

FANTASYCON VI

3rd ~ 5th October, 1980



PROGRAMME BOOKLET



**FANTASY
MEDIA**

3rd - 5th October, 1980 CONTENTS

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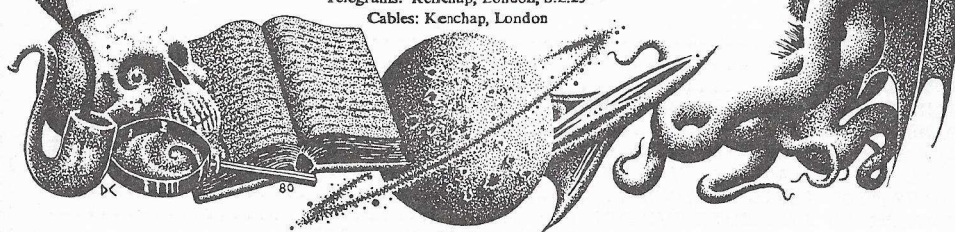
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SF

RAMSEY CAMPBELL

GUEST OF HONOUR

JIM FITZPATRICK

SPECIAL ARTIST GUEST

KARL EDWARD WAGNER

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

GUESTS

KENNETH BULMER	PAT MCINTOSH-SPINNLER
DAVE CARSON	HILARY MURAY
ADRIAN COLE	JIM PITTS
PHIL EDWARDS	DAVID RILEY
DENNIS ETCHISON	DEZ SKINN
GEORGE HAY	JOHN STEWART
DOUGLAS HILL	ANN SUSTER
TANITH LEE	GERALD SUSTER
JILL MACKAY	DAVID A. SUTTON

Fantasycon VI is dedicated to the memory of
DAVE MCFERRAN (1954-1980)

ABSENT FRIENDS

STREETS of convenient motives and the hour that
never ends decisions and wind falls from twisted
trees that pack their trunks and move out on the
long highway wind in empty rooms across the years
that separate us from the consequences of our lies
dying on the distant air from falls and echoes and
she went down the road and I returned to my red
house among the trees by the lake in the forest
where the wind blew lonely and a cloud like an
ancient ship for my failing sight and I never saw
her again

but sometimes when memories return and
ghosts come back to linger in empty shadows beneath
the twisted trees and the afternoon sky is grey as
an old man dying of lost time and too many sorrows
in the lonely summer and the dead leaves blowing
in the wind in the quiet desperation of the years.

R.W. Smith

Introduction

by Brian Mooney

THEY were a motley lot, the pilgrims. They had come from far and wide and were now gathered together in the strange wastes of the Middle Lands.

Some of them were none too popular with their fellows. The pallid, crouched one began a litany of complaint. He was always complaining. "Oh, but he's so tired, precious-s-s...but they don't care...all the nas-s-sty people don't care about precious-s-s. Gollum, gollum!"

The huge Cimmerian with the ragged black fringe glared. "Crom!" he growled, "I weary of that voice!" The giant swung the sword he carried, casually lopping off the pallid head.

"Well, guess that should keep him quiet for a few minutes," muttered the burly young American writer with the hair and beard of a Viking, taking a philosophical snort of bourbon.

"Indubitably," agreed the stooped and scholarly New Englander. "The diminutive and aeon-stricken haunter of darkness was manifestly the most daemoniactal, grotesque, eldritch, bizarre, squamous, ululating, puerile, cosmically, iterative drone..." He caught the Cimmerian's glare and grinned sheepishly. "And all that crap..." he finished.

A hellish shriek, like the cry of a great bull ape, from the nearby forest startled them into silence. Then the handsome Virginian wearing the diadem of a Martian Warlord grunted. "That damn fool Tarzan's just crashed into another tree," he said. "Why the senile fool doesn't walk..."

"Bunions," explained Dr. Fu Manchu. "I've been treating him for bunions for several years now. I tried to get him into a wheelchair, but he insisted on swinging through the trees."

F'lar of Pern had a sudden mental image of an enfeebled and bebunioned Tarzan and began to laugh like a drain. Mnementh, his dragon, caught the picture and began to stomp up and down in reptilian amusement. The great saurian's left hind foot landed on top of Poe, driving the writer into the ground like a tent-peg.

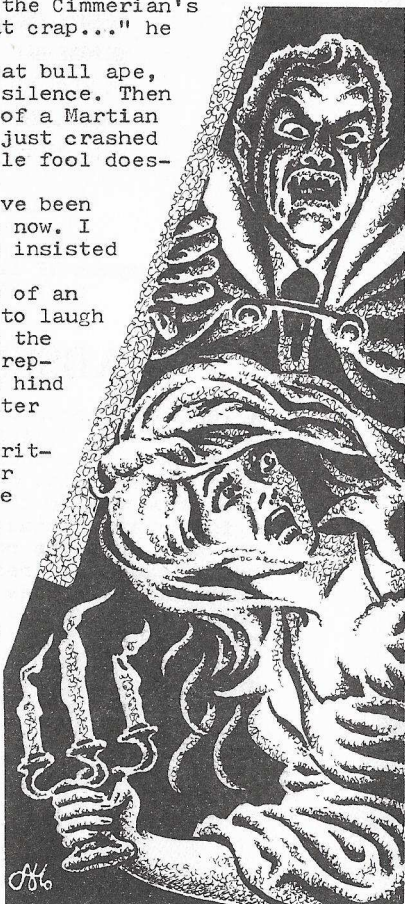
"Oh dear," murmured the gentle-voiced British actor with the bolts in his neck, "Poor Edgar always dreaded premature burial." The raven perched on his shoulder cackled and croaked, "Nevermore..."

"It's your fault, you great oaf," Sir Henry Baskerville told F'lan. "Why don't you keep a dog like any normal person?"

Henry Hull, who had just cocked his leg against a rock, snapped, "Stop squabbling! What's that crumbled ruin I can see on yonder hill-top?"

The bearded Welsh naval officer reluctantly put aside the artistic photographs he had been looking at and stared in the direction the werewolf was indicating. "It's our destination," he affirmed. "That is the curious shrine to which our literary preferences have drawn us."

Little Danny Torrance ran to take ref-



uge behind the less-than-ample skirt of Wonderwoman. "My shining tells me that's a bad place," sobbed the child. "Please don't let them put me in Room 217, please..."

Slowly, apprehensively, the band of pilgrims approached the ruined castle until all were assembled in the great courtyard before the massive door. A faltering hand reached out and tugged the bellrope.

The door swung open silently, and the travellers were confronted by a tall, white-haired old man dressed entirely in black. Sharp, gleaming teeth were bared in a grim smile.

The White Knight started forward. Falteringly he said, "You must be..."

"I am Dracula," stated the old man. He stood aside and made a gesture, as if bidding them to enter. "Welcome to Fantasycon VI..."

Ramsey Campbell

SHIVERMONGER

by Mike Ashley

BRITAIN has always had a strong tradition of original and powerful talespinners of the supernatural. What other nation can boast the pedigree of M. R. James, Arthur Machen, Algernon Blackwood, William Hope Hodgson, Vernon Lee, Oliver Onions and scores more? The majority of these writers had their roots firmly planted in the nineteenth century. In less than a hundred years' time writers looking back on this period may very well decide that the most important writer in the second half of the twentieth century was Ramsey Campbell. And they will be able to make that judgement with the knowledge of what wonders Ramsey has yet to write. We can come to the same opinion on the basis of stories written in the last ten years, and a writer who is still only 34.

August Derleth recognised Campbell's talents, calling him one of the most effective of the new recruits to the Cthulhu Mythos. Campbell was then just turned sixteen and was on the verge of becoming one of our obedient servants in the Inland Revenue. Hitherto the young John Ramsey Campbell had only his voracious reading as a background to his writing and his first book *THE INHABITANT OF THE LAKE AND OTHER LESS WELCOME TENANTS* (Arkham House, 1964) betrays his inexperience and his total dedication to the works of H. P. Lovecraft.

But Campbell did not stagnate. He drew upon his new experiences of coming of age in the Swinging Sixties, and his knowledge of people met in his work, first in the tax offices and later in the Liverpool Public Library. The change came quite suddenly. Within a year or two of his first





book Campbell was writing final drafts of such stories as The Cellars, Reply Guaranteed, The Scar and Napier Court, each one having its various merits as the best of his early stories. The Lovecraft aura had rapidly dimmed, but Ramsey refined the best of that writer's talents, and blended them not only with his own but with the best of other writers, most notably M. R. James.

In July 1973, after an apprenticeship of just eleven years, Campbell took that all-important plunge and became a full-time writer. Now not only did a profusion of short stories begin to appear but, more important as regards commercial acceptability, he produced his first novel THE DOLL WHO ATE HIS MOTHER (Bobbs-Merrill, 1976). Fritz Leiber gave the book unstinting praise in his review for FANTASTIC, observing: "Campbell catches the odd colours of individual inner awareness and the prankish flow of life in seemingly drab people as few other English writers can." And there is probably no better authority than Leiber

qualified to make such an observation. Due recognition was accorded Campbell's talents with the British Fantasy Award in 1977 for the Best Short Story In the Bag and the World Fantasy Award in 1978 for The Chimney. What still eludes Campbell is international acceptability beyond genre fans, the kind of fame heaped upon Stephen King, nine months Ramsey's junior. But slow and easy wins the race. With nearly two hundred short stories under his belt - many of them guaranteed immortality - and heaven knows how many more to come, plus a handful of mature novels, Campbell is establishing a very solid reputation. His latest novel WAKE THE DEAD (Millington, 1980) is also his best to date and, with the right promotion from his publisher, should bring him the recognition he deserves. We are living in a time when legends are made.



