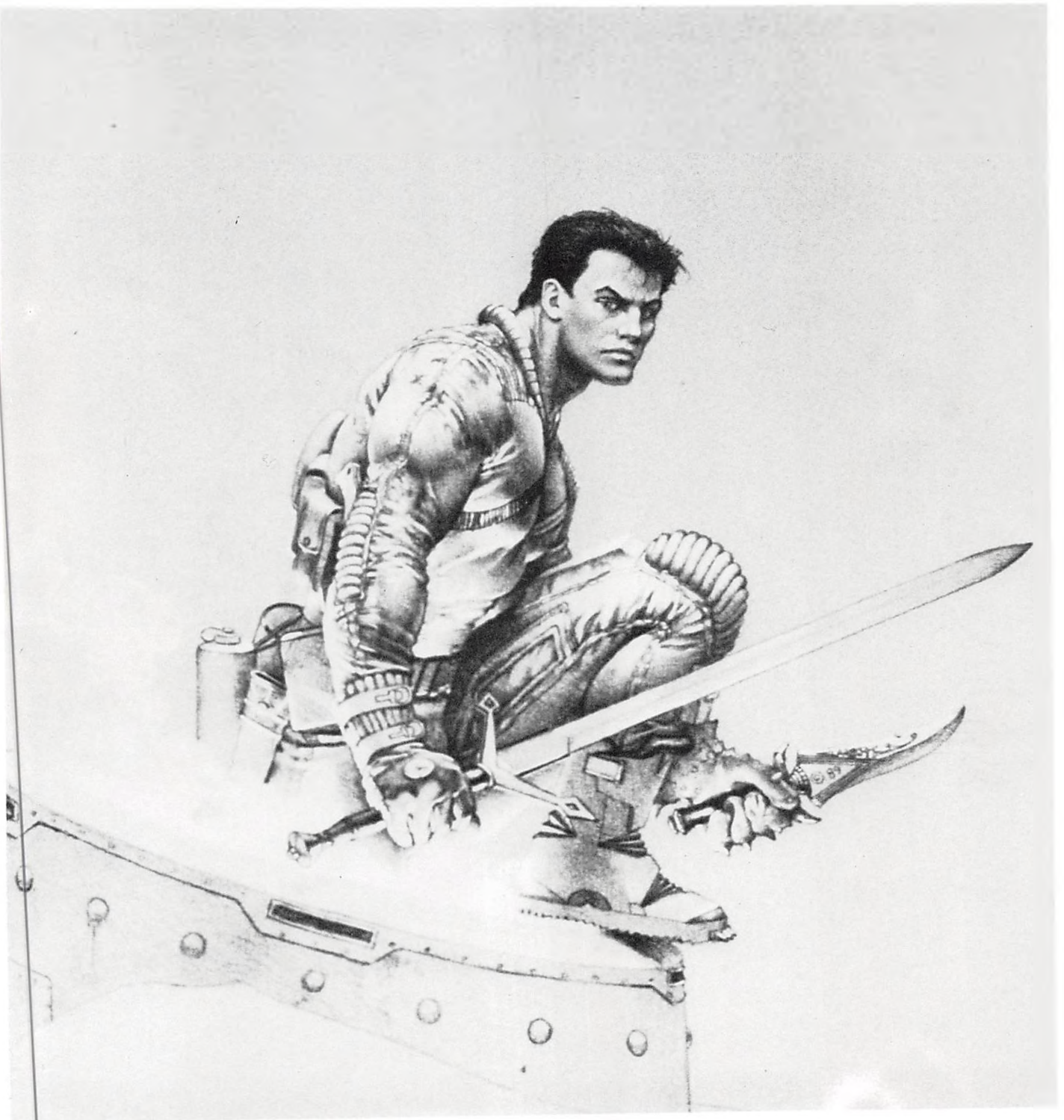


# Philcon<sup>®</sup> 89

The 53rd Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference





# **Philcon<sup>®</sup> 89**

The 53rd Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference

Presented by  
The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society  
November 17th, 18th, and 19th, 1989

Principal Speaker  
**Philip José Farmer**

Guest Artist  
**Don Maitz**

Special Guest  
**Poul Anderson**

Special Guest  
**Lois McMaster Bujold**

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# A Message From Our Chairman

On behalf of all of the members of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, I would like to welcome you to Philcon 1989, the 53rd Annual Conference of the Society. Whether you are a veteran of past Philcons or joining us for the first time this year you should find many activities to enjoy at the Conference.

We are particularly proud of our outstanding guest speakers this year. Our Principal Speaker, Philip José Farmer, takes his place among the first rank of science fiction authors. Although capable of writing in an astonishing variety of styles and voices, his fiction is perhaps best characterized by its breathtaking velocity. A multiple winner of science fiction's coveted Hugo Award, he achieved his deserved success in the field with his best selling Riverworld series, beginning with the acclaimed *To Your Scattered Bodies Go* in 1971.

Poul Anderson, one of our Special Guests, is among the most decorated and honored writers of all time in the field. Equally at ease in writing vigorous "hard" science fiction extrapolations as he is in authoring compellingly realized fantasies, Poul Anderson has created a number of novels now considered classics in the field. Among these is *Tau Zero* which James Blish called "the ultimate hard science SF novel" and such celebrated fantasies as *Three Hearts and Three Lions* and *The Broken Sword*.

Lois McMaster Bujold, our other Special Guest, is one of the most popular new writers. Her novel *Falling Free* won the Nebula Award presented by the Science Fiction Writers of America for Best Novel of 1988.

Don Maitz, our Guest Artist, is among the most talented and popular illustrators of science fiction and fantasy as his standing as a perennial nominee for the

Best Professional Artist Hugo demonstrates. His work has graced the covers of books by SF's most notable authors and will be featured in an upcoming exhibition of SF's greatest illustrations at the Delaware Art Museum in Wilmington, Delaware. To gain a greater understanding of the power of his work, stop in our Art Show or look for his collection *First Maitz* in our Dealer's room.

The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, which sponsors Philcon is an organization with a year round schedule of activities and events. Our regular membership meetings are held on the second Friday of every month at 8:00 PM at the International House, 3701 Chestnut Street in Philadelphia. After the business meeting is a program featuring a lecture by a prominent author or artist in the field or a panel discussion highlighting an area of interest in SF. In addition, our Book Discussion Group holds monthly meetings to critique a classic or currently popular work in the field. Special Events Group attends movies, exhibitions and events of interest to the science fiction world throughout the year.

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

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

Meanwhile, have a great time at Philcon 1989!

Ozzie Fontecchio  
Chairman, Philcon 1989

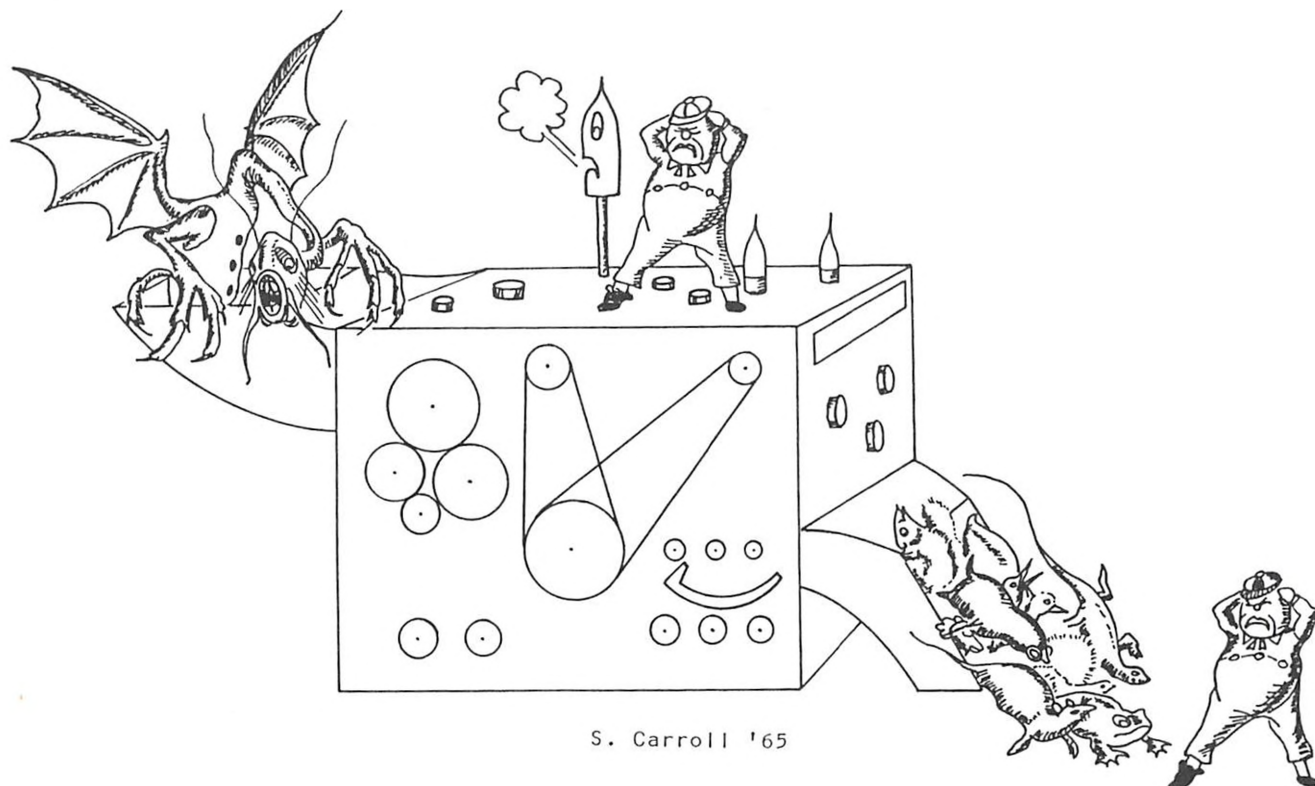
The Program Book you now hold in your hands is in some ways a special keepsake. Our Principal Speaker, Philip José Farmer had given us permission to reprint for the first time, within its contents, his first published story. In addition it features two articles written by Poul Anderson, the dynamic artwork of Don Maitz and an unpublished excerpt from *Shards of Honor* by Lois McMaster Bujold. If you would like to have this memento in a more permanent format, you may order a Special Hardcover edition limited to 200 copies and signed by each of our principal speakers from the Society. Please stop at the sales table of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society in the Dealer's Room for details.

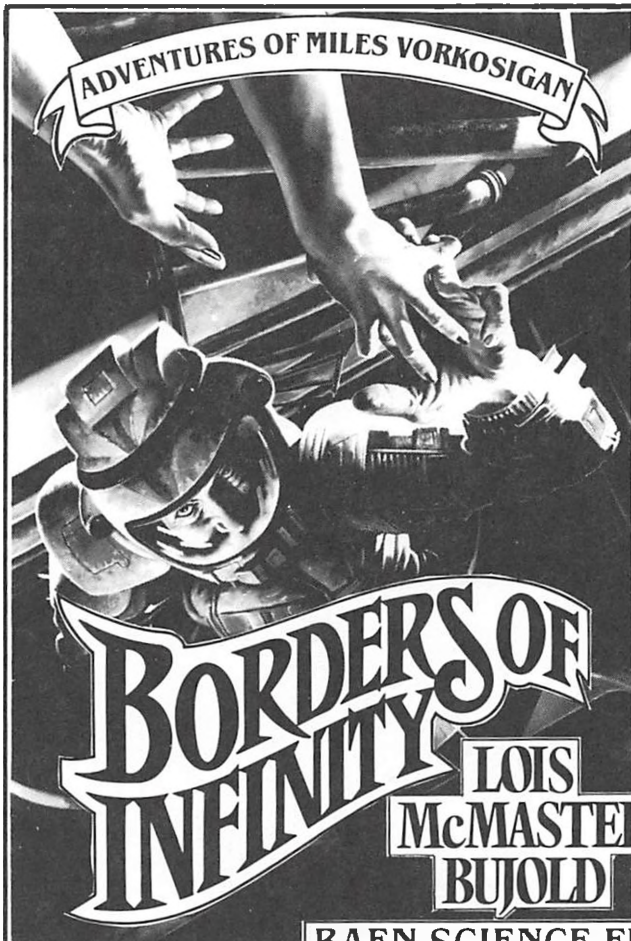
# Guests of Philcon 1989

Poul Anderson  
Jill Bauman  
John Gregory Betancourt  
N. Taylor Blanchard  
Will Brown  
Rebecca Brown Ore  
Sue Casper  
Jack Chalker  
Robert Chase  
Hal Clement  
Michael Jeffery Cohen  
Greg Costikyan  
Greg Cox  
John DeChancie  
Jack Dann  
Gardner Dozios  
John Douglas  
Jeff Dunn  
Claire Eddy  
Bob Eggleton  
Philip José Farmer  
Lisa Feerick  
Stephen Fisher  
Michael Flynn  
Steve Fox  
Guy Frechette  
Esther Friesner  
Greg Frost  
Alexis Gilliland  
Kurt Griffith

Leigh Grossman  
Ted Gurlik  
David Hartwell  
Wulf Heinz  
Rich Henshaw  
Kathy Hurley  
Jael  
John Kessel  
Tom Kidd  
Tess Kissinger  
Karl Kofoed  
Eric Kotani  
Ted Krulik  
Lissanne Lake  
Sylvia Lombardi  
Don Maitz  
Roger MacBride Allen  
F. Gwynplaine MacIntyre  
Lois McMaster Bujold  
Chris Miller  
Ann Mintz  
Myrrh Mist  
Judith Moffett  
Deborah B. Morgan  
Pat Morrissey  
James Morrow  
Sam Moskowitz  
Patrick Neilsen-Hayden  
Jim Odbert

Alan Rodgers  
Mark Rogers  
Charles Ryan  
Harry Saffren  
Art Saha  
Toni Sciarra  
Stanley Schmidt  
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Julius Schwartz  
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*Comics Buyer's Guide*: "Miles Vorkosigan is such a great character that I'll read anything Lois wants to write about him...a book to re-read on cold rainy days."

*Locus*: "...she gives it a genuine depth of character, while reveling in the wild turnings of her tale... Bujold is as audacious as her favorite hero, and as brilliantly (if sneakily) successful."

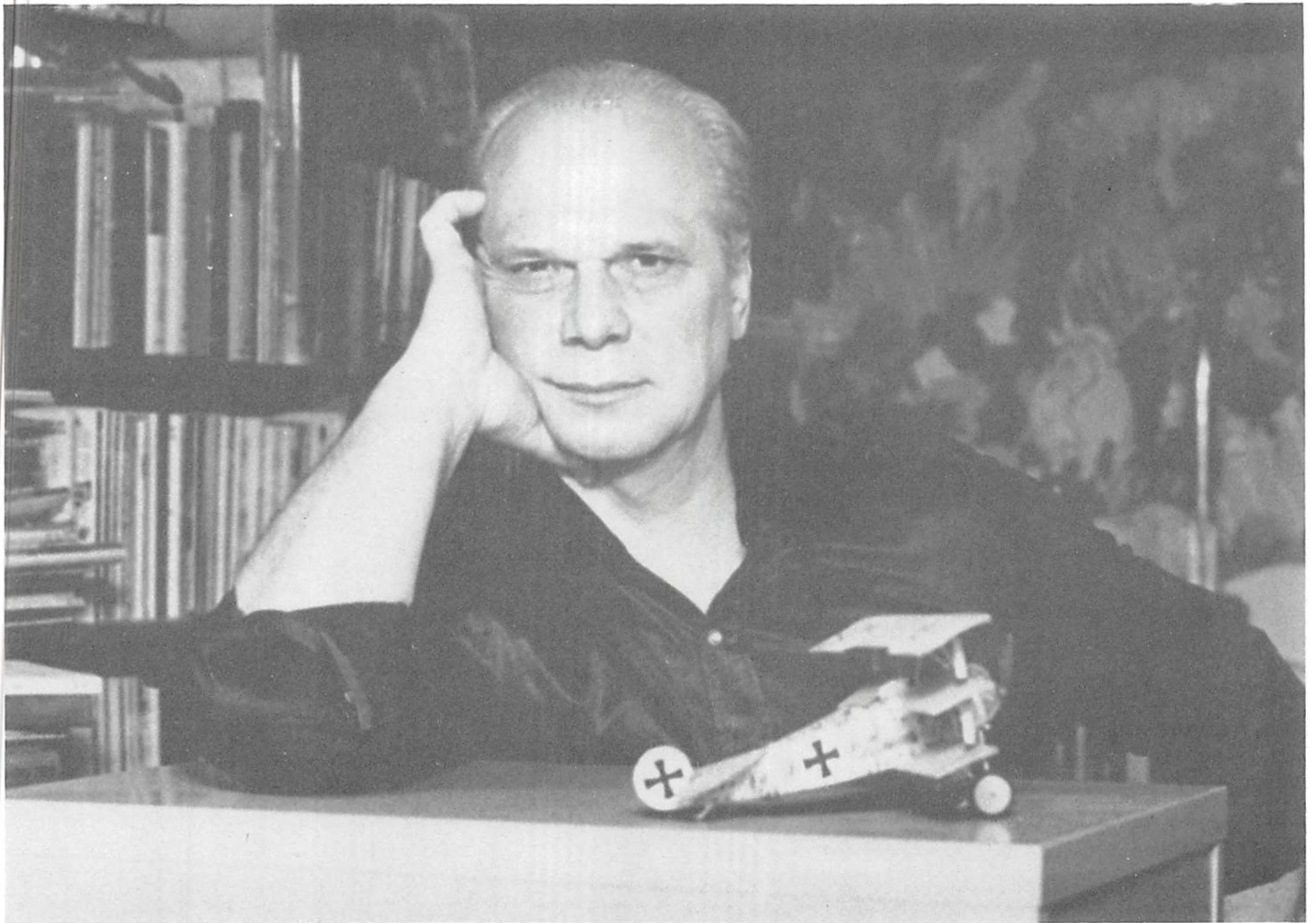
*Rave Reviews*: "Don't pass up this topnotch adventure."

