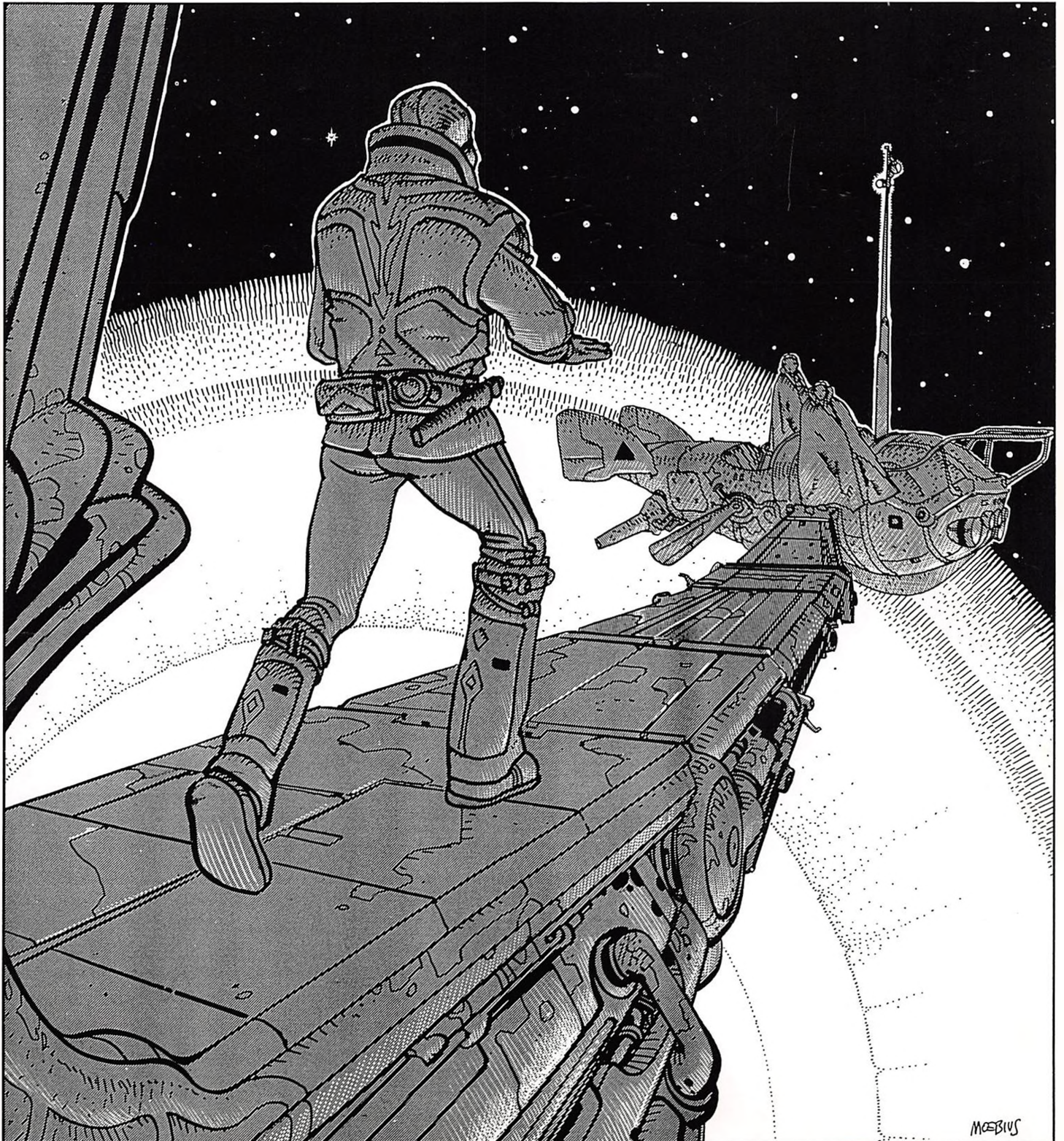
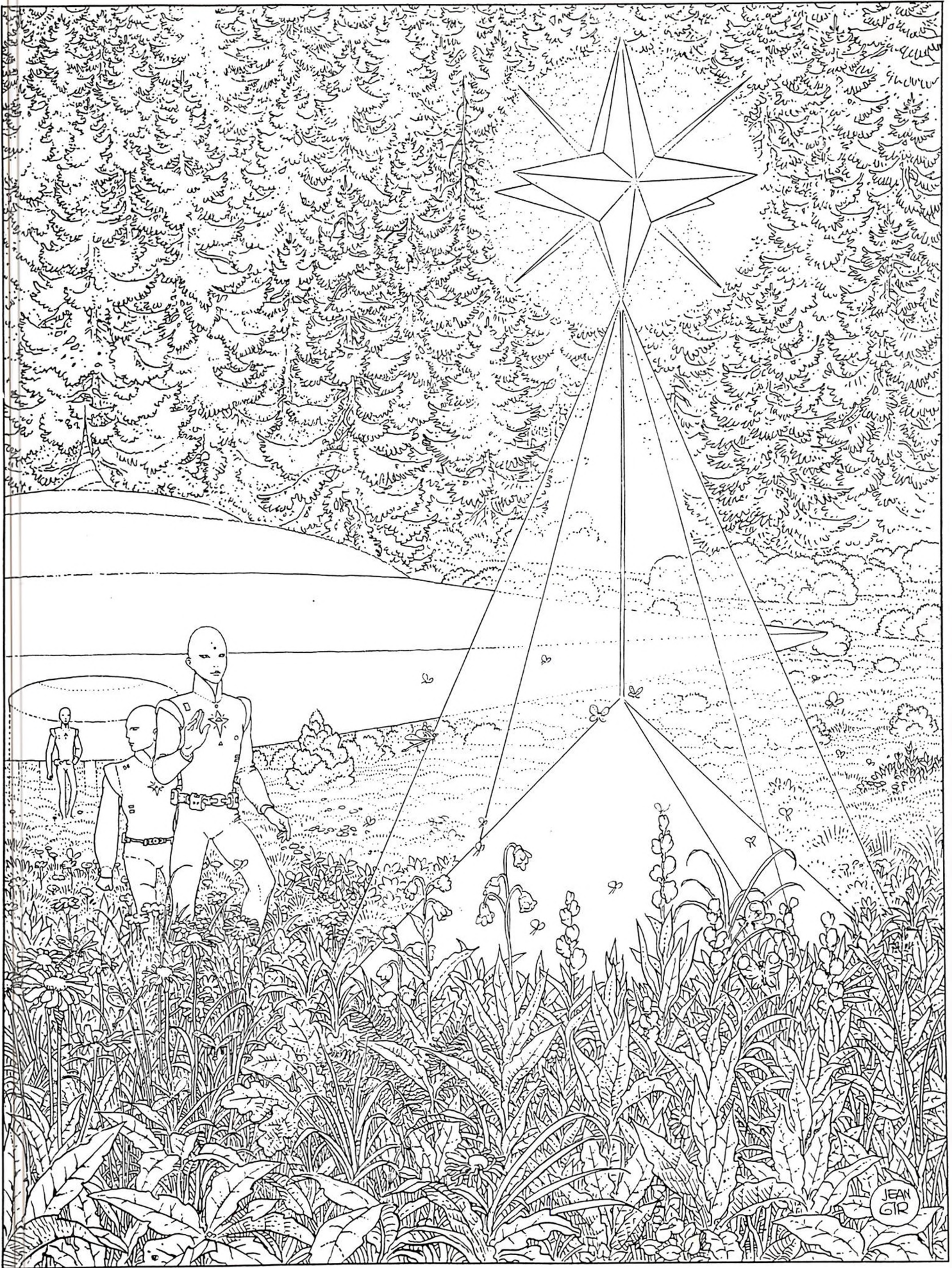


# PHILCON® '91

The 55th Annual Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference







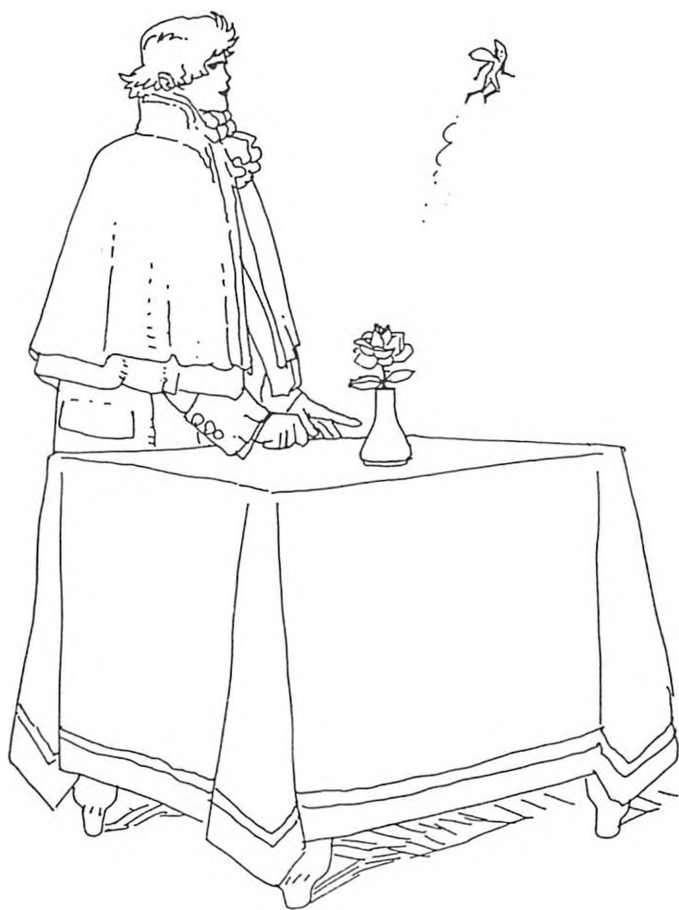
JEAN GIR



# PHILCON® '91

The 55th Annual Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference

November 15th, 16th and 17th, 1991



Principal Speaker  
**David  
Brin**

Guest Artist  
**Moebius**  
(Jean Giraud)

Special Guest  
**R.A.  
MacAvoy**

Special Guest  
**Julian  
May**

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Moebius.....	Front Cover, Inside Front Cover, 1, 10, 24, 33, 46, Inside Back Cover, Back Cover
Darrell Schweitzer.....	3, 20
Jason Van Hollander.....	8, 15
Bob Walters.....	11, 22, 23, 48

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# A Message from The Chairman

Welcome to Philcon 1991! Despite economic setbacks and slowdowns in the economy as a whole, Philcon has continued to grow both in terms of the number of attendees and the scope and diversity of the activities offered to these attendees. This year we hope to continue this trend and whet your appetite for our future efforts.

Our Principal Guests this year rank with those of any of our past Philcons. David Brin is a hard-science novelist of the highest order. His doctorate in space science gives him the solid scientific background which he has used so admirably in such distinguished works as *Startide Rising* and the recent, Hugo-nominated *Earth*. Brin's universe is large enough to combine an impeccable hard science approach with sympathetic human characterization (as in *The Postman*) and a genuine sense of wonder. He remains a major voice in the field, whose newest books are eagerly anticipated by his growing numbers of fans.

Our Guest Artist, "Moebius," (Jean Giraud) is an internationally prominent French artist whose work has been exhibited in France, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Italy, and the United States. His work first came to the attention of most Americans through *Heavy Metal* magazine. Marvel comics has now published fifteen volumes of his art in a series which has broken all sales records. We are proud to present him in a rare appearance before American fandom.

Julian May, one of our Special Guests, is the author of over three hundred books, mostly in the children's and educational fields, but extremely popular in science fiction for her *Saga of the Pliocene Exile*, which grew out of her continuing interest in mythology and the implications for religion of modern science. Despite receiving numerous invitations from other science fiction conventions, she has chosen to honor Philcon by making it the scene of her

first appearance as a Principal Guest.

Our other Special Guest, R. A. (call her Bertie) MacAvoy, is justly famous for her now classic novel *Tea With the Black Dragon*. She has followed up this success with her acclaimed "Damiano" sequence, then *The Book of Kells* and the beginning of a new fantasy series, *Lens of the World*.

The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, sponsor of Philcon, also offers a year-round array of activities. Regular membership meetings are held on the second Friday of the month at 8:00 PM at International House, 3701 Chestnut Street in Philadelphia. The formal program, usually a talk or presentation by a leading science-fiction author or artist, follows the business meeting and begins at 9 o'clock. Recent guests have included Forrest J. Ackerman, Pamela Sargent, George Zebrowski, David Kyle, and Lloyd Arthur Eshbach.

Additionally, our Book Discussion Group holds monthly meetings to explore classic or contemporary works. The Special Events Group conducts monthly film showings and discussions, and attends exhibitions and events of interest to science fiction fans throughout the year.

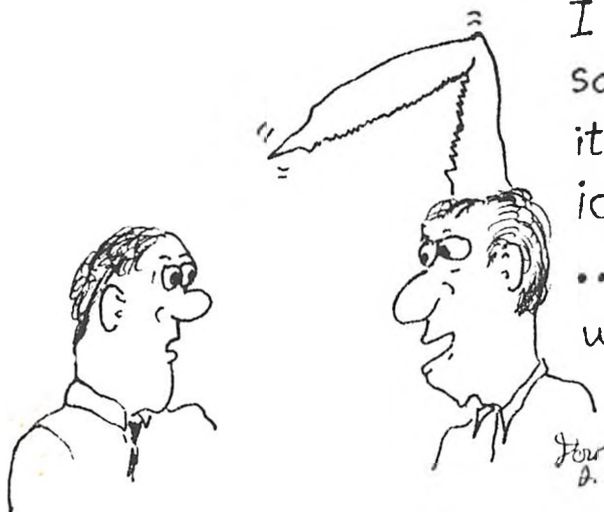
For more information about the Society, please write to us at the following address (and remember to include your own address):

Philadelphia Science Fiction Society  
P.O. Box 8303  
30th St. Station  
Philadelphia PA 19101

Meanwhile, enjoy yourself at Philcon 1991!

Oz Fontecchio,  
Chairman, Philcon 1991

\*



I know it startles  
some people, but  
it sure breaks the  
ice at parties.  
... great for scraping  
windshields, too...



# Guests of Philcon 1991

---

Roger MacBride Allen  
Ellen Asher  
Camille Bacon-Smith  
Michael Balsai  
Bryn Barnard  
Greg Barr  
Jill Bauman  
Jim Belfiore  
John Gregory Betancourt  
Michael Betancourt  
Dainis Bisenieks  
Terry Bisson  
N. Taylor Blanchard  
Jeff Bredenberg  
F. Alexander Brejcha  
David Brin  
Cecil J. Brooks  
Will Brown  
Linda Bushyager  
Jack Chalker  
Ralph Chapman  
Bryan Choffin  
Hal Clement  
Brenda Clough  
Greg Costikyan  
Ed Council  
A. C. Crispin  
John DeChancie  
Linda Deck  
Barbara Dikty  
Tom Doherty  
Charles Dougherty  
Scott Edelman  
Bob Eggleton  
Janice Eisen  
Peter "Stoney" Emshwiller  
Lloyd Arthur Eshbach  
Gregory Feeley  
Brad Ferguson  
Steve Fisher  
Mary K. Frey  
Gregory Frost

Ken Gale  
Alexis Gilliland  
Dolly Gilliland  
Kurt Griffith  
Dan Harris  
Dan Hatch  
John Hibinck  
Stephen Hickman  
Mike Hinge  
Jeannette Holloman  
Alexandra Elizabeth Honigsberg  
Aleta Jackson  
Jael  
Marie Javins  
Mike Jittlov  
Michael Kandel  
Kimberly Ann Kindya  
Tess Kissinger  
Jay Kay Klein  
Janet Kofoed  
Karl Kofoed  
Eric Kotani  
Jay Kushwara  
Randy Lagana  
Lissanne Lake  
Sven Larsen  
Joseph Lazarro  
Shariann Lewitt  
Dick Lynch  
Nicki Lynch  
Richard Lyon  
R. A. MacAvoy  
F. Gwynplaine MacIntyre  
Bob Madle  
Mike Manley  
Julian May  
Aaron McClellan  
Jack McDevitt  
Margaret Mayo McGlynn  
David Menehan  
Lisa Mezzacappa  
Moebius (Jean Giraud)  
Judith Moffett  
Pat Morrissey

James Morrow  
Sam Moskowitz  
Rebecca Ore  
Mark S. Painter  
Alexei Panshin  
Cory Panshin  
Paul Park  
Charley Parker  
Lawrence Person  
Frederik Pohl  
Nick Pollotta  
Anita Raj  
Roman Ranieri  
Ray Ridenour  
J. F. Rivkin  
Madeleine Robins  
Ron Robinson  
Mark Rogers  
Steve Saffel  
Carol Salemm  
Sandra Santara  
Mark Schultz  
Darrell Schweitzer  
George Scithers  
Hannah Shapero  
Charles Sheffield  
Joseph Sherman  
Joseph Siclari  
Paul Sorton  
Tim Standish  
Steve Stiles  
Ian Randal Strock  
Michael Swanwick  
Valentin Todorov  
Rob Tokar  
Gordon Van Gelder  
Mercy Van Vlack  
Ricardo Villagran  
William Wagner  
Robert Walters  
Diane Weinstein  
Sheila Williams



# Philcon Committee and Staff

## Administration

Chairman.....Ozzie Fontecchio  
Vice-Chairman.....Janis Fontecchio  
Secretary.....Carol Kabakjian  
Treasurer.....Todd Dashoff  
Hotel Liaison.....Gary K. Feldbaum, Donna M. Smith  
Assistant.....Sara Paul  
Operations.....Laura Paskman Syms  
ASFA Liaison.....Bob Walters

## Programming and Exhibitions

Main Programming Chairman.....Darrell Schweitzer  
Main Programming Vice-Chairman.....Lynn Crosson  
Art Programming Chairman.....Bob Walters  
Assistants.....Samantha Bash  
John Hibinck  
Sandra Moyer  
Stephanie Moyer  
Dance.....Timothy Binder  
Exhibitions.....Becky Kaplowitz  
Filking.....Crystal Hagel  
Filksong Contest.....Carol Kabakjian  
Film/Video Programming Chairman.....Tony Finan  
Assistants.....Dennis Brown  
John Cehlar  
Jeffrey Kasten  
A. J. Kowitz  
Gaming Room.....John Desmond  
Assistant.....Brian Kleger  
Green Room.....Barbara Higgins  
Assistants.....Joyce Carroll, Rosemarie R. Freeman  
Meet the Pros.....Timothy Binder  
Postal Cancellation.....Becky Kaplowitz  
Programming Operations Chairman.....Pete Radatti  
Assistants.....Lynn Cohen Koehler  
Michele Weinstein  
Ed Rutkowski  
Marguerite Rutkowski  
Science Programming Chairman.....Lew Wolkoff  
Writer's Workshop.....Darrell Schweitzer

## Publications

Editor-in-Chief.....Darrell Schweitzer  
Production Editor.....Dave Szent-Gyorgyi  
Managing Editor.....Lynn Crosson  
Assistants.....Mike Betancourt  
Jeffrey Kasten  
Tess Kissinger  
Program Book.....Dave Szent-Gyorgyi  
Advertisements.....Lew Wolkoff  
Flyers.....Rich Kabakjian  
Signs.....Michele Weinstein  
Assistant.....Sydney Weinstein

## Masquerade

Directors.....George Paczolt  
Victoria Warren  
Beth Paczolt Weiner  
Sound.....Ron Robinson  
Don Weiner  
Video.....D. Jeanette Holloman  
Lights/Staging.....Alex Latzko & company  
Registration.....Victoria Warren,  
Beth Paczolt Weiner  
Sharon Whitney  
Costuming Workshops.....The Lunatic Phringe,  
International Costumers' Guild

## Art Show

Art Show.....Yoel Attiya, Joni Brill Dashoff  
Assistants.....Chip Hitchcock, Sharon Sbarsky  
Auctioneer.....Tom Schaad, Joe Mayhew  
Sales.....Sharon Sbarsky  
Security.....Wayne Houseknecht, Leslie Danneberger  
Staff.....Lisa Ashton, Robert Ashton,  
Bonnie M. Atwood, Ted Atwood,  
Judy Bemis, Todd Dashoff, George Flynn,  
Karen Harris, Stuart Hellinger, Nancy Janda,  
Rick Katze, Sylvia Vega de Ortiz de Lombardi,  
Winton Matthews, Lance Oszko,  
Heather Preston, Pat Ritter,  
Marguerite Rutkowski, Marianne Petrino Schaad,  
Dale Sharrick, Lara Van Winkle,  
Diane Weinstein, V. M. Wymann

## Fixed Functions

AV Coordinator.....Ed Hepting  
Babysitting.....Winona Whyte  
Con Suite.....Carol Kabakjian  
Assistant.....Neal Allen  
Dealers' Room.....Ira Kaplowitz  
Assistant.....Mark Marmor  
Den.....Christine Nealon  
Staff.....Rachel Boone, Bill Ladson, Bill Reichart  
Information.....Lee Weinstein  
Assistants.....Julie Malik, Diane Weinstein  
Logistics.....Bob Schwier  
Media Relations.....Peter V. Radatti  
Assistant.....Marguerite Rutkowski  
Operations.....Laura Paskman Syms  
Assistants.....Larry Gelfand, Joyce L. Carroll,  
Sue Hammond, Robert M. Himmelsbach,  
Sunshine Roth  
Staff.....Pat Betz, Leslie Dannenberger  
Personnel.....Mike Nelson, Anne Norton  
Quartermaster.....Hank Smith  
Registration.....Rich Kabakjian  
Assistant.....Fran Costanzi  
Sales.....Dave Allen  
Signs.....Michele Weinstein  
Assistant.....Syd Weinstein  
Transportation.....Hope Kiefer



# What's Happening at Philcon

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## Special Guests

*David Brin's Guest of Honor Speech.* Who can guess what delightful surprises Dr. Brin will have in store for us?

*Moebius Interview.* Artist Mike Manly solicits secrets from our revered artist guest of honor.

*R. A. MacAvoy* will be the guest speaker at the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society meeting.

*Julian May* is interviewed by our own Darrell Schweitzer.

## General Interest Track

*The Sins of Blurb Writers...* or, The Overdescription of the Almost-Sold. Serious and not-so-serious discussion of the hows and whys of back-cover copy.

*When Do Books Need Editing?* or, If Only Alice Dahlgliesh Had Gotten Her Hands On *I Will Fear No Evil*. Alice Dahlgliesh was the editor Robert Heinlein complained about so much in *Grumbles from the Grave*. But it becomes slowly evident that even a writer as great as Heinlein – in fact, *particularly* Heinlein – needed a strong editorial hand to make his books the best they could be. So, when is the editor a latter-day Maxwell Perkins, and when a meddling moron?

*European Attitudes Toward SF.* How is SF writing and publishing regarded outside the U.S.?

*The Lingering Influence of John W. Campbell.* Many consider him the greatest SF editor of all time. He created modern SF as we know it through the pages of *Astounding* and *Analog*, 1937-71. But did his genius at some point become the Dead Hand of tradition?

