Voyages

The 25th World Fantasy Convention
November 4–7, 1999
Providence, Rhode Island

V o y a g e s

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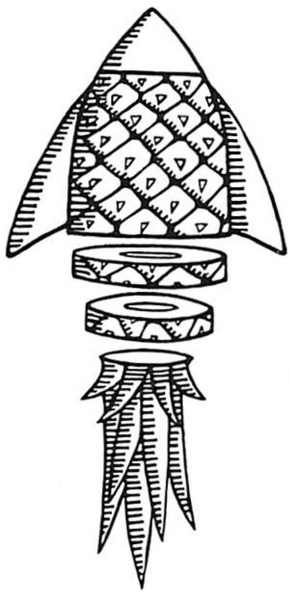
Guests of Honor

CHARLES DE LINT
LEO AND DIANE DILLON
PATRICIA A. MCKILLIP
ROBERT SILVERBERG

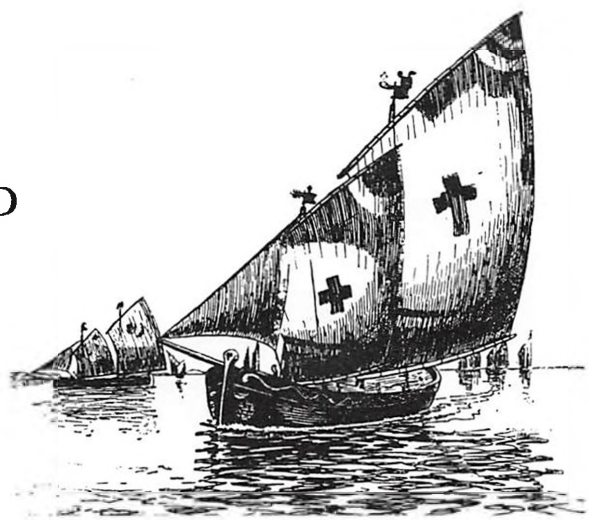


Special Guest

SAMUEL R. DELANY

Toastmaster

JOHN M. FORD



The 25th World Fantasy Convention

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Massachusetts Convention Fandom, Inc. (MCFI), the organization behind this World Fantasy Convention, was created in 1974 by the people who ran Noreascon (1971) under the auspices of NESFA. Its purpose was to bid for a Boston Worldcon in 1980. It ran Noreascon Two (1980) and Noreascon Three (1989). Remarkably, the chairmen of all three previous Noreascons are still active members of the organization.

MCFI is a 501(c)(3) tax-exempt non-profit corporation.

MCFI has also run Smofcon 3 (1986) and Smofcon 15 (1997) in Lowell, MA, and Ditto 11 (1998) in Newport, RI.

MCFI members have worked on many conventions, including Boskone, Arisia, Readercon, Albacon, Lunacon, Philcon, Balticon, Disclave, Confluence, OryCon, Minicon, Wiscon, Tropicon, many Westercons, NASFiCs, and of course, many Worldcons. As a group, many of us managed the Iguanacon (1978) Masquerade, ConStellation (1983) sales to members, LoneStarCon 1 (1985) Art Show, MagiCon (1992) Exhibits Division, and the L.A.con III Art Show.

MCFI meetings are currently held every 3 to 5 weeks at the NESFA Clubhouse, usually on Wednesday evenings. The clubhouse is located at 504 Medford Street, in Somerville, MA. All are welcome; please attend.

These meetings are usually open to anyone who's interested. Occasionally, a closed meeting is held after the main meeting.

There are currently 44 members of MCFI. They control the activities of the organization, technically by a majority vote (or greater, for some issues), but generally by consensus. MCFI's membership is drawn from most of the convention-running groups in the Boston area, with members involved in Arisia, Boskone, Readercon, and MASSFILC. The current officers of MCFI are Tony Lewis, President; Tim Szczesuil, Treasurer; and Ann Broomhead, Secretary.

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Voyages

Manifest

Cover art by Leo and Diane Dillon
Front Cover: *The Voyage*
Back Cover: *Juniper*

Co-Chairs' Greeting

by Chip Hitchcock & Davey Snyder

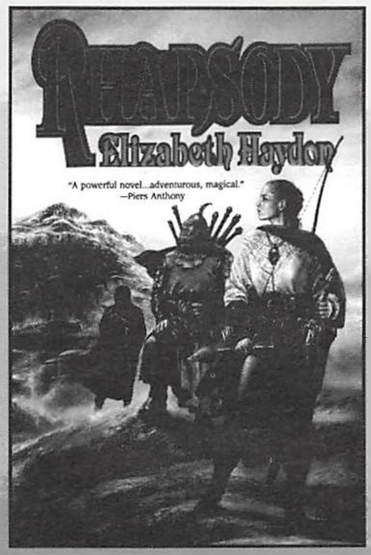
TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO AND A FEW HUNDRED FEET FROM WHERE YOU RECEIVED THIS book, a small band of readers and writers of fantasy huddled around the fire of their own enthusiasm for an almost vanished literary form. It was several years since "Frodo lives!" had been the most common graffito on college campuses, but fantasy writers were thin on the ground—many aging, or preoccupied with making the living that their first love could not provide. Ballantine had been reviving the great fantasy novels of previous generations, but the genre had received from *The Lord of the Rings* little of the explosion of enthusiasm that its brash younger sibling saw two years later from *Star Wars*—a work that owed at least as much to the classic tale-spinning of fantasy as to the technological dreams of science fiction.

But fantasy grew and prospered at its own pace and in its own way. Along the way it may have made its own representation of Sturgeon's Law, but it also put out vigorous new branches: writers explored both the universality of old tales and the reverse of the coins they were stamped in, and wrote not only of voyages to distant lands but of the unexplored strangeness that anyone might find next door. They spoke in every dialect from the florid language of ages past to the hard words of the popular works that had supplanted fantasy. (Science fiction editor John Campbell once defended his work in what was then a pariah form by gesturing the range of English literature as a handspan and the reach of SF as the spread of his arms—which weren't long enough to encompass fantasy.)

A few hundred feet in twenty-four years would not even be a snail's pace if that were all the distance the World Fantasy Convention had traveled. But as our writings have journeyed much further, so have we; the convention has been to all the reaches of the U.S. and works to fulfill the ambition of its name with appearances in Canada and England. The convention has grown as the field has grown, from that original handful to perhaps a thousand at our twenty-fifth meeting. And now we have come full circle, to celebrate in two very new buildings our love for the oldest art and entertainment of all: the telling of tales.

In complement to our theme of Voyages, this book and the convention will present some memories of the voyage of the convention and the field—although many of the best memories will be in the tales we all tell each other this weekend. To highlight this voyage we have assembled dreams of all ages (not all of them rare and costly), the finest collection of fantasy art that has ever been exhibited in one place, and guests who made their names in four different decades as narrators and navigators of our voyage.

Our voyage does not end here like a seaman home from wandering; instead it stops for only a weekend, before continuing our annual celebration in ports it has not previously visited. We greet those of you who are joining us for the first time, and hail again those we have met in past years; we hope to see many of you again as we all continue our personal voyages. For this weekend, welcome to Providence, and to the twenty-fifth World Fantasy Convention.



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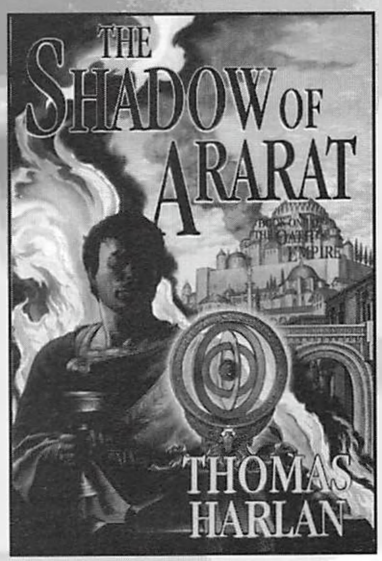

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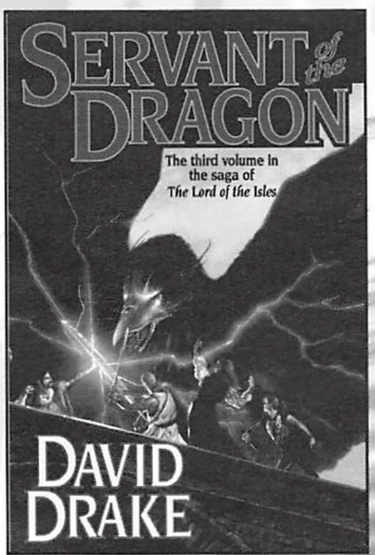

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Guest of Honor

The Mythic World of Charles de Lint

by 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)

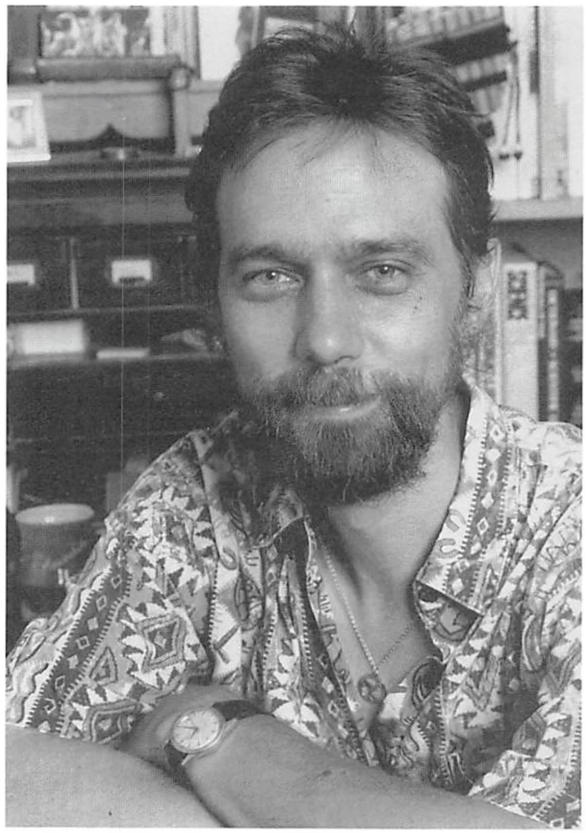

Photo by Beth Gwinn © 1992

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 story-teller. 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, Reynardine the Fox in England, Legba in western Africa, Uncle Tompa in Tibet, among others) are clever, courageous and outrageous: the gods who bring 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 story-teller, 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 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 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, *The 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' 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 færie 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 groundbreaking 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,* Michæl 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 Færie,' 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' 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' 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, while celebrating their roots in fantasy literature, 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 only allow 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 folktales, rather than 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."

Charles is credited today as the primary pioneer of "urban fantasy" fiction . . .

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 re-told), 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 twined specifically to 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' 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 of 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: www.cyberus.ca/~cdl/*

Terri Windling is an anthologist, writer and painter, and has had the priviledge of being Charles' book editor since the publication of The Riddle of the Wren. *Her web site (The Endicott Studio for Mythic Arts), which includes contributions by Charles, can be found at: www.endicott-studio.com*

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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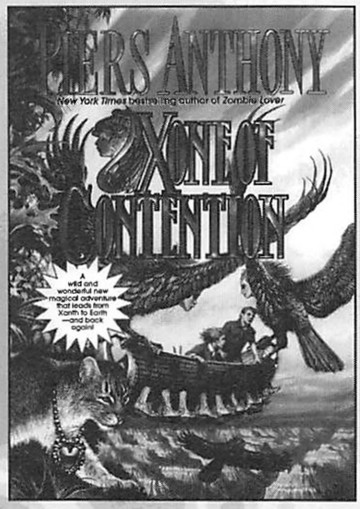

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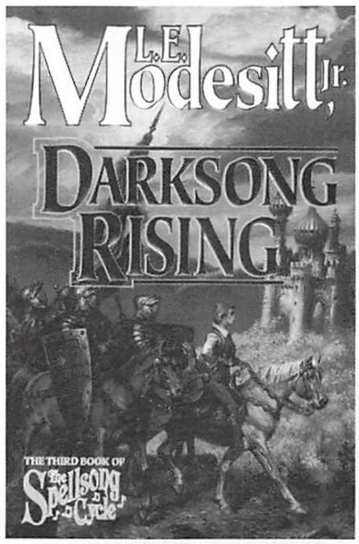

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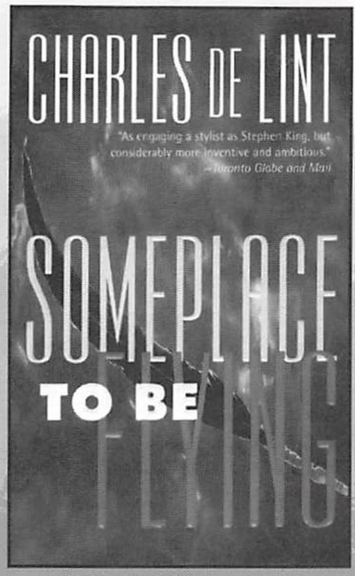

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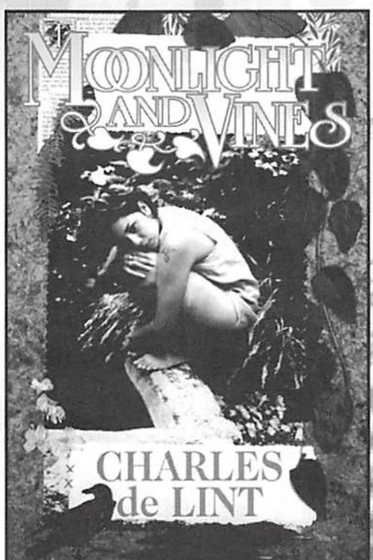

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Second Chances

by Charles de Lint

THERE WAS A TIME, LONG AGO, WHEN SPEAKING WAS A CEREMONY. THIS WAS BEfore written laws and books and all the other little boxes we've got to put words in now. Back then, everything had a voice. The land, people, animals. It was all tribes, and words were a tribe of their own, a ceremony we could share with each other, an allowance that cut across species, connecting crow and woman and cedar and stream. Because everything was connected in those days. Still is, I guess, but we don't see the pattern of it so clearly anymore. What we said had weight in those days because its effects could carry on for generations. We didn't speak about the world, we spoke the world into being.

Those times are gone now. But every once in awhile something stirs that old tribe and some of those words wake up. And then, for a moment, anything can happen.

I found myself in the Harp one night at the tail end of the year. It was a music night—not a session; they'd set up a little stage in one corner of the bar and the Kelledys were playing, harp and flute, a few songs, a lot of stories. I'd planned to stop in for a pint and then go, but the tunes got my foot tapping and the stories held me to the barstool. There are people that need stories, that can't exist without them. I'm one of those people, always have been. Nose in a book, ear cocked for gossip, wouldn't go to bed without a story and that lasted for a lot longer for me than it does for most kids. I still read for an hour or so before I go to sleep.

I didn't recognize a lot of the tunes. They seemed to be mostly original, though in the tradition. But I picked out "Eliz Iza" not long after I got there, and later the flute player sang a haunting, wordless version of "Airde Cuan," the harp backing her up with rich, resonating chords. I remembered both airs from this album by Alan Stivell that I played to death in the seventies. I hadn't heard either of them, or the rest of the album for that matter, in years.

When the harper finished a story that he attributed to Seamus Ennis, about the origins of a piece called "The Gold Ring," and the pair launched into the actual tune, I turned to the bar and ordered another Caffrey's from the barman. A woman sat down beside me, but I barely noticed her. I had a sip of the beer, foam moustaching my upper lip, and returned my attention to the band.

"Joey?" she said. "Joey Straw?"

A closer look told me that I knew her but it still took me a moment to figure out from where. When I did, I couldn't believe that it had taken any time at all. The black-rimmed glasses were what threw me off. The last time I'd seen Annie Ledford she'd been wearing contacts. I decided I liked the glasses. Combined with her short blonde hair and black jeans, they gave her a funky look.

"How've you been, Annie?" I said. "You're looking great."

She could still blush like a schoolgirl. I remember how that used to drive her crazy. I guess it still did, because she bent her head for a moment like she was checking out our footwear. Her eyes were bright behind the glasses when she looked up at me again. I wondered if it was the beer, or loneliness, or if she really was that happy to see me. Time's a funny thing. Sometimes it exaggerates a memory; sometimes it just lets it fade away.

"I've been good," she said. "It's been forever, hasn't it? What have you been up to?"

Nothing I could be proud of, but I figured this wasn't show and tell. I didn't have to go into details.

"Nothing much," I told her. "I've been keeping a low profile. And you?"

Turned out she was a booking agent now. The reason she was here tonight was that she was the one who brought the Kelledys in for the weekend.

"Good choice," I said.

She smiled. "Like it was a hard sell. They always draw a good crowd."

Our conversation died then. I don't get out much, and when I do, I usually keep to myself. But I felt I owed her something. An explanation, if nothing else.

"Look," I said. "About the way I just walked out on you..."

"It's okay," she said. "It's not like I didn't hear about your brother."

Yeah, Nicky had been a piece of work all right. He'd still be serving a life sentence in a federal pen for all the things he'd done if he hadn't taken his own life in an NPD jail cell. He was finally arrested for killing a man in Fitzhenry Park, but that came after a lot of years on the run for the murder of his own family. I'll never forget getting the call that night, my father's choked voice as he told me what had happened.

"Everything changed that night," I said, surprised to hear the words coming out of my mouth. "It wasn't just finding out that Nicky was this monster, but the way everybody treated the rest of us. Like we were responsible. Like it was in our blood and we could snap any moment, just like he did. It broke my mother's heart and my father's spirit. My sister's still not talking to any of us. I don't know where she moved, I just know it was far."

"And you?" she asked.

I shrugged.

"I tried calling you," she said. "A lot."

"I went away. I had to. I stopped answering the phone after the first reporter called. Just packed up and left the city."

She didn't say anything for a long moment. On the stage, the harper was announcing the last piece for this set. I had some more of my Caffrey's. The room seemed awfully hot to me.

"I told myself you weren't running away from me," Annie said as the harp began to play a syncopated intro. "From us."

"I wasn't. In the end I realized I was just running away from myself."

"So you came back."

I nodded. "I got tired of drifting, doing piecework. But it hasn't been much better since I got back."

"Were you going to call me?"

I shook my head. "And say what? I figured you had a new life by now, a better one. The last thing you'd need was Nicky Straw's brother back in it again."

"So you're still running," she said.

I gave her a humourless smile. "Only this time I'm doing it standing still."

She gave me a sad nod. "I have to go to the ladies' room. Watch my seat for me, would you?"

"Sure."

"You'll still be here when I get back?"

"I'm not going anywhere," I said.

Though to tell you the truth, I didn't expect her to come back. What was there to come back for?

There was a deep ache in my chest as I watched her go. I guess I always knew that by returning to the city, this day would come. I just thought I'd be better prepared for it.

I was only half aware that the Kelledys had finished their set and some canned music was playing. Generic Irish. Fiddles and pipes, a guitar hammering out the rhythm. A woman sat down in Annie's seat. I started to say something, then realized it was the flute player. She caught me off guard with a warm smile. Up close, I was surprised to see that the green tints in her hair hadn't been put there by the stage lights.

"Are you a friend of Annie's?" she asked.

"We go back awhile."

"I'm Meran," she said and offered me her hand.

"Joey Straw," I said as I shook.

Her handclasp took me off guard. Her hand was soft, but the grip showed steel.

"Annie's talked about you," she said.

My heart sank. I live for stories, but I don't like the idea of my life being one for others. Still, what can you do? I looked around for her husband, the harper, thinking he'd come by and our conversation could focus on safer ground. We could talk about their music, maybe. Even the weather. But he was sitting at a table near the stage, chatting with a couple who didn't seem to be old enough to be up this late, never mind ordering a beer. I remember feeling so mature at their age; now they looked like infants to me.

"It's not what you're thinking," Meran went on. "Annie's never blamed you. She talked about you because she missed you."

"I missed her, too," I said, turning back to look at her. "But it's old history now."

"Is it?"

"What do you mean?"

"What is it you're so afraid of?"

"That they were right. That what happened to Nicky could happen to me."

I didn't know why I was telling her this. I should

> Time's a funny thing. Sometimes it exaggerates a memory; sometimes it just lets it fade away.

have been saying, look, you seem like a nice lady, but this is really none of your business. But there was something about her that inspired confidences. That called them forth before you could even stop to think about what you were saying, what secrets you were revealing that were better left unspoken.

"Do you really believe that?" she asked.

"Hell, Nicky was a choirboy," I tell her. "What he did—it came out of nowhere. There was no history of, you know, hurting animals and stuff. He wasn't abused—at least not so's I ever knew. Anybody hurt my little brother, I'd have had a piece of him. So you tell me: what happened?"

"Let me tell you a story instead," she said.

That's when she told me about how words had their own tribe, back in some long ago. How when you spoke, you weren't just talking about the world, you were remaking it.

"I don't understand," I said. "Why are you telling me this?"

"Annie's a dear friend of ours. I'd like her to be happy."

"Don't worry. I'm not going to mess up her life again."

Meran shook her head. "I never thought you would."

"How can you say that? You don't even know me."

"The Joey she told me about would never hurt her."

"But I did."

"Yes. But you wouldn't hurt her again, would you?"

"Of course not, but..."

This conversation was making my head spin. I felt like I'd been walking forever with my shoes on the wrong feet and my coat on backwards.

"Annie's got her own life now," I said. "And what could I offer her anyway?"

"Truth. Trust. Love."

I felt a strange sense of disassociation. I wondered when Annie was coming back from the ladies' room, if she was coming back at all. But then I realized that time didn't seem to be moving the way it should. It was as though the inside of the pub had turned into a pocket world where everything was different from the world outside its doors, as though I was looking at everything from the corner of my eye. The air swayed. Every minute held the potential of an eternity.

"I can wake up that old tribe of words for you," she said. "Not for long, but for long enough. Tell me which ones you need."

I understood what she was saying, but it didn't make any sense. Things just don't work in the real world the way they do in a story. Strangers only offered magical assistance in fairy tales.

"Look—"

"Don't question it," she said. "You know it can happen."

The weird thing is, I believed her. I can't even begin to explain why. It really did feel like we were sideways to the world at that moment. That anything could happen.

"Magic words," I said. "Can they change the past?"

She shook her head. "They can only change the present."

"But everything we say or do changes the present."

She shook her head again. "Not like this. The words I can wake for you will bring about true transformation. Which will you choose?"

There was no contest. Until I'd seen Annie tonight I hadn't realized what it was that had really brought me back to the city.

"Trust enough for a second chance," I said.

"Done," Meran told me and she smiled.

I heard a rumbling deep underground, like distant thunder reverberating in the belly of the world. The vibration of it rose up, shivering the floor, rattling the glasses and liquor bottles behind the bar. Something swelled inside me, something too big and old and weighty to fit in my body, in my head, in my soul. Then it was gone, like a cat shaking water from its fur.

I looked around, but no one in the pub seemed to have noticed. Only the harper, Meran's husband. He lifted his head and slowly studied the room until his gaze reached us. Then he nodded and returned to his conversation.

"What . . . ?" I began.

"Here she comes," Meran said. She squeezed my elbow before she stepped away. "Now you have to do your part. Earn your second chance."

I turned to see Annie coming towards me and didn't worry about the explanation I'd thought I needed so desperately a moment ago. Everything seemed out of focus right then, except for her. I didn't know where I was going to begin. But I knew I had to try.

"What was Meran talking to you about?" she asked as she sat back down on her stool. "The pair of you looked positively conspiratorial."

"Second chances," I said.

Annie's eyes went bright behind her glasses again.

"I've got a lot to tell you," I said.

She studied me for a long moment, swallowed a couple of times. I knew what she was thinking. Once burned, twice shy. Who could blame her? I just prayed the magic words would do their stuff.

"I'm listening," she said.

It's funny the difference a month can make.

