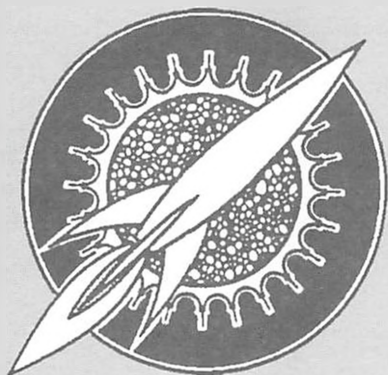




PHILCON 2005



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WELCOME FANS!

FROM THE CHAIR

BY TONY FINAN

Hello, Hola, Croeso i Philcon!

It has been over a quarter of a century, and over half my life, since Philcon and I became acquainted with each other. It has been an interesting relationship, filled with laughter and tears, and many memories. Since the first moment I walked through Philcon's door, I have worked for her. We have each have left our marks on the other.

The Philcon I welcome you to is the sum product of all those who make it up, from our guests, to the committee and staff, and you. All have left their mark on Philcon, have helped it become the entity that it is today. It's something we, the committee and staff, are proud of, and something that we hope you enjoy. We would like to thank you for attending, and participating, and helping leave your mark on Philcon.

This weekend is made possible both by your presence, and by the people who sacrifice themselves (no, not literally, we do that way before the con) to make it possible. My warmest and deepest thanks go out to the volunteers, the staff, and the committee.

It is they who make Philcon work, and without whom this weekend would be impossible. I have to give a special thanks to all the new members of the committee and staff who have joined us in the past year. Most, if not all, did not know what they were signing up for. But they, as well as our veterans, have all worked and sacrificed so that we could bring you a weekend that you will hopefully enjoy and remember. I am deeply indebted to them all.

This weekend also marks another milestone of sorts. This is our last year at the Marriott. Philcon 2006 will be returning to its traditional time of year. Look for us at our new/old home at the Wyndam Franklin Plaza, November 17-19, 2006.

Tony Finan

Chairman: Philcon 2005

"Somewhere across the water, They're storming palace gates, Scared of the moth/flame metaphor, We fall asleep and wait, Singing for a future but, The chorus comes too late Because they'll tell you, Don't try this at home"

FROM THE PRESIDENT

BY TIMOTHY BINDER

It's hard for me to believe, but this is my twentieth anniversary Philcon. For some of you, this will be your first; for others, I'm just a spring chicken. Wherever you fall, I hope you have a great time this weekend and find plenty of interest to you.

However, Philcon isn't the only event that the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society (PSFS) hosts. Virtually every month we bring in a speaker in the realm of science, science fiction, fantasy, or horror to our monthly meetings. These are open to the public and I'd like to invite you to come down and join us for one. They're typically held on the second Friday of the month at 9 PM (so long as it doesn't conflict with another con!) in University City at the Rotunda, which is at 4014 Walnut Street. We hold our business meetings beforehand at 7:30, for those of you who would like to get involved in supporting PSFS and Philcon, with a break between, so that we can socialize a bit.

In addition, we hold special events and regular special interest groups, such as our monthly book discussion group. All of these events are open to the public, so please come and see what else we have to offer. For more information on any of our events, please either visit our website at www.psfs.org, call our activity hotline at (877) 656-3914, email us at info@psfs.org, or write to us at:

Philadelphia Science Fiction Society
PO Box 8303
30th Street Station
Philadelphia, PA 19101-8303

A lot of people spend a lot of time running Philcon and the Society and I'd like to thank them for all the hard work they put in throughout the year. To see a partial list, take a look at the committee page. All these people spend a great deal of their own time to make these events happen. I know we couldn't do it without them.

So, sit back, relax, and enjoy Philcon. And, if you're in the area, come down and join us afterwards for one of our guest speakers. We'd love to see you throughout the year!

Timothy Binder

President, Philadelphia Science Fiction Society

PHILCON 2005 STAFF

Events (continued)

Art Show Staff	Mary Bentley Karl Ehrlich Michael Feldhausen Allison Feldhausen Lisa Hertel Mark Hertel Peter Hottenrott Heidi Hooper Jay Hutschnecker Judy Kindell Robyn Kleiner David Kleiner Winton Matthews Katie Perkins Jim Reynolds Sharon Sbarsky Harold Stein Beth Zipser Mike Zipser	Art Show (De)Construction Crew	Jared Dashoff Thomas Endry Allen Goeddert David Goeddert Rhea Hoch Lincoln Kliman John Moriarty Jim Reichert Tommy Reichert Liz Reichert Adam Reuter Erwin Strauss J. T. Smith Will Flynn Jen Flynn Josh Varrone Lisa Blanco Paul Tullis Sandy Swank David Silber Gary Feldbaum DJ Rock Darrell Schweitzer
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The Philcon Committee would like to thank the following 2004 volunteers:

Daniel Adler Mohammed Al Marian Ashton Sonya Bleakley Benjamin Davis John Desmond Joseph Fleischmann, II Miana Goodman Lisa Hertel Mark Hertel Rhea Hoch Stasy Howarth Jay Hutschweller Christine Hynes Peter Hynes Jim Karluer Richard Lanaham Neil Lerner	Rachelle Lerner Noah Lewis Diane McCready Paul McCready Mimi McGinnis Rebecca Morris Aaron Peraza-Baker Jim Reichert Tommy Reichert Tamika Scriber Victor Smith Marc Spearman Breyawn Spicer Erwin Strauss Laura Jane Swanson Arthur Tansky James Walton Anthony Whittica
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ART SHOW BIDDING RULES

The Art Show is an exhibit of original SF, Fantasy, and Fannish art in two-dimensional and three-dimensional forms (that is, sketches, paintings, and sculpture), executed by professional and amateur artists. You only need your Philcon badge to come in and view the art, and vote for your favorite artwork.

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 near the common wall of the Dealers' 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 multiple-copy artwork for sale at preset price only. A print with a yellow bid sheet will have one 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 minimum bid. At the bottom of the white bid sheet for original art will be lines on which the bidder can write a bid. Each bid must be at least as high as the minimum bid specified by the artist and higher than any preceding bid. Write your name, bidder number, and the amount of your bid legibly on the bid sheet. Please do not cross out any written bids.

Philcon 2005 offers the option of **QUICK SALE**. If and only if there are **NO WRITTEN BIDS** on a piece, that piece may be immediately purchased for the Quick Sale price with the caveat that the physical piece may not be removed from the Art Show before 6 PM on Saturday.

Written bidding will close at 12:00 P.M. on Sunday. The Art Show will be cleared of all people at that time. Any artwork with **TWO** or less bids will be sold to the bidder who made the highest written bid. Artwork with **THREE** bids or more will be entered in the voice auction. The voice auction will be held on Sunday afternoon from 1 P.M. until 2 P.M. in program rooms near the Art Show. * Please consult your pocket program for the exact location.

At the auction, the art is open to further bids by other people. Therefore, a bidder should attend the voice auction to make further bids on pieces he or she 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 bidder who made the highest written bid.

Several words of warning: Keep track of all bids you make. When placing a written bid on more than one item, assume that 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 shortly before it closes Sunday at noon to check the bid sheets and see which items you have won by written bid and which will go to voice auction.

Art Show sales will be on Sunday afternoon from 1:30 to 3 P.M. in the Art Show room. 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, MasterCard, travelers' checks, and personal check with ID will be accepted for payment in accordance with rules set by the Philcon Treasurer. Proof of ID (at least one photo and proof of address) will be required for all buyers at time of payment. You must pick up and pay for your own purchases. We will track down anyone who fails to pick up and pay for art he or she bought 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 panels dedicated to Print Shop merchandise. These are primarily display copies. Do not write your name on the bid sheets attached to these display copies! 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 intend to buy. A bid is a legal obligation to buy the art you bid on at the price you bid.

PARTICIPATING ARTISTS

Bonnie Atwood
Cara Barker
James Basilone
Alan Beck
Joseph L. Bellofatto, Jr.
Judith Bemis
Tre Bindewald
David Christman
Daniel Cortopassi
Michael Cunningham
Charlene Taylor D'Alessio
Kim DeMalder
Loren Damewood
Joleen Flasher
Helen "Halla" Fleischer
Jonathan Gage
Dell Harris
Tamara Hladik
James Hopkins
Elizabeth A. Janes
Diane Kenealy
Kate Leberherz-Gelinas
Ruth Lampi
Rebecca Marcus
Theresa Mather
David Mattingly
Mark Maxwell
John Moriarty
Rebecca Morris
Christine Myshka
Thomas Nackid
Karil Nowak
Agnes Olson
Nicole Pellegrini
Frances Prachthausen
Lynn W. Perkins
Rowena
Shannon Rheinbold-Gee
Mark Rogers
Mark Romanoski
Sandra SanTara
Paula Tabor
Kevin Ward
Terri Wells

DEALERS LIST

A.G.H.I.T.W. Bookstore (Ira Kaplowitz)
used sf, mysteries

Brute Force Leather (Thomas Willeford)
leather; bodices, arm guards, etc

C F Miller, Publisher (Chuck Miller)
publish limited hardcover, paperback, SF and art

Calligraphic Buttons (Nancy Leibovitz)
custom made calligraphic buttons

Dragon's Lair (Dorothy & Ed Trachtenberg)
fantasy pewter, calendars, t-shirts, ceramics

Fabric Dragon (Kirsten Houseknecht)
amber, jet, costumers' supplies, books

Fantastic Voyages (Jack Gonzales)
books

Fo' Paws Productions (Scott Dennis)
tee shirts, buttons, art puppets

From the Book Cellar (Joe Fleischmann)
first editions, rare books

GERM Books & Gallery (David Williams)
new & collectible books

Griffons Claw Armoury (Christopher Stuppi)

Henderson's Books (Art Henderson)
sf/fantasy, 1st editions, used

Janet Kofoed Jewelry (Janet Kofoed)
hand crafted jewelry

Joseph Berlant Bookseller (Joseph Berlant)
new books, collectible books

Kevin Davis - Author (Kevin Davis)
new books, comics, dice, games, t-shirts

DEALERS LIST (CONTINUED)

Larry Smith Bookseller (Larry Smith)
New SF & Fantasy

Mark Rogers - Bookseller (Mark Rogers)
new sf, art & illustrated books

Off World Designs (Barb Van Tilburg)
hand painted t-shirts

Old Earth Books (Michael Walsh)
Classic reprints, new & used paperbacks
& hardcovers

One Crafty Lady (Diane Kenealy)
fantasy artwork on silk

Poison Pen Press (Devra Langsam)
children's fantasy, costume & cook books, mysteries

Regal Pewter (Sheila Iserman)
pewter, B5 dolls, leather craft

Science Fiction Continuum (Susan Braviak)
videos, audios, laser discs

Somewhere in Time Bookstore (Jean Gonzalez)
collectible paperbacks

Spacial Anomaly Gallery (Nicole Pellegrini)
comics, trading cards, art prints
Stitch Wytch Crafts (Carol Kabakjian)
machine embroidery, crochet art, etc

Terminus Publishing (Darrell Schweitzer)
used & collectible sf, new, coins

The Five Wits (Ruth Lampi)
art books, costumes & supplies

Tiger Eyes Press (Chris Logan Edwards)
publisher, new & used sf

True Review (Andrew Andrews)
books, magazine, fanzines

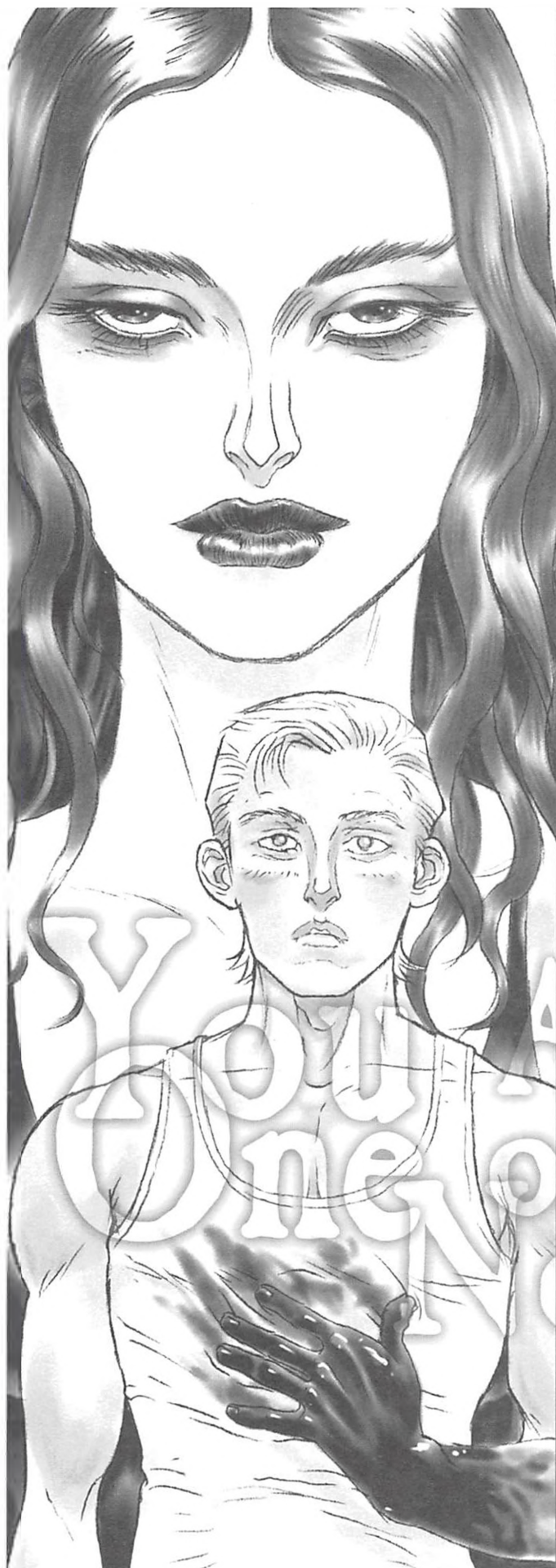
Utilikilts (Nathan Salmon)
men's casual kilts & accessories

Zebrapix Books (Stan Smith)
new books

35) Kim DeMulder - Art Prints

Dealers' Room Hours:
Friday 5pm to 8pm
Saturday 10am to 6pm
Sunday 10am to 2pm





You Are One of Us Now

the
CAMARILLA



*In this World of Darkness,
will you be predator or prey?*

*Will you remain hidden
or join the Danse Macabre?*

*Don't be left alone
in the night....*

White Wolf invites you to join The Camarilla, its worldwide fan club for the World of Darkness. Thousands of players and Storytellers are out there waiting for you.

- Play Vampire: The Requiem, Werewolf: The Forsaken and other World of Darkness tabletop games with fans across the world.
- Join a fully integrated global live-action chronicle.
- Participate in exclusive events and previews.
- Get special prizes and other benefits.
- Make friends all over the world.

Free Trial Membership Available for a Limited Time!



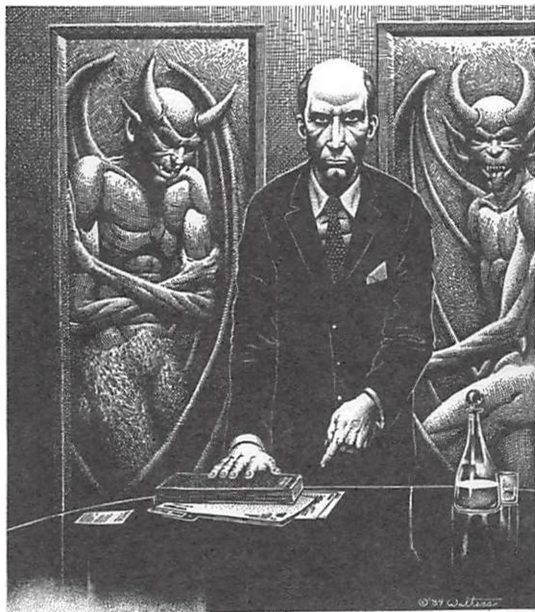
For full details:

<http://camarilla.white-wolf.com/>



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AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR LAWYERS:



- * Convention Area consists of the Dealers' Room, Art Show, Masquerade, gaming, function rooms, Con Suite as well as the hallways and lobby levels around them.
- * No alcoholic beverages are allowed in any Convention Area. The only exception to this will be those available for purchase at the Meet the Pros Party Friday night.
- * Please remember that the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania's drinking age is 21. Philcon and the hotel will be enforcing this law. Anyone serving alcohol to anyone below the age of 21 will have their membership revoked, no refunds.

Please note: All parties must be in designated areas. Parties in other areas will be closed down.

- * Smoking is only allowed in those rooms and areas designated by the Marriott Hotel. All function rooms of Philcon 2005 are non-smoking!
- * Damage to the Hotel or Convention property will be the financial responsibility of the perpetrator. Parents and legal guardians will be responsible for the damage done by minors.
- * Nothing shall be thrown over the Lobby railings or down escalators.
- * Badges must be worn within the Convention Areas at all times in a visible location or you will be asked to produce it. Lost badges will be replaced for a \$20.00 fee. Proper photo identification must be provided.
- * No presentation on stage will be permitted unless approved by the Committee.
- * No Weapons: i.e. guns, gun replicas, swords, knives, lasers, model lasers, paint ball or splatter gun, or anything that could be perceived as a weapon by the public will be permitted at Philcon. Laser Target Designators or Laser Pointers are not allowed in the Convention area (with the exception of guest speakers) due to the possible injury they may cause. The Philcon Committee has the final say on what constitutes a weapon. Unfortunately, we must reserve the right to revoke the membership, without refund, of anyone who refuses to comply

with this policy. The only partial exception is for registered participants of the Masquerade, who may wear a weapon, excepting guns and operational lasers, from one half-hour before to one half-hour after the Masquerade. All Masquerade weapons must be affixed to the costume. Participants may use (draw, brandish, gesticulate with or otherwise waggle about) weapons as part of their performance onstage, but at no other time.

- * All rules and regulations pertaining to Art Show and bidding are clearly set forth in this programming book and at the Art Show. Art Show committee has final say over any conflicts that may arise.
- * All costumes must cover and conceal any revealing body parts.
- * No interference with Marriott or Philcon Security will be permitted.
- * The following Philcon Children's Policy is intended to provide for the safety and comfort of all members.

AGE RANGE CALLED POLICY

0-6 Babies and Toddlers

Must be accompanied by an adult at all times, when not in Baby sitting.

7-12 Children

Must be supervised by an adult at all times, when not in Children's Programming.

13-up Teenagers

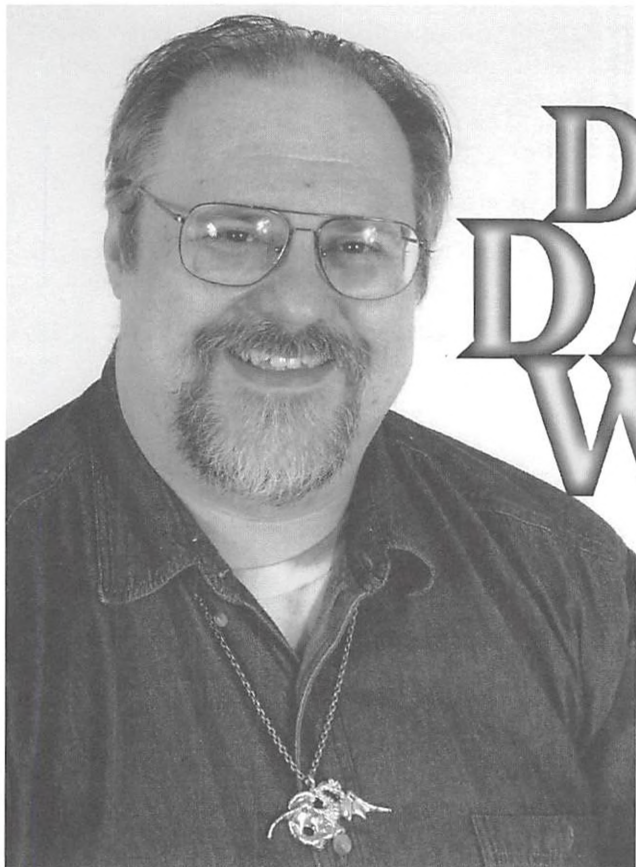
Presence of Adult is not required.

It is requested that all parents fill out Child Identification Cards at registration. The card is intended to help identify lost children and who their parents are. The card will have the child's name, parents' names and contact information, and physical description of child. The physical description will include: hair color, eye color, height, ethnicity, and other distinguishing characteristics. The cards will be kept in a secured box, available only to the Con Chair, Vice-Chair, Heads of Registration, Head of Baby sitting and Children's Programming and the Office. The cards will be destroyed at the end of the convention by shredding.

NOTE: No children under the age of 16 will be admitted except in the company of their parent or adult guardian. A waiver of the conference's responsibility will be required of the parent or legal adult guardian. Proper ID will be required to register at Philcon!

- * During panels, listen to the discussion and be respectful when you offer your own opinion or ask a question. Do not be obnoxious in the audience. Anyone causing continuous disruptive behavior can and will have their membership revoked, without refund.
- * It is the hotel's policy that pets are prohibited in any area of the hotel (this includes guest rooms). Service animals, such as guide dogs, are exempt from this in accordance with the laws of the City of Philadelphia and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.
- * Any disruption in the Convention Areas, as well as any violations of the Convention rules, will result in immediate expulsion from the Convention. No refunds will be given.

