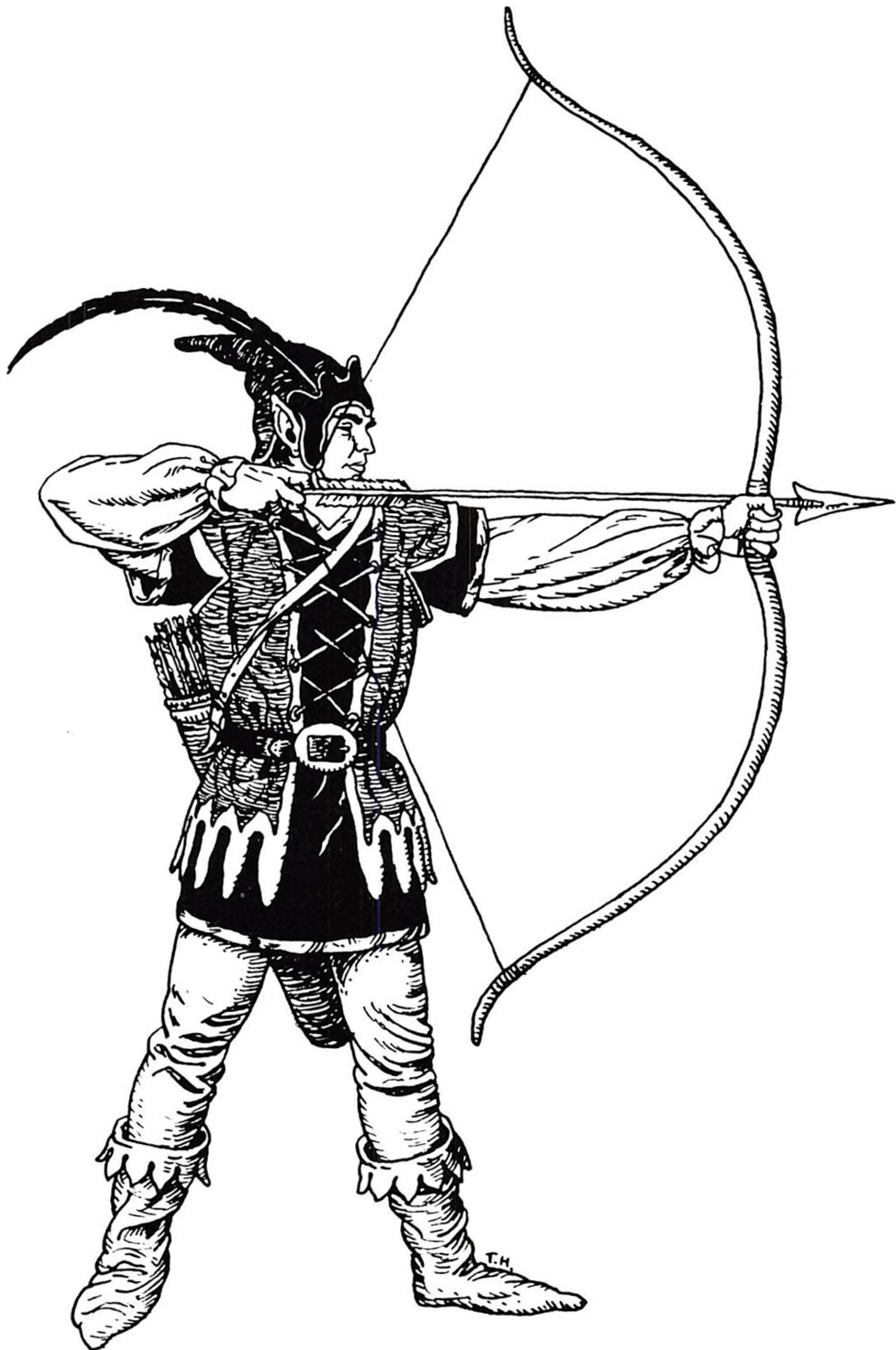




# Philcon 87

The 51st Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference



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The 51st Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference

Presented by  
The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society  
November 13th, 14th, and 15th, 1987

Principal Speaker  
Robert Silverberg

Guest Artist  
Tim Hildebrandt

Special Guest  
Timothy Zahn

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## Art Credits

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Charles Dougherty:  
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Wayne Zimmerman:  
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# A Message From Our Chairman

On behalf of the Society, welcome to the 1987 Philcon, the 51st annual conference of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. Those of you who are attending your first convention should find plenty of things to enjoy, including our programming, dealer's/exhibition room, and art show. Even those who are veterans of Philcons past will find some new and different things this year which should be extremely enjoyable.

Philcon has always had the tradition of being a "serious" convention, with a strong emphasis on science fiction in the printed form. In that vein, we are extremely proud to have as our Principal Speaker, Robert Silverberg, whose career in SF has spanned over thirty years and whose novella, *Gilgamesh in the Outback*, was voted Best Novella of 1987 by the members of the World Science Fiction Convention held in Brighton, England this past August.

Our Special Guest is Timothy Zahn, one of the most popular new writers and himself a past Hugo winner.

Those of you who are more oriented toward science fiction in the visual mode should be sure to catch our Guest Artist, Tim Hildebrandt. Tim's art is extremely well regarded by his peers, and he was the subject of a recent showing at the Widener Museum of Art. Among his works on display in the art show will be several new pieces soon to

appear on the covers of works by SF's most notable authors.

While Philcon is the major event of the Society, it is by no means our only activity. Meetings are held on the second Friday of each month at 8:00pm at the YWCA at 2027 Chestnut St., in Center City Philadelphia. Following the business meeting, our program highlights some facet of the science fiction field, including lectures by well-known authors and artists, panel discussions, and audio-visual presentations. In addition our Book Discussion Group meets monthly to review a topic of interest or a popular work, and the Special Events Group attends movies, exhibitions, and other events throughout the year. If you would like more information about the Society, please write to us providing your name and address. Send the request to:

Philadelphia Science Fiction Society  
P.O. Box 8303  
Philadelphia, PA 19101

In the meantime, enjoy the con (and the pros).

Sincerely,  
Todd Dashoff  
Chairman, Philcon '87

*In Memoriam... Ron Faust, 1951-1987*

# Philcon Highlights

Most of us grew up reading some form of fiction which our parents and teachers regarded as "trash." This "trash" developed into the form of literature known as science fiction and fantasy.

Pulp fiction, seen as worthless, filled a need in the minds of the youth of the early 20th century, who had only been exposed to Horatio Alger and the Puritan Ethic.

To live in another time, in another place, or to be another person, was a new creative escape from the harsh realities of the time.

Among the famous people who wrote in the pulps were, Hugo Gernsback, H.P. Lovecraft, Edgar Allen Poe, Jack Williamson, Murray Leinster, Manly Wade Wellman, E.E. "Doc" Smith, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and Edgar Rice Burroughs.

From the Depression into World War II, the pulps, and their new form, comic books, became the forerunner of the modern short story. Stories like these allowed grownups to be kids again, and they loved it!

Young writers such as Eric Frank Russell, Isaac Asimov, L. Sprague de Camp, Fritz Leiber, Ray Bradbury, and Arthur C. Clarke, were able to bridge the gap between the work ethic and the new heights of creativity. This movement became what we now know as science fiction.

Since last year's Philcon celebrated "50 Years of Science Fiction," we chose to build on our historical theme; this year



Philcon presents "Pulps: the roots of Science Fiction." This past year, many of our older pros have left it to us to carry on the legacy that they began so long ago. In their memories, we will try to keep the fun in SF.

Quite a few young turks with a sense of fun have been invited. One of the innovative presentations of Philcon '87 is *Harlan's Opera*, based on the musical *1776* with SF writers playing all the parts. Two of the parts, as written, are Harlan Ellison as James Madison and Isaac Asimov as George Washington. These gentlemen are not planning to attend; their parts will be played by other actors. Wouldn't the Continental Congress have been different if fans had been in charge?

Our invited guests include authors, editors, illustrators, cartoonists, comedians, pulp writers, comic book enthusiasts, and historians.

Robert Silverberg, our Principal Speaker, began his career in the pulps, writing for *Amazing*, *Fantastic*, *Science Fiction Adventures*, *Super-Science Fiction*, and dozens of other magazines, under many different names. *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* published a special Robert Silverberg issue in April 1974. Says the SF Encyclopedia, "...his metamorphosis from a writer of standardized pulp fiction into a prose artist is an accomplishment unparalleled within the field." (*SF Encyclopedia*, 1979 p. 546)

In pulp fiction, individuals not only influenced events, they regularly saved the world. Pulp lives on, packed with adventure, stereotyping, and recycled ideas. Indiana Jones is a classic example of a pulp character.

We hope you enjoy our selection of new, and not so new, enthusiasts of this genre. Perhaps, as Simone Welch will tell you in *The Writers of the Future Contest*, a new pulp writer is waiting in the wings, ready to save the world and get the ghoul! S-H-A-Z-Z-A-M!!!

—Sara Paul

On Darkover, those gifted with *laran*  
are the truly powerful.