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# S.M. STIRLING UNDER THE YOKE



# About Philip José Farmer



In my days as a raw cadet SF writer I once met Philip José Farmer and had him autograph my embarrassingly huge stack of his paperbacks. Other than that one meeting, years ago, I've never exchanged a word with the guy, and what I know about his personal life you could hide under a microchip. I kinda suspect he's an expert archer, accomplished swordsman, and could fall 35,000 feet out of a detonated Mirage Jet-fighter and live; but this may just be an atavistic hangover of my intense early hero-worship.

In my dewy youth, I used to hang physically from

the science-fiction rack as if every book in it were a life-saving tank of oxygen; and I bought pretty much everything in it. But even then, before I knew what a denouement was, I could tell that this Farmer character was something really choice. First of all, he had a real science-fiction writer's name. All the really cool sci-fi people had weird-ass names, like Heinlein and Kuttner and Van Vogt, or spiky funny names like Sturgeon, or elaborately goofy like Ursula K. Le Guin; but here was a guy who had a perfectly normal name, Philip Farmer, kind of a harmless bowling-alley name, only it had this JOSÉ in it. You knew from a



single glance that here was a guy who must be seriously warped.

And was he ever. Still is of course, but from my point of view, as a teenage kid with my nose pressed greasily to the genre windowpane, Philip José Farmer was a very titan, nay a kind of Philip Sidney, a graceful exemplar of the virtues. This man, I felt instinctively, was a very avatar of the holy spirit of Science-Fiction. He seemed to know everything, be interested in everything, all kinds of bizarre esoterica, and yet the man was terrific fun. He wrote with ease and fluency and he wrote a lot. He wrote SF with the natural joie de vivre of a lion tearing open a zebra carcass. The guy was built for speed; you would see him lazing in the tall grass, casually licking his dewclaws, when suddenly his great yellow eyes would narrow and — Jesus — HOW THE HELL DID HE DO THAT? How on earth could he even THINK of doing that?

Most SF writers would sit down at the desk, pour an inch or two of rotgut and think — hmmm: what kinda character should I put in this damn book? And how many? But only Philip José Farmer would have the masterful gall, the breathtaking chutzpah, to simply put EVERYBODY into a book. Yes, *everybody* — every human being who ever lived, including presumably the readers and the author — haul every last one of the suckers in there, build a whole planet to store 'em in, and if they end up next to Torquemada or the Assyrians I guess it's just their tough luck!

Not only could Farmer pull these amazing stunts, but he could top them without apparent effort. Take for instance the marvelous *World of Tiers* or "Pocket Universe" books, a terrific adventure series that makes most such look not merely two-dimensional but downright pinheaded and anemic. The basic McGuffin in these books is that a squad of posthuman Lords have built their own private cosmoses, gigantic playgrounds really, out of superhightech multidimensional chickenwire and spit. Our hero blunders through a basement in an Arizona retirement community right into the midst of one of these places, brim-full of mermaids, drunken gorillas, Paiute centaurs and all manner of gratuitous marvels.

Not until the third book are we offhandedly informed that our Earth — consensus reality, in other words — is ALSO a "pocket universe." Some clownish Lord cooked the whole thing up and stocked it with toy humans. It's really no bigger than about the orbit of Pluto; all those apparent galaxies, distant stars, blah blah blah, are just a kind of twinkly stage-dressing. So are the fossils and the geological deposits. Actually, our world's just a few thousand years old. Gosh! Whoops!

This was clearly a guy who — well, he's been called "an iconoclast" by scholars of the field, but the vibe I get is that Farmer simply and naturally transcends all normal limits. Obviously he's

inconoclasting pretty much of the time, does it in the morning while shaving, does it while making himself a Dagwood sandwich in Peoria at midnight; it's just that he charitably HOLDS HIMSELF BACK sometimes, as not to sear the remnants of our blown minds. Areas where Joe Normal desperately fears to tread, like Sex, Death, and Religion, are mere Lego-blocks in the private cosmos of Farmer's skull. The guy has a carnivorous imagination; he is perfectly capable of devouring the entire oeuvre of previous generations of pulp-writers, and transforming them into a single subset of this own work: *Doc Savage, His Apocalyptic Life*; *Tarzan Alive, a Definitive Biography of Lord Greystoke*. Nor are these books mere academic exercises; they are alive and ingenious and funny!

And only Farmer would think of following a blistering piece of demented ultrapornography, *A Feast Unknown*, with its sequel — an Ace SF Double, for Christ's sake! Same characters though, same schtick; it's just that our author in *The Mad Goblin/Lord of the Trees* fails to mention that the Nine sinister immortals who Rule the World have kept themselves alive for centuries by the unthinkable grotesque practice of — well, uhm, maybe I'd better not say.

I'm running out of room here. And I haven't begun to talk about his short stories, tremendous ideas-pieces that leave one with eyes crossed and jaw agape. Aspects of Farmer emerge here that are startling, not just as ideas, but for what they demonstrate of his basic writerly gifts. Farmer as a scholar of James Joyce, for instance, in the mind-boggling farrago of "Riders of the Purple Wage", the single most dangerous vision in *DANGEROUS VISIONS*; Farmer as literary experimentalist in the hysterically funny and accomplished "Jungle Rot Kid on the Nod", the immortal piece in which Tarzan was created, not by Edgar Rice Burroughs, but by — wait for it — William Burroughs! Good Christ!!

Here was a writer, Farmer, with an imagination so vast that it assumed ontological proportions; he seemed delighted to tear the hide off anything; not just the tired old skiffy biz of rocketships androids robots but God and Life and Death and Sex and the Pope. And what's more he would make you LIKE it; you would leave his books as the kind of guy to whom strange things happened, the kind of guy who might be caught all unawares by a Z-ray and wake up eight million years later surrounded by intelligent raccoons.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the stuff. This is the quill, the Grail, Where It Is At. This is an entity of whom we in the science fiction community can all be justly proud, a man whose presence in our midst does us an honor. Philip José Farmer.

—Bruce Sterling

# Philip José Farmer's Career: Highlights and Recent Accomplishments

Compiled by Darrell Schweitzer



## Novels

(series: Dayworld, Riverworld, World of Tiers)

- The Green Odyssey*, 1957  
*Flesh*, 1960  
*The Lovers*, 1961  
*Inside Outside*, 1964  
*Tongues of the Moon*, 1964  
*Maker of Universes* (Tiers), 1965  
*The Gates of Creation* (Tiers), 1966  
*Night of Light*, 1966  
*The Image of the Beast*, 1968  
*A Private Cosmos* (Tiers), 1968  
*Behind the Walls of Terra* (Tiers), 1970  
*Lord Tyger*, 1970  
*The Lord of Trees, The Mad Goblin*, 1970  
*To Your Scattered Bodies Go* (Riverworld), 1971  
*The Fabulous Riverboat* (Riverworld), 1971  
*Venus of the Half-Shell*, (as Kilgore Trout), 1975  
*The Dark Design* (Riverworld), 1977  
*The Lavalite World* (Tiers), 1977  
*Dark is the Sun*, 1979  
*Jesus on Mars*, 1979  
*The Magic Labyrinth* (Riverworld), 1980  
*The Unreasoning Mask*, 1981  
*A Barnstormer in Oz*, 1982  
*Gods of Riverworld*, 1983  
*Dayworld*, 1985  
*Dayworld Rebel*, 1987  
*Dayworld Breakup*, to be released in June 1990

## Short Stories (series: Riverworld)

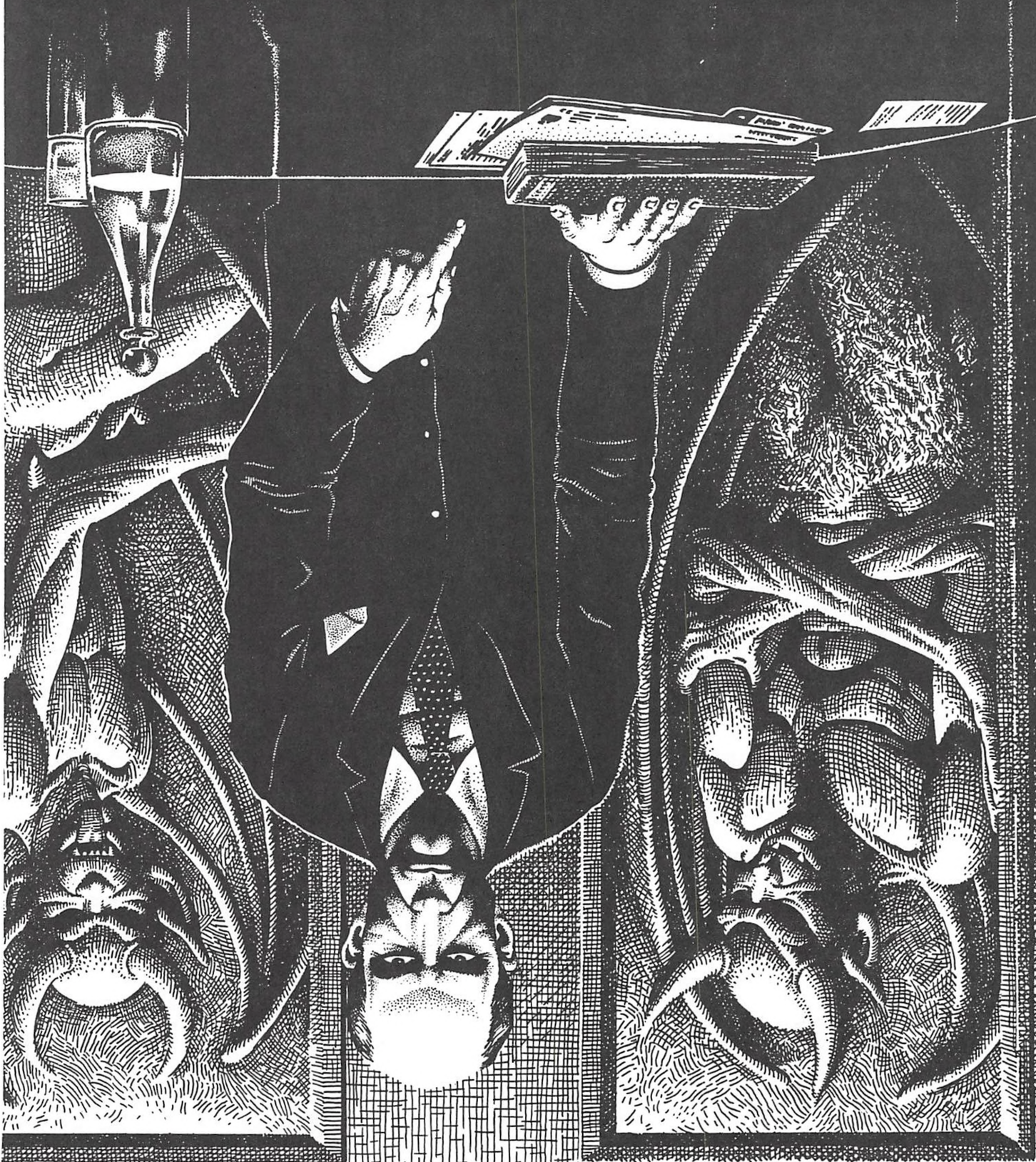
- The Alley God*, 1962  
*The Book of Philip José Farmer*, 1973  
*Riverworld and Other Stories*, 1979  
*The Classic Philip José Farmer*, 1984  
*The Grand Adventure*, 1984

## Other Publications

- Tarzan Alive: A Definitive Biography of Lord Greystoke*, 1972  
*Doc Savage: His Apocalyptic Life*, 1973  
Editor, *Mother was a Lovely Beast*, 1974

## Awards

- Hugo Award 1953 Best New Writer  
Hugo Award 1968: "Riders of the Purple Wage"  
Hugo Award 1972: *To Your Scatted Bodies Go*



# O'Brien and Obrenov

Philip José Farmer

*The following story isn't science fiction. If you're one of those people who refuses to read "mainstream" -- well, it's your loss.*

*This is Philip José Farmer's first published story. It has never before been reprinted, and thus is otherwise available only in the March 1946 issue of the pulp magazine Adventure. Phil Farmer's career as a science fiction writer began impressively six years later with The Lovers in the August 1952 Startling. But a debut in Adventure was then (and remains now) nothing to be sneezed at -- Adventure was one of the true aristocrats of the pulps. To get into its pages one didn't merely have to string words together in a vaguely coherent fashion according to some formula (as was the case for, say, Spicy Detective), one also had to be able to write.*

*So, a first sale to Adventure clearly indicated that this young writer Farmer was going somewhere, for all he went in quite a different direction from what that first sale seemed to suggest. One could imagine an alternate universe in which this story was followed up, the author leapfrogged into Bluebook and The Saturday Evening Post, wrote best selling novels from the mid-50's on and became rich and famous, but never, alas, got to be Principal Speaker at Philcon.*

*Here, as a curiosity, out of scholarly interest, and as a road-marker of a path not taken, is Phil Farmer's first story.*

—Darrell Schweitzer

COLONEL O'BRIEN, of the Umpteenth Infantry Regiment, was about to step into a tub. There was a reason for this —the colonel stank. But the goatish odor was about to be washed away and replaced by the colonel's normal stench, one of soap and cologne. Remembering it was his first bath in eight weeks, he shivered with ecstasy and stuck a testing toe in the hot water.

The tub had once belonged to Herr Gruenz, ex-mayor of the town of Mautz. Herr Gruenz must have been fond of his enormous tub, modeled after Goering's famous one. It was while floating in warm water and black market soap suds that the mayor decided to slash open his wrist-veins and die as pleasant a death as was possible under the circumstances. His decision was hastened by the news that the Americans from the west and the Russians from the east would soon meet in his town. He had reasons to believe it would be better to take a chance on his reception in the next world than to wait for a certain one in this.

In fact, the mayor's oyster-like lips had no sooner blubbered out his last breath than Colonel O'Brien skidded his jeep to a halt before the house, jumped out, kicked open the door, and strode in. The colonel was looking not so much for the mayor as he was for his famous bath-tub. He found both. It was an indication of his stubbornness that, having sworn to bathe in Herr Gruenz's tub, he wasn't balked by the mess that greeted him.

He ordered the ex-mayor to be buried in Potter's Field and the tub cleaned. The scouring of the tub was done by two of Herr Gruenz's cronies. They protested. The MP guarding them pulled out his pistol and remarked it was getting rusty from disuse. They got the idea, and began cleaning vigorously.

Glowing with happiness at the thought of the coming bath, O'Brien then drove to the town square where he met Colonel Obrenov of the Russian forces that were occupying the eastern half of Mautz. They talked under the shadow of the famed "Spirit of German Wrath" statue. It was a bronze figure of Goethe, dating from the last century, that had been set up by the burgomasters of Mautz to commemorate the fact he'd once lived there—perhaps a week or two. With the Nazis' rise, Goethe's stock had gone down. They couldn't stand that great artist's internationalism and broad-mindedness. An order was issued to tear down the statue, but the penny-pinching citizens of Mautz

had what they thought was a brilliant idea. The bronze plate on which was inscribed the dates of Goethe's brief stay at Mautz had been ripped of and a new plaque titled "Spirit of German Wrath" had been installed at the pedestal's base.

More important, the iron pen in Goethe's right hand removed to make place for a gigantic sword. The result was disconcerting. The cumbersome sword, besides being almost as long as the statue itself, that is eight feet, was held in an unnatural position. Its edge was hard against the great man's face. Anybody but the fat-brained citizens on Mautz and Germany could have seen that the "Spirit" was engaged in a struggle, not to ward off the Reich's enemies, but to keep from cutting off its own nose.

The deep-graven lines of this forehead and mouth, once intended to portray the agonies of his soul while writing *Faust*, were now supposed to portray a bloodlust in battle. Nobody but an Aryan's Aryan would have thought so, or been able to overlook the fact that the former Goethe's eyes, instead of staring ahead at his foes, were cross-eyed, looking at the hand that once held a pen.

The reconverted statue was grotesque enough to cause comment even from two men as ignorant of art as the Colonels O'Brien and Obrenov. What fixed the statue in O'Brien's mind, however, was the discussion he'd had with the Russian about removing it.

Shortly before the two armies had met in Mautz, the mayor under pressure from the Nazi bigwigs, had ordered the statue pulled down as a contribution to the latest scrap drive. Halfway through its uprooting, the laborers, alarmed at the closeness of the Allies, had abandoned their work. The "Spirit of German Wrath" was left leaning forward to the south at a 110-degree angle.