RAMSEY CAMPBELL ~ BOOKS



THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (under pseudonym 'Carl Dreadstone').

US: Berkley, 1977. UK: Wyndham-Universal, 1978.

DEMONS BY DAYLIGHT (collection).

US: Arkham House, 1973; Jove/HBJ, 1979 (contents differ).

UK: Star Books, 1975.

THE DOLL WHO ATE HIS MOTHER

US: Bobbs-Merrill, 1976; Jove/HBJ, 1978.

UK: Millington, 1978; Universal, 1978.

DRACULA'S DAUGHTER.

US: Berkley, 1977 (under pseudonym 'Carl Dreadstone').

UK: Star Books, 1980 (under pseudonym 'E. K. Leyton').

THE FACE THAT MUST DIE.

UK: Wyndham/Star, 1979.

THE HEIGHT OF THE SCREAM (collection).

US: Arkham House, 1976. UK: Millington, 1978.

THE INHABITANT OF THE LAKE & OTHER LESS WELCOME TENANTS (collection).

US: Arkham House, 1964.

THE NAMELESS.

UK: Millington (forthcoming).

US: Macmillan (forthcoming).

TO WAKE THE DEAD.

UK: Millington, 1980.

US: Macmillan, 1980 (as THE PARASITE with variant ending).

THE WOLFMAN.

US: Berkley, 1977 (under pseudonym 'Carl Dreadstone').

UK: Star Books, 1980 (under pseudonym 'E. K. Leyton').

Campbell has also edited the anthologies NEW TALES OF THE CTHULHU MYTHOS (Arkham House, 1980), NEW TERRORS 1 & 2 (Pan, 1980), and SUPERHORROR (W. H. Allen, 1976; St. Martin's Press, 1977; Star, 1980 as THE FAR REACHES OF FEAR).

A full bibliography of Campbell's works is available in the FANTASY READERS GUIDE No.2: The File on Ramsey Campbell.



San Fornas Cystreachtia

MACHA 7 DELA in the forbidden forest.

Jim FitzPatrick

MYTHS & LEGENDS

by Jon Harvey



IRELAND, the land that produced the monks who created THE BOOK OF KELLS and Harry Clarke, has produced another artistic protege par excellence in Jim FitzPatrick. Jim was born in Dublin in 1948. From his early childhood in County Clare, he has been fascinated by the legendary folk epics of the Tuatha De Danann and the sagas of early Irish mythology. This fascination has blossomed into a unique combination of Celtic illumination and art nouveau to illustrate these legends and myths.

Whilst most people have become aware of the existence of Jim FitzPatrick through THE BOOK OF CONQUESTS (published by Paper Tiger in 1978), Jim first came to the public eye in the early seventies when his illustrations enlivened hoarding adverts for such items as cigarettes. Later on, music lovers were enamoured by Jim's record cover designs for Thin Lizzy and Alan Stivell. Jim's first book was published in 1973: PORTFOLIO, a limited edition publication, sold out within months of its release. CELTIA, published two years later, had a much larger print run.

Nevertheless, it sold out and is also a hard-to-find item. Because of CELTIA, Jim's fame spread to and through the greetings card industry, as a number of illustrations found in the book have been made into some beautiful cards.

Jim has produced posters - the earliest of these to be exhibited being of Che Guevara - portraits of such people as Brendan Behan, Oscar Wilde, W. B. Yeats, James Joyce and Samuel Beckett; has worked in the advertising business and has produced record sleeves for popular artistes. However, his greatest love is that for the legend and myth of his country and his best illustrative work is undoubtedly in their portrayal.

It was only a matter of time, after he had started illustrating figures and scenes from Ireland's folk heritage, that Jim started writing about it as well. His writings had a rather strange debut: In 1974, Lust of the Living Dead, a story accompanied by a two-page spread illustration, appeared in PENTHOUSE. It was another four years before Jim had the vehicle of THE BOOK OF CONQUESTS to relate heroic action without the liberal sprinkling of sex to be found in Lust of the Living Dead.

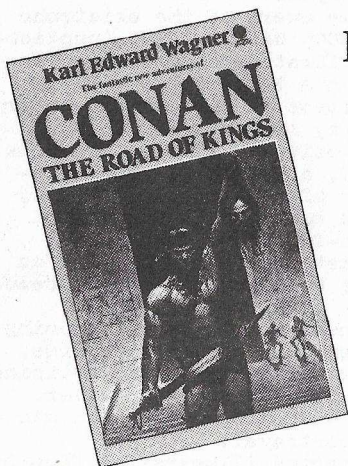
Jim's latest publication is THE CELTIC PORTFOLIO, produced in 1979 in a signed and numbered limited edition and consisting of a series of illustrations of Irish goddesses. Within two months of publication, it too had sold out and is now a collectors item.

Jim is a self-taught artist. Yet, the beauty of his work has won him international acclaim. He spent a period of time working in the United States, but is now back in his native city with his wife, Deirdre, and their three children, Suzanne, Conann and Redmond. He is listed as an, "artist, writer, lecturer and publisher" in WHO'S WHO IN EUROPE and is honoured by the Irish Government who allow him to live totally tax-free in Ireland. Furthermore, they published an account of Jim's work in IRELAND TODAY, the Bulletin of the Department of Foreign Affairs, and ended the account by stating: "We may never have a Wagner to put our myths to music, but many will share my view that in FitzPatrick we have an artist to illustrate them who is second to none."

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Karl Edward Wagner

Page 11

Karl Edward Wagner

THE ONLY ONE

by Manly Wade Wellman



RED-BEARDED, cliff-shouldered, at first glance he looks like his own creation - Kane with the sword in his hand and the curse on his soul. But at second glance he smiles, his eyes are warm. He's Karl Edward Wagner, true to his work, to his friends, to the world, and just now a foremost figure in the literature of fantasy.

A Tennesseean, he graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Kenyon College and got his MD from the University of North Carolina. This was incidental. He had wanted to write since he first could string letters into words. His first book, *DARKNESS WEAVES*, was written in his teens, when sometimes he neglected his assigned lessons to write it. Kane was his protagonist, not exactly his hero, in a world so long ago that the very

continents and seas were different. That book was published while he was still a student, before he decided that he wouldn't be a doctor after all, would be the writer he'd wanted to be ever since he could remember. Meanwhile, he'd married a tall princess named Barbara, and he must write or they'd starve. He wrote, and they didn't.

His tales of haunted, unconquerable Kane are *DARKNESS WEAVES*, *DEATH ANGEL'S SHADOW*, *BLOODSTONE*, *DARK CRUSADE*, *NIGHT WINDS*. Kane, who never will die, fights on. And there are pastiches of Robert E. Howard's Conan and Bran Mak Morn, and he edited the library of Howard's work. His publishing house Carcosa turns out beautiful fantasy collections. He writes short fiction, too - his *Sticks* won the British Fantasy Award. His poetry is evocative, stirring, with both a chill and a light to it.

He's at home anywhere; at conventions where often he's Guest of Honour, with fellow writers, at parties with good food and drink, in pubs with all conditions of men and women, impressive in public or private; well bred always, unweariedly kind to children, instantly helpful when help is needed. The example of a writer, the pattern of a friend.

He's the only Karl Edward Wagner there is.



