

ConQuest 38

May
25-27,
2007



KANSAS CITY IN 2009

A BID FOR THE 67TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION LABOR DAY WEEKEND—SEPTEMBER 3-7, 2009

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Phoenix Logo by Joe Myers

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- ✈ *Attractions for Everyone*
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Questions? Comments? Just want to chat? Our email address is: masffc@kc.rr.com*

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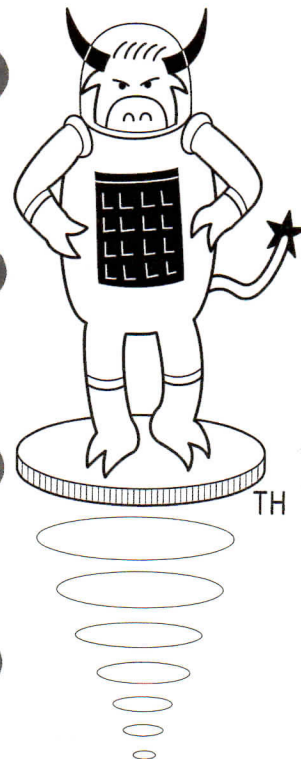
CONQUEST 38

Guest of Honor
PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN

Artist Guest of Honor
TEDDY HARVIA

Fan Guest of Honor
DEB GEISLER

Toastmistress
TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN



Sponsored by
**The Kansas City
Science Fiction
& Fantasy Society**

May 25-27, 2007

Airport Hilton ▶ Kansas City, MO

ALL ABOUT KACSFFS: Pronounced “kax-fuss” the Kansas City Science Fiction and Fantasy Society, founded in 1971, is a club for fans of the genre, including all it’s related areas: horror, gaming, film, anime, comics, graphic novels, etc. Here you can meet with your fellow fans and discuss topics of interest or just hang out and have fun.

MONTHLY MEETINGS: KaCSFFS meets monthly, usually on the third Saturday of the month at The Writer’s Place, located at 3607 Pennsylvania in midtown Kansas City.

OUR ANNUAL ACTIVITIES: Our regional science fiction and fantasy Convention, ConQuesT in May, a picnic in

June, The Vincent Koehler Film Festival in July, a large Halloween party in October, a Thanksgiving potluck dinner (with all the trimmings), and a large Christmas party in December.

STAYING IN TOUCH: KaCSFFS members receive a monthly newsletter, and most also receive e-mail announcements of club-related news and special activities on KaAML, the club’s Yahoo e-mail group.

CONTACTING US: For more detailed information please visit our website: www.kcsciencefiction.org or write us via snail-mail at:

**KaCSFFS, P. O. Box 36212
Kansas City, MO 64171**

Welcome to ConQuesT 38

On behalf of the members of the Kansas City Science Fiction and Fantasy Society, welcome to Kansas City, to the Airport Hilton Inn, and to ConQuesT 38—the area’s premier science fiction and fantasy convention. We’ve planned a great weekend for you, whatever your interests: books, artwork, dealer’s room merchandise, film, anime, gaming, costuming, learning fascinating things from fascinating people, or just schmoozing with friends old and new. You’ve found the perfect venue—ConQuesT 38.

**– Ruth Lichtwardt & Mike Williams,
Co-chairs, ConQuesT 38**

The ConQuest 38 Convention Committee

CO-CHAIRS:

Ruth Lichtwardt and Mike Williams

ANIME:

Joe Myers

ART SHOW:

Jeff Orth, Corey Barber, Tanya Holthouse, Darice Schirber-Poovey, Anita Swisher, Paula Helm Murray, David Sooby

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Cheryl Peugh

HOTEL LIAISON:

Carol Doms, Becky Rickart

KANAR (LARP)

Jenny Walton, Max Patek, Greg Lawson, Sean Murphy, Elena Patek, Dan Eschenroder, CJ "Crazy" Shutt, Brian "Thorne" Johnson

MASQUERADE:

Inger Myers

MASTERS OF THE MULTIVERSE:

Ken Keller, Corey Barber, Ty Gephardt, Tanya Holthouse, Terry Matz, Mike McCain, Wm. McCullough

POCKET PROGRAM:

David Sooby

PROGRAM BOOK:

Michael McCain, Ken Keller

PROGRAMMING:

Susan Satterfield, Jim Satterfield, Sherri Dean, Pamela Baker, Jeremy Hamilton, Jim Henzi, Kat McCullough, Becky Rickart

PROGRESS REPORTS:

Jim Murray

PROMOTION:

Tracy Majkol, Julie Williams

PUBLICITY:

Tracy Majkol, Curtis Smith

QUARTERMASTER:

Tracy Majkol

REGISTRATION:

Joyce Downing

SECURITY:

Russ Kleinowski, Laura Barnes, David Kleinowski, Deb Pellicano, Kim Pryor, Denny Sprague, John Sprague

SITUATION ROOM (CON HQ):

Jill Kleinowski, Cyndy McCullough, Jim Satterfield

TREASURER:

Anita Swisher

VIDEO ROOM:

Curtis Smith, Amanda Clay, Jessie Dechant

WRITER'S WORKSHOP**(STORY IN A BAG CONTEST):**

Susan Satterfield, Pamela Baker, Jeremy Hamilton, Becky Rickart

The Standing Rules for ConQuest 38

IDENTIFICATION: To be granted access to convention areas, your badge must be worn at all times and in a spot that is very visible. Please comply immediately if security asks you to show/produce/wear your badge.

ALCOHOL: The legal drinking age in Missouri is 21 years (earth years). Minors caught with alcohol or adults caught serving alcohol to minors will forfeit their ConQuest membership and will be evicted from the facilities. Liquor Control agents have been known to mingle among us. Please drink responsibly and act accordingly. NOTE: Alcohol is not permitted in public areas of the hotel.

PARTY FLOOR CURFEW: Children 15 and under must leave the party floor by 11 p.m. unless accompanied by parent or guardian.

BEHAVIOR—EXPULSION: We reserve the right to confiscate the badge of anyone who acts in an inappropriate, unlawful or just plain stupid manner, with no refund of membership.

BEHAVIOR—THREE STRIKES: For lesser offenses, convention committee members are authorized to punch a hole through badge and badge holder if they observe inappropriate activity on the part of children (or adults acting like children). If a child receives three badge punches before the end of the con, the child and their guardian(s) will have their memberships revoked.

LARPS & OTHER GAMING ACTIVITIES: Please do not run in hallways or disrupt other convention activities. Running, shouting, brandishing even fake weapons, etc. should be restricted to private rooms

ANIMALS: This hotel does not allow animals. The only exception is for working animals (i.e., seeing eye dogs).

DRUGS: ConQuest does not condone the consumption or use of illegal substances. Law Enforcement professionals are members of ConQuest and will take action as necessary. Do not make them work at all during this weekend!

CELL PHONES/PAGERS: Please turn off all cell phones and pagers while in any programming rooms. The participating gamemasters and staff greatly appreciate your courtesy.

SMOKING: Smoking is permitted only in the bar area of the hotel lobby. All other areas of the convention are considered non-smoking.

SECURITY: ConQuest provides its own security, as does the hotel. Law enforcement professionals are members of ConQuest and will act accordingly. You were (supposedly) issued a brain; use it.

WEAPONS: No weapons are allowed at any time. Please take any weapons you purchase to your room or vehicle immediately. The brandishing of any item or device that may be interpreted to be a weapon by security is verboten.

BOUNCED CHECKS: If any person writes a check to ConQuest with insufficient funds, that person will thenceforth be on a cash (or credit card) basis only. There will also be a \$20 charge in addition to the amount of the check.

In Memoriam: Richard Lipp, John Vaughan, Bob Tucker

by James J. Murray

The first time I saw Richard Lipp was at MidAmeriCon in 1976. I was coming out of the Muehlbach hotel, wearing my "Harlan Ellison for God" t-shirt, and a kid getting out of a car looked up and said, "That's a bit presumptuous, isn't it?" I replied "It's the only position he'd take," and we laughed and went on our ways. It was years later when his brother-in-law (and my college pal) Lyle Wilson properly introduced us. Would that it had been sooner.

Richard was a member of KaCSFFS for many years, and regularly attended ConQuesT. Most of you would remember him best as one of the people working with the Charity Auction, where he'd do everything: man the display room, help transport items for the auction and serve as auctioneer, runner and heckler, whatever the situation called for.

One year a copy of *Battlefield Earth* had been put in the auction, and he bid on it against someone else. When Richard won, I lobbed him the book, and he proceeded to knock it out of the air with a bat and beat the Xenu out of it. The next year, he returned it to the auction, properly restored: with huge bolts through all four corners to keep it sealed shut.

Though he was active in the club, his first priority was always his family:
(continued on page 28)

by Dave Truesdale

John "Bubba" Vaughan died of cancer June 14, 2006, at the age of 58. He was an important presence at many ConQuesTs over the past 25 years, both in front of, and behind the camera. His loss will be felt deeply by many for years to come. He loved his country music, and as a DJ would travel to VFW halls, weddings, and local watering holes to share his music "with all his rowdy friends."

He liked watching SF on tv as many of us do, but two of his non-genre favorite shows were Gunsmoke and Law & Order. He loved these shows and had seen every episode at least once.

His favorite SF authors were H. P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and Harry Turtledove. He especially was fond of Howard's creations Conan the Barbarian and Solomon Kane.

For several years, he and I bowled together, even winning a league championship once. After bowling with the team, we would then retire to "John's Bar" in the basement of his KC home, and hoist a few while listening to music of all kinds. It was quite the place to be, and I loved hanging out there. But all good things must come to an end, and John knew this better than anyone.

He was loved by many and will be missed by many more. Count me among the former; John "Bubba" Vaughan was my best friend. □

by Robin Wayne Bailey

I got the news about Wilson "Bob" Tucker's passing while performing toastmaster duties at the banquet for St. Louis's Archon convention. If there can be such a thing as a good place to get that kind of news, Archon was as good as any, because so many of Bob's close friends and long-time fans were there, and it was a convention dear to Bob's heart. We shared rooms there many times, shared many meals and shared many bottles of Beam's Choice.

This appreciation is a hard thing to write. It should be written in a spirit of celebration, because Tucker's life deserves celebrating. He'd want it that way. He was the "Grand Old Man" of midwest science fiction fandom, indeed of fandom generally, responsible for more flannish traditions, hoaxes and tall tales than I can recount here. With his passing, a door closes on an era of science fiction fandom that will never open again.

I've lost a father, grandfather, mentor, teacher and friend all at once. And an inspiration. I met Tucker for the first time in 1974, less than a year after my real father died. How or why he was willing to step in and fill that void, I don't know, but he did. He adopted Diana as one of his "granddaughters," but between us, he was "Dad" or "Tuck." He came regularly once or twice a year and spent a few days or a week at my home.
(continued on page 28)

Into The West: 2006-2007

Jack Agnew
Jim Baen
Lisa A. Barnett
Bruce Bennett (Herman Brix)
Christopher James Bishop
Nelson Bond
Jayge Carr
Ronald Clyne
Patrice Duvic
Leigh Eddings
Dick Eney
Charles L. Fontenay

John M. Ford
Madelon Gernsback
Charles L. Grant
Johnny Hart
Tim Hildebrandt
Lee Hoffman
David M. Honigsberg
Harry Horse
E. Howard Hunt
Elizabeth Jolley
Sneaky Pete Kleinow
Gyorgi Ligeti

Roderick MacLeish
Naguib Mahfouz
Dave Martin
David I. Masson
Stanley Meltzoff
Gerald Perkins
Bobby Boris Pickett
Arthur Porges
Marshall Rogers
Art Saaf
Wally Schirra
Ralph A. Sperry

Mickey Spillane
Joseph Stefano
Herman Stein
Fred Mustard Stewart
Joan Temple
Frankie Thomas, Jr
Theodore L. Thomas
Virgil S. Utter, Jr
Kurt Vonnegut, Jr
Robert Anton Wilson
Jack Williamson
Alexander Zinoviev



Guest of Honor

PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN

TEN THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN

By Ken Keller

If you're a longtime reader of fantasy and science fiction, you've likely had the pleasure of reading the work of ConQuesT 38's Guest of Honor. You might even have met or seen Phyllis at a past science fiction convention. She's been attending them for 45 years, ever since Chicon 3, the 1962 Chicago Worldcon. But just how much do you really know about her? Here are ten things that will quickly bring you up to speed:

1. Phyllis has been a professional writer for more than 35 years, selling her first story in 1969 to Robert Silverberg's original anthology *New Dimensions 1*. It was written with her husband and writing collaborator of 40 years, Alex Eisenstein. They currently have a multifaceted science-fantasy novel project underway that's unlike anything they've ever collaborated on before.

2. During her career, Phyllis has written 11 books and 40+ shorter works. She does it all: fantasy, hard and soft sf, horror, time travel, and space opera. What's even more remarkable is that Phyllis does it all so well.

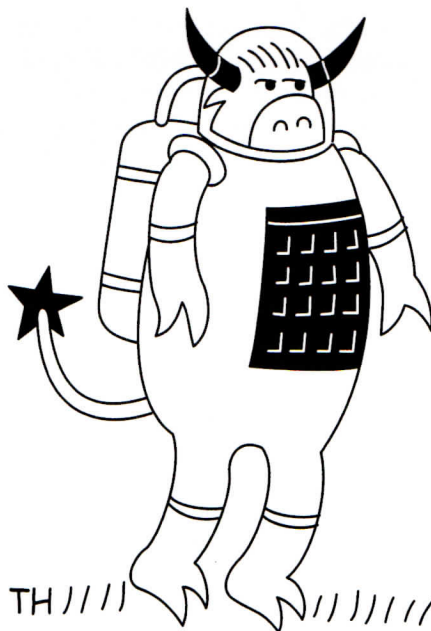
3. The proof of that is she's been nominated for two Hugo Awards and three Nebulas during her career. No brag, just fact.

4. If you've ever wondered when Phyllis will finish her popular Book of Elementals trilogy, you'll be surprised to learn that she has. In fact, the final novel in the series, *The City In Stone*, has been finished and is awaiting publication.

5. Phyllis has also started a new fantasy trilogy that, when completed, will be known as *The Masks of Power*. A stand-alone, 38,000 word novella from the first book has just been published by KaCSFFS Press and debuts here at ConQuesT 38. It's called *Walker Be-*

tween the Worlds and is a limited edition preview of the new series. On its back cover, bestselling fantasy novelist George R. R. Martin calls Phyllis "one of the defining voices in contemporary fantasy." You can buy the book only at the KaCSFFS table in the dealers' room.

6. Speaking of George, you should know that he wrote the teleplay for Phyllis' short story "Lost and Found," for CBS' mid-80s revival of Rod Serling's "The Twilight Zone." This adaptation of her original Analog short



story was first broadcast in season two of the show. Be sure to watch for it in reruns—or catch the episode on DVD.

7. For nearly four decades, Phyllis' shorter works have appeared in the major genre magazines, including F&SF, Galaxy, Asimov's, Analog, and Weird Tales, not to mention in many of the field's original fiction anthologies. For a sampling, be sure to read her 2003 collection from Five Star: *Night Lives--Nine Stories of the Dark Fantastic*. You can pick up a copy in the dealers' room, while the supply lasts.

