

## “Scientist” Arrested

Exclusive Report by R. Johnson

Late last night an underground Mt. Nelson research facility was raided by a special forces unit. It is understood that a large quantity of banned scientific equipment and biohazardous chemicals were seized and at least one arrest made. The raid was overseen by an officer of the elite Commonwealth Genetic Research and Testing Authority, Commander C. Lenehan. In a prepared statement, Cmdr Lenehan announced that Professor N.E. Doran Ph.D, MaD, BuG, Ger. had been apprehended while conducting dangerous genetic manipulation experiments.

Sources indicate that Prof. Doran had recently acquired black market tissue samples of the extinct Tasmanian Tiger, or thylacine, as well as miscellaneous genetic sequences from other controlled species. Investigative journalists A. Finch and A. Gray were able to obtain photos of the two viable clones that he has so far produced, before they were removed for mandatory destruction.

Under International Law drafted following the infamous Neo-Species Event, unauthorised genetic manipulation, integration or experimentation is strictly prohibited. If convicted, Prof. Doran faces up to 170 years imprisonment for each charge.

Environmental lobby groups began a vocal protest outside the remand centre and spokesman D. Stevens called on the government to “Come clean and just shoot the bastard”. Minister for Police, The Right Honourable S. Newman is said to be strongly considering the idea.

Federal opposition Leader, Derek Binns, has vowed to offer bipartisan support to the Government to “ensure that dangerous freaks like him never walk the streets again.”

*continued page 2*



*Madness Incarnate, moments before the dramatic arrest*



LEFT: The thylacine, last seen in 1936... until now? Driven to presumed extinction by hunting and disease, the latest advances in genetic engineering and molecular biology may reopen the door for this lost species and others. But at what cost? All advances have their benefits and their problems, their uses and misuses. In a few short hours, Thylacon II will clear the murky waters of bioethics and pave the way to the future...

## Thylacon II Welcomes You!

Hello and welcome to Thylacon II. We have a busy schedule planned for the weekend and we can't wait to get started! This programme guide has been designed to provide you with all of the Convention details and to give you something to read in what little spare time that you might have. We hope that you like it.



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# Thylacon



## Table of contents

Table of Contents .....	1
Acknowledgements .....	2
Editorial .....	3
<b>Tiger Tracks</b> .....	4
Biographies .....	5
Leanne Frahm .....	6-7
Neil Gaiman .....	8-9
George R. R. Martin .....	10-11
Jack Dann .....	12
Sara Douglass .....	13
Janeen Webb .....	14-15
World Building: Revisited .....	16-19
Thylacon II Event Guide .....	20-23
Bioethics by N.E. Doran .....	24-25
Alien's Guide to Hobart .....	26
<b>Thylazine</b> .....	27-29
<i>The Price</i> by Neil Gaiman .....	30-37
<i>RELIANT</i> by N.E. Doran .....	38-48
<i>Counting Coup</i> by Jack Dann .....	49-51
<i>Playing the Devil</i> by Adam Gray .....	52-55
<i>Fist</i> by George R. R. Martin .....	56-57
<i>ThylaXene: A History</i> by Craig Wellington .....	58
<b>Section Three</b> .....	59-71
Hugo & Nebula award winners .....	59
1998 Ditmar award nominations .....	61-63
1997 Australian Science Fiction Published Materials .....	64-65
Australian Small Press .....	66
Thylacon II Members .....	67-68
Thylacon II Committee members .....	69-73
Past Ditmar award winners .....	75
Bill Rotsler .....	76
Notes, names & email addresses .....	76



## Acknowledgements

The following list is unfortunately incomplete. In an event of this nature, people seem to give freely of their time and expertise and over the course of six months or so, we regrettably forget their generous assistance.

We would also like to take this opportunity to express our gratitude to the committee members' families, friends and employers for their patience and forbearance!

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Donna-Marie Bombadieri	Tony Powers	Hadley's Hotel
William Elvey	Dean Prenc	Harper Collins
Andrew Finch	Tansy Roberts	Snap Printing
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Marjorie Lenehan	Spot	Transworld
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Chris Nelson	X	
Sean McMullen		

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Growl if you like tigers.



## The Editorial

- AG: Oh, bloody hell! Why do I have to do the editorial?  
DS: mumble mumble mumble  
AG: I didn't hear you. Remember, I'm the deaf guy.  
DS: Ah... Because you didn't want one of the other committee members to do it.  
AG: No, what I didn't want was to be waiting around for ages to receive it. Why don't you do it?  
DS: Why don't I do it? I told you, I can't write! Remember, after you write the editorial, you've gotta look at what I wrote for Leanne Frahm.  
AG: I thought you said that you couldn't write  
DS: I can't write.  
AG: How are we gonna use the JMS picture.  
DS: Well, if you wanna do anything, you just want to say that: "Well, we wanted to bring you JMS but we can't... So here's a nice picture". Or you can say: "Here's the virtual JMS appearance".  
AG: Slow down... I can't type that fast... Hey! Come on now. Say something... What? Now that you know that I'm quoting you it's silence time?  
DS: Well, we can't waste the picture, but I can't be bothered writing anything – which you should be doing anyway.  
AG: Why me... I'm using our dialogue as an editorial.  
DS: Just *get* on with it... And write a *proper* editorial.  
AG: Uh, Dave... I've finished the editorial.

(Hi there, folks. As you can see, I am not much good at writing editorials. I guess that all we really wanted to say is that we hope that you all have a great time and thank you for coming. Oh... And a very special thank you to all of the folks who bent over backwards to get submissions to us. It helped a lot! AG.)



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*Tiger Tracks*





# Guest of Honour: Leanne Frahm

Leanne Frahm was born in Australia shortly after the end of World War II. Her mother was an Australian and her father was an American GI. Six weeks after her birth, she travelled with her mother over to the United States to join her father. After six years in the States, Leanne's parents separated and her mother returned to Australia with Leanne and her younger brother.

Leanne was fascinated with story telling from an early age. As a child, she won school story and poetry competitions. Her enthusiasm led one teacher to predict that being a writer was definitely on the cards for Leanne.

She started publishing short stories in 1979, after attending a writer's workshop in Sydney, where she had the good fortune to meet George Turner and Terry Carr, both of whom inspired and tutored Leanne. She has described the workshop as "two of the best weeks of my life".

Leanne tends to concentrate mainly on science fiction and horror stories, and has been published in numerous magazines and anthologies in Australia and the US. Some of the volumes that she has been published in include: *Eidolon*, *Aurealis*, *Terror Australis*, *Mortal Fire*, *Metalworlds*, *Alien Shores* and *She's Fantastical*.

Leanne's work often includes elements of the bush and the oceans that she has lived by for most of her life. In one interview she was asked when there would be a Frahm novel. Her response was: "Probably as soon as people stop expecting it... When I do, it will undoubtedly be set in North Queensland, mention the sea, and will carry elements of the unusual, mystic and didactic..."

She has been nominated several times for the Ditmar Award for Best Australian SF or Fantasy short story, and has won the award twice; in 1980 for *deus Ex Corporis* and in 1994 for *Catalyst*.

She occasionally talks to local writer's groups and school classes, and for several years was one of the judges of an annual short story competition in Mackay.

Leanne currently lives at Sladed Point, near Mackay in Northern Queensland with her husband and two large, lively dogs. All of which help to inspire her.

## Bibliography

### Collection

*Borderline* - Ed. Bill Congreve, pub MirrorDanse 1996

### Short Stories

*Barrier* - Chrysalis 8, 1980

*Borderline* - Borderline, 1996

*Catalyst* - Terror Australia, 1993

*The Buyer* - Aurealis 5, 1991

*Culture* - Science Fiction 11, 1982, A Legend in his own Lunchbox, 1990

*Deus ex Corporis* - Chrysalis 7, 1979

*Entropy* - She's Fantastical, Aug 1995, Best Australian Horror Stories, 1995

*High Tide* - Fears, 1983, Vacanzie Fantastiche, 1989

*Ithaca Week* - Borderline, 1996

*Jinx Ship* - The Patternmaster, 1994

*The Lamadian Affair* - Eidolon 10, Oct 1992, Borderline, 1996

*Land's End* - Alien Shores, 1994

*Lost* - Chrysalis 10, 1983

*Olivetuffles* - Eidolon 5, July 1991

*On the Turn* - Shadows 6, 1986, Matilda at the Speed of Light, 1988, Borderline, 1996

*Passage to Earth* - Galileo, 1981

*Prissy and Bubs* - Ampersand, 1983

*Reichelman's Relics* - Amazing Stories, July 1990

*The Supramarket* - Doom City, Glass Reptile Breakout,

*The Visitor* - Midnight, 1985

*A Way Back* - Universe 13, 1983, Mortal Fire, 1993

*The Wood for the Trees* - Chrysalis 6, 1979

### Collaborations

*Beyond our Shores, a Colony* with Paul Collins - Distant Worlds

*The Faraway Hero* with Paul Collins - Breakaway Magazine

*Horn o'Plenty* with Terry Carr - Stellar 7





# Honoured Guest: Neil Gaiman

One of the top writers in modern comics; also a best-selling novelist.

Creator/writer of monthly cult DC Comics horror-weird series, Sandman. Sandman has won Neil the Will Eisner Comic Industry Awards for best writer (1991, 1992, 1993 and 1994), best continuing series (1991, 1992 and 1993), best graphic album-- reprint (1991), and the Best Graphic Album -- New (1993); the Harvey Award for best writer (1990, 1991) and best continuing series (1992); and Sandman #19 took the 1991 World Fantasy Award for best short story (making it the first comic ever to be awarded a literary award). He has won many other awards including the 1993 Diamond Distributors 'Gem' award, voted on by comics retailers internationally, for expanding the marketplace of people who read comics.

Norman Mailer said of Sandman "Along with all else, Sandman is a comic strip for intellectuals, and I say it's about time". Nine Sandman collections have appeared to date, *Preludes and Nocturnes*, *The Doll's House*, and *Dream Country*, *Season of Mists*, *A Game of You*, *Fables and Reflections*, *Brief Lives*, *World's End*, *The Kindly Ones* with the final volume, *The Wake* due out at the end of 1996. Sandman the comic sold over a million copies a year. The collections have sold over three quarters of a million copies in paperback and hardback. Warner Brothers have optioned Sandman for a movie, and a first draft script (by Elliot and Rossio, who wrote Disney's Aladdin) has been delivered.

Gaiman and Sandman made headlines when, at Sandman #75, Gaiman announced that the story that began in Sandman #1 was over, and DC Comics cancelled the title: at the time it was their best-selling comic.

Gaiman's three-part series *Death: The High Cost of Living* was released by DC in February 1993, and was the single best-selling title for 'mature readers' ever, with the first issue alone selling over 300,000 copies. The three parts of the story were collected in late 1993 to widespread acclaim. Warner Brothers have optioned *Death: The High Cost of Living* as a movie, and contracted Gaiman to write the screenplay.

*Death: The Time of Your Life*, released in March 1997 in hardcover, won a GLAAD award for Best Comic of 1996.

Neil wrote *Signal to Noise* (illustrated by Dave McKean) a graphic novella about a dying film director serialised in *The Face* (June 1989 - Jan 1990), reprinted by Gollancz in July 1992, winner of an Eisner award as best graphic album, and broadcast in October 1996 as a radio play by BBC Radio Three, with a script by Gaiman, starring Warren Mitchell, and currently nominated for a SONY Radio Award; also, with Dave McKean, *Violent Cases* (1987), and *Black Orchid* (1988). *Violent Cases*, a meditation on the memory, evil, and kids' birthday parties, won the Eagle Award as Best Graphic Novel [1988], and Gaiman won the Eagle as Best Writer of American Comics [1990].

The first collection of Neil's SF series *Miracleman*, '*The Golden Age*', appeared in 1992 from Eclipse (USA) and Harper Collins (UK).

*Angels and Visitations* (DreamHaven 1993), a hardcover small press collection of his short fiction, prose and journalism, issued to celebrate ten years as a professional writer, sold out its first printing of 10,000 almost immediately, and has already gone back to press three times since. One of the stories from the collection, *Troll Bridge*, and the collection itself, were nominated for World Fantasy Awards for 1994, and was awarded the 1994 International Horror Critics' Guild Award as Best Collection. His short stories, in prose and poetry, have been reprinted for the last six years running in the annual Year's Best Fantasy and Horror collection, and have also been picked up by the British Best New Horror collection.



Recent comics work includes *Mr Punch*, from Victor Gollancz and DC Vertigo (November 1994), with art by Dave McKean, a strange story of childhood and puppets; and Alice Cooper's *The Last Temptation*, an adaptation, by Gaiman, of the story he created around which Alice Cooper wrote his album of the same title. He was co-ordinator, co-plotter and co-editor of the Utterly Comic Comic Relief Comic, which raised £45,000 for the UK Comic Relief charity in 1991.

Co-author, with Terry Pratchett, of *Good Omens*, a very funny novel about how the world is going to end and we're all going to die, which spent 17 consecutive weeks on the Sunday Times best-seller lists in 1990. Other books include the cult hit *Ghastly Beyond Belief* [1985] and *Don't Panic* [1987], and, as editor, a book of poetry, *Now We Are Sick* [1991]. His essays have appeared in "Horror: 100 Best Books", and "100 Great Detectives".

His six part fantastical TV series for the BBC, called *Neverwhere*, set in a strange world beneath London, was broadcast in Autumn of 1996, and his novel, set in the underground world of the television series, was released in the UK by the BBC and from Avon books in July 1997: it appeared on a number of best-seller lists, including the LA Times list (at #3), the San Francisco Chronicle list and the Locus list (at #1). Rights to the book have been sold around the world.

The film rights to *Neverwhere* have been bought by Jim Henson Productions, and Gaiman is currently writing the script for the film.

His film of the Beowulf saga, co-written and to be directed by Roger Avary (Pulp Fiction, Killing Zoe) is being produced by the Robert Zemeckis-led company Imagemovers, and will be filming in 1998.

His first book for children, *The Day I Swapped My Dad For Two Goldfish*, came out from White Wolf books in May 1997, illustrated by Dave McKean.

*Stardust*, a prose novel in four parts, began to appear from DC Comics in October 1997. Illustrated by Charles Vess, it is a fairy story for adults.

Neil's work in translation has appeared in Italy, Spain, Holland, Germany, France, Brazil, Sweden, Finland and lots other countries he can't think of off-hand. His journalism has appeared in *Time Out*, *The Sunday Times*, *Punch*, *The Observer Colour Supplement*, and many other places.

Tori Amos sings about Neil on her albums 'Little Earthquakes', 'Under the Pink' and 'Boys for Pele'; and more recently he's written songs for Minneapolis band The Flash Girls ("the find of the year and perhaps beyond" -- Utne Reader). He appeared on the cover of photographer Patti Perret's book of photos of authors, *The Faces of Fantasy*.

In 1992 he swept the Canadian "Ricky" awards, given out by the viewers of Canadian TV show 'Prisoners of Avidity', winning, amongst other awards, 'Favourite Guest'. He was awarded the Kemi (Finland) Award as Best International Writer (1994), the Austrian Prix Vienne as Best Writer (1993), and the Spanish 'Haxtur' award for best writer (1993, 1994, 1995) and, for the last four years, the Brazilian 'HQ' award for best foreign writer and comic. From Italy he has won the prestigious 'Yellow Kid' award (1995) and the Lucca Best Writer prize (1997).

## Bibliography

### Novels

*Good Omens* (1990) with Terry Pratchett  
*Neverwhere* (1996)  
*The Day I Swapped My Dad for Two Goldfish* (1997)

### Collections

*Angels and Visitations: A Miscellany* (1994)  
*Sandman: World's End* (1995)

### Anthologies

*Ghastly Beyond Belief* (1985) with Kim Newman  
*Now We Are Sick: An Anthology of Nasty Verse* (1994) with Stephen Jones  
*Sandman: Book of Dreams* (1996) with Edward E. Kramer

### Short Fiction

*Culprits* (1990) with Eugene Byrne and Kim Newman  
*Foreign Parts* (1990)  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1990) with Charles Vess  
*Chivalry* (1992)  
*Murder Mysteries* (1992)  
*Troll-Bridge* (1993)  
*One Life Furnished in Early Moorcock* (1994)  
*Snow, Glass, Apples* (1994)  
*Daughter of Owls* (1997)

### Poems

*Now We Are Sick* (1986) with Stephen Jones  
*The Old Warlock's Reverie* (1995)  
*Queen of Knives* (1995)  
*The White Road* (1995)

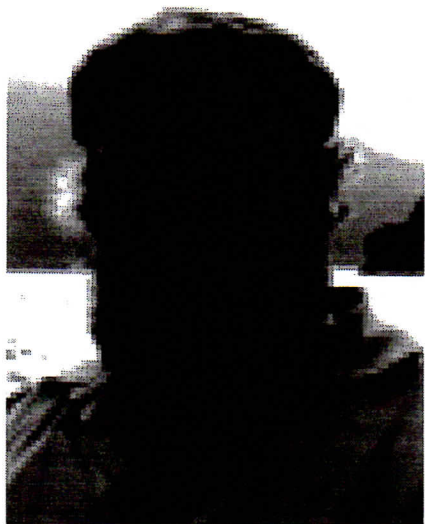
### Graphic Novels

*Black Orchid*  
*Books of Magic*  
*Complete Alice Cooper: The Last Temptation of Alice*  
*Death: The Time of Your Life*  
*Death: High Cost of Living*  
*Mr Punch*  
*Sandman: A Game of You*  
*Sandman: Brief Lives*  
*Sandman: The Doll's House*  
*Sandman: Dream Country*  
*Sandman: Fables and Reflections*  
*Sandman: Preludes and Nocturnes*  
*Sandman: Seasons of Mists*  
*Sandman: The Wake*  
*Sandman: World's End*  
*Sandman: The Kindly Ones* (1996) with Marc Hempel  
*Signal to Noise*  
*Violent Cases* (1987) with Dave McKean  
*Cover Artwork*  
*Cover: But I Digress* (1994) with John L. Byrne

### Essays/Articles

*Introduction (Scholars and Soldiers)* (1989)  
*Afterword (Foreign Parts)* (1990)  
*About Kim Newman, with notes on the creation and eventual dissolution of the Peace and Love Corporation* (1994)





# Guest of Honour: George R R Martin

George Raymond Richard Martin began his writing career at an early age, selling and telling monster stories to other young children in the neighbourhood for pennies. By the time he reached high school, he had started to read and collect comics, and had begun to write fiction for various comic fanzines. He made his first professional sale to *Galaxy* in 1970 for the "The Hero" and further sales and success followed rapidly.

In 1974 he received his first Hugo award for the novella "A Song for Lya" and a year later wrote "The Storms of Windhaven" with fellow SF writer Lisa Tuttle. This novella was eventually expanded to novel length and released as *Windhaven* in 1981. During the mid 70's Martin continued to write and publish predominantly within the SF genre and also spent time directing chess tournaments for the continental chess Association. Two collections of his short fiction appeared in successive years ( *a Song for Lya and other Stories*, 1976 and *Songs of Stars and Shadows*, 1977) and in 1977, Martin's first and only strictly SF novel was published, *Dying of the Light*. It is a vivid romance set on a drifting planet, which while passing close by a sun becomes a site of a massive festival.

Two years later, Martin was making regular trips to award ceremonies, collecting a Hugo and a Nebula award for *sandkings*, and a further Hugo for "the way of Cross and Dragon".

In 1982 Martin confirmed his versatility as a writer by stepping firmly into the horror genre. A vivid concoction of vampires and Mississippi steamboats set in the American South during the 1850's made *Fevre Dream* an exceptional horror novel - and widely praised - yet the rational handling of the vampire myth owes as much to SF as it does to the supernatural. He followed this up with another novel, *The Armageddon Rag* in 1983, and also released a collection of his short horror fiction, *Songs the Dead Men Sing*.

By the mid 1980's Martin's fiction output began to wane. He moved into television to write for the new *Twilight Zone* series and later became heavily involved in the production of *Beauty and the Beast*, on which he worked as producer and executive producer.

Yet despite his television commitments, Martin continued to write the occasional story and continued to pick up the occasional award. He won another Nebula award in 1986 for "*Portraits of his Children*" and won his first Bram Stoker Award for *The Pear-Shaped Man* in 1987. He also released his collection of linked SF stories *Tuf Voyaging* (1986) which details the problem-solving exploits of an ecological engineer in a declining galactic empire.

In addition to his skills as a writer, Martin has also shown himself to be an enterprising editor. He edited the *New Voices* anthologies in the late 70's and early 80's in which were showcased the nominees for the John W Campbell award for Best New SF Writer, and later launched the influential *Wild Cards Series*.

Currently, he is Vice President of the SFWA (Science Fiction & Fantasy Writers of America) and has embarked on his most ambitious project to date a massive four-part fantasy series entitled *A Song of Earth and Fire* of which the first volume *A Game of Thrones* is now available and the second *A Clash of Kings* due shortly



## Bibliography

### Novels

- Dying of the Light - Simon & Schuster, 1977  
Windhaven (with Lisa Tuttle) - Timescape, 1981  
Fevre Dream - Poseidon Press, 1982  
The Armageddon Rag - Poseidon Press, 1983  
- Nemo Press, 1983  
Dead Man's Hand (with John J. Miller) - Bantam Books, 1990  
A Song of Ice and Fire:  
A Game of Thrones - Bantam Books, 1996  
A Clash of Kings - forthcoming/Bantam Books  
A Dance with Dragons - forthcoming/ Bantam Books  
The Winds of Winter - forthcoming/ Bantam Books

### Short Story Collections

- A Song for Lya and Other Stories - Avon, 1976  
Songs of Stars and Shadows - Pocket Books, 1977  
Sandkings - Timescape, 1981  
Songs the Dead Men Sing - Dark Harvest, 1983  
Nightflyers - Bluejay Books, 1985  
Tuf Voyaging - Baen Books, 1986  
Portraits of His Children - Dark Harvest, 1987

### Edited

- New Voices In Science Fiction - Macmillan, 1977  
New Voices II - HBJ/Jove, 1979  
New Voices III - Berkley, 1980  
New Voices 4 - Berkley, 1981  
The Science Fiction Weight-Loss Book - Crown, 1983  
- (co-edited w/Isaac Asimov & Martin Harry Greenberg)  
The John W. Campbell Awards, Vol.5 - Bluejay Books, 1984  
Night Visions 3 - Dark Harvest, 1986  
Wild Cards - Bantam Books, 1987  
Wild Cards II: Aces High - Bantam Books, 1987  
Wild Cards III: Jokers Wild - Bantam Books, 1987  
Wild Cards IV: Aces Abroad - Bantam Books, 1988  
Wild Cards V: Down & Dirty - Bantam Books, 1988  
Wild Cards VI: Ace in the Hole - Bantam Books, 1990  
Wild Cards VII: Dead Man's Hand - Bantam Books, 1990  
Wild Cards VIII: One-Eyed Jacks - Bantam Books, 1991  
Wild Cards IX: Jokertown Shuffle - Bantam Books, 1991  
Wild Cards X: Double Solitaire  
- a novel by Melinda M. Snodgrass - Bantam Books, 1992  
Wild Cards XI: Dealer's Choice - Bantam Books, 1992  
Wild Cards XII: Turn of the Cards - a novel by Victor Milan -  
Bantam Books, 1993  
Card Sharks (Wild Cards 13) - Baen Books, 1993  
Marked Cards (Wild Cards 14) - Baen Books, 1994  
Black Trump (Wild Cards 15) - Baen Books, 1995

### Teleplays (Produced)

- Twilight Zone episodes  
"The Last Defender of Camelot" (1986) based on the short story by  
Roger Zelazny, nominated for WGA Award, best teleplay/  
anthology, 1986.  
"The Once and Future King" (1986) based on a story by Bryce  
Maritano. "Lost and Found" (1986) based on the short story by  
Phyllis Eisenstein.  
"The Toys of Caliban" (1986) based on the story by Terry Matz.

"The Road Less Travelled" (1986) original teleplay.

### Beauty and the Beast episodes

- "Terrible Savior" (1987)  
"Masques" (1987)  
"Shades of Grey" (1988) with David Peckinpah.  
"Promises of Someday" (1988)  
"Ozymandias" (1988)  
"Dead of Winter" (1988)  
"Brothers" (1989)  
"When the Blue Bird Sings" (1989) with Robert John  
Guttke  
"A Kingdom by the Sea" (1989)  
"Ceremony of Innocence" (1989)  
"Snow" (1989)  
"Beggars' Comet" (1990)  
"Invictus" (1990)

### Pilots

"Doorways" - Pilot for an ABC network series, Columbia  
Pictures, written 1991, filmed 1992, released on video  
1993.

### Teleplays (Unproduced)

- "Xmas" - Original teleplay, Max Headroom, 1987. In  
preproduction when the series was cancelled.  
"Black Cluster" - Pilot for an ABC television series,  
Columbia Pictures, 1990. Never produced.  
"The Survivors" - Two-hour pilot for a CBS television  
series, Trilogy Entertainment, 1992. Not produced.  
"Deep in the Heart" - Backup script for Doorways series,  
1992.  
"Starport" - Two-hour pilot for a Fox network television  
series, Columbia Pictures Television, 1994. Not produced.

### Screenplays (Unproduced)

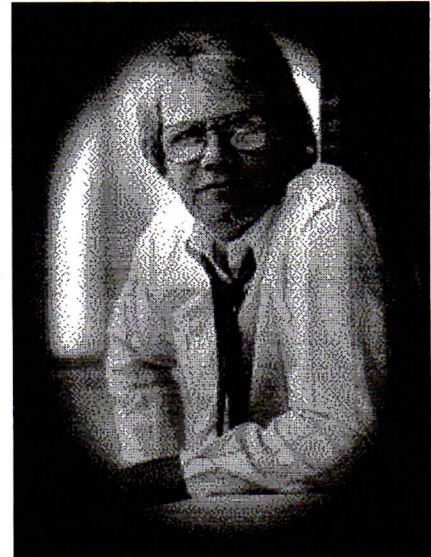
- Fadeout - Feature screenplay, Wildstreet Pictures, 1990.  
Wild Cards - Feature screenplay, written in collaboration  
with Melinda M. Snodgrass, based on the Wild Cards  
anthologies and mosaic novels, Hollywood Pictures/  
Disney Studio, 1993-1995.  
A Princess of Mars - Feature screenplay, written in  
collaboration with Melinda M. Snodgrass, based on the  
novel by Edgar Rice Burroughs, Hollywood Pictures/  
Disney Studio, 1993-94.

### Stories Adapted for Film & Television

- "Remembering Melody" - Episode of The Hitchhiker,  
Home Box Office, November 1984.  
"Nightflyers" - Feature film, Vista Films 1987, screenplay  
by Robert Jaffe, directed by Robert Collector.  
"Sandkings" - Two-hour TV movie for The Outer Limits,  
Showtime, 1995, teleplay by Melinda M. Snodgrass.



# Honoured Guest: Jack Dann



Jack Dann is a multiple award winning author who has written or edited forty-nine books, including the groundbreaking novels *Junction*, *Starhiker*, *The Man Who Melted*, *The Memory Cathedral*—which is an international bestseller—and the recently published Civil War novel *The Silent*. Dann's work has been compared to Jorge Luis Borges, Roald Dahl, Lewis Carroll, Castaneda, J. G. Ballard, and Philip K. Dick. Philip K. Dick, author of the stories from which the films *Blade Runner* and *Total Recall* were made, wrote that "*Junction* is where Ursula Le Guin's *Lathe of Heaven* and Tony Boucher's 'The Quest for Saint Aquin' meet...and yet it's an entirely new novel.... I may very well be basing some of my future work on *Junction*." Best selling author Marion Zimmer Bradley called *Starhiker* "a superb book...it will not give up all its delights, all its perfections, on one reading." *Library Journal* has called Dann "...a true poet who can create pictures with a few perfect words." Roger Zelazny thought he was a reality magician and *Best Sellers* has said that "Jack Dann is a mind-warlock whose magicks will confound, disorient, shock, and delight." *The Washington Post Book World* compared his novel *The Man Who Melted* (published in Australia by HarperCollins in March, 98) with Ingmar Bergman's film *The Seventh Seal*.

His short stories have appeared in *Omni* and *Playboy* and other major magazines and anthologies. He is the editor of the anthology *Wandering Stars*, one of the most acclaimed American anthologies of the 1970's, and several other well-known anthologies such as *More Wandering Stars*. *Wandering Stars* has just been reprinted in the U.S. Dann also edits the multi-volume *Magic Tales* series with Gardner Dozois, the *White Wolf Rediscovery* series with Pamela Sargent and George Zebrowski, and is a consulting editor for TOR Books. He is a recipient of the Nebula Award, the Australian Aurealis Award (twice), and the *Premios Gilgames de Narrativa Fantastica* award. Dann has also been honoured by the Mark Twain Society (Esteemed Knight). He has just been shortlisted for the Benalla Award for the Audio book of the Year, which is part of the 1998 Braille & Talking Book Library Awards. The award will be presented at the Melbourne Writers Festival in August.

*High Steel*, a novel co-authored with Jack C. Haldeman II, was published in 1993 by TOR Books. British critic John Clute called it "a predator...a cat with blazing eyes gorging on the good meat of genre. It is most highly recommended." A sequel entitled *Ghost Dance* is in progress.

Dann's major historical novel about Leonardo da Vinci—entitled *The Memory Cathedral*—was first published by Bantam Books in December 1995 to rave reviews. It has been translated into seven languages to date. It won the Australian *Aurealis Award* in 1997 and was #1 on *The Age* bestseller list; a story based on the novel was awarded the Nebula Award.

Morgan Llwyn called *The Memory Cathedral* "a book to cherish, a validation of the novelist's art and fully worthy of its extraordinary subject," Lucius Shepard thought it was "an absolute triumph," and the *San Francisco Chronicle* called it "A grand accomplishment."

Dann's new novel about the American Civil War, *The Silent*, is being published by Bantam in the U. S., Lübbe in Germany, and HarperCollins in Australia. *Library Journal* chose it as one of their 'Hot Picks' and wrote: "This is narrative storytelling at its best—so highly charged emotionally as to constitute a kind of poetry from hell. Most emphatically recommended." Peter Straub said "This tale of America's greatest trauma is full of mystery, wonder, and the kind of narrative inventiveness that makes other novelists want to hide under the bed." And *Kirkus Reviews* called it "A ferocious portrait of the Civil War's human toll."

Other scheduled books include *Counting Coup*, a contemporary road novel, and what is already being called the "definitive" Australian genre anthology *Dreaming Down-Under* (with Dr. Janeen Webb).



Dann's latest novel-in-progress is about James Dean; its working title is *Horizon*.

As part of its *Bibliographies of Modern Authors Series*, The Borgo Press has published an annotated bibliography & guide entitled *The Work of Jack Dann*. A second edition is in the works. Dann is also listed in *Contemporary Authors* and the *Contemporary Authors Autobiography Series*; *The International Authors and Writers Who's Who*; *Personalities of America*; *Men of Achievement*; *Who's Who in Writers, Editors, and Poets, United States and Canada*; *Dictionary of International Biography*; and the *Directory of Distinguished Americans*.

Dann lives in Melbourne, Australia and 'commutes' back and forth to New York.

## Bibliography

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*Invaders* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace, 1993  
*High Steel* (With Jack C. Haldeman) (Novel) Tor, 1993  
*Horses* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace, 1994  
*Angels* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace Books, 1995  
*Dinosaurs II* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace Books, 1995  
*The Memory Cathedral: A Secret History Of Leonardo Da Vinci* (Novel) Bantam, 1995  
*Hackers* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace, 1996  
*Ghost Dancer* (With Jack C. Haldeman II) (Novel) Tor, Forthcoming  
*Counting Coup* (Novel) White Wolf, Forthcoming  
*The Silent* (Novel) Bantam, Forthcoming  
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*Wandering Stars: An Anthology Of Jewish Fantasy And Science Fiction* (Anthology) Harper & Row, 1974  
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*Christs And Other Poems* (Poetry) The Bellevue Press, 1978  
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*More Wandering Stars: Outstanding Stories Of Jewish Fantasy And Science Fiction* (Anthology) Doubleday, 1981  
*Unicorns* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace Books, 1982  
*Magicats* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace, 1984, 267 P., Paper. Magic Tales Anthology Series #2.  
*The Man Who Melted* (Novel) Bluejay Books, 1984  
*Bestiary* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace, 1985  
*Mermaids* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace, 1986  
*Sorcerers* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace, 1986  
*In The Field Of Fire* (With Jeanne Van Buren Dann) (Anthology) Tor Books, 1987  
*Demons* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace Books, 1987  
*Dogtails* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace Books, 1988  
*Seaserpents* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace Books, 1989  
*Dinosaurs* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace Books, 1990  
*Little People* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace Books, 1991  
*Echoes Of Thunder* (With Jack C. Haldeman II) (Short Novel) Tor Books, 1991  
*Magicats II* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace Books, 1991  
*Unicorns II* (With Gardner Dozois) (Anthology) Ace, 1992





# Honoured Guest: Sara Douglass

Sara Douglass is an Australian author who has recently taken the world of epic fantasy by storm. She has written many major fantasy works, including the Axis trilogy and *Threshold*. Her alter ego is a lecturer in medieval history at La Trobe University.