# Marion Zimmer Bradley

With The Friends of Darkover

## Red Sun Of Darkover

In this unforgettable journey into the heart of Darkovan power, Marion Zimmer Bradley and The Friends of Darkover explore exciting new territory. From a Tower, matrix-trapped in time, to the early days of Regis Hastur's reign...

from Ariada Aillard's pact with the chieren, the legendary sea people of Darkover, to a dragon that holds the land in a wintry grasp... here is an unforgettable new addition to the magnificent epic.  
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DAW **W** FANTASY

## Principal Speaker

# Robert Silverberg

Robert Silverberg was born in Brooklyn, New York, in January, 1935. He discovered his calling very early in life, and by the age of thirteen he was submitting SF stories (unsuccessfully) to the magazines. Between 1949 and 1955 he published a fanzine, *Spaceship*. In 1954, while still studying English at Columbia University, he sold his first short story, *Gorgon Planet*. In 1955 he sold his first novel, *Revolt on Alpha C* (which features a short, bad-tempered Martian-born cadet named "Harl Ellison"). In the last five months of his sophomore year Silverberg sold twenty six stories.

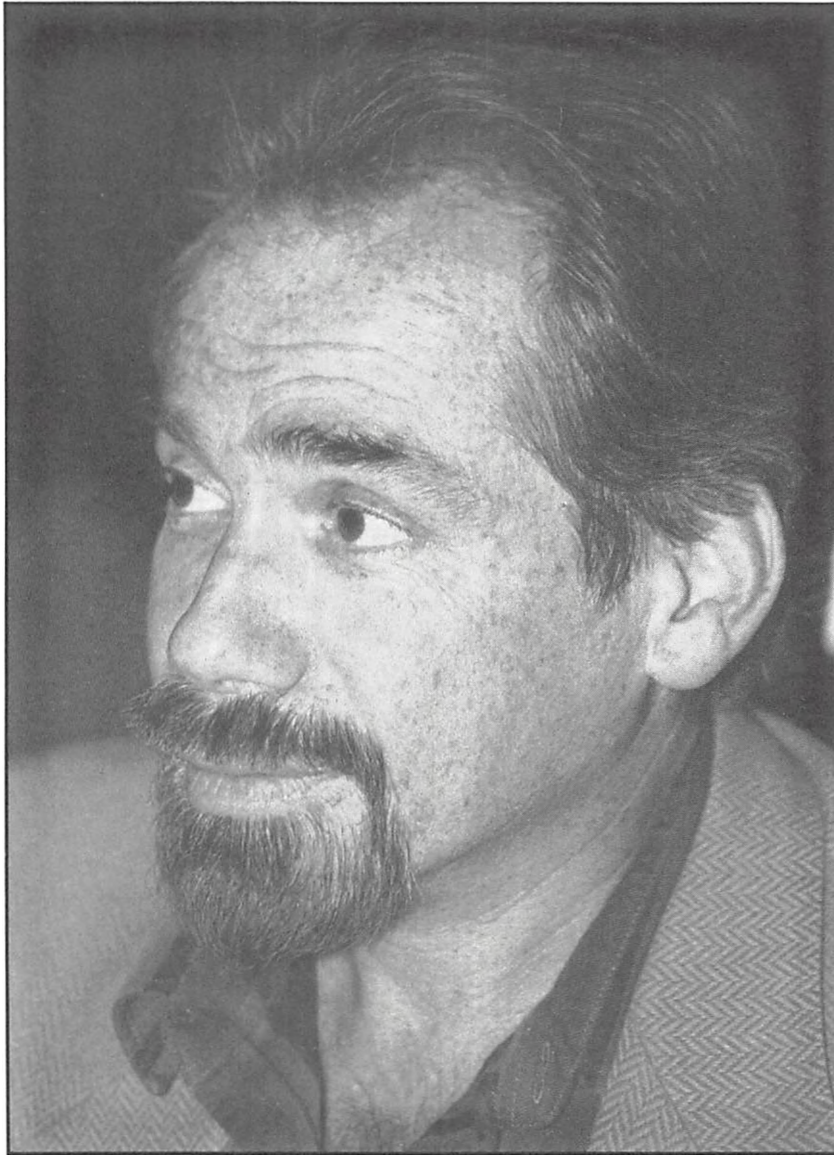
Silverberg became a full time writer immediately after graduation and has made his living entirely by writing ever since. He is one of the most prolific writers in modern history; it has been estimated that in his first ten years of writing he published 450 books. No comprehensive bibliography listing all the books published under all his pseudonyms has ever been attempted.

Although his first love has always been science fiction, the collapse of the SF magazines in the late 50s, led him to look for work outside the field, and during the

end of the 50s and the early 60s he published almost no science fiction. He was still, however, doing very well commercially; so well, in fact that he was able to buy a New York mansion that once belonged to Mayor La Guardia. He returned to SF in a major way in the 60s with stories that manifested the "new" Silverberg; interested more in themes and ideas than technique.

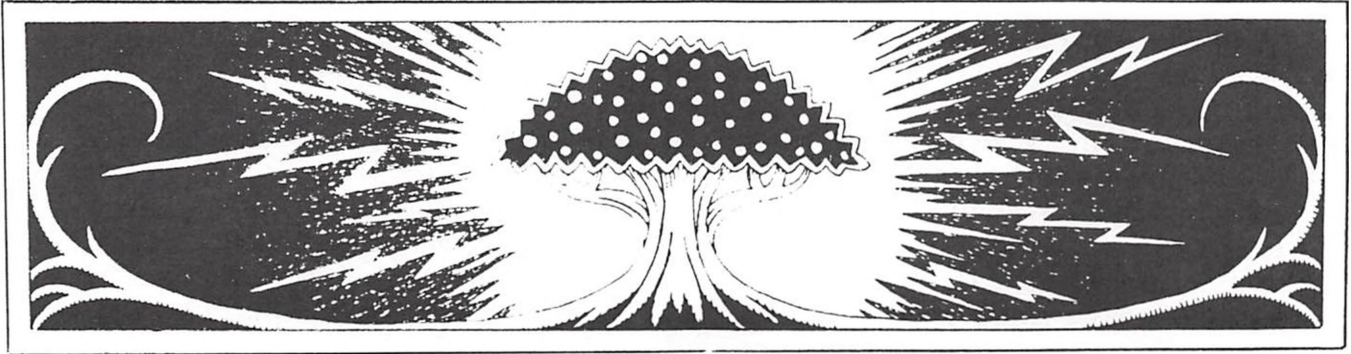
In the late 70s, Silverberg, disillusioned with publishers, readers and the whole field of SF, announced that he was retiring from writing. This "retirement" lasted for four years, ending with the publication of the hugely successful *Lord Valentine's Castle*.

Robert Silverberg was the Guest of Honor at the first Worldcon hosted by a non-English speaking country, the 1970 Worldcon in Heidelberg, West Germany. He has won four Nebulas and three Hugos, and is a past president of the Science Fiction Writers of America. In addition to the countless works he has written himself, he has edited over fifty anthologies, including Volume I of the Science Fiction Hall of Fame. He currently lives in Oakland, California with his wife, Karen Haber.





# About Robert Silverberg



Robert Silverberg's career in science fiction has been a time of changes, or at least of stages. Although now universally recognized as a master of the form, with a reputation for innovative, daring work, he started out rather otherwise. With almost no apprenticeship, he burst into the 1950's science fiction scene as the ultimate versatile hack, able to grind out stories to order, practically at the speed of typing. The stories were forgettable, interchangeable—and profitable. In a very short time he was more prosperous than any of his contemporaries, and he was doing it the hard way: millions of words for the two- and three-cent-per-word science fiction pulp magazines.

In an autobiographical essay, he says, "I developed a deadly facility; if an editor needed a 7500-word story of alien conquest in three days...I would produce it. Occasionally I took my time and tried to write the sort of science fiction I respected as a reader, but usually I had trouble selling such stories to the better markets, which reinforced my growing cynicism." In the summer of 1956, he sold 49 stories in three months. "What I dared not say was that I had opted to write mechanical junk because I had no faith, any longer, in my ability to write anything better."

In the late fifties and early sixties,

magazine science fiction dried up, so Silverberg turned most of his energies elsewhere, pounding out more than a million words a year ("I Was a Tangier Smuggler," "Buried Billions Lie in Wait") for "twenty different subliterate markets."

Then, what started out as a children's book about Pompeii turned into *Lost Cities and Vanished Civilizations*, the first of dozens of carefully written science popularizations. Silverberg enjoyed the work and, for the first time in his professional life, had a high regard for what he was doing. During this period he wrote two or three science fiction books per year, and an occasional short piece for Fred Pohl's magazine *Galaxy*. By his standards it was just a token output; Silverberg felt he had all but retired from the field.

(It was about this time that I first met Silverberg and became aware of his tireless prolificity. Just before a science fiction convention in Washington, in the mid-sixties, my brother and I were given the task of convincing the hotel's night shift desk clerk to look the other way during some marginally illegal goings-on—a relatively mild dislegality for those free-wheeling days; we only wanted to coeducate the sauna. The desk clerk laughed off our concern, though, and brought out a yard-high stack of books—"Just ask Mr.

Silverberg whether he would come by and sign some of my books.” I was in the wanting-to-be-a-writer stage at that time, and had found out that Silverberg was only eight years older than me. I was in awe, not even knowing that the stack was probably less than a fourth of his actual output to that time.)

Science fiction changed swiftly and radically in the mid-sixties. The “New Wave” rejected pulp-magazine story conventions and restrictions, and valued literary experimentation. It seemed to be an amenable environment for the kind of science fiction Silverberg had always wanted to write, so he came back into the field with *Thorns*, an elliptical, dense novel about the redemptive value of pain. Reaction was mixed, some reactionaries paradoxically muttering “sell-out,” but by and large the new Silverberg was welcomed; the novel was nominated for both the Hugo and the Nebula awards.