8. Phyllis has ventured at times into other publishing areas. You'll be sur-

prised to learn that she wrote a popular health book: her 1997 Avery Books title *Overcoming the Pain of Inflammatory Arthritis*, written in collaboration with Samuel M. Scheiner, Ph.D. It spotlights the astonishing ameliorative powers of vitamin B-5 (Pantothenic Acid), which she's used on herself successfully to treat this degenerative disease. Ask her about the St. Louis area fan that read her book, started a B-5 regimen, and was soon up and walking around after being confined to a wheelchair. It may be no surprise to learn that for six months she sold puzzles to crossword magazines . . . until the editors told her they only wanted amateurs. Once, as a lark, she sold a story to one of those old "true confession" magazines, called "My Dead Mother Told Me Not To Marry Him!"—and then as a further challenge, turned around and repackaged the same idea for *Fate*, the supposed "true fact" occult mysteries magazine.

9. For the past 18 years, Phyllis has taught evening courses in fantasy and science fiction writing at Columbia College Chicago. From this long association with CCC came two *Spec Lit* original anthologies, both edited by Phyllis (and art-directed by Alex). Several of her students have gone on to sell stories to other sf and fantasy markets.

10. Since 2000, Phyllis has worked full time in Chicago's very competitive advertising business, where she's now the executive manager of copy editors for the Leo Burnett agency, the largest ad agency in Chicago. Like I said above, she does it all well.

But there's more to Phyllis as a writer than just this list of career details. It's been observed that writers absorb everything around them like a sponge. For Phyllis and other fantasy and sf writers, those life experiences frequently get transmogrified in unusual ways into their fiction:

While growing up, Phyllis worked as a butcher in her family's grocery store.

(continued on page 25)

“One of the defining voices in contemporary fantasy.”

—George R. R. Martin, Author of the *A Song of Ice and Fire* Fantasy Series

WALKER BETWEEN THE WORLDS

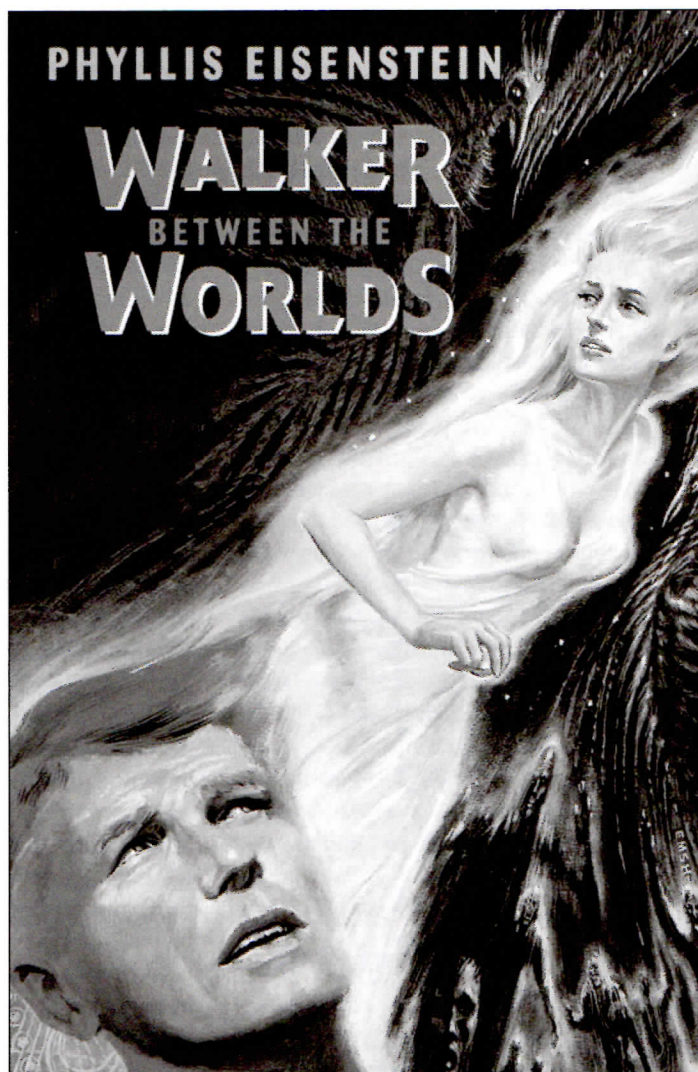
An Original Novella by Phyllis Eisenstein

Walker Between the Worlds is an excerpt from the first volume of a trilogy-in-progress, the overall title of which will be *The Masks of Power*. It is the tale of the long-dead Dragonking, who had made human folk into slaves, and of a Lady of Air and Darkness, who holds the balance of power among the New Gods who ended the reign of the dragons. “Jack Walker,” a man of our Earth, wakes naked one night on a cold hill side in this other world, not knowing who he is or where he came from or why. The only clue to his identity, the medallion emblazoned with the Lady’s sigil hanging about his neck, which carries great import for all who see it there...and marks him for a special role in the struggle for dominion over the primeval powers of this world.

—Phyllis Eisenstein

“Phyllis Eisenstein does it all: hard sf, soft sf, fantasy, horror, time travel, space opera, even the occasional western. What’s even more remarkable is that Phyllis does it all *well*...which makes every Phyllis Eisenstein story an event, and every Phyllis Eisenstein book a treasure. Whether she is writing about Alaric the teleporting minstrel or Wyatt Earp, Phyllis is always entertaining and frequently extraordinary. If you haven’t read her stuff, you missed a lot. Here’s a chance to rectify your mistake. Buy this book and read it.”

—George R. R. Martin



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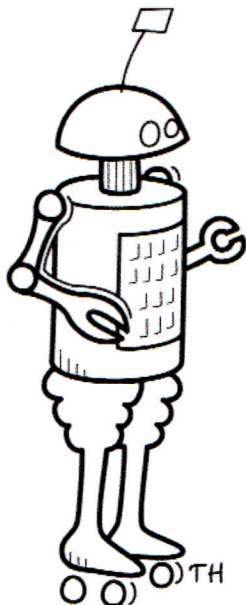
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**BUT SERIOUSLY:
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
TEDDY HARVIA**

By David Thayer

I was born David Thayer in Stillwater, Oklahoma, 13 April 1949, where my dad was attending the local college, but my first memories are of the Lone Star State. After graduating, my dad took a job in the defense industry outside Dallas. Until I was 4 years old, an older brother interpreted



my grunts, allowing me to postpone speaking English. A younger brother and sister kept my mom busy. In 1960, a mass layoff at my dad's company sent us to Columbus, Ohio, where I encountered foot-deep snow for the first time in my life. We lived in Orlando, Florida, pre-Disney World, in the rare year no hurricanes hit the Sunshine State, before ending up in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where I graduated from high school.

From my dad, who told terrible puns, I gained a sense of humor. A subscription to Walt Disney comics and hours watching Saturday morning animated cartoons like Fractured

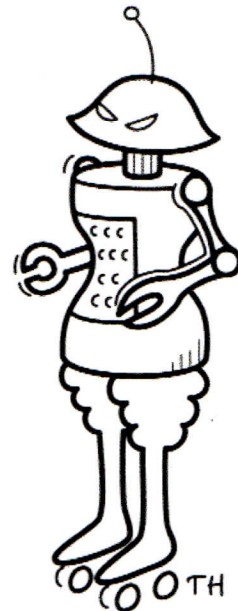
Fairy Tales and Looney Tunes cemented my inclination to levity. From my mom, who produced arts-and-crafts for sale, I inherited a drive to create. From numerous trips to the local public library, I learned to love books, although dyslexia and a rebellious streak against others telling me what to read slowed my appreciation. I preferred stories with pictures. An interest in SF started with my reading juvenile novels but took off with *The Twilight Zone* and *Star Trek*. The assigned literature in school, Shakespeare, Dickens, Faulkner, Austen, had to wait until much later for me to read.

Briefly in junior high school, fascination with the nature shows on the *Wonderful World of Disney* prompted me to imagine I wanted to be a naturalist when I grew up. I spent my meager allowance on several illustrated nature books, which I still have. Eventually I lost interest however because I had little patience for studying wild animals hours on end. The books did come in handy later when I started drawing pictures of beasts. Being a typical red-blooded American boy, the macho action of the TV series *Combat* riveted me. Of course, that was before the moral dilemma of kill-or-be-killed hit me. My parents encouraged me in whatever I showed an interest in. Their reluctance to make suggestions sometimes left me directionless though.

In 1967, with the Vietnam War getting hot, the draft was staring many an 18-year-old in the face, me included. For 2-1/2 years, I floundered, attending college in Alabama, Colorado, and Oklahoma, losing sight that institutions of high learner were for high learning. Finally one snowy winter day, after seeing my grade-point average hit a new low and my girlfriend dump me, I gave up, volunteering for 2 years in the Army. Six months later found me an infantryman in steamy jungle in the Central Highlands of Vietnam. For

the next 6 months, I avoided boobytraps and friendly fire before landing a job as a clerk-typist in a rear unit. I survived my war year and the army discharged me back into the civilian world.

Discovering science fiction books in the unofficial camp library before coming home rekindled a dream I had since high school of being an SF author. I returned to college, majoring in rhetoric and writing, earning both a bachelor's and master's, paying my way with my G.I. Bill benefits. For my thesis, I wrote a novel about a science expedition to an alien planet. Then I graduated and faced



the reality of needing to earn a wage to support the wife and son my need for human companionship had prompted me to acquire. I realized that I had neither the discipline, drive, nor ideas at that time to write readable, sellable science fiction. I settled for a job editing training manuals for Federal Civil Service. Over the next 30 years, I worked for a succession of defense, petroleum, and telecommunications companies, writing and editing manuals on boats, airplanes, oil wells, and telephone equipment. I moved the family from Oklahoma City, to Norman, to Fort Worth, adding a daughter along the way. In my spare time, I wrote short

stories, collecting the usual pile of impersonal rejection letters. One effort managed to take second place in an amateur writing contest but never went any farther. I joined a writers' group but went for companionship rather than to groom my writing. My dream faded and I spent more time simply reading the wonderful stuff others had seen into print. My library grew, not only with SF books, but also war nonfiction, classics, and mysteries.

Imagining myself in high school as a multi-talented individual, I dreamed also of a career in cartooning. My first artwork to see print appeared on a flyer advertising a serious meeting to discuss UFOs. Sports and academic-oriented cartoons in school newspapers followed, to little acclaim. My Army service and subsequent return to college dropped my output to nothing. Then living in Norman, Oklahoma, I read a classified in the local university newspaper seeking SF fans to form a club. Within a year, I went to my first convention, MidAmeriCon, the 1976 World SF Con in Kansas City. After meeting many SF authors, I encountered fan publications and fan art. I returned home excited to publish a clubzine but other club members didn't share my enthusiasm.

To avoid the embarrassment of publishing the zine without support, I created a raft of fictional club members, including a female editor and a juvenile fan artist, to contribute. I changed the signature on my cartoons from "dthayer" to "TEDDY HARVIA", an anagram of my real name. Over the next 18 months, I pubbed my ish 9 times, convincing many, even some locals, of the reality of the multi-personality staff. But I could not sustain the effort necessary to perpetuate the hoax. I revealed my true identity. The favorable response to my self-published cartoons prompted me to start contributing to other fanzines. Although a few discerning fan editors rejected my stuff, enough accepted for hundreds of my cartoons to appear in scores of fanzines—a big ego boost.

Early in the 80s, despite no formal art training or experience and mainly unpaid artwork to my credit, I decided to become a professional cartoonist. But I didn't reckon on the

resistance that mundane newspapers would have to buying a cartoon strip featuring cute aliens. And I slowly realized that, as with my writing, I didn't have the discipline, drive, nor original ideas to produce a new cartoon every day. I did manage to collect some of my work into an SF sports book, but the market dried up when I ran out of friends to sell to. Humbled, I returned to fandom. To my surprise, fans welcomed me back as if I'd never left. During my self-imposed exile, I may have actually learned how to draw.

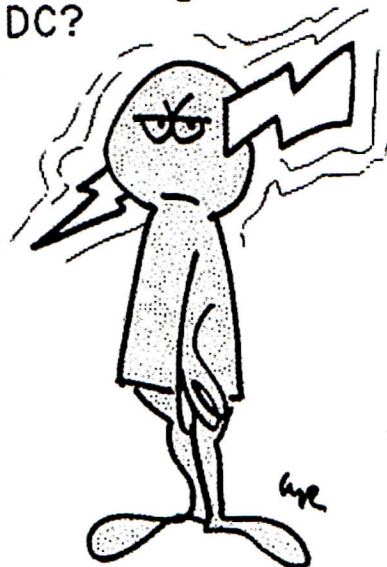
Over the next 15 years, I contributed hundreds more cartoons to fan publications with new enthusiasm. I created recurring characters like the cute large-nosed alien WingNuts, the prickly goddess Opuntia, and the fan-eating feline Chat. In 1988, at the New Orleans World SF Con, fans voted me a nomination for Best Fan Artist. I wrote, and often illustrated, hundreds of postcards of comment for fan editors and friends. In 1991, WorldCon fans award me my first Hugo rocket. Later, I supervised a group of talented fans in publishing the progress reports and souvenir book for LoneStarCon Two, the 1997 San Antonio World SF Con. With many of the same fans, I co-chaired ConCancun in 2003, the unsuccessful but entertaining WorldCon bid.

By 2002, writing cartoon captions

and drawing the characters to utter them became almost second nature to me. I loved the recognition but I was ready for a greater challenge. Almost overnight, I stopped cartooning. I realized that the seductive lure of writing and inking a few lines for a few laughs drained me of the creative energy necessary to pursue my nagging dream of writing serious SF. As a result, over the last 4 years, I have written first drafts of a 40,000-word SF murder mystery, featuring an alien detective, and 115,000-word galactic war romance, the first of four in a series. I am currently editing and rewriting to create a final draft to send off to a publisher, and plotting many more stories.

I still do an occasional cartoon, but I spend most of my free time now working toward a professional writing career. Despite the recognition for my art, my 30 years of being a technical writer and editor is more in tune with writing. These days, I stay 2, 3 hours late after my regular 8-hour a day job to work on my fiction. After being married for 18 years to someone who understood neither fandom nor creativity, I found my muse Diana, who appreciates both. Every evening and weekend with wife and three literary felines, I read and study the work of others, SF, nonfiction, classics, and mysteries. My heart will always belong to art and artists, but until further notice writing possesses my mind. □

Before I give you first aid,
I have to know: are you AC
or DC?





Fan Guest of Honor DEB GEISLER

THE FAME-AVERSE EVIL OVERLORD

By Geri Sullivan

When she's not busy taking over the universe, Deb Geisler is a not-quite-mild-mannered, delightfully talented college professor, and one of those science fiction fans who is constantly helping make fandom a better place for all of us. But when she dons her Evil Overlord cape, that's when the fun really begins.

I think the whole Evil Overlord thing started while she was chairing Noreascon 4, the 2004 Worldcon in Boston. Among the many lessons learned from that experience was this simple truth: "No matter what they tell you, you don't really get minions. No fanboys come and re-arrange your furniture or mow the lawn."

