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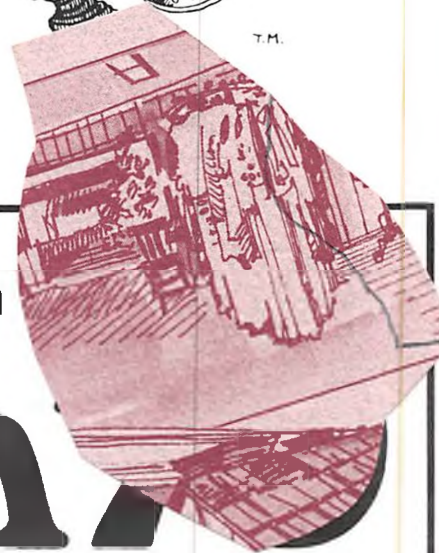
SCIENCE FICTION

BOOKS & PERIODICALS

the 43rd Philadelphia Science Fiction

PhilCon

November 9-11, 1979



-ADVERTISEMENT-

There once was a thing
called New Wave,
And the critics and fans,
did they rave,
But it's much the old bunk
We'd much prefer sunk!
It's made SF put one foot
in the grave.

Jack McKnight
Ann McKnight



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Walters '77

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JOAN D. VINGE

Guest Artist: the Galactic Geographer

KARL KOFOED

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1978 Nebula Award winner: Best SF Novel of the Year

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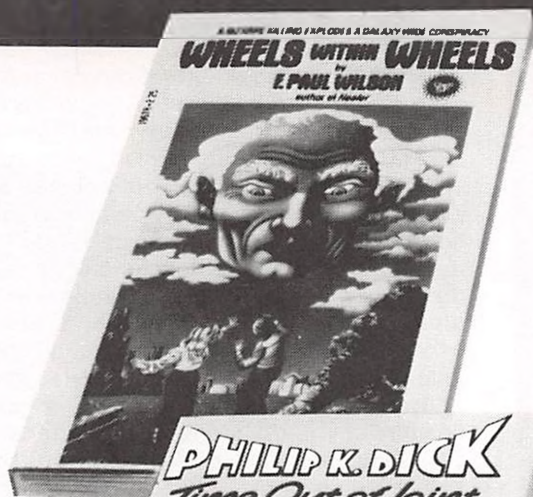
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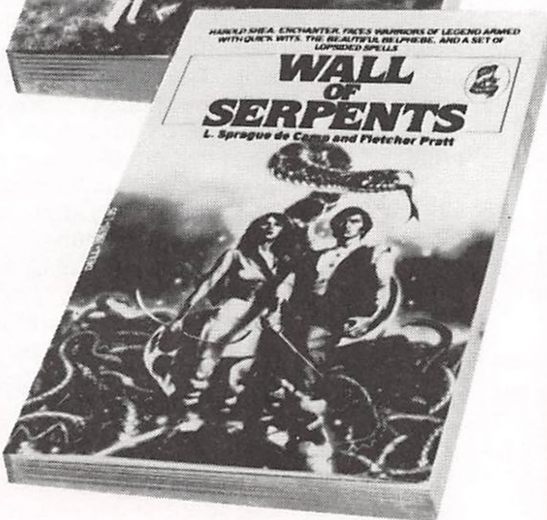
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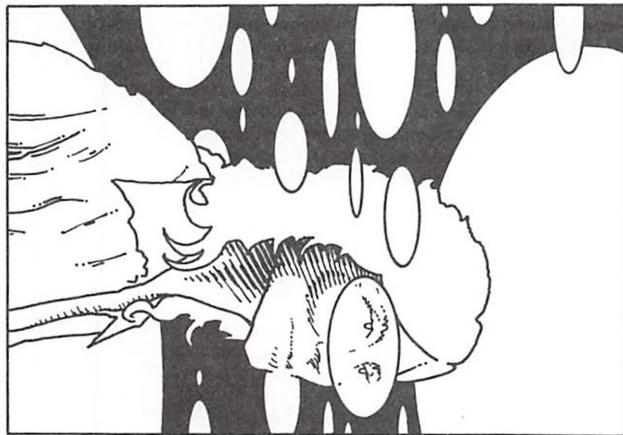
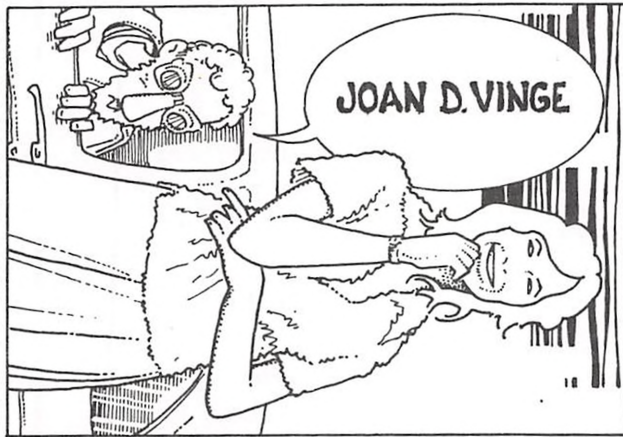
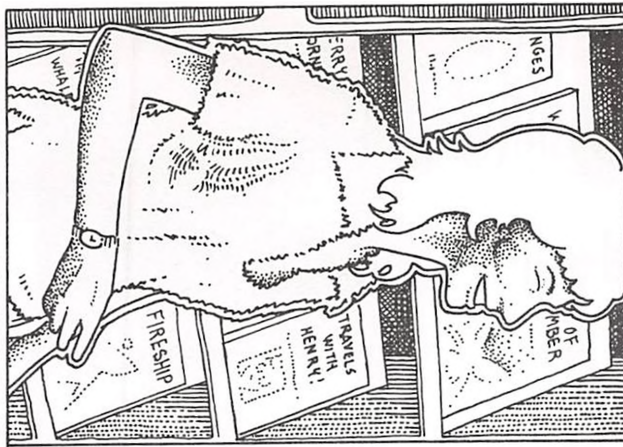
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RUSS AND RON POST