I managed to get a job at a garage a couple of days after that night. I've always been good with cars and my boss is helping me work out a schedule so that I can take the courses I need to get my mechanic's license.

Annie and I are taking it slow. We go on dates, we talk incessantly—on the phone if we're not together. We don't make promises, but we keep them all the same.

I didn't see Meran again until I went to a gallery opening with Annie at the end of January. It was a group show by some friends of hers. The Kelledys were there. Cerin was playing his harp in a corner of the gallery while Meran mingled with the other guests. I waited until I had the chance to talk to her on her own. She was studying a canvas that depicted a flood of wildflowers growing in a junkyard. It was only when you looked close that you saw these little people peeking out at you from among the flowers. They looked like they were made of nuts and twigs, held together with vines, but you could tell they were alive.

"Lovely, isn't it?" Meran said.

I nodded. I liked the way it looked both realistic and like a painting, if you know what I mean. All the information was there, but you could still see the brush strokes. Art like this tells a real story; you just have to work out the details on your own.

"I want to thank you for helping me," I told her.

Meran turned to look at me and smiled.

"I didn't do anything you couldn't have done for yourself," she said. "Except maybe give you the courage to try. Everything else was already inside you, just waiting for the chance to come out." She waited a beat, then added, "But you're most welcome all the same."

I felt so disappointed, the way you do when you finally figure out there isn't a Santa Claus, an Easter Bunny, a Tooth Fairy.

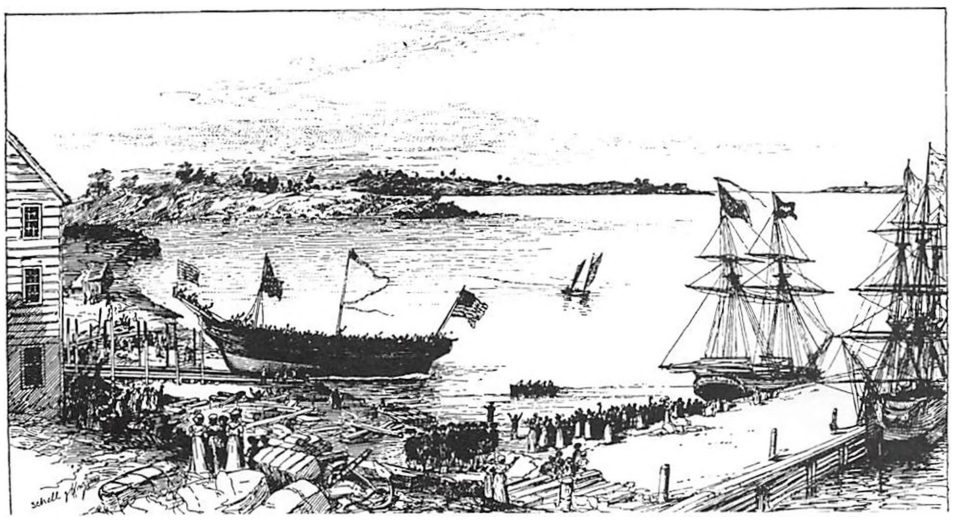
"So...the words..." I said. "There was no magic in them?"

Of course there wasn't. How could there have been?

Meran kept smiling, but now there was an enigmatic look in her eyes.

"Oh, there's always magic," she said.

"Second Chances" first appeared as a limited edition chapbook published by Triskell Press, 1998.



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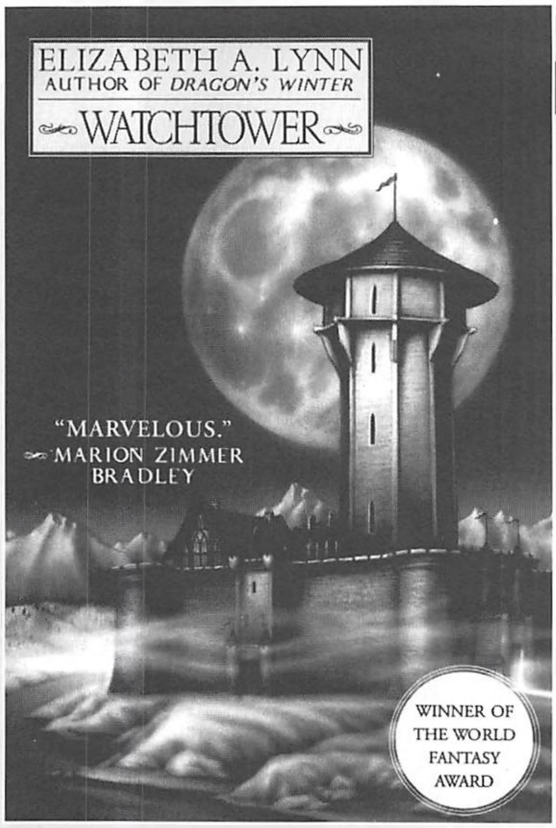

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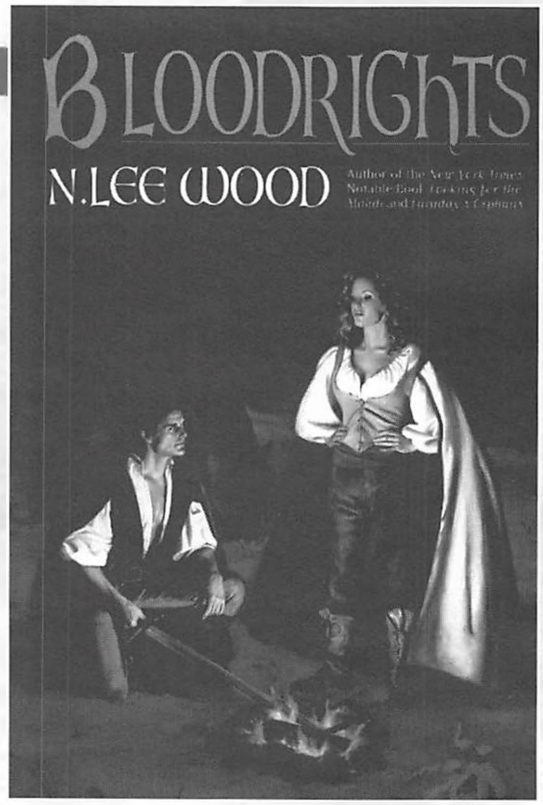

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Guest of Honor

Patricia McKillip

by David Lunde

In her July 1996 Locus interview, Patricia McKillip expressed her surprise that elements of her real life were turning up in her fantasies: "I went through decades of writing fantasy and telling myself 'this has nothing to do with me—it's just fantasy.' Then damned if that book doesn't catch you somewhere, and you realize suddenly that all these things are crowding into your head from your life, and you're sitting there writing what you think is a fantasy—and it just makes a jigsaw puzzle. You cannot write without writing about yourself, but sometimes it's so disguised you don't recognize it." I am going to illustrate a few of those connections, but don't get excited, this isn't an expose—if you want the juicy parts you'll have to see me in private and bring lots of money.

Patricia McKillip was born February 29, 1948, a leap-year child, which initial separation from the common herd of us who have to count our birthdays year by year seems quite appropriate for a writer whose work has been distinguished from the beginning by its originality and elegance. She was born in Salem, Oregon, and her mother and older sister Carol still live near the Oregon coast in the small town of Coquille. Pat loves the seacoast with its spectacular cliffs and huge basalt dolmens looming out of the surf and fog, and likes to go for long walks on the beach. Her four other siblings are scattered up and down the Pacific Northwest. Shira Dæmon, reviewing Pat's 1996 novel, *Winter Rose*, says "In this novel, as in her Riddlemaster trilogy, the power of family—and the love those bonds create for the larger, world community—shines through."[*Locus*, March 1997] Having participated in several McKillip family reunions, I can attest that her own family is the source of this confidence in the strength of family love—and the power of love in general; as Dæmon points out later in the same review: ". . . in nearly all McKillip novels, the cure for evil is the same: be true to one's self and love others enough to set them free."

Photo by Dave Lunde

Pat's father was an Air Force officer, and between 1958 and 1962 he was stationed in Germany and England and took his family. That experience as a pre-teen undoubtedly stimulated Pat's imagination with its new landscapes, languages and societies. For a person as sensitive as she, it must have been quite overwhelming. Some of this is clearly reflected in *Stepping from the Shadows* (1982), a non-fantasy novel which the *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* refers to as "possibly autobiographical." However, while the young female protagonist does resemble the author to some extent, and this is the most personal of her novels, it would be a mistake to read this as straight autobiography—the protagonist may be an alternate-universe McKillip, but she is not identical to our own Patricia McKillip.

Pat attended San Jose State, earning her B.A. in 1971 and M.A. in 1973, the year she also published her first two books, *The Throme of the Erril of Sherill* and *The House on Parchment Street*, which she had been writing while she was supposed to be studying. Of course this is what she had done all her life; she has told me that she used to lock herself in the bathroom as a child and tell herself stories—rather short stories, I imagine, with that number of people in the family.

Her next book, a longer YA fantasy, *The Forgotten Beasts of Eld*, won the 1975 World Fantasy Award. Not having known that there was such an award, and never having heard of H. P. Lovecraft, when she received Lovecraft's head in the mail her reaction was, "What the #@*!!$ is this?"

Pat's deep love of music—she plays piano for her own pleasure—shows up frequently in her books, most noticeably in *Fool's Run* and *Song for the Basilisk*. She is also very knowledgeable about cooking, as any reader who has drooled over the descriptions of feasts in *The Book of Atrix Wolfe* knows full well. I have often been the happy beneficiary of her culinary skill—which may be why I've begun to pork out in recent years.

In her most recent novel, *Song for the Basilisk*, an older, established bard advises the protagonist on the use of words: "You must make them new as if you had never spoken them before." This is what Patricia McKillip has been doing all her life, to her readers' delight, and it is good advice for all of us. I'm hoping that as her familiar, some of the sorcery will rub off on me.

Pat has published two pieces of short fiction this year, "A Gift to Be Simple" in the anthology *Not of Woman Born*, edited by Constance Ash, and "Toad" in Windling and Datlow's *Silver Birch, Blood Moon*. Her new novel, *The Tower at Stony Wood*, should appear in the near future.

You'll find more information about Patricia McKillip at: http://www.evan.org/McKillip.html

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Harpist in the Wind (1979) Hugo, World Fantasy Award nominee

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The House on Parchment Street (1973)

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Voyage Into the Heart

by Patricia A. McKillip

THE VIRGIN THEY GOT FROM THE COW BARN, THE PRINCE'S DAUGHTER BEING, AS SHE put it, indisposed. She did look pale, the mage thought, her golden skin blanching the color of boiled almonds at the idea. She was to be married within the week; the mage was not without sympathy. Fortunately, the Prince had more immediate things on his mind.

"Just find one," he said impatiently, assuming either that virgins grew on trees, or that the word, spoken, would make itself true. "Anyone will do."

Any number of virgins appeared at the mage's summons, all looking quiet, modest, beautifully dressed for the occasion. They became suffused with blushes at the mage's questions. Lips trembled, eyes hid themselves, hands rose gracefully, silk shaken back from wrists, to touch quickly beating hearts or slender, blue-veined throats wound with chains of gold thinner than the tremulous veins. They saw themselves waiting at the edge of the forest, listening to the wild hoofbeats, the urgent clamor of horns, the courtiers in their rich leathers and furs riding hard, sweating, shouting, slowly closing around the elusive beast, driving it toward its heart's desire. For her only would it stop; to her only would it meekly yield its power and its beauty, while all around her men fell silent, watching the single moon-white horn descend, the liquid eye close, the proud head fall to rest across her thighs.

"Yena," the mage said at one face, startled out of his boredom. "What are you doing here?"

There was no smile in her sapphire eyes, nothing that had been there for him in the dark, scant hours before. She answered solemnly, "My heart is still virginal, my lord Ur. I have not lost my innocence; I have only gained a certain knowledge."

What she said was true; he felt it. But he answered grimly, "You stand to lose more than your innocence." He pitched his voice to be heard, subtly, even by those day-dreaming outside in the corridor. "The Prince wants that horn to detect poison at his daughter's wedding feast. Despite treaties, he still fears betrayal from old enemies. The betrothal is devoid of romance and so is this hunt. The animal will run from you. I don't know what the Prince will do, but he will not thank you."

He saw her swallow. He heard whisperings through the stone walls, footsteps muffled in supple leather and silk trying to walk on air away from him.

Then he heard rough voices, a woman's pithy curse. The doorway cleared abruptly at a whiff of barn. A young woman with astonishing eyes, so light and clear they seemed faceted like jewels, hovered in the doorway. A stabler prodded her forward, pushed himself in behind her.

"My daughter, my lord. She doesn't like men."

The mage gazed at her, received only annoyance and some fear from her haunting eyes. They made him turn inward, look at his own past to see what she was seeing in him.

"Well," he wondered, "why should she?"

She didn't seem to know what they wanted of her, why they insisted on washing her, dressing her in silks, making her sit under a tree, just beyond the forest's edge. "A what?" she kept saying. "Is that all you want me to do? Just sit? What about that lot? Did you see those eyes? Like bulging eggs in a pan, chestnuts in a fire. I'm warning, if they touch me, I'll feed their livers to the pigs."

"No one," said the mage's disembodied voice from somewhere up the tree, "will hurt you."

She cast a glance like white flame up at him. Not even his spell, he felt suddenly, could withstand that vision. But she said, rising, "Where are you? I can't see you. Can't I be up there with you? They'll run me down, they; with their brains in their breeches and scrambled from bouncing in their saddles—"

"Hush," the mage breathed, weaving the word into the sound of his voice, so that the leaves hushed around him, and the air. His spell did not touch her—the animal might scent it—but the stillness he had created did. She settled herself again, her arms around her knees. A tangle of horns, trumpets, shouts, preceded the hunt. Her face turned toward the sounds, her hands tightening. But she stayed still, biting her lower lip with nervousness.

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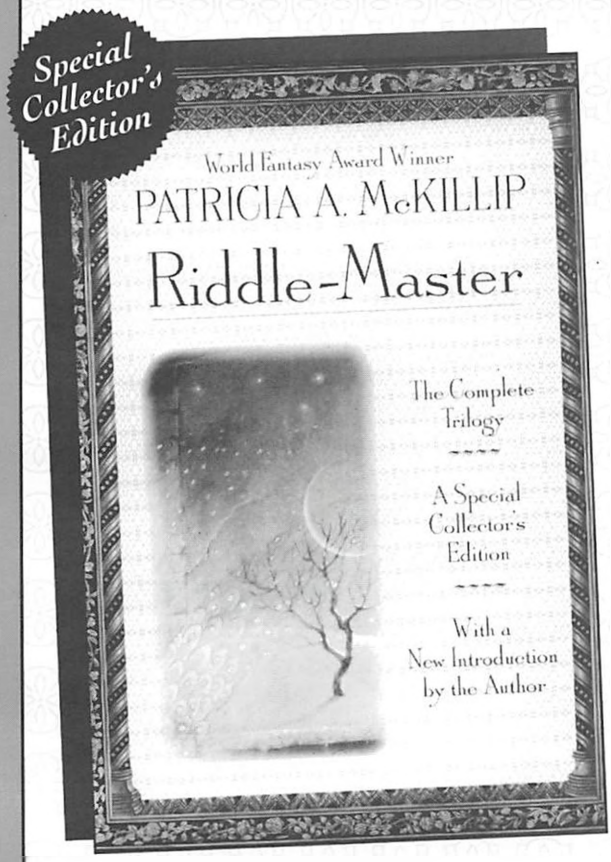

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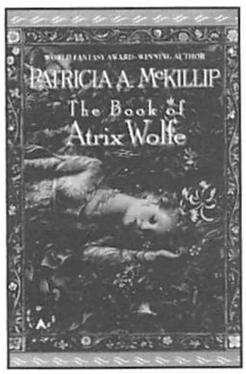

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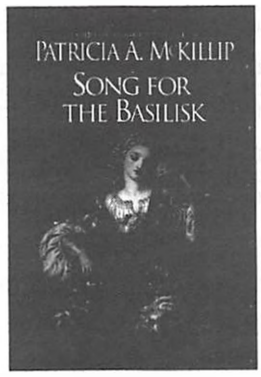

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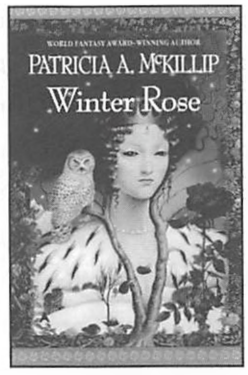

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Her lips were full, the mage noted, though she was scrawny enough. Washed and brushed, her dark hair revealed shades of fire, even gold. The fanfares sounded again, closer now. She looked up fretfully, trying to find him.

"This is all—"

"It won't hurt you," he promised. "I'll let nothing hurt you. It will come to you as docilely as a cat. A child."

She snorted, shifting restlessly. "Maybe they come that way to you, cats and barn brats. Then what? Then what after I just sit and let it come?"

"Nothing. You go back."

"That's all."

"All," he said, and then he saw the animal running through the shadows within the wood.

It made no sound. It saw him in the tree; its night-dark eyes found him, pinned him motionless on the branch. It did not fear him. Transfixed, he realized that it feared nothing, not the dogs at its heels, nor the noise, the arrows flicking futilely in its wake, the bellowing men. Nothing. It was ancient, moon-white and so wild nothing could ever threaten it; nothing else existed with such fierceness, such power, nothing that could die. It was an element, the mage saw, like air or fire. Stunned, he became visible and did not know it. Below him, the woman sat as motionlessly, no longer fretful, watching it come at her. The mage could not hear her breathe. As it grew close she made a sound, a small sound such as a child might make, too full of wonder to find a word for it.

She lifted her hands. The star burning toward her stopped. Something rippled through it: a scent, a recognition. Its horn spiralled like a shell to a fine and dangerous point. It moved toward her, step by cautious step, as if it felt she might run. Behind it, almost soundlessly, the hunters ranged themselves along the trees, waiting. Even the dogs were silent.

It dropped its head into her hands. Awkwardly, she stroked its pelt, making that sound again, as impossible or unexpected textures melted through the scars and callouses on her hands. It began to kneel to her. The mage felt his throat burn suddenly, his eyes sting with wonder, as they had not for centuries, over something as simple as this: All the tales of it were true.

It laid its head across her lap. She stroked it one more time. Then she looked up toward the mage, found him, tried to smile at him in excitement and astonishment, while tears glittered down her face, caught between her lips. Her eyes held him, held all his attention. They contained, he realized, the same innocent, burning power he had glimpsed in the great beast that had come to rest beneath her hands. Amazed again, he thought: Like calls to like.

And then a blade severed the horn from the head with a single cut. A second drove into the animal's heart.

The mage fell out of the tree. He vanished, falling, then reappeared on his feet as the hunters made way for the Prince, and the woman, screaming, stared at the bleeding head on her knees. The mage, groping for words, found nothing, nothing where anything should be, no word for this: It had never happened before. The Prince laid a hand on his shoulder, laughing, and said something. Then the woman screamed again and flung herself cat-like off the ground at the mage.

"You saw—" She still wept, though now her teeth were clenched with grief, her face twisted with horror and fury. "You saw—Your face said everything you saw! But you let them— How could you let them? How could you?" She struck him suddenly, and again, fierce, open-handed blows that gave him, for the first time in centuries, the taste of his own blood.

And then she was quiet, lying across the animal, her face against its face, her arm flung across its neck, as if she still grieved, but silently now, so silently that she cast her spell over all the men. They stared down at her, motionless. Finally one of them cleared his throat and sheathed his bloody sword. The Prince said, "Take the animal; the hooves might be useful. What do you think, Ur? Are there magical properties in the hooves?"

The mage, beginning to tremble, felt the spiralled horn split his brow, root itself in his thoughts.

"Ur?" the Prince said, from very far away. "Should we bother with the hooves? Ur."

Then there was silence again, as spellbound bone and sinew strained against their familiar shape; the men around the mage grew shadowy, insignificant. Words escaped him, memories, finally even his name. Her eyes opened in his heart to haunt him with their power and innocence and wonder, all he remembered of being human. Seeking her, he fled from the world he knew into the beginning of the tale.

Guest of Honor

First, Build Yourself a Boat...

by Karen Haber

ONCE UPON A TIME, B.C. (BEFORE COMPUTERS), IN A KINGDOM CALLED BROOKLYN, A young boy sat on a red leather windowseat in the lofty Gothic tower of his school library. (This was so long ago that a boy could read safely in his school library and the only thing that might go off in his face was a book.)

Although his corporeal body was imprisoned in Erasmus High, his mind was roaming to far places, seeing fabulous lands, mystical beasts, wondrous plants and strange beings. He had already consumed *The Three MullaMulgars* by Walter de la Mare, *Alice in Wonderland* and its sequel, the Norse myths retold by Padraic Colum, and a charming book of Persian heroic legends entitled *The Epic of Kings*. (These books so impressed him that many years later he hunted them down and added them to his home library.)

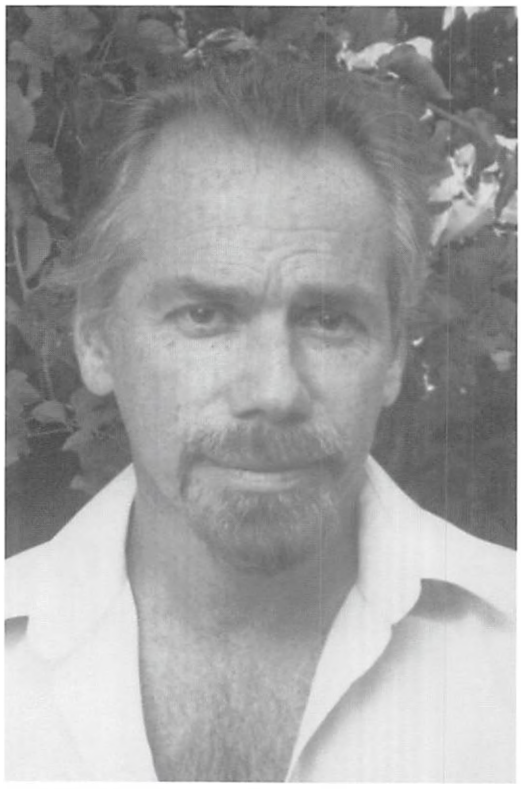

Photo by Shay Barsabe

Now he read Poe, Lord Dunsany, and Lovecraft. He read, too, *National Geographic*, and books on botany and paleontology. He had thought of becoming a scientist, an archeologist, or, perhaps, a botanist. But the pull of the story, of adventure and escape, was too strong.

He began writing his own imitations of Lovecraft, etc., at age 12, the "golden age" of science fiction and fantasy. He also discovered pulp magazines and the camaraderie—and competition—of science fiction and fantasy fandom. At thirteen, for his Bar Mitzvah, he received a significant life-altering gift: a typewriter.

Robert Silverberg didn't realize it but he had embarked upon a great quest: to rescue himself—and others—from the humdrum mundanity of the lockstep world. Fantasy would be his vessel and weapon.

The library, wondrous refuge, had allowed a too-smart-for-his-own-good kid to acquire the tools that would provide not only his own escape from Brooklyn, but the escape of thousands of eager readers who would enter his stories for a trip to strange and wonderful places.

Reader, I married him (years later, in the computer age). And now I'm in the uncomfortable position of writing a biographical sketch about my beloved husband—World Fantasy Con GoH—for this souvenir booklet.

I know, I know: you want me to give you the serious lowdown on life with a GoH, don't you? Well, forget it. I'm not going to reveal any sacred family secrets.

Well, all right, maybe one or two.

I'll tell you what Bob's like in the morning: an early riser, energetic, organized, as optimistic as he will be all day—in a word, obnoxious. By 7 A.M. he has watered the lawns and fed the cats—or is it the other way around?—and worked his way through the local paper, annotating as he goes, for my later amusement.