*Thorns* was followed by a slow (for Silverberg) succession of ambitious, mature novels like *Masks of Time*, *Downward to the Earth*, *Son of Man*, *Tower of Glass*, *A Time of Changes*, *Nightwings*, *Up the Line*, and the remarkable *Dying Inside*. He won critical approval and awards (the Nebula for *A Time of Changes*), but sales figures told the real story: science fiction fans didn't want the new Silverberg. By 1974, all of the ambitious books were out of print. The readers evidently wanted simple adventure novels and escapist fantasies.

An earlier Silverberg might have cynically switched to tales of galactic empires and space pirates, unicorns and maidens, but this Silverberg looked at the balance sheet, financial and existential, and decided to quit. His investments would support him, and there was no pleasure in writing for a nonexistent audience. He finished a difficult novel-in-progress, *Shadrach in the Furnace*, and walked away from science fiction. He turned his energies to gardening, experimenting with the large variety of trees and shrubs he could grow in his new California location.

For four years Silverberg did stay retired (about three and a half years longer than his friends had predicted). Then his

first wife, from whom he was amicably separated, wanted to buy the house she had been renting. Silverberg decided to see whether he could raise the money with one huge advance. “One book, one house, and then back to my gardening,” he said. He tailored the book, *Lord Valentine's Castle*, to what he perceived to be the best selling sf/fantasy pattern, and sold it for the highest sum ever paid for a science fiction novel.

Silverberg wrote the book in six months and did return to retirement, but it didn't last. He found he could now get as much for short stories as he used to get for novels, so he wrote a few. Some of them were set on the same planet as *Lord Valentine's Castle*; they wound up assembled into the book *Majipoor Chronicles*. Then, to “experiment with escaping sf,” Silverberg wrote two large historical novels, *Lord of Darkness* and *Gilgamesh the King*. Both were well received by critics—*Gilgamesh* being granted especially admiring notice from the New York Times Book Review—but both wound up smack in the middle of the science fiction section in book stores. It seemed there was no escape.

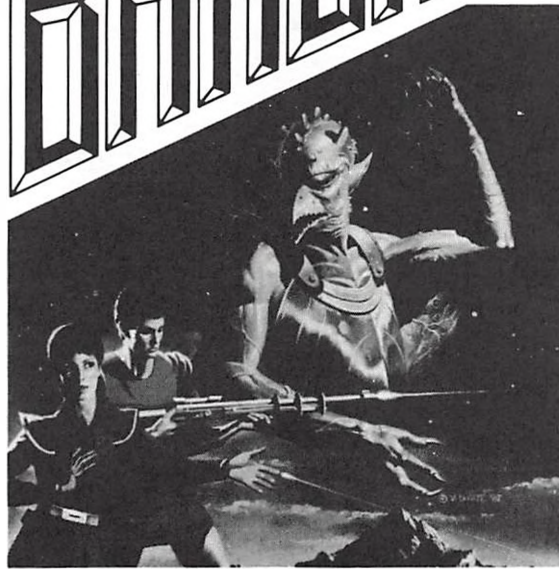
Silverberg wrote a final Majipoor novel, *Valentine Pontifex*, and the trilogy has been so successful that at this writing, all of those ambitious novels that seemed to have disappeared in the post-New Wave era have been reincarnated with bright new covers identifying them as “by the author of the Majipoor trilogy.”

The Majipoor books are carefully crafted, honorable works, but they don't have the fire of the earlier novels, the sense of the author taking chances and inviting the reader to take chances alongside him. The more recent novels *Tom O'Bedlam* and *Star of Gypsies* harken back to the Silverberg of the sixties and seventies: the challenger, the experimenter.

It's reassuring to have him back. Not just because he is one of the best writers the field has produced. Most writers can't visualize not writing, having to “be” something else—and every year Bob stayed retired, we got more nervous. If it could happen to Silverberg, it could happen to anybody!

FIRST CAME  
COBRA  
THEN  
COBRA STRIKE  
AND NOW...

TIMOTHY ZAHN  
COBRA  
BARGAIN



It is the year 2474. Corwin Moreau, now 55, is governor of Aventine but the fact that the Moreau family has held power for so long is beginning to generate bad feelings in the Cobra Worlds Council. The Moreaus' contributions to the colony's success are fading in the light of an anti-Cobra political faction.

But the greatest challenge of **COBRA BARGAIN** faces Corwin's niece, Jasmine. Her only ambition is to follow in the footsteps of her father and grandfather — but no woman has ever been accepted to the Cobra Academy. Then a mission arises that demands her participation. Jasmine is trained, joins the infiltrating force... and disaster strikes almost immediately...

"At this present rate, Zahn will be firmly established as one of the best science fiction adventure writers in the field in a few years." — **Science Fiction Chronicle**.

FEBRUARY 1988 • 416 pp. • 65383-0 • \$3.95



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BAEN BOOKS





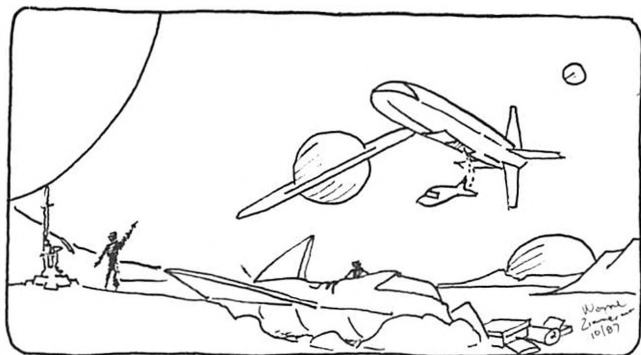
Edited by Robert Silverberg

Earthmen and Stranger	1966	Alpha Three	1972
Voyagers in Time	1967	Chains of the Sea	1973
Mind to Mind	1968	Other Dimensions	1973
Men and Machines	1968	Alpha Four	1973
Dark Stars	1969	New Dimensions 3	1973
Alpha One	1969	Deep Space	1973
Tomorrow's Worlds	1969	No Mind of Man	1973
Three for Tomorrow	1969	Three Trips in Time and Space	1973
The Science Fiction Hall of Fame, Volume 1	1970	New Dimensions 4	1974
The Ends of Time	1970	Alpha Five	1974
The Mirror of Infinity	1970	Windows into Tomorrow	1974
Worlds of Maybe	1970	Infinite Jest	1974
Great Short Novels of Science Fiction	1970	Threads of Time	1974
Alpha Two	1971	Mutants	1974
The Science Fiction Beastiary	1971	Epoch	1975
New Dimensions 1	1971	Alpha Six	1975
To the Stars	1971	New Dimensions 5	1975
Four Futures	1971	Explorers of Space	1975
The Day the Sun Stood Still	1972	The New Atlantis	1975
New Dimensions 2	1972	Strange Gifts	1975
Invaders from Space	1972	New Dimensions Six	1976
Beyond Control	1972	The Crystal Ship	1976
		The Aliens	1976
		Triax	1977
		Earth is the Strangest Place	1977
		The Infinite Web	1977
		Alpha 7	1977
		Alpha 8	1977
		Galactic Dreamers	1977
		Trips in Time	1977
		New Dimensions 7	1977
		Lost Worlds, Unknown Horizons	1978
		New Dimensions 8	1978
		Alpha 9	1978
		Car Sinister	1979
		Edge of Space	1979
		The Best of New Dimensions	1979
		The Androids are Coming	1979
		New Dimensions 9	1979
		Dawn of Time	1979
		The Arbor House Treasury of Modern Science Fiction	1980
		New Dimensions 10	1980
		New Dimensions 11	1980
		The Arbor House Treasury of Great Science Fiction Short Novels	1980
		The Arbor House Treasury of Science Fiction Masterpieces	1983
		Nebula Awards 18	1983
		The Fantasy Hall of Fame	1983
		Robert Silverberg's Worlds of Wonder	1987

# Pulp Magazines and Science Fiction

What is a pulp? Strictly speaking a pulp magazine is (or was) a fiction magazine printed on cheap paper in a 6 1/2 x 9 1/2-inch format. That is, about the size of a *National Geographic*, on the kind of paper used for modern paperbacks. Pulp a technical term referring to the wood-pulp paper, which is highly acid, browns quickly, gives off musty odors, and decays in picturesque ways dreaded by collectors.

But pulp magazines were more than that. For half a century they were America's favorite form of entertainment. They proliferated by the hundreds, even the thousands, and ranged from such general fiction titles as *Argosy* and *Bluebook* to in-



credibly specialized publications: *Planet Stories* (which only published stories set on other planets), *Submarine Stories*, and possibly apocryphal *Spicy Zeppelin Stories*.

Pulp magazines were, by and large, lurid (and luridly illustrated), hastily written, and Not Good Literature. Before there was a Doctor Wertham to harass the comic-book industry, there were concerned parents afraid that reading pulp magazines would turn their kids minds into fetid jello.

But the readers knew, both kids and adults, that the pulps were great stuff. They offered bright dreams, thrilling adventure, and all too needed escapism during the frequently scary times of the Great Depression and World War II.

And some of the stories turned out to be Good Literature after all: *The Maltese Falcon*, *The Martian Chronicles*, *The Big*

*Sleep*, the *Foundation Trilogy*, and numerous other classics first appeared in the pulps.

Science Fiction, as a distinct category of publishing, was a pulp-magazine invention. *Amazing Stories*, the first science fiction magazine, had its first issue in April 1926. Numerous spinoffs and imitations followed, the most significant of which was *Astounding* (originally *Astounding Stories of Super Science*, then *Astounding Science Fiction*, and now *Analog*) particularly in the first decade or so of John W. Campbell's editorship, roughly 1938-1948, in which Campbell single-handedly raised the field above the more typical pulp level of formula action mixed with pedantic science lectures. (You know, "Tell me professor, how does the intercosmical watchamawhozzis work?" "Well, my boy, my theory is..." and so on for several pages.) In the space of just a few years, Campbell discovered and developed such lasting favorites as Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, L. Ron Hubbard, Theodore Sturgeon, and L. Sprague de Camp. He was the Maxwell Perkins of science fiction and the whole field is forever in his debt.

