





# WisCon<sup>24</sup><sub>♀</sub>

Madison Wisconsin • May 26-29, 2000

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WisCon 24 Souvenir Book  
editor Beth Plutchak

WisCon 24  
May 26-29, 2000  
The Concourse Hotel and Governor's Club  
Madison, WI

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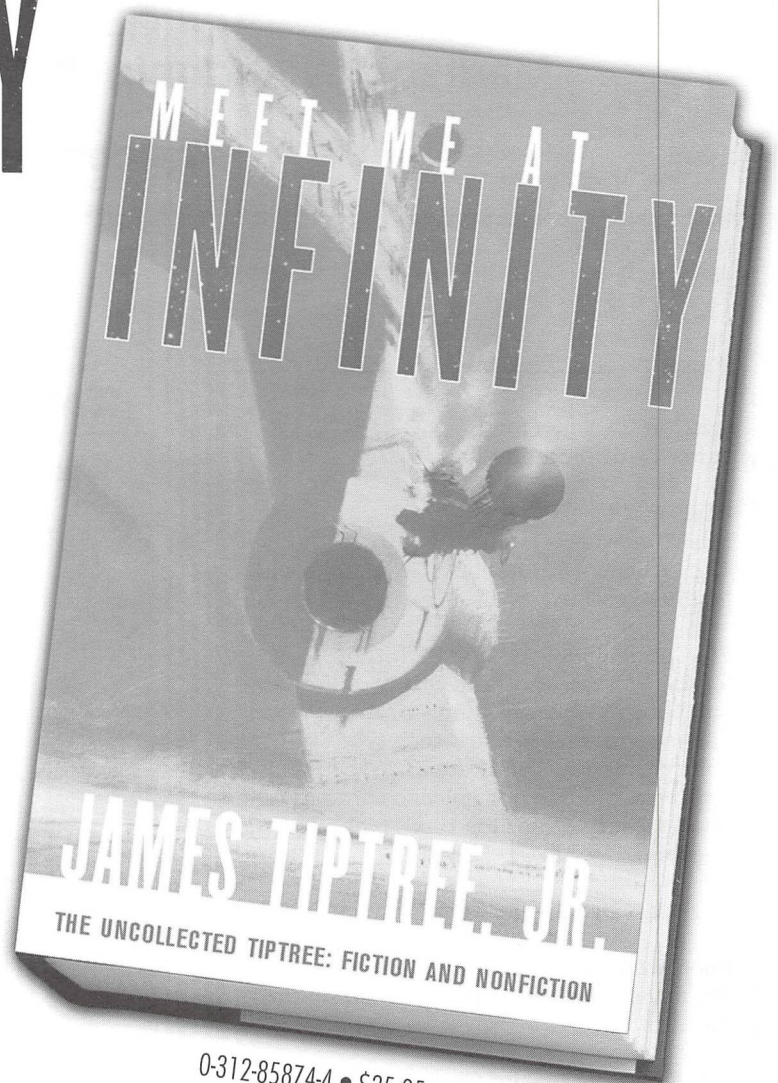
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# WisCon 24 Guest of Honor • Jeanne Gomoll

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"Mundane life weaves into fannish life; fannish activity blends into political awareness. The detour merges with the main route."

Jeanne Gomoll

---

## An Appreciation

Debbie Notkin

I can't remember exactly when I began appreciating Jeanne Gomoll, but then I can't remember when I met Jeanne Gomoll. Probably, it was around 1977 or 1978, the years in which fandom found feminism (feminism found fandom?) and, as inevitably as the day follows the night, fandom began producing feminist fanzines, feminist apas, feminist convention programming, feminist conversations.

I knew Jeanne through the mail long before I met her. It's no effort at all to remember *Janus* (later *Aurora*), the fanzine Janice Bogstad and Jeanne collaborated on editing. Most fanzines were (and still are) designed slipshod and reproduced muddily. You judged them on their content, their passion, their fizz. *Janus* had all those things in quantity. But it also was probably the first fanzine I saw that looked ... careful. As if someone had thought about where to put things on the page, how to place artwork, how to make it easy on the eyes. (I bet I didn't know the word "layout" at that time, at least as it pertained to the printed page.) But I remember noticing, and appreciating, just how different it was. .

Over the years, I've probably seen hundreds of pages Jeanne has designed, from WisCon publications to her own fanzines to commercial flyers to books. They don't all look alike (though an experienced eye can see connections), but every single one of them looks ... careful. Thought out. And easy on the eyes. And the more I've learned over the years about layout and page design, the more I've

come to appreciate how much work that is, and how much difference it makes.

Jeanne's writing is rather inseparable in my head from her artwork, largely because I've mostly seen it in pieces she's designed. Jeanne can be extremely funny in print, as well as incisive, revealing, powerful, thoughtful. But her prose is always always ... careful.



Jeanne will be reading from some of her fanzine articles at this convention, and a wonderful time will ensue. But I'll bet she won't read the one that had the most effect on me, because it was a completely minor piece. It was in one of her personalzines, probably *Obsessions*, and it was just a short rant on how people overuse *italics*, and underlining and other sorts of \*emphasis.\* Good writers, she said, should be able to put the cadence in without resorting to tricks. (I don't remember if she said those tricks don't look good on the page, but she might have.) That was perhaps twelve years ago, perhaps longer. I still write with those emphatic tricks, especially in informal stuff like fanzine articles, but I never put one in without thinking of Jeanne, without stopping to decide if this one is important, or if I could do without it. So it's not just that Jeanne is careful, she makes *me* careful, unlikely as that can be.

Somewhere along the line, I met Jeanne in person. Over the years, we've gotten to be friends across the geography, shared guffaws, giggles, and concerns, eaten meals at each other's houses, tried to help sort out tangles in

our social circles, the things friends do. I remember meeting her partner, Scott Custis, at the first convention she brought him to, and how excited she was to be with him. Since then, they've become one of those couples whose name is often one word, "Jeanne'n'Scott," though it's also easy to think of them both separately: they've achieved a difficult balance. In person, she's always friendly, approachable, entertaining, and ... careful.

Jeanne always has endless energy to do the things she thinks are important. Aside from all the fanzines, she was one of the dynamos that turned the Tiptree Award from a gleam in Pat Murphy's and Karen Fowler's eyes into a solvent award doing real good in our community. She's chaired a committee of judges. She's worked on more than half of the 24 WisCons, and we had to convince her that being guest of honor meant she didn't have to work on this one. She works all day for the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources and goes home and works: on freelance art and

design projects, on volunteer projects, on whatever comes her way. Want to appreciate Jeanne? Take over a project—say, just for example, WisCon programming—that she's been doing, and look for the high level of expectation and the attention to a myriad of details. She's a mainstay of our own particular corner of fandom, and it really isn't possible to say enough about her accomplishments.

I would urge you to buttonhole Jeanne in the halls at this convention. It will have to be evening, probably—we've kind of overscheduled her on programming, though she's being very nice about it. Start a conversation about whatever you like: art, layout and design, fandom, feminism, emphasis in prose, wrapping cats (she'll explain), the Tiptree, or your favorite recipes. You'll have a good conversation, come away thinking about something new, and you'll also understand why I keep calling Jeanne careful.

It's not a synonym for cautious: it's about how much she cares.

## Top Ten Reasons for a Brazen Hussies Blimp

- #10 Pat Murphy has always wanted a blimp.
- #9 Lisa Goldstein wrote about surrealism – and what could be more surreal?
- #8 Michaela Roessner believes blimps are sleek and voluptuous – just like Brazen Hussies
- #7 BLIMP is an acronym for "Brazen Ladies Instigate Magnificent Promotions."
- #6 Goodyear Blimp is too big for the hotel.
- #5 "Blimp" is such fun to say.
- #4 Better visibility than a submarine.
- #3 Football games have blimps. Why not WisCon?
- #2 It's SO big. (Not that size matters.)
- #1 **It's tax deductible!**

## Who are the Brazen Hussies?

Three award winning writers who have overcome our natural tendency to be modest and are promoting our work shamelessly like the brazen hussies we want to be. check out our web site at [www.brazenhussies.net](http://www.brazenhussies.net)

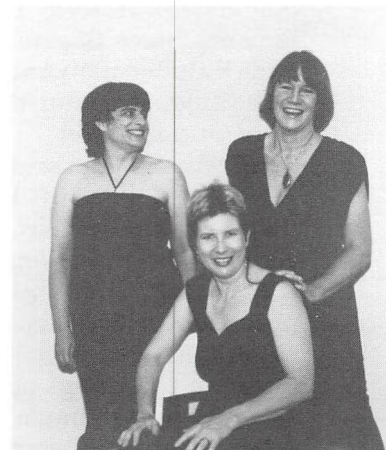


photo by David Wright

**Pat Murphy:** *There and Back Again*, *Nadya – The Wolf Chronicles*, *The Falling Woman*, and *Wild Angel* (coming out in August from Tor Books)

**Lisa Goldstein:** *Dark Cities Underground*, *Walking the Labyrinth*, *Travellers in Magic*

**Michaela Roessner:** *The Stars Dispose*, *The Stars Compel*, and *The Stars Relent* (upcoming from Tor Books)

## Jeanne Tried to Explain

Scott Custis

---

The concept of science fiction fandom has been a challenge for me since the very beginning. I met Jeanne in 1984 at a party thrown by my cousin Spike. Spike casually mentioned that the party was in the middle of a science fiction convention. I had never attended a science fiction convention before, but I had the usual mundane ideas about them. I knew nothing whatsoever about SF fan clubs, fanzines, fan funds or fan feuds. Jeanne tried to explain it all to me, of course. I tried to understand. But I have to admit that, looking back, I really had no clue.

I was 28 when I met Jeanne, pretty late to be discovering fandom. I had a lot to learn. Jeanne's fannish story was well underway at that point. She was already well known as a fanzine editor and artist. She joined the Madison SF Group ten years earlier, in the first year of its existence, and was instrumental in developing the group's reputation as a promoter of feminist SF through its publications and convention, WisCon. She received several Hugo nominations as both a fan artist and editor, primarily for her work on Janus, and later Aurora, both feminist SF fanzines. Her artwork and essays have been published widely in dozens of fanzines; she'd published several personal zines (*What Spare Time?! and Whimsey*). She illustrated Elizabeth A. Lynn's YA novel, *The Silver Horse* (Bluejay Press, 1984). She was Guest of Honor at ArmadilloCon in 1979, with Dan Stephen at Autoclave in 1979, with Jan Bogstad at AquaCon in 1981, Reinconation in 1992 and Toastmaster for Corflu in 1989. In the so called "real world", Jeanne is an artist for the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources and, in addition, pursues freelance graphics jobs.

My first WisCon was #9 in 1985. Jeanne tried to tell me it wasn't like other SF conventions. I listened carefully to what she was telling me, but I was still unprepared for my first WisCon. WisCon turned out to be literate, feminist and political. It was brash and controversial but also had a sense of silliness. It was full of interesting people talking about challenging ideas and it would take years for me to realize that WisCon was truly unique in fandom. It would also take years for me to grasp how important Jeanne's role has been to the personality and the content of this

convention. She has been involved in every WisCon since WisCon 1 in 1977.

In 1987, the year Jeanne won TAFF, I decided to quit my job in Iowa and move in with her in Madison. Right after the move, we took three weeks to go on her TAFF trip to Great Britain. Jeanne tried to explain to me about fanzines and what the TAFF trip was about, but I didn't really understand as well as I thought before we left. That trip was one of the best experiences of my life. It turned out to be about so much more than just traveling and sightseeing and a neat Worldcon in Brighton. It was about lots of wonderful people who wanted to meet Jeanne and talk to her, show her around and treat her like family because she had spent years devoting her time and energy to fanzines and apazines and conventions. And it was just fine with them if she brought along a big clueless guy from Iowa, too.