REGARDLESS OF ANYTHING ELSE, YOU MUST COMPLY WITH ALL LAWS OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, MARRIOTT HOTEL AND PHILCON.



HOW TO DESCRIBE DAVID WEBER?

By: Julie Ernshaw

Actually, this was supposed to be my husband Richard's job, but he can't do it now, so I asked David if he'd let me write it for Richard. After all, while Richard knew him for forty years, *I've* known him for thirty-two. You get to know someone pretty well in that long.

First, David's a big guy, in a lot of ways. He's about 6'3", and to be honest (and I'm *always* honest with Dave), he's carrying a few extra pounds. He's got a big laugh, a big sense of humor, and, most importantly I think, a big heart. He gets a little mushy sometimes, too. If you've been lucky enough to hear him give a reading, you've probably caught him fogging up a bit over some of the more emotional scenes.

Second, David's an honest guy. What you see is what you get. He loves to talk to people, he's got opinions on most anything that has to do with history (or politics, or religion, or philosophy, or . . .),

and he loves a good argument. Not a *quarrel*, but an argument. He defends his own position with fervor, but he's equally willing to listen to the other side, as long as the other side is willing to listen to him.

Third, David respects his readers. He respects their comments, their opinions, but more than that, he respects their intelligence. He loves to tell big stories, and he thinks his readers are up to the challenge of going with him when he does.

Fourth, and I'm pretty sure most important in his eyes these days, he's a husband and a father. And if you've read *At All Costs* already, then you've probably gotten a hint of that already. In case you haven't, I'll just say that he clearly adores Sharon, Megan, Morgan, and Michael Paul. Ask him about it, if you don't believe me . . . but be ready for pictures.

As a writer, David's always said that a writer should write the same sort of thing he enjoys reading. The theory is that he'll do a better job than he will trying to write something he just plain doesn't like. I think that shows in his books. He's clearly having a good time building his literary universes for us, and the enthusiasm that he brings to the task shows. But he's also a serious craftsman the respects both the demands and the responsibilities of his craft.

He respects fan input, but he's not willing to allow that input to dictate where the stories go. If you've followed the online discussions on Baen's Bar on the Baen Books web site, then you've probably noticed him responding to requests for explanation and expansion. He does it online, when he has time, but he also incorporates explanations into future books. And there have been several instances I can call to mind in which he's actually adopted a fan's suggestion, in general terms, at least. But the books that he produces, in the end, are *his* books. He knows where he's going, and he also knows better than to let us joggle his elbow. Like he said, he's writing what he would enjoy reading, and so far, at least a few readers seem to have agreed with him.

My husband Richard used to twit David over David's extreme distaste for anything smacking of "political correctness." As Richard pointed out to him, for a guy who condemns political correctness (and, in fairness, David has always condemned political correctness from either end of the political spectrum), David's books go to some pretty strange places. A black female head of state, for example. All of those take-charge, kick-butt *female* characters. A fantasy character who's the recipient of endless racial prejudice. The issue of slavery, and even of how religion integrates into a society for both good and ill. I could go on, but I'm sure you get the point. It's easy to put most people into a neat little political box, but if you pay close attention to what David's saying, it gets sort of tough to find a box he fits.

Yet there are a few absolutely recurring strands in everything he writes. He's said more than once, and I think he's right, that what he believes readers respond to most strongly in his heroes and heroines

is their sense of responsibility. Whether it's the Honor Harrington universe, or Bahzell Bahnakson, or Colin MacIntyre and Jiltannith, or Alicia DeVries, David's protagonists step up to the weight of their responsibilities. In that respect, they are remarkably faithful mirrors of what David expects of himself.

And his characters are loyal to their friends. Which is also a faithful mirror of David Weber.

My husband recently died, after a very short, very unexpected illness. At the time, David — as always — was buried under deadline pressure. You'd really have to know him to appreciate just what long hours he works producing the books we all love. There are times when weeks, even months, go by without his ever quite catching up on his e-mail correspondence. But let a friend of his need him, and that changes. He's there. He's *always* there.

Richard and David met forty-one years ago this past September. They went to school together, David was Richard's best man, and when Richard went off to Vietnam, David spent almost as much time visiting with me and our daughters as he did at home. After Richard came home, he and David pulled each other out of half a dozen barroom fights I'm still not supposed to know anything about. There were automobile accidents, illnesses, births, deaths, and there he was.

And when I lost Richard, he was there, too. Not physically, because I was in Belgium, but in every other way.

Richard would have been proud to write this introduction for his friend. He can't. And I hope I haven't embarrassed David too much — I did mention that he can get a little mushy — but I wanted you to understand that you've got a pretty special guy for your writer guest of honor this weekend. He may be a bit overweight, his armor could use a little polishing, and he's getting a little long in the tooth, but if you've got any dragons you need slain, let him know.

He's probably available.

From the Novel: **OFF ARMAGEDDON REEF**
By: David Weber • Published by: TOR Books

July 2, 2378
Crestwell's Star, HD 63077A
Terran Federation

"Captain to the bridge! Captain to the bridge!"

Captain Mateus Fofno rolled out of bed as the urgent voice of the officer of the watch blared over the intercom, counterpointed by the high-pitched wail of the emergency General Quarters signal. The captain's bare feet were on the deck sole and he was already reaching for the bedside com before his eyes were fully open, and he jabbed the red priority key purely by feel.

"Bridge." The response came almost instantly, in a voice flat with the panic-resisting armor of training.

"It's the Captain, Chief Kuznetzov," Fofno said crisply. "Give me Lieutenant Henderson."
"Aye, Sir."

There was a brief instant of silence, then another voice.

"Officer of the deck," it said.

"Talk to me, Gabby," Fofno said crisply.
"Skipper," Lieutenant Gabriela Henderson, the heavy cruiser's tactical officer had the watch, and her normally calm contralto was strained and harsh, "we've got bogies. Lots of bogies. They just dropped out of hyper twelve light-minutes out, and they're headed in-system at over four hundred gravities."

Fofno's jaw clenched. Four hundred gravities was twenty percent higher than the best Federation compensators could manage. Which pretty conclusively demonstrated that whoever these people were, they *weren't* Federation units.

"Strength estimate?" he asked. "Still coming in, Sir," Henderson replied flatly. "So far, we've confirmed over seventy." Fofno winced.

"All right." He was astounded by how calm his own voice sounded. "Implement first contact protocols, and also Spyglass and Watchman. Then take us to Condition Four. Make sure that the Governor is fully informed, and tell her that I'm declaring a Code Alpha." "Aye, aye, Sir."

"I'll be on the bridge in five minutes," Fofno continued as his sleeping cabin's door opened and his steward loped through it with his uniform. "Let's get some additional recon drones launched and headed for these people."

"Aye, aye, Sir."

"I'll see you in five," Fofno said. He keyed the com off and turned to accept his uniform from the white-faced steward.

In actual fact, Mateus Fofno reached the command deck of TFNS *Swiftsure* in just under five minutes.

He managed to restrain himself to a quick, brisk stride as he stepped out of the bridge elevator, but his eyes were already on the master plot, and his mouth tightened. The unknown vessels were a scatter of ominous ruby chips bearing down on the binary system's GO primary component and the blue-and-white marble of its fourth planet.

"Captain on the bridge!" Chief Kuznetzov announced, but Fofno waved everyone back into his or her bridge chair.

"As you were," he said, and almost everyone settled back into place. Lieutenant Henderson did not. She rose from the captain's chair at the center of the bridge, her relief as Fofno's arrival relieved her of command obvious.

He nodded to her, stepped past her, and settled himself in the same chair. "The Captain has the ship," he announced formally, then looked back up at Henderson, still standing beside him. "Any incoming transmissions from them?"

"No, Sir. If they'd begun transmitting the instant they dropped out of hyper, we'd have heard something from them about —" the lieutenant glanced at the digital time display " — two minutes ago. We haven't."

Fofno nodded. Somehow, looking at the spreading cloud of red icons on the display, he wasn't surprised.

"Strength update?" he asked.

"Tracking estimates a minimum of eighty-five starships," Henderson said. "We don't have any indications of fighter launches yet."

Fofno nodded again, and a strange, singing sort of tension that was almost its own form of calm seemed to fill him. The calm of a man face-to-face with a disaster for which he had planned and trained for years but never really expected to confront.

"Watchman?" he asked.

"Implemented, Sir," Henderson replied. "*Antelope* got underway for the hyper limit two minutes ago." "Spyglass?" "Activated, Sir." *That's something*, a detached corner of Fofno's brain said.

TFNS *Antelope* was a tiny, completely unarmed, and very fast courier vessel. Crestwell's World was the Federation's most advanced colonial outpost, fifty light-years from Sol, too new, too sparsely settled, to have its own hypercom yet. That left only courier ships, and at this moment, *Antelope's* sole function was to flee Solward at her maximum possible velocity with the word that Code Alpha had come to pass. Spyglass was the net of surveillance satellites stretched around the periphery of the star system's hyper limit. They were completely passive, hopefully all but impossible to detect, and they weren't there for *Swiftsure's* benefit. Their take — all of it — was being beamed after *Antelope*, to make certain she had full and complete tactical records as of the moment she hypered out. And that same information was being transmitted to *Antelope's* sister ship, TFNS *Gazelle*, as she lay totally covert in orbit around the system's outermost gas giant.

Her task was to remain hidden until the end, if she could, and then to report back to Old Earth.

And it's a good thing she's out there, Fofno thought grimly, *because we certainly aren't going to be making any reports*. "Ship's status?" he asked.

"All combat systems are closed up at Condition Four, Sir. Engineering reports all stations manned and ready, and both normal-space and hyper drives are online prepared to answer maneuvering commands."

"Very good." Fofno pointed at her normally assigned command station and watched her head for it. Then he inhaled deeply and pressed a stud on the arm of his command chair.

"This is the Captain," he said, without the usual formalities of an all-hands announcement. "By now, you all know what's going on. At the moment, you

know just as much about these people as I do. I don't know if they're the Gbaba or not. If they are, it doesn't look very good. But I want all of you to know that I'm proud of you. Whatever happens, no captain could have a better ship or a better crew."

He released the com stud and swiveled his chair to face the heavy cruiser's helmsman.

"Bring us to zero-one-five, one-one-niner, at fifty gravities," he said quietly, and TFNS *Swiftsure* moved to position herself between the planet whose human colonists had named it Crestwell's World and the mammoth armada bearing down upon it.

Mateus Fofno had always been proud of his ship. Proud of her crew, of her speed, of the massive fire-power packed into her three-quarters-of-a-million-tonne hull. At the moment, what he was most aware of was her frailty.

Until ten years earlier, there'd been no Terran Federation Navy, not really. There'd been something the Federation *called* a navy, but it had actually been little more than a fleet of survey vessels, backed up by a handful of light armed units whose main concerns had been search and rescue operations and the suppression of occasional, purely human predators.

But then, ten years ago, a Federation survey ship had found evidence of the first confirmed advanced nonhuman civilization. No one knew what that civilization's citizens had called themselves, because none of them were still alive to tell anyone.

Humanity had been shocked by the discovery that an entire species had been deliberately destroyed. That a race capable of fully developing and exploiting the resources of its home star system had been ruthlessly wiped out. The first assumption had been that the species in question had done it to itself in some sort of mad spasm of suicidal fury. Indeed, some of the scientists who'd studied the evidence continued to maintain that that was the most likely explanation.

Those holdouts, however, were a distinct minority. Most of the human race had accepted the second, and far more horrifying hypothesis. They hadn't done it to themselves; someone else had done it to them.

Fofno didn't know who'd labeled the hypothetical killers the Gbaba, and he didn't much care. But the realization that they might exist was the reason there was a genuine and steadily growing Federation Navy these days. And the reason contingency plans like Spyglass and Watchman had been put into place.

And the reason TFNS *Swiftsure* found herself between Crestwell's World and the incoming, still totally silent fleet of red icons.

There was no way in the universe that a single heavy cruiser could hope to stop, or slow down, or even inconvenience, a fleet the size of the one headed for Fofno's ship. Nor was it likely that he could have stayed away from hostile warships capable of the acceleration rate the unknowns had already demonstrated, but even if he could have, that wasn't *Swiftsure's* job.

Even at their massive acceleration rate, it would take the bogies almost four hours to reach Crestwell's World, assuming they wanted to rendezvous with it. If all they wanted to do was overfly the planet, they could do it in less than three. But whatever their intention, it was *Swiftsure's* job to stand her ground. To do her damndest, up to the very last instant, to open some sort of peaceful communication with the unknowns. To serve as a fragile shield and tripwire which might just possibly, however remote the possibility might be, deter an attack on the newly settled planet behind her.

And, almost certainly, to become the first casualty in the war the Federation had dreaded for almost a decade.

"Sir, we're picking up additional drive signatures," Lieutenant Henderson announced. "They look like fighters." Her voice was crisp, professionally clipped. "Tracking makes it roughly four hundred."

"Acknowledged. Still no response to our transmissions, Communications?" "None, Sir," the com officer replied tautly. "Tactical, begin deploying missiles." "Aye, aye, Sir," Henderson said. "Deploying missiles now."

Big, long-ranged missiles detached from the external ordinance rings, while others went gliding out of the cruiser's midships missile hatches. They spread out in a cloud about *Swiftsure* on their secondary stationkeeping drives, far enough out to put

the ship and their fellow missiles safely outside the threat the perimeter of their preposterously powerful primary drives.

Looks like they want to englobe the planet, he thought, watching the bogies' formation continue to spread while his ship's unceasing communication attempts beamed towards them. *That doesn't look especially peaceful minded of them.*

He glanced at the master plot's range numbers. The intruder's had been inbound for almost a hundred and sixteen minutes now. Their velocity relative to Crestwell's World was up to just over thirty-one thousand kilometers per second, and unless they reversed acceleration in the next few seconds they were going to overfly the planet, after all. *I wonder*

"Missile launch!" Gabriela Henderson announced suddenly. "Repeat, missile launch! Many missiles inbound!" Mateus Fofno's heart seemed to stop.

They can't possibly expect to actually hit an evading starship at that range. That was his first thought as the thousands of incoming missile icons suddenly speckled his plot. *But they can sure as hell hit a planet, can't they?* his brain told him an instant later.

He stared at that hurricane of missiles, and knew what was going to happen. *Swiftsure's* defenses could never have stopped more than a tithe of that torrent of destruction, and a frozen corner of his mind wandered what they were armed with. Fusion warheads? Antimatter? Chemical or biological agents? Or perhaps they were simply kinetic weapons. With the prodigious acceleration they were showing, they'd have more than enough velocity to do the job with no warheads at all.

"Communications," he heard his voice said flatly as he watched the executioners of Crestwell's World's half-million inhabitants accelerating towards him, "secure communication attempts. Maneuvering, bring us to maximum power, heading zero-zero-zero, zero-zero-five. Tactical," he turned his head and met Lieutenant Henderson's eyes levelly, "prepare to engage the enemy."

February 14, 2421
TFNS Excalibur,
Task Force One

The scout ship was too small to be a threat to anyone.

The tiny starship was less than three percent the size of TFNS *Excalibur*, the task force's dreadnought flagship. True, it was faster than *Excalibur*, and its weapons systems and electronics were somewhat more advanced, but it could not have come within a light-minute of the task force and lived. Unfortunately, it didn't have to.

"It's confirmed, Sir." Captain Somerset's mahogany-skinned face was grim on Admiral Pei Kau-zhi's flag bridge com screen. *Excalibur's* commander had aged since the task force set out, Admiral Pei thought. Of course, he was hardly alone in that. "How far out, Martin?" the admiral asked flatly. "Just over two-point-six light-minutes," Somerset replied, his expression grimmer than ever. "It's too close, Admiral."

"Maybe not," Pei said, then smiled thinly at his flag captain. "And whatever the range, we're stuck with it, aren't we?" "Sir, I could send the screen out, try and push him further back. I could even detach a destroyer squadron to sit on him, drive him completely out of sensor range of the fleet."

"We don't know how close behind him something heavier may be." Pei shook his head. "Besides, we need them to see us sooner or later, don't we?"

"Admiral," Somerset began, "I don't think we can afford to take the chance that —"

"We can't afford *not* to take the chance," Pei said firmly. "Go ahead and push the screen out in his direction. See if you can get him to move at least a little further out. But either way, we execute Breakaway in the next half-hour."

Somerset looked at him out of the com screen for another moment, then nodded heavily. "Very well, Sir. I'll pass the orders."

"Thank you, Martin," Pei said in a much softer voice, and cut the circuit.

"The Captain may have a point, Sir," a quiet contralto said from behind him, and he turned his bridge chair to face the speaker.

Lieutenant Commander Nimue Alban was a very junior officer indeed, especially for an antigerone society, to be suggesting to a four-star admiral, however respectfully, that his judgment might be less than infallible. Pei Kau-zhi felt absolutely no

temptation to point that out to her, however. First, because despite her youth, she was one of the more brilliant tactical officers the Terran Federation Navy had ever produced. Second, because if anyone had earned the right to second-guess Admiral Pei, it was Lieutenant Commander Alban.

"He *does* have a point," Pei conceded. "A very good one, in fact. But I've got a feeling the bad news isn't very far behind this particular raven."
"A *feeling*, Sir?"

Alban's dark hair and blue eyes were the gift of her Welsh father, but her height and fair complexion had come from her Swedish mother. Admiral Pei, on the other hand, was a small, wiry man, over three times her age, and she seemed to tower over him as she raised one eyebrow. Still, he was pleased to note, in a bittersweet sort of way, it wasn't an incredulous expression.

After all, he told himself, my penchant for "playing a hunch" has a lot to do with the fact that I'm the last full admiral the Terran Federation will ever have.

"It's not some arcane form of ESP in this case, Nimue," he said. "But where's the other scout? You know Gbaba scout ships always operate in pairs, and Captain Somerset's reported only one of them. The other fellow has to be somewhere."

"Like calling up the rest of the pack," Alban said, her blue eyes dark, and he nodded.
"That's exactly what he's doing. They must have gotten at least a sniff of us before we picked them up, and one of them turned and headed back for help immediately. This one's going to hang on our heels, keep track of us and home the rest in, but the one thing he *isn't* going to do is come in close enough to risk letting us get a good shot at him. He can't afford to let us pick him off and then drop out of hyper. They might never find us again."

"I see where you're going, Sir." Alban looked thoughtful for a moment, her blue eyes intent on something only she could see, then returned her attention to the admiral.

"Sir," she asked quietly, "would I be out of line if I used one of the priority com circuits to contact *Gulliver*? I'd . . . like to tell the Commodore goodbye."

"Of course you wouldn't be," Pei replied, equally quietly. "And when you do, tell him I'll be thinking about him."

"Sir, you could tell him yourself."

"No." Pei shook his head. "Kau-yung and I have already said our goodbyes, Nimue."

"Yes, Sir."

The word spread quickly from *Excalibur* as the Tenth Destroyer Squadron headed for the Gbaba scout, and a cold, ugly wave of fear came with the news. Not panic, perhaps, because every single member of the murdered Federation's final fleet had known in his heart of hearts that this moment would come. Indeed, they'd planned for it. But that made no one immune from fear when it actually came.

More than one of the officers and ratings watching the destroyers' icons sweep across the tactical displays towards the scout ship prayed silently that they would overtake the fleet little ship, destroy it. They knew how unlikely that was to happen, and even if it did, it would probably buy them no more than a few more weeks, possibly a few months. But that didn't keep them from praying.

Aboard the heavy cruiser TFNS *Gulliver*, a small, wiry commodore said a prayer of his own. Not for the destruction of the scout ship. Not even for his older brother, who was about to die. But for a young lieutenant commander who had become almost a daughter to him . . . and who had volunteered to transfer to *Excalibur* knowing the ship could not survive.

"Commodore Pei, you have a com request from the Flag," his communications officer said quietly. "It's Nimue, Sir."

"Thank you, Oscar," Pei Kau-yung said. "Put her through to my display here." "Yes, Sir."

"Nimue," Pei said as the familiar oval face with the sapphire blue eyes appeared on his display.

"Commodore," she replied. "I'm sure you've heard by now."

"Indeed. We're preparing to execute Breakaway even now." "I knew you would be. Your brother — the Admiral — asked me to tell you he'll be thinking about you. So will I. And I know you'll be thinking about us, too, Sir. That's why I wanted to

take this chance to tell you." She looked directly into his eyes. "It's been an honor and a privilege to serve under you, Sir. I regret nothing which has ever happened since you selected me for your staff."

"That . . . means a great deal to me, Nimue," Pei said very softly. Like his brother, he was a traditionalist, and it was not the way of his culture to be emotionally demonstrative, but he knew she saw the pain in his eyes. "And may I also say," he added, "that I am deeply grateful for all of the many services you have performed."

It sounded horribly stilted to his own ear, but it was the closest either of them dared come over a public com circuit, especially since all message traffic was automatically recorded. And, stilted or no, she understood what he meant, just as completely as he'd understood her.

"I'm glad, Sir," she said. "And please, tell Shan-wei goodbye for me. Give her my love."

"Of course. And you already know you have hers," Pei said. And then, whatever his culture might have demanded, he cleared his throat hard, harshly. "And mine," he said huskily.

"That means a lot, Sir." Alban smiled almost gently at him. "Goodbye, Commodore. God bless."