The Colonels agreed it was a public menace. O'Brien suggested his men pull it down, but Obrenov demurred; he wanted his soldiers to haul it away. The "Spirit" was a symbol; he liked knocking down Germans, whether they were actual or symbolic.

Finally it was agreed that both sides would pull it down at some future time.

After the colonels had drawn a chalk line down the exact middle of the town square, and set up guards on each side on the

line, and made arrangements for a get-together that night, and decided the Americans would bring Scotch and Russians vodka, O'Brien had gone back to his headquarters. He found his bath ready.

Now the colonel sat naked on the edge of the tub, a short, thin man of forty-two with close-cut, wiry, carrot hair, a snub nose and a long upper lip. He was preparing to slide into the warm water and finish the bath Herr Gruenz hadn't been able to live through.

O'Brien was thinking what a queer fish Colonel Obrenov was. A stickler—a stiff-backed, long-faced stickler. First, there'd been his insistence on having the honor of demolishing the statue.

Second, he had demanded that one of his engineers survey the exact half of Mautz. He wanted no complications, no mistakes. And he'd invited O'Brien to check the line with an American engineer. Courteously, O'Brien had said he would trust Obrenov. The Russian had urged he check.

Annoyed, O'Brien had delegated the task to Major Razzuti of the Engineers. Razzuti had gone through the farce with a straight face, announced the line was correct, and congratulated Major Krassovsky, the Russian engineer, on his achievement. Krassovsky, who understood little English, had smiled and shaken Razzuti's hand.

Then the Yanks and the Russians had saluted each other and gone back to their respective headquarters with everything happily settled. O'Brien was now poised on the tub's marble brink for a descent into paradise.

AT that moment a knock sounded at the bathroom door. The colonel, as was the way of soldiers, cursed at the interruption.

"It's me, Lieutenant Tarpitch.," Tarpitch sounded miserable.

"Anything you can't handle, Tarpitch?" O'Brien snapped.

"Yes, sir. The colonel'd better speak to Sergeant Krautzenfelser. He's the one that wants the colonel. It's urgent. He says we got Schutzmilller."

There was a pause. Tarpitch coughed. "He also says we have not got Schutzmilller."

The colonel forgot about his bath. "What d'you mean—have and haven't?" he growled.

"I don't know, sir. Better speak to the sergeant."

The door swung open. Sergeant Krautzenfelser stuck his dark Choctaw face in.

"Close the door. What do I have to be to get any privacy—a four-star general?"

"Guess so, sir," grinned the sergeant. "Better hurry, sir. Urgent. Can't handle it. International complications."

"Well, what is it?"

"Can't say. See for the colonel's self. On the spot. Schutzmilller."

O'Brien coughed with exasperation, not for the first time during his three years' experience with the Indian. Mule-headed as he knew himself to be, he had met Krautzenfelser and inflexible stubbornness that far surpassed his own. Krautzenfelser had inherited the German name from a Prussian grandfather who'd settled in Oklahoma shortly after the Civil War, but he was three-fourths Choctaw, and he showed it clearly.

He was a college graduate and had been, before volunteering for the Army, a professor of art a Kansoka University. In fact, he was now thriftily combining his wartime experiences with his profession by writing in his leisure hours, which were few, a monograph "On the Effects of the Fumes of Explosives on the Artistic Creativeness in the Period 1450—1920 A.D." The

sergeant condescended at times to explain his thesis to the colonel. It irked O'Brien that he didn't know what Krautzenfelser was talking about.

Despite the Indian's brilliance, he had never been recommended by O'Brien for officer's training. "The first time he got mule-headed and did things his own way, instead of the Army's, he'd have his bars yanked off, or, worse, get shot. He'll be better off under my wing." the colonel had commented to his brother officers.

Still, he was a good man, intelligent enough not to burst in on the colonel unless the situation was too tough for anybody else to handle. He'd better haul hind-end—and fast. O'Brien gave up trying to dig a clear statement out of the sergeant. After one fond look at the tub he dressed quickly. Schutzmilller! When you thought of atrocities, you thought of Schutzmilller. He was the SS colonel-general wanted badly by every one of the Allies. His name wasn't far below Hitler's on the War Criminal List.

As far as the Umpteenth Infantry Regiment was concerned, he was at the top of the list. They had been looking for him since the Battle of the Bulge, where, before his cold black eyes, over a hundred freshly-captured Americans had been lined up and machine-gunned. Half of them had been O'Brien's men.

When the sergeant spoke of Schutzmilller, he invoked the one name that had power to tear O'Brien away from his long-anticipated bath. As the colonel buckled on his pistols, he thought of this man to whom slaughter, rape, and torture were all in a day's work. Yet Schutzmilller raised love-birds and canaries, had once shot a man for kicking a dog, and was reputed to be kind and loving husband and father.

Probably, thought the colonel, the dog had been Schutzmilller's personal property. The man he'd shot had been scheduled to be killed, and the dog was an excuse. Still, that didn't argue away the love-birds or the kids who thought their old man was the best in the world. Queer people, these Germans.

The colonel's jeep sped over to the town square. Krautzenfelser, who was driving, said, "See what I mean, sir?"

O'Brien saw. In the middle of the square was a knot of soldiers. They were pulling on something that was poised above the chalk-line dividing the square. That something was SS Colonel-General Schutzmilller.

When he was closer, O'Brien saw that two of his sergeants had a tight grip on the German's right hand and leg. Holding fast with an equally tight clutch on his left hand and leg were two Russian non-coms. The four were engaged in a tug-of-war with Schutzmilller's body as a rope.

His head was thrown back. His huge nose was pointed straight up; the bushy black eyebrows, supposedly the thickest in Europe, were writhing in agony. His mouth was as wide open as the beak of a worm-swallowing baby bird. Out of it streamed a gabble of curses and high-pitched commands to be let loose.

The sergeant said, "That's what I meant, sir. Those two and I were searching the houses. Our side of the square. We scared out this kraut. There."

He pointed to a hotel which dominated the south side of the square. "He bolted. Into the square. We knew it was Schutzmilller. We tried to take him alive."

"Those Russians. They spotted him. The kraut ran down the chalk-line. He tripped. We all piled on top of him. We unscrambled. We wouldn't let go of him. And the Russians wouldn't let go."

Colonel O'Brien threw his helmet off onto the cobbles. It bounced, landed on its rim, and rolled away. The colonel's orderly ran after it, not for the first time in his career as the

colonel's orderly. The junior officers froze; the colonel was ready to blow his top.

Only Krautzenfelter ignored the colonel's anger. He grinned. "Well, sir. International complications. And on the first day here."

"Quiet, Sergeant! When I want your opinion, I'll ask for it." O'Brien's face was as red as his hair. What a thing to happen! On the surface of it, a comic-opera situation, something that could only happen on the stage.

But the complications! If he ordered his men to turn Schutzmilller over to the Russians, he would lose face both with his own men and with the Russians. Worse, there would be questions from GHQ, maybe from Washington. The brass hats would want to know why in thunder, why in the blankety-blank this and that, he allowed himself to get into such a predicament. And, secondly, once in it, why he hadn't immediately pulled himself out of it.

Worse, and worse, Senator Applebroom, who was making a tour of Europe, would fly into Mautz tomorrow. There'd be senatorial fulminations, denunciation, philippics, cries for action, yelps to uphold the honor of the American public. The congressman would swing every ounce of his political weight in an effort to grab all the publicity he could. A spasm of disgust shook O'Brien. The fat Applebroom didn't like military men, and he would delight in spattering his muck on O'Brien; he would make him look like a fool and a heel.

THE colonel thought fast, but not fast enough. There was a screech of brakes as Colonel Obrenov's jeep shot into the square and come to a halt a few feet from Schutzmilller. Obrenov shouted at his chauffeur.

Tarpitch, standing at O'Brien's shoulder, translated. "He's cussing out his driver, a certain Sergeant Kublitch, for not running over Schutzmilller, purely by accident, of course, and solving the dilemma. He says Kublitch would have got a medal out of it. He says a Tartar never did have any brains. Kublitch is saying nothing."

"I don't need an interpreter to tell me when a man says nothing," snapped O'Brien. He looked at Obrenov's face, so startling like his own with its bright red hair, snub nose, and long upper lip. It was, as usual, grave.

O'Brien decided to waste no time. He stepped up to the line and said, with Tarpitch translating into Russian, "I say, Colonel, shall we settle this thing at once before our respective headquarters hear about it? It'll save our countries a great deal of embarrassment, not to mention ourselves."

Obrenov, instead of listening to Tarpitch, spoke to his own interpreter, who, in turn, spoke English, but addressed himself to Tarpitch, not O'Brien.

"The colonel would like to settle first which interpreter we're going to use. The colonel says that at our last meeting the American lieutenant translated. The colonel says that this time it is consonant with Russian dignity and might, not to mention fairness, that the Russian lieutenant, myself, interpret. The colonel insists."

O'Brien was for a second taken aback at the irrelevancy of the request. Then he saw that Obrenov was fighting for time. His brain, like O'Brien's, was spinning as rapidly as a cyclone and, like that greedy storm, seizing on everything he possibly could.

O'Brien said, "Tell the colonel the colonel may use the Russian interpreter; yourself, all the time. I don't care."

Tarpitch translated O'Brien's English into Russian, the

Russian lieutenant listened gravely, then told Colonel Obrenov. He shrugged his shoulders, waved his hands, and borrowed a cigarette from one of his officers. While lighting it, his keen hazel eyes flickered a curse at Schutzmilller.

The German had ceased his ravings to listen to them, and he suddenly cried in English. "I surrender. I surrender, but to the Americans, not the Russians. Take me. This is no way to treat a colonel-general."

The Russian interpreter, Lieutenant Aramajian, quickly spoke to Obrenov. The colonel's body stiffened. His officers bridled and shot hostile glances across the border.

O'Brien said to Tarpitch, "Tell Schutzmilller he'll have to surrender to the Russians at the same time. According to the treaty, we're bound to make no separate peaces." Tarpitch spoke in German, The Russians, who understood it, unbent. Obrenov smiled, and said, Aramajian translating, "Now that that is understood, let us arrive swiftly at a solution. Apparently Schutzmilller is equally divided between the Americans and us. Apparently. But it may be he is a quarter of an inch more or less to one side. I suggest that we survey him, and whichever side has the most, gets him. That seems to be the only fair solution to an awkward situation, and that way, neither Moscow nor Washington will have a kick coming."

Aramajian smiled and dropped his role of interpreter for a moment. "A kick coming. It not that a correct colloquialism?"

Tarpitch assured him it was.

O'Brien was astonished at Obrenov's proposal, simple enough to come from an imbecile, yet savoring of genius. He recovered quickly and agreed.

Razzuti and Krassovsky surveyed the prisoner. They turned long faces on their commanding officers. Razzuti said, "Major Krassovsky and I agree that the line splits him into two equal parts. Neither side had the advantage."

O'Brien suppressed a groan and suggested to Aramajian, "Tell the colonel that in America we often flip coins to decide issues."

Aramajian replied for Obrenov. "The colonel thanks the colonel for his suggestion and his cooperation, but the colonel doesn't think it would be consonant with the dignity and might of the Russian nation to settle issues in so flippant a manner."

Aramajian said, "Flippant, is that not good? It is a pun, is it not?"

Tarpitch congratulated him on his achievement.

Obrenov, who must have been aware by Aramajian's manner that he was ad libbing, pulled him up sharply. The lieutenant lost his grin.

Schutzmilller screamed. "This is no way to treat a German officer. It is not honorable."

Obrenov looked at Schutzmilller. The sight of the cruel hawk's face must have given him an idea. He produced a paper, scanned it, then spoke.

Aramajian said, "The colonel says that colonel has here a paper on which are enumerated in detail the crimes for which Schutzmilller is wanted by the Russian government. The colonel suggests the Russian and American lists be compared. Whichever list is highest wins."

Schutzmilller screamed, "Let me up! Am I to have no chance to defend myself? Is this honorable? In front of these enlisted men, too. Is this honorable?"

O'Brien snorted, "Honorable? Where'd you get that word?" To Aramajian he said, "Tell the colonel, O.K." To himself he muttered, "Anything will do."

Lieutenant MacAngus, a giant with a red mustache and an

even redder face, a lawyer in civilian life, compared his list with the one held by Captain Schmidt, the Russian representative. They stood at Schutzmillers head, and the German threw his head back to stare up at them.

Fear now replaced arrogance on his face as the two read out his crimes.

"My colleague, Captain Schmidt and I," reported MacAngus, "find that whereas we, that is, the American, British and French, I say we, that is Captain Schmidt and I find that whereas we, that is, the Allies, and not Captain Schmidt and I—"

"We know," said O'Brien. "Come on, Mac, the facts."

"We find the Allies have 1,002 known executions of prisoners-of-war, 5,012 known starved prisoners-of-war, 300 known civilian tortured to death, 1,003 civilian hostages executed, all at Schutzmillers orders. And 10 known women raped by Schutzmillers personally. The total on the Allied side is 7,327.

"On the other, the Russians, hand, we find they have 2,003 known executions of prisoners-of-war, 3,002 known starved prisoners-of-war, 1,102 known civilians tortured to death, 1,210 civilian hostages executed, and 11 known women raped by Schutzmillers personally. The Russians total is 7,328. They beat us by one.

"At first glance that would give the German to the Russians. But one of the raped women's names, Anna Pavlovna Krylov, appears twice. Either there are two Anna Pavlovnas or, more likely, she was raped twice. My colleague admits the truth cannot be ascertained immediately.

"Therefore, we have agreed that, for the time being, and until the affair of Anna Pavlovna is cleared up, the lists are to be considered equal."

O'BRIEN and Obrenov shrugged their shoulders and looked at each other. From the first they'd sized each other up and come to the conclusion it would do no good to pull any rough stuff. Both were stubborn, and eager to advance the interest of their countries, but they were equally anxious to tread their way out of the labyrinth into which the capture of Schutzmillers had thrown them. Not only was it a problem which might easily lead to strained, if not snapped relations, it was a problem which might cost O'Brien his hide and Obrenov his head.

"Tell the colonel," said O'Brien, "that we seem to be stymied, but I have an idea. The colonel has refused a coin-flipping contest, and I think the colonel is correct—it leaves too much to chance and is undignified. But if the colonel will step to one side, I think I have a contest of another kind to interest him, one which should appeal to the sporting blood I know runs in Russian veins."

Obrenov hesitated and glanced at his fellow officers, doubtless wondering if a tête-à-tête with an American would be reported to his discredit back in Moscow.

O'Brien said, "Tell the colonel he may report what I say later on. There are those here, however, who shouldn't hear." He glanced meaningly at the enlisted men.

Obrenov blushed at the reference to his fear of being turned in, but stepped off to one side. Aramajian followed. O'Brien whispered hurriedly. Aramajian whispered to Obrenov, Obrenov whispered back to Aramajian, who whispered to O'Brien. At the conclusion of the low-toned conference, Obrenov grinned and shook O'Brien's hand. Then they saluted each other and left.

Before going back to HQ, O'Brien put Sergeant Krautzenfelser in charge of the detail holding Schutzmillers right arm and leg.

The sergeant protested, "Sir, couldn't we drive stakes between the cobblestones? Handcuff him to them? Hard on the men—squatting here, holding him."

"No. We're not allowed to manacle our prisoners."

"That's what those Russians are doing."

He pointed at Sergeant Kublitch, who was approaching with a pick, a hammer, stakes, and chains.

"I can't help that," replied the colonel testily. "Russia didn't sign the convention."

"But—"

"But, hell! Sergeant, you're presuming on our long and close acquaintanceship."

"Yes, sir." The Choctaw saluted.

Oh, yes, Sergeant, it looks like rain. You'd better draw slickers for your squad."

O'Brien went back to the ex-mayor's house to resume his bath. While he undressed, the water was re-warmed. Just as he sat on the edge of the tub and stuck in his toe with a shudder of anticipatory ecstasy, he was disturbed by a knock on the bathroom door.

"Tarpitch, sir. It's about Schutzmillers food."

"Give him what we eat. Do you think I'm a dietician?"

"No, sir!" Tarpitch was emphatic. "Schutzmillers won't eat Russian food, says it might be poisoned. And when we started to feed him, the Russians objected on the ground that he's half their prisoner, and they're entitled to give him half his food. They won't let us feed him unless we go halves, and the German won't touch their stuff."

O'Brien looked for his helmet to throw. Fortunately for Tarpitch, it hung on the outside hook of the door.

"Let him starve," he growled. "Tell him any time he wants food, he can have it, provided he'll eat half-Russian food."

"Yes, sir. Only he's making trouble by telling the Russians of alleged American atrocities and telling us of the things the Russians have done to our boys."

"Now I know he won't eat! Tell him he either shuts up or starves. Personally, I hope he does."

"Yes, sir."

O'Brien listened to Tarpitch's departing footsteps. He sighed and slid into the water. He closed his eyes and let everything go. Ah, heavenly! The hot water was dissolving the sweat, dirt, and stink of eight weeks accumulation. And unwinding a little bowstring of tension that had drawn tighter and tighter since D-Day.

It must have been ten minutes later, though it seemed like a second, that he was roused from his half-stupor by a knock on the door. He opened his eyes.

"Tarpitch, sir. It's raining."