Science fiction was always one of the most popular pulp categories, particularly prior to the great paperback boom. If you wanted SF, you read pulps. It was all there, the good, the bad, and the indifferent mixed together. There were *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, *Startling Stories*, *Cosmic*, *Super Science*, *Marvel*, *Space*, *Miracle Science*, *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*, and even *Two Complete Science Adventure Books*.

And one can't overlook *Weird Tales*, the greatest of the fantasy/horror pulps, which gave the world H.P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, Ray Bradbury, Robert E. Howard, and so many more.

Most of the pulps folded in the early '50s, replaced by the sleeker paperbacks, and by television, but the science fiction category lived on. Today, the core of the field is still the magazines. In the magazines, the new writers get started, and the best short fiction still appears. Two of the

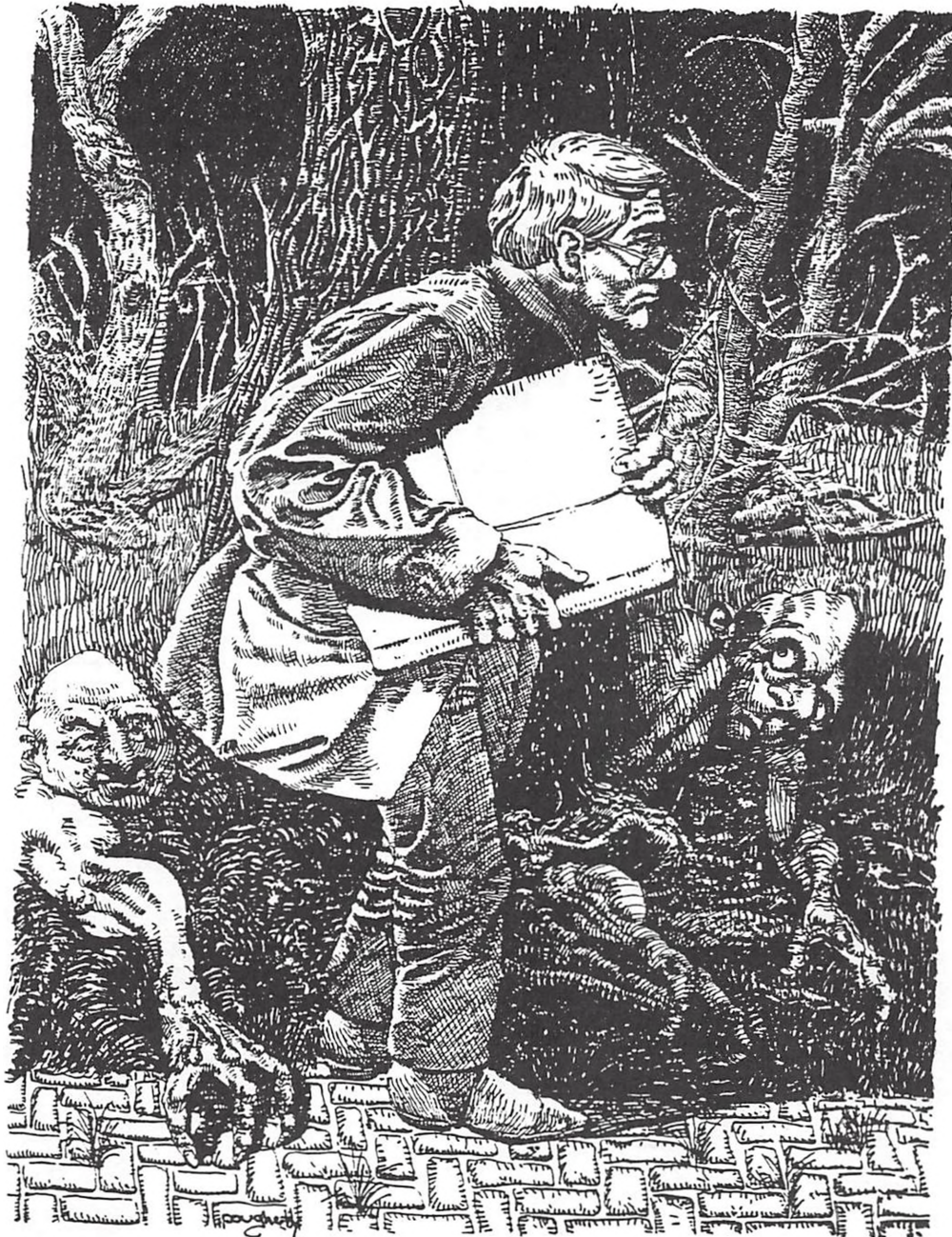
grandest pulp titles have always been with us—*Amazing* and *Astounding/Analog*—and *Weird Tales* has been revived again (in Philadelphia too!).

The immediate successors of the pulps were the digest magazines: *Galaxy*, *If*, *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, and many more. Most of the surviving pulps (except *Weird Tales*) are now in the digest format, but they are still their old selves.

You can still find much of the fiction from the non-SF pulps around today also: the *Tarzan* novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Doc Savage, the Shadow, the Avenger, not to mention much classic mystery fiction.

So in a sense, the pulps have never died, or if they have they've gone to Heaven.

—Darrell Schweitzer



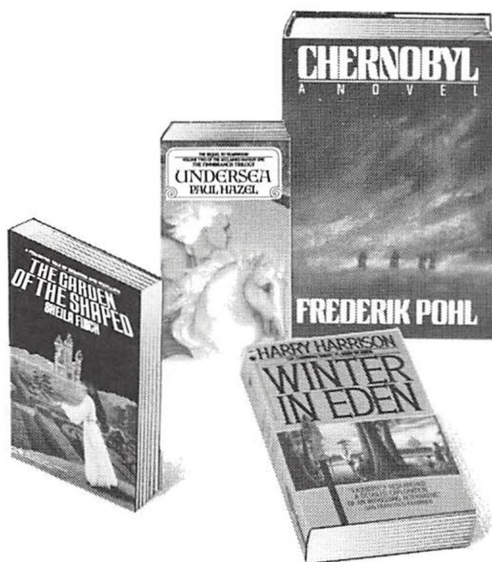
# Welcome to our fall list

There's a lot to get excited about this season, with some major novels by long-time masters, big books by young writers deserving of notice, and plenty of great entertainment.

**SEPTEMBER:** If you've read Harry Harrison's breathtaking alternate prehistory *West of Eden*, *Winter in Eden* needs no introduction. This highly-acclaimed sequel is now available in paperback. *Chernobyl* by Frederik Pohl is one of the most important novels of the year, a stunning speculation on what it must have been like to be present during the most dangerous nuclear accident in our history. *Undersea* by Paul Hazel is the second novel in the brilliant high fantasy saga, the *Finnbranch Trilogy* (which began with *Yearwood* and concludes in December with *Winterking*). And Sheila Finch, who has received raves for her first two novels, *Infinity's Web* and *Triad*, presents her third, a tale of struggle between races of gene-manipulated humans entitled *The Garden of the Shaped*.

**OCTOBER:** The Rat is back. *The Stainless Steel Rat Gets Drafted* by Harry Harrison chronicles the further adventures of the infamous "Slippery Jim" diGriz. It's wonderful, non-stop fun. *Dover Beach* by Richard Bowker is a moving novel about America after a "limited" nuclear war and the search for a missing scientist. Bowker is a very gifted writer who has won praise for his recent novels, *Replica* and *Marlborough Street*. Speaking of gifted writers, Pamela Sargent's far-future novel *The Shore of Women* is quite an accomplishment. It was called "one of the great novels of science fiction" by *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. And *Clypsis* by Jeffrey A. Carver is the first novel in Roger Zelazny's *Alien Speedway*, a hot new space opera series designed by one of the most imaginative minds in the business.

## SEPTEMBER



## OCTOBER





**NOVEMBER:** *The Universe* edited by **Byron Preiss** is simply incredible. This tour of the galaxy and beyond includes award-caliber short fiction by the likes of Poul Anderson, Gregory Benford, David Brin, Robert Silverberg, Connie Willis and others, mind-stretching essays by some of the leading astronomers in the world, and over 40 gorgeous full-color illustrations and photographs. American Book Award winner **Lisa Goldstein**, who writes like a dream, will publish *A Mask for the General*, a near-future novel about power and responsibility. *The Goldcamp Vampire* is **Elizabeth Scarborough's** latest, a high-spirited fantasy with Alaskan gold, vampires, were-moose and a young journalist up to her neck (you'll pardon the expression) in trouble. (We'll be reissuing Scarborough's *The Harem of Aman Akbar* in September and the omnibus *Songs from the Seashell Archives, Volume One* [which contains *Song of Sorcery* and *The Unicorn Creed*] in October.) The totally outrageous *Wild Cards* series edited by **George R.R. Martin** is back with *Jokers Wild*—the latest chapter in the secret history of our times. **Jonathan Wylie** begins a bold new fantasy trilogy, *Servants of Ark*, with *The First Named*. And we'll be reissuing **Ursula K. Le Guin's** unforgettable short story collection, *The Compass Rose*.