So after surviving the Worldcon, she started her own Legions of Darkness. Her minions don't even have to re-arrange furniture or mow lawns; we're here to eat her homemade sweet rolls, look resplendent in our spiffy, official Minionwear, and stand ready for mobilization if (and when) she decides to conquer the Universe. A minion's duties are largely ceremonial... "Until they aren't," she says. I'm okay with that. Her sensibilities are good ones; they're among the best I've seen. She's trustworthy. Besides, she promises that her minions will get to rule something more exciting than Manitoba come the day.

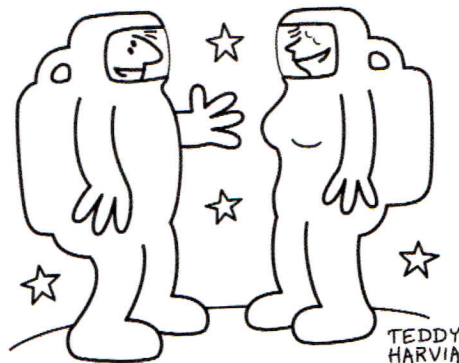
Deb doesn't just have entertaining notions, she comes up with logos for them, opens up Café Press shops with merchandise, and invites us all to play along. This is a woman who knows that, as long as one has the discretionary income available, there's no such thing as a practical joke that costs too much. More than one fan fears the day she wins the lottery. She's told NESFA (the New England Science Fiction Association) that she might just buy a new clubhouse,

arrange for the movers to come while we're all off at a convention, then leave clues at the old place pointing us in the direction of the new. Don't think she wouldn't do it.

Like any truly effective Evil Overlord, Deb understands the importance of the care and feeding of her minions. That's why she makes sweet rolls for us; and, not just any sweet rolls. These are the tastiest sweet rolls it's ever been my pleasure to consume. Apricot, apple, almond, poppyseed and more. Cinnamon rolls. Sticky buns. If you Google "sweet rolls" and

Where did
you train
for life in
a vacuum?

I spent 12
years as a
university
professor.



"Geisler," you'll find Deb's write-up of her mother's recipe. It's a fun read whether or not you're a baker. She and her husband, Mike Benveniste, also make their own sausage, brew beer, make soup, bake bread, and they freely share the bounty of their expertise with fans and the needy alike.

As you can already tell, there's more to Deb than being an Evil Overlord and baking the World's Best Sweetrolls for her Legions of Darkness — a lot more. She's been molding the minds of young adults for a generation and then some, teaching undergraduate and graduate courses in communication and persuasion the-

ory, First Amendment law, marketing communications, and related subjects. Deb has been teaching courses about the Internet since before there was a World Wide Web. She serves as the director of Suffolk University's Graduate Program in Communication and helped establish the school's communication program in Madrid, Spain.

Unlike those of us who keep our day jobs separate from our fannish lives, Deb successfully integrates the two. One semester, she made Noreascon 4 "the client" of her public relations class, and turned her students loose to develop PR campaign plans. They researched media contacts, compiled information on ad rates, and developed campaign themes to get the word out and attract more members to the Worldcon. At the end of the semester, the students "pitched" their campaigns to two representatives of the Worldcon committee, adding yet another note of verisimilitude to the project. Deb then shared the students' project portfolios with the rest of the Noreascon committee. One student even developed radio announcements — and recorded them — for her group's presentation. The students learned; the Worldcon benefited from their research. Win-win. It's no coincidence that Deb is teaching a conference management seminar this fall, finishing about the same time that Massachusetts Convention Fandom, Inc. (MCFI) is hosting Smofcon (a convention about running conventions) in Boston....

Okay, enough about this convention stuff for a moment. Deb's other passions include edged weapons and fast cars. Not your usual middle-aged blonde, eh? She follows NASCAR, and longs for a Ferrari of her own. One Valentine's Day, Mike commissioned a pattern-welded sword made out of meteoric iron. It was the perfect gift. It goes well with her antique folding battle-axe, and her high-tech bow that's not just for show. But she also makes jewelry, has a weakness for

luxury linens, and keeps the cleanest fannish house I've seen.

Deb is a fan; it will come as no surprise that she's a voracious reader or that she enjoys sharing her passions and amusements with her friends. She's also a shameless output junkie. Her eyes positively glowed when she first saw the equipment that prints a logo (or any artwork) on a 9x9-foot carpet. A few weeks after she first saw tiny labels that print color photos, she'd located a wholesale supplier and ordered mass quantities. She found the vendor that prints full-color convention flyers for a fraction of what they typically cost. Not only does she have a fabulous feel for cool stuff, she knows how to find it at a bargain price.

Before Noreascon 4, Worldcons regularly paid their decorators \$100 and more for each large sign made for the convention. Deb took a look at the numbers, then proposed that MCFI buy a large-format color printer instead. The industrial model uses a roll of paper 42 inches wide and 150 feet long and makes many more signs than a Worldcon could otherwise afford. Deb's pleased that the two Worldcons since have followed the route she pioneered, buying printers that remain useful long after the convention ends, and spending less money for better signage in the process.

Last year, Deb discovered that the big printer can print on custom fabric, too. She immediately ordered a roll of silk and invited me over to play. We made scarves from high-resolution images taken by the Hubble Space Telescope. As soon as we saw the vibrant colors on the silk, we made a full-length door panel featuring Donato Giancola's "Construct of Time" and hung it in the front door of the NESFA clubhouse. The art is of a full-body robot. Donato pointed out the serendipity of his hand placement—the robot appears to be reaching for the door handle, ready to welcome you in. Deb knew exactly which art to use! Yes, we can legitimately add "art director" to her considerable talents. I'm a graphic designer who's had the pleasure of working with her for several years now, and I appreciate how much her

keen eye and spot-on sensibilities add to our projects.

Thanks to that keen eye, a love of good jokes, and a weakness for wicked puns, Deb learned first-hand just how much it can cost her to edit a NESFA Press book. A few years back, Deb was editing *Expecting Beowulf* by Tom Holt. Omar Rayyan sent her a sketch of the cover art he was working on. In the painting, Vikings and fantastical characters are crowded aboard a drakkar, a Viking dragon ship. A young boy sits perched atop the prow. While it's certainly not part of the editorial requirements, Deb had already told Omar she wanted to buy the original painting when it was done. "Looks great, Omar," Deb said. "Have you painted the ship yet? Can you make it red?" "Sure, but why red?" Omar replied. Deb remained silent until he groaned. "You'll have to pay extra for that," he warned. And so she did. Which is how "The Ruby Yacht of Omar Rayyan" came to hang in her and Mike's dining room.

And now for the not-so-secret secret: it may come as something of a

surprise that Deb really is averse to fame. She far prefers working in the background to even a moment in the spotlight. She is still surprised when someone she doesn't know responds to something on her LiveJournal, or adds "Wicked Boring" to the list of journals they read regularly. She longs for the obscurity that she enjoyed before all of that Worldcon business, and is uncertain about being on the receiving end of this whole quest of honor thing. Yes, she's of course deeply honored by it. But don't be surprised if she turns the table and makes ConQuesT more a celebration about you than about her. Don't let that stop you, either. Pull up a chair, ask her about her favorite practical jokes and other adventures on the funway. Ask her about her and Mike's "Gelb for Governor" campaign, the rubber ducky press release, and their upcoming Mediterranean cruise. Join her Legions of Darkness (uniforms optional: www.cafepress.com/darkminions). And just plain enjoy her presence here at ConQuesT. I know I will! □

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Thanks to I Love A Mystery for their contributions
to the ConQuesT 38 Charity Auction



Toastmistress

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN

TERESA NIELSEN HAYDEN: A PRECIS

By Patrick Nielsen Hayden

Teresa Nielsen Hayden's interests, accomplishments, and personae are spread along the length of SF's ecliptic, like the stars in the "Tor Fantasy" logo she designed long ago.

As a science fiction book editor, she's worked with writers ranging from James White and Gordon R. Dickson to Jane Lindskold, Steven Brust, and Harry Turtledove. She's been Robert Charles Wilson's Tor editor for his last several titles; last year, when Wilson's novel *Spin* won the Hugo for Best Novel, Teresa's shout of joy temporarily took out my hearing in one ear. (Teresa is a fierce advocate for her authors; it's one of the many things that makes her good at the job.) A year-long stint at the ill-fated Valiant line of comic books in the mid-1990s left her with a permanent interest in the form, leading her to acquire and edit Tor's first ventures into "graphic novel" publishing, Charles Vess's *Ballads* and Tim Eldred's *Grease Monkey*.

As a publishing professional, Teresa's mastery of secret knowledge goes well beyond the editorial chair. Most book editors know very little about the actual business of getting books copyedited, proofread, laid out, typeset, bound, and jacketed—everything that happens to a book after it leaves the editor's hands. Teresa was managing editor of Tor for a year and a half, and worked for years as a freelance copyeditor; her essay "On Copyediting" is an authoritative overview of the subject, specifically as applied to SF. As an online maven and crusader against scams that prey on aspiring writers, Teresa is in a league of her own. Not for nothing does Neil Gaiman say that Teresa "knows publishing better than anyone else I've ever met."

As a teacher, Teresa has been one of the core instructors at the annual "Viable Paradise" SF writing workshop on Martha's Vineyard for ten years, and she takes every chance she can get to teach in other contexts as well. She has an outstanding ability to get writers to better understand what she calls "micro-events in prose," the small mechanics of exposition on which SF and fantasy narratives depend.

As a science fiction fan, she's been active for over thirty years, serving on multiple convention committees and publishing innumerable fanzines. *Izard*, co-edited with me, was a Hugo finalist in 1984. With the same collaborator, she won TAFF—the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund—in 1985. In 2003, NESFA awarded her (along with some other guy) their "Skylark" Award for service to fandom. She has never stopped regarding herself as a fan, full stop.

As a writer, she's been a Hugo finalist three times: twice for Best Fan Writer, and once for NESFA Press's 1994 collection of some of her best fanzine and online writing, *Making Book*. These days, most of her writing

is online. She is a gifted essayist, polemicist, and critic, with a sharp eye for beauty and humbug alike.

As a weblogger, she is the founder of, and still chief poster to, the weblog *Making Light*, a popular site devoted to discussions of politics, knitting, literature, hamsters, the publishing industry, emergency medicine, food, drink, and everything else that interests Teresa, her co-bloggers, and their readers. Aside from Teresa's frequent contributions, the glory of *Making Light* is its comment section, assiduously moderated by Teresa; it serves as proof that online discussion, attended to by a conscientious host, can be sublime. Teresa regards it all as just a new iteration of old fannish skills. "Weblogging," she has said, "is the continuation of fanac by other means."

And as an artist, knitter, jeweler, gardener, and crusader against scurvy, she has done many other things yet, and if you're at 2007's ConQuest you're very lucky because you have the chance to ask her about them. Welcome your Toastmistress, and don't be a stranger! □

It hurts me when others
are afraid of me.



It
especially
hurts when
they run
away while
I'm stalking
them for
lunch.



It's time... let's do it again in 2010

Australia is bidding to hold its fourth World Science Fiction Convention and we'd like you to join us on a wild ride towards that goal. Australia has a reputation (gained from its three Aussiecons in 1975, 1985 and 1999) of producing intimate, compact Worldcons where everyone has a good time. For more details contact one of our representatives, visit our website, or meet one of us at a convention near you.

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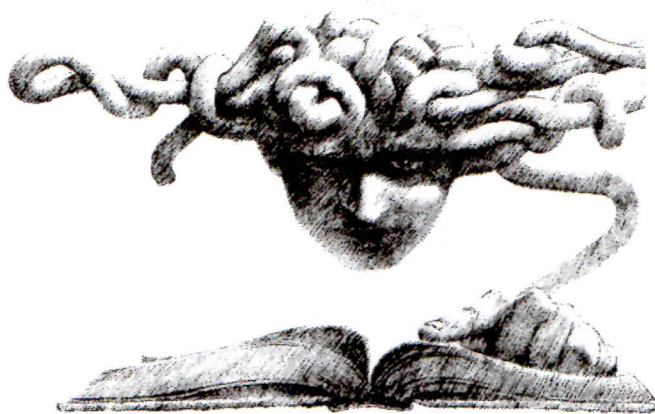
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Email: info@vsfc.org.au

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This bid is supported by Melbourne Convention + Visitors Bureau.



MASTERS of the MULTIVERSE

A Retrospective Exhibit of '50s, '60s & '70s SF Interior Illustration

by **Alex Eisenstein**

Back when the world was young, there were glorious illustrations in living black-and-white, and occasional shades of gray. A wide variety of styles and media were used—double-tone board, scratchboard, pebble board, as well as Bristol board and Strathmore rag, both rough & smooth. The range of textures, tones, and graphic devices was immense, even (er) Astounding. And what

artists: Emsh, Freas, Finlay, Schoenherr, Valigursky, Wood, and a whole lotta other guys, chasing after the writers' dreams of futurity. It was not an age of sameness; nearly every artist working then had his own distinctive imprint and vision, no two alike, with few if any genuflections (or even nods) made in the direction of NASA and its hardware. One way or another, there was delight to be found

in every line, shade and shadow, every splotchy backdrop and finicky stipple. It was an age, taken all in all, when the artists displayed...capital-i Imagination. So sample here their manifold pleasures, as we whisk you back to bygone futures and technarchies, aliens with class and character, in this choice exhibit from the mad sf art collectors of Chicago, Alex & Phyllis Eisenstein. Enjoy! □

ALEX EISENSTEIN: CURATOR OF THE MULTIVERSE

Alex is the frequent writing partner of his wife Phyllis, ConQuesT 38's Writer Guest of Honor. He has collaborated with her, and vice versa, on a number of sf and fantasy short stories, starting with their first professional sale of "The Trouble with the Past" (*New Dimensions I*) in 1971, and he has also made contributions to various of her novels. With their knowledge of the fiction of Alfred Bester, they performed a service to science fiction by restoring the complete text of Bester's classic 1957 novel *The Stars My Destination*, for Vintage Books' 1996 trade paper edition.

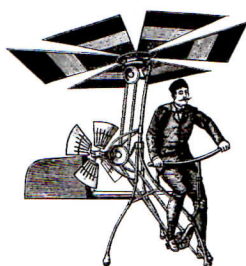
Alex is also an authority on the science fiction of H. G. Wells and the films of Stanley Kubrick, especially Kubrick's masterwork *2001: A Space Odyssey*. For the Kansas City Worldcon (MidAmeriCon) in 1976, he developed a thorough analytical slide show presentation on that seminal film, which was repeated in 2001 (of course!) for ConQuesT 32. Like many film buffs, he strongly admires the early films of Orson Welles, Hitch-

cock, Walt Disney, and the great noir movies starring Humphrey Bogart, Edmond O'Brien, Jack Palance, and Victor Mature. Ask him about *I Died a Thousand Times*, *I Wake Up Screaming*, and *The Web*. (Just ask him, I dare you.) Not to mention, how to savor Welles's *Mr. Arkadin* as a black comedy about obsessive daughter-love and serial murder. (You bet!) He has a theory, too, that the best contemporary sf films are no longer labeled sf—as in *The Truman Show* or *Memento*. Back in the late '70s, for his sins Alex labored as house critic for the popular Chicago-based magazine *Fantastic Films*, plying his trade with such sardonic vim and gusto that splenetic "fan" mail came at him by the bushel. He gave up this glamorous career when he saw *Blade Runner* and realized what an awful film it was, but also noticed it was shot in such high-and-mighty style that no one would ever believe him. (So it goes.)