CONVENTION REGISTRATIONS

At the time of going to press, the following are registered members of Fantasycon VI:

- | | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Ramsey Campbell | 56. Steven Flint | 115. Nigel's Myth |
| 2. Jenny Campbell | 57. Tony Fallone | 116. M. Williams |
| 3. Jim FitzPatrick | 58. Jenny Fallone | 117. Viola Alice Sprenkle |
| 4. Karl Edward Wagner | 59. Chris Morgan | 118. Mark Vanoppen |
| 5. Barbara Wagner | 60. Pauline Morgan | 119. Dave Carson |
| 6. Mike Wathen | 61. Andy Richards | 120. Norma Carson |
| 7. Diane Wathen | 62. M. D. Smith | 121. Jill Mackay |
| 8. R. J. Palmer | 63. Mike Goldsbury | 122. Andy Whitfield |
| 9. Pat Spinnler | 64. Colin Browning | 123. David Riley |
| 10. Ken Cowley | 65. Jean Sheward | 124. Eddy C. Bertin |
| 11. Keith Marsland | 66. John Stewart | 125. John Mottershead |
| 12. Kevin Broxton | 67. Anna Stewart | 126. Steven J. Green |
| 13. John Carter | 68. Chuck Burnett | 127. Earle Callender |
| 14. Peter Coleborn | 69. John Hall | 128. Patricia Bayley |
| 15. Martin Todd | 70. Tony Williams | 129. Mike Kane |
| 16. Rob Butterworth | 71. Phil Barker | 130. Neil Burgess |
| 17. David Parkins | 72. Sue Laflin Barker | 131. Jim Pitts |
| 18. Paul Richards | 73. Al Fitzpatrick | 132. Linda Roberts |
| 19. Mike Grace | 74. V. Paine | 133. George Hay |
| 20. Rosemary Pardoe | 75. L. Edwards | 134. Douglas Hill |
| 21. Ken Bulmer | 76. Allan Milne | 135. Dez Skinn |
| 22. Simon Green | 77. Geof Cox | 136. Penny Hill |
| 23. George Budge | 78. Gary Baker | 137. Jessica Yates |
| 24. Ted Carside | 79. Pete Watts | 138. Adrian Cole |
| 25. Charles Noad | 80. Mike Watts | 139. Thomas Tessier |
| 26. Wayne Cassar | 81. David Hart | 140. Dennis Etchison |
| 27. Bryan Manditch | 82. J. Leigh | 141. Hilary Muray |
| 28. Richard Van Der Voort | 83. L. Taylor | 142. Peter Tremayne |
| 29. Marion Van Der Voort | 84. Susan Booth | 143. Robert Wooler |
| 30. Jeff Myers | 85. Richard McBride | 144. Gary Humphrey |
| 31. Desmond Bull | 86. B. Thompson | 145. ditto |
| 32. Jan Arter | 87. David Lass | 146. Koen Olie |
| 33. Steve Pottinger | 88. Trish Hall | 147. Gillian Grace |
| 34. Col Brooks | 89. Chris Hall | 148. David Reak |
| 35. Gary Cahalane | 90. Chris Beaumont | 149. Phil Edwards |
| 36. Steve Skwarek | 91. Ralph Griffin | 150. Nat Edwards |
| 37. Philip Collins | 92. Alan Hunter | 151. Tony Worrall |
| 38. Linda Watt | 93. Simon Bostock | 152. Stephen Moss |
| 39. K. Dewey | 94. Mark Williams | 153. Henry Newton |
| 40. Hussain Mohamed | 95. D. M. Dixon | 154. Cherry Newton |
| 41. David Bath | 96. R. M. Carlisle | 155. Muylaert Bart |
| 42. Nigel Summerton | 97. Terry Allen | 156. T. Martin |
| 43. Mike Chinn | 98. G. Holt | 157. Nicholas Jones |
| 44. Stephen Jones | 99. Steve Pinder | 158. Tanith Lee |
| 45. Jo Fletcher | 100. Gill Pinder | 159. Paul Dorrell |
| 46. Carl Hiles | 101. Peter Relton | 160. Bob Lock |
| 47. David Sutton | 102. Roger Birchall | 161. Vince Mattocks |
| 48. Sandra Sutton | 103. N. K. Blatchley | 162. Marion Pitman |
| 49. Jon Harvey | 104. Richard Dalby | 163. Martin Helsdon |
| 50. Fiona Harvey | 105. M. Rowlinson | 164. Margaret Kilpatrick |
| 51. J. Cawthorn | 106. J. Rowlinson | 165. Martin D. Pay |
| 52. M. Bywater | 107. Andrew Sumner | 166. Colin Williams |
| 53. Malcolm Furnass | 108. Stephen Walker | 167. Stephen Dark |
| 54. Maureen Porter | 109. Paul Farren | 168. Dave Cox |
| 55. Geoffrey Catterill | 110. Helen Armstrong | 169. John Sinclair |
| | 111. Andy Armstrong | 170. Christine Jennings |
| | 112. P. Ogley | 171. Stephen Guildford |
| | 113. Stephen Davies | 172. Ted Ball |
| | 114. Geoff Dutton | 173. Dave Gibson |

174. S. M. Derrick
175. ditto
176. Derek Stokes

177. Lena Clevely
178. Phil Alexander
179. Keith Walker

180. Diana Simpson
181. Libby Clements

CONVENTION INFORMATION

THE annual British Fantasy Convention is now a well-established part of the fantasy calendar, and once again we return to the New Imperial Hotel, Birmingham, for a weekend of talks and films on all aspects of the genre. Most of the programme items will take place in the CONNAUGHT room at the times detailed in the Programme. Book dealers are in the STAFFORD room and the Art Show is in the GEORGE room. The Resident's LOUNGE Bar upstairs will be open to convention members. Please note that no drink will be allowed into the Art Show.

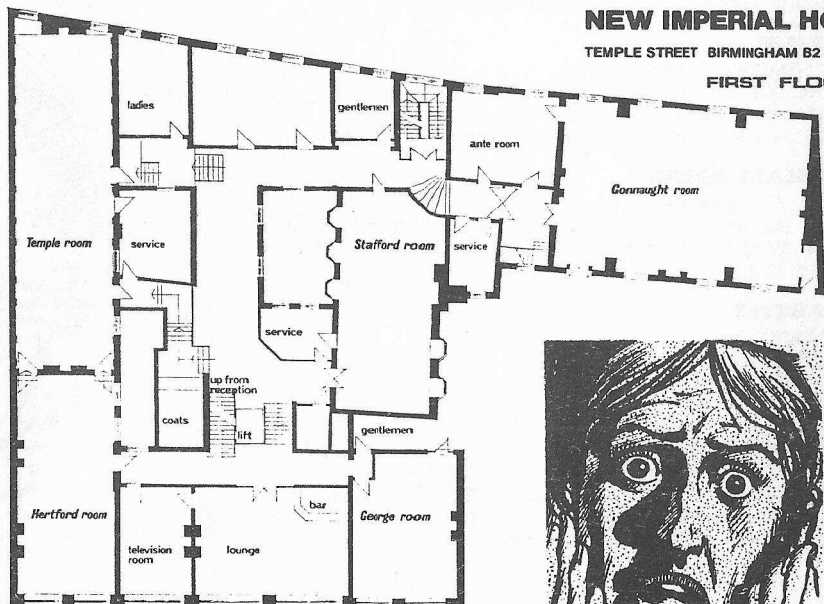
This year we have decided not to have name badges, but to use a colour code instead: White Badges are for convention members. Green Badges are for our Special Guests, so don't hesitate to approach them. They usually congregate in the bar and all it takes is the offer of a drink to make a famous friend for life. Gold Badges are worn by Convention Committee members, all of whom are there to help and advise you throughout the convention.

Please remember that badges must be worn at all times and you may be stopped by either committee members or hotel staff if you are not wearing one. Your badge is your entry to all events and, most importantly, you may not be served at the convention bar without one!

The numbered ticket inside this PROGRAMME BOOKLET should be guarded with your life, for at Saturday evening's British Fantasy Awards Presentation there are a number of exciting free prizes to be won.

And there are some surprises for those who turn up early enough for Sunday's Autograph Party, where many of our guests will be signing copies of their work. Don't miss it!

Enjoy the convention and we look forward to seeing you again at Fantasycon VII!



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The British Fantasy Awards

MAIN NOMINATIONS-1979



THE British Fantasy Awards are presented annually by The British Fantasy Society for excellence in several categories, with the author of the Best Novel receiving the August Derleth Award (a memorial to the late American writer who did so much for the cause of fantasy in his lifetime). Each of the winners receives a statuette designed by Dave Carson, which will be presented on Saturday evening. Below are alphabetically listed the main nominations chosen by the membership:

BEST NOVEL

- 1 DEATH'S MASTER (DAW)
- THE DEVIL WIVES OF LI FONG (Del Rey)
- 2 HARPIST IN THE WIND (Del Rey)
- 3 SORCERER'S SON (Del Rey)

TANITH LEE
E. HOFFMAN PRICE
PATRICIA A. McKILLIP
PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN

BEST SHORT FICTION

- 1 THE BUTTON MOLDER (Whispers 13/14)
- 2 FIRST MAKE THEM MAD (Fantasy Tales 4)
- 3 RED AS BLOOD (F&SF July)
- THE WOMAN WHO LOVED THE MOON (Amazons - DAW)

FRITZ LEIBER
ADRIAN COLE
TANITH LEE
ELIZABETH LYNN

BEST FILM

- 1 ALIEN (Ridley Scott)
- 3 THE LORD OF THE RINGS (Ralph Bakshi)
- SUPERMAN (Richard Donner)
- 2 ZOMBIES - DAWN OF THE DEAD (George A. Romero)

BEST SMALL PRESS

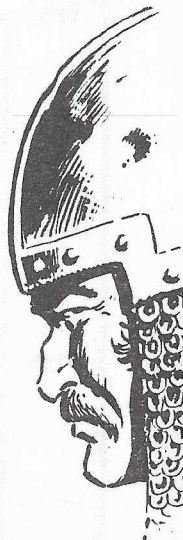
- ANDURIL 7 (John Martin)
- 3 FANTASY MEDIA Vol.1 (Harvey/Jones/Larkin/Sutton)
- 1 FANTASY TALES 5 (Stephen Jones/David A. Sutton)
- 2 WHISPERS 13/14 (Stuart Schiff)