**DECEMBER:** As good as the fall list is, the absolute highlight is **Gregory Benford's** new novel, *Great Sky River*. Suffice it to say that it's the best novel he's written yet—which is another way of saying it's one of the best hard sf novels ever. There's another terrific sf novel in December, *After Long Silence* by **Sheri Tepper**. It's a big, absorbing tale of alien contact that Anne McCaffrey called "magnificent." **Rose Estes** launches a powerful prehistoric fantasy trilogy this month, *Saga of the Lost Lands*, with *Blood of the Tiger*. And we'll reissue *Star Rebel* and *Rebel's Quest*, two novels in F.M. Busby's Hulzein Dynasty saga, in one big volume entitled *The Rebel Dynasty, Volume One*.

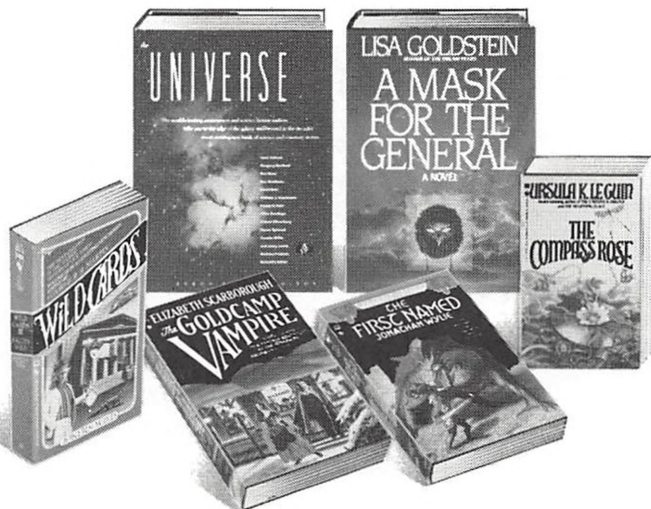
We're quite proud of this list. And wait until you hear about what we have coming this winter. We think you'll be very pleased.

With warmest regards for the future,

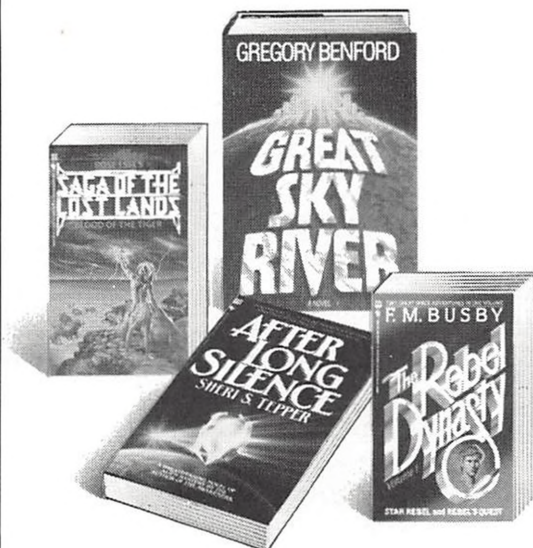
Publisher, Bantam Spectra



## NOVEMBER



## DECEMBER



# Tim Hildebrandt

Tim Hildebrandt was born on January 23, 1939 in Detroit, Michigan.

He first showed an interest in art at about the age of four. Early inspirations include Walt Disney's *Snow White*, *Pinocchio* and *Fantasia*, and the illustrations of N. C. Wyeth and Howard Pyle. In his teens he became interested in science fiction films, and while in high school built and filmed many miniature sets of distant worlds.

After attending Meinzinger's Art School in Detroit, Tim went to work for "The Jam Handy Organization", an industrial film company, where he worked in the animation department. During the four years he worked there, Tim designed several films which won the Golden Eagle award.

His next stop was New York, where he worked for six years producing documentary films for Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, a leading religious TV personality of the times. While working for Fulton Sheen, Tim contacted several children's book publishers in New York and began doing illustration work for them. He soon became so busy with assignments that he left filmmaking and began a full-time career in illustration.

In 1976 Tim illustrated *The Lord of the Rings*. He also illustrated three Tolkien calendars, of which the 1978 version sold one million copies. Tim's work was chosen to hang in the Bicentennial Show, "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration." He has also won the Gold Medal from the Society of Illustrators.

When *Star Wars* was released Tim received a call from a poster company in

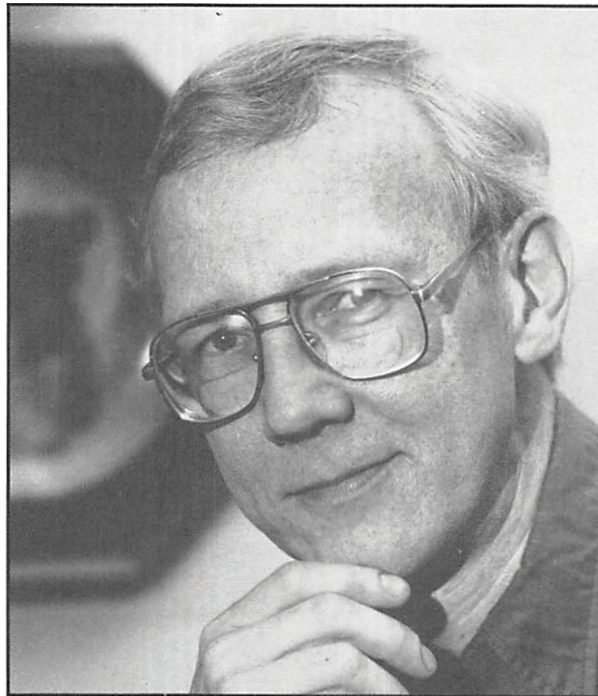
New York. They needed a poster for the film in 36 hours. The company had only a few black and white photos from the film and no pictures of the stars. But, they explained, it didn't matter what the picture looked like, since the movie would be a flop anyway. Tim completed the assignment, and the rest is history.

In 1979 Tim wrote and illustrated his own fantasy story, *Urshurak*, which made it to the best seller list.

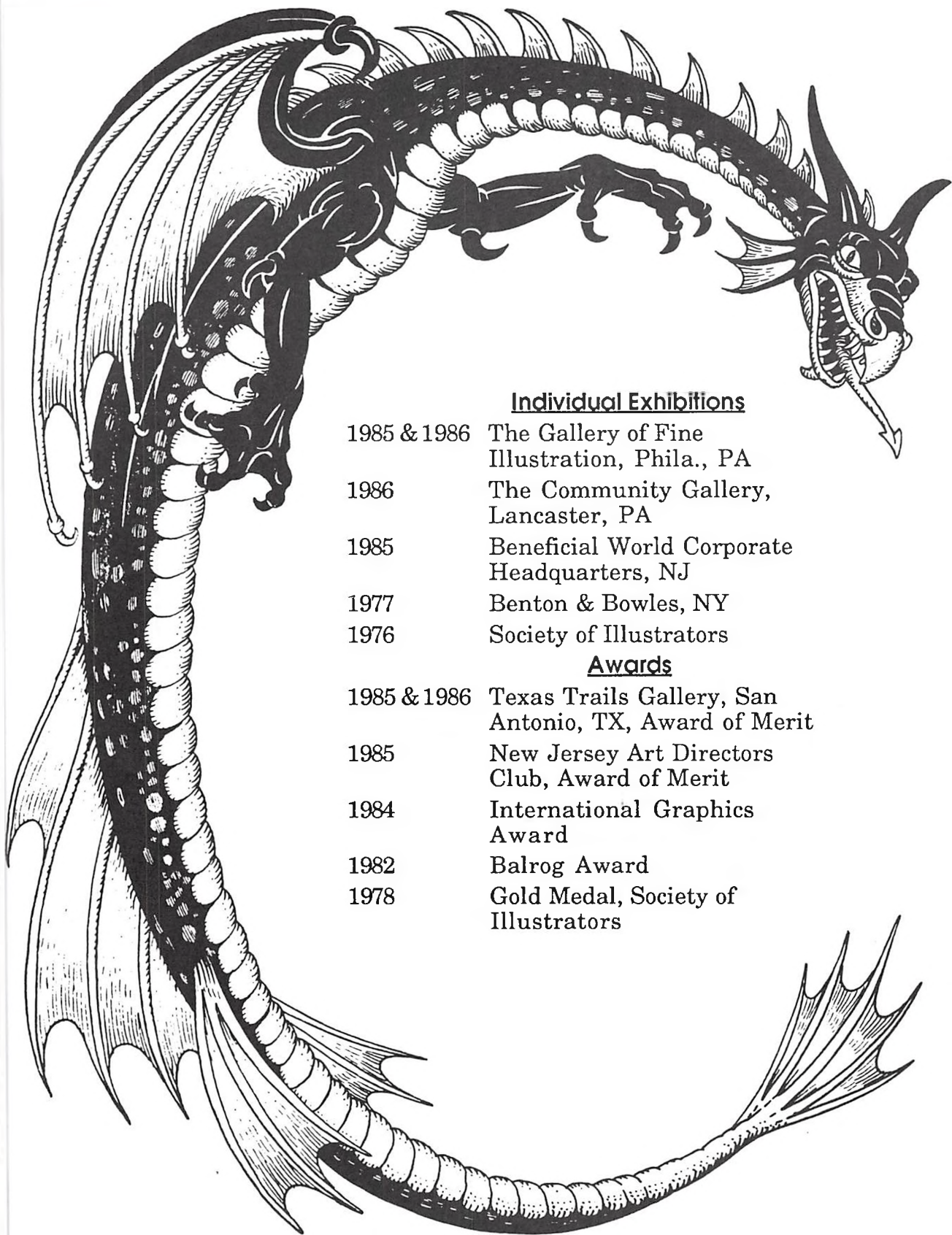
From the time he worked with Fulton Sheen to the writing of *Urshurak*, Tim worked with his twin brother, Greg. Together they successfully created a team which gained world recognition in the realm of fantasy illustration. Some time after *Urshurak* was released, the team broke up. Since 1981 Tim has been enthusiastically working on his own.