At seven he gathers his courage, comes in, and begins the ugly task of awakening me. Staying safely

out of pummeling range, he begins to download news bites—unfortunately, he expects me to respond—and tests me, later, on my recall. (Not so good before 10 A.M.)

Next he stops tormenting me and moves on to more newspapers or the Internet. At 7:30, having yelled a reminder to me to really get out of bed, he begins his breakfast. (Did I say that he is fastidious in having the same meal each morning he is at home? An orange, one sinful strip of bacon atop one English muffin [fork-split] toasted just so, a bowl of Silverberg's Special Bran-mix cereal anointed with exactly five grapes and five slices of banana, and a glass of nonfat milk to top it off. (Of course, on the road he's been known to have a pastrami sandwich and beer for breakfast—if we're in good deli territory.) After breakfast he checks his e-mail.

At exactly 8:10 A.M. he journeys—hopefully—to the post office to discover what the day's actual mail haul will be. He returns in time to laugh at my breakfast: cold pizza, last night's Vietnamese takeout, whatever. At 8:30 he embarks upon the long walk (around the pool) to his office. If he's writing, he writes until noon. If not writing, he copes with the paper blizzard that is the writer's true nemesis.

And so it goes. We live in different time zones, he and I, and, occasionally, different eras, but we always wave in passing. As the day progresses, Bob gradually gets less energetic and optimistic, although an afternoon bout of gardening, swimming, and the ritual glass of 5 P.M. rum keeps him going. I, of course, come to life as the sun sets. Yes, Dear Reader, it is a fantasy that a morning person ever marries another morning person. But there's hope. Studies are being done and...

But I see that I've digressed here, and since we're back on the subject (and almost out of room), I'd like to say that I think fantasy was the first and foremost building block of Bob's career, that it led him to the many awards and satisfactions that he's enjoyed, and continues to be a foundation stone in both his personal and professional libraries.

I believe that Bob wrote because, like most successful writers, he simply had no choice. He was made to dream and escape the ill-fitting reality into which he was born and, like the protagonist of many a fantasy quest, he utilized his considerable talents to build a boat that would carry him wherever—and whenever—he wanted.

Along the way he encountered adventures and romance, slew the monsters of self-doubt and frustration, and, in a way, became the hero of his own story.

Although he is primarily known for his science fiction, Bob began as a fantasy reader. And when writing science fiction became a stale exercise for him, he returned to fantasy as a place of renewal, fresh opportunity, and new adventure.

Step aboard his stories—join him—and sail away.

Karen Haber is the author of Mutant Season, Mutant Prime, *and* Mutant Star, *as well as* Thieves Carnival, *a prequel to Leigh Brackett's The Jewel of Bas. She has been married to Robert Silverberg since 1987.*

You'll find more information about Robert Silverberg at: http://www.connectexpress.com/~jon/silvhome.htm

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Dancers in the Time-Flux

by Robert Silverberg

UNDER A WARM GOLDEN WIND FROM THE WEST, BHENGARN THE TRAVELER MOVES steadily onward toward distant Crystal Pond, his appointed place of metamorphosis. The season is late. The swollen scarlet sun clings close to the southern hills. Bhengarn's body—a compact silvery tube supported by a dozen pairs of sturdy three-jointed legs—throbs with the need for transformation. And yet the Traveler is unhurried. He has been bound on this journey for many hundreds of years. He has traced across the face of the world a glistening trail that zigzags from zone to zone, from continent to continent, and even now still glimmers behind him with a cold brilliance like a thread of bright metal stitching the planet's haunches. For the past decade he has patiently circled Crystal Pond at the outer end of a radial arm one-tenth the diameter of the Earth in length; now, at the prompting of some interior signal, he has begun to spiral inward upon it.

The path immediately before him is bleak. To his left is a district covered by furry green fog; to his right is a region of pale crimson grass sharp as spikes and sputtering with a sinister hostile hiss; straight ahead a roadbed of black clinkers and ashen crusts leads down a shallow slope to the Plain of Teeth, where menacing porcelanous outcroppings make the wayfarer's task a taxing one. But such obstacles mean little to Bhengarn. He is a Traveler, after all. His body is superbly designed to carry him through all difficulties. And in his journeys he has been in places far worse than this.

Elegantly he descends the pathway of slag and cinders. His many feet are tough as annealed metal, sensitive as the most alert antennæ. He tests each point in the road for stability and support, and scans the thick layer of ashes for concealed enemies. In this way he moves easily and swiftly toward the plain, holding his long abdomen safely above the cutting edges of the cold volcanic matter over which he walks.

As he enters the Plain of Teeth he sees a new annoyance: an Eater commands the gateway to the plain. Of all the forms of human life—and the Traveler has encountered virtually all of them in his wanderings, Eaters, Destroyers, Skimmers, Interceders, and the others—Eaters seem to him the most tiresome, mere noisy monsters. Whatever philosophical underpinnings form the rationale of their bizarre way of life are of no interest to him. He is wearied by their bluster and offended by their gross appetites.

All the same, he must get past this one to reach his destination. The huge creature stands straddling the path with one great meaty leg at each edge and the thick fleshy tail propping it from behind. Its steely claws are exposed, its fangs gleam, driblets of blood from recent victims stain its hard reptilian hide. Its chilly inquisitive eyes, glowing with demonic intelligence, track Bhengarn as the Traveler draws near.

The Eater emits a boastful roar and brandishes its many teeth.

"You block my way," Bhengarn declares.

"You state the obvious," the Eater replies.

"I have no desire for an encounter with you. But my destiny draws me toward Crystal Pond, which lies beyond you."

"For you," says the Eater, "nothing lies beyond me. Your destiny has brought you to a termination today. We will collaborate, you and I, in the transformation of your component molecules."

From the spiracles along his sides the Traveler releases a thick blue sigh of boredom. "The only transformation that waits for me is the one I will undertake at Crystal Pond. You and I have no transaction. Stand aside."

The Eater roars again. He rocks slightly on his gigantic claws and swishes his vast saurian tail from side to side. These are the preliminaries to an attack, but in a kind of ponderous courtesy he seems to be offering Bhengarn the opportunity to scuffle back up the ash-strewn slope.

Bhengarn says, "Will you yield place?"

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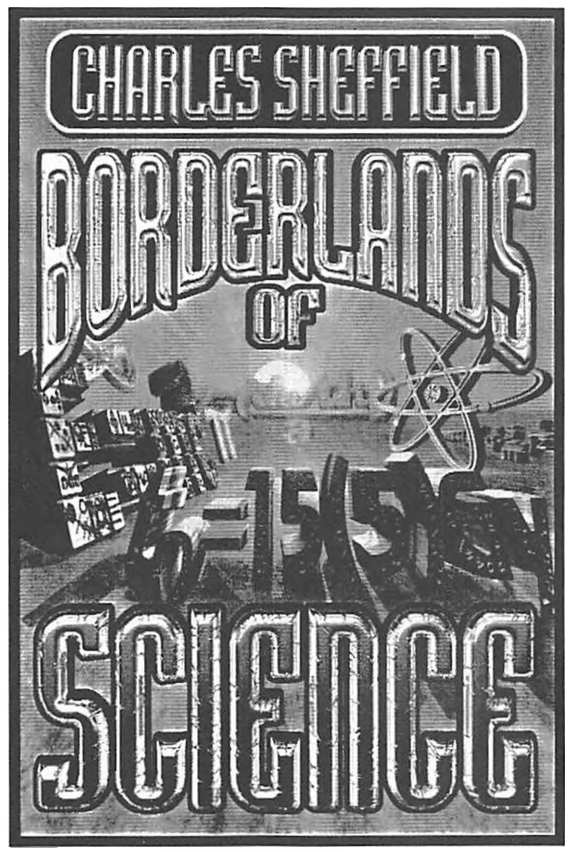

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"I am an instrument of destiny."

"You are a disagreeable boastful ignoramus," says Bhengarn calmly, and consumes half a week's energy driving the scimitars of his spirit to the roots of the world. It is not a wasted expense of soul, for the ground trembles, the sky grows dark, the hill behind him creaks and groans, the wind turns purplish and frosty. There is a dull droning sound that the Traveler knows is the song of the time-flux, an unpredictable force that often is liberated at such moments. Despite that, Bhengarn will not relent. Beneath the Eater's splayed claws the fabric of the road ripples. Sour smells rise from sudden crevasses. The enormous beast utters a yipping cry of rage and lashes his tail vehemently against the ground. He sways; he nearly topples; he calls out to Bhengarn to cease his onslaught, but the Traveler knows better than to settle for a half-measure. Even more fiercely he presses against the Eater's bulky form.

"This is unfair," the Eater wheezes. "My goal is the same as yours: to serve the forces of necessity."

"Serve them by eating someone else today," answers Bhengarn curtly, and with a final expenditure of force shoves the Eater to an awkward, untenable position that causes it to crash down onto its side. The downed beast, moaning, rakes the air with his claws but does not arise, and as Bhengarn moves briskly past the Eater he observes that fine transparent threads, implacable as stone, have shot forth from a patch of swamp beside the road and are rapidly binding the fallen Eater in an unbreakable net. The Eater howls. Glancing back, Bhengarn notices the threads already cutting their way through the Eater's thick scales like tiny streams of acid. "So, then," Bhengarn says, without malice, "the forces of necessity will be gratified today after all, but not by me. The Eater is to be eaten. It seems that this day I prove to be the instrument of destiny." And without another backward look he passes quickly onward into the plain. The sky regains its ruddy color, the wind becomes mild once more, the Earth is still. But a release of the time-flux is never without consequences, and as the Traveler trundles forward he perceives some new creature of unfamiliar form staggering through the mists ahead, confused and lost, lurching between the shining lethal formations of the Plain of Teeth in seeming ignorance of the perils they hold. The creature is upright, two-legged, hairy, of archaic appearance. Bhengarn, approaching it, recognizes it finally as a primordial human, swept millions of years past its own true moment.

"Have some care," Bhengarn calls. "Those teeth can bite!"

"Who spoke?" the archaic creature demands, whirling about in alarm.

"I am Bhengarn the Traveler. I suspect I am responsible for your presence here."

"Where are you? I see no one! Are you a devil?"

"I am a Traveler, and I am right in front of your nose."

The ancient human notices Bhengarn, apparently for the first time, and leaps back, gasping. "Serpent!" he cries. "Serpent with legs! Worm! Devil!" Wildly he seizes rocks and hurls them at the Traveler, who deflects them easily enough, turning each into a rhythmic juncture of gold and green that hovers, twanging softly, along an arc between the other and himself. The archaic one lifts an immense boulder, but as he hoists it to drop it on Bhengarn he overbalances and his arm flies backward, grazing one of the sleek teeth behind him. At once the tooth releases a turquoise flare and the man's arm vanishes to the elbow. He sinks to his knees, whimpering, staring bewilderedly at the stump and at the Traveler before him.

Bhengarn says, "You are in the Plain of Teeth, and any contact with these mineral formations is likely to be unfortunate, as I attempted to warn you."

He slides himself into the other's soul for an instant, pushing his way past thick encrusted stalagmites and stalactites of anger, fear, outraged pride, pain, disorientation, and arrogance, and discovers himself to be in the presence of one Olivier van Noort of Utrecht, former tavernkeeper at Rotterdam, commander of the voyage of circumnavigation that set forth from Holland on the second day of July 1598 and traveled the entire belly of the world, a man of exceedingly strong stomach and bold temperament, who has experienced much, having gorged on the meat of penguins at Cape Virgines and the isle called Pantagoms, having hunted beasts not unlike stags and buffaloes and ostriches in the cold lands by Magellan's Strait, having encountered whales and parrots and trees whose bark had the bite of pepper, having had strife with the noisome Portugals in Guinea and Brazil, having entered into the South Sea on a day of diverse storms, thunders, and lightnings, having taken ships of the Spaniards in Valparaiso and slain

many Indians, having voyaged thence to the Isles of Ladrones or Thieves, where the natives bartered bananas, coconuts, and roots for old pieces of iron, overturning their canoes in their greed for metal, having suffered a bloody flux in Manila of eating palmitos, having captured vessels of China laden with rice and lead, having traded with folk on a ship of the Japans, whose men make themselves bald except a tuft left in the hinder part of the head, and wield swords that would, with one stroke, cut through three men, having traded also with the bare-breasted women of Borneo, bold and impudent and shrewd, who carry iron-pointed javelins and sharp darts, and having after great privation and the loss of three of his four ships and all but forty-five of his 248 men, many of them executed by him or marooned on remote islands for their mutinies but a good number murdered by the treacheries of savage enemies, come again to Rotterdam on the twenty-sixth of August in 1601, bearing little in the way of salable goods to show for his hardships and calamities. None of this has any meaning to Bhengarn the Traveler except in the broadest, which is to say that he recognizes in Olivier van Noort a stubborn and difficult man who has conceived and executed a journey of mingled heroism and foolishness that spanned vast distances, and so they are brothers, of a sort, however millions of years apart. As a fraternal gesture Bhengarn restores the newcomer's arm. That appears to be as bewildering to the other as was its sudden loss. He squeezes it, moves it cautiously back and forth, scoops up a handful of pebbles with it. "This is Hell, then," he mutters, "and you are a demon of Satan."

"I am Bhengarn the Traveler, bound toward Crystal Pond, and I think that I conjured you by accident out of your proper place in time while seeking to thwart that monster." Bhengarn indicates the fallen Eater, now half dissolved. The other, who evidently had not looked that way before, makes a harsh choking sound at the sight of the giant creature, which still struggles sluggishly. Bhengarn says, "The time-flux has seized you and taken you far from home, and there will be no going back for you. I offer regrets."

"You offer regrets? A worm with legs offers regrets! Do I dream this, or am I truly dead and gone to Hell?"

"Neither one."

"In all my sailing round the world I never saw a place so strange as this, or the likes of you, or of that creature over yonder. Am I to be tortured, demon?"

"You are not where you think you are."

"Is this not Hell?"

"This is the world of reality."

"How far are we, then, from Holland?"

"I am unable to calculate it," Bhengarn answers. "A long way, that's certain. Will you accompany me toward Crystal Pond, or shall we part here?"

Noort is silent a moment. Then he says, "Better the company of demons than none at all, in such a place. Tell me straight, demon: am I to be punished here? I will find the rivers of fire, snow, toads, and black water, will I not? And the place where sinners are pronged on hooks jutting from blazing wheels? The ladders of red-hot iron, eh? The wicked broiling on coals? And the Arch-Traitor himself, sunk in ice to his chest—he must be near, is he not?" Noort shivers. "The fountains of poison. The wild boars of Lucifer. The aloes biting bare flesh, the dry winds of the abyss—when will I see them?"

"... A worm with legs offers regrets! Do I dream this, or am I truly dead and gone to Hell?"

"Look there," says Bhengarn. Beyond the Plain of Teeth a column of black flame rises into the heavens, and in it dance creatures of a hundred sorts, melting, swirling, coupling, fading. A chain of staring lidless eyes spans the sky. Looping whorls of green light writhe on the mountaintops. "Is that what you expect? You will find whatever you expect here."

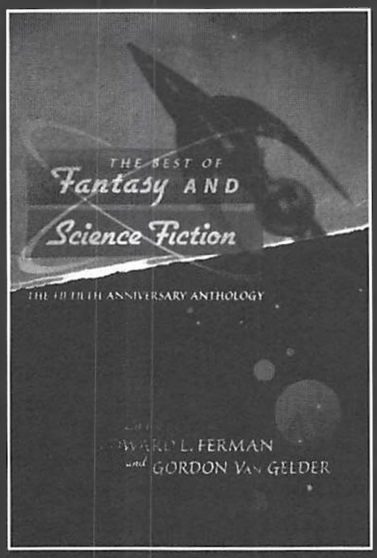
"And yet you say this is not Hell?"

"I tell you again, it is the true world, the same into which you were born long ago."

"And is this Brazil, or the Indies, or some part of Africa?"

"Those names mean little to me."

"Then we are in the Terra Australis," says Noort. "It must be. A land where worms have legs and speak good Dutch, and rocks can bite, and arms once lost can sprout anew—yes, it must surely be the Terra Australis, or else the land of Prester John. Eh? Is Prester John your king?" Noort laughs. He seems to be emerging from his bewilderment. "Tell



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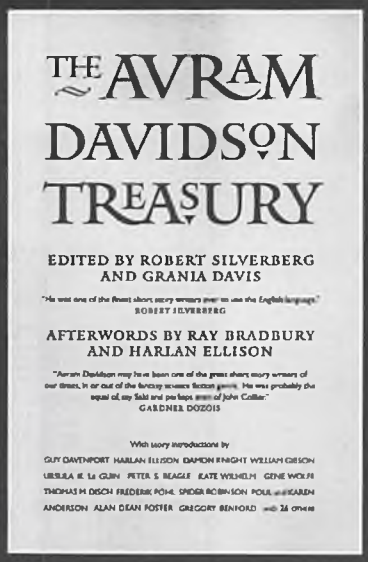

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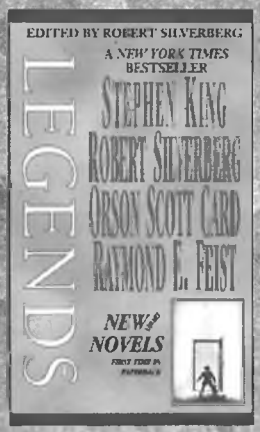

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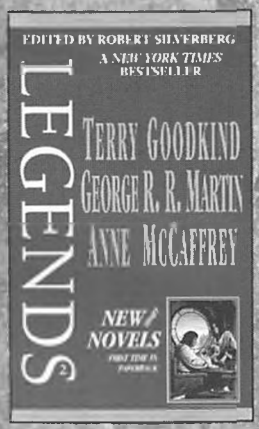

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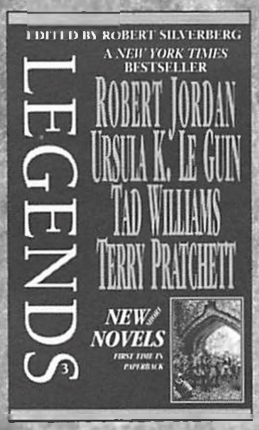

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me the name of this land, creature, so I may claim it for the United Provinces, if ever I see Holland again."

"It has no name."

"No name! No name! What foolishness! I never found a place whose folk had no name for it, not even in the endless South Sea. But I will name it, then. Let this province be called New Utrecht, eh? And all this land, from here to the shores of the South Sea, I annex hereby to the United Provinces in the name of the States-General. You be my witness, creature. Later I will draw up documents. You say I am not dead?"

"Not dead, not dead at all. But far from home. Come, walk beside me, and touch nothing. This is troublesome territory."

"This is strange and ghostly territory," says Noort. "I would paint it, if I could, and then let Mynheer Brueghel look to his fame, and old Bosch as well. Such sights! Were you a prince before you were transformed?"

"I have not yet been transformed," says Bhengarn. "That awaits me at Crystal Pond." The road through the plain now trends slightly uphill; they are advancing into the farther side of the basin. A pale-yellow tint comes into the sky. The path here is prickly with little many-faceted insects whose hard sharp bodies assail the Dutchman's bare tender feet. Cursing, he hops in wild leaps, bringing him dangerously close to outcroppings of teeth, and Bhengarn, in sympathy, fashions stout gray boots for him. Noort grins. He gestures toward his bare middle, and Bhengarn clothes him in a shapeless gray robe.

"Like a monk, is how I look!" Noort cries. "Well, well, a monk in Hell! But you say this is not Hell. And what kind of creature are you, creature?"

"A human being," says Bhengarn, "of the Traveler sort."

"A human being!" Noort booms. He leaps across a brook of sparkling bubbling violet-hued water and waits on the far side as Bhengarn trudges through it. "A human under an enchantment, I would venture."

"This is my natural form. Humankind has not worn your guise since long before the falling of the Moon. The Eater you saw was human. Do you see, on yonder eastern hill, a company of Destroyers turning the forest to rubble? They are human."

"The wolves on two legs up there?"

"Those, yes. And there are others you will see. Awaiters, Breathers, Skimmers—"

"These are mere noises to me, creature. What is human? A Dutchman is human! A Portugal is human! Even a Chinese, a black, a Japonder with a shaven head. But those beasts on yon hill? Or a creature with more legs than I have whiskers. No, Traveler, no! You flatter yourself. Do you happen to know, Traveler, how it is that I am here? I was in Amsterdam, to speak before the Lords Seventeen and the Company in general, to ask for ships to bring pepper from the Moluccas, but they said they would choose Joris van Spilbergen in my place—do you know Spilbergen? I think him much overpraised—and then all went dizzy, as though I had taken too much beer with my gin—and then—then—ah, this is a dream, is it not, Traveler? At this moment I sleep in Amsterdam. I am too old for such drinking. Yet never have I had a dream so real as this, and so strange. Tell me: when you walk, do you move the legs on the right side first, or the left?" Noort does not wait for a reply. "If you are human, Traveler, are you also a Christian, then?"

Bhengarn searches in Noort's mind for the meaning of that, finds something approximate, and says, "I make no such claim."

"Good. Good. There are limits to my credulity. How far is this Crystal Pond?"

"We have covered most of the distance. If I proceed at a steady pace I will come shortly to the land of smoking holes, and not far beyond that is the approach to the Wall of Ice, which will demand a difficult but not impossible ascent, and just on the far side of that I will find the vale that contains Crystal Pond, where the beginning of the next phase of my life will occur." They are walking now through a zone of sparkling rubbery cones of a bright vermilion color from which small green Stangarones emerge in quick succession to chant their one-note melodies. The flavor of a heavy musk hangs in the air. Night is beginning to fall. Bhengarn says, "Are you tired?"

"Just a little."

"It is not my custom to travel by night. Does this campsite suit you?" Bhengarn indicates a broad circular depression bordered by tiny volcanic fumaroles. The ground here is warm and spongy, moist, bare of vegetation. Bhengarn extends an excavator claw and pulls free a strip of it, which he hands to Noort, indicating that he should eat. Noort tentatively nibbles. Bhengarn helps himself to some also. Noort, kneeling, presses his knuckles against

the ground, makes it yield, mutters to himself, shakes his head, rips off another strip and chews it in wonder. Bhengarn says, "You find the world much changed, do you not?"

"Beyond all understanding, in fact."

"Our finest artists have worked on it since time immemorial, making it more lively, more diverting. We think it is a great success. Do you agree?"

Noort does not answer. He is staring bleakly at the sky, suddenly dark and jeweled with blazing stars. Bhengarn realizes that he is searching for patterns, navigators' signs. Noort frowns, turns round and round to take in the full circuit of the heavens, bites his lip, finally lets out a low groaning sigh and says, "I recognize nothing. Nothing. This is not the northern sky, this is not the southern sky, this is not any sky I can understand." Quietly he begins to weep. After a time he says somberly, "I was not the most adept of navigators, but I knew something, at least. And I look at this sky and I feel like a helpless babe. All the stars have changed places. Now I see how lost I am, how far from anything I ever knew, and once it gave me great pleasure to sail under strange skies, but not now, not here, because these skies frighten me and this land of demons offers me no peace. I have never wept, do you know that, creature, never, not once in my life! But Holland—my house, my tavern, my church, my sons, my pipe—where is Holland? Where is everything I knew? The skies above Magellan's Strait were not the thousandth part so strange as this." A harsh heavy sob escapes him, and he turns away, huddling into himself.