*Strip-Mining SF.* All about the McBook, the sharecropped, packaged, franchised, assembly-line produced volumes with fishy bylines and even fishier origins. We would like to save trees.

*Fantasy Worlds We Don't Want to Live In, But Still Want to Read About.* It's no all cushy, adolescent escapism. Many of the greatest works of fantasy are distinctly uncomfortable. The roofs in Gormenghast leak.

It's probably hard to find a good hoagie in Zothique.

*The Foundations of SF: Wells and Stapledon.* A discussion of these two giants and their lasting influence.

*Why are SF People So Crazy about Kipling?* He is Politically Incorrect and wrote very little SF or fantasy, but his is a favorite of virtually everyone in our community, regardless of political or literary predilections. A phenomenon worth examining.

*Science Fiction/Fantasy/Mystery/Horror – How Important Are Genre Crossovers?* How much of "genre" is a marketing tool, how much a real, artistic distinction?

*Great Openings* to classics or little known stories, and why they are great.

*Future Ideologies – What Will the People of the (Imaginary) Future Believe?* What will the people of the (imaginary) future(s) believe? Surely their ideas won't be just like ours.

*Is Nanotechnology Still a Hot Subject?* It went through SF – and science – like a tidal wave several years ago. But some tidal waves ebb away to nothing. Does anyone take Cold Fusion seriously anymore? Has nanotechnology been oversold, or will it really change the world in fantastic ways?

*Why Some SF Dates and Some Doesn't.* Wells to the contrary, England *wasn't* invaded from Mars in 1898, but *The War of the Worlds* is still a great and timely novel. Yet some SF of five years ago is already obsolete. Why?

*Is Hard SF An Endangered Species?* We keep hearing that it is, that writers can't or won't do the science anymore. Any truth to the rumor?

*Meet the Agents.* Literary Agents explain the business.

*Making Characters Vulnerable, Without Making Them Wimps.* Nobody likes a sniveller, but nobody believes an all-perfect superman. How does one strike a balance?

*What's NEW In Horror, Now That Splatterpunk is Passé (Or is it?).* Have there been one too many Cutting Edge of Horror/Splatterpunk panels? Let's see what's beyond that.

*Can Fantasy Break Out of Generic Typecasting?* You know, ugh, fantasy, that stuff that comes in trilogies with elves and dwarves and unicorns... There is more to it. R. A. MacAvoy doesn't write Tolkien-ripoff Elfie-Welfies — but how to convince the reluctant reader who thinks he already knows all there is to know about fantasy?

*The Thing from the Slushpile.* Editors and editorial assistants discuss (and read from!) some of the strangeness that comes in the mail. A very educational and informative (and funny) panel for new writers.

*Alternate History: Serious Literature or Just a Game?* What's it for? We know Napoleon didn't win at Waterloo. So, what is the point of writing a novel in which he did, beyond mere cleverness?

*Are Science Fiction Films Really Science Fiction?* Or are they just disguised westerns, horror, adventure, with science-fictional trappings? How many have a genuine, speculative core?

*Have We Ever Been Censored?* Writers tell of specific instances. It can happen here.

*The Eye of Argon.* Death-defying, mind-numbing attempts by members of the audience to read from the legendary Worst Story Ever Written without going mad... or even laughing. Must be seen and heard to be disbelieved!

*Have We Ever Been Censored?* Writers tell of specific incidences.

*"You Call That a Lousy Review? Listen..."* David Brin, Charles Sheffield and Roger MacBride Allen (two-thirds of whom requested we create this panel) share personal experiences.

*Adaptive Technology.* A discussion of handicaps and the developed and developing technology designed to assist in the pursuit of life, liberty and the pursuit of SF and fandom.

*Getting Started.* New writers talk about the business.

*How to Start Your Own Publication.* Those who have done it explain it to those who haven't.

*Author Readings.* See Pocket Program for list of authors and their reading selections.

*Mike Jittlov* will be given our best function space for two hours to do with as he pleases (highjinx will undoubtedly ensue).

*Fred Pohl* will join us as a special guest on Sunday to discuss the environment and his new book, *Our Angry Earth*.

## Fan Track

*Is It Still a Proud and Lonely Thing to Be a Fan?* Now that reading SF is hardly a socially unusual act, what does this mean to fandom?

*Cons, Condoms and Condiments.* The Fannish Way of Life. Fans discuss fannish convention behavior, social rituals and dining habits, reminisce and share anecdotes.

## Art Show

*What entices you* to buy that book of SF or fantasy? Perhaps the author is a favorite of yours. Maybe the title intrigues you. Sometimes, the attraction is the cover art. Come see the original paintings used as some of those covers, as interior illustrations for your favorite magazine or comic book; glasswork, sculptures and jewelry; and even fannish humor.

Most of the artwork on display is for sale by written bid. Limited edition photoprints are available for direct sale in the Print Shop located inside the Art Show. Something is here for everyone's interest, taste and budget.

## Art Track

*Alternate Art Markets.* Artists discuss venues other than covers.

*Moebius Draws!* Moebius draws!

*What's on the Cover?* Noted cover artists discuss their trade.

*When Dinosaurs Ruled the Arts.* Paleo-illustrators discuss the latest in dinosaur lore.

*Amazing Graphic Stories.* Moebius and other comics artists hold forth on the subject of the graphic story.

*3-D SF and Fantasy Art.* Sculptors discuss materials and techniques in this fast-expanding field.

*It's What's Inside.* Interior illustrators discuss what it's like to live in the ghetto.

*Computer Art.* Demonstration and discussion of computer



graphics and animation.

*Movie and TV Makeup.* You, too, can be a monster! Demonstration of techniques.

## Costumer's Track

*Masquerade.* Masquerade judges this year include one of costuming's best-love talents, Marty Gear, the "Fearless Leader" of Balticon masquerades. Robert Himmelsbach, a gifted costumer and President of the Lunatic Phringe, will also be a judge. Rounding out the trio will be a new face, Hannah Shapero, a talented artist and costumer.

*Parade.* After the masquerade, a historical costume fashion parade will be held for the audience's enjoyment as the judges deliberate.

*Workshops.* A special costuming workshop will be held on Saturday for beginning costumers, covering presentation, stage movement and dealing with "glitches," including a simulated stage "walkthrough." The Lunatic Phringe will also sponsor a special workshop, a "field trip" to Philadelphia's fabric district.

## Filking

*Filking* is the music of and for Science Fiction Fans. It includes songs about movies, books, fandom, characters, authors, and just about any other subject you can name, in styles ranging from parody to folk to rock and roll.

*The Filksong Contest.* Philcon would like to thank the following people, who volunteered to judge the filksong contest:

Barbara Higgins  
Carol Kabakjian  
John Syms

## Gaming

*Games,* friendly and competitive; games simple and complex; games of the future, of history, of worlds fantastic; games of intelligence and foolishness, of significance and trivia; games that last fifty hours, games that take no time.

All played by people who like to get together over game boards. Drop by and say hello!

## Postal Cancellation

A special Philcon cancellation, available both Saturday and Sunday. A Philcon exclusive, design by Moebius. Need we say more?

## Science Track

*Drexel's Solar-Powered Car, Part II.* A follow-up to last year's popular panel on the continuing development of the solar-powered automobile at Drexel University.

*The Psychological Effects of Long-Duration Space Flight.* It's not a head trip, it's a non-trivial problem.

*CONTACT: Alien Cultures as a Teaching Aid.* About a project that uses science fiction in intermediate school: when student-developed cultures meet, what happens to the cultures, and what happens to the students?

*The Dinosaur.* What A&E and the popular press don't tell you about these much-misrepresented creatures.

## Writers' Workshop

*Editors.* Editors of current magazines and books tell you what they're looking for and what they aren't.

*Creating Your Own World.* We all want to do this. We can set only so many stories in New Jersey.

*Manuscript Critiques.* A two-hour session. In the first, we read the stories submitted to the Philcon workshop. In the second, professional writers – and as many fans as time permits – criticize them.



# Art Show Rules

---

The Art Show is an exhibit of original SF, Fantasy and Fannish art in two-dimensional and three-dimensional forms (e.g. sketches and paintings, and sculpture), executed by professional and by amateur artists. All artwork other than that marked "NFS" (i.e., "Not For Sale") is for sale by competitive bid, both written and voiced. A Print Shop for direct sales of photoprints, lithographs and other items is located along the common wall with the Dealer's exhibit area.

To bid on artwork you must:

1. Be a registered member of Philcon, as evidenced by your Philcon badge.
2. Register at the Art Show Control Desk to receive your bidder number.

Each piece of artwork is tagged with an ID/bid sheet that lists the title of the piece, the medium, and the name of the artist. The color of the bid sheet indicates the sale status of the artwork:

*Blue:* Artwork for display only, not for sale.

*Yellow:* Limited edition photoprint or lithograph for sale at a preset price only. A print with a yellow bid sheet will have a single line for a written bid. The first written bid, which must match the sale price, buys the print. Usually, the artist will have submitted additional copies of the print for direct sale in the Print Shop at the same preset price.

*White:* Original art for sale to the highest bidder, beginning at a minimum bid price. At the bottom of the white bid sheet for original art will be lines on which the bidder can write a bid. The bid must be at least as high as the minimum bid specified by the artist, and must be higher than any preceding bid. Write your name, bidder number, and the amount of your bid legibly on the bid sheet. Do not cross out any written bids.

Written bidding will close at noon on Sunday. The Art Show will be cleared of all art at that time. Any artwork with fewer than five bids will be sold to the highest bidder. Artwork with five bids or more will be entered in the voice auction. The voice auction will be held on Sunday afternoon from 1p.m. to 3p.m. in Ballroom E/F.

At the auction, the art is open to further bids by other people. Therefore the bidder should attend the voice auction to make further bids on pieces he or she still wants to buy. The bidder making the highest bid by voice will buy the art at that price. If there are no voice bids, the art will be sold to the person who made the highest written bid.

Several words of warning: Keep track of all the bids you make; when placing a written bid on an item, assume you will be the winning bidder on *all* of them. This way, you can avoid buying more than you can afford. If you have reached your limit of Art Show purchases, wait until you have lost an item to a higher bidder before bidding on another item. Also, return to the Art Show before it closes Sunday at noon to check the bid sheets and see which items you have won by written bid and which will go to voice auction.

Art Show sales will be on Sunday afternoon from 1:30 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. in Delaware Rooms 3/4. At this time you must pick up and pay for all items of art you have won by written bid or voice auction. Cash, Visa, Master Card, travellers cheques, and personal check with ID will be accepted for payment as per rules set by the Philcon Treasurer. Proof of ID (at least one photo and proof of address) will be required of all buyers at the time of payment. You must pick up and pay for your own purchases. We *will* track down anyone who fails to collect and pay for artwork they buy at Philcon.

**Remember: you bid, you buy. Be serious. Do not bid unless you mean it. A bid is a legal obligation to buy the art you bid on at the price you bid.** \*



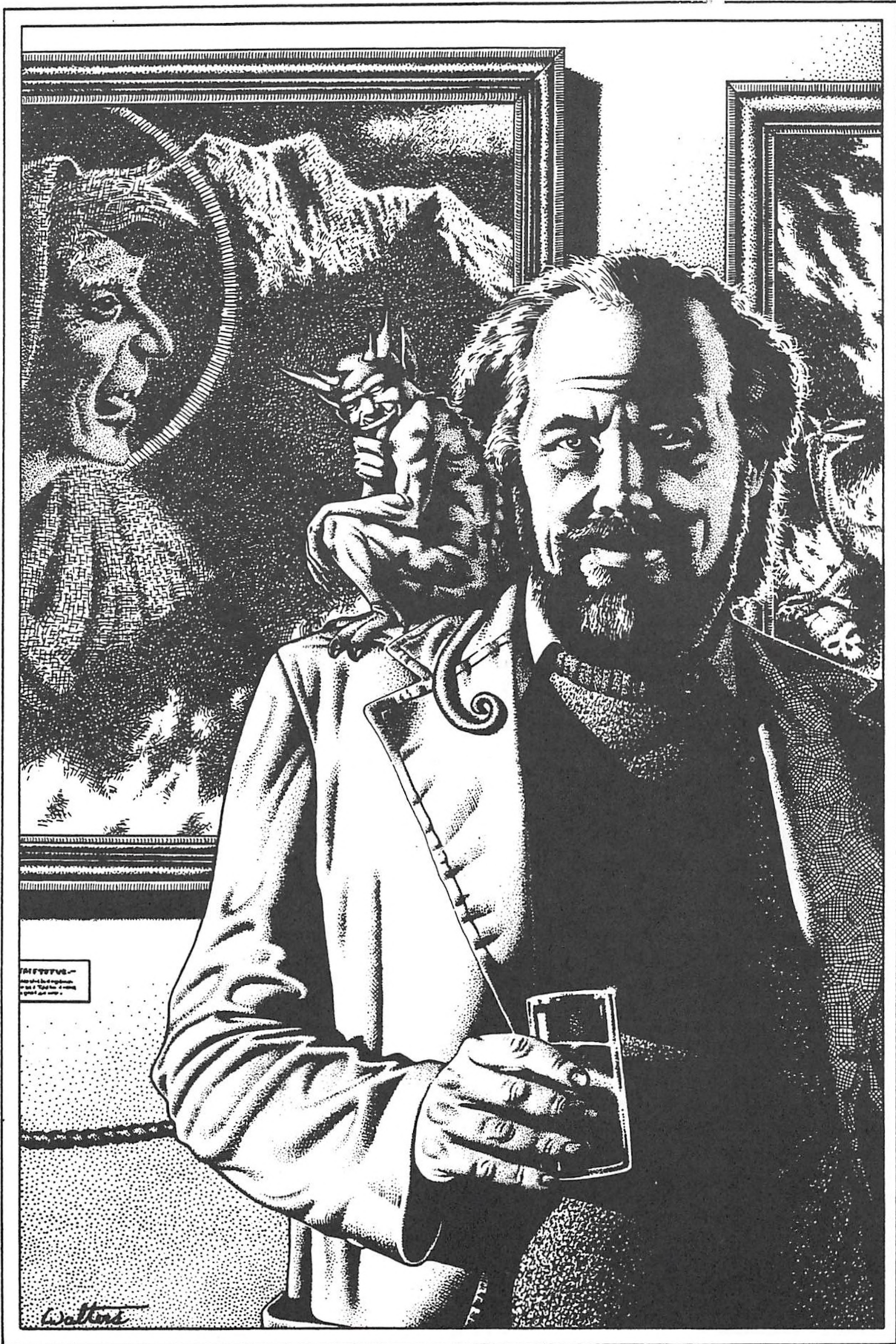
# Weapons Policy

No weapons – guns, gun replicas, swords, knives, lasers, model lasers, or anything that the public could perceive as a weapon – will be permitted at Philcon. The Philcon Committee has the final say as to what constitutes a weapon. Unfortunately, we must reserve the right to revoke the membership of anyone who refuses to comply with this policy.

The only exceptions to this policy are as follows: registered participants in the Masquerade may wear a weapon, excepting guns and operational lasers, from one half-hour before the Masquerade to one half-hour after it. Participants in the Costumers' Workshop may also wear weapons, with the same restrictions, while in the Workshop.









# David Brin

by Poul Anderson

David Brin is a hell of a nice guy, and brilliant and fun, but so are several of his colleagues. What marks him out especially, I think, is an extraordinary measure of enthusiasm. It takes many forms. There is sheer *joie de vivre*, an endearing quality not too common these days. There is adventurousness, expressed by such pleasures as bungee jumping and hiking in the Himalayas. There is an ongoing love affair with the universe, a fascination with science, history, and all else, which has led to a range of knowledge both broad and deep. There is concern for the human race and indeed for every living thing on this planet and wherever else life may be.

That does not take the currently fashionable form of gloom or guilt. Brin is basically optimistic. He is no Pollyanna or Pangloss, but he holds that with enough courage, intelligence, and good will we can do more than

survive; in William Faulkner's words, we can prevail.

The attitude runs like music through his works. To name just three, recall the different species getting together in *The Uplift War*, the quiet dutifulness of *The Postman*, and the *Earth* that is both infinitely diverse and a glorious whole. Of course, these and the rest aren't sermons. They are science fiction stories — mighty good science fiction, imaginatively conceived and closely reasoned; mighty good stories, exciting and full of people we come to care about. Yet they also deal with reality. They question and challenge us about some fundamental matters. David Brin isn't simply one of the best writers in this field. He's one of its very few philosophers.

Don't let that remark put you off! Reading him is marvelous entertainment. Enjoy, enjoy.

\*

## The Lion By Its Paw

by Gregory Benford

David Brin. The first time this name swam into my mind was not on the spine of a paperback, but rather after a diffident knock at my office door.

A roundish, youngish face appeared when I barked, "Come In." A smooth, mild, California-accented voice asked if I was too busy, or could I talk for a moment or two about Science Fiction?

Understand: one of the drawbacks of writing SF and being a professor and scientist is that you have a public life. Most writers can cower in their studies and get away without facing the readership unless they want to. I had already got tired of fending off the usual questions about where I got my ideas and would I like to read a story of theirs and did I know Asimov/Heinlein/Wells(!).

But this handsome, unassuming face didn't seem like the usual undergraduate. This was some time in the late 1970's and I was going through a long period of intense research, so in fact a few moments of book chat was even welcome.

He wasn't an undergraduate at all, or even from my campus, the University of California at Irvine. He was a graduate student at UC San Diego, where I had gotten my doctorate. And he was writing a novel.

I became suspicious. But he didn't ask me to read it. He began telling me the story, and how it treated an expedition *into* the Sun. I frowned. I had mulled over just that idea for years, and never been able to figure out

how to tell it in a hard SF way — that is, plausibly.

"How are they going to avoid getting burned up? Atomized?" I demanded.

"Oh..." he waved a hand. "I'll bypass the problem, put some jargon in."

"Oh, I see." I mustered all my cool scorn. *Magic.* "

I had forgotten this conversation, and the friendly trading of favourite titles and authors, by the time this mild-mannered young man published his novel. And to my astonishment I found that he had gone on and found a plausible way to do the undoable.

This, more than pace or character or style, impressed me most about *Sundiver*.

Brin had thought of a solution which had escaped me. And had made physical sense. That essential quality — imagination combined with the constraints of the real world — lies at the core of hard SF.

Taste in SF runs down many rivulets, but for me the field is hard SF. And in that single gesture David Brin showed that he had the touch. As Laplace said, when Newton anonymously submitted a solution to his mathematical puzzle, "One knows the lion by its paw."

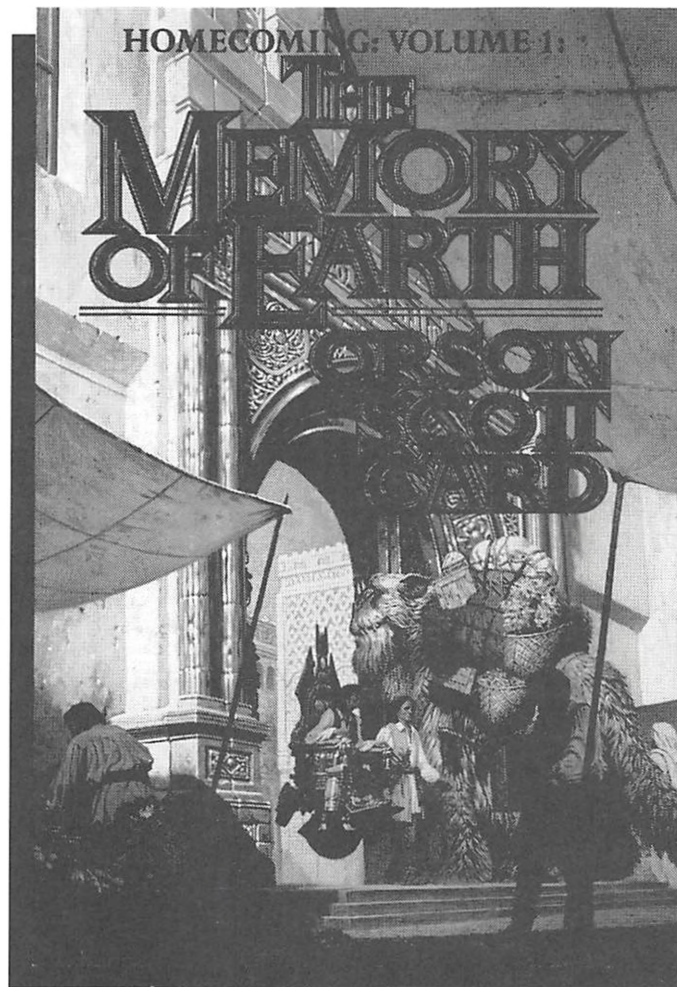
The rest of his story — blockbuster novels, intriguing ideas, zest and verve and sheer force of personality — is the working out of what David Brin had in him at that moment. That's why you honor him today, and why his is an assured destiny within the field.

\*

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# My Own David Brin Story

by Darrell Schweitzer

You already know David Brin the writer. Most of you have probably read at least some of his novels — *The Uplift War*, *Startide Rising*, *The Practice Effect*, *Earth*, etc. — and some of you may have been among those fans who voted David his Hugos. He's a clever, capable, intriguing writer, who bridges the gap once noted by John W. Campbell Jr. when he said of science-fiction writers, "Those who can write, can't think. Those who can think, can't write."

David Brin can do both.

But never mind. You know that. If you're reading this before Saturday afternoon, I want to tell you why you should not, repeat, not under any circumstances miss David's Principal Speech.

He's a great talker. He has real stage-presence. I want to tell you how he saved my... err... if we must have some sense of decorum here, let us say my nether regions.

The scene was Confiction, the 1990 Worldcon held in The Hague, Holland. I was to be on a panel with four other writers. Now, I'm not sure what went wrong with Confiction. Was it that they lacked programming-gophers to lead panelists through the labyrinthine maze of the convention center, or was it that the panels were put together before anyone confirmed that the named panelists would actually *attend*?

I don't know. Certainly the scheduling itself worked well enough. The panels announced were actually held, when and where they were supposed to be. And there was an eager audience at every one I saw, much larger than you get for the average panel at an American convention. I'd say there were two hundred people in that small room.

The only problem was that *none* of the other panelists had showed up. There I was, facing that crowd of people who probably hadn't the slightest idea of who Darrell Schweitzer was and could have cared less. A worried con-committee person gave me the option of either going on or cancelling.