I was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on April 2, 1948, barely avoiding becoming an April Fool. When I was three years old my mother discovered that I was already “making up stories” to put myself to sleep at night. (They were mostly about cowboys.) My father had a small telescope in the back yard, which we used on summer nights to look at the moon and planets. I think that was the start of my fascination with space, from the solar system to the farthest galaxy; but through most of my life I wasn’t consciously aware that the interest was leading me somewhere special.

My father was an aircraft engineer (now retired) and got a job in San Diego, California, when I was eight years old. We left snow, humidity, and the telescope, and I became a complete Californian, surrounded by sunshine, sea, and cats. I also discovered horses when I was about eight, and like probably fifty percent of the female population became a hopeless addict. I rode them, read about them, dreamed about them, and drew them: At just about the same time I developed a “restless urge to draw” and I drew constantly, mostly horses. Eventually I began to write stories about them, too, along with my friends and fellow-addicts. I illustrated my stories, and theirs too; the art was always the most important part for me, and I never finished any of the stories. I fully intended to become an artist/illustrator, and took art classes all through junior and senior high school.

But meanwhile, when I was in ninth grade, I stumbled on my first science fiction novel—*STORM OVER WARLOCK* by Andre Norton. (As far as I can tell, just about everyone who gets hooked on science fiction begins reading it during a “window” of about ages 8-14; and almost invariably the book that hooks them is either an Andre Norton book or a Heinlein juvenile.) I was hooked, and from then on I read almost nothing but sf and fantasy, which probably saved my sanity all through high school. I went on drawing horses, but when I wrote it was science fiction—although I still never finished any of my stories. I also discovered poetry during high school; when I wrote “seriously” I wrote poems. I was in love with music, too, particularly folk music, and tried without a whole lot of success to learn to play guitar and banjo. The “past” of fantasy and folk song and the “future” of science fiction were much more appealing to me than the present. They still are, actually; which is probably why I write sf instead of mainstream fiction.

After I graduated I enrolled at San Diego State University as an art major. Unfortunately after about three semesters of art instructors who were either indifferent, or arrogant little tin gods, I was utterly disillusioned with art. I stopped drawing almost completely. I never took another art class, and wandered though about five other majors—all unofficially—before I got into archeology/anthropology. I discovered my love for that field because of Andre Norton (who has, directly or indirectly, influenced most of the major choices in my life). I’d read her book *THE TIME TRADERS* years before, and been haunted by her evocation of the Great Britain of 4000 years ago. The only way I could find out more about that pre-historic period was to take a class in archeology. And again, as with science fiction, all it took was one and I was hooked: Archeology is the anthropology of the past, science fiction is the anthropology of the future—and that continuum provides you with a parallax view of every imaginable experience a human being might share in. Seeing the world from a different viewpoint than your own is stimulating, exciting, breathtaking—even frightening. But always fascinating.

About a year before I graduated (after five and a half years at SDSU) I first met Vernor Vinge, a new sf writer who came to speak at a science fiction class being taught at SDSU by Harry Harrison. (I had met the Harrisons through a friend, a teacher who had their son in her class). We began seeing each other (I was in awe of him at first; because not only was he a published author but also a PhD candidate in mathematics), and eventually we were married. We lived in Ann Arbor, Michigan, for a year while Vernor wrote a novel, and he began then to encourage me to take my own writing seriously.

We moved back to San Diego shortly after that, when Vernor got a job teaching math at SDSU, and that fall I wrote my first "serious" science fiction story, "Tin Soldier." I showed it to him (in fear and trembling), and he told me he thought it would sell. That gave me enough courage to actually send it out, and after a couple of fits and starts Damon Knight bought it for ORBIT 14. I was hooked again, and since then I have been, with more and more dedication a full-time writer of science fiction. It's a career I never imagined myself having, and looking back over my life I could never have foreseen it happening to me. But now that it has, I wouldn't trade it for any other kind of work.

My first story "Tin Soldier", was published in 1974, and up until recently I've written mostly "long short stories"—novettes and novellas, primarily, many of which appeared in ANALOG. One, "Eyes of Amber", won a Hugo award last year; and this year two others, "View from a Height" and "Fireship", have been nominated. More recently I've begun writing novels, and they've grown long, too—my second one, THE SNOW QUEEN, which is coming out from Quantum Books in February, is about 190,000 words long. It's science fiction with something of a fantasy feel about it, because it's loosely based on a fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen; it has a mythological substructure influenced by Robert Graves' THE WHITE GODDESS. It's not only by far the longest thing I've done, but I feel like it may be the best as well, and I'm having a hard time waiting until it comes out. In the meantime, though, I'm keeping busy with a variety of other projects, short and long, including an attempt to do some art work again, and writing my first fantasy novel...I'm still exploring the tremendous variety and potential the field offers not only to its readers but to its writers as well. That's what makes it all worthwhile—

