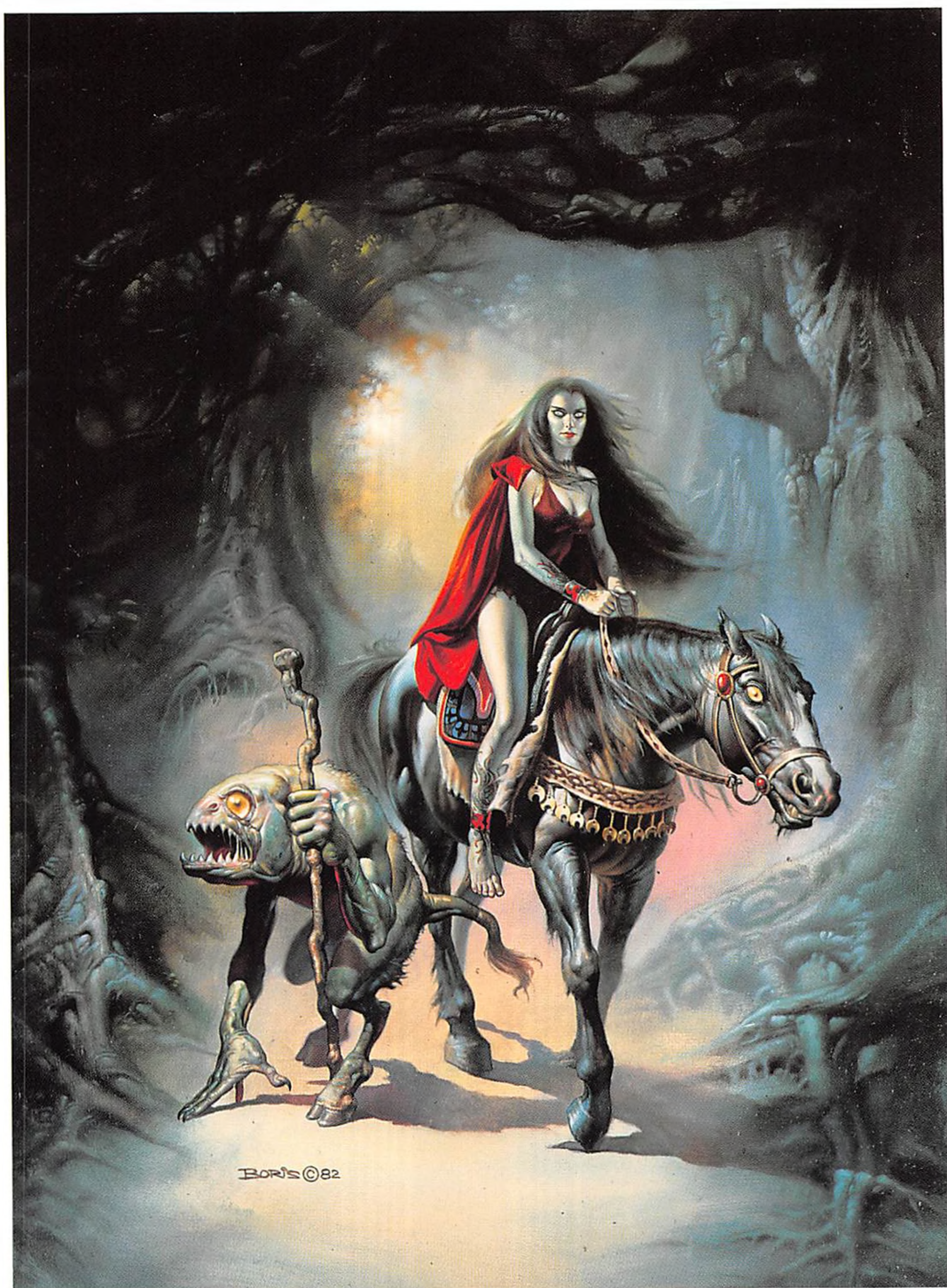


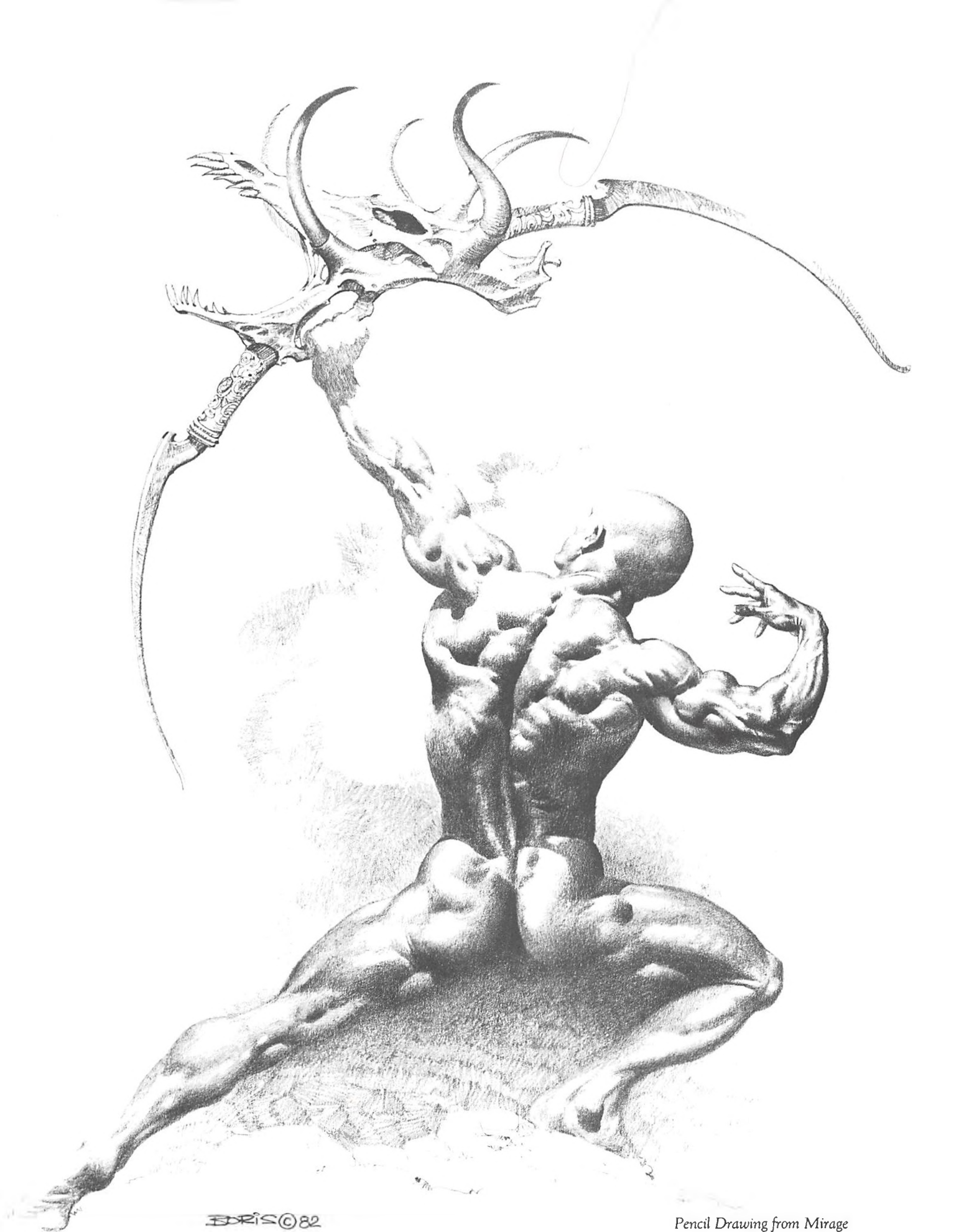
Philcon '92

The 52nd Philadelphia
Science Fiction Conference





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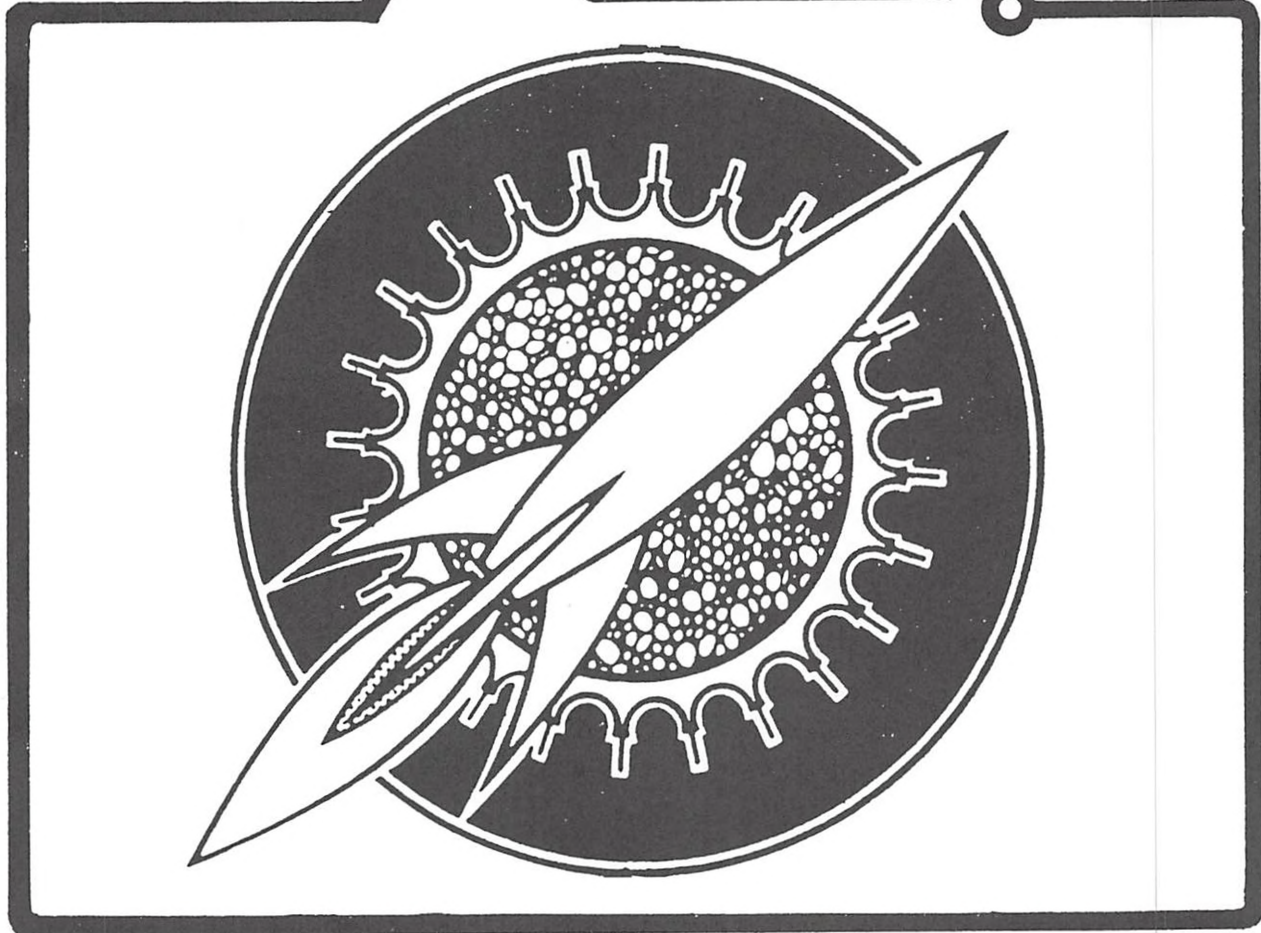
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PHILCON

1972

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The 52nd Annual Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference

November 13th, 14th and 15th, 1992

Principal Speaker

**Greg
Bear**

Artist Guest

**Boris
Vallejo**

Cinematic Guest

**Ray
Harryhausen**

Special Guest

**Pamela
Sargent**

Featured Filker

**Tom
Smith**

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From the Chairwoman

Welcome to the 52nd Philcon. It is an honor to serve as its Chairwoman. This year we've tried to plan a conference with something for everyone. Our honored guests span a side range of tastes — from "hard" science fiction writer Greg Bear, to artist Boris Vallejo; from special effects marvel Ray Harryhausen to writer Pamela Sargent. A Philcon first is featured filker Tom Smith. I hope you find many enjoyable events to attend.

I would like to give special thanks to the Philcon committee. These dedicated fans have worked with me for the last year to bring you this Philcon. Without them, Philcon would just be a collection of unrealized ideas. Philcon is very fortunate to have such an experienced committee. Their knowledge and willingness to help has filled in the gaps a new chair always runs across. Thank you for all your help.

I would also like to thank my husband, Tom DeMarco. His patience, understanding, encouragement and willingness to care for our infant son have enabled me to fulfill my duties as Chairwoman.

Philcon is sponsored by the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. This fun-loving group of people meets once a month on the second Friday. Meetings are held at 8:00 pm at the International House, 3701 Chestnut Street in Philadelphia. After a short business meeting, a talk or presentation is given. The speaker(s) are prominent Science Fiction writers, artists, fans or scientists. Recent guests have included Bob Walters, Larry Niven, Alexis Gilliland and Vincent DiFate. Lively group discussions often follow the presentations. PSFS also sponsors many other activities, including monthly discussions on books and films, and group outings to exhibitions and events of interest to a Science Fiction fan throughout the year.

For more information about the society please feel welcome to join us at our monthly meeting, or write to us at the following address:

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

Hope you have a wonderful time at Philcon,

Anne Norton
Chairwoman, Philcon '92

From the President of PSFS

Hi! Welcome to Philcon. It always surprises me to find out that there are lots of people who attend Philcon that don't know that Philcon is the official conference of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society (PSFS). If these people only knew about us, they could enjoy a mini-Philcon every month! Each month we entertain our members with a business meeting (if you maintain a sense of humor), followed by a guest speaker, some of them very special indeed.

In addition to the monthly meeting, we have picnics, trips to the Renaissance Fair, book discussion groups, movie trips and discussions, special events, discount prices at bookstores, and other fun stuff. Committees include Space Science, No Fund (which provides good homes to lost or unwanted books), Community Outreach, Public Relations, Philcon, Special Events, Programming, Education and many others. We co-sponsor the Philip K. Dick award, sponsor both the Milton Award and Students' Science Fiction Writing Contest. We also sometimes produce films. We are a very active group of people.

With all this going for us, you might think that we would be an exclusive and hard to join group. Nothing could be further from the truth! To qualify for membership, you only need to attend 3 meetings and, of course, pay your yearly dues of \$15.00 (waivable for hardship). At your first meeting you sign our guest book. At the second meeting you either nominate yourself or have someone else nominate you for membership. At the third meeting you stand for election. In my memory, no one has ever failed to be elected.

Our meeting site is in the heart of University City, one of the safest areas of town and has lots of parking. Street parking is free after 8 pm and a large parking lot is located within one block. For those folks that want company walking back to their car, escorts are available. We are wheelchair accessible and have an elevator to the second floor where we hold our meetings in the South America Room. If you need help or want directions, call the PSFS Information Hot Line at (215) 957-4004.

Everyone is welcome — we have great speakers, lots of events, easy parking, and free donuts! So what are you waiting for? See you at the next meeting!