She spent the next year administering the TAFF fund and in 1988 she published *JG Taff*, a mail-order auction catalog.

In 1989 I suggested we join *the Turbo Charged Party Animal* apa together and do a joint apazine. I had enjoyed reading *Turbo* when Jeanne was initially involved with it from 1986 to 1988. She pubbed an apazine for *Turbo* called *Allargando*, but decided to drop out when her brother died. In the past, Jeanne had contributed apazines regularly to *The Women's Apa* and *CRapa* as well.

I had never done any fan writing before, much less produce a zine. I had no idea what I was getting into. Jeanne tried to explain to me about apazines. Although I tried to understand, I wasn't prepared for becoming addicted to apa writing or how much I would enjoy doing a joint project with her. Since 1989 we have done 111 issues of our zine, *Union Street*, for *Turbo*.

Pat Murphy inspired Jeanne to join the Tiptree juggernaut in 1991 with her Guest of Honor speech at WisCon 15. "I'll help," said Jeanne. Subsequently, she designed and published the Tiptree cookbooks (*The Bakery Men Don't See and Her Smoke Rose up from Supper*). I remember 1992 was an especially quiet year around our house as Jeanne was reading for the Tiptree Award and coordinating that year's panel of judges. In 1998, with John D. Berry, she designed the Tiptree Award's anthology of short listed short fiction, *Flying Cups and Saucers: Gender Explorations in SF*

and *Fantasy*, edited by Debbie Notkin and the Secret Feminist Cabal. Currently, Jeanne is a member of the Tiptree Motherboard.

In 1994 Jeanne *designed Women En Large, Images of Fat Nudes*, photography by Laurie Toby Edison, text by Debbie Notkin. She wrote the introduction to Helen Merrick and Tess Williams' *Women of Other Worlds: Excursions through SF and Feminism*, 1999.

In 1995, plans began for an extra large WisCon for our 20th convention. Jeanne stepped forward to chair the WisCon 20 committee. I volunteered to help. Jeanne tried to tell me about working on SF conventions. I thought I knew what I was getting into, but I was not prepared for how WisCon 20 turned out. It was our largest WisCon ever. We succeeded in bringing Ursula Le Guin and Judith Merrill as our Guests, in addition we

brought back many of our past Guests and hosted the Tiptree Award Ceremony. I simply had no idea how much work it would be or how it would feel to be a part of such a wildly successful project. I have been a member of the WisCon committee ever since.

Jeanne Gomoll has been the love of my life for over 15 years. Her energy, talent, political awareness and sense of humor bowled me over from the very beginning and have shown no signs of waning over the years. We still laugh together, volunteer for projects together and get thoroughly vexed over the state of politics in America together. I have never known anyone like her. I'll bet you don't either.

And one more thing, she introduced me to SF fandom, and tried to explain.



## Bibliography

compiled by Jeanne Gomoll

### Artwork & Writing

*Janus* (editor, designer, layout, illustrations, essays and fiction)

#1-18, 1975-80

*Aurora* (editorial collective member)

#19-26, 1981-90

*Obsessions*, apazine for *A Women's Apa*

#1-29, 1976-1983

*Shoreline*, apazine, for the *Cascade Regional Apa*

#1-11, 1978-81

*What Spare Time?!*, personal zine

#1-2, 1979

*Cube*, SF3 newszine

#1-13, 1982-1985 (subsequent issues edited by other SF3 members)

*Alcheringa*, apazine, for *Anzapa*

#1, 1982

*Whimsy*, personal zine

#1-7, 1983-?

*Allargando*, apazine for *Turbo-Charged Party*

*Animal Apa*

#1-16, September 1986 to 1988

*Taffiles*, TAFF newsletter

#1-4, October 1987-June 1988

*JGTaff*, Taff auction catalog

1988

*Union Street*, apazine with Scott Custis for *Turbo-Charged Party Animal Apa*

#1-111, September 1989 – present

*The Bakery Men Don't See*, cookbook and fundraiser for the Tiptree Award, (editor - with Diane Martin - and designer

SF3, 1991



*Her Smoke Rose Up from Supper*, cookbook and fund-raiser for the Tiptree Award (editor and designer)

SF3, 1993

Corflu 10 publications  
May 1993

Khattru 3/4 reprinting  
May 1993

*Grayscale*, apazine for *Intercourse*  
#1-15, September 1996 – present

Many other WisCon and SF3 publications

### Artwork

Illustrations, t-shirt designs, posters and logos for WisCon and SF3 publications

Illustrations for many other fanzines

*The Cacher of the Rye*, by Carl Brandon,  
Introduction by Terry Carr (design and cover art)  
Obsessive Press, 1982

*The Silver Horse*, by Elizabeth A. Lynn (illustration)  
Blue Jay Press, 1984

*Arabesques, More Tales of the Arabian Nights*  
(illustration)  
Avon, 1988

*Women En Large, Images of Fat Nudes*,  
photography by Laurie Toby Edison, text by Debbie  
Notkin (design)  
Books in Focus, 1994

*Flying Cups and Saucers: Gender Explorations  
in Science Fiction and Fantasy*, edited by Debbie  
Notkin and the Secret Feminist Cabal (design - with  
John Berry)  
Edgewood Press, 1998



### Writing


"Visualizing the Future", *Women of Other Worlds:  
Excursions through SF & Feminism*, edited by  
Helen Merrick & Tess Williams  
University of Western Australia Press, 1999

### Other activities

The Dead Cat Through History traveling slide show  
Cat-wrapping demonstrations  
WisCon concomm, WisCon 1-23 1974-1999.  
Programming, Publications, Art Show, Panelist  
WisCon chair, WisCon 20, 1995.  
Corflu concomm member, 1993  
Tiptree Award judge/coordinator 1994  
Tiptree Award motherboard member

### Awards






Hugo nomination, fan artist  
Hugo nomination, fan editor  
FFAN awards, artist and editor  
TAFF delegate, 1987-1988



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## Whimsy • Musings From Various Apazines

Jeanne Gomoll

---

Going anyplace special on your vacation this year? – Funny you should ask.

Sunday, March 16, Scott and I drove home from Anamosa, Iowa, where his folks live. March 15<sup>th</sup> was the TAFF voting deadline, and I was tremendously excited about the outcome of the voting; but I figured that nothing could have been officially done until midnight of the 15<sup>th</sup>. Patrick and Teresa would have called Greg Pickersgill very late...or rather, very early in the morning of March 16<sup>th</sup>, in order to give any tardy fan the chance to catch a red-eye plane to New York City and personally hand their ballot to a bleary-eyed Teresa or Patrick. Maybe the telephone conference would take place on the dot of midnight, or maybe early the next morning. It would still be cheap rates on Sunday, after all. And it would be easier to count votes after a good night's rest.

Yes, they probably wouldn't know who the winner was until Sunday morning. That's the way I had it figured. Why stick around the house, getting all hyper and jumping out of my skin every time the phone rang?

So we went to dinner and a movie with Scott's brother and sister-in-law, and drove back to Madison Sunday morning. Well, actually it was early afternoon. We got up late.

By the time Patrick managed to get hold of me by phone, every fan in the free world knew the voting outcome except me. And they were all sworn to secrecy and had promised not to contact me before Patrick and Teresa had been able to talk to me. They'd added up the votes Saturday night. And no red-eyed fan flew to New York to upset the voting statistic.

The phone rang 15 minutes after Scott and I stepped through the door.

"Hello?" I said, trying to keep the excited squeak out of my voice.

"Hi, this is Patrick," said Patrick.

Pause. Pregnant pause.

"You were raised a Catholic, weren't you Jeanne?" he continued. Is this the Twilight Zone, I wondered.

"Yes, but..."

"OK." Another pause. "...Three puffs of white smoke."

(There really *was* a female Pope, you know. Pope Joan. But I'd rather be a TAFF- winner anyway. You don't have to wear a funny costume.)

...

I've gotten a few other tasks completed since that March phone call. Scott and I both applied for our fannish passports, of course. You have to go to the Post Office for those, and they forward your fannish birth certificates to the secret SMOF headquarters. All I needed for proof of fannish birth was my Big Mac nametag. Scott's case was a little more complicated, since he's never attended a worldcon. He brought along a signed statement from the WisCon registrar and I made a xerox of the letter-of-comment he had in *Whimsy*. The clerk seemed a little doubtful about whether this would be adequate proof, but apparently it was enough, because both of us received our fannish passports a few weeks later.



They're really quite impressive. Since I've never traveled outside the US except for a quick trip up into Canada for a convention in Vancouver, and a possible border crossing by canoe on Minnesota's wilderness boundary waters, I've never needed a passport before. I examined it carefully. There's a picture and personal statistics on the first page, of course – a listing of my fannish birth date, SF group affiliation, publications, and even a space for pseudonyms if I had one. The second page holds the English and French version of the passport invocation:

*The secret Master of Fandom of the United States of America hereby requests all whom it may concern to encourage the fan named herein to meet and converse with them, and in case of Coa Distress to remind them of their true fannish home.*

I guess this last part has been added because of the US coa deficit. I hear there is even a chance that fanzine tariffs might be charged if the fan drain isn't controlled.

Neither Scott nor I were looking forward to the shots, but we gritted our teeth and made the appointment. Better to get it over with, we figured.

I knew we'd have to be inoculated for English humor. And it really wasn't all that bad. In fact, after it was over, the doctor made a dry comment about the process. ...I forget exactly what she said, but she didn't laugh or anything when she said it, and it didn't sound like a joke, but I laughed and laughed all the same. The doctor was satisfied. "It's already taken effect," she assured me. I rubbed my arm, which felt like someone had just punched me. But then I made the mistake of mentioning that we might be traveling to Wales, and we had to get another shot for that. Ever since then I keep thinking I understand what dogs are saying.

Scott's got more to do than me. He's been taking a crash course in fannish tradition and fanspeak in preparation for the trip. He stays up late at night listening to the tapes we borrowed from the library.

"When will the trip report be finished?" asks the voice on the tape recorder.

He learns fast. I hear him responding clearly, without hesitation. "Real Soon Now."

## Getting Back • Knee Deep

WisCon 15 in 1990 continued what Scott's and my apazine, *Union Street*, had begun: tempting me deeper and deeper back into the fannish stream.

Programming chair Lorelei Manney put me on several panels with Pat Murphy and Pamela Sargent, which gave me the excuse to re-read Sargent's *Women of Wonder* series and to buy a stack of books at A Room of One's Own, our local feminist bookstore. Before WisCon, I read Pat Murphy's two novels, *The Falling Woman* and *The City, Not Long After*, and began her anthology, *Points of Departure*. Ursula Le Guin's novel, *Tehanu* and her collection of essays, *Dancing at the Edge of the World* found their way into my ROOO book bag too, and by the end of February, I was bubbling with excitement with the sense that SF written by women was heading off into new exciting directions. (I'd been out of touch, you see, with both fandom and SF in general.) I picked up a few Sheri Tepper books, reading for the first time, *Gate to Women's Country* and rereading parts of Le Guin's *Always Coming Home*, which I had loved the first time I read it, but now seemed to connect on lots of levels with the other books on my list. It seemed to me that these writers were discarding the notion that women's lives and experiences are of less intrinsic interest and importance. Ursula Le

Guin wrote in "The Fisherman's Daughter" (in *Dancing at the Edge of the World*):

It seems to me a bit that...the conventions...exist to protect men from being shocked, still admit only male experience of women's bodies, passions and existence. It seems to me a pity that so many women, including myself have accepted this denial of their own experience and narrowed their perception to fit it, writing as if their sexuality were limited to copulation, as if they knew nothing about pregnancy, birth, nursing, mothering, puberty, menstruation, menopause, except what men are willing to hear, nothing except what men are willing to hear about housework, childwork, lifework, war, peace, living and dying as experienced in the female body and mind and imagination...