The destroyers did succeed in pushing the scout ship back. Not as far as they would have liked, but far enough to give Admiral Pei a distinct feeling of relief.

"General signal to all units," he said, never looking away from the master tactical display. "Pass the order to execute Breakaway."

"Aye, aye, Sir!" the senior flag bridge com rating replied, and a moment later, the light codes on Pei's display flickered suddenly.

Only for an instant, and only because his sensors were watching them so closely. Or, he thought wryly, *that's the theory, anyway.*

Forty-six huge starships killed their hyper drives and disappeared as they dropped instantly sublight. But in the very same instant that they did, forty-six *other* starships which had been carefully hidden away in stealth, appeared just as quickly. It was a precisely coordinated maneuver which Pei's com-

(continued next page)

mand had practiced over and over again in the simulators, and over a dozen times in actual space, and they performed it this one last time flawlessly. The forty-six newcomers slid quickly and smoothly into the holes which had abruptly appeared in the formation, and their drives' emissions signatures were almost perfect matches for those of the ships which had disappeared.

That's going to be a nasty surprise for the Gbaba, Pei told himself coldly. And one of these days, it's going to lead to an even bigger and nastier surprise for them.

"You know," he said, turning away from the display to face Lieutenant Commander Alban and Captain Joseph Thiessen, his chief of staff, "we came *so* close to kicking these people's asses. Another fifty years — seventy-five at the outside — and we could have taken them, 'star-spanning empire' or no."

"I think that's probably a little over optimistic, Sir," Thiessen replied after a moment. "We never did find out how big their empire actually is, you know."

"It wouldn't have mattered." Pei shook his head sharply. "We're in a virtual dead heat with them technologically right now, Joe. Right now. And how old are their ships?"

"Some of them are brand new, Sir," Nimue Alban replied for the chief of staff. "But I take your point," she continued, and even Thiessen nodded almost unwillingly.

Pei didn't press the argument. There was no reason to, not now. Although, in some ways, it would have been an enormous relief to tell someone besides Nimue what was really about to happen. But he couldn't do that to Thiessen. The chief of staff was a good man, one who believed absolutely in the underlying concepts of Operation Ark. Like every other man and woman under Pei's command, he was about to give his life to insure that Operation Ark succeeded, and the admiral couldn't tell him that his own commanding officer was part of a plot to subvert those very concepts.

"Do you think we gave them enough of a shock that they may start actively innovating, Sir?" Thiessen asked after a moment. Pei looked at him and raised one eyebrow, and the chief of staff shrugged with a crooked smile. "I'd like to think we at least made the bastards sweat, Sir!"

"Oh, I think you can safely assume we did that," Pei replied with a humorless smile of his own. "As to whether or not it will change them, I really don't know. The xenologists' best guess is that it won't. They've got a system and culture which have worked for them for at least eight or nine thousand years. We may have been a bigger bump in the road than they're accustomed to, but the formula worked in our case, too, in the end. They'll probably be a little nervous for a century or three, but then they'll settle back down."

"Until the next poor dumb suckers come stumbling into them," Thiessen said bitterly. "Until then," Pei agreed quietly, and turned back to the display.

Eight or nine thousand years, he thought. That's the xenologists' best guess, but I'll bet it's actually been longer than that. God, I wonder how long ago the first Gbaba discovered fire!

It was a question he'd pondered more than once over the four decades it had taken the Gbaba Empire to destroy the human race, for two things the Gbaba definitely were not were innovative or flexible.

At first, the Gbaba had clearly underestimated the the challenge mankind posed. Their first few fleets had only outnumbered their intended victims three- or four-to-one, and it had become quickly and painfully obvious that they couldn't match humanity's tactical flexibility. The first genocidal attack had punched inward past Crestwell to take out three of the Federation's fourteen major extra-Solar star systems, with one hundred percent civilian casualties. But then the Federation Navy had rallied and stopped them cold. The Fleet had even counterattacked, and captured no less than six Gbaba star systems. Which was when the *full* Gbaba fleet mobilized.

Commander Pei Kau-zhi had been a fire control officer aboard one of the Federation's ships-of-the-line in the Starfall System when the real Gbaba Navy appeared. He could still remember the displays, see the endless waves of scarlet icons, each representing a Gbaba capital ship, as they materialized out of hyper like curses. It had been like driving a ground car into crimson snowflakes, except that no snow had ever sent such an ice-cold shudder through the marrow of his bones.

He still didn't know how Admiral Thomas had got-

ten any of her fleet out. Most of Thomas' ships had died with her, covering the flight of a handful of survivors whose duty had been not to stand and share her death, but to live with the dreadful news. To flee frantically homeward, arriving on the very wings of the storm to warn mankind Apocalypse was coming. Not that humanity had been taken totally unawares.

The severity of the opening Gbaba attack, even if it had been thrown back, had been a brutal wakeup call. Every Federation world had begun arming and fortifying when the first evidence of the Gbaba's existence had appeared, ten years before Crestwell. After Crestwell, those preparations had been pressed at a frenetic pace, and a star system made an awesome fortress. The surviving fleet elements had fallen back on the fixed defenses, standing and fighting to the death in defense of humanity's worlds, and they'd made the Gbaba pay a hideous price in dead and broken starships.

But the Gbaba had chosen to pay it. Not even the xenologists had been able to come up with a satisfactory explanation for why the Gbaba flatly refused to even consider negotiations. They — or their translating computers, at any rate — obviously comprehended Standard English, since they'd clearly used captured data and documents, and the handful of broken, scarred human prisoners who had been recovered from them had been "interrogated" with a casual, dispassionate brutality that was horrifying. So humanity had known that communication was at least possible, yet they'd never responded to a single official communication attempt, except to press their attacks harder.

Personally, Pei wondered if they were actually still capable of a reasoned response at all. Some of the ships the Federation had captured or knocked out and been able to examine had been ancient almost beyond belief. At least one, according to the scientists who'd analyzed it, had been built at least two millennia before its capture, yet there was no indication of any significant technological advance between the time of its construction and its final battle. Ships which, as Alban had suggested, were brand new construction had mounted identical weapons, computers, hyper drives, and sensor suites.

That suggested a degree of cultural stagnation which even Pei's ancestral China, at its most conservative

rejection of the outside world, had never approached. One which made even ancient Egypt seem like a hotbed of innovation. It was impossible for Pei to conceive of any sentient beings who could go that long without any major advances. So perhaps the Gbaba no longer *were* sentient in the human sense of the term. Perhaps everything — all of this — was simply the result of a set of cultural imperatives so deeply ingrained that they'd become literally instinctual. None of which had saved the human race from destruction. It had taken time, of course.

The Gbaba had been forced to reduce humanity's redoubts one by one, in massive sieges which had taken literally years to conclude. The Federation Navy had been rebuilt behind the protection of the system fortifications, manned by new officers and ratings — many of whom, like Nimue Alban, had never known a life in which humanity's back was not against the wall. That navy had struck back in desperate sallies and sorties which had cost the Gbaba dearly, but the final outcome had been inevitable.

The Federation Assembly had tried sending out colony fleets, seeking to build hidden refuges where some remnants of humanity might ride out the tempest. But however inflexible or unimaginative the Gbaba might be, they had obviously encountered that particular trick before, for they'd engulfed each of the Federation's remaining star systems with scout ships. Escorting Navy task forces might attain a crushing local superiority, fight a way through the scouts and the thinner shell of capital ships backing them up, but the scouts always seemed able to maintain contact, or regain it quickly, and very effort to run the blockade had been hunted down.

One colony fleet *had* slipped through the scouts . . . but only to transmit a last, despairing hypercom message less than ten years later. It might have eluded the immediate shell of scout ships, but others had been sent out after it. It must have taken literally thousands of them to scour all of the possible destinations that colony fleet might have chosen, but eventually one of them had stumbled across it, and the killer fleets had followed. The colony administrator's best guess was that the colony's own emissions had led the Gbaba to them, despite all of the colonists' efforts to limit those emissions.

Pei suspected that long-dead administrator had been right. That, at any rate, was an underlying assumption of Operation Ark's planners. "At least we managed to push their damned scout ship far enough back to give Breakaway a fighting chance of working," Thiessen observed. Pei nodded.

The comment came under the heading of "blindingly obvious," but he wasn't about to fault anyone for that at a moment like this. *Besides, Joe probably meant it as a compliment*, he thought with something very like a mental chuckle. After all, Breakaway had been Pei's personal brainchild, the sleight-of-hand intended to convince the Gbaba that they'd successfully tracked down and totally destroyed mankind's last desperate colonization attempt. That was why the forty-six dreadnoughts and carriers which had accompanied the rest of his task force in stealth had not fired a missile or launched a fighter during the fight to break through the shell of capital ships covering the Gbaba scout globe around the Sol System.

It had been a stiff engagement, although its outcome had never been in doubt. But by hiding under stealth, aided by the background emissions of heavy weapons fire and the dueling electronic warfare systems of the opposing forces, they had hopefully remained undetected and unsuspected by the Gbaba.

The sacrifice of two full destroyer squadrons who'd dropped behind to pick off the only scout ships close enough to actually hold the escaping colony fleet on sensors had allowed Pei to break free and run, and deep inside, he'd hoped that they'd manage to stay away from the Gbaba scouts.

But whatever he'd hoped, he'd never really expected it, and that was why those ships had *stayed* in stealth until this moment.

When the Gbaba navy arrived — and it would; for all of their age, Gbaba ships were still faster than human vessels — it would find exactly the same number of ships its scouts had reported fleeing Sol. Exactly the same number of ships its scouts had reported when they finally made contact with the fugitives once again.

And when every one of those ships was destroyed, when every one of the humans crewing them had been killed, the Gbaba would assume they'd destroyed *all* of those fugitives. *But they'll be wrong*, Pei Kau-zhi told himself softly, coldly. *And one of these days, despite everything people like Langhorne and Bédard can do to stop it, we'll be back. And then, you bastards, you'll* — "Admiral," Nimue Alban said quietly, "long-range sensors have picked up incoming hostiles."

He turned and looked at her, and she met his eyes levelly. "We have two positive contacts, Sir," she told him. "CIC makes the first one approximately one thousand point sources. The second one is larger."

"Well," he observed almost whimsically. "At least they cared enough to send the very best, didn't they?" He looked at Thiessen. "Send the Fleet to Action Stations, if you please," he said. "Launch fighters and began prepositioning missiles for launch."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AN ESSAY ON THE NAVAL ARCHITECTURE OF "HONOR HARRINGTON"

BY PHILLIP THORNE, FOR PHILCON 2005

There's a definite feel to the space warships in David Weber's "Honor Harrington" books, from *On Basilisk Station* and onward. These are not the mor-phable ships of McCarthy or Reynolds, fighting with the subtle info-warfare of Stross or Vinge, driven by the confident AIs of Banks and Laumer. No, these are the heavy metal – lineal descendents of the sail-driven timber of Earth's eighteenth century and the steel leviathans of the twentieth, crammed with crew, studded with gunports, and pregnant with menace.

(Because few of Weber's novels include appendices, the author hopes this summary will prove useful to the new reader of *HH*, or the long-time reader who's not detail-oriented.)

CLASSES

Centuries of near-stasis in the technologies of space warfare lead to a hierarchy of warship types with universally-accepted names and roles: the destroyer (DD), light cruiser (LC), battle cruiser (BC), battleship (BB), dreadnought (DN), and superdreadnought (SD), massing from 50,000 tons at the low end to eight megatons at the top. The "mobile forts" used to guard wormholes are twice as large, but devote their space to magazines instead of engines.

PROPULSION

The primary means of propulsion in the Honorverse is the "gravitic impeller wedge," which consists of a pair of "stressed gravity bands" projected to two sides of the ship. (The bands plus the hull form an arrowhead shape opposed to the direction of travel.) Impellers are used for all vessels from pinnaces (the size of twentieth-century airliners) to superdreadnoughts and mobile forts. Smaller craft use reaction thrusters. Attitude changes are executed by thrusters and "gyroscopes" (i.e., reaction wheels).

All impeller-drive ships have the same basic shape: the "double-ended spindle," a cylinder that tapers to each end, where the "impeller rings" (consisting of "alpha" and "beta nodes") are mounted.

Theoretically, impeller drive can produce near-instantaneous acceleration to lightspeed – but such an acceleration would crush the crew and ship. Practically, ships are limited to those accelerations that can be counteracted by the "inertial compensator" (or "inertial sump"), which for a warship is around 500 gees (or 5000 meters per second squared). The gravity generator of a

thruster-driven craft can compensate for its comparatively puny acceleration.

With acceleration unlimited by reaction mass and the rocket equation, impeller-drive ships can achieve arbitrarily high sublight velocities; but practicality once again intervenes. To guard against impacts with interplanetary dust, ships carry forward "particle shields", and even military-grade shields limit those ships to 0.8 cee.

Interstellar travel is achieved via "hyper space," which is attained via one or more onboard "hyperspace generators." Hyper space is divided into "bands," each of which permits a higher pseudovelocity than the one before (this notion is recycled in *The Apocalypse Troll*); but transition between two bands (and between hyper and "n-space") imposes a velocity penalty (which has tactical considerations).

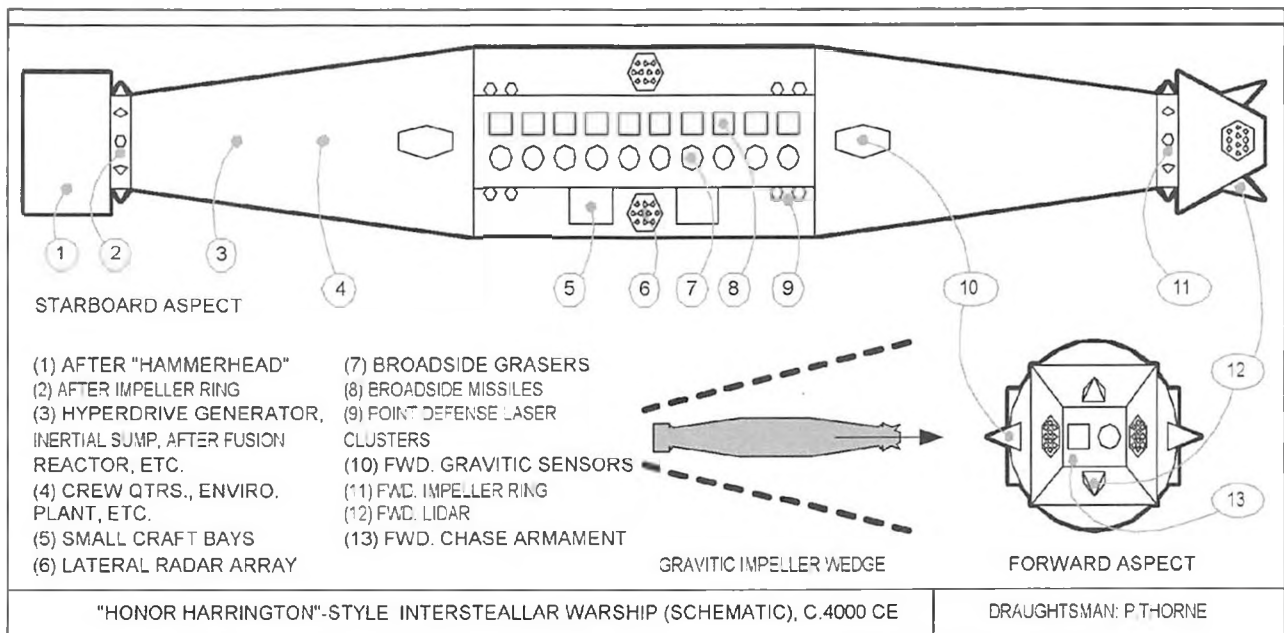
Impellers work just fine there, but hyper space is also the realm of "grav currents." These were considered dangerous navigational obstacles until the invention of "Warsawski sails," a modification of impeller technology that can tap them for mobility and power. (Yes, this is one of the world-building aspects that bear a suspicious resemblance to the Age of Sail.) Grav currents can also supplement the onboard inertial sump, permitting much higher accelerations.

Impellers are projected by the "beta nodes" clustered in the "impeller ring" at each end of the ship. Warsawski sails, 300 kilometers in radius, are projected by the vastly more powerful "alpha nodes."

The ultimate in hyperspace-aided travel are wormholes, which are gravitic currents so compressed that transit is effectively instantaneous. Wormholes always have two ends, but the termini of several wormholes may cluster in a single portion of a star system; the Manticore Wormhole Nexus is the richest group known, its six termini (later in the series, seven) clustering within a 100,000-kilometer region, and providing a trans-shipping point that's key to Star Kingdom's mercantile success.

SENSORS AND COMMUNICATION

The primary sensor technologies are radar and laser-based lidar (both lightspeed), and gravitics. The latter achieve FTL because the signal bounces off the alpha band of hyperspace (akin to shortwave radio and the "Heavyside"



layer of Earth's atmosphere). These sensors are often mounted on networked remote platforms and mobile recon drones.

Communication was limited to lightspeed radio and lasers until Manticore, in yet another modification of gravitic technology, developed a means to pulse impeller nodes. (The bit rate of such signals is very low, akin to the ELF radio used by submarines.)

DEFENSE

The impeller bands of a warship (conventionally called the "ceiling" and "floor" or "belly" are effectively impenetrable, so a standard defensive tactic is to roll the ship to intercept a wave of fire. (Moreover, warships project nested fields, two stress bands sandwiching a sidewall. This blocks the opponent's sensors.)

The lateral aspects of the ship are protected by non-propulsive "sidewalls" produced by dedicated generators. However, the operation of impeller drive requires that the remaining angles – the forward and after aspects of the wedge – remain unshielded, so an attacker's chief objective is to obtain a "kilt" or "throat" shot, either with chase weaponry or with a full broadside during a maneuver called "crossing the T". Active anti-missile defenses consist of counter-missiles and "laser clusters."

OFFENSE

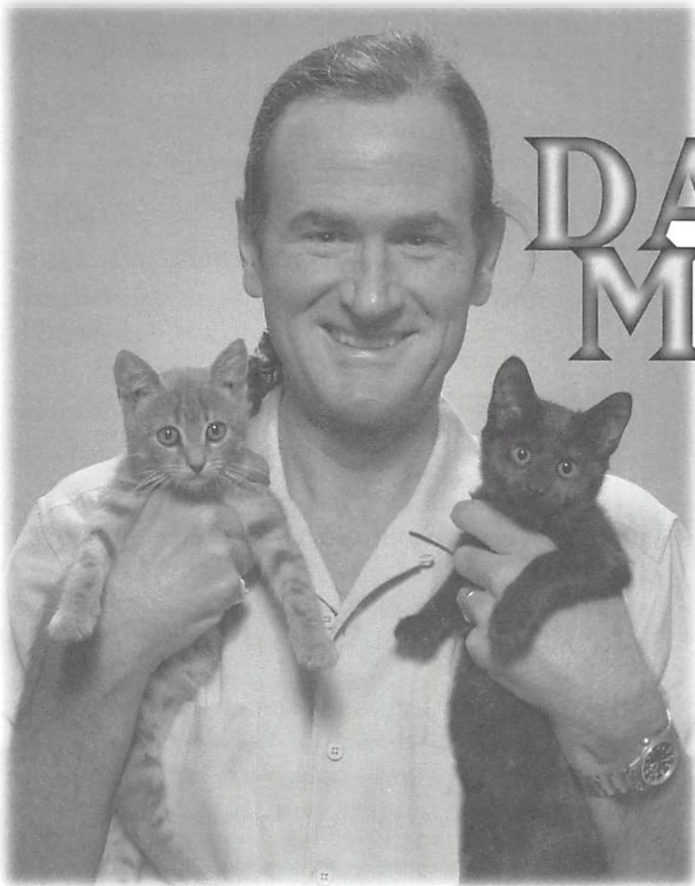
The bulk of a warship's weapons are clustered in its flanks ("broadside"), with "chase armament" located in the distinctive "hammerheads" at each end of the ship. The weapons fire through the sidewalls, which can be manipulated to open brief "gun-ports". (Yes, more "Age of Sail" parallels.) "Pod super readnoughts" (a Manticoran innovation) can also launch numerous free-flying missile pods.

Engagements begin at long ranges with impeller-drive missiles, massing 75 tons and up, capable of accelerations far in excess of a crewed ship. Missiles are tipped with either nuclear warheads or bomb-pumped X-ray lasers, and are equipped with "penetration aids" ("penaids") to counter the opponent's sidewall. Barrages are spiced with decoys. Engagements are limited by onboard magazine space.

For centuries, missile range was limited to a million kilometers; but the Manticoran invention of "multi-drive missiles" during the war with Haven raised that to over 20 million clicks.

At closer ranges (400 thousand clicks) combat switches to lightspeed beam weapons – lasers and grasers (gamma-ray lasers). A light cruiser carries lasers with apertures in the 30- and 60-centimeter range.

Less commonly-used weapons include the "energy torpedoes" and the "grav lance." Energy torpedoes are rapid-fire and devastating, but impotent against a sidewall. The grav lance can destroy a sidewall by inducing destructive resonances in its generators, but has a range of only 100 thousand kilometers; moreover, it's a massive weapon (an adaptation of the impellers) that steals space from conventional armament. (It should not be confused with the Betan-invented "gravitic imploder lance" of Lois McMaster Bujold's *Vorkosigan* stories, an entirely more effective instrument.)