Pete Radatti
President, PSFS

PS: Feel free to talk to me or any other member of the society during the conference.

Guests of Philcon 1992

Roger MacBride Allen
Arlan Andrews
Ellen Asher
David Axler
Camille Bacon-Smith
Greg Barr
Wayne Barlowe
Bryn Barnard
Jill Bauman
Greg Bear
Doug Beason
John Gregory Betancourt
Michael Betancourt
Dainis Bisenieks
N. Taylor Blanchard
Jeff Bredenberg
Will Brown
Linda Bushyager
Susan Casper
Jack Chalker
Bryan Cholfin
Alan M. Clark
Hal Clement
Brenda Clough
Greg Costikyan
Kathryn Cramer
John DeChancie
Peter Dodson
Tom Doherty
Charles Dougherty
Gardner Dozois
Doña Dube
Scott Edelman
Bob Eggelton
Lloyd Arthur Eshbach
Stephen Fisher
Esther Friesner
Gregory Frost
Ken Gale
Mark Garland
Bobby Gear
Alexis Gilliland
Denise Girardeau

Kurt Griffith
Jane Esther Hamilton
David Harris
Ellen Key Harris
Ray Harryhausen
David Hartwell
Robert Himmelsbach
Mike Hinge
Judith Holman
Alexandra Honigsberg
David Honigsberg
Nicholas Jainschigg
Rick Katze
Marvin Kaye
John Kessel
Tom Kidd
Janet Kofoed
Karl Kofoed
Yoji Kondo (Eric Kotani)
Alexei Kondratiev
Allen Koszowski
Aimee Kratts
Ted Krulik
Jay Kushwara
David Kyle
Lissanne Lake
Charles Lang
Wendy Lang
Alex Latzko
S. N. (Shariann) Lewitt
Solomon Lichtenberg
Kathy Logue
Richard Lyons
Bob Madle
Mike Manley
C.J. Martor
Elizabeth Mayberry
Aaron McClellan
Charles G. McGraw
David Menehan
Myrhh Mist
Pat Morrissey
James Morrow

John Norman
Janis O' Connor
Rebecca Brown Ore
George Paczolt
Mark Painter, Sr.
Charley Parker
Beverly Penberthy
Roman Ranieri
Peter Pautz
Nick Pollatta
Mark Rodgers
Milton Rothman
Dr. Rubik
Harry Saffren
Ian Randall Strock
Pamela Sargent
Felicity Savage
Bob Schroeck
Mark Schultz
Julius Schwartz
Darrell Schweitzer
George Scithers
Cynthia Seelhammer
Eluki bes Shahar
Tom Smith
Paul Sorten
Tim Standish
Michael Swanwick
Cecilia Tam
Adam Troy-Castro
Boris Vallejo
Dorian Vallejo
Mercy Van Vlack
Kenneth Von Gunden
Bob Walters
Victoria Warren
Diane Weinstein
Lew Wolkoff
Sheila Williams
V. M. Wyman
George Zebrowski
Cynthia Zender
Sarah Zettel

Philcon Committee and Staff

Administration

Chairwoman.....	Anne Norton
Vice-Chairman	Peter V. Radatti
Secretary	Carol Kabakjian
Treasurer.....	Todd Dashoff
Hotel Liaison	Donna M. Smith
Assistant	Hope Kiefer
Staff	Gary K. Feldbaum, Deb Snyder
Operations.....	Laura Paskman Syms
Staff	Pat Betz, Joyce L. Carroll, Leslie Dannenberger, Larry Gelfand, Sue Hammond, Robert M. Himmelsbach, Sunshine Roth
ASFA Liaison	Bob Walters
Roommate Matching	Todd Dashoff

Programming and Exhibitions

Main Programming	Ozzie Fontecchio, Darrell Schweitzer
Staff	Carol Adams
Art Programming.....	Bob Walters
Staff	Robin Morris
Dance	Timothy Binder
Exhibitions.....	Becky Kaplowitz
Filking	Crystal Hagel
Filksong Contest.....	Carol Kabakjian
Film & Video	Tony Finan
Assistant	Sharon Carroll
Staff	Dennis Brown, John Cehlar, Greg Ventura, Ken & Jen White
Gaming Room.....	John Desmond
Staff	Bernie Norton
Green Room	Barbara Higgins
Assistant	Rosemarie R. Freeman
Meet the Pros	Timothy Binder
Programming Operations.....	Ozzie Fontecchio
Staff	Carol Adams, Jan Guidotti, Mark & Margaret Trebing, Diane & Lee Weinstein, Mattie Brahen
Science Programming.....	Lew Wolkoff
Writers' Workshop	Darrell Schweitzer

Publications

Chief Editors.....	John Syms, Dave Szent-Gyorgyi
Staff	Timothy Binder, Anne Norton, D. A. Smith
Consulting and Acquisitions Editor.....	Darrell Schweitzer
Advertisements.....	Lew Wolkoff
Flyers	Rich Kabakjian
Signs	D. A. Smith
Assistant	Timothy Binder

Masquerade

Director	Victoria Warren
Green Room	Bobby Gear
Lights/Staging/Sound	Alex Latzko & Co.
Master of Ceremonies.....	Robert Himmelsbach
Photography	Ken Warren
General Staff.....	Sharon & Chuck Whitney
Costuming Programming.....	Victoria Warren

Art Show

Art Show	Yoel Attiya, Joni Brill Dashoff
Assistant.....	Bonnie Atwood
Construction	Ted Atwood
Staff	Chip Hitchcock
Auctioneers	Joe Mayhew, Jack Chalker
Staff	V. M. Wyman
Print Shop.....	Margurite Rutkowski
Sales	Joyce Carroll
Staff	Dave Cantor
Security.....	Kirsten & Wayne Houseknecht
General Staff.....	Lisa & Robert Ashton, Thomas Endrey, Stuart Hellinger, Neil & Rochelle Lerner, Winton Matthews, Lance Oszko, Mark & Priscilla Olsen, Pat Ritter, Sharon Sbarsky, Cheryl Schleigh, Dale Sharrick, Michelle Smith-Moore, Clark & Diane Van Hekken
ASFA Auction.....	Barbara Higgins

Fixed Functions

AV Coordinator	Edward Hepting
Staff	Robin Weiner
Babysitting	Winona Schwier
Con Suite.....	Carol Kabakjian
Assistant.....	Cynthia Moreno
Staff	Neal Allen
Dealers' Room	Janis Fontecchio
Assistant.....	Ira Kaplowitz
Staff	John Prenis
Den	Christine Nealon
Staff	Andrew Pastuszek
Information	Sara Paul
Assistant.....	Michael Fisher
Logistics.....	Bob Schwier
Assistant.....	Giorgio Lombardi
Staff	Jeff Kasten
Media Relations	Lynn E. Cohen Koehler
Staff	Tony Finan, Peter V. Radatti
Personnel.....	Mike Nelson
Assistant.....	Brigid Cassidy
Staff	Mark Norton, Sandy Pomerantz
Quartermaster	Hank Smith
Assistant.....	Michael Fisher
Registration	Richard Kabakjian
Assistant.....	Fran Costanzi
Sales	John Prenis
Staff	Ed Rutkowski, Marie Schwarzl, Diane Weinstein
Transportation	Rock Robertson

What's Happening at Philcon

Special Guests

Greg Bear's Guest of Honor Speech.

Boris Vallejo describes his art and techniques.

Pamela Sargent is the Guest Speaker at the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society meeting.

Ray Harryhausen presents an hour of special effects magic on Sunday.

Tom Smith performs during the intermission at the Masquerade.

General Interest Track

The Arthurian Mythos from Geoffrey of Monmouth to the Modern Fantasy Novel. After a millennium of retelling, the King Arthur story is as fresh as ever. Why?

Bookaholics Anonymous Meeting. Guilty pleasures and true confessions. Sister Kathy Logue saves souls, not to mention trees.

The Changing Face of Science Fiction. Many of the leading (and Hugo-winning) SF stories of the past couple of years wouldn't even be recognized as science fiction ten years ago. No rockets, no robots, no science. . . "Bears Discover Fire," anyone?

Classic Fantasy Writers: Lord Dunsany and James Branch Cabell. There were great fantasists before the Deluge of Trilogies, even before Tolkien. Here we discuss two of the most important.

Cult Authors. Who Do Some Writers Become Cult Favorites? Cordwainer Smith, Philip K. Dick, H.P. Lovecraft, Marion Zimmer Bradley and a few others inspire devotion beyond mere popularity. Why?

A Dozen New Cosmologies Before Breakfast. Science is getting increasingly far-out these days. Can science fiction keep up?

Future Religions. What Might People Believe in the Future? Discuss the future evolution of present-day creeds, and new religions that may emerge.

How Fans Get Together. Fandom evolved out of prozine letter columns and fanzines; then conventions became the major medium of communication; will computer nets be next?

The Influence of Film on Writing. Anybody born after 1920 or so grew up with movies. Anyone born after World War II grew up with television. How does this influence the way we write?

I'm Tired of Speaking Forsoothly: Fantasy in Non-Medieval Settings. Explore other possibilities.

I Wanna Be A Galactic Overlord When I Grow Up. SF often fails to imagine future forms of government which are anything more than rehashes of the present — or the past. So, put our imaginations together. What might the future hold besides democracy, monarchy, military imperialism, theocracy, etc.? Are there some political constants through all space and time, such as, say, rule by the rich?

Is Horror Fiction Just Crime Fiction With More Sex and Gore? If *The Silence of the Lambs* is the leading horror novel of the day, does this mean fantastic/supernatural horror is on the way out?

Isaac Asimov Retrospective. One of the seminal SF writers of the last fifty years recalled by friends and eminent colleagues.

The Last Message-in-a-Bottle from the Hidden Valley of Fongo-Fongo: Obsolete literary forms. If Edgar Rice Burroughs's Mars books and Rider Haggard's She are still popular, why is it no longer possible to write sword-and-planet or lost race novels? Can you think of any other fictional forms which may be headed for the same fate? Why?

"Mainstream" SF and Fantasy. When "outside" writers attempt SF, the results can be a naive re-invention of the wheel, or masterpieces far beyond anything to come out of the formal genre. (Witness 1984 or *Earth Abides*.)

Rigging the Framis to the Fungleworp Generator. How Much of the Science in SF is Doubletalk? How Much Has to Be? Is it possible to play entirely straight with the reader and still have a science-fiction story?

SF in the Fortuneteller's Tent. We're always saying, "No, science fiction isn't really about prediction." Well, some of it (psst! secret!) really is. A panel of prognostically-inclined SF writers actually attempt to predict the next few hundred years — before your very eyes!

So Goldfish Don't Have the Vote: Politically Correct in 2400. Something about the society and literature of the 20th century will inevitably be unacceptable in the future, even as the norms and givens of the past aren't quite as "obvious" as they once were. What do we take for granted that will appall our descendants?

Speaker-to-Aliens: Interspecies Communication. Earth people have enough trouble talking to one another? How will we do it when the other guy speaks with scents and sees in the ultra-violet?

Suppose Queen Isabella HAD Said No! Fear of science, the loss of nerve . . . what does it mean if we stop exploring?

Women and Fantasy. Two or three generations ago, virtually all the fantasy writers were men (Tolkien, Dunsany, Cabell, Peake, T. H. White etc.). Today virtually all of them seem to be women. Why? Is this perception accurate?

Worst Foot Forward. Robert Bloch coined this term to describe the worst of science fiction which the general public thinks to be science fiction. For instance, mainstream readers think *Jurassic Park* a revelation. . . science fiction fans aren't very impressed. It could be worse. Back when Bloch was writing, the public thought SF was big bugs. Have we made any progress?

Art Track

Alternate Art Markets. Artists and collectors discuss opportunities for science fiction and fantasy artwork beyond the confines of publishing.

The Horror of It All. Horror specialists discuss the field — trends in subject matter and imagery.

It's What's Inside. The almost lost art of interior illustration.

The Cover Sells the Book. Top cover artists talk about the ins and outs of the book business.

When Dinosaurs Ruled the Arts. Artists discuss dinosaur imagery in science fiction art and film.

Amazing Graphic Stories. Science Fiction and Fantasy in the graphic story, as seen by top comics artists.

The Art of FX and Animation. Detailed discussion of stop motion, computer cel animation, and prosthetic appliances.

3-D Science Fiction and Fantasy Art. Artists discuss materials and techniques used in 3-D SF art and their subjects and themes.

Mark Rodgers Paints: A Demonstration. The popular author-artist of *Samurai Cat* gives a demonstration of his craft.

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.



© Walter '91

Science Track

Nanotechnology. Tiny tools built an atom at a time, and the big results they yield.

The Dinosaur Society and the Real Dinosaurs. What we know about the dinosaurs as opposed to the cute cartoon versions.

The Search for Missing Matter. An astrophysicist discusses his searches for the dark matter that may make up much of the Universe.

Jupiter Slide Show. A slide show update on what's known about the king of planets.

The Institute for Frontier Sciences. The work of a local organization that investigates relevant phenomenon outside the mainstream of scientific theory.

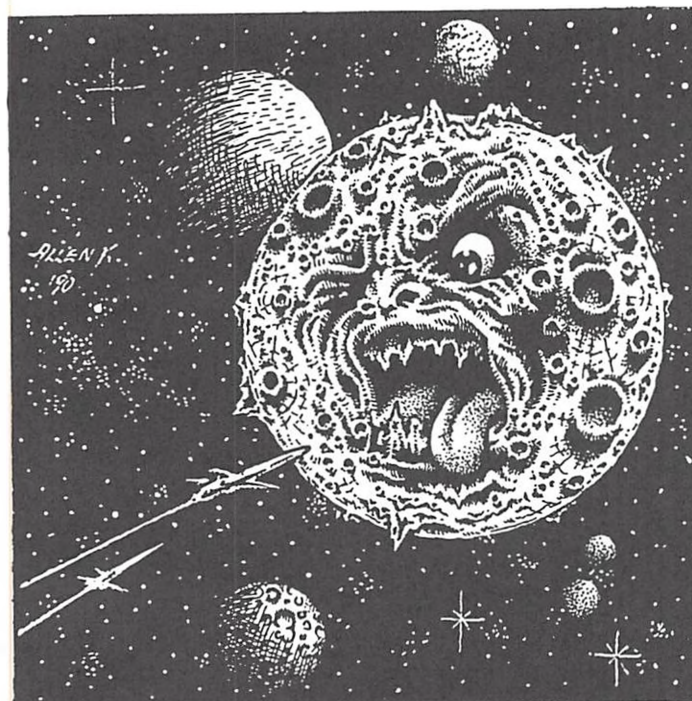
Writers' Workshop

Clarion workshop panel. Learn about the fabulously successful Clarion workshop, which has produced so many of the field's leading writers.

Self Promotion for the Writer or Artist. What you should — or should not — do to further your career.

Magazine Editors. The field's leading editors discuss the state of the art (and business).

Manuscript Critiquing. New writers' stories, critiqued by professionals.



Costumer's Track

Masquerade. Judges this year include George Paczolt, past Director and MC of our Masquerade, Doña Dube, Director of the Arisia Masquerade, and Boris Vallejo. A critique of the Masquerade, what worked, what didn't and why you won, will be held on Sunday.

Workshops. There will be a panel for novice costumers which will include what to expect in the Masquerade and a panel on headpieces.