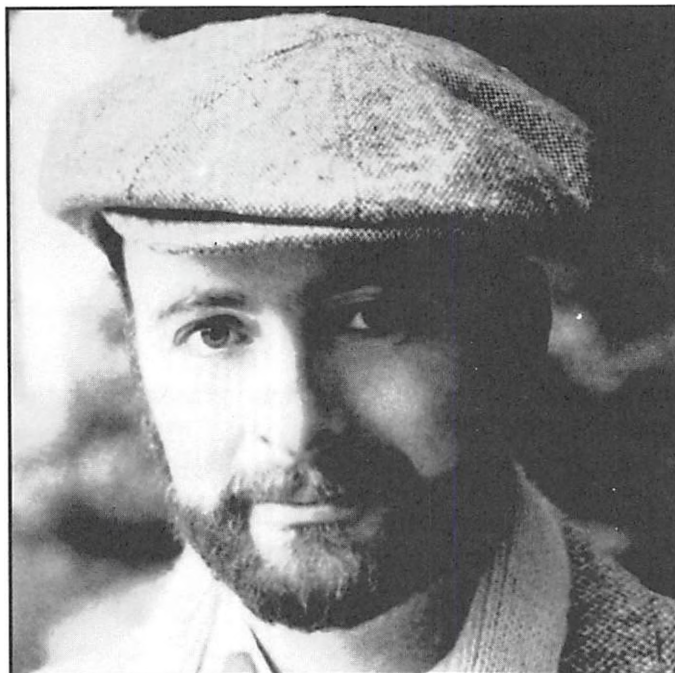
I was going to cancel.

But then David Brin arrived and saved the day. Really. He charmed them. He wowed them. The dynamic between the two of us fell into place at once. I played the role of moderator, host, interviewer, and let the David Brin Show run its course. I was the straight-man, Zeppo to his Groucho, the one who led into his best routines and anecdotes, and then let the ready wit of David Brin take over.

It was great. Nobody went away disappointed.

At Philcon, I think he's going to do it again, and he won't need a straight-man.

\*



# Grass

by David Brin

"Deserts grow. The sky darkens and the seas shrink. I have come to tell of our decision. You will have your way. Our people have no choice but to flee this world along with you."

Head bowed, calloused hands clasped, Mas Wathengria spoke from the Speaker's Aperture, in the east quadrant of the High Council's circle of deliberation. His voice, though still resonant, was heavy with age and defeat. "North Glacier Clan submits to majority will," he concluded. "We will join the exodus."

Other members of the Council shared looks of astonishment, having grown used to lifetimes of northern stubbornness. At last, Keliangeli, the Grand Das of Fairfields Clan, thumped the stone floor with her staff, and exclaimed. "We are united, then! All can join now, without bitterness or anguish at leaving folk behind."

Wathengria assented with a sigh, and an acquiescent drooping of his ear-fringe tendrils. "No clan or colony will stay on Bharis, Das Keliangeli," he agreed. "But do not expect an end to bitterness. My people will participate in the abandonment of our mother world, but only because it is too late to turn back."

The stooped, gray fringed Das appeared not to hear him, so excited was she. "With the resources of North Glacier no longer wasted, we can push the schedule forward two years, and leave before another famine comes!"

Mas Wathengria nodded gravely. It would be rude, having submitted, to voice recriminations. Anyway, he was too tired.

Keliangeli called it "waste" to set aside some of the last arable land on Bharis, sparing it the kind of intense overuse that had ruined most of a once-beautiful planet. Perhaps it was, in a sense. Starvation and pestilence had twisted judgement and reason. The Das and her followers were desperate enough to try anything, even use up what was left of the planet to flee toward a distant star.

North Glacier, with its fresh water and abundant ores, had long held out. But the siren song of a robot, circling a faraway world, had beckoned with green hints of lush fecundity. Wathengria had felt his leadership begin to slip away. As shipbuilding became a planetwide mania, heedless of new damage brought on by the reckless pace, even his own clan's blessed isolation offered no protection.

"My ecologists tell me that once the ships are built, and the exodus prepared, little more than seven hundredths of the land on Bharis will remain suitable to support life in any decency. You, all of you, have thrown our lives like dice into the wind. They tumble even now

in the sky." He pointed to the Fleet, which glittered like gems in early evening, crossing the heavens swifter than the stars. "North Glacier cannot but join the cast."

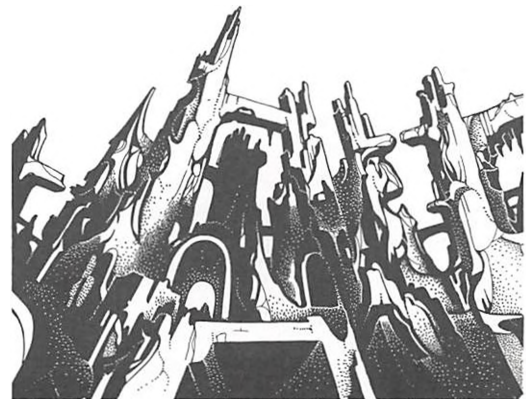
"We are overjoyed to have you with us, Mas Wathengria," the Bas of Sheltered Oasis cried out, oblivious to Wathengria's irony. "Oh, yes!" Das Keliangeli added. "On our new home, you will help teach us how to keep and preserve it against the sorts of mischief our ancestors unleashed on Bharis. You will be our conscience."

Wathengria suppressed a hot response. True, their ancient forebears had done the worst harm, with their wars, noxious pollution and mismanagement. But today's folk were multiplying the damage, even as they sought to flee. "My specialists will accompany you to the new world. Perhaps you will learn from them, though I doubt it. As for myself, however, I plan to stay and take the Lesser Death, in stasis beneath the hall of my progenitors. One of our race should remain to explain this wasteland, should the gods ever return, or visitors come to pity poor, ruined Bharis."

The Mas coursed his eyes around the circle. On a few faces, he noted signs of shame. But within moments of turning and departing the hall, he heard their voices rise again behind him, the moment forgotten amid new, excited plans. *I notice no one even protested my decision*, he thought. *Probably, they're all relieved I'll be staying behind.*

From his transport, Mas Wathengria looked down on the valley of Lanseniil. The Council Chambers stood next to one of the few remaining sites of untarnished beauty on Bharis. If they had chosen a more desolate and representative place, Mas Wathengria might have been more optimistic for his race.

Forested slopes gave way to the paler shades of crops and pocked gardens, and then the harbor spires of Sea Haven, one of three remaining cities. Haven was not yet a desert of wind-blown dust. Still, Mas Wathengria tried





not to look closely as his machine passed over cracked marble monuments, stained by ancient pollution and more recent, inexorable decay. Squinting past the fuming shipworks, he peered instead with his mind's inner eye toward the better days of youth. Longingly, he filled his mind with remembered beauty to take with him to an icy tomb.

*One compensation. The animals and plants that remain will have peace at last. We "thinking creatures" will no longer be a menace.*

*Too late, alas. Much, much too late.*

Sounds of celebration continued even after the airlock sealed, cutting off the noise of continuing revelry aboard the mother ship. The crew on Ras Gafengria's exploration craft were on duty and free of intoxicants, but that did not make them sober. They but went grinning to their tasks, babbling excitedly, drunk on the tincture of hope.

It was tempting, to give in to the contagious happiness. Who wouldn't feel joy at the prospect of landing on a beautiful world after half an aeon of cold sleep! Orbital surveys had already confirmed what robot probes had promised. Twice as much of this planet's surface area supported life as tired old Bharis. Green regions ran like thick veins across every continent. As for the oceans – no one living had ever seen so much water. The cartographer kept muttering happily, over and over – seas covered nearly a third of the globe!

Ras Gafengria wanted to share the others' covetous triumph. She could appreciate the wonder of this place. After all, here was an entire ecosystem to study... and perhaps take better care of, if she and others like her had their way.

*But the message, she thought. It's hard to take pleasure in any of this, after seeing my father's message.*

The pilots banked the boat into an aerodynamic braking dive to save fuel. Soon they were passing high over an ocean. Instruments detected planktonic life, something they could not have done an equal distance above Bharis. Amazing. Yet, Gafengria's thoughts kept pulling back to the image in the viewing tank of the mother ship... an image of Mas Wathengria, the old man's face almost unchanged from when she had seen it last, impassively watching his people march into the ships. Leaving him behind. Alone.

The Council had not wanted to distract from the joy of a million and a half newly awakened exiles. So the leaders had only invited a few to come see the strange message that had caught up with their fleet while passengers and crew had slept. Patient computers had stored the transmission. The first thing Gafengria had noticed was the data – five hundred and forty turns after Departure! So, the old man's stasis unit had held, without anyone to perform maintenance.

She had expected words, but what happened next was far more startling. Her father's wrinkled sardonic visage shrank as he stepped back from the camera, and... into the holo tank next to him appeared the image of an alien creature! Tall, bipedal, with dark cranial filaments that lay motionless atop its scalp. The narrow, fleshy face was inset with two small but penetrating eyes.

Wathengria remained silent for a long interval, as if knowing the effect this scene would have on those later to view it. Only when the shock had abated slightly did his speech begin.

*"My dear, departed people," the Mas had said. "I hope your new world is everything you hoped for. If, indeed, you've learned a lesson, perhaps you will take better care of it than you did our poor beloved Bharis. You'll notice, though, I haven't held my breath!"*

That dig went unnoticed until Gafengria's third viewing. The first two times, she couldn't take her gaze of the strange, bipedal entity next to Mas Wathengria. His words barely pierced the fog of surprise.

*"By the time you see this," the message went on, "another several hundred years will have passed. Nevertheless, I'm giving in to a little hastiness, rushing to send this so you can be introduced to Bharis's new tenants."*

*"They're really very nice people. The Mhenn, as they're called, seem to adore our tired old Bharis! They've settled into Sea Haven now, and they want you to know..."*

The chief pilot interrupted Gafengria's recollection. "We're approaching the coast now, noble Ras," he said. A collective sigh filled the cabin as the shoreline neared. Scattered vegetation grew upon the dun slopes, left and right as far as the eye could see. None of the people had ever encountered such a sight.

"Over there!" One of the pilots pointed to the eastern horizon. "One of the anomaly clusters! Shall we fly closer?"

Gafengria assented and they adjusted course toward an elevated cluster of brown and tan shapes, shinier than the surrounding dunes. From space, the regular, geometric features had caused some to speculate they might be cities. The prospect of inhabitants with prior claims disturbed the Council... though such a rich world surely had room enough for two races.

The youngest pilot gasped. "They are habitations!"

The chief pilot magnified the screen. "Perhaps, once. But they look long abandoned."

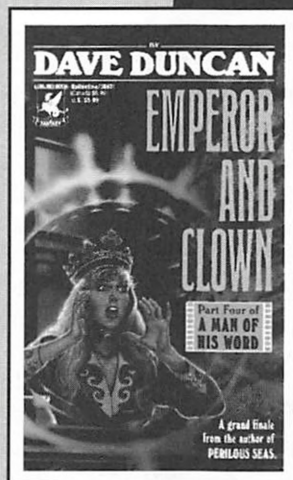
The ship cautiously slowed, skirting some distance from the rounded stone shapes. The extent of the constructions soon left no doubt this had been a great city, indeed. Giant, spidery bridges and archways still connected many of the concave structures, whose blank, oval windows stared empty, like the eye sockets in a skull. The alienness of the architecture was almost as eerie as was the desolate loneliness of total abandonment.

The youngest pilot pointed again, this time to a broad, flattened area, not far away. "Firing pits," he pronounced.

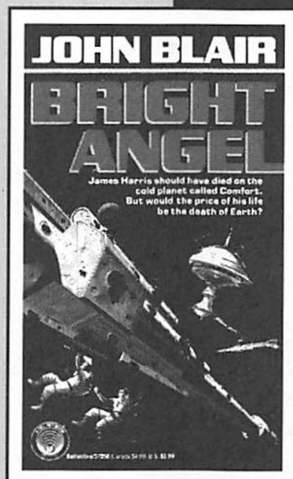
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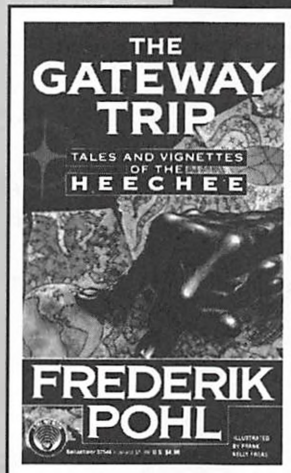


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# HEROISM, HOLOCAUST AND THE HEECHEE— FROM THE FIRST NAME IN IMAGINATION...

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"A launching field."

"Don't jump to conclusions. We can't be..." The senior pilot abruptly stopped and stared. The cartographer gasped. As they topped a gentle rise, an immense cube of shining metal came into view, glittering. Gafengria covered her eyes, wishing the giant thing would go away. She had a premonition about it, which caused her fringes to shrink down to their roots. It did not feel good.

"The Council calls," their comm operator said. "Command wants us to approach the artifact. Shipboard image enhancement indicates *writing* along the sides, inscribed in binary code!"

In hushed awe, the pilots brought the boat nearer. Ras Gafengria sank back in her seat, while the comm operator tuned to the frequency of the linguists, onboard the mother ship. The experts babbled urgently about codes and contexts and translation possibilities. About differences and similarities...

"*It's all terribly ironic,*" Gafengria recalled her father pronouncing across the light years. "*These Mhenn are also refugees! They, too, fled a world that could barely support them. They didn't use robot probes to search for a new world. Their method appears to have been more direct, though I can't say I understand it well enough to explain it.*"

"*Anyway, here they are. They awakened me, and I told them where you'd all gone. They're very much like us, you know.*" His smile had been bitter. "*They may look strange, but it's uncanny how much like us they truly are.*"

Holograms from the cubic artifact filled the tank in front of Ras Gafengria. It was a full body portrait of an alien being, a roundish shape coated with tentacles. To her surprise and relief, those who had left this monolith weren't at all similar to the "Mhenn" shown in her father's message.

*Thank the gods,* Ras decided. The irony would have been too much to bear – that one species should deplete its home world in order to fly to a refuge that had been depleted by another race in a desperate effort to flee to the first...

As a matter of fact, that tragedy was logically impossible. For one thing, the Mhenn had come from a direction opposite to the one the people had taken. And anyway, her father had said the Mhenn were *pleased* with Bharis. In fact, the poor creatures had seemed pathetically ecstatic, calling their new home a "paradise." How devastated their own planet must have been, to think so highly of tired old Bharis!

Ras noticed that the others on the boat had stopped

talking. "What – ?" she began. The cartographer turned and whispered. "The translation, noble Ras! They've translated the inscription!"

Blinking, she saw that the alien figure in the holo tank was moving! Over the hum of the hovering engines, a tinny voice accompanied the movements, soft and lilting. In text below the figure flowed the mother ship's translation, in the language of Bharis.

"...So we were forced to decide...to remain and face continued famine, or to take a desperate gamble, squandering our last resources to fling our race of heroes across the stars...The (undefined term) choice was obvious to all but a few (undefined term)...By the time the necessary (undefined term) transmitters were completed, our world was humbled... less than a quarter of her land arable...dead in so many..."

"Less than a *quarter*?" The voice of the assistant ecologist cracked. "They call that ruined? The message can't be correctly translated!"

But Ras Gafengria sighed, seeing it all in utter clarity. So. They had been spared the irony that was superficially most cruel, only so they might have nightmares over a far more subtle joke the Universe had played on them. Or they had all played on the Universe.

She closed her eyes and wished the onetime denizens of this world good luck in their quest. *May they find their bountiful new home. Though, to satisfy them, it need be so rich as to stagger my imagination. They don't deserve success, of course, but neither did we... nor the Mhenn, presumably.*

In her mind she envisioned a chain of intelligent but short-sighted races, each getting more mercy than it merited, joyful to inherit the leavings of the one ahead of it in line. Each conditioned to see its new, leftover wasteland as a heaven.

She thought of Wathengria's wry words, and wished he had not taught her so well the burdensome gift of honesty.

"*The Mhenn had a terrible time,*" the Mas had said. "*But they kept faith, and knew they would find a world as nice as Bharis, someday. Amongst them, there is a saying almost as old as their race. When times were hard, they repeated it to one another for encouragement. For the courage to move on. Loosely translated, it goes something like this –*

"*'Over the mountain, the grass will be a more pleasant shade of green.'*

"*Now I must go and begin trying to teach the new tenants of Bharis how to take care of here. Perhaps this time I will have better luck.*"

"*May fate bless you, my wayward children. As little as you deserve it, may you also find the grass greener, and the waters clearer on the other side of the hill.*"

# Lest Dorks Should Fall

or

## What to Do When Your Whole Career Is a Passing Fancy

by David Brin

While walking together through the British Museum, author David Brin and artist Jim Burns stop to examine wall murals crafted for the Assyrian king, Ashurnasurpal, 3,000 years before.

Says Brin, "Imagine this, Jim. Say you and I were caught in a time warp, and swept back to ancient Assur... to the very quarry where they were in the act of carving this sculpture. What do you think would become of us?"

"Imagining bizarre things is your job, I suppose, David. But you've outdone yourself this time." And yet, Burns's eyes light with possibilities. He asks, "What do *you* figure would happen?"

"Well, my guess is the local Assyrians' guards would look at us and say, 'Ah! Two big barbarians! *They'll* make prime slaves!' Unarmed, unable to speak the language, we'd be cooked."

"I suppose so."

"But then," Brin says, turning to look at Burns, "all *you'd* have to do is pick up a piece of charcoal and draw a sketch! They'd recognize your talent and ability and say, 'Aha! An *artisan!*' You might still be a slave, officially, but they'd give you cushy rooms, good food, women..."

"And you, David. What would happen to you?"

"Me?" Brin stares at the ancient murals. "I can calculate cometary orbits... but only with several tries on a

computer. Not much use in ancient Assyria. I can explain some bits of modern physics... fat lot of good that'd do, me knowing next to nothing about their gods. I'm also known for being able to spin a tall tale or two, but all they'd hear when I spoke in English would be gibberish."

"Some say that about your stuff today, David."

Ignoring the impertinence, Brin goes on.

"What occurs to me, Jim, is that *your* skills are timeless. But, taken out of their brief context, all of mine are ephemeral. This might hold in the far future, just as much as in the past. I may have some success in this weird society of the late Twentieth Century. But if we were cast loose in time, I'm afraid it'd be off to the salt mines for me."

"Perhaps," Burns says, nodding. "Unless, of course, you had a friend in high places."

Brin looks at Burns. Burns smiles. "Of course, this time warp thing you're talking about is terribly unlikely, isn't it?"

"Yeah, unlikely."

Brin shifts his feet for a few moments of silence. He looks up.

"Say, Jim, about that fiver I owe you..."

Burns smiles. The two of them walk on to examine the Elgin Marbles.

\*



# Highlights of David Brin's Career

## Books

- Sundiver*. Bantam Books, 1982.  
*Startide Rising*. Bantam Books, 1983, Bantam, 1987. Hugo and Nebula Winner.  
*The Practice Effect*. Bantam Books, 1984.  
*The Postman*. Bantam Books, 1985.  
*In the Heart of the Comet* (with Gregory Benford). Bantam Books, 1986.  
*The River of Time*. Bantam Books, 1986.  
*The Uplift War*. Phantasia Press, 1987. Hugo and Nebula Winner.  
*Earth*. Bantam Books, 1990.

## Novellas and Novelettes

- "The Tides of Kithrup." *Analog*, May 25, 1981.  
"The Loom of Thessaly." *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, November 1981.  
"The Postman." *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, November 1982.  
"Cyclops." *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, March, 1984.

## Short Stories

- "Just a Hint." *Analog*, April 27, 1981.  
"Coexistence." *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, May, 1982.  
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"Tank Farm Dynamo." *Analog*, November, 1983.  
"The Crystal Spheres." *Analog*, January, 1984.  
"The Fourth Vocation of George Gustaf." *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine Anthology*, 1984.  
"The Warm Space." *Far Frontiers*, Baen Books, 1985.  
"The Diplomacy Guild." *Amazing*, March 1990.

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- "Xenology: The New Science of Asking Who's Out There." *Analog*, May 1983.  
"The Key to Space." *L-5 News*, 1983.  
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"The Great Silence: The Controversy Concerning Extraterrestrial Life." *Quarterly Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society*, Fall, 1983.  
"How Dangerous is the Galaxy?" *Analog*, July 1985.  
"The Time Flow of Wisdom." *Aboriginal Science Fiction*, July 1985.  
"The Dangers of First Contact." *Aboriginal Science Fiction*, April 1991



# R. A. MacAvoy: an Introduction

by Tom Whitmore

R. A. MacAvoy, this is Philcon. Philcon, allow me to present R. A. MacAvoy; please call her Bertie.

That is enough formality for this introduction. A few more words, I pray, so you might have some idea what wonders you can expect from your most interesting and most intelligent guest. Bertie is one of those rare authors who makes a big show with her first sale. Peter Beagle was another: you might think of Vonnegut, but his first wasn't that exciting, or Bester, or some others who had long careers writing short fiction before that wonderful first novel, but they don't really count. When *Tea With the Black Dragon* first appeared, nobody had any idea what to expect. What they got was the most charming and interesting contemporary fantasy since Beagle's *A Fine and Private Place*, a novel that is one of the few that almost everyone who reads it, enjoys. If you don't already have a copy, go find one; it may be out of print now, but it's likely to be available in a good used bookstore, and it won't stay out of print very long.

Unlike Beagle, Bertie is a relatively fast writer (not fast enough, say her fans, but a lot faster than Beagle's three novels in 25 years!) She followed *Tea* with the Damiano trilogy, unusual in that its hero dies halfway through; *The Gray Horse*; *The Book of Kells*; a science fiction novel, *The Third Eagle*; and, (when her career was well enough established that nobody would dare say it was all she could write) a sequel to *Tea*, *Twisting The Rope*. Which gives you one clue to understanding her: she doesn't always take what other people would see as the easiest way to go. Instead, she does what seems right to her. The first time I met her, I admired the shirt she was wearing. She liked mine. "Wanna trade?" she said. So we did. I still wear the shirt I got from her occasionally.

