comparing well to the best recent fantasy novels, The Skook is both an entertaining and an uplifting experience.

--Anne Gay

Trilogy Fies to Prantic Finish

Morris, Janet. Beyond Wizardwall. Baen, New York, June 1986, 278p. $15.95 hardcover. ISBN 0-671-65544-2. Poor Niko appears to be in for it at last. Roxane the witch is hot on his trail, various enemies are coming out of the woodwork and his best friend doesn't seem to be able to help. What to do? Readers who have been caught up in the intricacies of Morris's Thieves' World trilogy (Beyond Sanctuary, Beyond the Veil) will gobble up this last installment, but a word to the wise: don't read it without reading the first two novels. Morris attempts no recap of the adventures and travails of her characters, and it's all too easy to get lost in complexities. Nonetheless, Thieves' World is in good hands.

--Susan L. Nickerson

Magical Egg


Jernigan's Egg is a science fantasy full of space ships, dragons, magic and psychic powers. The story takes place on a planet where magic works and there are races of elves, dwarves and goblins as well. The author claims that the author of the book is Kevin Jernigan, an actor who gets caught up in events beyond his control. He acquires the mysterious Egg, an oval stone with occult powers, which his friend was murdered for. Fleeing for his life, he ends up on a magical planet where he is proclaimed the returned hero Jornigan. He doesn't consider himself a hero, but being the actor, he takes on the role to help the people. Here, amid various intrigues, he learns about the mysterious powers of the fateful Egg.

This is the first book of a series called "The Trials of Jernigan". The book does have a conclusion, but still leaves many unsolved problems for Jernigan in the subsequent volumes. Offering a decent blend of mystery, adventure, action and suspense, Jernigan's Egg makes interesting use of "magical" science and psychic powers. Recommended.

--Debbie Ledesma

A Minor Classic Revised


Two hundred years after mysterious aliens drag Earth into the depths of interstellar space, kindling the moon as a substitute sun, humanity appears doomed. Two kinds of people survive: submissive Citizens, given to self-abnegation and meditation, and aggressive Wolves, who conceal their competitive natures. Mentally conditioned, both are used by the aliens as biological control devices. Until one Wolf wakes to discover that humans can fight back.

Originally published in 1959, Wolfbane is one of the lesser collaborations of Pohl and Kornbluth (Space Merchants, Gladiator-At-Law). Although the present version, revised in 1972, claims "substantial" difference from the original, I found the text with heavy cut notes. Recommended to those who haven't read the original.

--Dave Mead

Study War No More


Warrior anthologizes original and reprinted SF stories, poems by Kipling, Housman, and Sarnecki (about soldiers), and generally "right-wing" essays on military issues, including the Strategic Defense Initiative. The poems and stories of this volume of There Will Be War focus on the individual soldier/warrior responding to a variety of "combat" situations.

Three of the eleven short stories—which include work by Pourouelle, Mack Reynolds, and Gordon R. Dickson—are memorable: Edward P. Hughes's "The Wedding March," Harry Turtledove's "The Road Not Taken," and David Drake's "The Interrogation Team." I particularly enjoyed Hughes's tale of husband-hunting in a post-nuclear-holocaust Irish village; the folk of Barley Cross deserve a book of their own. Turtledove's story, originally published in Analog in November 1985, is reminiscent of Christopher Anvil's Pandora's Planet, pleasantly reworking the old theme of the vulnerable invading alien. However, the most important story in the volume is Drake's: "The Interrogation Team" should make even the most dedicated lover of science-fictional war pause for moral stock-taking.

Despite the presence of Drake's story, Warrior is recommended only to disciples of Pourouelle.

--Dave Mead

Dumas in Space


Octavio had always been a backwater planet, and the collapse of the interstellar dominion only made it more so... In this very funny novel, Tim Powers makes shameless use of the oldest conventions of space opera, telling the story of Frank Rovzar, son of a famous painter killed in a coup which brought a new Duke to power. From fugitive swordfighter to King's Cupbearer, Octavio moves into a world that owes more to the 17th century than to SF, although the author reminds us with a few playful anachronisms (T-shirts and typewriters) that technology has not entirely disappeared, only become rare and expensive.

Powers needs to elaborate on the basic revenge plot which moves the book along. Although Powers claims to have touched up only slightly this early work (originally published in 1976 as The Skies Discovered), the writing is quite up

FANTASY REVIEW September, 1986 29
NEWS & REVIEWS

to par, and the many fights and subplots which take up much of the book are quite well handled. Powers already exhibits the humor which marked his Philip-Dick-award-winning The Anubis Gates, especially in the tongue-in-cheek, coincidence-ridden discovery of the lost Ducal heir.

The literal underworld in which much of the action takes place is a grand, fantasy version of the London sewers: the sunken streets span more than a dozen levels, and boast all the conveniences of surface life. This first novel may lack the full cleverness and intricacy of The Anubis Gates, but it has the same kind of humorous energy, and shows the author's personal touch in the unusual fate of his not-so-upbeat hero. A fast, enjoyable read.

--Pascal J. Thomas

A Less Commercial Anthology

Under the yearly anthology from the most commercial SF publisher in France has taken even more of a turn towards the literary, eschewing the "easy read." There are four non-fiction pieces (three articles, one interview), including an article by Jean Chesneau's about J.C. Ballard (which makes the 1900 level imply by Univers's circulation of about 30,000). The good news is that the number of original French-language stories is at a record high (six out of 14); the bad news is that few of these are really good--two, maybe: those by Colette Litwak, writer, and Pierre Giuliani, an old hand, who also seems tired of SF.

The selection of translations is slanted towards the literary end of the field, with good work from R.A. Lafferty, Kim Stanley Robinson, Gardner Dozois, as well as two excellent and unusual choices, Connie Willis's "All My Darling Daughters" and Carter Scholz's "The Nine Billion Names of God."

Large libraries with an interest in foreign SF should obtain this collection.

--Pascal J. Thomas

Harvey Ain't a Rabbit

Harvey dislikes his drunken mother. Harvey dislikes couples nuzzling at night on the Dunes, his favorite stretch of beach for nocturnal ramblings near Ocean City, New Jersey. Harvey likes muscle building, fictional werewolves, and his expensive werewolf costume. The Spirit of the Wolf likes Harvey, and Harvey becomes the Wereling.

I liked The Wereling, a werewolf novel with an original twist and a touch of James Herbert. This novel is, however, clearly the work of someone still learning his craft, for the crafting shows. Without the first chapter and the last page, this would be a novel of psychological terror, not a horror-fantasy novel; the Spirit of the Wolf shows up nowhere else in the second time, it is so late in the story that we have to be shown that he can track a hamster through a garden, if only to remind us of who and what he is.

The novel's most serious flaw is that there is no one character who is consistently pitted against Harvey, despite the fact that several characters, Allan in particular, are apparently being groomed for the role early in the book. In view of the fact that this novel--unlike Carrie, for example--does not provide us with a close and sympathetic study of its "monster's" character, The Wereling's lack of a clear protagonist-antagonist relationship seriously detracts from the book's impact.

Nevertheless, I recommend The Wereling. Its writing is crisp and clean, its pace is fast, and its plot never wavers. The Wereling may not be a bestseller, but is clearly the work of a very talented journeyman.

--Viktor R. Kemper

Competent Fantasy Series Continues


Volumes one and two of this series, Shapechangers and The Song of Homana, related the adventures of Carillon, Prince of Homana, and his successful attempt to gain a throne. Volume three, Legacy of the Sword, takes place many years later and stands fairly well on its own.

Carillon, his body prematurely aged by black magic, is dying. This novel's hero is Donal, heir apparent to the throne. Donal, however, has mixed feelings about his inheritance because his half-brother Chethnul. His father was Cheysuli, a shapechanger, and Donal shares that ability. Further complicating his life is the hatred that human beings bear for his race. In order to succeed as the next king of Homana, Donal must overcome both this hatred and his own inner confusion, not to mention the blackest sorcery.

Roberson is a competent, if not a particularly original, writer, and her series is heavily derivative of both C.J. Cherryh (to whom this novel is dedicated) and Katherine Kurtz. There's a lot of fiery emotion here, much description of clothing, and a fair amount of discussion of how awful and evil the enemy is. Still and all, Legacy of the Sword will appeal to regular readers of heroic fantasy.

--Michael M. Levy

Xenophobic Probes

An orbital launcher crashes off the coast of Scotland after releasing a mysterious deep-space probe. The pilot survives only to be murdered. Witness to it all is Sea Station Secundus--Mark Webber investigates and discovers high-level governmental involvement. A few deaths later, machinations are revealed: first contact with alien life has been made, but a xenophobic bureaucracy is keeping it quiet and what's more, intends to squelch it for good, via the probe--it's a relativistic missile aimed at the source of the alien transmission.

Now persona non grata, Bellamy emigrates to the only remaining interstellar colony ship, which is languishing in earth orbit for lack of funding (its sister ship has successfully reached Epsilon Eridani, a habitable planet). Once accepted as a member of the colony, Bellamy quickly proves himself a resourceful fugitive, leading commando raids on various earth sites to rejuvenate the ship's declining ecology and to replace its outdated equipment. The forays are a (costly) success, and the colony ship leaves earth orbit for an encounter with the probe, the probe's warship escort, and the aliens, who have their own rather surprising, xenophobic reply.

Rohan shows considerable skill in handling the political, economic and social underpinnings of interstellar colonization--that is, the debate into play between cyclical Zonemist and the problems special to relativistic time. And though his utilitarian prose is often as colorful as wintertime on a Scottish loch, Rohan's eye for detail and his many astute insights into human nature enhance a rather straightforward plot and help quell the exasperation caused by iff coincidential happenings at story's end.

--Barron Reynolds

The Quest of the Warrior Turtle

Morlac, a turtle, is transformed into a warrior by the magician Sordos, who uses a corpse to give Morlac human form. The plot is the story of Morlac's quest for the magician (not of, as in the title). We are told early on that revenge is not the point; we hope that Morlac doesn't want to resume his separate turtle and corpse identities. Despite this uncertainty, there is little suspense generated by the quest for the magician's restorative formula, a fable that draws on the ancient stories of metamorphosis. Morlac, a turtle, a war...
and then quartet fight their way across "most of the eastern hemisphere" of the mythical planet of Norda. Friends and villanies come and go, die or live.

Russe's inventiveness is high, his prose style is usually all right, and his invention is earnest even if the plot doesn't suggest it. Moderately recommended.

—Patricia Hernlund

**Surrealist Parallel History**


Following Geoff Ryman's impressive first novel *The Warrior Who Carried Life*, Unwin have now reprinted his World Fantasy Award-winning novel *The Unconquered Country*. This version is slightly expanded from the one which appeared in *Interzone*, but it has been adapted for book publication mainly by using large print and inserting a number of very effective illustrations.

The story told in the novella is the biography of a peasant girl caught up in events which parallel the history of Cambodia during the last couple of decades. Her ungloried country is a rather more bizarre realm where houses and warplanes are living beings, and this surrealization is a narrative device by which Ryman seeks to generate a reaction in his readers which cold realism could not provoke. Some readers may find this will not work for them, but others will find it affectively powerful. It is, in any case, neatly and elegantly done. Ryman has already proved himself to be a writer who can generate considerable intensity of feeling, and there is a good deal of originality in the perspectives which his imagination provides. He is the most promising new writer to have appeared in Britain in the last couple of years.

—Brian Stableford

**Second Time Around**


An examination of the history of the publication of the first three books of Sabehagen's Swords series reveals the fact that the novels were originally intended to be an accompanying text for a game proffered by Sabehagen. Apparently not successful, the game faded so quickly that by the third book there was no reference to it. In *Woundhealer's Story* one would never know that such a plan had ever been forecast. Still, there are many similarities to the first three books, though now the title refers to lost swords.

In this entry, Prince Mark of Tasavalla enters upon the quest for a sword, Woundhealer, which will cure his son's backache and seizures. Found, the sword is stolen, then regained, but fails to heal the boy. The search is then for the reason for this failure. All is explained in the end, magic triumphs, the problem resolves. Nothing in quest fantasy should be as easy as it seems; Sabehagen manages to make this quest too transparent to hold interest. Simplistic characterization and overly blunt dialogue make this book both boring and trite. Not recommended.

—Susan H. Harper

**Interplanetary Ballooning**


Shaw's latest novel is his largest and most ambitious; it is also more fantasy than SF. This is evidenced by the fact that, in his universe he has created here, the wing -- the balloon -- is exactly three. And, having given himself the liberty of rewriting physical laws, Shaw postulates a pair of planets that orbit closely enough to possess a common atmosphere.

The setting is merely a device to enable Shaw's main plot themes and ideas to develop. From one of these planets to the other, it's a staggering concept, marvelously audacious on the part of author and participants alike, and a lot of fun to read. What Shaw has done is to take a good many cliches (an angry young man, a stock and a medieval civilization, an unintelligent but implacable alien menace, a love interest quite obvious to all except the protagonist, personal hatred culminating in a duel to the death, and others too numerous to list) and rearrange them in an exciting fashion.

Disarmingly swish-plots entwine; fortunes change; years pass. Our hero, Toller Maranaque, begins as a firebrand -- a man whose temper makes him enemies -- and goes on to mature, to serve as personal assistant to the kingdom's chief philosopher, to distinguish himself in the army, and to command a successful balloon flight from Land towards its twin planet Pernet. Not bad.

Shaw has several times, in previous novels, cut his plots short. Here, in his best book, he shows that he can tell a larger story better than a smaller one. Furthermore, although this book is complete in itself, two more are being written with the same background.

—Chris Morgan

**Hard SF, Great Plot, Wonderful Characters**


In mood, setting, characters and fast pace, this story is reminiscent of *The Web Between the Worlds* (Ace, 1979). The several principle characters all have their own private agendas which generate various subplots, all coming together in one complex story arc. All the while, there are strange things happening: in one of the sandstorms on Earth, a human-robot run amuck.

Several powerful and dangerous bio-engineered "construsts" have killed their makers and escaped into space. The human-alien alliance comprising the Stellar Group has put the two humans responsible for the problem in charge of its solution. Their own competition for power shapes the methods they use.

Although the plot can be summarized simply, the depth of background detail, including both space- and decadent *Earth*-cultures, several forms of believable aliens, vast technical and engineering achievements, intelligent computers, extra-solar planets, and much more make this a book to read and enjoy more than once.

