



1994 World Horror Convention

March 3–6, 1994 Phoenix, Arizona

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An Outline History of World Horror Conventions

1991 World Horror Convention I

Nashville, Tennessee

Writer Guest of Honor: Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

Artist Guest of Honor: Jill Bauman

"Fearsome Foursome of M.C.'s": David Schow, John Skipp, Craig Spector, Richard Christian Matheson

Grand Master: Robert Bloch

1993 World Horror Convention III

Stamford, Connecticut

Writer Guests of Honor: Peter Straub, Les Daniels

Special Media Guest: Paul Clemens

Artist Guest of Honor: Stephen Gervais

Master of Ceremonies: Stanley Wiater

Grand Master: Richard Matheson

1992 World Horror Convention II

Nashville, Tennessee

Writer Guest of Honor: Richard Matheson

Special Media Guest: Richard Christian Matheson

Artist Guest of Honor: Harry O. Morris

Master of Ceremonies: Brian Lumley

Grand Master: Stephen King

1994 World Horror Convention IV

Phoenix, Arizona

Writer Guests of Honor: Charles Grant, Dan Simmons

Artist Guest of Honor: Gahan Wilson

Master of Ceremonies: Edward Bryant

Grand Master: Anne Rice

And Now a Word from Our Sponsors...

Doreen Webbert, Co-Chair

Jean Goddin, Co-Chair

Jim Webbert, Hotel Liaison

Mike Willmoth, Treasurer

HELLO AND WELCOME to the 1994 World Horror Convention! The entire committee, staff and all volunteers wish you a wonderful time at this, the 4th in a line of professional horror and dark fantasy conventions. We're pleased to be the first one on (or at least near) the West Coast and hope you enjoy what we have to offer.

It's taken a long time to get here and it's been a tremendous amount of work. We first heard about a new convention patterned after World Fantasy, but oriented towards the horror and dark fantasy genres, back in 1990 at a Tennessee science fiction convention. From there we were invited to come out and see for ourselves what it was all about, how it worked, and whether we might be interested in bidding to hold one.

That was the first World Horror Convention held in Nashville in 1991. We were hooked, and the rest is history. Has it been worth it? You bet. Would we recommend it for someone else? Certainly. Running a professionally oriented convention is so different from running others that it is hard to put into words, certainly rewarding. Rather than offering quantity, we concentrated on quality.

We tried to keep the traditions of the previous World Horrors, and added our own touch and

personality as well to expand on what's already been done. We hope it shows. Our staff has hundreds of volunteer years of experience running cons not only in Phoenix and Tucson, but throughout the southwestern U.S., North America and good ol' Terra. Please take advantage of their experience.

Between all of the hustle and bustle of pre-con necessities we probably haven't said this enough, but THANKS to all who made this convention possible: Maurine Dorris, the first WHC Chair and the one responsible for roping us into the fray; the World Horror Society Board of Directors, who gave us this opportunity to show what we could do and to carry the torch for a year; to the professionals in the horror field who supported us, whether attending or not; to the serious fans of horror who read, watch, draw, play or just enjoy it; and especially to our staff, for all the hard work and effort they've put into our project to present the best World Horror Convention ever! ■

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Anne Rice

1994 Grand Master Award Winner

by Jay Patton

THE GRAND MASTER AWARD FOR 1994 GOES TO ANNE RICE. Her wonderfully written novels have been thrilling all of us for years, weaving a tapestry of dark fantasy and horror that's incredible to read and impossible to duplicate. I can still vividly recall the night I stayed awake until 4:30AM finishing *Interview With A Vampire*. I read *The Vampire Lestat* the very same day, and waited impatiently for the next installment.

Born in New Orleans, Louisiana, on October 4, 1941, as Howard Allen O'Brien, Anne first started writing at age 5 — a year later she changed her name. In 1957 while working on her high school newspaper she met Stan Rice who later proposed to her via telegram: she was in San Francisco attending college, and he living in Denton, Texas. Anne accepted and they were married in Texas on October 14, 1962.

Anne wrote a short story in 1969 called "Interview With A Vampire," but it was never published. In 1973 Anne started writing full time, blazing through the *Interview with a Vampire* novel in just five weeks. It sold to Knopf a year later, but wasn't published until 1976.

Anne's writing career was about to take off, and there was more good news on the way — her son Christopher was born on March 11, 1978. Anne and her husband moved back to New Orleans for good, where she has continued to write best selling fiction under multiple names. There are at least two major motion pictures based on her work set for release in late 1994 and early 1995. ■

Novels as Anne Rice

- Interview With A Vampire* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1976)
- The Feast Of All Saints* (Simon And Schuster, 1979)
- Cry To Heaven* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1982)
- The Vampire Lestat* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1985)
- The Queen Of The Damned* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1988)
- The Mummy* (Ballantine, 1989)
- The Witching Hour* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1990)
- The Tale Of The Body Thief* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1992)
- Lasher* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1993)

As Anne Rampling

- Exit To Eden* (Arbor House, 1985)
- Belinda* (Arbor House, 1986)

As A.N. Roquelaure

- The Claiming Of Sleeping Beauty* (Dutton, 1983)
- Beauty's Punishment* (Dutton, 1984)
- Beauty's Release* (Dutton, 1985)

Charles Grant

The Myth Behind the Man

by Sharon Webb & Wendy Webb

IN THE INTEREST OF FAIR PLAY — turnabout aside or around or something — we have included in this keepsake of literature little-known information about Charles Grant. Some might say this information is the stuff of Richter activity, and the cynics among you may consider it barely relevant, but when coerced, and perhaps tortured, others will recognize the following wealth of knowledge as pure fact. These are facts, mind you, not factoids. We would never include someone, er, something that is contrived to appear plausible or factual when we have the stuff of legends at our fingertips.