Her latest series, which started with *The Lens of the World*, is as fascinating as *Tea*, and I highly recommend it. But none of this gets to the real point of what an introduction is for, which is to give you something to talk with the introducee about while waiting for the waiter to

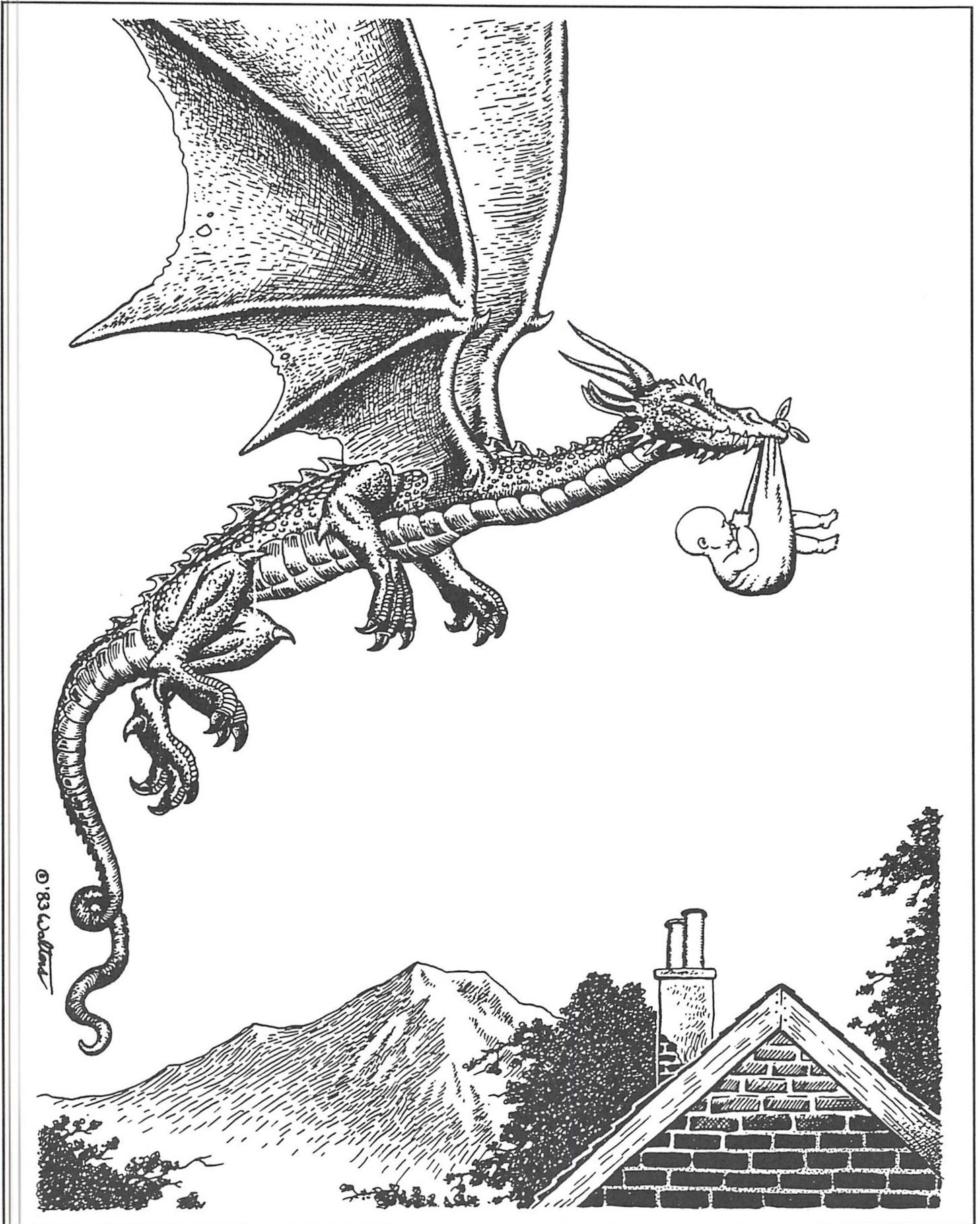
bring the next drink or the next remove. Fortunately, there's little problem there: Bertie knows about a great many things, and is quite willing to do her share of starting the conversation. If you must have something, you can start talking about music. She's a very good harper, with great stories to tell of travelling through Ireland with harp in hand, charming the natives and eventually coming up with some classic fanzine articles about doing so. Or you can ask her about Pierre Bensusan, an excellent Celtic harp player who has visited with her at some length. Or you can ask her how her ponies are doing. She lives on a large communally owned farm near Santa Cruz, California, and has some truly wonderful ponies there. I'm not sure whether any of the cats that wander around there own her or not, but she can undoubtedly tell stories about almost anything and make them fascinating. That's part of why she writes so well. And it's related to her genuine interest in people: she likes to listen at least as much as she likes to talk.

With all her interests and abilities, you might expect that she'd be as large as Anne McCaffrey and twice as natural. Instead, she's slight and soft-spoken. Don't expect her to take the lead in a crowd: she's too busy watching and listening, waiting to see how people act. But when she's off with you in a small group, watch out. Her wit (in Harlan Ellison's sense, not in the punnish sense that many fans seem to think is all there is) comes out, and is likely to give you an insight into something you thought you knew very well but didn't understand at all. This can make her dangerous to be around, if you cherish your own worldview above all others. If you're willing to change, and want to grow, she can be very exciting.

So, good luck with your new acquaintance, Philcon. She's not what you expect. That is, however, what makes life interesting: and around Bertie, life is always full, rich, and interesting. Treat her well, and you'll have good times.

\*

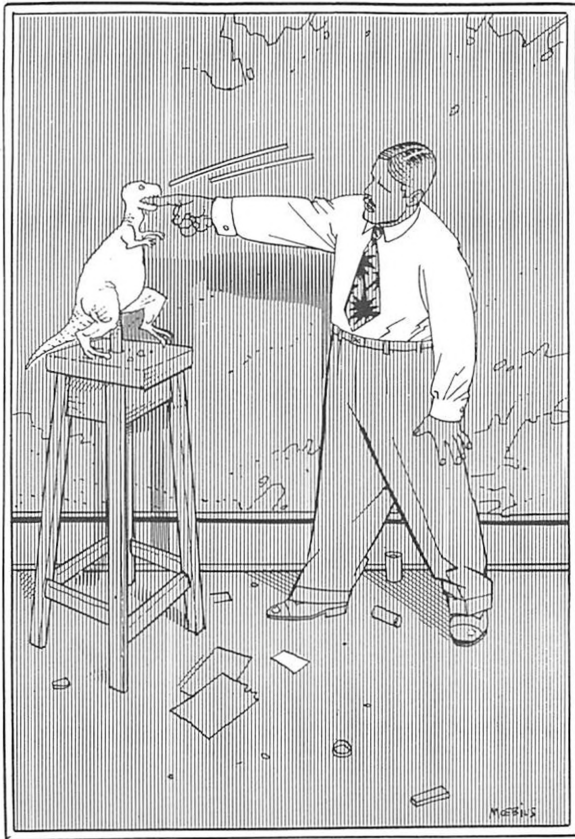












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# R. A. MacAvoy: Writing from the Heart

by Charles de Lint

I'm glad that the Philcon convention committee, in the person of Darrell Schweitzer, asked me to write an appreciation of Bertie MacAvoy and her work, rather than a critical essay, because the first thing I have to tell you is that I'm so enamoured with her writing that my critical faculties (along with anything else that might cause an interruption) fly out the door whenever I sit down with a new book of hers.

Bertie's writing just swallows me whole. It's only in retrospect, when the last page is turned and the book's finally set aside, that I find myself able to be more objective once again — if being objective can be used in the same breath as my going on to add that I consider her to be one of the best and most innovative writers to come out of the '80s.

I don't say "of the '80s" because, as wonderful as her work has been to date, I believe that she's still growing as a writer. There's certainly nothing lacking in what's seen print thus far, but it's easy to see that her work is constantly improving; she always seems willing to take chances, rather than resting on her previously well-earned laurels.

Stylistically, there's really no argument to the above. Bertie has the ability to write clean, lyrical prose that never gets to muddled with adjectival or adverbial overuse (quite unlike this sentence). Some people might quibble at calling her an innovative writer, but if they do so, then they're forgetting that she's usually on the cutting edge of the field. The peculiar sub-genre of contemporary fantasy, which wanders like a poor cousin through the big city bookscape of series novels and trilogies detailing secondary world fantasies, didn't exist at all when *Tea With the Black Dragon* first appeared in 1983.

Do you remember the book? It introduced us to the middle-aged Celtic fiddler, Martha Macnamara, and her friend Mayland Long, a centuries-old Chinese dragon, both of whom later appeared in *Twisting the Rope* (1986). What Bertie did with that first novel was weave some new twists into our veritable genre by mingling old dragon magic with new computer magic and topping off the whole brew with a liberal dose of realistic characterization and a snappy plot. And she pulled the whole affair off with aplomb and bravado.

*Tea With the Black Dragon*, appearing as it did, in that time, was such a breath of fresh air that readers came away from it with their blood literally singing in their veins. But rather than following it with more of the same, in 1984 she turned her attention to Christian mythology and the Italian Renaissance with a three book

sequence: *Damiano*, *Damiano's Lute*, and *Raphael*, later collected together in an omnibus entitled *A Trio for Lute*.

In the first book the young musician/chemist/wizard's son Damiano, tutored by the archangel Raphael, both fails his quest at the same time as he succeeds (difficult enough in itself); in the second, he dies. This sort of thing just isn't normally done in the field, but in Bertie's hands, not only does it work, but in retrospect it was the only way the story could have been told.

But with her major character dead, where did that leave her for the third book in the series? We follow Raphael instead, stripped of his divinity and sold to the Moorish slave markets by his brother Lucifer, as he attempts to understand mortality from the inside out, aided and abetted by a Bedouin woman and the spiritual guidance of his erstwhile pupil's ghost.

Bertie returned to Celtic material for her next three books, but each was a different take, rather than a simple rewriting of what she'd done before.

*The Book of Kells* (1985) shifted from contemporary Ireland to the ancient, illuminating aspects of both through the juxtapositioning of the two. *Twisting the Rope* (1986) mixed Celtic and Chinese mysteries with Californian fads and fancies for a blend that proved surprisingly thought-provoking; particularly intriguing was the comparison of Mayland's and Martha's thought processes, the one twisting like a Chinese dragon path, the other with all the inevitability of an old straight track, yet each reaching a similar conclusion in the end.

*The Grey Horse* (1987) illuminated something else that attracts me to Bertie's work and that is that she's not afraid to tackle the "small story." Rather than feeling a need to have her characters save the universe — or even just a city as Damiano set out to do — in every book, she can be brave enough to concentrate on the needs and lives of just one or two characters, making her somewhat of a rarity in the SF/fantasy field. Here she tells a story set in the recent historical past of Ireland, where the marvelous appearance of a shape-shifting Sidhe touches the lives of all who live in the small Irish town of Carroe.

Ah, yes, people were starting to say now, forgetting the *Damiano* trilogy. MacAvoy — she's that writer of Celtic fantasies. As though in direct response, her next novel, *The Third Eagle* (1989), was science fiction and took Native American concerns out into the stars. About the only resemblance *The Third Eagle* had to her previous novels was that it was just as well written as those that came before.

But she didn't follow it up with more SF. Instead, she



returned to the "small story," although this time it was the opening salvo in a new trilogy.

*Lens of the World* (1990) concentrates its action on the coming of age of Nazhuret, a young man apprenticed to an astrologer whose ideas of a well-rounded education include everything from martial skills and optics to the learning of obscure languages. Needless to say, this mishmash of studies causes Nazhuret some confusion as to exactly what career he's being prepped to assume – a confusion which is only compounded when his mentor sends him off into the world on his own long before Nazhuret believes he's ready.

The pacing is slow, relaxed really, but the reader remains engrossed from the first few pages. The story is small in terms of worldly concerns, but takes on vast proportions of spirit and heart the more time we spend in Nazhuret's company. There is indeed action, but it isn't necessary for the novel to maintain its tension; the tension comes from Bertie's ability to convey a sense of importance to even the smallest scene.

What's coming next?

William Morrow & Co. has slated the second book in the new trilogy, *King of the Dead*, for a November 1991 release, but while I have the galleys in hand, I haven't yet had a chance to read it. I'll be taking it with me this weekend (in late September as I write this) on a library/signing trip to Toronto. I do know, however, without even having cracked the first page, that it will be good. Coming from Bertie's pen, how could it be otherwise?

. . .

Some of you might have been expecting me to cover some general background material on the author herself, rather than simply discussing her books. When was she born? Where was she educated? Where does she live? What's her favorite color?

The answers to such, insofar as we're all concerned, are up to Bertie to pass along as and if she wishes. And they're really rather irrelevant to the matter at hand; the books say it all. But I will pass along a couple of minor disappointments.

The first occurred some time after I was GoH at a Mythopoeic Society conference in Long Beach, California,

when I discovered that Bertie had been in attendance, but due to shyness, had attended incognito. I would have loved to have met her.

The second occurred when my wife MaryAnn and I drove down to Toronto because Bertie was a GoH at a convention there. Bertie wasn't much in evidence throughout the convention and we assumed, from my having done my share of GoH duties at other conventions, that she was being kept busy by the con committee.

We finally tracked her down on the Sunday afternoon when everyone was preparing to toddle off on their respective trips back home only to discover that she'd spent most of her time in her hotel room because the con committee had become so enamoured with another of their GoHs that they paid little attention to her. Somewhat ill from a cold, and still tired from the Byzantine flight route that had brought her to Toronto in the first place, she yet proved to be as warm and friendly a person as one might assume from reading her books, and MaryAnn and I could have kicked ourselves for not having taken the initiative to track her down earlier.

As it was, we spent a delightful forty-five minutes or so in her company, when we could have had a whole weekend. Sigh.

So, what do you have to look forward to when she comes to visit you this weekend? Bertie's a small woman, soft-spoken, shy, and utterly charming, with a heart as great as the flight of an eagle. Show her some of the sights of your city. Play her some music. Take her out for dinner. Buy her a beverage. Fete her with all the hoopla she deserves.

And read her books.

I think Anne McCaffrey captured the charm of Bertie's writing best when she said, "Roberta MacAvoy has an Irish way with words and a true story-teller's instinct: the sure touch that cannot be taught and should not be constrained." Or, to paraphrase what the Scots singer Sheila Stewart had to say about singing, "The conyach is a feeling that you're writing from your heart, not your head."

Bertie MacAvoy has the conyach in full measure, and it's our privilege that she's come to share the enchantment of it with us over the years as she has.

I certainly envy each and every one of you for the weekend you'll be spending in her company.

# Lamebrain

*a chapter from an unfinished novel by R. A. MacAvoy*

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Sometimes the patterns were like the grain in a wooden door and sometimes they were like a day in the office or an endless argument in which she took both sides. There was brightness, which was painful, and darkness, which was fearful, but nowhere was there meaning and nowhere, rest. Then she found out her eyes were open: open and filled with nauseating white.

The white was sheets, and that was most of everything, for sheets were scalloped from the great metal halo that hung above her, and other sheets were pinning her to the bed. There was a circle of ceiling above all, white again, looking dingy by comparison. That circle was a great relief.

Pavilion, came the word into her mind. Mosquitoes, came the other word. But of course hanging sheets did not make a pavilion and they would do nothing toward keeping out mosquitoes. And there was the shape of a policeman adding an incongruous dot of blue. One would desire a knight in armor, or at least a brightly clad page in a pavilion. Mosquitoes had nothing to do with it either, unless one thought of policemen as so many mosquitoes, which was neither useful nor original.

That was all the thinking she did that day.

"You are not a nurse. You are a doctor," she said to the nurse.

The nurse was dragging at the bed hangings with her shoulder. Her hand held a syringe out of contamination's reach. She smiled, not out of politeness, but because the patient had crawled up to consciousness, and no one had been confident she would.

"No, I'm a nurse all right."

The patient, looking stern under all the bandages, said "I thought so."

But, she intended to continue, she didn't want to make the terrible mistake of calling a female doctor nurse, just because... She didn't get around to saying this, however, and by the time the nurse finished with the bothersome hanging sheets, she didn't remember there was anything to say.

The face of the grinning woman above her own startled her. How did a nurse get in here without stirring the sheets? If she was a nurse and not a doctor.

Later the blue policeman was back, and tried to talk to her. She was having none of it.

"Actually, the damage to the front of the head, though it is most extensive, is less significant than the small lesions in the back of the parietal. The more 'conservative'

parts of the brain are less flexible in task assignment."

She didn't like the way the man talked. She didn't liked being lectured over. Literally over. It was even less fair because her wrists were bound with gauze to the bed. She opened her unhappy eyes at the circle. Two young woman and five young men. Perhaps four: she couldn't count that high without losing track.

"You are a very rude young man," she said to the lecturing doctor, in an English accent she didn't know she possessed. But she knew it was an untruth, for with his grayed face and shiny dome he must be fifty at least, where as she was thirty-eight.

"Didn't your mother, or at least your primary-school teachers, ever tell you it is unwise to discuss a person's inadequacies in his presence? Behind his back is equally impolite, but generally safer."

The bald doctor listened, but did not look. "It is interesting what connections are broken, and what connections are left intact in a case of multiple injuries to the brain."

"Which connections,' not 'what,'" she said, still in that accent that did not belong to her.

"...It is also instructive, for the reflex patterns can tell you more about the areas of damage than any physical examination."

One of the young people had the grace to be embarrassed for his instructor. He looked at the patient and then at the sheets and rubbed his finger under his nose. She remembered that gesture after the entire troupe were gone – it had been so shy and meaningful – and she wanted to try it out. But she couldn't; her bound hands prevented her.

This was a much better sight. It had no policeman. The walls were green and the curtains had flowers which matched the flowers on the upholstery of the chair beneath the frame. It wasn't how she would decorate a bedroom, being too much like a display on the main floor of Sears, but it was a definite improvement. Against that broad window rose three leafy branches, and the grey sky beyond was moving. Raining, perhaps. If she were at the window, she could tell whether it were a tall tree, with the window framing its highest branches, or merely a bush. With the way the branches were swaying, it would reveal much more about the weather to know if it was a tall tree or a bush. Of course, if she were at the window, she would be able to tell much more about the weather anyway. And about the window itself. And the room.

She entertained this line of reasoning for a while, and it pleased her. It did not seem to be confused at all, for it



did not nauseate her, and she was growing to associate confusion and nausea. Nor did these thoughts become ridiculous upon reflection. Worth trying.

There was the matter of her hands, however, which were still tied by the gauze bandages to the crib-sides of her bed. She craned her neck to peer at the left wrist.

Like a tomato tied to a stake, it was. Twice around the wrist and the over and twice around the bedrail. This was to prevent girdling of the stem. Tomatoes rarely tried to get out of their wrappings, but wind and weight together often defeated the green plastic ties. She employed weight upon her left arm, and the bandage grew taut, but did not stretch much. Perhaps two inches between herself and the steel. Arms bend in the middle more easily than tomatoes (and was this a humorous observation? She couldn't decide) so she pushed wrist and wrapping together up to the top rail and approached the problem diagonally. Three inches clearance.

Wrists also bend, and thumbs bend through a large degree of motion. With patience and the expenditure of pain, she was able to get her thumb into the wrap between the arm and bedrail. Then it was a few minutes of pulling and twisting, like a desperate dog on a chain.

There were footsteps from behind the wall. She tossed her head up on the pillow, feeling a moment's nausea and stinging pain, and she noted the placing of the door. If they came in and found her like this, there would be nothing she could do but show her teeth, like a dog on a chain. It became very important that she not be caught in the bed-trap, helpless. She gave a last pull of desperation and her hand slipped between the wraps and the rail, scraping skin as it went. A quick shake removed the twice-around-the-wrist. Footsteps died down the hall again. Her heart was pounding.

The right hand, to her puzzlement, was already pulled through and lying scraped and a bit bloody in the loose wrappings. Had she done that in her sleep? Was she that clever in her sleep, or was the manipulation so simple that it was merely her lack of cleverness that caused it to require so much thought when awake? Perhaps she had been awake when working on her right hand, and forgotten the doing. It made sense she would approach the right hand first.

Now it only remained to figure out the workings of the rail, which took a few seconds, and to drop it very quietly and slowly.

She hadn't expected to be so dizzy, but then, it wasn't far to the window, there was a neat, unoccupied bed to lean on, and under the window was a chair.

The window, in this grey light, was also a mirror which showed her a white little head with holes for eyes. It didn't reveal the chin, where there were no bandages. As a window, it showed her that the tree was a tree after all, and far below was a parking lot. It was raining in great, dark, emotional spatters all over the tree and the glass. The asphalt was black as new tar, and a network of rivers ran through. "Merry Christmas" she said aloud

and had no idea why, except that it might have had to do with the traffic light she could see through the eucalyptus that bordered the lot. Red and green.

It was cold out of the covers. She hurt.

The nurse came into the room and saw her patient kneeling on the chair with her head propped on her arms on the window's tiny sill. The hospital gown hung open, revealing her pink backside, but her attitude had great dignity. The nurse closed the door behind herself.

"Good morning Mrs. Queen," she said, coming over in a squish of gum-soled shoes. "Are you really feeling well enough to get out of the bed?"

The patient turned her neat, white head and glanced around the room. "Mrs. Queen? Is that supposed to be me?"

This was depressing, and also, the nurse felt, a bit unfair to her. It wasn't part of her rounds to open Pandora's box. Especially for patients who were confused or worse. There were specialists to do such things. But here the woman was, staring at her with a great human stare, and eyes which to the nurse looked like male eyes, devoid of makeup and with heavy, unplucked brows. Hogan gave a peek at the clipboard she carried. "Yes, of course. You are Mrs. — Vera — Queen, aren't you?"

"No," said the patient decidedly. "Can't be. I could be Mrs. Ellery Queen, or even Mrs. Leonard Queen." Her words faded off and she panted heavily, for she had begun speaking without regard for her weakness. "Leonard has the advantage of being a real individual: the collaboration only of his parents. — Though not nearly so interesting as the fictional character." she caught her breath again. "Or I could be Vera Queen, but I could never be Mrs. Vera Queen. Not proper usage. Solecism."

"My head hurts," she continued in a minatory tone, and the sharp shoulders slid forward under hard white cloth. "I feel very tired."

The nurse caught her as she slumped down on the window frame.

"I thought so. Let's go back to bed while you can still help me. Hup. Now. One foot. Another. Another."

"I don't have three feet," whispered the patient, but she walked obediently. She was over the bed and then in it. The manner in which her injured head hit the pillow made the nurse wince as she snapped the crib-bar up again and considered the limp gauze restraints, smeared with skin and blood.

"How did you get out of the wraps, Mrs. Queen?"

The patient was asleep, or at least not answering. Nurse Hogan considered winding her in again, but the knots were jammed tight from the abuse they had suffered and besides, restraints were for self-destructive delirium, not to make prisoners out of troublesome patients. This lady did not seem self-destructive. Only wordy.

Again she looked at the chart: not the section on dosage. Mrs. Vera Queen, it said. Fractures, concussion,

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contusion... Nothing with the word 'solecism', which wasn't in Hogan's medical vocabulary at all.

Professor of English, UCSC. That explained a lot. Husband Leonard Queen, not Ellery.

Hogan read on, her young and pleasant face growing stiff with surprise. Her eyes widened, rabbit-like. How terrible, and what a situation. Fran Hogan was deeply grateful Mrs. Queen had fallen asleep when she did, before explanations became necessary.

Pandora's box. Pandora's box.

It was perhaps the same day, or perhaps two days later; at any rate, it was raining. Vera came out of her room, wearing a Christmas-plaid robe she found lying across her bed, and she scuffed down to the semicircular desk.

The women in white looked to her alarmed and somehow guilty, as though she had surprised them at a criminal purpose. The oldest one, a stout lady seated at the round prow of the desk, closed the file into which she was writing. It snapped against the desk top. That was the only sound.

Vera knew it was she herself making them so uncomfortable, though she didn't know why. She took a step backwards, holding on to the formica counter. But she had her statement, which she had rehearsed for an hour in her green room, and she was ready to say it.

"You are wrong about my name. It's Podhsky. Vera Podhsky. Dr. Vera Podhsky or Professor Vera Podhsky in the context of my work. Ms or Miss Vera Podhsky, socially. I do remember." She swayed back and forth, holding fiercely to the counter, and the nurses shared glances all around. Finally one of them, the oldest one, the stout one, walked all the way around to the open stern of the desk and took Vera by the elbow. Her grip was warm and dry. Vera let herself be led back into the quiet green room, where the door was closed behind her.