Those who have read Sheffield before will need no urging to grab this one. Those not familiar with Sheffield are to be both pillotted and envied; pillotted because of what they've missed, and envied because there can be no better introduction to his work than this novel. Recommended without reservation.

—W.D. Stevens

**Vagabond King: A Silverberg to Savor**


*Star of Gypsies* is a personal autobiography of Yakoub, legitimate King of the Gypsies, a galactic race in the 32nd century. 127 years of age, Yakoub, a querulous, wistful narrator, explains his self-exile on the ice-world of Mulano as a strategic retreat meant to shake his people, the Rom (the gypsies of old, lost Earth), from their complacency so that they will strive to reclaim their heritage, the Romany Star. From there they came to Earth 10,000 years ago. When the sea destroyed their island kingdom of Atlantis, they were set on the wandering course for which they are famous in our own time. On Mulano, Yakoub spends years reflecting on his past, his options and his responsibilities, and debating these and other topics with his infrequent visitors. (You don't need a spaceship to travel in the year 3150, only an encapsulating net that folds away like a raincoat. Blithe spirits move about the planet in forklifts moved by spider-womblike ray.

This is very good Silverberg, a work in keeping with the emotional direction of his later fiction, though without the spiritual pain of, say, *Dying Inside or Thorns*. His story of the galaxy-ward hero Yakoub has much to teach about mortality and responsibility. Yakoub's relaxed irony will remind some readers of King David's temperament in Joseph Heller's *God Knows*, and the novel's perspicacious wisdom places it in the high company of Margarite Yourcenar's *Hadrian, Robert Graves' I Claudius*, and James Clavell's *Shogun*. Given this book's heavy emphasis on the philosophic, the elegiac, and the mystical, lovers of action in SF may feel patience in its first half, and nuts-and-bolts fans will object to Silverberg's carefree solutions to such problems as faster-than-light travel. But those who love SF that deals with important questions will be delighted with...
Star of Gypsies which attempts to answer Elliot Rosewater's famous dying query, "What are people for?" Yakoub's implicit answer must rank with the best of provisional wisdom: the reduction of thuggery, the increase of joy and merry-making, pride in family and tribe, the impulse to one's star. For all libraries and back pockets. --Thom Dunn

**Murderous Luminescence**


Originally published in Great Britain in 1978, Thomas Tessier's first novel, *The Fates*, lacks both the literary and psychological depth of his more famous, more recent horror novels—*The Nightwalker* and *Phantom*.

Set in rural Connecticut, this loosely constructed tale depicts a small town besieged by mysterious blue lights that contain malignant, murderous creatures. Early casualties include a pregnant cow, a middle-aged chess fanatic, and a "hip" young couple into kinky sex. An interesting sidelong has a couple of the town kids mistaking the blue light phenomena for a Virgin Mary.

While not without its scary and/or satisfying moments, *The Fates* is second-rate Tessier. A basic problem is that it doesn't have much of a plot. While not a particularly bloody horror novel, *The Fates* somewhat resembles a slasher movie, with murderous havoc-making until there's no one left to be killed. Recommended for those interested in Tessier's development as a novelist, but not as an introduction to his work. --James B. Hemesath

**Yuppies and Satanists**


*The Immortal* clearly assumes a mass market reader seeking horrific shocks and sexual thrills. By means of hypodermic syringes and sexual vampirism, Sebastian Synn has appropriated the "essence of life" of a series of victims and achieved preternatural longevity. As the novel opens, he is plotting to seduce a young couple, Riley and Melanie, to join his cult of Satan worshipers. *The Immortal's* style is distractingly awkward, and its many descriptions of sexual intercourse are especially tinctured. The novel's main problem, however, is its curious gentility: the Satanist predators behave so decorously that the reader does not believe them capable of the mayhem attributed to them.

While the novel is not very successful as the exploitation the cover leads one to expect, it provides an interesting comment on the materialistic 80's. To ensnare Riley and Melanie, the Satanists offer not power, knowledge, or sensual pleasure, but money exclusively. A part-time janitor and free-lance journalist, saddled with $900 a month alimony payments, Riley is so harassed financially that the prospect of wealth is irresistible. It is, furthermore, a sign of our times that, lacking economic safety nets, the couple fear involvement with the police. Assigned to investigate murders committed by the Satanists, Lieutenant Longino is both shrewd and compassionate. Yet Riley repeatedly withholds vital information from him, and Melanie does not call him to come to their rescue even when she is certain they face a hideous death. The couple are so afraid the police will hold them responsible that they have witnessed that they prefer losing body and soul in a Satanic ritual. --Wendy Bousfield

**Thrile Hatching of Horror**


"Into the worlds of loneliness, anxiety and fear..." warns the cover blurb, and this superior collection of thirteen downbeat stories is entirely true. I'm not sure what Lisa Tuttle has against small children of happy families, but in almost half the tales children or their parents come to nasty ends—often at the hand of each other. For example, in the wonderfully titled "Dollburger," a lonely little girl is unknowingly manhandled by the sentient dolls she tries to protect, while the bizarre premise of "Stranger in the House" has a woman inexplicably thrown back to her own childhood, where she waits in the darkness to replace her younger self.

The remaining tales range across an impressive spectrum of original territons, with best of these include "‘Threaded the Maze," a Jamesian ghost story involving a mythological turf-maze and a dead husband who waits at its center; "Sun City", wherein the witness to a rape is pursued by an ancient Mexican god clad in tattered human skin; The Nest in which two women move into an old country house and discover they are sharing the attic with something; and the ultimate Quest of Honor nightmare, "Flying to Byzantium," with an insecure writer trapped in a terrifyingly real SF convention from which there appears to be no escape.

Each story included here has appeared before in an anthology or magazine, but collected together they impress with their subtlety, scope and remarkable power. A *Nest of Nightmares* is without doubt one of the most impressive collections of horror stories to appear for many years. On the basis of this volume alone, Lisa Tuttle has become a major force in macabre fiction. --Stephen Jones

**Bobbing into the Future**


In this Hugo-nominated novel, *The Peace War*, Vernor Vinge explored the idea of the bobble, a stasis field that held its contents free from the flow of time. The bobble was developed as the perfect defense against nuclear weapons but ended up becoming a boon to itself. In *Marooned in Realtime* it becomes the instrument of one-way time travel, both inadvertent and deliberate.

As the story begins, Wil Brierson, a minor character in *The Peace War*, has been bobbled by crooks he was pursuing and ends up fifty million years in the future. By that time humanity has disappeared, and only a few hundred people from the 21st and 22nd centuries remain. Some, like Brierson, are inadvertent victims of bobbling, others are criminals or political prisoners sentenced to exile in time and a few are deliberate jumpers from the high-tech era of the 22nd century, just before the disappearance of mankind. Brierson resumes his career as a policeman to investigate the murder of one of the colony's founders. He finds himself caught in the struggle between various political factions from his own era as well as the conflict between the people of the 21st and 22nd centuries.

Although Vinge continues to examine the implications of the bobble, he has added other levels of speculation to this novel, the major one being the effects of unrestrained technological change and the problems that result when people from wildly different technological backgrounds are brought together. Coupled with a suspenseful detective-story plot, the result is a novel that will probably keep most readers up late. But Vinge never answers the biggest question of the book, just what did happen to the human race in the 23rd century? Still, with its combination of solid sf speculation and suspenseful entertainment, *Marooned In Realtime* should be at least as successful as *The Peace War*.

--Keith Solty's

**The Thrile of Economics**


Despite the dreadful packaging and the inane blurs on the front and back cover, Evans's *Shining Steel* is a readable, in fact enjoyable book. John Mercy-of-Christ is the heir to a large estate in the coast village of Corbin and Bill Graham. Large groups of people have fled the earth to set up planetary feudal kingdoms based on Biblical teachings. Generations have passed, tribes have increased, and each tribe claims to be the sole possessor of Truth. Each is ready to defend that Truth with the sword and shield. John Mercy-of-Christ battles heretics on Godstown—successfully until the ancient, banished sins of automatic weaponry, plastic, soft cushions, and wanton women are brought from Mother Earth by the New Bechet-Rand Corporation. The balance of the war is upset on Godstown, and peace is achieved through the Satanic
seduction of trade and commerce. After corporate battle and the thrill of economics, mere hacking and hewing in the name of God hold little excitement for John-Merey-of-Christ.

This is the author's second book (the first, also published by Avon, is The Chromosomal Code), and aside from the hokey ending (cribbed from Heinlein), Shining Steel works as a novel. Watts-Evans mixes fundamentlist Christianity and capitalism in a believable manner, and the obvious parallel to today's religious fervor in conservative camps does not detract from the well-told story.

---Vernon Hyles

Top-Notch


I heard Jack Williamson read an excerpt from a work-in-progress at the 1984 SFRA meeting, and I have been eagerly anticipating its book publication ever since. This finely crafted work is well worth the wait. It is Williamson at his best, with a good SF idea (creation of a new life form through genetic engineering), cold war machinations (the religiously right, KGB agents, scientists, and the frightened public, all seeking control of the new creature), and several believable and likable characters.

The first three chapters set the tone. Adrian Clegg, right wing "Soldier of God" visits EnGene Laboratories in an unsuccessful attempt to convince Dr. Victor Belceraft, an idealist who desires only to improve the lot of humanity, and his colleague (most of the dialogue is between them) that their research is a challenge to God and a danger to mankind. Anya Ostrov, KGB agent, is ordered to America to attempt to obtain "The American Weapon"; Saxon Belceraft, smalltown M.D., disturbed by an unusual phone call from his brother Victor, arrives at Enfield just in time to be turned back by police at the edge of the fiery destruction of unknown origin that has consumed both town and laboratory. It is Belceraft who discovers the only living survivor: Alphamega, a tiny, pink wormlike creature that radiates love and friendship.

Although its rapid and humanoid growth, Clegg's recall to active duty to take charge of locating the "weapon," and the imperious demands of Anya's superiors for her to capture or destroy whatever caused the disaster, lead to a tangled series of events and alliances. The story is finely paced, and Alphamega and her protectors and enemies keep the reader alert and fascinated till the last page.

---Arthur O. Lewis

Remembering the Gods


The artistry, talent, and hard work which Gene Wolfe brings to his writing are unequalled in the sf field. His latest book is another impressive performance, admirably written and a delight to read.

From the far future of the "New Sun" tetralogy, Wolfe has now turned to the distant past of pre-classical Greece at the time of the Persian War. The book is narrated by Latro, a mercenary in the Persian army who is wounded in the head and, as a result, loses his long-term memory; he can remember at most one day into the past, except for some recollection of his childhood. To preserve continuity in his life, Latro records the passing events in a series of scrolls. It is the first of these scrolls that Wolfe has here "translated" for us.

As a kind of poetic compensation for his loss of memory, Latro becomes able to see and hear the gods as they intervene in various ways in the lives of men. The book records his search for his past and his identity, sometimes helped and sometimes hindered by the gods. He lives in the present, meeting his friends again every day, learning every day who he is and what his goal is, but at the same time being able to see more clearly than his fellows, since he must every day understand the world anew.

Wolfe has taken pains to honor the world of the ancient Greeks as precisely and penetratingly as possible, so that it comes to life again for the reader. One meets here a world charged with mystery and with the presence of the gods. Latro, whose native language is not Greek, translates most of the Greek words he meets, including the names of cities and places so that Athens, for example, is called "Thought." The effect is to break through the preconceptions the reader may have about the period, allowing him to experience it anew.

This fascinating book is clearly the first in what promises to be a major new series: it ends with the sentence "These are the last words of the first scroll." I look forward to the rest!

---Fernando Quadros Gouveia

Fossil SF


A physicist, Zahn reinforces the view that today's vital SF owes more to biology and computer science (see Sterling's Shaper/Meech series, Bear's Blood Music, Preuss's Human Error) than to physics and engineering. Indeed, many stories in this collection read as if they had come from the 50's Astounding rather than the 80's Analog, and their cliched concepts are not redeemed by their treatments (e.g. "The Giftie Gie Us," "The Energy Crisis of 2215," "The Dreamsender," "Dragon Pax"). Freshness appears only in the change of gimmicks.

Many of the stories, especially the stronger ones, make use of psi powers, a very "non-scientific" device. So "The Cassandra," which manages more psychological depth than the rest, or "...Lifetime Experiment." Uncharacteristically set on a non-technological planet, "The Shadows of the Evening" would feel like fantasy if it did not deal with the personal tragedies caused by technical obsolescence. Cleverly enough, Zahn's solution is a psi discipline aimed at dissipating the accursed Shadows which gather around all technological objects. (Zahn distinguishes this story by giving it a sequel, published here for the first time.)

The collection is enlivened by two Sheekleyan bits ("Teamwork" and "Job Inaction") but the title story stands head and shoulders above the rest, because it mixes with more ingenuity its technical gimmick (star travel through alternate universes) with its powerful images (the doubles of various characters appear, reflecting the choices in their lives). Probably, too, because its hardboiled starship captain refrains from spouting too much ideology. Zahn makes excellent use of mathematics in this story, and I can only regret his sketchiness in the psychological portraits, especially in the case of Bradley, whose mental troubles are never really identified.

Zahn brings more ingenuity than average to a very tired subgenre, but his mediocre style seldom saves his stories. The more recent samples of his prolific output seem to show more promise, but the bulk of this volume is for Analog fanatics only.

---Pascal J. Thomas

YA Fiction

Vesper Holly Adventuress


Vesper Holly springs to life in the first sentence of this book in such a stunning way that one can only dash onward, reading to see if the heroine will really be as remarkable as her introduction leads one to believe. She becomes more remarkable with each page. Orphaned at sixteen, the shrewd
Vesper cons her new guardian into setting off to the mythical land of Illyria, there to save her father's reputation and to discover the truth about his death. There is a war in Illyria: which face will Vesper side with? "The King," or "the rebels?" Did her father find the vanished treasure? Did the mysterious warriors exist?

Alexander's books are always favorites with young adults and this new entry can only increase that reputation. Vesper does not merely live on the page, she tears across it. She is never more than two steps ahead of trouble but always more than a dozen ahead of her guardian Brinnie. Readers had better run to get this book and hope that Alexander has more in store for us with Miss Holly.