DAVID B. MATTINGLY

By: Barclay Shaw

This year, Philcon is graced with one of the most talented and versatile artists currently working in the field of Fantasy and Science Fiction. A distinguishing characteristic of an exceptional illustrator is his ability to deftly handle a wide spectrum of subject matter and David Mattingly skillfully tackles anything art directors and editors throw at him. Or throw him at. David's work easily flows across genres, moves from the explosively dynamic to the subtle and sublime, turns from the humorous to the deadly, and incorporates the traditional arts plus the bleeding edge of digital technology. Here is an artist with a rich imagination and the skill set to translate it into exceptional art, as you will see in the Art Show.

But first, a bit of biography: David's grandfather, alarmed by an oracle portending his death at the hand of his daughter's child, set both mother and child adrift at sea sealed in a trunk. No, sorry, that was David Perseus Mattingly. David Burroughs Mattingly was born in Fort Collins, CO in 1956, the son of John W. Mattingly, the inventor of, among other things, the "Water Pik". After his "bad behavior" years in high school, David attended the Colorado Institute of Art for a year while also taking film classes at Colorado State University. He then transferred to Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, CA. There, he delved

into the mysteries and machinations of the arts with the likes of fellow students: the multi-talented Paul Chadwick, creator of the redoubtable "Concrete" Dark Horse Comics series; James Gurney, painter extraordinaire and progenitor of the "Dinotopia" media empire; and of course Thomas Kinkade, "Painter of Blight™." No, that would be "Light." Sorry, it was an honest mistake —hit an extra key. Really.

After graduating from Art Center, David went to work at Walt Disney Studios as a matte painter. There, he worked on films such as "The Black Hole," "Tron," "Dick Tracy," "Flesh Gordon," and Stephen King's "The Stand" among many others. Well, perhaps not "Flesh Gordon." David ultimately became head of the Disney Studios Matte Department. However, while at Disney and pursuant to a pact previously made with the Devil (probably this occurred during those "bad behavior" years in high school, as you will recall), David began doing freelance art on the side. This pact is evidenced in his first published piece: the album cover artwork for "The Commodores Greatest Hits," a nostalgic album for many of us and one which still moves Paul Chadwick to tears. In 1983 David left Disney for the Big Apple and a career in freelance illustration. A year later he moved into his "Brick House" across the Hudson River in Hoboken, New

Jersey, home to old “Blue Eyes,” Guild Guitars and Bugs Bunny. His Hoboken brownstone has been beautifully renovated over the years, and it is there that David still resides along with his lovely literary wife, Cathleen Cogswell, and a delightful assortment of adopted stray cats. His studio space comprises the entire 4th floor of the brownstone and is the envy of his peers.

David’s start in the illustration market somewhat paralleled my own. I first became aware of him as a cover artist for the film magazine *Cinefantastique*, one of my first clients, and was quite impressed with his command of painting technique, and especially with his dynamic use of perspective and fully convincing hardware rendering. As subsequent magazine and book covers created by David came to my attention, I was amazed by his equal facility with figure work and fantasy themes. During a science fiction convention in the mid 1980’s, this tall, very open and friendly guy came up to me and introduced himself. The fact that both of us painted in acrylics, used an airbrush, shared a passion for fantasy & science fiction and also shared the uncertain life of freelancing proved to be the basis for an immediate and lasting friendship.

Over the course of his career, David has worked for virtually every major publishing house and has produced in excess of 500 book and magazine covers, notably a remarkable 54 covers for K.A. Applegate’s “Animorphs” series. He is a two time winner of Magazine and Booksellers “Best Cover of the Year” award and winner of the Association of Science Fiction Artists “Chesley” award.

Five hundred covers represent a lot of work: the life of a freelance artist involves countless hours spent alone in the studio, slaving away to meet generally unreasonable deadlines. To mitigate this, David and I would listen to recorded books and trade off selections for variety. This was an interesting arrangement because our tastes in literature are diametrically opposed. I would go straight for the trash: mysteries, science fiction, best sellers —while David would select the heady stuff: biographies, history, Dickens etc. That is not to say that Science Fiction is “trash,” of course. So we each wound up listening to things we otherwise would never read and as a consequence would have our horizons expanded (or contracted, as appropriate).

In the early 1990’s, personal computers and graphics software evolved to a point where they became viable image creation tools for the non-programmer. Digital paint programs emerged on the market, along with an intriguing new digital tool: the 3D modeling, rendering and animation program. Most illustrators who do realist work in traditional 2D media must actually

think in three dimensions when dealing with scene composition, perspective and the like. With David’s background in matte painting where dimensional accuracy is critical, and my own personal proclivity toward sculpture, these new tools naturally fascinated us. At a convention in the early 1990’s, David and I had a fateful discussion with the brilliant, prolific yet reclusive artist, Tom Canty. Tom (who at one time was also set adrift at sea, locked in a trunk) had already embraced the new frontier of digital graphics, combining traditional media, digital media and typography to remarkable ends, and convinced us to purchase Macintosh computers. This opened new realms of artistic exploration for both of us. Over the ensuing years, as computers and software became increasingly powerful and he became ever more immersed in the medium, David made the inevitable transition from working in traditional media to working almost entirely within the digital realm. Most of David’s work today combines digital painting with elements generated in 3D programs. David would always dig much deeper into the 3D program tutorials than I would, and so has no one to blame but himself for becoming my tech support.

The fall of 1996 brought a temporary reprieve from freelancing when David took a job as Creative Director of a startup in Silicon Valley, MagicMaker, which had also engaged author Alan Dean Foster for interactive CD-ROM game development. He was then kind enough to bring me on as Art Director. David was a natural in his position, confidently directing others while producing his full allotment of artwork. Sadly, the startup stopped starting up after five months due to financial woes. The head of MagicMaker had neglected to inform her staff of this situation, but it only took us financially savvy artists a few extra months of not being paid to realize that the money was gone. David then demonstrated extraordinary personal integrity by forgoing any hope of his own payment by demanding that the artists he had contracted be paid first.

Happily, David emerged from the ashes of MagicMaker relatively unscathed and was able to step right back into his freelance career. As I write this, David, in a return to his roots, is in New Zealand creating digital matte paintings for the film version of Isaac Asimov’s “I, Robot.” Freelance art makes for a dull, dreary life —but someone’s got to do it. So, go to the Art Show and let David show you how it’s done right.

Barclay Shaw
Falmouth MA
June 2004

DAVID B. MATTINGLY ARTIST GUEST OF HONOR

David Burroughs Mattingly was born in Fort Collins, Colorado in 1956, the son of John W. Mattingly, the inventor of the "Water Pik". David began drawing and painting as a small child, influenced by comic books, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and a wide array of artists from Jim Steranko, to N.C. Wyeth, to Jackson Pollack. After high school, he attended the Colorado Institute of Art, Colorado State University and later transferred to Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California.

After school, he worked at Walt Disney Studios, ultimately becoming head of the matte department. He worked on "The Black Hole", "Tron", "Dick Tracy", Stephen King's "The Stand" and many others.

While at Disney Studios, David began doing freelance art. His first published piece was the album cover for "The Commodores Greatest Hits". His first sale of art for a book cover was for "A Wizard in Bedlam," by Christopher Stasheff, published by DAW Books. In 1983 he moved to New York City, and a year later across the Hudson River to Hoboken, New Jersey.

David has produced over 500 covers for most major publishers of science fiction and fantasy, including Baen, Bantam, DAW, Del Rey, Dell, Marvel, Omni, Playboy, Signet, and Tor. For Scholastic Inc, David painted 54 covers for K.A. Applegate's "Animorphs"

series, along with the last five covers for the "Everworld" series. He illustrated the popular "Honor Harrington" series for author David Weber. He painted the latest repackaging of Edgar Rice Burroughs' "Pellucidar" books for Ballantine Books.

He is a two-time winner of Magazine and Booksellers "Best Cover of the Year" award, and winner of the Association of Science Fiction Artists "Chesley" award. Other clients include Michael Jackson, Lucasfilm, Universal Studios, Totco Oil, Galloob Toys, R/Greenberg Associates, Click 3X and Spontaneous Combustion.

David most recently went to New Zealand to work for Weta Digital on "I, Robot", completing 8 matte paintings for the film, including the master shot of Will Smith standing at the top of the "USR" building.

After 20 years of traditional painting, David bought a computer ten years ago and has mainly worked digitally since then, preferring the powerful new tools that working digitally offers the artist. Most of his work today combines digital painting, and elements generated in 3D programs.

David is married to Cathleen Cogswell, and they share their home with three cats, Annie, Glinda and Jackson.

DAVID B. MATTINGLY PORTFOLIO



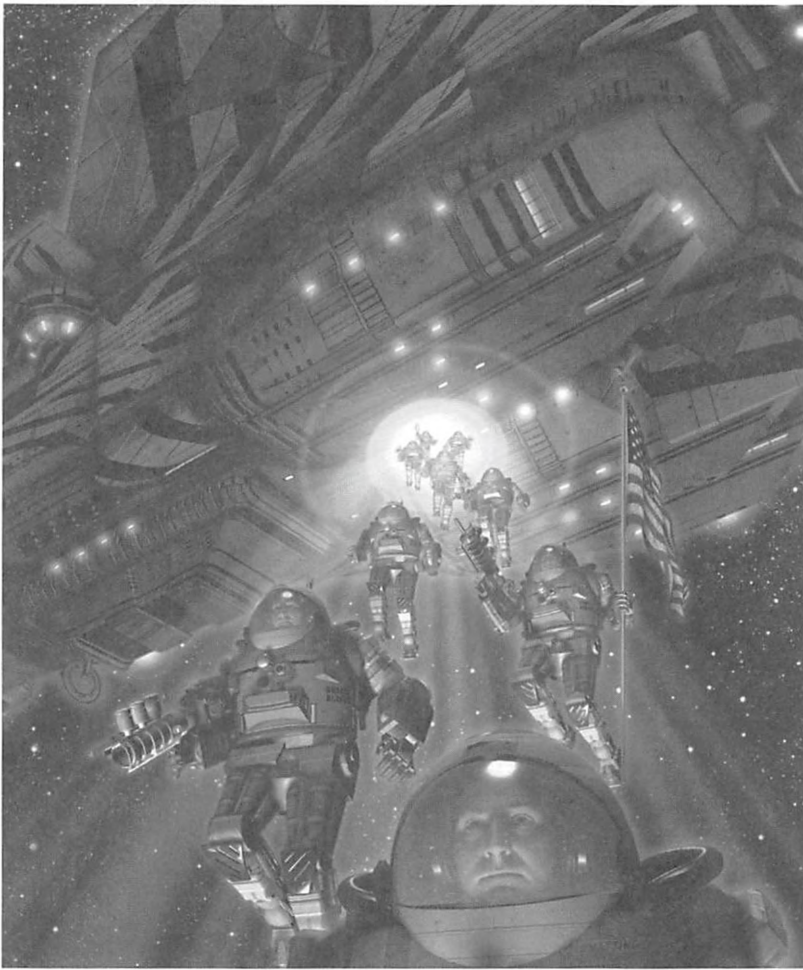
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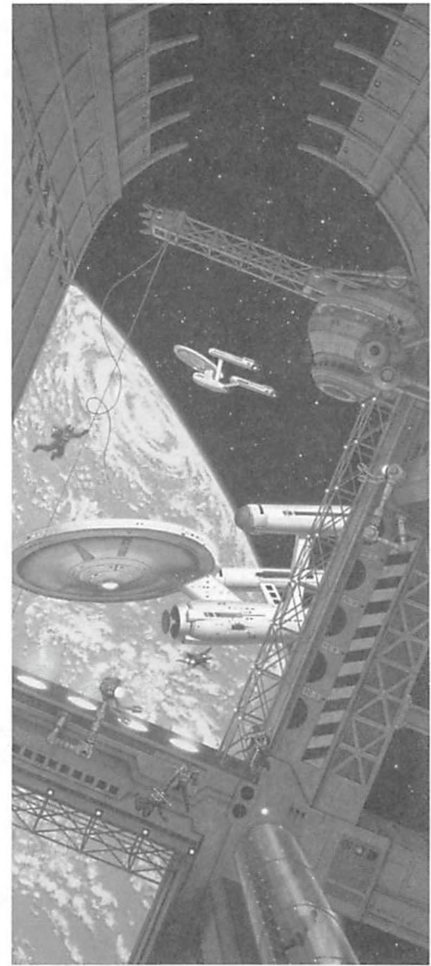
Saint Joan and the computer



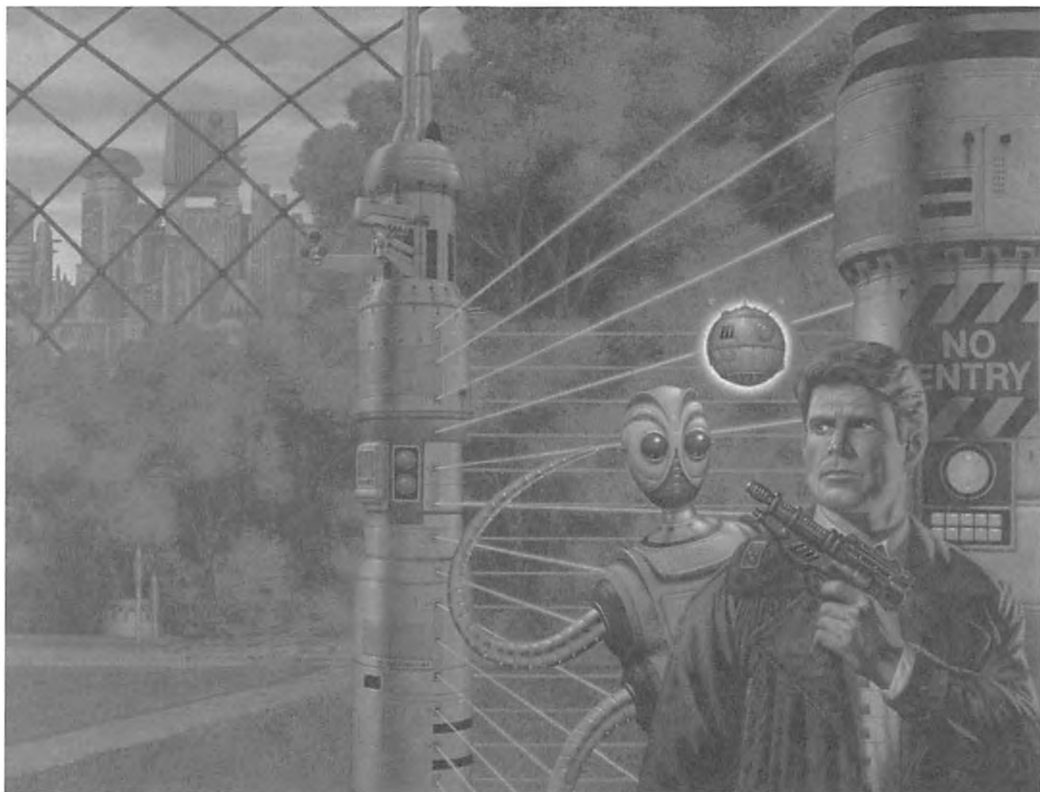
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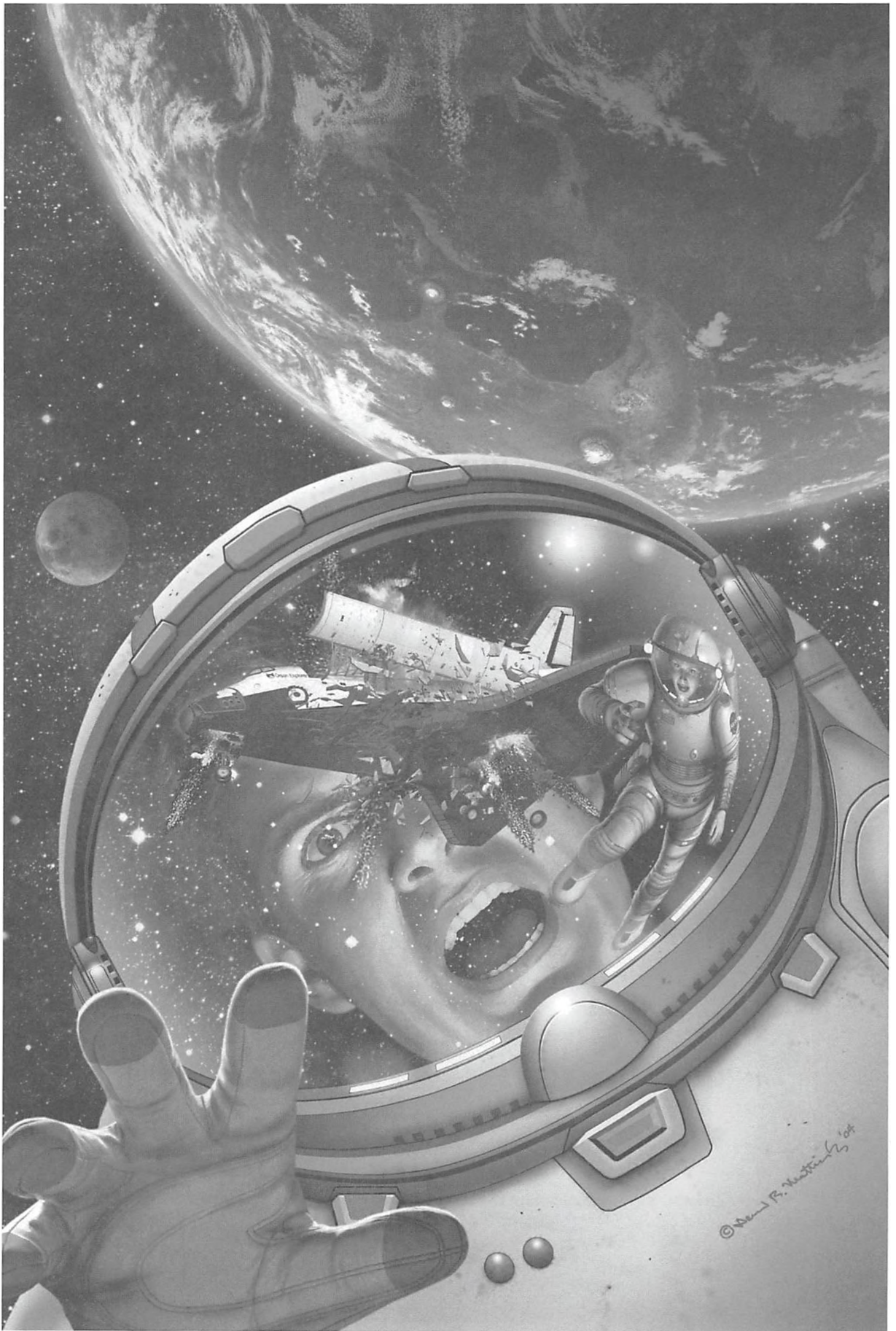
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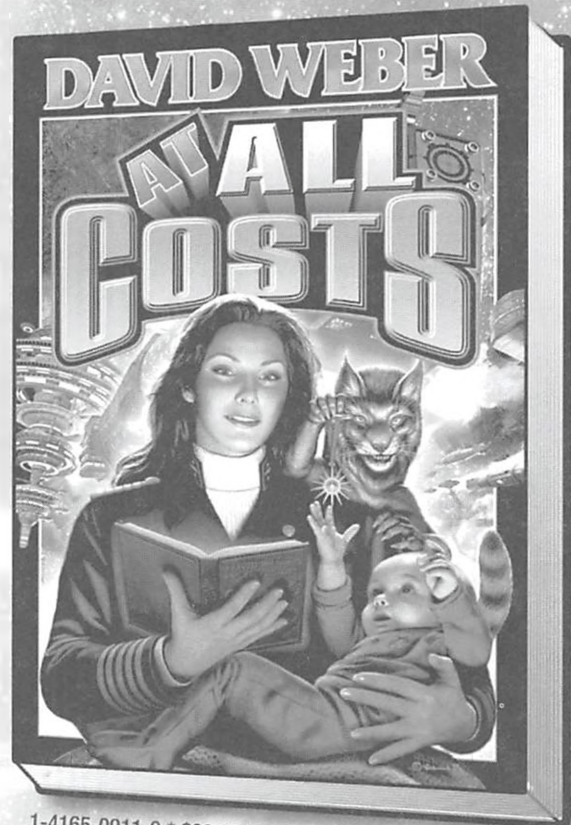
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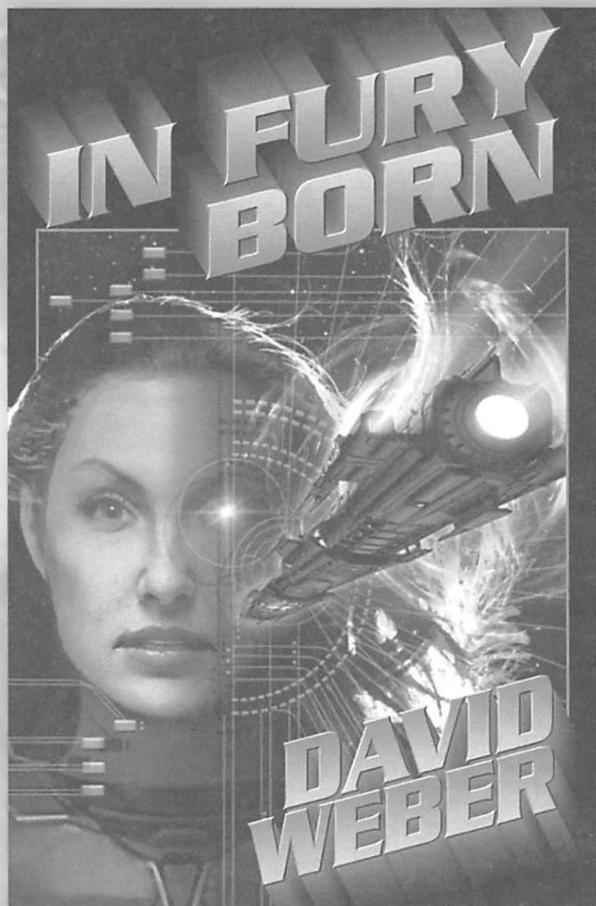
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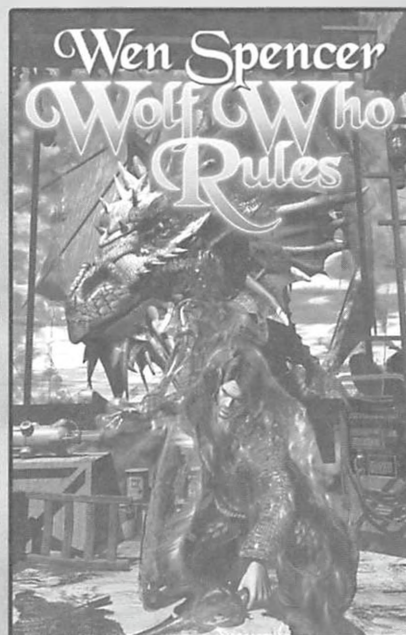
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THE ORIGIN OF PSFS

BY LEW WOLKOFF

Science fiction fandom began in the mail.