She sat down before she had to be asked. The nurse walked to the only other chair in the room, lifted it and carried it over the floor to set it beside her. All this while, the patient prepared herself for whatever calamity was coming. There was no doubt that it was a calamity, with all the buildup, and amid the confusion of her days the possibilities for calamity were infinite.

"Ms Podhsky - Vera - " said the nurse. "I'm sorry. So sorry, but your husband didn't make it. After the assault. He never regained consciousness."

The patient's calm bafflement made things more difficult. It made the nurse have to say "He was dead when we got him here."

Vera Podhsky felt that this square, motherly head nurse was receding from her at a great rate. So was the furniture and the floor on which her chair rested. She waited, but she did not pass out as she expected. At last she stirred herself to say "It doesn't seem the place nor time for a witty remark, does it? How can I take the gravity of the situation into account and at the same

time tell you..." Now maybe she would pass out, for her ears were ringing and she could not hear her own voice.

No. So go on. "...and tell you that I have no memory whatsoever of having a husband?"

The head-nurse's eyes went pale and then dark again. She gave a deep sigh and sat with her hands loosely curled in her lap. Vera held to the arms of her chair.

"What do you remember, Vera?"

"I remember how to talk. I remember a book called DICKENS AND ALL HE CARED ABOUT, which I wrote, and which did not start out as a thesis or dissertation. I remember that I teach composition each term to undergraduates, and that I find it depressing. I remember the staircase of my house, and a cat of three colors. I don't remember a husband. Who is - was he?" As she asked this last question, Vera stared past the nurse to the window where that tree was buffeted, buffeted by rain. It was a wonder it had any leaves left.

"His name was Leonard Queen." The woman made the statement into a question. "He was..."

"Migod, I was afraid you were going to say that again. Leonard Queen. You believe I married Len Queen?"

Again the nurse sighed, wishing she did not have to be the one to do this. "Your insurance records say so. Your friends seemed to believe..."

"What friends? Have I had visitors?"

A tidy smile touched the nurse's mouth. "Scads of visitors, Vera. But very few have gotten through to you. You've been so sick, you know. But Amy Levenson has been..."

"Len is dead, you say?" Vera's eyes pulled into a scowl within their confinement of white.

The nurse's smile extinguished itself. "Yes. In the same assault when you were injured."

Now she could no longer avoid thinking about that: about what had happened to her and where she was. She set her mind above it, as though presenting a dog with a dish of meat. But the dog wouldn't eat, and all she came up with was a picture of endless, grey, redwood stairs.

When she woke up again she found the nurse was gone. On Vera Podhsky's lap was a canary-colored legal pad and in the bedcovers was twisted a pencil. It seems she had left herself a note.

Old and familiar habit. At least she remembered that about herself. Vera picked it up and read:

Len Queen. Dead. Husband?

Dickens book.

House and staircase.

She remembered the interview with the nurse very well, and the idea that she had been legally wed to Leonard Queen of the History Department seemed no less absurd now than it had before. Could it be she had falsified medical insurance forms, to get coverage under his policy? Ridiculous. It would be the same policy as hers, through the University. Besides, Vera had a great distrust of such shenanigans; like monkeying with income

tax, it could get one in much more trouble that it was worth.

Leonard Queen, though. He was the sort who would falsify records. — Who had different stories for different sets of friends and who kept his sets of friends apart. Perhaps he had done something to his own forms, using her name, to gain an advantage of some sort. And now he was dead and could not straighten it out.

The Dickens book was in its third printing. Why had she felt it necessary to scrawl it on this list here, right after Len Queen? It was frustrating that she didn't remember writing the note.

The next item on the list, about the staircase, meant nothing to her.

She tore off the top sheet and rewrote her note, intending to describe all her speculations over her relationship with Len Queen in full, lest she forget again. But it seemed she had already forgotten, unless it was only that perhaps she had sneaked onto his medical insurance, but no . . .

At the bottom of this note she wrote in block letters WRITE IT ALL DOWN OR IT WILL BE LOST! Then, reading it over, she was struck by its over-explanatory, almost condescending tone, and so she added to the front: Dearest Lamebrain.

The work exhausted her so that she had no hostility to spare that day for her enemies, the doctors on rounds.

This day was sunny, and her constant headache expanded with the light. They had reduced her head-wraps, leaving what looked like red razor cuts around her eyes where the gauze had pressed the skin. Two visitors came.

The first to make it through was Stanislawsky, her department head. Vera felt duly flattered by the attention. He wore an argyle sweater that was flattened shiny over the shoulders by the pressure of a suit jacket. He stared at the wall above her head (but then he always did that) and did not speak of the assault, nor of Leonard Queen. He did not speculate concerning her return to her duties. It was a visit empty of content, for which she was grateful. It did not strain her unreliable memory at all.

When she next woke, she found a bouquet of late garden roses had been put into a water pitcher on the over-bed table.

She slid out of the bed, pulling on the robe she still didn't recognize and toddled out to look for the equipment storage of the ward. When she came back she had a shiny, flat-bottomed men's urinal in her hand, into which she stuffed the overblown bouquet, and fixed the purple ribbon around the handle.

A man came in while she was tying the bow. He was dressed in a Norfolk jacket with a vest underneath. He was a shade or two neater and sportier than Stanislawsky, and so had to be a doctor. He was young and had black hair.

"I don't have to ask if you're feeling better, Professor."

he said.

Vera looked, considered him, and frowned thoughtfully. Medical doctors did not grant titles to other professionals, except the clergy. They did not call Doctors of Philosophy 'Doctor Whoever' or 'Professor Whateryecall'. If they were talking to a man it would be 'Mister Podhsky' and to her it was always 'Vera'. So Vera put her hands up her opposite sleeves and stared silently at this doctor who was not behaving like one.

He leaned against the wall heater and returned her stare.

"That's warm," she said.

He stood straight again. "It certainly is."

She asked him why he was not behaving like a doctor. He seemed pleased by the question.

"You see, I am not a medical doctor, Professor Podhsky. I am Dennis Moore, a lowly psychologist. I have a Ph.D. like your own."

Vera leaned against the headboard and smiled at the young man through her bandages.

He came to make her work: to find the limits of the blank time before she arrived in the hospital. Vera breathed hard, thinking about this task; it was not a reaction of emotion, but sheer weariness at the idea.

His eyes were bright and keen, as though he expected to enjoy himself. She noticed his face was machine-tanned and shaved into shininess.

They began with springtime — for she remembered springtime and the rains just over, and Vera let one event lead her to another.

There had been a question of grades. It was considered that perhaps she was too hard on her graduate students, whom she graded as though they were undergrads. An interview with Stanislawsky: inconclusive. Odd, that she had not remembered that in the man's presence this afternoon. Had there been sparks at that meeting, Dennis asked. No.

End of spring semester, marked by purchase of a dress for faculty cocktail party, later canceled because of everyone having the flu. It would have been the twenty-eighth of May.

Rental of house on stilts in the mountains with immense privacy and endless stairs. Very exciting. This was first of June — she remembered writing the date on the check for the deposit. Cleaning the stained glass of its windows, which required immense patience, or some tool or technique she did not possess.

She remembered very clearly that the long plastic tube of the toilet, running down the hill toward the septic tank, made a rattle like a halloween skeleton for a long time after she flushed.

Then (to paraphrase Pound) for four months, nothing.

Dennis Moore didn't pick up the reference to Pound, but he nodded it away. He wanted to know about people. There were no personalities spilling out of this description of a spring turning summer. Even the cat had only a face



and a fancied resemblance. It was people who counted, in reconstructing one's history, he said, and despite the inhuman closeness of his shave and the tan which pointed toward a machine and all the foggy clothes he had not picked out, he seemed sincere in this. Earnest and sincere.

Vera leaned back against her piled pillows. It was people who counted. The complexities and the implications of those five words made her weary and aware of the constant headache and the rub of bandages. She gathered her thoughts. "Yet it is a matter of balance and of the load of work. With me, it is. Quite likely those WERE the issues of my life, at that time, rather than some connection with another person. As I read it over, it rings true."

"You speak with great — uhmm — self-possession," said Dennis, leaning toward her. "Especially for a sick person."

She smiled, or at least stretched her lips. "I do it because I'm sick. When one is confused and tired, it's a work of effort to speak at all, and I doubt I could repeat it."

"Still, you speak with great self-possession. I would never guess you to be confused."

His words were touched with challenge: a more or less friendly challenge, pressing her to explain, boast or apologize.

"Well, I have told you I am," she answered, and closed her eyes and went to sleep in front of him.

About a week later Vera told the nurses she was leaving. She said the same to her enemies, the doctors-on-rounds, when they came by. They did not advise it. They nodded to one another, not looking at Vera. They went on.

When Dennis Moore came in she was staring at the unfamiliar robe she had been wearing at the hospital. Gentle thunder came in through the glass of the window,

and the leaves of the tree outside her window were plastered flat by wind. He tried to control his breathing, so it would not be so obvious that he had hurried to catch her.

"Bad weather to go out in," he said.

She ignored this.

"Are you going to be able to return to work?" he asked.

"I have no idea. They may not want to touch me, after this — this — defalcation in the middle of the term. But I'll have enough to do."

He whistled, put his hands in his tweedy pockets and stared out the window with tweedy melancholy. "Will we still be able to talk?"

Vera glanced at the side of his face. "I'll... let you know if I do anything too very bizarre." She hauled the bag off the bed. It was heavier than expected.

Dennis Moore winced but didn't contradict this view of his interest in Vera. There was a moment of stillness, as she stood, waiting for him to get out of the doorway.

"What is it that's going to keep you busy?"

She shoved him out of the doorway with the distended suitcase. Not too gently, because she was already getting tired. "Oh, I have quite a schedule. I have to find out why I find myself the widow of Len Queen, whom I never cared for in that manner at all. And what I did for the months of June, July, August and September, (besides honeymoon, of course). Unless my brain kicks into gear again, it's all going to be very difficult and require reams of notes to myself. And then most importantly..."

"Of course it's going to be difficult," said Dennis. "That's why I thought I might help."

She looked straight at him, without warmth. "Help? Help me find the person or people who broke my head? Who murdered Leonard Queen? That will be the real challenge." She laughed at his expression as she went down the corridor toward the elevator.

## Highlights of R. A. MacAvoy's Career

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### Novels

*Tea With the Black Dragon*. Bantam, 1983.

*Damiano*. Bantam, 1984.

*Damiano's Lute*. Bantam, 1984.

*Raphael*. Bantam, 1984.

*The Book of Kells*. Bantam, 1985.

*Twisting the Rope*. Bantam, 1986.

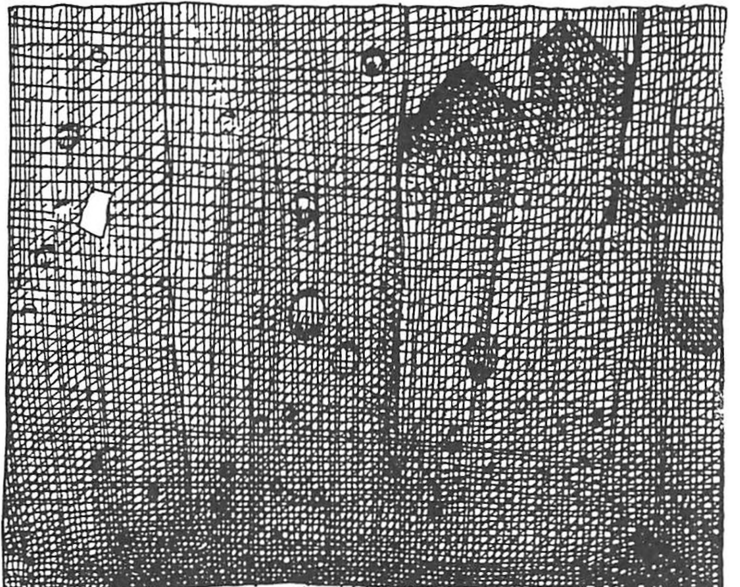
*The Grey Horse*. Bantam, 1987.

*The Third Eagle*. Bantam, 1989.

*Lens of the World*. Morrow, 1990.

*King of the Dead*. Morrow, 1991.







# About Julian May

by Ted Dikty

Perhaps the majority of science-fiction and fantasy writers have entered the field after earning a living in other lines of endeavor — often one far removed from free-lance fiction writing. A very few have been professional writers all their lives; even fewer began writing fantastic literature during childhood, and persist at it well into middle age. One of these is Julian May.

She was born on July 10, 1931 in Chicago and lived her early years in a suburb of that city, Elmwood Park. Her father, Matthew M. May (born Majewski) was a mechanical engineer, from whom she inherited a certain dexterity with tools, and an ability to improvise ingeniously in later life in such hobbies as costume-making. Her mother, Julia Feilen May, had been a secretary and a retail manager before her marriage. Neither parent was college-educated, but they were both fond of books and were enthusiastic amateur musicians. Julian May was the eldest child, with a younger sister and two younger brothers.

The urge to write apparently first surfaced when she was seven years old. Appropriately enough, her first effort was a Hallowe'en playlet full of ghosts and monsters, put on by her second-grade class. Her teacher, Norma Olson, encouraged her; but young Judy May was the smallest girl in her class, of a rather brooding and withdrawn temperament. She was not a very sociable child, and spent most of her spare time reading. At the same time she was absorbed in her large collection of miniature rag dolls, which she costumed and used as actors in elaborate fantasy drama.

Like many introverted children, she was a good student and got high grades. She wrote other dramas during her school days, as well as little stories. An examination of papers from these early years shows an additional zeal for artwork. She did comic strips and also illustrated her own stories. However, she never studied art professionally, remaining a talented amateur. A continuing interest in art — especially commercial art, design, and art direction — served her in good stead during her years as an editor. Later, she art-directed many of her own books (as well as those of others) in her work with Publication Associates, the design firm owned by her and her husband.

Julian put herself through college, helped by a scholarship from the National Science Foundation. She had always enjoyed science as well as writing, and had obtained the scholarship by winning Honorable Mention in a nationwide science competition in 1949. Her project was an application of atomic energy. She confesses now that she had to have a teacher check out her mathematics for the project; shaky math precluded any

career in science for her and made her even more determined to concentrate upon writing.

She began reading science-fiction magazines in 1947 and sold her first SF story, "Dune Roller," to John W. Campbell, Jr. in 1950. Campbell also bought her illustrations for the story, which appeared in *Astounding Science Fiction* in 1951. She wrote a number of letters to the editor that were published, and found her way into fandom. During the late '40s and early '50s she was active in the fan community, founding an international group of correspondents called Science Fiction International, and publishing a mimeographed journal, *Interim Newsletter*. She attended her first SF gathering in April, 1951, a Midwestcon held at a resort hotel in Bellfontaine, Ohio. Here she met many fans and pros — including the author of this work, who was later to become her husband.

Julian May, Ted Dikty, and several other fans went to the 1951 World Science Fiction Convention in New Orleans. There activist Chicago fans and professionals successfully bid for the 1952 convention, and asked Julian to serve as chairman. It was their intention that she act as a figurehead; but as it turned out, actual control of convention activities passed into her hands in fairly short order, and she remained firmly at the helm of what was to be the most successful SF convention until the early '60s, with a membership of nearly 1300.

After attending Rosary College in River Forest, Illinois, for three years, Julian dropped out and became an editor for Booz, Allen & Hamilton, a large Chicago management consultant firm. Her duties included preparing reports, often book-length, from raw data supplied by field consultants. "Rush" was the normal state of affairs, and this early experience of writing under pressure proved invaluable in times to come.

Julian May and Thaddeus E. (Ted) Dikty were married on January 10, 1953, attended by the flower and chivalry of the Chicago SF world. Their honeymoon in New York City was spent in a science-fictional atmosphere, enlivened by an invitation from Mort Abrams, producer of the "live" *Tales of Tomorrow* show, to sit with him in the control booth. Abrams had previously produced Julian May's "Dune Roller" on the show. During this period, Julian also wrote and sold a second SF story, "Star of Wonder," which was published in *Thrilling Wonder Stories*. This was to be her last published SF work until the Pliocene novels of the '80s. She has said that the low rates paid by SF magazines in the early years discouraged her from continuing in the field.

In 1954 she joined Consolidated Book Publishers of

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Chicago, who were inaugurating a new encyclopedia project. Seven men and Julian May were hired to be editor-writers. She became science editor and wrote nearly 6,000 articles on virtually every scientific topic for Consolidated. When this project was completed, she went free-lance and wrote another 1,000 articles, more or less, for other encyclopedia publishers in the Chicago area.

In 1956 she received a phone call from Robert Murphy, her former Editor-in-Chief at Consolidated. Popular Mechanics Press was looking for a writer to do career books in a semi-fictional format. Eventually she wrote ten books in this series, doing research for them in places such as Cape Canaveral, Argonne National Laboratory, and the Space Medicine facilities of the U.S. Air Force. In the course of researching a book on jet aircraft, she showed devotion to detail by letting herself be decompressed at 60,000 feet in an altitude chamber. Twice the Air Force let her fly jet trainers, which fulfilled a childhood impossible dream for her.

In the fall of 1957, Julian and Ted Dikty decided to formalize the free-lance editorial work they had already been doing for three years. (Ted had earlier been a partner in Shasta Publishers, a small SF house, which had failed when larger firms invaded the SF field.) The husband and wife founded Publication Associates, and undertook to produce and design books for small local publishers who did not have in-house production facilities. The couple had three children between 1954 and 1958. Young Alan, David, and Barbara grew up in an atmosphere pervaded with book production and writing. Domestic and child-rearing tasks were shared equally by the parents; and when the children were old enough, they did their share of cleaning and cooking.

Publication Associates was an eclectic operation that stood ready and willing to undertake any legitimate publishing work. Among its clients were the John F. Dille Syndicate, for which Julian wrote two episodes of the Buck Rogers Comic Strip. Another long-time client was a Chicago religious publisher, Franciscan Herald Press; Ted designed and produced several hundred titles for them, which Julian art-directed, edited, and sometimes rewrote. It was Franciscan that teamed Julian with a Doctor of Theology, Louis Antl, O.F.M., in a project that developed a new catechism. Still another early client was Pennington Press, which hired Publication Associates to design, produce, and write four juvenile science books. Apart from the family enterprise, Julian wrote and sold still another juvenile science book, *You and the Earth Beneath Us*, to Childrens Press. She was settling into the kind of writing that would occupy her for some 20 years, a time during which she would be completely out of touch with the science-fiction field.

In the mid-60s, Julian began her association with Holiday House, a New York juvenile publisher, when she sold *They Turned To Stone*, a book about fossils. To date this book has sold almost 600,000 copies and remains one of her most popular juvenile books. Fourteen more books

were sold to Holiday in ensuing years.

The publication of *They Turned To Stone* prompted Follett Publishing Company of Chicago to hire Julian as science editor. She produced many juvenile science trade books for this firm, and also sold Follett numbers of her own books. Late in the 1960s she also did science writing and editing for the Hubbard Scientific Company, located in a Northwest suburb of Chicago.

After living in Chicago apartments for 15 years, the Diktys moved to Naperville, an exurb 30 miles west of the city, in 1968. There, Julian was able to indulge her frustrated passion for gardening at last; she planted hundreds of rose bushes and became a fanatic patron of flower shows. Eventually she specialized in miniature roses, and the Naperville paper asked her to do a column, which she wrote under the pseudonym "Granny Roseboro."

In 1968, Creative Publications was contacted by a Minnesota publisher, Creative Education, Inc., which had ambitious plans for producing supplementary reading books, aimed at reluctant younger readers. Located as they were, far from the publishing centers of the nation, Creative nevertheless wanted to hire experienced people to write and produce their new line of science and nature books. They hired Julian and Ted Dikty — Julian to do the writing and art direction, Ted to supervise production. The Dikty's association with Creative was so successful that a second Minnesota publisher, Crestwood House, hired them to do still more supplementary reading books, primarily in the sports field. At one point during the Creative-Crestwood period, Julian had 38 books under contract simultaneously. She used seven different names on these books. Some of her pseudonyms are derived from characters in her earlier story, "Dune Roller."

The pressure was considerable. After moving to Naperville, the Diktys had given up their small office in the Hyde Park Bank Building where Publication Associates had been headquartered, setting up "his" and "hers" offices in their house. (This arrangement persists to this day.) In order to escape, the family became avid campers and backpackers. Often the camping locale gave birth to some new book or other, since then the cost of the trip could be charged off to "research." When camping wasn't feasible, the Diktys pursued their other hobbies of rose-exhibiting and flea-marketing.

In the course of doing book research, the Dikty family visited every state in the continental U.S. except Alaska and West Virginia. Early in the 1970s they began to think about moving to the Pacific Northwest, which had struck them as being as close to God's Country as any place they had ever seen. The removal to West Linn, Oregon, was finally accomplished in 1974. An oversized moving van took most of the household goods; but 86 cartons of books had been shipped on ahead, as had been 26 big boxes packed with rose bushes; and Julian and the two Dikty sons drove west in a caravan, pulling U-Haul trailers that carried the more fragile antiques and 30

delicate miniature rose bushes. After following the Oregon Trail (Interstate 80) for more than 2000 miles, the family reached its new home, a splendid but dilapidated Tudor house in a suburb of Portland. There Publication Associates continued its free-lance production work and Julian continued writing juvenile books.

About 1976, the Diktys were reintroduced to the science-fiction world. Ted decided that the time was ripe to re-enter SF publishing and founded Starmont House, which would publish non-fiction books about the SF and fantasy field. One of Starmont's early projects was a map of Robert E. Howard's "Hyborean World," based on the Conan stories. Julian, who was tired of writing, wanted to return to her long-neglected avocation of art. She drew the map (ascribed, in Latin, to one "Juliana"), and also wrote an accompanying gazetteer under the pseudonym of Lee Falconer.

Attendance at the 1976 Westercon proved to be a turning point in Julian's career. SF convention masquerades had become increasingly elaborate over the years, and Julian constructed a fantastic diamond flying suit to wear at Westercon. Later, as she wrote her juveniles, this diamond-covered outfit suggested the plot of a science-fiction novel to her. Over the next couple of years she assembled a folder full of ideas for this novel, and on April 25, 1978, began writing. That book, which was eventually split in two to become *The Many-Colored Land* and *The Golden Torc*, was finished in October, 1979, and was published in 1980 and 1981 by Houghton Mifflin.

In 1980, with their three children grown, Ted and Julian moved to a smaller home in Mercer Island, Washington, taking part of the rose garden (which had eventually grown to more than a thousand bushes) with them. Julian phased out her juvenile writing and

concentrated entirely upon science fiction. Houghton Mifflin published *The Nonborn King* and *The Adversary* to wind up the "Pliocene Quartet." They then issued *A Pliocene Companion*, a guide written by Julian to the complex Pliocene books, which are really a single enormous novel. The original series of novels inspired by the diamond flying suit, called The Milieu Trilogy, had been postponed until the completion of the Pliocene stories, which Julian May has said were "easier to write." She began the first Milieu book, *Jack the Bodiless*,<sup>1</sup> in 1984, with a projected completion date of May, 1985. It will be followed by *Diamond Mask* and *Magnificat*. The seven books of the Pliocene and Milieu series are integrally connected and form a cycle of events in an elaborately constructed future world.