"Good God, man. Do you think I can order it to stop?"

"No, sir. But Schutzmillers hollering for shelter. He says we got to give it to him or else betray the Geneva Convention."

"Doesn't he know we can't move him?"

"Yes, sir. I've taken steps. We've put up a pup tent over him."

"Doesn't that satisfy him?"

"No, sir. The tent doesn't go any farther than the border, sir. And the Russ refuse to put one up on their side—they say they've got no orders about sheltering half-prisoners, just whole ones. The rain's coming in from the east side. Our tent is doing no good. He's drenched."

O'Brien grunted, "Too bad. My heart bleeds. . . . Well, we've done what we could. You go and get ready for the party, Tarpitch, and don't bother me until it's time to go."

*Continued on page 15*

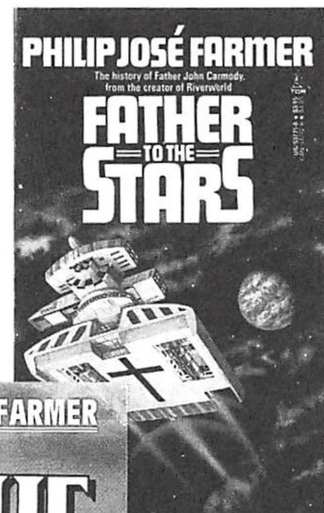
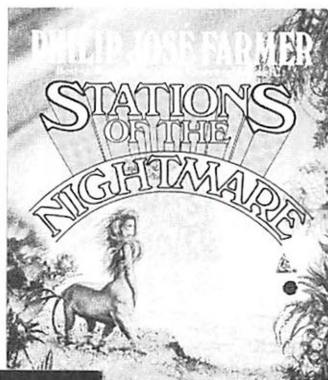
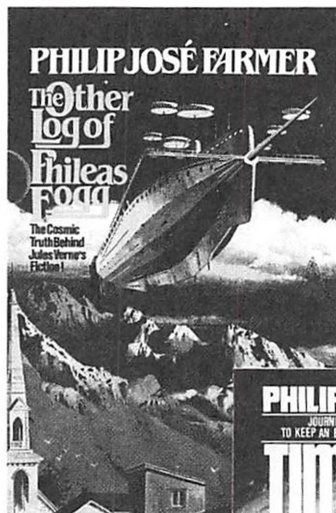
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The colonel closed his eyes again. Was the world always to clamor at his bathroom door? A fist banging was his answer

The colonel reached for a pistol that wasn't there. "You're lucky, Krautzenfelser," he cried, "if I don't have you shot at sunrise. What is it? And what're you doing away from your post?"

He knew it was the sergeant. Only one man had temerity enough to beat the colonel's door as if it were a gong.

"Sorry, sir." said the sergeant with no trace of sorrow, "Lieutenant Tarpitch sent me. It's the statue. It's going."

"Going?" repeated O'Brien testily. "Going? Where's it going? Since when does bronze walk?"

"Don't get me wrong, sir. It's falling, not running. When those heinies pulled it over, they loosened the bands that clamp it on its pedestal."

"Let it fall."

"It might hit Schutzmilller, sir."

O'Brien gave a chuckle which rumbled in the huge bathtub and echoed to the sergeant's ear like a ghoulish slaving at the bottom of a meaty grave.

"Hagh! Hagh! Sergeant, when you have any tales of beauty and promise like that to tell, I'll forgive your bursting in on the sanctity of my bath. It's wonderful. Now, go. And don't come back unless Schutzmilller's dead."

"Yes, sir."

"Stop! Sergeant, does Schutzmilller know the 'Spirit' is coming down?"

"He's facing south, sir. But he heard it shift. By throwing his head back, he can see it. He knows it might fall on him."

"Agh, hagh! Sergeant, weren't some of your buddies lined up and shot by Schutzmilller's men?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sergeant, if you were Satan, and Schutzmilller had died and come under your jurisdiction, what torture would you think most appropriate?"

"Sir, I'd stretch him out on the ground, put over him a slowly toppling figure that might, or might not, dash out his brains. Then I'd let him sweat it out."

"Sergeant, you are a clever fiend."

"Yes, sir."

"Dismissed."

THAT evening, at 1900 hours, a group of American officers, guests of Colonel Obrenov, selected for a certain capability, got into their jeeps and drove off. O'Brien, in the lead car, stopped at the Russian border in the square. Krautzenfelser's big form strode through the heavy rain up to the colonel. He saluted.

Though he could see well enough for himself, O'Brien asked, "How's Schutzmilller taking it?"

"Sir, that kraut is tough. Here he is, drenched. Freezing. Maybe pneumonia coming on. And all he does is complain. Says it's an insult. To be guarded by a Jew."

The colonel blinked. "What Jew?"

"Me, sir. He thinks I'm a Jew. May I tell him, sir, I'm three-fourths Choctaw? Then maybe he'll shut up."

"Let him think you're a Jew. What do you care?" The colonel was enjoying the sergeant's discomfiture. "Isn't he scared of the 'Spirit' any more?"

Krautzenfelser looked downcast. "No, sir. It's falling slower than my arches, sir. I think it's gone. As far as it's going to."

He jerked his thumb to indicate the "Spirit". The Germans had torn up the cobblestones and dug a pit on the south side

down to the bottom of the slender marble pedestal. The cement ball which had anchored its end had been chipped away and thrown out. Ropes, attached to its neck and waist, had been used to jerk over the statue and the base, which wasn't much thicker than the figure, at the same time. The intention had been to drag it out in one piece.

But the work had been stopped halfway, and now the "Spirit" leaned forward, poised for a nose dive, deterred only by the bronze clamps which passed through its feet and curved tightly over the top of the pedestal. Half-broken through, the clamps still looked strong enough to hold for a few more decades. Schutzmilller seemed safe, and the hopes the colonel had pinned on its falling were blown away.

"Do you think he'll catch pneumonia, Sergeant?"

"He's too mean to die that way."

"If he does, give him prompt medical attention. No matter what our feeling, we've got to be humane."

"Yes, sir. But we can only treat half of him. Besides, sir, is it humane to leave him in the rain? With that statue hanging over him?"

"We can't move him unless the Russians consent. That's what tonight's conference is about. Besides, if we do let him die, though it wouldn't be humane, it would be humanitarian."

"I see what the colonel means."

Krautzenfelser suddenly leaned over and stared hard into O'Brien eyes. He winked, and winked again.

"Sir, could I have the colonel's permission to measure the 'Spirit's' dimensions? Necessary information for my monograph 'On the Effects of the Fumes of Explosives'."

"Measure it? Monograph? Sergeant, how often do I hell you not to bother me with that stuff? This is war, man. Forget you were once a professor of art—and stay down off that statue."

Krautzenfelser shot O'Brien an indecipherable look. It made him feel the sergeant had been trying to tell him something without actually saying it, and that he had missed the train.

Then the sergeant grunted and twitched his shoulders as if he were shrugging off a disappointment. His face hardened into a mold the colonel had seen before; the times the sergeant had decided to bull along in his own way and to hell with the Army's!

It dwindled subtly into his usual happy grin. He smiled at the tarpaulin-concealed cases of Scotch on the jeep's back floor.

"Yes, sir. Happy conference, sir."

The colonel veiled his eyes and ordered Tarpitch to drive on.

The sergeant's buddy slouched up through the rain.

"The Old Man sure likes to gab with you, Krautzy, even if he does have to put you in your place now and then."

"Yeah," the sergeant grunted. He pointed at Schutzmilller. "What'll we do with that Thing? Do you realize the implications? He could be the cause of a serious quarrel. Between the Allies."

"Too bad we can't plug him and claim it was an accident."

"Thought of it. 'Twouldn't work. Courtmartial. Guess I'll go talk to Kublitch. Looks like he's got Indian blood in him. Might not be a bad guy."

He walked to the chalk-line and spoke in German. The Tartar answered in the same language.

Did Kublitch know the brass hats were beating out their brains over Schutzmilller? . . . He did? Good. . . And did he know they hadn't come to a solution? . . . And that only a couple of good enlisted men, such as Kublitch and himself—used to simple ways—could cut the Gordian knot? . . . He did? . . . Well, here's what he thought ought to be done. He

explained . . .

Schutzmiller, who had been listening, screamed a protest.

COLONEL OBRENOV, welcoming his guests, seemed no longer the stiff and stubborn character he'd been on the chalk-border. His face, so much like O'Brien's except for the dignified, mournful line into which it was usually cast, was now smiling. If it hadn't been for his uniform, he would have been indistinguishable from the American.

He shook hands with the Yanks and said, through Aramajian, "Welcome, friends, I have good news for you. In the cellar of this house, which you no doubt know once belonged to the late Baron Pflugelkluckensheimer, we have discovered an enormous amount of wine bottles, all, luckily, filled to the full with wine of rare vintage. I suggest we down those first, and ten, if we're still thirsty, we can start in on the whiskey. Is it a go, no?"

"It's a go, yes!" enthused the Americans.

Two high stools, much like those on which the umpires of a tennis match sit, were brought in and placed one on each side of the banquet table. Captain Pichegru, representing the Yanks, mounted one; Captain Ivantchenko, of the Russians, the other.

"Now gentlemen," said Obrenov, "the ostensible purpose of this meeting is to break the Schutzmiller case. It is best, for all concerned, to find a way out before dawn. At that time a Senator Applebroom will land to make a tour of inspection on the American side. Undoubtedly, if he finds the German spread-eagled on the border, he will raise hell.

"To make it worse, a political commissar from Moscow is flying in tomorrow to investigate. I need not remind the Russian officers here that Moscow does not like unpleasant situations and often passes the buck with lead. In other words, painful words, the firing squad might remove us because we haven't removed Schutzmiller. We had hoped the 'Spirit' would fall and obliterate the kraut. But it isn't going to accommodate us.

"Colonel O'Brien and I have talked ways and means, but ended up stuck in the mud. So, we decided to hold a contest, a drinking race. Whichever country ends up at dawn with the most men on their feet gets the German. The rules are: Colonel O'Brien and I will start the toasting. If we fall silent, whoever has a good toast on his mind, let him stand up and get it off his chest. Should any officer feel full to the gills and turn down a toast, he is to be disqualified by the umpires. Is it clear as mud, gentlemen?"

The gentlemen agreed it was. Obrenov raised his glass.

"One moment, please," interrupted O'Brien. "Are the poor judges to go thirsty?"

A storm of protest broke out. Bottles were offered to the reluctant Pichegru and Ivantchenko.

"A toast. To America!" cried Obrenov.

"A toast. To Russia!" proposed O'Brien.

"To the President. . . To Stalin. . . To Eisenhower. . . To Zhukov. . . To O'Brien. . . To Obrenov. . . To victory. . . To success. . . To the men of Rooshia. . . To the men of the U. S. . . To the women of Rooshia. . . To the women of America. . . To the women of the world. . ."

Toast followed toast so rapidly there was little chance to grab a bite between. No sooner had one torn off a strip of the delicious chicken or roast beef, mouth watering in anticipation, than one was forced to gulp a glass of wine. The system had an advantage; in a short time one felt lighting flashing through one's veins, not to mention the arteries, one felt glorious and

dizzy, one ceased to remember that one had a belly crying for food. One lifted one's glass, emptied it down one's palpitating throat, and hurled it at the fireplace. One drank and drank

"To the melting-pot of the nations, America," said O'Brien.

"This melting-pot, what means it?" asked Obrenov, through Aramajian.

"The U. S. is famed as a melting-pot, a mixture of different bloods, the sum total of which adds up to strength. For instance," O'Brien pointed down his side of the table at which sat his officers placed according to seniority, "there's Lieutenant Colonel Obisto, Major Razzuti, Captain Schmidt, and Lieutenants Tarpitch, Smith, and MacAngus—all of widely different nationalities and creeds."

"Ah, yes," nodded Obrenov, "this Tarpitch is of Russian descent, no?"

"No, he is of English."

"But Tarpitch is a Russian name."

"Only seems to be. It is not derived from Tarpavitch, son of Tarpa. It is made up of tar, which means pitch, and pitch, which means tar."

"Ah, I see," said Obrenov with a puzzled expression. "This Smith, is of English descent, too?"

"No, he is Hungarian. His parents, on coming to America, changed their name from Kovac, which means Smith, to Smith."

"Ah, I see. But your Captain Schmidt, like our Captain Schmidt—odd coincidence—is of German descent, no?"

"No, he is of Russian. Though if you were to go far enough back, you would find a kraut hanging from his ancestral tree."

Obrenov's expression became desperate. "But surely this MacAngus, he is Greek, yes? I say Greek because his name ends with a *u* and an *s*."

"No, MacAngus is an old widespread Scotch name."

"Ah, but surely this Obisto is of Spanish descent, yes?"

"No, he is a Jew whose ancestors came from Portugal."

Obrenov sucked in his breath and blurted, "I will make one more guess. This Razzuti, he is of Italian descent, yes?"

"Yes."

"Ah, ha!" Obrenov was pleased. "Well, it is puzzling. One must get mixed up in your country. But so is Russia perplexing—we, too, are a big nation, a melting-pot. Lieutenant Colonel Efimitch is of Tartar origin, Major Krassovsky is a Jew, Captain Schmidt, of German ancestry, Lieutenants Riezun, Aramajian, and Stadquist of Ukrainian, Armenian and Swedish-Finnish grandparents, respectively.

He rose to his feet. "Gentlemen, to our ancestors, who—"

The rest of his speech was lost to the Americans, for at that moment Aramajian slid off his seat and disappeared under the table. He went early. But as the night thickened with darkness, so did tongues thicken and stumble, and other men, too, followed in Aramajian's footsteps.

These men who had all suffered and bled for their countries were now getting patriotically drunk. They gave their all. Some grew white as paper and dashed outside for air; the umpires disqualified them. Some laid down and quietly gave up the ghost of their reputations as toppers; others were more noisy, but they, too, went the way of supersoaked flesh.

The umpires checked them off. Came the time when the umpires had deserted their posts. Pichegru had stumbled outside mumbling a sentence the words of which were too blurred for understanding, but the urgency of which impressed the officers. He didn't come back. Ivantchenko put too much trust in his equilibrium and crashed off his high stool on to the table. He

made no effort to get up, at least none that could be seen; merely blinked at the chandelier's brightness a while, then, smiling happily, dozed off.

Obrenov and Riezun were left for the Russians; O'Brien, Tarpitch, and MacAngus for the Yanks. Even while O'Brien was counting his men he had to strike his interpreter off the list.

The survivors were degraded to speaking German, a language they had difficulty in understanding when sober.

"To the best man!" toasted O'Brien. They drank; Riezun accomplished the impossible feat of staggering while sitting down. O'Brien compared Riezun's condition with MacAngus's and smiled. He had faith in the big fellow's alcoholic impregnability. Mac came from a long line of whiskey-saturated ancestors; his corpuscles were Scotch in more ways than one.

TWO more toasts, and Riezun foundered. Obrenov was left, as he muttered in thick German, left alone to bear on his shoulders the dignity, might, and honor of the Russian nation.

"To the bearer-er-gulp! —to the man who carries the honor of Rooshia," MacAngus managed to propose.

They hurled their glasses at the fireplace. During the course of the evening the empty goblets, which had at first unerringly crashed against the iron grates, had taken a tendency to wander far and wide. Many landed on the mantel or sailed through the open window by the fireplace.

O'Brien noticed that his and Obrenov's shattered close enough to count as near-hits, but Mac's wobbled off on one side, struck a portrait of the late Baron Pflugelkluckensheimer, and bounced back on the thick carpet, upright and unbroken.

MacAngus walked over to the goblet, a mighty feat in itself, stooped over to pick it up, and continued his stoop until he landed on his long nose.

"Come on, Mac, get up," croaked the colonel. "Don't leave me alone."

"Gawd, I can't!" groaned MacAngus. "So long, Colonel. I'm going. Dammit, I can outdrink anybody in whiskey—but not in that gawdforsaken wine. Who woulda thought it, an Irishman and a Rooshian, old buzzards at that, drinking me, a MacAngus, under the table? Da—sz, sz. . ."

The two stared at each other, reluctant to propose another toast. Slowly, O'Brien stood up.

"T' you and me. Two old buzzard. And t' whoever gets Schutzmilller."

They drank and stood, swaying, refusing to sit down for fear they might not be able to get up again. O'Brien suddenly felt sick., not from the wine, but from the realization he was a fool. Here was Schutzmilller breeding division between two great countries, a problem which needed unaddled wits and swift, firm hands, and here were two old drunken fools childishly engaged in a contest that was supposed to prove which was the better man. Yet, at the moment he'd proposed the toasting spree, he'd thought it was a good idea. His fantastic Irish imagination sometimes got the better of him. This was one of those times. Tears oozed from his eyes.

Obrenov was crying, too. "Instead of standing uselessly here, like a couple of stuffed owls, let's go down to the square and take things in our own hands. To hell with the consequences."

Arms around each other's shoulders they lurched outside. The heavy rain had been followed by a light drizzle; the north wind was blowing strong, strong enough to cool their superheated brains and sting some wits into them.

They passed through the dark streets. Now and then Obrenov

barked the counterword to a challenging sentry. Presently they came to the edge of the square and paused to reconnoiter.