Gaming

Friendly games, games for making friends, intensely competitive games. Simple games and complex games. Games of the future, of history, of worlds fantastic. Games of intelligence and foolishness, of significance and trivia. Games for hours straight and people who like to get together over the gameboards. Really nice people, they are. Drop in. Say hello.

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.:

Rich Kabakjian
Anne Norton
Peter V. Radatti

The winners will be announced on November 14, during the intermission at the Costume Call.

Readings

Our guests, live. See the Pocket Program for list of authors and their selections.

Postal Cancellation

A special Philcon cancellation, available both Saturday and Sunday, created by Bob Walters.

Special Film Presentation

Bloodsucking Pharaohs in Pittsburgh. Beverly Penberthy (Co-producer, Actress) and Jane Esther Hamilton (Actress) present a unique horror comedy filmed entirely in Pittsburgh! With your host, Marvin Kaye.





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 other multiple copy artwork 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 12:30 P.M. 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 1 P.M. to 3 P.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 12:30 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 the Art Show. 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.

The Print Shop is for direct sales of photoprints (reproductions of original art), lithographs, and other multiple copy artwork. One sample of each item will be displayed either on the artist's panels in the Art Show or on the panels dedicated to Print Shop merchandise. These are primarily display copies. *Do not write your name on the attached bid sheets.* Sales stock will be at the Print Shop Sales Desk. Tell the Print Shop clerk the artist and title of the piece you wish to buy. The clerk will complete the sale.

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 exception to this policy is 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.

Dress Code

A word on costumes:

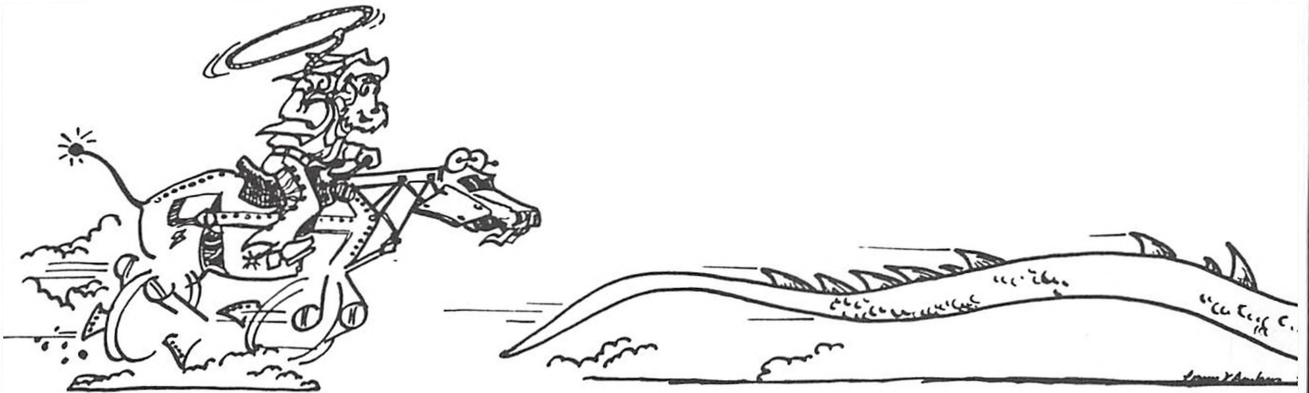
Please remember that No Costume is No Costume. Legal requirements concerning the minimum coverage of certain body parts should be observed. G-strings, thongs, and pasties, by themselves or in combination, are not sufficient.



MARCON

28

April 23-25, 1993



We're rounding up our guests

Guests of Honor
Mike Resnick
Jane Yolen

Artist Guest of Honor
Ray Van Tilburg

Costuming Guest of Honor
Animal X

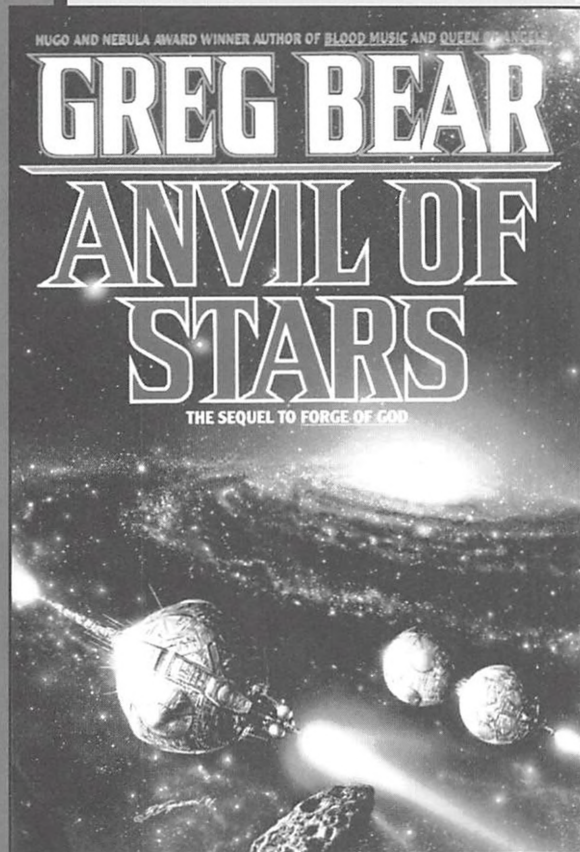
Toastmaster
Tom Smith

Membership Rates: \$22 to Dec 31, \$24 to Mar 31, \$28 at the door, kids \$20 at all times
Hotel: Hyatt Regency, 350 North High Street, Columbus OH 43215, (800) 233-1234
Info: Marcon 28, PO Box 211101, Columbus OH 43221, (614) 451-3154

Come get carried away with us



Visionary Revenge in Deep Space.



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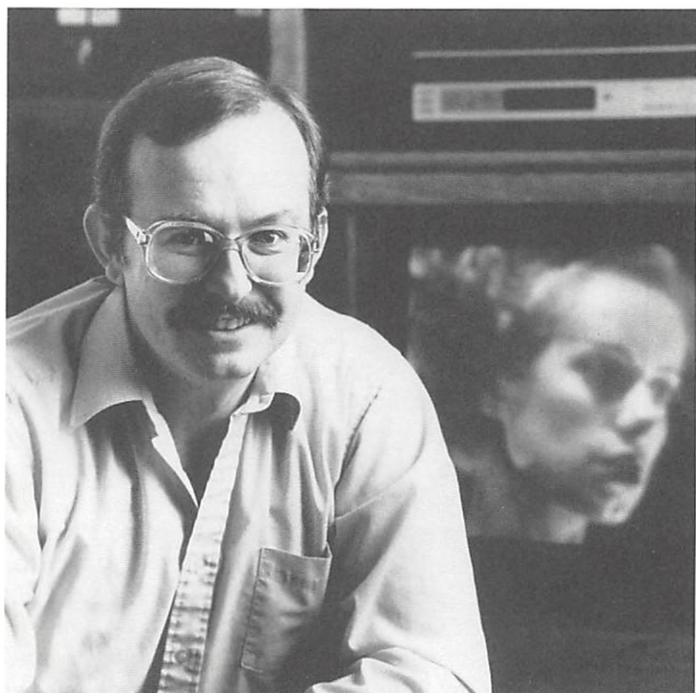


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Greg Bear: An Appreciation

by Alan Brennert



Greg Bear and I first met when we were living in Long Beach, California in the mid-1970s, both of us struggling young writers (actually, I was a struggling much-younger writer: Greg is three years older), and both of us customers at Richard Kyle's SF/comics bookstore, which is where we met. At that time I was living in a matchbox of an apartment in a one-story, horseshoe-shaped stucco building my friends called (quite accurately) the San Berdoo Arms, after Tod Hackett's residence in *The Day of the Locust*; Greg and his then-wife Tina had a much more upscale one-bedroom-and-loft apartment in North Long Beach. I envied him the high ceilings and his workspace in the loft. (When I bought my first house, ten years later, it had — you guessed it — an office in the loft.) There was nothing about my life that Greg envied, I'm sure, until I sold my first novel several months before he did; he has since made up for this by selling about five times as many books as I have, for which he receives on average about thirty times more per book than I do. Boy, the lengths to which some people will go to make a point.

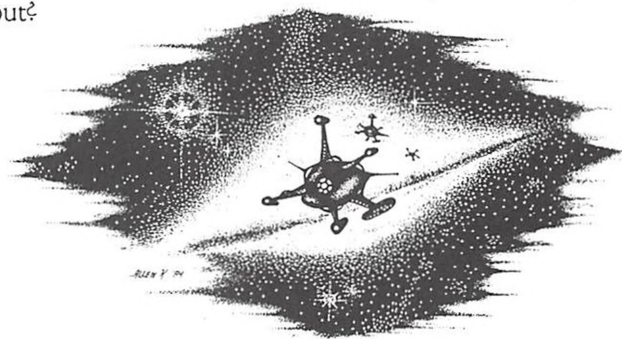
Our careers have intersected in other ways, as well. Greg got me my first Hollywood agent: the late John Schallert, whom Greg asked to represent us when Greg and I went in to pitch to the abortive first syndicated revival of *Star Trek* in 1977, later became my agent and got me my first TV assignment. Similarly, I got Greg his first New York agent when I introduced him to my then-literary agent, Richard

Curtis. Thus, both of us can safely say to the other, "You'd be *nothing* without me!"

When I went on staff on the CBS revival of *The Twilight Zone* in the mid-80s, Greg demonstrated remarkable restraint by not once trying to pitch me a story; it was our mutual friend Michael D. Toman who showed me a copy of Greg's *Omni* story "Dead Run," which I decided on the spot would make a nifty episode of the series. And so it did. As Greg has mentioned in print, I would often call him while writing the teleplay to float (to say nothing of crib) ideas past/from him; there are several genuine Bear lines and concepts in the finished episode. When Greg reprinted the story in his collection *Tangents*, he rewrote it to include a final scene based on one I had written for the teleplay. The end results display the hallmarks of a successful collaboration: each version retains its own integrity, and each collaborator retained his front teeth and internal organs. (in fact, it was such a good experience that we talk about further pushing our luck and doing it again sometime.)

For years we argued over which industry was the more irrational and soul-consuming, publishing or television, with me usually in defense of the latter (hence the dedication in Greg's 1990 novel *The Forge of God* — "For Alan Brennert, who gave me hell on TV" — also a reference to the plot of "Dead Run"); these days I think it's too close to call. He's won three Nebulas and two Hugos; I've won one Nebula and one Emmy Award. He lives in a great rambling home on Martha Lake in Washington; I live in a great rambling home in Sherman Oaks, California. And yet despite the distance between us, I think of Greg as one of my closest friends. Because we know what's truly important in any friendship of such long duration as ours. There's a considerable grounding of mutual respect, of course; Greg is not just an extraordinarily gifted writer, he's one of the most loyal, honorable men I know. But beyond that, we know what really bonds us. We know there's something that runs even deeper — something perhaps even inevitable — in our relationship: The fact that for every year I might make more money than he does, there's another when *he* makes more money than I do.

And after all, isn't that what literary fellowship is all about?



Introduction to “Destroyers”

by Greg Bear

Before I attended my first science fiction convention — before I graduated from high school — before *2001: A Space Odyssey*, but after *Star Trek* — while I was reading Ray Bradbury and Arthur C. Clarke and a host of influential others — I sold my first story. I was fifteen years old, not quite as young as Jim Kjelgaard (twelve) or Jane Gaskell (who published her first novel when she was fourteen), but still, a seasoned scribbler for five or six years. I'd submitted my first stories to John W. Campbell Jr. at *Analog*, and they had been politely rejected. Other stories went out to *If* and *Galaxy* and *Fantasy and Science Fiction*; they all came back with printed rejection slips. I wasn't ready to submit to *Playboy* yet.

I sent a short piece to Forry Ackerman for *Famous Monsters*, but Forry wasn't buying much fiction for that august magazine, some of whose readers are now among the best selling authors of our time. . . . However, Forry suggested I submit to *The Magazine of Horror*, edited by Robert A. W. Lowndes and published by a little company called Health Knowledge. I bought and read that slim pulp magazine and its companions, *Famous Science Fiction* and *Startling Mystery Stories*. I wrote a fan letter to Doc Lowndes, with a sketch proposing a more (ahem) *sedate* logo for *The Magazine of Horror*. Doc Lowndes wrote back and gently assured me that dripping blood was more marketable.

Some months later, I sent him a short little effort that seemed more rounded and complete than most of my stories, less a mood piece and more a statement. To my intense delight, Doc Lowndes purchased the story for *Famous Science Fiction*. He was buying a lot of first stories from hopeful writers in those days, paying them a pittance, but providing immense moral support.

I vividly remember going to the mailbox in the apartment complex on Montezuma Road in San Diego, where my parents and I lived, opening the little brass door and pulling out the neatly typed white envelope. The most significant fact about that envelope was that it was not a manila SASE containing a rejected story. I assumed before opening the letter that the story had been lost in the slush piles, and

Lowndes was writing to apologize. . .

But no. It was better than that, better than I could have expected. I don't remember whooping, but I may have. Writers everywhere know the feeling.

Eventually, after the story was published, when I was sixteen years old, Doc Lowndes sent a check for ten dollars. I made multiple copies of the check — still have a few, somewhere — and cashed it.

I would not sell another story until 1972.

The story, as I read it for the first time in a decade, shows a strong Bradbury influence, *Fahrenheit 451* in particular. I would meet Bradbury in 1968 and begin a correspondence that lasts to this day. But I can't blame Ray for my youthful ineptitude. I itch to correct syntax, mop up the many sloppy bits, revise and re-draft.

But this is my first published effort; so be it.

Years later, this first sale would come back to haunt me. I was rendered ineligible for the John W. Campbell Award for best new writer; I had been selling for years, after all. Precocity has its price.

As I look back, I am amazed at the growth that was to occur in just four years. By the age of nineteen, I had finished my first novel, an early draft of *The Infinity Concerto*, and the difference between “Destroyers” and that piece is boggling. I feel terribly hidebound and inflexible now. If I could make a leap of quality like that again, I would have no peer in the English language.

So, it is 1966 again. “Destroyers” was written by an intensely introspective young man of little experience, coming off a few weird years of political ultra-conservatism, starting to develop the liberal attitudes of a reasonable adult. Goldwater has lost; Johnson has won. The Vietnam War is getting up to speed.

I did not like what I saw going on around me.

The story is clumsy, but I would echo its basic theme over the years in stories such as “The Wind from a Burning Woman” and “Dead Run.” The Destroyers will crop up again in *Queen of Angels* as the punishing Selectors.



Destroyers

by Greg Bear

"You are the man who destroys churches?" I asked, poisoning my pencil over a clean sheet of note paper.

"Yes," said the young, pleasant-looking man before me. "I do."

"And what are your reasons for destroying churches?" I scribbled as he spoke.

"Reasons? There are many. Let's see. . . mmm. Yes, for one, churches have sought to hold people under their power for centuries, even eons. They have sought to impress their often archaic ideas on people by any and all means — through force, mingling of societies, legislations, anything." He smiled as I wrote. "You are doing an article?"

"Perhaps," I replied. "When did you go before the computer to be licensed?"