Today, Julian May's primary interests outside her writing are music and costume-making. She still enjoys hiking and back-packing and still grows miniature roses. She is a keen observer of the academic sector of the science-fiction field and appears on panels at SF conventions, speaking on both literary and costuming topics.

The critical and reader response to her science-fiction books has been excellent, and she says she intends to remain within the SF field indefinitely, since it is "the kind of thing I most love to write." Her favorite critical comment comes from a review of *The Nonborn King* by Gene Smith of the Topeka Capitol-Journal, who confessed to having "a curiously appealing mental image of the author as a refugee Victorian romantic with an active fantasy life of her own, who was left too long in the locker-room atmosphere of the late 20th century..."

<sup>1</sup>Houghton-Mifflin published *Jack the Bodiless* in 1987 as *Intervention*.

## Editorial Note

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As we edited this book, word of the passing of Ted Dikty reached us. Thaddeus E. Dikty died peacefully, while working at his desk on October 11, 1991, of a massive heart attack. When Julian May and Barbara Dikty found him among his books, they believed he was asleep.

His family asks that donations be made in his memory to The Sinsinawa Dominican Sisters, Office of Development, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, 53824.



# Evel Knievel – Daredevil Stuntman

by Julian May

*A lot of SF fans are unaware that Julian May is the author of over 250 books used in school reading programs for "slow and reluctant" readers. These were written at a Third Grade reading level, but intended for much older children. Her favorite, and one that was wildly popular with younger fans, is this one. After it was published, Knievel threatened to sue May. He reconsidered when her lawyer pointed out to his lawyer the fact that celebrities do not enjoy the same right to privacy as ordinary folks. Since Evel Knievel's entire life was based on the acting out of fantasy, she feels it was appropriate for inclusion here.*

"People never saw anything like what I do," said Evel Knievel. "And they'll never see it again."

He is a daredevil, a stuntman. To make a living, he puts his life in danger. He has broken many bones, but never his nerve.

People have called him crazy, a braggart, a liar. They have called him "Mr. Death Wish" because of the terrible risks he has taken.

He has been praised as "the last gladiator." He has been condemned as a bad example to young people because many of them have been badly hurt trying to imitate Evel's stunts.

He has made a lot of money. But he says that is not the reason why he stunts. He does it because he likes it. To Robert Craig Knievel, there is nothing like the sound of an announcer saying:

"Ladeez and gentlemen—EE-vul Kuh-NEE-vul!"

When he is risking his life, he is sure that people care about him.

He was born October 17, 1939, in Butte, Montana. When he was still a baby, his parents were divorced. Little Bobby Knievel lived with his grandparents.

He was a small, skinny boy. He could not understand why his parents did not live together and make a home for him. Bobby's grandparents did their best to raise him, but even when he was young, he was a tough handful.

How did he get his strange nickname?

He says it happened when he played Little League baseball as a kid. He used to stare at the pitchers strangely and psych them out. They began to call him Evil Knievel because the two words rhymed.

Bobby didn't much like the nickname. It made him ashamed. But then he found out that some kids were afraid of his "evil eye," even though Bobby himself was small and puny.

He decided that being "evil" wasn't so bad after all.

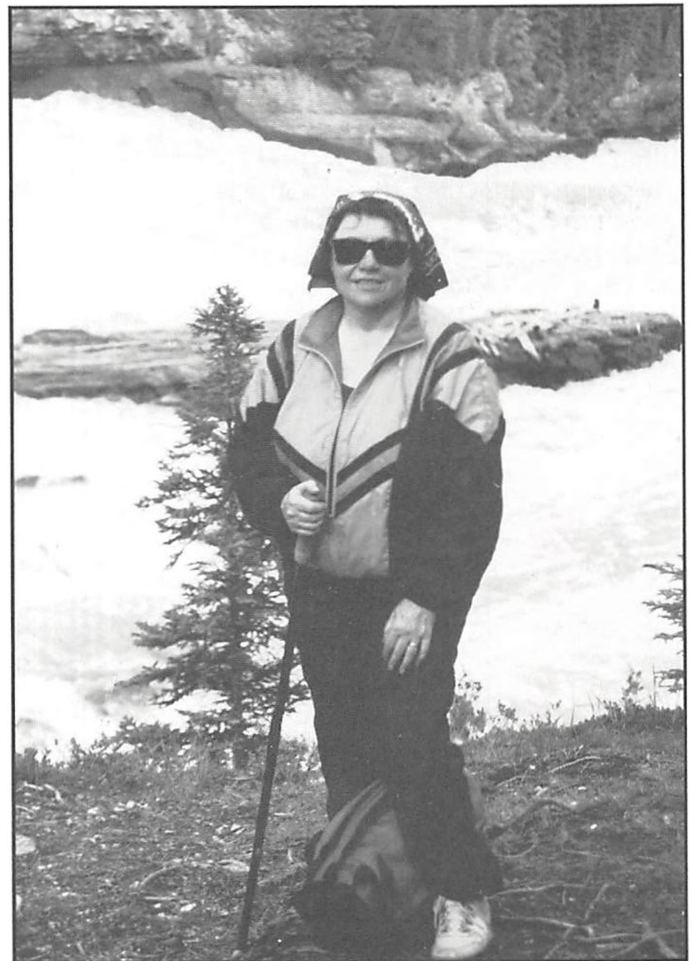
When he was eight, Bobby was taken to a stunt show. He saw Joie Chitwood, a famous race car driver, and his team of daredevils. One driver jumped a motorcycle over a car.

Bobby thought this was the best stunt he had ever seen. He went home and "borrowed" a neighbor's motorcycle. He drove it around, pretending he was a stuntman. Then he put it back.

Not long afterward, Bobby decided to jump his bicycle. He found two old doors in his grandpa's garage. He built two ramps out of them – one for taking off and one for landing – and left open space between.

Peddalling hard, he rode up the takeoff ramp. The bike flew into space – and came down with a smash! Bobby wasn't hurt, but the bike was broken. His grandparents scolded him. Why, he might have broken an arm, a leg, or even his neck!

But as soon as Bobby got a new bike, he began jumping again.



Bobby Knievel was a smart boy. But he was restless in school. He got into trouble doing dumb things like stealing hubcaps. People shook their heads and said: "Oh, you are an Evil Knievel!"

And he just laughed.

When he was 16, he dropped out of high school. Later he regretted it, but at the time, he wasn't thinking ahead.

He got a job in the big Anaconda Copper Mine, where many of Butte's people work.

Young Bob Knievel had to work very hard in the mines, drilling rock. It made him strong. And he was finally growing taller.

He drove big trucks that were loaded with copper ore. He liked to hot-rod around with the big machines. One day, he popped a wheelie with his truck. The front end went up and hit a power line. It blacked out the whole area.

Bob Knievel was fired.

He joined the Army and served in Washington state. Later, he would return there.

But first, he went back to Butte for a while. He worked at odd jobs and became a fine skier. In 1957 he won the Northern Rocky Mountain Men's Championship. It made him very proud.

He wanted to marry his girl friend, Linda Bork. But her parents said she was too young. So he "kidnapped" her and there was a big fuss. Later the two young people were allowed to get married.

He couldn't seem to find a job that he liked. He wanted to do something exciting! He tried being a policeman and being a forest ranger. He tried playing semi-pro hockey and football.

He became a hunting guide in 1961, just about the time that his first son, Kelley, was born. He didn't make much money at it, but he did become sort of famous for the first time.

He found out that the government was killing off excess elk in Yellowstone Park, instead of letting hunters or hungry people have them. This made him mad. He got a pair of elk antlers and hitch-hiked all the way to Washington, D.C. with them. He wanted to give the antlers to President Kennedy — but settled on giving them to a Presidential Assistant.

He protested the shooting of the elk. And it was stopped. Because of Bob's trip, elk from Yellowstone Park were trapped and set free in forest lands, rather than being shot by rangers.

The thing about the elk got into the papers all over the country. It made Bob Knievel feel important. He liked that.

The next year, he tried selling insurance. He worked for a company owned by W. Clement Stone. Mr. Stone had once been very poor. He became a millionaire and said it was all because of his "positive mental attitude." If you wanted a thing badly enough, you could get it!

Bob Knievel liked Mr. Stone's philosophy. He sold a lot of insurance and earned a good living at last. But one

thing was wrong.

Selling insurance wasn't exciting.

All the time he worked on his different jobs, he had raced his motorcycle for fun. Now he began to wonder if he could make a living that way.

He went back to the state of Washington, where he had spent his Army days. In the town of Moses Lake, he set up a Honda dealership. On the side, he staged daredevil shows.

He would jump his motorcycle through a wall of flame. And one day, he said he would jump over a caged mountain lion and a box of rattlesnakes. His bike leaped the lion all right. But when he came down, he took the back off the crate of snakes.

Everybody went running.

By now, Bob and Linda had a second son named Robbie. They were always in need of money. The motorcycle dealership wasn't much of a success. So Bob decided to become a full-time stuntman.

He put together a group called EVEL KNEIVEL'S MOTORCYCLE DAREDEVILS in 1965. He thought the "Evel" bit was catchy. But he always made sure people spelled the name with two E's.

The daredevils travelled around California, doing their little show. Evel would jump over one or two cars and do other stunts.

In 1966 he did one trick that was almost his last.

While another Daredevil drove straight at him, Evel got ready to leap up in the air and let the motorcycle pass under him. But he didn't jump high enough. His buddy's cycle crashed into him at 60 mph and poor Evel went sailing through the air. They covered him up with a blanket because they thought he was dead.

But a month later, he was doing his stunts again. He couldn't stop. He owed too many people money.

The Daredevils finally broke up. Evel had to go his way alone as a motorcycle stuntman. He specialized in jumping over things.

Usually, the jumps were successful. But sometimes he didn't make it. He broke his bones many times. Then he would go back to Butte, where Linda and the children lived in a house-trailer.

When he was well, he would resume his stunting. He loved to brag about how great he was. And he had big plans. Early in 1967, he went to the office of *Cycle* magazine and told everybody that he would jump the Grand Canyon on July 4, 1968!

He was trying to get people to notice him. And at last they did! He got more jobs jumping over things. The Knievels were no longer poor.

The jump that finally made him famous took place on December 31, 1967. He went to Las Vegas, Nevada, to jump the huge fountain in front of Caesar's Palace, a hotel.

A big crowd watched as Evel took off. He soared through the air for 50 yards. Then, as the crowd screamed in horror, he crashed. He broke his back, his



pelvis, his hip, and his ribs.

Doctors told him he'd never walk again.

Five months later, he was jumping again. Reporters wrote exciting stories about him.

"He is like an ancient Roman gladiator," one man wrote. He pointed out that thousands of years ago, gladiators fought to the death in Roman arenas. Roman people watched, loving every bloody moment.

Was that the kind of fan who cheered Evel Knievel? Many people thought so.

July 4, 1968 came and went. Evel did not jump the Grand Canyon. "The government wouldn't let me," he said. "They called it off."

The National Park Service said that the whole jump plan was just a publicity stunt.

Evel said he would jump the Canyon next year. And the next. And the next. The fans kept hoping.

In 1971 a movie was made about Evel's life. It made him more popular than ever.

Now Evel bragged about his motorcycle skill on TV talk shows. He told reporters that he had once been a hot-shot gambler, a con man, a thief, an armed robber.

The writers wrote it all down.

Evel said that he got his nickname when he was in jail.

"I was locked up with a man named Knoffel," he said. The turnkey thought it was very funny. He hollered: "Double the guard! We got Awful Knoffel in one cell, and Evil Knievel in the next!"

The writers laughed—and wrote it all down.

Were the stories true? Was Evel really a reformed safe-cracker? Had the police once chased him across four states at 120 mph? Was he really mean, tough, and ugly?

Well, he said so. As long as a reporter would listen, Evel would spin his yarns. And a reformed criminal was more exciting to write about than a reformed insurance man.

There is an old saying in show biz: "Say anything you want about me, as long as you spell my name right."

Evel made sure that the writers remembered it was "Evel with *two* E's."

As the years passed, Evel's stunts became more and more dangerous. He was injured again and again. Still he kept on leaping his motorcycle over rows of cars and trucks that became wider and wider.

Evel's father admired his son's bravery. But his mother thought he was foolish to risk his life just to amuse people.

To some, he was a dashing hero. To others, he was a sick sort of show-off.

Whatever he was, he was exciting. He made a lot of money with his jumping. Linda and the three Knievel children had the best that money could buy.

Each Evel Knievel jump started in the same way.

Evel would put on a fancy red-white-and-blue leather "Captain America" suit. He would wait while the announcer proclaimed:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, *EE-vul Kuh-NEE-vul!*"

He would move slowly through the crowd to his Harley-Davidson bike, limping a little from his past smash-ups. A gold-headed cane helped him to walk. Back in 1883, that cane had belonged to the Mayor of Philadelphia!

He would put on his helmet and rev up the engine of the motorcycle. The crowd would quiet down. A few would make bets about whether Evel would live or die.

And then, away he'd go! Up the ramp, faster and faster, while the Harley screamed and the people held their breath.

As he soared into space he stood up to force the front of the motorcycle up. He had to land back wheel first—and he did.

Whizzing down the landing ramp, he would pop his drag chute and slow to a stop. The people would applaud and cheer. Evel would limp away.

And often, there were fans waiting for autographs. Someone was sure to ask: "Evel, when are you going to jump the Grand Canyon?"

The answer to that was: Not very soon.

The place that Evel had said he would jump was two miles wide and 3,000 feet deep. At the bottom of the gorge swirled the deep, muddy Colorado River.

The National Park Service did not want Evel to kill himself in the beautiful Grand Canyon.

"All right," Evel said. "I'll jump the Snake River Canyon instead."

Few eastern people had ever heard of this gorge. But the pioneers of the Oregon Trail had known the Snake River Canyon very well. They had to pass it on their way West. Parts were 7,000 feet deep.

Evel said he would jump the canyon near Twin Falls, Idaho. The gorge there was 600 feet deep and 4,781 feet wide—less than a mile.

Still—it would be quite a jump.

At first, Evel hoped to leap the canyon on a motorcycle with jet boosters strapped on. The experts told him that wouldn't work. The only thing that would do the trick was a rocket.

Evel said he would hire the best rocket man in the world to design his "Sky-Cycle." He called a news conference and announced that he would leap the Snake River Canyon on September 8, 1974.

"I will take on the greatest challenger of them all," Evel said. "Death."

Then he added, with a little smile, "It will be the greatest sports event of all time."

Evel Knievel did hire a good rocket man. He was Robert Truax, a retired Navy captain and nuclear engineer, who helped develop the Polaris missile. Truax was a rocket pioneer, a former president of the American Rocket Society.

If any man could get Evel across the Snake River alive, it was Bob Truax.

Evel rented land in Idaho and built a big earth ramp at the canyon's edge. Atop that was a metal launching platform. After a few months, he test-launched Sky-Cycle X-1.

It fell into the river and was completely wrecked. Evel watched it die and said cheerily: "My new X-2 is much more powerful. It may go all the way to those power lines—a mile beyond the far rim!"

Far away from the crowd, Evel Knievel's mother stood by herself and wept.

Truax built a new Sky-Cycle, model X-2. He explained that it was powered by steam. Steam gave plenty of thrust to do the job. And in case of a crash, there would be no dangerous fuel to explode or poison Knievel.

They went out to test the new rocket. It, too, plummeted into the river. Truax said that "electrical problems" made the drag chute open too early.

This time they pulled the Sky-Cycle out of the water undamaged. But many people thought it still looked more like a toy ride at an amusement park than a thing to risk your life in.

The day of the launch, Sunday, approached. Crowds of motorcyclists and other fans came to the Snake River rim. A kind of circus and motocross show took place before Evel's jump. The crowd was wild and unruly.

Evel bragged that he would make \$6 million from his leap. Closed-circuit TV would carry the event, live, to big-city theaters.

Evel was nervous. He snarled at TV cameramen and reporters. But he was nice to the fans. On Saturday night, he met with all his family. He broke down and cried because he thought he would die the next day.

But on Sunday morning, he was as cocky and smiling as ever!

On the Sunday in September, somber things took place in the United States. President Ford was granting a "full pardon" to former President Nixon. This made people sad and angry.

It was a relief to turn to Evel Knievel and his childish stunt.

A crowd of 20,000 people gathered for the launch. Many of them had camped on the rim of the canyon for days. They howled for Evel to come out.

Then he appeared, and everything was calm.

A big crane with a dangling seat hoisted Evel up to the launch platform. A country group sang "The Ballad of Evel Knievel."

Evel buckled up and put on his helmet. Then he gave a V sign and waited.

TV men and reporters who had called Evel a phony and a clown cringed. He was really going to go through with it! He was going to ride that dumb rocket across the great yawning cut in the earth!

Somebody said a prayer.

A boiler beneath the rocket built up a head of steam. The pressure rose. When it was high enough, Bob Truax

would push the launch button and...

*Whoosh!*

Evel Knievel and his Sky-Cycle blasted off.

The sudden thrust almost knocked Evel out. His hands were gripping a "deadman's stick," which would release a *drogue chute* if Evel let go.

While the rocket was still on the launch ramp, the parachute began streaming out. Had Evel's hands relaxed from the shock? Later, he said: "No." He claimed that the chute had malfunctioned, just as it had done before.

The crowd began to wail with horror. Held back by the dragging chute, the rocket slowed. It twisted in the air like a hurt bird, then nose-dived downward.

"He's going into the river!" somebody screamed.

If the Sky-Cycle crashed into the green water below, Evel would surely drown. The rocket had been designed to land safely on earth—not in the water.

A wind was blowing. It caught the chute and pulled the rocket toward the wall of the canyon. There was a crash.

In theaters around the country, audiences were quiet.

The Sky-Cycle began its 600-foot plunge to the bottom of the canyon. It struck a rocky outcropping, nose first. Its pogo-stick shock absorber made it bounce. It crashed down a steep slope, bouncing again and again.

The safety harness held Evel firmly. He hardly knew what was happening. He wore a parachute and tried to jump free, but couldn't.

Finally, the rocket came to a halt. Evel's head was up. He was safe! Not 20 feet away, the deadly green waters of the Snake flowed along.

Later, Evel said: "God made the wind blow."

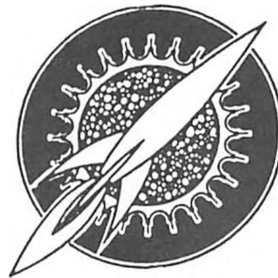
Two boats came rushing toward him. There was an outboard full of men and a kayak with a doctor paddling. The doctor checked Evel out. All he had were cuts and bruises.

They all piled into the outboard as Evel's helicopter came down to pick him up.

One of the boys in the boat had a broken fin from the rocket. Evel, a showman even at such a moment, autographed it:

"To Mike from Evel Knievel."

The boy was overwhelmed.





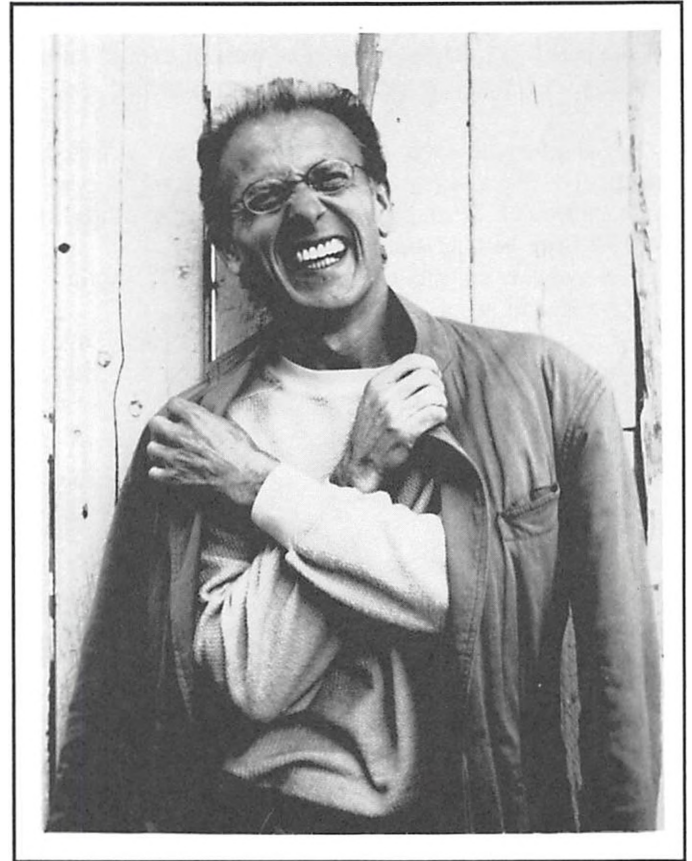
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# Jean "Moebius" Giraud

by Jean-Marc L'Officier

Jean Giraud, a.k.a. Moebius, is an artist whose work as an illustrator has garnered him many of the world's most prestigious awards. Giraud has been widely acknowledged as being one of the major, modern day influences in the visual arts field.

Born on May 8, 1938, in Nogent-sur-Marne, near Paris, France, Giraud displayed a love of illustration at an early age. Later, he attended a school of applied arts. In 1954, while still at school, he wrote and drew his first Western strip (*Frank & Jeremie*), thereby launching a career as a prominent Western illustrator.

After being discharged from the army in 1960, Giraud worked as an assistant to the famous Belgian artist Joseph Gillain on his *Jerry Spring* western series, and later as an illustrator for a series of encyclopedia-like books for Hachette. It is at that time that Giraud created the punnish signature of "Moebius," which he used to sign dark-humored comic strips in the satirical magazine *Hara-Kiri*.

In 1963, Giraud met writer Jean-Michel Charlier and, together, the two men created the character of *Lieutenant Blueberry* for the weekly magazine *Pilote*. Eventually, this became one of the most celebrated Western epics in the world of comics. The saga of *Lieutenant Blueberry* now contains 26 books, and a spin-off series (3 volumes).

In the late 1960s, as Moebius, Giraud began illustrating a line of French science-fiction books and magazines. Eventually, this led to the "return" of Moebius as a full-fledged comics artist. In 1975, Giraud co-founded the magazine *Metal Hurlant*. For it, he created a number of seminal, breakthrough science-fiction and fantasy stories, such as *Arzach* and *The Airtight Garage*, which were later to influence an entire generation of new artists.

Moebius' impact on the worlds of comic art and science-fiction has been enormous. His influence spread to America with the creation of the magazine *Heavy Metal* (1977), which first translated and reprinted his stories, then, later, issued a series of books devoted to his works.

All this exposure eventually brought Moebius' work to the attention of filmmakers, enabling Giraud to embark on a new career: that of visual conceptualist for the motion picture industry. The first filmmaker to be drawn to Moebius by his sense of visual imagination was Alexandro Jodorowsky (*El Topo*), who hired Giraud to storyboard and completely design his production of *Dune*. Unfortunately, after eighteen months of work, the production was cancelled due to a lack of funds. Giraud's collaboration with Jodorowsky continued, however, with *Eyes of the Cat* (1978) and *The Incal*, a six-volume comic-book science-fiction saga which the two began in 1980 and finally completed in 1988.