For the first seven years of her life, Douglass lived on a farming property - Gundealga, outside Penola, with her parents, three siblings and sheep. When she was of school age, her family moved to Adelaide where she attended Methodist Ladies College.

Afterwards, not sure what she wanted to do with her life, Douglass went into nursing, a career which she shortly learned to loathe. Eventually she chose to do a Bachelor of Arts at the University of Adelaide. The academic life obviously became addictive, as she went on to do a PhD.

Like her professional career, Douglass made a few false starts in her writing career. Deciding that light romance was an 'easy genre,' she wrote several of them before realising that she shouldn't be writing in a genre she did not respect. However, what she had learned from the exercise was how to sit down and finish a manuscript. The breakthrough came when Douglass discovered the right genre to work in... epic fantasy.

The first draft of *BattleAxe* was written in five weeks... It was accepted by a literary agent who went on to market it with HarperCollins. Douglass, famous for writing heart-stoppingly long manuscripts, followed up the success of *BattleAxe* with *Enchanter* and *Starman*, completing the Axis trilogy. She also published stand-alone books *Threshold* (HarperCollins) and *Beyond the Hanging Wall* (Hodder Headline). With *Sinner*, published early this year, Douglass began *The Wayfarer Redemption* trilogy which is also set on her 'Axis-world' of Tencendor. According to *Aurealis* #20.21, "*The Wayfarer Redemption* promises to be a cracker of a trilogy."

Douglass won the 1997 *Aurealis* Award for best Fantasy, and was a runner up this year with *Sinner*. Her latest novel, *Pilgrim*, is being launched here at Thylacon II.

The Sara Douglass Home Page is at <http://www.bendigo.net.au/~douglass/>

It includes up-to-date news, information on and excerpts from Douglass' books, information on the land of Tencendor, and advice on getting published. As well as being a guest at Thylacon II, Sara will be appearing in Sydney at PhanCon in July.

## Bibliography

### Novels

*Battleaxe, The Axis Trilogy Volume 1*  
*Enchanter, The Axis Trilogy Volume 2*  
*Starman, The Axis Trilogy Volume 3*  
*Threshold*  
*Beyond the Hanging Wall*  
*Sinner, The Wayfarer Redemption Volume 1*  
*Pilgrim, The Wayfarer Redemption Volume 2*  
*(To be Released at Thylacon 2)*

### Short Stories

*The Tower Room*  
*Fingers and Foreskins*  
*The Evil Within*



When you meet Janeen, whip out a camera and take a photo; then cut out the photo and glue it here.



## Honoured Guest: Janeen Webb

Janeen Webb lectures in literature at the Australian Catholic University in Melbourne, and is internationally recognised for her critical work in speculative fiction, Australian literature and children's literature. Her criticism has appeared in such diverse publications as *Omni*, *Foundation*, *The New York Review of Science Fiction*, *Meanjin*, *The Age*, and *Magpies*.

Dr. Webb's new controversial book on racism in Australian fiction, *Aliens & Savages: Fiction, Politics and Prejudice in Australia*, co-authored with Andrew Enstice, is published by HarperCollins Australia (1998). Janeen has also collaborated as editor with Andrew Enstice on the forthcoming *The Fantastic Self*, a collection of critical essays on Fantasy and Science Fiction. She is currently co-editing the ground breaking original anthology *Dreaming Down Under* with Jack Dann, and she is working on critical bibliographies of William Gibson and Thomas Keneally for the Borgo Press Modern Authors series.

Her other books include *Trends in the Modern Novel* (Institute of Early Childhood Development), *Modern Australian Drama* (with G. McKay)(Institute of Early Childhood Development), and *Storylines* (with M. Tyrrell)(Oxford University Press).

Webb has recently turned to writing fiction: her short story "Niagara Falling", co-authored with Jack Dann, won this year's Aurealis Award for short fiction in the science fiction category; her "Death at the Blue Elephant" was also shortlisted in the fantasy category. Both stories are included in *The Year's Best Australian Science Fiction & Fantasy* (Vol.2) ed. Jonathan Strahan & Jeremy Byrne, published by HarperCollins (1998).

Webb was co-editor of the *Australian Science Fiction Review* from 1987 to 1991. This bi-monthly journal was the premier science fiction forum in Australia and had a world wide influence on science fiction, especially in the USA.

She is a contributor to the Hugo award winning *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*, edited by John Clute and Peter Nicholls; and a contributor to the *St. James Guide to Science Fiction Writers*; and the new edition of *Magill's Guide to Science Fiction & Fantasy Literature*. In July, 1994 she convened the *10th Annual International Conference of the Australian Mythopoeic Literature Society*.

Webb is currently a judge for the World Fantasy Award.

She is listed in *The Who's Who of Academics in Australia*, *The World Who's Who of Women*, *International Who's Who of Intellectuals*, and *The Dictionary of International Biography*.





# Build a World: *Revisited*

Recommended reading for those  
wishing to make a  
mutant

*This is the result of the "Build-a-World" panel at Thylacon One (1995). The participants included Kim Stanley Robinson, Peter Nichols and Wynne Whiteford as well as members of the Con. The goal was to describe an alien world and the environment that it produced. As it happens, we also ended up deciding on some issues that are a little closer to home!*

## **Barnard's Star**

We started with Barnard's Star. This is known (currently) to have Jovians at 5 AU (1.15 Jupiter size) and at 3 AU (.7 J). These should have periods of around 26 & 12 earth years respectively. Barnard's is 3/16ths (approx.) Sol weight and our hypothetical planet has a year of around 70 earth days at an orbit of .2 AU. The planet is in a very circular orbit, an 80° axial tilt and a day of 46 earth hours. Barnard's Star is a not very variable star giving a dull red light resulting in a deep purple sky. Barnard's should have a very close Oort cloud. We have assumed many early planetesimal hits and lots of comets. It has been named *Hendrix*. This derives from the deep purple of the sky (believe it or not).

Our planet has been given a diameter of 6400 km and an average density. We also gave it a very hot core with lots of radioactives. This results in large and rapid plate movements. Our calculations give a gravity of .5 G and a low pressure of around 600 mb (ie approximately that of Quito). *Hendrix* has 25% oxygen and a high percentage of radon (particularly in craters). With its high axial tilt, and extensive mountain ranges, there will be very high winds at altitude. The landscape will also feature craters and volcanoes.

Life on *Hendrix* has a maximum of three possible sexes (male, female and carrier) although some forms have eliminated one or two of these. The vegetation consists of many analogues to spinifex and tumbleweeds, but more normal perennials exist analogous to the tundra of Siberia (and the top of Mt Wellington) and the horizontal scrub of the high-wind areas of western Tasmania. Some plants hibernate during the winter and unfold in good seasons like Heinlein's Martian vegetation. Many spores are wind carried (like air-borne coral), but some plants have evolved a semi-animate carrier gamete. Both plant and animal forms can have either left handed or right handed sugars and both herbivores and carnivores have developed the ability to smell the presence of the correct sugars. Naturally, this makes adaptive camouflage very complex and not just limited to external appearance. Life uses amino acids that are similar to those of Earth.

The ecosystem is very diverse with a high predator to prey ratio. Animals work on a six limbed, generally bi-laterally symmetrical arrangement. Fliers thus have two wings as well as four other limbs.

The intelligent life consists of a "bat-like" species. They are generally nomadic though some cities can be found centred on religious sites. The cities are generally occupied by religious leaders, the very young and the very aged. They are a community oriented race, which is reinforced by a natural form of radio communication. They are hierarchical in organisation, with the good of the clan coming before that of the individual. They use sign language for close communication and have a pictographic form of writing. A rich selection of tattoos and jewelry are used to denote clan, status and individuality.

The religion of the indigenes consists of the a dualistic belief in the "demon-in-the-sky" (the super-Jovian) which emits strongly on (and interferes with) their communication frequencies. The demon is the creator, which explains how bad the world is. The sub-Jovian is referred to as "the lesser God".



Eclipses of the demon by the lesser God signify the rare occasions when the friendly lesser God is able to subdue his fiercer rival.

### **Back to Sol**

Earth is full and the near-Earth orbits are well utilised. The system is beginning to fill up. The world is "governed" (loosely) by a United Nations. Many nation states have Balkanised along ethnic and other grounds. As an example, the "seven Nations of North America" are now a reality. An unmanned multi-national probe has been to Barnard's Star and returned. Not all of the details found out have been released to the world (including the colonists). The Indians, having lost out in the grab of the Solar System, announce that they are going to the stars. In an effort to stave off a Hindu expansion, several of the Arab states sponsor a United Nations mission. Other funding comes from multi-nationals.

The colony crew has a high proportion of Arabs (particularly in its command structure), reflecting funding, but is basically international. It consists of 400 active adults and another 400 in hibernation. The fact that 20% of the sleepers will not wake is one of the concealed facts. The trip will take 10 years at high constant acceleration. The colonists take pigs, goats and chickens (as well as some fish forms) as their livestock.

*There it is folks. A fairly basic setting for a story. There's a bit of fact, fiction, extrapolation, and even a bit of Jimmy worship. Having read this, you are now fully qualified and encouraged to join in on the making a mutant discussion. See the event guide for scheduling details.*

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# Thylacon II Program Guide

(Highly subject to change on short notice)

Friday

5:30pm

**Registration Opens**

7:30pm

**Thylacon II and Ellison Hawker present *Neal Gaiman*.**

Come and meet Neal Gaiman. He'll be signing books and answering questions.

Saturday

9:30am

**Meet the Guests**

The official start of the convention, with all the usual introduction "Hoopla", and your chance to meet the convention guests, Neil Gaiman, Sara Douglass, George R R Martin, Leanne Frahm, Jack Dann, and Janeen Webb.

10:30am

**Sara Douglass Book Launch**

The launch of her latest book, *Pilgrim*. Jack Dann launches Sara Douglass newest book *Pilgrim*.

11:00am

**Comics panel**

A bunch of people babble about comic books

12:00am

**Bioethics Panel – Copyright? Does your clone inherit first.**

Clones. What an issue. Are they people? Do they have rights?

1:00pm

**Lunch:**                    *"Feed me Seymour, feed me!"*



**2:00pm**

**Media Panel**

Is a bad Pilot required for a good series? Babylon 5, Star Trek, ST:NG, DS9, Voyager, Earth 2, Red Dwarf – the list goes on. Come and put in your 2 cents worth.

**3:00pm**

**SF is from Mars, Fantasy from Venus**

We all know about th Mars and Venus books, but do they apply to what the sexes read in SF and Fantasy. Do mainly men read SF, and women Fantasy. Come armed with your opinions, in what should hopefully degenerated into a battle of the sexes.

**4:00pm**

**Comic's Panel: The anti-hero.**

Is the comic audience aging, are comics becoming "darker". If so, why?

**5:00pm**

**Make a Mutant**

Following on from a world building panel at Thylacon I, and in keeping with the Bio-ethics panels of this Con, let all those Bio-ethics go to the wind as we populated our world.

**7:30pm**

**Banquet, Guest of Honour Speeches, and Ditmar Awards**

Come and chow down at the Hadley's Hotel.

**12:00pm**

**Horror**

A horror panel or reading at the witching hour.







10:00am

**Virtuality – Where are the best Sites?**

This panel looks at what you think are the best SF sites on the net.

11:00am

**Bioethics Panel**

Dolly, Velociraptors, and the Island of Dr. Moreau

It's the media flavour of the month, come and have a taste

“Bioethics – Not an alternative lifestyle”

12:00am

**The Great Debate**

Last time we argued about what was the best SF Television Series. Now we move on to movies

1:00pm

Lunch

“Use the Fridge Luke, use the Fidge”

2:00pm

**Future Directions – Where is the genre going?**

Come and listen to our guests' talk about what they think the future holds for SF

3:00pm

**Closing Ceremony**

All the Usual “rigmarole”, as we part ways, with fond memories and tears in our eyes, looking ever onward till meet again.



# BIOETHICS

By N.E.Doran

*What is it?*

*Why is it?*

*Why is it so touchy?*

*Should it be so touchy?*

*What does it need to do?*

*Who should see that it does?*

From animal experimentation to biological warfare and saving endangered species, bioethical issues have been around for ages - but it is the recent advances in genetic techniques, the cloning of Dolly to create, well, Dolly, that have re-ignited the debate. Suddenly the public feels as though the fictional future is about to kick its woolly way through the door and facsimile us all into submission. But is that really the case?

Like bioethics, genetic manipulation is as old as the hills. Or at least as old as the farmers that sat upon those hills, sowing crops and breeding cattle from "good" seed and stock. From such traditions, formal genetics found its father in Mendel and his peas - which, despite the current fuss over sheep, are the true mainstay of genetics to this day. The next century it was Mengele using people - although not specifically in genetic programs, but in ones driven by eugenic creed. That work has left us with an enormous ethical conundrum still not easily resolved. Should results from the experiments in the concentration camps be added to humanity's body of knowledge or do they have no place there? Horrendous, ill-conceived, barely scientific, and evil - but fully documented. Should they be forgotten forever, or may some of them, in some inconceivable way, someday save a life? Do they differ from secrets of rocketry, Nazi technology that equally cost so many lives? Dare we even ask?

James Watson and Francis Crick made themselves famous by discovering the double-helix, and unleashing the sinister truth that the genetic jihad of the Nazis, while morally reprehensible, was uncomfortably possible. Countless warring races had fought for similar ends throughout history, instinctively knowing something that science now demonstrated. Specific genes existed for specific traits, and could be eradicated or promoted. Watson and Crick had now un-

veiled their home.

Cloning itself is not new either - some organisms do it naturally. Through the rarities of identical twins, humans can too. In the laboratory, the theory of cloning techniques, and its applicability to microbial life has not only been possible, but highly beneficial. Genetic splicing and cloning are demonstrable at a cellular level by even the least experienced student. Perhaps it's just that now the techniques are being honed on species closer to us, close to the self-proclaimed pinnacle of evolution, that it's getting uncomfortable. After all, we're God's creation, and that separates us from everything else. Perhaps we're feeling the creeping notion that we may not be as special as we think.

But then *in vitro* fertilisation, which caused similar storms in decades past, has now vanished from the headlines. That we share 99% of our genetic code with chimpanzees has become accepted fact. Even the Human Genome Project is not the target it once was; it's now a sideline to, rather than, the main event. Despite all this, civilisation and the integrity of humanity has not fallen around our ears.

The notion that we are special, whether borne of religion or our own awareness, brings ethical concerns of its own. If I wish to experiment on a tadpole, even if the experiment is simply watching it swim around a tank in the lab, I need Ethics Committee approval. I need to document the experiment, its length, how well kept the animal will be, whether it will suffer, and whether that suffering is justified and minimised. Quite rightly, you may say - but this treatment only applies to vertebrates. If I wish to vivisect an octopus, a creature of surprising intelligence and character, it is down to me alone (in Tasmania at least: other states and countries vary around this general standard). Threatened



species lists abound with brightly plumed birds and cuddly, fluffy mammals. Invertebrates, the other 99.9% of all animals, barely get a look in, despite their numerical dominance in species and biomass, and despite hosting a plethora of species precariously poised on the edge of extinction. The protected few tend to be the brightly coloured butterflies, the pretty invertebrates, or the ones that are edible or economically important. Luckily for the dung beetle, it's too successful to end up in the... well, never mind.

Is this acceptable, or is it the ultimate in discrimination? Does a backbone mean that much? What of the spineless amongst us? Or is self-awareness still the key - does knowledge of existence imbue a greater right to that existence? What of invertebrates that are as aware of life as you and I? From giant squid to amoeba, doesn't the simple act of living, of responding to good or bad conditions, of surviving and continuing to survive, reflect a certain recognition of existence? Or is it a matter of practicality, of admitting that the ability to police such matters is limited, and prioritising what is policed?

These issues are not the issues of the moment, but they are as much a part of bioethics as the current debate. They also form a great deal of the impetus behind bioethics, and the arguments it employs. And as always with ethical issues, there will never be one clear cut answer, but this does not mean that we shouldn't try to find one. Debate not only focuses arguments, it acts to keep them focused and to remind people of why they're arguing. If all views are presented and given fair say, balance can be found.

There is certainly a strong need for bioethics, just as there is for ethics through any walk of life, from basic morality to professional codes and etiquette. We need to question, to predict: to balance benefits with problems, to foresee both uses and misuses. But this cuts both ways. While scientists hold a responsibility to inform, the public holds an equal responsibility to be informed. And that extends beyond the sensationalist misinformation of Ray Martin or Mike Moore...

Part of the public distrust of developments in genetic technology is the perception that everything in science is rapid and immediate, that cloning sheep means armies of emotionally blanked stormtroopers will be marching out of the incubators tomorrow. From *Tarantula* and *Them!* to *Species* and *Mimic*, fiction must ac-

cept some of the blame for masking the realities of science. People see the glamour without the tedium, results without the process, one unrealistic success without countless truthful failures. Not that this is bad in itself; fiction exists to entertain and provoke, and so must be vastly exaggerated from boring fact. This is as true for thrillers, drama, or comedy as it is for science fiction. But people should be able to separate the two, in general terms at least. And while the gap closes in some areas, it opens in others - scientific capabilities remain far short of the wildest SF fantasies, and opportunities to be an omnipotent mad scientist frustratingly rare...

Everyone watches with fascination as characters are teleported via transporter beam in *Star Trek* - after all, what a superbly useful way of traveling it would be. Yet everyone would be outraged to hear of experimental mishaps on humans a la *The Philadelphia Experiment* or *The Fly*. Yet, if they are to be possible, from where are such magnificent developments to come? To realistically achieve the success and safety of the former, testing of such technology must face and solve its problems - even if that means risking the latter.

In real science, solutions found in the last five minutes of a crisis are the exception, not the rule. Wants must be balanced against the realities of satisfying them - such is the cost. Tests on teleport devices could only go so far with an inanimate object (or, dare I say it, an animal?). Eventually someone would have to become the first human in an experiment, and that would introduce unknowns. Consciousness and intellect, for example, may pose specific problems not encountered - or not noticed - in previous tests. How would you know it's you at the other end? Would you be able to tell if it wasn't? The transmission of body and soul could introduce psychological and theological problems impossible to resolve!

But let's step back from fictional examples to ones that are in the news as I type. Tonight (28 April) there were no less than two genetic and two medical research stories on the news. First there was a new, portable genetic testing unit. In Orwellian style, such a device may be open to all sorts of misuse. Here it was being used to test whale meat sold in Japanese markets: the first practical way of monitoring illegally captured meat and separating it from the smaller amounts of legal meat in which it is masked.

The second story concerned the discovery of a gene that confers degrees of immunity to



cancer-causing chemicals in cigarette smoke, a so-called anti-cancer gene which helps explain why some smokers are less susceptible to the dreaded disease. Genetic testing kits may make this a simple gene to detect. Would it be a good or a bad thing if smokey work places used this gene to discriminate between employees? Would they be protecting worker health and themselves, or misusing medical data and restricting an employee's freedom of choice? Would it even let some work places, staffed by the immune, flout workplace regulations? And what of the individuals? Does the discovery of such a gene allow some smokers to get complacent about their health? Does such news risk lulling them into a false sense of security, when there is more to threaten the health than just the carcinogenic properties of the smoke?

The first of the medical stories focused on the (Australian) development of an artificial cornea, being tested in a human patient for the first time. The old man given the device had been blind in that eye for the best part of a decade, and had not responded to any other form of treatment. Being the guinea pig for this experiment, he was taking quite a risk, but fortunately things seemed to be working out well. Meanwhile, other research was examining the feasibility of full-body transplants, of mixing the still-functional body of a brain-dead patient with the head of someone undergoing total organ failure. This could offer more of a lifeline to some patients than the return of sight, yet this experiment is bound to draw as much controversy as the other will accolades.

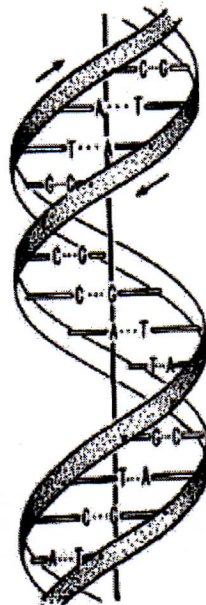
Leaving aside the ethical minefield about "switching off" brain-dead or machine-dependent patients, the way in which this research has been conducted is bound to spark debate. At the Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, researchers have successfully swapped the heads on monkeys. Removing the head from one monkey, they have replaced it with one taken from another, reconnecting blood vessels, trachea... everything bar the spinal cord itself. Incredibly, the monkeys have survived, and been able to hear, see, and taste, while their heads are maintained by the alien body. However, because their spinal cords have not been reconnected, they are paralysed from the neck down. A major stumbling block, but neuroscientists at the same university have recently been able to regenerate transplanted

adult nerve material, challenging long-held beliefs on adult nerve regeneration, and making successful spinal cord (re)connection a greater possibility.

To many, this type of experiment may epitomise macabre laboratory cruelty, and a dearth of scientific ethics. However, the work has been carried out by a renowned researcher in neurosurgical science, medicine, and community service, who was the recipient of the 1997 Humanitarian Award of the American Association of Neurological Surgeons, for activities "which bring great benefit to humanity". While elements of the work are distasteful, the benefits, as mentioned above, could be great. In many ways, it is a direct parallel to the experiments conducted on dogs and other animals that led to commonplace but life-saving heart (and other

organ) transplant surgery today. If arguing needs versus wants, or necessity versus vanity, few could argue that this is not more worthwhile than the testing of cosmetic products on rabbits' eyes. To those faced with multiple organ failure, and those with severed spinal cords, such experiments must offer a glimmer of hope. *Superman* could fly again!

Beyond the ethics of these experiments lurk even murkier waters: conducting these transplants on humans themselves. What happens when such surgery is conducted not only on those who *need* it, but those who, for whatever reason, *want* it? In a mix n' match world of limbs, heads and inter-sex swaps, there's a world of perversions to be satisfied!



If you underwent such surgery, would you want to remain conscious? There would surely be no weirder feeling than someone handing your head around like a bowling ball! And what of the new body? Your (current) body is automatically part of yourself; you know how it feels, you recognise it as you. Would squeezing your new hand feel different, weird, uncomfortable? What about aches and pains in places that had never bothered you before? Would even the slightest ones become intolerable, like a faint rattle in a new car? And returning to theology, if the soul exists, where does it reside? After condemning fiction for sensationalising science, I'm guilty of doing the same here; but, as with fiction, the possibilities are fascinating and endlessly thought provoking.



But leaving tomorrow's oddities and returning to today's monkeys, is using animals for surgical experimentation so different from the commonplace growth and exploitation of animals for food? James Watson has himself used the deliberately unlikely example of growing replacement human limbs on cattle to highlight how gray an area bioethics can be. If you lost an arm, would you be happy to replace it with one grown on a cow by genetic tampering and surgically harvested and grafted to yourself? It's easier to answer when you don't really have to make that choice, but ponder this: is it more obscene for a food animal to be put to greater use, or more obscene that it shouldn't be?

And what of legal issues? Morality and legality may be poles apart, but they are both inextricably linked in the bioethical debate, and any new development will have its attendant moral and legal dimensions. If cloning allows a company or country to re-create the mammoth, does the revived species become their exclusive copyright? Just as the anti-cancer gene may encourage laxity with regard to people's health, does the ability to clone endangered species absolve the responsibility to protect those species or to reduce the environmental degradation that threatens them? Wisdom tells us that prevention is better than cure, and that to remain conservation minded would ultimately save a lot of effort. But wisdom often has little place in politics or commercialism. Profit in copyright may itself be sufficient reason to promote the extinction of species, so that, after developing a full genetic catalogue, they can be recreated as an exclusive property or logo.

Already, the trust established in Princess Diana's name has sought to copyright her image. If someone were to successfully clone her, would the clone belong to them? What rights would the clone have? What if it were specifically created and grown by a media organisation in order to supply endless photographs? What if that organisation had footed all the bills? Clone her, own her? This may seem far-fetched, but is it that far removed from children deliberately conceived to act as donors for their siblings? Such children do themselves have rights, but given their upbringing and dependence, the influences they're exposed to and the expectations made of them, do they really have a great deal of choice?

Legislation for clones simply hasn't been tackled yet. Does the original Diana or any deceased historical personage hold the rights to their genetic blueprint? Do their families? What of the DNA derived from the Shroud of Turin,

particularly now that debate on its authenticity has been revived? Should people copyright themselves? Would the makers and providers of future technologies have to take this into account to protect themselves? To return to the *Star Trek* transporter beam, by submitting yourself to dis- and re-assembly would you have to waive your rights to *yourself* simply by using such technology? And if you did, would the providers be able to make 'adjustments' or 'improvements' to you, with or without your knowledge, well intentioned or otherwise? How would you legislate for it? Who would, or *should*, legislate for it?

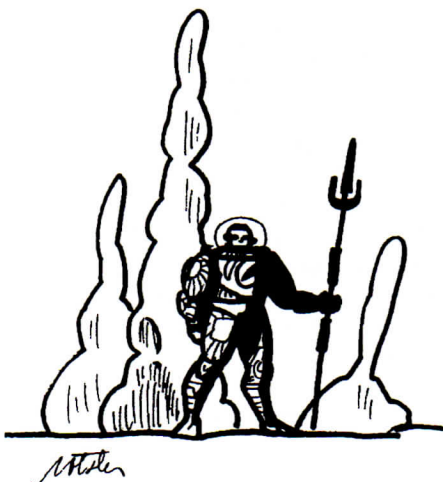
These questions and the debate behind them come not only at a time when scientific developments are happening apace, but also at a time when our appreciation and recognition of ethical issues is maturing. How many advances and experiments of the past would not be allowed to proceed today? How much knowledge was derived by methods that are longer acceptable to the society that depends on it? How many could not have been achieved in any other way? In debating ethical issues, we must also recognise the luxury they represent. Necessities in war, for example, may seem barbaric by today's standards, yet we are distanced from the desperation and urgency of those times, and their contribution to what has been built today. In the same way, we should use bioethics to help us shape the future rather than revise the past.

People tend to view all new developments with suspicion. Rightly or wrongly, the new genetic techniques (and the scientists behind them) are viewed with distrust and the topic remains emotive. Is cloning the darkness people perceive, or is this a product of our fascination with conspiracy and subterfuge? Is it simply another technique of science, a more refined way of manipulating those crops and stock, or is it something more sinister? Does the technique offer possibilities that are too open to misuse, a 'nuclear' weapon of the biological world? Or is the problem one of communication? Whatever the answer, we need to separate misuses from misconceptions. We need to view the topic with more discriminating eyes than a pack of chromosomal luddites, yet consider it with more caution than lemmings on a cliff.

Instead of focussing on any one topic or bioethical theme, this article has deliberately raised and jumped between a variety of ideas. At its start was a string of questions which may or may not have been addressed in the words above. Rather than leaving you with fewer questions they have hopefully prompted more.



# Aliens Guide to *Hobart*



From the top of Mount Wellington, Hobart spreads before you from the harbour to the sea. White beaches on its outskirts, historic buildings at its heart, Australia's second-oldest city has a special lifestyle of its own. A wonderful range of foods, festivals, shopping and site seeing opportunities – there are any number of ways to spend your days in one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

One of the first things that visitors to Hobart notice is that most things are within walking distance or a short ride in a cab. In our opinion, walking is the best way to see the city. Hobart has so many parks, old buildings and things to see that it's a real shame to miss them by driving from point A to point B.

## **Areas of note**

**Salamanca** - The Salamanca streetscape is famous for its historic Georgian warehouses which date back to the early 1830's. These days many of these warehouses have been converted into galleries, theatres, cafes, shops and restaurants, and on Saturday, the street comes alive with the bustle of the internationally acclaimed Salamanca Market.

**Salamanca Market** – The Market is something of an institution in Hobart. It began with humble beginnings in 1972 with just 10 stalls occupying a small section of Salamanca Place. Today it stretches from the old silos all the way up to Davey Street. There are more than 300 stalls with bargains to be found on everything from fruit and vegetables to antique wood working tools!

Salamanca Market is held every Saturday. The 'Winter' market operates from 8.30am - 2:00pm and it is particularly busy and colourful around lunchtime.

**Mt Wellington** - The best view of Hobart is from the look out points on the summit of Mt Wellington. On a clear day one can see as far as the Horizon, with the midlands, Tasman peninsular, and Bruny Island all quite visible. But be warned! The weather can change very rapidly on the mountain and during winter it's not uncommon for the mountain to be very chilly! The summit is less than a half-hour drive from the city and it is well worth the trip.

**Sullivan's Cove** - Sullivan's cove was the site of the original Hobart Town Settlement, and at times a bustling port. Nowadays the port serves mainly as working fishing port and historical location. If you're fond of fish and chips, the locals favour Mures (On the Elizabeth Street Pier – just ask a local, everyone knows where it is!). For excellent fresh seafood at really good prices, you can't beat them!

**Battery Point** - Battery Point is one of Australia oldest residential areas. It contains the earliest completed street in Australia (Arthur's Circus – circa 1820) and has many fine buildings. Battery Point is behind Salamanca Place and is accessible by Kelly steps, which were built 1839 by the legendary adventurer, sealer, and whaler James Kelly to link Salamanca Place with historic Battery Point.

**Parks and Gardens** - Hobart has several wonderful parks and gardens. Among them are the Parliament House gardens, St David's Park, and the superb Tasmanian Botanical Gardens.

**CBD** - The Hobart CBD consists of 2 city blocks and a couple of extended streets. You can find a wide range of shops and services. If you need anything in particular, a casual wander around the CBD will probably yield results.

**Elizabeth Street** – The heart of the city is Elizabeth Street. In the CBD, Elizabeth is a paved mall with a variety of shops and places to eat. Further up towards and along North Hobart is a wide variety of



restaurants which include everything from Greek, Chinese, Thai, and Vietnamese Cuisine to Pizzas and Hamburgers!

**Restaurants** - If you are looking for some place to eat, try one of the following. They are our favourite places and we happily recommend them.

**Da Angelo's** – Italian Food. Da Angelo's is a great place for dining in or takeaway. The food is simply sublime. Their range of pizza and pasta is second to none in Hobart. Price wise, they are fairly good. You can expect to pay around \$15 - \$20 for a meal and drinks.

**Taco's** – Mexican food. This is Adam's favourite restaurant in Hobart. The food is wonderful (Particularly the chicken fajitas!), and the margaritas are the best in Australia! For a good meal and a couple of drinks, you can expect to pay around \$35 - \$45. (Depending on how many margaritas you drink!)

**Mozart's** – Bistro/café. If you are looking for a place to sit down and have a coffee (Or a hot chocolate!) and a piece of cake, Mozart's might just suit the bill. Nestled on Hampden road in Battery Point, the walk is pleasant and the food is very nice. Expect to pay around \$6 - \$10 for a scrumptious snack.

**Rockefeller's** – Expensive and fancy... We hear that it's pretty classy, but neither Dave or myself has ever been there.

**Merseine's** – Turkish food. In the mood for the Ottoman Empire? Perhaps Merseine's will satisfy. It's a pleasant place to sit down for a meal and it is reasonably priced. Most meals are under \$20.

**Mures** – Seafood. We mentioned it before, but it warrants another entry. The food is excellent and the price... well... if you can eat more than \$15 worth of seafood from Mures, then you're a glutton (A well fed glutton!). They generally offer a couple of "catch of the day" specials, and as the fish will have just come off their own fishing boat, the freshness is guaranteed.

**Areeba's** – Mexican food. Hobart seems to like Mexican food. The voting seems to be even between Areeba's and Taco's. The only way to decide for your self is to try them both! It costs about the same as Taco's.

**Ball and Chain** – Steak house. If you want a nice juicy steak, try the Ball and Chain. It's a bit of an institution in Hobart and for good reason. Yum! Most of the main courses weigh in at under \$20.







## The Price

by Neil Gaiman

Tramps and vagabonds have marks they make on gateposts and trees and doors, letting others of their kind know a little about the people who live at the houses and farms they pass on their travels. I think cats must leave similar signs; how else to explain the cats who turn up at our door through the year, hungry and flea-ridden and abandoned?

We take them in. We get rid of the fleas and the ticks, feed them and take them to the vet. We pay for them to get their shots, and, indignity upon indignity, we have them neutered or spayed.

And they stay with us, for a few months, or for a year, or for ever.

Most of them arrive in summer. We live in the country, just the right distance out of town for the city-dwellers to abandon their cats near us.

We never seem to have more than eight cats, rarely have less than three. The cat population of my house is currently as follows: Hermione and Pod, tabby and black respectively, the mad sisters who live in my attic office, and do not mingle; Princess, the blue-eyed long-haired white cat, who lived wild in the woods for years before she gave up her wild ways for soft sofas and beds; and, last but not least, Furball, Princess's cushion-like calico long-haired daughter, orange and black and white, whom I discovered as a tiny kitten in our garage one day, strangled and almost dead, her head poked through an old badminton net, and who surprised us all by not dying but instead growing up to be the best-natured cat I have ever encountered.