Compassion floods Bhengarn for this miserable wanderer. To ease Noort's pain he summons fantasies for him, dredging images from the reservoirs of the ancient man's spirit and hurling them against the sky, building a cathedral of fire in the heavens, and a royal palace, and a great armada of ships with bellying sails and the Dutch flag fluttering, and the watery boulevards of busy Amsterdam and the quiet streets of little Haarlem, and more. He paints for Noort the stars in their former courses, the Centaur, the Swan, the Bear, the Twins. He restores the fallen Moon to its place and by its cold light creates a landscape of time lost and gone, with avenues of heavy-boughed oaks and maples, and drifts of brilliant red and yellow tulips blazing beneath them, and golden roses arching in great bowers over the thick, newly mowed lawn. He creates fields of ripe wheat, and haystacks high as barns, and harvesters toiling in the hot sultry afternoon. He gives Noort the aroma of the Sunday feast and the scent of good Dutch gin and the sweet dense fumes of his long clay pipe. Noort nods and murmurs and clasps his hands, and gradually his sorrow ebbs and his weeping ceases, and he drifts off into a deep and easy slumber. The images fade. Bhengarn, who rarely sleeps, keeps watch until first light comes and a flock of fingerwinged birds passes overhead, shouting shrilly, jesting and swooping.

Noort is calm and quiet in the morning. He feeds again on the spongy soil and drinks from a clear emerald rivulet and they move onward toward Crystal Pond. Bhengarn is pleased to have his company. There is something crude and coarse about the Dutchman, perhaps even more so than another of his era might be, but Bhengarn finds that unimportant. He has always preferred companions of any sort to the solitary march, in his centuries of going to and fro upon the Earth. He has traveled with Skimmers and Destroyers, and once a ponderous Ruminant, and even on several occasions visitors from other worlds who have come to sample the wonders of Earth. At least twice Bhengarn has had as his traveling companion a castaway of the timeflux from some prehistoric era, though not so prehistoric as Noort's. And now it has befallen him that he will go to the end of his journey with this rough hairy being from the dawn of humanity's day. So be it. So be it.

Noort says, breaking a long silence as they cross a plateau of quivering gelatinous stuff, "Were you a man or a woman before the sorcery gave you this present shape?"

"I have always had this form."

"No. Impossible. You say you are human, you speak my language—"

"Actually, you speak my language," says Bhengarn.

"As you wish. If you are human you must once have looked like me. Can it be otherwise? Were you born a thing of silvery scales and many legs? I will not believe that."

"Born?" says Bhengarn, puzzled.

"Is this word unknown to you?"

"Born," the Traveler repeats. "I think I see the concept. To begin, to enter, to acquire one's shape—"

"Born," says Noort in exasperation. "To come from the womb. To hatch, to sprout, to drop. Everything alive has to be born!"

"No," Bhengarn says mildly. "Not any longer."

"You talk nonsense," Noort snaps, and scours his throat angrily and spits. His spittle strikes a node of assonance and blossoms into a dazzling mound of green and scarlet jewels. "Rubies," he murmurs. "Emeralds. I could puke pearls, I suppose." He kicks at the pile of gems and scatters them; they dissolve into spurts of moist pink air. The Dutchman gives himself over to a sullen brooding. Bhengarn does not transgress on the other's taciturnity; he is content to march forward in his steady plodding way, saying nothing.

Three Skimmers appear, prancing, leaping. They are heading to the south. The slender golden-green creatures salute the wayfarers with pulsations of their great red eyes. Noort, halting, glares at them and says hoarsely to Bhengarn, "These are human beings, too?"

"Indeed."

"Natives of this realm?"

"Natives of this era," says Bhengarn. "The latest form, the newest thing, graceful, supple, purposeless." The Skimmers laugh and transform themselves into shining streaks of light and soar aloft like a trio of auroral rays. Bhengarn says, "Do they seem beautiful to you?"

"They seem like minions of Satan," says the Dutchman sourly. He scowls. "When I awaken I pray I remember none of this. For if I do, I will tell the tale to Willem and Jan and Piet, and they will think I have lost my senses, and mock me. Tell me I dream, creature. Tell me I lie drunk in an inn in Amsterdam."

"It is not so," Bhengarn says gently.

"Very well. Very well. I have come to a land where every living thing is a demon or a monster. That is no worse, I suppose, than a land where everyone speaks Japanese and worships stones. It is a world of wonders, and I have seen more than my share. Tell me, creature, do you have cities in this land?"

"Not for millions of years."

"Then where do the people live?"

"Why, they live where they find themselves! Last night we lived where the ground was food. Tonight we will settle by the Wall of Ice. And tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow," Noort says, "we will have dinner with the Grand Diabolus and dance in the Witches' Sabbath. I am prepared, just as I was prepared to sup with the penguin-eating folk of the Cape, that stood six cubits high. I will be surprised by nothing." He laughs. "I am hungry, creature. Shall I tear up the earth again and stuff it down?"

"Not here. Try those fruits."

Luminous spheres dangle from a tree of golden limbs. Noort plucks one, tries it unhesitatingly, claps his hands, takes three more. Then he pulls a whole cluster free, and offers one to Bhengarn, who refuses.

"Not hungry?" the Dutchman asks.

"I take my food in other ways."

"Yes, you breathe it in from flowers as you crawl along, eh? Tell me, Traveler: to what end is your journey? To discover new lands? To fulfill some pledge? To confound your enemies? I doubt it is any of these."

"I travel out of simple necessity, because it is what my kind does, and for no special purpose."

"A humble wanderer, then, like the mendicant monks who serve the Lord by taking to the highways?"

"Something like that."

"Do you ever cease your wanderings?"

"Never yet. But cessation is coming. At Crystal Pond I will become my utter opposite, and enter the Awaiter tribe, and be made immobile and contemplative. I will root myself like a vegetable, after my metamorphosis."

Noort offers no comment on that. After a time he says, "I knew a man of your kind once. Jan Huyghen van Linschoten of Haarlem, who roamed the world because the world was there to roam, and spent his years in the India of the Portugals and wrote it all down in a great vast book, and when he had done that went off to Novaya Zemlya with Barents to find the chilly way to the Indies, and I think would have sailed to the Moon if he could find the pilot to guide him. I spoke with him once. My own travels took me farther than Linschoten, do you know? I saw Borneo and Java and the world's hinder side, and the thick Sargasso Sea. But I went with a purpose other than my own amusement or the gathering of strange lore, which was to buy pepper and cloves, and gather Spanish gold, and win my fame and comfort. Was that so wrong, Trav-

"Rubies," he murmurs. "Emeralds. I could puke pearls, I suppose."

eler? Was I so unworthy?" Noort chuckles. "Perhaps I was, for I brought home neither spices nor gold nor most of my men, but only the fame of having sailed around the world. I think I understand you, Traveler. The spices go into a cask of meat and are eaten and gone; the gold is only yellow metal; but so long as there are Dutchmen, no one will forget that Olivier van Noort, the tavernkeeper of Rotterdam, strung a line around the middle of the world. So long as there are Dutchmen." He laughs. "It is folly to travel for profit. I will travel for wisdom from now on. What do you say, Traveler? Do you applaud me?"

"I think you are already on the proper path," says Bhengarn. "But look, look there: the Wall of Ice."

Noort gasps. They have come around a low headland and are confronted abruptly by a barrier of pure white light, as radiant as a mirror at noon, that spans the horizon from east to west and rises skyward like an enormous palisade filling half the heavens. Bhengarn studies it with respect and admiration. He has known for hundreds of years that he must ascend this wall if he is to reach Crystal Pond, and that the wall is formidable; but he has seen no need before now to contemplate the actualities of the problem, and now he sees that they are significant.

"Are we to ascend that?" Noort asks.

"I must. But here, I think, we shall have to part company."

"The throne of Lucifer must lie beyond that icy rampart."

"I know nothing of that," says Bhengarn, "but certainly Crystal Pond is on the farther side, and there is no other way to reach it but to climb the wall. We will camp tonight at its base, and in the morning I will begin my climb."

"Is such a climb possible?"

"It will have to be," Bhengarn replies.

"Ah. You will turn yourself to a puff of light like those others we met, and shoot over the top like some meteor. Eh?"

"I must climb," says Bhengarn, "using one limb after another, and taking care not to lose my grip. There is no magical way of making this ascent." He sweeps aside fallen branches of a glowing blue-limbed shrub to make a campsite for them. To Noort he says, "Before I begin the ascent tomorrow I will instruct you in the perils of the world, for your protection on your future wanderings. I hold myself responsible for your presence here, and I would not have you harmed once you have left my side."

Noort says, "I am not yet planning to leave your side. I mean to climb that wall alongside you, Traveler."

"It will not be possible for you."

"I will make it possible. That wall excites my spirit. I will conquer it as I conquered the storms of the Strait and the fevers of the Sargasso. I feel I should go with you to Crystal Pond, and pay my farewells to you there, for it will bring me luck to mark the beginning of my solitary journey by witnessing the end of yours. What do you say?"

"I say wait until the morning," Bhengarn answers, "and see the wall at close range, before you commit yourself to such mighty resolutions."

During the night a silent lightstorm plays overhead; twisting turbulent spears of blue and green and violet radiance clash in the throbbing sky, and an undulation of the atmosphere sends alternating waves of hot and cool air racing down from the Wall of Ice. The time-flux blows, and frantic figures out of forgotten eras are swept by now, far aloft, limbs churning desperately, eyes rigid with astonishment. Noort sleeps through it all, though from time to time he stirs and mutters and clenches his fists. Bhengarn ponders his obligations to the Dutchman, and by the coming of the sharp blood-hued dawn he has arrived at an idea. Together they advance to the edge of the Wall; together they stare upward at that vast vertical field of shining whiteness, smooth as stone. Hesitantly Noort touches it with his fingertip, and hisses at the coldness of it. He turns his back to it, paces, folds and unfolds his arms.

He says finally, "No man or woman born could achieve the summit of that wall. But is there not some magic you could work, Traveler, that would enable me to make the ascent?"

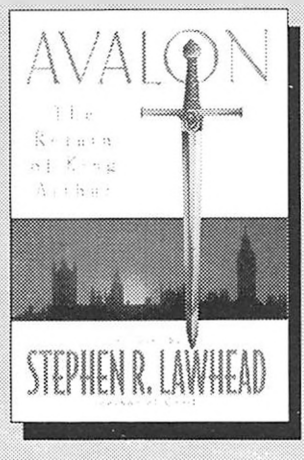
"There is one. But I think you would not like it."

"Speak."

"I could transform you—for a short time, only a short time, no longer than the time it takes to climb the wall—into a being of the Traveler form. Thus we could ascend together."

Noort's eyes travel quickly over Bhengarn's body—the long tubular serpentine thorax, the tapering tail, the multitude of powerful little legs—and a look of shock and dismay and loathing comes over his face for an instant, but just an instant. He frowns. He tugs at his heavy lower lip.

Fall



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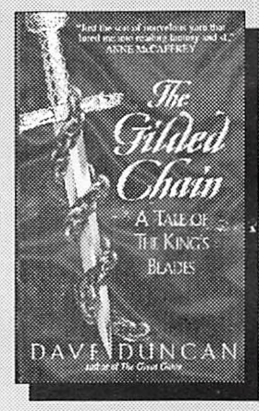

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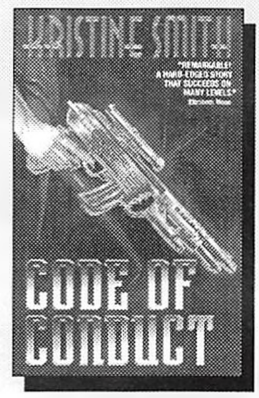

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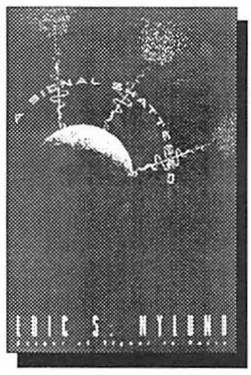

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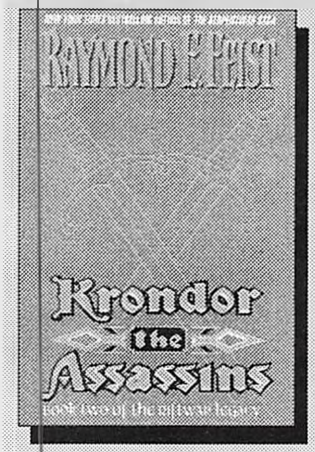

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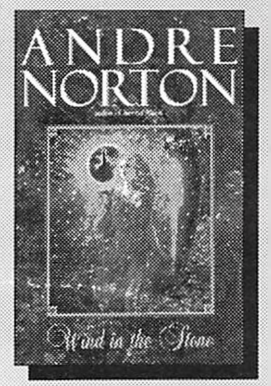

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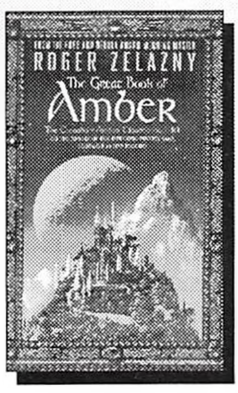

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Bhengarn says, "I will take no offense if you refuse."

"Do it."

"You may be displeased."

"Do it! The morning is growing old. We have much climbing to do. Change me, Traveler. Change me quickly!" A shadow of doubt crosses Noort's features. "You will change me back, once we reach the top?"

"It will happen of its own accord. I have no power to make a permanent transformation."

"Then do what you can, and do it now!"

"Very well," says Bhengarn, and the Traveler, summoning his fullest force, drains metamorphic energies from the planets and the stars and a passing comet, and focuses them and hurls them at the Dutchman, and there is a buzzing and a droning and a shimmering and when it is done a second Traveler stands at the foot of the Wall of Ice.

Noort seems thunderstruck. He says nothing; he does not move; only after a long time does he carefully lift his frontmost left limb and swing it forward a short way and put it down. Then the one opposite it; then several of the middle limbs; then, growing more adept, he manages to move his entire body, adopting a curious wriggling style, and in another moment he appears to be in control. "This is passing strange," he remarks at length. "And yet it is almost like being in my own body, except that everything has been changed. You are a mighty wizard, Traveler. Can you show me now how to make the ascent?"

"Are you ready so soon?"

"I am ready," Noort says.

So Bhengarn demonstrates, approaching the wall, bringing his penetrator claws into play, driving them like pitons into the ice, hauling himself up a short distance, extending the claws, driving them in, pulling upward. He has never climbed ice before, though he has faced all other difficulties the world has to offer, but the climb, though strenuous, seems manageable enough. He halts after a few minutes and watches as Noort, clumsy but determined in his altered body, imitates him, scratching and scraping at the ice as he pulls himself up the face until they are side by side. "It is easy," Noort says.

Sudden ecstasy engulfs him as he becomes aware of the beginning of his transformation: . . .

And so it is, for a time, and then it is less easy, for now they hang high above the valley and the midday sun has melted the surface of the wall just enough to make it slick and slippery, and a terrible cold from within the mass of ice seeps outward into the climbers, and even though a Traveler's body is a wondrous machine fit to endure anything, this is close to the limit. Once Bhengarn loses his purchase, but Noort deftly claps a claw to the middle of his spine to hold him firmly until he has dug in again; and not much later the same happens to Noort, and Bhengarn grasps him. As the day wanes they are so far above the ground that they can barely make out the treetops below, and yet the top of the wall is too high to see. Together they excavate a ledge, burrowing inward to rest in a chilly nook, and at dawn they begin again, Bhengarn's sinuous body winding upward over the rim of their little cave and Noort following with less agility. Upward and upward they climb, never pausing and saying little, through a day of warmth and soft perfumed breezes and through a night of storms and falling stars, and then through a day of turquoise rain, and through another day and a night and a day and then they are at the top, looking out across the broad unending field of ferns and bright blossoms that covers the summit's flat surface, and as they move inward from the rim Noort lets out a cry and stumbles forward, for he has resumed his ancient form. He drops to his knees and sits there panting, stunned, looking in confusion at his fingernails, at his knuckles, at the hair on the backs of his hands, as though he has never seen such things before. "Passing strange," he says softly.

"You are a born Traveler," Bhengarn tells him.

They rest a time, feeding on the sparkling four-winged fruits that sprout in that garden above the ice. Bhengarn feels an immense calmness now that the climax of his peregrination is upon him. Never had he questioned the purpose of being a Traveler, nor has he had regret that destiny gave him that form, but now he is quite willing to yield it up.

"How far to Crystal Pond?" Noort asks.

"It is just over there," says Bhengarn.

"Shall we go to it now?"

"Approach it with great care," the Traveler warns. "It is a place of extraordinary power."

They go forward; a path opens for them in the swaying grasses and low fleshy-leaved plants; within minutes they stand at the edge of a perfectly circular body of water of unfathomable depth and of a clarity so complete that the reflections of the sun can plainly be seen on the white sands of its infinitely distant bed. Bhengarn moves to the edge and peers in, and is pervaded by a sense of fulfillment and finality.

Noort says, "What will become of you here?"

"Observe," says Bhengarn.

He enters Crystal Pond and swims serenely toward the farther shore, an enterprise quickly enough accomplished. But before he has reached the mid-point of the pond a tolling sound is heard in the air, as of bells of the most pure quality, striking notes without harmonic overtones. Sudden ecstasy engulfs him as he becomes aware of the beginning of his transformation: his body flows and streams in the flux of life, his limbs fuse, his soul expands. By the time he comes forth on the edge of the pond he has become something else, a great cone of passive flesh, which is able to drag itself no more than five or six times its own length from the water, and then sinks down on the sandy surface of the ground and begins the process of digging itself in. Here the Awaiter Bhengarn will settle, and here he will live for centuries of centuries, motionless, all but timeless, considering the primary truths of being. Already he is gliding into the Earth.

Noort gapes at him from the other side of the pond.

"Is this what you sought?" the Dutchman asks.

"Yes. Absolutely."

"I wish you farewell and Godspeed, then!" Noort cries.

"And you—what will become of you?"

Noort laughs. "Have no fears for me! I see my destiny unfolding!"

Bhengarn, nestled now deep in the ground, enwombed by the earth, immobile, established already in his new life, watches as Noort strides boldly to the water's edge. Only slowly, for an Awaiter's mind is less agile than a Traveler's, does Bhengarn comprehend what is to happen.

Noort says, "I've found my vocation again. But if I'm to travel, I must be equipped for traveling!"

He enters the pond, swimming in broad awkward splashing strokes, and once again the pure tolling sound is evoked, a delicate carillon of crystalline transparent tone, and there is sudden brilliance in the pond as Noort sprouts the shining scales of a Traveler, and the jointed limbs, and the strong thick tail. He scuttles out on the far side wholly transformed.

"Farewell!" Noort cries joyously.

"Farewell," murmurs Bhengarn the Awaiter, peering out from the place of his long repose as Olivier van Noort, all his legs ablaze with new energy, strides away vigorously to begin his second circumnavigation of the globe. ❁

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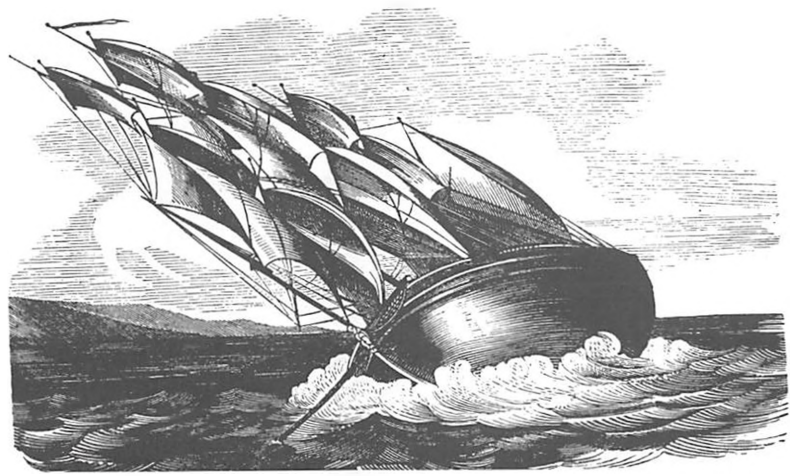

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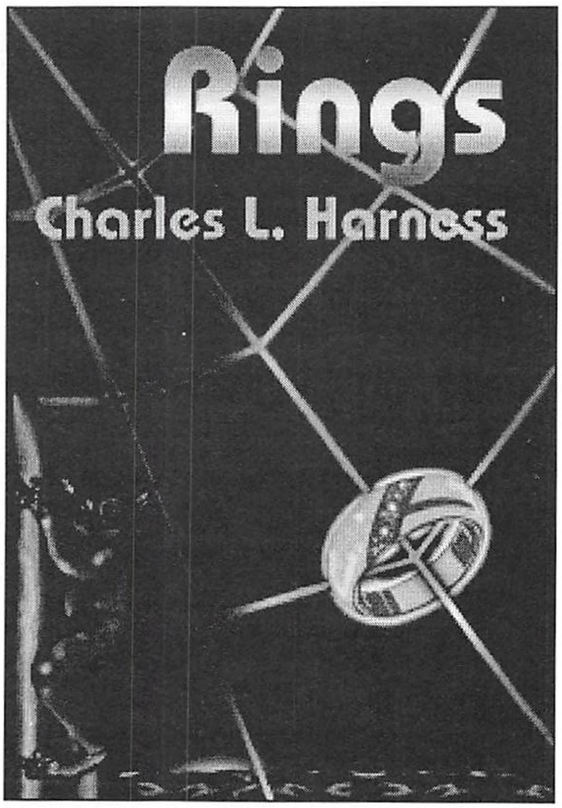

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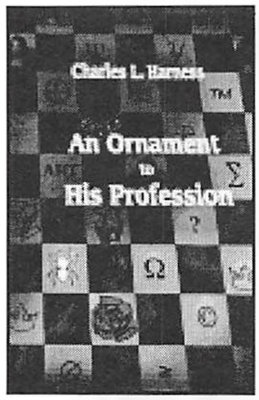

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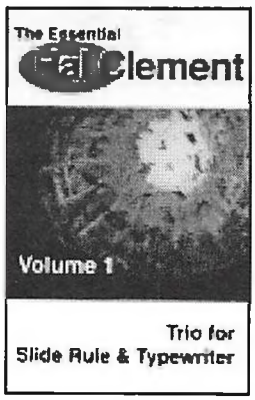

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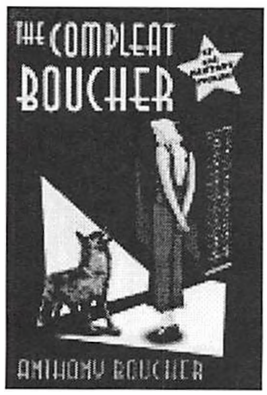

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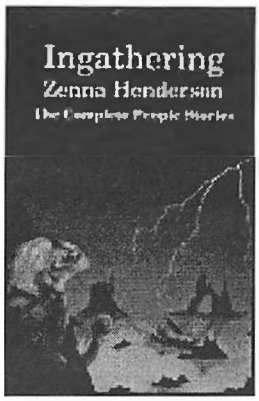

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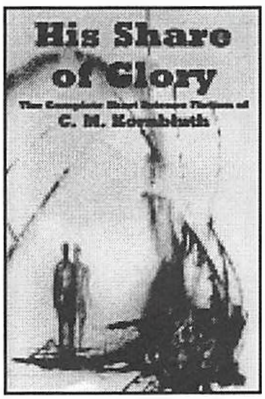

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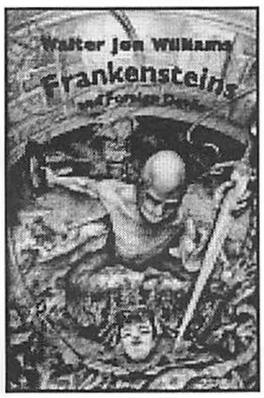

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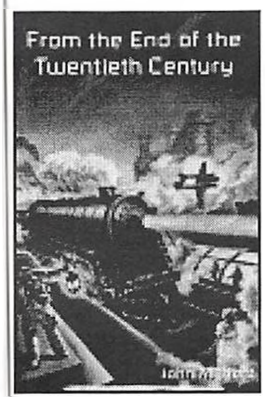

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by Vincent di Fate

I AM DELIGHTED THAT LEO AND DIANE HAVE CONSENTED TO BE THE ARTIST GUESTS OF Honor at this year's World Fantasy Convention and that I've been asked to say a few choice words about these two fabulously gifted and dear people. They are among the busiest artists in the nation and they're usually hard at work at what they do best and care most about—making pictures. It is rare indeed in these hectic times for them that they should venture out of the studio, let alone make their way to far-off Providence to appear at a convention. Rumor has it that Leo is something of a recluse, and while I wouldn't swear to it, I must say that I've seen him only twice (and then only briefly) in the fifteen years or so that I've known Diane. Diane was president of the Society of Illustrators when I first came onto the Society's Board of Directors. It's a rare thing indeed that they're at our disposal for the weekend, and I hope you'll take advantage of their presence to say hello and to chat with them for a bit.