Beginning at the ChiCon III auction in 1962, Alex went on to become one of the foremost collectors of original sf art in the United States. For MiniCon 31 in 1996, he and Phyllis organized the first large exhibit of book and magazine cover art by master sf illustrator and Hugo Award winner

Ed Emshwiller. For the 2000 Chicago Worldcon, the Eisensteins mounted the incredible art exhibit "Masters of Space and Time," which presented more than 300 pieces of original sf cover and interior artwork spanning three decades, featuring masterworks by Frank Kelly Freas, Edd Cartier, Ed Emshwiller, John Schoenherr, Wallace Wood, Ed Valigursky, Richard Powers, Mel Hunter, Virgil Finlay, and others. Prior to this, the Eisenstein collection was heavily featured in the grand "SF Art Retrospective" curated by Ken Moore in 1986 for the Atlanta Worldcon. Alex has also shown selected works at smaller venues over the years: various regional Cons, several university galleries and academic conferences, and even the Chicago Public Library Cultural Center. This year's "Masters of the Universe" exhibit at ConQuesT, featuring classic '50s, '60s, and '70s sf magazine interiors, is the second such display done especially for ConQuesT. The first one was "The Astounding Frank Kelly Freas" in 2005, showcasing 14 of Freas's full color cover paintings, including his signature 1954 *Astounding* cover for Fredric Brown's novel *Martians, Go Home!*

(continued on page 25)



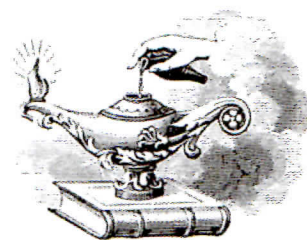
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Treasures!

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Providing a list of library resources for SF scholarship and research.

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To find even more people willing to volunteer to help promote SF!

For more information, visit AboutSF.com

Programming Items for ConQuest 38

The following is the current (as of 5/07/07) descriptive list of panels and other events planned for ConQuest 38. For changes, updates and all the minor details like time, location, panelists, and such, consult the Pocket Program.

BELIEVEABLE CHARACTERS: How to bring your characters to life.

IT JUST MIGHT BE ROCKET SCIENCE: Can you write "hard" SF without having a background in science?

HOW TO GET REJECTED WITHOUT REALLY TRYING: Some classic and not-so-classic mistakes beginning writers make and how to avoid them.

WEBPAGES FOR WRITERS: Should you have one? What should it contain? How do you start?

WRITING FOR THE CHILDREN'S YOUNG ADULT MARKET: What are some of the techniques as well as some tips for writing for the Children's/Young Adult Market? What types of works are appropriate for various age groups? Are there any topics that should be considered taboo?

WRITING COMEDY: IT'S HARD TO BE FUNNY: The ups and downs of writing comedy in the science fiction and fantasy field.

WRITING SCARY HUMOR: Can you be funny and afraid at the same time? A look at how to write scary humor and a discussion with those who have done it successfully.

WRITING FOR SMALL PRESS: How to decide who to send it to and a discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of submitting to small press.

CREATING ART OF THE WRITTEN WORD: How to capture the author's vision without compromising the artist's eye.

DIGITAL ARTWORK: Is this the future of the field? How can it be used effectively? What are some drawbacks?

MEET THE ARTISTS: The artists will set up in front of their artwork in the art show and be available to answer questions or discuss their work at specifically scheduled times.

THE PERFECT ART SHOW: How to design a successful art show from both the convention and the artist's point of view.

TO PRINT OR NOT TO PRINT—THAT IS THE QUESTION: When, how and why you should produce prints of your artwork.

A CONVENTION PRIMER: SO YOU WANT TO RUN A CON? A look at the pros and cons of running conventions. What should you do before you commit to putting on a convention?

LITERARY CONVENTIONS JUST AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE: Can the literary science fiction convention survive in today's multi-level fandom?

READING LISTS FOR NEOFANS: What books **MUST EVERY** science fiction fan read?

SPECIALIZED FANDOMS: How has SF fandom changed in the last three decades since Star Wars?

BOOKS INTO MOVIES: A look at the ones that were successful and the ones where you wondered if the director even **READ** the book!

GAMING 101: What is the appeal of role-playing games? Which ones are the best for beginners? What are the basic rules for being a good gamer?

THE HARRY POTTER PHENOMENA: Why is this series so universally loved? Or is it? Why do some people feel this series should be banned? What is its appeal to adults as well as children?

THE MAGIC OF HARRY POTTER: How the magic of Harry Potter works, and its connections to the real world.

MEMORY BYTES: What classic mo-

ments from favorite books, movies, and television have taken up residence in the cultural fabric of our society? Which ones should be there?

REAL OR HOAX? Do UFOs, aliens, Big Foot, vampires, werewolves really exist? Is there any evidence for these phenomena? Why are we so fascinated?

ROBOTS AND ETHICS: Are Asimov's laws necessary, or would it even matter?

SF ON TELEVISION—THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY: A look at some of the best and worst of science fiction television.

WHAT A WASTE OF TIME! People have been recommending a certain book for years, or one of your favorite authors has just published something new. You buy it and eagerly begin reading, only to find that it is nowhere as good as you expected. What 'classic' SF/F book(s) did you finish and all you could think about was how much time you just wasted?

WORLD OF WARCRAFT—WHAT IS ITS APPEAL? Should there be age limitations? What does this type of gaming mean to the genre?

SPECIAL PRESENTATIONS

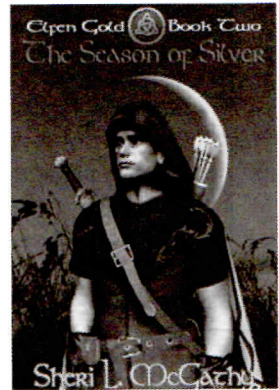
THE SPACE ELEVATOR: The idea of a Space Elevator has been around for over a hundred of years; however, the technology to build such a remarkable structure has not existed until now. Recent advances in carbon nanotube technology, robotics, and lasers now make the concept of the Space Elevator a viable engineering project. Lift-Port Group is a private company actively working to bring the Space Elevator to the world. Other companies are working on related technologies. Presented by Frank Smith.

THE CUBE: 21st Century, Three Dimensional City. The Cube is the largest building in the world, with 1,000,000 one million people residing



Fantasy

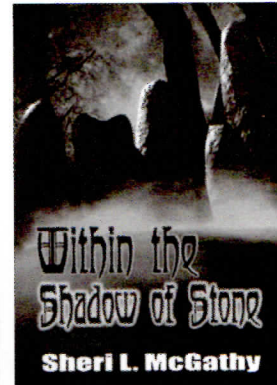
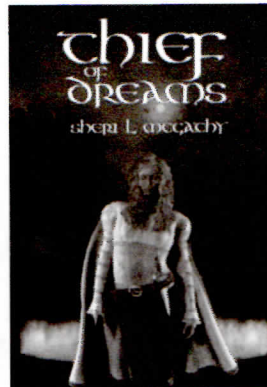
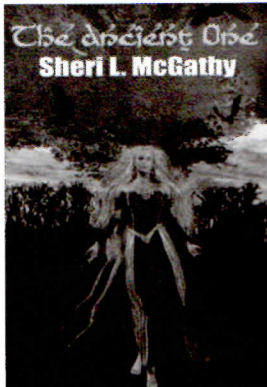
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MASQUERADE: Welcome costume designers, creators and appreciative audience. This year's Masquerade will be in Main Programming at 9pm Saturday. All Masquerade participants need to fill out an entry form, located at the registration desk, before 3pm Saturday. We will have a 1-hour run through and question/answer session in Main Programming (Shawnee A) from 6-7pm. All music, awkward cos-

tume pieces and documentation should be brought to this rehearsal. All program participants must report to Shawnee B no later than 8:30pm. Those wishing to participate in the Workmanship judging should report to Shawnee B at 8:15pm. Please direct all questions and concerns to Inger Myers. She'll have a hat on you just can't miss.

MASQUERADE RULES:

- 1) Surprise the audience not the Masquerade director.
- 2) If you do not attend the rehearsal you do not participate in the Masquerade.

- 3) The Masquerade Director must approve all weapons.
- 4) Judges decisions are final.
- 5) Entry classifications are Junior for entrants under the age of 15, Competition for entrants over the age of 15, and Exhibition for participants who only wish to show their costume and not compete for prizes.
- 6) No unaltered, bought costumes may be worn in the masquerade for competition.
- 7) Please keep your time on stage under 60 seconds unless approved by the Masquerade director.
- 8) Please remember that this is for *Fun*.



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Who Are Those People Doing the Talking?

DAVID LEE ANDERSON: David is a science fiction and fantasy illustrator. He's shown paintings at more than 440 convention art shows, has been the Artist Guest of Honor for twenty conventions, Toastmaster twice, and Fan Guest of Honor once. He's worked for Tor Books, Baen Books, *Tomorrow SF Magazine*, *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine*, Mayfair Games, Bethesda Softworks, Yard Dog Books, and other independent publishers. He was President of the Association of Science Fiction and Fantasy Artists from 1990-92. You can find David on the web at: www.davidleeanderson.com.

MARGENE BAHM: Margene has been active in fandom since the 1970s, when she was working cons from her stroller (ask her why William Shatner owes her 23 hours, and about her wake-up call from George Takei). A two-time chair of ConQuesT, she is currently spearheading the Kansas City bid for the World Science Fiction Convention in 2009 (vote early and often!). Having recuperated from partial knee replacement surgery performed two days after Christmas, she spends her copious free time (ha!) teaching Irish dance, doting on her grandchildren Connor and Lauren, and enjoying the escapades of the newest feline members of the household, Siegfried and Yum!

ROBIN WAYNE BAILEY: Robin is the author of numerous fantasy and science fiction works, including *DragonKin*, his best-selling series published by Simon & Schuster. His other well-known works include the *Frost* series, the *Brothers of the Dragon* series, and his Fritz Leiber-inspired Fafhrd and Gray Mouser novel, *Swords Against the Shadowland*. His short fiction has appeared in many magazines and anthologies, and he has edited two acclaimed anthology collections. He has many years of dedicated service to the genre, including service on the SFWA board of directors, host of three Nebula Awards events, and a key player in the creation of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers' Hall of Fame.

He recently completed serving two years as the president of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America, Inc. (SFWA)

MITCHELL BENTLEY: Raised in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Mitch was named for Maria Mitchell, his great grand-aunt and the first woman astronomer. He is the son of an artist who worked in oils and who taught him painting. Art remained a hobby while he first worked in restaurants, then in electronics after earning an AAS in Electrical Electronics Technology from OSU.



In 1989, Mitch combined his love of science, science fiction, and painting, and began studying art at Tulsa Junior College. In 1996, he moved to Austin, TX, where he lived and worked for four years, and in 1999, he moved to Harrisburg, PA, where he earned a BA followed by an MA in Humanities at Penn State.

Mitch has lectured at universities, worked in film, edited publications, appeared as AGoH at over a dozen conventions, and won over 35 awards. His work has been published at home and abroad as cover art for books, magazines, CDs, DVDs, posters, trading cards, in newspapers, and fine art editions. He is a lifetime member of ASFA, as well as a member of the International Association of Astronomical Artists.

He and his partner Cathie do business under the auspices of Atomic Fly Studios, providing design and pre-press services while marketing their own line of fine art prints and photography. They currently work and live in York, Pennsylvania, with their spoiled cats, Spike & Zoe.

JAMES BURK: Jim (a.k.a. THE james k. burk) was born long, long ago. He attempts to combine writing (as James K. Burk) and partying (as THE or Jim). His novel *High Rage* is out of print but his chapbooks, *Strange Twists of Fate* and *Illusions of Sanity* are on sale in the dealer's room, and he's had stories in *the Four Bubbas of the Apocalypse*, *International House of Bubbas*, and *Flush Fiction*. His most recent Yard Dog Press book is *Home Is the Hunter*. Because of his advanced age, he will play the part and hold people down to make them look at pictures of his grandchildren, and will compare symptoms with the rest of the geriatric crowd, but he'd rather talk about writing or anything fun.

LYNETTE MESEROLE BURROWS: Lynette is one of our Kansas City writers. She has had several children's short stories published and, with Rob Chilson, co-authored two "White Box" stories that appeared in *Analog Science Fiction Magazine*. Another side of Lynette's creativity is expressed in stained glass. In addition to traditional stained glass projects, she has a line of science fiction-themed pieces. She shows her work occasionally at convention art shows. Lynette lives in nearby Mission, Kansas, with her husband, Bob Burrows, a creative consultant, and her three dogs, Nemo, Cosmo, and Astro.

GERALD BURTON: Gerald (a.k.a. Cap'n Coconut) is a well-known figure in Midwest fandom, and can usually be found taking photos of attractive women in skimpy outfits (nice work if you can get it). He is a former chair of SoonerCon, former Fan Guest of ConOuesT, and a former "Vanna" at KC's adult relaxacon, Contraception.

ROB CHILSON: Rob has been produc-

ing quality fiction for far longer than any of us want to think about (he started as an infant, yeah, that's it). He has written numerous short stories (some in collaboration with Lynette Burrows and William F. Wu), as well as fine novels such as *Rounded With Sleep*, *Men Like Rats*, and many others. There are free samples at his Web site, www.robchilson.com. Other lies about him can be found at Bill Wu's Web site (There's a link to it from Rob's site).

SHERRI DEAN: Sherri is an Author and artist was also born late *and* backwards—which explains a lot. Her rise to fame (hey, stop laughing!) started at Yard Dog Press with illustrations for half the cards in the *Bubbas of the Apocalypse CCG*. She followed that with two stories in the Bubba universe, covers for Rie Sheridan's "Bruce and Roxanne" chapbooks, covers for Selina Rosens *Re-runs* and *Material Things*, and designed the "dog in a straightjacket" logo seen on fine YDP products (go buy something now!). She co-authored *Tinker's Damn* (an SF Western) with fellow YDP author Bill D. Allen. She's a giving person who has donated stories to fundraising anthologies *Small Bites* and *Flush Fiction*, and donated artwork for the latter. She enjoys conventions, and is a founding member of the YDP Traveling Roadshow as Merlene. She collects non-fiction vampire books and is easily distracted by shiny things. She'd love to hear from fans (Stop laughing, I said!) at conbarbie@hotmail.com.

JENNIFER DICAMILLO: (a.k.a. Carys Weldon) has won more than one hundred writing awards in the last four years, been published in every genre, and is a professional motivational speaker. Her debut novel, *The Price of Peace*, won a CAPA nomination for Best Historical Fiction 2004. Look for (sword-slinging romance) *Courting Disaster*; (mystery) *Deadknots*, and *Despicado*; (Poetry) *Passing Thoughts*, and *Passing Images*. And the *Big Boys* children's series. Find her short science fiction stories in *Unbelievable Stories Magazine*. Her first SF novel, *ANGEL B.E.T.*, will be released under her pseudonym Carys Weldon. She recently signed 23 contracts with Mojocastle Press: erotic werewolves, vampires, and faeries are *coming soon*.