"Four months ago. There was a long line of people, many different complaints and ideas. Some were licensed; most weren't. These fools who wish to exterminate a neighbor because he cracks his egg at the small end get nowhere with the computer, of course. It only accepts legitimate — and well worded — queries for licenses, of course."

"And you destroy synagogues, monasteries, and temples?"

"Of course."

"But not the Buildings of the New Religion?"

"No, I have no complaint against them."

"Thank you," I said.

He acknowledged with a smile and handshake. "When you get your article finished, send me a copy of the magazine. I would enjoy seeing what you write."

"Very well," I replied. "If I sell it."

"Oh, no doubt you will, if you're any writer at all. Many people are interested in church-destroyers these days."

I left the church-destroyer's office and went downtown on my next mission. I thought deeply on what the c.d. had said, and came to many interesting conclusions. They were transferred to my notebook as soon as I grasped them.

I entered the office of the Communist-destroyer. In my notebook I made sure not to confuse him with the church destroyer when I abbreviated. I put him down as cm.d.

"What can I do for you?" he asked. He was a thin man with large eyes and nervous skin, with a face which can be described only as loose. He did not smile, but he did not frown, either.

"You destroy Communists?" I asked, pencil over notebook.

"Yes. Every damn one of them. Why?" Did I detect a hint of a frown? No. . . perhaps just a minor throat irritation. I prepared to switch on my shield, just in case.

"I write," I replied. "Articles, stories, books, and such."

"Oh. Be careful when you leave the building, my friend. There is a man down the street a ways who destroys

writers." His eyes flashed.

"I am a government writer," I said, and produced the small counterfeit card. "To continue. Why do you destroy Communists?"

"Because they wish to take us all over. They're clever, too, and they could do it if it wasn't for us."

"There is a group?"

"Naturally. It isn't too large, of course — " he lied, obviously — "but it's enough to keep them from getting too strong all at once."

"How do you tell a Communist?" I scribbled furiously.

"Normally we get calls from people who report their neighbors or something. Then we check out the reports — there's a stiff penalty for hitting normal people, of course — and move in if they're valid. You'd be surprised how many false reports we get. Probably the Communists do it themselves, give reports, I mean — just to get at us." His face was red. He spoke in a tense voice. I readied one free finger over my shield switch.

"Fine. Thank you very much, and success."

He smiled weakly and opened the door for me. "Careful of that writer-destroyer!" he warned and I shook my head.

I took the monorail to Jayark-Mirie and noted with interest that two men shot each other on car 34-c. I wonder who they were even now, but nobody ever finds out unless one of the destroyers isn't really a destroyer. If he's a normal person, they raise quite a fuss.

In Jayark, two men started battling it out on the streets and everybody automatically flipped on their shields. I believe only one man was killed that time, but I didn't really notice.

I interviewed the conservative-destroyer in his home.

"You destroy conservatives?" I asked.

"Yes, mm hmm. Conservatives, John Birchers, Nazis, and so on. You a writer?"

I nodded. "Why?" I asked.

"Why? Why what?"

"Why do you destroy conservatives?"

"Because they think they're right and no one else is. I can't stand that. It makes me sick."

"Why didn't you become a church-destroyer, or a Communist-destroyer, or somebody like that?"

"I only have one choice of license and occupation, of course. I chose this one — don't know really why. I just dislike old fogies with polluted brains functioning at half mast in reverence for the dear departed good old days."

"Thank you."

The last person I interviewed was the atheist-destroyer. He was an aged gentleman, dressed in a trim gray suit and carrying a fine cherry cane with gold tip. He had a sour face and a frown of the true avenger.

"You kill atheists?"

"I kill atheists." He had a rough, grating voice sounding like gravel tinkling on windows.

"Why?"

"Because it's God's law. They hate all honest religioners, they do, and anyone who doesn't think like them is nuts. In their opinion, of course. Bunch of twisted punks, all of them." I thanked him and left the house. The monorail trip

back to Brighton was quick and silent, giving me little time to organize my notes. I did that when I arrived at my hotel.

I spent three hours re-wording and correcting and doing the final draft. Then I sent my report and query into the computer.

I received my license today, along with the blank entrance form for purchasing a weapon.

I'm licensed to destroy destroyers.

Highlights of Greg Bear's Career

Novels:

Hegira. Dell, 1979.

Psychlone. Ace, 1979.

Beyond Heaven's River. Dell, 1980.

Strength of Stones. Ace, 1981.

Corona. Pocket, 1984.

The Infinity Concerto. Berkley, 1984.

Blood Music. Arbor House, 1985.

Eon. Bluejay, 1985.

The Forge of God. Tor, 1987.

Eternity. Warner, 1988.

Queen of Angels. Warner, 1990.

Heads. St. Martin's, 1991.

Anvil of Stars. Warner, 1992.

Short story collection:

The Wind from a Burning Woman. Arkham House, 1983.

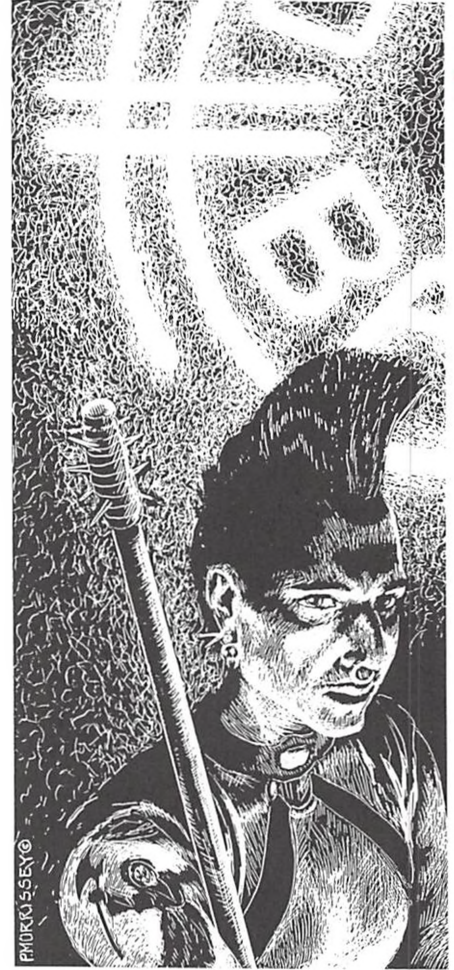
Awards won:

Nebula Award, 1984: "Hardfought."

Nebula Award, 1984: "Blood Music." (Novelette version)

Hugo Award, 1987: "Tangents."

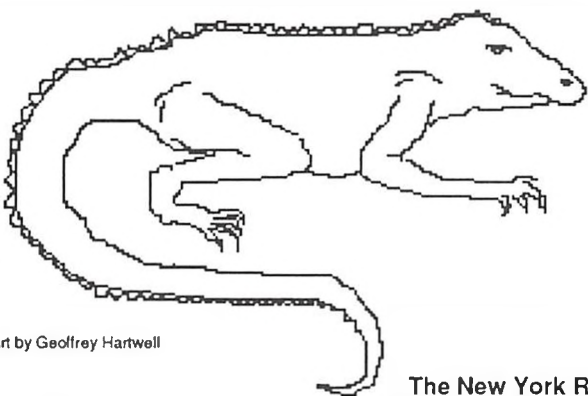
Hugo Award, 1984: "Blood Music." (Novelette version.)



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Boris Vallejo: Master of the Fantastic

by Darrell Schweitzer

When you see a Boris Vallejo painting, you don't readily forget it. That his is one of the most distinctive styles in contemporary fantastic art is one of the milder possible understatements. His figures are graceful, yet vigorous, beautifully detailed, yet almost luminous. His Conan, Tarzan, and Doc Savage covers seem virtually *alive*, combining the frenzied imagination of the best, classic pulp and comic-book art of the past with a vastly greater level of technical sophistication.

If only he'd been around to do the coverings on *Thrilling Wonder Stories* and *Weird Tales* in the 1930s. Fans might have been less eager to hide their magazines in plain brown wrappers.

Vallejo was born in Lima, Peru, in 1941. Although he originally intended to be a doctor, he was fascinated by art since childhood, particularly the Old Masters. He spent several years copying Vermeer, Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Da Vinci, and several more. He cites as particular favorites, the classic Spanish painters Murillo and Velasquez. He won his first national art competition at age 14, received a full scholarship to the Escuela Nacional de Bellas Artes, and went on to win numerous prizes in his native land, before passing up an Italian scholarship in 1963 to emigrate to the United States. He settled in New York in 1965 and married Doris Maier in 1967. They have two children.

Vallejo's first fantasy art commission came in 1971, after which his rise in the field was swift, as his paintings began to grace magazines, paperbacks, comic books, and calendars. Awards piled up: Best Artist of the Year at the San Diego Fantasy and Science Fiction Convention in 1978; Best Mystery Cover of the Year in 1979; a Hugo nomination in 1980; Best Cover Artist of the Year by Toutain Publishing in Barcelona, Spain, 1984 and 1986.

His work has been displayed all over the world. Major exhibits include the Museo Nacional de Arte in Lima, Peru; the Harvard Club in New York City; the Society of Illustrators in New York City; the Delaware Art Museum in Wilmington, Delaware; the Brandywine Fantasy Gallery in Kenilworth, Illinois; the Pendragon Gallery in Annapolis, Maryland; the Robin Hutchins Gallery in Maplewood, New Jersey; the Leo Burnett Agency in Chicago, Illinois; and Feria Internacional in Barcelona, Spain.

Collections of his paintings in book form include: *Boris I* — Anaconda Press; *Boris II* — Anaconda Press; *The Fantastic Art of Boris Vallejo* — Ballantine Books; *Mirage* — Ballantine Books; *Enchantment* — Ballantine Books; *Fantasy Art Techniques* — Simon & Schuster; *A Guide to Fantasy Art* — Dragon's World, England; *Diva* — Zoom Press, France; *Fantasy* — Volksverlag, Germany; and *Boris Vallejo Fantaszukus Vilaga* — Konyvtar, Hungary.

His work has been licensed into a wide variety of products — posters, jigsaw puzzles, greeting cards, figurines, T-shirts, board games, beer steins, skateboards, belt buckles, jewelry, buttons, book marks, book name plates, trading cards, drinking glasses, mirrors, clocks, and masks.



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Pamela Sargent

by George Zebrowski

I can now safely repeat the praise of George Alec Effinger, Gregory Benford, James Morrow, Michael Bishop, and many others, who have expressed in public what I have always known — that Pamela Sargent is one of the best living American writers of any kind. Although she has *never* been nominated for a single award, and been the subject of notably misguided reviews, it is a sign of her influence and acceptance that it is widely assumed that she has been nominated for and even won awards. I've watched writers complain in her company that they have not won an award (all of them have been nominated at one time or another), and watch their jaws drop whom she calmly tells them that she hasn't ever been on a final ballot.

Sargent, quite simply, does not promote herself and belongs to no clique. She finds asking another writer for a jacket blurb distasteful. She has never attended a writing workshop. At one time this was shyness on her part, but the shyness was only a sign of something deeper and stronger — an individualism that has always known that in matters of achievement we must all stand alone. No one can write the novel for you; no one can see, feel, and think as you do; and this individuality is all that an artist has to offer. Dilute it with too many other voices and that uniqueness is destroyed.

Sargent's prose reflects her sturdy individualism, which is deeply rooted in her Judeo-English-Amerind heritage. Electric currents of feeling and thought flow through her works, sometimes overwhelming readers who expect something more amiable; and whether they like the work or not, they are unlikely to forget it. Sargent opens up the hearts of men and women as few writers of SF have ever done, and she does it with a sparse, flinty, gritty, sometimes nervous prose that does not reward the lazy reader.

She is one of the few writers who has the array of thought, feeling, and technical skill to do justice to genuine science fictional subjects, to what some people call hard SF. This is a great rarity, since the ability to think through subtle ideas does not often go hand in hand with skills of characterization and writerly prose; too often readers are satisfied with the sheer dazzle of the ideas, and miss the equally interesting human impact of such toys. The existence of SF readers who care nothing for such considerations is what stops much SF from attaining its full potential.

Sargent, with her counter-melodramatic, Greek tragedian's methods, confronts readers with the human consequences of science, technology, and future changes. She is neither technophobe nor technophile, or ideolog. There is wonder in her stories, but no easy fantasy or wish-fulfillment. To know her characters is to suffer with them and exult over their victories. Sargent's work is so different from that of most SF writers, that it is impossible to guess from the packaging what a novel by her will be like. Many readers,



myself included, report that it is always an experience so convincing that one believes the author somehow managed to witness the events she has depicted. A Sargent novel is a rich, nourishing experience that provokes thought, incites interest and understanding, and is often profoundly moving; it also weeds out the lazy, impatient reader who is looking for a sugar-coated entertainment.

In my judgment, which I feel secure in stating because I see it confirmed so often these days, many of Sargent's earlier novels will be rediscovered, especially *The Golden Space*, the technical adroitness of which is surprising. Her three Venus novels will become essential to any understanding of this century's SF, as will *The Shore of Women*, which has been given the sincerest form of flattery: imitation. Her newest novel (to be published in 1993), *Ruler of the Sky*, will reveal her as a historical novelist of the first rank.

I've described what kind of writer Pamela Sargent is, from a reader's point of view. I've also observed her as an editor, and as a fellow writer. What I've seen happen over the years is the growth of a vehement talent finding its own way, as I've had to find mine. Something awesome has come to life within the person I love. To see this happen in a human being in whom one has also known frailties and faults is doubly impressive. When I read a new story or novel by Pamela Sargent, I forget that I am a writer. She sometimes comes into the room and interrupts me. I tell this intruder Pam person to leave, so I can read the writer I admire.

Introduction to "The Obelisk"

by Pamela Sargent

I spent the summer of 1988 in what was then the Soviet Union, ostensibly to research a novel, but also because it seemed like a good time to go. Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev had just held a summit, and despite the obvious economic problems that existed, there was some optimism. Many people, in the major cities anyway, were no longer shy about speaking to foreigners and it was possible to wander around fairly freely without feeling that the KGB was trailing you. Intourist guides openly referred to the "dark days" of Stalin. A young woman I met in the city of Yaroslavl cheerfully confessed that her favorite writer was Vladimir Nabokov, whose works had only recently become available.

The Obelisk

by Pamela Sargent

It costs five kopecks to use the Moscow Metro, including transfers. Walk a couple of blocks from Red Square to the Turgenevskaya Station, put a coin in the slot, keep your balance as you move through the crowds around the escalators, and you're soon rushing underground, with time enough to do a little reading on the escalator before you arrive at an ornate, well-lighted station. Every Metro station is different, but all of them are adorned with marble and tiles, statues and artwork, chandeliers and walls unmarred by graffiti; these people wait amid splendor for their trains. Travel six stops up on the Kaluzhsko-Rizhskaya Line (marked in yellowish-orange on the maps), get off at the VDNK Station and you're at the site of the USSR Economic Exhibition near the end of Mir Avenue.

The Space Obelisk stands to the left of the station. Walk toward it on a clear summer evening, and the light reflected from the titanium shaft above the base is as bright as a column of fire. Look up, and you see a silvery rocket high overhead pointing at the sky. The shaft is wide at the bottom and narrow at the top, where the ship is poised, captured at the moment of lifting off from the earth.