Searchlights, centering on the sprawled-out figure of Schutzmilller, were slowly weakening. Dawn was leadening the black clouds of the horizon.

O'Brien peered with bloodshot eyes. "What's Krautzenfelser doing on that statue?" he asked.

"I don't know. What's Kublitch up to?"

The Choctaw was hanging in the air with one arm wrapped around the "Spirit's" neck. With his free hand he held a tape-measure which he apparently was using to estimate the sword's length. His position was precarious; his legs dangled four or five feet above the cobblestones.

"Is that fool trying to break his neck?" muttered Obrenov. "Why, I told him to stay off that thing. But no, the mule-headed ass had to go ahead and mix his artistic nonsense with business. Who cares what size that monstrosity is? I'll slap him in the jug. Where's an MP?"

He stepped out into the square. "You, Krautzenfelser! Get down! Consider yourself under arrest! You, Krautzy!"

He stopped. He ground his teeth in a convulsion of fear. The statue had suddenly shifted downward. The clamps around its feet, partially broken, were giving way under the sergeant's two hundred and thirty pounds. "Hey, Krautzy! You'll break your fool neck!"

His voice wasn't heard. Schutzmilller, who'd been looking backwards with such wide eyes that even O'Brien could see the whites, began screaming, "*Nein! Nein! Nein!*" The clamps squealed again. The statue lurched downwards an inch, Krautzenfelser lost his hold and fell backwards. He landed close to the German's head, and one of his buddies, seeing he was too hurt to get up, jumped forward and pulled him to one side.

He was in no danger—the "Spirit" had halted. It was suspended, sword in hand, giving birth in the bystanders' minds to the inevitable phrase—"like an avenging angel."

Schutzmilller must have thought so. He kept yelling his useless "*Neins*" until he saw the statue wasn't going to fall. His screams chocked into a sob of relief.

O'Brien stood for a moment. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "There goes our last hope," he said to Obrenov. "Krautzy was trying to pull the "Spirit" over on Schutzmilller under the guise of measuring it. It was a noble effort. I'll have to sentence him to a few days in jail for disobeying orders, but he'll eat caviar and drink champagne behind the bars. Too bad. Oh, well."

He walked up to the sergeant. He said, "Sprained your ankle disobeying orders, eh? Serves you right, Krautzenfelser."

The sergeant said, "I wouldn't mind the ankle if I'd succeeded in getting the measurements, sir. Anything in the cause of art, sir."

His eyes widened. He pointed up. O'Brien followed his finger and saw that the sword, slanted down in the statue's fist, was shaking.

The quivering ceased. The sword slipped out of the "Spirit's" loose grasp.

Schutzmilller gave a final scream. The tip of the sword halved his brains, and the left side of his head flopped neatly over the Russian border, while the right side of this head flopped neatly over the American border.

It was Obrenov who, in his simple Slavic way, pointed out what was obvious, but what he wanted to make sure all would see. "If it had been a pen in the 'Spirit's' hand, instead of a sword, it would have missed Schutzmilller."



## About the Philcon Writers' Workshop

Science Fiction is one of the few fields of commercial endeavor where the established practitioners actively encourage and help the competition. It is a common practice now for conventions to have writing workshops, presided over by top professional writers, for the express purpose of helping fans become writers.

Every year at Philcon we have what is more correctly called the Writers' Workshop Track of Programming, consisting of two panels of direct interest to would-be science fiction and fantasy writers, followed by a roughly two-hour session in which stories by amateurs are critiqued by several professional writers — and by as many readers as time allows.

The workshop is directed by Darrell Schweitzer, author of *The Shattered Goddess*, *Tom O'Bedlam's Night Out*, and (in collaboration with George H. Scithers and John M. Ford), *On Writing Science Fiction: The Editors Strike Back*. The other participants are not yet determined as this is being written, but you can find them listed in your pocket program. (Past regulars have included Hal Clement and James Morrow.)

To submit a story: If you are first learning about the Workshop now, it is probably too late. But if you have just happen to have at least ten copies of the manuscript, bring it along and we'll see what we can do.

The Workshop is open to all Philcon members. No additional fee is required. We just want *you*, and your talent.

### The 1989 Philcon Filksong Contest

Philcon would like to thank the following people for volunteering to be judges of the filksong contest:

Barbara Higgins  
Carol Kabakjian  
John Syms

The winners of the contest will be announced on November 18, 1989, during the intermission at the Masquerade.



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GUEST OF HONOR  
**ROBIN MCKINLEY**

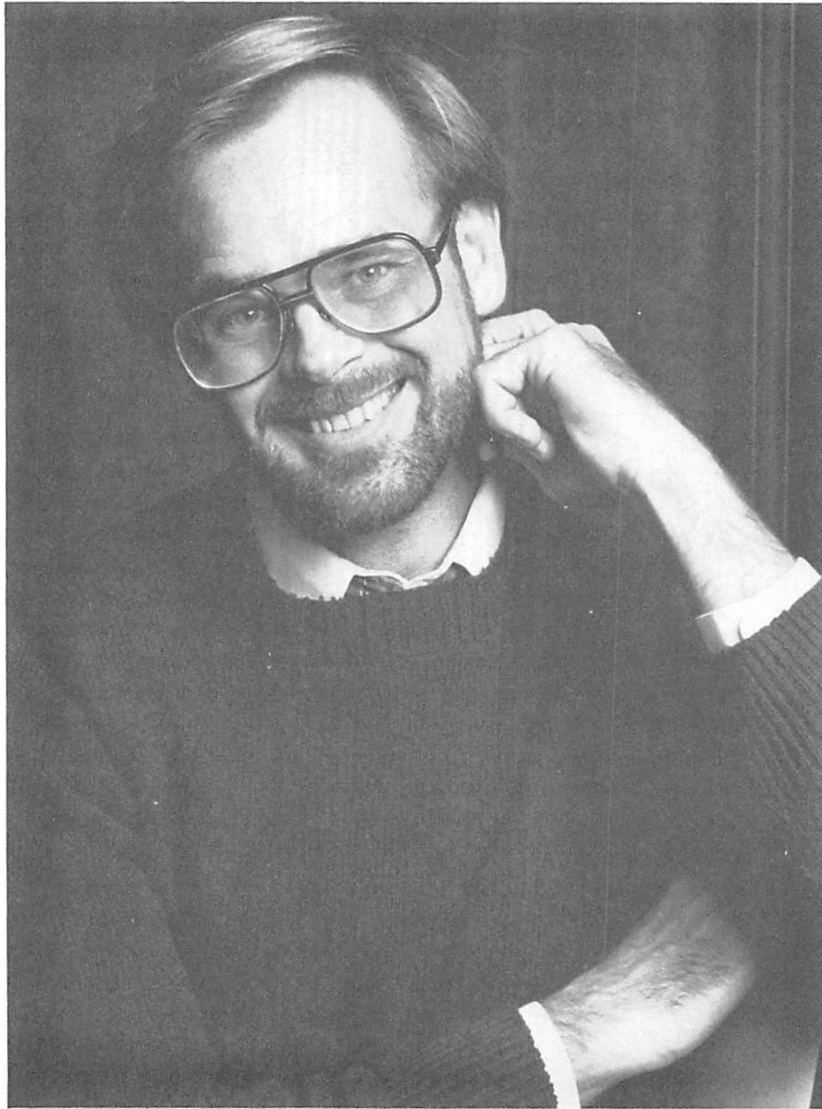
Winner of the Newbery Award in 1983 for "The Blue Sword" and 1985 for "The Hero and the Crown" Author of: *The Door in the Hedge* (short stories), *Outlaws of Sherwood Forest* Contributor to: *Elsewhere II*, *Elsewhere III*, *Jungle Book Tales*, *Faery*, Editor of: *Imaginary Lands*

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# Don Maitz

Artist, Visionary, Punster



It could be presumed that after sharing a studio with Don Maitz for two years, and knowing him for a decade, a fellow artist would have gained a firm grip on his techniques, and an insight into his prodigious talent.

Surprisingly, this is not the case. Or not so surprisingly, as anyone lucky enough to befriend Don will agree that he delights in the unexpected. The truths are that he has no set technique, no established habit of working, no formula for his broadranging

success. He has a gleeful and sometimes twisted penchant for innovation that manifests at odd hours, and with frequently hair raising results.

He's a very approachable guy when not frustrated by a sketch or a difficult technicality in a painting. (Ask about the time he bombarded an advertising job with his breakfast bagel.) He'd delight in telling you of the role the toilet seat played in his recent painting for Carolyn Cherryh's *Rimrunners*. Or about the for real crutch he's using on the monster pirate drawing,

complete with ship, that he is completing for a fine art print company. No household item is safe from his odd fits of inspiration in the studio. Plastic wrap, kitchen bowls, L'eggs containers, aluminum foil, window screens, and fingerprints have all been used when traditional brushes failed to achieve the perfect effect.

The composite of such endless experimentation shows a technique that is distinctive, but so varied it is impossible to typecast. In the publisher's office I have often asked the question, "Who did that striking cover?"

I should not have been startled to hear the credit was Don's. He's at home painting the wildest scenes of fantasy (Gene Wolfe's *Book of the New Sun*) and precise and fussy enough to do justice to hard tech. But who would have guessed he could also do portraits, (Piers Anthony's *But What of Earth?*) renditions of German cathedrals (for *Wicked Enchantment*) or those stylistically radical covers with their near to abstract backgrounds? He wears a wealth of artistic hats. Since publication of his artbook, *First Maitz*, by Ursus Imprints, fans have had the chance to recognize the scope of his work for the first time. This has given rise to a wave of new appreciation -- Don missed winning the Hugo Awards for Best Artist this year by a narrow six votes. He took Chesleys for Artistic Achievement, and Best Hardcover Jacket for his painting *Cyteen*.

In his honest moments, Don admits that his art career began with cave painting; out of respect for his mother, his early works are unavailable for public view. From there, he progressed to drawings on paper, any time there was a pencil and enough light. Although a better than average student, his goal was a career in art.

Solid, sensible people tried to advise him to aspire toward something more practical than struggling to enter a competitive and difficult field -- but Don had other ideas. He attended night classes in figure drawing, then entered the Paier College of Art in Hamden, Connecticut, and immediately earned the envy of his peers. At Paier, under the influence of distinguished instructors, he studied figure drawing and applied himself to painting. By the time he graduated at the top of his class in 1975, he had already been published by a professional magazine and Marvel Comics. He stayed on for a fifth year at Paier to refine his skills, and began to show his portfolio in New York. Popularity put a stop to extra education as Don gained his first paperback assignments. The fact that Don's penchant for lousy puns didn't get him thrown out on the sidewalk forever is a testament to the strength of his abilities.

The admiration of his peers has only increased, after some 175 paperback covers, one of which, *The Second Drowning*, first painted for the book, *The Road to Corlay*, won a silver medal at the Society of

Illustrators' annual exhibition in 1980. That same year, Don received the Howard Award for Best Artist at the World Fantasy Convention.

Apparently bad puns are no impediment to success. In addition to working for paperback publishers in New York, Don's magic with the paintbrush produced the pirate image which launched Captain Morgan Spiced Rum into success in a marketplace where new products fail more often than not. Now, Don's envious peers can't even seek escape in the bars. The labels on the rum have his signature on them, as do billboard, T-shirts, and beach towels.

Not being content with having science fiction and fantasy illustrations confined to the book stores, Don was the driving force behind the first major museum exhibition of works within the field. Held in the New Britain Museum of American Art in the spring of 1980, the show broke all previous attendance figures; the record holds today. Other museums since have launched similar exhibits, always with Maitz artwork included, and always with public enthusiasm. Perhaps the most exciting of these was sponsored by NASA, in conjunction with its 25th Anniversary celebration. Housed in the Cleveland Museum of Natural History, painting by thirty science fiction artists were shown alongside photographs from the Apollo space program. More recently, Don had four paintings in the first exhibition from the National Academy of Fantastic Art, held at the Delaware Art Museum. The paintings by Maitz were awarded the bronze medal, and not even that accolade stopped the puns. Now, the Delaware Museum plans a second, larger show, which will open in a few weeks this December.

This success story might lead one to believe that Don Maitz is permanently attached to his paintbrush, and inseparably chained to his easel. Certainly the world would seem logical if this were true. But between ideas, inspiration, and the deadlines that are inescapable in the illustration field, Don goes windsurfing, downhill skiing, waterskiing, and jogging. He also hangs out behind his camera lens, and in museums, continually adding to his stock of ideas.

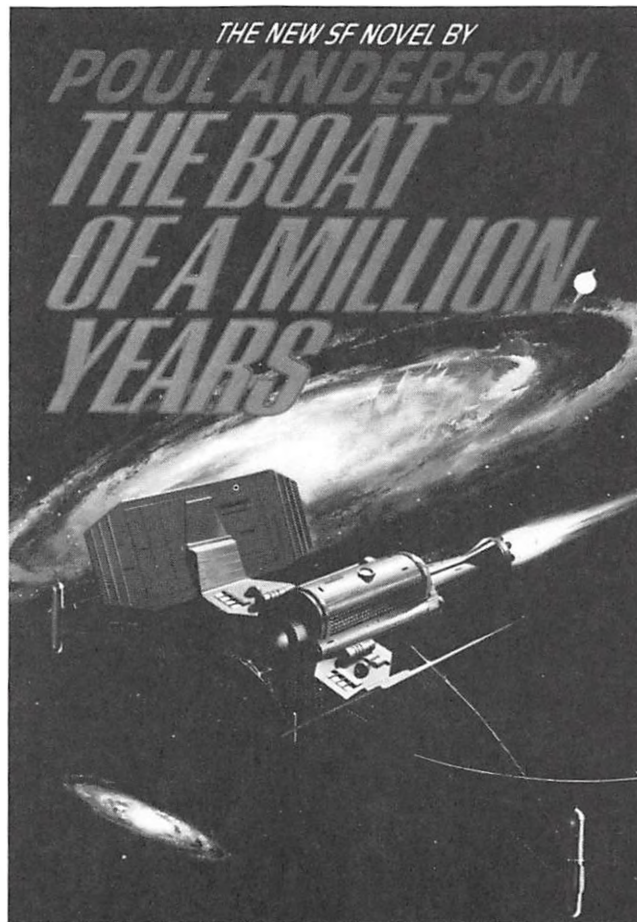
He has shown himself willing to share his techniques, his enthusiasm, and his inventive imagination, by serving a year as guest instructor at the Ringling School of Art and Design in Sarasota, Florida. The impression left on his students and fellow instructors has seen some mind permanently bent, as any attendee at Philcon willing to sit with him over a beer will find out. Like the wizards he paints, Don's magic is elusive, and if his humor is deplorable, his generosity cannot be disputed. Warning: carry protection from bad puns while in his presence.

—Janny Wurts

*The following piece of artwork was the first that Don Maitz ever published. It was first published in The Knights of Columbus Magazine, March 1974 issue. It was part of an art school contest. The winner was published. Don Maitz won. The title of the story was: A Member of the Community.*







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—Jerry Pournelle

*Poul Anderson*

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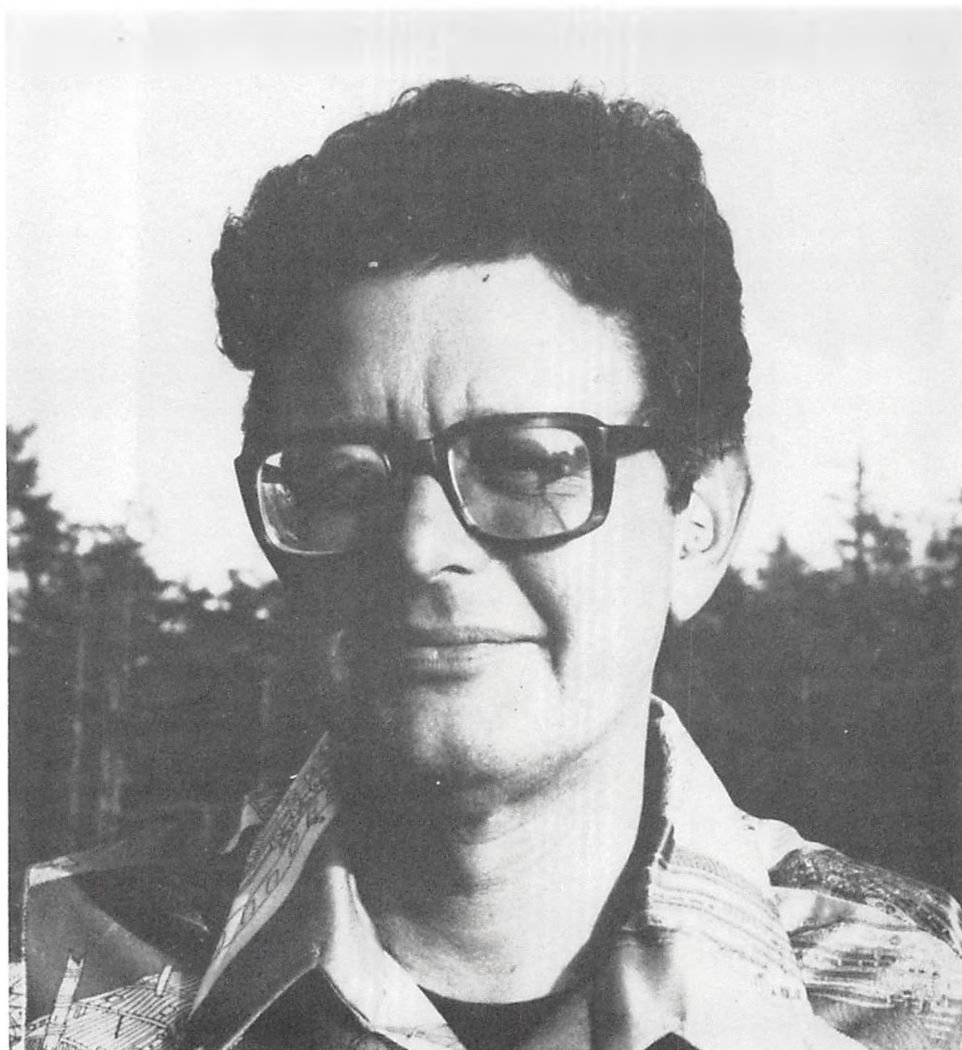
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## About Poul Anderson



You know the drill.  
When you introduce Poul Anderson, there are certain things you *have* to talk about.