--Susan H. Harper

Not So Hideous


Frankly, the title is not really descriptive of the contents of this anthology of nine short stories, intended for young adults, which include such familiar (at least to mature readers) titles as Dorothy Sayers's "The Cyprian Cat," Robert Bloch's "They Saw Bell-Board" from the collection "A Haunted Island," and Ray Bradbury's "The Eyes of the Mind," as well as such less familiar selections as Ruth Rendell's "Meeting in the Park," Joan Aiken's "The Island of the Dolls," "The Man Who Didn't Believe in Ghosts," and Aidan Chambers's "Dead Monday." Actually, the stories are, in the main, whimsical and quirky rather than "horrifying and hideous"; accuracy has perhaps been sacrificed to alliteration. (And, if I am any judge of the taste of twelve-year-olds, to competition with Stephen King!)

Of the less familiar stories, those of Ruth Rendell and Joyce Marsh are the most evocative and offer a nice contrast in their use of the traditional themes and motifs of the ghost story. Rendell uses the double in a delicate and sophisticated love story, while Marsh uses the animal ghost in a sturdy rural tale of a loyalty that transcends death.

Although the book seems rather expensive for its market, it offers an interesting and mostly unhackneyed selection of tales of the supernatural. Still, it may well be too tame for today's robust teenagers.

--Veronica M.S. Kennedy

Light Weight YA Fantasy


Originally published in 1968, this novel by the author of the Seventh Swan is a light-weight, picaresque fantasy whose goal is not to excite its readers, but to charm them. It relates the adventures of Muffler, an innocent young goatherd who finds himself repeatedly drawn into the world of magic.

Though the book lacks dramatic tension, Gray's whimsical sense of humor and fluent writing style are enough to keep the reader going. Muffler has the magical ability to talk with animals, and scenes such as the one in which he discusses the meaning of life with a bored bull, or the one in which he must talk to a herd of goats out of trying to help him rescue a prince, succeed nicely.

Gray does achieve what he set out to do, but he wasn't trying to do all that much. Though enjoyable, Grimbold's Other World is minor.

--Michael M. Levy

Uncommon Magic, but Flawed


The tall tale of the five Wynter children, (from a family "where magic is as common as breathing") and their bewitching Aunt Celia, is clearly intended for younger readers, although the premise is bound to charm some older folks as well. Set in Boston, the story pits the children, their aunt, and a ghostly but inept butler against an army of ghosts who have been enlisted in the service of good old American greed and capitalism.

The story does have some flaws. The ages of the children (the eldest is sixteen) seem a little advanced for their behavior, but then Aunt Celia seems a little young for the story, too, and that's part of the story's charm: an elderly woman dressed in the style of the fifties (that's 1950s), and an error with the servants, she not only encourages her young charges to use their magic as an advantage in a snowball fight with some street toughs but participates in the fray as well.

Krenskey's work is faintly reminiscent of Edward Eager's, but without the outrageous puns and frequent literary allusions that gave texture to Eager's work. Nevertheless, it's a good, funny ghost story, and worth the reading time for interested 8-to-10-year-olds.

--Carol D. Stevens

A Lovely but Incomplete Flight


About three-quarters of the way through this promising novel for young adults, Kathryn Lasky needlessly shifts from effective romantic realism, human interest and authentic idealism to unconvincing fantasy. It is regrettable because the story (about fifteen-year-old Sam Brooks from Indiana and his new Massachusetts friends Gus Early and the autistic but mysteriously gifted Lucy Swift) is touching and well told. The reader cares whether Gus, a photographer, will succeed in protecting a wildlife sanctuary and reintroducing eagles there before terminal cancer claims him; whether Lucy will emerge miraculously from her silent isolation; whether Lucy's sentiment affinity to a majestic eagle is illusory or truly phenomenal. And rapturous descriptions of the grand eagle bespeak love and respect which sensitive readers can share. Also, after an unbelievably commonplace discourse between the eagle and Lucy (and Sam, too), the magic is gone. And after the youths are suddenly transported fifty years into the past to visit the community that had been sacrificed to create a bust for a football reservoir for Boston, Home Free's suspense and charm dissolve.

--Richard Law

Non-Fiction

Erratum


--Ben-Yehuda, a lecturer in sociology at Israel's Hebrew University, attempts to explore "deviant subcultures" in order to determine the limits which society will allow deviant groups to operate. Although most of the book is devoted to analyses of medieval witches and modern "deviant scientists" such as Paul Krapczynski, Ben-Yehuda devotes most of his third chapter to the world of science fiction fandom.

Although Ben-Yehuda professes to be a science fiction fan, his analysis of sf fandom is superficial. Relying entirely on secondary sources, Ben-Yehuda compares sf fandom to such occult groups as Anton LaVey's Church of Satan. Ben-Yehuda criticizes fandom for failing to have a leader as strong as LaVey and for having anti-rational attitudes. In his analysis, Ben-Yehuda tries to misspell names of critics (Marshall Tymm, Roger "Schlobkin" and authors (Phyllis "Einstein, "Ann McCaffrey") so frequently one wonders if he has read any of the books under discussion. He makes many other basic mistakes, such as assuming that book and magazine publishers are the prime movers in organizing sf conventions.

Readers interested in analyses of the sociology of fandom should read Gary Alan Fine's Shared Worlds (1968). Much work needs to be done in this area, but Ben-Yehuda's book fails to add to the scanty research previously published. Not recommended.

--Martin Morse Wooster
National Academy Art Show Opens

The largest exhibition of contemporary fantasy art ever mounted opened September 26 at the Delaware Art Museum in Wilmington. An invitational show, organized by the National Academy of Fantastic Art, James Christensen, president, it includes 86 paintings and 19 sculptures representing 45 American and European artists.

The traveling show, which will remain at the Delaware museum until November 30, was selected by a jury of three, including Christiansen, Vern Swanson (Director of the Springville, Utah, Museum), and Robert Marshall, Professor of Art at Brigham Young University.

Among the artists represented are Pamela Lee (see photo at right), whose work has appeared in the New York Society of Illustrators' Annual, and has won numerous awards; Michael Whelan, perpetual winner of the Hugo Award voted by Science Fiction fans; James Gurney, who worked on the Ralph Bakshi film, "Fire and Ice"; and Britain's Wayne Anderson, who illustrated "Red Flight of Dragons" and supervised the animated film of that book. Among the sculptures are works by Hap Henriksen and Ray Harryhausen, producer of the special effects for numerous fantasy films.

Other exhibiting artists familiar to fantasy fans are Alicia Austin, David Cherry, James Christiansen, Leo and Diane Dillon, Tim Hildebrandt, Carl Lumbly, Don Maitz, Real Musgrave, Alan Lee, Brian Froud, Don Ivan Punchatz, Darrel Sweet, James Warhola, Dawn Wilson and Star York.

The Delaware Museum, which specializes in the work of American Illustrators from Winslow Homer to Howard Pyle, is located at 2301 Kentmere Parkway in Wilmington. It's open until 5 p.m. daily.

Pendragon's Los Angeles Opening

Pendragon Galleries, of Annapolis, Maryland, opened its new Los Angeles gallery with a One-Woman Show of the works of Alicia Austin, September 20. Pendragon plans to offer the works of 100 artists in various media, including more who work on the West Coast, in the immediate future.

Aldiss Appreciation Society

A Brian W. Aldiss Appreciation Society has been founded in Derbyshire, England. For an $8 membership fee, applicants receive a special limited edition of Aldiss's "My Country 'Tis Not Only of Thee," plus signed photos of the author and a Newsletter. For further information, write: Pauline Valentine, 25 Margaret Avenue, Long Eaton, Derbyshire, England.

Britain's FantasyCon XI

American Horror writer Dennis Etchison was Guest of Honor at FantasyCon XI, held at Birmingham, England, September 26-28. Samantha Lee was Master of Ceremonies, and Jody Scott a special guest.

UNDERWOOD-MILLER
651 Chestnut Street
Columbia, PA 17512-1233

A MAJOR PUBLISHING EVENT

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF PHILIP K. DICK includes all of the published stories, novelettes and novellas (excepting those that were later lengthened into novels without substantial changes). Four previously unpublished stories have their first appearance here. This massive three-volume set contains over 700,000 words -enough for ten of Phil Dick's novels.

We're intending this to be a literary event. The first four hundred sets of this important work will be beautifully bound, issued in slipcase and numbered 1-400. The estate of Phil K. Dick has provided a unique item to accompany this slipcased edition: "The Acts of Paul," a short, alternate-world story synopsis for an unwritten novel, which we are printing as a separate booklet of three pages, for the four hundred numbered sets (only).

In addition, each of the first one hundred copies will have a signature from Phil Dick, tastefully overlaid and tipped onto the limitation page (from portions of his checks, made available by his estate). This one hundred copy signed edition will also feature a separate binding.

Warning: the four hundred slipcased sets are expected to sell out prior to publication. We will not be holding any copies back. These are sold strictly on a first-come first-served basis. A 50% deposit will reserve your copy. We are actively encouraging advance orders to support this monumental publication.

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF PHILIP K. DICK will be ready in early December. Prices for the three-volume sets are (each volume is approx. 385 pages and is over-size, 7" x 10"): 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Edition</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>#1-100 in slip case, with signature</td>
<td>$350.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>#101-400 in slipcase</td>
<td>$100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Regular edition without slipcase</td>
<td>$80.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

NEWS & REVIEWS

Myth in Action


Old legends never die, they acquire a new wardrobe. Jan Brunvand's sequel to The Vanishing Hitchiker and The Croning of the Book, is packed with material. And while it contains the usual mix of lighthearted legends, apocryphal stories—usually shared via the infamous friend of a friend ("foaf," in folklorist parlance)—that everyone seems to know, that have been blurred in newspapers (no doubt giving rise to the reclusive myth, "they wouldn't print it if it wasn't true"), but that cannot be substantiated with any hard evidence.

The Mexican pet of the title refers to the story of the woman who, on vacation south of the border, is so smitten by a sickly-looking "dog" that she smuggles it back home, only to be infested it by Mexican sewer rats, the "Hair-And-Blanket Hitchiker," "The Killer in the Backseat" and "The Spider Bite" are just a few of the hundred or so tall tales here that are the basis of fiction FR readers will recognize. Accompanying each is a brief discussion on variants and occasionally a geographic tracing of the legend's dissemination. Not much is said about why we fabricate these stories, but if we knew that, we probably wouldn't do it, and think how much poorer we'd be for it.

--Stefan R. Dziemianowicz

Keen Observations


This essay's title is somewhat misleading: "new" here essentially refers to the New Wave, its predecessors and successors. Cordesse gives a good history of the genre in the English-speaking world up to the sixties in the first three chapters of the book. Chapter 4 begins the examination of "newness" and deals with contemporary science fiction. A number of writers are briefly studied in sections divided into the Fifties, the New Wave, and the Contemporary (post 1970 period). (This last is the subject of a survey of the same title by Pierre K. Rey and Pascal J. Thomas [1981], not to be confused with this book.)

Cordessee teaches American literature at Toulouse University (Le Mirail) and has been a faithful reader of American science fiction. He is able to successfully unite theory with the biographical, historical survey. One of Cordesse's main ideas is that the milieu which has grown around the genre has modified the nature of communication, and made possible the literary sophistication which resulted in the modern (i.e. complex) SF that Cordesse appreciates.

Well received in France, this book has been widely read by the SF community. Its wide appeal makes it a good addition to any serious collection of non-fiction about SF.

--Pascal J. Thomas

Does This Book Have an Audience?


Kruil, a New York City high school teacher, begins his book with a chronology of Zelazny's life and a brief biographical sketch. He follows this with a series of chapters (covering, roughly chronologically, Zelazny's published work to 1983) each of which centers on what Kruik sees as Zelazny's major thematic concern at that point in his career. The book closes with a very short discussion of works in progress, textual notes, and bibliographies of both Zelazny's published fiction and critical studies of that fiction, again with nothing more recent than 1983.

Kruik has both read the letters in the Zelazny collection at Syracuse University and had the great good luck to spend three days interviewing the author in November of 1982. He is therefore at his best when he engages in biographical criticism, tracing the appearance and transformation of Zelazny's real-life experiences in his work. One can't help but wish, however, that considerably more material from those interviews appeared here. The rest of the book is essentially plot summary with very basic interpretation of a sort which is unlikely to be of great interest to most SF fans. Kruik's book aimed at science fiction fans; if it were, it is doubtful that it would have found it necessary to define so basic a term as "fanzine." If this book has an audience it might be students enrolled in an introductory high school or college science-fiction class.

This isn't a terrible book (though Kruik is a poor stylist, given to rambling and too many parenthetical references), but it's already out of date and contains little really useful material. Carl B. Yoke's 1979 volume in the Starmont Reader's Guide series remains the preferred full-length study of Zelazny's work.

--Michael M. Levy

Fine Pictures, Flawed Text


Shipman, a mainstream film critic, provides more information on silent films and more background on changing studio attitudes towards SF than Peter Nicholls's World of Fantastic Films (1984, PR 76). Most of Shipman's critiques of individual films, however, are less specific and persuasive than Nicholls's. Anyone who likes Outland, Krull, Superman III and the 1978 remake of King Kong and dislikles 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, E.T. and Clockwork Orange has a lot of explaining to do, but Shipman fails adequately to justify his preferences. He covers French, German and Soviet films of the silent era but omits most sound films which are not American or British. Thus, he discusses Aelita (Soviet, 1924) but not Solaris (Soviet, 1972). Wandering selectively in fantasy, he includes Caligari, Niebelungen, Tom Thumb, Excalibur, and the Harryhausen films but omits many others. Among collapse-of-civilization films, the trivial No Blade of Grass is discussed but not the Mad Max series. Shipman repeats the line from The Black Hole about "the search for habitable life," apparently without realizing it is a howler. Any schoolboy could correct his misidentification of Tom Baker as the third Doctor Who. Both Shipman's and Nicholls's books have excellent collections of color and black-and-white illustrations, but Shipman's text is more comprehensive and authoritative.

Anyone wanting a one-volume survey of fantastic films should prefer Nicholls. Anyone greedy for lots of gorgeously reproduced pictures will want both.

--Michael Klossner

SF Anime


Anime is the Japanese word for animation. According to American enthusiasts Reynolds and Carlson, animation Japanese SF TV series are intended for all ages but are usually reduced by American distributors to hackwork for children. Robotech, produced in 1982 and 1983 by Studio Nue, the Spielberg's of anime, has reached U.S. TV with its wild action, convoluted plots and statesmanlike speeches intact. Dozens of battles and almost as many romances punctuate three alien invasions of Earth. Individual aliens are attracted by the human qualities of love and freedom, yet the human leaders are as guilty as the alien aggressors of needlessly prolonging the war. Wide-eyed heroes and heroines of stainless idealism forgive their enemies and plead for peace even while fighting patriotically. Some bizarre details include a male freedom fighter who works undercover as a female rock star, and a group of aliens who become terrified of humans when they see an SF film and take the special effects literally.