On the other hand, if you feel compelled to question our journalistic integrity, don't take it up with us. Just ask Charlie for the details. He won't mind. Really. No, really. But if he says these things aren't true, don't believe him.

For instance, undercover sources have revealed that one Charles Grant actually won a championship in ballroom dancing. Now if that's not horror, we don't know what is. He then turned to country music and wrestling in an attempt to gain sympathy for his lifestyle. We simply smiled. But we must admit that we draw the line at using endangered species for pointy-toed footwear and at the garish bumper sticker on the back of his pick-up truck that claims Smith & Wesson University as his alma mater. The irony was not lost on us that the gun rack in back holds a complimentary umbrella for being a \$60 supporter of PBS. Maybe now Barney can get some new teeth.

Some of you may have noticed that Charles Grant dropped the middle initial "L" from his byline. This, in our humble opinion, was a wise marketing move since the "L" stood for LeRoy. While LeRoy is French for "the king," it occurs as a rare family name and was adopted as a given name in the mid-nineteenth century at approximately the time Charlie was born. Our sources claim that this name remained viable through the rest of that century, but has tended to decline since 1900. Except in Tennessee and part of New Jersey. The name change has given his career a boost, however, and he is now writing the seminal work *The Ife and Oves of a Onely Ady*.

Charlie takes great pride in the logarithmic growth of his computer font collection and has actually been known to use all of them at once on the cover page of his newsletter *Haggis*. No small feat, it beats that ugly incident wherein he mistakenly interpreted DOS as an abbreviation for dosimeter, an instrument that measures exposure to X-rays or other radiation. It is a tribute to his dedication that he still managed to produce volumes of high quality, award-winning work while wearing a lead apron with Daffy Duck stickers plastered on it.

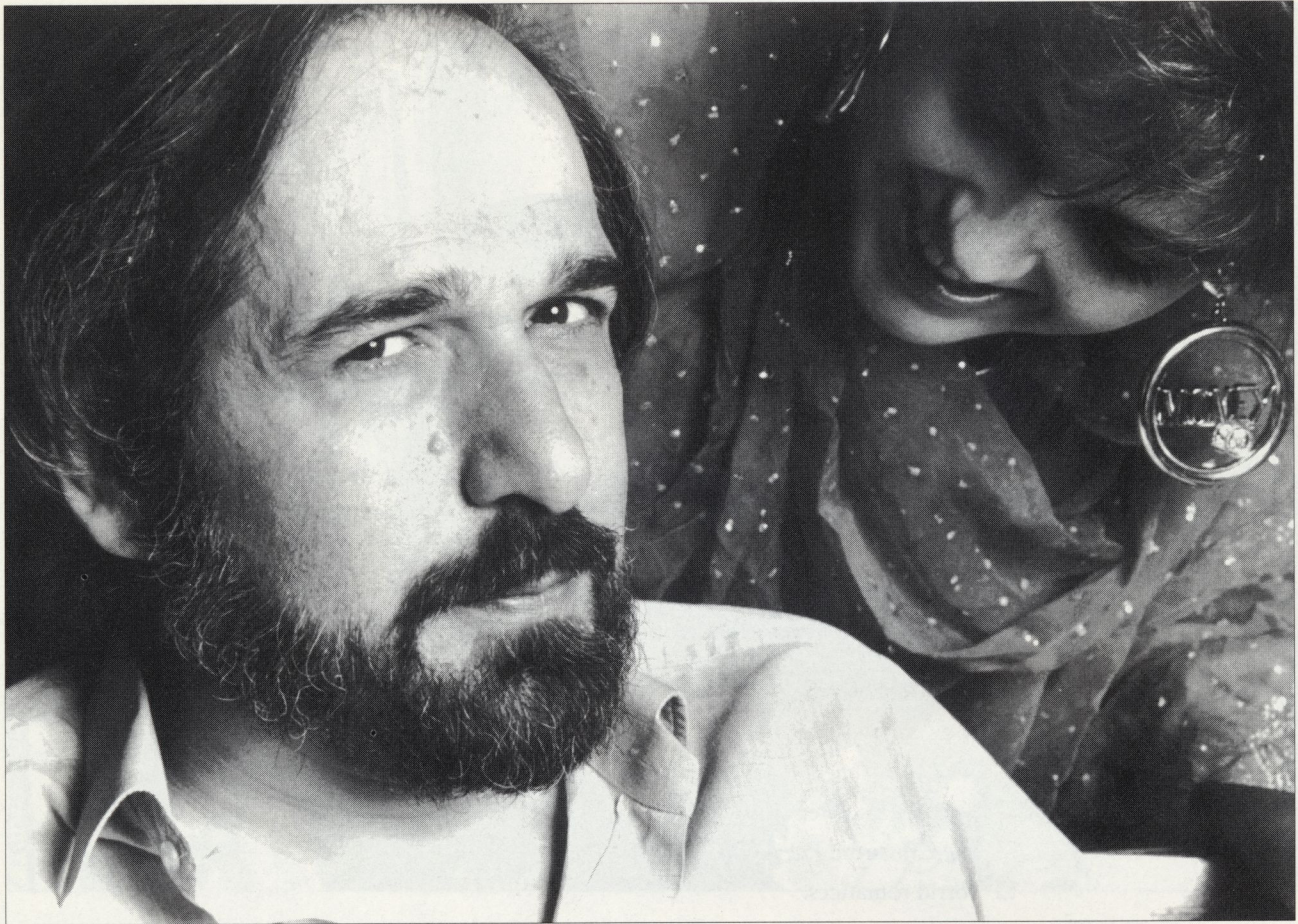


Photo by Beth Gwinn

Recognizing the foreign language one must acquire for communicating commands to an IBM clone (not unrelated to the ability to spew rapid-fire non-repeating expletives) he has become the behind-the-scenes spokesperson for the Macintosh. Remember that line, "You're the computer. You tell me where the file is?" Well... As a result, Charlie is well known in the field of television commercials and has been nominated for the prestigious Clio award multiple times, winning it only once as writer and staunch supporter of the Hair Club For Men spot.