When the 3M Company decided to change their logo they came to Tim to design a fantasy setting for a TV commercial. Tim not only designed it but painted the backdrop and built the miniature landscape. The challenge in this particular assignment was to, as the 3M people put it, "make a Hildebrandt painting come to life."

In the last three years Tim has done three more calendars; two of them for the *Dungeons and Dragons* game and one based on Anne McCaffery's famous fantasy series, *The Dragonriders of Pern*. Recently, Tim has collaborated with his wife Rita on two book projects, *The Fantasy Cookbook*, and a novel, *Merlin and the Dragons of Atlantis*. Rita has done the writing and Tim the illustrating.







### Individual Exhibitions

- 1985 & 1986 The Gallery of Fine  
Illustration, Phila., PA  
1986 The Community Gallery,  
Lancaster, PA  
1985 Beneficial World Corporate  
Headquarters, NJ  
1977 Benton & Bowles, NY  
1976 Society of Illustrators

### Awards

- 1985 & 1986 Texas Trails Gallery, San  
Antonio, TX, Award of Merit  
1985 New Jersey Art Directors  
Club, Award of Merit  
1984 International Graphics  
Award  
1982 Balrog Award  
1978 Gold Medal, Society of  
Illustrators

# About Tim Hildebrandt

Everyone has something that speaks to them from deep inside a painting. For some people it's color. To others it may be the artist's mastery of the human form, or mountains, or the painter's ability to convey a sense of actions and drama. You might then prefer Monet, Titian, Bierstadt, Frazetta or Rembrandt in turn.

With me it's always the light.

I'm always fascinated by the way in which painters deal with the integral part of a scene that isn't there. Mountains, people, flowers, horses, they're all solid and easily defined. You can study anatomy in life classes, landscape on field trips. But how do you get a photon to sit for a still-life?

How do you employ sable brush and airbrush and oil and acrylics to make real nebulosity? Because the light affects everything else in the painting, the way an author's style affects everything that's committed to paper. Both are intangibles, both rich and vital, both the hallmark of the artist. One artist, J.W. Turner, became so fascinated with light he made a career of painting it, until the "real" objects in his paintings, be they ships or trains or Italian landscapes, were reduced to little more than adjuncts to his depictions of light. Turner was the Frazetta of light, his works ablaze with muscular sunbeams and tormented sunsets. His was one extreme in the painterly treatment of light, Jackson Pollock the other.

Somewhere in between we have Tim Hildebrandt.

At a time when the majority of SF and fantasy illustrations look as if they've been fashioned by the collage method (ray gun here, cape there, airbrushed spaceship and prancing unicorn in the background, plumes and dresses borrowed whole-cloth from Vogue), Hildebrandt harkens back to the classic fantasy illustrators of yesteryear (and yes, those were thrilling days, illustratively speaking). His work has more in common with Howard Pyle and Edmund Dulac and Arthur Rackham than with the slick commercial stylists whose work is interchangeable with the art that appears on candy wrappers

and cereal boxes. Part of it stems from the love which is so apparent in the majority of his compositions, part from the careful attention to background as well as foreground, and part from the way every element works together to form a cohesive whole. Hildebrandt's people are part of the scenery into which they are thrust and not simply actors on a stage. They belong to the trees and mountains and fantastic cityscapes instead of being superimposed upon them.

And then there's the light.

It suffuses every inch of Tim's canvases with a powerful, lambent glow. It doesn't merely illuminate, it invigorates everything it touches, like Tinkerbell's pixie dust. Gold pans explode on the viewer's retinas. Blue sky acquires depth and majesty. People come alive, lit from without as readily as from within. Trolls and giants, demons and dragons, volcanoes and fireplaces and streams in the forest seem to become three dimensional when struck by Tim's light. It causes ripples throughout each composition, ripples which are transformed by our bemused eyes into motion, so that there appears in the most static scene to be action and movement. It's all in the light.

There's light in Tim too. I don't think he'll be offended if I say that he looks like he stepped out of one of his own compositions. What better compliment to a man's art than to say that he is a reflection of it as well as it being a reflection of him? Tall and slim, elfin of expression, he always seems to be smiling.

I particularly remember visiting Tim at his home in New Jersey, a charming Victorian maze of rooms and stairwells snuggled in amongst others of its kind, nineteenth-century refugees huddling together for warmth against the marching condos abuilding just over in the next county, confident in their own individuality and aesthetic superiority. Just like Tim.

We went upstairs, which meant backways and byways of the sort Tim might paint, to pause outside a closet

which Tim opened. The closet disgorged painting after painting, an astonishing record of prolificacy herded together with an almost casual disregard for surface and permanence. None framed or matted, they came tumbling out with the light glinting off each distinctive and different scene, like a gigantic trunk of square gold coins liberated from the cave of Ali Baba.

Tim took the time to proudly display each one. What a wealth of invention committed to canvas and art board: dragons, trolls, mermaids and spaceships. Hobbits and heroes, ethereal princesses and scantily-clad amazons, instruments of death and sparkles of creation. It was like viewing the key scenes of a full-length animated film with the continuity removed, a career compressed into a life-sized cartoon flip book. You barely had time to admire one composition before another took its place. After awhile they all seemed to blend together, whether fantasy or science-fiction. They bemused and amused. They dazzled.

And when the last piece had been viewed and the gold was returned to the cave, images of light remained long after

figures and faces had been forgotten.

Yet for me the most memorable room in that charming, half fairy-tale house was not the closet of wonders, or the den in which we all sat watching and discussing animation, but the kitchen, where Rita Hildebrandt presides and composes as effectively as Tim does at his easel. All those pots and pans and dangling roots and herbs you've seen in the backgrounds of some of Tim's paintings have their reflection in real life. To me the real wonder is not how Tim turns out so many paintings of such high quality, but how he manages to stay so slim on Rita's cooking.

If you want to see more of the Hildebrandt house, check out a little flick called *The Deadly Spawn*. Tim's house was the main set, and the film stars the Hildebrandt progeny, Charles. Not bad. H.P. Lovecraft would've approved, I think. Anyone who's ever sat through a con banquet will appreciate it.

Talk to Tim if you get the chance. Let a little light in.

—Alan Dean Foster



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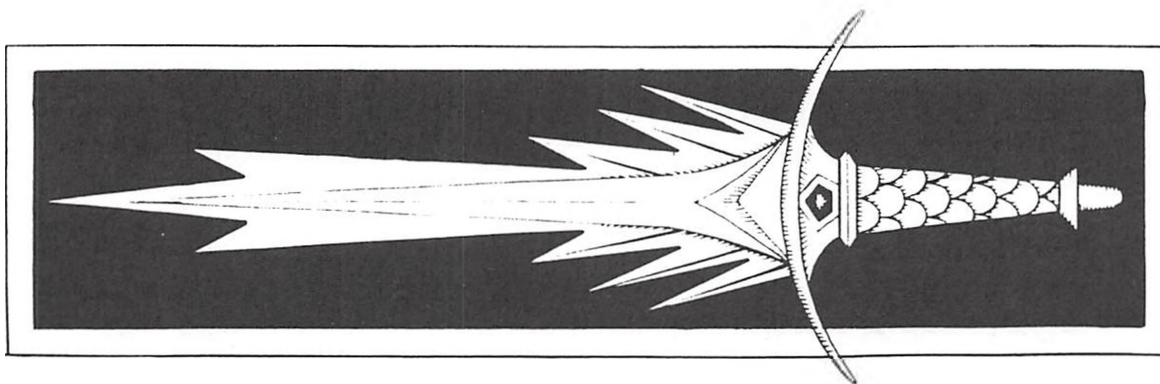
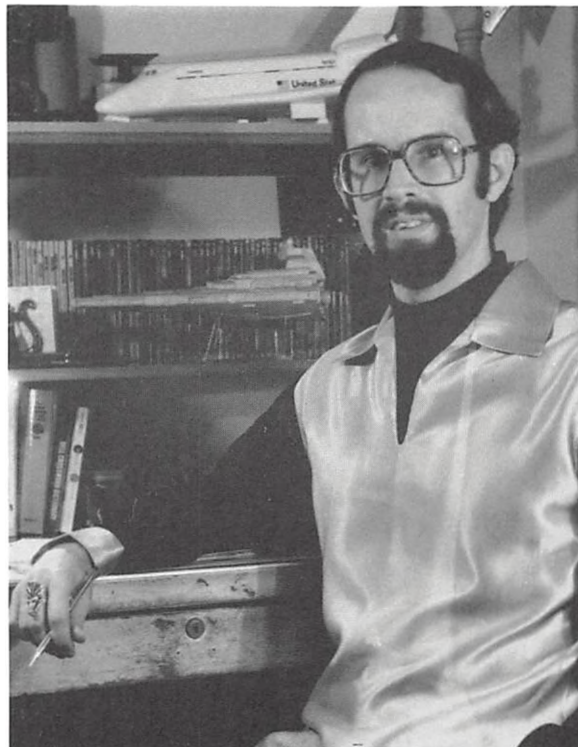
Special Guest

# Timothy Zahn

Timothy Zahn has quickly become one of the most popular SF authors since his debut in *Analog* in 1979. Since that time he has produced over half-a-dozen novels and large number of shorter works, all of which have received acclaim from the readers. His novella *Cascade Point* won the Hugo in 1984, an astounding feat for such a new writer.