Robotech is far superior to American TV cartoons in both story and art. Besides synopses of all 85 episodes, the authors of Robotech Art 1 provide a 26-page history of anime and hundreds of color and black and white illustrations, many of them striking. Robotech Art 1 is reasonably priced and recommended not only to fans but to anyone interested in animation, children's TV or SF on TV.

--Michael Klossner
RICHARD and WENDY PINI of Warp Graphics, who built their success story on the runaway fan phenomenon, Elfquest, have announced (at last) a sequel to the original series: Elfquest: Siege at Blue Mountain. An eight-issue, limited series, written and pencilled by Wendy Pini and co-plotted and edited by Richard Pini, it will be published bi-monthly by Apple Comics, beginning in October.

The Mirkstone, a ghost story by MICHAEL PALIN, illustrated by ALAN LEE, and designed by RICHARD SEYMOUR, will be released for the Christmas trade by RANDOM HOUSE in November. The book's gimmick is seven foil stamped holograms, incorporated into four-color illustrations by Lee. The cover painting, for example, shows a frightened girl struggling to escape the confines of a crystal ball (shades of The Wizard of Oz). One hopes the final printing is more effective than the sample in the promo package, however: the holo is smears and difficult to see: from most viewing angles it resembles a silver hole in the picture.

STARMONT HOUSE has released No. 24 in its Reader's Guide Series, E. E. "Doc" Smith, by JOSEPH SANDERS. (Cover by STEPHEN FABIAN, 900; $17.95 hardcover, ISBN 0-916732-73-8; paper $7.95, -72-2.) Done in the familiar format, the book contains a chronology of Smith's works, a brief biography (in which the sources of many characters and ideas are copied from Smith's friends, family and neighbors in characterizations), and separate chapters devoted to Smith's two epic series: the Skylark and Lensmen sagas. There is an assessment of Smith's "impact and achievement," and carefully annotated bibliographies of primary and secondary works, including a section on "Smith Pastiche" by Gordon Eklund, William B. Ellens, Randall Garret, Stephen Goldin and David Kyle. A chapter on Smith's other writings, and an index complete a very useful resource book.

CHRIS DRUMM has produced a "back-to-back" chapbook edition of a memoir by RICHARD WILSON, Adventures in the Space Trade, and A Richard Wilson Checklist, by Chris Drumm. The latter is unpaginated, possibly because of the technical difficulties of producing the back-to-back format, but the whole is about 40 pages, and very readable. Regular edition $2 (ISBN 0-936055-24-3); a limited edition (175 copies) of a pamphlet containing "A Rat For A Friend," an original short story by Wilson, comes with the signed edition of the chapbook, $5 (ISBN 0-936055-25-1). P. O. Box 851, Mercer Island, WA 98040.

The ACADEMIC AND ARTS PRESS offers Stories of the Strange by PAUL DILSAVER. The seven quite disparate short stories in this chapbook range from post-holocaust ("Mining in the 21st Century") to gross-out gore ("E.T. Meets Conceptual Art"), all nicely undercut with satire. 40p., $5. P. O. Box 1621, Pueblo, CO 81002.

In January, FOOTSTEPS PRESS will offer a special, limited edition of Medusa, by RAMSEY CAMPBELL, with an introduction by DENNIS ETCHISON, cover art by ALLEN KOSZOWSKI; 300 copies, numbered and signed by the author, $21. postpaid. Box 75, Round Top, NY 12473.

D. SCOTT APEL will market a hardcover collection of PKD stories: Philip K. Dick: The Dream Connection. Included are 20,000 words of Dick interviews, a previously unpublished Dick story, and commentary by Robert Anton Wilson, Ray Nelson, Theodore Sturgeon, and others. $14.95 plus $2 postage. Box 700305, San Jose, CA 95170.

Magazines
In his next to last quarterly issue, editor/publisher RICHARD E. GEIS announces that he will NOT begin a monthly version of Science Fiction Review in January as planned. "I have to tell you that SFR is dead. No. 61 (November) will be the last issue," he writes, blaming his arthritis and the need to spend more time on fiction for this decision. Geis offers subscribers "My personal journal, The Naked Id, instead." Single copy, $2.50. P.O. Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211.

Bill Munster's FOOTSTEPS looks extremely handsome in its new 7 x 10 inch format, on heavy buff paper. Typesetting is almost professional, and artwork and design are excellent. The November issue (#7) contains nine stories (including pieces by Richard Christian Matheson, Ramsey Campbell, and Steve Rasnic Tem), plus three featured poems, and a series of articles, including a discussion of her own work by Janet Fox, and a comparison of Stephen King and Dean R. Koontz by Michael Collings. Art includes a portfolio by Augie Wiedemann, and eight other illustrations by Allen Koszowski and Alfred Klosterman. 75p. $5 postpaid. Box 75, Round Top, NY 12473.

Editor/publisher MICHAEL G. ADKISSON has apparently bought a few manuscripts (or run out of his own works) since Issue No. 4 of New Pathways contains five stories, none his. Contributors are Paul Di Filippo, Don Webb, Jessica Amane Salomonry, Gary Biggs and Cazu K. Coetz. There are also poems and book reviews, art by Alfred Klosterman and Donald Henry Reagan. 34p. -monthly. Single issue $2.50, 6/$15. MCA Services, P.O. Box 863994, Plano, TX 75088.

MERYL BINS has resumed publication of Australian SF News after recent difficulties (including closure of his retail shop). Rates are $6 for 6 issues, surface mail, $15 airmail. He's also starting a mail order book service. P. O. Box 491, Elsmereck 3185, Victoria, Australia.

Twisted, edited by CHRISTINE HOARD, is a fairly recent entry in the amateur fiction-zine market, with about seventy 1 1/2 x 11 pages stapled under red paper covers. It's really kinky -- don't buy it unless gross-outs like homoerotic masturbation with mushroom dildoes appeals to you. Averages a dozen stories, about as many poems, much fannish art. $4 postpaid. 6332 North Lakewood Ave., Chicago, IL 60660.

Gothic has begun a new series under editor/publisher GARY WILLIAM CRAWFORD; the first issue features "Stephen King and the American Gothic," by KENNETH GIBBS, and "The Artist as Demon," by KAREN MCGUIRE, plus review articles. A semi-annual. 2 issues $6. P.O. Box 80051, Baton Rouge, LA 70898.

FANTASY REVIEW September, 1986 37
OCTOBER PAPERBACKS

Yarrow by CHARLES De LINT (0-441-94000-5, $2.95, [3.75 Can.], cover by SEGRELLES). Cat Midhir, a fantasy writer in modern day Ottawa, actually takes down the stories dictated to her from Kothien, an elfin bard, in the enchanted Otherworld of her dreams... until the dreams suddenly stop.

The Khyber Connection, Timewars #6, by SIMON HAWKE (0-441-43725-7, $2.95, [3.75 Can.], cover by JIM BURNS). The Time Commandos, with help from Winston Churchill and Gunga Din, attempt to save the time-stream in the Khyber pass of 1897.

The Winter King by LILIAN STEWART CARL (0-441-89443-7, $2.95, [3.75 Can.], cover by STEPHEN HICKMAN) is the sequel to Sabazael. Andron, son of Queen Danica and the god-king Bollasteros, must try to regain his rightful land after its conquest by the Crimson Horde.

Star Commandos by P. M. GRIFFIN (0-441-78041-5, $2.95, [3.75 Can.], cover by JOSUHA COLONEL ISAIAH CONNER must uncover a plot which could mean the death of an innocent colonist on the unexplored planet Visnu.

Sorcerers! edited by JACK DANN & GARDNER DOZOIS (0-441-77532-2, $2.95, [3.75 Can.], cover by DEAN MORRISSEY). Fourteen stories of wizards and magic by Joe Haldeman, Ursula K. LeGuin, Theodore Sturgeon, Jack Vance, and others.

The Gates of Hell by C. J. CHERRYH and JANET MORRIS (0-671-65592-2, $3.50). The Heroes of Hell discover a possible way out.

Lacey and His Friends by DAVID DRAKE (0-441-65593-0, $3.50). Camerons and computers monitor every move of every citizen, in the United States of the 21st century, then crime-stopper Jed Lacey deals his own type of justice.

The Star Treasure by KEITH LAUMER (0-671-65596-5, $2.95) and The Mercenary by JERRY POURNELLE (0-671-65594-9, $2.95).

Twisting the Rope by R. A. MACAVOY (0-553-26026-X, $3.50, [3.95 Can.], cover by TODD SCHORM) is the sequel to Tea with the Black Dragon. Mayland Long and Martha Maenamara re-enter the world of the Black Dragon.

HalO by PAUL COOK (0-553-26117-1, $3.50, [3.95 Can.], cover by JOHN HAMAGAMI). A handful of humans battle for Earth, after an alien artifact destroys modern civilization.

The Dawning Shadow: The Throne of Madness by SOMTOW SUCHARITKUL (0-553-26029-6, $3.50, [3.95 Can.], cover by MARC DE ANJOS, previously a Pocketbook paperback) is the second volume in The Chronicles of the High Inquest, newly revised and expanded by its author.

Kiteman by ALFRED A. KNOPF HARDCOVER (0-441-65636-7, $2.75, [3.95 Can.], cover by SACHIO KITAMURA, previously published as Kiteman of Karanga, an Alfred A. Knopf hardcover).

August releases:

ACE BOOKS

BRODERICK (0-380-89977-9, $3.50, [4.50 Can.]). Xaraf, a newly initiated man in his tribe, suddenly finds himself in an alien land, in the distant future, charged with an impossible mission.

MARTIAN SPRING by MICHAEL LINDSAY WILLIAMS (0-380-89633-8, $3.50, [4.50 Can.]). The Martian Guardians, vowed by a human expedition after 45,000 years, are determined to protect their world from these intruders. Reissue: Battle Circle by PIERS ANTHONY (0-380-81000-4, $3.95, [5.50 Can.]).

BAEN BOOKS

The Gates of Hell by C. J. CHERRYH and JANET MORRIS (0-671-65592-2, $3.50). The Heroes of Hell discover a possible way out.

Lacey and His Friends by DAVID DRAKE (0-441-65593-0, $3.50). Camerons and computers monitor every move of every citizen, in the United States of the 21st century, then crime-stopper Jed Lacey deals his own type of justice.

The Star Treasure by KEITH LAUMER (0-671-65596-5, $2.95) and The Mercenary by JERRY POURNELLE (0-671-65594-9, $2.95).

The Dawning Shadow: The Throne of Madness by SOMTOW SUCHARITKUL (0-553-26029-6, $3.50, [3.95 Can.], cover by KINUKO CRAFT, previously an Atheneum hardcover) is the sequel to Moon-Flash. Kyriel, marooned on a moonlight-years from Riverworld, discovers a city abandoned eons ago.

The Wardrobe by L. NEIL SMITH (0-441-65636-7, $2.95, [3.95 Can.], cover by RON MILLER). Captain Inspector Nate Blackburn must find out who is attempting to murder the famous entertainer, Chelsie Bradford, during her...
tourney of the galaxy.


Reissue: MICHAEL MOORCOCK'S The Oak and the Ram (0-425-09052-3, $2.95, [$.75 Can.]), the Fifth Book of Corum, and E. E. "DOC" SMITH'S First Lensman (0425090531, $2.95, [$.75 Can.]), #2 in the Lensman series.

DAW BOOKS

Angel with the Sword by C. J. CHERKY (0-88677-143-9, $3.50, [$.45 Can.]), cover by TIM HILDEBRANDT, previously a DAW hardcover) begins a new shared-world series called Merovingian Nights which will be edited by C. J. Cherykh. Altair Jones, a canalier, rescues a mysterious stranger and becomes involved in the high-level politics of the canal city.

A Matter of Metalaw by LEE CORBEE (0-88677-155-2, $2.95, [$.95 Can.]). Peter Starbuck and his agents of Metalaw must stop a genetically mutated race's plot to spread to other worlds.

The Year's Best Horror Stories: XIV edited by KARL EDWARD WAGNER (0-88677-156-0, $2.95, [$.95 Can.]). Nineteen tales by: Tanith Lee, Charles Grant, Ramsey Campbell, and others.

The Year's Best Horror Stories: Volumes VIII -- XI edited by KARL EDWARD WAGNER are being reissued: Vol. VIII (0-88677-158-7, $2.95, [$.95 Can.]), Vol. IX (0-88677-159-5, $2.95, [$.95 Can.]), Vol. X (0-88677-160-9, $2.95, [$.95 Can.]), and Vol. XI (0-88677-161-7, $2.95, [$.95 Can.]).

DEL REY BOOKS

With a Tangled Skein by PIERS ANTHONY (0-345-31885-4, $3.95, previously a Del Rey hardcover) is Book Three of the Incarnations of Immortality series. To save her son and granddaughter, Niobe, now one of the three Aspects of Fate, must challenge Satan in a maze of his own design.

Books One and Two of the Incarnations of Immortality series by PIERS ANTHONY are being reissued: On a Pale Horse (0-345-33858-8, $3.95) and Bearing an Hourglass (0-345-31315-1, $3.95).

Her Majesty's Wizard by CHRISTOPHER STASHEFF (0-345-27456-3, $3.50). Matt finds himself in a world where reciting poetry works magic and swears to be her majesty's wizard.

Into the Sea of Stars by WILLIAM R. FORSTCHEN (0-345-32426-9, $2.95). Historian Dr. Lacklin and his crew must track down space colonies that fled Earth long ago.

The Vampire Lestat by ANNE RICE (0-345-31386-0, $4.50, previously an A. Knopf hardcover) is the sequel to Interview with the Vampire. The Vampire Lestat is now the leader of a rock band.

Reissue: Interview with the Vampire by ANNE RICE (0-345-33766-2, $4.95, previously an A. Knopf hardcover).

USHER's Passing by ROBERT R. McCAMMON (0-345-32407-2, $3.95, previously a Holt, Rinehart, Winston hardcover). Rix Usher is the unwilling heir to his family's armament business.

JOVE BOOKS

The Touch by F. PAUL WILSON (0-515-08733-5, $3.95, [$.45 Can.]), previously a Putnam hardcover). A doctor blessed with a healing touch discovers his mysterious power comes from an unspeakable source.