Further, sources who spend much of their time funding trench coats that fit and support their habits by sweeping grocery items across laser scanners have indicated that Charlie is a collector of gourmet food items. One can only imagine his equally laser wit and high pitched whine upon the discovery of Chunky bars, a case of potato chips, and a ten liter Dr. Pepper unwittingly falling into his cart to crush the pâté de foie gras and tinned escargot. Many a cashier has fled sobbing at the sight.

Of course, there is only one best way to discover the truth about Charlie and that is to read his books and stories. If you dare. It is a roller coaster ride into the heights and depths of human emotion. Wonderful tales told by a master — and we love him.

The Charlie Grant Trivia Quiz

Find the one true answer to each statement:

Charlie Grant is

- The seventh son of a seventh son.
- A preacher's kid.
- The son of a sea cook.
- The son of a mercenary.
- The daughter of a mercenary.

He is

- A Methodist because his grandmother didn't approve of the Episcopalians.
- An Episcopalian because his grandmother didn't approve of the Methodists.
- A pagan.
- An elf found under a mushroom by his grandmother.
- A changeling whose grandmother was an elf.

He is the author of

- National Enquirer* articles.
- New York Times* crossword puzzles.
- National Enquirer* crossword puzzles.
- The Crossword Puzzle Cookbook*.
- Torrid romances.

Charlie lives in

- Sea Cook, New Jersey.
- A state of confusion.
- A haunted house.
- Greystone Bay.
- Greystone Bay in the belly of a whale.

He holds a championship in

- Stunt kite flying.
- Roller Derby.
- Roller Ball.
- Ballroom Dancing.
- Geoduck cookery.

His hobby is

- Digging for geoducks.
- Boogieing to Elvis Presley.
- Boogieing with Elvis Presley.
- Watching laser disk movies.
- Watching laser disks move.

Answers may be found on page 454 of this document. ■



Dan Simmons

The Zen of Telling Stories

by Edward Bryant

HERE'S HOW I STARTED A PROFILE OF DAN a few years ago:

In this era of accelerated change, what constitutes overnight success? Remember back a mere decade ago? In 1981 did any of you look forward to the new Dan Simmons book? Was there among you a single prescient collector making plans to corner the market on first printings of Simmons novels? Did any dream that new names such as his would replace such bywords among you as Jack Sharkey and Pauline Ashwell?

Well, now it's 1991 and he's already a given. Dan has had his turn as a talented newcomer.

Indeed he has. Actually, now it's 1994 and Dan's even *more* of a given. But that does not mean that in this decade of nearly instant planned obsolescence he's about to become either passé or simply dismissed as the Previous Big Thing. He's ambitious, productive, and controversial. His career is taking turns no one, when I wrote the initial paragraphs here, would have guessed. He's performing that most sacred of a writer's rituals — he's taking risks. It makes people nervous.

More about that later. First, some historical backtracking for those few of you who have yet to encounter Dan Simmons.

It all started officially with his short fiction in the mid-eighties, and *Song of Kali* in 1985. But Dan Simmons didn't spring full-blown from the brow of Zeus or the nose of Aphrodite or any of that. He was working all along, and working very hard indeed.

In other words, he really wasn't discovered all pink and cranky on some tumid beach. He had a past. He'd been laboring away for plenty of novice and journeyman years. It's just that it takes a while to be noticed.

How soon we forget the years of struggle. We live thoroughly in the present. We fix on the image we see in that split-second of time crunched between past and future. So note the image.

THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT IT: Dan Simmons is one classy guy. No, really. Check it out. Conservative in appearance, neatly groomed, civilized in deportment, a paragon of sharpest wit, this is a man who looks like he wandered into horror or science fiction conventions quite by mistake. On the surface, Dan resembles the popular image of the professional educator he once was (for nearly two decades). His speech is just as precise as his thought processes. This is clearly a man whose idea of breaking loose is to go to an upscale mall and pick out a good Italian jacket. One *without* suede elbow patches.

It's a good thing he dresses well, because Dan is always having to attend awards ceremonies. The beginning omens of picking up the *Rod Serling's Twilight Zone Magazine Award* for his story "The River Styx Flows Upstream" and the World Fantasy Award for his debut novel, *Song of Kali*, were not mere sparks at the bottom of the pan. Just look at 1990. Dan received the Bram Stoker Award of the Horror Writers of America, the British Fantasy Award, and the World Fantasy Award for his novel *Carrion Comfort*, as well as the Hugo Award for *Hyperion*.



Photo by Beth Gwinn

Not bad for a guy whose abortive first fiction sales sank both *Galileo Magazine* and *Galaxy*. Okay, so I'm exaggerating a little. But as an aspiring SF writer, Dan simply exercised some bad timing. He's doing *much* better now. *Carrion Comfort*, *Summer of Night*, and *Children of the Night*, have all hit the stands as Warner Books' lead fiction releases. *Summer of Night*, was marketed as an uptown suspense/horror release by Putnam. Virtually *all* Dan's earlier published short fiction (along with a brand-new novelette) was published several years ago by Dark Harvest (they who were brave enough to publish the epic *Carrion Comfort* in a single unexpurgated volume) as *Prayers to Broken Stones*. The collection then became a World Fantasy Award contender. It was a Stoker Award finalist. *The Fall of Hyperion* was a Hugo finalist after winning the Locus Award.