Like Dominic Flandry, for instance. And Nicholas van Rijn. Like the hokas, and how George Lucas must have ripped them off with the ewoks. Like how *The Broken Sword* is classic fantasy, and all the more remarkable for having appeared when hardly anyone seemed to be interested in serious fantasy. Like the archetypes of myth in Anderson's works, evoked again in the exegesis of Sandra Miesel.

Just to be contrary, let me begin with some of the *other* works in the Anderson canon — not the ones that usually first come to mind, but significant nonetheless.

Take "The Big Rain". It was first published in 1954, and while it has been reprinted in recent years as part of a collection of UN-Man stories, it probably isn't much read any more. It has two strikes against it: an obsolete future history line and an obsolete idea of Venus. But when I first read it, it stuck me as a model for hard science fiction. It still strikes me that way today. It's an engineering story. (the terraforming of Venus) and a political story (Earth vs. its colony). Too little SF even today integrates political and technological themes as well.

Or take "Epilogue". One of the distinctive things about SF, and perhaps the least appreciated by mundanes, is its sense of *time*. H.G. Wells was the first to carry us to a future so distant that time had turned our own Earth into something alien — and *The Time Machine* was so influential that the dying red sun (even though scientifically outdated) has become almost a cliché. But Anderson did something really *fresh* with that far-future Earth and the odd sort of life, (Yes, *life*) inhabiting its airless wastes.

Or again, take "The Sharing of Flesh". It came out in 1968, when it was fashionable to be shocking or taboo-breaking. Most taboo-breaking stories have a short life; if their intent is to shock, they have a vested interest in the very taboos they break. But Anderson turned the shock idea of cannibalism into an idea story: what if there were a culture where cannibalism was normal and even *necessary*? His story was *illuminating* rather than shocking twenty years ago, and it still is.

For some reason, there seems to be a widespread impression (perhaps dating back to the ideological polarization of the 1960's) that Anderson writes from a narrowly conservative political philosophy. It's nonsense, of course, as it was nonsense about Rudyard Kipling (surely one of Anderson's chief literary mentors). How anyone could believe Anderson celebrates Western cultural imperialism or humanity *über alles* after reading "Helping Hand" or "Sister Planet" passes understanding. Would that Anderson's critics could be as critical of their premises as Anderson himself can be of his in, say, *Fire Time* vs. *The Star Fox*.

Anderson is a writer whose work grows on you, as indeed it has grown on Anderson himself. I don't know what he had in mind when he wrote his first

Dominic Flandry story, "Tiger by the Tail", nearly 40 years ago. No more, perhaps, than passing entertainment in return for beer money. Yet how much has *grown* from that story. It isn't just the life and career of Flandry himself, which we can follow from youth to old age from *Ensign Flandry* to *A Stone in Heaven*. There is the tragic figure of Aycharaych, who began as little more than a walk-on villain but took on a wondrous majesty of his own in latter tales. There are the Merseians, humanity's nemesis — only we learn in "Day of Burning" that we made them what they are, for the best of motives and by the best of means. There is the dark spectacle of the Empire and its fall, and of the Long Night.

One could go on about the parallels between the Long Night and the Ragnarok of the Norse sagas; suffice it to say that the same cultural background and values are evident in both Anderson's pure SF and in his fantasy classics like *The Broken Sword*. Beyond what he absorbed through his pores, so to speak, Anderson has studied both SF and fantasy literature and the disciplines that lie behind them. You can trust him to know his Minoan culture in *The Dancer from Atlantis*, as you can trust him to know his mythology and how to transform it into SF in "The Queen of Air and Darkness", as you can trust him to have mastered the Stapledonian technique of alien world creation in "Wings of Victory". Even in such a delightfully light work as *The High Crusade*, you know you're getting authenticity with your entertainment.

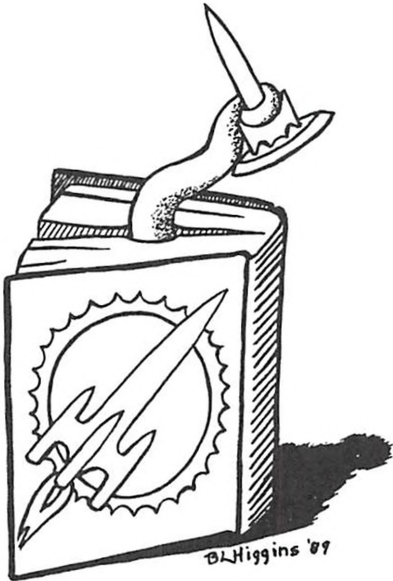
Speaking of light work, it might seem strange that the same man who wrote *The Enemy Stars* would contribute to such a romp as the hoka cycle. Humor (as opposed to black humor) is somehow considered disreputable among some critics of serious literature — the sort who forgets even Joseph Conrad wrote *Typhoon* as well as *Heart of Darkness*. The same sort of critic probably wouldn't think much of Anderson's characterization, either. Characterization, it seems, has nothing to do with whether a character is so well-realized that you know what makes him tick — like Nicholas van Rijn, for instance. Having just (out of some perverse sense of duty) plunged into Henry James' *The Ambassadors*, I can testify (If this be heresy, make the most of it) that it creates neither the sense of place nor the sense of character you can find in *The Man Who Counts*. (There are, I must hasten to add, many other canonical works, such as Conrad's, that *do* live up to their reputations.)

What all this adds up to is a cliché, but some clichés, after all, are true: Poul Anderson is one of our greats, and we are all grateful to have him here as Special Guest.

— John J. Pierce, Jr.

# Poul Anderson's Career: Highlights and Recent Accomplishments

Compiled by Darrell Schweitzer



## Novels:

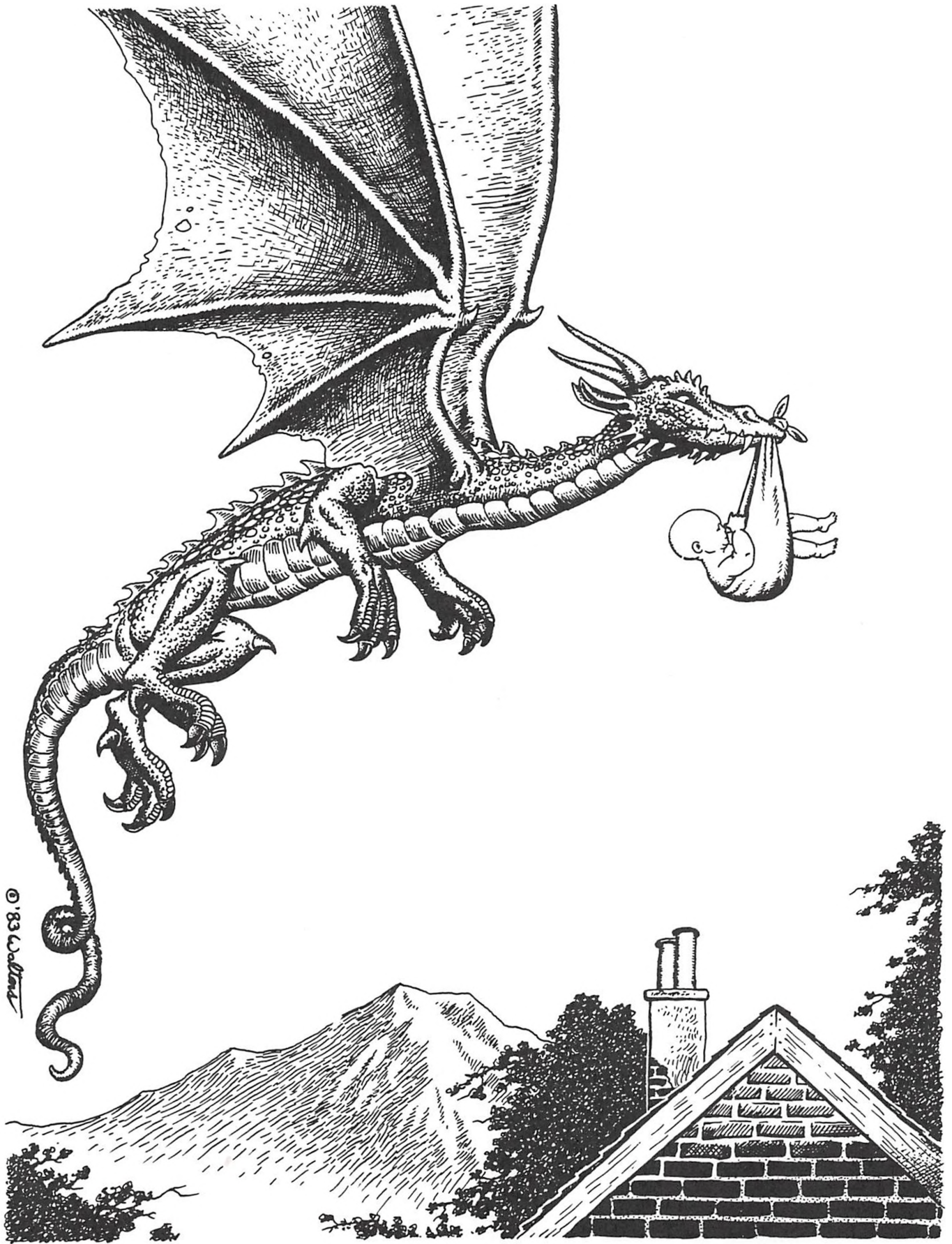
- Brain Wave* (1954)
- The Broken Sword* (1954)
- The Enemy Stars* (1959)
- The High Crusade* (1960)
- Three Hearts and Three Lions* (1961)
- Flandry of Terra* (1965)
- The Corridors of Time* (1965)
- Tau Zero* (1970)
- Hrolf Kraki's Saga* (1973)
- A Midsummer Tempest* (1974)
- People of the Wind* (1974)
- The Dancer from Atlantis* (1974)
- Mirkheim* (1977)
- The Earth Book of Stormgate* (1978)
- The Merman's Children* (1978)
- Orion Shall Rise* (1984)
- The Game of Empire* (1985)
- The King of Ys: Roma Meter* (1986, with Karen Anderson)
- The King of Ys: Gallicenae* (1987) with Karen Anderson)
- The King of Ys: Dahut* (1988, with Karen Anderson)
- The King of Ys: The Dog and the Wolf* (1988, with Karen Anderson)
- Boat of a Million Years* (1989)

## Some Hugo-winning shorter fiction:

(years given are those of the award, not first publication)

- "The Longest Voyage" (1961)
- "No Truce with Kings" (1964)
- "The Sharing of Flesh" (1969)
- "The Queen of Air & Darkness" (1972) (also won the 1971 Nebula Award)
- "Goat Song" (1973) (also won the 1972 Nebula Award)
- "Hunter's Moon" (1979) (also won the 1978 Nebula Award)
- "The Saturn Game" (1982)

**1978 won the Gandalf Award for Grandmaster**



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# The Future of Mythology

Poul Anderson

According to the Webster that lives on my desk, the primary meaning of "myth" is: "A story, the origin of which is forgotten, ostensibly historical but usually such as to explain some practice, belief, institution, or natural phenomenon. Myths are especially associated with religious rites and beliefs.... In general, a *myth* deals with the actions of gods or godlike beings; a *legend*, though it may include supernatural incidents, concerns human beings."

It's a rather old Webster, though. More recent usage would expand the definition. For instance, there is more to myth than narrative; there may also be such things as description and prediction. Thus the Eddas describe the abodes of the gods and, indeed, their entire universe; they foretell its end; in so doing, they express and embody a whole, fatalistic concept of the world and of man's place therein.

But all religions, including living ones, do something of the same kind. So do many systems described as philosophies and ideologies. Hence we find, as always, that reality breaks the bound of any neat little definitions in which we try to confine it. Today most persons who use the word "myth" to mean more than just "falsehood" or "superstition" are, perforce, imprecise in their employment. They make a myth — or, perhaps better, a mythology — out to be some kind of *Weltbild* which, in some sense and however incompletely, organizes our thoughts and feelings. As such, it has emotional as well as intellectual content — not that those two elements are ever really separable. It can be a system in which people now believe, or one in which they formerly believed, or one in which they might conceivably believe.

In this admittedly vague sense, the most obvious mythology we have today is that set of ideas we call "science". To many among us it is the only mythology, the supreme and final explanation. Of course, they usually agree that we still have a great deal to learn; but this is essentially a matter of filling in the details of a basically understandable cosmos. The mutability of our understanding — e.g., the relativistic and quantum mechanical upset of classical physics — is no more an invalidation of science than theological disagreements have been of Christianity, in the minds of believers.

The analogy can be pursued further. Like Judaism, the core of Christian thought has held that God is not capricious. His ways may often be mysterious to us, but they always make sense (a claim which Einstein made the basis of a famous metaphor when he denied that the universe can be ultimately acausal, as the uncertainty principle suggests it is). Reason can bring us a certain amount of knowledge

about the divine. Experience can too. St. Paul pointed out in First Corinthians that his faith was in vain unless the Resurrection of Christ was a historical fact — not a tale or an allegory or symbol, but an event which had actually happened — and he went to the trouble of collecting eyewitness testimony.

Therefore no disrespect is intended when I call Judeo-Christianity one of the great mythologies. Science is another, and Whitehead was doubtless right in tracing its origins back to the religion. Societies living by different myths, wherein theory was comparatively unimportant — China, for example — never came near developing a scientific system. At most, they made various useful discoveries and inventions; their principal gifts to mankind were of other sorts.

Where reason and factual information are basic, the lack of them can have disastrous consequences. This is why Judeo-Christianity has traditionally emphasized theology; and even so, the same heresies have recurred century after century under various names. Similarly, today public ignorance of science has brought us such joys as a massive revival of that hoary old fraud astrology and a widespread hysteria about nuclear powerplants.

A mythology is, however, much more than a set of attempted explanations of phenomena we observe. On the contrary, most mythologies have made only perfunctory attempts at rationalizing the world, and some, such as Taoism, have explicitly disavowed it. Man does not live by logic alone. Science itself would not have the hold on many human minds and hearts that it does, did its finding not have the immense emotional impact that they do.

Walt Whitman's poem *When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer* is a perfect illustration of failure to perceive this impact. He describes how, after listening to a lecture full of figures, he fled from the hall into the night and "Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars." Now no doubt the astronomer was a boring speaker — many priests give dull sermons too! — but the matter he dealt with was awesome. To mention a single case, the law of gravitation is not just an equation enabling us to calculate positions and trajectories, it is an epic about worlds and stars moving in an eternal embrace.

On the other side of the coin is the village atheist who may have a sense of that but has no sense of the might and mystery and beauty in the Bible.

Somebody has said that man is incurably religious, with the implication that science is the atheist's or agnostic's surrogate faith. (In this connection, I was interested to learn, in conversation with a Soviet citizen, that, throughout his country, countless Christian heresies have appeared. It seems that you

can muzzle the theologians, but you can't stop people thinking about God.) Let me propose that it would be more accurate to call man incurably mythopoeic.

Remember, most pagans looked on their gods merely as humans writ large, whom it was advisable to conciliate; there was neither the mysticism of all the more highly developed religions nor the rationalism of some. Today's assorted neo-paganisms are thin and rather pathetic stuff. Yet some paganisms in history developed quite subtle and complex systems of belief, e.g., in Pharaonic Egypt — whereas at least one major "church" the Buddhist, is frankly agnostic. If we are to lump all these and more, such as Judeo-Christianity and Islam, together as "religions," and then throw in science as well, we will stretch the word out of any useful shape. One the other hand, we can quite reasonably call them mythologies.

This has the value that we can include mythologies in which nobody believes any longer, such as the Greek, and invented mythologies in which nobody was ever intended to believe, such as Tolkien's. What function other than entertainment do these have?

I think they do certain very basic things for us, and we can scarcely live without them; surely we cannot live well.

In the first place, they are time-binding; they embody much of the human heritage. How can we hope to understand, say, the Hawaiians whom Cook met unless we know something of Maui, or the Eskimos whom Freuchen met unless we know something of Sedna? How can we even hope to understand our own ancestors unless we ourselves have encountered Zeus, Jupiter, Isis, Odin, Manannan, and, for that matter, Yahweh? There being no point here in drawing Webster's fine distinction between myths and legends, let me also ask where you can find a stronger, yet more fully human symbol of indomitability than Odysseus, or of unselfish leadership than Beowulf.