POULAR LIBRARY/QUESTAR

August releases: No Safe Place by ANNE MOROZ (0-445-20167-3, $3.50, [$.50 Can.]), Kate Harlin, sole survivor of an ill-fated voyage, accused of deserting her crew, must return to her starship and face the mystery and death that await her on board.

Gloriana by MICHAEL MOORCOCK (0-445-20271-8, $3.95, [$.45 Can.]). The story of a sexually frustrated queen, set in a satirical, alternate London.

SIGNET BOOKS

Reign of Fire by M. BRADLEY KELLOGG w/ WILLIAM ROSSOW (0-451-14526-7, $3.50, [$.50 Can.]) is Part II of Lear's Daughters. The planet Flix has entered the legendary time of Devastation, from which only a chosen few could hope to survive.

Bordertown created by TERRI WINDLING & MARK ALAN ARNOLD (0-451-14527-5, $2.95, [$.95 Can.]). Gangs fight for turf in the old part of Bordertown, where elvin magic and human technology co-exist.

September releases: New York by Knight by ESTHER FRIESNER (0-451-14496-1, $2.95, [$.95 Can.]). New York city is the setting of the final battle between a dragon and the knight who has pursued him through time and space.

Seven Worlds by MARY CARAKER (0-451-14498-8, $2.95, [$.95 Can.]). Morgan Farrantay, an elite member of the Space Corps, is sent to seven different planets to establish better communications with the inhabitants of each.

Eros at Nadiir: Tales of the Velvet Comet #4 by MIKE RENSICK (0-451-14448-1, $2.95, [$.95 Can.]). Nick Page, hired to recreate the story of the Velvet Comet, must deal with the ship's computer, Cupid -- who is determined to tell the real truth about the luxurious, pleasure craft.

Dicing with Dragons by IAN LIVINGSTONE (0-451-14489-9, $3.95, [$.45 Can.]), previously a Plume trade book). A guide to role-playing games including: a solo role playing game, information on how to create an original game or how to play commercially available games, and a look at computer games.

Starlog Science Fiction Trivia (0-451-14397-3, $2.95, [$.95 Can.]) includes over 1300 questions from the pages of Starlog.

TOR BOOKS

Soul Rider Book Five: Children of Flux & Anchor by JACK L. CHALKER (0-812-53286-4, $3.50, [$.50 Can.]). Flux and Anchor are finally at peace, but someone has deciphered the magic of flux and could unleash its devastating power.

The Outcast by LOUISE COOPER (0-812-53394-1, $2.95) is Book Two in the Time Master Trilogy. The Outcast, imprisoned in a gem outside of Time, awaits the woman who will set him free.

Moonsinger's Friends edited by Susan Shwartz (0-812-53448-9, $3.50, [$.50 Can.]) is an anthology inspired by, and in honor of, Andre Norton; including stories by: Marion Zimmer Bradley, Katherine Kurtz, Diane Duane, and others.

The Walkaway Clause by JOHN DALMAS (0-812-53475-1, $2.95, [$.95 Can.]). A Galactic assassin, assigned to...
ALYSON PUBLICATIONS
[40 Plympton St., Boston, Mass. 02118]

Worlds Apart edited by CAMILLA DECARNIN, ERIC GARBER, and LYN PALEO (July 1986, 0-923280-87-2, $7.95 trade paper).

An Anthology of eleven lesbian and gay science fiction stories by: James Tiptree, Jr., Marion Zimmer Bradley, John Varley, Samuel R. Delany, Elizabeth A. Lynn, Walt Liebescher, and others.

DONNING COMPANY/STARBLAZE
[5659 Virginia Beach Blvd., Norfolk, VA 23502]

Take Off, Too by RANDALL GARRETT (September 1986, 0-88965-455-6, $7.95 trade paper., illustrated by PHIL FOGLIO, color).

More satries on sf writers, movies, and TV shows.

An Edge in My Voice by HARLAN ELLISON (September 1986, 0-88965-341-X, $10.95 trade paper., photos).

Revised edition of award-winning essays.

Buck Godot -- Zap Gun for Hire #2 written and illustrated by PHIL FOGLIO (September 1986, 0-88965-459-9, $6.95 trade paper., color).

Aria Takes Off by M. E. WEYLAND (August 1986, 0-88965-468-8, $6.95 hardcover, color).

First volume in the adventures of the warrior woman, Aria.

Dunean & Mallory #1 by ROBERT ASPRIN and MEL WHITE (August 1986, 0-88965-456-4, $6.95 trade paper, illustrated by MEL WHITE, color).

The adventures of a knight and his dragon comrade.

DOUBLEDAY
[245 Park Ave., New York, NY 10167]

Daggerspell by KATHERINE KERR (September 5, 1986, 0-385-23108-3, $16.95 hardcover).

The first book in a new trilogy concerning the various incarnations of Jill, a young woman linked to the land, forever trapped in a love triangle between two men. Only the magician, Nevin, understands her situation, but he is bound by an oath, not to interfere.

Halloween Horrors edited by ALAN RYAN (September 19, 1986, 0-385-19558-3, $12.95 hardcover).


Three novels in one: The Isle of Glass, The Golden Horn, and The Hounds of God. For sixty years, Alfred, one of the Fair Folk, has only known the life of a cloistered monk. But one night a wounded elven ambassador appears before the abbey's gate, and Alfred is forced to face the world outside the safety of the abbey.

GARLAND PUBLISHING
[136 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016]

Hitler Victorious edited by GREGORY BENFORD & MARTIN H. GREENBERG (October 1986, 0-8240-8658-9, $19.95 hardcover).

Eleven short stories about what it would be like if the Third Reich had won World War II, by: C. M. Kornbluth, Hilary Bailey, Greg Bear, David Brin, Sheila Finch, Algis Budrys, and others.

GREENWOOD PRESS
[88 Post Road West, Box 5007, Westport, CT 06881]

Eros in the Mind's Eye: Sexuality and the Fantastic in Art and Film edited by DONALD PALUMBO (June 1986, 0-313-24102-3, $35.00 hardcover).

Eighteen essays and forty-five illustrations concerning the erotic and fantastic in paintings, illustrations, and film, from the medieval period to the present.

HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVIĆ, PUBLISHERS
[111 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10003]

Enchantment at Delphi by RICHARD PURTILL (September 1986, 0-15-200447-5, $14.95 hardcover).

Alice Grant, an American student in Greece, is repeatedly drawn back in time to assist Apollo, Dionysus, and Athena in their power struggles. For ages 12 and up.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
[521 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10175]

Futuredays: A 19th Century Vision of the Year 2000 by ISAAC ASIMOV (September 8, 1988, 0-8050-0120-4, $12.95 trade paper, illustrated by JEAN MARC COTE).

Fifty illustrations from 1899, depicting life in the year 2000: includes variations of air travel, underwater travel, advanced automation, and other predicted inventions. With commentaries and an introduction by Isaac Asimov.

KENT STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
[Kent, Ohio 44242]

Science Fiction: Ten Explorations by C. N. MANLOVE (October 10, 1986, 0-87338-326-5, $22.50 hardcover).

Essays exploring the worlds of ten science fiction masters: Asimov, Pohl, Aldiss, Herbert, Silverberg, Farmer, Clarke, Simak, Attanasio, and Wolfe.

NAL/PLUME
[1633 Broadway, New York, NY 10019]

Kingdom of Fear: The World of Stephen King edited by TIM UNDERWOOD and CHUCK MILLER (September 1986, 0-452-2587-8, $7.95, [$10.95 Can.], trade paper).

Seventeen essays by Harlan Ellison, Clive Barker, Andrew M. Greeley, Robert Bloch, Ramsey Campbell, Bill Thompson, Whitley Streiber, Stephen P. Brown and others, about Stephen King: his writing style, his movies, his influence on other writers, and more. Also includes a foreword by King revealing ten things which terrify him.

Continued on page 50.
"Indeed one of the best sword and sorcery novels I have read in some time."

—Andre Norton

Through a fantastical land of magicians, kings, elves, and prophets wanders the mysterious sorcerer Nevyn, doomed to a quest across the borders of time and space. He seeks to atone for a wrong committed in his youth, when on a bloody day many ages ago, he relinquished a maiden's hand in marriage. And so was forged a terrible bond among three souls, an immortal blood feud that has replayed itself incarnation after incarnation—a tragic, poignant love triangle that only Nevyn can resolve.

Now the maiden's soul hovers in the fiery void between lives, her past forgotten, her future yet unknown. But Nevyn remembers... and, patiently, he waits.

DAGGERSPELL
Katharine Kerr
EXCUSES, excuses. I'm about to start a new novel, The Influence, and feel the need to relax. I've just bought a word processor and feel as above (though, to be truthful, I'll eventually have more fun with it than I expected). Shock Express made me do it—that is, asked me to write about my ten fav'rite horror films. I'm hoping that my comments are stimulating enough to justify reprinting them here.

If I had to choose a single favourite, I believe it would be Carl Dreyer's Vampyr (1931). It is certainly one of the unique experiences offered by the cinema. It's only fair to warn anyone approaching the film for the first time that some of its odder elements look awfully like flaws: the hesitant performances of the almost entirely non-professional cast, in particular the glassy-eyed Baron Nicolas de Gunzburg, who backed the film and, under a pseudonym, acted the role of the hero; the inordinate amount of time spent by various characters (much as in Murnau's Nosferatu) in the garden, even when there is no vampire; the extraordinary subtitles, where a character can't ask "Who are you?" without its being transformed into "How are you?" But on repeated viewings I find that even these elements blend into a unity, together with the film's attitude to the narrative,originally Sheridan Le Fanu's but now ungraspable as a dream. However, let me not fall into the trap of equating the film simply dreamlike, for I regard it as cinema's greatest evocation of the supernatural in my experience, of a landscape where the extraordinary is almost commonplace. Shadows dance independent of their objects. Perhaps that explains, or is explained by, their fascination with the book, as I've said, in Vampyr language shifts as alarmingly as the narrative: "Do you hear ten?" and the world's continuum is broken by explanatory titles such as "An atmosphere laden with mystery keeps him awake." Tom Milne describes a press conference Dreyer gave after the premiere of Gertrud, his last film, where the director shifted from language to language in his answers until "his way was lost in a jumble of languages and the translators retired, baffled." So, I know, do many viewers of Vampyr, but I give you my word that it is a film worth getting out of bed for.

It is the only vampire film on my list. I have to reserve judgment on Murnau's, since the only reasonably coherent print of Nosferatu that I've seen has to be projected at sound speed, making the demented Klopfer even more pontificating. The use of natural locations, and Max Schreck's inimitably unlovely vampire, survive this treatment, though. Tod Browning's vampire films are vitiated either by their theatricality or their last-minute rationalizations. Christopher Lee's Dracula is the most authentically aristocratic, brooding and seductive—but the direction of his various Dracula films lack his intensity. A special mention to Klaus Kinski, both as an unexpectedly poignant (as well as expectedly frightening) Nosferatu and, in Jesus Franco's dull Dracula, a distillation of the vampire essence. I also see Hammer's Mummy, George Romero's film about the tedium of vampire life in Pittsburgh. The most beautiful vampire films since Dreyer's, though, are Mario Bava's Black Sunday and Harry Kumel's Daughters of Darkness.

Chronologically, the next film to make my list is Mamoulian's Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (1931). A recent BCC television showing of the complete version demonstrated its superiority over all other cinema versions of the story (though I might want to qualify that if a complete print of Renoir's version ever surfaces, and I must note John Barrymore in this film, we will see how appealing, in performance, the 1920 version). I was especially pleased to find how the alleged blunting of our sensibilities by the excesses of recent graphic horror movies): Fredric March's gradual slide from delight in his release from stoicism to dependence on his sadistic relationship with Miriam Hopkins is both compelling and, I'd venture to suggest, as shocking now as it must have been in its day. Hyde's monstruousness is always presented as an aspect of humanity rather than a rejection of it, and so it's appropriate that when we look in the mirror in this film, we may see Hyndman's face. Elaborate as the film's technique sometimes is, it is never meaninglessly so.

I find this film more rewarding than the werewolf movies that can be related. The Wolf Man is written and directed with intelligence (all of which I tried to respect when I wrote the novel of the film ten years ago), but Lon Chaney's transformation is both too literal for the context and insufficiently lupine (Curt Siodmak wanted the wolfman to be seen only in reflection, as he sees himself; Siodmak later took his subtlety to Val Lewton.) The Curse of the Werewolf is broken-backed, but I did like the elaborate Hollywood werewolf films of the early eighties, particularly Wolfen, despite its uncertainties. I also value Company of Wolves, not least for its willingness to leave some of its images unexplained.

King Kong (1933) is the next of my ten. I have no doubt that it is the greatest of all monster films. When I was nineteen years old I had, and still do so stridently in an issue of the British fanzine Alien, antagonizing many of the readers, Ray Harryhausen for one. That was in the days when I often mistook controversy for criticism, but at least the film will be remembered long after my earring has crumbled to dust. The characterization of the giant ape is incomparable (and, as the remake demonstrated, inimitable), and the film is one of the very few monster movies that convey a sense of genuine terror. It's a pity that most copies tone down Kong's violence, rather as Sylvester Stallone originally did replace Rambo with a police officer. Perhaps The Body Snatcher (for moral clarity) or The Cat People (for psychological subtlety and the delicacy of its scenes of terror) -- The Curse of the Cat People and I Walked with a Zombie take the Lewton virtue of restraint so far that I feel justified in classifying them as fantasy rather than horror, a classification which I tell myself lets me exclude Charles Laughton's extraordinary Night of the Hunter. Instead I'm listing the film I regard as the last great example of Lewton's influence: not The Haunting, which is almost Lovecraftian in the way it makes an issue of not showing its horrors, but The Night of the Demon, Jacques Tourneur's 1958 film. It was heavily cut on its original release, but a restored print is now available. Both Tourneur and Charles Bennett, the screenwriter, complained that their work was interfered with by the producer, yet only the opening reel (in which, pace Marvin Kaye, the demon is shown in closeup in all three versions that I've seen) compromises the structure of the film. Without that scene, the audience
would be guided as gradually as the Dana Andrews character from skepticism through doubt to reluctant agnosticism. For me, it is the most intellectually satisfying of this process, and the most frightening. I discuss it more fully in the Penguin encyclopedia of horror.