This divinely-talented husband and wife illustration team is easily among the best decorative artists of the 20th Century. Their work has appeared virtually everywhere: in major magazines, on television, in national ads, on movie posters, in scads of award-winning children's books, on record albums, in museums and galleries, and in connection with some of our favorite science fiction and fantasy stories. Their versatility is breathtaking, their ingenuity boundless, their command of diverse media astonishing. Their willingness to reinvent themselves and to push the envelope with new media, often utilized in the most unexpected ways, is what has given them such longevity in a field where surviving a decade qualifies you as an Old Timer. The Dillons, despite their youthful good looks, have been at the picture-making game now for some four decades and are truly at the top of their form at this very moment. That is, of course, until they come up with something to top what they're doing now, assuming that such a thing is even possible.

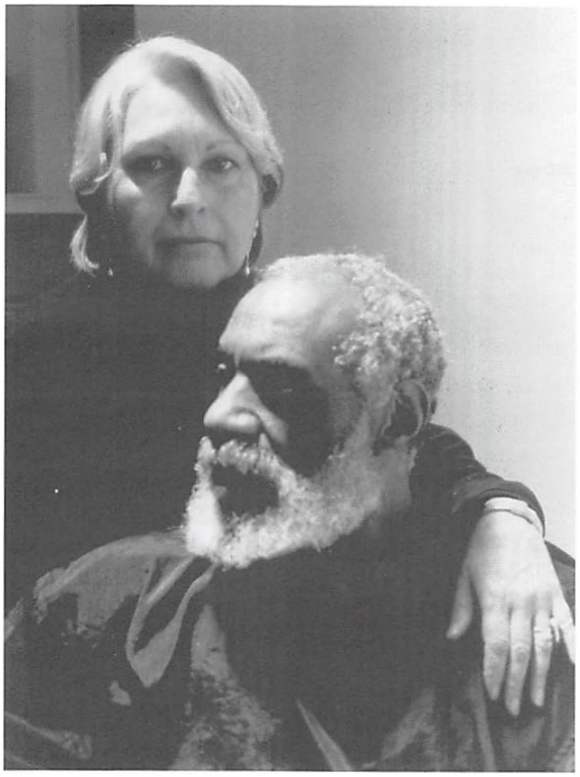


Photo by Lee Dillon

During these long years of diligent hard work, the couple has received an impressive number of honors including the Best Professional Artist Hugo in 1971, the Balrog Award and the Lensman (both in 1982), an almost uncountable number of book awards including the unheard-of feat of winning back-to-back Caldecott Medals in 1976 and 1977 (for *Why Mosquitoes Buzz in People's Ears* and *Ashanti to Zulu*, respectively), and several Boston Globe Horn Book Honors. They even have an honorary Ph.D.! In 1997, as if all this wasn't enough to prove the merits of their work, they were acknowledged as Grand Masters by the folks at Spectrum and later in the same year, they were inducted into the prestigious Illustrators Hall of Fame. Their Hall of Fame induction came in the last year of my presidency at the Society and I was fortunate enough to have been asked to say a few

words about them during the awards presentation at the President's Dinner. I think Leo was present at the event, but I really couldn't swear to it. I suspect that Diane might have an inflatable Leo in her purse for just this sort of occasion.

Those of us who are fans of fantastic literature probably first took notice of Leo's art on the pages of *Galaxy* back in the late 1950s, but the Dillons' first collaborative, full-blown assault on the genre came in the late '60s during the turbulent New Wave era. Their consistently excellent cover illustrations for the Terry Carr/Don Wollheim–edited Ace Specials line are quite possibly the best series paintings ever created for the genre.

The widely held myth is that people who work in the arts tend to come in two varieties. There are those who are smart, who have a uniquely personal vision to share, but who have to struggle mightily with every brushstroke in order to create a work of art. And then there are those who are just so damned naturally gifted that creating a masterpiece is like falling off the proverbial log. The truth is that most everyone who's ever been successful in the arts is smart, works hard, struggles mightily, but makes it all look effortless to those in the outside world. Perhaps the artistic savant is merely the stuff of legend, but there are surely those among us who are born to this marvelous craft, and I know of no one who makes pictures better, or makes the process of making pictures seems so natural and effortless, than Leo and Diane.

So, this weekend we will have the rare good fortune to be in the company of true genius. More than merely sparkling talents, L & D are utterly delightful, special people that you are sure to fall in love with. Bask in the glow of these two brilliantly gifted individuals and understand that opportunities like this are rare in a normal lifetime.

You'll find more information about the Dillons at: http://www.bpib.com/l%26dillon.htm and http://www.best.com/~libros/dillon/

Selected Works: Leo and Diane Dillon

Science Fiction and Fantasy Book and Magazine Covers

After Things Fell Apart (Ace, 1970)

And Chaos Died (Ace, 1969)

The Back of Our Heads (*Galaxy*, July 1958)

Basilisk (*The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, 1972)

The Black Corridor (Ace, 1969)

Dangerous Visions (Signet/Doubleday, 1967)

The Demon Breed (Ace, 1969)

The Deathbird (*The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, March 1973)

Dumbwaiter (*Galaxy*, 1960)

Dying Inside (Caedmon, 1979)

The Eclipse of Dawn (Ace, 1969)

The Essential Ellison (N.e.m.o., 1985)

A Feast of Demons (*Galaxy*, 1958)

The Floating Dragon (Underwood Miller, 1982)

The Foundation Series: The Android (Caedmon, 1983)

The Foundation Series: Foundation's Edge (Caedmon, 1982)

The Foundation Series: The Mule (Caedmon, 1980)

Fourth Mansions (Ace, 1969)

From an Unknown Censor (*Galaxy*, 1958)

The Halloween Tree (Bantam/Random House/Knopf, 1988)

The Hills of Home (*Galaxy*, 1960)

I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream (Pyramid, 1967)

Idea Man (*Galaxy*, 1960)

The Illustrated Harlan Ellison (Byron Preiss Visual Publications/Baronet, 1978)

The Illustrated Man, The Veldt, and Marionettes, Inc. (Caedmon, 1975)

The Infinite Web (Dial, 1976)

Inside John Barth (*Galaxy*, 1960)

The Island Under the Earth (Ace, 1969)

Isle of the Dead (Ace, 1968)

The Jagged Orbit (Ace, 1969)

The Left Hand of Darkness (Ace, 1969)

The Lincoln Hunters (Ace, 1968)

The Martian Chronicles (Caedmon, 1975)

Monkey on His Back (*Galaxy*, 1960)

Nine Hundred Grandmothers (Ace, 1969)

No Doors, No Windows (Pyramid, 1975)

One Million Tomorrows (Ace, 1970)

Paingod (*Fantastic*, 1964)

Paingod (Pyramid, 1975)

The Palace of Eternity (Ace, 1969)

Partners in Wonder (Walker, 1971)

Partners in Wonder (Pyramid, 1975)

Past Master (Ace, 1968)

Pavane (Ace, 1969)

The Phoenix and the Mirror (Ace, 1969)

The Preserving Machine (Ace, 1969)

Revolving Boy (Ace, 1968)

Rite of Passage (Ace, 1968)

Sabriel (Harper Collins, 1996)

The Seedling Stars (Gnome, 1957)

Shade's Children (Harper Collins/Allen & Unwin, 1997)

Shatterday (Houghton Mifflin/Pyramid/Simon & Schuster, 1978)

The Snow Queen (Dial/Dell, 1979)

Stargate (Dial/Dell, 1981)

The Steel Crocodile (Ace, 1969)

Strange Wine (Harper Row/Warner, 1977)

Synthajoy (Ace, 1968)

The Traveler in Black (Ace, 1970)

The Water Is Wide (Pendragon Press, 1976)

Why Call Them Back from Heaven (Ace, 1967)

The Wizard of Earthsea (Ace, 1970)

The Woman of the Future (Bantam, 1982)

World's End (Bluejay, 1983)

Way Up Yonder (*Galaxy,* 1959)

Picture and Chapter Books

Aida (Price, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1990)

All in a Day (Anno, Hamish Hamilton, 1986)

Ashanti to Zulu: African Traditions (Musgrove, Dial, 1977) Caldecott Award winner

Brother of the Wind (Walter, Lothrop, 1985)

Burning Star (Clifford, Houghton Mifflin, 1974)

Children of the Sun (Carew, Little Brown, 1980)

Claymore and Kilt (Nic Leodhas, Holt, Rinehart, Winston, 1967)

From Sea to Shining Sea (Cohn, Scholastic, 1994)

The Girl Who Dreamed Only Geese (Norman, Harcourt Brace, 1997)

Hakon of Rogen's Saga (Haugaard, Houghton Mifflin, 1964)

Her Stories (Hamilton, Scholastic/Blue Sky Press, 1995)

Honey, I Love (Greenfield, Viking, 1972)

The Hundred Penny Box (Mathis, Viking, 1975)

Many Thousand Gone (Hamilton, Knopf, 1992)

Miriam's Well (Bach/Exum, Delacorte, 1991)

Moses' Ark (Bach/Exum, Delacorte, 1989)

Northern Lullaby (Carlstrom, Putnam, 1992)

The People Could Fly (Hamilton, Knopf, 1985)

Pish, Posh, Said Hieronymus Bosch (Willard, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1991)

The Porcelain Cat (Hearn, Little Brown, 1987)

The Race of the Golden Apples (Martin, Dial, 1991)

The Rider and His Horse (Haugaard, Houghton Mifflin, 1968)

The Ring of the Prairie (Bierhorst, Dial, 1970)

The Search (Murray/Thomas, Scholastic, 1971)

Shamrock and Spear (Pilkington, Holt, Rinehart, Winston, 1968)

Sing a Song of Popcorn (de Regniers, Scholastic, 1988)

A Slave's Tale (Haugaard, Houghton Mifflin, 1965)

Song of the Boat (Graham, Crowell, 1975)

Songs and Stories from Uganda (Serwadda, World Music Press, 1974)

The Sorcerer's Apprentice (Willard, Scholastic/Blue Sky Press, 1993)

Switch on the Night (Bradbury, Knopf, 1992)

The Tale of the Mandarin Ducks (Patterson, Lodestar, 1990)

The Third Gift (Carew, Little Brown, 1974)

To Everything There Is a Season (Dillon, Scholastic/Blue Sky Press, 1998)

Two Pair of Shoes (Travers, Viking, 1980)

The Untold Tale (Haugaard, Houghton Mifflin, 1971)

What Am I? (N.N. Charles, Scholastic/Blue Sky Press, 1994)

Whirlwind Is a Ghost Dancing (Belting, Dutton, 1974)

Who's in Rabbit's House (Aardema, Dial, 1977)

Why Mosquitoes Buzz in People's Ears (Aardema, Dial, 1976) Caldecott Award winner

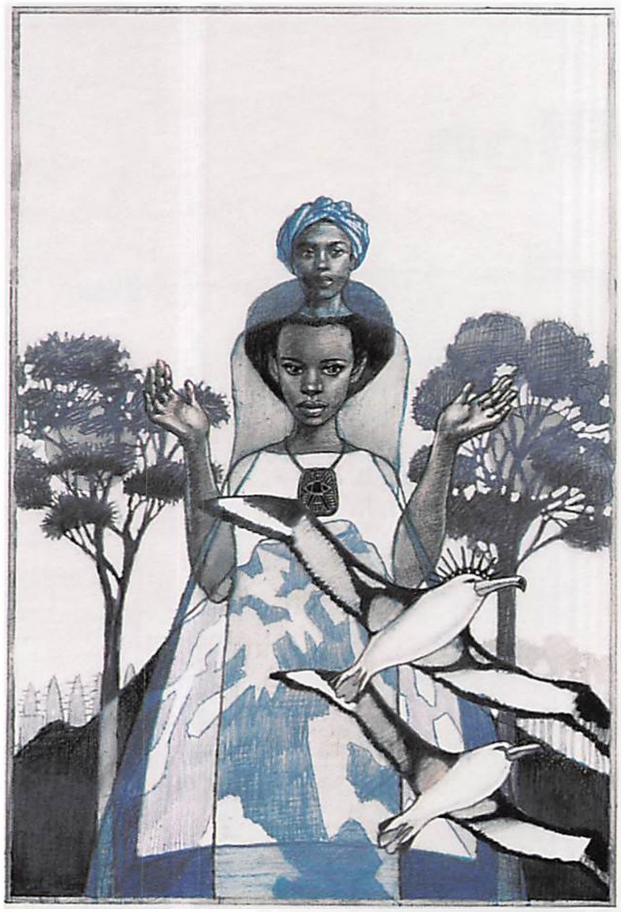
The Art of Leo and Diane Dillon

The Essential Ellison

acrylic on acetate

untitled cover for *Cricket Magazine*

pastel and acrylic



Pretty Pearl
first pencil study

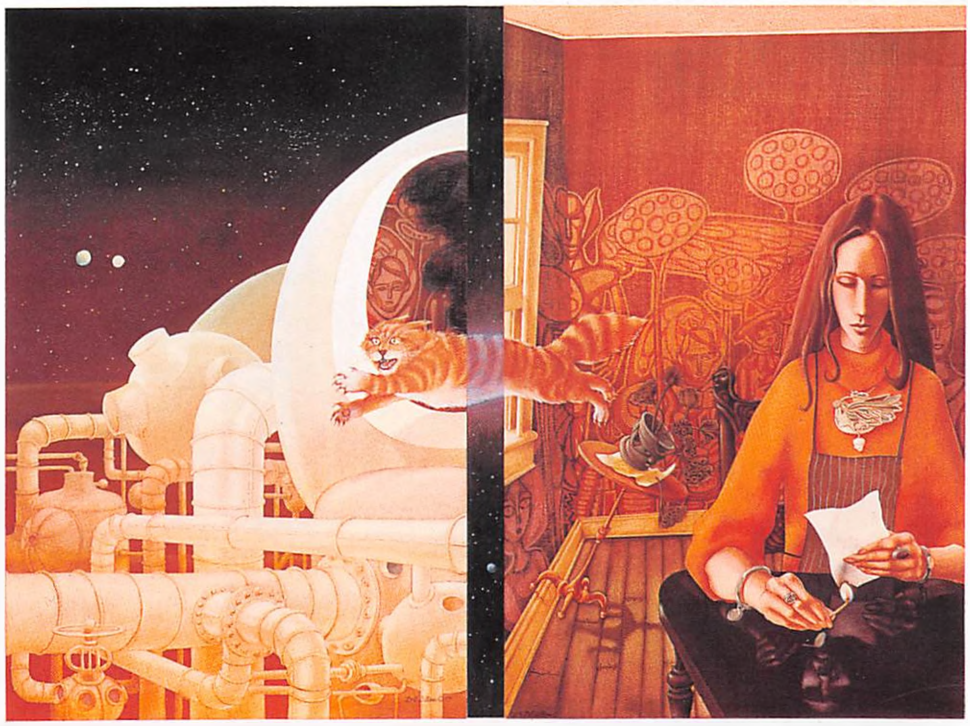
graphite and prismacolor pencil on vellum

Pretty Pearl
second pencil study

graphite and prismacolor pencil on vellum

Pretty Pearl
finished painting

acrylic on illustration board



San Diego Light Foot Sue

pastel and acrylic

Beyond Expectations

graphite and Prismacolor pencil

Untitled cover for
The New Advocate

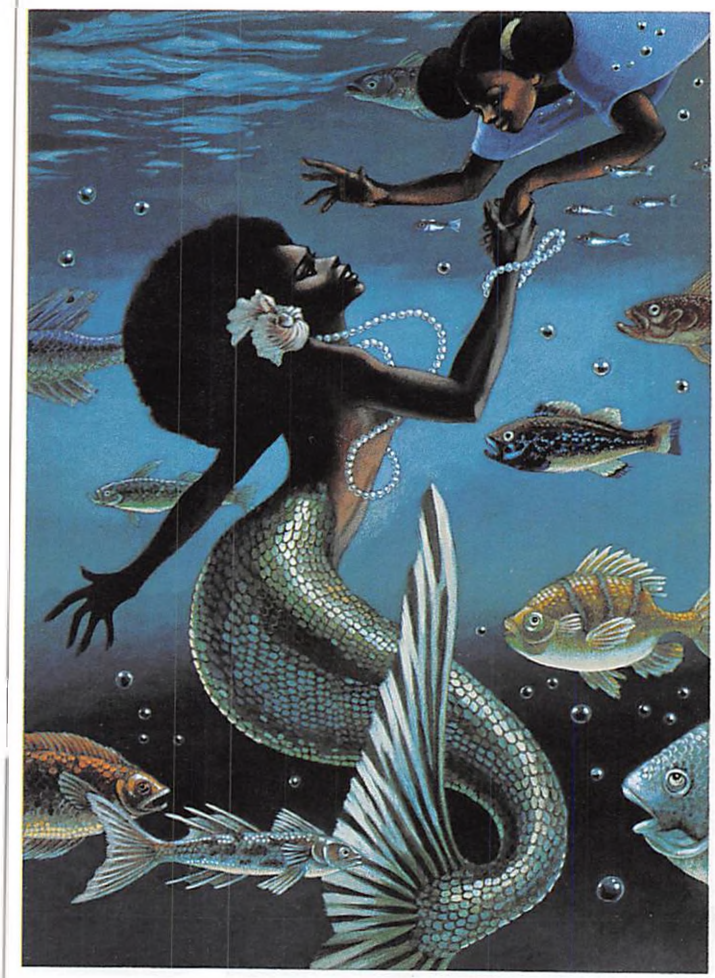
pastel and acrylic

Owl Woman

print

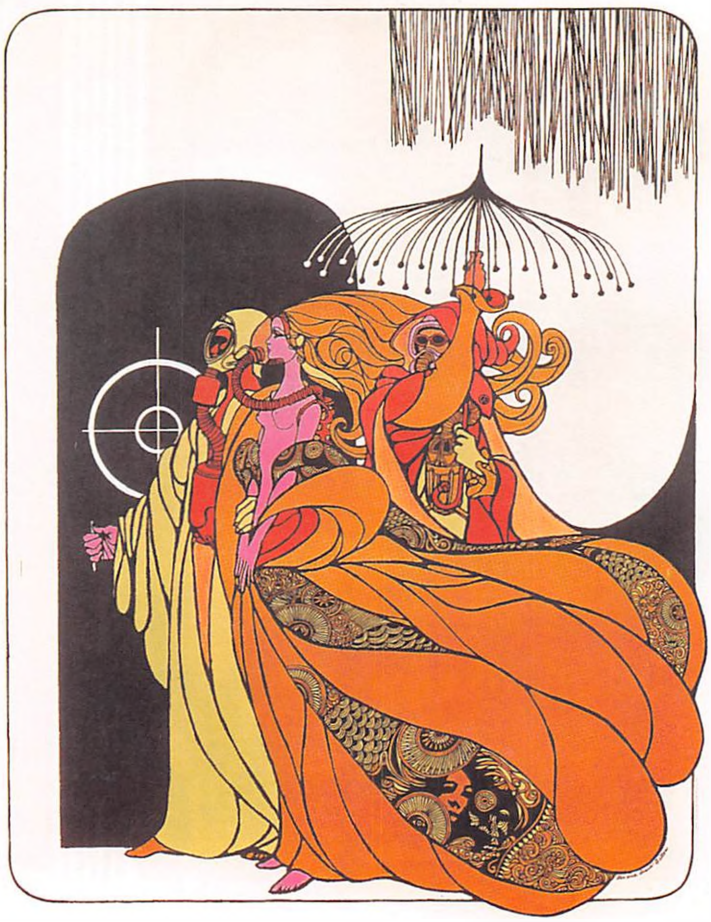
Narnia—The Lion, Witch and the Wardrobe

art: acrylic on acetate
bronze frame by Lee Dillon



Mary Belle's Mermaid (from the book *Her Stories*)

acrylic on illustration board

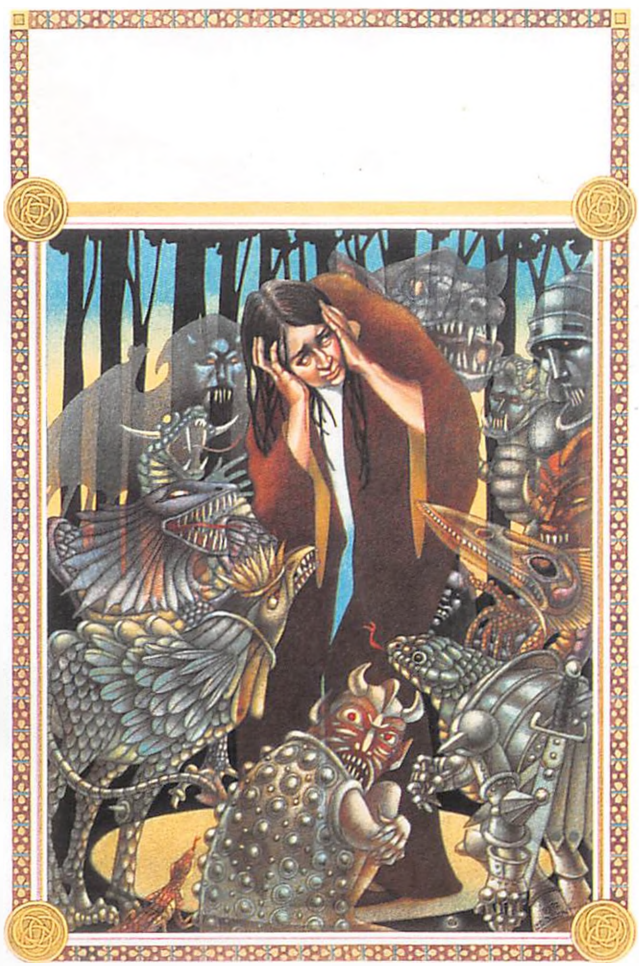


Ground Zero Poster

print

Angel Warrior

hand colored print



The Magic Circle

pastel and acrylic

The Preserving Machine

multimedia

A Thank You From Tekno Books

Marty and Roz Greenberg and the rest of the gang at Tekno Books—Larry Segriff, Denise Little, John Helfers and Brittiany Koren—would like to thank the many, many people we've worked with during the past twenty years. In particular, we would like to thank the more than 1,290 authors who have written over 5,000 original stories and novels for our 1,100 published books.

We would also like to extend our thanks and appreciation to our publishers and editors:

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Avon Books
Lou Aronica and Jennifer Brehl

Baen Books
Jim Baen and Toni Weisskopf

Barnes & Noble Books
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Mary Kirchoff

We look forward to working with all of you in the next millenium.

Special Guest

Samuel R. Delany

by Kathryn Cramer

SAMUEL R. DELANY IS KNOWN AS A SCIENCE FICTION WRITER AND CRITIC, AS A postmodern critic, as a black writer, as a gay writer, a professor of comparative literature, and even as a pornographer. His best-known (and best-selling) novel is his science fiction novel *Dhalgren* (1975). His science fiction criticism is collected in *The Jewel-Hinged Jaw* (1977), *The American Shore* (1978), *Starboard Wine* (1984), and other volumes.