The first science fiction magazines were published in the 1920s. It didn't take very long for readers to begin sending in letters of comment on the stories, the art, even the science articles. Soon, every magazine had a letters column, printing both favorable and unfavorable comments. They also printed the full name and address of the writer of each letter.

Writers began to write to each other. If they lived in the same time, they sometimes got together to form the first clubs. In 1930, The Science Correspondence Club, a group of mutual letter-writers published the *Comet*, the first amateur science fiction magazine.

The May 1934 issue of *Wonder Stories* announced the formation of the Science Fiction League. In the words of Hugo Gernsback, editor of the magazine and now remembered as the father of science fiction, the League was "a non-commercial membership organization for the furtherance and betterment of the art of science fiction." There were few rules. Chapters of the League would be chartered in cities around the country.

Chapter #1 was chartered in Brooklyn. The Los Angeles chapter (#7) was formed in October 1934. The first overseas chapter, in Leeds, England was formed shortly thereafter. In January 1935, chapter #11 chartered by Milt Rothman here in Philadelphia.

At about the same time, a second group of Philadelphia area fans formed the Boy's Science Fiction Club. The members of this group included John V. Baltadonis, Jack Agnew, and Bob Madle. The group announced itself through the frequently printed letters to the professional magazines. Rothman contacted them. The two groups met in October 1935 to form a reorganized Philadelphia Science Fiction League. Ozie Train, a newcomer to the City who had already published a few short stories in small-town newspapers, and who was to become a lifelong presence, was also at that meeting.

In February 1936, the club published *Imaginative Fiction*. The magazine was carbon-copied and bound on a sewing machine. Bob Madle was editor, with Milt Rothman as his assistant.

The Science Fiction League collapsed in 1936 under pressure from active fans and rival organizations. While most of its chapters were to disappear, the Los

Angeles chapter, now the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society (LASFS) survives as the oldest organization in science fiction fandom.

In early 1936, the members of the Philadelphia chapter met to declare their independence from the League by changing the name of their organization. According to John Baltadonis, somebody pointed to the headquarters building of the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society and its illuminated PSFS sign. "Let's call ourselves the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. Then, when fans come in from out of town, we can show them the building and the sign and say that it's our clubhouse." The club has been the second PSFS ever since.

A group of New York fans came to Philadelphia on mid-October of the same year. The group was led by John Michel and Don Wollheim and included Fred Pohl, Will Syhora, Dave Kyle, George Hahn, and Herb Goudket. The Philadelphia delegation was led by Milt Rothman, and included John Baltadonis, Bob Madle, and Ozzie Train. This was the first inter-city meeting of science fiction fans. They called themselves a convention, noting that both the Republican and Democratic Parties had held their nominating conventions in the city that summer. A business meeting was held. Milt Rothman was elected Convention Chairman, with Fred Pohl as convention secretary.

The program included a tour of Independence Hall and of John Baltadonis' science fiction collection and his printing press. They talked about recent stories, and few played craps. On the way back to the train station, several songs with new lyrics related to science fiction were sung.

The event was repeated the following year and was formally named Philcon at that time. With the exception of the years during World War II, when everyone in the club except Ozzie Train were serving in the military, there has been a Philcon every year since.

In January 1937, a large group of British fans held a ticketed event in Leeds, England to announce the organization of the British Science Fiction Society. Speeches were made, and telegrams from several prominent fans and authors were read. In years since, some fan historians have claimed this event, rather than the meeting in Philadelphia, to have been the first science fiction convention. We, of course, favor the Philly meeting.

It would seem that there was an earlier PSFS than the group discussed above. For the history of that group, we turn to its most famous founding member.

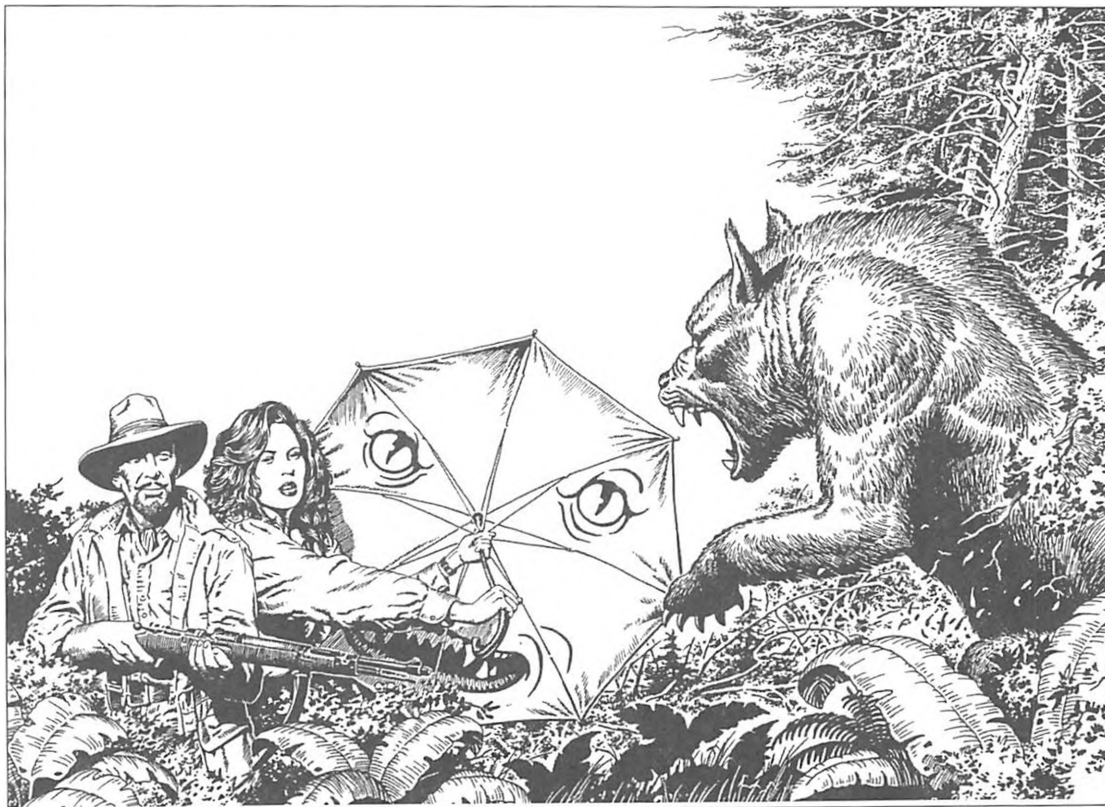
“The Founding of the P.S.F.S.”
from Benjamin Franklin:
His Apocryphal Autobiography

I have spoken elsewhere in my *Memoirs* of the founding of the Junto or “Leather Aprons”, as we called ourselves. This was a group of young tradesmen like myself, which met weekly for the discussion of morals, politics, and natural philosophy. Such discussions oftentimes fled from the original topic to journey wheresoever the whims and the wit of those involved were wont to take them. Our Friday sessions of the Junto were no exception to this rule.

More than once, the discussion shifted from books read for the education or moral uplifting of the reader to those books read for the pure delight of the reader. And it soon developed that there were a number of us within the general group whose pleasurable readings centered upon fabulous works set in times and places other than our own. Not a few of us enjoyed fantasies: the heroics of Mallory’s Arthur or Ovid’s retelling of the classic myths of ancient Rome; while others centered their reading upon speculations on the nature of man and society set in more imagined places such as Moore’s *Utopia* or in Swift’s tales of Dr. Gulliver. A few, and I must include myself here, were partisans of both camps.

We sometimes spent long hours arguing the merits of this or that work and the moral lessons, if any, that might be obtained from their reading. Indeed, at some meetings these literary discussions threatened to supercede the original purpose of the Junto as a body for the personal and public improvement of its members. This troubled me greatly, and I resolved to end that possibility by forming a second, separate club for purely literary discussion. I was pleased to find that several others agreed with this plan. Accordingly, the first meeting of the Society of Fantasy and Speculation was held in the late summer of 1728. We met in the same room at Mr. Grace’s house as the Junto, but on a different evening.

Soon after, William Ashbrook, one of our founding members, relocated his business to New York City. Ashbrook founded a similar group there almost at once. To celebrate the spread of our idea, we added our own city’s name to the club and styled ourselves the **Philadelphia** Society for Fantasy and Speculation. I am proud and happy to state herein that the club continues healthy and hearty to this present time, and that the idea of such a group has spread throughout the colonies. The name, however, proved somewhat cumbersome due to its length, so that, most usually, an acronym was made of its initials, P-S-F-S. These were pronounced as either individual letters or as “Pisfiss”, rhyming with “this bliss”. I find this pronunciation most suitable since both the works I read and the fellowship of my fellow readers of speculative fiction are most assuredly blissful occupations.



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Danielle Ackley-McPhail is the award-nominated author of the fantasy novel, *Yesterday's Dreams*, an urban fantasy based on Celtic mythology. Her other works include *Children of Morpheus*, by Lite Circle Books, and the as-yet unpublished sequel to *Yesterday's Dreams*, entitled *Tomorrow's Memories*. She has contributed to such sites as *Fictionauts.com*, *Sabledrake.com*, and *Darkwalls.com*. Currently she is working with her husband, Mike McPhail, on a military science fiction entitled *Progenesis*. To learn more of her work, visit www.sidhenadaire.com

Linda Addison is the first African-American to receive the HWA Bram Stoker award for her collection, *Consumed, Reduced To Beautiful Grey Ashes*. Catch her work in *SpiderWords* (spiderwords.com), *Fantastic Stories* magazine, *Dark Dreams I & II* anthologies (Kensington), *Dark Thirst* (Pocket Book), *Dead Cat Traveling Circus of Wonders and Miracle Medicine Show* (Bedlam Press), *Dark Matter* (Warner Aspect), *Twilight Tales Presents: Spooks*. Her poetry and stories has been listed on the Honorable Mention list for the annual *Year's Best Fantasy and Horror* and *Year's Best Science-Fiction*. Linda was a Guest of Honor at the 2005 World Horror Convention and is a member of CITH, SFWA, HWA and SFPA.

Walter Amos first developed an interest in Japanese animation with the premiere of *Star Blazers* in 1979 on WTAF TV 29 in Philadelphia, after already succumbing to science fiction in general. He attempted to catch a movie version of this series at Philcon 1984, but missed it and instead was introduced to the amazing work of Hayao Miyazaki in *Lupin III Castle Cagliostro*. Unknown to many anime fans, the Japan 2007 Worldcon committee is comprised of many top anime creators who got their start in Japanese literary SF. Walter hosted several panels at the 2001 Worldcon, the Millennium Philcon, about one of the finest SF anime series around based on a popular Japanese SF anthology, along with the producer of the series who is on the 2007 Worldcon staff. He hopes in the future to bring greater understanding between literary and anime SF fans by emphasizing how many well known anime shows began life as Japanese prose SF.

Camille Anthony is an author of *AOEM Dinner for 3*; *Tales of the Quiet Kitty* books 1, 2, 2.5 and 3; *Marti Gets Her M.A.N.*, *Martini On the Rocks and Frozen Daiquiri*; *Swept Off Her Feet*, *Light on Her Toes*, *Werewolf Journals 1 & 2: Wild in the City and Trolling For Love* as well as another short in the Werewolf universe: *Fortrayn's Forbidden Fling*. Print books: *Romance At the Edge: In Other Worlds* and *Charming the Snake*. She has been writing almost as long as she has been reading and decided she likes her stories to contain the heat of real life romance and erotica. Her favorite authors are Lois McMaster Bujold, Angela Knight and David Weber. She loves imagining what life and love will be like in mankind's future.



Ellen Asher has been editor of the Science Fiction Book Club for more than 30 years and still finds it hard to believe that people actually pay her to read SF. When she's not being an editor, she rides horses, goes to the ballet and goes hiking in the UK. She has recently discovered the virtues of single malt scotch.

An engine of relentless creativity, **Jared Axelrod** is a writer for www.365tomorrows.com and the mastermind behind *The Voice Of Free Planet X* podcast at planetx.libsyn.com. He has performed in two circuses, one of which was his own. His writing and artwork has been published in just about every format currently available. Some of it has won awards, applause and accolades from people who really ought to know better than to encourage him. He is not domestic, he is a luxury, and in that sense, necessary.

Eric Avedissian is a writer and game designer who first started playing roleplaying games 20 years ago as a carefree youth with *Dungeons & Dragons*. In the gaming world, he's written for Pinnacle Entertainment Group for their *Deadlands* line and is currently developing a pulp-themed game for Great White Games' *Savage Worlds* roleplaying system. The game, called *The Ravaged Earth Society*, is being published by Double G Press.

David M. Axler is a long-time convention fan who has been a Philcon regular since the early seventies, when he came to his first Philcon to interview GoH John Brunner for local radio station WXPB. In the years since then, he has written an M.A. thesis entitled "Fandom Is A Way of Life: A Folkloristic Ethnography of Science Fiction Fandom," designed the gaming weather system for TSR's "Greyhawk" campaign, arranged for Frank Herbert to be a speaker at Philadelphia's first Earth Day celebration, ushered at

six Hugo Awards Ceremonies, served as DJ for three consecutive Disclave "Senior Prom" dances, and was awarded the coveted "Stud Muffin" ribbon by the 1996 Los Angeles Worldcon Committee. In so-called real life, he is a bit-herder, a collector of books, music, and art, a member of the Zipper Club, and an avid oenophile. He also hosts the infamous annual "Alphabetical Hallowe'en Party."

Rob Balder is a self-described "renaissance geek," who spreads his creative energies across the fields of comics, game design, small press publishing, SF & Fantasy writing, poetry, and filk. He is the creator of the clip-art comic strip *PartiallyClips* (<http://www.partiallyclips.com>), which runs online and has appeared in the pages of two dozen newspapers and magazines, including *Philadelphia City Paper*. He is the Associate Editor of *Nth Degree* (<http://www.nthzine.com>), a popular fanzine covering genre fiction, gaming, comics, fandom and more. He writes Science Fiction and Fantasy, including one unpublished novel and many short stories and poems. He writes and sings filk (mostly parody) songs. His first filk CD is called "Rich Fantasy Lives" (<http://www.richfantasylives.com>) and features a title track co-written with filk Grandmaster Tom Smith (<http://www.tomsmithonline.com>). Rob also teamed up with Pete Abrams of the webcomic *Sluggy Freelance* (<http://www.sluggy.com>) to create "Get Nifty", a stand-alone card game themed around Pete's comic. An announcement about the game's release may be made by or at Philcon.

L.A. Banks is a native of Philadelphia who began her literary career in 1994 in the genre of romance, writing as Leslie Esdaile, for *Arabesque/Kensington*, *BET*, *Genesis Press*, *Simon & Schuster/Pocketbooks* (the *Soul Food* novel series based upon the popular televi-

sion show.) Then Banks broadened the scope of her work to develop a paranormal series for St. Martin's Press (writing as L.A. Banks) and a crime series for Kensington/Dafina (writing as Leslie Esdaile Banks.) At present, the breadth of her work includes a highly successful nine-book *Vampire Huntress Legend* series for St. Martin's Press under the pseudonym, L.A. Banks and a four-book crime thriller *Trust* series for Kensington. In addition, her most recent project is for Dark Horse, developing a novel based upon the acclaimed film, *Scarface*. She has penned 20 novels and 8 novellas, and lives and works in Philadelphia with her husband and children.
www.LeslieEsdaileBanks.com or
www.vampirehuntress.com

Alan F. Beck. Artist, Illustrator. Award winning artist participating in art shows across the country, producing paintings, magazine illustrations and book covers. Style of work is Science Fiction, Fantasy and Surrealistic in nature. In addition to using traditional materials, some pieces are produced using acrylics, watercolor and pastels with digital media. His carbon-based life form can be found in Brooklyn, NY. His digital based presence resides at www.alanfbeck.com.

Joseph L. Bellofatto, Jr. is an artist/illustrator residing with his wife and children in the mega-suburb that churns between Baltimore, MD. And Washington, DC His published works include the covers and interiors of such science fiction/fantasy magazines as *Absolute Magnitude* and *Gateways Magazine*. He has done book covers and interior work for Quiet Vision & DNA publications. Currently he is working in collaboration with sport fighting historian and theorist James La Fond for a non-fiction book (*The Broken Dance*) on the history of sports fighting for Paladin Press. Joseph's awards in the fantasy art realm have included an honorable mention and finalist in the L. Ron Hubbard "Artist of the Future" contest and a number of awards from convention art shows along the east coast, which would include "Best in Show" at Lunacon and "Best Science Fiction Art" at Philcon.

Earl Bennett writes: "I have been a product engineer on devices for the blind and deaf and blind individuals for twenty six years. I am currently working on production test for another company on point of salessystems/ in store advertising devices. At present I am also President of The Philadelphia Space Alliance which incorporates a number of organizations' members who support our society's expansion into, and exploration of, space."

Judith Berman's debut fantasy novel *Bear Daughter*, praised as "utterly absorbing, unforgettable" (*Booklist*, starred review) and "a richly imaginative tour de force" (*Locus*), was published by Ace in September 2005. Her short fiction, which has twice been short-listed for the Sturgeon Award, has appeared in *Asimov's*, *Interzone*, *Realms of Fantasy*, *Black Gate*, and the chapbook collection *Lord Stink and Other Stories* (Small Beer Press, 2002). She is the recipient of the Science Fiction Research Association's Pioneer Award for her often-cited critical essay "Science Fiction Without the Future." Her website is at <http://www.judithberman.net>, and she lives and works in Philadelphia.

Joshua Bilmes has been a literary agent since 1986, and proprietor of his own JABberwocky Literary Agency since 1994. JABberwocky clients include NY Times bestseller Charlaine Harris (also an Anthony Award winner and Agatha Award finalist), Nebula Award winner Elizabeth Moon, Hugo finalist Lee Killough, Campbell finalist Tobias Buckell, Stoker winner Edo van Belkom, Locus-bestselling authors Tanya Huff, Simon Green and Scott Mackay; and new fantasy writer Brandon Sanderson. He is an avid moviegoer and watches lots of baseball and tennis.

J.R. Blackwell is a writer, photographer and performance artist who lives in Philadelphia. She is a writer for the Science Fiction website, 365 Tomorrows (www.365tomorrows.com) which publishes a new piece of science fiction daily. She traveled as a contortionist with the Industrial Strength Freak Show for two years. She can curse in four languages, sings for money and ties attractive people to her bed all in the name of art.

Bridget Joyce Boyle has held many positions from asst. div. head up to gopher in cons up and down the Bos-Wash corridor. She is a professional teacher/lecturer in Computer Literacy and Graphics Programs. She avidly supports equality for Gay/Lesbian/Bisexual/Transgender/ Heterosexual people. As a transplanted Philadelphian, she makes her home in Merrimack, NH. With her husband Alex Latzko, she fights the graying of fandom the old fashioned way by reproduction. Their daughter Aileen is just 2. In her spare(!) time she is an amateur artist.

Stephanie Burke known to friends and readers as Flash, has a warped, twisted sense of humor, and she isn't afraid to let it show. From pregnant men to six-foot cockroaches, she's covered the gamut of the weird, the unusual, and the just plain strange. She has about

five million books currently in publication with one house or another, all under the name of Stephanie Burke. She says she won't use a pen name — she'd have to learn how to spell it. Too much like work. Visit her website at www.theflashcat.net and be sure to join Flash's "Flame Keeper" loop at Yahoo Groups — <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/FlameKeeper/join>.