As a result of his work on *Dune*, Giraud was invited to participate in the production of Ridley Scott's *Alien*, for which he designed many spacesuits and uniforms. In 1980, Giraud designed *The Time Masters*, an animated feature directed by René Laloux (*Fantastic Planet*) and animated at the Pannonia Film Studio in Budapest, Hungary. In 1981, Giraud was contacted by producer Donald Kushner and director Steven Lisberger to storyboard and work on the designs of their new Walt Disney Productions film, *TRON*. In 1984, Giraud was selected to become art director on *Nemo*, an animated, feature adaptation of Winsor McCay's celebrated comic-strip, "Little Nemo in Slumberland," being produced by TMS Entertainment in Tokyo.

More recently, Giraud has worked on the design of characters and concepts for the live action adaptation of *Masters of the Universe* for Cannon (1986); for *Willow*, a heroic fantasy picture produced by George Lucas and directed by Ron Howard (1987); and for *The Abyss*, a science-fiction picture written and directed by Jim Cameron (1988). He has also contributed concepts for the designs of the Tomorrowland and Euro-Disneyland parks for Walt Disney Imagineering.

Giraud is now regarded as one of Europe's top commercial artists. His works comprise numerous book covers (Kurt Vonnegut, Harlan Ellison, Robert Silverberg, etc.); record album covers (Jimi Hendrix, Guy Beart, etc.); and magazine covers (*Glamour*, *L'Express*, *Le Monde*, etc.), as well as many advertising campaigns for such prestigious clients as a major French bank, Greenpeace, Citroën, Maxwell House Coffee, etc.

Giraud is also a major European fine artist. His originals have been exhibited in France, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Italy, Mexico and the United States. He was consecrated "Best Artist in Graphic Arts" by French Minister of Culture Jack Lang and, in 1985, was decorated "Chevalier des Arts et des Lettres" (Knight of Arts and Letters, the highest French decoration for cultural and artistic achievements) by French President François Mitterand. A postage stamp honoring him and bearing one of his designs was issued by the French government in 1988.

During 1987, a new American collection of Giraud's comics work began publication through the Marvel Comics Group. With fifteen volumes out, and eight more scheduled to be published, these books have already broken sales records in their category, and constantly rank among the top ten money-grossing products in the comics industry. Among these is a special book-length *Silver Surfer* story (with Stan Lee) (1988). An *Art of Moebius* book was also released jointly by Marvel and the Berkeley Publishing Group (1989).



# Who's Who at Philcon 1991

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**Mickey Balsai** is a paleontologist/herpetologist at the Geology Department of the University of Pennsylvania. He is a specialist in modern and prehistoric reptiles, editor of the DVPS newsletter, associate editor of *The Mososaur* and a member of the Society of Vertebrate Paleontology.

**Bryn Barnard** has painted SF/Fantasy covers for Ace/Berkeley, Tor, Avon, Baen, and other publishers. He has also produced numerous space art paintings for Time-Life Books and NASA, and historical illustrations for *National Geographic Magazine*. He is currently working on the English-language adaptation for one of Japan's best-known fantasy stories, "Night of the Milky Way Railway," and a graphic novel for Byron Preiss Publications. An article on his work will be published in the November issue of *Step-By-Step Graphics*. Some of his pieces are currently on exhibit at the Hayden Planetarium in New York City, and at the US. Space Camp in Madrid, Spain. A one-man show of his work at Olympia and York Galleries will begin in December and run through January.

A student of Comparative Religions, Philosophy and Psychology at the University of California, **Greg Barr** has worked in journalism, radio broadcasting, documentary production, commercial film production, and advertising creative direction. A lifelong interest in science fact and science fiction led him to become administrator of the L5 Society, a non-profit organization concerned with promoting a hopeful future through the development of the space frontier. He is now volunteer CEO of CONTACT and a member of the Board of Directors of the Space Frontier Foundation.

**Jill Bauman** has been a popular and successful cover artist for science fiction, fantasy, horror and mystery books for a number of years, and has been nominated for the World Fantasy Award four times. She has done the covers for the fifteen books in the popular "The Cat Who..." series by Lillian Jackson Braun from Putnam, and Harlan Ellison's *Spider Kiss*. Current projects include the upcoming issue of *Weird Tales*.

**John Betancourt** is an editor for Byron Preiss Visual Publications, a former editor of *Weird Tales* (he was instrumental in the refounding of this classic magazine), and the publisher of Wildside Press limited-edition books. He is a prolific science-fiction and fantasy author, noted for such novels as *Johnny Zed*, *Rememory*, *The Blind Archer*, and *Rogue Pirate*. Despite some misconceptions on the parts of others, he has nothing to do with Cyberpunk. But we can tell you that his *Cyberprep* name was "Biff." He reviews books for *Amazing Stories*.

**Michael W. Betancourt** was a reader before he was drawn into science fiction fandom, a side effect of his being involved with *Weird Tales* and Owlswick Press. He is currently a film student at Temple University.

**Dainis Bisenieks** became a fan before leaving his native Latvia, when in 1944 he heard a radio play about a rocket trip

to the Moon. In Germany, a marionette play about a rocket to Mars took him deeper into the Solar System. The *Boys' Life* serialization of *Farmer in the Sky* took him deeper yet; there followed various stages of fannishness, not excluding a spell of gafia. *The Lord of the Rings* became a precious possession early on.

Since coming to Philadelphia in 1982, he has done subeditorial chores for *Amazing*, *Weird Tales*, and Owlswick Press.

**Terry Bisson** is the author of four novels: *Voyage to the Red Planet* (now in an Avon Paperback); *Talking Man* (a World Fantasy Award nominee); *Fire on the Mountain* and *Wyrdmaker*. His short stories have appeared in *Omni*, *Asimov's*, *Fantasy & Science Fiction* and *Harper's*. "Bears Discover Fire" (*Asimov's*, August 1990), won the Hugo, Nebula and Theodore Sturgeon awards, and was nominated for this year's World Fantasy Award.

Bisson's young adult biography, *Nat Turner, Slave Revolt Leader*, was published by Chelsea House in 1988. His political journalism and reviews have appeared in *The Nation*, *Glamour*, *The City Sun*, *The Washington Post* and *Covert Action Information Bulletin*. He co-authored *Car Talk with Click and Clack*, *The Tappet Brothers*, with Tom and Ray Magliozzi, National Public Radio's talk show mechanics (Dell, April 1991). He is currently adapting works by Roger Zelazny and Greg Bear as graphic novels (comics) for Byron Preiss Visual Productions.

A native of Owensboro, Kentucky, and a graduate of the University of Louisville, Bisson lives in New York City.

Unlike most artists in the field of Fantasy and Science Fiction, **N. Taylor Blanchard** is primarily self-taught. He received a Bachelor's degree in Astrophysical Sciences from Princeton University in 1977 and an M.F.A. in Stage Design from New York University in 1980. He started painting in late 1980 and has been working as a professional illustrator since 1986. His work has appeared on the covers of books, magazines and games in the United States, Germany and Italy. Taylor resides in Ewing Township, New Jersey, loves chocolate and the color red, and does *not* own a cat.

**F. Alexander Brejcha** is a disabled writer whose honors studies in psychology were put on hold when he got his first acceptance with *Analog Science Fiction & Science Fact*. He had decided to also try the alternate means of self-expression when progressing M.S. made continuing studies in the visual arts impractical. Since that first story in the April 1989 issue of *Analog*, he has had seven more stories, novelettes and a novella in print, and has two more pending. In addition, he is working on stories in other genres, and on two books: one horror and one science fiction (a requested rewrite for a major publisher). He also works full-time at the Graduate Hospital and is a member of the West Chester Borough Commission on Disabilities, working to promote education and awareness on disability issues.

Will Brown works as a computer illustrator and graphics specialist for Boeing, but the real direction of his work as a painter is the depiction of fantasy, myth and legend. He has done illustration for Asimov's and freelance projects for Comico and Marvel Comics. Some of his work is currently on exhibit at Pendragon Gallery in Annapolis, Maryland.

Active in fandom since 1967, Linda E. Bushyager's fannish career has run the gamut from founding a SF club in Pittsburgh during her college years to chairing its "Phlange" convention, to pubbing fanzines (including the Hugo-nominated *Granfalloon*), to becoming a published SF author (*Master of Hawks* and *The Spellstone of Shaltus*). After fighting off writer's block, she has recently finished *Pacifica* (in collaboration with John Betancourt), and is currently working on *The Star Rogues*.

Ralph Chapman is a paleontologist for the Smithsonian in Applied Morphometrics. He has written papers for *Dinosaur Systematics* and co-edited a book on paleotechniques. He is currently working on animating ornithopod dinosaur jaw mechanics.

After B. W. Clough spent a considerable portion of her childhood overseas, she earned a B.A. in English and Creative Writing from Carnegie-Mellon University.

She has written four novels set in the imaginary realm of Averidan. *The Crystal Crown* (1984) is titled after a tool of government used by a "pleasantly despotic regime;" *The Dragon of Mishbil* (1985) seems to concern the meteorological collapse of an agrarian civilization, but is "really about sex;" *The Realm Beneath* (1986) explores the metaphysical implications of the Crystal Crown; and *The Name of the Sun* (1987) concludes the set with "all the incidents [she] was unable to wedge into the other books."

A children's novel, *The Impossible Summer*, is due out in 1992.

Greg Costikyan is your general-issue Minor Genre Writer (MGW), with a bunch of short stories and one novel, *Another Day, Another Dungeon*, in print. He is also a World-Famous Game Designer (WFGD), with 23 commercially-published games to his credit, including *Paranoia*, *Toon*, and *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game*. His hobbies include breathing, eating, and changing diapers.

A.C. Crispin is the author of the bestselling *Star Trek* novels *Yesterday's Son*, and its sequel, *Time for Yesterday*. Her newest *Star Trek* novel is a *Next Generation* story, *The Eyes of the Beholders*. She is also known for her novelization of *V* (the million-copy bestseller based on the SF television miniseries).

In 1984, she and André Norton coauthored *Gryphon's Eyrie* for Tor Books. She and Ms. Norton have recently completed another *Witch World* collaboration, *Songsmith*, which is scheduled for release as a Tor hardcover in 1992.

Crispin's major undertaking to date has been her *StarBridge* series. Books One, Two and Three, *Starbridge*, *Silent Dances* (co-authored by Kathleen O'Malley) and *Shadow World* (co-authored by Jannan Elliott) have been released by Ace and are currently available. *Serpent's Gift* is scheduled for a May, 1992 release.

*Starbridge* was placed on the American Library Association's Young Adult Services Division's list of Best Books for 1991, and *Silent Dances* made the 1991 preliminary Nebula ballot. Ms.

Crispin currently serves as the Eastern Regional Directory of SFWA.

She authored the scripts for audio versions of *Yesterday's Son* and *Time for Yesterday*, along with short stories for the *Tor* anthologies *Magic in Ithkar*, vol. 3, and *Tales of the Witch World*, vols. 1 and 3. She and Kathleen O'Malley collaborated on a story for the recently released Byron Preiss anthology, *The Ultimate Werewolf*.

John DeChance lives and writes in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1946.

He is the author of many science fiction and fantasy novels, among which are *Paradox Alley*, *Castle Perilous*, and his latest, *Castle Murders*. When he's not writing, he likes golf, spending time with his children (two sons) and playing the piano loudly, if not well.

Before he became a writer he worked in television and film production.

He likes to travel around the country, attending far-flung conventions and visiting friends. He does not hitch-hike. One of these days he intends to get to Europe.

Linda Deck is a geologist and paleontologist and currently exhibit developer for the Smithsonian. Her most recent project was the "Life in the Ancient Seas" exhibit at the National Museum of Natural History (Smithsonian) in Washington, DC.

Tom Doherty has been in publishing for thirty years, he started as a salesman with Pocket Books, and rose to be Division Sales Manager. From there, he went to Simon and Schuster as National Sales Manager, then became Publisher of Tempo Books. He was Publisher and General Manager of the Ace and Tempo divisions of Grossett & Dunlap before founding his own company, Tom Doherty Associates, Inc. (publishers of *Tor Books*), in 1980.

*Tor* was sold to St. Martin's Press in 1986, and Tom Doherty continues as the President and Publisher. *Tor Books* is preeminent in the science fiction field, and also publishes fantasy, horror, mainstream fiction, cartoons, and a line of young adult titles. Many of *Tor's* authors are Hugo and Nebula award-winners.

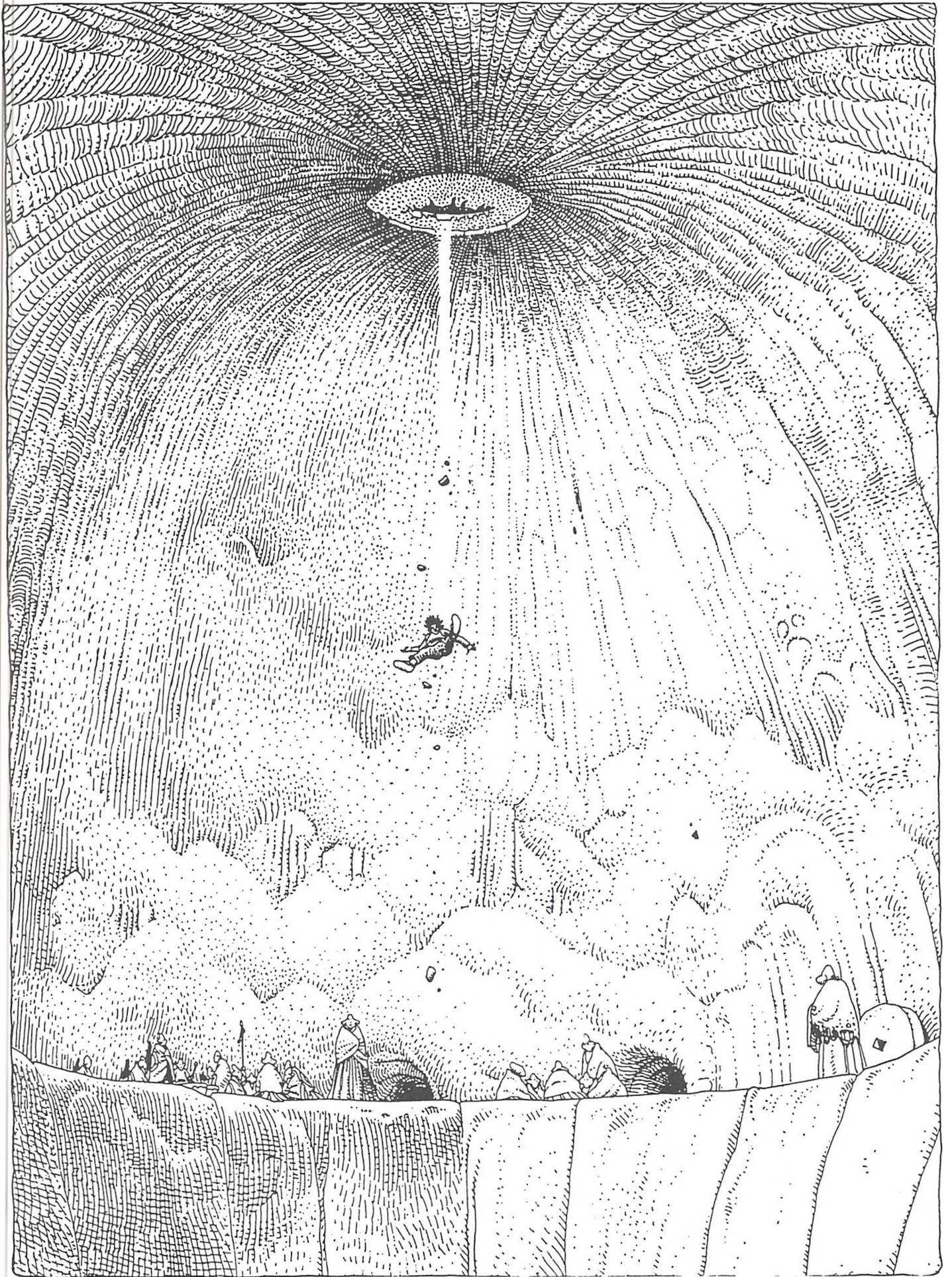
Tom is a charter member of the World Science Fiction Association.

Charles Dougherty is a Philadelphia artist most noted for his unmistakable pen-and-ink style. He is the winner of this year's L. Ron Hubbard Illustrators of the Future Contest.

Scott Edelman has had short stories published in *Pulphouse*, *Twilight Zone*, *Eldritch Tales*, *New Pathways*, *Ice River*, *Fantasy Book*, *Deathrealm*, and others, while his poetry was in *Asimov's*, *Amazing*, *Dreams and Nightmares*, among others. He attended *Clarion* in 1979, wrote for *Marvel* and *DC Comics*, *Hanna-Barbera*, and *Tales from the Darkside*. Also, he was the Editor/Publisher of *Last Wave*, which he keeps threatening to revive. In addition, he is a Nebula Short Fiction Juror this year.

The winner of multiple Cheslea Awards and a Hugo nominee, Bob Eggleton has done cover art for many book and magazine publishers, including Ace, Warner, Roc, Bantam, *Tor*, Davis and *Weird Tales*. His work has been featured in many major exhibitions including the Delaware Art Museum, the







Brandywine Fantasy Gallery, and Olympia and York; it will be part of the upcoming "Art of the Cosmos" exhibit. He is working on an Aurora Borealis project for a major Japanese company.

**Peter R. Emshwiller.** "Stoney," grew up in an SF family. (His dad, Ed "EMSH," was an acclaimed SF illustrator, and his mom, Carol, is an award-winning SF short story writer and novelist.) Peter spent three years as the managing editor of *Rod Serling's Twilight Zone Magazine* and *Night Cry Magazine*. His first science fiction novel, *The Host*, came out this year from Bantam/Spectra. Its sequel, entitled *Short Blade*, will be published in the Spring of 1992. Peter's illustrations, cartoons, and paintings have appeared in various publications, and — strangely enough — a short Trekker film he made at the age of ten, *Junior Star Trek*, has become a sort of mini "cult classic" and is still being rented by science fiction conventions around the world.

**Brad Ferguson's** latest novel, *The World Next Door*, was published by Tor Books in 1990 to good reviews. He is presently working on its sequel, *Busker*, and an unrelated book, *Waybacks*, which he describes as "a time-travel tale to end all time-travel tales." He has also had stories published in *Asimov's*, *Analog*, and *F&SF*. A lifelong New Yorker, Brad left the city and a career at CBS News at the end of last year and moved to rural Maryland, where he lives with his wife Kathi and ten cats.

**Gregory Frost** has written three fantasy novels and dozens of short stories covering a wide range of genres. At present he's working on a science fiction novel, *The Pure Cold Light*, sold to Avon Books. He's teaching this winter at the University of Pennsylvania, and reviews books for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. His most recent short stories appear in *There Won't Be War*, edited by Harry Harrison & Bruce McAllister; *Cold Shocks*, edited by Tim Sullivan; in *Best New Horror*, vols. 1 & 2, edited by Ramsey Campbell & Stephen Jones, and in a recent issue of *IASF*.

**Ken Gale** was born in New York, NY, but grew up in rural New Jersey. In high school, he had a hard time choosing between science and writing. His science teachers were more encouraging than my English teachers (who were usually prejudiced against science fiction), so college was Florida Institute of Technology. Eventually, he became a writer.

He started out writing for fanzines like *The Legion Outpost* and *Glx Sptzl Glaah!* in the 1970s, then *Amazing World of DC Comics* (who actually paid him). He sold his first story in 1978: "Swords in the World Series" for Warren. Unlike many writers, he is still proud of my first story. Now, he is an editor and co-publisher of *Dangerous Times* (sf/mythology) and *New Frontiers* (heroism) for Evolution Comics, adding those titles to the never-long-enough list of comics made for intelligent fans. He is still active in fandom through Interlac and Apa-Nu, a comics and SF apa respectively.

**Kurt Griffith** is a graphic designer, illustrator and spokesman for computer art. He does computer animation for advertising and is art director of desktop publishing for Drake/Universal Media.

**Daniel Hatch** is the author of the novel *Den of Thieves*, which has appeared as a series of separate stories in *Analog*. His other short fiction has also been published in the magazine. He is an active member of SFWA and the editor of the *SFWA Bulletin*. In real life, he is a newspaper reporter and has written for the *Journal/Inquirer* of Manchester, Conn., and the *New York Times*. Among other things, he has covered the 1980 presidential campaign, the 1981 launch of the first space shuttle, and the Connecticut state legislature.

He lives in Enfield, Conn., but plans to move to be with his fiancée, her children, his dog and their furniture — just as soon as she finds a new job. He also can be found on the GENie computer network in the Science Fiction Roundtable bulletin board.

**Steve Hickman** has been in the SF field about fifteen years and has illustrated numerous paperback covers, most recently the "Man-Kzin Wars" series. He is the author of *Lemurian Stone* from Ace and also works in production art for motion pictures and television. His work has been on display at the Delaware Art Museum and Olympia and York exhibits.

**Mike Hinge** has been a professional SF artist for many years, contributing to *Amazing*, *Analog* and *Heavy Metal*. Also a preeminent advertising artist, he did the famous *Time* cover, "Nixon Resigns."

**Alexandra Elizabeth Honigsberg** writes fantasy, science fiction, and non-fiction, and also costumes. She also spends her time in the area of New York City as a concert violinist. She has studied Jungian psychology, Ericksonian hypnosis, and various techniques of stress reduction and healing, in which she maintains a private practice. Her story, "Nightbird," appeared in the premiere issue of *Unique* magazine. She lives in upper Manhattan with her husband and two cats, in the land of the Unicorn Tapestries, though she may also be found on GENie.

In her six years in the field, Jael has done close to eighty covers plus games. She also works on private commissions and has exhibited in SF/Fantasy shows at the Delaware Art Museum and Olympia and York Gallery.