No Hammer films in my list, I see. Lee and Hammer are fine actors, but Terence Fisher's remakes of Karkoff films are otherwise inferior to the originals. Losey's The Damned is a considerable achievement but not, I think, a horror film, neither is De Palma's Inferno. Quentin Tarantino stories were never given a high a budget as they deserved, though the first two contain probably Val Guest's sharpest direction. To my great regret, The Innocents has been crowded out too, even though it is one of the few genuine ghost stories in the cinema (far superior to the overrated Uninvited). So the fourth film on my list is Psycho.

A GOOD deal of what's best about the film is Robert Bloch's, of course, including some of his neatest black jokes. But it is also Hitchcock's, an expertly constructed film in terms of images: the recurring journey into darkness (the opening track in from a cityscape into the darkness of a room leads to Janet Leigh's drive into night) and the use of arrange pictures (the car in the swamp, Martin Balsam's down the stairs, Vera Miles' descent into the cellars; indeed, this recurrence seems to be the justification for the film's unrelenting unnerving track through the darkness store toward Miles). The film shares a Peeping Tom preoccupation with looking and with eyes, and the journeys into death lead into the sick gaze (even bleaker then the motorcycle cop's) of Mrs. Bates, who stares at us out of Norman's eyes in the final seconds of the film (in the scene where, as Robin Wood points out, the audience has become the prime victim of the film, which Norman earlier described as one of the horrors of being institutionalized). It is the most poetically organized of Hitchock's films, and a triumphant vindication of genius.

If Repulsion rather than Peeping Tom joins it on my list, it was a difficult choice. Peeping Tom is Michael Powell's masterpiece, an especially witty and intelligent film, and disconcertingly gentle in its treatment of voyeurism and violence. I can only suggest rather lamely that its themes are dealt with in Psycho, and plum for Repulsion, the most terrifying ever seen.

Some of Polanski's images of schizophrenia may derive from his experiences with LSD (as I imagine that is the case with the hologlyphs that print themselves out on the lavatory wall in The Tenant), but I think that hardly matters. When the see the rooms of Catherine Deneuve's apartment growing cavernous, when the walls grow soft and hands burst out of them, these things aren't happening to an actress up there on the screen; they're happening directly to me, and to object that we aren't asked to feel sympathy for the character seems redundant. I take Polanski to be one of the cinema's most distinguished specialists in horror, and I'd like to put in a word for Rosemary's Baby, not least because Marvin Kaye recently dismissed the book, of which the film is an exceptionally faithful (if not, I think, exceptionally intelligent) treatment. Kaye's book is anything the least bit ambiguous about its sweet-young-thing-brutalized-by-the-bogeyman plot," Kaye challenges, but I don't think the ambiguity he seems to want is necessary. Rosemary's predication isn't "solely in her mind", any more than is Irena's in The Cat People, but surely by the time either of these films becomes unambiguously supernatural the psychological aspects have been undercut. Also, Rosemary's case, the expectant mother's sense of losing control of her own pregnancy and confinement (eloquent word!), of becoming the property of experts, self-styled or otherwise. I'd suggest that if either film turned out not to be supernatural it would be much less of a film.

Hour of the Wolf is next on my list, for a variety of reasons. It uses generic conventions for deeply personal ends, yet it is one of the very few truly Gothic films (another being The Saragossa Manuscript), even using a possibility of the opening scene: that the desolation of the scene of terror in Bergman's work—the opening of Wild Strawberries, the finale of The Face, various images in The Seventh Seal.... For different but equally powerful I'd offer a film like The Shame, except that I'm restricting myself to one film per director.

There was never any doubt that the near two films would be on my list—Taxi Driver is both a film of Taxi Driver isn't a horror film, I'd be interested to hear their reasons. Travis Bickle is one of the cinema's most powerfully terrifying creations, and seems to me to underlie Scorsese's subsequent collaborations with de Niro, so that I continually expect the mask of Jimmy Doyle or Rupert Pupkin, already somewhat askew, to slip and reveal Bickle, eager for another round of carnage. I wanted the film to end as soon as the carnage is over, but I think the continuous ending adds to the film's power: Bickle is still on the streets, and the audience's_decision(s) of what to do even allows his lost love to admire him. "I'm over that now," he tells her, but his eyes in the rear-view mirror suggest otherwise.

As for Eraserhead, it is the most nightmarish film I know. There are films that deal explicitly with nightmare (Los Olvidados, for instance, or that admirable moment in Tristana where the heroine is supposed to be something else, leaving the audience groping in their memories for the point at which the dream must have begun); there are films whose illogic makes us see things as they truly are allegedly related in some way to Heinlein, makes no sense whatsoever, and I found my inability to predict its narrative appealingly disconcerting; the powerlessness of some man or may be inadvertent (for instance, Corman's Attack of the Crab Monsters works surprisingly well for me, perhaps because it traps its characters on a constantly shrinking island with its defiantly unlike human sleep were Los Olvidados and

Obiba. But in my experience, no film other than Eraserhead records nightmare in such detail—the textures, the fear that something is out of reach, the utter casualness of the outrageous. Eraserhead can be read as a metaphor about fears of birth, but I don't find that makes the experience of the film any more manageable. The only other films that affect me similarly these days are some of the work of Andrei Tarkovsky; for whatever reason, I was unable to watch a videocassette of Stalker for more than half an hour at a time.

One more film to go. I was tempted to include The Shining, not only for polemical reasons: I find it frightening, and Jack Nicholson's controversial performance (which some detractors have suggested, incredibly, was indulged against Kubrick's wishes) seems to me wholly convincing and impressively detailed. I see the objection that in the film, unlike the book, Jack Torrance starts out pretty damned, but so did quite a few of Poe's characters, and after all, the novel specifically invokes Poe. However, on balance the horror is better preserved at length in the Penguin encyclopedia of horror) just falls short of my list, from which it is ousted by Videodrome.

I'll own up to a personal interest in Cronenberg's film. On my first viewing it seemed more like a dream that was taking place in my own head, or rather one that already had taken place, for the film's narrative methods reminded me uncannily of those I'd used in my novel Incarnadine—the moment when we see that James Woods and Debbie Harry, are already in the Videodrome set, which throws into question the reality of all that has gone before; Woods slapping his secretary under the impression that he's slapping Debbie Harry, only to realize that he hasn't touched her secretary either.... I've admired Cronenberg ever since Shivers, though his latest misadventure The Brood, the horror film's equivalent of Stanley and the Women, unless one justifies Amis's novel as a study of a deranged narrator. Videodrome is Cronenberg's most adventurous film, and if the ending isn't totally satisfying, one can take that to be a measure of his ambition. It is also the most verbally witty horror film I can think of; in some scenes there's hardly a line without irony, and he's an ingenious filmmaker. But perhaps, but nonetheless a masterpiece, and I see that my list ends as it began, with a film that refuses its audience the reassurance of conventional narrative. Videodrome is, after all, another film that's not reassuring—here's to the innovators.
Arkham House and Sons: Part One

I think the time has come to talk about Arkham House. There have been books published on it, lots of discussion about it, and even some hand-wringing and general criticism, and you might think that we’ve said everything that can be said about it has been, but I think not. History is always worthy of another, fresh look, particularly when new information is available and there is an opportunity. It seems to me that certainly Arkham House is the most important imprint in this limited field from a number of angles. How important is it? Even The Wall Street Journal is preparing (or might have published by now) a feature article on it. Now, be warned—the one thing I’m not going to do in this column is an extensive bibliography such as the ones usually done when covering publishers here. There is one, and it will appear in the Index to the SF Publishers, but it’s certainly redundant for our purposes, as Arkham itself has published its data up until the late Sixties and we’ve since had a university press book bring it into the late seventies.

We covered in these pages how Bill Crawford was the father of the tradition we’re talking about and how Rupert was at least godfather to it, and I think I’ve carefully explained why this is so in spite of a host of prior unique imprints. Just as the self-publishing industry of the 18th and 19th century, the vanity presses, and the amateur press associations, were what made operations like Visionary Publishing Company possible, so, too, do those two men lead directly to the foundation of Arkham House. So important is Arkham that all past is prologue; it is the rock and the anchor of this whole field.

It is interesting that H.P. Lovecraft also looms large in all this. He certainly was a major reason that Crawford got him material; he provided more material for Crawford and had Crawford publish his first hardcover book, the only Lovecraft book it’s actually possible to have autographed copies of in a collection. Lovecraft’s death proved just as powerful an influence as Lovecraft alive.

Basics of the Legend

Everybody in this field knows the basics of the story. August Derleth and Donald Wandrei, two writers who were strongly influenced by Lovecraft’s active association, feared that most if not all of his heirs would suffer the fate of most pulp and be lost to future generations simply because there was no one and no mechanism to keep Lovecraft’s work actively in print. One must wonder what the state of pulp would be if Derleth and Wandrei had not stepped in to save it. The initial idea was to compile a book of the “essential” Lovecraft—that is, those stories that showed him at his best and needed to survive—and market it to a commercial hardcover publisher. Derleth in particular was better known as a mainstream author than as a fantasy/ SF author at that time and very much welcome in literary high society, so he saw no real problem with this. There was, however, a major one. The commercial publishers were quick to dismiss the idea of doing even a modest collection by a mere pulp hack, and a dead one at that, and when Derleth and Wandrei compounded the problem by subjecting a出版社 to the size of a medium city’s telephone directory it just was out of the question. When it had gone the rounds again and again and it became clear that there was no way The Outsider and Others was going to be published commercially, the two were in some despair. They had certainly not counted on outright rejection; they had optimistically signed a contract with Lovecraft’s heirs, Aunt Annie E. Phillips Canwell, for this “best of” book, with discussions about later books for the secondary material. There was also open and enthusiastic discussion about producing a volume of Lovecraft’s letters.

Derleth remembered that they were trying to think of what to do when his eyes hit on his copy of Dawn of Flame, which Rupert had published on behalf of the friends of his good friend Koontz for exactly the same reasons Derleth and Wandrei desired to publish their Lovecraft. He then recalled Crawford’s Shadow Over Innsmouth and what he’d thought when first seeing the rather crudely produced volume (“I could do a better job than that!”), and things just came together. He and Wandrei would publish the books themselves.

An Expensive Venture

It was a real shocker, though, when they discovered just how much it would cost to produce The Outsider and Others. Derleth wanted it done locally so he could oversee all phases of production, and that meant the George Banta printing corporation in nearby Menasha, at that time a small and personal operation and not the giant it is today. Banta was more than willing to do it, but, frankly, they knew the odds and the problems and simply weren’t going to publish a book on credit for an operation that was intended to be limited. Wandrei had little money and Derleth had just sunk much of his into building a house he called Place of Hawks, which was just barely finished. Derleth and Wandrei took out a second mortgage on the new place for $1200 and handed the money over to Banta. In 1938, $1200 was one hell of a lot of money and a lot more money than just writing stories and getting no matter how nice the literary society.

The name was obvious (Wandrei came up with it in a short conversation with Roger, a fellow writer who was the first raised); now, with a printer and the means to print, it became necessary to design the book and get the money back. Virgil Finlay, perhaps the top illustrator of his day, was commissioned to do the jacket and did a stunner; they decided to print it with the blue color exactly like the original drawing, adding further to the expense. Now they marketed it in the only place they could think of to do so—quarter and half-page ads in a number of magazines, most particularly Weird Tales, as well as every fanzine that had the most remote Lovecraft connection. The price was $3.00 pre-publication, $5.00 after publication, a huge amount for a book in those times. The fact is, considering the materials, the care, and the sheer size of the volume it was probably underpriced in commercial terms, but they still met enormous price resistance. In all, they sold about a hundred copies pre-publication this way and it cost them half that for the ads. Minus postage, packaging, and labor, they were selling the books at cost.

Today, the book is a legend among both fantasy lovers and bookmen and a prized collector’s item, and it might astonish people to discover that The Outsider and Others sold so slowly that labor wasn’t even a factor. Aside from the Finlay jacket, there was little in the book that Lovecraft’s fans didn’t already have in back issues of Weird Tales, and it was priced far too high to be taken in any volume by mail order book dealers or by the vast majority of Depression-era young people who made up the natural audience. The New York publishers had been right; it simply was too huge a project and too expensive for its audience.

Out of Necessity...

By 1941, Arkham House had sold barely a quarter of the books' 1268 copy run, and the cartons were not only of considerable bulk at Place of Hawks, but there was still that second mortgage. Derleth had never thought of or intended Arkham House to do anything more than the Lovecraft-era books, but he had to do something to amortize the debt and he decided to publish a collection of his own fantasy stories rather than sending them off to his New York publishers and see if he could make more of a profit that way. At least now he had the names and addresses of the book dealers and rich libraries and a small list of fantasy collectors.

The second book, Someone in the Darkness, was in format and ambition but none the less a pretty large volume, priced at twice the going rate for a standard hardcover book—$2.00.
He made a standing offer to those who'd bought the *Outsider* that any copies ordered direct from him could be autographed, even personally autographed, and many were. He also was able to obtain reviews from his friends and fans, which guaranteed a wider audience. The book broke even in only a few months, and was a complete success. While he was selling out and making good money on his own book, *The Outsider and Others* continued its plodding couple of copies a month. This came at a time when Derleth had gone to New York to take an editorial job and nearly went under, and was then rescued from his beloved Wisconsin prairie. He'd come home, and now this seemed an ideal side business.

Arkham House became a real publisher, although cautiously. The fact was, the whole thing just seemed to creep up on Derleth. In 1942, he published a large collection of Clark Ashton Smith's best short stories, *Out of Space and Time*, and while the work was still had a vestige of normalcy and his collectors hadn't yet been drafted in large numbers. Even at $3.00, the Smith, too, sold quite well. Wandrei had just finished his editorial work on *Beyond the Wall of Sleep* and turned it in when he was drafted, and Derleth bought out his share of Arkham House. Derleth, too, had been called, but in spite of being a huge man and tested outdoorsman he'd been declared 4-F, physically unfit, mostly because of a tendency to develop painful hernias, an affliction he suffered most of his life. Derleth told me that, even so, he was luckier than early, when they were still being choosy. He suspected that if he hadn't been called until 1944 they would have taken him anyway.

The profits from the second and third books he was able to put into financing *Beyond the Wall of Sleep*, and Banta did him a big favor by using some of the last of their Winnebago Eggshell paper stock. From this point on, as time passed, and more and more good stuff was for the duration. Still, Banta kept scavenge good rolls of paper for him and it wasn't really until 1945 that any Arkham House books really suffered from a shortage of materials.