My book *Always Coming Home* was a rash attempt to imagine such a world, where the Hero and the Warrior are a stage adolescents go through on their way to becoming responsible human beings, where the parent-child relationship is not forever viewed through the child's eyes but includes the reality of the mother's experience.

I read more, I started jotting down notes, and my excitement grew.

A couple of years before, it had seemed to me that feminist SF had gone into hiding and was being discouraged by editors arguing that anything labeled feminist SF would not sell. I was getting angry at the frequently voiced phrase, "I'm not a feminist, but..." The local newspaper published a nationally syndicated article by a woman advising us to abandon the word "feminist" because she said it now meant "man-hating," and I fired off an angry letter to the editor. And then of course, the evening news hasn't exactly been providing inspiring counterpoint.

In 1989, the same year Rick died, the Supreme Court ruled in favor of the state of Missouri in the case, *Webster v. Reproductive Health Services*, which argued that life begins at conception and would prevent the state funded health care providers from counseling, referring or performing abortions. Suddenly I found my life tangled with personal and public horrors. It was impossible to sit still through the evening news, impossible to read a newspaper, impossible even to talk about what was going on, without crying out in frustration and anger. I had to do something or I would have cracked up. So I joined the Reproductive Rights Coalition, which itself soon joined a local coalition of groups after the Supreme Court agreed to hear the Webster case. The coalition was called DARE – Defend Abortion Rights Emergency – and it organized marches, defended health clinics and (at my insistence) published a newsletter which bore a strange resemblance to a fanzine. I edited and

illustrated the newsletter, designed posters and signs. I marched and guarded clinics.

And since then, it's only gotten worse. Limited abortion may still be technically legal in the US, but it's getting more and more difficult for many women to actually find clinics willing to perform them. Several members of SF<sup>3</sup> went to Milwaukee this summer to help defend the clinics against the same folks who closed down Wichita, Kansas clinics earlier in the year. Feeding upon the fear of AIDS, the right-wing has targeted homosexuals as the 1992 campaign's Willie Horton. We hear many calls for censorship. Religious groups are showing more interest in governing than counseling, and *The Handmaid's Tale* is beginning to read less like fiction than fact. The various Supreme Court appointments brought home to us all how the rest of our lives will be affected by the last couple administrations; the Thomas Hill confrontation cast a similar sort of spotlight on the impact of a Congress comprised almost entirely of white men.

I never have been able to keep my politics out of my fannish writing, nor would I ever want to do so. The chance to mix politics and personal writing tempted me to join fandom in the first place back in the early 1970s when women writers were revolutionizing SF and attracting women readers and fans to a field that promised an exciting stage on which to play-act feminist dreams. The phrase from Monique Wittig's *Les Guerilleres* still raises goose bumps on my skin: "Failing that..." she says – meaning that if you do not find stories of strong women in your life or in history, "Failing that – invent." That, to me, has always capsulated the thrill and value of speculative fiction. It's the engine that drove me to devote enormous chunks of my life to *Janus* and *Aurora*. And it's the side road that tempted me down a new detour into fannish activity.

...

Pat Murphy finished her dinner and strode up to the podium at the WisCon 15 banquet and began to lay the groundwork for the bombshell she would momentarily explode among the conventioners already excited by a day's remarkable events. Several of us had been happily comparing this WisCon to WisCons 1, 2, and 3, at which feminist discussion had first ignited a town's fangroup and instigated a decade of passionate sercon activity. We praised Lorelei Manney, the programming chair, for having encouraged conversations like those at early WisCons, at which one panel seemed to flow into the next – the discussion gaining momentum and

substance as the day progressed. The meta-topic of WisCon 15 involved the different perspective that women writers bring to the field of SF and the necessity to remember and preserve the achievements of previous women writers. Both Pamela Sargent's and Pat Murphy's speeches continued that conversation with wonderful synchronicity, causing some of us to speculate that they had used a time machine to freeze time in the hour before the banquet so that they could re-write speeches that blended into and commented upon the day's discussion. It would have been a thrilling evening even if Pat hadn't made her final announcement.

Pat started it off with a light-hearted description of her fantasy of a women's science fiction award, "just to make trouble."

But a few weeks later, I had dinner with Karen Fowler and I mentioned this joke. Karen is also a trouble-maker, but a very thoughtful one. She looked thoughtful and said, "You know, there is no science fiction award named after a woman."

Let's see: we have the Hugo (for Hugo Gernsback), the Theodore Sturgeon Award, the John W. Campbell Award, the Arthur C. Clarke Award, and of course the Philip K. Dick Award. No women. *Frankenstein*, by Mary Shelley, has been called the first science fiction novel, but there is no Mary Shelley Award.

And then Karen, who tends toward brilliance, said, "What about James Tiptree, Jr.?" And it seemed like such a perfect idea. James Tiptree, Jr., winner of multiple Nebulas, revealed mid-career as Alice Sheldon, James Tiptree, Jr., who helped break down the imaginary barrier between "women's writing" and "men's writing." James Tiptree, Jr. author of "The Women Men Don't See."

...And so I would like to announce the creation of the James Tiptree, Jr. Award, to be presented annually to a fictional work that explores and expands the roles of women and men. We're still in the planning stages, but we plan to appoint a panel of five judges and we plan to finance the award – and this is another stroke of genius on Karen's part – through bake sales. (If you want to volunteer to run a bake sale, talk to me after the speech.)

The crowd rose and cheered and clapped and laughed for a long, long time. And then Pat was deluged with offers of help. I thought briefly of my first Madstf meeting when the prospect of publishing a small press zine drew that fateful phrase from my lips, "I'll help..." and led directly to twelve years of *Janus/Aurora* publishing and 15 WisCons. But that didn't slow me down a bit. I joined the crowd around Pat complimenting her on the speech and asked her if we could reprint it, "...maybe as part of a cookbook." By the end of the evening, Laura Spiess came up with the inspired title, *The Bakery Men Don't See* and we began to solicit recipes.

A bake sale was organized for Minicon and the fund-raising movement cascaded into independent life. Even Pat expresses surprise at how successful it's all been. We presented the Tiptree fund with a check for \$1800 of cookbook proceeds at WisCon 16, just before the first Tiptree Awards were presented to Gwyneth Jones (for *White Queen*) and Eleanor Arnason (for *A Woman of the Iron People*). In addition to the hugely successful cookbook – now Hugo-nominated – bakery sales approached \$1000, so the fund was easily able to afford travel and accommodations for both authors at WisCon 16 and to provide them with honorariums of \$500 each, not to mention edible typewriter award/plaques, cast in pure milk chocolate.



For the better part of six months, 20 megs of memory on my computer hard disk at work was crammed with recipes, layouts, artwork, a How-to-Do-a-Bake-Sale brochure, posters, letters and recommendation forms as we worked on the cookbook, coordinated bake sale ads, and got the news out about the award. In the midst of *Bakery*, I seem to remember Diane Martin and myself saying something to the effect of “Never again. One cookbook is enough.” In spite of that flash of temporary sanity, we’re off again, with a main course recipe book, this time honoring the Tiptree short story, “Her Smoke Rose Up Forever.” We’re going to call it, *Her Smoke Rose up From Supper* and hope to have it out by WisCon 17 at which the second Tiptree Award ceremony will take place.

Mundane life weaves into fannish life; fannish activity blends into political awareness. The detour merges with the main route.

## Influences

When I think of the word, “influences” I remember a conversation with, or maybe it was an article by Dan Steffan, in which he confidently listed a slew of artists whose work could be disassembled into elements finding obvious reflections in his drawing style. I marveled that Dan remembered all their names and then thought for a while about my influences, artistic or otherwise.

The only person that came to mind at the time was a woman that I once saw walking across the street on the block of my family’s old house in Milwaukee. I was seven or eight years old at the time; she was probably in her late twenties. In 1959 she was quite an unusual sight.

She was wearing a dark suit, a shoulder bag and walked briskly on low, conservative pumps. It’s her gate that I remember most clearly. She walked with a sense of assurance and purpose. I imagined that she was a businesswoman, and I ran down the steps of our front porch and stood in the middle of the sidewalk to better watch her as she strode further down the street.

I thought about her for days, creating stories about her, imagining confident personalities and independent lives. I pretended that I was her. And I decided that I would grow up to be like that woman – for real, one day.

Oh, through the years, I made up lots of answers to the frequent adult question, “What do you want to be when you grow up?” – I still do, but people ask less frequently now – but when I thought of my future, it was the image of that assertive, confident, energetic woman that I envisioned.

The other day I was hurrying down State Street with an artist’s portfolio under my arm, on my way to an art supply store to pick up some papers I needed to complete a project at work, and I happened to see myself reflected in a store window.

I bet you’ve already guessed the ending to this little story.

But it was amazing at the time. I certainly wasn’t expecting it.

There was my image dressed in a denim skirt a corduroy blazer, maybe not as conservatively dressed as that woman on 39<sup>th</sup> street had been, but my first thought was that I’d turned into my childhood idol. I’d finally grown up into that energetic confident woman.

It made my day.

# WisCon 24 Guest of Honor • Charles de Lint

## Charles de Lint • An Appreciation

Terri Windling

In the ceremony  
that is night,  
the concrete forest  
can be anywhere,  
anywhen.

In the wail of a siren  
rising up from the distance,  
I hear a heartbeat,  
a drumbeat,  
a dancebeat.

I hear my own  
heart  
fire  
beat.

I hear chanting.

"Eagle feather, crow's caw  
Coyote song, cat's paw  
Ya-ha-hey, hip hop rapping  
Fiddle jig, drumbeat tapping  
Once a  
Once a  
Once upon a time . . ."

*(from "Sweetgrass and City  
Streets"*

*by Charles de Lint)*

Step into the world of Charles de Lint, "the concrete forest" of an urban landscape, and soon you'll hear the drumbeat and the fiddle -- drawing you into shadowed streets, where an ancient magic can be found and Old Man Coyote awaits. Coyote, the Trickster, is the one-who-crosses-boundaries in North American tribal lore. He is the guide who leads us from the world we know into the twilight mythic realm -- a dualistic figure, Creator and Destroyer. A storyteller. He is the author himself.

It is no wonder that the fiction of Charles de Lint contains Trickster figures in many guises, for Charles takes on the role of Trickster when he writes his modern mythic tales. The Tricksters of world mythology (Hermes in Greece, Loki in northern Europe,



photo by Beth Gwinn © 1992

Reynardine the Fox in England, Legba in western Africa, Uncle Tompa in Tibet, among others) is clever, courageous, and outrageous: the god who brings the gifts of fire, language, story, dance, and love-making to humankind. Contrarily, he is also the clown, the buffoon, the wily god of unpredictability, chaos, and destruction. Yet even in this second aspect, Trickster is a positive force, breaking through outmoded rules and ideas with the tricks he plays. As a creator and storyteller, Charles has brought whole worlds to life in over forty books for children and adults. In Trickster's contrary guise, he brings a sly humor to his life and work, and is bent on overturning outmoded ideas about genre and myth. He regularly crosses over the boundaries we've erected between fantasy and mainstream fiction, cleverly dismantling another brick on each and every journey.