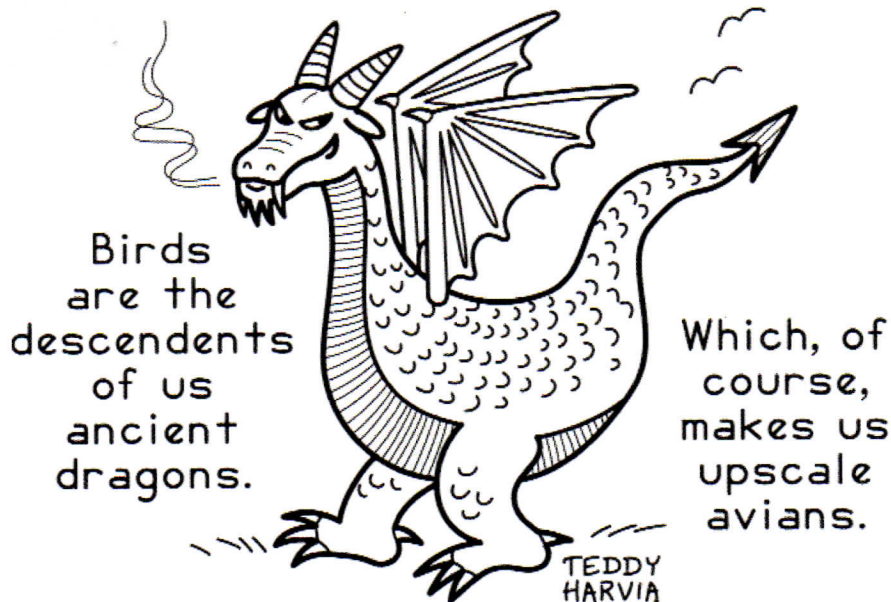
LINDA DONAHUE: Linda is an author, copy editor, and model, who grew up traveling. The former air-force brat now has degrees in computer science, Russian studies, a Masters in Earth science education, carries a commercial instrument pilot's certification, and a SCUBA certification. She also teaches tai chi and belly dance. Linda has stories published for Yard Dog Press, Fantasist Enterprises, Elder Signs Press, From the Asylum Books and Press, Carnifex Press. In non-fiction, you can read her article on animal chiropractics in the 2007 Rabbits USA Annual. She is married to Chris Donahue. They live in Texas and have rabbits, cats, and sugar gliders for pets.

PHIL EDWARDS: ...is in the bar!

JANICE GELB: Janice blew into fandom at the appropriately nicknamed HurriCon (SunCon, the 1977 Worldcon). Since then, she has participated in numerous APAs (including a string of over 20 years in SFPA, the Southern Fandom Press Alliance) and has worked on many conventions, notably running Program Ops at Worldcon in 1992, 1995, 2001, 2004, and 2005, and running the Hugo ceremony at LAcon III (the 1996 Worldcon). She was the 1999 DUFF (Down Under Fan Fund) North American representative at Aussiecon 3 where, in a fit of madness, she also volunteered to run Program Ops. In the Real World, she is a senior developmental editor at Sun

Microsystems. Since 2005, she has lived in Melbourne, Australia, where she says she spends way too much time posting to LiveJournal.

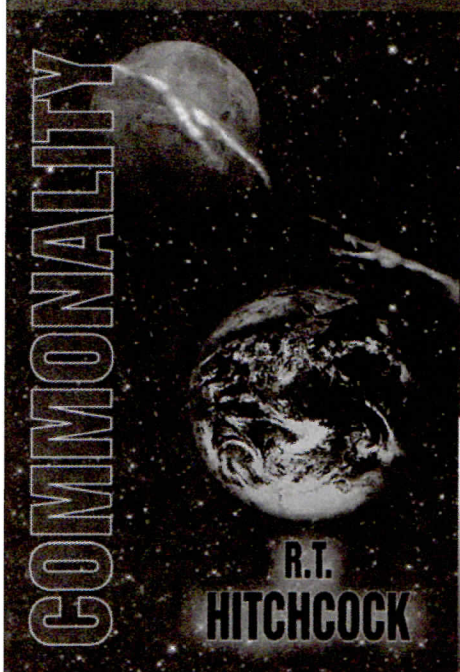
JAN S. GEPHARDT: Jan has been involved in science fiction fandom since 1982. In those years, she has filled a variety of roles. She has been a fantasy/sf artist who received an assortment of awards for her artwork during the 1980s, was Art Guest of Honor at NeoCon III, and was included in a museum show of fantasy art in 1988. In the late 1980s, she began working as an art agent with her husband Pascal Gephardt, and then became involved as a promoter of fantasy art, partner in a fantasy art publishing company, webmaster of a web site devoted to a group of fantasy artists, and officer (Central Region Director and Vice President) in the Association of Science Fiction and Fantasy Artists (ASFA). She worked with Richard Pini and Teresa Patterson to create the original version of the ASFA Art Show Guidelines. She received a Chesley Award for Contributions to ASFA in 1991. Jan also is a writer. She has had several fantasy stories published online, and is the author of two, as-yet-unpublished, complete sf novels. She belongs to a long-established local writers' group originally drawn from KaCSFFS members. In recent years she has worked as an art and journalism teacher, and has conducted many pan-



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[Only 'boring'!]

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SHAKING THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF SCIENCE FICTION

els at sf conventions on topics related to the business of art, art conservation, and art techniques. She also is the mother of two enthusiastic sf and anime fen who also are dedicated "Rennies," Ty and Signy Gephardt.

BEVERLY A. HALE: Beverly collects things: stories, books (she has over 10,000), dictionaries (over 40), children (89 and counting—most of them Asian), recipes (she's written and published a cookbook—*Texistani: Indo-Pak Cooking from a Texas Kitchen*—and is now working on an updated version to include Asian, European, American, and South American dishes), etc. When not collecting, she writes. Bev has publishing credits in comics, gaming, short stories, children's lit, and even a novel, *The Essence of Stone*. She is currently working on several short stories and books at one time as she sometimes has a short attention span. She lives in Oklahoma City with her husband and two dogs (Zoe, Dog of Chaos; and Jilly, Dog of Order—ask her to explain sometime).

JEREMY HAMILTON: Jeremy was born and raised in Tulsa, OK. Fed a steady stream of comics, science fiction, and fantasy since he was a small lad, it was inevitable that he would find himself in fandom. He started drawing at an early age and hasn't stopped. In 2001, he finally escaped the gravitational pull of Tulsa and moved to the Kansas City area. He has contributed to the interior art and cover of the program book for Contraception for several years. You can see his online gallery at [www.elf-](http://www.elf-boykc.deviantart.com)

[boykc.deviantart.com](http://www.elf-boykc.deviantart.com) and can purchase his art on shirts at www.cafe-press.com/bedlamartdesign.

NANCY HATHAWAY: Nancy (a.k.a. Nancy Edwards, a.k.a. Cleo) is a very talented artist who now lives on the left coast. Cleo was born in Asheville, North Carolina, but moved to St. Louis, Missouri, at age 7 where she first got involved with *Rocky Horror*, and then science fiction fandom. She has been involved in fandom for over 25 years. Cleo now lives in California close to Edwards Air Force Base along with a large collection of animals including several cats, a dog, and her husband, Ross. As an artist, Cleo is multi-talented, and works making beaded and lapidary jewelry, pottery, and digital photography.

ROSS HATHAWAY: Ross is an amateur artist, and a real-live rocket scientist (at least a propulsion engineer for NASA) who works at NASA Dryden in California. He was the principal propulsion investigator for Dryden on the successful demonstration of a Mach 7 and Mach 10 scramjet, and is currently the chief engineer on an autonomous unpiloted vehicle called the X45A. Ross has been reading science fiction all of his life, and thinks it is really nice that his KC friends host ConQuest so close to his birthday.

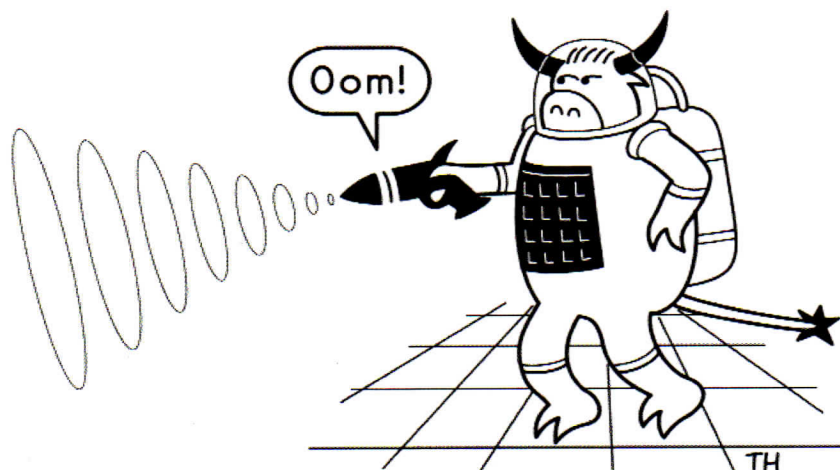
KATHY HINKLE: I'm a fantasy artist and sci-fi author, ever since I was very young. I read My first sci-fi book in First Grade, which inspired my first alien drawing. I wrote my very first sci-fi play in Third Grade (never published, quite fortunately for the world). I've had some short stories

published in a collection (small press), an excerpt of my novel in a local literary magazine, and have won my category in both years of ConQuest's Story in a Bag contest (and hope to make it three in a row!). The past three years, I painted t-shirts for the art show. I live in Olathe, and have basically my entire life. I have three Koi named Radiance, Shimmer, and Panamama.

BOB & JULIE HISE: Bob Hise first encountered fandom in Tulsa in 1972. Julie Hepler encountered fandom in St. Louis in 1983. Bob and Julie encountered each other at Archon in 1988 and have been a team ever since. Together, they have been involved in KaCSFFS since moving to Kansas City in 1988 and co-chairing ConQuest in 1993. Julie has worked mainly in registration at ConQuest and Contraception while Bob has held a number of different posts on the ConQuest committee, including Programming, Con HQ, and Hospitality. They live in the northlands of Kansas City with a black bundle of dog-like fur named Nessie and a jazz-loving horse named Clarence.

JAMES HOLLAMAN: What can you say about Jimmy that has not been documented already by psychiatric wards. Artist, writer, and just a provider of odd thoughts, his artwork can be found on the cover of the *Bubba Chronicles* by Selina Rosen, *Marking the Signs* by Laura J. Underwood, and half of the cards in the *Bubbas of the Apocalypse* card game (Sherri Dean did the other half). His writing can be found in *Beyond the Skyline*, *Flush Fiction*, and *International House of Bubbas*. As for his odd thoughts, they can be found in many places and he can provide them when needed. Some of these thoughts include Gus: a real fun guy; Toe Theater; last year's World Room Con; and most recently *Baby's First Necronomicon*. He hopes to be working on *Baby's First Snuff Film* soon.

MARZIAH KARCH: Marziah demonstrated a talent for painting before she learned how to speak—much to the irritation of her parents. Her parents did come to love her artwork later—after she learned not to paint on the walls. Her degrees include a BFA in



Printmaking, an advanced certificate in interactive media, and a MS in Instructional Design and Technology. She uses both traditional and digital media in her work, including digital reproduction techniques. Marziah's work has appeared in games by Event Horizon Productions, Game Designer's Workshop, Rune's Law, and Wyrd Images, as well as *More Stories That Won't Make Your Parents Hurl*, by Yard Dog Press. Her artwork also has been featured in several online galleries and magazines, including *Speculative Vision*, *artFUTURE*, and *Quantum Muse*.

KEN KELLER: Ken is the co-founder of the Kansas City Science Fiction & Fantasy Society (KaCSFFS), who sponsors ConQuesT. He served as the club's first director from 1971 through 1972, and exactly thirty years later returned to that position, serving two full terms as director in 2001 through 2002.

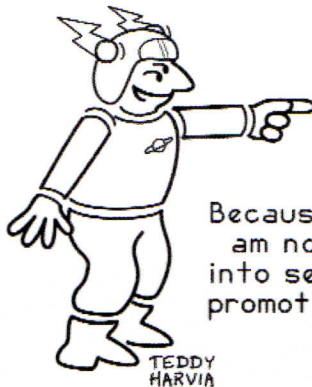
Between these periods, Ken was also KC's first sf con chair, serving as such on the club's early conventions. This eventually led him to organize, and then chair, Kansas City's successful bid for the 34th World Science Fiction Convention, MidAmeriCon, in 1976. Since then, he's often served as a moderator or panelist on local and regional con programming. He swears he's retired from organizing and chairing conventions or even KC Worldcon bids—the occasional hoax Worldcon bid notwithstanding. But he has come out of retirement in recent years to serve as a ConQuesT department head, organizing both Eisenstein classic sf art exhibitions, for illustrator Frank Kelly Freas in 2005 and again this year for various classic sf artists of the '50s, '60s, '70s.

Over the decades, at various times, Ken has been a fanzine editor and publisher. Back in 1982, he even received a World Fantasy Award nomination for the final issue of *Trumpet*, originally founded in 1965 by his friend and business partner, the late Tom Reamy. In 1996, through KaCSFFS, he was the editor of the 7th and 8th editions of Bob Tucker's famous fannish publication, *The Neo-Fan's Guide to Science Fiction Fandom*.

Back in the 1980s, after years of assisting others with publishing various

small press book projects, he became a professional sf book and art print publisher and publishing consultant. In 2002, under his direction as publisher, KaCSFFS launched its own book imprint, KaCSFFS Press. Its first title was Frank M. Robinson's sf short story collection *Through My Glasses, Darkly*, now out-of-print. KaCSFFS Press then published the ambitious original horror/dark suspense volume *13 Horrors*, edited by Brian A. Hopkins. This was the first World Horror Convention anthology and debuted here in 2003 at World Horror Convention XIII, which KaCSFFS sponsored. At ConQuesT this year, KaCSFFS Press debuts GoH Phyllis

Why did I, Ensign Bob,
self-proclaimed man
of the future,
not call myself
Admiral Bob?



Because I
am not
into self-
promotion.

Eisenstein's new book, *Walker Between the Worlds*, a 38,000 word stand-alone novella which provides a preview of what will become the first book of her new fantasy trilogy, a series to be called "The Masks of Power."

Ken is also an active collector of a variety of subjects. These include sf and fantasy fiction, film, comics, their histories, as well as non-genre subjects like Civil War naval history, WWII history, and general aviation—with a specialty in Flying Wing aircraft. He long ago lost track how many items make up this large, varied collection, but it spans four-plus decades and takes up several rooms in the home he shares with his wife Terry Matz.

So what's next for the Solar Wind? With Ken you just never know. Or as KC's own Jim Murray has wryly observed, "Be afraid—be very, very afraid!"