And then there is the black cat. Who has no other name than the Black Cat, and who turned up almost a month ago. We did not realise he was going to be living here at first: he looked too well-fed to be a stray, too old and jaunty to have been abandoned. He looked like a small panther, and he moved like a patch of night.

One day, in the summer, he was lurking about our ramshackle porch: eight or nine years old, at a guess, male, greenish-yellow of eye, very friendly, quite unperturbable. I assumed he belonged to a neighbouring farmer or household.

I went away for a few weeks, to finish writing a book, and when I came home he was still on our porch, living in an old cat-bed one of the children had found for him. He was, however, almost unrecognisable. Patches of fur had gone, and there were deep scratches on his grey skin. The tip of one ear was chewed away. There was a gash beneath one eye, a slice gone from one lip. He looked tired and thin.

We took the Black Cat to the vet, where we got him some antibiotics, which we fed him each night, along with soft cat food.

We wondered who he was fighting. Princess, our white,

beautiful, near-feral queen? Raccoons? A rat-tailed, fanged possum?

Each night the scratches would be worse -- one night his side would be chewed-up; the next, it would be his underbelly, raked with claw marks and bloody to the touch.

When it got to that point, I took him down to the basement to recover, beside the furnace and the piles of boxes. He was surprisingly heavy, the Black Cat, and I picked him up and carried him down there, with a cat-basket, and a litter bin, and some food and water. I closed the door behind me. I had to wash the blood from my hands, when I left the basement.

He stayed down there for four days. At first he seemed too weak to feed himself: a cut beneath one eye had rendered him almost one-eyed, and he limped and lolled weakly, thick yellow pus oozing from the cut in his lip.

I went down there every morning and every night, and I fed him, and gave him antibiotics, which I mixed with his canned food, and I dabbed at the worst of the cuts, and spoke to him. He had diarrhoea, and, although I changed his litter daily, the basement stank evilly.

The four days that the Black Cat lived in the basement were a bad four days in my house: the baby slipped in the bath, and banged her head, and might have drowned; I learned that a project I had set my heart on -- adapting Hope Mirrieles' novel *Lud in the Mist* for the BBC -- was no longer going to happen, and I realised that I did not have the energy to begin again from scratch, pitching it to other networks, or to other media; my daughter left for Summer Camp, and immediately began to send home a plethora of heart-tearing letters and cards, five or six each day, imploring us to take her away; my son had some kind of fight with his best friend, to the point that they were no longer on speaking terms; and returning home one night, my wife hit a deer, who ran out in front of the car. The deer was killed, the car was left undriveable, and my wife sustained a small cut over one eye.

By the fourth day, the cat was prowling the basement, walking haltingly but impatiently between the stacks of books and comics, the boxes of mail and cassettes, of pictures and of gifts and of stuff. He mewed at me to let him out and, reluctantly, I did so.

He went back onto the porch, and slept there for the rest of the day.

The next morning there were deep, new gashes in his flanks, and clumps of black cat-hair -- his -- covered the wooden boards of the porch.

Letters arrived that day from my daughter, telling us that Camp was going better, and she thought she could survive a few days; my son and his friend sorted out their problem, although what the argument was about -- trading cards, computer games, *Star Wars* or *A Girl* -- I would never learn. The BBC Executive who had vetoed *Lud in the Mist* was discovered to have been taking bribes (well, 'questionable loans') from an independent production company, and was sent home on permanent leave: his successor, I was delighted to learn, when she faxed me, was the woman who had initially proposed the project to me before leaving the





BBC.

I thought about returning the Black Cat to the basement, but decided against it. Instead, I resolved to try and discover what kind of animal was coming to our house each night, and from there to formulate a plan of action -- to trap it, perhaps.

For birthdays and at Christmas my family gives me gadgets and gizmos, pricy toys which excite my fancy but, ultimately, rarely leave their boxes. There is a food dehydrator and an electric carving knife, a bread-making machine, and, last year's present, a pair of see-in-the-dark binoculars. On Christmas Day I had put the batteries into the binoculars, and had walked about the basement in the dark, too impatient even to wait until nightfall, stalking a flock of imaginary Starlings. (You were warned not to turn it on in the light: that would have damaged the binoculars, and quite possibly your eyes as well.) Afterwards I had put the device back into its box, and it sat there still, in my office, beside the box of computer cables and forgotten bits and pieces.

Perhaps, I thought, if the creature, dog or cat or raccoon or what-have-you, were to see me sitting on the porch, it would not come, so I took a chair into the box-and-coat-room, little larger than a closet, which overlooks the porch, and, when everyone in the house was asleep, I went out onto the porch, and bade the Black Cat goodnight.

That cat, my wife had said, when he first arrived, is a person. And there was something very person-like in his huge, leonine face: his broad black nose, his greenish-yellow eyes, his fanged but amiable mouth (still leaking amber pus from the right lower lip).

I stroked his head, and scratched him beneath the chin, and wished him well. Then I went inside, and turned off the light on the porch.

I sat on my chair, in the darkness inside the house, with the see-in-the-dark binoculars on my lap. I had switched the binoculars on, and a trickle of greenish light came from the eyepieces.

Time passed, in the darkness.

I experimented with looking at the darkness with the binoculars, learning to focus, to see the world in shades of green. I found myself horrified by the number of swarming insects I could see in the night air: it was as if the night world were some kind of nightmarish soup, swimming with life. Then I lowered the binoculars from my eyes, and stared out at the rich blacks and blues of the night, empty and peaceful and calm.

Time passed. I struggled to keep awake, found myself profoundly missing cigarettes and coffee, my two lost addictions. Either of them would have kept my eyes open. But before I had tumbled too far into the world of sleep and dreams a yowl from the garden jerked me fully awake. I fumbled the binoculars to my eyes, and was disappointed to see that it was merely Princess, the white cat, streaking across the front garden like a patch of greenish-white light. She vanished into the woodland to the left of the house, and was gone.

I was about to settle myself back down, when it occurred to me to wonder what exactly had startled Princess so, and I began scanning the middle distance with the binoculars, looking for a

huge raccoon, a dog, or a vicious possum. And there was indeed something coming down the driveway, towards the house. I could see it through the binoculars, clear as day.

It was the Devil.

I had never seen the Devil before, and, although I had written about him in the past, if pressed would have confessed that I had no belief in him, other than as an imaginary figure, tragic and Miltonian. The figure coming up the driveway was not Milton's Lucifer. It was the Devil.

My heart began to pound in my chest, to pound so hard that it hurt. I hoped it could not see me, that, in a dark house, behind window-glass, I was hidden.

The figure flickered and changed as it walked up the drive. One moment it was dark, bull-like, minotaurish, the next it was slim and female, and the next it was a cat itself, a scarred, huge grey-green wildcat, its face contorted with hate.

There are steps that lead up to my porch, four white wooden steps in need of a coat of paint (I knew they were white, although they were, like everything else, green through my binoculars). At the bottom of the steps, the Devil stopped, and called out something that I could not understand, three, perhaps four words in a whining, howling language that must have been old and forgotten when Babylon was young; and, although I did not understand the words, I felt the hairs raise on the back of my head as it called.

And then I heard, muffled through the glass, but still audible, a low growl, a challenge, and, slowly, unsteadily, a black figure walked down the steps of the house, away from me, toward the Devil. These days the Black Cat no longer moved like a panther, instead he stumbled and rocked, like a sailor only recently returned to land.

The Devil was a woman, now. She said something soothing and gentle to the cat, in a tongue that sounded like French, and reached out a hand to him. He sank his teeth into her arm, and her lip curled, and she spat at him.

The woman glanced up at me, then, and if I had doubted that she was the Devil before, I was certain of it now: the woman's eyes flashed red fire at me; but you can see no red through the night-vision binoculars, only shades of a green. And the Devil saw me, through the window. It saw me. I am in no doubt about that at all.

The Devil twisted and writhed, and now it was some kind of jackal, a flat-faced, huge-headed, bull-necked creature, halfway between a hyena and a dingo. There were maggots squirming in its mangy fur, and it began to walk up the steps.

The Black Cat leapt upon it, and in seconds they became a rolling, writhing thing, moving faster than my eyes could follow.

All this in silence.

And then a low roar -- down the country road at the bottom of our drive, in the distance, lumbered a late-night truck, its blazing headlights burning bright as green suns through the binoculars. I lowered them from my eyes, and saw only darkness, and the gentle yellow of headlights, and then the red of rear lights as it vanished off again into the nowhere at all.





When I raised the binoculars once more there was nothing to be seen. Only the Black Cat, on the steps, staring up into the air. I trained the binoculars up, and saw something flying away - a vulture, perhaps, or an eagle - and then it flew beyond the trees and was gone.

I went out onto the porch, and picked up the Black Cat, and stroked him, and said kind, soothing things to him. He mewled piteously when I first approached him, but, after a while, he went to sleep on my lap, and I put him into his basket, and went upstairs to my bed, to sleep myself. There was dried blood on my tee shirt and jeans, the following morning.

That was a week ago.

The thing that comes to my house does not come every night. But it comes most nights: we know it by the wounds on the cat, and the pain I can see in those leonine eyes. He has lost the use of his front left paw, and his right eye has closed for good.

I wonder what we did to deserve the Black Cat. I wonder who sent him. And, selfish and scared, I wonder how much more he has to give.





## RELIANT

by N.E. Doran

Timms thrust forward along the bulkhead, pausing only to anchor himself against one of the dorso-ventral ladders so that he could wipe his nose. Manoeuvring in zero gravity was difficult enough without snot running in all directions across his face. And relations on the ship were strained enough without such an undignified appearance adding a further blow to his standing.

He sighed, trying to savour this rare moment of solitude, but to no avail. Time to go and swear at the Captain again, he thought grimly. Time to gain more reprimands and warnings; to lose more of his few remaining accreditations.

Timms pushed himself away from the ladder with a little more force than necessary. Space-weakened joints from ankle to hip creaked and pained on impact with the unyielding metal, and he shot down the long axis of the shuttle at a barely controllable rate. But physical discomforts were balanced by the satisfyingly defiant thump that resounded through the metal of the inner hull.

He hated the ship, he hated his job, he hated being in space. And he hated the war.

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At a distance of a thousand kilometres, the ship didn't look that bad. A blip on a scanner, it could almost look ominous. Ominous, but not imposing.

The war had been going for some seven years. Embarrassing as it was, the Earth was losing, and not by a narrow margin. Borne of decay and indifference, the loss was decisive, enormous. It was a foregone conclusion.

The colony on Topia had been handed the key to its succession. The best ships, the fittest warriors, the smartest pilots, and the most prime resources: all given to them, used to send the colonists to humanity's new Eden and establish them there. The self-same place that was now directing those resources, human and mechanical, back against the world that had produced them.

It wasn't that the colony wanted anything from the peoples of Earth. It wanted nothing to do with them. The war was all about keeping Earth at bay. Keeping the population problems, the overcrowding, the shortages, the bureaucracy and waste, keeping all that back where it started. Back on the empty, sapped shell that had once been a bountiful planet.

After seven years, the Earth and its remaining fleet were at lowest ebb. Now, more than ever, the home planet needed a boost. A victory that could be crowed over in the face of overwhelming defeat. A victory that could be boasted about in taunting microwaves and laser communications sent well beyond the Rim. A final battle won in an overall war lost. A win to which those left behind could cling, as a last vestige of hope.

So it was that *Reliant*, last of the Shuttles, was sent out to face the blockade.

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"How'd it go?" asked Jasmin, watching as Timms closed the hatchway to the hold and spun the wheel locked. Once the wheel stopped turning, she brought the cigarette out from behind her body and relit it.

Smoking was strictly prohibited on the ship; a place where oxygen was paradoxically scarce and precious, yet explosively plentiful. But Jasmin had her specials tucked away, a handful of blissfully nicotine-laced sticks saved for those rare moments of extreme stress or celebration. A little change in the oxygen mix for the airlock reduced the risks to a level that Jasmin considered acceptable, and Timms concurred. As the two enlisted crew, they were the only ones to leave the ship on maintenance details, flushing any offending or incriminating air with them. There was little worry of discovery, had they even cared.

Jasmin's question hung in the air, and she took his silence as answer enough. "Well, I'm not steppin' in. I've said my piece and they're not listen'n to me, so why rock it further?" She took a long drag, then turned her dark eyes back to Timms. "You've lost your shot at the top. Me, I'm still planning to get there."

Timms ignored the comment. Shaking his head, he waved a hand over the worn pipes and ducting that snaked around the small service chamber. "This crate shouldn't even be flying."

Smoke curled out from Jasmin's lips in random directions, not so much a smoke ring as a starfish. "It's all we've got."

She proffered the cigarette, but Timms didn't even see it, for his eyes were miles and years away...

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"He was a good man," Captain Venner said, "until the loss of the *Argus*."

"Hardly his fault, surely?" Mandrake replied. "It was an inevitable loss, no matter how valiantly they fought. And it's not as though he didn't exact more than his share of damage from the foe."

"He didn't go down with the ship. He was rescued."

The First Officer glanced at his superior. "He wasn't captain, he didn't have to." His voice contained a hint of concern at the idea. "You've never mentioned this before, sir. Why now?"

Venner stared out the porthole at the infinite blackness. "I can't stand people who want us to give up, and that's what he wants us to do."

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The Captain was dead. When the hull breach came, he hadn't been able to seal his suit fast enough. Now the others had to struggle to work in the thick, cloying vapour that had boiled from under his helmet.

Timms had seen it coming, but had been powerless to





intervene. The inevitability of it all was crushing. But now there were more urgent matters at hand.

The ship was locked on its final trajectory, Timms cutting at coolant lines, desperately trying to improvise a self-destruct. Acrid fumes filled his suit, even as those from the Captain dispersed rapidly out into the void. He panicked, fearing his suit was torn, that he could smell his own evaporating blood...

It was only the smouldering inner padding of the suit. Burning shards from the first explosion had showered him, several falling over the rim of his neck piece. He had been unable to remove them before the second blast came, the one that had torn them open to space. Safety from the vacuum had been a more urgent need.

But now he could feel the cinders' anger against his skin; hindered by the retardant nature of the lining, broken ever smaller by bursts of frantic beatings with his hands, but still glowing defiantly in the heightened oxygen atmosphere being pumped in to keep him alive. Against the risk of baking in the suit, of sudden immolation, or of exposure to the vacuum as the cinders eventually burnt their way through, he could do nothing. So against it all, he kept working. Working as the faint glows lit his face and visor from below, as the pain and fear ate into his body and mind, and as the smoke filled and clouded his visor...

With the cinders finally beginning to fade, the oxygen content of his suit dwindling, he finished. Tensing his legs, he aimed his body and sprung through the breach. The others had already gone. His head was spinning as he shot into the darkness, away and yet also with the momentum of the doomed ship. In the distance he was aware of the sparks of light that were the enemy. His body was spinning, but it had nothing to do with the sensation in his head. Muzzy, confused, poisoned...

The blackness swam in, encroaching on him from the deep nothing beyond to the foggy dark that filled his helmet and blocked out its lights.

Smoke...

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Smoke.

Filling his lungs.

A hand, shaking him.

"Oh, sorry." Timms shook his head and took the proffered cigarette. He hesitated before taking a long, deep draw.

"Don't waste it man," Jasmin tutted, eyeing the burning rod with proprietorial angst. "You okay?"

The smoke burnt at his lungs, familiar, disconcerting. "I just don't understand why they're keeping us out here," he murmured, oblivious to the burning tip as it reached his fingers. "We've met nothing, seen nothing, we're running low on fuel and supplies. There's *nothing* out here and we'll kill ourselves for it..."

"I know," Jasmin eased the butt from between his fingers, rubbing the burns and extinguishing it with hers. "But we've been through this. You've been through it with them. Time

and again, but it's gettin' us nowhere. There's nothin' we can do."

He turned to look into her eyes. A faint new ember had started to burn behind his own...

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"Do you know where our future lies, Mister Mandrake?" The Captain still stared out of the porthole, his back to his only officer. Then he turned to give his answer.

"Us? No. We've got the training, the standing. But Timms, as insubordinate as he is, or maybe *because* he's as insubordinate as he is, has the instinct, the intuition. He can improvise and adapt. But he's become too defeatist. Too tied down by the past. If we're to rebuild the Earth it must be based on people like him. And he has to rebuild himself first."

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The hulk of the ship screamed towards the enemy formation, its desiccated captain still at the helm. Cutting lasers pierced its hull, adding to the damage and break-up, but not changing its momentum. The enemy ships were moving apart, but now inevitability had turned on *them*, trapped them in its remorseless grip.

The *Argus* plunged towards the gap between them, but never reached it. At least not in one piece. From Timms' tampering, from the damage inflicted earlier and later, the ship exploded, its fuel tank rupturing and bursting the hull apart. Fragments of all sizes erupted outwards. All lethal, all faster than the ships desperately trying to escape.

Timms' improvisation resulted in a shower of debris, an expanding cone built of the *Argus*'s original momentum and the final explosion. It encompassed Topia's ships. Encompassed and diced them...

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"When we were on the *Argus*, we had regular drills," Timms said, as he removed the hatch from one of the access conduits. "They were almost indistinguishable from the real thing."

Jasmin floated above him. She was watching the other end of the short tunnel, hoping that neither Venner nor Mandrake would break tradition and visit the old pre-hold outside their half-weekly inspection. Behind her, the large metal hatch came away with weightless ease in Timms' hands.

"We're blind out here," he continued. "Battles aren't like the old dogfights of pre-space days, when opponents saw and reacted to each other direct. No, everything here's done at a distance. We rely on the computer to tell us exactly what's going on." He finished drawing a thin cable up through the conduit, and clipped it into the central data link. The cable ran back to a terminal in their berths.

Timms began to close the hatch. "Scanners, radar, everything, all relayed through the computer. The old drill programs gave computer instructions to release unreported bursts from various control jets as appropriate to simulate hits or collisions, or excess gees." He winked. "They can get pretty rough - you'd never know the difference."

Jasmin looked down, relieved the hatch was back in place.





"You reckon these old routines are still stored in the arse-end of the computer's memory?"

"Oh yes. Every class of ship had its own range of exercises. They'll still be there, but they're hidden in restricted directories. Access supposedly only to the Captain or his First Officer on authorisation. That's why we have to bypass a few of the security measures with the cable, and why I'll have to bluff my way through the others."

"Can you?"

Timms grinned. "Command's lazy. They don't vary the structure of their codes very often, and I still know all the ones that were current when I was First Off. I'll get through even if I have to turn the whole computer arse-over-tit. Then I'll re-write one of the drill routines to give it a few idiosyncracies and quirks of its own, and to make sure our weapons remain enabled. We've got to ensure that the weapons arrays are truly spent when the simulation claims that they should be."

"Let's go and give Venner his victory." Timms pushed himself away from the hatch.

Jasmin pushed herself ahead of him, smacking her lips. She would have killed for a cigarette.

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The destruction of the *Argus* should have been seen as a great victory, for it removed that day's enemy from the starfield. But below, Earth felt the loss, not the gain. The battle had seen the last of the Earth's great ships, the last of the Hyper-capables, fall in flames. The *Argus* - last of the last - had struck its blow, but a blow lost in the overall slaughter. A blow shockingly overshadowed by the defeat of a planetary soul. Gone were the last craft able to reach Topia itself. In their place was the realisation that Earth couldn't win, that the assumption of victory was wrong.

Against all hope, Timms was found and rescued by conventional support craft. But in his heart, he saw himself as the personification of his planet's failure.

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When the alert finally came, Jasmin breathed a heavy sigh of relief. Timms had set the program for a random start. In theory they would then be caught with a modicum of surprise, but Jasmin had instead spent her day on edge, waiting impatiently for it to begin. At least if the Captain or Mandrake noticed her behaviour they could put it down to the menses, she decided. Living in each others' pockets as they all did, they'd know it was the right time.

She was in the galley, trying to nonchalantly prepare a light snack, but instead tensely and edgily producing a meal she didn't even plan to eat. At least the alarms saved her from that.

"Contact detected," Venner's voice boomed over the klaxons. "All crew to stations."

Jasmin propelled herself towards the galley hatch. Behind her Mandrake stumbled to follow, spilling concentrate tubes in his wake. Several of them passed her through the exit.

"There, Mister Timms, there's your foe," she heard the Captain's voice boom as she passed into the cockpit. Timms

was already in his seat, as was the Captain. The latter gave a quick nod of acknowledgement, but Timms was concentrating on his tasks and paid her no attention at all.

"What is it?" she asked, buckling herself into position. Mandrake twisted clumsily into the cabin, making for his own seat next to the Captain. Two seats fore and two aft: Jasmin was seated directly behind Venner and next to co-conspirator Timms. Her workstation hummed into life.

The Captain cleared his throat. "It's out on the asteroid belt, just passing from behind the cover of Proseus. Or so the computer tells us." Jasmin felt her stomach tighten at the comment, her ears attributing suspicion to his voice.

"My guess is it's been hidden there for some time though, not just arriving as the computer assumes," the Captain finished, and Jasmin almost gasped in relief. She stared at the small blip registering on her station's screen. It was steadily becoming more distinct from the contact that was the defunct asteroid base of Proseus, well inside the area that Timms had chosen for the drill.

Some details he had left to the computer to decide, others he had not told her - all to keep her reactions fresh and unrehearsed. Whether the exact location was randomly generated or crucial to his battle solution, he was not letting on. Instead, his eyes remained glued to his screen, and his jaw was clenched tightly closed. His single-mindedness was unnerving.

"Four thousand kilometres and closing. Do you have a preliminary solution, Mr Mandrake?" Once the distance closed, the encounter would be over - one way or the other - relatively quickly. The Captain looked up sharply at the delay from his First Officer. Three condiment packages spun slowly in the air between them. Sweat was erupting across Mandrake's brow, his face tight. He was too young, his combat experience nil. "Get a grip man!"

"The computer has identified the contact as an enemy vessel, Hyper-capable, and most likely of Trident class." It was Timms, breaking his silence. "A preliminary solution has been calculated, but current velocities are too variable and indeterminate for a definite fix."

*God this sounds real. Looks real.* A light sweat was beginning to break on Jasmin, despite her foreknowledge. *Christ, Mandrake, get it together!*

"Thank you, Mister Timms. Mister Mandrake, will you confirm that?" Urgency belied the careful choice and clipped delivery of the words.

"Uh... Yes, yes..." Mandrake broke from his rigid stare, but did little beyond reading his instruments for the same information that Timms' panel had provided. Jasmin set hers to confirm the Captain's estimation of distance and initial trajectory. Even so, she still nearly missed his own regulation call for a second and backup opinion.

"Confirmed... no wait! There's a course correction - it's swinging towards us." She glanced quickly across at Timms. Still his eyes stared at the screen, lost in thought. Again, he had shared few details with her. As far as she was concerned, this might as well be... *the real thing!* *God, was that it?* The words were about to explode out of her lips when Timms





looked gravely up at her.

And winked.

**BASTARD!!!** Jasmin sat back heavily in her seat, at once relieved and relaxing, yet anxiously trying to look anxious. From here on, she had to maintain the charade.

That didn't prove difficult when the screens blanked momentarily and the whole ship jolted. Her head snapped sideways, sparking pain down the tendons of her neck. In front, Mandrake swore in fear, and the Captain yelled for a report.

Timms was already speaking. "Laser weapon, played across our hull. Must have got a jet."

Jasmin almost grinned. At the current range such a weapon was effectively useless, as it couldn't be targeted and held with any precision. Certainly not long enough to breach the hull. But it could trigger a control jet. Or in a simulation it could be mimicked by a primed control jet...

"We could fire a cluster into the sectors ahead of it," she suggested. "Prompt it to shift trajectory or at least spend time deflecting shrapnel."

Timms nodded; in front the Captain mimicked the move. "Good call, Jas. If we're lucky, we can force it into a more accessible position."

Jasmin primed the cluster array. Long and tubular, the array was located in the modified cargo hold of the ship, and fanned out like organ pipes spread in an arc. The bay held sufficient ordnance for up to four salvos; not of missiles, but large, superfast devices similar to the cannonballs and grenades of old. Highly explosive, they were designed to saturate targeted sectors with tiny, fast-flying shrapnel. At high speed, even the smallest pieces could dent or puncture the thickest metal plate. Incredibly lethal to any space going vessel, cluster salvos were the type of weapon on which Timms had based his improvised viking burial of the *Argus*...

Data on distances, enemy trajectory, resources remaining, and a multitude of other details and statistics flickered and changed as Jasmin's fingers skimmed over the keyboard. The information she summoned was available to all their screens, but in pairs they concentrated on separate sections of the overall battle mosaic. In an emergency, however, any one of the four could take over the tasks of any other. In theory at least...

"Firing now," she reported, and the first cluster salvo erupted from the array, both on the screen and in reality. Automatically, the array began reloading - a slow and cumbersome procedure governed by the precision needed, and the sensitivity and size of the munitions. Any detonation within the array was, quite simply, something to avoid.

On respective screens they watched the salvo spread out towards their foe. Three hundred kilometres short it detonated, each individual string of the salvo splitting into a myriad evil tendrils, worming their way through space in an arc around the central contact.

"Too late..." the Captain murmured, and again Timms nodded.

The "enemy's" trajectory would enable it to avoid the

spreading cluster with minimal difficulty. The distance at which a cluster was effective varied depending on relative ship speeds and positions, and this ship had not been in a prime position for a strike; it could evade the danger. Before their eyes it did so, with a grace and precision almost beautiful to watch. Accelerating forwards, the ship passed through the arc of the barrage before it had spread wide enough to form its trap.

The routine Timms had programmed wasn't an overtly easy one. It would readjust and respond to any actions that they made, and it would capitalise on any mistakes. Lower level programs were directed towards producing solitary responses in their crews, single reactions that would give them victory. But in the higher order simulations there were hundreds of inter-related factors under examination, with no one single key to success. Designed to fully test a crew, the computer became harder to beat as it learnt from the moves and mistakes that they made. It was frightening like that.

Simulations would stop short of destroying or completely disabling a ship, but different levels of safety cutout could be over-ridden to allow for more realistic drills. While more sanitised than real combat, the self-imposed judders and phantom impacts ordered by the computer could put a crew under nearly as much threat as the situations they mimicked. Ready preparation for the real thing, and a definite incentive to win even in practice, simulations meant a vessel could quite literally be in danger from nothing at all. But with the dwindling number of available Earth ships, the practice had been discontinued. Timms reflected that Mandrake may have been more relaxed if it hadn't.

On screen, the real cluster continued its expansion behind the non-existent contact, while already the enemy was bringing its own array to bear as *Reliant's* trajectory carried them ever closer. Then a return cluster was snaking its way ominously back towards them...

Their follow through on the first salvo was carrying them directly into the path of the enemy fire, and - unlike their foe - they were too far away to pass through safely before the lethal flowers opened.

"Evasive action!" the Captain ordered. He was right, Timms thought, the simulation shake-up from a direct cluster hit would be quite severe. After all, the drill had to fool Venner, or all would be lost.

*But...*

"No!" Timms called. Mercifully, Mandrake was still sitting there, stunned, fearful, and unmoving, and had not complied with the order. "Keep us on this heading! Jas, set the detonation on the second salvo to five hundred clicks, minimum arming distance! Catch them by surprise!"

"The salvo's still loading!" she called back. "We don't have time!"

"Let it load! Fire the second it's set, dead ahead. Then pull us up hard!"

"God, you'll be cutting it fine..." the Captain breathed, but didn't countermand. Ahead, the enemy cluster drew steadily closer, its launch speed augmented by the rapid acceleration its





parent ship had used to evade danger. Their own speed and heading were rapidly closing the remaining distance.

Mandrake murmured something unintelligible. Jasmin looked to Timms with confusion. She knew it was fake, but what was he playing at? If he wasn't careful he'd give the game away!

But Timms was quietly confident. He knew it was a simulation; having studied and partly re-written it he knew what and where the best ploys and timings lay. He'd been First Officer on a Hyper-capable ship - he knew their abilities, strengths, faults and weaknesses, how to avoid them, how to exploit them, and how a simulation would present them. And while none of that necessarily guaranteed success, above all he knew that they'd survive any bucketing the simulation dished out, even if it did come on pretty hard. They'd still be able to limp on home, under the pretence of a job well done...

Jasmin was still looking at Timms when a red light winked to green in the periphery of her vision. *The array! It had loaded!* Closer to the tubes, the second salvo was mercifully faster loading than the third and fourth would be. Her hands trembling, she changed the destruct codes and fired.

"Away!" she all but screamed.

"Mandrake!" Timms called, but the Captain had already taken control of the thrusters from his own station. They erupted into life, frantically burning precious fuel to slow their velocity.

Ahead, their cluster erupted forwards far faster than the ship could have managed. Set to minimum detonation, the salvo exploded, spreading in a lethal cloud that consumed its opposite number pre-immolation. The enemy salvo disintegrated - enveloped, obliterated, deflected, by a shockwave and blast heading back in the direction from which it had come. The debris fanned outwards, neatly encompassing the oncoming ship. A ship whose superior acceleration had allowed it to evade one trap only to speed into another.

Alarms stopped. On the screens, the main contact had vanished. Magnification revealed only outgoing cluster debris, and a few spinning and flaring chunks of larger material. The computer automatically highlighted those that posed potential difficulties on the current course.

They all sat and stared at the screens, entrapped by the tactical beauty - the elegant simplicity - of the manoeuvre they had just witnessed. Mandrake glanced back at Timms with a look of pure awe.

Timms broke the silence. "There's your victory. I guess we can go home now."

"Yes, Mister Timms, we can," the Captain nodded. "And Mister Timms?"

"Yes... sir?"

"Well done."

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The course had been laid in for the trip back to Earth, and Timms was finishing his appraisal of the remaining fuel, oxygen, and other consumables for the Captain. Even by the official record they were getting low, and when he mentally added in the hidden jet and vent costs of his clandestine drill

they were looking pretty grim indeed. At least there was an emergency fuel-O2 reserve. It was nominally saved for difficulties in obtaining orbit and re-entry, but they could break into it if pushed...

Then the klaxons started to wail again.

Timms lunged for his screen in confusion. *What the hell?*

Another contact, appearing out of the asteroid belt barely a thousand clicks from where the other had been. *It couldn't be the computer firing up a variation of the same simulation... could it? A cold sweat gripped at him, wild thoughts and doubts running rampant through his mind.*

*Was this a simulation? Was this THE simulation? If so, what had happened before? God, had that been real?! The implications of that... Or were they both real? What if the simulation hadn't even come yet - had they uncovered a base behind Proseus? Or had he triggered the computer to run a series of drills? Had he re-booted the ancient program to run as it had once been intended? But even if he had, he had no choice but to play this as though it were real, just in case it was. And that meant that the cavalier attitude he had displayed before wouldn't do now. It wouldn't do at all...*

Captain Venner shot through the hatch, spinning almost directly into his seat. "What's the situation?" he asked in measured tones, clipping his safety netting into place.

As Timms relayed the information already at hand with edgy voice, Mandrake floated over his head towards the forwards seats, and behind him came Jasmin, startled, blinking, and only half in her suit. The previous excitement concluded, she had retired to her berth for a nap.

Mandrake slotted into his seat with a new-found confidence: he had faced the foe now, he had seen that foe destroyed. He now knew he could handle this.

The Captain had noticed. "Mister Mandrake, what do you suggest?"

"Uh, another Trident, breaking from the same area. Better mark Proseus as potentially active," Mandrake replied, mirroring Timms' own manic thoughts. "Our change in trajectory towards Earth has opened up a gap of about eleven-thou clicks, but after the destruction of the other ship, they *have* to know we're here. Besides, we've got nothing to shield us here - if they're looking we'll stand out on their scanners like a Christmas Tree in a blackout."

*No! They mightn't know we're here at all!* Timms saw Jasmin look at him with alarm. *We didn't destroy another ship - that was a simulation... if they've noticed anything at all it will only have been a bizarre series of manoeuvres! They'll think we're just some private space hopper out for fun...*

The Captain looked around at their faces with cool detachment. "Mister Timms do you concur?"

With a feeling of sickness, Timms heard his voice betray him: "Yes, sir." Admitting to tampering with restricted computer files would mean severe, if not terminal, punishment back on Earth, especially after his record and sudden drop in rank. And even - *especially* - if he knew the truth, Venner would take them in against the new foe anyway...





Go, go, go! Timms' mind was screaming at him. *There's no base there, let's go!!!!* Imagination filled his nostrils with smoke and the smell of burning flesh; mental cinders ate into his side. He wanted more than anything to run, but knew with horrible certainty that he couldn't. Whatever happened to him now was completely beyond his control, just as it had been floating alone and suffocating in space...

Jasmin stared at Timms, horrified by the change that had frozen him rigid. It was the same look that came into his eyes in moments of reflection, an anguish that enveloped him whenever he paused long enough to think. But that was in quiet times, times when alarms and urgency weren't around. Not times like now, when he was needed. Why couldn't he display the assuredness - the magic - that he had displayed against the simulation?