Charles was born in the Netherlands, of Dutch, Spanish, and Japanese ancestry. His

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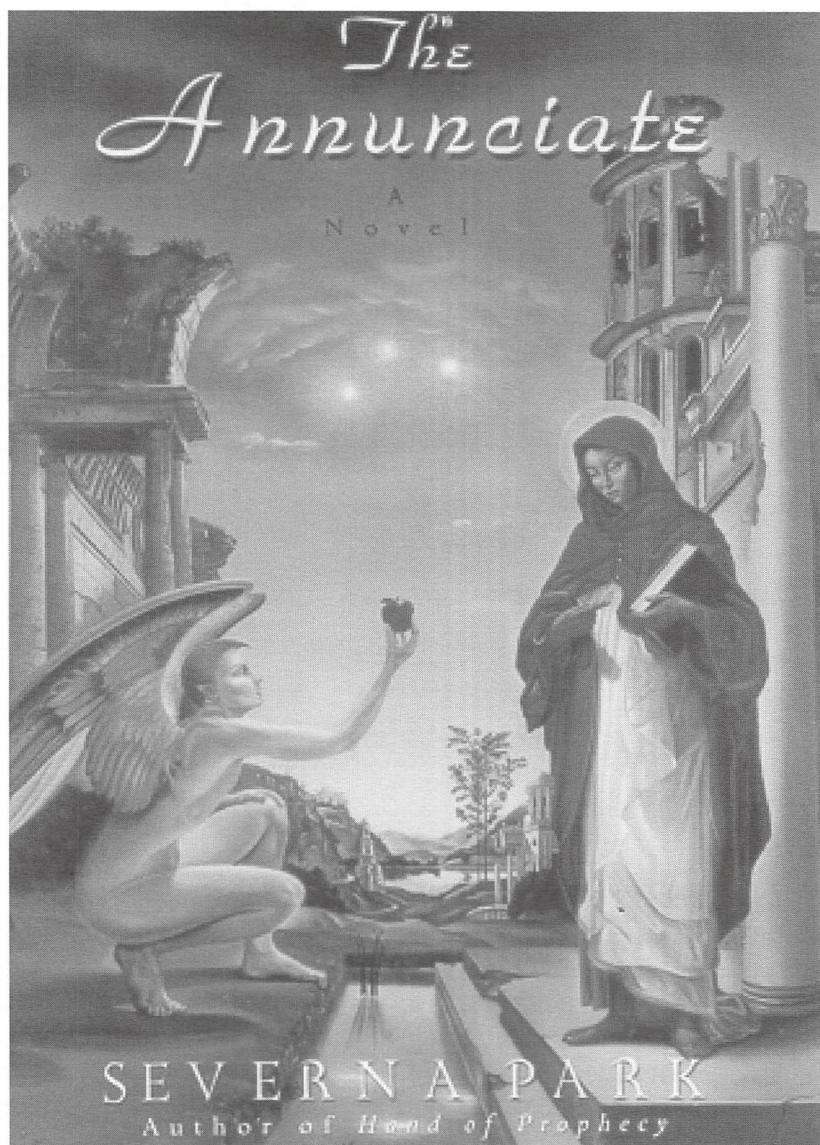
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### *The* **Annunciate** by Severna Park

"Tell us what happened to our people.' In a single sentence, Severna Park encapsulates so many ancient vendettas...well done!" Mary Doria Russell, author of *The Sparrow* and *Children of God*

"Intricately thought out and compelling." Nalo Hopkinson, author of *Brown Girl in the Ring* and *Midnight Robber*

"The Annunciate has nanotechnology and space-ships, but at its heart is Severna Park's delicate calculus of human need--the need for information, for a fix, for a place to live, for a lover and for a mother...the need for hope." Maureen McHugh, author of *Mission Child*

**"Like Samuel Delany and Ursula LeGuin before her, Severna Park reshapes our notions of love and gender, freedom and bondage...Park is an important new novelist to watch." Elizabeth Hand, author of *Waking the Moon* and *Glimmering***

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Cover Art by D. M. Bowers



family emigrated to Canada when he was young, moving through various towns in western Canada, Quebec, and Ontario (as well as Turkey and Lebanon) due to his father's work as a surveyor. Like other fantasists who grew up in nomadic families (Patricia McKillip and Robin McKinley spring to mind), Charles turned to books for companionship -- particularly those filled with magical tales by the likes of Malory, T.H. White, and Katherine Briggs. He discovered Tolkien, and went on to read the myths that were Tolkien's source material, as well as fantasy literature classics in Lin Carter's "Sign of the Unicorn" series by William Morris, E.R. Eddison, James Branch Cabell, Mervyn Peake, and others. In addition he was (and still is) a voracious reader in a variety of fields including mainstream fiction, mysteries, horror, science fiction, nonfiction, and poetry.

After finishing school, he intended to become a Celtic folk musician, not a writer, taking jobs in music stores in Ottawa while playing gigs on the weekends. Although music was the focus of his life, he always wrote magical stories as well -- but only (he thought) for his own amusement. Another young writer, Charles R. Saunders, encouraged him to send his tales out for publication -- and soon Charles began to sell his work to small press magazines. Eventually he placed an Imaginary World novella in Andrew J. Offutt's "Swords Against Darkness" series (Daw Books), which was then lengthened into a novel and published as *The Harp of the Grey Rose* by a small American press. He sold a second Imaginary World novel, *Riddle of the Wren*, to Ace Books in the early 1980s, and a full-time professional career was launched. Charles subsequently won the William L. Crawford Award for Best New Writer in 1984.

Central to this career is Charles's relationship with his wife, MaryAnn Harris -- an accomplished artist and musician to whom he has been married for many years. "What MaryAnn has always done," Charles says, "beyond editing my manuscripts before they're sent out, is to make me stretch as an artist. She's the one who got me to start my first novel . . . and then finish it. She's the one who convinced me I should take my stories out of the faerie forest and see how they might fare on a city street." With *Moonheart*, his second novel for Ace Books, Charles began to develop the kind of fiction that has since become his trademark: tales which infuse modern urban settings with myth, music, and magic. *Moonheart* received an enthusiastic reception

by fantasy readers, and was one of several ground-breaking books published within a short span of years that carved out new urban territory in a genre full of works that were then largely pastoral and quasi-medieval. (John Crowley's *Little, Big*, Patricia A. McKillip's *Stepping from the Shadows*, Michael de Larrabeiti's *The Borribles*, Jonathan Carroll's *The Land of Laughs*, Emma Bull's *War for the Oaks*, and Megan Lindholm's *The Wizard of the Pigeons* are a few of the others in this group.) Charles is credited today as the primary pioneer of 'urban fantasy' fiction -- for while other writers over the years have experimented in this area, he is the one who has claimed it most thoroughly in book after magical book. And yet, he says: "I didn't set out to create a genre. The term 'urban fantasy' is connected to my description of the *Jack of Kinrowan* books, which I called 'Novels of Urban Faerie,' and [the term] has followed me ever since. However, what I usually see being described as urban fantasy is high fantasy transposed onto a contemporary scene, you know, grand quests and the like. I think I've moved on to different things; my novels are more character driven now."

There is certainly a difference between Charles's early books of the 1980s, lovely as they are, and his mature work of recent years. The shift is most apparent in the sequence of novels and stories known as the "Newford" series. The city of Newford, an imaginary place set somewhere in North America (the author never tells us quite where) has been the setting of most of Charles's fiction in the last decade, involving a growing, interconnected set of characters and folkloric themes. These books are indeed character-driven works, falling into the interstitial realm between fantasy and mainstream fiction -- with much to offer readers of both. Recent books in the sequence (*Someplace to Be Flying*, *Trader*, *Memory and Dream*) are thematically related to works by writers like Alice Hoffman, Rick Collignon, Thomas King, and Andrew Vachss rather more than to the Imaginary World novels that dominate the fantasy genre.

Charles is one of a number of interstitial artists who celebrate their roots in fantasy literature but refused to be constrained by them -- and he admits to frustration by the limits that the label "Fantasy Fiction" places on his readership. "I constantly get letters from people saying 'I don't usually read fantasy but I love your books,' " Charles notes, which makes him wonder how many other readers he's losing because of prejudices and assumptions

surrounding the fantasy label. Since "fantasy" has become a word firmly associated with Imaginary World novels, and "magical realism" is a term some critics allow only for Latin American fiction, Charles has found the term "mythic fiction" to be a useful way to explain the body of work he is creating. "I've taken to calling my writing 'mythic fiction' because it's basically modern fiction that incorporates elements of myth and folk tales, rather secondary-world fantasy. I'm delighted," he assures his loyal genre readers, "that the novels and stories are so well-received within the fantasy and science fiction field, but I'm also very pleased that so many other readers enjoy them as well."

As a folklorist, Charles brings his wealth of knowledge about the mythic traditions of many cultures into contemporary stories that usually concern the "outsiders" of modern society: punks, street people, runaway children, mystics, misfits, and eccentrics of all sorts. If there is an overall theme linking his work (in addition to mythic tales retold), it is one that runs (Trickster-fashion) contrary to the hip nihilism in vogue today: a celebration of the creative process -- in particular, the creation of family, community, and a purposeful life in the face of such obstacles as poverty, homelessness, illness (of the body or soul), violence, fear, and despair. Since the author is a practicing folk musician, as well as a painter, the magic to be found in his books is often a magic intertwined with acts of artistic creation. The legends he brings into a modern context are ones from both the Old World and the New: Celtic, Rom, and other European tales carried here by various immigrant groups braided with tribal tales from the Native peoples of our continent. The effectiveness of this mix is most evident in Charles's most recent novel, *Someplace to Be Flying*, an engrossing story in which the First People (the animal people) of Native lore can be found walking the streets of Newford in contemporary garb. Coyote is among them, of course, a sly grin on his face and a twinkle in his eye. And Charles, clever as that old Trickster, has spun a thoroughly

modern tale with all the power and poignancy to be found in an ancient myth.

If you haven't yet read a Charles de Lint story or walked Newford's distinctive streets, I highly recommend you pick up *Someplace to Be Flying*, *Moonlight and Vines*, or one his other marvelous books this weekend. "Our lives are stories," Charles says, "and the stories we have to give each other are the most important. None of us have a story too small, and all are of equal stature. We each tell them in different ways, through different mediums -- and if we care about each other, we'll take the time to listen."

And in that moment of grace,  
where tales branch,  
bud to leaf,  
where moonlight  
mingles with streetlight,  
I see old spirits in new skins,  
bearing beadwork,  
carrying spare change and charms,  
walking dreams,  
walking large.

(from "Sweetgrass and City Streets"  
by Charles de Lint)

The poem "Sweetgrass and City Streets" is copyright © 1998 by Charles de Lint, and can be read in its entirety in his collection *Moonlight and Vines*. Some of the above quotes come from interviews with the author conducted by Lawrence Schimel and Mike Timoni. These interviews, and other information on Charles and his fiction, music and art can be found on the Charles de Lint web site.

For more information on Tricksters, try Lewis Hyde's brilliant new book *Trickster Makes This World: Mischief, Myth and Art* and Paul Radin's classic work *The Trickster*.

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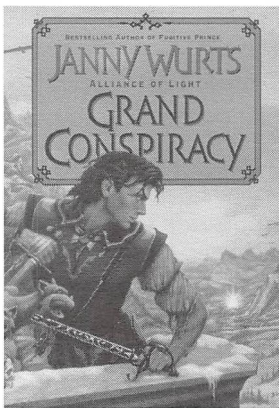
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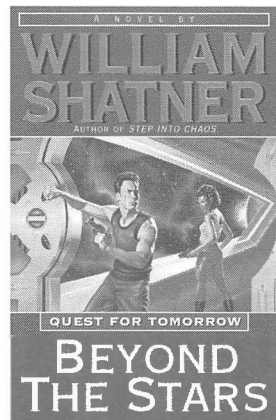


## Grand Conspiracy

The Wars of Light and Shadow  
Janny Wurts

Two half brothers gifted of Light and Shadow stood together and defeated the Mistwraith. In defeat, their magical foe set its captors at odds, bestowing upon them a life long curse of enmity that has since woven three bitter wars and uncounted deadly intrigues.