It should be mentioned too that Dan's not simply a creature of the print medium. Two of his scripts, adapted from his own short stories, have been produced for the syndicated TV series, *Monsters*. For a while, Laurel Entertainment, they of *Pet Sematary* and *Creepshow*, optioned *Carrion Comfort* and hired Dan and yours truly to script it as a theatrical feature. So what's it like, collaborating with a man whose earliest memory of reading SF was being excited by an *Astounding SF* story in which a character threw up in zero gravity and the other characters were chasing around, trying to catch the vomit in a sheet? Never, *never* dull. I collaborated with him on a novelette for *The Further Adventures of the Joker*. I discovered that Dan is *far* more versed than I in certain aspects of pop culture....

Don't just take my word for all this. You want some celebrity endorsements? Stephen King, Dean Koontz, and Harlan Ellison all think that Dan's byline on a piece of fiction is far more dependable

than the Underwriters laboratory imprimatur on Florida's Ol' Sparky. But seriously, folks. You want proof? Read him. The books are there. So's the author. Meet him now and take this God-given opportunity to talk to him, because in the future I predict he's going to be mobbed. He'll never be as accessible again.

And why's that? It's because Dan's a consummate artist *and* craftsman who's drawing to an inside royal flush the hard way. Most successful writers become hot items because they click with one thing, then repeat themselves for the remainder of their careers. Stephen King does not do that. Nor does Dan. He writes what he wants to write, then finds an audience. So far his novels, if categorized, would include graphic horror, suspense, mainstream, science fiction, and psychological horror. Dan is a writer who goes for literary excellence, but who never loses touch with the idea of telling a good story. He's a fine writer who never fears to entertain. As he puts it, "My writing is not difficult, which is a little different in this era of William Gass. I'm not Barth or Barthelme and I can't write that way, so there's a sort of pebbles-visible-through-the-clear-stream-of-the-prose feeling."

As a writer who admires Updike and who grew up on Ace double-novels, Dan takes risks. Did you read *Children of the Night*, the Putnam novel dealing with all the traditional elements of vampires, but in a new way? Other authors would have researched it by spending a few hours in the local library, then renting a cassette of *Innocent Blood* or Coppolla's lengthy rendering of *Dracula*. Dan actually went to post-revolution Romania and tramped around Dracula's castle. And found his grave. All the detail in the novel is absolutely authentic.

The chances got chancier when Bantam published *The Hollow Man*. This was a novel I thought would shock and expand the minds of mainstream readers while it absolutely blew away the science fiction audience. Well, it did — sort of. This was a heart-twisting epic in which the hard science is chaos mathematics and the over-arching structure is all Dante. It is, quite simply and without exaggeration, brilliant. But I think maybe the audience was a little confused — some hoped for another *Hyperion*, some were demanding a clone of *Summer of Night*. And how about a sequel to *Carrion Comfort*? *The Hollow Man* is a non-category novel that happens to deal with real and speculative science, classical literature, horror tropes, and a variety of other ingredients. It's a wonderful book. I think it will grow into its proper place. And the audience will figure out how to appreciate it.

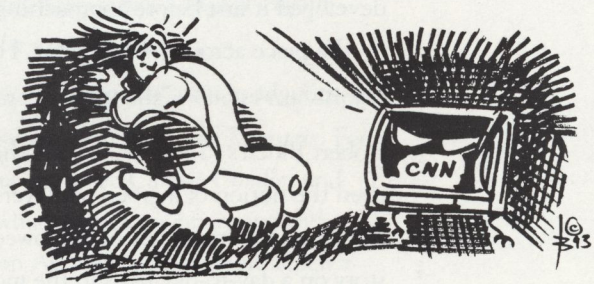
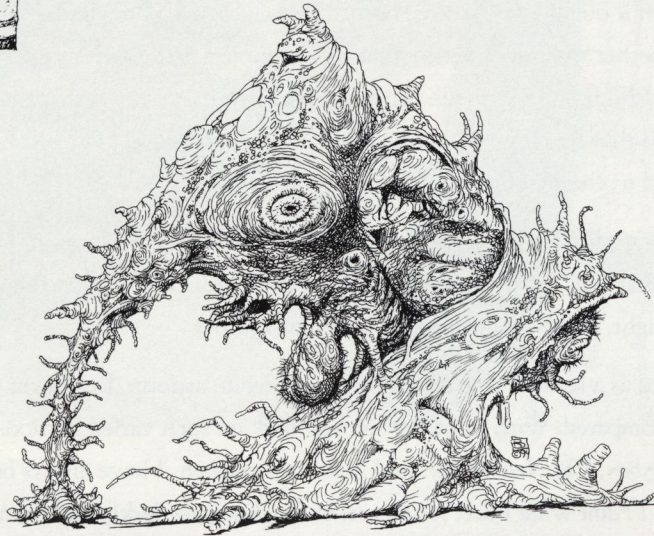
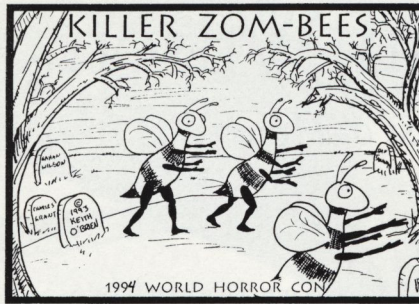
Last year, Warner published *Lovedeath*, a collection of five novellas. One had been previously printed as a very pricey chapbook, one had appeared in *Playboy*, and the other three were original to the volume. What Dan created was a bloomin' literary symphony centered around love and death. Not porn. Not car-chase fiction. Just a magnificent and complex dance partnered by Eros and Thanatos. But it wasn't a vampire novel, nor was it a far-future science fiction epic. Risky.