Marilyn "Mattie" Brahen has published fiction in *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*, *Sheherazade* (in Great Britain) and others, as well as in the anthologies *Crafty Cat Crimes* and *The Ultimate*. Her first novel, *Claiming Her*, (Wildside Press), has received good reviews. She has herself recently become a book reviewer for the *New York Review of Science Fiction*, having branched into writing non-fiction reviews and essays. Mattie also enjoys art and music, including filking, staying young through the teachings of her five grandchildren, and learning even more about life and literature from her husband, Darrell Schweitzer, who lives with her and their three cats, Lovecraft, Tolkien and Galadriel, in Northeast Philadelphia.

While at MIT, **JJ Brannon** studied biophysics and molecular biology/genetics. He works in the R&D department of a thin-layer chromatography manufacturer in Newark, DE, where he designed a TLC/DNAgram reader and helped revise Delaware's paternity testing laws. He owns nearly 20,000 comics and is unsure whether Harv Bennett fashioned the "Kobayashi Maru" test in "Wrath of Khan" from JJ's outwitting the "Star Trek" "impossible survival" scenario in MIT's computer labs.

Susan Braviak is a second generation fan having been brought up into the hobby by her dad. She turned her love of science fiction into a business, opening the Science Fiction Continuum, in the spring of 1988, selling movies and related Science Fiction merchandise.

Jeff Bredenberg has been in publishing for more than 25 years. His science fiction novels include *The Dream Compass*, *The Dream Vessel*, and *The Man in the Moon Must Die*. He has published a number of short stories as well. In his "day job," Bredenberg is a freelance book editor and writer, specializing in such subject areas as health, home management, and consumer issues. He lives in the Philadelphia suburbs with his wife, Stacey Burling, and two sons, Adam and Colin.



Andrew C. Ely A founding member of The Patient Creatures, Andrew has been portraying the Grim Reaper since 1985. As an actor and film-maker he has found an outlet for what some would consider to be his darker side. Look for him soon in Timewarp Films' next release.

When **P.D. Cacek** isn't writing (four novels, two collections, short stories) or working for Wildside Press, she can be found either hunting ghosts or acting like one. A member of The Patient Creatures, she plays "Moirra, the Banshee." Please don't ask her to scream. You will be sorry. A new collection, *Eros Interruptus*, is currently available from Diplodocus Press (www.diplodocusprss.com) and Leisure is issuing the re-release of her humorous, erotic Vampire novel, *Night Players*. Another, more serious collection, *Sympathy for the Dead*, will be out from Wildside in 2006.

Hugh Casey has been involved with organized fandom for a number of years, and is known far and wide throughout the lands as a "Big Geek". This is a title that he wears proudly. He has served as Vice President and President of The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, Vice-Chair for Philcon in 2002, and Chairman of Philcon in 2003. Since running Philcon, he has been seen gibbering in a corner, eating flies and spiders that happen to come his way. He currently lives in King Of Prussia with his loving and far-too-patient wife, Deni. They have no children or pets, but far too many stuffed animals and books.

Ariel Cinii (a.k.a. I Abra Cinii, a.k.a. "Abby") has been involved in fandom for over 25 years. Her first exposure to filk in 1976 left her slack-jawed in wonder when she thought the singers were making the stuff up on the spot. Only later did she hear of hymnals, tapes and the like. Ever since, she's been singing and writing not just filk but also original melodies. One of her first songs, "Droozlin' Through the Cosmos", is a familiar favourite among filkers. Other popular songs include "FlyingStone", "Unknown Is Unending" and the filk "The Alternate Side" covering the arcane art of parking in New York City. She has also helped run the New York area filk con CONTATA in 1994 and 1998. Abby's talents also extend to art and writing. She is a member of APA-NYU (1979 to 2004 in print form, now on line) and LINGUICA, a language-oriented apa (1990 to 2000). She has also participated in art shows at many northeast cons and is currently at work on novel-length science-fantasy.

Myke Cole's short fiction has appeared *Weird Tales*, *Writers of The Future Vol. XIX* and *The Book of Final Flesh*. He has a story forthcoming in *Black Gate* magazine. He is a Writers of The Future contest winner and an Assistant Editor at *Weird Tales* magazine. In the nonfiction realm, Myke Cole writes primarily on counterterrorism issues. His work has either appeared or is forthcoming in the *Journal of Counterterrorism and Homeland Security International*, *Small Wars Journal*, *Defense and The National Interest* and *On Point: Counterterrorism Journal*. He also has other writing published in various newspapers and academic journals. He edits the George Washington University's *International Affairs Review*. Myke is a competitive kenshi/kumsa (Japanese/Korean fencer) and has studied Asian swordsmanship for many years. He holds a brace of medals from local and regional tournaments. He works as a consultant for the CACI Corporation and lives in Washington, DC.

Samuel Conway holds a Ph.D. in chemistry from Dartmouth, which naturally led him to become one of the leading names in Furry Fandom. He is an entertainer at heart and has performed his unique, low-key brand of comedy at conventions all over the world to audiences as big as 1500. He also writes when he has time, mostly in small-press fan publications, but he also managed to sneak a short story into *Flights of Fantasy* (Mercedes Lackey, ed., Daw Books, 1999). As chairman of the largest Furry convention in the world, the 2500-member Anthrocon, he is often called upon to speak on the subject of anthropomorphics and particularly to address any misconceptions that may be held. This is best done over a glass of wine, and preferably one that someone else pays for.

Charlene Taylor D'Alessio is a Professional SF & F Illustrator as well as a long-time Fan. Her art work is well-known for its often whimsical and humorous ideas and colorful images. Charlene is also well known for her hand-painted ties. She loves animals, (particularly bears) but also cats, dragons, owls, and ravens. A graduate of Syracuse University College of Art, she taught art for many years. Now she paints full time and exhibits her artwork at over 30 SF cons a year and attends 8. Charlene also takes portrait commissions and special requests by F & SF fans. She has a wonderful husband (also a SF fan) who is very patient and supportive of her artwork.

Michael D'Ambrosio is best known as the author of the *Fractured Time Trilogy*. He worked for several years as a nuclear field engineer, traveling throughout the United States and Europe on a regular basis. Currently, he works at the Salem Nuclear Generating Station in New Jersey as a controls technician. He served for 22 years as a member of the PA Air National Guard before retiring in 2002. He served several tours in the Middle East and attributes some of his experiences there as his inspiration to write. Michael is currently working on his new Space Frontiers series. The first book in the series, entitled *The Eye of Icarus* has been submitted and Michael is awaiting word of acceptance from the publisher. Details will be available soon. Michael has also completed screenplays for *Fractured Time*, *Twisted Fate* and *Dark Horizon*. Motion picture companies have expressed interest in the project. Look for more information about Michael at www.fracturedtime.com.

Jessica Dawson writes: I have been fascinated with science since I was old enough to toddle through the dinosaur exhibits in the Museum of Natural History in NY. Now, twenty-odd years later, I have moved away from dinosaurs and into the realms of biology. After graduating from Rutgers University, I attended Yale University where I earned a Ph.D. in Molecular Biophysics and Biochemistry in 2003. I am currently a post-doc at the University of Pennsylvania and studying a family of proteins involved in a wide range of cancers.

Charles J. Divine has been active as an artist in the SF field for over two decades. Currently he works in the medium of digital photographic manipulation. His day job is also a bit SF-oriented. He works as a software developer on various scientific projects. He also is involved with the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics — a real world professional organization of rocket scientists! Currently he is the Vice Chair of the Baltimore Section.

Gardner Dozois was the editor of *Asimov's Science Fiction* for almost twenty years, and is still the editor of the annual anthology series *The Year's Best Science Fiction*, now in its twenty-second annual collection. He has won an unprecedented 15 Hugo Awards as the Year's Best Editor, as well as two Nebula Awards for his own writing. He is the author or editor of over 100 books, the most recent of which are a new collection, *Morning Child and Other Stories*, a reissue of his novel *Strangers*, and the anthology *The Best of the Best: Twenty Years of The Year's Best Science Fiction*.

For the past seven years, **Ty Drago** has been the editor/publisher of Peridot Books (www.peridotbooks.com), one of the premier paying markets for online SF, Fantasy and Horror. As a writer, his short stories have appeared in numerous publications, both print and online, including *Haunts*, *After Hours*, *Pandora*, and *Midnight Zoo*. An article of his will soon be appearing in *Writer's Digest*. On the novel front, his first SF/Mystery, *Phobos*, was published by Tor Books in 2004. He makes his home in Cherry Hill, NJ, with his wife and son.

Scott Edelman is currently the editor of both *Science Fiction Weekly* (www.scifi.com/sfw/), the internet magazine of news, reviews and interviews, with more than 635,000 registered readers (since September 2000), and SCI FI, the official print magazine of the Sci-Fi Channel (since September 2001). He is probably most well known as the founding editor of *Science Fiction Age*, which he edited during its entire eight-year run from 1992 through 2000. He also edited *Sci-Fi Entertainment*, the official magazine of the SCI-FI Channel under a previous incarnation, for almost four years, and two other SF media magazines, *Sci-Fi Universe* and *Sci-Fi Flix*. He was also briefly the editor of *Satellite Orbit*, the country's largest satellite-TV entertainment guide. From 1983 through 1986, he published and edited five issues of *Last Wave*. He has been a four-time Hugo Award finalist for Best Editor. His first novel, *The Gift* (1990, Space and Time), was a finalist for a Lambda Award. *A Plague on Both Your Houses*, his five-act play that crosses *Night of the Living Dead* with *Romeo and Juliet*, was reprinted in *Best New Horror 8*, and was a Stoker Award finalist in the category of Short Story. His short story "The Last Supper," published in the zombie-themed anthology *The Book of Final Flesh*, was also a Stoker Award finalist in the category of Short Story. *These Words Are Haunted*, a collection of his short horror fiction, was published in 2001 by Wildside Press.

Chris Logan Edwards is the publisher of Tigereyes Press, which published a World Fantasy Award nominated collection by Michael Swanwick and is currently working on a *Hit Head On* a collection by Pennsylvania poet Keith Ward.

Edward Einhorn is the author of *Paradox in Oz* and *The Living House of Oz* (Hungry Tiger Press), *The Golem, Methuselah, and Shylock: Plays by Edward* (Theater 61 Press) and the upcoming picture book *A Very Improbable Story* (Charlesbridge). He has been the Artistic Director of Untitled Theater Company #61 since he founded it in 1992. In that time, he has directed over twenty plays with the company. He has also curated The Ionesco Festival, the first-ever festival of Ionesco's complete works, the 24/7 Festival, and is currently curating the NEUROfest, a collection of plays examining neurological conditions. He recently directed and co-wrote the Off-Broadway production, *Fairy Tales of the Absurd*, which the New York Times called "almost unbearably funny."

A founding member of The Patient Creatures, **Nina Ely** has been portraying Kuzibah the devil since 1994. A storyteller, actress, filmmaker, costumer, and writer, her work with the Creatures has allowed her to indulge all her passions. Recently, she has taken a leadership role in the eastern branch of the group.

Tina Blanco-Finan has been in fandom since the early 80's, been a Dr. Who fan a little longer than that, and been costuming and sewing even longer than that. She has been a professional costumer working at Pierre's Costumes for two years. She writes: "If I asked my husband, Tony, to sum up my 'bio,' he would say 'I can do it in just one word, FREAK.'"

Tony Finan suffers from photophobia caused by prolonged servitude in the Philcon film room, which he has run for over a decade. He is an avid fan of the science fiction and horror film genres, specializing in British and Asian films.

Ric Frane utilizes a multitude of media to create strong sexy images of women in fantasy, horror, and related genres. He specializes in watercolor, but is equally adept with acrylics, oils, pencil, ink, airbrush, and photography. Ric often draws inspiration from the women who model for him. He has worked with many popular models, such as, Natasha Yi, Linda Tran, Nikki Fritz, Rachael Robbins, Jasi Lanier, Dita Von Teese, and Tiffany Shepis. Ric is currently working on a variety of new pieces. His most recent pin-ups combine popular Asian models with traditional oriental art backgrounds. He has also been recreating images from his favorite Asian cinema and classic horror movies.

Ric has done illustration work, here and abroad, for numerous books, comics, and games, including *White Wolf*, *New Dimensions*, *Double Eye*, *CheapAss Games*, *BrainStorm Comics*, and *Chanting Monks Studios*. His work has also been featured in many magazines, such as *Chiller Theatre*, *Horror Biz*, *Femme Fatale*, *Scream Queens Illustrated*, *Black Velvet Gallery*, *Extreme Fetish*, and *Mystique Magazine*. Ric has received many awards for his art, and his pieces are in many private collections around the world. His work can be found on his web site; www.ricfrane.com

Wendy Mitchell Frane attended Tyler School of Art and received a BFA from the University of Delaware. Studying both art and photography, she developed a realistic rendering style. After college, she became involved in the duck decoy genre, publishing four limited edition prints, as well as illustrating books and magazine articles. Her art and photography have been featured in books for Cedar Tree Press and Franklin Publishing. Wendy returned to her love of rendering the female figure, portraying strong characters from history, mythology and religion. She continues to develop several different series of works including; fairy tales, biblical women, fairies, and dancers. Wendy most-

ly works in pencil and charcoal, but lately has been using both watercolor and acrylic, sometimes collaborating with her husband, artist Ric Frane. Wendy also has modeled for her husband and many other top genre artists. She has won many awards, and her art is in private collections around the world. Ever expanding her horizons, she has written several articles on sci-fi/fantasy artists and art collecting for *SF Revue* magazine. Wendy currently works running the gallery she and Ric own in Wilmington, DE.

Carl Frederick is a theoretical physicist, at least theoretically. After a post-doc at NASA and a stint at Cornell University, he left theoretical astrophysics and his first love, quantum relativity theory (a strange first love, perhaps) in favor of hi-tech industry. He is Chief Scientist of a small company doing AI software. He has two more-or-less grown children, shares his house with a pet robot, and time-shares a dog at the office. For recreation, he fences epee, learns languages, and plays the bagpipes. He lives in rural Ithaca, New York. And rural is good if you play the bagpipes. Although shopping around a novel faster than a speeding glacier, he is predominately a short story writer whose work has appeared many times in *Analog*, and is also forthcoming in *Artemis*, *Andromeda Spaceways Inflight Magazine*, and elsewhere.

Esther M. Friesner, Ph.D. has been keeping out of the pool halls and speakeasies by diligent effort which includes over 30 published novels and over 100 published shorter works. In addition, she has won the Nebula Award twice and has been a Hugo finalist once. She would like to win the pretty rocket just once, too, but it is an honor just to be nominated. Upcoming publications for 2006 include two Young Adult novels: *Crown of Sparta* from Random House and *Temping Fate* from Penguin/Puffin. (No, the title is *not* a typo. It's about being a young temp worker for some rather IN-teresting employers.)

Gregory Frost "demonstrates his mastery of the short story form in what will surely rank as one of the best fantasy collections of the year," according to *Publishers Weekly* in its review of *Attack of the Jazz Giants & Other Stories*, and Rick Kleffel, in his July 12 *Agony Column* notes, "Readers looking for the kind of variety that you find in the works of Ray Bradbury will find themselves in familiar hands here." Frost's first short story collection includes his novelette, "Madonna of the Maquiladora," a James Tiptree Award, Nebula Award, Theodore Sturgeon Memorial Award, and Hugo Award finalist, and a brand new novella, "The Road to Recovery." His latest novel, *Fitcher's Brides*



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(Tor Books), is a recasting of the fairy tale of Bluebeard as a terrifying story of faith and power in 19th century New York State. Fantasy author Jeffrey Ford wrote of it: "Just phenomenal. The story retains some of its fairy tale nature but it takes no prisoners. I heard him read a piece of this at the KGB in New York before I got the book, and the prose sobered me up out of a solid drunk." The novel was a finalist for both the World Fantasy Award and the International Horror Guild Award. Frost has been a finalist for almost every major award in the fantasy field. His shorter work has appeared in *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, *Asimov's Magazine*, *Weird Tales*, *Realms of Fantasy*, and in numerous award-winning anthologies such as Nalo Hopkinson's *Mojo: Conjure Stories*, and *The Faery Reel*, edited by Ellen Datlow and Terri Windling. Some of his work has been included in the *Best New Horror* collections edited by Stephen Jones. Frost's latest story "So Coldly Sweet, So Deadly Fair," will appear in the *Weird Tales* magazine in early 2006. He is one of three Fiction Writing Workshop Directors at Swarthmore College in Swarthmore, PA.

Ken Gallagher grew up in a military family, spending most of his childhood in Germany and Japan. He went to Marshall University and did graduate work at Princeton Theological Seminary and Rutgers University. Ken Gallagher spent the '90s as senior editor at a publishing house specializing in military history, including several alternate histories and day-after-tomorrow thrillers. He is currently involved primarily in market research, where he draws on medieval and continental philosophy to develop codesets and coding programs. He recently returned from a training mission in Hyderabad, India.

Turn over any medium-sized rock in the Wissahickon and you are sure to see a writhing albino grub with enough concentrated blackness in his form to hint at the transformation into the odious black beetle of the future. That very grub is **Joseph A. Gervasi**, co-founder of Exhumed Films (www.ExhumedFilms.com), the Philadelphia-area's only cult-film based repertory cinema group. Joseph also co-founded Diabolik DVD (www.DiabolikDVD.com) with Exhumed Films member Jesse Nelson. Diabolik brings you your favorite horror, art and sex films then makes you pay for it with your hard-earned food stamps. When not stroking his legion of cats, dreaming of an expansion of the death penalty or grumbling that his long-dead Italian great aunt never finished the Doctor Who scarf she promised him when when he was ten, he ticks off the days until he'll feel his exoskeleton start to form beneath the milky surface of his pulsing grub skin.



Alexis Gilliland may be less permanent than the Appalachians, but he has been floating around the firmament of science fiction for mumble-mumble years, during which time he has run cons, presided over WSFA meetings, published novels, drawn more cartoons than he can conveniently enumerate, and served as co-host for WSFA since the first Friday of November 1967.

Lee Gilliland has been in and around SF and SF cons for the last 20mumble years. Her other interests include the *Titanic*, Sherlock Holmes, Richard III, and ancient Egypt.

Laura Anne Gilman is the author of an original fantasy series (*Staying Dead* and *Curse the Dark*, with *Bring It On* to come in July 2006 from Luna), and a YA Arthurian fantasy trilogy (*Grail Quest*) coming from Harper in 2006. She is also the author of over

twenty-five published short stories, including "Serpent's Rock" in *Young Warriors*. She also runs d.y.m.k. productions, an editorial services company. Her website is <http://www.sff.net/people/lauraanne.gilman>, and readers can contact her at wrensergei@lycos.com

Mitchell Gordon is a writer and futurist from Philadelphia. He is an urban planning journalist (M.U.P.), Vice President of the Phila. Area Space Alliance (PASA), and has been a program director for the Phila. Chapter of the World Future Society. He appears in *Viable Utopian Ideas*, an anthology on shaping a better world.

Daniel Grotta wrote the first biography of J.R.R. Tolkien, which was initially published in trade paperback (Running Press), then mass paperback (Warner Books) and finally in hard cover (Grosset & Dunlap). It has been in continuous publication for over a quarter century, has been translated into numerous languages, and once had the singular distinction of being the most stolen book out of libraries. Daniel has also written seven other non-fiction books (co-authored with his wife Sally Wiener Grotta). As an investigative reporter, war correspondent, book and music critic, technology reviewer, features writer and columnist, he has authored well over 1,500 stories for prominent magazines and newspapers, such as *Islands*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Reader's Digest*, *The London Sunday Times magazine*, *American Heritage*, *Parade*, *Saturday Review*, *PC Magazine*, *Family PC*, *Philadelphia Magazine*, *Lear's Magazine* and many others. His short fiction has appeared in *Asimov's* and *Focus Magazine*, and his novel is still a work in progress. Recognized, also, as one of the premier experts on digital photography, Daniel is the president of DigitalBenchmarks, the independent digital camera and imaging test lab. He is a member of The Authors Guild, the American Society of Journalists & Authors (ASJA), the Overseas Press Club, the National Book Critics Circle, and SFWA.

Sally Wiener Grotta is a journalist, photographer and author. Currently, a contributing editor at *PC Magazine* (where she is the resident expert on digital cameras, graphics and anything to do with pictures and computers), she is also a mainstream features writer who has authored literally many hundreds of articles, columns and reviews. Her work has appeared in scores of magazines, including *Parade*, *Lear's Magazine*, *Family PC*, *The Robb Report*, *American Heritage*, *Islands* and many other publications. Sally is also the co-author (with her husband Daniel Grotta) of seven non-fiction

books. In addition, she and Daniel give seminars and workshops around the country and on the Internet on digital photography and imaging. Sally has recently completed her first novel and is working on her second. An active member of American Society of Journalists & Authors (ASJA) and a former chapter president of American Society of Media Photographers (ASMP), Sally is an advocate for authors' rights and speaks often on the business of writing.



Paul Halpern is a Professor of Physics at the University of the Sciences in Philadelphia. He is the author of nine popular science books about space, time and the cosmos. His most recent books include *The Great Beyond: Higher Dimensions, Parallel Universes and the Extraordinary Search for a Theory of Everything* and *Faraway Worlds: Planets Beyond the Solar System*.

Jeffery Harris has been an avid s-f fan since watching the original *Star Trek* on NBC in the mid 60's, and can quote ad infinitum (if you let him) from such sources as the Bond franchise, Bugs Bunny, the aforementioned *Trek*, and the *Star Wars* series. His fertile imagination aided him in co-creating (with Mark Wolverton) an original s-f audio comedy, "The Funny File." Jeff resides in Bristol, PA with his wife and cat.