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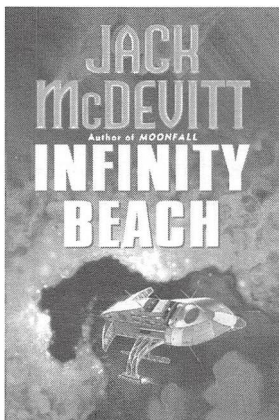


## Beyond the Stars

Quest for Tomorrow #4  
William Shatner

Jim Endicott has become one with the Omega Point, and has altered his own past. But does the alternate Jim remember the old Jim? When he finds himself aboard the *Out Beyond*, he meets up with a deep space street gang that teaches him hard-earned lessons about courage, loyalty—and love.

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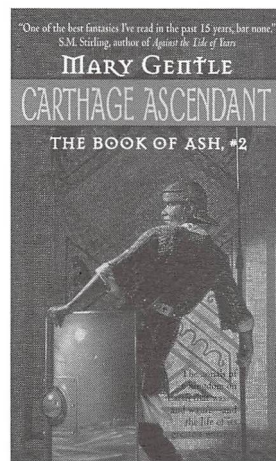


## Infinity Beach

Jack McDevitt

We are alone. That is the verdict, after centuries of SETI searches and space exploration. The only living things in the Universe are found on the Nine Worlds settled by Earthlings, and the starships that knit them together. But if this is the case then who—or what—murdered the crew of the starship *Hunter*?

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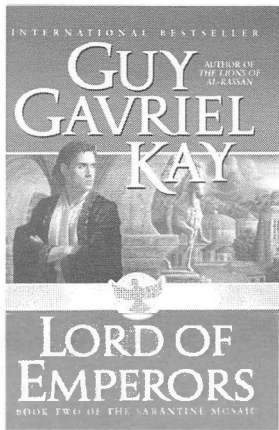
## Carthage Ascendant

The Book of Ash #2  
Mary Gentle

In a brutal age of bloodshed and miracles, where dark sorcery has extinguished the sun, the fate of Western Europe—and perhaps the world—rests in the hands of a warrior woman named Ash.

Eos

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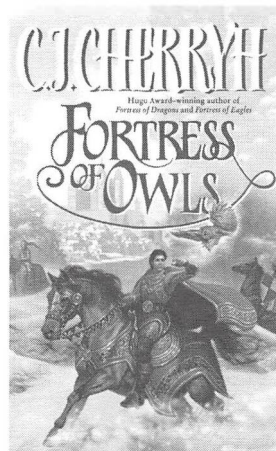


### Lord of Emperors

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A dramatic new triumph of love, adventure and magic by today's most esteemed master of High Fantasy. The eagerly awaited, concluding novel to *The Sarantine Mosaic*.

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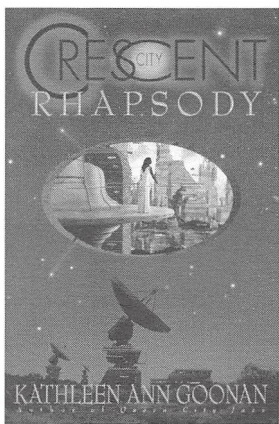


### Fortress of Owls

C.J. Cherryh

A weapon in an ancient war between wizardry and sorcery, Tristen was created to be a combatant in a far older and more fearsome conflict than ever imagined by mere mortal man. And he is about to do battle once more.

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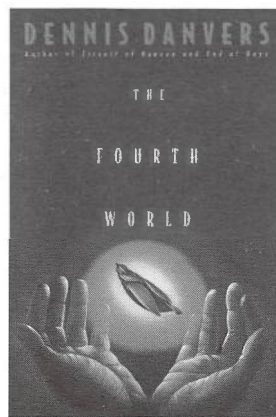


### Crescent City Rhapsody

Kathleen Ann Goonan

It begins with silence . . . a powerful electromagnetic pulse from the far reaches of space triggers a communications black-out. One woman's quest for vengeance will lead beyond a revolutionary technology capable of resurrecting lives – to a conspiracy linked to the mysterious event known as The Silence.

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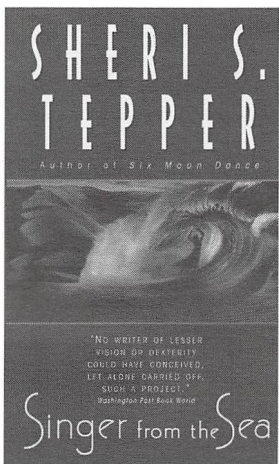


### The Fourth World

Dennis Danvers

On a planet going rapidly to hell – whose privileged residents spend each day plugging into big lies and shared fantasies – lie clues to the ultimate conspiratorial outrage winding its way from the wealth of the First World through the grinding poverty of the Third . . . all the way to Mars.

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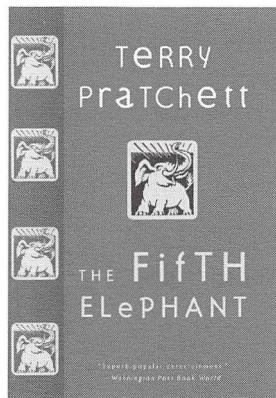


### Singer from the Sea

Sheri S. Tepper

On the seemingly backward planet of Haven, one woman must fulfill a forgotten destiny – something inborn passed for untold generations from daughter to daughter – or she and the planet's entire civilization will be swept away on a cosmic wave of oblivion.

Eos



Available from HarperCollins

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Terry Pratchett

Everyone knows that Discworld is supported on the backs of four elephants who in turn stand atop an enormous turtle. But wait: weren't there supposed to be *five* elephants?

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[\*as Samuel M. Key]

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# The Bone Woman

Charles de Lint

---

No one really stops to think of Ellie Spink, and why should they?

She's no one.

She has nothing.

Homely as a child, all that the passing of years did was add to her unattractiveness. Face like a horse, jaw long and square, forehead broad; limpid eyes set bird-wide on either side of a gargantuan nose; hair a nondescript brown, greasy and matted, stuffed up under a woolen touque lined with a patchwork of metal foil scavenged from discarded cigarette packages. The angularity of her slight frame doesn't get its volume from her meager diet, but from the multiple layers of clothing she wears.

Raised in foster homes, she's been used, but she's never experienced a kiss. Institutionalized for most of her adult life, she's been medicated, but never treated. Pass her on the street and your gaze slides right on by, never pausing to register the difference between the old woman huddled in the doorway and a bag of garbage.

Old woman? Though she doesn't know it, Monday, two weeks past, was her thirty-seventh birthday. She looks twice her age.

There's no point in trying to talk to her. Usually no one's home. When there is, the words spill out in a disjointed mumble, a rambling, one-sided dialogue itemizing a litany of misperceived conspiracies and ills that soon leave you feeling as confused as she herself must be.

Normal conversation is impossible and not many bother to try it. The exceptions are few: The odd pitying passerby. A concerned social worker, fresh out of college and new to the streets. Maybe one of the other street people who happens to stumble into her particular haunts.

They talk and she listens or she doesn't – she never makes any sort of a relevant response, so who can tell? Few push the matter. Fewer still, however well-intentioned, have the stamina to make the attempt to do so more than once or twice. It's easier to just walk away; to bury your guilt, or laugh off her confused ranting as the excessive rhetoric it can only be.

I've done it myself.

I used to try to talk to her when I first started seeing her around, but I didn't get far.

Angel told me a little about her, but even knowing her name and some of her history didn't help.

"Hey, Ellie. How're you doing?"

Pale eyes, almost translucent, turn towards me, set so far apart it's as though she can only see me with one eye at a time.

"They should test for aliens," she tells me. "You know, like in the Olympics."

"Aliens?"

"I mean, who cares who killed Kennedy? Dead's dead, right?"

"What's Kennedy got to do with aliens?"

"I don't even know why they took down the Berlin wall. What about the one in China? Shouldn't they have worked on that one first?"

It's like trying to have a conversation with a game of Trivial Pursuits that specializes in information garnered from supermarket tabloids. After awhile I'd just pack an extra sandwich whenever I was busking in her neighbourhood. I'd sit beside her, share my lunch and let her talk if she wanted to, but I wouldn't say all that much myself.

That all changed the day I saw her with the Bone Woman.

...

I didn't call her the Bone Woman at first; the adjective that came more immediately to mind was fat. She couldn't have been much more than five-foot-one, but she had to weigh in at two-fifty, leaving me with the impression that she was wider than she was tall. But she was light on her feet – peculiarly graceful for all her squat bulk.

She had a round face like a full moon, framed by thick black hair that hung in two long braids to her waist. Her eyes were small, almost lost in that expanse of face, and so dark they seemed all pupil. She went barefoot in a shapeless black dress, her only accessory an equally shapeless shoulder-bag made of some kind of animal skin and festooned with dangling thongs from which hung various feathers, beads, bottle-caps and other found objects.

I paused at the far end of the street when I saw the two of them together. I had a sandwich for Ellie in my knapsack, but I hesitated in approaching them. They seemed deep in conversation, real conversation, give and take, and Ellie was – knitting? Talking *and* knitting? The pair of them looked like a couple of old

gossips, sitting on the back porch of their building. The sight of Ellie acting so normal was something I didn't want to interrupt.

I sat down on a nearby stoop and watched until Ellie put away her knitting and stood up. She looked down at her companion with an expression in her features that I'd never seen before. It was awareness, I realized. She was completely *here* for a change.

As she came up the street, I stood up and called a greeting to her, but by the time she reached me she wore her usually vacuous expression.

"It's the newspapers," she told me. "They use radiation to print them and that's what makes the news seem so bad."

Before I could take the sandwich I'd brought her out of my knapsack, she'd shuffled off, around the corner, and was gone. I glanced back down the street to where the fat woman was still sitting, and decided to find Ellie later. Right now I wanted to know what the woman had done to get such a positive reaction out of Ellie.

When I approached, the fat woman was sifting through the refuse where the two of them had been sitting. As I watched, she picked up a good-sized bone. What kind, I don't know, but it was as long as my forearm and as big around as the neck of my fiddle. Brushing dirt and a sticky candy-wrapper from it, she gave it a quick polish on the sleeve of her dress and stuffed it away in her shoulder-bag. Then she looked up at me.

My question died stillborn in my throat under the sudden scrutiny of those small dark eyes. She looked right through me – not the drifting, unfocused gaze of so many of the street people, but a cold far-off seeing that weighed my presence, dismissed it, and gazed further off at something far more important.

I stood back as she rose easily to her feet. That was when I realized how graceful she was. She moved down the sidewalk as daintily as a doe, as though her bulk was filled with helium, rather than flesh, and weighed nothing. I watched her until she reached the far end of the street, turned her own corner and then, just like Ellie, was gone as well.

I ended up giving Ellie's sandwich to Johnny Rew, an old wino who's taught me a fiddle tune or two, the odd time I've run into him sober.

...

I started to see the Bone Woman everywhere after that day. I wasn't sure if she was just new to town, or if it was one of those cases where you see something or someone you've never noticed before and after that you see them all the time. Everybody I talked to about her seemed to know her, but no one was quite sure how long she'd been in the city, or where she lived, or even her name.

I still wasn't calling her the Bone Woman, though I knew by then that bones was all she collected. Old bones, found bones, rattling around together in her shoulder-bag until she went off at the end of the day and showed up the next morning, ready to start filling her bag again.

When she wasn't hunting bones, she spent her time with the street's worst cases – people like Ellie that no one else could talk to. She'd get them making things – little pictures or carvings or beadwork, keeping their hands busy. And talking. Someone like Ellie still made no sense to anybody else, but you could tell when she was with the Bone Woman that there were sharing a real dialogue. Which was a good thing, I suppose, but I couldn't shake the feeling that there was something more going on, something if not exactly sinister, then still strange.

It was the bones, I suppose. There were so many. How could she keep finding them the way she did? And what did she do with them?

My brother Christy collects urban legends, the way the Bone Woman collects her bones, rooting them out where you'd never think they could be. But when I told him about her, he just shrugged.

"Who knows why any of them do anything?" he said.