Recently Dan finished a new novella for Steve Rasnic Tem's upcoming anthology of fantastic fiction by Colorado writers. And he's just completed *Pele's Hair*, a novel for Putnam that will bring back the notorious Cordie Cook from *Summer of Night*. He's got books in his head that will overshadow *The Hollow Man* and *Hyperion*.

It's not just a writing career; it's an adventure.

In his introduction to *Prayers to Broken Stones*, Harlan Ellison says flatly, without any sense of hyperbole, that Dan will become one of the most important writers of our time. Heady stuff, indeed. It's a prediction that only time and work can validate.

In the meantime, I'll tell you this: on this one, I wouldn't argue with Harlan. Not even a little bit. ■



Clockwise, from upper left: Don Birmingham, Keith O'Brien, Donna Barr, Keith O'Brien, Donna Barr, Don Birmingham, Don Birmingham (center)

Gahan Wilson

Artist Guest of Honor

by Roger Zelazny

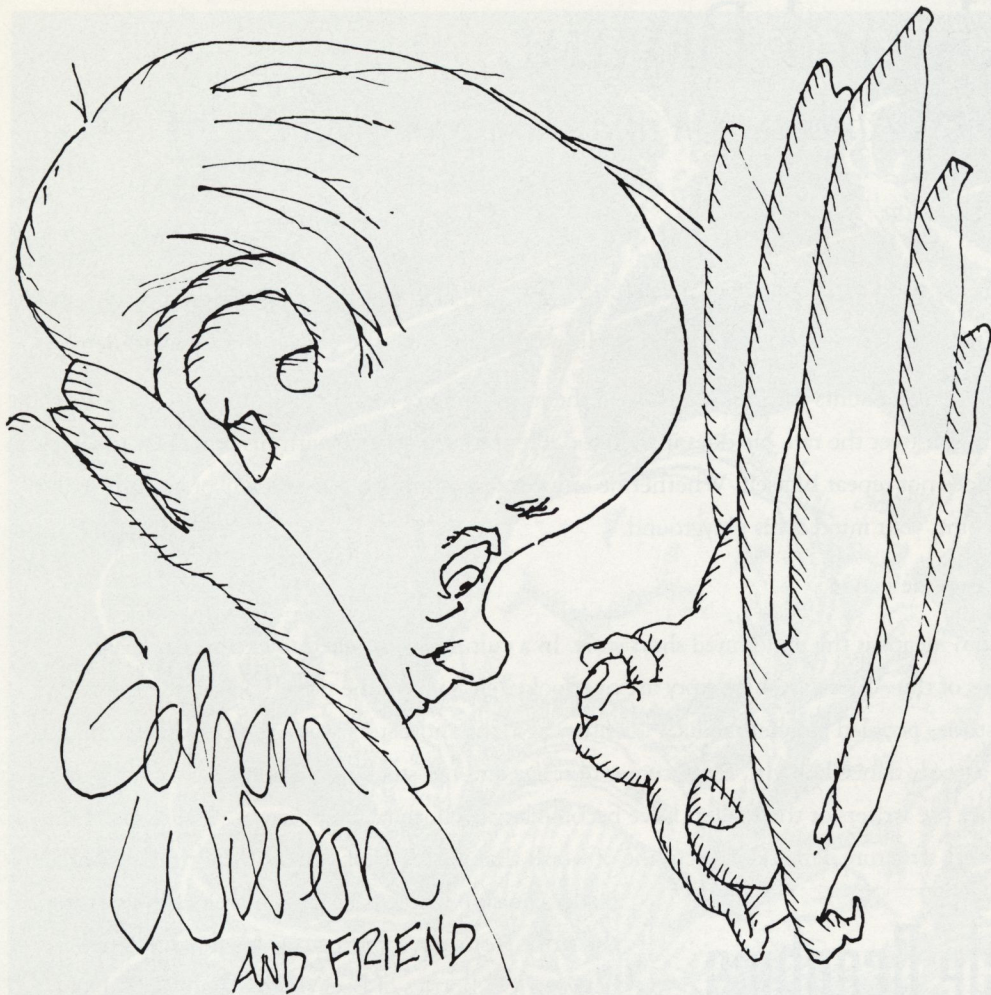
I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER TWO-HEADED CALVES were born, comets shook their hoary locks, and peasants with pitchforks and torches left their squalid abodes to storm the house on the hill, only to be repulsed by boiling oil and ravenous night-gaunts along the rocky trail made even more treacherous by the sudden downpour, that midnight Gahan Wilson was born. On the other hand, I really feel it ought to be treated as fact in the absence of evidence to the contrary. Still, I do not know whether the rumor is true that Ray Bradbury patterned his tale "Homecoming" on Gahan Wilson's childhood. After all, the bottom line to that story is that the kid is a loser: You realize at the end that he is doomed to be a normal human being. (Though I suppose Ray could have been forced to change the ending.)

Now, Gahan has studied the NHB well, both for purposes of satirization and to perfect his own mannerisms in that role. As with most successful things touched with twilight, he can pass for a creature of full light. ("How do you get to Carnegie Hall?")

Gahan developed as a result a wonderfully twisted private artform. I've never seen anything anywhere that compared. With it, he has left his mark on such varied bastions of American sensibility as *Playboy*, *The New Yorker*, and *National Lampoon*. I have always been particularly fond of his collection *I Paint What I See*, for he sees through a glass darkly and then darkens things a bit more. "*And Then We'll Get Him*" is in the same vein.