JOAN D. VINGE
NYC 5/14/79

Short Stories

"View from a Height" - ANALOG June/78; included in BEST SF STORIES OF THE YEAR, 8TH ANNUAL COLLECTION, Gardner Dozois, ed (Dutton: NY 1979; Dell: NY Aug. 80)
in THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR #8, Terry Carr, ed (Del Rey: NY, SFBC)

Novellettes

"Eyes of Amber" - ANALOG June/77; included in THE NEW WOMEN OF WONDER, Pamela Sargent, ed (Vintage: NY, 1978); in THE 1978 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF, Donald Wellheim, ed (DAW: NY, 1976, SFBC)
"Media Man" - ANALOG Oct/76; included in altered form as a part of "Legacy" (q.v.)
"The Peddler's Apprentice" - ANALOG Aug/75; with Vernor Vinge; included in THE 1976 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF, Donald Wellheim, ed (DAW: NY, 1976, SFBC) in BEST SF STORIES OF THE YEAR, 5TH SERIES, Lester del Rey, ed (Dutton: NY, 1976; Ace: NY, 1977)
"Phoenix in the Ashes" - original in MILLENNIAL WOMEN, Virginia Kidd, ed (Delacorte Press: NY, 1978; Dell: NY, 1979)
"Tin Soldier" - original in ORBIT 14, Damon Knight, ed (Harper & Row, 1974); included in MORE WOMEN OF WONDER, Pamela Sargent, ed (Vintage: NY, 1977)
"To Bell the Cat" - ISAAC ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE Sum/77.

Novellas

"The Crystal Ship" - included in THE CRYSTAL SHIP, Robert Silverberg, ed (Thomas Nelson; Nashville, 1976, SFBC; Pocket books: NY 1977)
"Legacy" - included in BINARY STAR #4, James Frenkel, ed (Dell: NY Feb 80)
"Fireship" - ANALOG Dec/78; included in FIRESHIP (q.v.); also included in THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION NOVELLAS OF THE YEAR, Terry Carr, ed (Del Rey: NY 79)
"Mother and Child" - original in ORBIT 16, Damon Knight, ed (Harper & Row, 1975); also in FIRESHIP (q.v.)

Collections

EYES OF AMBER AND OTHER STORIES - Signet: NY, 1979; collection of stories starred in above list.
FIRESHIP - Dell: NY, 1978, SFBC. Contents: "Fireship" and "Mother and Child".

Novels

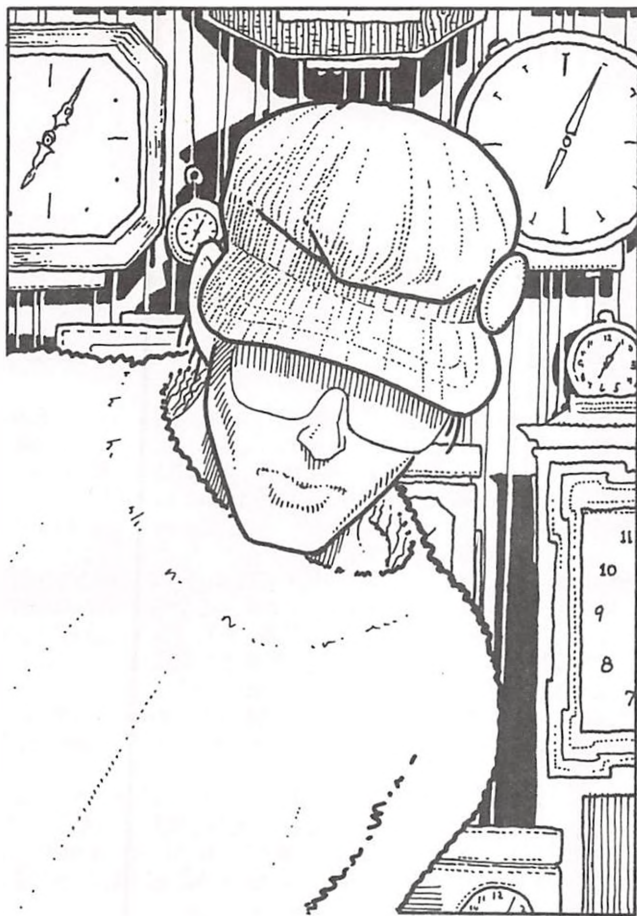
THE OUTCASTS OF HEAVEN BELT - serialized in ANALOG Feb-Apr/78; Signet: NY, 1978.
THE SNOW QUEEN - Quantum/Dial: NY, Feb 80; Dell: NY, Feb 81.