Christy doesn't live on the streets, for all that he haunts them. He's just an observer--always has been, ever since we were kids. To him, the street people can be pretty well evenly divided between the sad cases and the crazies. Their stories are too human for him.

"Some of these are big," I told him. "The size of a human thighbone."

"So point her out to the cops."

"And tell them what?"

A smile touched his lips with just enough superiority in it to get under my skin. He's always been able to do that. Usually, it makes me do something I regret later which I sometimes think is half his intention. It's not that he wants to see me hurt. It's just part and parcel of that air of authority that all older siblings seem to wear. You know, a raised



eyebrow, a way of smiling that says “you have so much to learn, little brother.”

“If you really want to know what she does with those bones,” he said, “why don’t you follow her home and find out?”

“Maybe I will.”

...

It turned out that the Bone Woman had a squat on the roof of an abandoned factory building in the Tombs. She’d built herself some kind of a shed up there – just a leaning, ramshackle affair of cast-off lumber and sheet metal, but it kept out the weather and could easily be heated with a woodstove in the spring and fall. Come winter, she’d need warmer quarters, but the snows were still a month or so away.

I followed her home one afternoon, then came back the next day when she was out to finally put to rest my fear about these bones she was collecting. The thought that had stuck in my mind was that she was taking something away from the street people like Ellie, people who were already at the bottom rung and deserved to be helped, or at least just left alone. I’d gotten this weird idea that the bones were tied up with the last remnants of vitality that someone like Ellie might have, and the Bone Woman was stealing it from them.

What I found was more innocuous, and at the same time creepier, than I’d expected.

The inside of her squat was littered with bones and wire and dog-shaped skeletons that appeared to be made from the two. Bones held in place by wire, half-connected ribs and skulls and limbs. A pack of bone dogs. Some of the figures were almost complete, others were merely suggestions, but everywhere I looked, the half-finished wire-and-bone skeletons sat or stood or hung suspended from the ceiling. There had to be more than a dozen in various states of creation.

I stood in the doorway, not willing to venture any further, and just stared at them all. I don’t know how long I was there, but finally I turned away and made my way back down through the abandoned building and out onto the street.

So now I knew what she did with the bones. But it didn’t tell me how she could find so many of them. Surely that many stray dogs didn’t die, their bones scattered the length and breadth of the city like so much autumn residue?

...

Amy and I had a gig opening for the Kelledys that night. It didn’t take me long to set up. I just adjusted my microphone, laid out my

fiddle and whistles on a small table to one side, and then kicked my heels while Amy fussed with her pipes and the complicated tangle of electronics that she used to amplify them.

I’ve heard it said that all Uilleann pipers are a little crazy – that they have to be to play an instrument that looks more like what you’d find in the back of a plumber’s truck than an instrument – but I think of them as perfectionists. Every one I’ve ever met spends more time fiddling with their reeds and adjusting the tuning of their various chanter, drones and regulators than would seem humanly possible.

Amy’s no exception. After awhile I left her there on the stage, with her red hair falling in her face as she poked and prodded at a new reed she’d made for one of her drones, and wandered into the back where the Kelledys were making their own preparations for the show which consisted of drinking tea and looking beatific. At least that’s the way I always think of the two of them. I don’t think I’ve ever met calmer people.

Jilly likes to think of them as mysterious, attributing all kinds of fairy tale traits to them. Meran, she’s convinced, with the green highlights in her nut-brown hair and her wise brown eyes, is definitely dryad material – the spirit of an oak tree come to life – while Cerin is some sort of wizard figure, a combination of adept and bard. I think the idea amuses them and they play it up to Jilly. Nothing you can put your finger on, but they seem to get a kick out of spinning an mysterious air about themselves whenever she’s around.

I’m far more practical than Jilly – actually, just about anybody’s more practical than Jilly, God bless her, but that’s another story. I think if you find yourself using the word magic to describe the Kelledys, what you’re really talking about is their musical talent. They may seem preternaturally calm off-stage, but as soon as they begin to play, that calmness is transformed into a bonfire of energy. There’s enchantment then, burning on stage, but it comes from their instrumental skill.

“Geordie,” Meran said after I’d paced back and forth for a few minutes. “You look a little edgy. Have some tea.”

I had to smile. If the Kelledys had originated from some mysterious elsewhere, then I’d lean more towards them having come from a fiddle tune than Jilly’s fairy tales.

“When sick is it tea you want?” I said, quoting the title of an old Irish jig that we all knew in common.

Meran returned my smile. "It can't hurt. Here," she added, rummaging around in a bag that was lying by her chair. "Let me see if I have something that'll ease your nervousness."

"I'm not nervous."

"No, of course not," Cerin put in. "Geordie just likes to pace, don't you?"

He was smiling as he spoke, but without a hint of Christy's sometimes annoying demeanor.

"No, really. It's just..."

"Just what?" Meran asked as my voice trailed off.

Well, here was the perfect opportunity to put Jilly's theories to the test, I decided. If the Kelledys were in fact as fey as she made them out to be, then they'd be able to explain this business with the bones, wouldn't they?

So I told them about the fat woman and her bones and what I'd found in her squat. They listened with far more reasonableness than I would have if someone had been telling the story to me – especially when I went on to explain the weird feeling I'd been getting from the whole business.

"It's giving me the creeps," I said, finishing up, "and I can't even say why."

"*La Huesera*," Cerin said when I was done.

Meran nodded. "The Bone Woman," she said, translating it for me. "It does sound like her."

"So you know her?"

"No," Meran said. "It just reminds us of a story we heard when we were playing in Phoenix a few years ago. There was a young Apache man opening for us and he and I started comparing flutes. We got on to one of the Native courting flutes which used to be made from human bone and somehow from there he started telling me about a legend they have in the Southwest about this old fat woman who wanders through the mountains and *arroyos*, collecting bones from the desert that she brings back to her cave."

"What does she collect them for?"

"To preserve the things that are in danger of being lost to the world," Cerin said.

"I don't get it."

"I'm not sure of the exact details," Cerin went on, "but it had something to do with the spirits of endangered species."

"Giving them a new life," Meran said.

"Or a second chance."

"But there's no desert around here," I said. "What would this Bone Woman be doing up here?"

Meran smiled. "I remember John saying that she's been seen as often riding shotgun in

an eighteen-wheeler as walking down a dry wash."

"And besides," Cerin added. "Any place is a desert when there's more going on underground than on the surface."

That described Newford perfectly. And who lived a more hidden life than the street people? They were right in front of us every day, but most people didn't even see them anymore. And who was more deserving of a second chance than someone like Ellie who'd never even gotten a fair first chance?

"Too many of us live desert lives," Cerin said, and I knew just what he meant.

...

The gig went well. I was a little bemused, but I didn't make any major mistakes. Amy complained that her regulators had sounded too buzzy in the monitors, but that was just Amy. They'd sounded great to me, their counterpointing chords giving the tunes a real punch whenever they came in.

The Kelledys' set was pure magic. Amy and I watched them from the stage wings and felt higher as they took their final bow than we had when the applause had been directed at us.

I begged off getting together with them after the show, regretfully pleading tiredness. I *was* tired, but leaving the theatre, I headed for an abandoned factory in the Tombs instead of home. When I got up on the roof of the building, the moon was full. It looked like a saucer of buttery gold, bathing everything in a warm yellow light. I heard a soft voice on the far side of the roof near the Bone Woman's squat. It wasn't exactly singing, but not chanting either. A murmuring, sliding sound that raised the hairs at the nape of my neck.

I walked a little nearer, staying in the shadows of the cornices, until I could see the Bone Woman. I paused then, laying my fiddlecase quietly on the roof and sliding down so that I was sitting with my back against the cornice.

The Bone Woman had one of her skeleton sculptures set out in front of her and she was singing over it. The dog shape was complete now, all the bones wired in place and gleaming in the moonlight. I couldn't make out the words of her song. Either there were none, or she was using a language I'd never heard before. As I watched, she stood, raising her arms up above the wired skeleton, and her voice grew louder.

The scene was peaceful – soothing, in the same way that the Kelledys' company could be – but eerie as well. The Bone Woman's voice had the cadence of one of the medicine chants I'd heard at a powwow up on the Kickaha

Reservation – the same nasal tones and ringing quality. But that powwow hadn't prepared me for what came next.

At first I wasn't sure that I was really seeing it. The empty spaces between the skeleton's bones seemed to gather volume and fill out, as though flesh were forming on the bones. Then there was fur, highlit by the moonlight, and I couldn't deny it any more. I saw a bewhiskered muzzle lift skyward, ears twitch, a tail curl up, thick-haired and strong. The powerful chest began to move rhythmically, at first in time to the Bone Woman's song, then breathing of its own accord.

The Bone Woman hadn't been making dogs in her squat, I realized as I watched the miraculous change occur. She'd been making wolves.

The newly-animated creature's eyes snapped open and it leapt up, running to the edge of the roof. There it stood with its forelegs on the cornice. Arcing its neck, the wolf pointed its nose at the moon and howled.

I sat there, already stunned, but the transformation still wasn't complete. As the wolf howled, it began to change again. Fur to human skin. Lupine shape, to that of a young woman. Howl to merry laughter. And as she turned, I recognized her features.

"Ellie," I breathed.

She still had the same horsy-features, the same skinny body, all bones and angles, but she was beautiful. She blazed with the fire of a spirit that had never been hurt, never been abused, never been degraded. She gave me a radiant smile and then leapt from the edge of the roof.

I held my breath, but she didn't fall. She walked out across the city's skyline, out across the urban desert of rooftops and chimneys, off and away, running now, laughter trailing behind her until she was swallowed by the horizon.

I stared out at the night sky long after she had disappeared, then slowly stood up and walked across the roof to where the Bone Woman was sitting outside the door of her squat. She tracked my approach, but there was neither welcome nor dismissal in those small dark eyes. It was like the first time I'd come up to her; as far as she was concerned, I wasn't there at all.

"How did you do that?" I asked.

She looked through, past me.

"Can you teach me that song? I want to help, too."

Still no response.

"Why won't you *talk* to me?"

Finally her gaze focused on me.

"You don't have their need," she said.

Her voice was thick with an accent I couldn't place. I waited for her to go on, to explain what she meant, but once again, she ignored me. The pinpoint of black that passed for eyes in that round moon face looked away into a place where I didn't belong.

Finally, I did the only thing left for me to do. I collected my fiddlecase and went on home.

...

Some things haven't changed. Ellie's still living on the streets and I still share my lunch with her when I'm down in her part of town. There's nothing the Bone Woman can do to change what this life has done to the Ellie Spinks of the world.

But what I saw that night gives me hope for the next turn of the wheel. I know now that no matter how downtrodden someone like Ellie might be, at least somewhere a piece of her is running free. Somewhere that wild and innocent part of her spirit is being preserved with those of the wolf and the rattlesnake and all the other creatures whose spirit-bones *La Huesera* collects from the desert – deserts natural, and of our own making.

Spirit-bones. Collected and preserved, nurtured in the belly of the Bone Woman's song, until we learn to welcome them upon their terms, rather than our own.

The idea of *La Huesera* comes from the folklore of the American Southwest. My thanks to Clarissa Pinkola Estés for making me aware of the tale.