The Space Obelisk commemorates the Soviet Union's space program. A statue of Konstantin Tsiolkovsky sits in front of the obelisk; a wide walkway lined with busts of Soviet cosmonauts, the Alley of Heroes, stretches toward Mir Avenue. The base of the obelisk is granite sculpted with the images of scientists, workers, and pioneers in aviation.

But it's the titanium rocket above the silvery shaft that truly captures the hopes and dreams that were part of space

At the same time, I heard talk of growing shortages of basic goods, of increasing anti-Semitism and ethnic distrust, increasing suspicions of those in authority, and a fear that everything would fly apart. To leave the cities was to enter a world of dirt roads and draft animals, forests scarred by environmental damage, and streams where women still washed clothes by hand.

I wrote the following essay about one of the sites I saw in Moscow that summer, the 295-foot monument that commemorates Soviet space exploration. Then, it seemed a monument to a particular vision of the future, although one that was clearly tarnished; now, it seems to commemorate failed hopes.

exploration before ambiguity and doubt set in. It is a monument to idealism, an image straight from an *Astounding Science Fiction* cover of the 1940s, this rocket soaring above the earth.

#

I went to the obelisk one evening with Debbie, my traveling companion. We had been there before, to see some of the pavilions in the Economic Exhibition, one of which is a museum of the Soviet space program with a Vostok rocket nearby. We had also noticed a fair amount of economic activity on the grounds that the pavilions and displays did not honor. Groups of boys occasionally accosted us, offering pins in exchange for gum, asking to change money or if we had cigarettes, suggesting trades for our clothes and shoes.

This evening was hot and humid. I'd been hearing that the U.S. was in the midst of a spell of one hundred degree temperatures, but had not been able to find a foreign newspaper to confirm that; everyone was claiming that the Moscow weather was warmer than normal. Debbie carried a small bag filled with a couple of pairs of jeans and one pair of Reeboks, ready to trade. We had heard that a fair amount of trading went on in the evenings under the space monument.

A boy ran up as we neared the steps below the obelisk and shouted to us in Italian; I shook my head. He tried French; I gathered that he was offering hand-painted lacquer boxes and hand-made Russian dolls. He changed to English, but by then his competitors had appeared.

Groups of boys swarmed around us. I hung on to my

Weirdisms



HOMUNCULUS: The transmutation of metal wasn't the only goal of alchemy. The creation of artificial life obsessed many medieval philosophers and "miracle men." Paracelsus and Fludd were among those who concerned themselves with creating *homunculi*.

purse; I hadn't brought any goods to trade. "Change money?" several of them called out. They were offering three roubles for a dollar; the official exchange rate was six roubles and fifty-two Kopecks for ten dollars. I was going to need some more roubles when I left the city to head down the Volga; the word was that trying to change money outside official channels in outlying regions was a lot riskier than in Moscow. Trading is tacky, but legal. Changing money is not, since Soviet citizens are forbidden to own hard currency, but Moscow was filled with people looking for dollars. I'd already had two of them approach me in Red Square, within sight of the guards at Lenin's Tomb, and had been quick to mutter "Nyet."

The boys crowded around us as we climbed the steps, waving lacquer boxes and dolls. I had never seen girls among these traders, or any groups of girls engaged in these enterprises. A young woman had come up to me in Leningrad, inside the Hermitage, asking for American cosmetics, as had a woman in one hotel, but organized trading on the street seemed to be a male prerogative dominated by boys between the ages of ten and sixteen. Another band of boys ran toward us. They surrounded me; their fingers danced in front of my eyes as they preserved an eerie silence. At last I realized they were using sign language.

The silent, signing boys were from a school for the deaf. We learned this from the leader of another group, a boy with almond-shaped brown eyes and straight black hair. I thought he might be a Central Asian; it turned out that his grandfather was Japanese. He told me this in fluent, unaccented English; he seemed more interested in trade than in discussing his family's past.

Debbie was looking for a hand-painted and signed lacquer box. The berioskas, the stores for tourists that demanded hard currency, did not, as far as we could tell, stock the authentic ones people offered on the street, and would have charged an outrageous price if they had. The deaf boys showed Debbie a few; another boy showed me a set of hand-painted Russian wooden dolls. We moved around to the other side of the Space Obelisk, out of sight of the Metro station. Some more boys were loitering there. They held out a box showing a scene of a couple in a troika; Debbie began to bargain with them. Jeans, preferably designer jeans — Calvin Kleins were mentioned — while jeans without labels were worth a good deal less. Athletic shoes, Reeboks and Adidas in particular. American especially Marlboros, but they had to be from the States; the American brands sold in hotels and berioskas weren't as valuable, since they were manufactured in Europe.

Debbie was in luck, or so she thought. She had Calvin Kleins, Sassons, and her Reeboks. "What size?" one boy asked about the jeans. "Six," she replied. The boys looked dubious. They could live with size eight, and ten would have been better; apparently there weren't too many who wore a size six in Moscow. Debbie sweetened the deal with a carton of American cigarettes, the Soviet Union's unofficial currency.

The boys drifted away after the deal was concluded. We sat down near the statue of Tsiolkovsky while Debbie

admired her lacquer box. "You could have gotten a great box for your shoes," she said, pointing at my Reebok high-tops. That was probably true; I'd had two or three offers for them a day since entering the country. One had even been in hard currency; a man had cornered me in a doorway, waved a fistful of dollars at me, and shouted, "I want your shoes!"

But I didn't want a lacquer box. An apartment-dweller can't load up on souvenirs, and by then I was remembering what an American expatriate had told me a couple of nights earlier in her apartment. Roubles for dollars was one thing; everyone did that, illegal as it was. But trading seemed a kind of scavenging to her, with tourists carrying off beautifully crafted goods and even the occasional icon in exchange for little more than several bucks and stuff one could buy at any U.S. shopping mall. The products of painstaking craftsmanship could be had for jeans, running shoes, cigarettes, and disposable lighters.

I took out my cigarettes and lit one. Some boys I hadn't seen before suddenly appeared. It seemed courteous to pass the pack around, since nearly every Russian over the age of twelve I had encountered was a smoker. They eyed my Bic covetously as I offered them a light. One boy shook his head and told me he didn't smoke, perhaps a sign of changes to come.

"You're smart," I said. "This is really bad for you," I added hypocritically.

"Want to trade?" one boy asked as he sat down next to me. He was about twelve, with golden-blond hair and the face of a Botticelli angel.

"What have you got?" Debbie said.

"Russian dolls, lacquer boxes, jewelry, fur hats, whatever you want." He gestured at Debbie's acquisition with his cigarette. "I can get you a better one than that. Got the best stuff around. Don't trade with those other guys, trade with me." He sounded like a used car salesman, a real operator.

"Are you studying English in school?" I asked.

"My grandmother went to Texas once," he said, as if this explained his fluency. "Look, you want something, tell me — I bring it here tomorrow, same time." He sounded as though he took orders. I'd already noticed that none of these boys looked poor, and one of them was wearing a shirt with a "Lee" label. The blond boy's grandmother had been given the privilege of foreign travel. It seemed reasonable to assume that privileged kids had an advantage in the black market.

For my lighter, they gave me a couple of pins from the 1980 Olympics depicting Sasha the Bear, official mascot of those Games. They probably thought they'd ripped me off, but it felt like an even trade to me.

"Maybe I should have traded with him," Debbie said after the boys left.

"It's just a spiel," I said. "He probably didn't have anything better than that box." By then, it was close to nine-thirty, although the sky was still light. We were alone; the Alley of Heroes was an empty stone expanse. Someone had put a wreath at the base of Tsiolkovsky's statue; I hadn't noticed it before. I turned toward the obelisk and looked up at the rocket reaching for space.

Books by Pamela Sargent

Novels:

- Cloned Lives*. Fawcett, 1976.
The Sudden Star. Fawcett, 1979.
Watchstar. Pocket, 1980.
The Golden Space. Simon & Schuster, 1982.
The Alien Upstairs. Doubleday, 1983.
Earthseed. Harper, 1984.
Eye of the Comet. Harper, 1984.
Homesmind. Harper, 1984.
Venus of Dreams. Bantam, 1986.
The Shore of Women. Timescape, 1986.
Alien Child. Harper, 1988.
Venus of Shadows. Doubleday, 1988.
Ruler of the Sky. (forthcoming, 1993).

Short story collection:

- Starshadows*. Ace, 1977.

Anthologies (editor):

- Women of Wonder: Science Fiction Stories by Women About Women*. Random House, 1975.
More Women of Wonder: Science Fiction Novelettes by Women About Women. Random House, 1976.
Bio-Futures: Science Fiction Stories About Biological Metamorphosis. Random House, 1976.
The New Women of Wonder: Science Fiction Novelettes by Women About Women. Random House, 1978.
Afterlives. (with Ian Watson). Vintage, 1976.



Introduction to “In the Tradition of: An Immodest Proposal”

by Pamela Sargent

Those of us who write science fiction like to think we know what's coming. Often we miss by a mile, but occasionally we can take pride in actually having predicted some future development. It was fortunate for me that there was no Soviet Union lurking in the background of my novels *Venus of Dreams* (1986) and *Venus of Shadows* (1988) to wreck plausibility; I had assumed that particular national entity, and many others as well, had broken up into smaller states. I was also vague about exactly when this had happened. (Some words of advice to beginning writers: Know when to be vague.) What luck, especially with the third volume of this trilogy, *Child of Venus*, to complete!

Another of my forecasts that turned out to be correct is in

the following essay, which I wrote in 1982 for *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, then edited by Shawna McCarthy. Unfortunately, I didn't mean to prophesy, but was being satirical, although several *Asimov's* readers thought I was serious and soundly castigated me for my proposal. It turns out that these readers had more insight into publishing than I did, since “franchise fiction” was beginning to appear on book shelves by the time this essay came out. Never did I imagine, for instance, that V. C. Andrews would be writing new novels long after her death. It may be that satire provides a more reliable means of forecasting than does extrapolation.

In the Tradition of: An Immodest Proposal

by Pamela Sargent

There has been little cause for cheer among working writers lately. One hears tales of unsold (or worse, unwritten) novels, of low advances, of poor and declining sales. Experienced writers who are not yet widely known have difficulty making a living; new writers are fortunate if they can sell a book at all.

Yet at the same time, for a few, the situation has never been better. Science fiction and fantasy by Frank Herbert, Robert A. Heinlein, Anne McCaffrey, Stephen Donaldson, and others has found a place on the bestseller lists, and there is every indication that readers continue to want work by famous and established writers.

It does no good to rail against this situation, and there is little likelihood that things will change any time soon. How might we, given what is the case, help both successful writers and struggling authors while keeping the desires of readers and the profits of publishers in mind? There is a solution, but before mentioning that solution, it will be necessary to survey the past briefly.

In the days of pulp magazines, it was not uncommon for stories to have “house name” as bylines. Several writers might use the same byline or pseudonym for their work in a particular magazine, though this house name remained the

property of the publisher. At other times, two collaborators might use a joint *nom de plume* to distinguish their collaborative efforts from tales each had written alone.

House names, still used by paperback publishers of series in certain cases, have some value. Readers become accustomed to a particular byline, associating it with one type of story, while many individual writers using that name find work that they might not otherwise have.

Ghostwriting, of course, has been around for a long time, and recently the “celebrity memoir” has become a staple of publishing. Actresses, malefactors once high in government, and other persons of note now “write” books by holding forth in the presence of tape recorders and turn the tapes over to a ghostwriter. The byline on the book remains the celebrity's name in many cases, and the famous person may come to believe that she has actually written the book, as a glance at any talk show will prove. Thus do a fortunate few live out a fantasy common to many; being the author of a book without having to write it. The point must be made: it does not matter whether the alleged author has actually written the book.

The art of blurb writing, which may seem to be a separate subject, is in fact a related one. How often, in perusing the



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latest offerings, are you assured by comments on the cover that a book is a saga as enthralling as *Dune*, has the scope of Arthur C. Clarke, is more suspenseful than the work of Stephen King, is a novel to rank with *The Lord of the Rings*, or is in the tradition of Isaac Asimov, Robert A. Heinlein, or Ursula K. LeGuin? The publisher is clearly stating that, in the absence of a new offering by King, Tolkien, or Asimov, you are holding the next best thing; the publisher knows that the famous name — the “brand name,” if you will — attracts more readers than a new title coupled with an unfamiliar byline. Often a famous writer will contribute a prominently featured cover comment.

Such a recourse, unfortunately, bears the seeds of its own destruction. Why should a reader buy a book in the tradition of Heinlein or Asimov when he can buy a Heinlein or an Asimov? Since many of the most famous science fiction writers continue to be productive, there is little need of work by lesser-known talents; a publisher could easily make handsome profits by publishing only new work, and reprints of old work, by the prominent and popular. The situation bodes ill for the future of science fiction and fantasy. Although it is pleasing to see older writers gain the rewards of a lifetime of work, there is little room for the beginner to establish herself, and publishers may be unable to continue to reissue old works in that sad time — still, let us pray, in the far future — when there will be no more novels forthcoming by the most-loved writers.

The solution, given what I have set down so far, is obvious. Younger writers, in the interests of furthering their careers, fattening their bank balances, satisfying readers, and producing work profitable for publishers, must consider giving up their own names and taking the names of the writers of have most influenced them.

How would such a plan work? Quite simply. Author A, a talented but unknown writer, would swear fealty to Author B, a famous and successful writer. The details of such an arrangement could safely be left to them, but it would be understood that Author A would write in the tradition of Author B — would, in fact, *become* Author B.

The benefits to an unknown writer would be enormous. There would be higher advances, and Author A would still be free to develop artistically within the confines of Author B’s personality. As time passes, Author A would eventually pass on the name to yet another writer, and a lineage like the title of a noble family would be established, with the advantage that such an inheritance would be based on merit rather than birth. In the case of extremely prolific writers, an authorial or literary family may result, with many descendants, since a productive writer may require to or three such heirs to carry on her work, each mining a different imaginative vein.

The well-established writer would also benefit. He would know that his name would live on, that his vision would endure, that his sensibility would be part of the future. As things are, this may be as close to immortality as any man or woman can come. It would be the responsibility of such a writer to ensure, perhaps through a period of apprenticeship for the heir, that his standards prevail; in return, he will have

the devotions of generations of readers. Since he, through his *alter ego*, will continue to write, his earlier books are also likely to stay in print, and he will have the joy of knowing that all of those novels he does not have time to write will be written. His notes, sketches and outlines will be given to the heir.

The benefits to publishers need not be outlined. Having spent sums to make a name widely known, a publisher can reap the benefits for ages to come. We who write science fiction often fancy that we can understand trends and glimpse visions of the world to be. We live in a society where great amounts of capital are spent in promoting brand names for all sorts of products; we would server ourselves better if we came to terms with this fact in our own lives. Readers should welcome this proposal as well. Who wouldn’t rejoice knowing that the chronicles of *Dune* might eventually fill several shelves, that McCaffrey’s dragons will continue to soar, that Heinlein’s competent individualists will be in bookstores for the span of Lazarus Long’s life? Our great-grandchildren will have the pleasure, as we do now, of looking forward to the latest works of Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Larry Niven, or Jerry Pournelle. Whole libraries may eventually be devoted to the works of one writer.