Then Mandrake spoke again, and things got worse. "At the moment they'll think we're running. I suggest we just go in hard. Take them by surprise with the very approach they won't be expecting." His body was visibly tensed with excitement; the stance of a youngster who's tasted only success and known no failure. Fear borne of inexperience had been abated by the achievements of another. Achievements he was now keen to emulate.

"Good for you, Mister Mandrake," the Captain announced, allowing surprise to show through in his voice. "I see you've taken a note out of Mister Timms' book. Decisiveness is, by definition, a deciding factor."

*Jesus no, Mandrake,* Timms struggled to bring himself back under control. *I was only acting like that before because I knew it was fake!* Who would've thought that Mandrake would be more dangerous with confidence than he was without...

Wide-eyed, Jasmin had no choice but to obey the order. Using the control rods to change the firing pattern of the main thrusters, she brought the ship to bank. G-force pinned them into their seats as the *Reliant* began to turn...

Timms gasped. Already the enemy ship had turned and was making directly for them. As he noted that, their own velocity changed. The forces pushing him into his webbing at an angle came head on instead, and the shuttle rocketed directly back towards the asteroids...

"Six and a half thou clicks, and closing fast," Mandrake announced. "I think we should play him over with a cutting laser, see what happens."

Timms found his voice. "We're too far away - we won't be able to focus it accurately enough. Don't you remember what happened with the last contact?"

"Exactly," the Captain said. "That's why I think we should try it. Four point six thousand clicks... Do it, Mister Mandrake." The Captain watched as his First Officer complied with the order.

Timms frantically scanned the updated readings on his screen. The computer highlighted the laser path, reporting the flares of hits when they were detectable. But distance made the resolution low and the flare contacts intermittent. Cutting lasers were close-quarters weapons, where they could be focussed effectively and presented less danger to the ship of

origin than did the detonation of other weapons. To breach the enemy hull, they'd have to be closer and more consistent.

The laser energy banks were depleting rapidly; they'd regenerate from the burning fuel, but that'd take time. And all the while, the enemy ship sat on the screen unharmed and moving closer... *Christ, and people used to play computer games like this for fun!*

Suddenly, the enemy ship spun.

"Got a control jet!" Jasmin exclaimed. "Triggered a spin, and probably dropped their systems for a second or too. Brilliant!!!" It was her turn to look at Mandrake in awe. "How did you know that would work?"

"I didn't," the First Officer replied. "Hadn't even considered it until it happened to us. Figured it was worth a try."

*Nice!* Even Timms was impressed. It was the sort of improvisation that standard combat theory overlooked. Limitations to weapons were seen as exactly that, but Mandrake had exploited them as something more. "Externally prompted distance-mediated control jet misfires", as the manual called them, were never viewed as anything more than a minor and temporary irritation. Certainly a correctable one. But with the two ships heading for each other at such speed, a sudden spin would leave the enemy at a distinct disadvantage. And the weakened attention of the laser would have been virtually undetectable until it prompted the misfire.

"Damn!" Mandrake exclaimed. "The spin should've taken it into the debris zone from the last Trident, but nothing's collided with it."

Timms stepped in quick, Mandrake's gambit snapping him back from the bridge of a doomed ship. "I wouldn't rely on that - launch a cluster quick. Detonate the spread in front of the spin." *And forget about non-existent debris or you'll still get us killed despite whatever tactical brilliance you might display.*

"Firing," Jasmin announced. Given the unpredictability of which, if any, of the enemy control jets would be triggered and for how long, a spread earlier would have been useless. The spin could have taken the ship anywhere, or the pilot might have slowed to avoid any peripheral danger the spreading cluster posed. But now, trying to regain control, he was more at their mercy. And at a speed that would plough him straight into any oncoming ordnance...

On the screens, the spindly fingers of cluster detonations spread out in hemicircles around the ship. Flares registered hits, but the scanners showed the enemy to remain intact.

"Enemy two point three thousand clicks and regaining heading," the Captain announced.

"Laser banks depleted. Cluster tubes still reloading. No viable solution," Timms imparted the cheery news. "Ideas?"

Jasmin was watching the movements of the enemy ship, once again bearing directly down on them. Timms' simulation had been tactically beautiful, but he had got it wrong compared to this. The flight patterns of the current contact were simpler, less delicate, but the ship itself was far more robust than the defeatable foe that had been projected by the computer. "They





must have suffered in that last salvo," she murmured. *And still they come on...*

"One thousand clicks," she updated.

Everything lurched wildly; red lights erupted angrily across all four control positions as the occupants rocked violently in their seats. The control rods shattered in Jasmin's hands, splintering and piercing the gloves of her suit. The ship was spinning, out of control, tail over nose. Centrifugal force pressed on their stomachs, dragged at their throats.

"Missile!" Mandrake exclaimed, fighting for breath. The impulse to vomit was intense. "Non-nuke, detonated aft. Missed us, but we have several potential outer hull breaches. Must have been skinned by a few flakes. Anything larger would've punched a hole clear through us, but our speed may have helped outpace or deflect any debris chasing after us."

"Get us back under control!" Venner ordered.

"For fuck's sake, suggest something other than the obvious!"

"Such as what, Mister Timms?!" roared the Captain. "Do you have anything in mind?" Minor debris buffeted them inside the spinning cabin.

"Why did they use a missile?" Jasmin yelled. Rubbing at her jarred hands, she was looking at one particular red light on her work station. The centrifugal forces had interrupted the loading of their fourth and final cluster salvo.

"Missiles are useless at speeds like this! Why didn't they drop a cluster ahead of us? That would've been far more effective!" Missiles provided a much more discrete form of destruction, as required by ships in melee, or over distances that diluted the spatial saturation from a cluster.

Mandrake struggled with the control rods at his console, the Captain and Timms with theirs. Slowly the three of them were bringing the shuttle back under control, trying to slow its spin before attempting to change its course. "You tell us, Jas," Timms gasped through gritted teeth.

Jasmin looked up sharply from the red warning light. "Our cluster detonation must have damaged *their* cluster bank - which means their cargo area is possibly exposed to space. Almost definitely if the flaring when they were hit is anything to go by."

"So?" Mandrake hissed.

"So, we can fire directly into their cargo bay. If we rupture their cluster array further..."

"It'll be Ta-Ta Trident," Timms grinned and grimaced at the same time. "But our array is off-line, and even if the laser were at full power it's not going to be any use while we're spinning like this... And we don't have any missiles." The refitted *Reliant* was too small a ship, its cargo limits too strict.

"We don't have any conventional missiles, but we do have the orbital fuel-O2 reserve, sealed in its own container at the back of the cargo bay," Jasmin countered. "We're spinning in a direct head-on line between their heading and where their missile exploded. If we open the bay and release the reserve at the right time..."

"It'll catapult straight into them..." the Captain beamed. "Do

it!"

It was more fuel, but they didn't really have a choice. Both the Captain and Timms did a rapid mental check on their fuel status, Timms secretly incorporating his own additional figures. The loss of the reserve left them just within limits.

"Time it right," Timms yelled, acutely aware of the importance of his own timing all those years ago. "If it hits them anywhere the tank should rupture and send a shock into the cargo bay if not directly through the hull. But it's got to hit them, and you've got a lot of radians to choose from!"

"Trust me," she said. And hoped she'd get to sooth the shaking of her hands with at least one more cigarette. The cargo bays were fighting their way open against the spin. "You just get us right under control once I've released it - otherwise we'll just follow it in."

The gap had closed. Lining up with life depending on it, Jasmin readied the tank for release...

*Now?...*

*Now...*

*NOW!!!*

...and it shot away from them into the darkness. As she did the men strained hard on their control rods, sweat and determination changing the direction of their spin, and aiming them under the enemy vessel.

Jasmin gasped, staring at the readings. The Trident was right on them, barely two hundred kilometres away. And then it exploded, buffeting them in a series of shock waves as it incinerated itself in the endless night of the screens...

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Timms had barely closed the wheel-lock when Jasmin's voice erupted in a mix of exhilaration and shock. "Jeez, Timms, what the hell's the story?!"

He shook his head in bewilderment. "How was I to know we'd hit a contact? We've been out here four months and hit nothing! Bloody typical!"

"Bloody alright, you mean! We got one!" She shook his shoulders with glee, and he winced as several recently acquired bruises flared in protest. Jasmin barely noticed the pain in her own bandaged hands. "We aced him! And a real one too! I couldn't believe it when it turned up - I thought it was you again!"

Timms laughed, her enthusiasm infectious. "I was terrified at first, but I ended up damn near enjoying it!" Timms had been surprised - and disappointed - to be reassigned after the *Argus*. He was amazed they had even saved him, let alone sent him out again. Someone must still have had some confidence in him. More than he had had in himself.

Jasmin broke into his reverie. "That first one doesn't matter any more," she said. "Do we tell the others that it was a fake?"

Timms considered, then shook his head again. A wry smile crossed his face. "Nah. Let them have two."

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"Two was fortunate," said Venner, blowing out a thick stream of cigar smoke. "Although the timing almost wasn't. Who could've believed that that first one would turn up when it did."

Mandrake was spluttering on his own cigar on the other side of the small chamber that served as the forward airlock. The Captain regarded him critically, then smiled. "Still, you were much better with the second one."

"I knew it was fake, sir. I'm amazed you carried on with it after the first contact."

The Captain shrugged. "It was already programmed into the sub-routines, and very well hidden too, if I do say so myself. I doubt I could have removed it in time, and why should I have bothered? I think we've put some lead back into Mister Timms' pencil, we got a real one to boot, so why not let the powers that be think it's two?"

He closed his eyes and blew another long plume into the airlock.

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The third alarm caught them all by surprise. The contact, even more so. As they neared their destination, it emerged from hiding on the dark side of the moon; a surveillance vessel of far lower class than the phantom war ships they had already tackled. Small, but still menacing. Still potentially lethal. And on an intercept course between them and Earth, it was likely to be difficult to avoid.

Even so, the surprise didn't dent their euphoria. As the klaxons blared again, a strange peace - a feeling of destiny, of purpose - descended over the cockpit. The Captain and Timms had seen action before, but they were all veterans now; all comrades-in-arms from the same mission. Joined in combat, they each savoured a kill that they had shared as a team.

The Captain cut the alarm. They looked at each other, scarcely breathing in the sudden silence. Venner, Mandrake, Jasmin, Timms... all with the same wild look in their eyes: the flame of victory, and the thirst for more. For the first time, they were all of one mind, of one decision. For the first time, they were a crew.

"In," said Venner.

"In," said Mandrake.

"In," said Jasmin.

They looked to Timms.

Like the others, he did yet another calculation on the reserves remaining. Laser banks at half power, one cluster salvo left, and fuel and oxygen ridiculously low - especially now the reserve had gone. It'd be close, it'd be unlikely that they would make it, to both fight *and* return home...

... but there was only one decision he could make.

"Dammit. IN."

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The enemy denied the victories, but then they would. Earth Command, of course, had expected them to deny at least one.

The preprogrammed battle simulation had been designed to react ruthlessly and viciously to the crew's actions, but ultimately to let them win and return victorious. So close to home, it was golden propaganda; Command hadn't expected the bonus of two actual kills as well.

They were surprised that there were even two enemy ships out there, let alone that the old shuttle had been able to defeat them. The intelligence reports were that Topia hardly bothered with the home system any more - not since the battle that had claimed the *Argus* and its kin.

Earth had needed a victory of that calibre again; a replay that would be appreciated, that would again reverse opinion, but this time for the better. And the two engagements recorded in the remote-downloaded log showed the simulation that had been designed for that purpose was now superfluous.

But why erase it? For who, in the long arc of history, would notice one ship more or less? Who would care tomorrow when today was so important? Let the lost heroes have their third victory.

As the exhausted ship spun cold and lifeless in the Heavens above, it was one last glimpse of hope and success in the dwindling embers of an empire that might have been.





## Counting Coup

by Jack Dann

It might have all been bullshit, something psychological in his head, but John was right. Charlie couldn't deny that. It did get worse as they drove south. Charlie became increasingly nervous, as if some malevolent shaman was sitting right there in the back of the car weaving spells and casting the evil eye. Charlie's mother had believed in the evil eye, but Charlie had always thought it was all nonsense. He still thought it was all nonsense, but he was nervous just the same. He leaned over toward John, and pulled the bottle of scotch away from him.

From there on it was numbness and nausea and easy breathing and the plashing of tires along the highway, until Charlie missed his exit for 95 and found himself on secondary roads, passing by pig farms and run down gas stations selling cheap cigarettes and fireworks. Frustrated, he turned the car around and backtracked until he found the exit. Once on 95, he drove like hell, as if troopers were after him—and he might actually have a chance to outrace them in this car, which they'd just jacked. The damn thing could certainly move, even though it was the silliest goddamn piece of engineering he had ever seen. Although the windows had to be manually raised and lowered, the side view mirrors were electric.

Charlie was all right through Richmond, and John was awake enough to give him money for tolls. It was getting dark, and the traffic was quite heavy, three lanes' worth of it, but then they were back on open highway. It was as if they were moving backward through the seasons. The trees were greener; autumn had not yet taken its full bite. They drove through woods and rolling farmlands punctuated by gas stations with signs on high poles and eateries that seemed to repeat themselves. And Charlie felt alone. He had to keep drinking to keep himself from suddenly turning around to see whatever it was that was watching him. He wasn't going to be able to keep this up, he thought. Not for long. But the booze did help.

"You want to stop for a while?" John asked. He'd been awake for a time, but hadn't spoken.

Charlie was weaving all over the road. It was just past dusk when what light was left seemed refracted into the blue. It seemed dusty, as if they were driving through a mist, or a dream—he wished it was a dream. "No, I'm doing just fine."

"Doesn't seem that way to me."

"Maybe we should get some coffee," Charlie said.

"I'm in the mood for pizza."

Just the thought of pizza brought a bitter, metallic taste to Charlie's mouth, but he stopped when they found a Pizza Hut. A waitress in a brown uniform gave them menus and asked if they wanted coffee. She appeared to be in her late thirties; and she was pretty, but it was a tired, faded beauty.

Her long blond hair was pulled back into a ponytail; and, although she was very tall, she wasn't a bit awkward. She had a smooth, experienced way about her.

John seemed to come to life as soon as he saw her. He was smiling and looking all over this woman. Immediately and unabashedly, he let it drop that he was a medicine man. Charlie could feel something quick pass between John and the waitress, and that made him jealous and insecure. Goddamn if she wasn't flirting back at John.

"I'll be right back with your coffees," she said to John. She spoke with a slight, but noticeable southern drawl.

"We should take her along with us," John said as he watched her walk away. He smiled. "Make this trip more interesting."

"Maybe I should order some orange juice, the booze makes me thirsty," Charlie said, looking at the fold-out menu. Fuck John and fuck the waitress, he told himself. I don't need this shit. My place is with Joline and the kids. They were his only salvation. Sonovabitch if *that* hadn't come to him as a shock after all these years.

"You're crazy," John said. "You drink orange juice and you'll be barfing all over."

When the waitress returned with their coffee and silverware, John said, "You know we been drinking ourselves numb, and doing some pretty mysterious things, and my partner here wants to order orange juice. Can you believe that?"

"I don't know about the mysterious things," the waitress said, "but if you've been drinking, I'd advise you to stick with the coffee. Juice might make you sick."

But Charlie insisted, as if he had to save face.

After she brought Charlie his orange juice and went back for John's pan pizza, John coaxed her to sit down. "The place is empty, anyway," he said; and then he began his routine, working her, as if he were reeling in a sunfish from the ocean. He asked her name ("Kim") and where she was from ("Right here"), and they talked about the loud music and the high school kids who were trying to look like punks. John talked to her about medicine and vision-quests, and she seemed interested in everything he had to say. Then he started talking dangerously.

"Now you should have seen Charlie, he's a regular hero," John said. "He stole a goddamn patrol car right out from a trooper. That trooper got himself so bent, he started shooting at us."

"Jesus H. Christ," Charlie said. "Shut the hell up! What are you trying to do, anyway?"

"She's okay," John said. "Trust me, I wasn't a medicine man for all those years for nothing." And he continued talking. He had her. She was laughing with him as if she'd been through it all with them. He told her about their adventures in detail, how they were stealing cars and staying drunk and going cross-country to show the whole fucking world that they were damn-well alive, even if they were a shade over sixty.





"Is this for real?" she asked.

"If I really try to convince you, you're still not going to believe me," John said. "So what's the point? But even if you don't believe it, you gotta admit it's a hellova story."

"That it is," she said. "Are you really a medicine man?"

"If you're not going to believe the story, why would you believe I was a medicine man?"

"Good point," she said, smiling at him. "You know, I did some traveling once upon a time. I hitchhiked out west, got pregnant, and rode back home on a Harley." She laughed at that. "I just never could get comfortable out there. All the rocks seemed to be shaped funny, you know? I have a sixteen year old boy...he's taller than me, if that's possible. Don't you guys have any family?"

Charlie averted his eyes from her gaze, but he noticed that she had a faint tattoo: three dots on the knuckles of her right hand. An old boyfriend must have done that. Or who knows, maybe it was her husband's work, Charlie thought.

"Well, *he's* got a family," she said, meaning Charlie. "Why're you doing this, drinking and stealing cars and all that?"

"Why'd you go cross-country on a cycle and get knocked-up?" John asked.

"I was a kid. Eighteen years old."

"Just like us," John said. Even Charlie smiled at that. But Charlie was nervous. He wanted to get out of here. He wanted to get John out of here—alone.

"That's not good enough," she said. She was suddenly serious, earnest.

"Okay, so we're two old fucks having a midlife crisis," John said, grinning. "You married?"

She looked surprised. "No."

"Then why don't you come along with us? Your son would be okay for a while by himself, wouldn't he?"

"We gotta go," Charlie said, and he stood up.

"Why don't you guys stay here for a while?" Kim asked.

John seemed to be considering that. Charlie touched his arm and said, "Come on. We got enough problems as it is. You can't bring anybody else into it."

"We're supposed to be having a party," John said, and his eyes looked hard, as if he could go crazy—*heyoka*—right here in a snap. He could go either way. But he said, "Okay, Charlie, you're right. We could have showed you some time, though," he said to Kim.

"I'll bet you could."

"Can we have the check?" Charlie asked, changing the mood.

"Wait one sec," and Kim went into the kitchen. When she came out, she had a large soda container capped with a white plastic top. "This is for the road, and don't shake it or

open it here."

"What about the check?" John asked.

"On the house," and she turned and walked away to wait on the high school kids.

#

It had started to rain while they were in the restaurant. It was drizzling now, and the air was heavy with mist. The parking lot was dappled with puddles.

John insisted on driving.

When they got inside the car, he started the engine and turned on the heater—it was cold tonight. Then he shook the soda container. "This sure as hell isn't filled with water." He opened it and started to laugh. "Well, bless her heart."

"What is it?" Charlie asked.

"Good old homegrown. And she even dropped in a pack of Zig-Zag."

Charlie reached over and took the container from John. It looked like it was filled with tobacco. He smelled it. "I know what this is. I'm not smoking that crap, and either should you."

"That a fact," John said, taking back the container. He expertly rolled four joints, licked them, and twisted the ends. "We need all the help we can get." He lit one joint and put the others in his shirt pocket. After taking a drag and holding it deep in his lungs, he passed the marijuana cigarette to Charlie. Charlie refused it. "Indian people been smoking this stuff for hundreds of years," John said, exhaling smoke.

There he goes again, Charlie thought. Now he's got Indians inventing pot. The pungent odor of the marijuana made him feel queasy—or maybe it was that orange juice. "You can't drive on that stuff."

John laughed and said, "Hell if I can't!" He threw the car into gear and drove like a wild-man, puffing and coughing, trying to find the interchange. Charlie had to tell him to turn on the windshield wipers. John must have taken a wrong turn, for they passed what seemed to be miles of broken five-rail fences and dilapidated farm houses

"I *told* you, you can't drive on that stuff," Charlie said, and they both started laughing uncontrollably. Charlie began to choke, and he opened up his window. He felt slightly numbed. Probably all that pot-smoke, he thought; but he got the giggles, just as if he had been smoking the pipe with John. And that old pipe was still hanging from the rear-view mirror, sliding back and forth on the dash as John rounded one turn and then another.

John lit a new marijuana cigarette and passed it to Charlie. "This'll open up your lungs. And you can't just turn down a present. This is holy shit."

So Charlie tried it, just to show John that he was in control.





He gagged trying to hold the burning, sickly sweet smoke in his lungs. It didn't have much effect on him, he thought, except to make him a bit sleepy. But he didn't get sick—orange juice or not. It was a question of mind over matter. He could be in control, no matter how fucked-up he got.

John found the interchange and got back on 95. Charlie slept some, although his thoughts seemed to be going every which way. He dreamed that he was taking part in one of John's sweat-lodge ceremonies and the steam was so hot that it felt like shards of ice lacerating his flesh...he dreamed that the rocks and stones in the pit had turned into eyes, unblinking coal-red eyes watching him.

He awakened with a jolt.

John was watching him.

"Keep your eyes on the road," Charlie said, and then he started laughing.

"What's funny?" John asked.

Charlie could feel the marijuana working through him like Novocain, and he started laughing again. "All that booze and dope turned *you* stone-cold sober."

"Certainly didn't do the same for you," John said. "But it's good to turn things into laughter. It's power. A good medicine man can usually laugh his ass off, no matter what, no matter how bad his situation might be. He could be dying and still laugh his ass off. You wanna be a medicine man?"

"I'll leave all that to you," Charlie said. Then, after a beat, "Let me drive for a little while now...."

"You're too drunk to drive, honky," John said. He gently pressed the accelerator to the floor, and they passed the neon carnival that all the signs had pointed to: *South of the Border*. It glowed in the darkness like an image in a junkie's dream.

#

They pulled into the wide driveway of an old farmhouse outside of Hancock at four o'clock in the morning. They were just a few miles over the Maryland border. John had fallen asleep at the wheel several times, but Charlie kept waking him. Charlie was too wired to sleep. He was bone-tired...overtired.

It was cold out, and a dog started barking from somewhere in the vicinity of the house. The driveway was lined with cars, as if some sort of convention was going on there. Most of the cars were old beaters, except for a white sports car parked between two rusted-out pick-ups. A full moon, which looked hazy behind the slowly moving clouds, lent the sky some gray, and it *felt* like morning, although it could have easily been ten o'clock at night. An outside light over the doorway cast a harsh light into the driveway and part of the yard, giving the place a desolate appearance. The house looked white in the half-light, and it was long; most likely, a previous owner had made an addition.

"I'm going to stay in the car," Charlie said. "It's four o'clock in the morning, for Chrissakes!"

"Somebody's up, there's lights on," John said. "Not to worry. These people are my friends."

"I don't care," Charlie said, but just then a door opened, more lights came on, and someone called, "Who's there?" It was a woman's voice.

John opened his door and stumbled out of the car, almost falling in the driveway. He looked toward the road, hands on his hips, his back to the house, and shouted, "It's John Stone, and he's drunk, and horny as a dog in the rut. And the stupid bastard's backwards and upside-down again."

It was like a goddamn act, Charlie thought. He just turns it on like water from a faucet. But then Charlie remembered that look on John's face when he went for that black clerk in the liquor store.

A stocky woman walked down the driveway toward them. She was wearing some sort of sacky dress, and she didn't look like she had a curve on her. "John Stone, you're welcome here, even if you're sick again. But mind you, leave the young girls alone!" She was smiling and obviously teasing him.

John began to laugh. He turned around and let out a whoop. "So you got some college girls for Uncle John...."

The woman looked inside the car at Charlie, but didn't say anything to him or acknowledge his presence, if she could even see him. "There's some hot coffee on the stove," she said to John. "And I can make up a fresh pot. There's also bread...and *wasna* and *wojapi*. I seem to remember that you like that kind of food. Well, are you going to kiss me?"

John said, "No," and then kissed her.

"God, do you stink!" the woman said. "You'd make a goat smell good."

"Thank you," John said cheerfully.

She stepped away from him. "You're welcome in my house, as always. Your friend, too. But I don't want you drinking. Not here."

"We've mostly run out of booze," John said. "Nothing left to drink, so you're safe." He leaned against the car. "What're all these cars doing here?" he asked, motioning with his arm. "You all going to sun dance?"

"Jesus, you are drunk," the woman said. "This is the wrong season for sun dance. And *you've* already been there."

"Then what's going on?"

"Friend of yours is here. In some trouble. Just like you, except you're too dumb and drunk to know it."

"Who?" John asked. Then his legs seemed to give way, and he slid down the car to the ground. He made himself comfortable and rested his back against the rear wheel. "Goddamn if everything isn't going around and around ever so slowly."

"Are you sober enough to help your friend?" the woman





asked Charlie in a loud, raspy voice. Charlie didn't think he was going to like this fat, bossy woman—from what he could see, she was probably fat. But he got out of the car, feeling a touch of nausea and dizziness as soon as he stood up.

"Come on, John," Charlie said. "We're making an imposition on these people. Let's get the hell on our way and leave them alone."

"John's family," the woman said. "And so's anybody traveling with him."

"Goddamn right!" John said, but he wouldn't let Charlie help him to his feet. He pulled his knees against his chest and sat back against the tire. "Now tell me what friend of mine is here?"

"Joe Whiteshirt's wife—Janet. She left him. She told him he was acting like a witch. We just did a *yuwipi* for her. She had questions for the spirits, she needed help, like I expect you do, since you're here."

"It was on our way," John said. Then he asked, "Who did the *yuwipi*? And who brought her down here? She doesn't drive."

"Sam."

"What!"

"Sam's a good *yuwipi* man," the woman said. "You ought to know, you taught him most everything he knows."

"But it was *wrong* for him to be bringing her down here," John said. "Her marriage would've been fine if she hadn't been acting like a whore and fooling around with Sam. And Sam's supposed to be vision-questing! What the *hell* is he doing here?"

"Probably same thing you are."

"He was supposed to vision-quest, not steal another man's wife."

"You have a dirty mind, John Stone," the woman said. "They brought people along with them. They haven't been alone for a moment. What happened between them is over. It was a mistake. They both realize that."

"Tell that to her husband. I wouldn't be surprised if he showed up here with a gun looking for them. And in a way, I wouldn't blame him!"

"I don't think you know the whole story," the woman said. "Joe Whiteshirt's practically been living with Violet, the red-headed woman who used to always be hanging out at his camp. Remember her? Things haven't been so good between him and Janet."

"I already know the story...Sam told me. But you can't blame everything on the woman—Violet. There's too much passing the buck going on, and everybody's blaming every human thing on bad medicine. It's not good, not good at all."

"Well, you're the medicine man. Maybe you can help."

"I'm no medicine man any more," John said.

"Well, if that isn't the biggest piece of bullshit I ever heard," the woman said. "And there's *something* going on. You can call it whatever you like, but it all comes down to the same thing, as far as I'm concerned. I think that woman Violet is a witch."

Charlie felt awkward standing there, privy to the conversation. "Let's go," he said to John. "I don't need to hear about all this bad medicine and voodoo crap. Excuse me, ma'am, I didn't mean any disrespect," he said to the woman.

"Don't pay Charlie any mind," John said. "He says he doesn't believe in medicine, but he's been shitting his pants ever since he was in a sweat-lodge." After a pause he said, "Lorena, I'd like you to meet my good friend Charlie. Charlie, Lorena. Everybody seems to go to Lorena's when they need some taking care of." He looked up at Lorena, beaming at her, and said, "You might as well become an Indian, for all the trouble you go to for us."

"We talked about that," Lorena said.

"Yeah, Joe Whiteshirt, that stupid bastard, wanted to give her a pipe to carry. It's not time for white people to carry pipes," he said to Lorena. "Even people as good and kindhearted as you. It would have been wrong."

"I still don't understand it," Lorena said, "but I've always trusted what you've told me. Still...you taught Joe Whiteshirt...."

"And I taught Sam, too," John said in a disgusted tone. "And look how that turned out—Joe's probably going to kill him. Maybe you *should* carry a pipe, who the hell knows. Maybe all Indians should go to church and stop sweating and vision-questing and—"

"Stop it, John," Lorena said, looking upset. "You're a crazy-ass drunk, and you're going to say things you'll regret. We have enough trouble already."

"Her husband's a engineer," John said to Charlie. "That's how they can afford to live like Indians." John started laughing, his *heyoka* laugh, and Charlie felt embarrassed for the woman.

"I'll bring you two out some towels and soap," Lorena said, almost in a whisper. "In the meantime, you can go up to the creek and start getting undressed."

"For what?" John asked.

"You know goddamn well for what, John Stone. You're filthy and you stink. You need some cleaning-up and sobering-up...both of you, I think."

"It's too cold to wash," John said.

"That never bothered you before," Lorena said. "You used to brag that you were part Eskimo, remember? And neither one of you are coming into *my* house with all that dirt and stink and vomit. You two are a mess! You should be ashamed of yourselves. Now you *are* going to get washed up and clean." With that, Lorena walked away toward the house.





"I'll be damned if I'm going to jump into your goddamn creek," John shouted. "I'm an *Indian*. It's white folks who need to get themselves cleaned-up."

"You're a real sonovabitch," Charlie said to John.

"Lorena's a good woman," John said, as if he had missed Charlie's point. "And she's done a lot for Indian people. But she's trying to *be* an Indian, and she's not. But she'd do anything in the world for anybody. I like her—I'm crazy about her—but I can't stand some of the people she takes in, all those nice middle-class kids looking for gurus, and the week-end Indians trying to *be* gurus. There's always groupies hanging around... Wannabees. You'll see."

"You use people," Charlie said.

"You're right, I did wrong. Lorena," John called, "I'm sorry. I'll be a good boy. We'll take our baths."

Charlie helped John to his feet—although Charlie wasn't in any better shape than John—and they stumbled up the grassy stone and dirt driveway. John led the way past the well-lit house and into the back yard, which looked like it was part of a natural clearing in the woods. Charlie could hear the soft gurgling and splashing of the stream, but he couldn't see it. He breathed in a wonderfully damp, woody aroma: the smells of moss and soil and trees. Widely spaced birch and pine trees looked silvery in the moonlight.

Suddenly John broke away from Charlie and started singing and dancing and throwing his clothes all over the ground. Buck naked, he ran toward a grove of hemlocks and jumped down the bank and into the stream below. Charlie heard him belly flop into the water. "Come on," John shouted.

Charlie followed. The stream was about six feet wide and curved into the woods; it looked dark and cold and misty. Charlie remained on the bank, and John stood in the fast-moving water, his hands on his hips, legs apart, as the moonlight turned him to pale stone and shadow. "We're gonna need soap if we're gonna smell good," he shouted loudly enough to be heard at the house. "Now get your goddamn ass in here, Charlie," he commanded. "It's not so bad once you're in."

That was a lie. The water was icy cold, exhilarating, and sobering. Charlie stepped in cautiously, gasped; and for a few luminous seconds, he was overwhelmed with sensation: the sharp bite of cold water, the shivering night-shadows, the shattered mirror surface of the stream reflecting silvery-gray moonlight, John's face slipping in and out of darkness, changing each time, as if caught by a strobe light...and for those few seconds, Charlie was *heyoka*. He experienced only the moment. The past had sloughed away like old skin. The future was...nothing and

Charlie was simultaneously an eagle, wings outstretched. A fish. A bull. The light on the water. The chill in the air. The splashing. He was all that until a callow-looking boy of about nineteen appeared with two bars of soap, which he threw to John and Charlie.

After he left, John said, "See what I mean about groupies? He should be in college smoking pot or something, instead

of doing errands for Lorena." John rubbed the large, coarse bar of soap all over himself.

After much splashing and shouting and sobering-up, John said, "Damn, that kid didn't leave us any towels." Then in a loud voice: "If Lorena doesn't come right along with some towels, I'm going to walk into the house *naked*."

"Oh, no, you're not," Lorena said.

"Why you sly old fox," John said. "I think you've been standing around here all this time watching us. I'm going to tell your old man you're a Peeping Tom."

"You can tell him whatever you like," Lorena said. "I'm leaving these clean clothes and towels for both of you. When you're ready, there's fresh, hot coffee inside...."

#

It was warm and bright and cozy inside the huge kitchen, which had a wood-burning stove side by side with a gas stove. There was an old oak dining table on the far side of the room and a doorway that opened into a living room. In the middle of the living room was a swing for the children; it hung from the high-ceilinged rafters.

Three young people were sitting at the table—two women and the boy who had brought the towels to John and Charlie. They were drinking Lorena's strong, bitter coffee and eating the remains of a large chocolate cake. They looked wired, as if they were too excited to sleep. Although they were all wearing flannel shirts and faded dungarees, Charlie was certain that the women came from wealthy families. Both of them had almost perfect, even teeth, which Charlie equated as a sure sign of money. The boy, on the other hand, had wide spaces between his teeth. His parents probably worked for a living, Charlie surmised.