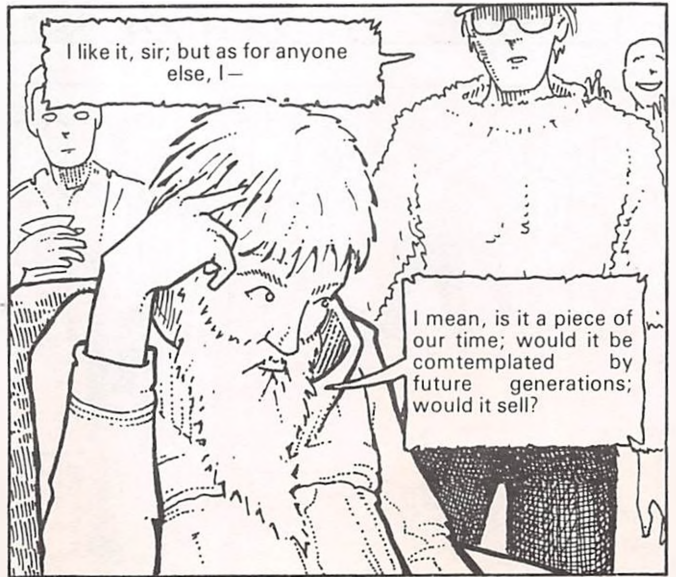
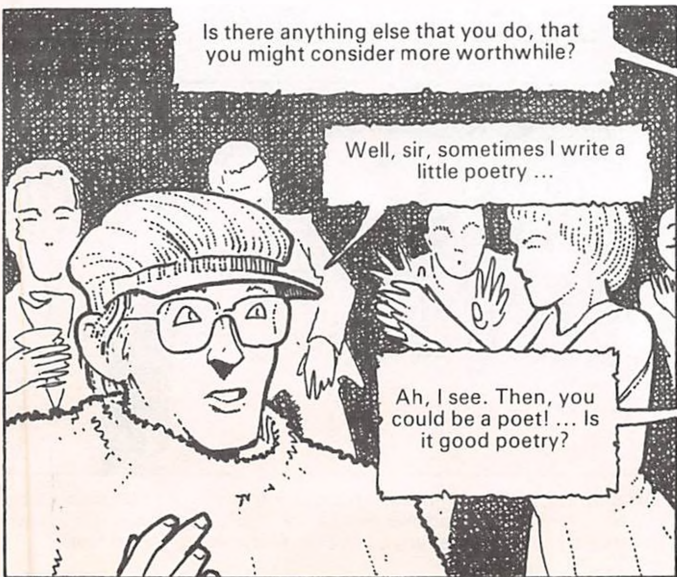
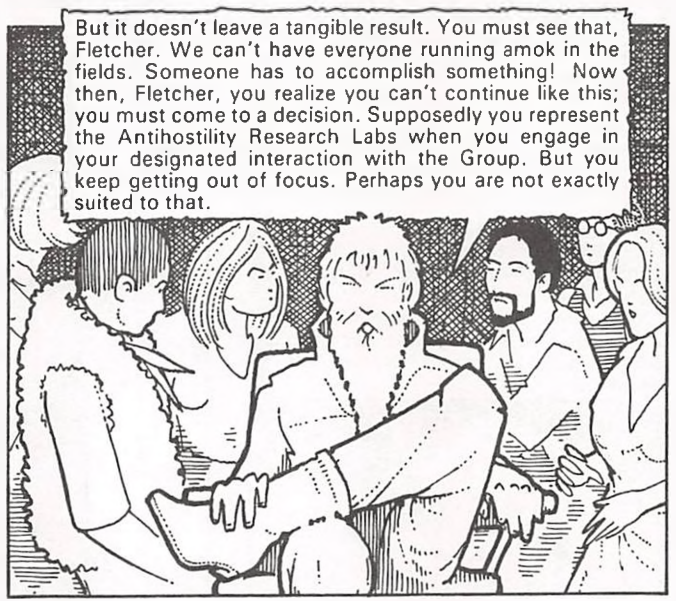
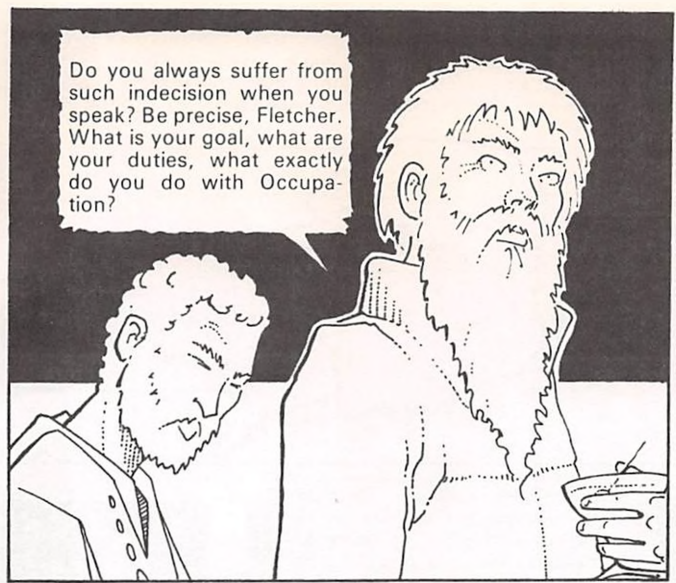
A WASTE OF TIME