Some will claim that such a proposal would subvert one of the primary purposes of literature, that of revealing an individual perspective, a distinctive voice. But there would be nothing to prevent a writer from working under his own name; he could carve out his territory, as Norman knights once did, and acquire heirs and vassals of his own. This path, of course, would be taken by only a few, but would it honestly be any more difficult than it has been in the past? Becoming a writer of note has never been a goal for the faint-hearted; the writer’s world is a Darwinian one.

A more pertinent question might be: How many works are truly original? The sad fact is that precious few are; most are derivative. Many writers already write within a framework and tradition laid down by a predecessor; my proposal would serve to make this explicit. There are only a few truly creative and original minds in any generation. The trend is clear — blurbs likening one writer to another, the writing of books based on the notes and outlines of one writer by a second writer, ghostwriting, the preference of many readers for the series or trilogy. It is up to science fiction writers to be the first to establish these literary families; others will soon follow suit.

In the end, how many different stories are written? Perhaps we are all simply writing the same ones over and over — the quest, the tale of a love lost and found, the story of a god becoming man or a man becoming god — all modeled on older stories, which are in turn derived from myths. The patterns remain the same; individuality itself may be an illusion, a false perception maintained by the tiny cells of one vast organism.

It is my earnest hope that all of you will take this suggestion to heart, and perhaps recommend it to your favorite writers.

Ray Harryhausen: Motion as Art

an appreciation by Bob Walters

Ray Harryhausen is the dean of modern stop-motion animation and photographic effects. His long-overdue Life Achievement Oscar, received earlier this year, attests to the respect and admiration he is given by an entire generation of young technicians. But Mr. Harryhausen is more than a fine craftsman — he is a true *artist*. Major retrospectives of his films, sculpture, and drawings have been mounted at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and the National Museum in London.

Over a long career in feature films, spanning more than 30 years, his work has set the standard for excellence in the fantasy and science fiction film genre. He is responsible for a remarkable feat — almost single-handedly raising special effects out of the ghetto of cheap drive-in fare and into the realm of celluloid art while deeply influencing young filmmakers-to-be like George Lucas, Steven Spielberg and Joe Dante along the way. Harryhausen films are just that — they are not listed by director or producer, (a “Hitchcock” or “Kubrick” film, for instance), they are “Harryhausen films”!

Ray's life changed forever when, as a child, he saw *King Kong* and was mesmerized by the stop-motion techniques of Willis O'Brien. O'Brien had pioneered the use of small puppets with articulated skeletons of metal which he moved a fraction of an inch at a time while one frame of film was shot, a painstaking discipline which produced ground-breaking results in *The Lost World* (1925). With *Kong* as his inspiration, the young Harryhausen began experimenting with models in the family garage and a long and literally fantastic creative odyssey had begun. Through the next three decades, Ray would work on sixteen feature films starting with Oscar-winning *Mighty Joe Young* (1949) on which he worked as senior technician with his hero, Willis O'Brien, and ending in 1981 with the multi-million dollar fantasy spectacle *Clash of the Titans* for which he not only

created and supervised the effects, but also was executive producer.

Certain films and sequences have, over the years, made an indelible impression upon me and influenced my work as an artist:

The Cyclops from *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* cooking a hapless sailor over a fire.

The cowboys in *Valley of Gwangi* lassoing a blue carnosaur.

An alien spaceship slamming into the Washington Monument in *Earth vs. the Flying Saucers*.

A platoon of living skeletons fighting Greek hoplites to the death in *Jason and the Argonauts*.

A gigantic octopus ripping the Golden Gate Bridge apart in *It Came from Beneath the Sea*.

The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms taking a leisurely stroll through New York, squashing cars like bugs.

Imagery of real mythic power is the hallmark of Harryhausen's work. That, and the uncanny ability to endow his creations, through the alchemy of his genius, with a grandiose life of their own.

Sometimes “good guys” do finish first. Ray has pursued his vision from low-budget obscurity to world-wide acclaim and financial success. Ray Harryhausen is the world's premier cinemagician and it is a real tribute to his genius that an Emmy-winning stop-motion animator of my acquaintance said of him — “I know how he did it. . . but how did he do it?”





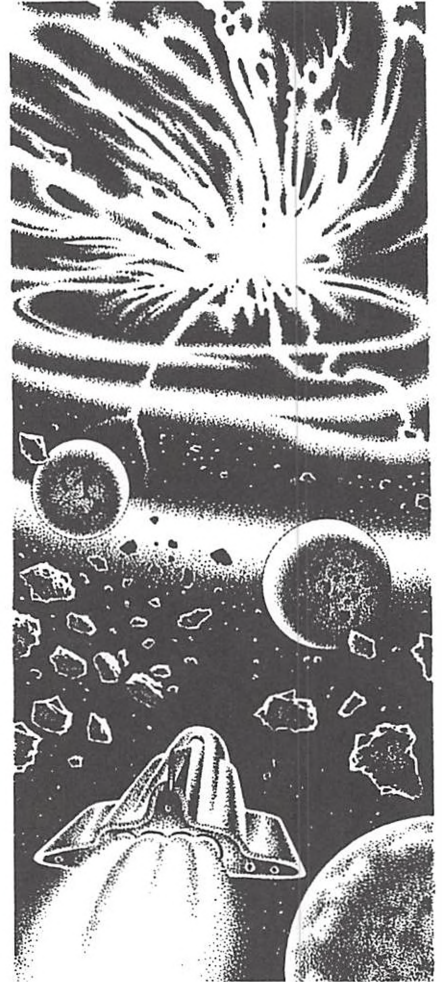
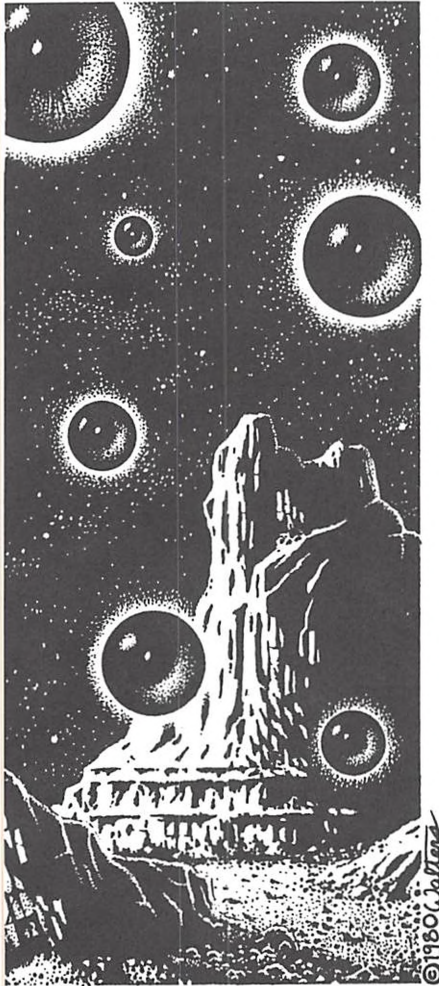




The Feature Films of Ray Harryhausen

Mighty Joe Young (1949)
The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms (1953)
It Came from Beneath the Sea (1955)
The Animal World (1955)
Earth Versus the Flying Saucers (1956)
Twenty Million Miles to Earth (1957)
The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad (1958)
The Three Worlds of Gulliver (1959)

Mysterious Island (1961)
Jason and the Argonauts (1963)
First Men in the Moon (1965)
One Million Years B.C. (1966)
The Valley of Gwangi (1969)
The Golden Voyage of Sinbad (1973)
Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger (1977)
Clash of the Titans (1981)



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Tom Smith — A Biography in One Part

by Bill Roper

Tom Smith was born in Detroit and came out a liberal despite this disadvantage. At an early age, it was apparent that Tom was demented. At later ages, it became apparent exactly how demented he was. It was not until he picked up a guitar (some seven years ago as of this writing) that we received the full impact of Tom's demented mind.

Some filkers burst upon the scene full blown, much like Athena springing from the brow of Zeus. This was not the case with Tom. When Tom started filking, he was — speaking charitably — bad (ask him; he'll admit it). Fortunately for the folks at the various Michigan area filksings, he got better. In fact, he got a lot better. He did, however, remain demented.

Tom has filled the ecological niche in Midwestern filk fandom that was opened up when Frank Hayes moved to the San Francisco area — resident humorist. Tom frequently writes songs that are hysterically funny. For examples, you might check out his first tape, *Who Let Him In Here?*, available from Dodeka Records and other fine (demented) filk dealers. (Look, I'm writing this thing. I'm entitled to a free plug.)

When someone writes songs that are as funny as Tom does, you don't expect to hear them write serious music. Tom

defies all expectations. Every so often, he'll pen a fine serious song that will scare the pants off you or move you to tears. Much like Julia Ecklar, he has the talent to find the nugget of interest within a book, film, or TV show, and produce a song which is frequently better than the source material.

This is, of course, blatantly unfair. One person should not be allowed to write really good humorous and serious material. Tom does it anyway. He can also write very quickly. Don't be upset if you see him sneak out of the filk with a pencil and pad. Just get out your stopwatch.

Aside from filk, Tom has a number of interests. These include his beloved Amiga computer, his MIDI synthesizer, comics, the novel he is working on, looking for a new job, and the pursuit of various members of the appropriate sex. (Female, to the best of my knowledge and awareness). He is also an avid Trivial Pursuit player, although in the Worldcon hotel room trivia match, he was roundly trounced (Sorry, Tom. Better luck next time).

I am certain that you will enjoy having Tom as a guest at your convention. Please take good care of him and return him in good condition if you want to get your deposit back. Thank you.



Superman Sex Life Boogie

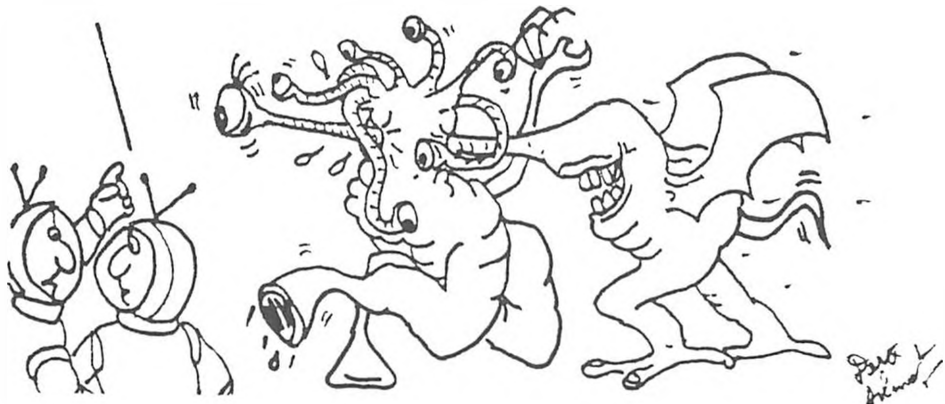
by Tom Smith

Am G F E
Well, I'm a small-town boy with a heart of gold,
Am G F E
Not to mention heat vision and breath that's cold,
Am G F E
I've got super strength, I'm immune to pain,
Am G F E
But I'm weak in the knees around Lois Lane.
Am G F E
She's got a sexy walk, and the bluest eyes;
Am G F E
Her clothes are all painted onto her thighs.
Am G F E
She's got great taste, so I just don't see
Am G F E
Why she's in love with my costume, but not with me.

A G D A
I can change the course of rivers, bend steel in my bare hands,
A G D E E7
But none of that hokey macho stuff makes me feel more like a man.
A G D Esus4 E7
I'm faster than a speeding bullet, I'm tougher than a moving train,
A A7 D Dm6
But why leap a tall building in a single bound,
E (tacet) Am G F E Am G F E
When I'd rather jump Lois Lane.

Well, I'm a nice, easy-going kind of guy,
I've got mild manners and my wit is dry,

... OH **THAT**... I LIKE TO THINK OF
IT AS A RITE OF SPRING.



But it doesn't ever seem to matter what I say,
'Cause Lois never gives me the time of day.
But when I fly the city in my blue and red,
She'd risk the whole world just to get me to bed,
But that's not the way I want to let her get my bod,
It's not making love, it's seducing God.

I've told her a thousand times, we can never risk normal sex.
If I lose control, we could get Dave Cronenberg to do the special effects,
I'm faster than a speeding bullet, I'm tougher than a moving train,
But why leap a tall building in a single bound,
When I'd rather jump Lois Lane.

Well, I'm sick of all the supervillains poking fun,
Just because I'm still a virgin at age thirty-one.
I don't like the names that I'm being called,
I couldn't care if Lex Luthor always been more bald.
I'd love to let Lois know the way I feel,
To let her know the man underneath the steel,
But she doesn't want to have a thing to do with me
Unless I'm out bashing baddies in my B.V.D.s.

I've had it with the hero biz, frustration has got me down.
Why should I bother with saving the city when I'd rather be painting the town?
I'm faster than a speeding bullet, I'm tougher than a moving train,
But I'd throw it all away in a minute if I
Could just once get the jump on Lane.

Final chords: Am G F E C D (Esus4 E) Am



Domino Death

by Tom Smith

A7 / / /
Well, the pizza biz ain't what it used to be,
/ / / /
It's a dangerous job for a boy like me.
D7 / / /
Jay-walkers stare like you lost your mind.
A7 / / /
Speed-traps ahead of you, muggers behind.
/ / / /
I've been robbed eight times at somebody's door,
/ / / /
I'm mad and I ain't gonna take no more,
E7 / D7 /
So the next time somebody goes for the cash,
A7 (tacet) / / /
I've got a turret-mounted laser wired up to the dash.

D7 / / /
Domino Death, we're gonna have some fun,
A7 / / /
Domino Death, you better duck and run,
E7 / D7 /
Domino Death, you better do your best,
A7 (tacet) / / / A7
Or I'll deliver you to Hell in thirty minutes or less, uh-huh.

I've got an armor-plated van with a Teflon sheen,
A Plexiglass windshield, Polaroid green,
Bullet-proof tires with a Kevlar mesh,
And a hotbox to keep your pepperonis fresh.
I've got an on-board computer to do my math,
A big cow-catcher to clear my path,
And I'll fry the brains of anyone I miss —
I've got a tape of Frank Sinatra singing Grace Jones and KISS.

Domino Death, I'm crazy as Hell,
Domino Death, I hope you tip real well,
Domino Death, you better watch for me,
And if you manage to survive you get the pizza for free, uh-huh.

Well, you can beg and plead, but it's just no use,
I'm over the edge, I don't need an excuse,
I'll blow off your head for getting double cheese,
And I wouldn't say, "NO ANCHOVIES, PLEASE."
I keep the streets empty night and day,
Fire trucks and funerals get out of my way.
Now I'm looking around to see who I've missed,
And I think Little Caesar's is next on the list.

Domino Death, it's no big loss,
Domino Death, you'd better love the sauce,
Domino Death, just pick up the phone,
We're courteous and friendly, like Sylvester Stallone.

Domino Death, I've got a double for you,
Domino Death, I'll get your roommate, too,
Domino Death, you'll go like the rest,
I'll deliver you to Hell in thirty minutes or less.