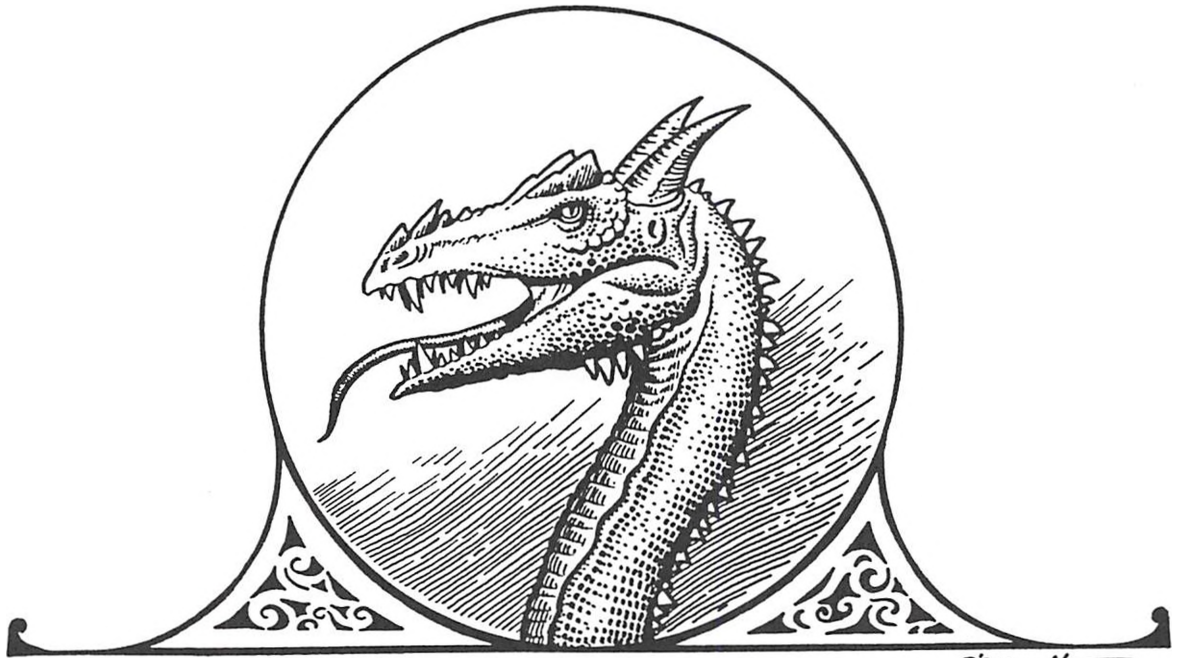
**Loretta "Aleta" Jackson** has never lost the interest in outer space and space development she developed at five or six. She attended Indiana Institute of Technology and Arizona State university, majoring in mechanical engineering, and worked at McDonnell Aircraft — she was their first female co-op student. She joined the aerospace industry in 1966, when McDonnell hired her to work in R&D in manned spaceflight research. She helped build Gemini capsules, among other things.

In 1969, she joined the Air Force, which sent her to Hollywood as a sound technician for their film department. After her discharge, she worked for a number of small high-tech firms until deciding to become a freelance writer.

Her articles and stories have been published in *L5 News*, *Ad Astra*, and *Analog*. A member of SFWA and co-moderator of the "space" conference on Byte Information Exchange (BIX), she is the editor of High Frontier's *Journal of Practical Applications in Space*.

**Jay Kay Klein** is a serious student of SF as literature and as blueprints in social engineering. He is a photo historian, a





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member of SFWA, and has written a column for *Analog*. He has been Worldcon Fan Guest of Honor.

Eric Kotani's latest novel, written with Roger MacBride Allen, is *Supernova*, which has just been published by Avon Books. With John Maddox Roberts, he is currently writing "Project Solarsat" for publication from Tor Books. He has recently finished editing the book *Requiem: New Collected Works of Robert A. Heinlein and Tributes to the Grand Master*, also for Tor Books. This volume contains works (about 86,000 words) of Heinlein, some of which have never been published before, and most of which are not available in book form; it also has a preface by Mrs. Heinlein and tributes from leading science fiction authors and his long-time friends. A professor of astronomy and astrophysics, he teaches judo and aikido as a hobby.

Janet Kofoed has been designing and producing fantasy jewelry for twelve years. Although many of her pieces are private commissions, others are available and on display at numerous galleries, specialty shops, conventions and at the gift store in the Smithsonian. She designed the Tor editor's ring.

Karl Kofoed's artwork has graced the cover and pages of *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. He also wrote and illustrated the "Galactic Geographics" series for *Heavy Metal*. His work has appeared in museum shows throughout the United States, including the Delaware Art Museum, "Visions of Other Worlds" at the Cleveland Art Museum, and a one-man show at the Widener Art Museum. He is a successful art directory, and in recent years has branched out into 3-D work.

Jay Kushwara has done makeup for the TV series, *Monsters*, and the movie, *Millenium*.

Randy Lagana has won numerous convention art show awards for his work. He has worked for *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* and has illustrated books for Easton Press as well as several publishers overseas. Some of his work is currently on display in a travelling exhibit, "The Art of the Cosmos."

Lissane Lake is a New Jersey artist and a frequent contributor to *The Dragon* and *Amazing*. She has also illustrated several small-press SF books.

S.N. (Shariann) Lewitt wasn't sure whether she preferred writing science fiction or playing guitar in a thrash band. Her writing was somewhat better, but in her native New Jersey it didn't seem to provide as many opportunities for good looking young men to throw themselves at her feet. The publication of her most recent novel, *Blind Justice*, has happily proven this wrong. Her next book, *Cybernetic Jungle*, will be published by Ace in March 1992. She has also written short stories in several anthologies, among them *Newer York* and *Carmen Miranda's Ghost is Haunting Space Station Three*. She currently lives in Washington D.C., is working on a new book and trying not to grow things in the back of the refrigerator.

Mike Manley is a Philadelphia-based comics artist who works regularly for Marvel and DC Comics.

Aaron McClellan has been a comics artist for five years as well as a professional art director in advertising. He is the artist for the Vox series from Apple Press, and works for *Twilight Zone*, Now Comics, and West End Games.

Jack McDevitt is the author of *The Hercules Text*, which won the Philip K. Dick Special Award in 1986, *A Talent for War* and the forthcoming *The Engines of God*. His short fiction has appeared in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* and in such anthologies as *Sacred Visions*, edited by Andrew Greeley, Martin Greenberg, and Michael Cassutt; *The Fantastic Civil War*, edited by Martin Greenberg; *There Won't Be War*, edited by Bruce McAllister and Harry Harrison; *When the Music Stops*, edited by Lewis Shiner; *Alternate Wars*, edited by Gregory Benford; and *Full Spectrum 3*, edited by Patrick LoBrutto, Lou Aronica, Shawna McCarthy, and Amy Stout.

Margaret Mayo McGlynn has been professionally involved in both the Science Fiction and Romance genres for many years. She has worked as an editor for *Rod Serling's Twilight Zone Magazine* as well as for Silhouette Books. Currently, she writes freelance cover copy for Bantam, Berkeley, Silhouette, and Zebra among other houses. Her short works of fantasy and science fiction have appeared in a variety of publications, including Marvin Kaye's *Witches and Warlocks* anthology, *Gallery Magazine*, *Twilight Zone Magazine*, and *Encounter Magazine*. She is currently working on a science fiction novel and collaborating on a new graphic novel.

David Menehan is a new and upcoming Maryland artist. He has illustrated numerous module covers for Steve Jackson Games and Task Force Games. He is currently working on a children's book entitled *A Glitch in Time*.

Pat Morrissey has worked in the field for several years. Her clients include *Aboriginal Science Fiction*, *Asimov's*, *Amazing Stories*, the Science Fiction Book Club, Berkeley, and Tor. She also accepts private commissions, and has had work exhibited in the Delaware Art Museum Show and at Olympia and York.

James Morrow's first fiction effort, *The Wine of Violence* (1981), was called "the best SF novel published in English during the last ten years" by *The American Book Review*. He followed it with *The Continent of Lies* (1984) and *This is the Way the World Ends* (1986), a Nebula Award finalist, the runner-up for the John W. Campbell Award, and the BBC's selection as best SF novel of the year. His most recent novel, *Only Begotten Daughter*, a satiric fantasy about the coming of Jesus Christ's divine half-sister to contemporary Atlantic City, was a finalist for the 1990 Nebula Award. He is currently working of a cycle of novels about the death of God. The first of these, *Towering Jehovah*, will be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich in 1993.

Morrow has also contributed to the short fiction field, including his 1991 novella *City of Truth*, his 1990 collection, *Swatting at the Cosmos*, and his 1988 Nebula Award winner, "Bible Stories for Adults, no. 17: The Deluge."

Morrow's writing has received wide critical praise, and his work has been compared with the best of Jonathan Swift, Philip K. Dick, Robert Sheckley, and Kurt Vonnegut.

He lives in State College, Pennsylvania with his wife and two children.



Rebecca Ore's publication credits are: *The Aliens* trilogy: *Becoming Alien* (Tor, 1988); *Being Alien* (Tor, 1989); and *Human to Human* (Tor, 1990); and *The Illegal Rebirth of Billy the Kid* (Tor, 1991). *Billy* was reviewed favorably in the *Washington Post Book World* as well as *Locus*, *Analog*, and other SF magazines. Forthcoming, but not scheduled is a novella called "Alien Bootlegger," which Tor has in inventory. She is working on alternate history to be published in hardcover, again, by Tor. Short Stories will appear in *Isaac's Universe* and *Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. The *Asimov's* story is a fantasy. She "likes breaking all the rules."

Paul Park has written three books of the Starbridge Chronicles, the latest of which, *The Cult of Loving Kindness*, is just out from William Morrow. For the past year he has been working on short stories and an unrelated new novel, called *A Cancer of the Heart*.

Charley Parker is a cartoonist who has worked for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Saturday Review*, *Astronomy Magazine*, and *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. He did advertising work for many years and is currently developing a dinosaur comic strip for syndication and possibly a book.

Lawrence Person's work has appeared in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* and the British Horror Magazine *Fear*, and he has stories forthcoming in Mike Resnick's *Alternate Presidents* anthology and the *Midnight Graffiti* horror anthology. In addition, his non-fiction work has appeared in such diverse places as *Science Fiction Eye*, *National Review*, *Nova Express*, *Whole Earth Review*, *Reason* and *The Freeman*.

Frederik Pohl was born in 1919, and in early 1940 became editor of two science fiction magazines, *Astonishing Stories* and *Super Science Stories*. He has not looked back, despite a World War II interlude in the Air Force. He has been a literary agent, a magazine editor (of *Galaxy* and *Worlds of If*, winning three Hugos for the latter), anthologist, book editor (of Ace and later of Bantam Books, for which he acquired such controversial classics as Joanna Russ's *The Female Man* and Samuel R. Delany's *Dhalgren*); and, most especially, a writer. Many of his collaborative novels with C. M. Kornbluth, most notably *The Space Merchants* are acknowledged classics. His solo novels include *Drunkard's Walk* (1960), *The Age of the Pussyfoot* (1965), *Man Plus* (1976, a Nebula Award winner), *Gateway* (1977, Hugo and Nebula winner) and its sequels in the "Heechee" sequence, and, more recently, *The World at the End of Time* (1990), *The Singers of Time* (1991, with Jack Williamson), and the soon-to-be-published *Our Angry Earth*, which he is here at Philcon to promote.

Nick Pollatta describes himself as "thirty-seven, a God-fearing Republican with no distinguishing scars." He is a cartoonist and the author of *Illegal Aliens* (with Phil Foglio), *Bureau 13*, and the forthcoming *Doomsday Exam* and *Moonsters*.

Roman A. Ranieri is a native of Philadelphia. He graduated from Catholic elementary and high schools, then attended the Penn State University evening program for two years.

He has been married to his wife, Maureen, since June of 1981.

In the beginning of 1986, he decided to finally pursue his major goal: becoming a writer. He has spent the years since then patiently learning his craft and slowly developing a modest reputation. His work has appeared in dozens of well-respected genre publications, such as: *New Blood*, *Cemetery Dance*, *After Hours*, *Gauntlet*, *Eldritch Tales*, *Dark Side*, *The Overlook Connection*, *The Time Tunnel*, and *Afraid*. He is also a Contributing Editor for *New Blood*, and writes regular review columns for four different publications. One of his short stories is currently featured in the landmark anthology, *Cold Blood*, edited by Richard Chizmar; another will soon appear in the upcoming anthology *Sideshow*, edited by Tyson Blue. His first novel and an anthology of horror stories dealing with water, entitled *H<sub>2</sub>Orrors*, are currently in development.

His long-term goal is to make his living exclusively from writing, and occasionally from editing anthologies.

Ray Ridenour is a graphic artist working for the City of Baltimore. He regularly exhibits at science fiction conventions. His stained-glass depictions of dinosaurs were part of the touring art exhibit sponsored by the Boston Museum of Science called "The Dinosaur Show."

J.F. Rifkin is the shared pseudonym of two writers who live on opposite sides of the country. They coauthored the first two books of the Silverglass series, *Silverglass* and *Web of Wind*. The next two volumes, *Witch of Rhostshyl* and *Mistress of Ambiguities*, were written by the east coast J.F. Rifkin (who is at Philcon), while the West Coast J.F. (who isn't) is the author of the third volume of the RuneSword series, *The Dreamstone*, and has two books forthcoming about time-travel and dinosaurs. J.F. East is currently working on her first murder mystery.

Madeleine E. Robins has been (variously) a nanny; a book-mender; a secretary; and a chambermaid. She has run continuing-ed class; done software training; and been a ghostwriter and desktop publisher. Currently, she is an assistant to the publisher at Tor Books, and teaches Mac literacy courses at the New School for Social Research in New York. She has in the odd spare moments managed to write five novels (Regency romances, all published by Fawcett), and short SF and Fantasy which has appeared in *Asimov's*, *F&SF*, *Pandora*, *Aliens and Outworlders*, and *Invitation to Camelot*. In addition to fiction, her greatest creative endeavor is to date Juliana Caccavo, aged 18 months and counting...

Mark Rogers has had eleven books published, including his hit, *Samurai Cat*. He is also a novelist now, as well as a fine painter; Ace has recently published his new book, *The Devouring Void*. Mark has also written the script for an upcoming movie, *The Runestone*.

Sandra Santara is an artist currently residing in western Pennsylvania. Her work evokes an authentic Native American spiritualism and has been exhibited at science fiction, fantasy and New Age conventions across the US.

Mark Schultz is a successful comics artist and creator of *Xenozoic Tales*, which is the source for his very popular book, *Dinosaurs and Cadillacs*.

Darrell Schweltzer is the author of *The White Isle*, *The*

*Shattered Goddess*, and about 150 stories, some of which are collected in *We Are All Legends* and *Tom O'Bedlam's Night Out*.

His work has appeared recently in *Amazing Stories*, *Fear, Borderlands* (edited by Thomas Monteleone), *Scare Care* (edited by Graham Masterson), *Obsessions* (edited by Gary Raison), and *Masques IV* (edited by J.N. Williamson).

He has also written reviews, columns, essays, and poems, and conducted nearly one hundred interviews.

He is editor of *Weird Tales*.

eluki bes shahar is the author of *Hellflower* (DAW, 1991) and has been published in *Amazing Stories* and *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*. Recently she has begun working with computer graphics using the CorelDraw program. This convention is the first showing of HMGS's computer artwork.

Hannah Michael Gale Shapero has been an architectural illustrator and continues to feature fantasy buildings in her work. Portraits are another of her specialties. Currently her work can be found in the new-format *Amazing Stories* magazine. Recently she has begun working with computer graphics using the CorelDraw program. This convention is the first showing of HMGS's computer artwork.

Charles Sheffield started out in working life as a mathematical physicist, stuck to that productively and happily for fifteen years, and didn't write a word of fiction (or feel any desire to) until he passed his fortieth birthday.

He has produced pretty steadily since then, buy may one day stop writing as mysteriously as he started. Although he writes non-fiction with confidence, he says that when it comes to writing fiction he has no idea what he is doing.

His publication record supports that claim:

Eighteen books, including horror, historical, detective and a couple of non-fiction best-sellers, but mostly science fiction.

Eighty short stories, again in several genres, but most of them clearly SF.

No Hugos, Nebulas, or similar awards. "Not a sausage," he writes. "Not even a nomination until 1991, when something odd must have happened, and I was up for (and lost) two Hugos."

"It's not a thing to worry about. I like to write, though I'm not compulsive about it, and somehow I've been able to sell books and stories. So I'll muddle along, and hope that I keep on writing. And who knows, one day as a spavined octogenerian maybe I'll be led out onto the stage, pointed in the right direction, and have a Hugo placed in my uncomprehending and undeserving arms."

"It's a nice thought. I'm looking forward to it"

Josepha Sherman is that comparative rarity: a native New Yorker who was actually born there. Her writing credits include two fantasy novels based on Slavic folklore, *The Shining Falcon* (Avon, 1989) — winner of the Compton Crook Award — and *The Horse of Flame* (Avon, 1990), a young adult fantasy novel inspired by French folklore. *Child of Faerie*, *Child of Earth* (Walker, Fall 1991), two nonfiction volumes, *Indian Tribes of North America* (Random House, 1990) and *Jewish-American Folklore* (August House, forthcoming), such children's books as *Vassilisa the Wise* (HBJ, 1988), over 60 short stories for books and magazines including *Sword & Sorceress IV, V, VIII and IX* (DAW), *Vampires!* (Harper Collins), *Horsefantastic* (DAW),

*Cricket*, *Dragon*, *Fantasy Book*, *Fantasy Tales*, *The World & I*, and others, and a script for the late, lamented TV show, *Adventures of the Galaxy Rangers*. She is an active member of SFWA and the Authors Guild. On the other side of the editorial fence, she is the Consulting Editor for Baen Books and Field Editor for Walker & Company's Children's Books Division.

Paul Sorton is a sculptor living in Philadelphia. He is most renowned for his accurate and intricately-crafted sculptures of dinosaurs.

Steve Stiles has been an underground cartoonist since 1975. He has done gag cartoons for *The Realist*, and written scripts for Walt Disney comics. He took part in this year's attempt to revive Al Capp's "Lil Abner." Later this fall, Fantagraphics will issue a graphic novel of "The Adventures of Professor Thinwhistle and His Incredible Aether Flyer," which he produced in 1980 for *Heavy Metal*. Currently, he is an artist for *Xenozoic Tales* and a series of horror comics from Gladstone.

Ian Randal Strock is the Assistant Editor of *Analog* and of *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. He is also the Editor for Greater New York Mensa's *Mphasis*.

He is one of the co-editors of *Writing Science Fiction and Fantasy* (St. Martin's, 1991). His fiction has appeared in *The Sterling Web* and *Beyond*; and his nonfiction has been in the *New York Times*, Boston's *Daily Free Press* and *Games* magazine's previous incarnation.

Michael Swanwick's first two published stories, "The Feat of Saint Janis" and "Ginungagap," were both Nebula Award finalists for 1980. His "Mummer Kiss" was a Nebula Award finalist for 1981 and was voted best science fiction novelet of the year in the *Science Fiction Chronicle* poll. "The Man Who Met Picasso" was a finalist for the World Fantasy Award in 1982.

Two stories that appeared in 1984 were nebula award finalists — "Trojan Horse," which appeared in *Omni*, and "Marrow Death," which was published first in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* and was an excerpt from his first novel. Two stories published in *Omni* in 1985 were Nebula Award finalists. "The Gods of Mars" was co-written with Gardner Dozois and Jack Dann. "Dogfight" was co-written with William Gibson and was also nominated for a Hugo Award. "A Midwinter's Tale" won the *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* 1988 Reader's Award. "The Edge of the World" which appeared in *Full Spectrum 2* in 1989, was awarded the Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award for best story, by the Center for the Study of Science Fiction at the University of Kansas. It was also nominated for both the Hugo Award and the World Fantasy Award.

His stories have appeared in *Omni*, *Pulphouse*, *Amazing*, *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, *High Times*, *New Dimensions*, *Universe*, *Full Spectrum*, *Triquarterly*, and elsewhere. Several have been reprinted in Best of the Year Anthologies and translated for Japanese and French publications.

He lives in Philadelphia with his wife, Marianne Porter, and their son, Sean. *In The Drift*, his first novel, was published by Ace Books in 1985. *Vacuum Flowers* was serialized in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, and published by Arbor House in 1987. It was a main selection of the Science Fiction Book Club. The paperback appeared from Ace Books in 1988. Translations have appeared in France, the Netherlands, Germany



and Italy. *Stations of the Tide* was also serialized in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, and was published by William Morrow and Company in February of 1991. A novella, "Griffin's Egg," was published in hardcover format in England by Legendin early 1991 and will appear from St Martin's Press in January 1992. A short story collection, *Gravity's Angels*, recently appeared from Arkham House.

He is currently at work on a fourth novel.

**Valentin Todorov** taught Physics in the English Language High School of Sofia in his native Bulgaria. His first book, *Irkalla, the Land of the Dead*, became a bestseller in Bulgaria, and was given the Encouragement Award of the European Society of Science Fiction at Eurocon '91. A founder of People Without Weapons, a defender of the rights of minorities in Bulgaria, a director of amateur films, and a lyricist for avant-guard rock groups, he has not endeared himself to the régime, and is presently seeking political asylum in the United States. He lives in Philadelphia.

**Gordon Van Gelder**: In addition to editing numerous wonderful books for St. Martin's Press (including novels by Judith Moffett, Christopher Hinz, K.W. Jeter, and Kate Wilhelm), Gordon Van Gelder is also a managing editor of *The New York Review of Science Fiction*. He tries to maintain a modicum of "class" as he shamelessly urges people to subscribe to the aforementioned magazine, which recently received its second Readercon Award.

When **Mercy Van Vlack** was in high school, she finished her tests as fast as she could so she could draw pictures on their backs. This got her into trouble sometimes, because her teachers felt she wasn't spending enough time on the front of the tests. But she many times did extra credit art to boost her grades.

She graduated from the Art Institute of Philadelphia so she could draw and learn how to make a living out of art. Years later, she is still drawing for her supper and doing mechanicals for *Vogue Magazine* to pay the rent.

She designed, wrote and drew Miranda the Tease for *Leg Show* (which is being compiled by *Forbidden Fruit*). She is especially known for drawings of "long-haired men and long-legged ladies." Her art has appeared in *Fantasy Crossroads*, *Touch*, SFFA, Comics Heroine Fan Club pubs, *Interlac*, and myriad other fanzines and apas. She has exhibited it far and wide at numerous SF conventions.

Currently she is Creative Director, co-publisher of Evolution Comics and artist on *Green Ghost and Lotus*, and a partridge in a pear tree.

**Ricardo Villagran** is an Argentinian artist currently living in the Philadelphia area. He is a leading illustrator in his country and works regularly for Marvel and DC comics.

**Bob Walters** has been working in the Science Fiction field of ten years and has contributed covers and interior art for many books and magazines. His artwork has been displayed in Science Fiction and Fantasy exhibits in museums throughout the United States, including the Delaware Art Museum Show and the NASA 25th Anniversary show, "Visions of Other Worlds." His reconstructions of prehistoric animals are on permanent display at the Smithsonian and the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia. He is the winner of two Cheslea Awards.

**Sheila Williams** joined *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* in 1982 and she has been the managing editor since 1986. She received her bachelor's degree from Elmira College in Elmira, New York, and her master's degree from Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri. During her junior year she studied at the London School of Economics.

Ms Williams has co-edited two anthologies for young adults and is the editor of a third, *The Loch Moose Monster: More Stories from IASFM*, which is forthcoming from Delacorte in spring 1992. With Gardner Dozois she has co-edited *Isaac Asimov's Robots* (November 1991) and *Isaac Asimov's Planet Earth* (May 1992). She also co-edited *Writing Science Fiction and Fantasy* (St. Martin's Press) with the editors of *IASFM* and *Analog*. She lives in New York City with her husband, David Bruce.

### In Memoriam

Alexander (Lex) Phillips

Original Member of the  
Philadelphia Science Fiction Society

### In Memoriam

Gene Roddenberry

Live Long and Prosper