BEST ARTIST

- 2 DAVE CARSON
- 1 STEPHEN E. FABIAN
- 3 ROWENA MORRILL
- JIM PITTS

BEST COMIC BOOK

- 2 ELQUEST (Warp Graphics - W & R Pini)
- 3 SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN (Marvel - Roy Thomas)
- 1 HEAVY METAL (HM Communications Inc. - Kelly/Marchant)
- X-MEN (Marvel - Claremont/Byrne)



FANTASYCON VI PROGRAMME

FRIDAY

- 7.00 PM REGISTRATION DESK OPENS (Lounge)
 7.30 PM GENERAL RECEPTION AND ICE-BREAKER (Lounge)
An informal chance to meet Guests and the BFS Committee at the bar
 8.30 PM SCHLOCK HORROR DOUBLE BILL: (Connaught)
 FILM - INCREDIBLE PETRIFIED WORLD (70 mins)
 FILM - TEENAGE ZOMBIES (74 mins)
 10.45 PM RECEPTION CONTINUES (Lounge)
 1.00 AM Close

SATURDAY

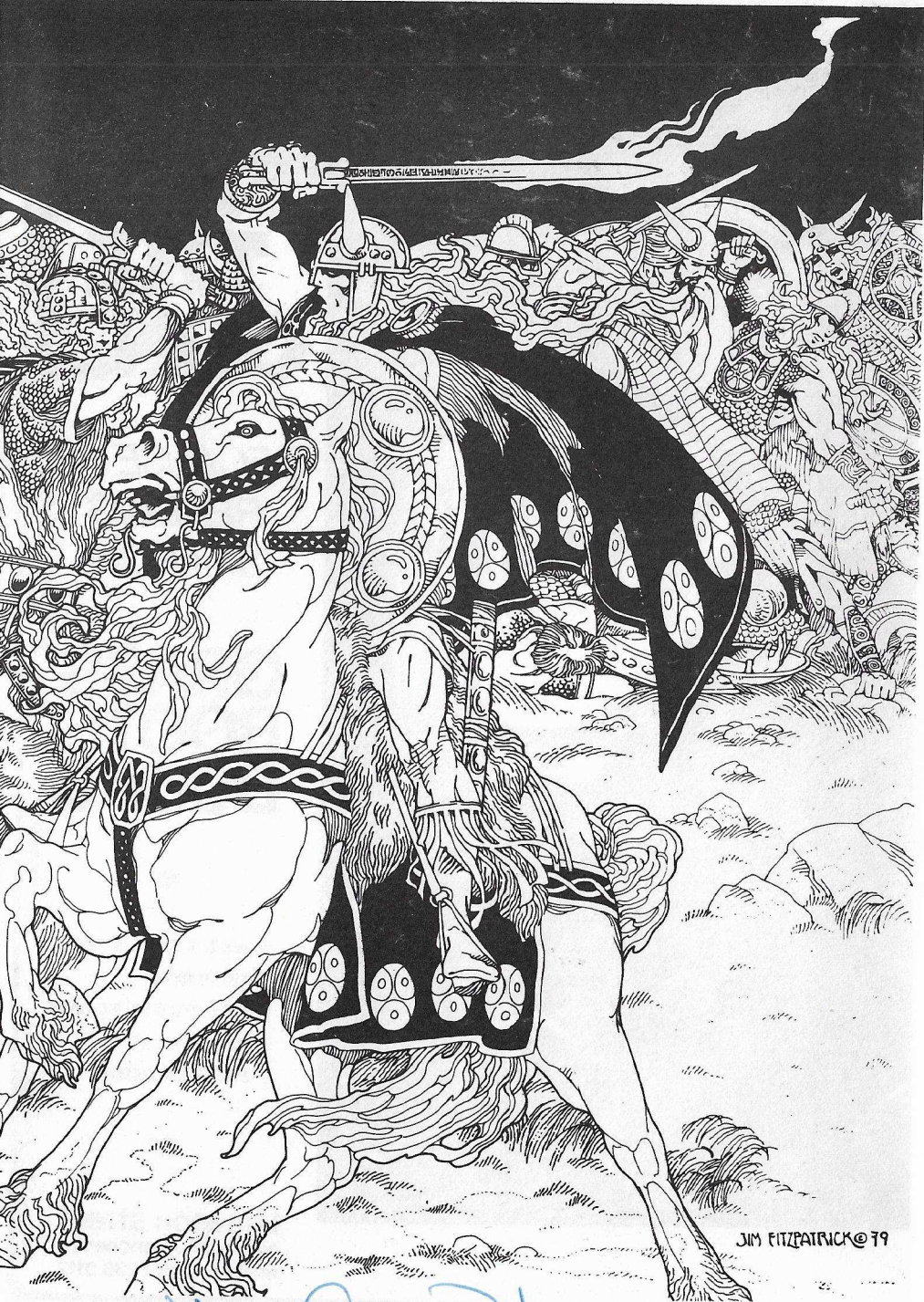
- 9.15 AM REGISTRATION DESK OPENS (First Floor)
 10.00 AM WELCOME - Introduction by Karl Edward Wagner (Connaught)
 10.15 AM DEALERS' ROOM OPENS (Stafford)
 10.15 AM FOOLS STEP IN - Dez Skinn (Connaught)
Cash-ins, rip-offs and exploitation of fantasy in the media
 11.15 AM Break
 11.15 AM ART SHOW OPENS (George)
 11.30 AM AUTHORS/PUBLISHERS PANEL (Connaught)
A debate from both sides of publishing featuring an all-star panel
 12.30 AM CLASH OF THE TITANS PROMOTION REEL (Connaught)
A preview of M.G.M.'s new Ray Harryhausen fantasy epic
 12.50 AM Lunch
 2.00 PM THE GUEST OF HONOUR'S SPEECH - RAMSEY CAMPBELL (Connaught)
Dealers' and Art Rooms closed during GoH Speech
 3.00 PM Break
 3.15 PM BRITISH FANTASY SOCIETY/CONVENTION ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING (Connaught)
Committee reports; election of officers; Fantasycon VII etc.
 4.15 PM Break
 4.30 PM DEALERS'/ART ROOMS CLOSE (Stafford/George)
 4.30 PM FILM - PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE (91 mins) (Connaught)
 FILM - THE LATHE OF HEAVEN (105 mins) - British Premiere (Connaught)
 7.45 PM Dinner
 9.00 PM SPECIAL ARTIST GUEST'S SPEECH - JIM FITZPATRICK (Connaught)
 9.45 PM THE BRITISH FANTASY AWARDS PRESENTATION - Karl Edward Wagner, (Connaught)
 Ramsey Campbell, Jim FitzPatrick *The high point of the convention! The presentation of the 1979 Awards and other surprises. Pay bar available.*
 10.30 PM BELA LUGOSI DOUBLE BILL: (Connaught)
 FILM - BLACK DRAGONS (66 mins)
 FILM - RETURN OF THE APE MAN (60 mins)
 10.30 PM SONG, SONNET AND STORY (Alternative Programme) (Lounge)
An informal entertainment of folk songs, poems and stories
 1.00 AM Close

SUNDAY

- 10.00 AM DEALERS'/ART ROOMS OPEN (Stafford/George)
 10.15 AM BY THE GREAT GOD GYGAX! - Penny Hill (Connaught)
A beginner's guide to D&D
 11.15 AM Break
 11.15 AM FANTASYCON VII REGISTRATION DESK OPENS (First Floor)
Your chance to register for next year's convention at a reduced rate!
 11.30 AM ART AUCTION/AUTOGRAPH PARTY (Alternative Programme) (George/Lounge)
Your last chance to bid for artwork and get your books signed
 12.00 Lunch
 1.30 PM THE BIRDS OF RHIANON - George Hay (Connaught)
The role of fantasy in our lives
 2.30 PM Break
 2.45 PM DEALERS'/ART ROOMS CLOSE (Stafford/George)
 2.45 PM FILM - RACE WITH THE DEVIL (88 mins) (Connaught)
 4.30 PM CONVENTION CLOSES - Karl Edward Wagner (Connaught)