LEE KILLOUGH: Lee has been storytelling as long as she can remember (even longer than she's been attending ConQuesT)...but at age eleven the stories became mysteries and science fiction. Being a voracious reader in a town with a small library, she began writing her own SF mysteries to keep from running out of her beloved genres. From a locked room mystery short story in her teens, where the killer arrived and escaped through a matter transmitter, she's never looked back. When she asked herself: if vampires did exist, what would they really be like, the result was the Garreth Mikaelian novels and she's been fascinated by supernatural detectives ever since. *Wilding Nights* has werewolf cops and in *Killer Karma* the detective is a ghost. For a change of pace, last year Yard Dog Press reprinted her African fantasy *The Leopard's Daughter*. At home in Kansas, she and her significant other Denny Rioridan share their lakeside home with thousands of books and a thoroughly spoiled miniature Schnauzer.

JULIA BLACKSHEAR KOSATKA: Julia is one of those elusive creatures known as a liberal Texan. Existing in great numbers, the species tends to be shy, preferring to hide in plain sight. This in no way explains Julia, who rarely hides at all; though she has been known to go to ground for long periods to write. Speaking of writing, Julia has published fantasy, science fiction, and non-fiction, and is currently working on two different novels. She lives with her sarcastic, yet oddly endearing, 13-year-old daughter, and half the cats in the known universe. Based in her home town of Houston, Julia is counting down the months until she can collect her state pension and settle into well-deserved poverty to write full-time. Nothing like a little panic to get the muse fired up.

LAURA LEHEW: Laura is a Former fan "grrl" and convention organizer. She's is an award-winning poet with more than 50 publications to date. After about 7 years of marriage, she began to get an itch. Affairs seemed passé since any idiot, it seemed, could do that. She contemplated another degree, but was over technology and well

on her way out that door. Someone, she couldn't divulge their name, gifted her with *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*. Like a junkie, Laura began devouring poetry. Poems sprung forth whole and unbidden in a vortex of words. Her murder mystery stalled as she edged further and further down that insidious unswept path of poetry. Laissez-faire Laura coupled with the California College of Arts, incising a MFA in writing. Affairs, after all, being passé. Now, well on her way to being a "crazy cat lady," she resides in sunny Oregon with her husband and their five "children." Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in such journals as *Alehouse Press*, *Ellipsis*, *Her Mark Calendar 2007*, *Pank*, and *PMS*. She interned for *CALYX Journal*, her poem "Beauty" won 1st place in the People Before Profits Poetry Award, and she was awarded a writing residency from Soapstone.

JULIA S. MANDALA: Julia is a Kansas City native, now living in Plano, TX. She has a B.A. in history from Kansas State University, and a law degree from Tulane University. Her hobbies include scuba diving, middle-eastern dance, costuming, and music. Her chapbooks, *Four Redheads of the Apocalypse*, co-authored with Linda Donahue, *Dusty Rainbolt*, and *Rhonda Eudaly* (for which she was the Photoshop artist and one of the cover models), and *Dracula's Lawyer*, are available from Yard Dog Press. She also has stories in YDP's *International House of Bubbas* and *Flush Fiction*. Her other short stories have appeared in *The Mammoth Book of Comic Fantasy II*, *MZB's Fantasy Magazine*, and *Adventures of Sword & Sorcery*.

PARRIS MCBRIDE: Like any proper Goddess, Parris is known by many names: fan; political junkie and activist; Pagan and Witch; George R.R. Martin's Number 1 fan; rock and roll and Celtic trad music collector; former book and trinkets dealer at sf conventions; and a book-readin', con-goin', makin'-most-of-her-life-inside-fandom kinda fan. Among her finer moments in fan life, she helped make the lime jello, was present at the first Hugo Losers' Party held at Big Mac in '76, and has helped at many char-

ity auctions for the SFWA Medical Emergency Fund, DUFF, and other fannish/pro good causes. Her "mundane" life brought a wide range of "interesting" experiences and jobs (have her tell you about Woodstock or joining the circus). She now works as George's personal assistant, and is thankful she no longer has to wear high heels to work. She's a music fan whose tastes range from Louis Armstrong to Bruce Springsteen to Frank Zappa. She's also a bit of technology junkie, constrained only by her need to keep a roof over the collections, and kibble in the bowls for the cats. She was honored as the Fan GoH of

I call
her
Wanda.

We wizards
like to show
off what little
we know of
Latin.



ConQuest 24, she has returned again and again to the KC area to enjoy hanging out with KC fans, and has been a supporter, nay, an enabler, of KC's various Worldcon bids of the past decade.

MICHAEL MCCAIN: Proclaimed a "Tru-fan and Grandchild of the Futurians" by Ken Keller, Michael has given many years of service to science fiction (*not sci-fi!*) fandom. First attending Midwest SF cons at age 12, and co-chairing the national Roger Zelazny convention, AmberCon IV at 16, he continued on in fandom, where things got really *strange*: Like "divining" bar tabs with Klingons, babysitting "The Great Bird of the Galaxy," entertaining Sylvester McCoy, The Sixth Doctor, sleeping with a dozen Hugo Awards (*never peeking once!*), and working nearly

naked at the Winnepeg Worldcon, producing the daily newsletter. Inspired by the example of First Fandom, Michael created Wichita's long-running NeoCon, chairing NeoCon's 1 & 2, which raised awareness for Adult Literacy, and then Women Writing in SF. He then created and chaired MacabreCon, the first "Literary" horror convention in the Midwest—planting the the dark seeds that bloomed into KC's 2003 World Horror Convention. For that WHC, Michael was the webmaster, pre-con editor/designer, and the con suite chair. He's also assisted more than half a dozen Worldcons and their bids and worked on many ConQuest's, including creating the souvenir book you hold in your hands. Michael was the webmaster and designer of Dave Truesdale's Hugo-nominated *Tangent On-Line* and worked with Dave on the *SFWA Bulletin*. Oh, yes, a lobster once tried to kill him.

CATHIE MCCORMICK: Cathie earned her Master's degree in Humanities in 2004, and now takes time off from her responsibilities as professor of Writing and Humanities at two Central Pennsylvania colleges to work in clay and photography. McCormick has edited several books—including the souvenir program book for the 13th World Horror Convention in 2003, and wrote and produced a promotional DVD, *Robert Pruitt's Vision*. She and partner Mitch Bentley also do graphic design, public relations, and marketing under the umbrella of Atomic Fly Studios.

CHRISTOPHER MCKITTERICK: Christopher is an author, editor, technical writer, teacher, astronomer, and backyard engineer. Since his work first saw print, he has sold to *Analog*, *Artemis*, *Captain Proton*, *Extrapolation*, *Synergy SF*, *Tomorrow SF*, *TSR*, and elsewhere. Chris teaches writing in Lawrence at the University of Kansas, web.ku.edu/~techcom and is Associate Director of the Center for the Study of Science Fiction, <http://www.ku.edu/~sfcenter>. In Summer 2007, Chris has a story coming out in *Visual Journeys: A Tribute to Space Art*. Visit his website at: www.sff.net/people/mckitterick.

DAVID MEANS: David has been a regular attendee of conventions on the central and southern plains for nearly thirty years; and 2007 marks the twenty-fifth consecutive year that he has attended ConQuesT. David spent most of the 1980s working on various Oklahoma conventions such as OKon, SoonerCon, and ConTest, but has now become active in several other hobbies, including genealogy, model railroading, and Scottish/Celtic history. In "real life," David has focused his career on writing software for flight simulators, both civilian and military. He and his lovely wife Marisa make their home in the fabulous twin cities of Shreveport/Bossier City, Louisiana, where they are giving a fannish upbringing to their offspring, Maura and Iain, who are—in point of fact—The Most Attractive and Intelligent Children in the Whole World (as certified by a panel of their grandmothers).

CLYDE MILLER: Clyde is an active member of SFWA with published works in *Paradox*, *Fantasy Book*, *Would That It Were*, *The Bulletin*, and *Tales As, Like As Not*, *The Anthology from Hell*, as well as a collection of baseball humor in the column "Baseball's Lighter Side." When not writing, he is a Unix Admin for IBM. He is married to the beautiful Nancy, with three kids at varying stages of sentience, and lives on the plains of Kansas in Overland Park.

JAMES J. MURRAY: (a.k.a. Murray) also known as "Dr. Paisley," "Dances with Habañeros" and "Oh, Ghu, my eyes!" has been active in fandom for over 30 years. He was the editor of the KaCSFFS club 'zine "Cacophony" for 10 years, and produced 16 program books for ConQuesT. He also served as production manager for the Hugo-nominated review 'zine "Tangent," and has been the typographer for all three KaCSFFS Press books. He is currently the Minister of Words on Paper for the Kansas City in 2009 Worldcon bid. He lives in midtown KC with his wives Paula and Margene and the obligatory feline population.

From his belfry he gloomily surveys the wreckage of another Royals' season, but takes solace in the fact that he con-

tinues to live in a millennium where the Yankees have never won a World Series.

PAULA HELM MURRAY: Paula's stories have appeared in *Sword and Sorceress IV* and *VIII*, *Spells of Wonder*, *MZB's Fantasy Magazine* and *Eldritch Tales*. She is currently marketing one completed novel, *Apprentice of the Namless Guild*, and writing a two-novel set based in the same world as *Apprentice*. By day, Paula is a database ghodess, turning recalcitrant data into perfectly formatted files, with the advantage of being able to watch her cooking and "moose-mating" shows while she does it, because she works at home. She lives in Kansas City with her spice, Jim and Margene, and the obligatory small army of soft toys. Oh, and the cats, Angelina, Badb Catha, Siegfried, and Yum.

JENNIE NICHOLS: Jennie is a filk artist who holds a degree in vocal music and is assistant choir director of her local church. Active also in the SCA, she was a founder of the Bardic Circle of the local barony, and participates in Shillelagh Law, a Celtic music band that performs at Renaissance festivals.

CARY OSBORNE: Cary lives in Norman, Oklahoma, and is the author of five science fiction novels published under her own name, and a fantasy novel, *Winter Queen*, under the pseudonym Devin Cary. She has completed a second fantasy novel titled *When God Was Stolen*, and has started another, titled *Below Streets*. Also completed is an alternate history, *Cross Over the River*. Late last year, a chapbook, *The Fountain and Other Stories*, was published by Yard Dog Press. She has started two romantic mysteries, an historical novel, and a young adult mystery. In the meantime, two small bits have been published in the *Chicken Soup for the Soul* series. (It's amazing that she finds more time to write now that she is in Graduate School.) Most of her published short stories have been in the horror genre. One of her passions is American history from 1750 through the Civil War; another, her two cats, Meritaten and Nefertari.

DEBBI PELLICANO: My friends call

me Deb, Debora, and even Debbi—sometimes that sounds too formal, and I'm far from a formal type of person. As long as I can remember, I've had fantastical and extraordinary creatures in my life. I've always been a writer, but it wasn't until the last five or six years that the muse pulled me in a completely different direction. No one was more surprised than myself as I watched all of those wonderful and sometimes scary creatures come to life. My subjects are far from the mainstream. I create worlds, beings, and people as I see them—and sometimes as I wish they existed. I identify strongly with my Celtic heritage, and try to use it in my work as much as possible. I also draw upon my passion for the medieval and gothic; and the combinations can be quite interesting sometimes. Being a storyteller, my art has become snapshots or a moment in my mind's eye, in my worlds. I've participated in Open Studios, and been an invited artist at the Bruce R. Watkins Cultural Heritage Center for their Women's Month Exhibition. My art was also being shown at Foresight Studios, and I have had several solo private showings here in the Kansas City area. I have been an invited artist now for two years in a row to Corks and Canvas, a charity event sponsored by the Good Samaritan Project.

K. HUTSON PRICE: Born in Texas and educated on both coasts, K. HUTSON PRICE—once a government contractor, a recruiter, and used car salesman—currently flings information at prepubescent individuals as a 5th grade teacher in a low-income public school. Price is the LETS (Law Enforcement Teaching Students) liaison for Mesquite School District, and a member of the Texas Defensive Shooters club. So far, these facts are mutually exclusive. Price's writing is influenced by Joss Whedon's every word, *World of Warcraft*, the insane things students pull at school, and almost anything that Yard Dog Press throws out there. To experience that odd blending of styles, readers can find Price's short fiction in *International House of Bubbas*, *Underglass*, *This Way Up*, *Under the Clocktower*, and *Flush Fiction*. Two stories have

also been featured at www.revolution.com. All the hobbies that were once entered into with wild abandon have now been whittled down to stalking Brad Denton, feral cricket slaying, and the occasional Olympic hamster toss event. However, Price does continue to collect money, but will happily accept free drinks in lieu of folding cash. Current Projects: *Ultimate Model* with Bev Hale, and *The Conclave*, a future fantasy novel.

RAY ROBERTS: Ray is from Norman, Oklahoma, is an environmental geologist by day and a writer by, well, whenever the mood smacks him over the head so hard he can't ignore it. The majority of his publications have been non-fiction, but he has ten short stories published, and he is a first-place winner in the Writers of the Future Contest. His stories have been in some pretty diverse publications including the *WOTF Anthology*, *The Cemetery Sonata Anthology*, and *Adventures of Sword and Sorcery* magazine. (He's easy to pick out, he's the guy with the long pony tail).

SELINA ROSEN: lives in rural Arkansas with her partner; her parrot, Ricky; assorted fish and fowl—both inside and out—several milk goats; an undetermined number of barn cat; and her dogs, Spud and Keri. Besides writing, editing, and taking care of the farm, she's a gardener, carpenter, rock mason, electrician (NOT a plumber), *Torah* scholar, and sword fighter. In her spare time, she creates water gardens, builds furniture, and adds to her on-going creation of the "Great Wall of Kibler."

Selina's short fiction has appeared in several magazines and anthologies including *Sword and Sorceress 16*, *Such A Pretty Face*, *Distant Journeys*, three of the MZB Fantasy Mags, *Tooth and Claw*, *Turn the Other Chick*, and *Anthology At the End of the Universe*, just to name a few. Her critically acclaimed story "Ritual Evolution" appeared in the first of the new *Thieves World* anthologies, *Turning Points*, and her second *TW* story, "Gathering Strength," appeared in the new *TW* anthology, *Enemies of Fortune*. *The Bubba Chronicles* is a collection of her short fiction which features—strangely enough—bubbas.

Her novels include *Queen of Denial*, *Recycled*, *Chains of Freedom*, *Chains of Destruction*, *Strange Robby*, *The Host* trilogy, *Fire & Ice*, *Hammer Town*, *Reruns*, and novellas entitled *The Boatman* and *Material Things*. *Bad Lands*, a gonzo-mystery novel co-written with Laura J. Underwood, is due out from Five Star Mysteries in June, 2007. As of March, 2007, *Bad Lands* was listed as available through Amazon.com—Japan! Due out in late February/early March of 2008 from Dragon Moon Publishing in Canada is her first full-length epic fantasy novel, *Sword Masters*.

In her capacity as owner and editor-in-chief of Yard Dog Press, Ms. Rosen has edited several anthologies, including the award-winning *Bubbas of the Apocalypse*, *The Four Bubbas of the Apocalypse: Flatulence, Halitosis, Incest and... Ned*, *International House of Bubbas*, *Houston: We've Got Bubbas*, and two collections of "modern" fairy tales—the Stoker-nominated *Stories That Won't Make Your Parents Hurl* and *More Stories That Won't Make Your Parents Hurl*. She just signed contracts with BenBella Books, Inc. for a *Best of the Bubbas* to be released sometime in 2008.