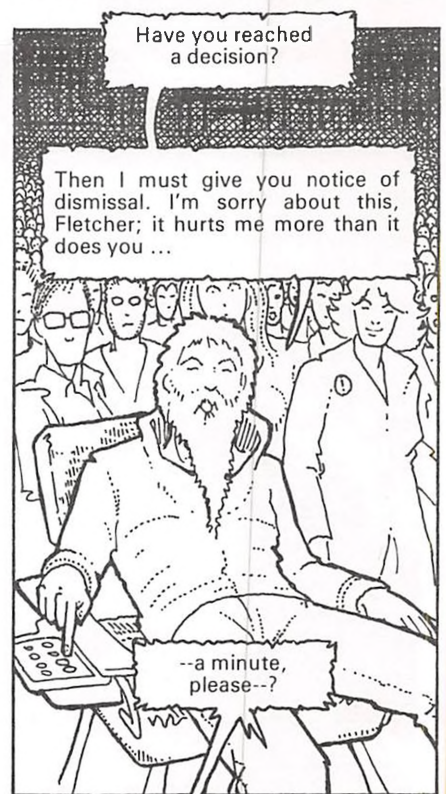
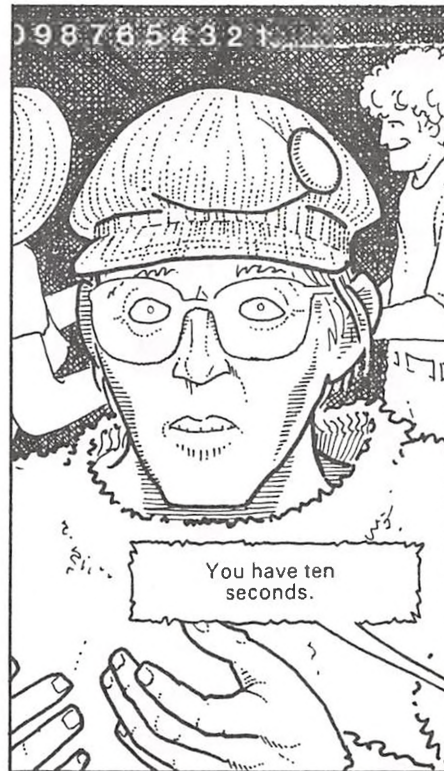
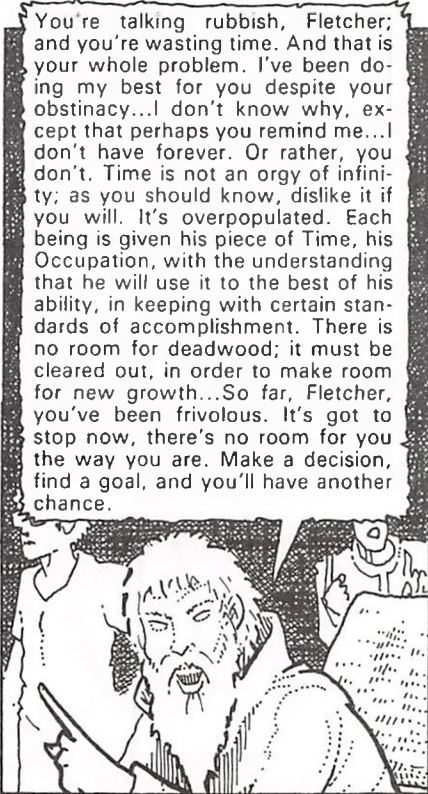
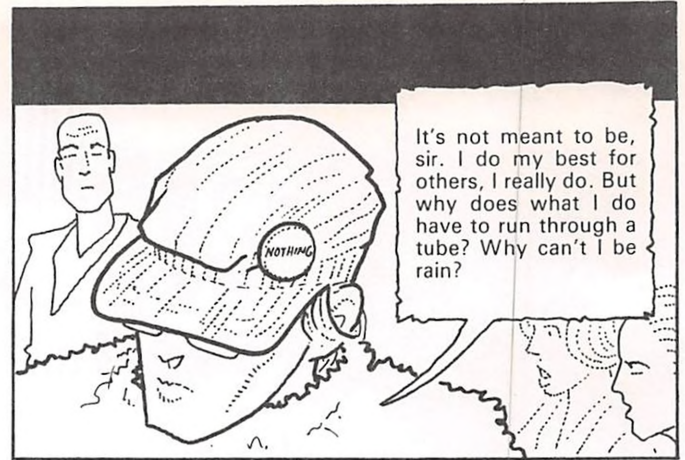
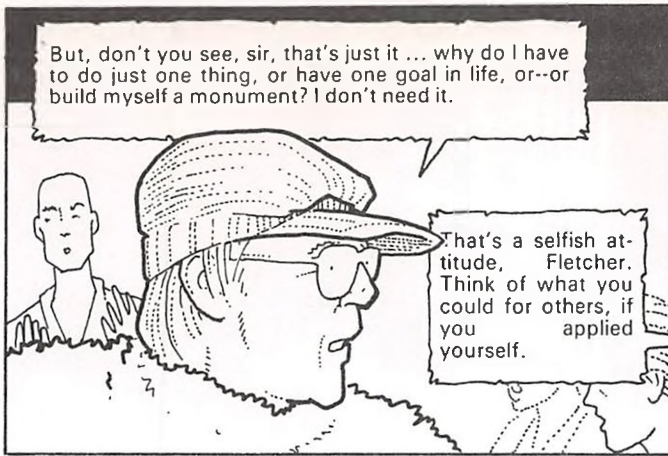
Story & Script: Joan D. Vinge

Visual Adaptation: Matthew Howarth & W.E. Rittenhouse

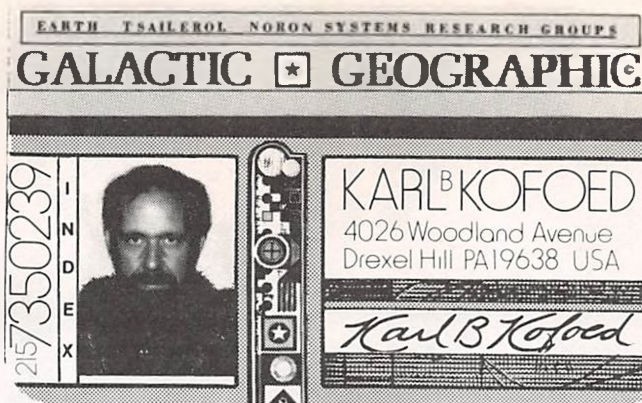
The waiting room was filled with clocks. They sat, ruminating, in the corners, and covered the walls: ticking, humming, chiming hymns to the constancy of the glowing universe. Fletcher found them a little disconcerting. His own watch had stopped, he noticed. Overawed, he thought. It was always slow, anyway, or sometimes fast. He didn't wind it.