In May of 1972 I had what I felt to be a wonderful idea: I wanted to write something about Jack the Ripper's dog, and I wanted Gahan to illustrate it. I wrote to him about it, and he declined, explaining that he was very busy. But beneath his signature he sketched the dog, looking just the way I had wanted him to look. So I saved the letter. In the fall of 1992, a chance remark by our mutual agent, Kirby McCauley, caused me to unearth the missive. I hadn't thought about the project in years. It occurred to me then that on something like that I should really have developed it first before approaching Gahan. No simple descriptions could really get my feelings on the piece across. (At the time, I didn't even know that it was destined to become a novel. I just thought of it as "the piece.")

Robert Bloch's "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper" suggested to me the possibility of ritual killings, then the notion of a group of players competing in a ritual game followed, then the realization of the relative infrequency of Halloweens with Full Moons occurred, then the idea of telling the story on a day-to-day basis in the month of October, and finally the notion of the players' assorted familiars, who would be foregrounded.



I commenced writing *A Night in the Lonesome October* and when I was finished it had indeed become a short novel. I had Kirby show it to Gahan, and this time we were able to get together on it. Anyone who has seen the book, with Gahan's 32 full-page illustrations, will understand why I feel it well worth the wait. Only a man who grew up with a pet spider in his ear could have done it.

You are fortunate to have Gahan Wilson here to talk about art, writing, creatures of darkness, assorted Gothicisms, H. P. Lovecraft — anything. He will illuminate as he darkens, informing, instructing, amusing. When it comes to horror, he will put a bug in your ear and you will go away a different person. ■

Edward Bryant

A Short Appreciation of a Short Story Man

by Deb Dedon

I'VE BEEN WADING THROUGH THE LAST TWENTY YEARS of Ed's printed psyche and I think it's time to stop and wipe my shoes. His writing gives me the creeps. I like that in a man.

His quiet voice haunts the dark staircase of the mind, hungry for an opportunity to pitch the naive reader over the rail. He does it well, too. Previous experience with his prose is no protection — he does not repeat himself. Whether he seduces your common sense slowly or assaults it at knife point, your mind is his playground.

And damn, he's good.

Ed's main means is the underrated short story. In a culture accustomed to excess, the spare portions of the American short story are overlooked in favor of the novel. Before there was TV, short stories peopled popular media. A century ago, the short story was a respected lady and the novel a gaudy dance hall girl, a newcomer in rouge and net stockings. Things have changed. Whether the writers or the readers have become lazy, well, that's up for grabs. The rigors of the short story structure demand a discipline of words that eludes most writers. And readers. The

reader can skip whole pages in a novel without losing the story. Not so in a short story. It's the difference between "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall" and Haiku. Ed is Haiku.

Ed's persistent use of the short story format doesn't put him on a publisher's short list of blockbuster authors. And it also keeps him in the classroom teaching instead of writing. If you've ever scoured the stacks, both new and used, for Ed's work you know what frustration is.

Ed's writing radar appears to have a talent for detecting future public bends. He wrote "Shark" and "Strata" before *Jaws* or *Jurassic Park* were even a gleam in a producer's eye. Recently he's been writing about psychopaths. Ed's shorts (stories) will be chilling bones on cold winter nights long after videos crumble. Video is so many empty calories. Ed's work sticks to the bones.

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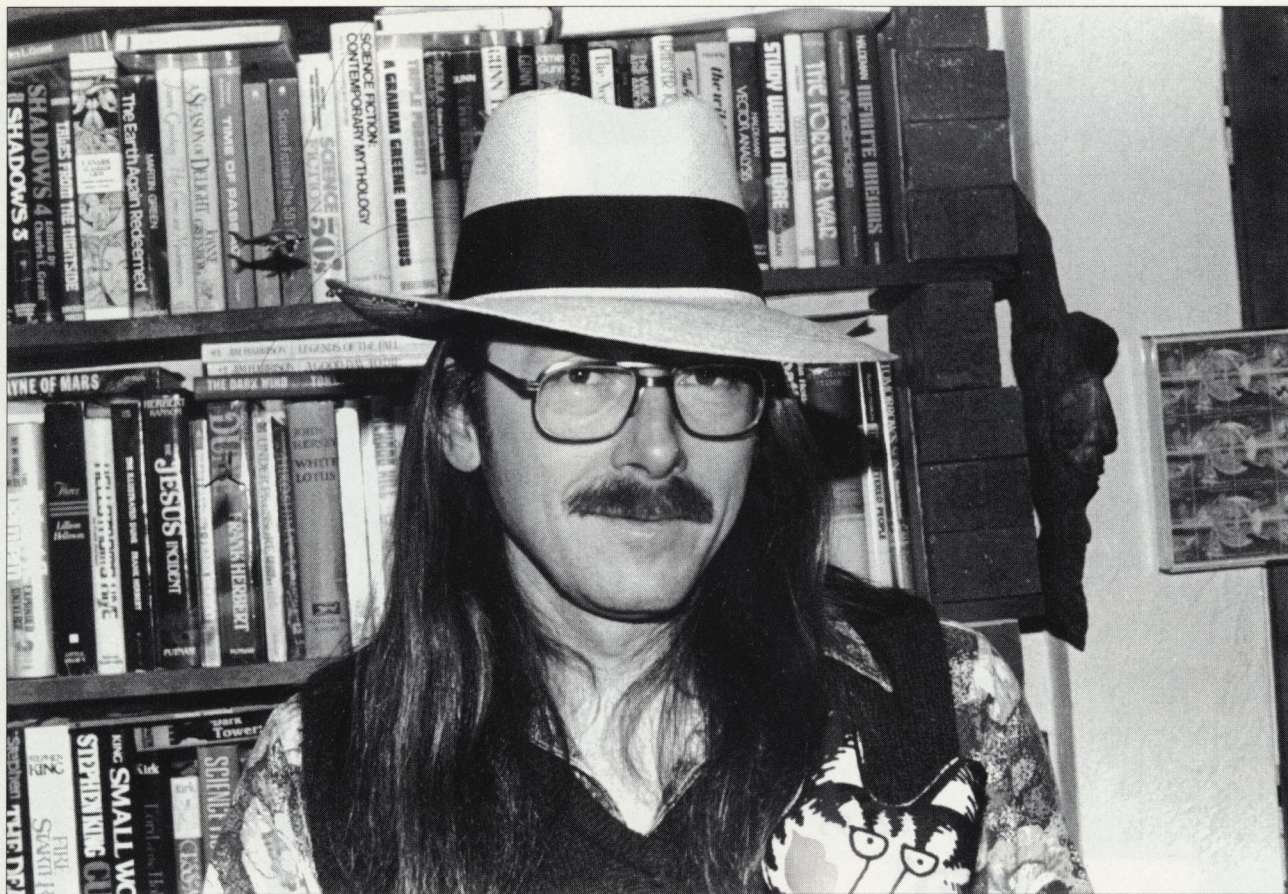