At the World Fantasy Convention we celebrate his contribution to fantasy: the *Nevèrÿon* stories, in *Tales of Nevèrÿon* (1979), *Neveryóna, or The Tale of Signs and Cities* (1983), *Flight from Nevèrÿon* (1985), *The Bridge of Lost Desire* (1987), and *They Fly at Çiron* (1993). (My examples here will come from *The Bridge of Lost Desire,* because it was written during a period when I visited Delany weekly.)

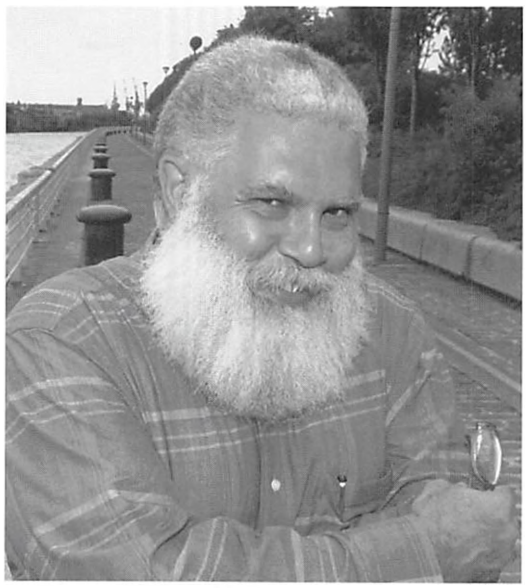

Photo by Beth Gwinn

Delany neither loves fantasy so much as to be afraid to hurt it, nor hates it so much as to want to kill it. Delany has said that one of his reasons for choosing sword & sorcery as an artistic medium was his affection for despised genres. He comes to fantasy not with a sincere love of sword & sorcery or of the Tolkienesque, but with a postmodernist's clinical curiosity as to the expressive powers of this pop-cultural mess, the indeterminate heroic past.

He has watched the game from the sidelines. The pig girl in the opening of "The Game of Time and Pain" explains the rules:

> I played in the castle . . . Castles are full of wonderful women in beautiful clothes who dance and dance with wonderful men. You give orders for impossible things to be done; and in the castle, people run right off to do them. That's what everybody plays in the castle. That's what I'll bet he'll play. (p. 4).

. . . and now it is his turn to play. As Delany, writing as K. Leslie Steiner in the appendix, puts it, Nevèrÿon has only "a whiff of magic." He is not one of fantasy's true believers. But he is a true believer in science fiction, so he mentions fantasy's unmentionables in hopes of finding a deeper enigma to engage his sense of wonder—something truly fantastic. I'm not sure that he finds it.

Instead, not very deeply buried in the tropes of commercial fantasy he finds history: nostalgia for a more rigid class system, white people's fantasies about slavery, and the connections between class, subjugation, and sexuality, unmentionable in polite fantasy. If impossible things are to be done in Nevèrÿon, they are done by real people, who may well live in hovels and may be whipped if they misbehave.

For some readers, he's pulling the wings off of the butterfly. Sword & sorcery is supposed to be, after all, a literature of escape. And it is not Delany's intention that the reader escape. The *Nevèrÿon* books and John Norman's *Gor* books both have roots in Robert E. Howard and Edgar Rice Burroughs, and both explore the subjects of slavery and sexuality. But where Norman is serious, Delany is satirical, and where Delany is serious, Norman follows the established script. Delany suggests that the desired tropes of fantasy are not the toys we might like them to be. As the man who confiscates a slave collar from the pig girl tells her, "Now you must

leave these things—and all things like them—alone, young woman. They're dangerous; and they can get you into real trouble! . . . it's all those strange things with no meaning that anything can rush in to fill." (pp. 133–4)

Although it's clear he has a lot of fun playing with the tropes of sword & sorcery, it is not the fun of the D & D game designer; it is the fun of the social satirist. Consider, for example, his bit of dialogue from "The Game of Time and Pain": "What you have done, my Gorgik, by ending slavery, is to reduce the distance between the highest and the lowest by an entire social class." (p. 109)

For Nevèrÿon's lower classes, the countryside is no escape from the city. (Delany's cities, while bewildering and corrupt, are no more dangerous than his small towns and coutrysides.) In his hands, the fairytale castle has uncanny (and perhaps deliberate) tangencies to the plantation house of the American South. And these tangencies make possible in a work of sword & sorcery such passages as this:

> . . . what we'd been denied most as slaves here was our history . . . Our history had been denied us as systematically as we had been denied the knowledge of our burial place, or as we had been denied the sight of the guard's house or any hint that, whatever its apparatus of oppression, the house had once been ours . . . What I had learned was that such a personal history must, just like impersonal ones, be founded as richly on desire as on memory. (p. 78)

The mode of discussion Delany offers for sorting out these tropes of fantasy is the discourse of desire, or rather the relationship between freedom, lust, and desire. The following passage from "The Tale of Rumour and Desire" is a direct address to the reader:

> For—let me repeat it—we have been writing about desire.
>
> What—you thought it was lust?
>
> And where does lust fit into the tale we've told so far? You must read it, as it grew and developed for Cloden to the point we've recounted, in the margins of every page we've written about him. It had been in his mind minutes before he stole the roast goat. . . . Indeed it lies in every pause, between every sentence in our story so far, as it will in all to come.
>
> With every material force and ill-known economic motive that pushed Cloden, however unaware he was of it, desire always lay ahead of him, lazy and limpid, to pull him in the same direction. (p. 171)

Later, Cloden has a dream which presents four contrasting statements about the relationship between freedom, lust and desire, which seem intended for the reader to try them on for size.

- "Lust has made me a slave. But desire has set me free."
- "Freedom has let me lust. But I am a slave to desire."
- "Desire has made me a slave. But lust has set me free."
- "I am a slave to freedom. But desire is slave to lust."

(pp. 224–5)

I don't pretend to know how to generalize about Delany's conclusions on the topic of freedom, lust, and desire. That is, as they say in mathematics, an exercise for the reader. And indeed, this topic leads down some of sexuality's dark alleys that I choose not to visit. However, I will speculate that another reason Delany chose sword & sorcery as his medium is that by definition its people are only partly civilized. And so these people can behave both better and worse than people in real life. They can be great heroes and free all the slaves, or can have an orgy that goes on for days (and in which one of the participants dies) without the reader becoming alienated from the characters. And if one sorts though all the dynamics of freedom, lust and desire, my suspicion is that, in the end, the subject of the Nevèrÿon tales is the nature and meaning of civilization: that being civilized requires cross-class contact, being able to "speak equally of and to barbarian tavern maids and High Court ladies, flogged slaves lost in the cities and provincial nobles at ease on their country estates." (p. 295)

Samuel R. Delany is a warm, generous, and hospitable man. Rather than giving to the poor through the intermediary of charitable organizations, as many "generous" people do, he befriends poor people directly. He invites them home for dinner.

Sometimes gives them a place to stay. The people, not the tax write-off, are of interest to him. While this is certainly the method of helping the poor that Jesus would have favored, most of us do not behave that way.

On a panel at Readercon in July on the topic of urban settings and science fiction, another panelist was discussing the dangers of the city. Delany replied simply and sincerely that the secret to safety in cities is being willing to engage in cross-class contact.

And indeed, Delany feels much safer in New York City than I ever have. I first noticed this in 1986, a year or so after I moved to New York City. Chip Delany and I had lunch at a restaurant just around the corner from his upper-West Side apartment shortly after I finished re-reading *Dhalgren*. (I had read about the first 650 pages as a teenager, wondering, sex scene after sex scene, "Is this possible? Is that possible? Oh my God, is that possible?!" I know I hadn't finished on the first reading because after page 650 on my second reading I stopped recognizing the sex scenes.) I mentioned to him over lunch that all of the characters in Dhalgren felt much safer in their environments than I would. As we talked about it, I realized that he himself felt much safer in New York City than I did.

Since that time, I had always believed that he wrote about people who felt safe in such environments because he felt safe, perhaps out of some benign madness. Only at that panel at Readercon did finally I understand that there was a method behind his feeling of safety. His willingness to transgress many of the unwritten rules of urban life regarding whom you befriend places him safely within his civilization.

Kathryn Cramer is a writer, anthologist and web site developer. She is the editor of Wonderbook, *a magazine for children, and is the web site editor of* The New York Review of Science Fiction. *Visit her web site at: http://ebbs.english.vt.edu/exper/kcramer/kc.html*

You'll find more information about Samuel Delany at: http://ebbs.english.vt.edu/lit-sf/back/delanysr.html

Selected Bibliography: Samuel R. Delany

Novels

Babel-17 (1966) Nebula winner, Hugo nominee

The Ballad of Beta-2 (1965) Nebula finalist

Captives of the Flame (1963)

City of a Thousand Suns (1965)

Dhalgren (1975) Nebula nominee

The Einstein Intersection (1967) Nebula winner, Hugo nominee

Empire Star (1966)

The Fall of the Towers (1970, omnibus)

Flight from Neveryon (1985)

The Game of Time and Pain (1987) (included in *The Bridge of Lost Desire)*

The Jewels of Aptor (1962)

Neveryóna (1983)

Nova (1968) Hugo nominee

Stars in My Pocket Like Grains of Sand (1984)

They Fly at Çiron (1993)

Triton (1976) (also called *Trouble on Triton*) Nebula finalist

The Towers of Toron (1964)

Collections

The Complete Nebula Award Winning Fiction (1986)

Distant Stars (1981) *DS*

Driftglass (1971) *DG*

Tales of Neveryon (1979)

The Bridge of Lost Desire

Short Works

Among the Blobs (*New Moon*)

Aye, and Gomorrah (*Dangerous Visions*, ed. by Harlan Ellison, 1967) Nebula winner, Hugo nominee in *DG*

Cage of Brass (*Worlds of IF*, Jun 1968) in *DG*

Corona (*The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, Oct 1967) in *DG, DS*

Dog in a Fisherman's Net (*Quark/3*, ed. by Samuel R. Delany and Marilyn Hacker, 1971) in *DG*

Driftglass (*If*, June 1967) in *DG* Nebula finalist

The Dying Castles (*New Worlds SF*, Apr 1970 with Michael Moorcock and James R. Sallis)

High Weir (*Worlds of IF*, Oct 1968) in *DG*

House A-Fire (*Amazing*, Jul 1968)

Lines of Power (*The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, May 1968) Nebula, Hugo nominee

Night and the Loves of Joe Dicostanzo (*Alchemy & Academe*, ed. by Anne McCaffrey, 1970) in *DG*

The Power of the Nail (with Harlan Ellison, *Amazing*, Nov 1968)

Prismatica (*The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, Oct 1977) Hugo nominee, in *DS*

The Star Pit (*Worlds of Tomorrow*, Feb 1967) Hugo nominee in *DG*

The Tale of Dragons and Dreamers (*Tales of Nevèrÿon*, 1979)

The Tale of Gorgik (*Asimov's SF Adventure Magazine*, Sum 1979) Nebula nominee

The Tale of Old Venn (*Tales of Nevèrÿon*, 1979)

The Tale of Potters and Dragons (*Tales of Nevèrÿon*, 1979)

The Tale of Rumor and Desire (*The Bridge of Lost Desire*)

The Tale of Small Sarg (*Tales of Nevèrÿon*, 1979)

They Fly at Çiron (with James Sallis, *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, Jun 1971)

Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones (*New Worlds SF*, Dec 1968) Nebula and Hugo winner in *DG, DS*

We, in Some Strange Power's Employ, Move on a Rigorous Line (*Distant Stars*, 1981) in *DG, DS*

Volumes of Critical Work

The Jewel-Hinged Jaw (1977)
- About 5,750 Words
- Alyx
- Characters
- Critical Methods/Speculative Fiction
- Faust and Archimedes
- A Fictional Architecture
- The Jewel-Hinged Jaw
- Letter to a Critic
- On Pure Story-Telling
- Prisoner's Sleep
- Quarks
- Shadows
- Teaching S-f Writing
- Thickening the Plot
- To Read *The Dispossessed*

The Straits of Messina (1989)
- "The Scorpion Garden" Revisited
- The Early Delany
- Of Sex, Objects, Sign, Systems, Sales, SF, and Other Things
- Return...
- Ruins/Foundations or, The Fall of the Towers Twenty Years After
- The Scorpion Garden
- Some Remarks toward a Reading of *Dhalgren*
- The Straits of Messina
- Tales of Nevèrÿon
- Trouble on Triton

Silent Interviews: On Language, Race, Sex, Science Fiction, and Some Comics (1994) Hugo nominee

Longer Views (1996)
- Appendix: Shadows
- Atlantis Rose...: Some Notes on Hart Crane
- Aversion/Perversion/Diversion
- Reading at Work, and Other Activities Frowned on byAuthority: A Reading of Donna Haraway's "Manifesto for Cyborgs: Science, Technology, and Socialist Feminism in the 1980s"
- Shadow and Ash
- Wagner/Artaud: A Play of 19th and 20th Century Critical Fictions

Shorter Views (1999)

Other Critical Works

Flow, My Tears...Theater and Science Fiction (*New York Review of SF*, Number 1, Sep 1988)

Neither the Beginning Nor the End of Structuralism, Post-Structuralism, Semiotics, or Deconstruction for SF Readers: An Introduction (*New York Review of SF*, Numbers 6-8, Feb–Apr 1989)

How Not to Teach Science Fiction (*New York Review of SF*, Number 13, Sep 1989)

Science and Literature (*New York Review of SF*, Number 23, Jul 1990)

Modernism, Postmodernism, Science Fiction (*New York Review of SF*, Number 24, Aug 1990)

The Life of/and Writing (*New York Review of SF*, Number 26, Oct 1990)

Zelazny/Varley/Gibson—and Quality (*New York Review of SF*, Numbers 48–49, Aug/Sep 1992)

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Other

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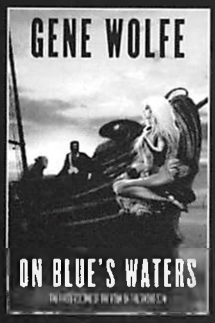

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John M. Ford: An Appreciation

by Will Shetterly

You won't find better than Mike Ford. There are traits that storytellers should have, and all of us who have made that art into a trade have at least one: a nimbleness of wit (or the ability to fake it after writing many drafts), a felicitous touch for choosing and arranging words, an insight into the great and terrible things that make us human, a way of making old stories seem new and new stories seem eternal. Mike Ford comes with the complete package, and half a dozen options that the dealer never imagined.

The world lost a great stand-up comic when he decided to be a novelist. Anyone who's seen his "Ask Dr. Mike" show at Minicon knows that. For those who haven't, the show's a simple routine that only requires an audience, a lab coat, and Mike Ford. The audience asks any question. Mike Ford answers. And the universe changes.

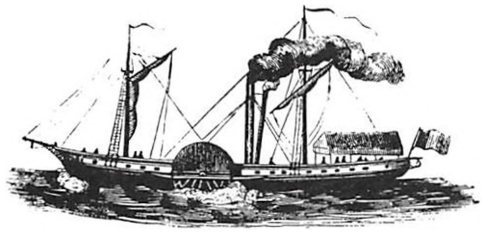
Photo by Davey Snyder

On second thought, the world didn't lose a great stand-up comic when he decided to be a novelist. Like Mark Twain, Mike's performances may delight, but his work is there to be appreciated at any time. Take a look at one of my favorites, "Scrabble With God" (collected in the NESFA Press book *From the End of the Twentieth Century*) or the only *Star Trek* novel that's funny whether you love or despise *Star Trek: How Much for Just the Planet?*

If you've never read anything of Mike's, I should tell you that the range of his concerns is as great as Shakespeare's. I've been writing about his wit because he's at the World Fantasy Convention as a toastmaster, but he's been at World Fantasy many times—twice as a winner of the Award, once for a brilliant novel, *The Dragon Waiting*, and once for an equally brilliant poem, "Winter Solstice, Camelot Station."

I find myself not wanting to tell you very much about Mike Ford, because his achievements are daunting, but the man is not. Like all great thinkers, he's interested in everything. That's frustrating to those of us who wish he would write more fiction, but those who love his work with role-playing games probably wish he wouldn't spend so much time on novels, short stories, and poems. His knowledge of comic books is at least as deep and embarrassing as my own. (Very early in our friendship, Mike and I discovered that we both remembered Bee-Man, a silly and obscure superhero of the 1960s. This revelation made my wife a bit concerned for both of us.)

So, if you find yourself in his company, introduce yourself and ask him about something. Anything. Or share an interesting or amusing thing you know. If the bustle of the convention prevents personal contact, go hear him talk. You'll be glad you did. You won't find better than Mike Ford.



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Shared World

by John M. Ford

I PUT ON MY WORN BUSH JACKET, TIRED BLUE BAG,
graphite-greased notebook,
Arm and gird for the World.
The typewriter stays on the desk,
the whiskey in the drawer beneath.
Through the doors and I'm in it,
the light and the air,
trying to decide what they are.
It shall be clear today. The season
for this volume is late autumn;
Clear and cold. The leaves turn vivid,
The people up the street button their cloaks.
And boots. Loose hats. Scarves. Presto, fashion.
Shutters are up on the housefronts.
Enough. More will come.
This quarter is my particular haunt;
what I say here, is,
But it's a short walk to the lands of consensus.
This park, for instance, is here by common decree,
but each statue in it
is the work of a different artist;
People may for various causes and in various positions
orate, fornicate, beg, dance, or die here
as the unities require.
Memory being imperfect and notes a chore,
the trees will move between visits.
There are no other gods abroad today.
Some collaborate; I lack the connections.
I know where they have been.
Here's a new play in the public arena,
Here's a victim bleeding under a berry bush,
Here are names graven in worn bronze on white stone,
the memorial to a war
we did not need till now.
Tomorrow there will have been much suffering,
kings fallen, children brought
fatherless into the world,
Battalions slain for the sake
of brazen names
forgotten already.
Where pain does not exist, we are required to invent it.
Our citizens do not complain. Not to us,
who offer them justice
and quotable dialogue.
Though they *are* fickle. Let one go alive,
he will run to the bosom of another
and tell lies:
Adventures another had, or perhaps no one,
Or just a different tale than the one to you.
Alas there's no lapse of sincerity,
sincerity's what we make it,
the best we try.
Plain weather tires me. I want a storm.
A short one, no one else need note it.
The sky darkens, good clouds, thick,
the red leaves swirl,
hark, foreshadowing.
I have been following one of my sources,
a veteran of two stories
and four fair laughs,
Hoping she would lead me, storm-wet, upset,
upsouldown, to a tale:
Instead we are in a place neither has been,
none, white and empty
as twenty-pound bond.
A house comes out of the mist, another,
a little residential street,
Its name is,
name is,
name, name, name,
is Orchard Street,
And there is a man standing before the small house
on Orchard Street,
And the man before the house between two equally
small shuttered houses
on Orchard Street
is weeping,
And a doctor hurries away from the house
(Death's here).
My companion tugs her cloak, drifts on,
this is none of her story.
Because the crying man before the forsaken house
on tiny treeless Orchard Street
is about to lose his child
as he lost his wife
And he is on the brink of desperate measures
that will, that will, that will—
I know now why the skies have darkened.
They were dark all along, for this.
My first guide was wise to desert.
She was made for romantic comedy:
If I sail her toward this whirlpool
(and I know just how to make her)
there will be no survivors.

She is up the next street,
its name, I think, is Copse Lane,
wet-cloaked, waiting.
How achingly sweet is a good tragedy.
A letter arrives, crumpled in my pocket;
Someone else wants to use her in a kinder role.
I nod, and she goes accompanied
to fall through confusions into true love.
She does not look back;
I wonder if she knows.
They do sometimes.
The man on Orchard Street just blubbers on
As if he knows the price of sorrow's end
As I shall cost it out. I'll weigh those tears:
They must come heavy, hot as salt in wounds
Or else they're just a dew. The war, I think,
of new old memory. One tale ago
just marble, bronze, and names,
I think it made him, made him so damned hard
He never thought to break. To liquefy.
I pause. A stitch. There goes another rib.
Seeing as I am about to destroy the World,
this veteran my instrument,
I should phone someone. I won't,
knowing things will change. They always do.
My socks are damp with rain and sweat and tears,
and so I squelch away. He'll keep.
Orchard Street is no more than myself
until I make that call,
or type and mail the pages.
All's suspense.
I make my way back slowly
through the joint-trust city,
Scouting locations, naming streets,
asking the locals what's needed,
opening venues as they would
if non-fictional.
Hey, this is my town.
But the Orchard Street crier—
I almost know his name,
but once spoken it will be true,
best to wait—
If I am going to tell his tale,
people will suffer
because I made them.
I know already the flaws I shall hammer on.
The pleasure for me
will be in the degree of success
in putting pain forth.
And few if any who visit here will care:
Comedy would amuse them,
Adventure thrill them,
Romance comfort them,
Pain they've got.
Yet there endures a contract
between love and the acts of love,
A coupling meta coupling that
ten thousand tomcat years have not quite lost,
Because the lack of it sterilizes like gamma rays,
warping monstrous what it does not kill.
Back in the room.
one sip of bourbon for my joints,
coffee,
Sort thoughts and words.
There was a call, while I was out:
"What day exactly did it rain?
Events too complex to explain."
I shouldn't answer. It was my wind,
led to my street and weeping,
my brink of my doom.
Let others make others.
But that is not the way of the World. One shares
kind souls, busy streets,
warm houses, bad weather.
I type a list of names and places
so that if I die tomorrow
(as—did I tell you?—
the World does not)
the work endures.
The work endures. Death and Pain,
how small you look from a distance.
I will unshutter my eyes
and go back to the scene.
I will open my heart to a blank page
and interview the witnesses.

First appeard in Timesteps: a selection of poems *(Rune Press, 1993).*

Map Making: A Conversation with John M. Ford

Based on a discussion between John M. Ford and 25th World Fantasy Convention co-chairs Davey Snyder and Chip Hitchcock.

DS: We've heard you talk about map making for books, games, and other people's books. Describe some of what you've done?

JMF: I did the original finished maps for Robert Jordan's *Wheel of Time*, and maps and genealogical charts for *The Copper Crown* by Patricia Kenneally, as well as art for books by David Drake and James Tiptree, Jr.

DS: Do you work from the finished book, chapters, or somebody else's outline?

JMF: Usually from someone else's sketch. Theoretically, it's possible to reconstruct the map from the text; for example, when Terry Pratchett was not drawing Discworld maps, people would send him maps, and he finally said the ones he was being sent looked sufficiently like the one in his head that he might as well authorize an official one.

Terry's other point was that if he drew a map of the whole place, it would leave him much less room to fit in other things later, the Discworld being an incomplete place. One of the problems with drawing a map in lots of detail is it doesn't leave room to put in new interesting things.

In the case of the book I'm writing now, which may or may not have a map in the published version but certainly a less detailed map than the one in my notes, I use the map because it's a large and complicated country. I want to make sure it's always the same distance between towns, and that this place is always to the west of that place, and so on; it's easier to do that if you have it written down somewhere, and graphics is the better way to do this.

CH: For the large novel you are working on now, you've written less than half of the text, but you have a much more complete map. For your other large-scale novel, *The Dragon Waiting*, you were working with nominally real territory; how much did you work with existing maps to get logistics and battles correct and how much did you rearrange things to make sense for the story?

JMF: Geographically, everything is where it should be. There are buildings that didn't exist, such as the London Pantheon on the site of St. Paul's; that's a very central location and is as likely a place as any for a center of worship. Other than that, the difference is primarily in where borders are: where the Byzantine Empire extends, where the British Empire extends into what was historically France, and so on. I had a map; at one point, it was supposed to go into the endpapers of the book. I don't know why it didn't; I suspect it had to do with production costs.

But from the creative end, I very much feel that a map—or any other graphical device—should be superfluous. It shouldn't be necessary to look at the map to make sense of the story. It may be useful; some readers are quicker on the uptake and record this sort of stuff in their memories better than others. But, not disparaging the ones who aren't, I think a book should do that for itself.