Lorena made the introductions: The boy's name was Carl; the tall, lanky, chestnut-haired woman was Sharry; and the intense, nervous-looking woman was Heather. She had short-cropped black hair, and her name, which made Charlie think of freedom and wildness and open country, didn't fit her at all. Then Lorena ordered John and Charlie to sit down, and she served them coffee and cut them some cake. The coffee was just what Charlie needed, but the thought of swallowing that cake made him gag—he wasn't ready for that yet.

John made small-talk, and the kids seemed to hang on every word he said. Carl and Sharry kept trying to swing the conversation around to religion. They especially wanted John to talk about *yuwipi's* and about how it was in "the old days." They wanted to hear about vision-quests where medicine men would either hang from the sides of cliffs for days on end, or would be buried alive. John usually persisted, though, in sliding back into small-talk, into that smooth and easy, chiding tone of voice that Charlie had heard him use with women before. But John was more animated tonight. He was after something....





Although Charlie still felt chilled from the stream, he was sober and comfortable. He was a bit shaky and had that tickle in his throat, but he could breathe and he wasn't nauseated. He was tired, dragged-out-exhausted, and he knew he was going to suffer for the beating he was giving his body—he would pay dues for this eventually! I should go to *bed*, Charlie told himself, but he was wide-awake and so nerved-up that everything looked dark and shadowy to him. If he went to bed, he would just lie awake and stare at the ceiling—but if he didn't get some sleep, he would get the shakes so bad he wouldn't be able to hold a spoon.

As he sat at the table, finished now with his coffee (and he had even taken a mouthful of cake), he found himself watching Sharry. Charlie began to think that she was pretty in her way, even sexy. She wore a cloth headband, as did Carl, who was sitting beside her—maybe he was her boyfriend. She had such a young, delicate face, and her eyes had a way of narrowing and looking crinkly. Charlie liked that, and he liked the way her mouth would purse. For such a thin girl, she had unusually full, sensual lips. Charlie thought of her as a flower in bloom. She looked so fresh and new. His wife Joline had had that kind of freshness about her, too, but she lost it...and just now Charlie realized how precious it had been.

"You know," John said, looking intently at Sharry, "when a man's *heyoka*, he can do anything he wants. He can be perverted and filthy and just plain bad, and yet he's holy all the time."

Sharry looked at Carl and then turned back to John, giving him her full attention. Carl moved slightly closer to her.

"And you never can believe *anything* a *heyoka* says," John continued, "because they lie about everything. Isn't that right, Lorena?"

"I think all of you would be better off going to bed and not listening to this broken-down old drunk of a medicine-man," Lorena said, carrying a large bowl of berry soup to the table. "You want some of this?" she asked John.

"I want some dog first," John said.

"You want *what*?" Charlie asked.

"It's probably going to make you sick," Lorena said.

"That's what I want, is there any left?"

"I'll get you a piece from the pot, but...."

"Did you eat a piece of dog?" John asked Sharry.

"Yeah, she ate it," said Carl. "We all did...one of the harder things we had to swallow."

"Dog meat's not hard," Charlie said, laughing, mocking.

"Well, we did it for the ceremony," Heather said. She was chain-smoking cigarettes, which she kept in a bead-worked pouch. Charlie smoked one of her cigarettes and started coughing again. He embarrassed himself by having to spit up in the sink. No one said a word while he was coughing and spitting, which made it even worse. When Charlie finished and sat back down, Heather said, "Sam didn't tell us

at the time that we could have made an offering of the meat to the spirits and wouldn't've had to eat it at all."

John laughed at that and said, "Dog soup is good for you, part of the ceremony."

Charlie couldn't help but stare at Sharry. She wasn't wearing a bra, and he could see the outlines of her small breasts right through her shirt. Charlie usually preferred women with large breasts, but he felt a sudden flush of desire for her, for her youth and innocence. It was overpowering. It was like being sixteen again, when his urges were so strong that he had to masturbate several times a day. Uncomfortable, he pressed his legs together. He thought about Stephie, his oldest daughter. Sharry's probably the same age as Stephie, Charlie told himself. It would be like fucking my own daughter, for Chrissakes. She's a baby.... Those thoughts brought on the guilt again, and more embarrassment, as if everyone in the room could see just what he was thinking.

But Sharry wasn't even looking at Charlie. She was too taken-up with John. She had a look that said if he would've asked her to eat shit, she would have happily done it. Sonovabitch....

Just then Janet made her appearance. She walked into the room with a piece of grayish meat in a soup bowl. The meat was in a dirty-looking broth. There was skin on that meat and even some hair, and it made Charlie sick to look at it. He had met Janet before and was glad to see her; but Jesus, he thought, not *dog*, for Chrissakes. "You're not going to eat that in front of me," Charlie told John.

"I sure as hell am," John said. "It's part of my religion. Don't you have any respect for a man's religion?" Then he looked at Janet and said, "Isn't that right, hon?"

"I knew you'd be coming around," Janet said. She looked as if she'd just awakened from a deep sleep, but her high cheekbones and deep-set eyes could easily give that impression. She had the kind of strong, implacable face that could look mean, yet could also radiate serenity. Charlie liked this woman, had liked her from the first time they met outside of John Stranger's sweat lodge. He had been coughing, and she gave him sage. She had a darkness in her, a certain wildness that was at odds with her domesticity; and that attracted him. He felt as if she were family...a dark sister. He sensed that the darkness inside her was the same as the stuff inside him, the stuff that made him so angry and depressed that he'd chew up his own family and spit them out screaming.

"...I sort of expected you to make the *yuwipi*," Janet said to John. "I kept looking for you, figuring you'd show up. I been waiting for you all night—in-between cat naps. How's that for faith?"

"You have no business being here," John said.

"I knew you'd say that," Janet replied. "But it's not what you think."

"Don't matter," John said, as he started to eat the meat off the bone, pulling it away with his teeth. "You belong with your husband."





"I can't watch this," Charlie said, getting up. He felt queasy. It disturbed him—the notion that John was almost a cannibal. "You shouldn't be eating something like that," he continued. "It's wrong. I don't care *what* your religion says, it's just not right. I can abide a lot of things, but not that. Eating a dog is like eating something that's human."

"Charlie," Janet said, walking over to him and taking his arm. She pulled him back down into his seat and then rested her hands on his shoulders, calming him. "Give us a few minutes, and I'll tell you about the dog. I love dogs almost more than people, sometimes." Then she said to John, "You are a real bastard, aren't you. Couldn't you tell him what's going on? I thought he's supposed to be your friend?"

"He is," John said. "But fuck him."

"I should've expected as much from you," Janet said. She poured herself a cup of coffee and sat down, pulling a chair between John and Sharry. "I couldn't stay with Joe. He's going crazy, and he scares me. I'm sorry, but I can't help it. I care about him, and I'd do anything for him, but he's into something bad, something dangerous. I'm sure he's been doing medicine. Maybe it's the woman he's living with now, I don't know. But they're doing *something*. What happened between Sam and me was my fault. Or maybe it was Violet's medicine, I don't know. But Sam was just trying to help me. I got weak. I was scared...." She looked exhausted.

"Dog tastes good," John said. "Charlie, you want a piece?"

"Stop acting like an asshole," Janet said.

"Who was your *yuwipi* man?" John asked, pushing away his bowl of dog and dunking a piece of bread into the sweet berry soup. "I don't know of any around here, except maybe Joe and that skinny Crow guy who dresses up like a goddamn stockbroker."

"Sam did it," Janet said.

"Why didn't you just have Joe do it, or maybe Lorena could've done it. What the hell, maybe women's lib should take its shot at traditional Indian religion." Then after a pause he said, "You're fucking *wrong* to do that!" There was hate in his face suddenly, burning, just as it had been when he'd paced around in his furnished room.

Charlie could in that instant see his strength, could see him as a leader, as a medicine man, but Jesus Lord the bastard was crazy. "Sam should have been taking care of his vision-quest, not baby-sitting you and the rest of the honky-Indians," John continued. "He had no business doing a *yuwipi* tonight. It's a wonder that the spirits didn't kill him dead...and the rest of you, too."

"Sam did get hurt," Janet said. "His chest and legs are all black and blue."

John started laughing. "So the spirits did kick the shit out of him."

"The spirits were there," Sharry said, tentatively, as if she knew she shouldn't be speaking, that she shouldn't even be there at all. But she went on. "Everybody could feel them...and see them as lights."

"I felt something move behind me," Carl said, "and I felt something against my skin. And then I realized that I was sitting against the wall, and there couldn't be anything behind me but spirits...."

"What'd they tell you?" John asked Janet.

"They were just angry, that's all."

Then John started laughing, and he said, "None of them *really* saw or felt anything, did they, Charlie? It's all bullshit, isn't it, Charlie?"

"Is there a place I can sleep?" Charlie asked Lorena. He ignored John.

"Charlie, somebody should've told you what's going on," Janet said. "The *yuwipi* is a ceremony we do when someone's in trouble. We seek help from the spirits. It's a ceremony given to Indian people by God, and to have this ceremony, to bring the spirits down to us, into our hearts, a dog gives up its life. It knows it's going to die, and I've never seen a dog fight...it just knows. And we love our dogs, that's what makes this ceremony so hard for us. We give a life—the dog gives its life—so that we may live. It's a gift."

Charlie couldn't say anything. He didn't know what to say. What the hell am I doing here? he asked himself. Next, they'll be boiling up people!

"Don't be angry with Sam," Janet said to John. "He came down here to try and make things right."

"Doesn't matter to me," John said softly.

"Why, because you're drunk?" Janet asked. "Because you're pretending to be *heyoka* like you do every time life becomes too much for you?"

"That's right. And I'm not carrying the pipe, either. I'm done."

"You have people that need you," Janet said. "That depend on you."

"Well, fuck them!" John said. "No, I take it all back. I'll help whoever needs to be helped...for a drink. Right, Charlie?"

"I'm going to go to sleep," Charlie said. "I don't want to drink, I just want to sleep," and he looked at Sharry and realized that he had a hard-on, and there he was standing up like a dirty old man.

"I'll show you where you can sleep," Lorena said. Charlie followed her out of the kitchen, through the living room and up stairs to a large bedroom off the paneled hallway. The starkly furnished room contained a cot and a bed, several cane chairs, an old worn couch, and a table situated against the wall near the door. On the table were some neatly folded towels and a porcelain basin. "We have no water, except in the bathroom, and you have to pump that—it's a dry toilet, might take a bit of getting used to the smell. You can take the bed here; it's more comfortable than the cot. John's used to sleeping on floors and anything he can get, anyway."

"He can have his choice," Charlie said, but just the same he lay down on the bed. Even though the mattress was too soft





and lumpy, he was asleep before Lorena had left the room.

#

It was after dawn when John brought Heather and Sharry into the room. Charlie heard them snickering and laughing and giggling and making "shushing" noises as they talked among themselves. John sounded drunk, but he might have just been *heyoka*. He'd certainly worked his charm on these two kids because they were as happy as babies with new diapers. Charlie lay facing the wall and listened, not letting on that he was awake. His heart was beating fast. Surely *something* was going to happen.

"So the selfish sonovabitch has taken the bed," John said. There was a puffing noise as he sat down on the couch, and then the clattering of his boots as he took them off and let them drop to the floor. Charlie listened to the rustling noises and the whispers and felt as if he were a kid again, all pimply-faced and ugly and left out—always third man out. He wanted to cough, but he held it back. He tried to breathe evenly, feigning sleep. Although he didn't feel sick, he was shaking. Adrenaline was burning through him, and it was as hot and fast as hard liquor.

"Well, go on over," John whispered. "I told you, you'll be doing a good thing...something he'll remember forever."

Charlie heard someone get up and say, "I'm sorry, John, but I just can't do it." Then the clatter-clack of shoes on the hardwood floor. The door opened and closed, and John whispered something that sounded like swearing. "Well, the hell with it," he said. "He's asleep, anyway."

Charlie discovered that he was holding his breath. He exhaled slowly, carefully, afraid they would be able to tell he was awake. He wondered who had left the room. Was it Sharry or Heather? Probably Heather. She was more shy and nervous...a good girl.

But an image of Sharry seemed to hang before Charlie, and he could feel his borrowed dungarees become tight. Goddamn it was wrong, but he wanted young flesh, as young as his daughter's. He thought of Stephanie and felt flush with guilt. He had been faithful to his wife Joline for over twenty years; that should count for something. She was a good woman, and had a good body, even if her teeth were bad and her breath had that metal smell. But every day of all those years Charlie had dreamed of other women, women he'd see on the street, or in the apartments when he was doing repair work for the Isaacs', or, worst of all, women he'd had before he met Joline—especially that blue-eyed Mexican whore who had taken care of him for a month after he lost his gas stations, who always used to leave a little money and a bottle of tequila on the tiny bedstand for him when he awakened....

Now there was this Sharry, and she was probably going to screw John. She was young enough to be John's granddaughter, for Chrissakes, Charlie told himself. And John was in and Charlie was out, and no matter how good

Charlie had been with the women when he was young, no matter how many adventures he tried to convince himself he'd had, he was still in bed alone, odd-man out.

More whispering, and then John said, "You're sure you don't mind? I'll go and find Heather, and everything will be all right. I'll talk to her. Charlie heard the rustle of clothes, then heard them kiss. "I'll see *you* later," John said loudly; perhaps he was trying to wake up Charlie. He put on his boots and left the room, closing the door behind him.

Goddamn if Charlie wasn't scared.

He couldn't sleep, of course, and it would be too awkward to say anything. Let it lie, he told himself. The girl would fall asleep, and so would Charlie, eventually, and then it would be all over—right now that's what he wanted, just to have it all over. But the woman called to him...it was Sharry.

"Charlie, you asleep?" Her voice had a twang to it.

Charlie didn't answer. He had to go to the bathroom, and he felt nauseated again. He couldn't help it, but he started coughing. Sharry came over to the bed and said, "Charlie? Here, take these," and she put some toilet paper in his hand. "I always carry some...you know?"

He coughed into the paper, sat up in the bed and lowered his head toward his knees, which always made him feel a little better. He was shaking, and it wasn't from the booze; he knew that much. He was piss-ass scared of a little twenty year old girl. She looked pale in the wan, morning light, a child, except for the red slash of lipstick painted on her generous lips. She was skinny as a rail, not Charlie's type at all, yet he wanted her, as if she could pass her youth over to him as if it were currency or food. He could smell her natural odor; she didn't wear perfume. She probably doesn't shave her legs either, he thought sourly. "What's going on?" he asked. "What are you doing in *here*, and where's John? I thought I heard him come in with you."

It looked gray outside, and the room seemed smoky and muddled and cold, although it wasn't really cold, just cool.

"It was John's idea that we'd all get silly and fool around," Sharry said, "but when we got in here, Heather got scared or something and left. John went after her to calm her down."

"What do you mean, fool around?" Charlie asked.

"You know...."

"Jesus, woman, I have a daughter almost as old as you," Charlie said. He fought the urge to touch her hair, which looked clean and soft and thick.

"That doesn't mean anything...I have a father almost as old as *you*. So what?"

"So what do you want to be fooling around with old men for?" Charlie asked, and then he asked for a cigarette.

"I think older men are...beautiful."

"Cut the crap," Charlie snapped. He must have frightened Sharry because she jerked backward.





"Okay, I didn't mean to get you upset," Sharry said. "John explained what you two are doing."

"What are we doing?" Charlie asked, pulling the strong tobacco smoke into his lungs, feeling its papery tickle at the back of his throat.

"You're taking your last shot, like you're proving that you're still warriors. It's like a holy thing."

"That's just plain bullshit," Charlie said, angry at John for whatever he had told these young girls. John didn't care about anyone but himself, Charlie thought. He's a user, just like I used to be. But I paid for the way I used people. I'm *still* paying for it. And Charlie thought about his two sons from a previous marriage who didn't even acknowledge he was alive.

"John said you and he were counting coup," Sharry said.

"What the hell is *that* supposed to mean?"

"When Indian people fought, in the old days, they would touch the enemy with a coup stick, and that was like killing him, even though you didn't. It was a test of courage, sort of, because it took more courage to get close enough to touch him with a coup stick than to shoot him dead with an arrow...you know? And even if the enemy was dead, you could still count coup on him by touching him with a stick, although the first coup was the most important. That's what they did to Custer."

"It's all bullshit," Charlie said. "It's just John's way of making a bender sound holy, and to get little girls like you into bed with him."

"You don't have *any* respect for women, do you," Sharry said.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but, shit, you know better than this. Your girlfriend did, that's why she got out of the room quick."

Sharry didn't answer. She just took a long drag on her cigarette and caught Charlie watching her breasts.

"How'd you get into this, anyway?" Charlie asked.

"Into what?"

"This whole Indian thing."

"How did *you*?"

"I asked you first," Charlie said. Sharry grinned.

"I'm looking for something," Sharry said. "I don't know what, yet, but I've found some of it here."

Charlie was going to tell her that she was young, that this Indian business would wear off, that she looked like a nice, middle-class preppy-girl and would probably end up marrying a doctor, but he didn't. Maybe nothing would make any difference. Maybe that's why John was so free and easy about seducing white girls who hang around Indians. But that was John's way, not Charlie's. Charlie had paid enough dues, but it was too late, or too early, and he was too tired to try to explain himself to this girl. In fact, he wasn't even horny anymore. Maybe he'd really gotten somewhere.

He felt better, but tired. He had to sleep. Right now.

"Do you mind if I stay here?" Sharry asked. "Just to sleep."

Charlie lay on his back and stared up at the raftered ceiling. "Sure," he said, and then immediately realized that he should have said "no."

Sharry got up and closed the thin white curtains over the window, then came to bed. She didn't take her clothes off, and Charlie let her snuggle against him under the covers, and he felt a thrill run through him, just to have someone this close, someone who wanted him who was not Joline. He felt himself getting an erection again, and he remembered how Sharry had looked downstairs when he was staring at her across the table. She was *supposed* to be with John, but this was the way it had worked out. Chance of a lifetime, but he owed Joline something, didn't he? He'd been faithful for all these years, and he could *still* go back because even though he'd made a mess of everything, it didn't matter as long as he was faithful.... Joline was like that.

But Sharry was snuggling against him, and he had his arm around her. He let his hand rest naturally against her arm, but he knew that he was also touching her breast—the little brat wasn't wearing a brassiere. Counting coup, he thought, as he started to fall asleep, feeling secure, even if his hard-on was hurting against the stiffness of his jeans. Goddamn he was tired. And she pushed against him, and suddenly the decision was made. He didn't seem to have had anything to do with it. He just did it. He had wronged Joline before he'd begun, and it didn't matter now because he had already jumped into hell with John, and he was never coming out right again. But it *did* matter, and Charlie desperately wanted Joline. He wanted her here right now instead of the little girl beside him. He wanted the perfumed security of Joline. He wanted his life back. But he had lost it. God, he really felt that way right now, and he needed comforting for that thought, more than he'd needed since *he* was Sharry's age.

Then he was massaging her breast, sliding his hand under the rough material of her shirt, and he felt himself descending into a kind of sweet, warm death, as everything he had tried to keep hold of in life slid away from him—his family, Joline, his word as a man.

Now *he* was sliding, falling deliciously, and Sharry wriggled around so he could unbutton her blouse, and she was moaning and kissing him open-mouthed and biting his cheek; and he was grinding against her, pulling at her jeans while she unzipped him. He moaned, feeling as if he were about to come, as if her long fingers were numbing icicles touching him. Sharry's strong, natural smells were like those of the woods. The pale, morning light was a mist in the room, and Sharry's skin was as damp and cool as wet leaves. Charlie lay back as she pushed down against him. She was smooth and tight and young, and she took his penis in her mouth, and he thought of Stephanie and Joline, and then he remembered various women he had desired over the years. How young and strange this woman was with her warm mouth and even teeth against his penis. It was a fantasy...a





dream. But it was also a nightmare, for he just could not dismiss the nagging apprehension that tonight he had lost everything forever.

He started to cough. Sharry stopped, pulled back, held him as if he were a child. Angry with himself, Charlie pulled her back down into the bed, kissing her, sucking on her neck and tiny erect breasts; he entered her, feeling that cleanliness he always felt when making love, as if he were in clear warm water. Then followed the terrible wheezing and breathing and hurting to orgasm. Through the cries and hoarse moans, through the tiny, controlled screams and wheezings, he felt the wrongness of what he was doing; and his guilt was as wet and warm as her slippery cunt.

He was raping her, taking her, as if she was Stephanie, as if to punish Joline—and himself, too—by sinning with cock and with his filthy-dirty thoughts.

He opened his eyes, as if he knew that he had to remember this, take it with him wherever he went, and he saw this young girl, this baby, with her beautifully thick brown hair spread across the sheets, the gray morning light touching her features, making them gentler than they were, flattening out her facial lines, which would deepen with age; and she was for this instant as perfect and unblemished as the picture of the Madonna that Joline had insisted be hung above their bed at home. Sharry was turning her head back and forth, as if she was in great pain, and Charlie held himself up on his hands, as if he was floating above her in clear, cool water, and he lunged inside her. She screamed, as if she no longer cared that she was in someone else's house, that she wasn't supposed to be in this room with this old man, and perhaps her thoughts were of her father, perhaps they were just of Charlie, but she shuddered and pulled Charlie down against her and came. She felt suddenly fragile to Charlie, and the guilt returned, intensified by that same frailty. But such an encounter could only happen to Charlie once. He had sinned against Joline for the first time; and after a while he felt himself stiffen again, inside Sharry, and he took her, as if she could give him back what he'd lost, as if he *was* a bull, as if he hadn't lived his life already.

Then he fell asleep, sweaty and sticky and cold, but he kept jolting out of his dreams, not quite awakening, but caught,

drowning and coughing.

Through it all, he felt that someone, or something, was watching him, an eye that was like a hot coal burning malevolently through his dreams.

When he finally awoke, the room was empty and bright.




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AFTERWORD: *A GIFT OF EAGLES*

The past—or our memory of it—is indeed another country.

In another life in a far land I was in a sweat-lodge being led by a medicine man who, it was claimed, had the gift of eagles. It was explained to me that that was his medicine, his power. In that sweat lodge where it was so hot that your skin could suddenly crack, I remember the steam coming up so hot that it actually felt cold; I remember trying to hunker down into my blanket, and in that moment of sensory

deprivation, in the intense heat and darkness, in that small space with eight other men...a space that seemed like miles of darkness...I heard a giant bellows working, felt something flapping inside the lodge, felt the touch of feathers, as something very large frantically flew about, trying to get out of that dark.

The bellows was probably my own blood pounding.

The medicine man had an eagle's wing, and was slapping it against my thigh, probably waving the wing in the steam-black air. I know that now, knew it then; but I remember that on one level, it *was* an eagle loose in the sweat-lodge. I knew





it was a trick, but a trick played by the Trickster, one that had resonance on a level beyond the rational. For in that instant I had felt the eagle, not the medicine man's feathers, but the eagle.

It was a shared hallucination. I remember shyly asking someone who had sat next to me in the sweat-lodge if he felt anything strange in that session. He laughed and said, "Yeah, you mean the eagle in the sweat-lodge."

#

Why was I in that Indian sweat lodge?

I was researching an idea I had for a novel, of course.

*Counting Coup.*

However, traditional Indian religion is not often accessible to non-Indians, and I've been told that most accounts of Indian religion are not entirely accurate. Traditional Indians are wary of "Wannabees," i.e., groupies who see Indian life as glamorous and want to be close to it. How did I get in? I got lucky, I wasn't a "Wannabee," and...well, it's too personal to put to paper.

But those experiences subtly changed the way I experience the world. I recall being at a friend's vision-quest where everyone was "giving flesh," a ceremony in which the medicine man cuts the supplicant's skin with a razor and drops the tiny pieces of flesh into a colored square of cloth, which the participant later ties to the branch of a nearby tree as a totem. I asked the medicine man why people were doing this, and he looked at me as if I had just asked the most stupid question imaginable. He laughed and answered, "Because that's the only thing you've got to give. Your skin is the only thing you really own. So you give a little of it to your friend, to help him. You give a little of yourself. You take a little pain for him."

And so I gave flesh.

For my son Jody. For my friend Albert. For all of us. And for a little while I lost hold of my ego. There and in the sweat lodge where I burned for a few minutes, or a few hours, I had the revelation—or aberration depending on your point of view—that perhaps down deep in the quick of our unconscious our basic impulses are not selfish and self-seeking.

Of course, back then I also felt the wings of eagles beating in the sweat-lodge.

#

My characters often have different "intentions" than their author, who often sits bemusedly in front of the laptop while the characters engage in their own conversations and take the "plot" in directions I never intended. I had intended *Counting Coup* to be a straight-forward road novel, a novel about two men who are at the end of their lives and decide to show the world that they are still alive, still vital, and can still drink, shout, and shake the trees. I thought I'd write a novel in the tradition of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*, or John Steinbeck's *Cannery Row*. Originally, I thought it would be interesting to explore the interaction of two men from different cultures in similar circumstances. But once again the research changed the story...and of course my life.

The elements of magical realism in *Counting Coup* are close to the truth of my own private experiences. I have found as I enter my more mature, reflective years that my "real" life is scattered with these small bits of magic realism. Or perhaps it's just that as I wander through that distant country that is my past I recast the ordinary into the numinal.

For me fiction has always been a way of ordering and remembering experience; and I came closest to remembering the sight and smell and 'feel' of those experiences when I wrote *Counting Coup*. Once again I could hear the spirit voices and feel the steam that's so hot it's cold. Once again I remembered what happened when everything soured and turned into "bad medicine."

Once again I remembered being on the road, living without impediment....

And once again my fiction and my personal life blurred, one folding into the other.





## Playing the Devil

by Adam Gray

Christopher James hummed quietly as he swept the cold stone floors of the chapel. He straightened, paused mid-note, and glanced around the oppressive room. He listened for a moment but heard nothing. The guards were apparently out overseeing the other prisoners. Christopher smiled to himself and went back to his sweeping, humming to himself contentedly. All things considered, he was a very lucky man - if any inmate of the Port Arthur penal settlement could be considered lucky, that is.

Close at hand and yet impossibly distant, the dark portent of pure malevolence focused its baleful attention on the quiet prisoner. The Devil was out hunting, hunting for souls, and Old Nick had decided that Christopher James was long overdue in handing his over.

With a swirl of smoke and a hint of sulphur, the Embodiment of Damnation formed within the tiny Chapel. Christopher stiffened. He hadn't heard anything, but he knew that he was no longer alone. He cast his eyes toward the huge iron door that was the only entrance into the prison chapel. It was still closed. A chill ran down his spine. Cold sweat dampened his rough prisoner's clothes. He stood frozen, somehow knowing that the Devil Himself stood at his shoulder.

"You missed a spot Christopher. If you're careless, you'll lose your privileged status." Lucifer's voice was cold and hollow. It scraped like the stone of a sarcophagus lid. Slowly Christopher turned to look over his shoulder. Beside him stood the Essence of Corruption.

The Devil was tall, standing nearly eight foot in height, his skin was ivory and his hair was black like jet. He was dressed like a wealthy noble: white ruffled shirt, a red coat with brass fastenings and matching trousers. His shoes were of a supple dark red leather. His eyes were light blue and yet they somehow seemed to glow faintly of crimson. Ebony horns rose up from his forehead and writhed and coiled like snakes. His face was long and gaunt. As Christopher gazed at him in mute horror, the Devil grinned, his mouth impossibly wide. Christopher trembled and crossed himself.

"Where are your manners, Christopher? I've come such a long distance just to see you. You should be more civil. In fact," he said, anger tingeing his cryptlike voice, "I think I shall have to insist upon it."

Christopher drew in a deep breath and attempted to calm himself. "What do you want?"

"Your Soul." The Devil smiled again. His teeth were broken bones.

Christopher stammered, "You won't have me, not now or ever. Begone in the name of the Father, the Son, an..."

"Yes, yes, I know the rest. You needn't repeat it to me. Why are people always saying that? If it actually worked, I'd never get anywhere." The Devil smiled as he spoke and strolled over to the altar and leaned against it. It's old

timbers creaked and groaned under His infernal weight.

Christopher glanced around the Chapel, fear clutching his heart. "What are you doing here? This is Holy ground. You can't be here!"

"Holy? This Chapel, my dear Christopher, has never been consecrated. As such it is only Holy during Mass. As it is Thursday; it is really of no consequence to me. Now then, let's discuss your Soul." The Devil grinned and leered, fire curled up from the stones where he stood and Christopher could hear the sound of a thousand demons laughing in chorus.

"My Soul is my own and I'll not barter with it for anything. Please leave me alone."

The Devil stopped grinning. He gazed at Christopher and then casually glanced about the room. The walls of the Chapel rippled like water and faded away from view. Spread out around them was the penal settlement. A group of convicts were cutting and lifting huge blocks of stone, their legs joined together in painful iron chains. They were building a prison within a prison. One which, it was rumoured, would be the worst within the Commonwealth. Across the field, a group of convicts stood with guards behind them, watching as a man's skin was flayed from his back. He'd spoken to another man when ordered to be silent. He'd wear twenty cuts for it. The whip dug deep, crippling furrows into his back and the blood streamed down his back and soaked into his trousers.

Off in the distance, on a small island in the bay, a lone man was digging a deep, deep hole. He'd be placing the bodies of several convicts in it soon. Some of those convicts were still living and breathing, unaware of what fate awaited them within a few short hours. The grave digger was finding it harder and harder to find places on the Isle of Death where there weren't already graves. There were hundreds of them already, most filled with half a dozen bodies. Some said it was haunted.

Everywhere he looked, Christopher saw the men and boys at Port Arthur; the misery was palpable.

"Come now, Christopher. What was the sentence? "For the term of his natural life?" You'll be 28 in September. You can expect ten or twenty years of this. I can set you free. I can make you rich. Rich beyond your imagination. I can give you women. A small price to pay, a Soul you're likely to lose anyway." The Devil smiled, his fetid breath, a blend of decay and corruption, made Christopher pale.

Images rose up in his mind of freedom, sacks of guineas, and beautiful women. Slowly he collected himself. Slowly he made himself concentrate. He closed his eyes and prayed for strength. He opened his eyes and began to shout ;"No!" but the Devil was gone, the walls were of stone again. Only the acrid, faint smell of sulphur remained.

Time passed. Weeks, then months, and finally years slipped by. Once Christopher had accidentally caught the eye of a guard at just the wrong moment. He'd been whipped. The muscles in his back were badly torn and they'd never healed properly. The hard manual labour of a prisoner of his





Majesty's government had gone from being simple agony to being almost totally unbearable. His weakness and poor health had earned him more beatings when he was unable to work as hard as the guards demanded.

Port Arthur, once simply dark and malevolent had become truly corrupt and cancerous. The new priest, an evil and Godless man, was rumoured to be a drunkard and an adulterer. The Governor was a spineless creature who cared little for the inmates or his guards. Their authority and decadence ensured that the inmates endured hard and bitter lives.

Finally, when Christopher was 34, he knew that he'd sink into damnation soon, whether he wanted to or not. His life was a living Hell and it was souring his Soul and poisoning his Faith.

One cold black night, while he lay shivering in his cell, waiting for his destruction, he called to The Devil. "I'm ready to discuss my Soul."

The next day as he swept the Chapel, he smelt the stinging odour of sulphur. He heard the heavy breath of malevolence as it stood behind him. He turned slowly and before him stood the Prince of Darkness. The Devil looked just as he had before. The years had not marked him.

"I'm here, Christopher. But you should have made the deal years ago. What's the point of me bargaining for it. I rather think that it will be mine soon in any case." The Devil sneered at the poor ragged prisoner, mocking his pain and lost dignity.

Haltingly, Christopher spoke. "That may be so, but I am unwell. The guards may kill me before I am damned. I could still be Saved."

The Devil smiled evilly. "This is true. But you're not sure. You think that you may live just long enough so that I will have you, and now you want to dicker with what little you have left. Make your offer, but beware: you court Hellfire just by offering to do a deal."

"I want to challenge you. If I win, I receive my freedom and enough wealth to live out my days in comfort, and my Soul remains undamned. If you win, you can strike me dead and my Soul is yours." Christopher stared at The Devil, as defiantly as he could.

"A challenge, is it? I haven't been offered a challenge in quite some time. What is it to be, then?"

"Chess. A game of chess."

The Devil grinned. "Done. You pathetic little man, who do you think invented the game? Him? When do you wish to settle it?"

"Saturday night... At midnight. Here in the Chapel. We won't be disturbed. If I'm found missing I'll have already won or lost, so it won't really matter." Christopher shook with fear, try as he might, he couldn't control himself in the presence of the Fallen Angel.

"Saturday night, then." And with that the Devil faded away.

The next few days passed slowly. Christopher knew that

within a week he would either be free or in a far worse place. The moments weighed heavily on his mind. He'd always been a good chess player. Excellent even. But there had always been those who could beat him. And he knew that the Devil was probably better than anyone that Christopher might have met.