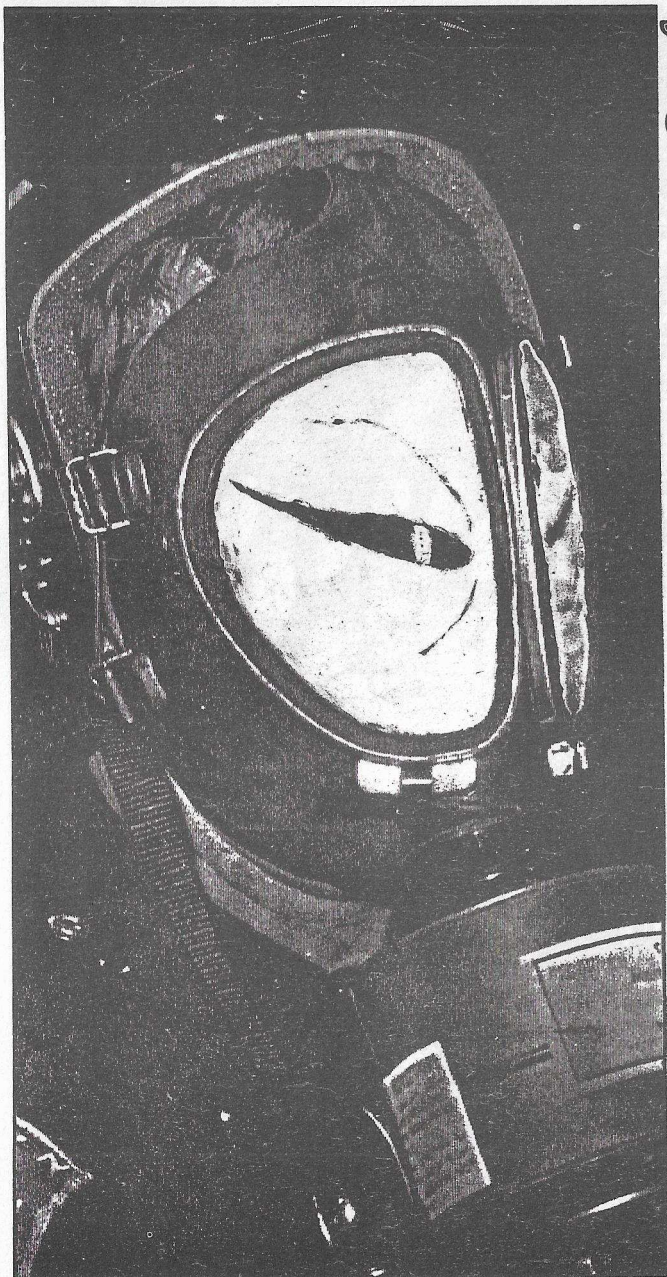


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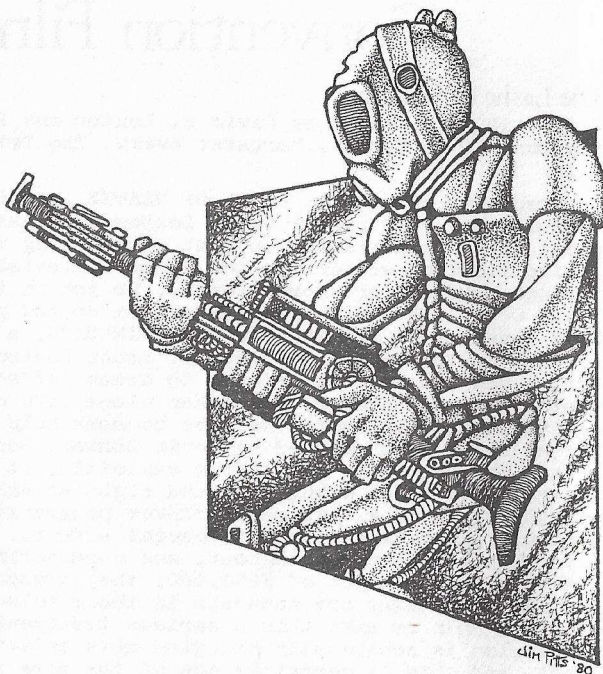
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best Fantasycon yet!



The Ramsey Campbell story,
The Stages of the God, on
page 24 originally appeared
in Stuart Schiff's WHISPERS
(November 1974) under the
pseudonym 'Montgomery Com-
fort'.



Fantastic Cinema

FANTASTIC CINEMA is a brand new small-press magazine due out later this year. Its editor is David Sutton, well known in the amateur field for his work on various fanzines such as, SHADOW, FANTASY MEDIA, BRITISH FANTASY SOCIETY publications and FANTASY TALES. FANTASTIC CINEMA will be a literate and interesting magazine about Fantasy, Science Fiction and Horror films. It is not intended to be a review of current trends in movies, though it will be wide-ranging enough to be able to examine the whole spectrum of fantastic movie-making throughout its history.

The 1st issue will contain RAMSEY CAMPBELL's CTULHU IN CELLULOID, an article on the films based around the writings of H. P. Lovecraft. An earlier version of this article appeared some 12 years ago and has not been reprinted since. A useful critical assessment of how fairly and unfairly HPL has been translated into film. From STEPHEN JONES comes WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...?, a brief and light-hearted look at some of the amazing and kooky movies which have never been released in Britain; a fascinating documentary that will amuse and intrigue the reader. Also on the cards for the first issue is work from former HOUSE OF HAMMER and STARBURST editor, DEZ SKINN and from CINEFANTASTIQUE and LE ECRAN FANTASTIQUE correspondent, ALAN JONES.

FANTASTIC CINEMA will be printed offset-litho, A5 in size, with film stills illustrating and complementing the written material and will run to approximately 30 pages. The editor promises a fascinating new magazine, of interest to any devotee of fantasy in the movies. Pre-publication subscriptions will be entitled to a reduced rate for the 1st issue. The price is 75p (plus 13p postage); \$4 (USA, includes airmail postage if paid in bills). Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to DAVID SUTTON and sent to, 194 STATION ROAD, KINGS HEATH, BIRMINGHAM B14 7TE, ENGLAND. Order your copy of the 1st issue now!

Convention Film Notes

The Lathe of Heaven

U.S.A. 1980. Directed by David R. Loxton and Fred Barzyk. Starring: Bruce Davison, Kevin Conway, Margaret Avery. The Television Laboratory/Taurus-Film.

Ursula Le Guin's THE LATHE OF HEAVEN is quite an ambitious production. Producer and co-director David Loxton originally conceived the idea as a pilot for a possible series that would bring the work of serious 'speculative fiction' writers to the public television screen. After going through hundreds of short stories, he got in touch with Le Guin and THE LATHE OF HEAVEN was their choice. Loxton had previously collaborated with Kurt Vonnegut on BETWEEN TIME AND TIMBUKTU, a public television tribute to some of Vonnegut's storylines. Bruce Davison (WILLARD) portrays George Orr, a man who has the ability to dream "effectively" and upon awakening, whatever he has dreamed has taken place with no-one the wiser. After abortive suicide attempts, he goes to seek help from an "oneirologist" or "dream specialist" played by Kevin Conway. Doctor Haber (Conway) learns of his unique talent and starts exploiting it for the "benefit of mankind". Things start to go wrong left and right as Haber gets more maniacal in his therapy. This is a very good, clever programme, relying more on story and acting, rather than a lot of special effects. There are, however, some interesting effects throughout, and considering they did the film on a relatively small budget of \$800,000, they brought a look of the future to it. Davison and Conway are naturals in their roles as victim and manipulator and both help to make this a serious treatment of Le Guin's work. Public Television is continually bringing more entertaining productions into the light, and this is certainly one of the more refreshing ones.

Randy Broecker

Phantom of the Paradise

U.S.A. 1974. Directed by Brian De Palma. Starring: Paul Williams, William Finley, George Memmoli, Harold Oblong, Gerrit Graham, And Introducing Jessica Harper. Harbour/20th Century-Fox.

When PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE first opened in London, it ran for just over a week before it closed. That it was released at the same time as TOMMY - and completely overshadowed by Russell's film in the media - didn't help, but its initial failure was mostly due to 20th Century-Fox's apparent lack of confidence in the film, which resulted in almost no promotional back-up. It must therefore have been an embarrassment to Fox when the film - and its director - achieved something of a cult status. Whereas Brian De Palma's other films (BLOOD SISTERS (1972; SISTERS in U.S.A.), OBSESSION (1975), CARRIE (1976), THE FURY (1978) and DRESSED TO KILL (1980)) owe much to the thrillers of Alfred Hitchcock, PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE is a homage to the Cinema itself; specifically the cinema of the Fantastic. There is a line in the film's end credits which reads something like: "any resemblance to other films is purely coincidental" - in fact, nothing could be further from the truth. PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE follows closely the storyline of the 1943 version of THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA with touches of THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY and the FAUST legend thrown in for good measure. Swan, a legendary and enigmatic record producer, steals the music of a struggling writer, Winslow Leach (Finley), to open the Paradise, the ultimate rock palace. While trying to regain his music, Winslow's head is horribly disfigured in a record press, and with his mind similarly scarred, he becomes the murderous Phantom... The movie is filled with references to various other genre films, including, most obviously: THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, FRANKENSTEIN, a clever shower sequence a la PSYCHO, and a climax lifted straight out of THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE. The overall success of PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE is in no small way due to De

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Palma's marvellous combination of the Modern and the Baroque (the Phantom playing a synthesiser instead of an organ; the Dorian Gray-type portrait now replaced by a spool of video tape etc). Special mention must be made of Paul Williams who, aside from turning in the best performance in the film as the mysterious Swan, also wrote the film's music score - which apart from the opening number (a marvellous '50s rock and roll pastiche entitled Goodbye, Eddie, Goodbye) is not particularly well served within the film, and is hardly enhanced by Jessica Harper's unremarkable voice. The film stands on its superb imagery; it is beautifully photographed by Larry Pizer (who went on to shoot TOMMY) and even if the climatic carnage is a bit gratuitous, the film is a thoroughly enjoyable, often hilarious, musical fantasy.