Photo by Ed McManis

Some writers' work contains stereotypic characters, with at least one per story providing a predictable mouthpiece for the writer. Not Ed. He deftly creeps into his characters' psyches, twisted or not, and opens a door for us. The effect is intimate and can be unsettling.

Sometimes we have an odd definition of entertainment. "Fascination" is more to the point. Ed opens doors to places we'd never go without him. His writing appears unlimited in scope; he seems to have more psychological resources than most writers and he writes without walls. His created characters don't slam into the wall of their creator's blind biases or egocentric visions.

Still, one can wonder just where Ed Bryant gets some of this stuff. Is he part of his own creation? He'd make a good psychopath if he puts his mind to it. ■

COMING IN MAY

GRAHAM MASTERTON
BURIAL

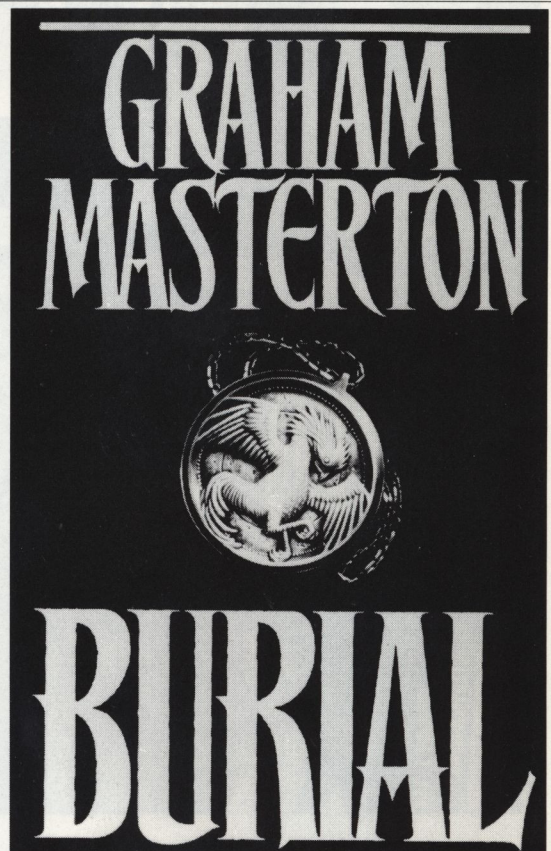
"Graham Masterton returns to Indian territory, which he mined so successfully in *The Manitou*. Masterton is a crowd-pleaser, filling his pages with sparky, appealing dialogue and visceral grue."

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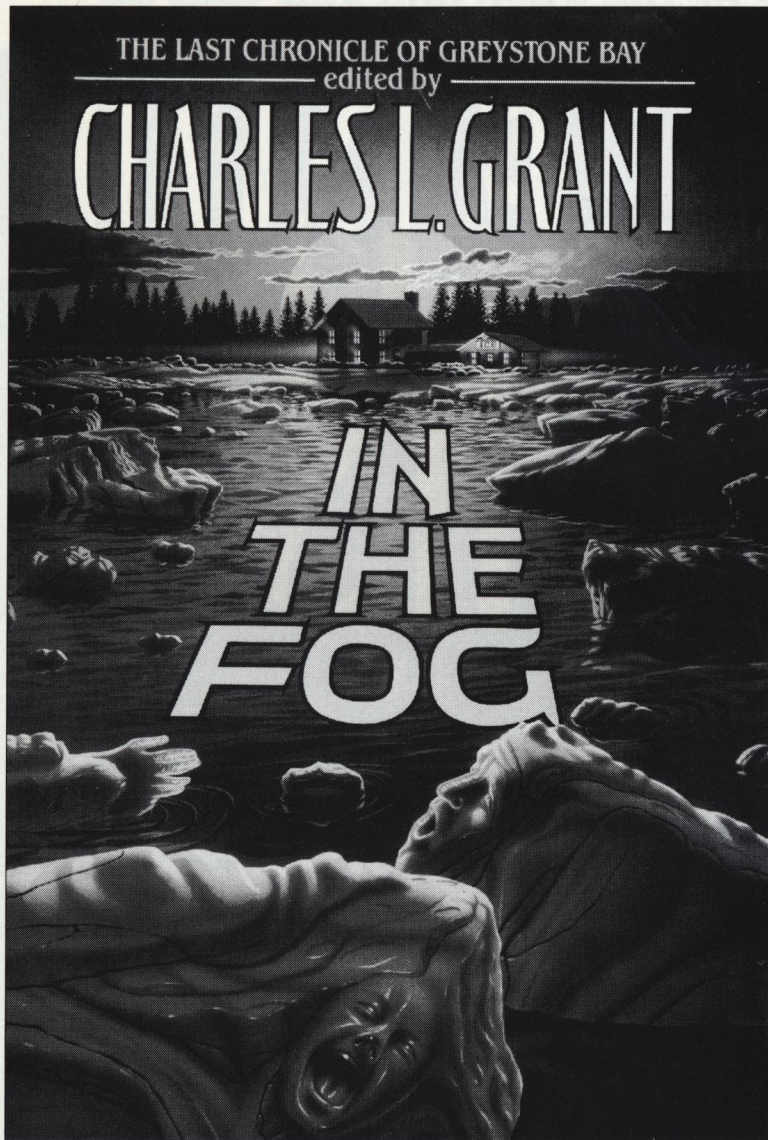
COMING FOR CHRISTMAS 1994