Saturday night finally arrived. He'd spent hours in preparation, knowing that he'd be able to lever the lock to his cell door. They were large and solid, but not overly complex. The Guards had little to worry about. There was no place that a prisoner could run to, even if they were able to break out of their cell. The sea lay to one side, and a heavily guarded narrow land bridge to the other. After an hour or so, the lock gave way, and Christopher slipped out quietly and made his way to the Chapel. It was almost midnight.

When he finally arrived it was cold and dark. Suddenly a small candle lit itself. It flickered fitfully in a cold, damp draft. And then the Devil was there.

"Punctual, I see. Good." With a short flourish of his hand a small carved table and two chairs materialised. On the table was a board and set of ornately carved pieces. The figures were demonic and ghastly. Demons entwined with the Souls of the wretched. The Souls writhed and twisted as if in agony. Silent screams of anguish escaped their tortured lips and echoed soundlessly. One set of pieces were blood red and soft. Carved, it seemed, from living flesh. The other pieces were as black as obsidian. Rivulets of blood beaded and dripped from them. The board itself was of bronze and jet. Its border was inlaid with grim figures in acts of debauchery. The set was exquisite with a horrific beauty.

"You will play white and I black. It is your move." With that, the Devil sat down and waited. Timidly Christopher moved to his chair. it was carved from bones. He made his first move.

The Devil responded, advancing a pawn. Quickly the game took shape. Christopher played ever more defensively, the Devil ever more aggressively. Slowly, inexorably, piece by piece, Christopher began to lose. With each turn he took longer and longer. Stretching each round to take more and more precious minutes. He played carefully. Guarding everything he could, protecting his king as well as he could. He knew that he couldn't win, the intellect facing him was far greater than he could hope to defeat. He prayed that the Devil would make a mistake in a moment of impatience.

Sensing this faint hope the Devil spoke gloatingly to the prisoner. "I am aeons old. Your whole life is but a minute to me. Do you really think that I could grow impatient in this short time?"

Christopher did not look up, did not reply. He concentrated on the game, almost feverishly trying to draw it out. Hoping beyond hope. The hours slowly inched by. Piece after piece fell before Lucifer's demonic strategies and cunning plays. Eventually Christopher had a small handful of pawns left cradled around his king. He looked up and stared straight at The Devil.

"It's my move and you haven't won yet." He smiled.





Christopher did not look up, did not reply. He concentrated on the game, almost feverishly trying to draw it out. Hoping beyond hope. The hours slowly inched by. Piece after piece fell before Lucifer's demonic strategies and cunning plays. Eventually Christopher had a small handful of pawns left cradled around his king. He looked up and stared straight at The Devil.

"It's my move and you haven't won yet." He smiled.

The Devil eyed him, a sense of annoyance and even apprehension began to grow. "It is mate in three. You can't escape. You may as well forfeit now. Your Soul is mine."

Christopher continued to smile. "No. My Soul still hangs in the balance. The game isn't over yet."

The Devil scoffed. "Are you blind? Your king will fall in just three moves. You have lost!"

Christopher nodded, a smile still flickering at the corners of

his mouth. "Yes, I can see. I know that it's mate in three. But perhaps what is more relevant, I know the time."

The Devil frowned, realisation dawning upon him, just as the sun itself dawned upon Port Arthur..

"Mass begins at six in the morning. I suspect that it's about five minutes away. Then this Chapel will be Holy ground. I don't imagine you would enjoy playing on Holy ground. You'll have to forfeit. The Game is mine. You owe me my freedom and money, and I get to keep my Soul."

The Devil stared coldly at the man sitting before him, and then, with a crimson-taloned finger, slowly tipped his king over.





*The following piece was generously supplied to us by George R. R. Martin. It's a chapter from one of his forthcoming books. We received the file electronically. Unfortunately there were a few formatting glitches. Any errors that may have slipped past us are our fault (Sorry, George!). We hope you enjoy it.*

## Fist

By George R. R. Martin

The hill jutted above the dense tangle of forest, rising solitary and sudden, its windswept heights visible from miles off. The wildlings called it the Fist of the First Men, rangers said. It did look like a fist, Jon Snow thought, punching up through earth and wood, its bare brown slopes knuckled with stone.

He rode to the top with Lord Mormont and the officers, leaving Ghost below under the trees. The direwolf had run off three times as they climbed, twice returning reluctantly to Jon's whistle. The third time, the Lord Commander lost patience and snapped, "Let him go, boy. I want to reach the crest before dusk. Find the wolf later."

The way up was steep and stony, the summit crowned by a chest-high wall of tumbled rocks. They had to circle some distance west before they found a gap large enough to admit the horses. "This is good ground, Thoren the Old Bear proclaimed, when at last they attained the top. "We could scarce hope for better. We'll make our camp here to await Halfhand." The Lord Commander swung down off his saddle, dislodging the raven from his shoulder. Complaining loudly, the bird took to the air.

The views atop the hill were bracing, yet it was the ringwall that drew Jon's eye, the weathered grey stones with their white patches of lichen, their beards of green moss. It was said that the Fist had been a ringfort of the First Men in the Dawn Age. "An old place, and strong," Thoren Smallwood said.

"Old," Mormont's raven screamed, as it flapped in noisy circles about their heads. "Old, old, old."

"Quiet." Mormont growled up at the bird. The Old Bear was too proud to admit to weakness, but Jon was not deceived. The strain of keeping up with younger men was taking its toll.

"These heights will be easy to defend, if need be," Thoren pointed out as he walked his horse along the ring of stones, his sable-trimmed cloak stirring in the wind.

"Yes, this place will do." The Old Bear lifted a hand to the wind, and raven landed on his forearm, claws scrabbling against his black ringmail.

"What about water, my lord?" Jon wondered.

"We crossed a brook at the foot of the hill."

"A long climb for a drink," Jon pointed out, "and outside

the ring of stones."

Thoren said, "Are you too lazy to climb a hill, boy?"

When Lord Mormont said, "We're not like to find another place as strong. We'll carry water, and make certain we are well supplied," Jon knew better than to argue. So the command was given, and the brothers of the Night's Watch raised their camp behind the stone ring the First Men had made. Black tents sprouted like mushrooms after a rain, and blankets and bedrolls covered the bare ground. Stewards tethered the garrons in long lines, and saw them fed and watered. Foresters took their axes to the trees in the waning afternoon light to harvest enough wood to see them through the night. A score of builders set to clearing brush, digging latrines, and untying their bundles of fire hardened stakes. "I will have every opening in the ringwall ditched and staked before dark," the Old Bear had commanded.

Once he'd put up the Lord Commander's tent and seen to their horses, Jon Snow descended the hill in search of Ghost. The direwolf came at once, all in silence. One moment Jon was striding beneath the trees, whistling and shouting, alone in the green, pinecones and fallen leaves under his feet the next, the great white direwolf was walking beside him, pale as morning mist.

But when they reached the ringfort, Ghost balked again. He padded forward warily to sniff at the gap in the stones, and then retreated, as if he did not like what he'd smelled. Jon tried to grab him by the scruff of his neck and haul him bodily inside the ring, no easy task - the wolf weighed as much as he did, and was stronger by far. "Ghost, what's wrong with you?" It was not like him to be so unsettled. In the end Jon had to give it up. "As you will," he told the wolf. "Go, hunt." The red eyes watched him as he made his way back through the mossy stones.

They ought to be safe here. The hill offered commanding views, and the slopes were precipitous to the north and west and only slightly more gentle to the east. Yet as the dusk deepened and darkness seeped into the hollows between the trees, Jon's sense of foreboding grew. This is the haunted forest, he told himself. Maybe there are ghosts here, the spirits of the First Men. This was their place, once.

"Stop acting the boy," he told himself. Clambering atop the piled rocks, Jon gazed off toward the setting sun. He could see the light shimmering like hammered gold off the surface of the Milkwater as it curved away to the south. Upriver the land was more rugged, the dense forest giving way to a series of bare stony hills that rose high and wild to the north and west. On the horizon stood the mountains like a great shadow, range on range of them receding into the blue-grey distance, their jagged peaks sheathed eternally in snow. Even from afar they looked vast and cold and inhospitable.

Closer at hand, it was the trees that ruled. To south and east the wood went on as far as Jon could see, a vast tangle of root and limb painted in a thousand shades of green, with here and there a patch of red where a weirwood shouldered through the pines and sentinels, or a blush of yellow where some broadleaves had begun to turn. When the wind blew, he could hear the creak and groan of branches older than he





was. A thousand leaves fluttered, and for a moment the forest seemed a deep green sea, stort-tossed and heaving, eternal and unknowable.

Ghost was not likely to be alone down there, he thought. Anything could be moving under that sea, creeping toward the ringfort through the dark of the wood, concealed beneath those trees. Anything. How would they ever know? He stood there for a long time, until the sun vanished behind the saw-toothed mountains and darkness began to creep through the forest.

"Jon?" Samwell Tarly called up. "I thought it looked like you. Are you well?"

"Well enough." Jon hopped down. "How did you fare today?"

"Well. I fared well. Truly."

Jon was not about to share his disquiet with his friend, not when Samwell Tarly was at last beginning to find his courage. "The Old Bear means to wait here for Quorin Halfhand and the men from the Shadow Tower."

"It seems a strong place," said Sam. "A ringfort of the First Men. Do you think there were battles fought here?"

"No doubt. You'd best get a bird ready. Mormont will want to send back word."

"I wish I could send them all. They hate being caged."

"You would too, if you could fly."

"If I could fly, I'd be back at Castle Black eating a pork pie," said Sam.

Jon clapped him on the shoulder with his burned hand. They walked back through the camp together. Cookfires were being lit all around them. Overhead, the stars were coming out. The long red tail of Mormont's Torch burned as bright as the moon. Jon heard the ravens before he saw them. Some were calling his name. The birds were not shy when it came to making noise.

They feel it too. "I'd best see to the Old Bear," he said. "He gets noisy when he isn't fed as well."

He found Mormont talking with Thoren Smallwood and half a dozen other officers. "There you are," the old man said gruffly. "Bring us some hot wine, if you would. The night is chilly."

"Yes, my lord." Jon built a cookfire, claimed a small cask of Mormont's favorite robust red from stores, and poured it into a kettle. He hung the kettle above the flames while he gathered the rest of his ingredients. The Old Bear was particular about his hot spiced wine. So much cinnamon and so much nutmeg and so much honey, not a drop more. Raisins and nuts and dried berries, but no lemon, that was the rankest sort of southron heresy - which was queer, since he always took lemon in his morning beer. The drink must be hot to warm a man properly, the Lord Commander insisted, but the wine must never be allowed to come to a boil. Jon kept a careful eye on the kettle.

As he worked, he could hear the voices from inside the tent. Jarman Buckwell said, "The easiest road up into the Frostfangs is to follow the Milkwater back to its source. Yet if we go that path, Rayder will know of our approach, certain as sunrise."

"The Giant's Stair might serve," said Ser Mallador Locke, "or the Skirling Pass, if it's clear."

The wine was steaming. Jon lifted the kettle off the fire, filled eight cups, and carried them into the tent. The Old Bear was peering at the crude map Sat had drawn him that night back in Craster's Keep. He took a cup from Jon's tray, tried a swallow of wine, and gave a brusque nod of approval. His raven hopped down his arm. "Corn," it said. "Corn. Corn."

Ser Ottyn Wythers waved the wine away. "I would not go into the mountains at all," he said in a thin, tired voice. "The Frostfangs have a cruel bite even in summer, and now... if we should be caught by a storm..."

"I do not mean to risk the Frostfangs unless I must," said Mormont. "Wildlings can no more live on snow and stone than we can. They will emerge from the heights soon, and for a host of any size, the only route is along the Milkwater. If so, we are strongly placed here. They cannot hope to slip by us."

"They may not wish to. They are thousands, and we will be three hundred when the Halfhand reaches us." Ser Mallador accepted a cup from Jon.

"If it comes to battle, we could not hope for better ground than here," declared Mormont. "We'll strengthen the defenses. Pits and spikes, caltrops scattered on the slopes, every breach mended. Jarman, I'll want your sharpest eyes as watchers. A ring of them, all around us and along the river, to warn of any approach. Hide them up in trees. And we had best start bringing up water too, more than we need. We'll dig cisterns. It will keep the men occupied, and may prove needful later."

"My rangers..." started Thoren Smallwood.

"Your rangers will limit their ranging to this side of the river until the Halfhand reaches us. After that, we'll see. I will not lose more of my men."

"Mance Rayder might be massing his host a day's ride from here, and we'd never know," Smallwood complained.

"We know where the wildlings are massing," Mormont came back. "We had it from Craster. I dislike the man, but I do not think he lied to us in this."

"As you say." Smallwood took a sullen leave. The others finished their wine and followed, more courteously.

"Shall I bring you supper, my lord?" Jon asked.

"Corn," the raven cried. Mormont did not answer at once. When he did he said only, "Did your wolf find game today?"

"He's not back yet."

"We could do with fresh meat." Mormont dug into a sack and offered his raven a handful of corn. "You think I'm wrong to keep the rangers close?"

"That's not for me to say, my lord."

"It is if you're asked."

"If the rangers must stay in sight of the Fist, I don't see how they can hope to find my uncle," Jon admitted.

"They can't." The raven pecked at the kernels in the Old Bear's palm. "Two hundred men or ten thousand, the country is too





vast." The corn gone, Mormont turned his hand over.

"You would not give up the search?"

"Maester Aemon thinks you clever." Mormont moved the raven to his shoulder. The bird tilted its head to one side, little eyes aglitter.

The answer was there. "Is it... it seems to me that it might be easier for one man to find two hundred than for two hundred to find one."

The raven gave a cackling scream, but the Old Bear smiled through the grey of his beard. "This many men and horses leave a trail even Aemon could follow. On this hill, our fires ought to be visible as far off as the foothills of the Frostfangs. If Ben Stark is alive and free, he will come to us, I have no doubt."

"Yes," said Jon, "but... what if..."

"... he's dead?" Mormont asked, not unkindly.

Jon nodded, reluctantly.

"Dead," the raven said. "Dead. Dead."

"He may come to us anyway," the Old Bear said. "As Othor did, and Jafer Flowers. I dread that as much as you, Jon, but we must admit the possibility."

"Dead," his raven cawed, ruffling its wings. Its voice grew louder and more shrill. "Dead."

Mormont stroked the bird's black feathers, and stifled a sudden yawn with the back of his hand. "I will foresake supper, I believe. Rest will serve me better. Wake me at first light."

"Sleep well, my lord." Jon gathered up the empty cups and stepped outside. He heard distant laughter, the plaintive sound of pipes. A great blaze was crackling in the center of the camp, and he could smell stew cooking. The Old Bear might not be hungry, but Jon was. He drifted over towards the fire.

Dywen was holding forth, spoon in hand. "I know this wood as well as any man alive, and I tell you, I wouldn't care to ride through it alone tonight. Can't you smell it?"

Greenn was staring at him with wide eyes, but Dolorous Edd said, "All I smell is the shit of two hundred horses. And this stew. Which has a similar aroma, now that I come to sniff it."

"I've got your similar aroma" right here." Hake patted his dirk. Grumbling, he filled Jon's bowl from the kettle.

The stew was thick with barley, carrot, and onion, with here and there a ragged shred of salt beef, softened in the cooking.

"What is it you smell, Dywen?" asked Greenn.

The forester sucked on his spoon a moment. He had taken out his teeth. His face was leathery and wrinkled, his hands gnarled as old roots. "Seems to me like it smells... well... cold."

"Your head's as wooden as your teeth," Hake told him. "There's no smell to cold."

There is, thought Jon, remembering the night in the Lord Commander's chambers. It smells like death. Suddenly he was not hungry any more. He gave his stew to Greenn, who looked in need of an extra supper to warm him against the night.

The wind was blowing briskly when he left. By morning, frost

would cover the ground, and the tent ropes would be stiff and frozen. A few fingers of spiced wine sloshed in the bottom of the kettle. Jon fed fresh wood to the fire and put the kettle over the flames to reheat. He flexed his fingers as he waited, squeezing and spreading until the hand tingled. The first watch had taken up their stations around the perimeter of the camp. Torches flickered all along the ringwall. The night was moonless, but a thousand stars shone overhead.

A sound rose out of the darkness, faint and distant, but unmistakable - the howling of wolves. Their voices rose and fell, a chilly song, and lonely. It made the hairs rise along the back of his neck. Across the fire, a pair of red eyes regarded him from the shadows. The light of the flames made them glow.

"Ghost," Jon breathed, surprised. "So you came inside after all, eh?" The white wolf often hunted all night; he had not expected to see him again till daybreak. "Was the hunting so bad?" he asked. "Here. To me, Ghost."

The direwolf circled the fire, sniffing Jon, sniffing the wind, never still. It did not seem as if he were after meat right now. When the dead came walking, Ghost knew. He woke me, warned me. Alarmed, he got to his feet. "Is something out there? Ghost, do you have a scent?" Dywen said he smelled cold.

The direwolf loped off, stopped, looked back. He wants me to follow. Pulling up the hood of his cloak, Jon walked away from the tents, away from the warmth of his fire, past the lines of shaggy little garrons. One of the horses whickered nervously when Ghost padded by. Jon soothed him with a word, and paused to stroke his muzzle. He could hear the wind whistling through cracks in the rocks as they neared the ringwall. A voice called out a challenge. Jon stepped into the torchlight. "I need to fetch water for the Lord Commander."

"Go on, then," the guard said. "Be quick about it." Huddled beneath his black cloak, with his hood drawn up against the wind, the man never even looked to see if he had a bucket.

Jon slipped sideways between two sharpened stakes while Ghost slid beneath them. A torch had been thrust down into a crevice, its flames flying pale orange banners when the gusts came. He snatched it up as he squeezed through the gap between the stones. Ghost went racing down the hill. Jon followed more slowly, the torch thrust out before him as he made his descent. The camp sounds faded behind him. The night was black, the slope steep, stony, and uneven. A moment's inattention would be a sure way to break an ankle... or his neck. "What am I doing?" he asked himself as he picked his way down.

The trees stood beneath him, warriors armored in bark and leaf, deployed in their silent ranks awaiting the command to stork the hill. Black, they seemed... it was only when his torchlight brushed against them that Jon glimpsed a flash of green. Faintly, he heard the sound of water flowing over rocks. Ghost vanished in the underbrush. Jon struggled after him, listening to the call of the brook, to the leaves sighing in the wind. Branches clutched at his cloak, while overhead thick limbs twined together and shut out the stars.

He found Ghost lapping from the stream. "Ghost," he called,





"to me. Now." When the direwolf raised his head, his eyes glowed red and baleful, and water streamed down from his jaws like slaver. There was something fierce and terrible about him in that instant. And then he was off, bounding past Jon, racing through the trees. "Ghost, no, stay," he shouted, but the wolf paid no heed. The lean white shape was swallowed by the dark, and Jon had only two choices - to climb the hill again, alone, or to follow.

He followed, angry, holding the torch out low so he would could see the rocks that threatened to trip him with every step, the thick roots that seemed to grab as his feet, the holes where a man could twist an ankle. Every few feet he called again for Ghost, but the night wind was swirling among the trees and it drank the words. This is madness, he thought as he plunged deeper into the trees. He was about to turn back when he glimpsed a flash of white off ahead and to the right, back toward the hill. He jogged after it, cursing under his breath.

A quarter way around the Fist he chased the wolf before he lost him again. Finally he stopped to catch his breath amidst the scrub, thorns, and tumbled rocks at the base of the hill. Beyond the torchlight, the dark pressed close.

A soft scabbling noise made him turn. Jon moved toward the sound, stepping carefully amongst boulders and thorn bushes. Behind a fallen tree, he came on Ghost again. The direwolf was digging furiously, kicking up dirt.

"What have you found?" Jon lowered the torch, revealing a rounded mound of soft earth. A grave, he thought. But whose?

He knelt, jammed the torch into the ground beside him. The soil was loose, sandy. Jon pulled it out by the fistful. There were no stones, no roots. Whatever was here had been put here recently. Two feet down, his fingers touched cloth. He had been expecting a corpse, fearing a corpse, but this was something else. He pushed against the fabric and felt small, hard shapes beneath, unyielding. There was no smell, no sign of graveworms. Ghost backed off and sat on his haunches, watching.

Jon brushed the loose soil away to reveal a rounded bundle perhaps two feet across. He jammed his fingers down around the edges and worked it loose. When he pulled it free, whatever was inside shifted and clinked. Treasure, he thought, but the shapes were wrong to be coins, and the sound was wrong for metal.

A length of frayed rope bound the bundle together. Jon unsheathed his dagger and cut it, groped for the edges of the cloth, and pulled. The bundle turned, and its contents spilled out onto the ground, glittering dark and bright. He saw a dozen knives, leaf-shaped spear heads, numerous arrowheads. Jon picked up a dagger blade, feather light and shiny black, hiltless. Torchlight ran along its edge, a thin orange line that spoke of razor sharpness. Dragonglass. What the maesters call obsidian. "Had Ghost uncovered some ancient cache of the children of the forest, buried here for thousands of years? The Fist of the First Men was an old place, only...."

Beneath the dragonglass was an old warhorn, made from an auroch's horn and banded in bronze. Jon shook the dirt from inside it, and a stream of arrowheads fell out. He let them fall, and pulled up a corner of the cloth the weapons had been wrapped in, rubbing it between his fingers. Good wool, thick, a double weave, damp but not rotted. It could not have been long in the ground. And it was dark. He seized a handful and pulled it close to the torch. Not dark. Black.

Even before Jon stood and shook it out, he knew what he had: the black cloak of a Sworn Brother of the Night's Watch.





## ThylaXene - a History

by Craig Wellington

*Engaged all the morn upon business, examining the 5 prisoners that went into the bush. They informd me that on the 2 May when they were in the wood they see a large tyger... I make no doubt but here are many wild animals which we have not yet seen.*

**Reverend Robert Knopwood, Colonial Chaplain.  
Extracted from his diary, Tuesday June 18, 1805.**

*When the comparatively small island of Tasmania becomes more densely populated, and its primitive forests are intersected with roads from the eastern to the western coast, the numbers of this singular animal will speedily diminish, extermination will have its full sway, and it will then, like the Wolf in England and Scotland, be recorded as an animal of the past...*

**John Gould, Naturalist, c 1860.**

*The military incursion on the east coast of Tasmania was successful in liberating large numbers of civilians trapped and defenceless in coastal villages. Survivors further inland - and it was strongly suggested there were few if any - were unable to be reached.*

**Field Marshal Jessica Dean, Report to Parliament,  
November 23, 2039.**

*In the wild the ThylaXene is breeding at an unprecedented rate. Litters of up to 6 young, twice a year, per breeding pair are being recorded, with the young being independent of parents within three months. This is most unexpected of an apex marsupial carnivore, and is inconsistent with what is known of the original thylacine species.*

**Professor Jo Hanson, Scientific Paper: *The Wild ThylaXene*, January 7, 2026.**

"This is the scene of the attack. A quiet hamlet in northern Tasmania where it is believed up to six people have died terrible deaths. Killed in a vicious and brutal assault by - what? No-one will give any official acknowledgment. The authorities are tight lipped. But for how much longer? This is the third occurrence in as many days, and speculation is rife that the ThylaXene, the triumph of Australian bio-engineering, is turning on its creators." He paused for effect, then said, "Cut it."

He switched off his radio lapel microphone, and ran his hand through his black shiny hair.

"Okay, get all the pick up shots you can out here. I'll arrange to get us into the place. You know the deal."

"Right you are." The cameraman swung around to cover the frenetic activity of the police force. They were combing the yard at the front of the pub, "The Coach Inn", scouring for clues. Body bags were being carried from the public bar into waiting ambulances.

Tony Ray had been a reporter for VisLink for a year, and

was very glad he'd made the transition from the on-line tabloid he'd worked at previously. He loved being in the thick of the action, and this was one hell of a break. The ThylaXene attacks were going to win him an award, he could feel it.

"Captain. Tony Ray, VisLink."

The police officer looked at his ID.

"I'd like to get a couple of shots inside. We know the procedure - don't touch anything and all that."

"I'm afraid it won't be possible. You'll have to be happy with filming out here."

Tony stepped sideways slightly, so that the police officer had to turn to give back his ID. The officer's back was now to the pub.

"Actually," Tony continued. "You're in charge here, aren't you?"

"Correct."

"What would be a much better idea - without it necessarily giving away any information you are not free to share - would be an interview. Just a quick grab... you know." He couldn't believe how convincing he could sound. God he was good. "The public would love to get an insight from the man in charge at the scene. What do you think?"

The police woman at the door of the pub held her hand up to prevent the cameraman entering.

"Chaz Bailey, VisLink," he said. "It's okay. Your captain told me I've got sixty seconds inside while he gives the details to our reporter. And not a second longer." He grinned his fuck-me grin.

She looked at where Captain Reed was talking to Tony Ray, the TV guy.

"Sixty seconds," she said.

Chaz entered the bar and started shooting. Blood everywhere. Forensics people doing their bit. Two officers zipping up the last ragged corpse. Great stuff.

The burly officer noticed Tony's pre-occupation with something over his shoulder and turned just in time to see the cameraman entering the pub.

"You just got yourselves arrested," he said.

"Come off it. The public has a right to know."

Perhaps because they were both so intent of their equal and opposite positions in the ensuing argument, neither man noticed the ThylaXene until it was virtually on top of them.

It cantered on all fours down the country road and stopped a few metres away, sniffing the air.

Tony saw it first. "Christ!"

The officer turned. "Get over to the vehicles!" he snapped.

Tony complied without glancing back.

The police captain and the animal stood apart as if in contemplation of each other.





The police near the cars walked forward, to get a view of it. Few, if any, had seen a ThylaXene.

The odd stand-off continued. High noon on a country road, on a sunny northern Tasmanian day.

"Chaz, get out here!"

Chaz was already heading outside again when he heard Tony yell it. He pulled the camera back onto his shoulder and stepped onto the pub's threshold. He saw it through the view-finder first, and couldn't help sneaking a look with his other eye. It was incredible.

Just over waist-height to the man before it, its head and paws were huge, and tail was like a stiff rod of gristle. The chest and ribs were muscular and stocky, but the area of its intestines was oddly thin. The fur was sleek and thick, a fawn colour like that of kangaroos he'd seen, and across its lower back - rich chocolate brown stripes. A ThylaXene.

It lowered its head. It seemed to be smelling the men. Analysing them by their odour.

Then it turned away and walked back up the road a few metres. It moved with a stiff gait because of its rigid tail. The police officer it had been closest to removed his helmet and wiped his brow with his sleeve.

It glanced back over its shoulder and stopped, turning to face him again.

Now it attacked.

From a standing start it moved with incredible speed. It leapt and ran, bowling him over and gripping his shoulder in its jaw. It didn't slash with its teeth, it bit down, hard. A piercing technique, again and again, over his shoulder and neck, bones crunching and blood gushing. Chaz was shocked, but managed to keep calm and, above all else, keep rolling.

Several police ran and jumped onto the animal, trying to tear it away.

Then he heard Tony scream. He swung wildly until he found focus. Tony was backed up against a police car, a second ThylaXene moving in on him... Then a third and a fourth. He waved his arms at them and shouted. The animals stopped. They almost looked curious. He shouted again and jumped at them, jerking his arms at them wildly. This time they didn't react at all. One crouched backwards onto its hind quarters, its body twitching in anticipation. Tony Ray screamed. It leapt. The others followed. He didn't stand a chance. They simultaneously bit into his limbs, shaking his

screaming torso like a doll. He was floundering and screaming under their huge bodies. A dismembered arm flew sideways onto the gravel. Eventually his screams became muted and stopped. But now people were shouting and screaming all around. A female cop was trying to radio for armed back-up, but an animal was on her back, driving her onto the ground and ripping at her shoulders before she had a hope.

Chaz fought hard, but could barely keep his hands still, his whole body was trembling so violently.

He didn't know where they were coming from. He couldn't count them, there were so many. None of it seemed possible. People were being mercilessly torn apart in the animal frenzy. What he was filming was total carnage. *Keep filming.* That thought, ingrained, entrenched, repeated continuously in his head, was all that kept him from running.

Only once the animals began smashing through the car windscreens to get at those who'd locked themselves inside did Chaz decide to retreat into the pub. He turned to run.

It hit him like a train. He hurtled across the room, the camera smashing to the floor. The animal's teeth gripped his head from behind. He felt his skull cracking. He screamed in terror and agony and, somehow through the panic, accepted that he would die, yet took comfort from fact the video tape would be found...

\*\*\*

*This is an extract from the story printed in the Tasmanian collection ThylaXene, by Doran, Newman and Wellington (1996). The author of this piece, Craig Wellington, is currently working it into a longer format.*

*The editor of this magazine (Uh... That would be me) would like to take this opportunity to highly recommend this anthology. It is very good.*







"Our Virtual Guest JMS"



### The Hugo and Nebula Awards

The Hugo Awards were named in honor of Hugo Gernsback, "The Father of Magazine Science Fiction," as he was described in a special award given to him in 1960.

The Hugo Award, also known as the Science Fiction Achievement Award, is given annually by the World Science Fiction Society (WSFS). The distinguishing characteristics of the Hugo Award are that it is sponsored by WSFS, administered by the committee of the World Science Fiction Convention (Worldcon) held that year, and determined by nominations from and a popular vote of the membership of WSFS. In general, a Hugo Award given in a particular year is for work that appeared in the previous calendar year.

The Nebula Award is administered, voted and presented by The Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America (SFFWA). Nominees are in alphabetical order within year. Where Nebula awards had two ballots, only the final ballot is listed.

#### Hugo Awards

##### The Grand Masters

- 1974 Robert A. Heinlein
- 1975 Jack Williamson
- 1976 Clifford D. Simak
- 1978 L. Sprague de Camp
- 1981 Fritz Leiber
- 1983 Andre Norton
- 1985 Arthur C. Clarke
- 1986 Isaac Asimov
- 1987 Alfred Bester
- 1988 Ray Bradbury
- 1990 Lester Del Rey
- 1992 Frederik Pohl
- 1994 Damon Knight
- 1996 A. E. Van Vogt

1953

Novel: "The Demolished Man" by Alfred Bester

Professional Magazine: Galaxy and Astounding (tie)

Excellence in Fact Articles: Willy Ley

Cover Artist: Ed Emshwiller and Hannes Bok (tie)

Interior Illustrator: Virgil Finlay

New SF Author or Artist: Philip Jose Farmer

Number 1 Fan Personality: Forrest J Ackerman

1954

No Awards Given

1955

Novel: "They'd Rather Be Right" by Mark Clifton and Frank Riley

Novelette: "The Darfsteller" by Walter M. Miller, Jr.

## 1998 Ditmar Award Nominations

These were started in 1969. They were named after Martin James (Ditmar) Janssen, a founding member of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club, who financially supported the award until about 1975.

Ditmars are awarded at the Australian National Science Fiction Convention. Nominations are open to Australian fandom general. To vote one must be a member, of some sort, of the national convention.

### BEST LONG FICTION

- The White Abacus - Damien Broderick (Avon Books)
- Winter - Simon Brown (Harper Collins)
- Darkfall - Isobelle Carmody (Penguin)
- Old Bones - Paul Collins
- Sinner - Sara Douglas (Harper Collins)

### BEST SHORT FICTION

- Niagara Falling - Janeen Webb & Jack Dann (Black Mist)
- Lucent Carbon - Russell Blackford (Eidolon 25/26)
- The Willcroft Inheritance - Rick Kennett and Paul Collins (Gothic Ghosts)
- Reasons to be Cheerful - Greg Egan (Interzone #118)
- Grievous Music - Carole Nomarhas (Eidolon 24)

### BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

- Spellbinder 2 (9 Network)
- Degree Absolute (Bedlam Theatre Company)
- Multiverse Ceremonies Video

### BEST ARTWORK/ARTIST

- Kerri Valkova
- Mack McBride - Shivers Series
- Nick Stathopoulos
- Robert Jan
- R & D Studios - Eidolon Cover
- Shaun Tan - The Viewer

### BEST FANZINE

- Eidolon
- Frontier
- Thyme
- Captain's Log
- Oscillation Overthruster

### BEST FAN WRITER

- George Ivanoff
- Terry Frost
- Bruce Gillespie
- Leanne Frahm
- Karen Johnson
- Cathy Cupitt

### WILLIAM ATHELING AWARD

- Katharine & Darren Maxwell for X-files episode reviews in Frontier.
- Sean McMullen & Steven Paulsen - Australia: Australian Contemporary Fantasy (Encyclopedia of Fantasy - Orbit).