Stephen Jones

Race With the Devil

U.S.A. 1975. Directed by Jack Starrett. Starring: Peter Fonda, Warren Oates, Loretta Swit, Lara Parker. 20th Century-Fox.

This is a treat. A recent 'B' movie that has passed us by almost without a murmur, and one that successfully combines the genres of the horror film with that of the road-chase action film. The story, an original script by Wes Bishop and Lee Frost, is a simple one: Two couples on vacation, heading for Pike's Peak, Colorado in their mobile home, witness a satanic human sacrifice in southern Texas. They pay for their inquisitiveness by having the coven chase them and as the film develops, like strands in some all-encompassing human web, the coven is revealed as a vast organisation out to dispose of the four holidaymakers. Much like the way Rosemary, in ROSEMARY'S BABY, found out that the witches were far more endemic than she had at first thought, so too to our intrepid foursome discover the wide-ranging extent of the satanic cult of Texas; even realizing the local law enforcement are 'in' on the conspiracy. The film is suitably filled with moments of tension. The trailer stuck in mud as a band of hooded satanists approach, an eerie night shot. The discovery of a rattlesnake in a cupboard, and so on. These early shocks lead inevitably in this film to the final chase sequence as the witches move in for the kill in their cars. The action and suspense are well-paced and by now we're ready for some pyrotechnics and suchlike. Jack Starrett delivers too, and I wouldn't be surprised to find a few film buffs beginning to rate this one along with Spielberg's DUEL. Solid performances come from Oates and Fonda as a couple of resilient bike freaks and their ladies, Loretta Swit and Lara Parker (newcomers when the film was first released), as frightened as they should be by the omnipresence of their relentless enemy.

David Sutton

Black Dragons

U.S.A. 1942. Directed by William Nigh. Starring: Bela Lugosi, Joan Barclay, Clayton Moore. Monogram.

Return of the Ape Man

U.S.A. 1944. Directed by Phil Rosen. Starring: Bela Lugosi, John Carradine, Judith Gibson, Michael Ames, Mary Currier, George Zucco. Monogram.

Bela Lugosi (real name Bela Blasko) was born in Hungary in 1882. He arrived in the United States in 1921, and although he made a number of films over the following nine years he was suddenly elevated to Hollywood stardom playing the title role in Universal's DRACULA (1931). Throughout the 1930s he appeared in a string of horror films (THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (1931), WHITE ZOMBIE (1932), THE BLACK CAT (1934), MARK OF THE VAMPIRE (1935), THE RAVEN (1935), SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (1939) among the best). But his accent became a handicap, and for the next decade his career began a downward plunge from which it never recovered. He died in 1956, a pitiful figure during the last years of his life. The two films we are showing at Fantasycon VI are part of a series of low-budget movies

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he made for Monogram in the 1940s, which used his name mostly for marquee value. **BLACK DRAGONS** is typical of this period. Lugosi plays Dr. Melcher, and the story involves strange happenings in an old mansion. Human monsters, sinister Orientals and a mad killer on the loose are the ingredients of this rarely-seen movie. Slightly better-known is **RETURN OF THE APE MAN**, in which Lugosi co-stars with John Carradine as mad and sane scientists respectively. They unfreeze a prehistoric man found in the Arctic, but when it runs amuck, Lugosi kills Carradine and transplants his brain into its skull. Although both George Zucco and Frank Moran are billed as playing the Ape Man, Zucco is only visible in one scene at the end, his entire role having been reshoot with Moran. Watch for a glimpse of the Ape Man's underwear as he climbs out a window, and a sequence where he sits down at a piano to play the Moonlight Sonata!

Stephen Jones

The Incredible Petrified World

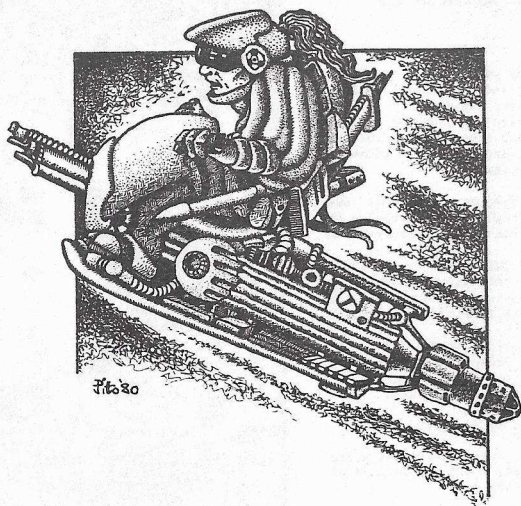
U.S.A. 1957. Directed by Jerry Warren. Starring: John Carradine, Robert Clarke, Phyllis Coates, Allen Windsor. Governor.

Teenage Zombies

U.S.A. 1957. Directed by Jerry Warren. Starring: Don Sullivan, Steve Conte, Katherine Victor, Chuck Niles. GBM.

When talking about schlock horror movies, the name of Jerry Warren is up there with the best (or do I mean worst?) of them. At Fantasycon VI we present two movies by this unsung director of low-budget 'Z' features: John Carradine (whose long career includes some of the most dreadful films imaginable) is the star of **THE INCREDIBLE PETRIFIED WORLD**. When the cable snaps of a diving bell, the four crew members are plunged into a world on the ocean floor. Amongst the tunnels and air pockets they encounter an old hermit, played by Carradine. **TEENAGE ZOMBIES** was made towards the end of the '50s teenage film cycle (**I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF**; **I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN**; **TEENAGE CAVEMAN**; **TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE** etc). A group of mindless 'teenagers' arrive on a lonely island off the Californian coast, only to discover a foreign scientist (Victor) experimenting to make mindless slaves of most of the human race. Described as "incredibly inept," it is said to have one of the worst laboratory sets of all time!

Stephen Jones



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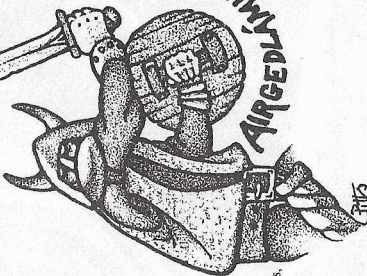
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Dave McFerran died on February 5th, 1980, a few days short of his twenty-sixth birthday. He was a popular and tirelessly tireless figure in British Fantasy fandom, but the two publications he hoped to edit himself, *VADHACH* and *AIRGEDLANH*, never appeared. Dave had been seriously ill with cancer since July 1979 but after an operation at Christmas he appeared to be recovering slowly. As close associates and friends to the posthumous editor of *AIRGEDLANH*, we know that Dave will be missed by a great many fans, and we offer this single issue of the magazine as a special tribute to him.

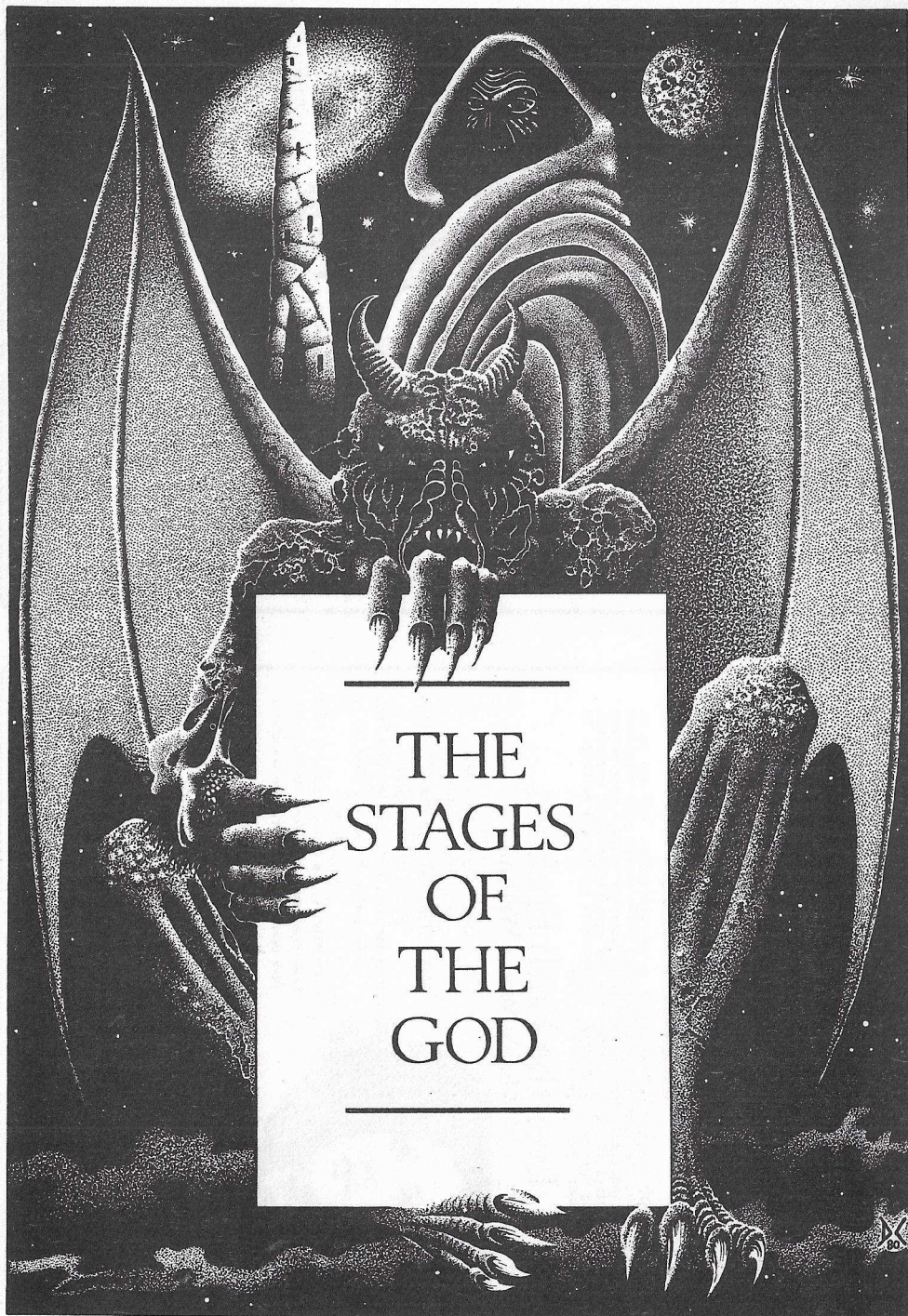
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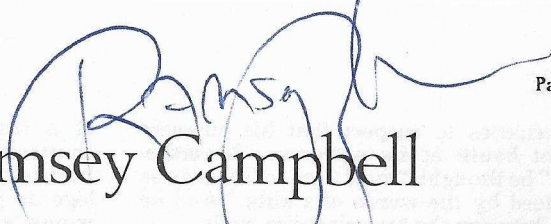
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by Ramsey Campbell