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Isaac Asimov (1920-1992)

by Darrell Schweitzer

Isaac Asimov is gone. He was the author of over four hundred books, *not counting* anthologies edited or co-edited, or accretions to the Asimovian canon added by others. He lived to write and did little else. When once asked by an interviewer, "What would you do if you knew you only had six months to live?" he replied, "Type faster."

And type he did. As he knew his final illness was upon him, he continued writing as long as he physically could, dropping all other commitments in favor of his *F&SF* column, his editorials in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, and the final Foundation book, *Forward to Foundation*.

He said farewell to his legions of fans here, at Philcon in 1990. That was his last public appearance, the very last of his marvelous speeches which used to be the highlight of any convention he attended.

But let's not think of just our own little world. Isaac Asimov was America's greatest polymath, an awarded Grandmaster of Science Fiction, widely recognized as, in the words of Harvard professor George S. Simpson, "one of our natural wonders and national resources." Asimov probably did more than many school systems to educate the population, his non-fiction ranging over the entire spectrum of science, into history, literature, and religion (*Asimov's Guide to the Bible*). He wrote books on Shakespeare, Gilbert and Sullivan, and even a three-volume work on immigrants in America. His frivolous side perpetrated *Lecherous Limericks* and *The Sensuous Dirty Old Man* (as by "Dr. A").

Yet it was for his science fiction — ultimately a small percentage of his total output — that Asimov was always known and by which he defined himself. As such, he was widely read and widely translated of all American authors.

His science fiction is going to live on after him. *The Foundation Trilogy* and the stories in *I, Robot*, all products of the 1940s, completed and published in magazine form by the time the author was thirty (although not as books until slightly later) have been indisputable classics for decades.

Asimov's method, from the start, was deceptively simple: an interesting story, plainly told. His aesthetics were those of the "Golden Age of Science Fiction," that legendary period in which the leading science fiction magazine, *Astounding* (nowadays, *Analog*), and through it the entire field were dominated by the editor John W. Campbell, who discovered or developed most of the major writers of the mid-century: Robert A. Heinlein, Theodore Sturgeon, L. Sprague de Camp, A. E. Van Vogt, and so forth. Asimov was John Campbell's prize pupil, who dispensed with the pulp clichés of earlier SF — mad scientists, square-jawed heroes, drooling alien invaders, purple prose — and wrote breezy, engineering SF, in which competent humans apply the scientific method to a comprehensible universe and win out. "Style" was not an

issue. Prose was a communicative tool, to be used as efficiently as possible.

The early gimmick stories soon broadened into something much more interesting. Following Edward Gibbon, Asimov envisioned the decline and fall of a vast galactic empire, then created the imaginary science of "psychohistory," history nearly as exact as chemistry, with predictions that work. The empire *will* fall, psychohistory reveals, but the Asimovian characters hardly despair. Instead they set to work to preserve the rudiments of civilization through the coming dark age and design a better future.

This is not to say that Asimov was just a cheery optimist. At the very time the Nazis were sweeping all before them, he produced what ultimately became his most famous story, "Nightfall," about a world in a multiple-sun system which only experiences darkness every thousand years. The text is prefaced with a fatuous quote from Ralph Waldo Emerson, proclaiming how, if men could see the stars only once in a thousand years, they would celebrate the glory of God. No, says Asimov, they would go mad. In "Nightfall" all the efforts of scientists to preserve rationality are in vain. Civilization is torched in a psychotic craving for light.

At the same time, Asimov found a virgin niche. H. G. Wells and Jules Verne had never written about robots. The earlier pulp-magazine writers had mostly depicted robots as clanking menaces. Asimov described robots as they would actually be built, as tools for specific purposes. Editor Campbell coined the famous Three Laws of Robotics, but explained that he had derived them from Asimov's stories:

- 1) A robot must never harm a human being, or through inaction allow a human being to come to harm.
- 2) A robot must obey the orders given it by a human being, except where such orders would conflict with the First Law.
- 3) A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.

These ultimately became more than just rules for fiction. "Robotics" (Asimov's genuine contribution to the language) is now a serious science. Its practitioners recognize the Three Laws. Those Laws can be found engraved on the wall of a Japanese robot factory. In the 1980s, Chinese science fiction temporarily ground to a halt because writer Wei YaHua developed a subtle political subtext under the pretense of a critique of the Three Laws of Robotics, which, of course Chinese readers were expected to know. The president of

leading American robotics firm (Unimation Inc.) admits that he was inspired by reading the work of Isaac Asimov. "Because I was writing science fiction, and *only* because I was writing science fiction," Asimov proudly wrote in the introduction to *The Complete Robot* (1982), "I . . . was starting a chain of events that is changing the face of the world."

In other words, we shall have Asimovian robots because Asimov's readers will build them.

Ultimately Isaac Asimov fell in love with his robots. They remain his most endearing creations. Lt. Data, *Star Trek: The Next Generation's* popular "android," is no more than a pale reflection of Asimov's R. Daneel Olivaw, the robot detective who plays Sherlock Holmes to a human Watson in a series of novels beginning with *The Caves of Steel* (1953). The most developed Asimovian robots are fully sentient beings, superior to humans in most respects, but — some of them at least — like *Star Trek's* Data, long to be truly human. In a later story, "The Bicentennial Man," a robot finally does become human, and experiences death. R(obot) Daneel is not just a crime-solving device, but a true friend and wise companion.

By the end of the 1950s, Asimov had largely devoted himself to that tremendous outpouring of non-fiction which made him a one-man industry. He returned to science-fiction with a major novel, *The Gods Themselves*, in 1973, then, in the '80s, finally caving in to his publishers, resumed the

Foundation and Robot series with *Foundation's Edge*, *The Robots of Dawn*, *Foundation and Earth*, and even *Robots and Empire*, as with some stretching and patching, the robot and Foundation universes were combined.

These later novels were inevitable best-sellers, because whole generations had grown up reading earlier Asimov. Most are too long and too talky, but the characterizations are much deeper and there is an overwhelming sense of *place*, whether it is the vast beehive of the Galactic Empire's capital world, or the eerie, deserted, once robot-dominated planet Solaria (from *The Naked Sun*, 1957). The subtexts, intriguingly, deal with prejudice (anti-robot, spacefaring-vs.-Earthbound humans), something Asimov, a Russian-born Jew raised in Brooklyn, must have known from personal experience.

Was he a great writer? He was certainly a great popularizer, of science, rationality, and the John W. Campbellian worldview, both through his fiction and his non-fiction. He may well turn out to be the Sir Walter Scott of science, the great romancer.

It is certain that he will be read for a long time to come.

Note: a somewhat different version of this article appeared in *The Boston Phoenix*.

Fritz Leiber Jr., 1910-1992

by Darrell Schweitzer

Fritz Leiber was the gothic genius of American fantasy. Highly honored within his own field, revered by colleagues, winner of (among others) six Hugo Awards, and World Fantasy Awards both for Best Short Story and Lifetime Achievement, a Nebula Grandmaster Award, and a Gandalf, Leiber never quite came to the attention of the Critical Establishment because he was "genre," which was the general public's loss. But he will be belatedly "discovered," like Philip K. Dick. Wait and see.

We were greatly honored to have Fritz as Principal Speaker at Philcon in 1990. Even then, though age had somewhat diminished his magnificent actor's voice, he was incisive and fascinating. Those who heard him speak in his prime — such as the memorable reading of Lovecraft's "The Haunter of the Dark" at the World Fantasy Convention in Providence in 1975 (only scant blocks from the scene of the action!) — have some idea of how Leiber once held audiences spellbound.

That 1990 Principal Speaker interview was published recently in *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*. Go read it.

His accomplishments are too many to list.

Here was the author who virtually invented the modern

horror novel with the twice-filmed *Conjure Wife* (1943). *Our Lady of Darkness* (1977) continued demonstrate an artistry matched only by Shirley Jackson's *The Haunting of Hill House*.

Some of his science fiction novels, such as *Gather, Darkness!* (1958) and *The Wanderer* (1964) are classics. *The Big Time* and subsequent "Change War" stories made the inter-universal time-streams, where Snakes and Spiders battled to cancel one another out of history, a permanent part of Leiber Space.

Leiber could turn anything into high art. He could turn out absolute gems to order around magazine covers. He wrote satire, adventure, hard-science, avant-garde fantasy, even a Tarzan novel. His "Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser" series was the most literate sword and sorcery ever done, its final volume *The Knight and Knave of Swords* (1988) edging the stalwart heroes inexorably nearer to old age and death.

He ranged impressively over topics as varied as witchcraft, politics, sex, cats, chess, Shakespeare, and time-travel; substantial essays and poetry in addition to fiction. His quiet passing on September 5, 1992 was not unexpected, but it is a grave loss.

Fritz Leiber was one of the giants.

Who's Who at Philcon 1992

Roger MacBride Allen's books include *Orphan of Creation*, *Rogue Powers*, *The Farside Cannon*, *The Rings of Charon*, and (with Eric Kotani) *Supernova*.

Dr. Arlan Andrews, Sr. is presently a White House Fellow for the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, working in the fields of advanced manufacturing and space commercialization. He has been selling science fiction since 1979, with over fifty publications in *Analog*, *Omni*, *Science Fiction Age*, and *Infoworld*. His first two SF novels are making the rounds of New York publishers. He lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Ellen Asher is senior editor of the Science Fiction Book Club.

David Axler makes his living designing database systems for case management in U. S. bankruptcy courts, but he's also had game-design work published in *The Dragon* and papers on science fiction published in academic journals, such as *Keystone Folklore*.

Camille Bacon-Smith is the author of *Enterprising Women*, the definitive ethnographic study of women's media fandom. She teaches at the University of Pennsylvania.

Doug Beason is a working physicist whose short fiction has appeared in *Analog*, *Full Spectrum*, *New Destinies*, *Pulphouse*, *Endless Frontier*, etc. He is also the author of three published techno-thrillers and several hard-SF novels in collaboration with Kevin J. Anderson, including *Lifeline*, *The Trinity Paradox*, and *Assemblers of Infinity*.

John Betancourt is senior editor of Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc. He was one of the three founding editors of the current incarnation of *Weird Tales* and has worked editorially on *Amazing Stories*. As a publisher, he is responsible for the enormously successful Wildside Press imprint, and as an author, best known for *Johnny Zed* and *Rememory*. Other Betancourt novels include *The Blind Archer* and *Rogue Pirate*. His short fiction has appeared in *Amazing*, *Weird Tales*, *Aboriginal SF*, and various anthologies.

Michael Betancourt is art director for *Weird Tales*.

Dainis Bisenieks is a long-time fan, native of Latvia, and has worked for *Weird Tales*, *Amazing Stories*, and Owlswick Press.

Jeff Bredenberg is the author of three science fiction

novels, *The Dream Compass* (Avon 1991), *The Dream Vessel* (Avon, 1992), and the forthcoming *The Man in the Moon Must Die* (Avon, 1993). He has worked for 22 years in journalism and is currently assistant managing editor of *The News Journal* in Wilmington, Delaware.

Linda Bushyager is the author of two published novels, *The Spellstone of Shaltus* and *Master of Hawks*. Her fanzine *Granfalloon* was several times nominated for the Hugo award.

Susan Casper has published short fiction in *Amazing*, *Asimov's Science Fiction*, and elsewhere.

Jack Chalker is the author of numerous novels, series, retrologies, including *The Four Lords of the Diamonds*, *The Return of Nathan Brazil*, *Twilight at the Well of Souls*, *Masters of Flux and Anchor*, *The Messiah Choice*, etc. He recently published a vast and encyclopedic reference history of small-press publishing.

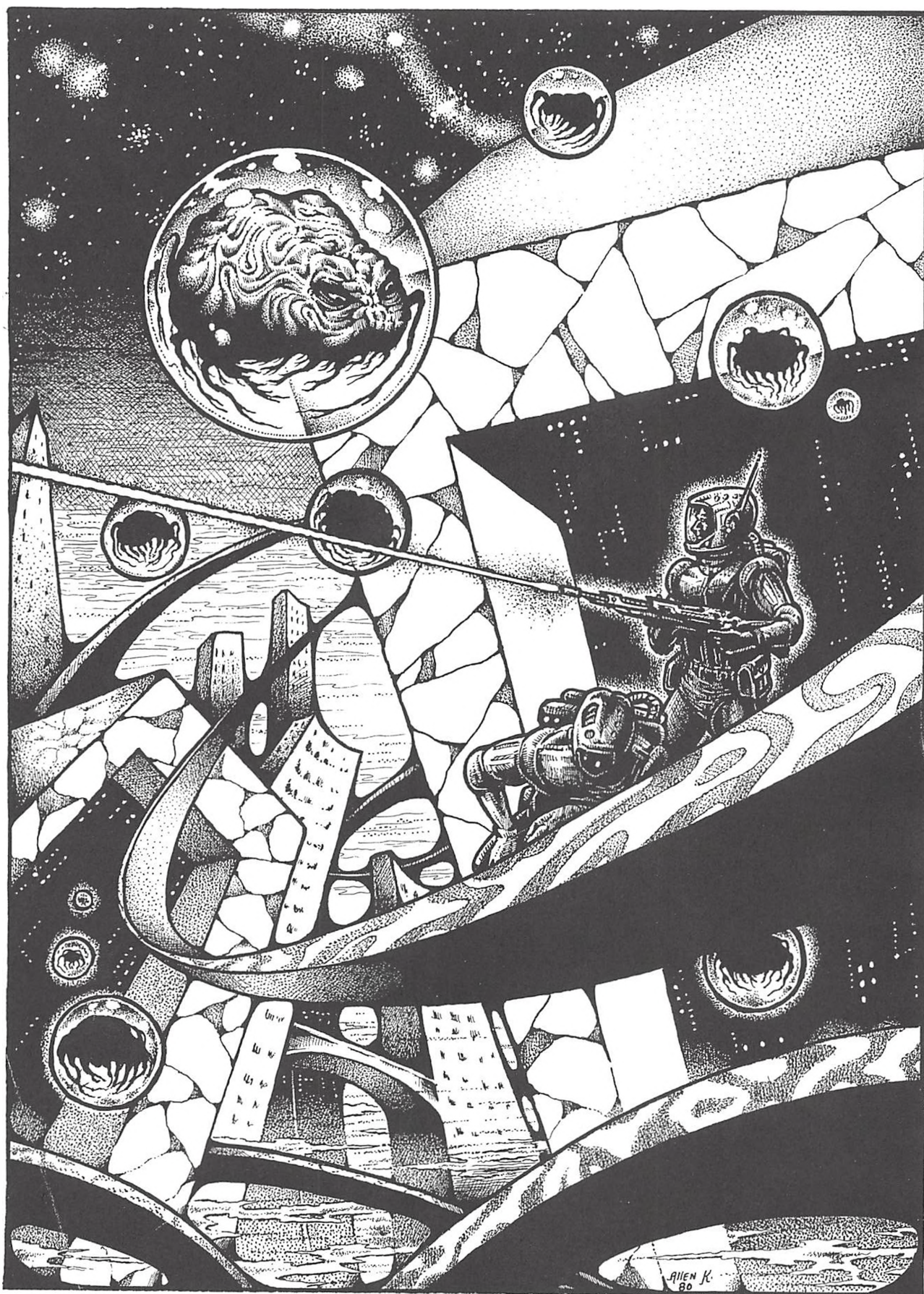
Bryan Cholfin edits Broken Mirrors Press, the most recent publication of which is *Lafferty in Orbit*. He is about to launch a new magazine, *Crank!*, the nature of which he will explain this weekend.