You can contact Selina through her personal website located at: www.selinarosen.com, or just Email her at selinarosen@cox.net.

WILLIAM MARK SIMMONS: Mark has returned to the Midwest after an extended 13-year study of xeno-gastronomy in Louisiana. His sixth novel, *Habeas Corpses*, has just been reissued in mass-market paperback by Baen Books. His seventh book, *Dead Easy*, will be out in hardcover in June, and he will deliver the first installment of *Pathfinder* to Yard Dog Press within the next few weeks. Mark is the Music Director for the Radio Kansas Network, and his voice is heard throughout half the Sunflower State as the host of the morning classical show. Even though his Dr. Jekyll spins Mozart and Beethoven, and hobnobs with the likes of Leonard Slatkin and Vladimir Spivakoff, his Mr. Hyde can be found occasionally in the filk suite.

BRAD SINOR: One of Brad's friends

once commented that he wrote family stories. "Yeah," Brad told him, "If you're related to the Addams Family or one of Dracula's relatives." His short fiction has been collected in three chapbooks released by Yard Dog Press: *Dark and Stormy Nights*; *In the Shadows*; and *Playing with Secrets*. Look for his new essays in the anthologies *Stepping Through the Stargate* and *The Cherryh Odyssey*.

SUSAN P. SINOR: When not standing behind her husband Brad with a two-by-four to make sure he finishes his various writing projects, Susan performs in, and works backstage on, numerous community theatre productions. She has had stories in *Computing Times*, as well as the chapbook collection *Playing with Secrets* from Yard Dog Press, two stories in the anthology *Small Bites*, and a story which was written in collaboration with her husband in the anthology *Rotten Relations*. Look for her story in *International House of Bubbas*.

GLENN SIXBURY: Glenn is an author, father, and co-owner of a software development firm. He lives in the middle of nowhere surrounded by a madding crowd comprised of wife, children, a large herd of cats, and a solitary dog. For the past couple years, he's been striving for a sense of normalcy in his life but has given up on this idea and has chosen instead to accept his fate, interesting though nerve-wracking it may be. His first published novel, *Earth Final Conflict: Legacy*, is one of the few media tie-in novels that can be enjoyed by anyone, and has officially become a collector's item. His latest published story appears in the *International House of Bubbas*. His latest unpublished story appears in Julia Mandala's star-studded yet ethereal *Anthology from Hell*, which is, without a doubt, the funniest and most interesting collection of short stories not yet published.

FRANK SMITH: ...is in the bar!

ALLISON STEIN: Allison is a Kansas City artist and author with a dark Southern streak. Her most recent credits include the short story "Curious George Visits the Solar J Astro-

Port Diner” in the new *Houston: We’ve Got Bubbas* anthology from Yard Dog Press. She also provided cover art for *Tick Hill* and *Diva* and a short story in *Flush Fiction*, also from Yard Dog Press. When she’s not painting, writing, hanging out in abandoned cemeteries, or scaring young children, she’s a marketing communications specialist in the software industry. She specializes in translating technobabble into Plain English.



KEITH STOKES: Keith is a life-long reader & collector of SF and was the first chairman of the Science Fiction & Fantasy Hall of Fame. He is news-master for Science Fiction & Fantasy Writers of America, Treasurer of First Fandom, webmaster for many genre-related sites, and his photos appear in *File 770*, *Locus* and other magazines.

SAMANTHA STAR STRAF: Star has been attending conventions for more than 20 years and has worked a variety of midwest conventions. She has been Fan GoH at both our Kansas City conventions and also at Congenial in Wisconsin. Recently she has been maintaining a Grad Student in Residence and spending too much time on LiveJournal.

H. G. STRATMANN: H.G. is a full-time cardiologist and part-time science fiction writer. Thirteen of his stories and four “science fact” articles have appeared in *Analog Science Fiction and Fact*, with a fourteenth story due to appear in several months. His nonfiction writing includes some seventy articles in medical journals and the new book *Sex and Your Heart Health: A Cardiologist Tells All*.

ROGER TENER: Roger is very big, and usually very pink—in a good way. “Pinky” is the editor and publisher of *The*

Chronicles of the Dawn Patrol, a weekday e-zine covering aviation, aerospace, SF cons, travelogues, the weather, and whatever else he feels like talking about. He also serves as an emcee for air shows through his partnership in Plane Talk Airshows, and works for a week at the annual EAA Airventure “fly-in” in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. He was the very first “Vanna” at KC’s adult relaxacon Contraception—you should ask him about it.

MARK W. TIEDEMANN: Mark is the author of more than 50 short stories and nine novels, including his Isaac Asimov’s Robot Mystery trilogy (*Mirage*, *Chimera* and *Aurora*) and his critically acclaimed *Secantis Sequence*, which includes *Compass Reach* (nominated for the prestigious Philip K. Dick Award), *Metal of Night*, and *Peace and Memory*. BenBella Publishing released his latest novel *Remains* in 2005. More books and short fiction will follow, including a new *Secantis* novel. Stay tuned to www.marktiedemann.com for news, updates and other things of interest.

DAYTON WARD: When he’s not writing, Dayton is a software developer, having become a slave to Corporate America after spending eleven years in the U.S. Marine Corps. When asked, he’ll tell you that he joined the military soon after high school because he’d grown tired of people telling him what to do all the time. Whoops. Writing solo, Dayton is the author of the *Star Trek* novel *In the Name of Honor*, and the science fiction novels *The Last World War* and *The Genesis Protocol*, as well as short stories which have appeared in the first three *Star Trek: Strange New Worlds* anthologies, *QPB Presents the World’s Best Shortest Stories*, *Kansas City Voices* magazine, and the *Star Trek: New Frontier* anthology *No Limits*. Dayton also has collaborated with friend and co-writer Kevin Dilmore on ten installments of the *Star Trek: S.C.E.* e-Book series, articles for *Star Trek Communicator* magazine, the *Star Trek: The Next Generation* novels *A Time to Sow* and *A Time to Harvest*, and a short story for the *Tales of the Dominion War* anthology. Dayton teamed up with Kevin for *Star Trek:*

Vanguard novel *Summon the Thunder*, new S.C.E. tales, a short story for the *Star Trek: Constellations* anthology as well as the first installment of the six e-Book miniseries *Star Trek: Mere Anarchy*, for which they also collaborated with editor Keith DeCandido to develop the series concept. Find out more about Dayton at his official web site: www.daytonward.com.

MARY WINTER: Mary commutes between her dream home near the Mark Twain national forest in Missouri, and her current residence in Iowa. She lives with a menagerie of animals including an opinionated horse, and a cat who was a dog in past life. When not writing spicy tales of erotic romance, she enjoys writing science fiction and fantasy, spending time with her horse, and enjoying the outdoors. Lucky for her, her partner (hero) shares these passions, and usually both of them can be found in their respective dens writing.

DENNIS YOUNG: Dennis’s interests and pursuits begin with a life-long fascination with fantasy, science fiction, and worlds beyond our own. He has been an amateur writer for over fifty years, but only recently published his first two books in the Ardwellican Chronicles series. A veteran of four *Trek* conventions in the late 70s and early 80s, he knows the work necessary to keep interest up to continue a long-running and successful venture like ConQuest.

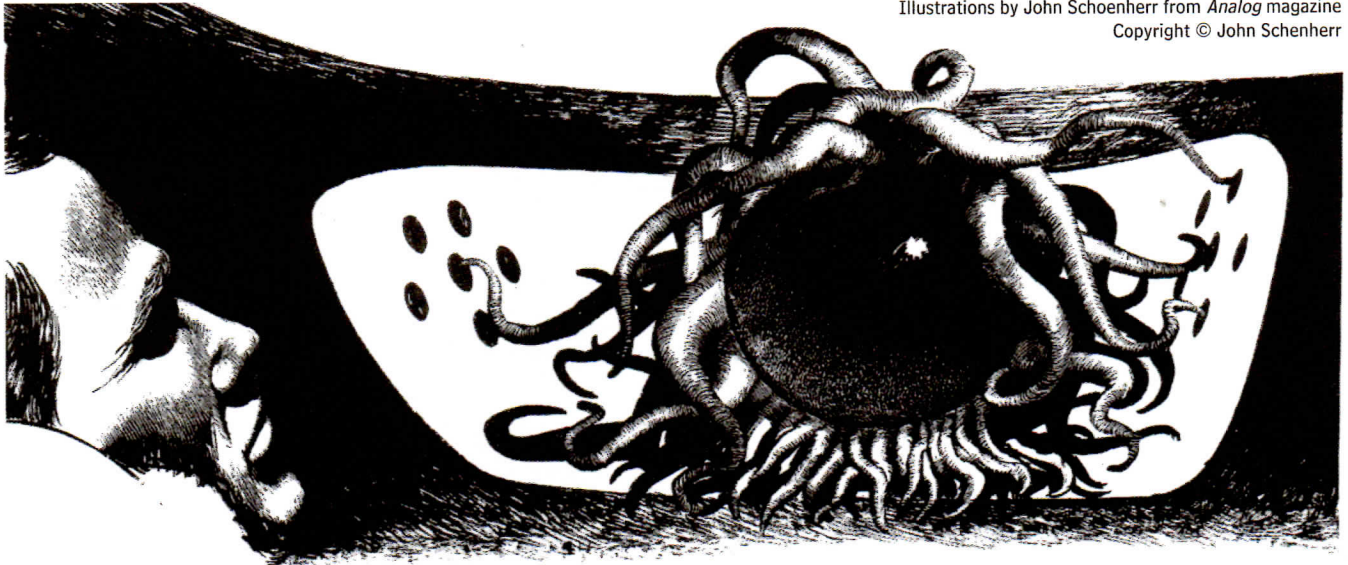
His professional life has been in international sales, working with people throughout the world in the building and construction industry. He lives in Kansas City, Missouri, continuing the tales of Ardwel.



GAMING TOURNEYS
*Hosted and staffed by Steve Ferrell
 and Lloyd Dodson of FeralEvents.*

❖

The Gaming Chair-being would like to tender her personal thanks to Steve and Lloyd for their efforts, hard work and patience when things went briefly pear-shaped!



A. Eisenstein (continued from page 12)

Alex was an important source for and contributor to the new, lavishly illustrated biography of Ed and Carol Emshwiller, *EMSHWILLER: Infinity x Two*, authored by Luis Ortiz and released by NonStop Press. He served as Art Consultant on the project, contributing photo images of many pieces reproduced in the volume, and writing a substantial Foreword and captions for the art. He will be available to talk about the art and life of Ed "Emsh" Emshwiller while signing copies of the book at the Autograph Table.

Besides collecting art, Alex has a strong interest in the subject of extra-terrestrial life, and steadily acquires books on that and allied areas. He and Phyllis maintain an extensive library in their Chicago home on diverse subjects, both fiction and nonfiction, with an emphasis on science, science fic-

tion, sf criticism and history, sf and fantasy films, 19th century painting, Surrealism, the planet Mars in fact, myth, and fiction, several kinds of unclassifiable weirdness...and of course, a long shelf or three bulging with books about science fiction art.

In his wild youth as a serio-constructive fan, Alex was closely associated (in various roles and guises) with Tom Reamy's much applauded and lambasted *Trumpet*, becoming for a time co-editor and co-publisher of this legendary pop-cult zine in the days before it migrated with Tom to Kansas City, where it mutated for two issues into the very slick & sassy *Nickelodeon*. In those days of Cold War belligerence and Vietnam buildup, Alex moonlighted too as art editor for *Double:Bill*, a focal-point genzine produced by the dynamic dual Bills Mallardi and Bowers.

Somewhat earlier, in 1964, he even rode with these guys in a cramped blue Valiant across the western plains, hills, and deserts of America's immensity to the fabled city of Oakland to attend PacifiCon II. Along the way meeting the extraordinary then-fanartist George Barr in his native habitat of Salt Lake City. And narrowly escaping death by flash flood on a smooth blacktop road somewhere in the Rockies. While *he* was in the driver's seat, seeking some evidence of the road beneath the car's high-frictionless wheels.

To this day, Alex tries to convince Phyllis that she should have gone with him, in probable violation of a number of Federal, state, and local statutes. Not to mention the stern cautions of an older brother, who did not trust us young crazy guys with his teenage sister. (Imagine that!) She would've, he insists, had so much hair-raising fun. □

P. Eisenstein (continued from page 4)

(Perfect for writing convincing high fantasy where knives, short swords, and axes are often featured.) While attending college, she was a (manual!) pin setter at the University of Chicago's small bowling alley.

(Dodging fast moving, hard objects is not only instructive in the laws of physics, but will greatly improve your manual dexterity and thus your typing skills.) Although it's been years, there was a time when Phyllis was known at sf conventions for her folk, not filk, singing--she even sang professionally at a Chicago bar for a time.

(Great experience, you'll agree, when writing two novels about a teleporting minstrel.) Phyllis holds a B. A. degree in Anthropology from the University of Illinois. (No need to elaborate, it's there in her work.) In her sf convention persona as "Madame Klein," Phyllis amazed and astounded with her spookily accurate Tarot readings. Even sf luminary and skeptic Fred Pohl was given pause by the reading he received! (Divination is just another handy tool in the fantasy writer's bag-of-tricks.)

By diligent research, Phyllis made herself an authority on that famous

WWII bomber, the B-24 Liberator. That expertise has been crucially employed in the collaborative science-fantasy novel alluded to in number 1. (But that's all I'm allowed to divulge of this Major Breakout Project. Very hush-hush.)

Probably George R. R. Martin sums up his colleague best: "She doesn't write nearly enough, which makes every Phyllis Eisenstein story an event, and every Phyllis Eisenstein book a treasure. Whether she is writing about Alaric the teleporting minstrel or Wyatt Earp, Phyllis is always entertaining and frequently extraordinary. If you haven't read her stuff, you missed a lot." □



**2006 CONTEST WINNER
AMATEUR SF**

Small Town Five-0
by *Kathy Hinkle*

The phone rang. Maybe this would be the case that made me, that got me out of this one-dog town. "Detective Sonny Sydupp. Talk to me."

"Detective, this is Chief Greyson. We've got a situation that frankly is puzzling my force. Can you get down to Jobahb's place please?"

"Be there in just a couple." I hung up, slipped my air gun into its holster and slung my trenchcoat over my shoulder. Leaving my office, I walked to the outskirts of town, just past the police station and the courthouse. There stood Chief Greyson, waiting.

"Took you long enough. That should've only taken you two minutes to walk. Surprised you didn't drive."

"Sorry." Greyson had never liked me and my big-city past. Well, I couldn't change my past, or small-town attitudes. But I could roll over and not antagonize him. "You mentioned a situation?"

"Yeah, in there." He gestured towards Jobahb's seedy shack. "We've never seen anything like this." Greyson started walking as he informed me of the details. "You see, things like this just don't happen in small towns." As I headed towards the door, he stopped me. "Not inside. Out back."

"Sorry." We went to the weedy pasture behind the shack. Then I stopped dead, surprised. Before me lay Jobahb's small herd of needy cattle. Each one had been bludgeoned to death. Looking closer at the wounds told me nothing about the weapon. "Any clues?"