The director pressed the button sadly and watched him disappear into a golden cloud, and the golden cloud disappeared in turn, and Fletcher's piece of time flowed back into the universe like rain.



Karl Kofoed is the man of the future. This may come as a bit of a surprise to those of you who haven't noticed that we're all living in the future. What I mean is that from the viewpoint of a 12-year old Karl Kofoed living in Westfield, NY in 1954, *this* is the future. Now is it becoming clearer?

The action in fifties Science-Fiction almost invariably takes place in a future about 25 years ahead of time, the mid- to late seventies. This 25-year-off future was very comforting to a 12-year old of the time because by then one would be in one's 30's, an age group of great power and glamour, according to what one read. (The usual hero of fifties Science-Fiction was in his thirties.) It's not for nothing that someone said, "The golden age of Science-Fiction is 12."

Karl was one of that vast horde of '50s adolescents to whom the future beckoned, for whom calculus became a survival tool just like fire-building was to a previous generation. That Science-Fiction future was almost palpable in the Sputnik decade, and *Ya Hadda Be Ready For It*. (There is no evidence to be found that an insurance salesman or shop clerk was ever featured in a Space Opera.)

Of course, goals become more realistic with time. By high school graduation Karl had taken stock of his talents and aspirations and decided to go to art school. In 1961 he enrolled at Philadelphia College of Art as an Illustration major. He graduated in 1966.

What sort of work do you go into if you're a science-whiz/future-junkie with an art degree? In Karl's case, he landed a job as technical illustrator with one of GE's spaceflight divisions. At the time, after all, that was about as *future* as you could get. I'll bet he had visions that when the hardware he was working on made it up to the starry void, he would eventually have to go up to depict the stuff in action. Sounds reasonable, doesn't it?

The economic factors of a wife and child served to temper fantasies into more practical directions, so Karl went into TV in 1967. He started at WHYY-TV in Philadelphia, switching to WKBS-TV a year later. He stayed there for six years, honing his skills and playing with the future in his sketch pads. Karl was Art Director at WKBS when Star Trek began its rerun syndication there, the start of its rise to cult status. (The paintings Karl did for billboards and slides promoting the show will be priceless collector's pieces someday, if they still exist.)

Although TV is a very futuristic medium, it's a basically moronic business, (12 is also the golden age of television). A sharp guy like Karl Kofoed was bound to get a little frustrated after a while, so in 1974 he went into the poster industry as Art Director of Studio One, then king of the domestic wall-covering business.

In between the personality images (BRUCE LEE!), cuddly animals (HANG IN THERE, BABY!) and softcore scatology (THE JOB'S NOT DONE TILL THE PAPERWORK'S FINISHED!) that comprised Karl's duties for Studio One, he worked on paintings and drawings in the Science-Fiction vein. The acquisition of an airbrush added a new dimension to his work, in that the images could be as photographic as he wished them to be. Karl persuaded Studio One to test-market one of his S-F pieces as a poster, but unfortunately the company expired before the public had a chance to see it. (The painting, depicting a planetoidal starship sailing through the cosmos, was later elucidated and refined, then used in Karl's *Galactic Geographic* feature in *Heavy Metal* titled "Millenium Starship.")

The demise of Studio One made it necessary for Karl to either look for another job or take the riskier course of the free-lancer. Fortunately for all concerned, he went freelance in 1976.

It was about then that the publisher's of *National Lampoon* began American publication of France's *Metal Hurlant*, under the *Heavy Metal* title it wears here. After seeing a copy of the first issue

in the *Lampoon* offices, Karl's friend, *Playboy* cartoonist Lou Brooks called him up and suggested that he see Editor Julie Simmons about doing work for the magazine.

Karl did even better than that. He prepared a proposed feature called *Galactic Geographic* based upon one of his alien world paintings. He wrote a short *National Geographic*-styled description of the planet, had it typeset, then pasted it up with a color print of the painting. *Heavy Metal* snapped it up-on the spot. With their acceptance, he became the first artist whose work originated in the American edition. As it turned out, he was also the opening wedge for a shift toward a more refined and literary editorial slant by the magazine, away from the harsher comix style it began with.

Shortly before *Galactic Geographic* was underway, it was suggested by S-F fan/Geodesic maven John Prentis that Karl show his work at Philcon's '75 art show. Although unfamiliar with Philcon (or Fandom) he gave it a try, and enjoyed the audience feedback. He's returned every year since, culminating in this year's honor. As he attends no other Cons, Philcon is an especially important point of contact with other artists and professionals in the field. A meeting last year with George Scithers has since resulted in a stream of images for the Asimov magazines.