In the second place, myths give us imagery. By this I do not mean simply a set of metaphors, important though those have always been to literature. (Not long ago I started to write a sentence about the Gadarene progress of present-day education in America, then realized wryly that by now the educationists have brought us so far downhill that hardly anyone would understand me.) I mean the information, nonverbal and not really capable of being put into words, which is in them.

Take, for example, the Oedipus story. You, my readers, are exceptional these days; you know that the hero had no Oedipus complex. He killed his father and married his mother in complete ignorance of the relationships. Yet inexorable justice brought a plague upon the city he came to rule, until he performed a ghastly penance and departed, eventually to be reconciled with the gods. Now people who regard this as a case of divine inefficiency — observing that not

only had Oedipus' motives been entirely innocent, but his subjects had done nothing to deserve punishment — are being the shallowest kind of modern humanists. I cannot spell out for them what the meaning of the story is, any more that I can spell out the rather similar meaning of the Book of Job. In either case, what we have is, simply and starkly, and insight into the nature of things.

It seems that much of the power of Tolkien comes from his use of such archetypes. Likewise for Lewis and Williams, of course, as well as Chesterton and a few more, though these stayed closer to traditional Christian motifs. I would say, too, that Poe and Lovecraft, whether consciously or not, adapted ancient imagery to their work; at least I think I notice family resemblances between the former's Antarctic wastes and the icy hell of numerous mythologies, or between the latter's Cthulhu and the Midgard Serpent ... or Satan. Similar remarks could be made about other creations of these men, or of other writers such as Hoffman, Andersen, and Joyce.

Not all writing, not even all great writing, has a mythic quality. For example, I do not find it in Shakespeare. He does assume certain things to be true, as each of us must, whatever they may be in our particular beliefs; but his main concern is with highly specific individuals. Indeed, fully mythic material is probably comparatively rare in literature, though indispensable to its continues vitality.

Do we have any new mythologies to use?

Yes, we do, in abundance. Mankind keeps generating them. At present I cannot count Tolkien's. That it derives from older ones is no obstacle; presumably those had sources of their own. However, quite aside from legal and ethical questions of plagiarism, it hasn't been around long enough to acquire the numberless associations which make a mythology and integral part of a culture. Come back in two or three hundred years and we'll see.

A mythology old in a foreign society, e.g. West Africa, may be new to us, and inspire fresh works. Perhaps, though, this kind of borrowing has been a bit overdone lately.

The mythology we call science underlies that entire field of literature we call science fiction. With astonishing discoveries being made at an ever increasing rate, there should be no lack of subject matter.

At the core of any viable political system is a mythology, in the sense in which this essay uses that term — a set of emotionally charged ideas about things that matter to people in a fundamental way, with much of the content of those ideas not expressible in words. Tremendous works have sprung from such concepts as monarchy ("The Song of Roland"), aristocracy ("The Forty-Seven Ronin"), democracy (*Huckleberry Finn*), even Communism (*Independent People*). Then opposition to political systems has inspired some fine

writing, e.g., *1984* and *On the Marble Cliffs*. Today all political systems have brought themselves into disrepute in the eyes of most people, but no doubt renamed versions of them will arise in due course and find enthusiasts.

The same can be said for religion in still greater degree, both past and future. We seem to be entering a new, as yet undefined Age of Faith — though it also seems we, like the Romans before us, must first pass through an Age of Credulity — this will surely fire the imagination of many writers.

Then there is the ever-present possibility of an individual, without having any such intention, creating a new myth, if not mythology. Mary Shelley did, in *Frankenstein*, H. G. Wells in *The Time Machine*, Karel Capek in *R.U.R.* — stories, images which have become a part of everybody's minds. With, technically, no fantasy at all, Melville gave us another myth in *Moby Dick*. You can doubtless think of a few more examples yourself, though they will in truth be few.

Meanwhile, these considerations may well strike you as rather remote. You may be asking what you, as a reader who appreciates mythic material, can hope for in times to come.

Well, I have no pipeline to tomorrow, nor any interest in trying to spot a trend. As A. J. Budrys put it, trends are for second-raters. I can only offer you some guesses, and please remember that they are mere guesses.

Science fiction will increasingly use traditional myths both as imagery and as direct inspiration. In part this will be because the "new wave" has long

since completed whatever rapprochement was possible with the "mainstream" (detestable, snobbish word) and good writers are never content with stale repetitions. More importantly, it will be because the cosmos itself is turning out to be so mysterious, ultimately so incomprehensible, that if we are to write of it we must do so in terms of awe and wonder such as our ancestors felt.

Outright fantasy will continue to grow in popularity and hence in volume. Less and less will it need to label itself "science fiction." In the nature of the case, most of it will be routine and derivative, albeit often entertainment enough. However, with any luck, we won't get many more Tolkien ripoffs. Rather, on the bright side, I expect that such people as Richard Adams will continue to break altogether new ground, and inspire their colleagues to do likewise. Most fantasy is not particularly mythic, but some always is, and we can hope not only for fresh use of old motifs, but creation of new ones.

"When the morning stars sang together — " The stars, we now believe, are fiery nuclear furnaces, and any songs they may sing are borne on the winds driving forth out of them: unless the phrase means the planets Mercury and Venus, that use the solar wind itself as their throats, or else sing by their light low in our eastern skies.... "—and all the sons of God shouted for joy —" Who were they? What do they mean? In this single line, if you think about it, lies an entire universe of concepts, questions, emotions, and therefore stories. There are many more such phrases, more facts and myths and possibilities, than any one of us can ever know.

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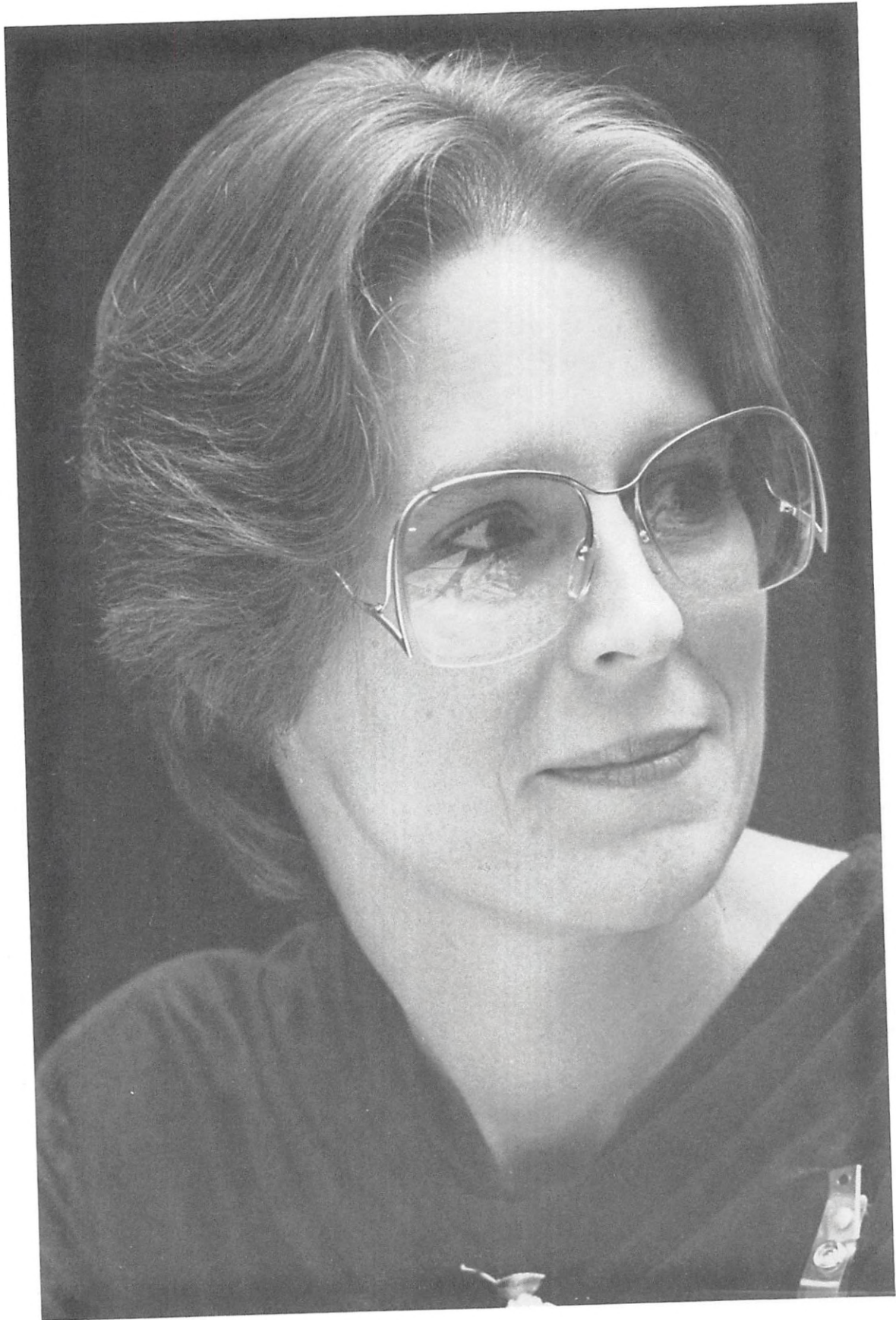
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# About Lois McMaster Bujold

I wish I could claim I'd discovered Lois McMaster Bujold, but others beat me to it. I first heard of her through the *Analog* book review column, where the things Tom Easton said about her initial burst of books led me to make a mental note that I must take a look at them sometime. However, an editor who reads his own slush spends so much time reading stories that no one will ever publish that it tends to take a while to get around to good ones that other people have published.

Lois found an ingenious way around this problem: she submitted one of her novels to *Analog* for possible serialization — a thing called *Falling Free*. The farther into the story I got, the surer I was that I had to have it for *Analog*. Not only was it a highly entertaining story, but it admirably portrayed a wide range of human types and activities — one of which particularly impressed me.

There is a popular superstition, in some circles, that *Analog* stories are more about engineering than about people (and an implicit assumption behind that that technological activities are somehow different from "human" activities). In fact, of course, it would be hard to think of a more characteristically human activity than technology. Relatively few *Analog* stories are really about engineering, in part because relatively few writers truly understand either that fact or what kinds of people tend to go into technology. Lois quite obviously understood both — so well, in fact, that when I called to tell her I'd like to use the story, I asked her whether she was an engineer. "No," she said, "but my father was."

Subsequently discussion made it clear that her father was a very important influence, not only on *Falling Free*, but on Lois's development as a writer and as a person. She made this very clear in her essay for the *SWFA Bulletin* when *Falling Free* was nominated for the Nebula, a few paragraphs that deserve to be reprinted and read much more widely. I wish I could quote the whole thing here, but I can't; however, I can't resist the temptation to give you a few lines in Lois's own words: "A number of reviewers seem to be allergic to engineering, citing a preference

for 'characterization,' as if engineering were not a human activity, or how a person went about solving a difficult engineering problem in difficult circumstances not a test and demonstration of character. I disagree profoundly....Our society seems to take the technology that supports it — and especially the huge numbers of dedicated people who make that technology go — terribly for granted. So I wanted to put in a plug for technology as a high human endeavor."

For those who do not agree, I hope that Lois's work might inspire you to reconsider your thinking. If you need further inducement to try it, I hasten to add that her command of characterization is by no means limited to engineers. Lois, like many writers, has a wide range of experience in living. She studied an impressive variety of subjects at Ohio State, has traveled widely, worked as a pharmacy technician and photographed insects in Africa, and is currently raising a couple of the brightest and nicest kids I've ever met. Her stories are full of real people of many shapes and sizes, and Lois is likely to make you care about them even if they're types you don't think you would. Much of her fiction has a strong military element, for example, and in general I don't much like military science fiction — but I like Lois's. When a new tale of Miles Vorkosigan lands on my desk, it has a strong tendency to get read out of turn — and bought.

Lois has been a runner-up for the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer, and has won (so far) one Nebula for Best Novel. Far more meaningful than any award, though, she has shown a great many readers that she is a writer they can count on for stories worth reading on many levels. If you have not yet discovered her work, I strongly recommend that you do so soon. As for me, Miles, the Quaddies, and Lois have carved out their own niche in *Analog*, and I hope they'll feel welcome in it for a long time to come.

—Stanley Schmidt

## Lois McMaster Bujold's Career

### Novels:

Shards of Honor (1986)  
Warrior's Apprentice (1986)  
Ethan of Athos (1986)  
Falling Free (1988)  
Brother's in Arms (1989)  
Border's of Infinity (1989)

### Some Shorter Fiction

"Barter" (1985)  
"The Mountains of Mourning" (1989)  
Labyrinth (1989)

### Awards

Nebula Award 1988 for Best Novel for *Falling Free*

# Assassination

Lois McMaster Bujold

*About the following "lost" scene, the author tells us: "When I was writing my first novel, I rather overshot the ending — books may end, but characters' lives go on, and on. My first clue was when new characters with entire new sub-plots began turning up on page 398. Doubtful of my ability to sell an 800 page first novel, I backed up to a more reasonable ending. If it ever looks like the market would support a political soap opera series sequellprequel with no science fiction in it at all, I may yet write the thing — I realized, going through my attic to find this, that I have a hundred page start already. Anyway, fans of my Vorkosigan series should recognize how this bit fits in. Officially, this is an out-take from Shards of Honor."*

She woke in the dark to a tinkling crash and a soft report, drawing in her breath with a start. A searing acidity fired her lungs, mouth, nostrils, eyes. A gut-wrenching undertaste pumped her stomach into her throat. Beside her, Vorkosigan snapped from sleep with an oath.

"Soltoxin gas grenade! Don't breathe, Cordelia!" Emphasizing his shout, he shoved a pillow over her face, hot strong arms encircling her and dragging her from the bed toward the door. She found her feet and lost her stomach at the same moment, stumbling into the hall, and he slammed the bedroom door shut behind them.

There was a sound of running footsteps, and Vorkosigan cried, "Get back! Soltoxin gas! Clear the floor! Call Illyan!" before he too doubled over, coughing and retching. Other hands bundled them both toward the stairs. She could scarcely see through her madly watering eyes.

Between spasms Vorkosigan went on. "They'll have the antidote... Imperial Residence... closer than the Military Hospital... get Illyan at once... He'll know. Into the shower — where's Milady's woman? Get a maid..."

Within moments she was being dumped into a downstairs shower. Vorkosigan with her, shaking and barely able to stand himself but still trying to help her. "Start washing it off your skin, and keep washing. Don't stop. Keep the water cool."

"You, too, then. What was that shit?" She coughed again, in the spray of water, and they exchanged help with the soap.

"Wash out your mouth, too... Soltoxin. It's been 15, 16 years since I last smelled that stink, but you never forget it... It's a poison gas. Military. Should be strictly controlled. How the hell anyone got hold of some... Damn Security! They'll be flapping around like headless chickens tomorrow — too late." His face was greenish-white beneath the night's beard stubble.

"I don't feel too bad now," said Cordelia. "Nausea's passing off. I take it we missed the full dose?"

"No. It just acts slowly. Doesn't take much at all to do you... It mostly affects soft tissue — lungs will be jelly in an hour, if the antidote doesn't get here soon."

"Do you know..." the growing fear that had been pounding in her gut, heart, mind, half-clotted her words. "Does it cross the placental barrier?"

He was silent for too long before he said, "I'm not sure. Have to ask the doctor. I've only seen the effects on young men." He was seized by another spasm of deep coughing, that went on and on.

One of the Count's serving women arrived, disheveled and frightened, to help Cordelia and the terrified young guard who had been assisting them. Another guard came in to report, raising his voice over the running water. "We reached the Residence, sir. They have some people on the way."

Cordelia's own throat, bronchia, and lungs were beginning to secrete foul-tasting phlegm, and she coughed and spat. "Anyone see Miss Droushnakov?"

"I think she took out after the assassins, Milady."

"Not her job. She's supposed to stick by Cordelia," growled Vorkosigan. The talking triggered more coughing.

"She was downstairs, sir, at the time the attack took place, with Lt. Koudelka. They both went out the back door..."

"Dammit..." Vorkosigan muttered impatiently. "Not his job either..." His effort was punished by another coughing jag. "They catch anybody?"

"I think so, sir. There was some kind of uproar at the back of the garden, by the wall."

They stood under the water for a few more minutes, until the guard reported back, "The doctor from the Residence is here, sir."

The maid wrapped Cordelia in a robe, and

Vorkosigan put on a towel, growling to the guard, "Go find me some clothes, boy." His voice was becoming increasingly gravelly.

A middle-aged man, hair standing up stiffly, wearing trousers, pajama tops, and bedroom slippers, was off-loading equipment in the guest bedroom when they came out. He took a pressurized cannister from his bag and fitted a breathing mask to it, glancing at Cordelia's rounding abdomen and then a Vorkosigan.

"My Lord. Are you quite certain of the identification of the poison?"

"Unfortunately, yes. It was soltoxin."

The doctor bowed his head a little. "I'm sorry, Milady."

"Is it going to hurt my..." she coughed, almost choking on the mucous.

"Just shut up and give it to her," snarled Vorkosigan.