"None. That's why I called you in. You're the detective, Sydupp. Start detecting." "Well, let's see." I looked around. The tall weeds had been trampled all around the carcasses.

"Did you guys do this?"

"Of course not. We're locals, but we're not idiots."

"Sorry." I pointed to the tracks. "Obviously, the cows didn't do this. Those aren't hoof prints." I knelt to study the tracks closer. "Those aren't human prints either. Did any of your officers recognize them?"

"If either had, I wouldn't've called you. Just 'cause we're small town, doesn't mean we know all about the wild animals and stuff."

"Sorry." I looked up when I heard a noise. Rounding the reedy barn came a fat milk cow in her prime. "She one of Jobahb's?"

"Uh, I think so. Seems I heard Jobahb bragging on the new cow he'd just bought for breeding. I assume that's her, seeing as she's still plump. Jobahb's gone into the next town though, so we can't confirm that."

Suddenly a plan formed. "I've got a feeling whoever did this will be back tonight to finish the job." When the chief gave me a dubious stare, I said, "Humor me. Why would someone or something kill off all Jobahb's abused cattle and leave the nicest?"

"Fine. We'll stake the place. You and me'll stay here in the barn; my force will watch from the house. But something better happen tonight, Mr. Big-shot Detective."



That night Greyson and I huddled in the barn, watching Bossie out the door. It was nearing three o'clock when I sensed something. "Chief. You feel that?"

"What? You think I'm psychic now?"

"Sorry. I meant are the hairs on your arms standing on end like mine?" "Oh, that. Yeah. What's it mean?"

Before I could answer, a whoosh became audible. "I think it means someone's coming." I watched Bossie as though she were Halle Berry in the Catwoman outfit. The cow didn't seem to notice, or didn't care if she did. The whoosh became a whine, then faded away. In the meady silence our breaths seemed to echo.

"What's that?" Greyson's arm shot past my nose, to point into the fields. I stared until dark forms became evident. They slunk towards the unconcerned cow. As they reached her, both Greyson and I eased out of the barn. The chief shouted into his walkie talkie, "Now!" Lights flooded the yard. Greyson

screamed, "Freeze!" I just screamed.

Three strange beings held perfectly still. Five of their eyes turned towards us; two others continued to study the cow. The last eye of each creature was turned upwards. My own eyes followed their gaze, to behold the horrible weapon they each wielded in their single hands. My jaw dropped and eyes widened. Then I stalked towards them, head shaking, shooting each a dirty look. "You have absolutely got to be kidding me." I ignored Greyson's call for me to move aside. Instead, I pointed to the weapons, which they each were now lowering. "You beat cows to death with hula hoops?"

"We do not. We merely force cows to spin these until they die." The smallest alien stepped forward. It spoke in precise, accented English. "We studied the use of these weapons and determined they would leave an undetectable trace."

Well, that explained the bloody wounds encircling the dead cattle's necks. A glance back at Greyson showed the Chief to be dumbfounded. Since he appeared to be no help, I proceeded with the questioning. "Just tell me, why on Earth would aliens want to hula hoop cows to death?"

"It is our jobs."

"Sorry, but what is?"

"We are hired to create situations for our clients which enable them to collect on insurance. In this case, our client Mister Jobahb thought it best we use something his insurance company could not identify"

I could hear Greyson start to speak. I overrode his words. "This is just an insurance scam?"

"I believe that is what you humans term it, yes."

I turned to Greyson. "They're all yours, Chief." At his disbelieving stare, I elaborated. "I just solved your crime. You need to arrest these aliens for slaughtering livestock and for insurance fraud. And when Jobahb gets back, arrest him, too."

"But what about you?"

I shrugged as I headed back to the middle of town. "Sorry. I'm packing my bags and leaving. I'm going back home, no matter how hard it gets with murders and rampant crime and everything. You've seen the last of Sonny Sydupp." I turned to face Greyson and the aliens one last time. "You see, things like this just don't happen in the big city." □

Magic Colt

MAGIC-COLT.NET

"PUBLISHING ALL THAT I SEE FIT"

A website for the expression of my interests, ideas and creativity, Photo Galleries, Blog, and more. Come check out my ConQuest 37 & 38 (06-'07) photos
magic-colt.net
tmajkol@mindspring.com



**2006 CONTEST WINNER
AMATEUR HORROR**

The End of the Dream is Death

by Cheryl Peugh

The dream seemed almost too real. A chimpanzee bouncing a child's rubber ball. Up and down on the concrete driveway, back and forth between the house and the chimpanzee. The rhythm was hypnotic. Bounce, bounce.

The chimpanzee looked up and saw her. Teeth bared, it leaped for her throat.

Melody woke up, crying out in fear.

The familiar contents of her bedroom materialized around her. She pushed a hand through her tangled hair. Same dream, over and over. She always woke up before the chimpanzee reached her, but every night the adrenaline jolted through her system, making her heart race and tearing her from sleep.

Melody reached for the phone on the bedside table. She took a deep breath and dialed the number.

"Hello?"

"Cal, it's me," Melody said.

Silence. Then Cal drew a deep, impatient breath.

"Melody, what do you want? What do you want me to say?"

"I don't know!" Melody said with frustration of her own.

"Calling me every morning isn't getting rid of the dream, now is it?"

"I'm not sure it is a dream, Cal," she said.

"It seems so real..."

"Oh, God," he said.

She felt his disgust like a slap in the face. "I know you know what it all means, Cal! You're just not telling me! You're enjoying this, aren't you? Making me suffer. It's not enough that you dumped me, you have to drive me crazy, too?"

"Do you expect me to make the dream disappear? I'm a dream analyst, Melody. Get some help. I'm changing my number, so don't bother calling me again."

The click of the receiver on the other end and the hum of the dial tone in her ear caused her anxiety to escalate. What would she do now? Did Cal really think she hadn't been to the doctors? They'd tried hypnosis, drugs, old-fashioned couch therapy—none

of it had worked. Cal had been the last stop in a long list of professionals. None of them had solved her problem. She still dreamed and she still woke up before the chimpanzee reached her.

"You must let the dream happen," she remembered Cal saying, those first few days of trying to help her. "You must experience the end of the dream before you can understand its meaning." That was before the dream drove him from her bed and her life.

Melody let the phone slip from her fingers to the bed.

She got out of bed and padded to the medicine cabinet in the bathroom, bare feet slapping against the linoleum like the sound of a bouncing ball—

Breathing deeply, Melody reached in the medicine cabinet and withdrew a bottle of sleeping pills. She stood for a long moment, looking at the small brown container.

"But the end of the dream is death, Cal," she had said. "The chimpanzee reaches me and it rips out my throat."

"How do you know that, Melody?" he'd asked. "Don't you see? You think you know the ending of this dream. That's why it has such power over you."

Before she could change her mind, Melody unscrewed the cap and upended the bottle of sleeping pills into her mouth. Choking and crying, she washed down the pills with water from the sink. Her tears mingled with the water that poured from her mouth and ran down her front.

One way or the other, she'd reached the end.

Melody stumbled toward her bed.

"The end of the dream is death," she whispered.

She stepped onto concrete. The wind whipped her nightgown. A chimpanzee bounced a child's rubber ball. Bounce, bounce. The chimpanzee looked up and saw her. Teeth bared, it leaped for her throat.

The shock of the chimpanzee's leap bore her to the ground, and the back of her head connecting with the pavement made a sound Melody had never heard before.

Something large pulled the screeching chimpanzee away. A face swam into her field of vision. Another chimpanzee looked at her—a larger one.

"It's another one, Mabel!" the larger chimpanzee shouted over its shoulder.

"Again?" a female voice said, exasperated. "Tom, that's the third one this week! Junior, get away from it!"

Melody heard the smaller chimpanzee protest when jerked away. Her vision darkened around the edges and the voices seemed far away.

"Why doesn't the government do something about this? Why don't they call it an invasion and fight back! We're not even safe in our homes anymore!"

"I'll take care of it," Tom said, and picked up a large rock.

Melody faded out before the rock connected. □



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W. Tucker (continued from page 3)

We'd sit on the porch drinking Beam's Choice and smoking cigars as we swapped stories and gossip. I never smoked, except with Tucker.

He read my earliest stories and helped me sell my first novel, *Frost*. Aware that it was on David Hartwell's desk at Timescape, Tucker took me as his guest to the Timescape party at Denvention II and introduced me around. When David took me into the bathroom, which he was using as an "office," Tucker stood guard outside the door to make sure we weren't interrupted. (There's more to this story, but I'll never tell it again without a drink of Beam's in hand.) A year or so later, Tucker invited Diana and I to share his room at a Minicon in Minneapolis. I was dirt broke, but expecting a check for the sales of *Skull Gate* and *Bloodsongs* any day. On Saturday afternoon of the con, a neighbor called Bob's room to say the check had come, and on the sly, Bob and Diana bought a magnum of quite decent champagne to celebrate. We consumed it all--just about the only time I saw him drink anything but "the usual."

There are so many more stories I could tell about Tucker. I'll be telling them the rest of my life, I suspect. He taught me to be a fan, and he taught me to be a writer, and most importantly, he taught me that I could be both at the same time. A lot of people knew "Bob Tucker" as a fan and frequent con-goer, but had forgotten Wilson Tucker the writer. Privately, that irritated him. He was very proud of the many editions of his twenty-four novels. He was a fine mystery writer and a fine writer of science fiction. Damon Knight called his novel, *The Long, Loud Silence*, one of the "perfect" novels in the genre. He won a John W. Campbell Memorial Award for *The Year of the Quiet Sun*. The Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America named him an Author Emeritus, and he is included in the Science Fiction Hall of Fame. Tucker has one last story, "Dick and Jane Go To Mars," awaiting publication in Harlan Ellison's *The Last Dangerous Visions*.

The last time he came to Kansas City he collapsed at the train station as I was arriving to pick him

up, and sat with him in the hospital watching him regale the nurses with one-liners and snappy patter, I knew it was the end of his con-going days, and except for a couple of occasions we stayed in contact by telephone and email. Particularly, every time I drove to a convention I called him, if only to feel for myself that he was still part of the convention experience. He entrusted into my care some of his favorite memorabilia, including the only known complete set of his best-known fanzine, *Le Zombie*.

Two weeks before his passing, I put Tucker in touch with an Italian publisher who wanted to reprint *The Year of the Quiet Sun*. I hope the deal still goes through. And there are three unpublished novels--they sing with Tucker's voice.

Always gracious, always a gentleman, and always an inspiration, he brightened every room he ever walked into with his charm and humor. He was the kindest man I've ever known. His real family shared him generously with fandom, and I'm grateful they shared him with me. He was, simply, "smoooooth." □

R. Lipp (continued from page 3)

wife Linda, and daughters Jessy and Mary. If there was a conflict between the club and the girls, they won.

He developed their interest in sf by telling them stories in which they and their friends were characters. He was

very active in their school activities, serving as president of the local PTA, among other activities.

The last time I saw Richard was in January, where I found him taking tickets for a production of *Jekyll and*

Hyde: The Musical at Jessy's high school. We talked about the con, and upcoming events, just regular stuff. It's hard to believe he won't be there any more. He was a good man, and a good fan and true, and he will be missed. □

This souvenir book is for
Tom Reamy, 1935-1977
Friend to KC Fandom, Fan Editor,
Designer & Publisher Extraordinaire,
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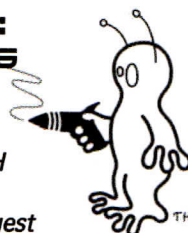
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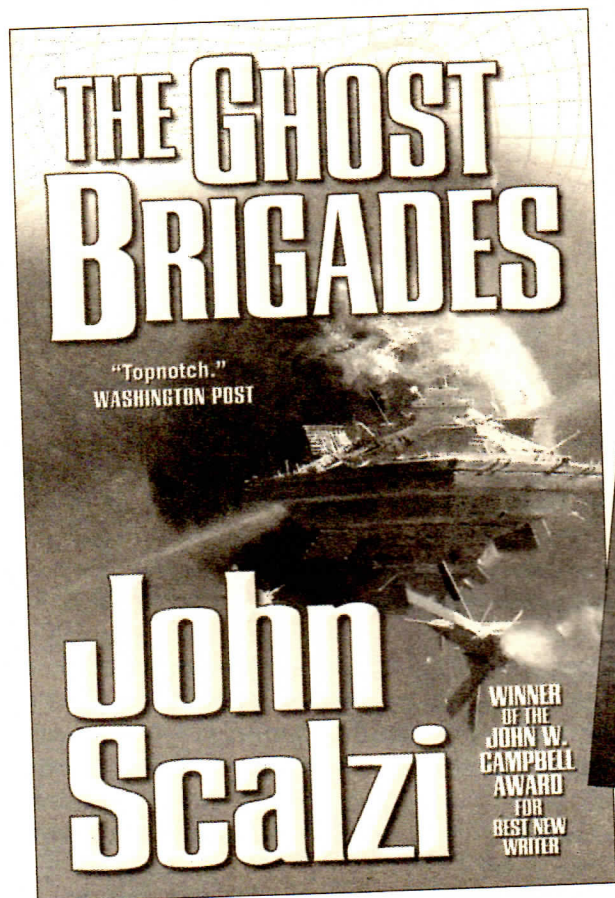
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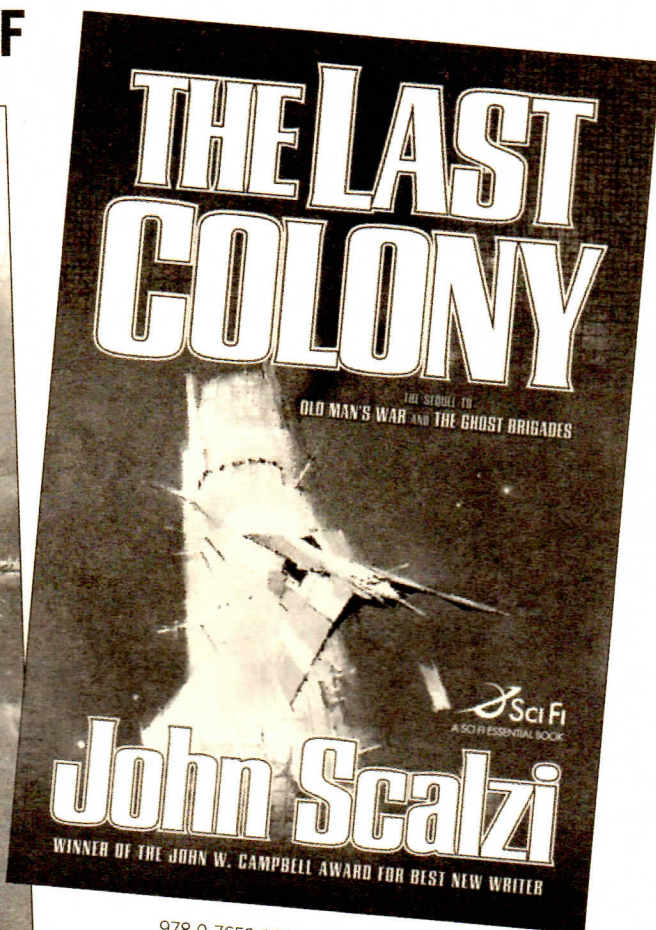
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