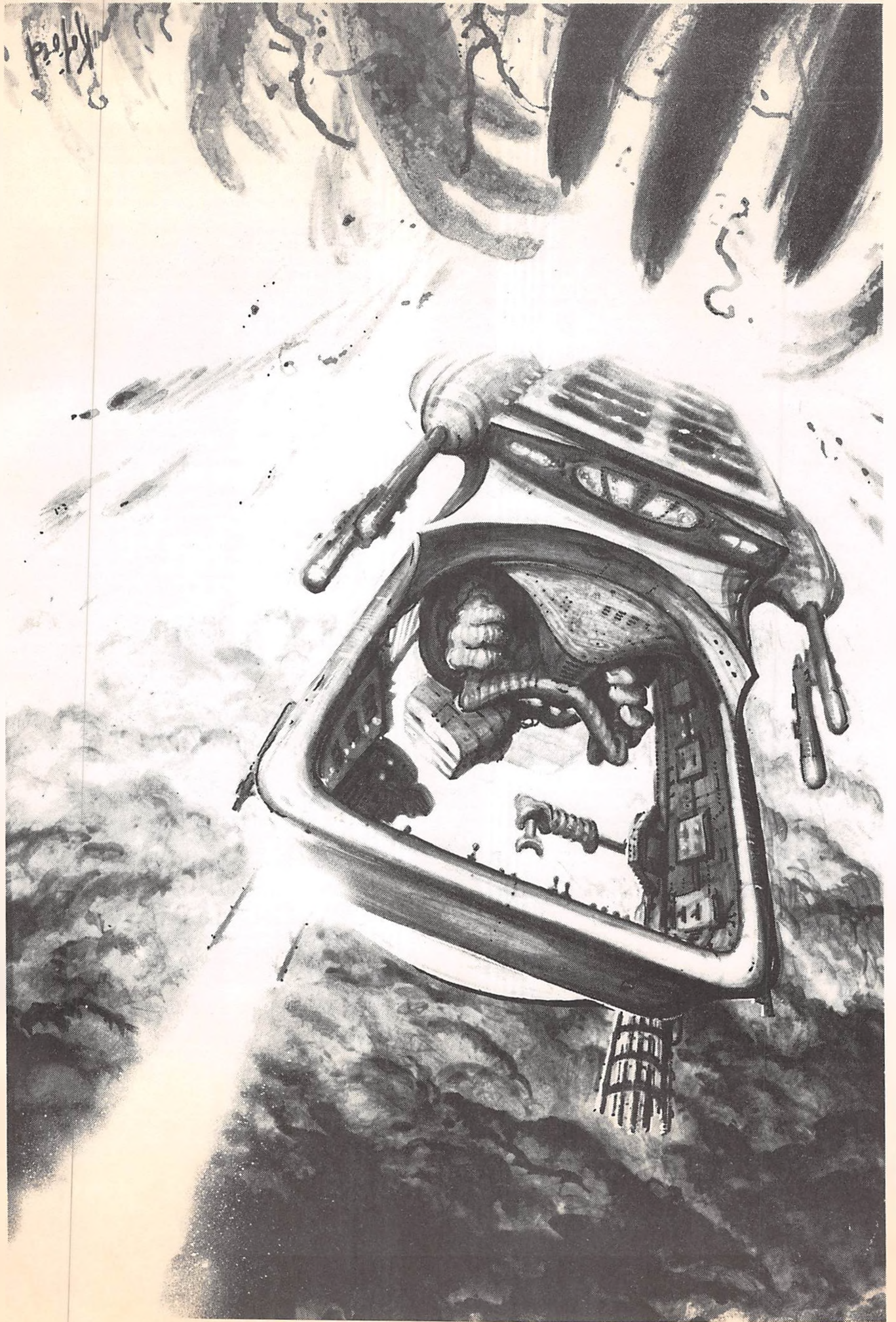
A warm acquaintance with Harry C. Stubbs (Hal Clement), begun at Philcon '77 has seen an exchange of works between the two. A Kofoed painting based upon the setting of the Stubbs piece has since appeared in *Galactic Geographic* ("Life on a Virgin Comet"). A collaborative work is slated for the (hopefully) near future. It is a lavish picture and text book on the planet Mesklin from *Mission of Gravity*. In addition to a new story by Clement, the book will contain a complete visual presentation of the fantastic world, its denizens and technology, rendered in paintings, drawings and photographs. Yes, *photographs!*

Other current Kofoed projects include a new *Heavy Metal* feature titled *Stellar Journals*, done in photo-essay style, and participation in a Fall '79 blockbuster called *Junk Food* from Dell in which Karl illustrates scenes from a 1983 World's Fair known as Century O' Progress.

Which brings us to the present, or rather *future*. (Remember the premise?) Here we have a prime 6' specimen of Homo Galacticus, all equipped with skills and inclination to make that big step to the stars, and what happens? *Nothing*. Because we haven't managed to get a starship together. It's really a disgrace. I mean, Karl Kofoed doesn't want to futz around with paintbrushes making those places up; he wants to strap on a blaster, screw down his faceplate and step through an airlock with an Instamatic around his neck. He's a stubborn guy and will only be happy with reality.