Wartime Boom

Nor, astonishingly, did they for customers. Derleth was one of the few bedrooks of the field who remained; he was still the kind of address anybody could remember—just Arkham House, Sauk City, Wisconsin. His largest audience, however, was libraries, institutions that didn't belong in the war and became essential to the book business. Most astonishing was the very rapid sale of *Beyond the Wall of Sleep* while *The Outsider* still continued to be sold. Libraries and collectors with statewide jobs bought the books in a wartime boom economy, but, most interesting, while there wasn't a major market for Lovecraft's familiar material, *Sleep* showed a fascination and a demand for Lovecraftian, the more esoteric the better.

One of Derleth's old bosses in New York called him to discuss doing an abridged version of *The Outsider* in a cheap commercial hardcover and in an armed services paperback edition, and Derleth readily agreed, doing an most representative. I have always had visions of men in uniform in Europe and Asia reading them their foxholes, bullets whizzing about, reading *The Dunwich Horror* and *The Shadow Over Innsmouth*.

This book, *World's Best Supernatural Stories of H.P. Lovecraft*, is important in a number of ways. First, it was the first mass distribution of Lovecraft by commercial publisher and tremendously widened Lovecraft's audience while cementing his name and work in the mainstream and pulp magazines. Second, it was the first time August Derleth had faced with subsidiary rights sales from Arkham House. The contract was comparatively lucrative and allowed him to expand his line without fear of bankruptcy or overextension. Subsidiary rights clauses now appeared from this point on in Arkham House contracts. With this understanding the publisher was able to plan and produce four books in 1944 and four more in 1945. One of the first was *Marginalia*, a collection of Lovecraftian leftovers—material Wandrei, who was then slogging through France with Patton, had rejected from *Beyond the Wall of Sleep* and which even included some of Lovecraft's writings from when he was a child. The *Wall of Sleep* had not been lost Derleth, whose mind was very much commercially directed. Everything was wonderful, and if it wasn't for one minor fact it would be perfect.

Derleth didn't own the subsidiary rights to any Lovecraft he published, and had no contract at all for the material in *Marginalia*. The Gamwell line was gone, and he saw no reason to look for which minor and remote Lovecraft relative might legally have those rights. Knowing Derleth as well as I did, I suspect that he never entered his mind that he did not have the right to do this at the time, and when it became clear that he had become the self-proclaimed "literary executor" of Lovecraft's estate. He was so convincing at this that even some of Lovecraft's distant relations and all of his friends believed it. I did, too, until L. Sprague deCamp unearthed this fact while researching his biography of Lovecraft—after Derleth was dead—that it was shown to be the case. The heir deCamp found to be not only the beneficiary (itself little connection to HPL and none to fantasy or books. Still, when he published that information, there was a large hue and cry about Derleth being crooked and even "crooked" and all the rest.

Was Derleth a Con Man?

The problem for the historian is that this is not clear-cut in historical, Bonaparte. The question of legal ownership of copyrights is only worth raising if those copyrights are worth something. DeCamp thought that DeCamp would be worth more to Derleth, the odds are damned good that Lovecraft would be far more minor than he is and the bulk of his work not in print at all. He would not be translated into a hundred tongues and be taught at

colleges and universities today. More, we would not have Arkham House today, of that I feel certain. The same Arkham House that took the HPL sub rights money produced the first books by Fritz Leiber, Day Billings, and many others. It got them into libraries and gave them major critical notice. HPL's marginalia-type works, many of which do contain fascinating material, would have never been seen by the light of day and would have been lost. And the works of writers like Henry S. Whitehead might have been lost to wartime paper drives.

Lovecraft was and is a pivotal figure in the history of American fantasy, not merely for what he wrote, and for those writers his works inspired, but also because of his tremendous editorial work, his active encouragement and promotion of new talent. Leiber, Bloch, Kuttner, and many more were his products. Nobody really disputes this today. HPL is studied, and even his letters and fan writings are of real interest. It is possible that some of the stories of Derleth, who created a publishing house to keep him alive, and then a mystique and even a cult of promotion that kept him up front all the way.

Without the subsidiary rights money and the foundation money that HPL brought in, it's doubtful that Arkham could have flown, and certain that it would have been at best a book a year company. I feel certain that Derleth would have paid royalties willingly if he'd known whom to contact, but that he simply couldn't afford to lose 100% of the subsidiary rights payments at that critical period, and after that the foundation dried up. That's what I mean by a gray area. What he did was illegal, and perhaps even morally wrong, but if he had not done it Arkham could not have expanded and certainly not have editions of Whitehead, the new writers of the time, and much Lovecraftian writing, nor would HPL have the recognition he gets today. Today's horror writing generation (and the public that buys it) owes a debt to him not only on matters of course, but to the fact that he did it at all. I think, to a degree that is not apparent to the act, and then gracefully appreciate the fruits of it.

Was he a con man? Sure. Did he do it for the money? Sure. But that money went into developing new writers and rescuing the old and the building of fantasy and horror into institutions. By the time the war ended, he owned Lovecraft as far as the world was concerned and used Lovecraft as the base of his growing ambitions as editor and publisher and simply couldn't afford it. When he was the grandest con game he pulled in pursuit of his vision, but hardly the only one.

**Lovecraft Resurrections**

As Lovecraft's "literary executor," Derleth made himself almost synonymous with his old mentor by raising Lovecraft from the dead. The first of these "resurrections" was *The Man at the Threshold*, a novel (actually a novellette) by "H.P. Lovecraft and August Derleth." In point of fact, Lovecraft's contribution was a one paragraph description of a dream. Continued on page 48.

**FANTASY REVIEW** September, 1986

45
TEN YEARS OF UNDERWOOD-MILLER:

A series of happy coincidences allowed us to publish two more books of a favorite Vance milieu—*The Dying Earth*. David Hartwell, then editor of Timescape Books, enjoined Vance to return twice to *The Dying Earth* setting—our wonder-filled fantasy world of the 20 Millionth Century, wherein any moment the feeble red sun may flicker and go out. *Cugel's Saga* combines the two previous stories "The Seventeen Villages of Velugol" and "Bagful of Dregmen" with newly written material for the future adventures of that rascal Cugel the Clever.

It was about this time Vance acquired a word processor. His entire body of work before this, some 50 novels and story collections, had been handwritten in a multitude of variously colored inks, abounding with decorations and doodles as unique as the man's writing. These pages were then developed and laboriously re-typed into manuscript form by Jack's wife, Norma (who some have suspected as their secret author!). Then this second draft would be entirely re-written by Jack, and again retyped before being submitted for publication. Not infrequently there have been three and four complete revisions.

With his new machine Vance found he was able to reduce these various stages of production and write faster and more efficiently. The consistent high quality of his work continued and he leaped right into *Cugel's* story where he had left off almost fifteen years before.

The following book was also set in the *Dying Earth*—*Rhialto the Marvellous*. We published this novel in our "Brandywine" series, and it is among my favorites of the eighty-odd titles we have produced. Stephen E. Fabian gave us his very best work, with eighteen full-page interior illustrations and one of the finest color wraparound dust jackets he has ever created.

ONE of our earliest efforts to promote the work of James Vance was *Fantasms: A Jack Vance Bibliography*. We had produced a small Vance checklist which was given away with the signed edition of *Big Planet* as a premium. Daniel J.H. Levack expanded this and developed a unique, highly readable and entertaining formula for what was to become our Bibliography series. The book was illustrated, at great effort and expense, with cover reproductions of every one of the works and first editions, and with numerous foreign editions, American reprints and magazine covers. The production work on these bibliographies is prodigious, to say nothing of the time and collation involved with each volume. The result is a monument to the authors' careers, superior to anything, in or out of the science fiction field. Their editor and publisher, Dan Levack, deserves a Hugo Award for his exemplary work and dedication on *Fantasms* and the three subsequent volumes on Philip K. Dick, Roger Zelazny and L. Sprague de Camp.

We have projected a second edition of the Vance bibliography for some time in the future. Dan Levack has been accumulating information, updating his data on overseas editions, and filling in the gaps which exist.

The work of Philip K. Dick has long been a personal favorite of Tim Underwood. After we sold our relatively small edition of *Fantasms*, Dan Levack contacted Dick and through his cooperation was able to secure an almost complete bibliography of published and unpublished works. Delay followed delay on this book, which in addition to 200 cover reproductions, contained delightfully succinct annotations by Steve Godersky. At last the book was published and one of my greatest satisfactions is that Phil Dick received the finished book several months before his untimely death, and called us to express his overwhelming thanks and appreciation. *PKD: A Philip K. Dick Bibliography* was passed over for review by the major trade journals, *Publishers Weekly* and *Library Journal*, despite our strongest efforts to see it reviewed.

The fan market, however, took our efforts to heart. PKD received widespread critical acclaim across the board. The book sold rapidly in softcover, through a first and second printing. "Outstanding in both production and design," said Locus. The special edition signed by Phil Dick surely remains a treasure in any collectors' library. And our trade hardcover edition is at last at the point of selling out at this writing; less than twenty copies remain.

Encouraged by the success of PKD, we launched our Bibliography series by persuading Dan Levack to undertake the labor of several more books on our behalf. He joined forces with Charlotte Laughlin to work on the massive L. Sprague de Camp Bibliography. Charlotte and Dan visited the de Camp and unearthed information unavailable elsewhere. Dan spent many long hours pouring through the works and records of Roger Zelazny to achieve the same exacting results. Dan also established a world-wide network of Science Fiction collectors who aid him in his research.

Amber Dreams: A Roger Zelazny Bibliography and De Camp: An L. Sprague de Camp Bibliography were the culmination of years of labor on the parts of those who researched and wrote the work, and the annotations, and who tracked down and photographed the cover art. The reception by the fan reviewers at the time was overwhelming. "Would I ever have to work in bookstores or libraries? I am still bewildered. Few could possibly guess what a momentous achievement these books are." The work has been praised by critics, fans, collectors and librarians. They are invaluable tools of reference and fact and were priced for the time involved in their creation, each volume would have cost up to a thousand dollars. Despite our greatest efforts we could not get these books reviewed for the audience for which they were intended: *Publishers Weekly* and *Library Journal* did not even list the books. Copies, therefore, remain

By Tim Underwood & Chuck Miller

LYONESSE II: The Green Pearl was published in our tenth year. It is a worthy match to the first volume in content and design. Our edition appeared a full year before the trade paperback was scheduled—a unique situation for a specialty publisher.
available, selling slowly.

Tim, more than I, has always felt a personal commitment to poetry. A publishing maxim says it is unprofitable to produce and this we have proven three times. Our first poetry volume was our second book: Always Comes Evening by Robert E. Howard. A slim book of art illustrated the book, but there are no number of factors which contributed to its failure as a product of commerce. The art is not pretty and did not appeal to a wide number. Upon bright up on a piece of paper and seeking to lower our unit costs, we printed too many copies. It was 1977 and the bloom was off the rose, as far as the works of Robert E. Howard were concerned. Yet we’ve learned innumerable lessons from this book. And it was a pleasure to work with such a gentleman as Glenn Lord on this title.

To Speak is a Miracle Cat is our second volume of poetry, and Roger Zelazny’s third poetry collection. I’ve always enjoyed the Foreword by Ursula K. Le Guin. A slim book, attractive and well-made, copies remain available. The book was well-reviewed in Publishers Weekly and sold in limited number to the libraries who consistently buy poetry.

Some years later we were at it again with Leeson Park and Belsize Square, an original collection of verse by Peter Straub. The poems were written early in his career, during his stay in England and Ireland. The book was well-reviewed in Publishers Weekly and sold to those few hundred libraries which seek to maintain a selection of published poetry. We haven’t quite learned our lesson, as we have another volume of Straub’s verse planned for this year, so you can imagine how much we can figure out how to break even on works of love.

We began publishing Roger Zelazny with a slim chapbook The Bell’s of Shoreditch, a critical and expensive Strathmore paper leftover from the Crystal of a Hundred Dreams portfolio. We were determined not to waste any of this beautiful stuff, and in fact we used the last tail ends of this as a bookmark signed by the artist, Stephen E. Fabian, and given away as a premium with Morroco.

A small edition of Zelazny’s personal favorite, For a Breath I Tarry followed in softcover and hardcover, an attractive book and now quite scarce. We then published the first hardcover edition of Dilvish, the hero returned from Hell: The Changing Land. It had a dust jacket by a young las Vegas artist who seems suited for Zelazny’s work. The book was attractive and well-designed, and it sold fairly well for us.

We worked with a series of limited edition hardcovers, although expensive to produce, sold quickly and earned out in record time. The Last Defender of Camelot was a collection of Zelazny’s short stories, a good sized book with nice paper. The art was printed directly onto the cloth, eliminating the dust jacket. Eye of Cat was done in a similar style with concession made to the small print run. The cover art again printed onto cream-colored cloth. This is only one reason why we’ve lived. Our art and there is nothing about it I would change. Dilvish, The Damned is a collection of the Dilvish short stories which are personal favorites of mine. Our art and this time again I feel this is among the most elegantly beautiful books we’ve published. This time we opted for both art onto the cloth of the cover and a two-color dust jacket.

In our tenth year we published Trumps of Doom in a signed, slipcased edition. The novel, the first in the new Amber series, contains an original Amber vignette not available in any other edition. The color wraparound dust jacket by Ned Dameron is stunning. It’s a simply beautiful book, and for now, copies remain available.

The Trumps of Doom: End of Time is a small (very small) chapbook we published in honor of Richard A. Lupoff being Guest of Honor at Westercon in 1979. This was a strategy of ours at that time: publishing small booklets of the work of the guest of honor at various conventions: "Green Magic," "Bells of Shoreditch," and the booklet version of "The Last Defender of Camelot" were done with this in mind. The small edition sold out in good time, but the art was so expensive to produce, requiring as much time to assemble as a hardcover book, that we declined to publish these any more—with sincere regrets as I’ve always enjoyed our chapbooks and felt they were among our nicest work.

All the Lies That Are My Life is Harlan Ellison’s short, semi-autobiographical novel and we were proud to publish it as a book. I’ve always considered this book to be Harlan’s personal gift to us, a nod of approval, if you will, for being square guys. The book is entirely his own material—original stories, of course. The Los Angeles friend Kent Bash) to afterwords by his friends in the SF field. We designed the physical aspects and it remains among my favorites. The small edition sold quickly and has in my mind become a magical book, beautiful and rare.