# James Tiptree, Jr. • Ninth Annual Award

compiled by Diane Martin with contributions from the Tiptree Jury

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## 1999 Tiptree Winner • Suzy McKee Charnas

*The Conqueror's Child*

Suzy McKee Charnas, Tor Books, 1999; [ISBN: 0312857195]

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With this remarkable conclusion to the Alldera Cycle, Charnas brings to fruition the complex and compelling issues raised--and at the heart of feminist concerns for the past couple decades--in the previous novels, providing the cycle an inspiring and satisfying conclusion. With respect to the specific issues the Tiptree award acknowledges, this narrative also stands on its own and questions with acute vision human relationships in the context of gender, power, and history. While concluding on a hopeful note, the narrative refuses to sidestep the minefield of conflict women and especially men (who must work to overcome the consequences of what centuries of artificial gender differences have inculcated in society, resulting in unnatural distinctions that uphold male domination) must negotiate to understand and confront gender-based inequalities that inform society. [BC]

Demanding, rich, compelling, intelligent. This outstanding exploration of gender vastly expands our understanding of how gender works in significant areas of human experience and puts one of the major problems of political equality on the map in a way that has simply not been done before. In Charnas's post-liberation Holdfast, we see that for society to become politically inclusive, not only do men have to cease to be masters, but also their conception of what a socially normative man is must change. This is science fiction as political laboratory at its finest. [LTD]

A wonderful, wonderful, complex book. One of the great pleasures of being on the jury this year was the opportunity (excuse) to reread and think about all of Charnas's Holdfast Chronicles, and then to concentrate on this book in particular. There's a lot in it: the current society of the Holdfast is in flux. The past is exclusionary: religion, relationships,

history and storytelling (the men's books and the Riding Women's self-songs) all split along gender lines. The future must include both sexes: the women of the Holdfast will give birth to sons as well as daughters. I take away three images: the abandoned open Grasslands, the dark, claustrophobic structure of the Endpath, and the memorial of stones that Sorrel builds for the male child, Veree, in the shape of a Riding Woman's tent, attempting to build a future which will include both male and female. [KL]

While *The Conqueror's Child* rides on the shoulders of the previous three books in the Holdfast Series, it's also a monumental work all by itself. It explores gender, power, and personal as well as social change. Far and away the best gender-bending novel I've read this past year -- maybe in the past 20 or 30 years. Strong, thoughtful, relevant, and beautifully written. [DM]



**The 1999 James Tiptree, Jr. Award  
Diversicon 7, Minneapolis, MN**

**Judges**

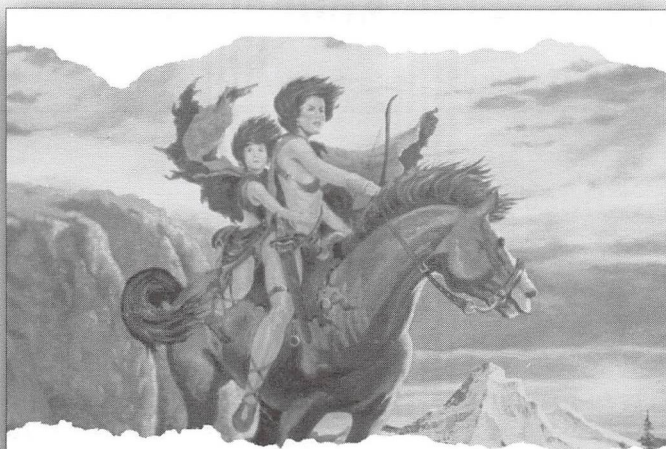
Bill Clemente [BC]

L. Timmel DuChamp [LTD]

Kelly Link [KL]

Diane Martin (chair) [DM]

WINNER OF THE TIPTREE AWARD!



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SUZY MCKEE CHARNAS

Thirty years after the landmark publication of *Walk to the End of the World*, Suzy McKee Charnas brings us the triumphant conclusion to the classic dystopian epic, *The Holdfast Chronicles*.

The direct sequel to *The Furies*, named one of the five best SF titles of 1994 by *Publishers Weekly*, follows the tale of Sorrel, adopted daughter of Alldera the Conqueror. In the face of danger, Sorrel triumphs over those who would rule her.

"*The Conqueror's Child* becomes a thought-provoking adventure." —*Starlog*

"McKee's saga is well handled, immediate and involving . . ." —*Kirkus Reviews*

★"This potent, thoughtful novel by a talented writer at the top of her form clearly counts as one of the best SF novels of 1999." —*Publishers Weekly*, starred review

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## 1999 Short List

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### *If I Told You Once*

Judy Budnitz, Picador USA /St. Martin's, 1999  
[ISBN: 0312202857]

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A thoughtful and rich chronicle of women and children through a number of generations, beginning in the Old World and crossing to the New, the novel recalls *The Painted Bird's* landscape though with less dreadful consequences as the women involved confront old battles in new territory. [BC]

Strikingly imaginative magic realism, subtle and complicated, often Angela Carteresque, that tells the story of several generations of women in a family that moves from the Old World to the New, focusing on "the pattern repeating. An endless procession of women following a single set of footprints in the snow." [LTD]

A novel about mothers and daughters, and sisters and brothers. The New World, like the Old World, is full of magic and strangeness, wolves, unobtainable heart's desires and curses. The narrative which begins in Ilana's voice, breaks into smaller and smaller pieces, spoken by her daughter and so on: the end shows us how the Ilana, the mother contains all of their stories within her own story, like an egg. [KL]

More showing than telling, the gender exploration is not overt, but it flows throughout the whole book, telling the story of a family of strong women. [DM]

### "In the Second Person"

by Sally Caves, *Terra Incognita*, Winter 1999/2000

---

A love story literally in the second person, about she, he and IT (Identity Transfer) in which minds, bodies, brain, and gender become inextricably tangled and changed. The details are telling-- simultaneously claustrophobic and liberating. [KL]

An illuminating gender-bending story that illustrates how significantly the body mediates consciousness (something that should be obvious to everyone, since the brain is a biological organ, but as the film *Being John Malkovitch* demonstrates, is not). [LTD]

Very much in the spirit of the Tiptree award. The writing is not always the smoothest, but the exploration of gender is most thorough, taking a clear and broad look at sex and gender roles. [DM]

### "Pinkland"

Graham Joyce, *Crossing the Border*, ed. Lisa Tuttle; Indigo, 1998

---

A story about the flesh-mind disjunct of cyberspace that does not write off the flesh as something to be escaped and denigrated, in which the in-the-flesh gender identities of the two Internet lovers, the obsessive focus for most of the narrative, turn out to be far less important than other differences that open between them when they meet off-line. [LTD]

Most of this story has the texture of a dream, in which two lovers settle down and construct a house and a life online together, and then one day decide to meet. A series of meetings ensue online and then finally, in a bar, face to face. Layers of identity and gender have been assumed and peeled away and turned upside down and finally cast off. At the end, the physical world has taken on a nightmarish, unreal fixed quality-- fluid, abandoned Pinkland was Paradise. [KL]

Uses the Internet as a venue to explore gender, sex, and communication. Unsettling, this story twists and turns in a series of switchbacks until you hardly know what is "real". [DM]

### The Woman with the Flying Head and Other Stories [collection]

Kurahashi Yumiko, translated by Atsuko Sakaki; M.E.Sharpe, 1997 [ISBN: 0765601583]

---

Offering a remarkable array of perspectives, sometimes provocative at others humorous, the collection moves in many and always satisfying directions. [BC]

A collection of strange and powerful stories that use Noh dramas and masks to explore how subjectivity operates through the ordinary, conventional, and sometimes extreme roles (all of which are, of course, gendered) that people assume in their relationships, roles depicted as aspects of the individual that shift according to circumstance. [LTD]

A series of stories in which: a sister and brother achieve space travel by climbing between an alien's legs and into its vagina; faces are put on like masks, cats behave like women and vice versa; women's heads fly chastely to their lovers, while their bodies remain vulnerable, at home in bed. The borders between sexes, the commonplace and otherworldly, human and animal, taboo and familiar (familial) are trafficked and transgressed. [KL]

A continuing metaphor of masks links these stories, as does a skillful ordering by the translator. Male/female, mortal/supernatural, parents/children, animals/humans, things are not always what they seem. [DM]

### "5001 Nights"

Penelope Lively, *The Five Thousand and One Nights* (European Short Stories, No. 4; 1997, Fjord Press, c/o Partners West [ISBN: 0940242737])

---

A delightful and delicious tale exploring the gendered character of literary conventions and gendered (and competitive) ways in which men and women read and write fiction. [LTD]

Satisfying in so many ways: the bloodthirsty Sultan has been "tamed by narrative," and this is the "happy ever after" math. Marriage has a structure, Lively suggests, like fiction, and Scheherazade has moved on from genies to Mansfield Park and the strange tale of *Mrs. Dalloway*. In self-defense, the Sultan becomes a storyteller too: Westerns, SF, Hemingway. In the end, we've circled back to the old good stories about fishermen and genies, and the children have climbed up onto the bed to listen. [KL]

A retelling of *The Arabian Nights* with keenly described and hilarious gender role-reversal. [DM]

### *The Iron Bridge*

David Morse, Harcourt Brace, 1998 [ISBN: 0151002592]

---

An interesting historical science fiction novel, this story examines the ambivalent consequences of progress and history's powerful, complex sweep, providing insights into the gender suppression behind magnificent yet potentially destructive creations [BC]

Offers unusually fine insight into the nature of historical change, showing gender's work and functions, using the future/past confrontation to illuminate not only gender's differences, but how gender works as a part of the whole functioning of the social fabric. [LTD]

In which a woman travels backwards, into the past, to save the world from its future. The iron bridge, the thing that links the two places, past and future, (which she has come back to bring down before it is even built) is beautifully described, and seems to take on gender as it is drawn, considered, constructed. Persons, historical artifacts, society, history itself seem to be unexpectedly gendered. [KL]

This is "big picture" gender exploration, showing the intertwined effect of history, culture, and gender. A woman is sent back in time to change history. We see how she makes a difference, though not in the way she intended, and how doing so changes her as well as history. [DM]

### "Sexual Dimorphism"

Kim Stanley Robinson, *Asimov's*, June 1999

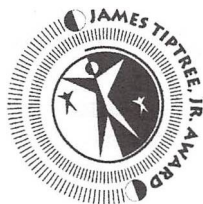
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This well developed hard-science fiction tale offers a disturbing slant on the scientific method; the narrator's warped perspective demonstrates the power of persuasion to undermine analysis and to perpetuate myths concerning the biologically determined basis for gender differences. [BC]

A brilliant and subtle demonstration of how the theory Charnas delineates in *The Conqueror's Child* would work in practice, in which the author uses hard SF protocols to show how a reactionary, essentialist ideological agenda that naturalizes gender produces bad science. [LTD]

Personal loss, character, and desire inform a man's scientific research. As his own life falls away, he begins to find in his work hints of explanations, clues for the puzzle of personal disasters. Unable to find a pattern for his own life, he looks harder for elusive patterns in the junk DNA of dolphins, and as is often the case, finds what he was looking for. He devises a sort of evolutionary take on *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus* and in the end, gives himself over to the sea, the desired, female, alien element. [KL]

Polished, troubling, the gender stuff is so subtle it's hard to see at first; it sneaks up on you. The real gender exploration comes out in the differences between the protagonist and the narrator. [DM]



## 1999 Long List

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### "The Actors" and "Dapple"

Eleanor Arnason, *F&SF*, Dec 1999, & *Asimov's*, Sep 1999

---

Two installments of a continuing saga of stories of and about Hwarhath. This is a world where male/female social roles are divided up differently than what we're used to. A young girl wants to be an actor and a playwright in a world where this is the exclusive purview of men. Because of (or perhaps in spite of) the characters being aliens, the gender differences are not as logically presented as they might be. [DM]

### *A Civil Campaign: A Comedy of Biology and Manners*

Lois McMaster Bujold, Baen Books, 1999 [ISBN: 0671578278]

---

This novel expanded my understanding of the gendered implications of romance conventions and their relation to both women's and men's material lives. Its very title ironizes the overdetermined outcome of its marriage plots. I found it an entertaining read, but oh how fascinating it would have been if Miles had been forced to change to win Ekaterina the way Lord Peter Wimsey had to do to win Harriet Vane. Miles, alas, gets away without even so much as writing a sonnet. [LTD]

The portion of the novel that deals with gender (specifically a sex-change) is relatively minor to the story, but it is done very well, and makes its point effectively. [DM]