Gahan Wilson

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—*Booklist*

"[Wilson's] work...puts him at the forefront of modern writers of suspense and horror...*Sibs* is his most compelling book yet."

—*Gauntlet*

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"Wilson can't resist turning the narrative screws another notch."

—*Booklist*



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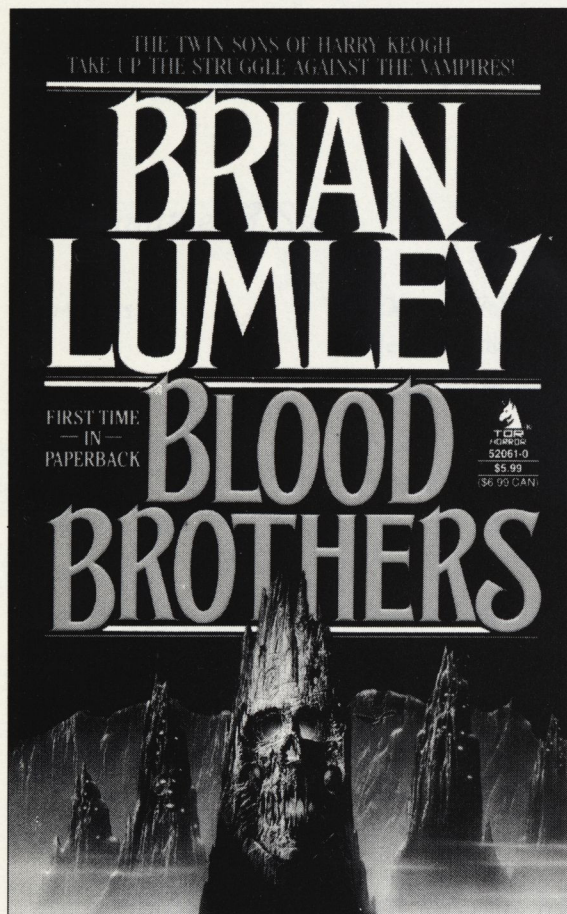
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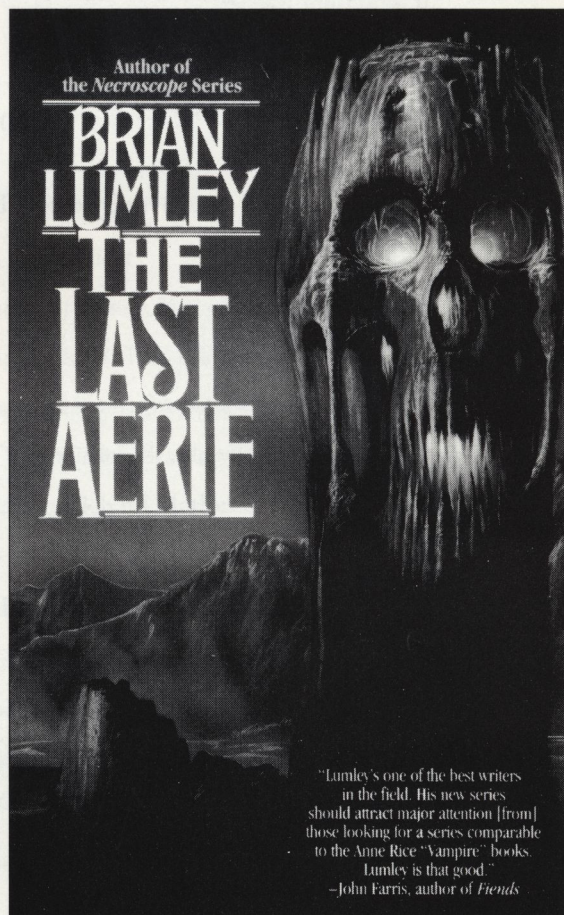
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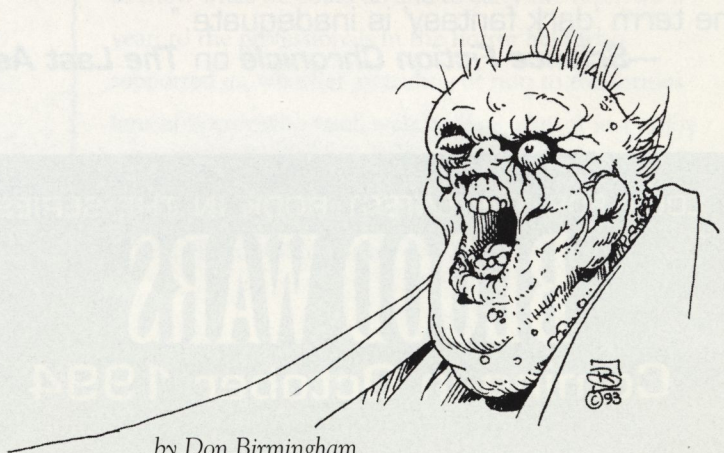
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