## How-to Books for Science Fiction Writers from WRITER'S BOOKCASE

**How to Write Science Fiction & Fantasy** Orson Scott Cards:- How to spin a wish or a speculation into a vivid convincing tale of human possibility  
Writer's Digest \$29.95

**How to Write Takes of Horror, Fantasy & Science Fiction** Ed by JN Williamson:- The masters of speculative fiction share how-to-instructions on writing stories about the weird, fantastic, unknown and imagined in 27 succinct chapters  
Writer's Digest \$29.95

**Writing Fantasy Fiction** Sarah LeFanu:- Learn how to write about heroic quests and mysterious worlds inhabited by winged serpents, unicorns and the forces of Good and Evil?  
A&C Black \$24.95

**The Craft and Writing Science Fiction that Sells** Ben Bova:- Best-Selling SF novelist Bova guides writers step by step through the major elements of SF storytelling.  
Writer's Digest \$33.95

**The Writer's Guide to Creating a Science Fiction Universe** G. Ochoa & J. Osier:- Create playable imaginative and self-consistent worlds. Describes contemporary science, plus scientific conventions already established  
Writer's Digest, hardcover \$37.95

**Science Fiction & Fantasy Writer's Sourcebook, 2<sup>nd</sup> Edn.** (where to sell your manuscript) D.H. Borcherding:- With its solid guidance and 300 market listings, this book will help with research on a publication.  
Writer's Digest, hardcover \$39.95

\*\*\*\*\*

And an exiting series of four books from Writer's Digest, edited by Ben Bova Hugo Award winner and author of Mars, Death Dream & other books.

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**Aliens and Alien Societies** Stanley Schmid:- Avoid bringing characters from solar systems unlikely to support life. Image the technology needed to cross the galaxy.  
Hardcover \$35.95

**World Building** Stephen Gillet:- A writer's guide to constructing star systems and life-supporting planets.  
Hardcover \$35.95

**Time Travel** Paul J Nahin:- A writers guide to the real science of plausible time travel.  
\$34.95

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**NOTE:** We try to carry stock of all the 160 or so titles we list on writing, editing and publishing. However, sometimes it may take a couple of weeks to replenish stock and supply some titles.

Short Story: "Allamagoosa" by Eric Frank Russell

Magazine: Astounding

Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Fan Magazine: Fantasy Times (James V. Taurasi, Sr. and Ray Van Houten, eds.)

Special Award: Sam Moskowitz as "Mystery Guest" and for his work on past conventions

1956

Novel: "Double Star" by Robert A. Heinlein

Novelette: "Exploration Team" by Murray Leinster

Short Story: "The Star" by Arthur C. Clarke

Feature Writer: Willy Ley

Magazine: Astounding

Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Fanzine: Inside & Science Fiction Advertiser (Ron Smith, ed.)

Most Promising New Author: Robert Silverberg

Book Reviewer: Damon Knight

1957

American Professional Magazine: Astounding

British Professional Magazine: New Worlds

Fan Magazine: Science Fiction Times

(James V. Taurasi, Ray Van Houten, and Frank Prieto, eds.)

1958

Novel or Novelette: "The Big Time" by Fritz Leiber

Short Story: "Or All the Seas With Oysters" by Avram Davidson

Outstanding Movie: The Incredible Shrinking Man

Magazine: Fantasy and Science Fiction

Outstanding Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Outstanding Actifan: Walter A. Willis

1959

Novel: "A Case of Conscience" by James Blish

Novelette: "The Big Front Yard" by Clifford D. Simak

Short Story: "That Hell-Bound Train" by Robert Bloch

SF or Fantasy Movie: No Award

Professional Magazine: Fantasy & Science Fiction

Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Amateur Magazine: Fanac (Ron Ellik and Terry Carr, eds.)

New Author of 1958: No Award (but Brian W. Aldiss received a plaque as runner-up)

1960

Novel: "Starship Troopers" by Robert A. Heinlein

Short Fiction: "Flowers for Algernon" by Daniel Keyes

Dramatic Presentation: The Twilight Zone

Professional Magazine: Fantasy & Science Fiction



Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller  
 Fanzine: Cry of the Nameless (F.M. and Elinor Busby, Burnett Toskey, and Wally Weber, eds.)  
 Special Award: Hugo Gernsback as "The Father of Magazine Science Fiction"

1961

Novel: "A Canticle for Leibowitz" by Walter M. Miller, Jr.  
 Short Fiction: "The Longest Voyage" by Poul Anderson  
 Dramatic Presentation: The Twilight Zone  
 Professional Magazine: Astounding/Analog  
 Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller  
 Fanzine: Who Killed Science Fiction? (Earl Kemp, ed.)

1962

Novel: "Stranger in a Strange Land" by Robert A. Heinlein  
 Short Fiction: the "Hothouse" series by Brian W. Aldiss  
 Dramatic Presentation: The Twilight Zone  
 Professional Magazine: Analog  
 Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller  
 Fanzine: Warhoon (Richard Bergeron, ed.)  
 Special Awards: Cele Goldsmith for editing Amazing and Fantastic  
 Donald H. Tuck for The Handbook of Science Fiction and Fantasy  
 Fritz Leiber and the Hoffman Electronic Corp. for the use of science fiction in advertisements

1963

Novel: "The Man in the High Castle" by Philip K. Dick  
 Short Fiction: "The Dragon Masters" by Jack Vance  
 Dramatic Presentation: No Award  
 Professional Magazine: Fantasy & Science Fiction  
 Professional Artist: Roy G. Krenkel  
 Amateur Magazine: Xero (Richard and Pat Lupoff, eds.)  
 Special Awards: P. Schuyler Miller for book reviews in Analog  
 Isaac Asimov for science articles in Fantasy & Science Fiction

1964

Novel: "Way Station" by Clifford Simak  
 Short Fiction: "No Truce With Kings" by Poul Anderson  
 Professional Magazine: Analog  
 Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller  
 SF Book Publisher: Ace Books  
 Amateur Magazine: Amra (George Scithers, ed.)

1965

Novel: "Dune" by Frank Herbert  
 Novella: "He Who Shapes" by Roger Zelazny, "The Saliva Tree" by Brian Aldiss (tie)  
 Novelette: "The Doors of His Face, the

## 1997 Australian Science Fiction Published Material

Listed here for your benefit is a list of Australia SF that was published in 1997. By buying these books you are supporting local authors.

This list is compiled by Marc Ortlieb, and can be found along with other excellent Australia SF resources on his web page at.

### Novels and Collections

- The Ghost of Love Street Venero Armanca (Lothian Books 1997)
- The Outcast Patricia Barnard (Harper Collins/Moonstone)
- The White Abacus Damien Broderick (Avon Books 1997)
- Punisher Patricia Barnard (Harper Collins 1997)
- Zones Damien Broderick and Rory Barnes (Harper Collins 1997)
- Winter Simon Brown (Harper Collins 1997)
- After Dark 23: The Doll Janine Burke (Lothian 1997)
- Darkfall Isobelle Carmody (Penguin 1997)
- Greylands Isobelle Carmody (Penguin 1997)
- The Blindman's Hat Bernard Cohen (Allen and Unwin 1997)
- Spaced Out! Paul Collins and Meredith Costain
- The Art of Arrow Cutting Stephen Dedman (Tor 1997)
- Sinner Sara Douglass (Harper Collins 1997)
- Diaspora Greg Egan (Millenium 1997)
- Dance To the Sun William Esrac (Baen 1997) (Based on a Serial in Tomorrow #7-10)
- After Dark #24: The Silver Eyes Jackie French (Lothian 1997)
- Dragonclaw Kate Forsyth (Arrow 1997)
- The Peppercorn Tree Sheryl Gardner (Lothian 1997)
- Cave Rats Kerry Greenwood (Hodder Staughton 1997)
- An Echo in Time: Atlantis Traci Harding (Harper Collins 1997)
- The Dark Edge Richard Harland (Pan 1997)
- Hanging By a Thread and Other Stories Julie Ireland (Harper Collins 1997)
- Eye to Eye Catherine Jinks (Penguin 1997)
- Dragonfox Andrew Lansdown (Scholastic 1997)
- After Dark 14: The Intruder R C Lindquist, illustrated by Chris Johnston (Lothian, 1997)
- The Last Eleven Dave Luckett (Omnibus 1997)
- Burning For Revenge John Marsden (Pan 1997)
- Knightshade Tower Martin Middleton (Pan 1997)
- Wolfsbaine Tower Martin Middleton (Pan 1997)
- Dagger Dark Richard Millership (Mandarin 1997)
- After Dark #22 The Lie Philip Nielson (Lothian 1997)
- Shade's Children Garth Nix (Allen & Unwin 1997)
- Trinity Street Sally Odgers (Harper Collins 1997)
- The Room With No Doors Kate Orman (Virgin 1997)
- After Dark #19: The Rings Jenny Pausacker (Lothian 1997)
- Talent Michael Pryor (Hodder Staughton 1997)
- The Prince Tim Richards (Allen and Unwin 1996)
- After Dark #21: The Vampires Cameron Rogers (Lothian 1997)
- Under the Cat's Eye Gillian Rubenstein (Hodder Staughton 1997)
- Funnel Web Richard Ryan (Pan 1997)
- Spellbinder: The Land Of the Dragon Lord Part 1 Mark Shirrefs and John Thompson (Hodder Staughton 1997)
- Spellbinder: The Land Of the Dragon Lord Part 2 Mark Shirrefs and John Thompson (Hodder Staughton 1997)
- Shivers #1: "Brain Drain" by Margaret Clark and "Old Bones" by Paul Collins
- Shivers#2: "Frankenkid" by Chris McTrusty and "Promise Not to Laugh" by Dianne Bates
- Shivers#3: "A Real Corpse" by Christine Harris and "Spook Bus" by Patricia Bernard
- Shivers#4: "Hell's Gully" by Ann C. Whitehead and "Night of the Voodoo Doll" by Meredith Costain
- After Dark 20: The Twist In The Tale Ruth Starke (Lothian 1997)
- Black Ice Lucy Sussex (Hodder Staughton 1997)
- Dead Set Emma Tom (Random House)
- Matilde Waltzing Elise Valmorbida (Allen and Unwin 1997)
- After Dark #18: The Bats Gavin Warner (Lothian 1997)



- Land of Golden Clouds Archie Weller (Allen & Unwin, 1997)
- The Infernal Kim Wilkins (Century 1997)

### Anthologies

- Thylaxene N.E. Doran, Stuart Newman & Craig Wellington (Desdichado Publishing 1996)\*
- The Year' Best Australian Science Fiction And Fantasy: Volume One Jonathan Strahan and Jeremy Byrne (Harper Collins 1997)

\*Although the publication date reads 1996, this was formally released in March 1997

### Short Fiction

- "2076" Leann Arndt Ibn Qirtaiba, March 1997
- "A Momentary Brightness" Karen Attard Eidolon 24
- "Extracts From a Chronicle" Karen Attard Eidolon 25/26
- "The Art of Dying" Kirsten Bishop Aurealis #19
- "Lucent Carbon" Russell Blackford Eidolon 25/26
- "The Rat Catcher" David Brooks Black Sea (Allen and Unwin 1997)
- "Initiation" Allen J Brown Under Magellanic Clouds #2
- "Love and Paris" Simon Brown Eidolon 25/26
- "The Mullet That Screwed John West" Bill Congreve Epiphanies of Blood
- "Them Bones" Colin Clark Aurealis #18
- "The Vernal Equinox" Christopher Cyrill Influence: Australian Voices Peter Skrzynecki (Anchor 1997)
- "Blind Eye" Jack Dann Science Fiction Age January 1997 \*
- "Bestseller" Stephen Dedman Eidolon 25/26
- "Return to Camelot" Stephen Dedman Realms of Fantasy February 1997
- "Schrödinger's Catalyst" Stephen Dedman F&SF December 1997
- "Suckerbait" Stephen Dedman Bloodsongs #8
- "The War, On Drugs" Stephen Dedman Aurealis #19
- "Enlightenment" Roslyn Donohoe Under Magellanic Clouds #2
- "Adrift" N.E. Doran Thylaxene
- "The Noog - a moral tale" N.E. Doran Thylaxene
- "Spaceman Cometh" N.E. Doran Thylaxene
- "Jenny Come Play" Terry Dowling Eidolon 25/26
- "Ten Minutes of Midnight" J.M Earle Aurealis #18
- "Reasons to be Cheerful" Greg Egan Interzone #118 April 1997.
- "Yeyuka" Greg Egan Meanjin, Volume 56 No. 1, 1997.
- "Crossed Rails" Jad El-Hage Influence: Australian Voices Peter Skrzynecki (Anchor 1997)
- "Transitions" William Esrac Tomorrow Online
- "And So Castles" Steve Fitzgerald Under Magellanic Clouds #2
- "Hello" Steve Fitzgerald Under Magellanic Clouds #2
- "The Storm" Amber Fortescue Under Magellanic Clouds #2
- "Seventeen Views of Mount Taranaki" Peter Friend Aurealis #18
- "Wormfeeder" Elvis Gladstone Under Magellanic Clouds #2
- "Dead Spydery" Alison Goodman Eidolon 24
- "Bare Bones" Beryl Greaves Under Magellanic Clouds
- "Jackie Chan" Chris Gregory Twins (Penguin)
- "Teratology" Chris Gregory Twins (Penguin)
- "The Fine Print" Peter Hanbury Under Magellanic Clouds #2
- "The River of Dreams" Le Hang Influence: Australian Voices Peter Skrzynecki (Anchor 1997)
- "Chippies" Edwina Harvey Aurealis #19
- "A Case For Blackmail" Julie Ireland Hanging by a Thread and Other Stories
- "Hanging by a Thread" Julie Ireland Hanging by a Thread and Other Stories
- "Mercy Killing" Julie Ireland Hanging by a Thread and Other Stories
- "Open Finding" Julie Ireland Hanging by a Thread and Other Stories
- "The Verdict" Julie Ireland Hanging by a Thread and Other Stories
- "A Point of Wager" Trent Jamieson Under Magellanic Clouds #2
- "Phantom" Jaram Kass Under Magellanic Clouds #2
- "Due West" Rick Kennett Eidolon 25/26
- "The Willcroft Inheritance" Rick Kennett and Paul Collins Gothic Ghosts ed Charles Grant.
- "Nicholas Afalling" Jodie Kewley Eidolon 24
- "The Conversion of Anage" Stephen Lawrence Aurealis #19
- "Downtime" Brent Lillie The Mentor 91
- "Neutopia" Brent Lillie Aurealis #19
- "Split" Brent Lillie The Mentor 92

Lamps of His Mouth" by Roger Zelazny  
Short Story: "Repent, Harlequin!", Said the Ticktockman" by Harlan Ellison

1966

Novel: "Babel-17" by Samuel R. Delany,  
"Flowers For Algernon" by Daniel Keyes (tie)  
Novella: "The Last Castle" by Jack Vance  
Novelette: "Call Him Lord" by Gordon R. Dickson  
Short Story: "The Secret Place" by Richard McKenna

1967

Novel: "The Einstein Intersection" by Samuel R. Delany  
Novella: "Behold the Man" by Michael Moorcock  
Novelette: "Gonna Roll the Bones" by Fritz Leiber  
Short Story: "Aye, and Gomorrah" by Samuel R. Delany

1968

Novel: "Rite of Passage" by Alexei Panshin  
Novella: "Dragonrider" by Anne McCaffrey  
Novelette: "Mother to the World" by Richard Wilson  
Short Story: "The Planners" by Kate Wilhelm

1969

Novel: "The Left Hand of Darkness" by Ursula K. Le Guin  
Novella: "A Boy and His Dog" by Harlan Ellison  
Novelette: "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones" by Samuel R. Delany  
Short Story: "Passengers" by Robert Silverberg

1970

Novel: "Ringworld" by Larry Niven  
Novella: "Ill Met in Lankmar" by Fritz Leiber  
Novelette: "Slow Sculpture" by Theodore Sturgeon  
Short Story: No Award

1971

Novel: "A Time of Changes" by Robert Silverberg  
Novella: "The Missing Man" by Katherine MacLean  
Novelette: "The Queen of Air and Darkness" by Poul Anderson  
Short Story: "Good News from the Vatican" by Robert Silverberg

1972

Novel: "The Gods Themselves" by Isaac Asimov  
Novella: "A Meeting With Medusa" by



Arthur C. Clarke

Novel: "Goat Song" by Poul Anderson  
Short Story: "When It Changed" by Joanna Russ

1973

Novel: "Rendezvous With Rama" by Arthur C. Clarke  
Novella: "The Death of Doctor Island" by Gene Wolfe  
Novel: "Of Mist, and Grass, and Sand" by Vonda McIntyre  
Short Story: "Love Is the Plan, the Plan is Death" by James Tiptree, Jr.  
Dramatic Presentation: Soylent Green

1974

Novel: "The Dispossessed" by Ursula K. Le Guin  
Novella: "Born With the Dead" by Robert Silverberg  
Novel: "If the Stars Are Gods" by Gordon Eklund & Gregory Benford  
Short Story: "The Day Before the Revolution" by Ursula K. Le Guin  
Dramatic Presentation: Sleeper by Woody Allen

1975

Novel: "The Forever War" by Joe Haldeman  
Novella: "Home Is the Hangman" by Roger Zelazny  
Novel: "San Diego Lightfoot Sue" by Tom Reamy  
Short Story: "Catch That Zeppelin" by Fritz Leiber  
Dramatic Presentation: Young Frankenstein by Mel Brooks & Gene Wilder  
Special Plaque: George Pal, for his film work

1976

Novel: "Man Plus" by Frederik Pohl  
Novella: "Houston, Houston, Do You Read?" by James Tiptree, Jr.  
Novel: "The Bicentennial Man" by Isaac Asimov  
Short Story: "A Crowd of Shadows" by C. L. Grant

1977

Novel: "Gateway" by Frederik Pohl  
Novella: "Stardance" by Spider & Jeanne Robinson  
Novel: "The Screwfly Solution" by Racoona Sheldon  
Short Story: "Jeffy is Five" by Harlan Ellison

1978

Novel: "Dreamsnake" by Vonda McIntyre  
Novella: "The Persistence of Vision" by John Varley  
Novel: "A Glow of Candles, A Unicorn's Eye" by C. L. Grant  
Short Story: "Stone" by Edward Bryant

- "The View From Stickney Crater" Rick Kennett Aurealis #18
- "The Guardian" Carolyn Logan Bloodsongs #8
- "Alexander's Feats" Rosaleen Love Eidolon 25/26
- "Tears for Broken Toys" Kirstyn McDermott Bloodsongs #8
- "Caterpillars" Geoffrey Maloney Under Magellanic Clouds #2
- "The Gift" Thomas Massey Under Magellanic Clouds #2
- "The Abomination" Ian Mond Bloodsongs #8
- "4 a.m. Immortal " Stuart Newman Thylaxene
- "Femora Artifice " Stuart Newman Thylaxene
- "Search and Rescue " Stuart Newman Thylaxene
- "The Secret Marriage " Stuart Newman Thylaxene
- "To Be A Freeman " Stuart Newman Thylaxene
- "The Valued Citizen " Stuart Newman Thylaxene
- "Grievous Music" Carole Nomarhas Eidolon 24
- "Seeing Black And White" Ben Peek The Mentor 92
- "Time to Burn" Michael Pryor Aurealis #18
- "The City" Ken Rawlinson Under Magellanic Clouds #2
- "Meaning of Life" Zita Rawlinson Under Magellanic Clouds #2
- "Shades of Grey" Tracey Rolfe Eidolon 24
- "Stealing the Seed" Jane Routley Eidolon 24
- "Broken Telephone" Rosa Safransky Influence: Australian Voices Peter Skrzynecki (Anchor 1997)
- "Lifelocked" Will Sand Ibn Qirtaiba, March 1997
- "Aphrodite's Gift" Helen Sargeant Australian Women's Forum May 1997
- "Platform 79" John T. Stolarczyk Aurealis #1
- "Die Skerricks von Truth" Dirk Strasser Die Saumige Zeimaschine Wolfgang Jerscke (Heyne Verlag 1997)
- "The Dark Under the Skin" Dirk Strasser Eidolon 25/26
- "In Infinite Night and Memory" Andrew Sullivan The Mentor 91
- "Adeline" Lucy Sussex Aurealis #18
- "Merlusine" Lucy Sussex The Horns of Elfland(ROC 1997)
- "Death at The Blue Elephant" Janeen Webb Enter (Flamingo 1997)
- "Niagara Falling" Janeen Webb & Jack Dann Black Mist ed Orson Scott Card & Keith Ferrell (Daw 1997)
- "Spirit Woman" Archie Weller Influence: Australian Voices Peter Skrzynecki (Anchor 1997)
- "ThylaXene - A History" Craig Wellington Thylaxene
- "The Freezing of Sarah" Sean Williams Bloodsongs #9
- "Love and Mandarins" Sean Williams Eidolon 25/26
- "The Five Brothers" Renny Willins Bloodsongs #8
- "Dingoess" B. Wongar Influence: Australian Voices Peter Skrzynecki (Anchor 1997)

\* Originally listed for publication in September 1996

Last Up-Dated - March 31 1998

Compiled by Marc Ortlieb, using information provided by Justin Ackroyd, Alan Stewart, Marc Ortlieb, Paul Collins, Peter MacNamara and Aurealis.



## Australian SF small presses

You all know about the big publishers, but what about the thriving small press market for Australian SF? The below listed traders all deserve recognition for their contribution to the genre and their promotion of Australian talent in everything from short stories to novels. Please contact them for further details about their past, current & future products.

**Altair Publishing:** producing *Altair* magazine, an international journal of SF & F short stories (twice yearly). Editors: Robert N. Stephenson, Jason Bleckly, Andrew Collings, & Rob Bleckly. PO Box 475, Blackwood, South Australia 5051; [altair@senet.com.au](mailto:altair@senet.com.au); <http://www.ozemail.com.au/~robsteph/altair.htm>  
ph (08) 8278 8995; fax (08) 8278 5585

**Aphelion Publications:** producers of numerous novels and collections. Editor/Publisher Peter McNamara. PO Box 619, North Adelaide, South Australia 5006; [2macs@adam.com.au](mailto:2macs@adam.com.au); Ph/fax (08) 8267 3798

**Chimaera Publications:** producing *Aurealis*, Australian Fantasy and Science Fiction (twice yearly) and other publications. Editors: Dirk Strasser & Stephen Higgins. PO Box 2164, Mount Waverley, Victoria 3149, Australia; <http://www.aurealis.hl.net>

**Desdichado Publishing:** sporadically producing novels and anthologies. PO Box 310, Sandy Bay, Tasmania 7006 Australia; [Niall.Doran@utas.edu.au](mailto:Niall.Doran@utas.edu.au); [http://www.trump.net.au/~s\\_newman/deshome.htm](http://www.trump.net.au/~s_newman/deshome.htm)

**Eidolon Publications:** producing *Eidolon*, the Journal of Australian Science Fiction and Fantasy (quarterly), and other publications. Also running the Eidolist Internet discussion group. Editors Jonathan Strahan & Jeremy G Byrne. PO Box 225, North Perth, Western Australia 6006; [eidolon@midnight.com.au](mailto:eidolon@midnight.com.au); <http://www.midnight.com.au/eidolon/home.htm>

**Infinite Monkeys.** 68 Excalibur Circle, Westfield, Western Australia 6111, [mouse@cygnus.uwa.edu.au](mailto:mouse@cygnus.uwa.edu.au)

**K&J Publishing:** producing *Frontier: The Australian Science Fiction Media Magazine* (quarterly). Owners Katharine Maxwell & Jeremy Sadler. PO Box 100, Fairfield, Victoria 3078, Australia, [frontier@rocketship.com](mailto:frontier@rocketship.com), <http://nemesis.com.au/fastjax/frontier/INDEX.HTM>

**Maxine Komlos:** [oliri@ozemail.com.au](mailto:oliri@ozemail.com.au); <http://ching.apana.org.au/~oliri/trans.html> ph: (08) 8353 5762

**Mirrordanse Books:** PO Box 3542, Parramatta, New South Wales 2124, Australia

**Nimrod Publications:** PO Box 170, New Lambton, New South Wales 2305, Australia

1979

Novel: "The Fountains of Paradise" by Arthur C. Clarke  
Novella: "Enemy Mine" by Barry B. Longyear  
Novelette: "Sandkings" by George R. R. Martin  
Short Story: "GiANTS" by Edward Bryant

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Novel: "Timescape" by Gregory Benford  
Novella: "Unicorn Tapestry" by Suzy McKee Charnas  
Novelette: "The Ugly Chickens" by Howard Waldrop  
Short Story: "Grotto of the Dancing Deer" by Clifford D. Simak

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Novel: "The Claw of the Conciliator" by Gene Wolfe  
Novella: "The Saturn Game" by Poul Anderson  
Novelette: "The Quickening" by Michael Bishop  
Short Story: "The Bone Flute" by Lisa Tuttle [declined by author]

1982

Novel: "No Enemy But Time" by Michael Bishop  
Novella: "Another Orphan" by John Kessel  
Novelette: "Fire Watch" by Connie Willis  
Short Story: "A Letter From the Clearys" by Connie Willis

1983

Novel: "Startide Rising" by David Brin  
Novella: "Hardfought" by Greg Bear  
Novelette: "Blood Music" by Greg Bear  
Short Story: "The Peacemaker" by Gardner Dozois

1984

Novel: "Neuromancer" by William Gibson  
Novella: "Press Enter [ ]" by John Varley  
Novelette: "Blood Child" by Octavia Butler  
Short Story: "Morning Child" by Gardner Dozois

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Novel: "Ender's Game" by Orson Scott Card  
Novella: "Sailing to Byzantium" by Robert Silverberg  
Novelette: "Portraits of His Children" by George R. R. Martin  
Short Story: "Out of All Them Bright Stars" by Nancy Kress

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Novella: "R&R" by Lucius Shepard



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Short Story: "Tangents" by Greg Bear

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Novella: "The Blind Geometer" by Kim Stanley Robinson  
Novelette: "Rachel in Love" by Pat Murphy  
Short Story: "Forever Yours, Anna" by Kate Wilhelm

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Novella: "The Last of the Winnebagos" by Connie Willis  
Novelette: "Schrodinger's Kitten" by George Alec Effinger  
Short Story: "Bible Stories for Adults, No. 17: The Deluge" by James Morrow

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Novel: "The Healer's War" by Elizabeth Ann Scarborough  
Novella: "The Mountains of Mourning" by Lois McMaster Bujold  
Novelette: "At the Rialto" by Connie Willis  
Short Story: "Ripples in the Dirac Sea" by Geoffrey A. Landis

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Novel: "Tehanu: The Last Book of Earthsea" by Ursula K. Le Guin  
Novella: "The Hemingway Hoax" by Joe Haldeman  
Novelette: "Tower of Babylon" by Ted Chiang  
Short Story: "Bears Discover Fire" by Terry Bisson

1991

Novel: "Stations of the Tide" by Michael Swanwick  
Novella: "Beggars in Spain" by Nancy Kress  
Novelette: "Guide Dog" by Mike Conner  
Short Story: "Ma Qui" by Alan Brennert

1992

Novel: Doomsday Book by Connie Willis (Bantam)  
Novella: "City Of Truth," by James Morrow  
Novelette: "Danny Goes to Mars," by Pamela Sargent (Asimov's Oct92)  
Short Story: "Even the Queen," by Connie Willis (Asimov's Apr92)

1993

Novel: Red Mars, by Kim Stanley Robinson  
Novella: The Night We Buried Road Dog, by Jack Cady  
Novelette: Georgia on My Mind, by

**Shadowfall:** PO Box 809, Mount Ommancy, Queensland 4074, Australia; darkpath@powerup.com.au

**Ticonderoga Publications:** producing collections and chapbooks, with their *Ghost Seas* reviewed by *Locus* as "one of the best story collections of the year". Editor/Publisher Russell B. Farr. PO Box 407, Nedlands, Western Australia, 6909; russell.farr@rph.health.wa.gov.au  
<http://www.ozemail.com.au/~nanite/russell/>  
ph: (08) 9389 9054

**Tompkins House:** PO Box 46, Forest Hill, Victoria 3131, Australia; thp@ozemail.com.au

**Peter Trevorah:** PO Box 1095, Thornbury, Victoria 3071, Australia.

**Under Magellanic Clouds:** 1640 Mongogarie Road, Upper Mongogarie, New South Wales 2470, Australia.

Primarily sourced from Russell B. Farr. Thanks also to Tansy Roberts, & the editors of the respective presses.

# Frontier

**The Australian Science Fiction Media Magazine**



**The voice for the AUSTRALIAN science fiction fan!**  
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E-mail: [frontier@rocketship.com](mailto:frontier@rocketship.com)

Contact us for advertising rates.



# Thylacon Members

As of 1 June 1998

1. Leanne Frahm
2. George R R Martin
3. Parris McBride
4. Neil Gaiman
5. Karen Johnson
6. Niall Doran
7. Cheryl Morgan
8. Kevin Standlee
9. Peter Nicholls
10. Claire Coney
11. Trish Smyth
12. Wayne Turner
13. Jenny Blackford
14. Russell Blackford
15. Sean McMullen
16. Jean Weber
17. Eric Lindsay
18. Shane Welch
19. Andrew Finch
20. Tansy Roberts
21. Alan Stewart
22. Craig Macbride
23. Nicola Cowles
24. Paul Harris
25. Justin Ackroyd
26. Jenny Ackroyd
27. Lucy Ackroyd (18 months)
28. Mandy Herriot
29. David McDonnell
30. Mark Dewis
31. Matthew Bailey
32. Derek Binns
33. Donna Heenan
34. Rosie Gibbons
35. Lloyd Flack
36. Sharon Nebel
37. Terry Frost
38. Tony Power
39. Anne Osmond
40. David Stevens
41. Richard Sprent
42. Cary Lenehan
43. Marjorie Lenehan
44. Brenden Lenehan
45. Sarah Lenehan
46. Robin Johnson
47. Adam Gray
48. Paul Collins
49. Randle Flynn
50. Marc McBride
51. Barbara Greenstreet
52. Marc Ortlieb
53. Avatar Polymorph (formerly Nicholas Playford)
54. Nick Stathopoulos
55. Meredith Costain
56. Rowena Lindquist
57. Karan Warnock
58. Gerald Smith
59. Paul Sauders
60. Greg Gerrand

Charles Sheffield  
Short Story: Graves, by Joe Haldeman

1994

Novel: Moving Mars, by Greg Bear  
Novella: Seven Views of Olduvai Gorge, by Mike Resnick  
Novelette: The Martian Child, by David Gerrold  
Short Story: A Defense of the Social Contracts, by Martha Soukup

1995

Novel: Hobson's Choice/The Terminal Experiment, by Robert J. Sawyer  
Novella: Last Summer At Mars Hill, by Elizabeth Hand  
Novelette: Solitude, by Ursula K. Le Guin  
Short Story: Death and the Librarian, by Esther M. Friesner

SFWA Nebula Awards

Grand Master Award Winners

1974 Robert A. Heinlein  
1975 Jack Williamson  
1976 Clifford D. Simak  
1978 L. Sprague de Camp  
1981 Fritz Leiber  
1983 Andre Norton  
1985 Arthur C. Clarke  
1986 Isaac Asimov  
1987 Alfred Bester  
1988 Ray Bradbury  
1990 Lester del Rey  
1992 Frederik Pohl  
1994 Damon Knight  
1995 A. E. Van Vogt  
1996 Jack Vance  
1997 Poul Anderson

Nebula Awards from the 1960s

1965 Nebula Winners

Novel: Dune by Frank Herbert  
Novella: "He Who Shapes" by Roger Zelazny and "The Saliva Tree" by Brian Aldiss (tie)  
Novelette: "The Doors of His Face, the Lamps of His Mouth" by Roger Zelazny  
Short Story: "Repent, Harlequin!" Said the Ticktockman" by Harlan Ellison

1966 Nebula Winners

Novel: Babel-17 by Samuel R. Delany and Flowers For Algernon by Daniel Keyes (tie)  
Novella: "The Last Castle" by Jack Vance  
Novelette: "Call Him Lord" by Gordon R. Dickson  
Short Story: "The Secret Place" by Richard McKenna

1967 Nebula Winners

Novel: The Einstein Intersection by Samuel R. Delany  
Novella: "Behold the Man" by Michael



#### Moorcock

Novel: "Gonna Roll the Bones" by Fritz Leiber

Short Story: "Aye, and Gomorrah" by Samuel R. Delany

#### 1968 Nebula Winners

Novel: Rite of Passage by Alexei Panshin

Novella: "Dragonrider" by Anne McCaffrey

Novel: "Mother to the World" by Richard Wilson

Short Story: "The Planners" by Kate Wilhelm

#### 1969 Nebula Winners

Novel: The Left Hand of Darkness by Ursula K. Le Guin

Novella: "A Boy and His Dog" by Harlan Ellison

Novel: "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones" by Samuel R. Delany

Short Story: "Passengers" by Robert Silverberg

#### 1970 Nebula Winners

Novel: Ringworld by Larry Niven

Novella: "Ill Met in Lankmar" by Fritz Leiber

Novel: "Slow Sculpture" by Theodore Sturgeon

Short Story: No Award

#### 1971 Nebula Winners

Novel: A Time of Changes by Robert Silverberg

Novella: "The Missing Man" by Katherine MacLean

Novel: "The Queen of Air and Darkness" by Poul Anderson

Short Story: "Good News from the Vatican" by Robert Silverberg

#### 1972 Nebula Winners

Novel: The Gods Themselves by Isaac Asimov

Novella: "A Meeting With Medusa" by Arthur C. Clarke

Novel: "Goat Song" by Poul Anderson

Short Story: "When It Changed" by Joanna Russ

#### 1973 Nebula Winners

Novel: Rendezvous With Rama by Arthur C. Clarke

Novella: "The Death of Doctor Island" by Gene Wolfe

Novel: "Of Mist, and Grass, and Sand" by Vonda McIntyre

Short Story: "Love Is the Plan, the Plan is Death" by James Tiptree, Jr.