TOPOPS abandoned his city at dawn. As he descended the translucent stairs from his palace the green sun of Yifne sank beneath the peaks before him, and the leaves streaming from the trees on the surrounding mountains seemed to dull again. He strode across the square and reached the polished cones which housed his court. Their tips glimmered green, but looking back he saw that the pearly cones were dimmed by the spire of the palace, already a glory of emerald.

He strode on, through the hives like foothills behind the houses of his court. His adversaries had promised that a steed would be prepared for him at the gate of the city. They had insisted that he walk through the streets of the city, lest the sound of hooves awaken support for him; and he agreed, upon the stipulation that he leave at dawn, rather than in the darkness like a thief whose city had been filched. As he strode toward the gate he thought:

"Had I not bowed to democracy, Lomboan and his cronies could not have worn the clothes and the words of the court. Had I not been bowed by their words and the plots they concealed, I should not have given them tracts in the city to govern in my name. Had they not learned new words in secret with which to bind their tracts, their supporters could never have outnumbered those still loyal to me. But my body has aged before my mind, and the army that I might command could not sustain me. It appears that my time is past, but nonetheless my thoughts are formed with grace, using words of power, as befits a king."

Now he was in sight of the gate. It was open, in accordance with the promise that he had exacted, and beyond the stout walls waves rippled and faded in the white grass. Against the planed road to the mountains stood a swordsman holding the king's steed. Topops strode forward and thrust his foot into the stirrup, acknowledging the swordsman neither by word nor glance.

Topops was stroking the fur of his steed and whispering words of praise into its great veined ear when he heard the slither of discovered metal. The swordsman had swept his blade free of its green-woven sheath and was poised to cut at the legs of Topops' steed. The leaves which protected

the man's skull and body were well-nigh impenetrable—but Topops' foot had already lashed out, crushing the man's windpipe, and in the same movement he half-swung from the saddle and caught the flung sword by its hilt. His lungs heaving, he rode his steed over the choking man in sorrowful fury, for years ago they had ridden together, leaved for battle.

Then from beyond both halves of the gate came the snorting and spittle of restrained steeds, and Topops knew that the swordsman had been sacrificed to weaken him. He shouted: "Fall, droppings of the world! Conceal yourselves, lest you be shovelled into the pit and thus subjected!" and casting his sword in an arc that almost splintered the edges of the gate, rode forth.

Two of Lomboan's men edged from ambush and flinched back from the whooping blade. One tried to arrest its flight with his own sword, but screamed as it sprang from his hands to slash through the grass and stand quivering. "No power!" the other, a squat man with a dull pulped face, shouted in encouragement. "Empty words, empty head, empty crown! We ghostize him!" and by his speech Topops knew him for a mercenary from one of the decadent lands. He brought his sword down like a whip on the mercenary's skull, not cleaving the leaf but stunning him, and heeled his steed toward the mountains.

Miles onward he halted, brushing sweat from his face and clutching at his breath. He opened the baskets which hung beside his heels and smiled bitterly to find provisions; they would have formed part of the mercenary's payment, and the man would have feasted at once, using Topops' body as table. He gazed back to the city of Topome, which shone now like green buds growing from the rippling tinted plain. Far down the road two insects scuttled in the dust. Topops stroked his steed, which was the swiftest in the land and which would carry him to Yememe, three days' ride away on the coast, and to a ship.

At dusk he reached the mountains. Avoiding the route used by traders from Yememe he rode until he reached a second and untravelled pass. Its mouth was little wider than an alley between hives, and Topops knew enough of the superstitions of

mercenaries to suspect that his pursuers might balk at its entrance. "Nevertheless," he thought, "most forms of life may be subdued by the words of a king." And he rode between the towering dim walls.

Hours later he heard a dry tinkling far back down the pass, like the sound of the settling of ash, and knew that his pursuers had not been deterred. He rode on, often holding back cold rough darkness with both hands. Eventually he slept, laying himself along the back of his steed so that the brushing of his chin might sustain the coaxing of his hands.

When he awoke, in darkness close as the lid of a coffin, the sounds of his pursuers had ceased. He allowed his steed to continue until the darkness parted jaggedly high above him and displayed a sprinkling of stars. His eyes, alert now to any light, made out a cave ahead. It was dry, and Topops led his steed within, and both slept. But near dawn they were thrust forth by something soft which emerged from deep within the cave, filling the bore entirely and carrying before it a clattering debris of loose rock. Dazed, dismayed and uncertain of his words' power against its bulk, Topops mounted his steed. He gazed back, but was unable to determine whether what protruded from the cave was a limb or a worm.

By full daylight he had almost reached the far side of the mountains. The grey chiselled walls loomed above him, and on the ledges lay great balls of bone through which the wind moaned softly. Behind him came distant rustles of pursuit. He urged on his steed, out of the mountains. As he emerged slow waves of wind and cloud-shadow passed across the forest which stretched beneath him to the horizon.

He rode obliquely into the forest, which was almost a day's width. The heads of the trees shook violently above him, buffeted by the wind, but already green heat was settling between the trunks like a warm still sea. Soon he encountered the cleared route of the traders. Ashes of old fires stirred among the green gripping roots. He quickened the pace of his steed, plunging between the tremendous unshaken trunks in flight from the stifling heat of noon.

Long before dusk he was forced to halt, for his steed's fur was lank with sweat and his own head pumped like a heart. He led the beast into a glade and, as it had not been provided for, shared his food and water with it. Then he lay back in the soft green hollow

of a trunk. The branches glittered and chattered with birds. One, grasping a horizontal branch with long translucent legs as pink as its plumage, fluttered its wings and spun wildly head over heels. Topops rested, heavy with thought, for beneath the agony of the swordsman he had trampled, his memory revealed sorrow and acceptance. "Let Lomboan know that his words cannot cast out humility and courage," he thought.

At last he rose. The hissing and creaking of the forest concealed any sounds of pursuit. He coaxed speed from his mount, thinking to reach the plain beyond the forest before dusk. The baskets drummed against his heels, his steed's muscles flowed between his thighs, wind swept back the branches of his hair. Then his steed fell, netted by the long twining grasses.

Topops struggled to his feet. The beast was kicking weakly, its round black eyes rolling. He slashed the vines, but the beast lay snorting, and blood and foam began to pulse from its mouth. Then Topops knew that the food they last shared had been poisoned. He had eaten little, disliking the taste. Cursing, he stroked the beast's head and closing its eyes with one hand, plunged the sword deep.

He cut the straps between the baskets and emptying one, tied it about his shoulders. He collected fruit and filled his flasks with water from a nearby stream. Then he strode down the path between dimming trees, until exhaustion dragged relentlessly at him and he sheltered in a glade.

When he awoke it was daylight. The bright coiled and thrusting green of the glade pained him like the plucking of torture. He staggered to his feet, embracing a trunk, and the forest sprang closer to oppress his eyes. His limbs were numb and felt immense. He tied the basket to him with battling fingers and began to trudge toward the edge of the forest, his mind floating dully outside him.

When he reached the white plain, on which the sand shifted whispering like an echo of the sea on the horizon, he saw that he had emerged a mile west of the road to Yememe. The poison burdened his mind, but he realized that his pursuers might have gained, and that he must not keep to the edge of the forest. Instead, he staggered forward obliquely onto the plain.