Tim was born and raised in Chicago.

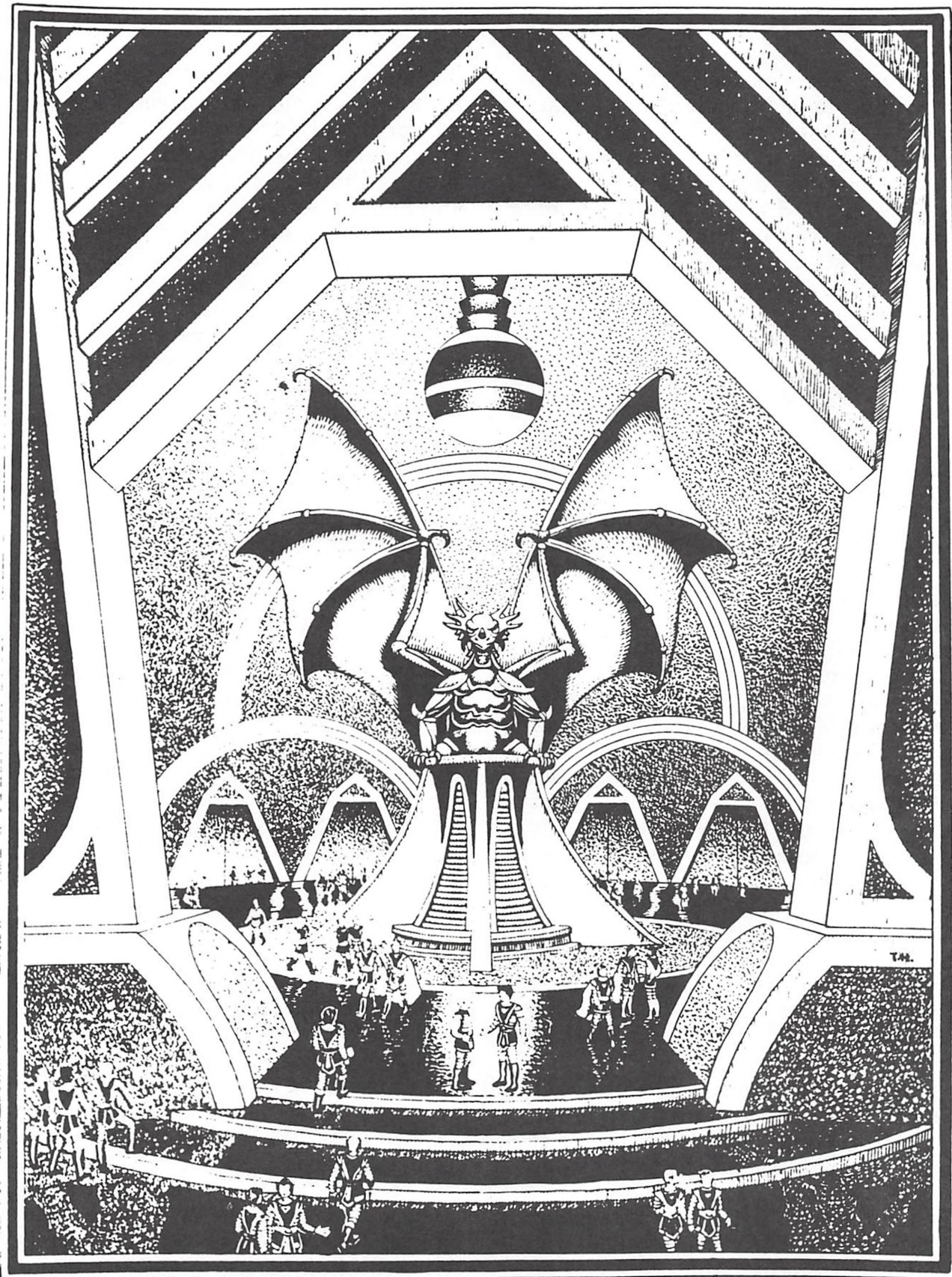
Like many fans, he began reading science fiction at an early age. He became a full time writer after receiving his Masters degree in 1975. His strong background in physics and the other hard sciences shows throughout his work, including his novels *Spinneret*, *Cobra*, and *Triplet*. He still finds time, however, to pursue his other interests such as classical music. Tim lives in Champaign, Illinois with his wife Anna, and their son Corwin. We welcome him to Philcon as our Special Guest.



## Bibliography

Blackcollar	1983
A Coming of Age	1984
Cobra	1985
Spinneret	1985
Cobra Strike	1986
Blackcollar—The Backlash Mission	1986
Cascade Point and Other Stories	1986
Triplet	1987





T.48.

# About Timothy Zahn

When an editor is foolish enough to read all submissions himself, things can get pretty dreary at times—but there are moments that make it all worthwhile. They can get especially dreary for a new editor who has inherited a backlog of unread slush and hasn't yet learned the special skills he need to keep up with it.

That's where I was in December of 1978. I'd been editing *Analog* for more than three months and was only now beginning to get out from under a pile that at one point had managed to expand to five piles. But I was determined to get dug out before Christmas, and so for the last couple of weeks I'd been slogging through the stuff with fierce determination, marveling all the while at how remarkably little I was finding with fierce determination, marveling all the while at how remarkably little I was finding of interest. Some months are like that, and I'd already made the shocking discovery that not even the old pros are always in top form.

And so it came to pass that, one particularly dismal Tuesday afternoon, I was picking up manuscript after manuscript, no longer even daring to hope that any particular one would have much merit. I just hoped to recognize the bad news about each one as quickly as possible, and get as many out of the way as possible before it was time to go home.

And suddenly I glanced at my watch and realized that I was about to miss my train—because my attention was so thoroughly absorbed in a story by a writer no one had ever heard of that I'd lost track of the time.

That's what makes reading the slush worthwhile. It doesn't happen often, but it's such a kick when it does that it more than makes up for all the times when it doesn't.

The unknown writer in this case, which was the first such I remember, was a fellow named Timothy Zahn. And it is no longer true, by any stretch of the imagination, that no one has ever heard of him.

That first story was called “Ernie,” and it rang an interesting new variation on

the old superpower theme: what can you do with a very small paranormal ability, like teleporting an inch at a time? For a while Tim seemed to be specializing in such sharply limited talents, but it didn't take him long to branch out—a lot.

When I find a new writer who has come up with a good story, the next question on my mind is: can he do it again? Not all can, but Tim could—again and again and again. He very quickly became my most prolific and dependable source of very good stories based on a wide range of imaginative ideas. In fact, he was turning them out so fast that I had to send some of them back simply because I didn't have room for them. But I always enjoyed reading them, and the ones I couldn't use had little trouble finding homes elsewhere.

All that exposure meant that lots of people now knew who Tim was. I think the main reason he hasn't won more awards than he has is that he too often had too many popular stories competing against each other in the same year—what we in the office came to refer as “the Zahn effect.” But even the “the Zahn effect” couldn't keep him from winning a Hugo for “Cascade Point,” which, typically, featured one of the most original space drives ever invented, inextricably entwined with an intriguing problem in human psychology.

With Tim contributing regularly to *Analog*, and *Analog*, having a “Biolog” column, I had a good excuse to satisfy my curiosity about who was writing all these stories. So I sent forth my spy, Jay Kay Klein, and he returned in good time with enough information to convert Timothy Zahn from a name to a person. His background turned out to have a lot of familiar echoes in it—such as two degrees in physics and a sideline of classical music—and some unexpected twists worthy of one of his own stories. He was working on a doctorate in physics when he started selling fiction, but his thesis advisor died halfway through his project. Rather than start over on a new one, Tim decided to try full-time writing—a decision which I suspect neither he nor

the many admirers of his work have had much cause to regret.

Fortunately (at least for Tim) some of those admirers were book editors. So in recent years you've seen such novels from him as *The Blackcollar*, *A Coming of Age*, *Cobra*, and now, *Triplet*. Of course, this is not quite so good for me, since all those book contracts keep him too busy to write as many magazine stories as he used to. But I'm not above serializing an occasional novel (like *Spineret*), and Tim does still find time for some short stories. When he does, they tend to be worth waiting for. Who else would come up with the idea of combining acupuncture and voodoo—and develop it with enough rigor to publish in a “hard science fiction” magazine?