Dramatic Presentation: Soylent Green

#### 1974 Nebula Winners

## The Thylacon II Committee

Hello!

This is the bit where we introduce the (occasionally) hardworking committee members who have made this event possible.

### Robin Johnson – Convenor

Robin is rather well known in Australian fandom. He's been active in Cons and clubs for more decades than I care to imagine. He was responsible for assembling the committee and then ensuring that we had interesting and cryptic postcards from far off places to study when we should have been 'organising'.

### Favourite Books

Robin refused to answer this because everyone who has written a book has met him at some time or another and he's not into favouritism.

### Favourite things

Being retired, not having kids, being able to travel, drinking fine wine and having a wife who collects books too.

### Cary Lenehan – Co-convenor (Whatever that is...)

Cary is an old hand at these convention type things. He has also been fairly heavily involved in some of the associated activities such as SCA, RPGs, Wging, and other strange and mysterious things with acronyms. His primary responsibility was to speak in a very deep voice, provide coffee, and fret over his rapidly approaching Thesis deadline. He did all of these admirably.

### Favourite books

*Lord of the Rings*, *Mars Trilogy* (by Kim Stanley Robinson), *Pride and Prejudice*, *Dorsai Series*, *War and Peace*.

### Favourite things

Jamaican Blue Mountain Coffee, Good Whiskey, Any painting by Van Gogh, Any painting by Piguinet, curried scallops.

### Niall Doran – Uh... Stuff

Niall is a gentleman and a scholar. His primary responsibility was to actually do stuff and be cheerful. He did both of these things remarkably well. Pretty amazing given that he spends all of his time wrestling with the mental challenges of polluted pond scum... Seriously, folks. That's what he does. He studies pond scum - he may call it plankton, but if it looks like pond scum, tastes like pond scum and quacks like pond scum...

### Favourite things

Funnelweb spiders, Beer, Blondes (bouncy variety), Picking on "Star Trek", Life BEFORE organising a convention.

### Favourite books

*The Mote in God's Eye*, *Dune*, *Ender's Game*, *Starhunt* (aka "Yesterday's Children") - David Gerrold, *Who Goes There?* - John W Campbell Jr. (Alright, so it's a novella. Sue me)



### David Stevens – Treasurer and Assistant Editor

Dave is a driven and committed fellow. Works diligently. His motto seems to be; "Aw, come on guys, we've got to get organised!". Hopes to have finally learned not to volunteer (You know... for Convention type things, etc.).

#### Favourite things

Lego, Listening to rain on a tin roof while in bed at night, Time spent with my best friend, Pale Ale, Monday night wargaming.

#### Favourite books

Dr Seuss Books, Anything By Mike Mignola( followed very closely by, Chaykin, Miller, and Gaiman), The War Hound and the Worlds Pain, Snowcrash, Usagi Yoyimbo comic series.

### Adam Gray – Editor

Adam is an individual of remarkable charisma and elan. His wit, generosity, and staggering intellect have made him an unparalleled joy to work with throughout the organisation of this Convention. The rest of the committee have all felt honoured to have the opportunity to work with him. (NOT - Rest of the committee!!!)

#### Favourite things

Platters that giggle, Hobart, My Nephews and Neices, My faithful ailing computer, Being.

#### Favourite books

*Discworld Series*, *The Sentimental Bloke: Pickering's salute to C.J. Dennis*, *Good Omens* (By Pratchett and Wozname), *Last chance to see* by Douglas Adams, Whatever I am reading at the time.

### Derek Binns – Security

Ooh ah! Binnsy! Now here is a wholly and totally fictional character. I can say this on the empirical evidence that I've never met him and he doesn't answer his email. On top of that, he's been given the responsibility of making sure that 'we don't have any trouble'. Yeesh. What's gunna happen? A couple of Dr. Who freaks are gunna tank up on Shirley Temples and run around yelling "Exterminate!" at the top of their lungs?

#### Favourite book/series

*Lord of the Rings*, *Amber series*, *Wheel of Time series*, *Saga of the Exiles*, *Doctor Who New Adventures* by various writers

#### Favourite things

Fav TV show - Babylon 5, Fav comic series - Sandman, Fav movie - Company of Wolves, Fav writer - Neil Gaiman, Fav hobby - Medieval fighting and feasting as part of the Society for Creative Anachronism

Novel: *The Dispossessed* by Ursula K. Le Guin

Novella: "Born With the Dead" by Robert Silverberg

Novellette: "If the Stars Are Gods" by Gordon Eklund & Gregory Benford

Short Story: "The Day Before the Revolution" by Ursula K. Le Guin

Dramatic Presentation: *Sleeper* by Woody Allen

#### 1975 Nebula Winners

Novel: *The Forever War* by Joe Haldeman

Novella: "Home is the Hangman" by Roger Zelazny

Novellette: "San Diego Lightfoot Sue" by Tom Reamy

Short Story: "Catch That Zeppelin" by Fritz Leiber

Dramatic Presentation: *Young Frankenstein* by Mel Brooks & Gene Wilder

Special Plaque: George Pal, for his film work

#### 1976 Nebula Winners

Novel: *Man Plus* by Frederik Pohl

Novella: "Houston, Houston, Do You Read?" by James Tiptree, Jr.

Novellette: "The Bicentennial Man" by Isaac Asimov

Short Story: "A Crowd of Shadows" by C. L. Grant

#### 1977 Nebula Winners

Novel: *Gateway* by Frederik Pohl

Novella: "Stardance" by Spider & Jeanne Robinson

Novellette: "The Screwfly Solution" by Racoona Sheldon

Short Story: "Jeffy Is Five" by Harlan Ellison

#### 1978 Nebula Winners

Novel: *Dreamsnake* by Vonda McIntyre

Novella: "The Persistence of Vision" by John Varley

Novellette: "A Glow of Candles, A Unicorn's Eye" by C. L. Grant

Short Story: "Stone" by Edward Bryant

#### 1979 Nebula Winners

Novel: *The Fountains of Paradise* by Arthur C. Clarke

Novella: "Enemy Mine" by Barry B. Longyear

Novellette: "Sandkings" by George R. R. Martin

Short Story: "GIANTS" by Edward Bryant

#### 1980 Nebula Winners

Novel: *Timescape* by Gregory Benford

Novella: "Unicorn Tapestry" by Suzy McKee Charnas

Novellette: "The Ugly Chickens" by Howard Waldrop

Short Story: "Grotto of the Dancing Deer"



## The Ditmar Awards

by Clifford D. Simak

### 1981 Nebula Winners

Novel: *The Claw of the Conciliator* by Gene Wolfe

Novella: "The Saturn Game" by Poul Anderson

Novelette: "The Quickening" by Michael Bishop

Short Story: "The Bone Flute" by Lisa Tuttle [declined by author]

### 1982 Nebula Winners

Novel: *No Enemy But Time* by Michael Bishop

Novella: "Another Orphan" by John Kessel

Novelette: "Fire Watch" by Connie Willis

Short Story: "A Letter From the Clearys" by Connie Willis

### 1983 Nebula Winners

Novel: *Startide Rising* by David Brin

Novella: "Hardfought" by Greg Bear

Novelette: "Blood Music" by Greg Bear

Short Story: "The Peacemaker" by Gardner Dozois

### 1984 Nebula Winners

Novel: *Neuromancer* by William Gibson

Novella: "Press Enter []" by John Varley

Novelette: "Blood Child" by Octavia Butler

Short Story: "Morning Child" by Gardner Dozois

### 1985 Nebula Winners

Novel: *Ender's Game* by Orson Scott Card

Novella: "Sailing to Byzantium" by Robert Silverberg

Novelette: "Portraits of His Children" by George R. R. Martin

Short Story: "Out of All Them Bright Stars" by Nancy Kress

### 1986 Nebula Winners

Novel: *Speaker for the Dead* by Orson Scott Card

Novella: "R&R" by Lucius Shepard

Novelette: "The Girl Who Fell Into the Sky" by Kate Wilhelm

Short Story: "Tangents" by Greg Bear

### 1987 Nebula Winners

Novel: *The Falling Woman* by Pat Murphy

Novella: "The Blind Geometer" by Kim Stanley Robinson

Novelette: "Rachel in Love" by Pat Murphy

Short Story: "Forever Yours, Anna" by Kate Wilhelm

### 1988 Nebula Winners

Novel: *Falling Free* by Lois McMaster Bujold

Novella: "The Last of the Winnebagos" by Connie Willis

1969

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *False Fatherland*, A Bertram Chandler

Best International Fiction: *Camp Concentration*, Thomas Disch

Best Contemporary Author: Brain Aldiss

Best Australian Fanzine: *Australian Science Fiction Review*, John Bagsund

1970

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Dancing Gerontius*, Lee Harding

Best International Fiction: *Cosmicomics*, Italo Calvino

Best Professional Magazine Vision of Tomorrow

Best Australian Fanzine: *The Journal of Omphalistic Epistemology*, John Foyster

1971

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction:

Best Australian Fanzine: *The Somerset Gazette*, Noel Kerr

Special Awards John Baxter (SF in the Cinema)&Ron Graham (Visions of Tomorrow)

1972

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Fallen Spaceman*, Lee Harding

Best International Fiction: *Ringworld*, Larry Niven

Best Contemporary Author:

Best Australian Fanzine: *SF Commentary*, Bruce Gillespie

1973

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Let It Ring*, John Foyster

Best International Fiction: *The Gods Themselves*, Isaac Asimov

Best Dramatic Presentation: *Aussiefan*

Best Australian Fanzine: *SF Commentary*, Bruce Gillespie

1974

No Awards Given

1975

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *The Bitter Pill*, A. Bertram Chandler

Best International Fiction: *Protector*, Larry Niven

Best Australian Fanzine: *Osiris*, Del & Dennis Stocks

1976

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *The Big Black Mark*, A. Bertram Chandler

Best International Fiction: *The Forever War*, Joe Haldman

Best Australian Fanzine: *Fanew Sletter*, Leigh Edmonds

William Atheling Jr Award George Turner, "Paradigm and Pattern: Form and Meaning in the Dispossessed"

1977

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Walkers in the Sky*, David Lake

Best International Fiction: *The Space Machine*, Christopher Priest

Best Australian Fanzine: *SF Commentary*, Bruce Gillespie

William Atheling Jr Award George Turner, "The Jonah Kit"

1978



Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *The Luck of Brin's Five*, Cherry Wilder  
Best Australian Short Fiction: *Albert's Bellyful*, Francis Payne  
Best International Fiction: *The Silmarillion*, J.R.R. Tolkien  
Best Australian Fanzine: *Enigma*, Van Ikin  
William Atheling Jr Award Andrew Whitmore, "The Novels of D. G. Compton"

1979

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Beloved Son*, George Turner.  
Best International Fiction: *The White Dragon*, Anne McCaffrey  
Best Australian Fanzine: *Chunder!*, John Foyster  
Best Australian Fan Writer: Marc Ortlieb  
William Atheling Jr Award Susan Wood "Women and Science Fiction"

1980

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Australian Gnomes*, Robert Ingpen  
Best International Fiction: *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Universe*, Douglas Adams  
Best Australian Fanzine: *SF Commentary*, Bruce Gillespie  
Best Australian Fan Writer: Leanne Frahm  
Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Marilyn Pride  
William Atheling Jr Award Jack Herman, "Paradox as Paradigm: A Review of the Chronicles of Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever"

1981

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *The Dreaming Dragons*, Damien Broderick  
Best Australian SF or Fantasy Short Fiction: *Deux ex Corporus*, Leanne Frahm  
Best International Fiction: *Timescape*, Greg Benford  
Best Australian Fanzine: *Q36*, Marc Ortlieb  
Best Australian Fan Writer: Marc Ortlieb  
Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Marilyn Pride  
William Atheling Jr Award George Turner, "Federick Pohl as Creator of Future Societies" and "Samuel Delany: Victim of Great Applause"

1982

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *The Man who Loved Morlocks*, David Lake  
Best Australian SF or Fantasy Short Fiction: *Where Silence Rules*, Keith Taylor  
Best International Fiction: *The Affirmation*, Christopher Priest  
Best Australian Fanzine: *Q36*, Marc Ortlieb  
Best Australian Fan Writer: Marc Ortlieb  
Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Marilyn Pride  
William Atheling Jr Award Bruce Gillespie, *Sing a Song of Daniel*

1983

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *The Man Who Walks Away Behind the Eyes*, Terry Dowling  
Best International Fiction: *Riddly Walker*, Russell Hoban  
Best Australian Fanzine: *Q36*, Marc Ortlieb  
Best Australian Fan Writer: Marc Ortlieb  
Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Marilyn Pride  
Best Australian SF or Fantasy Editor Van Ikin  
William Atheling Jr Award Terry Dowling, Kirth Dersen: *the Other Demon Prince*

Novelette: "Schrödinger's Kitten" by George Alec Effinger  
Short Story: "Bible Stories for Adults, No. 17: The Deluge" by James Morrow

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Novel: *The Healer's War* by Elizabeth Ann Scarborough  
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Short Story: "Ripples in the Dirac Sea" by Geoffrey A. Landis

Nebula Awards from the 1990s

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Short Story: "Even the Queen" by Connie Willis

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Novel: *Red Mars* by Kim Stanley Robinson  
Novella: "The Night We Buried Road Dog" by Jack Cady  
Novelette: "Georgia on My Mind" by Charles Sheffield  
Short Story: "Graves" by Joe Haldeman

1994 Nebula Winners

Novel: *Moving Mars* by Greg Bear  
Novella: "Seven Views of Olduvai Gorge" by Mike Resnick  
Novelette: "The Martian Child" by David Gerrold  
Short Story: "A Defense of the Social Contracts" by Martha Soukup  
Grand Master: Damon Knight

1995 Nebula Winners

Novel: *The Terminal Experiment* by Robert J. Sawyer (HarperPrism, serialized as "Hobson's")



Choice", mid-December 1994-March 1995)  
AW Hn

Novella: "Last Summer at Mars Hill" by  
Elizabeth Hand

Novelette: "Solitude" by Ursula K. Le Guin

Short Story: "Death and the Librarian" by  
Esther M. Friesner

#### 1996 Nebula Winners

Novel: *Slow River* by Nicola Griffith (Del  
Rey, Aug95)

Novella: "Da Vinci Rising" by Jack Dann  
(Asimov's, May95)

Novelette: "Lifeboat on a Burning Sea" by  
Bruce Holland Rogers (F&SF, Nov95)

Short Story: "A Birthday" by Esther M.  
Friesner (F&SF, Aug95)

#### 1997 Nebula Winners

Novel: *The Moon and the Sun* by Vonda  
McIntyre

Novella: "Abandon in Place" by Jerry  
Oltion

Novelette: "Flowers of Aulit Prison" by  
Nancy Kress

Short Story: "Sister Emily's Lightship" by  
Jane Yolen

#### Special Award Robin Johnson (Contribution to Fandom)

#### 1984

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Yesterday's Men*, George Turner

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Short Fiction: *Above Atlas His Shoulder*, Andrew  
Whitmore

Best Australian Fanzine: *Rataplan/Ornithopter*, Leigh Edmonds

Best Australian Fan Writer: Leigh Edmonds

Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Nick Stathopoulos

Best Australia SF or Fantasy Cartoonist John Packer

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Editor Van Ikin

#### 1985

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Beast of Heaven*, Victor Kelleher

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Short Fiction: *The Terrarium*, Terry Dowling

Best International Fiction: *Neuromancer*, William Gibson

Best Australian Fanzine: *Australian SF News*, Merv Binns

Best Australian Fan Writer: Leigh Edmonds

Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Nick Stathopoulos

Best Australia SF or Fantasy Dramatic Presentation *Kindred Spirits*, ABC Tele-  
movie

William Atheling Jr Award George Turner "In the Heart or in the Head"

Special Award Lee Harding (professional), Damien Broderick, Transmitters,  
NOVA mob

#### 1986

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Ilywhacker*, Peter Carey

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Short Fiction: *The Bullet that Grows in the Gun*,  
Terry Dowling

Best International Fiction: *Compass Rose*, Ursula LeGuin

Best Australian Fanzine: *The Metaphysical Review*, Bruce Gillespie

Best Australian Fan Writer: Leigh Edmonds

Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Nick Stathopoulos

William Atheling Jr Award George Turner, "Neuromancer" et al.

#### 1987

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Bard III, The Wild Sear*, Keith Taylor

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Short Fiction: *The Man who Lost Red*, Terry  
Dowling

Best Australian Fanzine: *Thyme*, Roger Weddall & Peter Burns

Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Graig Hilton

William Atheling Jr Award Russell Blackford, *Debased and Lascivious*

Oustanding Contribution to Australian Fandom Carey Handfield

#### 1988

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *For As Long As You Burn*, Terry Dowling

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Short Fiction: *The Last Elephant*, Terry Dowling

Best Australian Fanzine: *Science Fiction*, Van Ikin

Best Australian Fan Writer: Perry Middlemiss

Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Lewis Morley

William Atheling Jr Award Van Ikin, "Mirror Reversals and the Tolkin Mating  
Game"

#### 1989

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Striped Holes*, Damien Broderick

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Short Fiction: *My Lady Tongue*, Lucy Sussex

Best International Fiction: *Seventh Son*, Orson Scott Card

Best Australian Fanzine: *Get Stuffed*, Jacob Blake



Best Australian Fan Writer: Bruce Gillespie  
Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Ian Gunn  
William Atheling Jr Award Russell Blackford, ASFR articles

1990

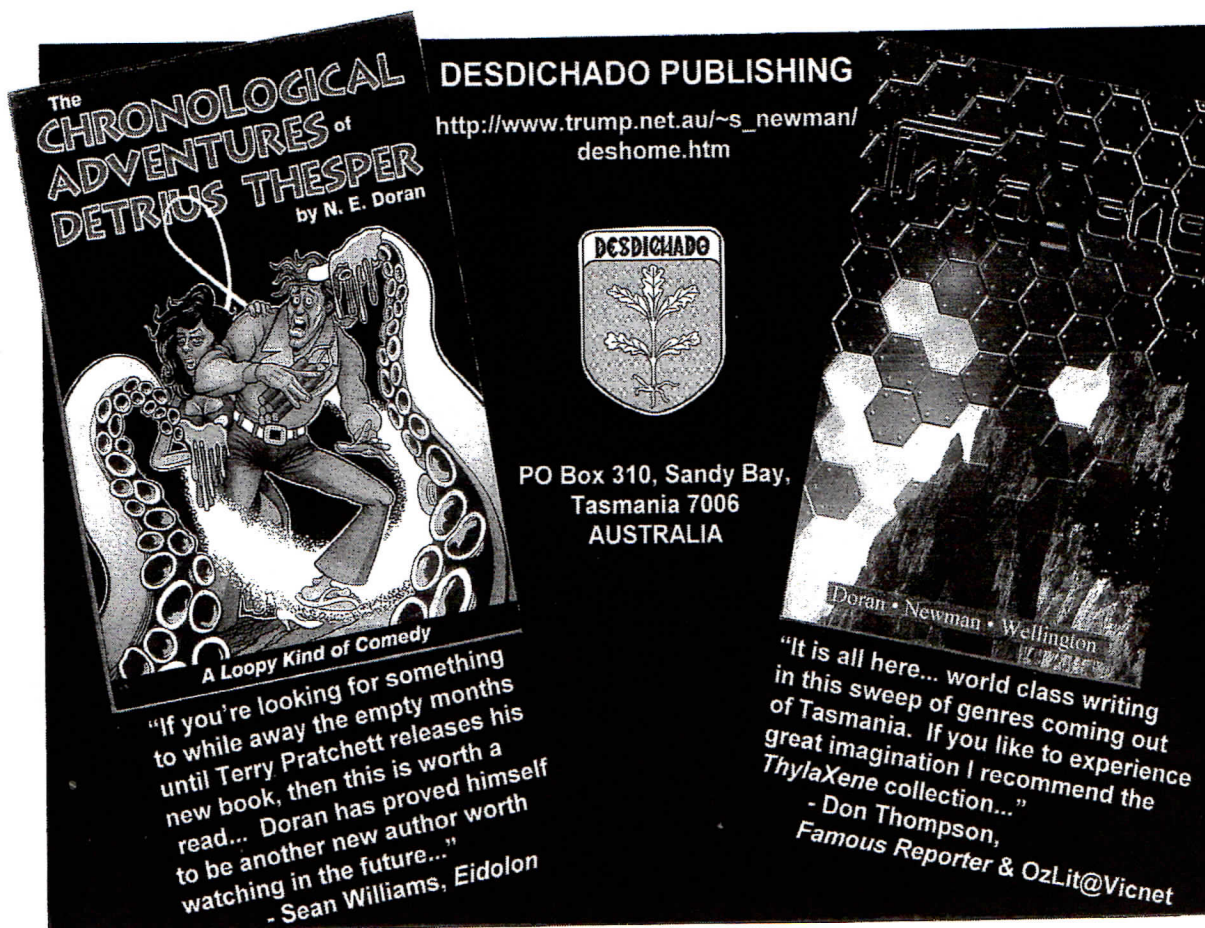
Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Lake of the Sun*, Wynne Whiteford  
Best Australian SF or Fantasy Short Fiction: *The Quiet Redemption of Andy the House*, Terry Dowling  
Best Australian Fanzine: Ethel the Aardvark, Alan Stewart  
Best Australian Fan Writer: Ian Gunn & Bruce Gillespie  
Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Ian Gunn

1991

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Rynosseros*, Terry Dowling  
Best Australian SF or Fantasy Short Fiction: *While the Gate is Open*, Sean McMullen  
Best Australian Fanzine: Australian Science Fiction Review  
Best Australian Fan Writer: Bruce Gillespie  
Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Ian Gunn  
Best Australia SF or Fantasy Dramatic Presentation  
William Atheling Jr Award Bruce Gillespie for "The Non-SF Novels of Phillip K Dick"  
Best Fannish Cat Typo (human:Roger Weddall)

1992

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Wormwood*, Terry Dowling  
Best Australian SF or Fantasy Short Fiction: *Alone in His Chariot*, Sean McMullen  
Best Australian Fanzine: Eidolon  
Best Australian Fan Writer: Bruce Gillespie  
Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Nick Stathopoulos



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William Atheling Jr Award Sean McMullen for "Going Commercial"

1993

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *Quarantine*, Greg Egan

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Short Fiction: *Closer*, Greg Egan

Best Australian Fanzine: *Eidolon*

Best Australian Fan Writer: Robin Pen

Best Australia SF or Fantasy Dramatic Presentation

William Atheling Jr Award Sean McMullen for "Australain SF Art Turns 50"

1994

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Fiction: *The Destiny Makers*, George Turner

Best Australian SF or Fantasy Short Fiction: *Catalyst*, Leanne Frahm

Best Australian Fanzine: *Ethel the Aardvark*

Best Australian Fan Writer: Bruce Gillespie

Best Australia SF or Fantasy Artist Kerri Valkova

William Atheling Jr Award James Allen for SF Sucks

1995

Best Australian Long Fiction *Permutation City* Greg Egan Millenium

Best Australian Short Fiction "Cocoon" Greg Egan *Asimov's Sf*, May 94

Best Professional Artwork Sean Tan For Artwork In *Aurealis* And *Eidolon*

Best Fanzine *Thyme* Alan Stewart

Best Fan Writer Terry Frost

Best Fan Artist Ian Gunn

Special Committee Award Peter Nicholls

1996

Best Long Fiction *Mirrorsun Rising* Sean McMullen (Aphelion);

Best Short Fiction "Schrödinger's Fridge" Ian Gunn (*Aurealis* #15);

Best Publication/Fanzine (Periodical) *Eidolon* (J. Byrne, R Scriven & J Strahan);

Best Artwork *Eidolon* 19 (Cover) Shaun Tan

Best Non-Professional/Fan Writer ; Ian Gunn;

Best Non-Professional/Fan Artist Ian Gunn

William Atheling Jnr Award "The Hunt for Australian Horror Fiction" Bill Congreve, Sean McMullen & Steven Paulsen (*The Scream Factory* 16 November 1995)

1997

Best Australian Long Fiction: *Scarlet Rider* Lucy Sussex (Tor/Forge)

Best Australian Short Fiction: "The Sword Of God" Russell Blackford (*Dreamweavers* Paul Collins (Ed) Penguin Books)

Best Fanzine *Thyme* Alan Stewart

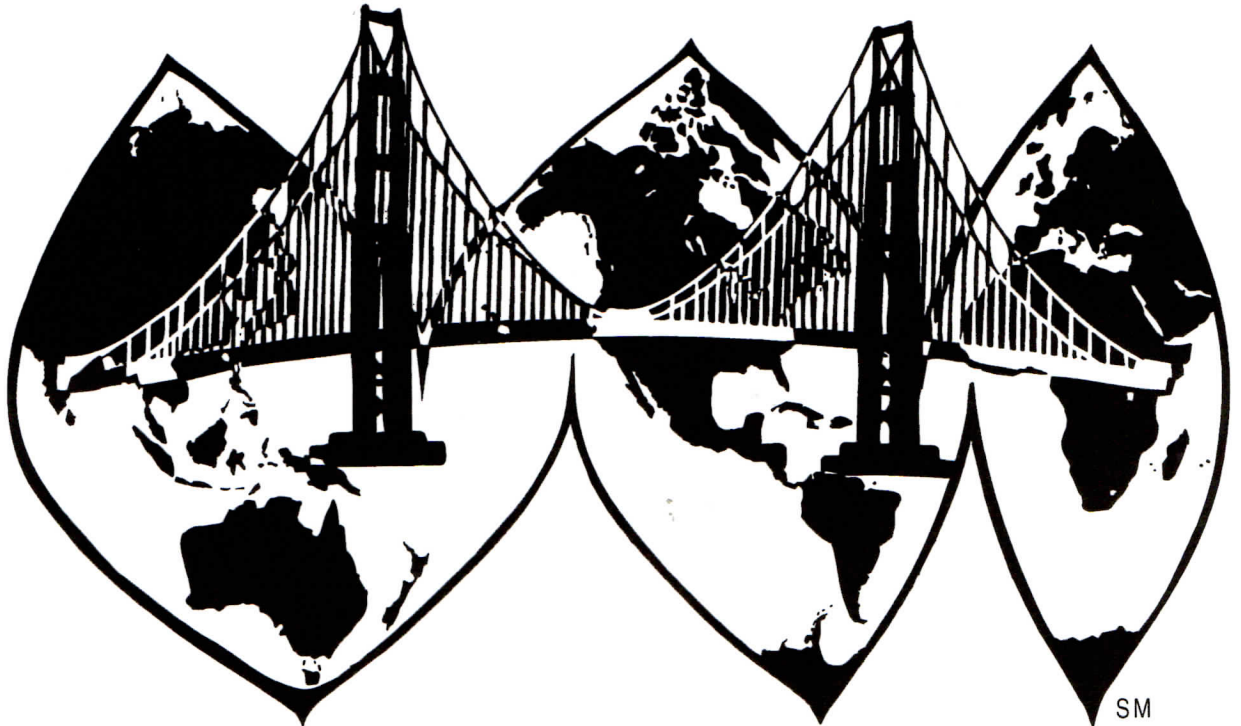
Best Fan Writer Bruce Gillespie

Best Fan Artist Ian Gunn

Best Professional Artwork Elizabeth Kyle Cover Of *Dreamweavers* Alan Stewart For Reviews In *Thyme*



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*Friend of the Bid: 5 x p/s price*





## Bill Rotsler

1926 - 1997



*Earlier this year, Bill Rotsler lost his battle with cancer. We thought that it would be appropriate to make a point of mentioning Bill and his work. The piece below for Bill originally appeared in *Ansible* and I have been told that we have Dave Langford to thank for it.*

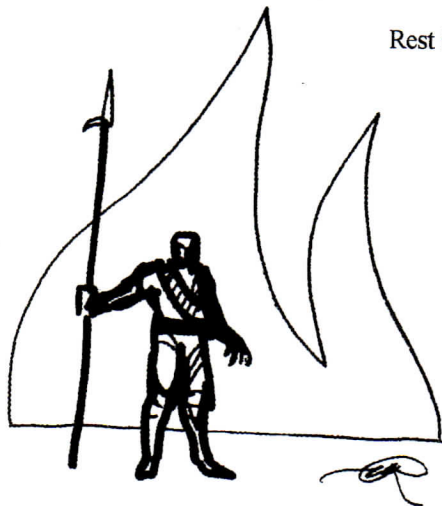
William Rotsler (1926-1997) died on 18 October: he wrote a clutch of sf novels, notably *Patron of the Arts* (1974), and many novelizations, but was best loved in fandom for his ebullient personal charm and vast output of those deceptively simple cartoons drawn in the unique Rotsler line. His output was of such a standard that it brought him a 1977 DUFF win and Fan Artist Hugos in 1975, 1979, 1996 and 1997, not to mention a 1996 Retro-Hugo for cartoon activities in 1945. So goes one of the greatest of fans.

*"We'll all miss him,"* writes Jim Benford;

Rich Brown adds; *"The news was not totally unexpected - we knew, at the last Corflu, that Rotsler had cancer - but I find it unsettling nonetheless; I figured, if anyone could beat it, it would be someone with Bill's passion and gusto..."*

*"Bill Rotsler was a wellspring of creativity; I want to call him a giant but something about the image seems wrong. A giant casts a shadow, blocks out the sun by his presence. The shadow I see is cast by Bill's absence."* Robin.

Rest in peace, Bill. We'll miss you.





## Notes, names & email addresses



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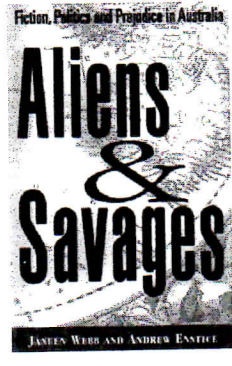
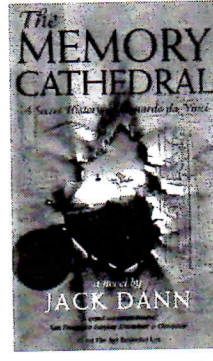
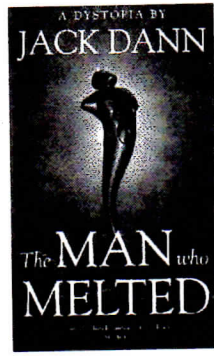
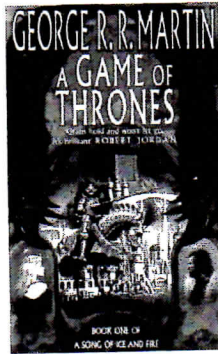
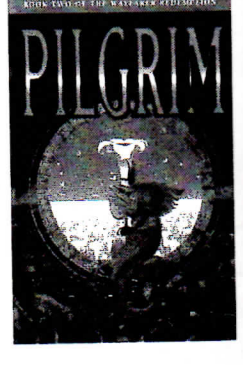
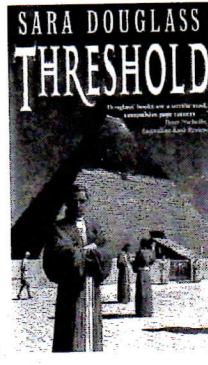
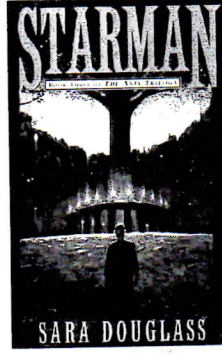
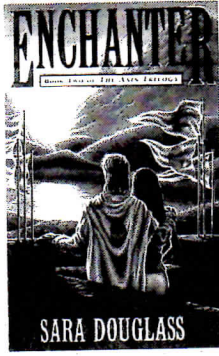
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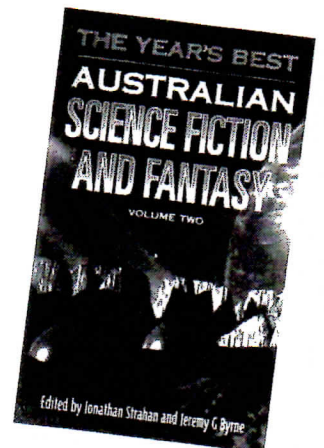
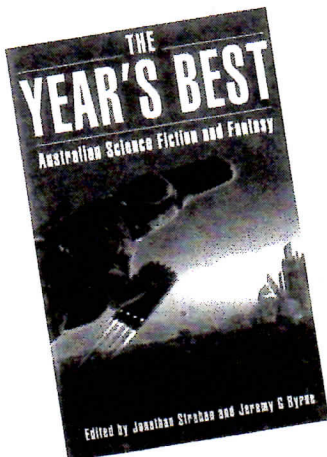
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