It is possible for things like this to be plot devices. *The Once and Future King* uses the genealogical chart as a plot device as a way of compressing the explanation of what the problem with Arthur and Morgause is. He explains it in the text as well, but it's sitting right there in the chart.

As far as what the readers like—readers use books in a lot of ways. A great number like maps in books for their own sake, because they are an attractive piece of art in books that are not otherwise illustrated. I'm not sure if Tolkien had a map of Middle Earth comparable to the ones that have appeared in the books.

DS: When you're working on something of your own, do you start with the story *and* the map? Or start with the story, then realize, "It's starting to get complicated; I'm going to need a map?" Or "It's going to be a complicated story; I'd better keep the map in parallel?"

JMF: In the case of this particular book I'm working on now, the general outline of the map

was in my head before I wrote it down and from very early in outlining the book, because geopolitics are very important in the book. It's important that this country be here, that country be there, that this country is between them and there's the possibility of war between the larger countries if the little buffer state can either be won over to one side or simply gotten out of the way somehow. One of the reasons that it's set in a completely imaginary world, instead of a historical map with unhistorical people in it, is that I couldn't make the geopolitics work that way; the map of Europe just wasn't right. It was some time before there was a drawn version of it, because the spatial relationship of the broad outlines of the countries that I had in my head was adequate. Eventually, as people traveled around, it became necessary to name places and name stops on the railway lines, and note that this territory is next to that one. It started to become useful to first write them down, then draw them out. The map is still largely blank, in that it only has the places that are already important and I don't want to lose track of, or that I know are going to be important and can't be allowed to move around.

DS: You're keeping track of the terrain as well—where the railroads can go and can't and why is also important. How do you work with that spatial part? Things like geography—where the mountains are, how high they are, and what difference does that make to the traveler?

JMF: Some of it is simply generalism—the idea that this is a mountainous area and I've been in mountainous areas, so that at least I hope I'm making them believable. I know it's not all Matterhorns with tiny little Swiss villages between them. I suppose it could be; I think I've read fantasy novels like that. To get the geography right, you have to learn about it. The easiest way to do it is simply to steal the piece of terrain from a real piece. The great advantage this has is that if someone takes you to task you can say, "Well, Monterey really looks like that." The Earth is an extremely varied place. If you hunt around with atlases and geomorphism texts and so forth, you can usually find a place that looks at least approximately like what you need it to look like.

Descriptions of travel are an interesting issue, because modern readers—at least urbanized readers—don't understand as well what travel before aircraft and motor vehicles was like—just how long it takes to walk someplace over open country without paved walkways, or how long it takes to travel somewhere on horseback, when the horse is not in fact a motorcycle and cannot be ridden 150 miles a day at 30 miles an hour continuously. The fact that it used to take a couple of days to get from New York to Philadelphia, when now it takes 90 minutes by train, is something many don't understand. The difference in what distance means has to be gotten across pointedly, and not just as 18 pages of "and then they rode a little further."

CH: You mentioned stealing from existing geography, which connects to one of Briggs's comments about the first draft of his Discworld map; Pratchett explained that Briggs had put a swamp on the leeward side of a mountain range that would stop the rain from getting to the swamp. When you take an individual piece of territory, how do you work out the connections that make this place plausible next to that place? To take your example, Monterey is near the junction of tectonic plates, which means there can be serious mountains nearby and an ocean trench bringing fish right up to it.

JMF: I think it's the way you do a lot of things in fiction: you pick the key points. You make sure you're not trampling on sensibilities, or at least the sensibilities of people who know about this sort of thing. Again, you keep in mind a few basic principles such as "it rains more on the windward sides of slopes." So if you know which way the prevailing winds blow, you can determine what's going to be soggier than what. It requires learning, like most of these things, but there is a point beyond which—and fantasy is not different, one isn't using fantasy as an excuse—the reader's not interested, unless it's important to the plot, in exactly why this bog is here and not there. For the vast majority of readers, if the bog were on the leeward side of the mountains they wouldn't notice because—at least if the bog were adequately described—it wouldn't occur to them that this is not possible here. There is another novel (whose author I won't pick on) in which there is an endless flat steppe plain in which the barbarians have a village of log huts. Now either they just kind of rolled them in or they in fact logged the whole place flat building their community. I guess they burn coal or something. I'm sure that went by some readers, but for those it didn't . . . The barbarians also don't have any livestock, so presumably they eat what's left of what used to live in the forest they cut down, or maybe they've learned to eat bark.

CH: When you are developing a map and a story

more or less in parallel, how often do you come to a location where you want to do something particular in the story and you have to rework the map because you're stuck? In the work you're doing now, a lot of the political stuff also binds into the territory, in that the railroads can only go here or there; at the beginning somebody is in political difficulty because a railroad is a desperate necessity but they're in a mountainous enough territory that a railroad would be very expensive.

JMF: It's usually easier to fix the map than it is to fix the book. It hasn't really happened to me, but I can conceive of it happening that a geological feature would suddenly inspire a scene or even a whole plot twist, as, "If that river comes together with this, then there's got to be a trading community there, because that's where you find them, and that means the travelers should stop there, and this ought to happen." I suspect that if that happened it would catalyze "Well, we knew this scene had to happen somewhere, and suddenly it becomes obvious that it has to take place here."

With this book, there are things that have been planted—details of the way rivers flow and which bridge is here and so forth—that are going to be important much later. It's not so much that there are plants, but I know I'm going to need this, so I might as well mention it now. In fact, I mention it now and two or three more times in the book; it looks less like you suddenly built a castle because you needed one—the old "rapidly appearing castle" trick.

A lot of the things that I'm talking about keeping track of are not critically important features like where the river crossing is. They are things like the names of small counties; while a few of them are very important, the rest of them are simply in there for color. To know that you're crossing Dead Soldier Creek on the way to Three Cedars makes it seem more like an actual place, with a history. Place names do that: "Dead Soldier Creek" implies a battle, and that the battle must have gone very badly for someone.

Having named these places, it is useful not to have to flip back through 250 pages of manuscript to find out what those names were when you need them again. This is the reason that we have maps for most purposes instead of textual descriptions of how to get from point A to point B—it's that the map is a graphical device and it's easier to use for that purpose.

CH: How much of that detail do you throw away in the course of redrafting a map that will actually appear in a book?

JMF: That's hard to say. With other people's books, you're generally working from their sketch or the sketch somebody has made from their notes. The author will be persuaded to at least draw out general positions, because this is much easier than trying to deduce them from text. Sometimes things that the author has failed to mention early in the book become important later in the book so you want to put them in. Other times, a location will be very important, but it's a hidden place that the characters have to spend a lot of effort finding—should that be on the map, since it obviously isn't on any map the characters might have?

To know that you're crossing Dead Soldier Creek on the way to Three Cedars makes it seem more like an actual place, with a history.

Most people understand that the map in the book, no matter how much it is antiqued and made to look like an artifact of the world, is not in fact an artifact of the world. If you could find the Crack of Doom on a roadmap, it would make *The Lord of the Rings* much more straightforward. "No, no, we've got to turn left at Mirkwood."

CH: You've mentioned the distinction between text and graphics, and using graphics because they are clearer than text. How much do you work on the basis of written notes versus filling in a map of somebody else's? Do you have to read the whole book and annotate?

JMF: Not usually. You work from what is available. In many of the cases there is a complete enough sketch that one can simply turn that sketch into something that's camera-ready, adding the usual kinds of decorations—the shallowing waters around the lake shore, the attractive mountains rather than just a large area that has a couple of little carets and says "mountains here." My style is not tremendously refined; there are masters of this, like Rafæl Palacios, whose work is almost instantly recognizable if you've looked at a lot of his stuff.

Sometimes you have to work out what symbols you're going to use, because most sketch maps will simply have a dot for where a city is, or sometimes

a couple of little boxes. Roads are usually a single line. Do we need a different symbol for trails? Do we need a couple of symbols for cities, by size, or is this a highly decorated map, that should have tiny sketches of city walls and towers? That's always been left up to me, as long as it's consistent, and the style is consistent with the book. If you were doing the map of a starport for a science fiction novel, you wouldn't use the same kinds of lines and certainly not the same kind of lettering as you would for maps of Standard Fantasy Kingdom #403—unless you had a very good reason.

DS: Thinking about railroads again: as near as I can tell, you are the person who built the railroads in Liavek.

JMF: Yes.

DMS: So you were working with existing maps and the existing terrain and cities as they'd already been placed. What did that do to the job? Were you building the railroads in because you wanted the railroads there or because it was an area that needed railroads or . . . ?

JMF: I came up with the idea. I don't now remember if there were stationary steam engines in Liavek. I don't think any had appeared in the stories. It just seemed to me that early steam engines were not inconsistent with the technology. They had fairly advanced technology; they had flintlock firearms, for instance, so if it isn't steam engine time it's very close to it. And fortunately it's not the kind of world where you can wave your hands and say that magic would prevent that from happening. The comment is made that a few magicians would rather like it not to happen, but there aren't enough of them and they aren't powerful enough or organized enough to cause it not to happen. In "Riding the Hammer," which is the most detailed account of what goes on in the railroad—the only story in which they are actually operating as opposed to either in the planning stage or under very early construction—there weren't any maps of what exactly was in between Saltigos and Liavek. I knew there was a coastal area, and decided that the wagon road ran *this* far inland from the coast, because it clearly had to be above the tide line and preferably far enough above the storm tide line that you wouldn't have to rebuild it every time there was a storm. Given the concept that the wagoners, having gotten there first, would not want the railroad built in a superior position, it had to be a little further down the shore where, when there is a bad storm, they're probably going to lose the tracks, but those are the only land rights they could get. Apart from that, and a couple of things like the sharp curve at the end where the line goes into the city gate, which is in fact based on both the way Liavek lies and the fact that I needed that curve for a plot element . . .

DS: Every time I take a train through the sharp curve all the way into South Station in Boston I think about that story.

CH: The map is almost a cliche of contemporary fantasy, so much so that some readers won't buy books with maps on the grounds that a weak story has been wrapped around a pre-drawn map. But there's some connection between mapping and science fiction, although it seems to fall out a lot more loosely; Cherryh's star maps are among the most detailed and have the connection to reality that science fiction is supposed to have—its edge over fantasy according to some of the people who dislike fantasy. You've worked in both genres. Do you make maps for your science fiction work? Is there a difference between them? Is there a particular need for a map in a fantasy work to establish that this is a story in a great land?

JMF: I think—and this is bound to be misinterpreted—some of the map making for fantasy is a way of proving that this world is real. To go back a bit, kids have private fantasy worlds, and they frequently draw maps of these places—at least the more determined of those who build private fantasy worlds do. With the advent of role-playing games, there was the excuse to draw maps that you needed them for the characters to go have adventures in, so they'd know where they were going. I think there is definitely a reification element in here, the idea that if I have the map, it's more real than if I just write about it. In some cases—not trying to be unkind—it's an insecurity that you have described the place adequately in the text, so you draw the map for people to see. It's like the idea that you have an illustration to make up for your inadequate description of the characters. That sounds terribly negative, and I don't mean it to, but the over-detailed ones that include towns that we never visit and roads that we never follow are clearly being done for a reason that is not to support and clarify the structure of the book in the writer's mind, and not even really in the reader's mind.

The curious thing is that there are two kinds of graphic maps. There is the representational graphic, the physical map of the terrain in which there is a direct correspondence: if you put a ruler between

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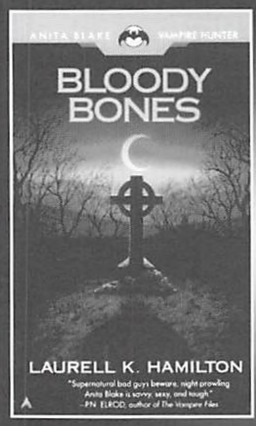

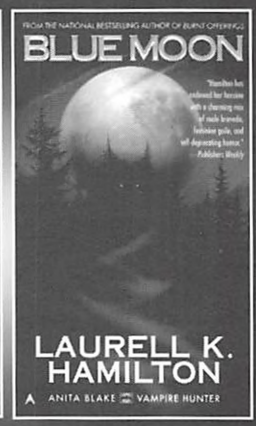

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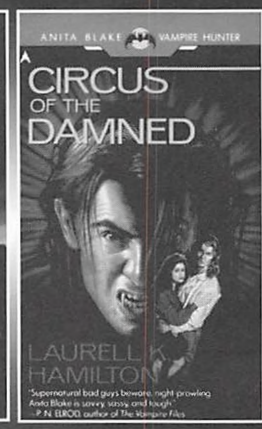

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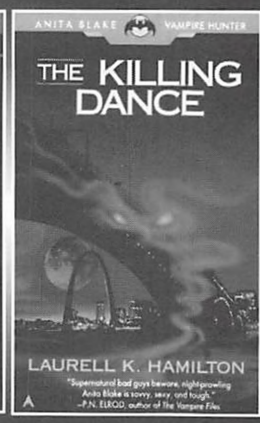

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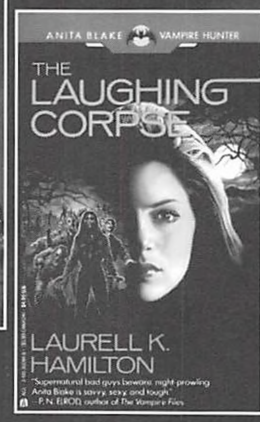

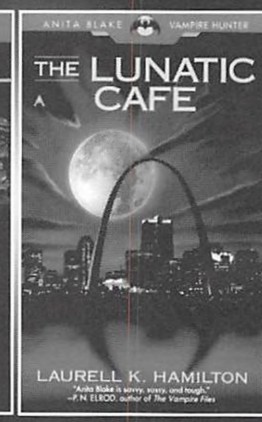

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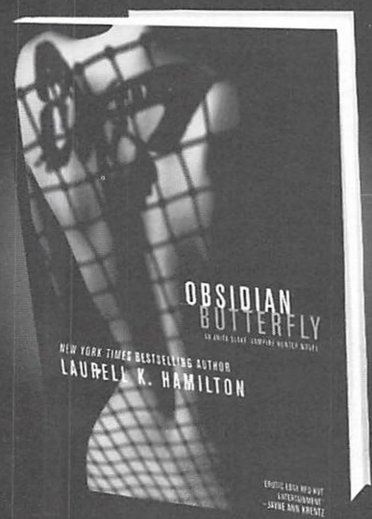

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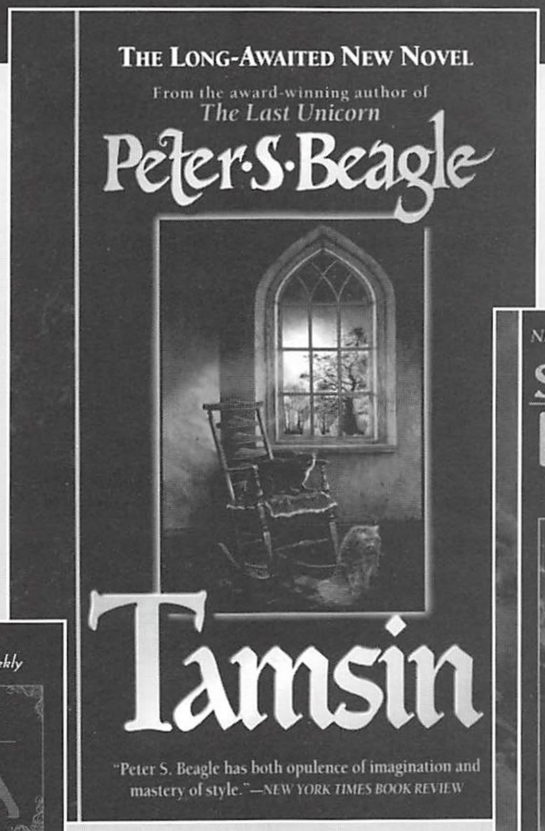

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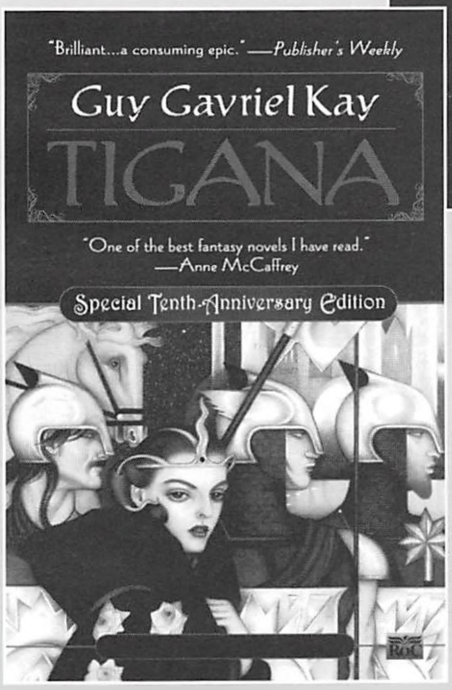

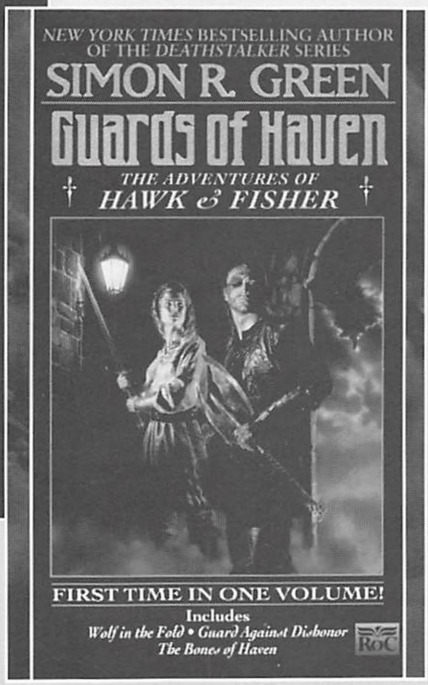

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two cities then (allowing for Mercator-style distortion) that will give you the distance between them, and if the river bends here then there is a real bend in the river there. The other kind is the symbolic or conceptual map: the classic example is the London Underground map, in which there are lines connecting stations but it is a vast distortion of a map of London.

CH: It's a topological map?

JMF: Exactly. It provides exact clarity of what station is here and what the next station on the line is. It doesn't tell you anything about how far apart the stations are, even on the line; it tells you nothing about where the stations really are in geographical relation in London, but it provides the kind of information you need to use the Tube that you'd never get from a geographical map. We can show this is true because before this map was designed, they were using geographical maps with the rail lines drawn in; they are very hard to read. I don't think I've ever seen that sort of relationship map in a book, with a couple of exceptions: one is Lois Bujold's map in *Dreamweaver's Dilemma*, which is simply to tell you where the jumpgates go from the various planets and is more of a device for keeping track of how you get here from where, and where you can go, because this is all very important in those books.

It would be a peculiar thing to see that in a fantasy book, because in a sense it would be giving the game away, saying the only important thing about this city and that city is how far apart they were and the fact that Captain Pferdeschoss had to ride for two days, killing horses underneath him, to get there in time to keep the princess from pricking her finger on the magic zigzag spindle. Even if that was precisely how the author created it, you wouldn't want people seeing that much of the props and the set dressing.

Curiously enough, most of the very early maps that we still have are not very representational. They are largely symbolic: you follow this road and pass this hill, and these are the places you will stop to rest on your way to Jerusalem, or from Pisa to Rome, or wherever it is you happen to be traveling between. The map as a literal picture of the terrain doesn't really start to arrive until the 16th and 17th centuries; by the 18th century it's a very highly developed science.

CH: Does that have any effect on the way stories are told, the difference between having a real map and just having "they walked for 40 days and nights"?

JMF: It certainly has produced a change over the long period. If you look at Norse sagas, or at Charles Whitmore's *Winter's Daughter*, which is a marvelous science-fictional pastiche of a Norse saga, there are many long journeys and none of them are described in detail. Someone starts out and gets there. This is true to the source material; you would describe any important encounter on the way but there was no ". . . and then they traveled here and then they traveled there and then they followed I-80 from hither to yon . . ." (I'm sorry, I'm being mean again) but the intervening part is not there, and presumably the audience did not miss it, because the convention of the story was that what mattered was what you were going to do when you got to the other place.

People have worked out what the route of the *Odyssey* presumably was—you can take a Smithsonian educational cruise following the putative route of Odysseus—but if you read the *Odyssey* this is not of any great importance. Whether or not Odysseus is sailing north or south, or whether he is really putting in at Samos or Chiros or Malta, don't matter. What is important is that he is at sea for a very long time, and has many adventures. And of course the Mediterranean was a much bigger place for sailors of the period than we think of it now, when we have radar and satellite positioning and so forth. Sailing across the Atlantic, despite a few fascinating speculations to the contrary, would be an absolutely superhuman task for the ships of the time; the Mediterranean was quite big enough to get lost in. And of course there's also the "What is the story about?"—is the story about the events of the voyage or is it supposed to be about the nuts and bolts of the voyage itself? To pick an historical example: the mechanics of how the *HMS Bounty* was navigated are not important; the human events—the causes and effects of the mutiny—are. On the other hand, Bligh sailing an open boat, with almost no provisions, 3000 miles to Timor—one wants to know exactly how he did that.

We have the old saw that the map is not the territory, the representation is not as detailed and complex as the reality—whatever you mean by map and territory in this context. But in some fantasy novels the map *is* the territory; it is the most detailed representation of this world that actually exists.

I can imagine a book, not necessarily a surrealist or a parodistic book, in which there would be a sense that the world really *isn't* finished, that whoever made it either didn't make it well or made it incompletely, and a sense that if you travel off the road there really isn't going to be anything there, not a stick or a tree; just absolute whiteness, plate or linen finish. I'm not going to write this book right here and now, but it's certainly an interesting concept.

There's also the idea of "Is the forest there until somebody's drawn it on a map? Can you really be sure it's there?" Or the idea of the fantasy kingdom in which until somebody does the cartography, you really don't know what's behind the next hill—that it has to be pinned down, and then it doesn't move anymore. But until it is, maybe today it takes a day to ride to the next town and tomorrow it takes six days.

DMS: And is there a valid map of how much of Amber after all?

JMF: Exactly. But once someone has paced off the distance between the two towns, it always takes two and a half days. You want measurers who don't tire easily, or it'll be bad for trade.

CH: Do you see anything in older works of "The important thing is to go" rather than "We're going out to seek our fortune because we know we'll run across something somewhere, or steal it from the next town over"?

JMF: The picaresque story goes way back. But that's a side effect of the fact that travel as we understand it is a relatively recent development for most people. There have always been people who traveled very long distances, but they were in the extreme minority. Before World War I, ninety percent of native-born Americans never got more than twenty-five miles from the place they were born. So narratives tended not to be about the journey, which was boring, but about what John Mandeville or Marco Polo saw when they got to the swell place and came back with the stories which nobody was going to believe anyway, even if they turned out to be true. Other than that, people could be fascinated by the idea of being someplace else and seeing things they had never seen before. The idea of "Gosh, I get to walk six months to see them" was not terribly entertaining. For that to work, you have to be able to romanticize slow travel somewhat, and not deal too much with what it really is like to spend all day on horseback and stopping to find a tree with an open mind, for you and the horse, when it becomes necessary.

These days, of course, we have people who travel thousands of miles in order to stay in a hotel exactly like the one eight blocks from where they live, or to a place that imitates London or Paris or the Caribbean with the amenities of Kansas City.

DS: The journey might not be interesting to the audience because they would not have had any background in which to fit that kind of extended travel. "Walking half a day, I can imagine that. Walking half a day, and another half a day, and six months worth of half-a-days . . ." I'm wondering about that whole sub-genre of quest fiction where the journeying is part of the book almost as much as the ultimate goal is, because getting there is half the point of why people buy them.

> There weren't really any lines down there. The lines were all things people had put in to make it make sense to them—and to give them something to fight over.