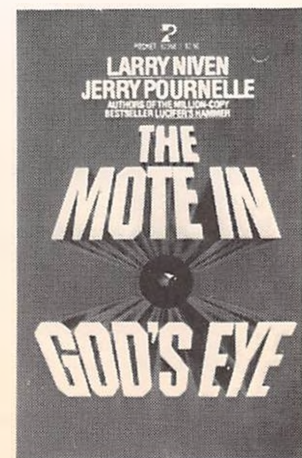
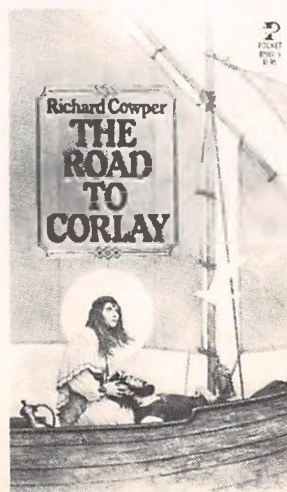
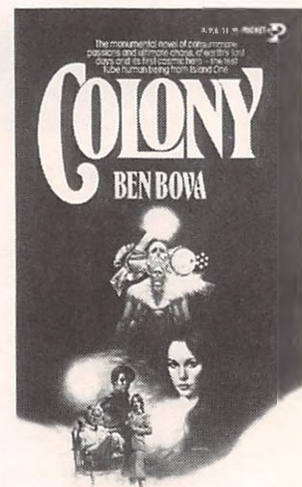
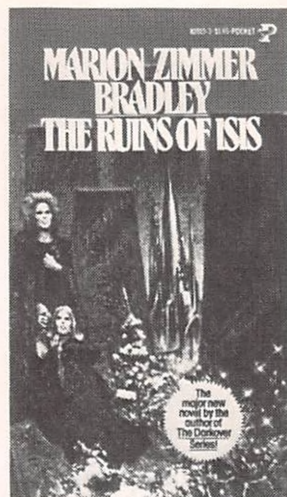
What can we do about this tragic situation? Well, it's really too little, and if we don't hurry it'll be too late, but the least we can do is send Karl up on the Space Shuttle. So, I propose that we start a ticket fund to send this boy to space. Mail donations to: *Kofoed Sendup*, c/o Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, Phila., Pa. You'll be glad you did.

Jim Wilson
NYC 5/25/79





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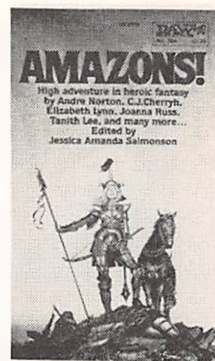
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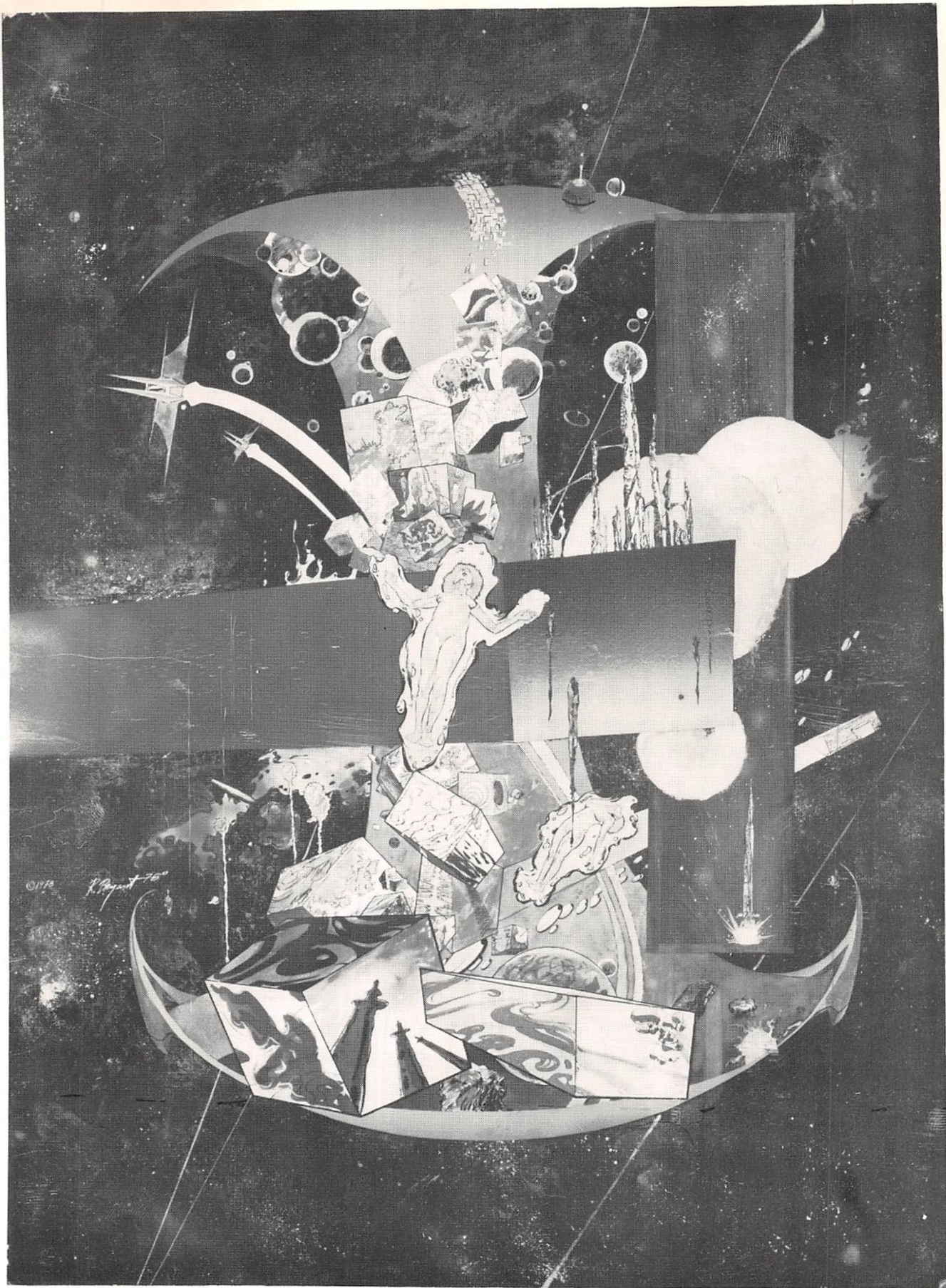
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