David G. Hartwell is a Ph.D. in Comparative Medieval Literature who has been nominated for the Hugo Award thirty-one times. He has edited a number of anthologies, including an annual *Year's Best SF*

paperback series now in its tenth year and co-edits a *Year's Best Fantasy*, both with Kathryn Cramer, and both editors have won the World Fantasy Award for best anthology. He has taught at Harvard University, Clarion West writing workshop in Seattle, and New York University, among others, and has edited a couple of thousand SF books since 1970. He is the author of *Age of Wonders*, and is presently a senior editor at Tor/Forge Books and the publisher of *The New York Review of Science Fiction*.

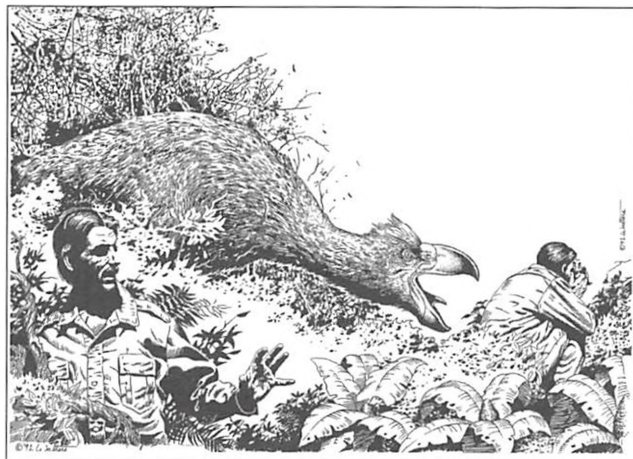
Lottie Hashem writes: "I play paper and pencil role playing games of various types and settings on an ongoing weekly basis. I have a twenty three year old gamer son for whom I used to run D&D games when he was about eight to ten years old. He's still gaming, too. We both joined PAGE almost five years ago, just after my son reached the minimum age (18) that qualified for membership. At the time, we were the oldest and youngest members of the group."

C.J. Henderson is the author of both the Teddy London supernatural detective series and the Jack Hagee PI novels, as well as the creator of such diverse works as *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction Movies* and *Baby's First Mythos*. He is the author of hundreds of short stories and comics, and thousands of non-fiction pieces which have been printed around the world. He is constantly chained to his keyboard, when not holding court telling outrageous lies at the Gentlemen's Club, or pitching pennies with the local hooligans for lunch money. Learn more about him at www.cjhenderson.com, then come meet the butterball from Brooklyn in the flesh!

Robert Himmelsbach Rob Himmelsbach is a Journeyman level costumer in the ICG; a Master of the Laurel in the SCA; a Health Department Program Manager in Real Life; and a crank and nuisance generally. He has run or helped run Masquerade and Costumer Programming at many Philcons and other cons, and was MC for Millenium Philcon (2001 Worldcon).

Merav Hoffman is a founding member of the singing group Lady Mondegreen, along with Batya Wittenberg and Seanan McGuire. Merav is also a stealth Canadian, who has infiltrated American society with her adorable vowels and her clever ability to subdue all comers at 15 feet with the power of Coffee Crisp. To locate Merav in a crowd, simply look for the tall, slender woman with long hair, a guitar and a crochet project. Chances are she'll be wearing something long, slinky and velvet.

Walter Hunt is the author of four books published by Tor: *The Dark Wing* (2001), *The Dark Path* (2002), *The Dark Ascent* (2004), and *The Dark Crusade* (2005). This critically reviewed series deals with the ethics and morality of war, and the relationship between humanity and other intelligent species; they have been compared to the works of Herbert, Card, Weber, and Tolkien. Walter is an active Freemason and a lifelong baseball fan. He lives in Massachusetts with his wife and daughter.



Muriel Hykes (popularly known as Dr. Mom) is a med school dropout and substitute Special Ed teacher, who has been raising special-needs kids for over two decades. At Philcon, and elsewhere in East Coast fandom, she participates in panels on nutrition, allergies, education, ADHD, learning disabilities, computers, and the future of just about everything (isn't that what SciFi is really about?) She and her rocket-scientist husband live on a hilltop just north of Williamsport, PA with the three youngest of their seven recombinant DNA experiments.

Robert Jeschonek wrote "The Secret Heart of Zolaluz" for *Star Trek Voyager: Distant Shores* from Pocket Books. His Burgoyne adventure, "Oil and Water," appeared in *Star Trek: New Frontier: No Limits*. Robert's story, "Our Million-Year Mission," won the grand prize in *Star Trek: Strange New Worlds VI*. His credits include the prize-winning "Whatever You Do, Don't Read This Story" in *Strange New Worlds III*, "The Shoulders of Giants" in *Strange New Worlds V*, and original fiction on websites ranging from Abyss & Apex to ScienceFictionFantasyHorror.com. Robert's work can also be found in comic books, including *War* and *Silent Screams* from Philadelphia's own Saddle Tramp Press and the British humor anthology *Commercial Suicide*. Robert's *Star Trek: Starfleet Corps of Engineers* e-book, *The Clean-up*, is due in early 2006 from Pocket Books.

One of his stories is also set to appear in 2006 in the British speculative fiction magazine *Postscripts*. Robert is currently based in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Visit his website at www.robertjeschonek.com for news, original fiction, and *The Flog*, a fictionalized blog with an emphasis on fantasy.



Robert Kauffmann was born in Willingboro, New Jersey, in 1963. Mr. Kauffmann earned a degree in computer science from Rutgers University in 1987 and currently works as a software engineer for Computer Sciences Corporation. While still in college, Mr. Kauffmann developed his own artistic style, inspired by his background in computer science and mathematics as well as the work of the mathematician B. Mandelbrot, inventor of fractal geometry, and the graphic artist M. C. Escher. Mr. Kauffmann's designs portray visual paradox using mathematical structures as expressive tools. He calls this style Mathematical Surrealism. Kauffman's graphic art has been featured in numerous shows in Philadelphia, Chicago, New York City, and other venues nationwide. His work has also won a number of awards and been published in various periodicals. Kauffmann has also produced a number of animated films including *Animated Shorts* (1995), *The Masque of Ollock* (1999), *Osama bin Lobster* (2002), and *Food Chain Inversion* (2004). Kauffmann's films have won awards and have been screened in various film festivals nationwide. He is currently working on two new films, *Song of the Moon*, and *Eye Candy*. Kauffmann's career as a writer is comparatively recent. His first published work is *The Mask of Ollock* (Arx

Publishing, 2002) based on his film of the same name. He is at work on a sequel entitled *The Curse of Borello*, which is currently being serialized in *The Tarpeian Rock*.

James Patrick Kelly has had an eclectic writing career. He has written novels, short stories, essays, reviews, poetry, plays and planetarium shows. His books include *Burn* (2005) *Strange But Not A Stranger* (2002) *Think Like A Dinosaur and other stories* (1997), *Wildlife* (1994) and *Look Into The Sun* (1989). His fiction has been translated into seventeen languages. He has won the World Science Fiction Society's Hugo Award twice: in 1996, for his novelette "Think Like A Dinosaur" and in 2000, for his novelette, "Ten to the Sixteenth to One." He writes a column on the internet for *Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* and is on the faculty of the Stonecoast Creative Writing MFA Program at the University of Southern Maine. Ask him about applying; Mars needs MFAs! He is currently the Chairman of the New Hampshire State Council on the Arts, and the Assistant Chair of the newly formed Clarion Foundation. He bats right, thinks left and has too many hobbies.

Kimberly Ann Kindya is a multimedia producer, writer and costumer. She worked on a number of CD-ROMs, including the *Star Trek Encyclopedia*, *Farscape: The Game*, and the original role-playing computer game "Darkened Skye." She has reviewed SF and Fantasy for *Publishers Weekly*, as well as written the short story, "Ice Prince," in the anthology *X-Men Legends*, a Powerpuff Girls "Choose-Your-Own-Adventure" style book for kids, and two Looney Tunes books for Scholastic. (*Roswell Ruckus* and *Rumaway Robot*.) She is a Journeyman costumer and ICG member, having most recently won a prize at the Boston 2004 Worldcon Masquerade. A longtime avid fan of comics and animation, she collects Japanese anime and manga as well as American comics and cartoons.

Trina E. King writes: "Over the years I have been accused of being many things from a witch to an evil alien. But to those who really know me, I am just a mild-mannered librarian, quiet and self-effacing."

Dina Leacock, writing under the name Diane Arrelle, has sold more than 80 short stories to magazines and books including the Barnes and Nobles anthology *Crafty Cat Crimes* and *Blue Murder*. Her book, *Hold The Mayo*, a collection of short stories, is due out in 2006. She also has stories appearing this year in *Twisted Cat Tales*, *The Travel Guide to the Haunted Mid-Atlantic Region*, and *Gourmet Cuisine*. She is one of the founding members as well as the second president of the Garden State Horror Writers and is

also a board member and a past president of the Philadelphia Writers' Conference Organization.

Evelyn Leeper became addicted to science fiction with *The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet*. She discovered fandom when then-future husband Mark signed her up for the UMass SF Society in 1968. In 1978 they founded the Bell Labs SF Club and their own (soon) weekly fanzine, which has gone through



several title changes until it settled down as the *MT Void* (pronounced "Empty Void") which has had more than 1300 issues! She has been nominated for the Hugo for Best Fan Writer twelve times for her convention reports, travelogues, and book reviews, and is a judge for the Sidewise Awards for alternate history.

Mark Leeper A science fiction fan since age five, Mark went to the University of Massachusetts where he was active and eventually the president of the science fiction society. In 1978 he and his wife Evelyn

founded the company science fiction club at Bell Laboratories in New Jersey. What started as the weekly notice for the club has grown into the weekly fanzine for the electronic community, *The MT Void*, which now has had over 1300 issues! Mark is also the longest continually-publishing film reviewer on the Internet. Mark's other hobbies include recreational mathematics, old-time radio, international travel, and origami. He and his wife have been fan guests of honor at Contraption and Westercon.

M. Jane Letty Jane Letty Agency represents fiction and non-fiction material from established authors, such as Ardath Mayhar, Brent Monahan, Michael Laimo, and Edward Lee to emerging authors. Jane Letty and her partner, Janrae Frank, offer fifty-years combined experience to manage business affairs and provide editorial development to a very selective client base. A flexible, project-by-project contract is issued as a formality to a working relationship based on mutual trust and loyalty. The agency is only three-years young, but pledges to uphold AAR Code of Ethics. Agency motto: No Games. No Mercy. No Fees. www.lettyagency.com

Dr. Paul Levinson's *The Silk Code* won the 2000 Locus Award for Best First Novel. He has since published *Borrowed Tides* (2001), *The Consciousness Plague* (2002), and *The Pixel Eye* (2003). *The Plot To Save Socrates* will be published in early 2006. His science fiction and mystery short stories have been nominated for Nebula, Hugo, Edgar, and Sturgeon Awards. His eight nonfiction books, including *The Soft Edge* (1997), *Digital McLuhan* (1999), *Realspace* (2003), and *Cellphone* (2004), have been the subject of major articles in the *New York Times*, *WIRED*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and have been translated into eight languages. He was President of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America, 1998-2001, and is Professor and Chair of Communication & Media Studies, at Fordham University in New York City. URL: www.sff.net/people/paullevinson

Dusti Lewars is a freelance writer specializing in the haunted attraction industry; past editor of the online newsletter *Haunting News*; staff writer for *HallowZeen*.

Nathan Lilly Since 1991 Nathan has been working with Computer Aided Art, from Graphic Art and 3D design to Multimedia and Web Design. He has designed artwork for a variety of media and processes, such as stage productions, desktop publishing, and advertising specialties, as well as dynamic and interactive content for the Internet. His current work

includes badges for the 2003 Nebula Awards, the website, program book, tickets, and signs for the James Doohan Farewell Tribute, and the website for Philcon 2004. He provides web and graphic design services for science fiction, fantasy, and horror professionals, businesses, and organizations through Greententacles.com.

Gordon Linzner is the author of three published novels and dozens of short stories. He is also publisher and editor in chief of the oldest extant small press science fiction magazine, *Space and Time*, established in 1966. He also works as a New York City tour guide, a story teller, a sound technician, and has been known to burst into song at the drop of a cue.

J. Loseth is a writer, actor, editor, and graduate student who lives and works in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. He is currently one of five authors contributing to 365 Tomorrows (www.365tomorrows.com), an online writing project whose mission is to publish one new short science fiction story each day for a year, beginning August 1st 2005. He is also a voice actor for Japanese anime; his talents can be heard in the English dubs of *Gravitation* (1999) and the recently-released *Genshiken* (2005).

Jeff Lyman attended the 2004 Odyssey Writing School in New Hampshire, where he learned he didn't know half of what he thought he did about writing fantasy, science fiction and horror. He recently assisted on editing the anthology *No Longer Dreams* with Danielle Ackley-McPhail, which contains one of his ghost stories. He is currently putting the finishing touches on a supernatural horror novel.

Mark Mandel has been a fan all his life and an active filker for about 15 years, calling himself "The Filker with No Nickname". Some of his songs can be found at filk.cracksandshards.com. He is also the proprietor of a major Steven Brust web site, www.cracksandshards.com. At cons and other fannish events he is usually accompanied by his familiar, a small red-and-white dragon named Loioosh. In the mundane world he is a linguist (language scientist), who is now living in Philadelphia after 20 years in the Boston area and working at Penn. As a linguist in fandom he sometimes calls himself "Dr. Whom, Consulting Linguist, Grammarian, Orthoepist, and Philological Busybody". This is his fourth Philcon, counting the Millennium Philcon.



Unbeknownst to herself, **Rebecca Marcus** became an SF fan when she fell in love with Hawk from *Buck Rogers* and she has been lucky enough since then to have contacted him and let him know about her involvement with fandom. When not doing fantasy needlepoint and cross stitch, and planning for her three daily costume changes at cons, she is cooking (AKA experimenting on) for her fannish friends to perfect her skills so she will be a pro by the time she ropes in a husband. She hasn't poisoned anyone yet. Not only does fandom mean never having to ask, "Where can I wear this,?" it also means making the dearest friends, and being honored to ask to help in whatever capacity is needed at the con.

Jonathan Maberry is a professional writer, writing teacher, and folklorist. He is the author of *Ghost Road Blues* (due from Pinnacle, June 2006) and *Vampire Universe: The Dark World of Supernatural Beings That Haunt Us, Hunt Us, and Hunger for Us* (Pinnacle, September 2006), along with three other novels, a dozen nonfiction books, over 900 articles, and a variety of short stories, poetry and scripts. Jonathan is the Executive Director of Career Doctor for Writers (www.careerdoctorforwriters.com), a writing mentor for the Horror Writers Association, a member of SFWA, and a Board Member of the Philadelphia Writers Conference. Visit his website at www.ghostroadblues.com

Victoria McManus majored in Classical and Near Eastern Archaeology as an undergraduate and completed her Master's degree in Anthropology, all of which has turned out to be extremely useful for writing sf and fantasy. She serves as reviews editor for the *Broadsheet*; her other nonfiction includes interviews with authors Judith Berman, Gregory Frost, and Ann Tonsor Zeddies for *Strange Horizons*. She has published a media tie-in story as well as science fiction.

Mike McPhail's lifelong dream was to join NASA and become a mission specialist; to that end, he attended the Academy of Aeronautics in New York, as well as enlisting in the Air National Guard. While working towards his goal, a sudden illness brought a halt to his dreams. After recovering, he came to grips with his new reality; so he chose to put his hard-earned technical skills and imagination to use as a writer and game designer. Today he works as a graphic designer and digital photographer for Sidhe na Daire Multimedia™; and acts as a technical consultant for his wife and fellow writer Danielle Ackley-McPhail. Among his current projects are a number of stories based upon the upcoming Alliance Archives™ Martial Role-Playing Game™ series, a manual-based, military science-fiction realistically portraying the consequences of warfare. Favorite Quote: "I'm a Joseph Campbell man, in a Roseanne Barr world."

Catherine Mintz writes fantasy, horror, science fiction, and poetry. In addition, she does interviews, essays, and genre illustration and art. Her website is <http://catherinemintz.com> and her blog, *Origami Unicorn*, can be reached by that or directly as <http://origami-unicorn.com>. She is especially interested in Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, and Mervyn Peake, and also in genetic engineering, astronomy, and the dynamics of epidemics. She is Secretary of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America, and a member of both the Horror Writers Association and the Association of Science Fiction Artists. Educated as an anthropologist specializing in Southeast Asia, she has studied Chinese and Japanese in addition to Latin and French.

Judith Moffett is the author of ten books in five genres, including three sf novels and a collection of stories. Her novelet "Surviving" won the first Theodore Sturgeon Award in 1987; the following year she received the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer. Her short fiction has appeared on the Nebula ballot three times and the Hugo once, and her third novel *Time, Like an Ever-Rolling Stream* (Vol. II in her HefnGafir Trilogy) was shortlisted for the Tiptree. She taught creative writing at Penn for many years, and now divides her time between her hundred-acre farm in Kentucky, and Swarthmore PA.

Brent Monahan has his undergraduate degrees in German and Music from Rutgers University and his doctorate in Music from Indiana U., Bloomington. Brent was a dialogue writer for *One Life to Live* and *All My Children* in the early 80s. He has ten novels and numerous anthologized short stories in print. Two of his novels have been made into motion pictures. His *The Bell Witch/An American Haunting* will shortly be released as *An American Haunting*, starring Donald Sutherland and Sissy Spacek.

Scott Neely has been a professional artist for 13 years. For the last four years, he's been an approved *Scooby-Doo* and Cartoon Network artist (working on such licensed properties as *Dexter's Laboratory*, *Cow and Chicken*, *Johnny Bravo*, *Courage*, *The Cowardly Dog*, *The Grim Adventures of Billy And Mandy*, *Powerpuff Girls* and *Ed, Edd, n' Eddy*). He has also worked on *Pokemon*, and *The Li'l Learners Club*. Currently, he has been illustrating *Strawberry Shortcake* and *Bratz*, as well as doing original illustration for generic coloring, activity and storybook work. In 2003, he ended a successful seven year run as the weekly editorial cartoonist for *The Suburban and Wayne Times*. He's remained involved in conceptual and product design for The Franklin Mint on a freelance basis. He also has experience in storyboarding, spot illustration, and caricatures.

Kristen Nelson is a New York based voice actress. While she got started in Community Theater and Radio, her voice over work has included several Anime projects including roles in *Comic Party*, *Megumi* and *Suname* in *Boogiepop Phantom*, and *Arima's Mother* and *Cruel Aunt* in *Kare Kano*, (and many, many school-girls). Kristen enjoys appearing at conventions and welcomes questions. She would like to thank Brian Price and Philcon for their continued support.

Benjamin Newman has been reading science fiction and fantasy since before he could read, and creating his own personal soundtrack for almost that long. He was introduced to fandom and filking as a college student at Philcon '97, and since then has written over 100 songs. Ben has been running filk programming for Philcon since 2003.

Eve Okupniak has worked on twenty film projects over the past seven years as a director, animator, digital cinematographer and special effects artist (computer and puppets). Her short film "Tattoo" was featured as part of the 2004 Philadelphia Film Festival. She has just finished a sequel, "Tattoo 2" and finishing a computer animated short, "Innomator".



John Ordover John J. Ordover, former executive editor of the Star Trek fiction line for Pocket Books and co-developer of the Captain's Table concept (with Dean Wesley Smith), the *Star Trek: New Frontier* series (with Peter David), and the *Star Trek: S.C.E.* series (with Keith R.A. DeCandido), is the happy husband of Carol Greenburg and the proud father of Arren Isaac Ordover. Ordover is currently the editor-in-chief of Phobos Science Fiction and Fantasy.

Lynn Perkins (L.W.Perkins) is a fantasy and astronomical artist working with both digital and traditional media. Her clients include the BBC, Wildside Press, MageSpell Press, Ilex Publishing (UK) and various private collectors. She specializes in mermaids, dragons and scientifically accurate astro scenes. This strange combination probably results from attending too many sf cons from an early age. She also has an unexplained fondness for Hello Kitty items.

Rachel Pollack is the author of 28 books, most recently *Seeker*. Her novels include *Unquenchable Fire*, winner of the Arthur C. Clarke Award, and *Godmother Night*, winner of the World Fantasy Award. She also has written extensively on Tarot cards, and is the creator of the Shining Tribe Tarot deck.

Nick Popio's business card lists his profession as a Zombie Wrangler, and his official title is Online Community Specialist. The truth is somewhere in between. Ok, it's not, but you've got to admit, having Zombie Wrangler on your business card is pretty cool. He has been on a panel at What the Hell Con in North Carolina discussing social skills for the average geek, and during the day is a not-so-mild-mannered employee of Lulu.com, a Publish on Demand web company.

Tom Purdom's contributions to the science fiction scene include novels, short stories and novelettes, magazine articles, book reviews, an anthology of science writing by leading science fiction writers, two terms as vice president of SFWA, three years as

Eastern Regional Director of SFWA, and approximately fifteen years of volunteer work for the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society and Philcon. In the last fifteen years, he has produced a series of short stories and novelettes that has appeared in *Asimov's Science Fiction* magazine and anthologies such as David Hartwell's *Year's Best SF* series.