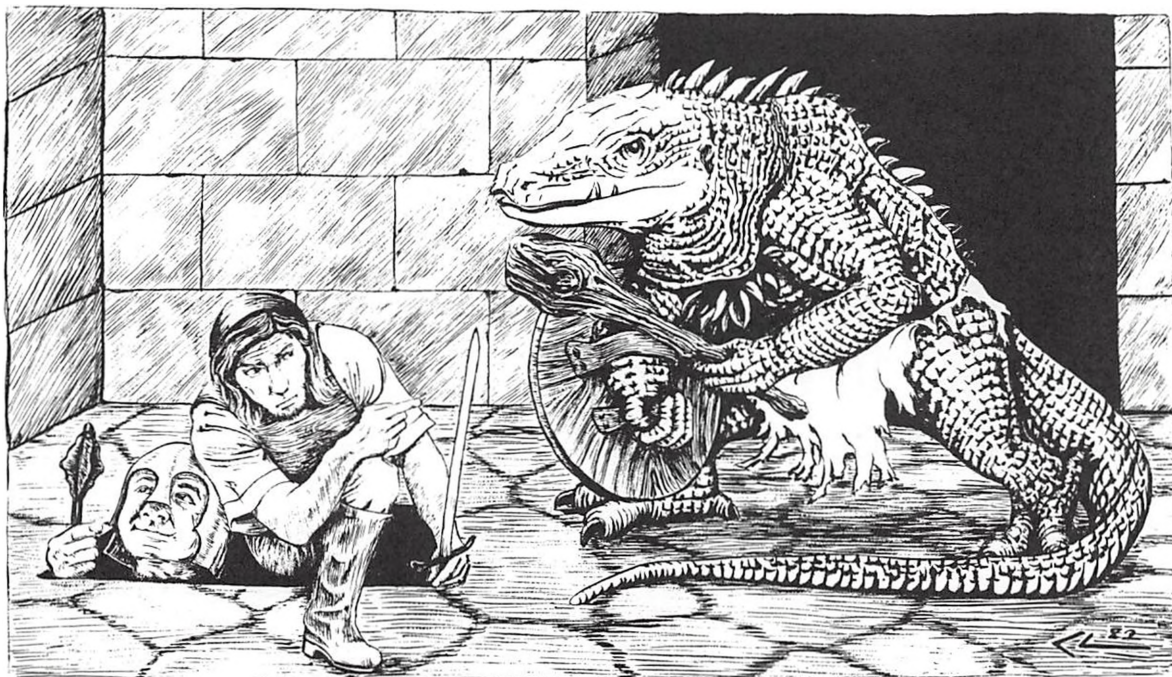
I first met Tim personally at the Worldcon in Denver in 1981, and found him quite as interesting personally as professionally—and a very amiable fellow, to boot. I have since taken every opportunity to spend some time with him and his equally delightful family. (Yes, I would be at Philcon this year, if I could.) At that first meeting, said family included only Tim and Anna, but they have since collaborated on creating an original and quite realistic new character, Corwin. (Who is, in-

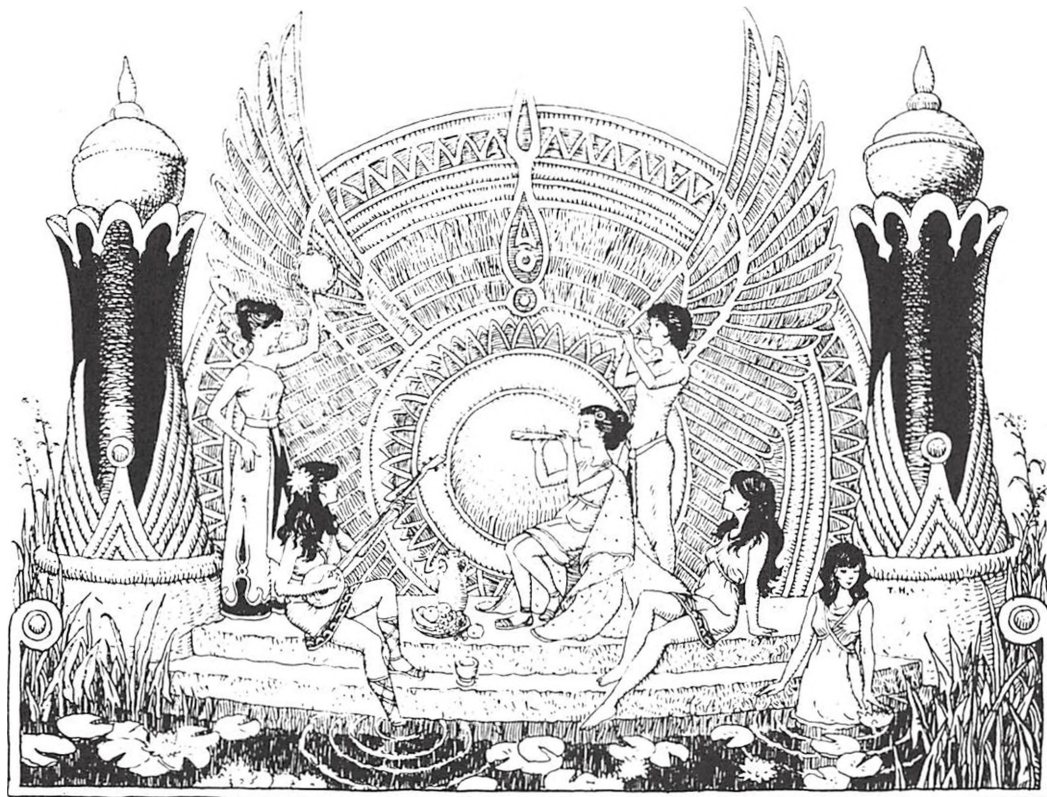
cientally, probably the youngest real person ever to appear photographically in the pages of *Analog*, where we showed him literally devouring his father's literary efforts at the age of 9½ months.)

Some writers, in person, are very much as you would expect from their works; others are utterly different. I would place Tim Zahn in the former category—and that is entirely to his credit. He has said that his first goal in all his writing is to entertain his audience—a refreshing aim, to those of us who have read too many writers who seem to consider entertainment somehow beneath them. Some of us also find it refreshing that the many ways he finds to entertain almost always include lively, thought-provoking speculation—with careful attention to making the scientific foundation solid enough to support the story. As if all that weren't enough, there also runs through Tim's stories an undercurrent of decent respect and compassion for humanity—and that, too, is a commodity in regrettably short supply.

But you will find all of these qualities in good measure in Timothy Zahn's stories. And if you get to know the man who wrote them, you'll understand why.

—Stanley Schmidt





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 Ginger Buchanan  
 Bill Carr  
 James Lane Casey  
 Sue Casper  
 Jack Chalker  
 Hal Clement  
 Brenda Clough  
 Kathryn Cramer  
 Jack Crane  
 Ellen Datlow  
 L. Sprague de Camp  
 Catherine C. de Camp  
 John De Chancie  
 Rae Dethlefsen  
 Charles Dougherty  
 Gardner Dozois  
 Robert M. Eber  
 Chris Logan Edwards  
 Bob Eggleton  
 Lloyd Arthur Eshbach  
 Guy Frechette  
 Shelly Frier  
 Esther Friesner  
 Gregory Frost  
 D.J. Fuller  
 Raymond Gallun  
 Alexis & Dolly  
 Gilliland  
 Charles Grant  
 Rich Green  
 Sharon Green  
 Kurt & Heather Griffith  
 The Gunderson Corp.  
 Jay Haines  
 Hamster Squad  
 David Hartwell  
 Peter Heck  
 Tim & Rita  
 Hildebrandt  
 Susan Honeck  
 Morris Hornik  
 Jael  
 David A. Katz  
 Marvin Kaye  
 Pat Kenneally

Tom & Andrea Kidd  
 Jay K. Klein  
 Richard Klyon  
 Karl & Janet Kofoed  
 Rich Kolker  
 Yoji Kondo  
 Theodore Krulik  
 Ellen Kushner  
 David Kyle  
 Charles Lang  
 Wendy Snow-Lang  
 Bob Lewis  
 Shariann Lewitt  
 Carl Lundgren  
 David Lunde  
 Betsy Mitchell  
 Judith Moffet  
 Pat Morrissey  
 James Morrow  
 Sam Moskowitz  
 Steven & Brenda Oliver  
 Susan Palwick  
 Sandy Pomerantz  
 Andrew Porter  
 Michael Potter  
 Tom Purdom  
 Mike Resnick  
 Ray Ridenour  
 Mark Rogers  
 Milt Rothman  
 Tony Rothman  
 Julius Schwartz  
 Darrell Schweitzer  
 George Scithers  
 Charles Sheffield  
 Josepha Sherman  
 Susan Schwartz  
 John Silbersack  
 Robert Silverberg  
 Thomas Small  
 Melinda Snodgrass  
 Joel Spivak  
 Nancy Springer  
 Manny Staub  
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# Art Show Rules

The art show is an exhibit of original SF, Fantasy and Fannish art in two-dimensional (e.g. sketches and paintings) and three-dimensional (e.g. sculpture) form, executed by both professional and amateur artists. All artwork other than that marked "NFS", for "Not For Sale" is for sale by competitive (written and voice) bidding. There is also a Print Shop for direct sale of photoprints and lithographs, which is located at the back of the Dealer's exhibit area.

To bid on artwork you must:

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

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

Blue: Artwork for display only, not for sale.

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

White: Original art for sale to highest bidder, beginning at minimum bid price. Original art with a white bid sheet will have several lines at the bottom of the sheet where the bidder can write down the amount he/she wants to bid for that item. The amount of the bid must be at least as much as the minimum bid specified by the artist and more than any preceding bid on the sheet. Write your name, bidder number, and amount of bid, legibly, on the bid sheet. Do not cross out any written bids.

Written bidding will close at noon on Sunday. The Art Show will be cleared at that time. Any artwork with less than three written bids will be sold to the highest bidder. Artwork with three or more written bids will be entered in the voice auction.

The voice auction will be Sunday afternoon from 1pm to 3pm in Grand Ballroom E,F. At the auction, the art is open to further bids by other people. Therefore the bidder should attend the voice auction to make further bids on pieces he/she is still interested in buying. The bidder making the highest bid by voice will buy the art at that price. If there are no voice bids, the art will be sold to the person who made the highest written bid.

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

Art Show Sales will be Sunday afternoon from 2pm to 4pm in the Delaware Rooms. 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 or Mastercard, traveller's checks, and personal checks with ID will be accepted for payment as per rules set by the Philcon Treasurer. Proof of ID will be required of all buyers at time of payment. You must pick up and pay for your own purchases. We **WILL** track down anyone who fails to collect and pay for artwork they have bought at Philcon.

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



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