Hal Clement (a. k. a. Harry C. Stubbs) is one of the great masters of the "hard science" novel, having pioneered the form with such classics as *Mission of Gravity* and *Iceworld* in the 1950s. His recent works include *Still River* and *Through the Eye of the Needle*.

Brenda Clough has published several fantasy novels from DAW: *The Crystal Crown*, *The Dragon of Mishbil*, and *The Name of the Sun*. Her first children's novel, *The Impossible Summer*, appeared in 1982.

Greg Costikyan describes himself as "your general issue Minor Genre Writer (MGW), with a bunch of short stories and one novel in print (three others forthcoming). He is also a World Famous Game Designer (WFGD), having designed 23 commercial-published games, including *Paranoia*, *Toon*, and *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game*. He does some stuff for Prodigy Services computer network, and for *Reason* magazine. His hobbies include breathing, eating, and changing diapers."

Kathryn Cramer is an editor and anthologist, noted for such books as the World Fantasy Award nominated *Walls of Fear* (Morrow).



Tom Doherty is the publisher of Tor Books.

Gardner Dozois edits *Asimov's Science Fiction* magazine, for which he has won the Best Professional Editor Hugo five years running. This, and his numerous anthologies (everything from *The Year's Best Science Fiction* to *Magicals*) tend to distract us from his similar eminence as a fiction writer. His story "The Peacemaker" won a Nebula Award in 1983 and "Morning Child" won in 1985. Look for his novel *Strangers* and the collections *The Visible Man* and *Slow Dancing Through Time* (a book of collaborations, with Jack Dann, Michael Swanwick, Susan Casper, and Jack C. Haldeman II).

Scott Edelman is editor of the new magazine *Science Fiction Age*. His short fiction has appeared in such places as *Twilight Zone*, *Pulphouse*, *Fantasy Book*, and Dennis Etchison's *MetaHorror*. His first novel *The Gift* (Space & Time) was a Lambda Award finalist. He worked for Marvel Comics in the early '70s. His TV writing includes Saturday morning cartoon work for Hanna-Barbera and treatments for *Tales from the Darkside*. He recently served on the Nebula Awards short fiction jury.

Lloyd Arthur Eshbach is a member of First Fandom who sold his first professional stories in the 1930's and achieved his greatest fame in the '40s and '50s as publisher of Fantasy Press. His *Over My Shoulder* is a nostalgic and informative guide the early days of SF specialty publishing.

Stephen C. Fisher has published fiction in *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine* and is working on a novel called *The Eternal Seducer*, which he describes as "full of sex, violence, and operatic coloratura." But he reassures us, "No demonstrations — I promise not to sing."

Esther Friesner is the author of more fantasy novels than we can keep track of, everything from *Mustapha and His Wise Dog* to *Hooray for Hellywood*. She is also, allegedly, the Miss Manners of science fiction. See her "Ask Auntie Esther" columns in *Pulphouse* for more details. She was Guest of Honor at the 1992 Phrolicon.

Ken Gale is editor and co-publisher of *Dangerous Times* and *New Frontiers* for Evolution Comics. He is active in SF and comics fandom, and is a graduate of the Florida Institute of Technology.

Mark Garland's first novel, *Dorella* (a collaboration with Charles G. McGraw), recently appeared from Baen Books.

Alexis Gilliland is fandom's favorite cartoonist, and also a novelist, author of *Wizenbeak* and sequels and the *Rosinante* series.

Jane Esther Hamilton stars in *Bloodsucking Pharaohs in Pittsburgh*. She has appeared in numerous other films.

Ellen Key Harris is Associate Editor of Del Rey Books.

David M. Harris has worked in science fiction as an agent, author, and editor, most recently with Byron Preiss Visual Productions. He has written interactive computer games, two feature films, and with Harry Harrison, *Bill the Galactic Hero: The Final Incoherent Adventure*.

David G. Hartwell has for some years now been one of the field's most distinguished editors. He is presently a consultant for Tor Books. Chances are any SF or fantasy book you've really admired in the past ten years as something distinctly a cut above the usual run of formula has had David Hartwell involved with it at some point. Examples include Gene Wolfe's *The Book of the New Sun* and sequels, several Michael Bishop novels, and Ellen Kushner's *Thomas the Rhymer*. Recently Hartwell has been exploring and virtually redefining the horror field through a series of definitive anthologies, the most recent of which is *The Foundations of Fear*. He is one of those Secret Masters you hear so much about.

Alexandra Elizabeth Honigsberg, Brooklyn-born and Long Island-raised, is a frequent panelist and lecturer at conventions. Her fiction has appeared in numerous magazines. Her non-fiction has appeared in *The West Side Spirit* and *BBS Online*. In addition to being a scholar of religion and the occult, she has a full-scale (in possibly several senses of the word) musical career which has taken her to Canada as a conductor, to Carnegie Hall and Kennedy Center as a section violinist, and even to Greenwich Village's The Bitter End, where she sang and played electric strings for the British rock group QUANGO. She lives in Manhattan with her writer/musician husband, David Honigsberg.

Her GENIE ID is A.Honigsberg.

David Honigsberg is a gamer and writer, "as comfortable with AD&D and GURPS" as he is with New Games, which he has been teaching for almost 15 years. He has worked with Dennis McKiernan and Peter Busch as New York Test Coordinator for the *Destiny Deck* (Stellar Games, Fall 1992). His other talents include disc-jockey, musician, scholarly expert on Judaica and Arthuriana, and in real life he is a Macintosh/DTP/LAN specialist.

Marvin Kaye's most recently published novel is *Fantastique* (St. Martin's Press), and he is also the author of *The Incredible Umbrella*, *The Amorous Umbrella*, *The Possession of Immanuel Wolf*, *Masters of Solitude* (with Parke Godwin), *A Cold Blue Light* (with Parke Godwin) and *Ghosts of Night and Morning*. He is a prolific anthologist (*Haunted America*, *Lovers and Other Monsters*, *Devils and Demons*, etc.) and somehow finds additional time to direct a theater company in New York.

Karl Kofoed is a distinguished Philadelphia illustrator, best known for his "Galactic Geographic" series of paintings.

Yonji Kondo writes SF as Eric Kotani. He has collaborated with Roger MacBride Allen on *Supernova* (Avon) and edited *Requiem: New Collected Works of Robert Heinlein*.

(Tor). A professor of astronomy and astrophysics, Dr. Kondo also teaches judo and akido as a hobby.

Alexei Kondratiev's "Tales Newly Told" column has been a fixture in *Mythlore* for (it seems) decades.

Ted Krulik is the author of a critical study of Roger Zelazny and, most recently, has worked on *The Amber Sourcebook*.

David Kyle is a First Fandom member and SF author, best known for his continuations of E.E. Smith's Lensman novels.

Shariann Lewitt's most recently novel was *Cybernetic Jungle* (Ace). She is also the author of *Blind Justice* and a variety of short stories. She lives in Washington D.C. A new novel is forthcoming from Ace.

Richard K. Lyon has published several novels, and short fiction in *Aboriginal*, *Analog*, and elsewhere. He has a Ph.D. in physical chemistry and works as Science Advisor to the EXXON Research and Engineering Company.

Robert Madle is one of the founders of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, a member of First Fandom, and a noted book dealer. He wrote a column on fandom for *Science Fiction Quarterly* in the '50s.

Charles G. McGraw is co-author with Mark Garland of *Dorella* (Baen).

Judith Moffett is the author of *The Ragged World* (St. Martin's) and many stories which have appeared in *Asimov's F Magazine*.

James Morrow won the World Fantasy Award for *Only Begotten Daughter*, a novel which starts off with the incarnation of Jesus Christ's younger sister Julie in Atlantic City, New Jersey. He is the author of *The Wine of Violence*, *The Continent of Lies*, and *This is the Way the World Ends*, plus such short fiction as the Nebula-winning "Bible Stories for Adults, No. 17: The Deluge." He is working on a cycle of novels about the death of God, the first of which, *Towering Jehovah* would be published by Harcourt, Brace, and Jovanovich in 1993 unless the subject of the book proves the premise true and intervenes.

John Norman is best known as the author of the Gorko books. He sent us the following, which we quote verbatim:

"John Norman was born in a city and state whose identities are omitted in this document, because neither was responsible for him. He is now a sexagenarian, which seems to make sense. He is a professional philosopher teaching at a major east-coast university, whose identity is omitted, lest it lose its accreditation. He commonly teaches in the areas of epistemology, logic, and innovational conceptualization. He

has worked at a radio station, whose identity is omitted here, lest it be denied future government contracts. He has worked for a major motion-picture studio, whose name is omitted here, in order to discourage picketers. He is a member of various organizations, the names of which are omitted here to spare them embarrassment. Sociologically, he is perhaps best known for his useful work in supplying large numbers of the politically enlightened with a unifying hate object. He has also worked diligently to lower the consciousness of the human race. It is also worth noting that he is one of those rare, elite handful of individuals whose works place western civilization in jeopardy."

Janice O'Connor recently attended the famous Clarion Science Fiction Writers' Workshop, along with (among others) Aimee Kratts, Cynthia Zender, Felicity Savage, and Cynthia Seelhammer. They'll tell you all about it Saturday morning.

Mark S. Painter, Sr. is a retired attorney and electrical engineer who now makes his living "such as it is" writing science fiction and fantasy. His first story appeared in *Weird Tales*.

Peter Dennis Pautz has been writing and selling fiction for 15 years, which is just slightly longer than he's been Executive Secretary for the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America. He has co-edited a Nebula Awards anthology with Frank Herbert and *The Architecture of Fear* with Kathryn Cramer, for which the two of them won a World Fantasy Award in 1988. He is also a Family Therapist with specialized training in Bowen Family Systems. He has recently begun additional training in clinical hypnosis.

Beverly Penberthy starred in and co-produced *Bloodsucking Pharaohs in Pittsburgh*.

Nicholas Pollatta has described himself as "a God-fearing Republican with no distinguishing scars," and is fondly remembered by Philadelphia fandom for his "Phil A. Delphia" radio skits. He is the author of several published novels, including *Illegal Aliens* (with Phil Foglio), *Bureau 13*, *Doomsday Exam*, and *Moonsters*. An upcoming book, *Satellite Night Live* had to be retitled. . . which hopefully won't happen to its sequel, *Satellite Night Fever*.

Roman Ranieri is actually a Man of Mystery, but his short fiction has appeared in *Fang*, *After Hours*, *Cemetery Dance*, *Eldritch Tales*, and others. He reviews for *The Overlook Connection* and *New Blood*, among others.

Milton Rothman is a retired physicist and occasional science fiction writer. He was once an active SF fan and is one of the founders of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. He has written eight science books and many articles. His latest is *The Science Gap: Dispelling the Myths and Understanding the Reality of Science* (Prometheus Books, 1992).

Julius Schwartz, together with Mort Wessinger, created the first science fiction fanzine in 1932, *The Time Traveller*, and in 1934 founded the Solar Sales Service, the first literary agency to specialize in science fiction. His clients have included H.P. Lovecraft, Ray Bradbury, Robert Bloch, and Alfred Bester. He helped organize the first Worldcon in 1939. In 1944 he began a 45-year editorial stint with DC Comics, where he worked on every type of comic book they published. After sixteen years of editing the entire line of *Superman* books, he launched DC's Science Fiction Graphic Novels, adaptations of stories by such well-known writers as Harlan Ellison and Larry Niven. He currently works for DC as a consultant and attends SF and comics conventions as their "good will ambassador." He received the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award in 1986.

Darrell Schweitzer is the author of *The Shattered Goddess*, *The White Isle*, *Tom O'Bedlam's Night Out*, *We Are All Legends* and "something like" a hundred and fifty published short stories (in *Amazing*, *Twilight Zone*, *Fear*, and numerous anthologies: *Borderlands*, *Scare Care*, *Obsessions*, *Masques IV*, etc.), plus many reviews, columns, interviews, essays, poems, and a smattering of non-fiction books, such as *Pathways to Elfland: The Writings of Lord Dunsany* (a finalist for the Mythopoeic Award this year) and *Discovering H.P. Lovecraft*. He was a two-time finalist for the World Fantasy Award in 1992, for the Special Professional award as editor of *Weird Tales* and for Best Novella for "To Become a Sorcerer." Darrell has been a long-time fixture of Philadelphia fandom, and was at one time the youngest member of PSFS. But that was a while ago, he hastens to add.

George Scithers is a four-time Hugo-winning editor, twice for his fanzine, *Amra*, and twice as founding editor of *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. He is also an anthologist, occasional writer (having sold fiction to both John W. Campbell's and Ben Bova's *Analog*, and to *If*) and 1992 World Fantasy Award finalist in the Special Professional Category as publisher of *Weird Tales*. George also produces a handsome line of hardcover books under the Owlswick Press imprint, the most recent of which is *The Adventures of Dr. Eszterhazy* by Avram Davidson.

Eluki Bes Shahar's first novel, *Hellflower*, recently appeared from DAW. Her first story appeared in George Scithers' *Amazing* in 1986.

Ian Randall Strock is Associate Editor of both *Asimov's Science Fiction* and *Analog*. His short fiction has appeared in *Analog*, his non-fiction in *The New York Times*, the *Boston Daily Free Press*, and other publications.

Michael Swanwick's novel *Stations of the Tide* won the Nebula this year and came within an inch of a Hugo. He has also written *Vacuum Flowers* (1987) and *In the Drift* (1985). He has been repeatedly nominated for a variety of other awards, starting with Nebulas for his first two published stories in 1980. His short fiction has appeared in most of the magazines in the field, but he is most visibly a mainstay of *Asimov's Science Fiction*.

Scott Towner is an assistant editor for *Asimov's Science Fiction* and *Analog*.

Gordon Van Gelder edits for St. Martin's Press and also for *The New York Review of Science Fiction*.

Mercy Van Vlack's artwork has been widely displayed at conventions, and has been published in *Fantasy Crossroads*, *Touch*, Comics Heroine Fan Club publications, etc. She is currently Creative Director and co-publisher of Evolution Comics.

Kenneth Von Gunden is the author of *StarSpawn* (Ace), *K-9 Corps: Under Fire* (and sequels) and *Flights of Fancy — The Great Fantasy Films* (1989), plus, (with Stuart H. Strock) *Twenty-Five All Time Great Science Fiction Films* (1982).

Bob Walters is an incredibly funny guy and great party host, but seriously, folks, he is also one of our most distinguished illustrators, whose work you have seen in *Asimov's*, *Weird Tales*, and on many book covers. His drawing for Stephen King's "It Grows On You" (from *Weird Tales*) won a Chesley Award for best interior illustration of 1992.

Sheila Williams is Managing Editor of *Asimov's Science Fiction* and has edited or co-edited several anthologies including *The Loch Moose Monster: More Stories from IASFM*, *Isaac Asimov's Robots* (with Gardner Dozois) and *Writing Science Fiction and Fantasy* (with the editors of *Asimov's SF* and *Analog*).

Sarah Zetel's short fiction has appeared in *Analog*, *The Tome*, *The Horror Show*, and other venues.