The green sun throbbed in his eyes like a silent gong; it glittered on grains of sand,

stabbing with points of light. The sand slid beneath him; it threw him face downward into hollows, it crawled beneath his nails as he tried to rise, it rustled in his ears like insects. As he groped to his feet in the midst of the plain, he glimpsed a building ahead, sinking with the rest of the landscape as his mind slipped down again.

He shuffled forward, grasping the straps of his basket. Remembering his pursuers, he turned, and the plain whirled with him. Against the green of the forest he saw a clump of pale pulpy blossoms. Then, as he chafed his fingers with the straps to gain a hold on his mind, he made out that the blossoms were the faces of his pursuers, idly awaiting his death.

He began to run, supporting himself with his sheathed blade, plunging his feet into sand. The building ahead was clearer now: a low round hut, white as the plain, like a globe half-buried in the sand. Topops knew that it was a shrine, abandoned before the building of Yememe and for that reason shunned by the people of the coast. He could run no more; his chest was wheezing like a bellows clogged with sand, and the horizon swayed as if storm-wracked. "It is fitting that a king should defend a shrine," he thought, gathering his mind. "Let the mercenary defy the superstitions of his fathers and find death."

He groped his way around the shrine and found the door, which was framed like a blank canvas in a crust of sand. He thrust at the door. The sand scraped and sifted down, but the door refused to move. Around the curve of the shrine he saw the mercenary, a blur of dull green and flesh, preparing to mount his steed. Topops plunged his sword into the plain and thrusting against it, ground his shoulders into the door. With a thud of released sand, it swung inward.

Topops unsheathed his sword and entered, steadying himself with one hand. The interior of the shrine was gibbous: against the flattened side of the half-globe stood a throne of white rock. Otherwise, apart from a scattering of sand, the shrine was empty.

Topops glanced about, choosing the area he might best defend. "An ousted king should fight before a throne," he thought, and gripped the arms of the throne, closing his eyes and preparing his mind for combat. When he opened them he noticed a carving on the wall to his left. It was crude but powerful, and he fastened his mind upon it for strength.

It depicted a child gazing up at a man, who was in turn gazing up at a form whose outlines were vague. The child's face turned to the man, and the man's to the form, bore identical expressions of awe. Topops found that the sketched but unclear lines of the form affected him somehow with the same emotion. Seeking power, and moved by the passion which had gouged the figures from the stone, he stepped forward and traced the lines of the carving with his fingers. As he completed the strokes a shiver of inexpressible recognition passed through him; and the carving retreated from his hand as a door slid open in the wall.

The space which the gibbous wall had concealed was cramped; it contained only a stone bench draped with hide cracked by age. Nevertheless Topops entered. One part of his mind recognized that the mercenary would be outlined against the light, while he would be less visible in the dim space but would have little room to manoeuvre. Another deeper part of him was furiously impatient, and insisted that he feel a presence latent somewhere in the shrine. And so he did: a dormant light about to blaze forth. A peace which was also weakness descended on him, and he sank on the bench, his sword ready by his side. Now the shrine seemed thin as a shell, about to shatter and reveal its contents, as did the landscape outside and the approach of the mercenary. It stretched; it attenuated; it quivered, and a vision rushed forth.

A plain of grey sand. Dry waves of dust fly up hissing and scatter. Layers of black cloud are piled on the horizon like sediment, seeping into the plain so that sky and earth are indistinguishable. Dust and shadows drift across the plain. Sometimes the crust cracks like an egg, and from the sliding mound malformed vegetable limbs edge forth. In one place an eye the colour of decaying trees stares up from the sand, sprinkled and bordered by dry tears of dust. A plain of grey sand. Wooden figures climb forth from the sand, crippled and tottering, and bludgeon one another clumsily. Where a limb is splintered or one of the blind green eyes is gouged, white rot flows.

Beyond the sand, a beach of purple mud, almost black. A grey sea laps at it, and where the waves collide the mud trembles and sucks like gelatin. Conical cores of rock emerge from the sea, glinting dully, and the tips of others are sucked by the mud. From the beach arise flopping pillars of mud and tottering insect-like constructions of shells.

When they clash, the pillars spatter and are cloven like worms; the white skeletal insects are smashed into fragments, and each recombines. A beach of purple mud, almost black.

Deep in Topops's mind the dormant light was forming. A point of pitiless radiance began to grow, sweeping shadows back into the landscape, spreading through his mind. "No," he thought, "not a plain of grey sand, not a beach of purple mud, but a green kingdom!" His mind was stretched above the landscape, cupped like the shrine, its edge drawn keen. He clamped it down like a crown thrust deeply into sand and mud. Then, as his mind made a globe and tightened upon its contents, he began to command the landscape.

"Sea, scoop the mud! Unblemished sea, pour on the beach! Laden sea, sink to rest deep in the ocean! Winds, cast the grey dust upon the mountains! White suffocated sand, rush to meet the sea! Soil and rocks, rise now from the plain! Flying sand, sunder the wooden cripples! Growing wood, become trees and come forth! Spring up, grasses! Rocks, do not conceal the cripples in your hollows! Rocks, close and crush them!"

Then the cup about him became the shrine, and in the doorway behind the throne stood the mercenary. Topops gazed at him calmly and rose; his mind still seemed cupped about him. He saw that the man had come alone to take his sword and garments, as knowledge comes instantly in a dream. The mercenary fell back into the throne-room, raising his sword. Without thought of his own blade - indeed, without thought - Topops caught up all the sand from the floor of the shrine and flung it in the man's eyes, searing through them. The man fell twitching, already dead.

Topops gazed down at the corpse. The shrine had given him the power to inhabit his own vision. Behind him he heard the door slide into place; and turning that the third form in the carving had become clear. It was a man surrounded by light, gazing up in awe at a sketched form. Topops stretched his hand toward it. Then he heard the beat of hooves on the sand.

He strode to the door of the shrine. Outside, the third of Lomboan's men was dismounting. "Go back to Topome," said Topops, emerging from the shrine. "I have killed the mercenary but have no wish to show other than forgiveness to my subjects. Return to Lomboan and tell him that you speak the king's words. Tell him that I have

the power to make Topome the greatest city on Tond, and that he and his like must flee."

The man unsheathed his sword, casting the sheath into the sand. Topops urged the sand to throw the man to the ground, so that he could subdue him, but his mind had shrunk. The man flew at him, sword moaning. "Do not tempt your king!" shouted Topops. "I will kill no more slaves to Lomboan's words! A king does not punish slavery!" But as he retreated into the shrine, his adversary sheathed his sword in the sand and poised a knife to throw. He refused Topops even the honor of a sword; instead, a knife, as one impaled a criminal. Topops clamped his mind about the shrine and the doorway contracted, cleaving the man's hands and arms as he sought to hold back the walls. Then Topops, out of pity, brought the walls together.

The shrine cast out the corpse of the mercenary. Topops closed the door, sweeping the remains of the third man onto the plain, and gave himself up to sorrow. As he grieved he glimpsed the landscape beneath the layers of black cloud. Wooden figures were scrambling forth from the rocks, and beneath the white sand on the beach pillars of mud were struggling up, coated with crumbling sand.

He thought: "A king's mind should be worthy of him. My mind has allowed evil to lie its way into Topome, and has been guilty of the deaths of two subjects whose only crime was slavery. Nor does it have faith outside this shrine. Therefore I shall do battle with it, and shall subdue the evil which threatens my vision, for then my mind shall have full use of its power and may use it to benefit Topome and indeed Tond itself. My mind shall be purified and whole, as befits a king."

Then Topops found his way through the darkness to the throne and began to cup his mind.

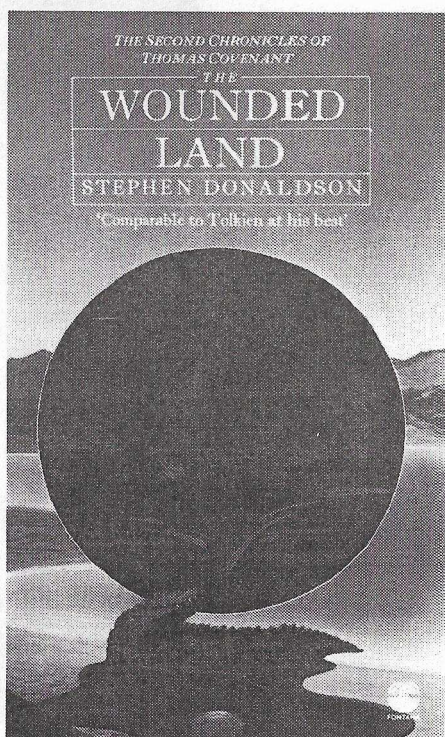
All this happened centuries ago, or so say the legends of Yemene. The city of Topome was rent by riots and looting long since. The shrine now stands between a rocky plain and a beach patched with mud. Travellers who skirt the land of the shrine say the trees fight there, levering themselves from caves which sometimes close in on them, splintering. Sailors say that skeletal figures and dark worms battle at twilight on the beach. When the people of Yememeshelter from the tides that storm upon the beach, this is the tale they tell. None goes near the shrine.

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