The doctor fitted the mask over her nose and mouth. "Breathe deeply. Inhale... exhale... keep exhaling... now draw in... hold it..."

The antidote gas had a greenish taste, cooler, but nearly as nauseating as the original poison. Her stomach heaved, but had nothing left in it to reject. She watched Vorkosigan over the mask, watching her, and tried to smile reassuringly. It must be reaction catching up with him, she thought; he seemed to look grayer, more distressed, with each breath she took. She was certain he had taken in a larger dose than she, and pushed the mask away to say, "Isn't it about your turn?"

The doctor pressed it back, saying, "One more breath, Milady, to be sure." She inhaled deeply, and the doctor transferred the mask to Vorkosigan. He seemed to need no instruction in the procedure.

"How many minutes since the exposure?" asked the doctor anxiously.

"I'm not sure. Did anyone note the time? You, uh..." she had forgotten the young guard's name.

"About, uh, 17 or 20, Milady, I think."

The doctor relaxed measurably. "It should be all right then. You'll both be in hospital for a few days. I'll arrange for the ambulance. Was anyone else exposed?" he asked the guard.

"Doctor, wait..." He had repossessed the cannister and mask, and was making for the door. "What will that... soltoxin stuff do to my baby?"

He did not meet her eyes. "If you could survive the exposure, it would affect growing lungs a little, although not irrevocably. An increased susceptibility to lung cancer in later life, but that's not a problem."

Cordelia's heart beat a little easier. "Ah. That's not so bad, then. It could have been much worse." She didn't like his look of pity, and turned to Vorkosigan. "Is that —" but was stopped cold by his expression, a leaden grayness lit from beneath by pain and growing anger, a stranger's face with a lover's eyes, meeting here at last.

"Tell her about it," he whispered to the doctor. "I can't."

"Need we distress —"

"Now. Get it over with." His voice cracked and croaked.

"The problem is the antidote, Milady," said the doctor reluctantly. "It's a violent teratogen. Destroys bone development in the growing fetus. Your bones are grown, so it won't affect you, except for an increased tendency to arthritic-type breakdowns, which can be treated... if and when they arise..." he trailed off as she closed her eyes, shutting him out.

"I must see that hall guard," he added.

"Go, go," replied Vorkosigan, releasing him. He maneuvered out the door past the guard arriving with Aral's clothes.

She opened her eyes to Vorkosigan, and they stared at each other.

"The look on your face..." he whispered. "It's not... Weep. Rage. Do something!" His voice rose to a hoarseness. "Hate me at least!"

"I can't," she whispered back, "feel anything yet. Tomorrow, maybe." Every breath was fire.

He flung on the clothes, a set of dress greens, with a muttered curse. "I can do something."

It was the stranger's face, possessing his. Some word echoed hollow in her memory, "If Death wore a uniform..."

"Where are you going?"

"Going to see what Koudelka caught." She followed him through the door. "You stay here." he ordered.

"No."

He glared back at her, and she brushed the glare away with an equally savage gesture of a hand, like striking down a sword thrust. "I'm going with you."

"Come on, then." He turned jerkily, and made for the stairs to the first floor. There was rage in his backbone.

"You will not," she murmured fiercely, for his ear alone, "murder anyone in front of me."

"Will I not?" he whispered back. "Will-I-not?" His steps were hard, bare feet jarring on the stone stairs.

There was chaos in the large entry hall, their guard, men in the Count's livery, medics. A man, or a body, Cordelia could not tell which, in the black fatigue uniform of the night guards, was laid out on the tessellated pavement, a medic at his head. He was soaked from the rain, and smeared with mud. Bloodstained water pooled beneath him. Commander Illyan, beads of water gleaming in his hair from the foggy drizzle, was just coming in the front door with an aide, saying, "Let me know as soon as the technicians get here with the Kirilian detector. Meantime keep everyone off the wall and out of the ally. My Lord!" he cried when he saw Vorkosigan. "Thank God you're all right!"

Vorkosigan growled in his throat, wordlessly. There was a little knot of men around the prisoner, who was leaning face to the wall, one hand over his head and the other held stiffly to his side at an odd angle. Miss Droushnakov stood with them, wearing a wet shift, a wicked-looking metal crossbow dangling gleaming from one hand, evidently the weapon that had been used to fire the gas grenade through their window. She bore a livid red mark on her face, broken and bleeding, and staunching a nosebleed with her other hand. There were bloodstains there and there upon her nightgown. Koudelka was there too, leaning on his naked sword, one leg dragging twistedly. He wore a wet and muddy uniform and bedroom slippers, and a sour look on his face.

"I'd have had him," he was snapping, evidently continuing an ongoing argument, "if you hadn't come running up and shouting at me—"

"Oh, really?" Miss Droushnakov snapped back. "Well, pardon me, but I don't see it that way. Seems to me he had you, laid out flat on the ground. If I hadn't seen his legs going up the wall —"

"Stuff it! It's Lord Vorkosigan!" hissed another. The knot of guards turned, to step back involuntarily before his face.

"How did he get in?" began Vorkosigan, and stopped. The man was wearing the black fatigues of the Service. "Surely not one of your men, Illyan!" His voice grated, like metal on stone.

"My Lord, we've got to have him alive, to question him," said Illyan uneasily at Vorkosigan's shoulder, half-hypnotized by his stranger's face. "There may be more to the conspiracy. You can't..."

The prisoner turned, then, to face his captors. A guard started forward, to shove him back into position against the wall, but Vorkosigan motioned him away. Cordelia could not see Vorkosigan's face, standing behind him in that moment, but his shoulders lost their murderous tension, and the rage drained out of his backbone, leaving only the gutter-smear of pain behind. Above the insignialess black collar was the ravaged face of Evon Vorhalas.

"Oh, not both of them," breathed Cordelia.

Hatred hastened the rhythm of Vorhalas's breathing as he glared at his intended victim. "You bastard. You snake-blooded bastard. Sitting there cold as stone while they hacked off his head. Did you feel a thing? Or did you enjoy it, my Lord Regent? I swore I'd get you then."

There was a long silence, then Vorkosigan leaned close to him, one arm extended past his head for support against the wall. He whispered hoarsely, "You missed me, Evon."

Vorhalas spat in his face, spittle bloody from his injured mouth. Vorkosigan made no move to wipe it away. "You missed my wife," he went on in slow soft cadence. "But you got my son. Did you dream of sweet revenge? You have it. Look at her eyes, Evon.

A man could drown in those sea-grey eyes. I'll be looking at them every day for the rest of my life. Eat vengeance, Evon. Drink it. Fondle it. Wrap it round you in the night watch. It's all yours. I will it all to you. For myself, I've gorged it to the gagging point, and have lost my stomach for it."

Vorhalas looked up, then, for the first time, past him to Cordelia. She thought of the child in her belly, his delicate girdering of new soft cartilaginous bones perhaps even now beginning to rot, twist, slough, but still could not hate him, although she tried for a moment. She couldn't even find him baffling. She had a sense, as of second sight, that she could see right through his wounded spirit the way a doctor saw through a wounded body with his diagnostic viewers. Every twist and tear and emotional abrasion, every young cancer growing from them, and above all the great gash of his brother's death seemed red-lined in her mind's eye.

"He didn't enjoy it, Evon." she said. "What would you have had from him? Do you even know?"

"A little human pity," he snarled. "He could have saved Carl. Even then he could have. I thought at first that was what he had come for."

"Oh, God," said Vorkosigan. He looked sick at the flashing vision of the the rise and fall of hope these words conjured. "I don't play theater with lives, Evon!"

Vorhalas held his hatred like a shield before him. "Go to hell."

Vorkosigan sighed, and pushed away from the wall. The doctor was hovering anxiously nearby, waiting to chivy them to the waiting vehicle for the trip to the Imperial Hospital. "Take him away, Illyan," said Vorkosigan wearily.

"Wait," said Cordelia. "I need to know — I need to ask him something."

Vorhalas eyed her sullenly.

"Was this the result you intended? I mean, when you chose that particular weapon? That specific poison?"

He looked away from her, speaking to the far wall. "It was what I could grab, going through the armory. I didn't think you could identify it, and get the antidote all the way from Imp Mil in time..."

"You relieve me of a burden," she whispered.

"It came from the Imperial Residence," Vorkosigan explained. "A quarter of the distance. The Emperor's infirmary there had everything. As for identification... I was there, at the destruction of the Vorkarian Salik mutiny. Just about your age, I think, or a little younger. The smell brought it all back, just now. Boys coughing out their lungs in red blobs..." He seemed to shrink into himself, into the past.

"I didn't intend your death particularly, Milady. You were just in the way, between me and him." Vorhalas gestured rather blindly at her torso. "It wasn't the result I intended. I meant to kill him. I

didn't even know for sure that you shared the sameroom at night." He was looking everywhere, now, except her face. "I never thought about killing your..."

"Look at me," she croaked, "and say the word out loud."

"Baby," he whispered, and burst into sudden, shocking sobs.

Vorkosigan stepped back, beside her. "Wish you hadn't done that," he muttered. "Reminds me of his brother. Why am I death to that family?"

"Still want him to eat vengeance?"

He leaned his forehead on her shoulder, briefly. "Not even that. You empty us all out, Milady. But oh..." His hand reached out as if to cup her belly, then drew back in consciousness of their ring of silent watcher. He straightened. "Bring me the full report in the morning, Illyan," he said, "at the hospital."

He took her by the arm as they turned to follow the doctor. She could not tell if it was support her or himself.



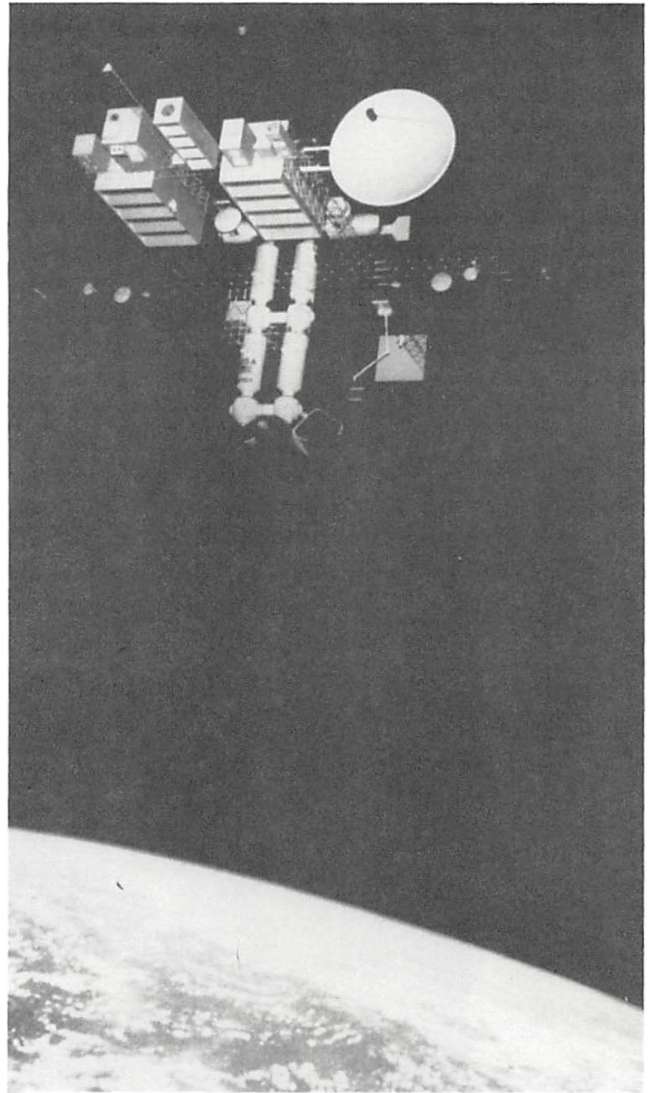
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# Why is Fantasy?

Poul Anderson

Or perhaps we should ask, "What is fantasy?" The two questions are essentially the same.

As long as man has been man, he has told stories — no, longer than that, surely. We have every reason to believe that other animals have dreams, and hence that our prehuman ancestors did. So our heritage of this is very old. Then what is a story except a kind of waking dream? Its objective truth or falsity is of no great psychological importance. In many ways Odysseus or Hamlet is more real to us than, say, Mr. Nixon or Mr. McGovern. We experience the former two more immediately.

Thus, let's take for granted that man needs a constant flow of stories as he needs a steady supply of water; that fact is hard to come by and harder to prove; that fiction therefore fills the gap. The most elevated literature or the most banal television show tells a story and the chances are that it is fiction, i.e., a narrative which does not pretend to describe actual events.

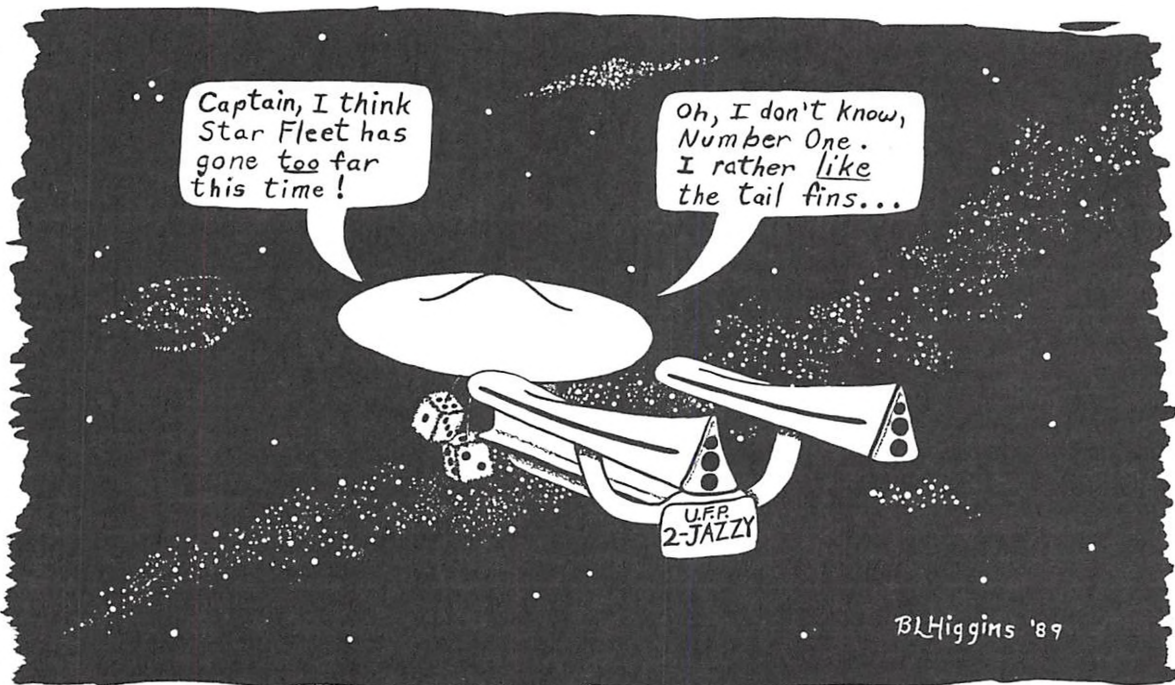
Of course, the author's creations may correspond to certain aspects of the world. For example, there never was a Dimitri Karamazov or a Mr. Micawber, but people like them have lived; more significantly, in each of us are elements which these characters embody in fullness. Similarly, when imaginary office workers commute to and from imaginary suburbs, they reflect the fact that real office workers commute to and from real suburbs, with the comedy and tragedy which this implies.

But "realism" is not enough. We are more than commuters, or farmers, or teachers, or gangsters, or whatever; we are also our wishes and wonderings, our hopes and horrors. To give back to us these aspects of ourselves, fiction must go beyond our daily rounds.

So Huck Finn drifts down a river which is not only the Mississippi but time itself; mad Ahab pursues his own doom, even as you and I; Frodo becomes the stubborn decency which outlasts evil. Some stories — some realities — simply cannot be conveyed without the use of symbols like this. And so we move into fantasy. We are none of us wholly strong or wholly pure, but how better set forth the ideal of wild strength and free purity than in the unicorn?

During the last hundred years, new mythic symbols have been invented, known as science fiction. The spaceship replaces the galleon, the computer the djinn, and so on. This is not bad; it is a language natural to our era. Nevertheless we may find amusement in the reflection that empirical evidence, however slight, is a bit more in favor of ghosts and werewolves than it is in favor of faster-than-light speeds or time travel. Let's be honest and admit that all of these belong to fantasy.

And let's be glad that the old archetypes — such as ghosts, werewolves, unicorns, ships upon blue seas and swords uplifted in the cause of justice — are with us yet, and most likely always will be. Fantasy endures because it deals with that which is enduring.







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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 sales 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 of all art at that time. Any artwork with less than three 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 Salon 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 an item, assume you will be the winning bidder on ALL of them. This way you can avoid buying more than you can afford. If you 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 3 & 4.** At this time you must pick up and pay for all items of art you have won by written bid or voice auction. Cash, Visa or Mastercard, traveller's cheques, and personal checks with ID will be accepted for payment as per rules set by the Philcon Treasurer. Proof of ID (at least one photo and proof of address) will be required of all buyers at the time of payment. You must pick up and pay for your own purchases. We **WILL** track down anyone who fails to collect and pay for artwork they 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.**