Robert Silverberg’s short novel of the immense world of Majipoor, The Desert of Stolen Dreams, was a major success for us. The book was well-reviewed in Publishers Weekly and Library Journal and quickly sold out it’s good-sized first printing. A second printing was ordered, and the book continued to sell at a good clip. It was a very important book which opened up new areas of distribution and provided a wealth of experience. I have always been thankful to Bob Silverberg for the opportunity to do business with him.

Our second book by Silverberg, a short novel Sailing to Byzantium, came to Tim as part of an odd coincidence. As we had hoped Sailing to Byzantium was a companion to The Desert of Stolen Dreams had been. The Ned Dameron color wraparound jacket fabulous.

Gilden-Fire was a short novel cut form the original draft of Stephen R. Donaldson’s The Illearth War for reasons of continuity. New work by this popular author is readily received and the book sold quickly for us. The numerous, attractive illustrations are by Fabian.

Elfquest—The Novel was a smooth, effortless production. We had held an interest in the comic series, Elfquest, and had once proposed the format later used by another publisher to collect the comics into single volumes. The large edition sold quickly and provided us and Wend and Richard Pini a much needed windfall.

In 1982 we worked most closely with Jeff Levin of Pendragon Graphics. For some years he had been typesetting many of our titles and now he took the reins and saw a book through from start to finish. The Compass Rose was our first opportunity to work with Ursula K. Le Guin and to fulfill Jeff’s long-standing commitment to her work.

Jeff Levin also worked closely in all stages of production on the limited signed edition of Floating Dragon. He admired the work of Leo and Diane Dillon and so he commissioned them to do the color wraparound dust jacket. This art later won an award from the Society of Illustrators. It was fun working with Peter Straub, a good fellow and a professional in every sense. These copies of this book were later bound in two species of snakeskin, with snakeskin slipes— the most beautiful and outrageous books I’ve ever seen!

We worked with Peter again in our tenth year, publishing Blue Rose in a small, slipcased edition, signed by the author. This chilling story sold out quickly. It’s always a pleasure to work with a gentleman such as Peter Straub.

We first met Peter and his friend Stephen King at the Sixth World Fantasy Convention which Tim and I put on in Baltimore in 1980; they were both gracious and accommodating. Our reason for sponsoring the convention was straightforward from the beginning: to thrust the work of Jack Vance, our Guest of Honor, into the limelight. The work was enormous. Many old time friends came to our aid and the response we received from those who attended the convention was heartwarming. The convention was a great success, but it took six months of valuable production time away from Underwood-Miller.

One book did come forth: The Book of the Sixth World Fantasy Convention. This is a lavish program
IAFA UPDATE

International Association for the Fantastic in the Arts
Marshall B. Tynn, President

[Association members are invited to send items for publication in this column to Marshall Tynn, IAFA President, 721 Cornell, Ypsilanti, MI 48197.]

IAFA Annual Scholarship & Graduate Student Support Service

The International Association for the Fantastic in the Arts is pleased to announce two new support services for graduate students in the fantasy and science fiction fields. The first is an Annual Scholarship which will be used to help defray expenses for a graduate student attending the conference. The second is a Recommendation Support Service which will help IAFA graduate student members find jobs. For further information on these programs, write to the IAFA Student-Support Committee, Purdue University, North Central Campus, Westville, IN 46391.

Conference Proceedings Volumes

Dr. Donald E. Morse, editor, for The Fantastic in World Literature and the Arts: Selected Essays from the Fifth International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts (Boea Ratona, 1984), has announced the table of contents for this conference proceedings volume, which will be published by Greenwood Press in 1987.

I. THEORY AND GAMES:

"From Providence to Terror: The Supernatural in Gothic Fantasy," by Robert F. Geary;

"A lesson in Xenomologistics: Congruence, Empathy and Computers in Joan Vinge's Eyes of Amber," by Greg Shreve;

"Continuing with the Past: Mythic Time in Tolkien's Lord of the Rings," by John A. Calabrese;

"Remembering the Past: Gene Wolfe's Day of the New Sun," by Peter Malek;


II. INDIVIDUAL AUTHORS:

"Irony in My Garden: Generative Presses in Borges's 'Garden of Forking Paths'," by Ralph Yarrow;

"What Went Wrong with Alice?," by Beverly Lyon Clark;

"The Figure of the Decadent Artist in Poe, Baudelaire and Swinburne," by Roger C. Lewis;

"Elements of the Fantastic in La Granja Blanca" by Clemente Palma," by Nancy M. Kason;

"The Play-within-the-Play: A Study of Madness in Hubert Aquin's Neige Noire," by V. Harger-Grining and A.R. Chadwick;

"The Fantastic Dwelling in Jacobs Cazott's Le Diablo Amoureux," by Juliette Gilman;

"The Living Past: The Mexican's History Returns to Taunt Him in Two Short Stories by Carlos Fuentes," by Cynthia Duncan;

"Dissolution and Discovery in the Fantastic Fiction of Andre Pieyre de Mandargues," by Joyce O. Lowrie.

III. TECHNIQUES, FIGURES, AND THEMES: COLLAGE, STAGE & FILM:

"Surrealist Vision: the Words and Collages of Max Ernst's Reve d'une petite fille qui voulut entrer au Carmel," by Charlotte Stokes;

"Dramatic Interpretations of Frankenstein: The Formative Years, 1935 to 1931," by Stephen Forys;


Announcements

Patrick D. Murphy and Vernon Hyles are soliciting essays for a volume on the Fantastic in Drama, which they are editing. Please send proposals/papers to Patrick D. Murphy, English Dept., Univ. of California, Davis, CA 95616.

Editorial Notes

Continued from page 19.

ly, reviewers like Jessica Amanda Salmonson will send us unsolicited reviews of titles which we would otherwise never have heard of—"mainstream" crossover books, usually—and believe me we are grateful. You see, it is the ultimate goal of FR to provide the widest and most comprehensive coverage of the incredible variety of the "fantastic" in contemporary literature, from Ace Books to Space and Time to Grove Press. To this end, I therefore ask all reviewers to be alert for small press and specialty books which reflect these themes, and to inform me of them right away.

If you reviewers will live up to these standards, I promise to act quickly to correct those problems which are the responsibility of the editor exclusively—and most notoriously the matter of types. As one critic recently wrote: "Fantasy Review remains an infuriating blend of intelligent commentary and rampant typographical errors." This reader was, however, generous enough to add: "I do look forward to receiving it every month, though." As the new book review editor, I only hope I can help make everyone feel that way.

Underwood-Miller

Continued from previous page.

book, bound in cloth and filled with major artwork, stories by our guests, photos of past conventions and one of Tim's wonderful collages of old fantasy book reproductions as endsheets.

To be Concluded Next Month

Chalker

Continued from page 44.

scription of an old stone tower taken from a letter; it prefaces the book, which is otherwise wholly Derleth. A "new" Lovecraft work, though, "completed by Derleth," was a notion revisionists would be the first of many. Later, Derleth would first write a piece and then try and find a line or two somewhere in Lovecraft's letters or essays or old fan pieces. The third third equally fascinating game concerned The Outsider and Others. Long after Arkham House was clearly successful, copies of the original book continued to remain in the Arkham backlist, later books were already out of print and selling at premiums, but this one just wouldn't sell out. Ultimately, Derleth decided to make it a legend anyway and declared it out of print. Then, slowly, over a period of years, he "discovered" a few here, a few there, and released them through out-of-print book dealers in the midwest who knew better, but also played along because it was in their interest to do so. The higher the book's listed price in a catalog, the lower Derleth's cut. By late 1949, the year in which my evidence tells me that the last original copies were sold, the book was listing at between $50 and $75. By the late 1950s it was still easy to get, and listed for $100, a price that stuck through the sixties.

The Outsider and Others was the last book I purchased to complete my Arkham House collection. I could have had it earlier, almost at any time, but funds were limited and copies were so absurdly easy to get there was never any pressure or urgency on me. Until it was done, my collection was only complete when it was complete, it wasn't worth picking up—and when I did, it was from a book dealer who had several copies, still in their original 1939 mailing box.

So thorough is the mystique and legend of this book that it is now, at last, very difficult (but by no means impossible) to find in good to excellent condition. It's still hardly as difficult as The Dark Chatoue or Always Comes Evening, for example, which are nearly impossible. It is, in fact, far easier to find than Beyond the Wall of Sleep. But it's sure got that mystique.

Next time we'll look at the importance of Arkham House to the field today, and at Arkham After August.

--Jack L. Chalker
“Wonderfully written with verve and vitality. *Stitch in Snow* is an enchanting tale certain to delight all McCaffrey fans and bring her countless new ones.” — Jennifer Wilde

ANNE McCAFFREY
Author of *Moreta: Dragonlady of Peru* and *The White Dragon*

STITCH IN SNOW

“McCaffrey displays a deft hand with romance. It is refreshing to have a hero and heroine in their 40s and still full of passion and humor.”
— Library Journal

“Ms. McCaffrey has woven a tale with such depth and meaning, yet so simple and straightforward, we are lured into believing it’s an easy task. That’s a sign of true mastery of the art!”
— Affaire de Coeur

September 1986 • $3.95 • 288 pages • 0-812-58562-3

Distributed by Warner Publisher Services and St. Martin’s Press
MAGAZINES

ANALOG


ASIMOV'S

October fiction features "Spice Pogrom," a novella by CONNIE WILLIS with cover art by WAYNE BARLOWE, and includes "Trading Post," a novelette by NEAL BARRETT, Jr. and four short stories: KATE WILHELM'S "The Girl Who Fell into the Sky;" "The Mind's Construction" by ISAAC ASIMOV; "Challenger as Viewed from the Westervelt Bar" by LUCIUS SHEPARD; "Cabareen" by LEWIS SHINER.

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION


OMNI


Paperbacks

Continued from page 39.

The Ghost Squad and the Halloween Conspiracy by E.W. HILDICK (0-812-50685-2, $1.95, [$.25 Can.])

Reissue: The Vampire Tapestry by SUZY MCKEE CHARNAS (0-812-52393-7, $2.95, [$.95 Can.]).

VINTAGE PRESS


Trade Books

Continued from page 40.

POSEIDON PRESS


A collection of five novelettes of supernatural horror set in the contemporary world.

TORG BUKS

[49 West 24 St., New York, NY 10010]

Ghost by PIERS ANTHONY (September 15, 1986, 0-312-93237-3, $14.95 hardcover).

Captain Shetland, exploring the void beyond the edge of the universe (for a solution to Earth's energy problem), finds instead... ghosts -- ghosts of planets, stars, and a galactic-sized black hole, leading to a ghost universe containing the raw stuff of the universe.

Magic in Ithkar #3 edited by ANDRE NORTON and ROBERT ADAMS (October 1986, 0-812-54734-9, $6.95, [$.95 Can.], trade paper).

A collection of stories set in the magical world of the Ithkair Fair; by: Gareth Bloodwine, A. C. Crispin, Gene De Weese, Morgan Llywelyn, and others.

Conan the Raider by LEONARD CARPENTER (October 1986, 0-812-54525-8, $6.95, [$.95 Can.], trade paper, cover by BORIS VALLEJO).

Conan joins a gang of tomb-robers in the desert-land of Shem, where he is ensnared, and then condemned to death in the Court Games.

VIKING/PENGUIN

[40 West 23 St., New York, NY 10010]


A comprehensive guide to field of horror and the supernatural; contains fifty essays, six hundred entries, and three hundred illustrations. Contributors include: T.E.D. Klein, Ramsey Campbell, Julia Briggs, Everett Bleiler, Robert Haji, Kim Newman, Timothy Sullivan, Michael Dird, Thomas M. Misch, Ron Goulart, Whitley Strieber, Colin Wilson, and others.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED RATES: $1.00 per line, 35 characters per line, spaces included. Four line minimum. ALL CAPS or BOLDface, at no extra cost. Small display ads at $.65 per col. inch (paste-up size 3" wide).

Buy and Sell


For Sale

RARE 32 pp special edition chapbook, SLOW by MAXINE CAMPELL with intro by T.E.D. KLEIN. Illustrated. 77 ppd. Footsteps Press, Box 75, Round Top, NY 12473.


Dead in the West--horror-western thriller by Joe R. Lansdale; $6.95. Ask your booksdealer, or order from: Space and Time, 138 W. 70th St. (4B), New York NY 10023-4432 (add $1 for shipping; NY residents add sales tax). Free brochure!

DEMENTIA'S premier issue is now out with horrors by J.N. Williamson, Janet Fox, and many others. Only $3 ppd. to Roger Reus, 9412 Huron Ave., Richmond, VA 23229.

HUNDREDS of prize-winning opportunities, thousands of dollars in cash awards for your creative writing with our Directories of Perennial Writing Contests. Categorized Monthly. ($9.95 each) Contact Caddo Writing Center, P.O. Box 37679, Shreveport, LA 71133.

Business Opportunities


ADDED BONUS FOR FANTASY REVIEW SUBSCRIBERS: a complimentary copy of David B. Silva's The Horror Show. NOW is the best time to subscribe or renew! (See masthead for rates and business address.)

Name

Address
GRAHAM MASTERTON
Heart-stopping horror from the bestselling author of The Pariah

DEATH TRANCE
Industrialist Randolph Clare has only one hope of seeing his brutally murdered family again. Aided by a mysterious Indonesian doctor, he will enter the demonic world of the dead. But will he return from the Death Trance?
September 1986
$3.95 • 416 pages
0-812-52187-0

"Williamson has written a real chiller...an enchanting evocation of evil...Crammed with weird insights into a terrifying supernatural intelligence and moments of literally monstrous murder that will make your old nightmares seem tepid and drab."
—Robert Bloch, author of Psycho

CHET WILLIAMSON
SOULSTORM
September 1986
$3.95 • 320 pages
0-812-52718-6

LADIES IN WAITING
The ladies in the paintings were alive—and hungry for revenge! To Adrienne, the house was evil. For Ned, the house was a miracle—an inheritance from the mysterious artist Sebastian, whose portraits of women are eerily lifelike. The women's eyes glowed—and burned with hatred for every woman alive. Especially Adrienne.

R.R. WALTERS
Nationally distributed by Warner Publisher Services and St. Martin's Press
Up to your eyeballs in catalogs?

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 Cthulu, 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.

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.

ROBERT & PHYLLIS WEINBERG
15145 OXFORD DR. OAK FOREST, ILLINOIS 60452

BOOK SPECIALISTS
(312) 687-5765

Fantasy Review

Issue No. 94, Vol. 9, No. 8, September, 1986

College of Humanities
Florida Atlantic University
Boca Raton, Florida 33431