### *Silver Birch/Blood Moon* [anthology]

edited by Ellen Datlow & Terri Windling, Avon, 1999  
[ISBN: 0380786222 ]

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This is the penultimate volume of Ellen Datlow and Terri Windling's six fairy tale anthologies, and as in the earlier books, we are presented with fairy tales (many familiar) that have been turned upside down, shaken, turned inside out, and stitched back together again. There are various amphibians-Tanith Lee's Frog Prince transformed stands out in particular--and examinations of the ever afters that must follow on happy endings. Gender (as well as all the other elements of these retellings) is given vigorous, thoughtful redress. [KL]

### "Remailer"

Debra Doyle & James D. Macdonald, *Not of Woman Born*, edited by Constance Ash, Penguin USA, 1999  
[ISBN: 0451456815]

---

With a film noir/cyberpunk feel, considerable charm, and an innovative flair, this story centers on an oddball genetic detective in an age with three genders and truncated language, but the tale's signal feature probably involves investigating and expanding genre considerations more than offering gender analysis. [BC]

Essentially a mystery novel, the story takes place in a society where mutation has created a third sex, a go-between male and female. A detective is asked to find a missing person. Difficulties ensue. Would have been much better if more emphasis had been placed on showing how this mutation affected society, relationships, and individuals. More what, less why. [DM]

### *Teranesia*

Greg Egan, HarperCollins, 1999 [ISBN: 006105092X]

---

It's interesting how much of the work we looked at this year was concerned with transformation. In this novel, butterflies, protagonist,-the entire world-is being made new by a sort of genetic plague, the Sao Paolo gene. Even the feminist academic Amita (a caricature, rather than a character) wishes to transform the binary code, switching the vaginal "zeros" with the phallic "ones," to create the transputer. [KL]

One of those books that didn't go where I wanted/expected it to go. I really wanted more to happen with the protagonist's sister, who was conceived and born on the island Teranesia. And, though not central to the plot, Egan's extrapolation of academia in the mid-21<sup>st</sup> century was by turns side-splitting and infuriating. [DM]

### *The Vintner's Luck*

Elizabeth Knox, Farrar Straus & Giroux, 1998 [ISBN: 0374283923]

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Perhaps one of the most innovative and well-written works considered this year, this historical SF novel chronicles the often tragic but ultimately wonderful consequences of an individual's choices as well as describing the rich tapestry human experience can weave. [BC]

A beautifully written book. Each chapter presents an annual meeting between a vintner and an angel, bottling the encounters like vintages of wine. The effect is rich and sensual, and the reader will come away drunk on Knox's language. [KL]

Skillfully and thoughtfully written, the gender connection is less effective than it might have been, because the angel who visits the (male) protagonist once a year for 40 years is also male. Somehow, though, it's not the kind of maleness we are used to. [DM]

### "Dragonfly"

Ursula K. Le Guin, *Legends: Short Novels by the Masters of Modern Fantasy*, edited by Robert Silverberg, Tor Books, 1998 [ISBN: 0312867875]

---

A well-written and magical story about a strong-willed and intelligent young lady who overcomes patristic obstacles and creates her own destiny. [BC]

As in *Tehanu*, this novella is concerned with the workings of different kinds of magic (male and female), closed societies, the opening of things rather than resolutions, transformations. There are interesting parallels between the girl Tehanu and the protagonist of this story, Dragonfly, and of course, Le Guin's work not only reflects upon the earlier Earthsea books, but on fantasy literature in general, and also on the world we live in. [KL]

### *Speaking Stones*

Stephen Leigh, Eos, 1999 [ISBN: 0380799146]

---

Sequel to *Dark Water's Embrace*, this novel deals with a mutated human race. A lost colony isolated on a reproductively hostile planet, the settlers only gradually become aware of the tri-sexed natives, and feel threatened when they find themselves falling into the same biological pattern. What's not clearly defined is *why* there is so much resistance. [DM]

### *The Terrorists of Irustan*

Louise Marley, Ace Books, 1999 [ISBN: 0441006191]

---

Taking place in a quasi-Muslim society, the heroine deals somewhat uncomfortably with her sexuality and more importantly struggles with issues of gender inequality, attempting to make social change. [DM]

Calling to mind the gender apartheid under which women presently suffer in Afghanistan, Marley's generally intriguing novel might have gained from following the dictum "less is better," for in the final analysis the excessive violence erodes the narrative's plausibility and dulls its otherwise thoughtful message. [BC]

### *Singer from the Sea*

Sheri S. Tepper, Avon, 1999 [ISBN: 0380974800]

---

Political biology, secret technology, patriarchal oppression. Once again a brave woman saves the world from evil men. What sounds trite and simplistic in summary is nonetheless a heart-felt plea to see our current values as wrong, urging change before we destroy ourselves. [DM]

With an ecofeminist perspective that spans centuries and which will strike readers of Tepper as perhaps overly familiar, this latest effort, while complex and entertaining, resolves the horrors men visit on women but provides a romantic conclusion that will probably disturb many, for here in particular Tepper may well bend gender to an un-satisfying angle. [BC]

In this book, which contracts and diminishes our understanding of gender, biology is destiny with a vengeance. Blood of lactating females = immortality; blood of males = death; and Special Genes enable the heroine to save her world from a long-term male conspiracy of unimaginably evil proportions. [LTD]

### *The Fathergod Experiment*

L. A. Taylor, Allau Press, 1999 [ISBN: 0963602675]

The premise, as one might gather from the title, has something to do with gender and genre. But the real pleasure in reading this book is in the characters-- especially the sensible, intelligent protagonist Lilz--and in the way L. A. Taylor conflates various genres: mystery, romance, sf, fantasy. There are orphans, villains, poetry, and poisons--something for everyone. A smart, blissful, Young Trollopian novel, which will hopefully find a large and appreciative audience. [KL]

What Kelly said. My absolute favorite of all the books we read, gender stuff not withstanding. A complete and utter delight. I read it cover to cover and then over again, immediately. It is a real shame that this is Taylor's last work (she died in 1997. [DM]

## 1999 Tiptree Jury Biographies

### Bill Clemente

A Professor of English at Peru State College in Nebraska, Bill Clemente also serves as Director of the school's Honors Program. He has published articles on Medieval and Renaissance texts, as well as on Caribbean Literature and Science Fiction. His interview with Suzy McKee Charnas is included in *Women of Other Worlds*; and an essay by him will appear in *The Utopian Fantastic*. ECW Press recently published *Gabrielle Roy: Creation and Memory*, a biography of Canada's first internationally recognized author. This is a project on which Bill and his wife Linda collaborated. An avid student of feminist SF, Bill is also an enthusiastic birdwatcher and presently serves as editor of *The Nebraska Bird Review*.

### L. Timmel Duchamp

L. Timmel Duchamp has published roughly 250,000 words of short fiction over the last decade, in venues ranging from *Asimov's SF* to *Pulphouse*, and from the *Full Spectrum* anthology series to the Ministry of Whimsy's *Leviathan* series. Her work has been short-listed for the Tiptree three times, and she has been a finalist for both the Sturgeon and Nebula Awards. A sampling of her fiction and criticism can be found at her web-site <"<http://www.halcyon.com/ltimmel/>>.

### Kelly D. Link

Kelly Link was born in Miami, Florida. She lives in Boston and works part-time at Avenue Victor Hugo Bookshop. Her short fiction has been published in *Asimov's*, *Century*, *Fence*, and on Ellen Datlow's webzine *Event Horizon*. Her story "Travels with the Snow Queen" won the Tiptree Award in 1997. "The Specialist's Hat" won the World Fantasy Award in 1999.

### Diane Martin (chair)

A founding member of SF<sup>3</sup>, the umbrella organization that sponsors WisCon "the gathering of the feminist SF community", Diane Martin has worked on every WisCon committee since WisCon 1, several times as convention coordinator (and will be co-ordinator for WisCon 25 in 2001). She worked for many years on the Hugo-nominated fanzine *Janus* (later *Aurora: Speculative Feminism*) edited by Janice Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll. Diane edited Suzette Haden Elgin's *A First Dictionary and Grammar of Laadan*, and co-edited the first Tiptree cookbook, *The Bakery Men Don't See*. A project accountant by day, Diane lives in Madison, WI.

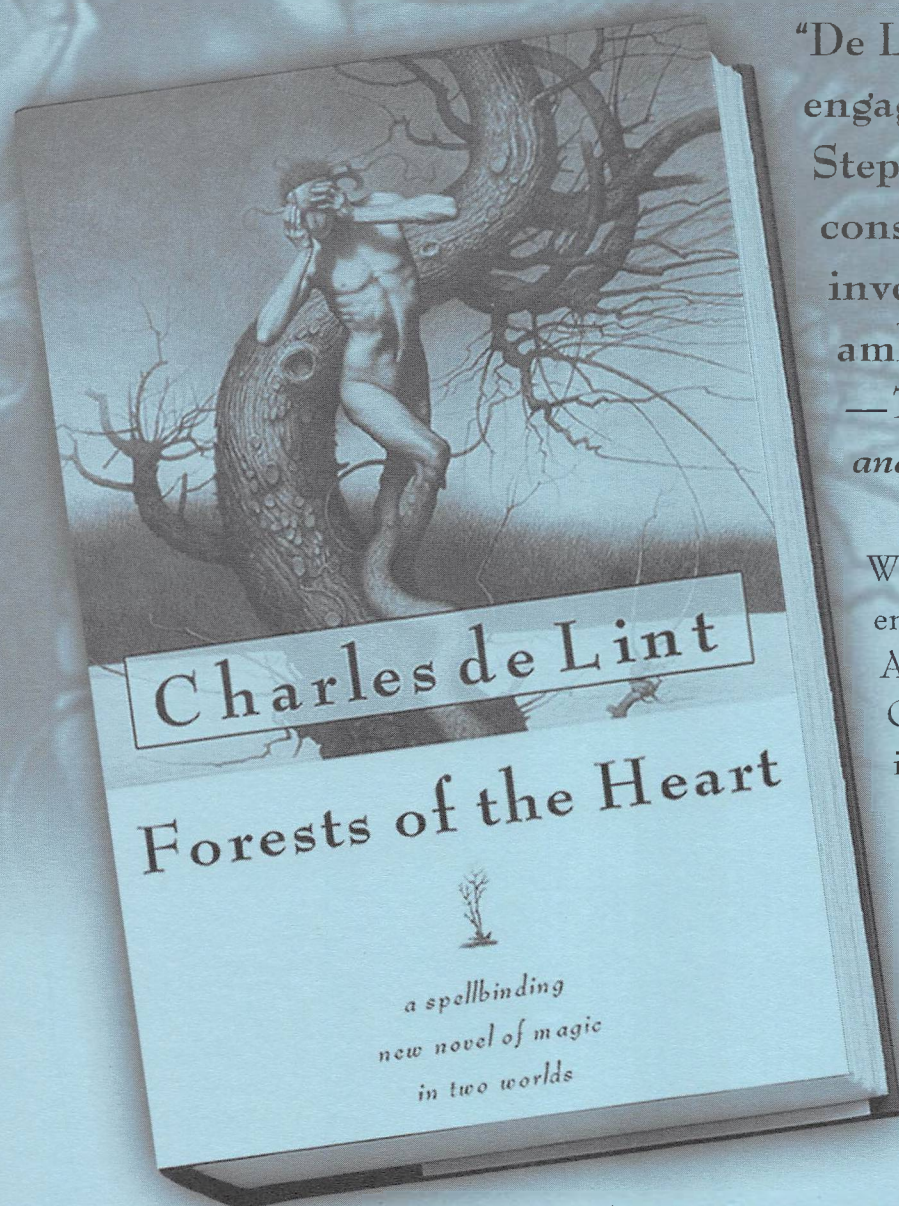
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