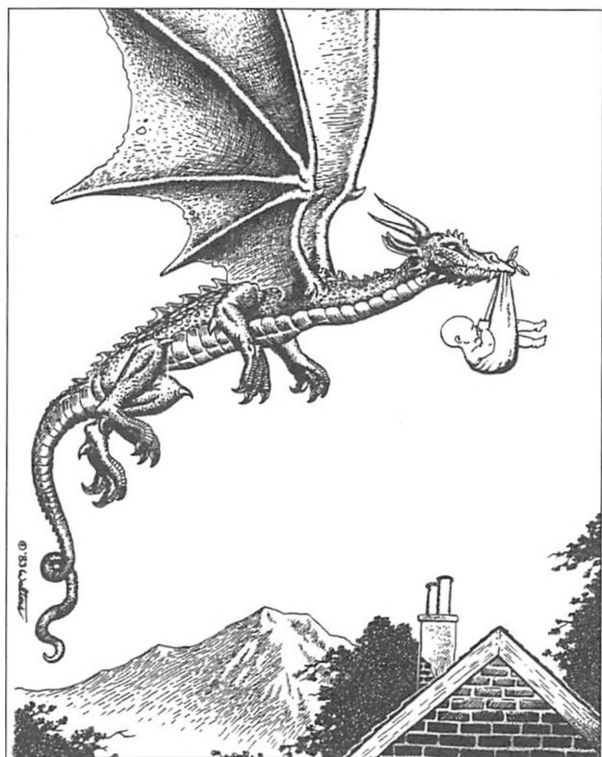
Peter Radatti. President and CEO of the CyberSoft group of computer security companies. Cofounder and Chairman of R&B Foods, a nutraceutical company with operations in the United States and Middle East. Distinguished Research Professor at University College of the Florida Institute of Technology. Committee member of the United States Afghanistan Reconstruction commission.

Roman Ranieri is a native of Philadelphia, PA. During his formative years in Catholic elementary school and Catholic high school, he enjoyed writing tame stories for English class assignments, and other more imaginative tales for his own amusement. Although this fiction displayed some emerging talent, Roman never submitted any of it for publication. In 1986, he finally took the literary plunge and began sending his work to various editors. Following the accumulation of a respectable stack of rejection letters, Roman eventually became a frequent contributor to many small press magazines such as: *Cemetery Dance*, *Afraid*, *Horror*, and *Dead of Night*. His spectrum of work for these publications included; fiction, articles, interviews, and book/magazine/audio reviews. The appearance of "The Drifter" in *Cold Blood*, published in 1991, marked Roman's graduation into professional anthologies. Stories in *The Earth Strikes Back*, *Werewolves*, *Darkside*, *The Best of Cemetery Dance*, *Bad News*, and many others, have solidified his reputation as a talented writer of horror, science fiction, and dark suspense.

Eric Raymond is an observer-participant anthropologist in the Internet hacker culture. His research has helped explain the decentralized open-source model of software development that has proven so effective in the evolution of the Internet. His own software projects include one of the Internet's most widely-used email transport programs. Mr. Raymond is also a science fiction fan, a musician, an activist for the First and Second Amendments, and a martial artist with a black belt in Tae Kwon Do.

Ray Ridenour semi-local science fiction 'Personality', has been stalking the halls and scaring the horses since 1966. A professional artist, although not in the SF field as of yet, he produces computer graphics, large acrylic inkblots, and stained glass windows as well as work in

other media. An amateur actor, he has appeared in two low-budget horror films, as well as many fannish and non-fannish stage productions. His two severed heads from his first movie have gone on to illustrious film careers in Japan. Moderately funny and marginally charming, he has appeared on many panels on many subjects over the years, unencumbered by expertise and anecdotes germane.



Margaret Riley, AKA Shelby Morgen, is insane. What else would have led her to start her own business – as an online publishing company? Bill, her business partner and husband of 24 years, shares the dream with Shelby. Perhaps the insanity is contagious. When you can catch her awake and not buried up to her eyebrows in work, she assures you this is the best job in the world – she’s the keeper of dreams.
<http://www.changelingpress.com>

C. A. “Rock” Robertson II is an electronic engineer, DJ, musician, heart attack survivor and all around technophile. A world-travelling SF fan all his life, and a fast moving fixture at Philcon for 17 years; feel free to stop him to say “hi”, show off your coolest new toy or suggest reading material.

Roberta Rogow has been involved in fandom since 1973 as a filker, costumer, fanzine writer and editor, and artist (specializing in needlework). She has had

four novels published in which the Reverend Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) and Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle solve mysteries together. She is now reviewing books in *Mystery Scene Magazine*; her latest story, “Death in the Gardens” is in the *Sisters In Crime* anthology “Murder Across the Map”. When she is not attending SF Cons, Roberta is a children’s Librarian in Union, NJ.

Tony Ruggiero has been publishing fiction since 1998. His science fiction, fantasy, and horror stories and novels have appeared in both print and electronic media. His published novels include *Team of Darkness*, *Aliens and Satanic Creatures Wanted: Humans Need Not*. Tony is also a contributing author to *The Fantasy Writers’ Companion* from Dragon Moon Press. Tony’s contribution is a chapter on the effective use of horror in fantasy.

In 1997, **Michael Ryan** discovered not only that those cartoons he loved as a child were “Japanese animation,” but that there was a strong fan community for it. After attending the Japanese animation convention Otakon for the first time in 1997, Mike has since joined its staff and is currently a member of its Board of Directors. Naturally, he sees science fiction, gaming, and anime all as natural extensions of each other.

Deb Ruh Former copywriter and long-time member of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, Debby Ruh, infiltrated the Northern borders in the pursuit of education and superior snuggles despite a profound sadness at no longer being in charge of Children’s Programming at Philcon even if she does still get to help out.

Dr. Lawrence M. Schoen is probably most known as “That Klingon Guy” because of his years of service as the founder and director of the Klingon Language Institute. His doctorate is in psychology, and indeed he spent ten years as a professor of psycholinguistics and cognitive psychology, and along the way published a series of research papers in the areas of language and memory. Nowadays he splits his time between his work as a writer and serving as a research consultant for a Philadelphia mental health and addictions treatment agency. He lives in Philadelphia, PA with his new bride, Valerie. His fiction has appeared in ten countries and seven languages. He writes every day, yes, even when he’s traveling the world promoting Klingon or appearing at a your local con. He’s hard at work writing more stories and novels of the Amazing Conroy, a world-hopping stage hypnotist, and his faithful alien pet, a buffalo dog named Reggie who can eat anything

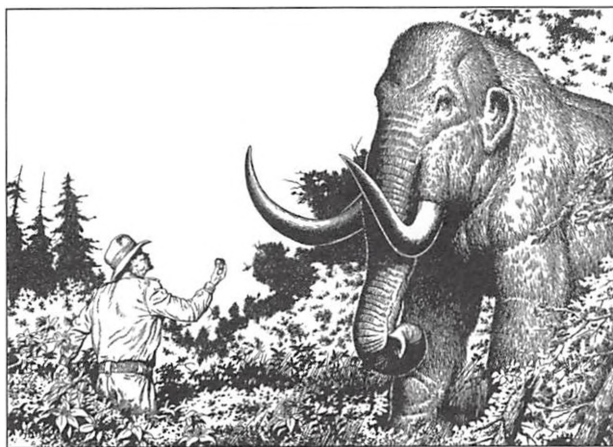
and farts oxygen. You can find out more at his website:
<<http://www.klingonguy.com>>

Darrell Schweitzer is the author of *The White Isle*, *The Shattered Goddess*, *The Mask of the Sorcerer* and about 275 published stories, some of which have appeared in *Realms of Fantasy*, *Interzone*, *Twilight Zone*, *Amazing Stories*, *Fantasy Tales*, *Night Cry*, and numerous anthologies. He is perversely proud of having anticipated a trend in hyper-specialized anthologies by writing an alternate history vampire cat detective story which appears in the Barnes and Noble anthology, *Crafty Cat Crimes*. Then again, he is the guy who rhymed "Cthulhu" in a limerick, so he must be capable of who knows what enormities. He is also the "Brother Darrell" responsible for *The Insmouth Tabernacle Choir Hymnal*. He was also "Trail Boss" on the mysterious "reprint" of the April 1933 issue of *Weird Tales: The Magazine of Supernatural Cowboy Stories* which Wildside Press published recently. On a less frivolous note he is a notable critic, who has written for *The Washington Post*, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, and *Publisher's Weekly*, and is a regular contributor to *The New York Review of Science Fiction*. He has been co-editor of *Weird Tales* since 1987. He truly came up through the ranks of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, having attended every consecutive Philcon since 1968. He lives in Philadelphia with his better half, Marilyn Mattie Brahen.

George H. Scithers describes himself thus: "Born at Walter Reed Army Hospital 14 May 1929. Left town immediately have been traveling ever since. Was elected an honorary of Washington Science Fiction Association. Was a member of the Elves, Little Men's Science Fiction, & Marching Society, and am still a member of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Chairman, 1963 Worldcon. Founding Editor, *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, 13th Editor, *Amazing SF Stories*, Currently co-editor, *Weird Tales* magazine. Editor & publisher, *Anna Swordplay & Sorcery* fanzine. Former electrical engineer for the City of Philadelphia on the Center City Commuter Connection. Won four Hugos for editing, two fan, two professional."

Josepha Sherman is a fantasy novelist, folklorist, and editor, who has written everything from Star Trek novels to biographies of Bill Gates and Jeff Bezos (founder of Amazon.com) to titles such as *Mythology for Storytellers* (from M.E. Sharpe) and *Trickster Tales* (August House). She is the winner of the prestigious Compton Crook Award for best fantasy novel, and has had many titles on the New York Public Library Books

for the Teen Reader list. Most current titles include *Star Trek: Vulcan's Soul: Exodus* with Susan Schwartz, the reprint of the Unicorn Queen books from Del Rey, and *Mythology For Storytellers*, from M.E. Sharpe. She is also editing *The Encyclopedia of Storytelling* for M.E. Sharpe. Sherman also owns Sherman Editorial Services, which handles everything from writing and editing to PR and design. Visit it at www.ShermanEditorialServices.com. When she isn't busy writing, editing, or gathering folklore, Sherman loves to travel, knows how to do horse whispering, and has had a newborn foal fall asleep on her foot. You can visit her at www.Josepha.Sherman.com.



Dr. SETI is the name of the blatant exhibitionist who inhabits the body of noted author and educator **Dr. H. Paul Shuch**. A cross between Tom Lehrer and Carl Sagan, it is said that Dr. SETI sings like Sagan and lectures like Lehrer. Armed with a laptop computer and an acoustic guitar, Dr. SETI travels the world making the search for life in space accessible to audiences as diverse as humanity itself. Since the formation of the nonprofit, membership-supported SETI League in 1994, H. Paul Shuch has served as its Executive Director, coordinating its science mission and delivering hundreds of Dr. SETI® presentations to thousands of enthusiasts, in more than a dozen countries on five continents, and in more than half of the United States. At college campuses, science centers, public lecture halls, and on television and radio, Dr. SETI's unique mix of science and song seeks to educate as well as entertain. He compels the listener to contemplate a fundamental question, which has haunted humankind since first we realized that the points of light in the night sky are other suns: Are We Alone?

Susan Schwartz's most recent books are *Hostile Takeover* (Tor) and the *Vulcan Soul* trilogy (with Josepha Sherman; *Second Chances*, a retelling of *Lord Jim*; a col-

lection of short fiction called "Suppose They Gave a Peace and Other Stories, Shards of Empire (Tor) and Cross and Crescent (Tor), set in Byzantium; along with the Star Trek novels (written with Josepha Sherman) *Vulcan's Forge* and *Vulcan's Heart*. Others of her works include *The Grail of Hearts* a revisionist retelling of Wagner's *Parsifal*, and over 70 pieces of short fiction. She has been nominated for the Hugo twice, the Nebula five times, the Edgar and World Fantasy Award once, and has won the HOMer, an award for science fiction given by Compuserve. Her nonfiction has appeared in *Vogue*, *The New York Times*, *Analog*, *Amazing*, various encyclopedias, and collections of critical work. She is a frequent public speaker, most recently at the Naval War College, but also at the NSA, Harvard, Princeton, Mount Holyoke, the University of Connecticut, The State University of New York at Binghamton, Smith College, the Air Force Academy, and the United States Military Academy.

Brian Siano has written for *Skeptic*, *In These Times*, and the *Philadelphia City Paper*.

Hildy Silverman is a freelance writer and editor of both fiction and non-fiction. She is a Contributing Editor for *Achieving Families* magazine and the editor of the upcoming Phobos Books e-book anthology, *Reality Cops: The Continuing Adventures of Vale and Mist*. She has had four short stories published to date and is in the process of completing her first novel, a dark fantasy entitled, "The Way of Things." Ms. Silverman is a member of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society and the Garden State Horror Writers. She holds a degree in English and American Literature, with Honors in Creative Writing from Brandeis University.

Jay Smith's first novel, *Rise of the Monkey Lord*, is a darkly comedic tale of supernatural adventure and role-playing fantasy where an unlikely band of heroes takes on the forces of evil and discover their true origins in a world designed by a ruthless and insane Monkey Lord. Information on the novel and its sequel *The Fall and Sudden Deceleration of Roberto Calummy* can be found at www.zebapixbooks.com along with other books and projects. Jay is also the Creative Director for Central Pennsylvania-based cooperative of filmmakers, writers and performers called ZebraPix Productions. Since 1999, ZebraPix has had a wide variety of volunteer professional and amateur contributors in nine states who share the mission of helping one another succeed in individual projects through participation, mentoring and support. Jay lives in Harrisburg with his wife and four children.

Christopher Stout first appeared on the big screen over a decade ago at the Philcon premiere of *Learner's Permit to Kill*, the first in a series low budget/high imagination James Bond spoofs made with his father. Since then, he's learned how to make movies with a budget larger than loose couch change, graduating with honors from the University of Southern California's prestigious film program. After graduation he worked in Hollywood with developer/producer John Fogel and he currently resides in Delaware where he's finishing post-production on both a short and feature film.



Richard Stout premiered his trilogy of kid spy movies featuring James Blond, Agent Uh-Oh 7, at Philcon beginning with 1993's *Learner's Permit to Kill*. His horror makeup/special FX workshop "Monsters, Aliens, and Spirit Gum" has been popular both here and at I-Con. He and his wife Kathryn run an educational publishing company. Their most recent collaboration is *Movies as Literature* (a second volume is in the works).

Ian Randal Strock is the news editor of *Chronicle: SF, Fantasy, and Horror's Monthly Trade Journal*, and the copy editor of *Kiss: the Official Authorized Quarterly* magazine. He is also a writer of science fiction,

science fact, trivia, and various opinion and essay pieces whose writing won two AnLabs from the readers of *Analog*. Additionally, Ian is an artist working in photography and horology. He's also a freelance editor, available to publishers or writers at editorian@hotmail.com.

Michael Swanwick has received the Hugo, Nebula, Theodore Sturgeon, and World Fantasy Awards. His work has been translated and published throughout the world. His novels include *Jack Faust*, *The Iron Dragon's Daughter*, *Stations of the Tide*, and *Bones of the Earth*. Just out from PS Publications is *The Periodic Table of Science Fiction*, a collection of one hundred and eighteen short-short stories, one for each known element. Swanwick lives in Philadelphia with his wife, Marianne Porter.

Shane Tourtellotte is the author of over two dozen short stories, mostly in *Analog*. He was a Campbell Award nominee in 2000, and a Hugo nominee in 2002 for his novelette "The Return of Spring". He is the editor of *Hal's Worlds: Stories and Essays in Memory of Hal Clement*, the royalties from which go to charity. Shane lives in Westfield, New Jersey.

Eric M. Van has been Program Chair or Chair Emeritus for all 16 Readercons; his observations on Philip K. Dick have appeared in the *New York Review of Science Fiction*. A co-author of *The Red Sox Fan Handbook*, he has spent the last year as a statistical consultant for the Red Sox rather than working on his fantasy novel *Imaginary* or beginning a series of books on the neurobiological bases of personality and consciousness or writing rock criticism for local zines. He lives in Watertown, Mass.

Gordon Van Gelder is the editor (since 1997) and owner (since October 2000) of the venerable *Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*. His time there has included publishing several Hugo award nominees and winners, as well as Hugo nominations himself for his editing. He has won the World Fantasy Award twice. His most recent book is *Fourth Planet from the Sun: Tales of Mars from The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*. He lives in Hoboken, New Jersey.

Eve Vaughn has enjoyed creating characters and making up stories from an early age. As a child she was always getting into mischief, so when she lost her television privileges (which was often), writing was her outlet. Her stories have gotten quite a bit spicier since then! She lives in the Philadelphia area with her husband.



Greg Ventura writes: "I have been a fan for 30+ years. *Star Wars* was probably the event in my life that turned me from a fan into more of a fanatic. I spent a year as a film major figuring that I would be a special effects wizard. Reality eventually set in and now I make my living as a QA Manager for a software company. My love of science fiction has not diminished."

Michael J. Walsh once chaired a Worldcon. He considers himself lucky to have fallen down the rabbit hole called fandom.

Andrew Wheeler was born in 1969 and is not dead as of this writing. He has worked at the Science Fiction Book Club for the entirety of what he considers a career, clawing his way up from junior assistant sub-peon to his current exalted position of Senior Editor. His favorite hobby is writing about himself in the third person. He owns a small mortgage in the wilds of New Jersey, and a half-share in a minivan with electrical issues. He has recently started a blog at <http://antickmusings.blogspot.com>.

Diane Weinstein was assistant editor and art director for *Weird Tales* magazine for about 15 years, and worked for Wildside Press for about two years. She is also a well-known party person, having thrown parties for Phrolicon, Magicon, and assisted with Philcon SFWA parties back in the good old days.

Christopher Weuve is a professional wargame designer and naval analyst. Chris spent the first few years of the 21st century at the Center for Naval Analyses, where he alternated between designing and running innovative wargames for research and education, and supporting the US Navy at sea, where he reconstructed 13 exercises in five years. Since joining the research faculty of the US Naval War College in 2005, he has specialized in the use of wargaming as a research tool. An avid science fiction fan since he was old enough to read, he spends his spare time reading science fiction and history, and pondering the differences between Real-World(tm) naval forces and combat and how similar subjects are represented in science fiction. He is also the moderator several science fiction and wargaming mailing lists, including the Science Fiction Wargames list (SFCONSİM-L), the Naval Wargames List (NAVWARGAMES) and the Exordium mailing list (EXORDIUM-L).

Dave Wilson, III Anime guest and panelist. In his own words a "Professional Amateur."

Mark Wolverton is the author of *The Depths of Space: The Story of the Pioneer Planetary Probes* and *The Science of Superman*. He writes about science, space, and history for various publications, including *Air & Space*, *Smithsonian*, *American Heritage of Invention & Technology*, *Quest: The History of Spaceflight*, and *Skeptical Inquirer*. He has also worked with the NASA Ames History Project and Argonne National Laboratory. His SF stage and radio plays have been produced nationwide, and his short fiction has appeared in the late lamented *Aboriginal SF* magazine.

Dr. Jay L. Wile holds an earned Ph.D. from the University of Rochester in nuclear chemistry and a B.S. in chemistry from the same institution. He has taught at both the university and high school levels and has won several awards for excellence in teaching. He has also published more than 30 articles in nationally-recognized journals and has 9 books to his credit including *Reasonable Faith: The Scientific Case For Christianity*.

Batya "The Toon" Wittenberg is a New York filker and a founding member of intercontinental filk group Lady Mondegreen. She doesn't get nearly enough sleep.

Jonathan Wright One of the few male writers at Changeling Press, Jonathan Wright enjoys the challenge of writing erotica that appeals to women as well as men. He also enjoys creeping people out, as anyone who has read his stories will attest. He believes himself to be supremely cool, a fantasy which his patient wife and skeptical daughter do not seem to share. His latest non-PC endeavor, "The Thing In the Basement," is now available.

Christina Yoder is a young award-winning illustrator and digital artist who has just started in the field of science fiction and fantasy. Her actual art career began over 10 years ago when she was working as a relatively unknown illustrator for the U.S. Army. For many years she kept a roof over her head and stayed fed by drawing tiny screws, gears, leather chairs, helicopters, tasty snack treats, and just about anything else needed for the advertising firm she worked for. In 2003 she started off on her own and finally began doing cover art. Her unique digital art style has been featured on DVD covers, such as the Front Row Entertainment release of *Metropolis*, *The Cabinet of Dr. Calligari*, *Fury of the Werewolf*, *Maniac*, *Wes Craven's Chiller*, *Reefer Madness*, *The Lost World* and more. Also her works are featured on DVD covers from Blast Films and Vintage Home Entertainment (such as the Anime classics *Leo the Lion*, *The Enchanted Journey* and more). In addition, her latest digital works are being displayed in a book called *Renderosity: The Digital Art of the 21st Century* (Associated Artist & Photographers Press Inc. & John Grant). Christina's art can also be purchased on custom-made T-Shirts at www.atticwear.com. Christina lives in Carbondale, PA with her devoted husband Steven and a small pride of house lions.

Brian York, is one of the five writers for *365 Tomorrows*. In his time spent with the *365 Tomorrows* crew, he's written about pulp oddities, strange worlds, and imaginative sciences.

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