JMF: The idea of the Quest is what's at the end, and what's on the way is obstacles and things you learn from. In the chivalric romances that Cervantes is sending up, people are always going off on the road and meeting bad knights and giants, and defeating them. The road is a place where you meet people you haven't met before, who well may be hostile, and are not only figurative but literal obstacles to your progress. You can't get down the road until you defeat the robber knight. Roads, being by their nature linear, provide a direction. If you simply set out across the countryside, you can go this way and you can go that way, and you can lose track of where the goal is. The road provides a prebuilt channel for things to happen along. And of course the Romans built roads; that's how they stuck the Empire together. They were great road-builders—I've been over some of them. The life of the Empire was very much on the roads; everybody used them—that was the whole point. You got out of the way if an Imperial tax collector came by, but the roads were financed out of the coffers of the

Empire for everyone to use. Few people took long journeys, because they had no reason to do so, but it became possible to walk all the way from the Alps down to Rome—to Sicily if you felt like it.

CH: "It's twenty-five marches to Narbo, and forty-five more up the Rhone." Did the Romans keep diagrammatic maps? Did they have spatial accuracy?

JMF: There is a specific chart, named after a Florentine who bought it in the 15th century, that has Rome in the center and the roads radiating outward through much of the Empire. It was made in the 2nd or 3rd century. As far as I know, it is unique. Which doesn't mean there weren't hundreds of other maps that haven't survived.

CH: Any concluding thoughts?

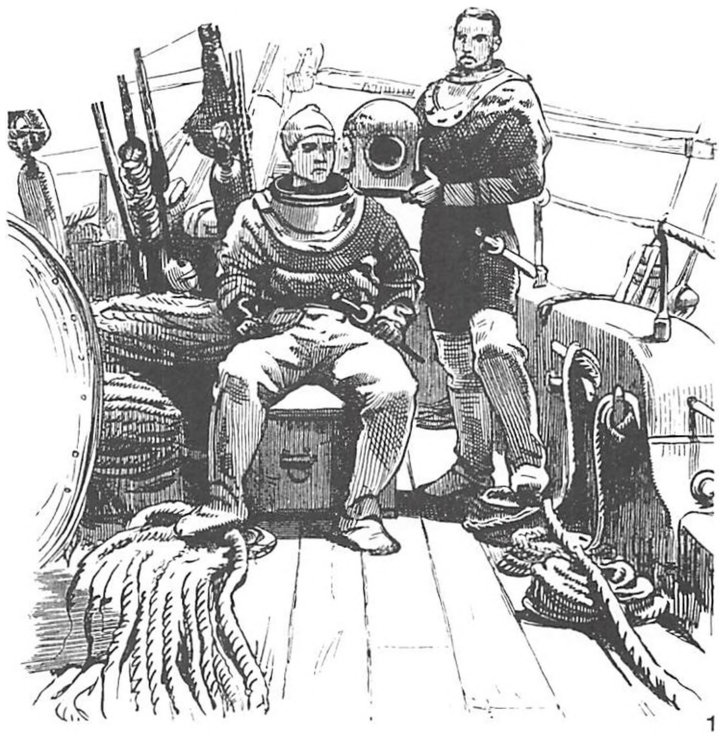
JMF: There's the sense that maps are not necessary for journeys. You can always set out in a particular direction whether you know the road or not. But it's quite possible that for the imaginary journey, which is the sort most of us take most of the time, the map—whether it's a physical graphic map or a description of mileposts and trees passing by in the narrative—is essential. Following a road is a narrative structure. It would be possible—a tour-de-force, a stunt—to write a book that consisted entirely of linear maps down one page and annotations facing it, sort of in the fashion of Calvino's *Castle of Crossed Destinies* in which the stories are all told through laying out a series of tarot cards. It might even be worth doing.

People use maps for the same purpose they use novels: to find things out, whether true things or simply things they'd like to be true. They use them to imagine what it would be like to be in that place. And they use them as a kind of safety device—this is here and that's there. It's one of the reasons contemporary people have so much difficulty when the political borders of countries start to break down—they want to know which side of the line you're supposed to be on. "Are these people in their territory or have they invaded somebody else's territory?" Well, it depends on who you are and what you think of the whole situation.

After World War I the phrase "redraw the map of Europe" was used a lot—the realignment of political boundaries. And of course the realignment of political boundaries after World War I was one of the direct causes of World War II.

DMS: And the creation of boundaries in fantasy lands in places where you can see them and don't have to infer them from the story seems to make a difference.

JMF: T. H. White had something to say about that too: the geese had it right. There weren't really any lines down there. The lines were all things people had put in to make it make sense to them—and to give them something to fight over.



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The World Fantasy Awards and How They Grew

by David Hartwell

KIRBY MCCAULEY CALLED A MEETING AT LUNACON IN THE SPRING OF 1975 TO DISCUSS the founding of the World Fantasy Convention and to invite a group of people to join the board (which began as just Kirby and Donald M. Grant). There was to be a board of people to share the work and support the convention, an on-going board separate from the yearly con committee, because the convention had a mission: to focus positive attention on fantasy art and literature.

I volunteered to be in charge of founding a new award. Kirby and Don had already discussed the name of the award (and had come to the somewhat awkward conclusion that it be called the "Howard" for short, after both Lovecraft and Robert E.), and Gahan Wilson immediately and enthusiastically volunteered to sculpt the trophy. I had been a sometime critic of the Hugo and Nebula Awards in the early 1970s, and I was the one with ideas of how it should run.

First of all, we wanted to create an award that would enhance the public image of fantasy art and literature at a time when the fantasy publishing genre had not yet been established. We had to allow all the books and stories of the previous two years eligibility that first year, for instance, in order to get enough nominees to fill the ballot. And we were also mindful of the continuing "new" work of Robert E. Howard, H. P. Lovecraft, and the promise of more Tolkien books, so we decided that the award should be to a living writer or artist.

So after some thought, I proposed a model awards process based on my study of the history of SF awards, using the International Fantasy Award process as a basis. There would not be a popular vote, but rather a panel of expert judges who would survey the work of the eligible year and create a ballot of distinguished works any one of which could credibly be a winner—so that no matter which won, it would be good. We would recognize diverse achievements in fantasy through the nominations, and in each category one would win. The judging panel would change every year, so that a diversity of tastes would be represented, and there would be an Awards Administration that would choose the judges. The Administration would invite judges to serve and attempt to balance the taste and experience of each judging panel as a whole, so that the scales would not tip too far in any direction in any given year. Bluntly, we wanted to make sure that supernatural horror, sword & sorcery, and high fantasy all had a fair chance of nomination and winning each year. And at the same time we knew for instance that if the best horror work won in a category, that that would mean the best high fantasy did not. At least, we planned and hoped, both would be on the ballot.

What we did not count on was that when you put five experts to the task of considering high quality, they often decide to foreground the new and unusual, sometimes work not published as genre at all. In the first year, for instance, with judges including Robert Bloch and Gahan Wilson, an unknown writer was nominated for a novel published as a young adult book, and Patricia McKillip's *The Forgotten Beasts of Eld* won over more familiar names. And, if I recall correctly, an obscure English writer named Robert Aickman won in the short fiction category. Both writers went on to great public acclaim, but at the time the partisans of the more established writers did mutter and gripe some. It has remained the same through the years no matter what changes in the process have been made, and I anticipate it will continue as long as large groups continue to prefer the familiar and the known.

After three years of experience, we adopted the present process of nomination to take into account the mutterings of partisans and also the high level of knowledge and reading experience of the convention members who choose to attend the World Fantasy Convention. For by the third convention, we as a board were convinced that we had started a snowball rolling down hill, and were very pleased with both the atmosphere and the influence of the

convention and the awards. Now, members of the present and past two conventions are encouraged to nominate in all categories, and the top two popular vote-getters in every category are placed on the final ballot along with the judges' additional nominees, so that the whole ballot represents the consensus of the convention.

From the very start, the Life Achievement Award, our highest award, for many years of significant contribution to fantasy, could be won only once. Even nomination was a great honor, but the hurt feelings caused by several nominations without a win, and the fear that nomination might be a race against death, made us determined to stop announcing nominees in that category, and announce only the winner at each year's convention. Rest assured that there is a full slate of nominees whom the judges consider each year for the Life Achievement Award.

Every few years we tinker with bits of the machinery to attempt improvements. The administration has been for years now, for instance, international—a decision we made in the 1980s—with Jo Fletcher in England and Rodger Turner in Canada participating actively in the process along with John Douglas, Peter D. Pautz and myself. And as the fantasy genres have grown, we have split a couple of the categories in two (for instance, short fiction split to novella and short fiction more than ten years back), and altered the nomination rules to make sure that no category is dominated (and perhaps blighted) by the same winner year after year.

Obviously all such systems are imperfect, not least in this case because so few convention members, usually less than a hundred, sometimes fewer than fifty, choose to nominate. But popular nominees win often enough to preserve the bedrock support of the membership, and the record the World Fantasy Awards have now, of rewarding excellence and achievement, and discovering new and cutting-edge talent in the fantastic, is unsurpassed.

David Hartwell, the godfather of the World Fantasy Con. He is the editor of The New York Review of SF, *an editor at Tor books, and is married to Kathryn Cramer.*

The World Fantasy Awards

1975 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Robert Bloch
Novel: Patricia A. McKillip, *The Forgotten Beasts of Eld*
Short Fiction: Robert Aickman, "Pages From a Young Girl's Journal"
Collection/Anthology: Manly Wade Wellman, *Worse Things Waiting*
Artist: Lee Brown Coye
Special Award - Professional: Ian & Betty Ballantine
Special Award - Non-Professional: Stuart David Schiff

1976 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Fritz Leiber
Novel: Richard Matheson, *Bid Time Return*
Short Fiction: Fritz Leiber, "Belsen Express"
Collection/Anthology: Avram Davidson, *The Enquiries of Doctor Eszterhazy*
Artist: Frank Frazetta
Special Award - Professional: Donald M. Grant for Donald M. Grant, Publisher Arkham House
Special Award - Non-Professional: Karl Edward Wagner, David Drake, Jim Groce for *Carcosa*

1977 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Ray Bradbury
Novel: William Kotzwinkle, *Doctor Rat*
Short Fiction: Russell Kirk, "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding"
Collection/Anthology: Kirby McCauley, ed., *Frights*
Artist: Roger Dean
Special Award - Professional: Roy & Shelley Torgeson for Alternate World Recordings
Special Award - Non-Professional: Stuart David Schiff

1978 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Frank Belknap Long
Novel: Fritz Leiber, *Our Lady of Darkness*
Short Fiction: Ramsey Campbell, "The Chimney"
Collection/Anthology: Hugh B. Cave, *Murgunstrumm and Others*
Artist: Lee Brown Coye
Special Award - Professional: E. F. Bleiler
Special Award - Non-Professional: Robert Weinberg
Convention Award: Glenn Lord

1979 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Jorge Luis Borges
Novel: Michael Moorcock, *Gloriana*
Short Fiction: Avram Davidson, "Naples"
Collection/Anthology: Charles L. Grant, ed., Shadows
Artist: Alicia Austin, Dale Enzenbacher (tie)
Special Award - Professional: Edward L. Ferman for F&SF
Special Award - Non-Professional: Donald H. Tuck for The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Fantasy
Convention Award: Kirby McCauley

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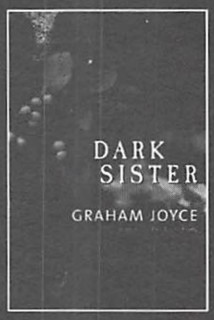

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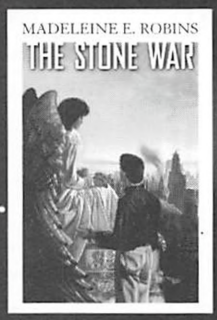

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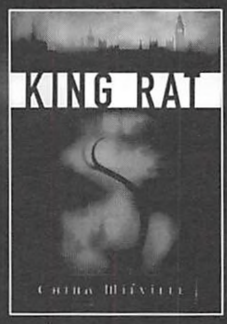

King Rat
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—*Locus*

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—Charles de Lint

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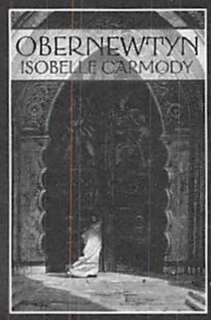

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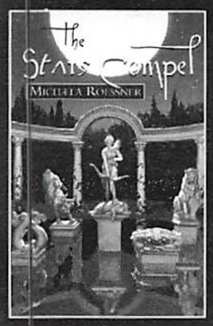

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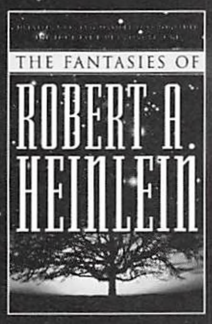

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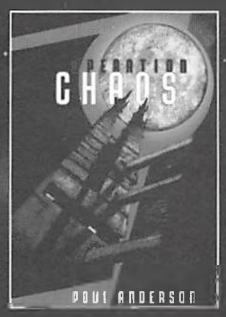

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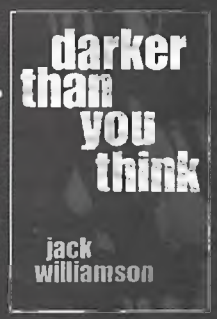

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Collection/Anthology: Jessica Amanda Salmonson, ed., *Amazons!*
Artist: Don Maitz
Special Award - Professional: Donald M. Grant for Donald M. Grant, Publisher
Special Award - Non-Professional: Paul C. Allen for *Fantasy Newsletter*
Convention Award: Stephen King

1981 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: C.L. Moore
Novel: Gene Wolfe, *The Shadow of the Torturer*
Short Fiction: Howard Waldrop, "The Ugly Chickens"
Anthology/Collection: Kirby McCauley, ed., *Dark Forces*
Artist: Michael Whelan
Special Award - Professional: Donald A. Wollheim for DAW Books
Special Award - Non-Professional: Pat Cadigan & Arnie Fenner for *Shayol*
Convention Award: Gahan Wilson

1982 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Italo Calvino
Novel: John Crowley, *Little, Big*
Novella: Parke Godwin, "The Fire When It Comes"
Short Fiction: Dennis Etchison, "The Dark Country," Stephen King, "Do the Dead Sing?"
Anthology/Collection: Terri Windling & Mark Alan Arnold, ed., *Elsewhere*
Artist: Michael Whelan
Special Award - Professional: Edward L. Ferman for *F&SF*
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Convention Award: Joseph Payne Brennan , Roy Krenkel

1983 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Roald Dahl
Novel: Michael Shea, *Nifft the Lean*
Novella: Charles L. Grant, "Confess the Seasons," Karl Edward Wagner, "Beyond Any Measure"
Short Fiction: Tanith Lee, "The Gorgon"
Anthology/Collection: Charles L. Grant, *Nightmare Seasons*
Artist: Michael Whelan
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Convention Award: Arkham House

1984 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: L. Sprague de Camp, Richard Matheson, E. Hoffmann Price, Jack Vance, Donald Wandrei
Novel: John M. Ford, *The Dragon Waiting*
Novella: Kim Stanley Robinson, "Black Air"
Short Fiction: Tanith Lee, "Elle Est Trois, (La Mort)"
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Special Award - Non-Professional: Stephen Jones & David Sutton for *Fantasy Tales*
Convention Award: Donald M. Grant

1985 World Fantasy Awards.

Life Achievement: Theodore Sturgeon
Novel: Robert Holdstock, *Mythago Wood*, Barry Hughart, *Bridge of Birds* (tie)
Novella: Geoff Ryman, "The Unconquered Country"
Short Fiction: Scott Baker, "Still Life with Scorpion," Alan Ryan, "The Bones Wizard" (tie)
Anthology/Collection: Clive Barker, *Clive Barker's Books of Blood I, II, III*
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Special Award - Non-Professional: Stuart David Schiff for *Whispers* &, Whispers Press
Convention Award: Evangeline Walton

1986 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Avram Davidson
Novel: Dan Simmons, *Song of Kali*
Novella: T.E.D. Klein, "Nadelman's God"
Short Fiction: James P. Blaylock, "Paper Dragons"
Anthology/Collection: Robin McKinley, ed., Imaginary Lands
Artist: Jeff Jones, Thomas Canty (tie)
Special Award - Professional: Pat LoBrutto for editing
Special Award - Non-Professional: Douglas E. Winter for reviewing
Convention Award: Donald A. Wollheim

1987 World Fantasy Awards.

Life Achievement: Jack Finney
Novel: Patrick Suskind, *Perfume*
Novella: Orson Scott Card, "Hatrack River"
Short Fiction: David J. Schow, "Red Light"
Anthology/Collection: James Tiptree, Jr., *Tales of the Quintana Roo*
Artist: Robert Gould
Special Award - Professional: Jane Yolen for *Favorite Folktales From Around the World*
Special Award - Non-Professional: Jeff Conner for Scream/Press, W. Paul Ganley for Weirdbook &, Weirdbook Press (tie)
Convention Award: Andre Norton

1988 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Everett F. Bleiler
Novel: Ken Grimwood, *Replay*
Novella: Ursula K. Le Guin, "Buffalo Gals, Won't You Come Out Tonight"
Short Fiction: Jonathan Carroll, "Friend's Best Man"

Anthology: Kathryn Cramer & Peter D. Pautz, ed., *The Architecture of Fear,* David G. Hartwell, ed., *The Dark Descent* (tie)
Collection: Lucius Shepard, *The Jaguar Hunter*
Artist: J.K. Potter
Special Award - Professional: David G. Hartwell for Arbor House/Tor anthologies
Special Award - Non-Professional: Robert & Nancy Garcia for American Fantasy, David B. Silva for *The Horror Show*

1989 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Evangeline Walton
Novel: Peter Straub, *Koko*
Novella: George R.R. Martin, "The Skin Trade"
Short Fiction: John M. Ford, "Winter Solstice, Camelot Station"
Anthology: Ellen Datlow & Terri Windling, ed., *The Year's Best Fantasy: First Annual Collection*
Collection: Gene Wolfe, *Storeys from the Old Hotel,* Harlan Ellison, *Angry Candy* (tie)
Artist: Edward Gorey
Special Award - Professional: Robert Weinberg for *A Biographical Dictionary of Science Fiction & Fantasy Artists,* Terri Windling for editing (tie)
Special Award - Non-Professional: Kristine Kathryn Rusch & Dean Wesley Smith for *Pulphouse*

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Short Fiction: Steven Millhauser, "The Illusionist"
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1991 World Fantasy Awards.

Life Achievement: Ray Russell
Novel: James Morrow, *Only Begotten Daughter,* Ellen Kushner, *Thomas the Rhymer* (tie)
Novella: Pat Murphy, "Bones"
Short Fiction: Neil Gaiman & Charles Vess, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
Anthology: Stephen Jones & Ramsey Campbell, ed., *Best New Horror*
Collection: Carol Emshwiller, *The Start of the End of It All and Other Stories*
Artist: Dave McKean
Special Award - Professional: Arnie Fenner for book design
Special Award - Non-Professional: Richard Chizmar for *Cemetery Dance*

1992 World Fantasy Awards.

Life Achievement; Edd Cartier
Novel: Robert R. McCammon, *Boy's Life*
Novella: Robert Holdstock & Garry Kilworth, "The Ragthorn"
Short Fiction: Fred Chappell, "The Somewhere Doors"
Anthology: Ellen Datlow & Terri Windling, ed., *The Year's Best Fantasy & Horror: Fourth Annual Collection*
Collection: Lucius Shepard, *The Ends of the Earth*
Artist: Tim Hildebrandt
Special Award - Professional: George Scithers & Darrell Schweitzer for *Weird Tales*
Special Award - Non-Professional: W. Paul Ganley for Weirdbook/Weirdbook Press

1993 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Harlan Ellison
Novel: Tim Powers, *Last Call*
Novella: Peter Straub, "The Ghost Village"
Short Fiction: Dan Simmons, "This Year's Class Picture," Joe Haldeman, "Graves"
Anthology: Dennis Etchison, ed., *MetaHorror*
Collection: Jack Cady, *The Sons of Noah and Other Stories*
Artist: James Gurney
Special Award - Professional: Jeanne Cavelos for Dell/Abyss
Special Award - Non-Professional: Doug & Tomi Lewis for Roadkill Press

1994 World Fantasy Awards.

Life Achievement: Jack Williamson
Novel: Lewis Shiner, *Glimpses*
Novella: Terry Lamsley, "Under the Crust"
Short Fiction: Fred Chappell, "The Lodger"
Anthology: Lou Aronica, Amy Stout & Betsy Mitchell, ed., *Full Spectrum 4*
Collection: Ramsey Campbell, *Alone With the Horrors*
Artist: Alan M. Clark, J.K. Potter
Special Award - Professional: Underwood-Miller for publishing
Special Award - Non-Professional: Marc Michaud for Necronomicon Press

1995 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Ursula K. Le Guin
Novel: James Morrow, *Towing Jehovah*
Novella: Elizabeth Hand, "Last Summer at Mars Hill"
Short Fiction: Stephen King, "The Man in the Black Suit"
Anthology: Ellen Datlow ed., *Little Deaths*
Collection: Bradley Denton, *The Calvin Coolidge Home for Dead Comedians and A Conflagration Artist*
Artist: Jacek Yerka
Special Award - Professional: Ellen Datlow for editing
Special Award - Non-Professional: Bryan Cholfin for Broken Mirrors Press & *Crank!*

1996 World Fantasy Awards.

Life Achievement: Gene Wolfe
Novel: Christopher Priest, *The Prestige*
Novella: Michael Swanwick, "Radio Waves"
Short Fiction: Gwyneth Jones, "The Grass Princess"

Anthology: A. Susan Williams & Richard Glyn Jones, ed., *The Penguin Book of Modern Fantasy by Women*
Collection: Gwyneth Jones, *Seven Tales and a Fable*
Artist: Gahan Wilson
Special Award - Professional: Richard Evans for contributions to the genre
Special Award - Non-Professional: Marc Michaud for Necronomicon Press

1997 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Madeline L'Engle
Novel: Rachel Pollack, *Godmother Night*
Novella: Mark Helprin, "A City in Winter"
Short Fiction: James P. Blaylock, "Thirteen Phantasms"
Anthology: Patrick Nielsen Hayden, ed., *Starlight 1*
Collection: Jonathan Lethem, *The Wall of the Sky, the Wall of the Eye*
Artist: Moebius (Jean Giraud)
Special Award - Professional: Michael J. Weldon for *The Psychotronic Video Guide*
Special Award - Non-Professional: Barbara & Christopher Roden for Ash-Tree Press
Convention Award: Hugh B. Cave

1998 World Fantasy Awards

Life Achievement: Edward L. Ferman, Andre Norton
Novel: Jeffrey Ford, *The Physiognomy* (Avon)
Novella: "Streetcar Dreams" by Richard Bowes (F&SF, 4/97)
Short Fiction: "Dust Motes" by P.D. Cacek (Gothic Ghosts, Tor)
Anthology: *Bending the Landscape: Fantasy*, ed. Nicola Griffith & Stephen Pagel (White Wolf/Borealis)
Collection: *The Throne of Bones* by Brian McNaughton (Terminal Fright)
Artist: Alan Lee
Special Award - Professional: *The Encyclopedia of Fantasy*, ed. John Clute and John Grant (Orbit, St. Martin's)
Special Award - Non-Professional: Fedogan & Bremer for book publishing

1999 World Fantasy Award Nominees

Novel

Charles de Lint, *Someplace to Be Flying* (Tor)
Louise Erdrich, *The Antelope Wife* (HarperFlamingo)
Guy Gavriel Kay, *Sailing to Sarantium* (Simon & Schuster/ Earthlight (UK), Viking (Canada), HarperPrism (US))
Sean Stewart, *Mockingbird* (Ace)
Thomas Sullivan, *The Martyring* (Forge)

Novella

A.S. Byatt, "Cold" (*Elementals: Stories of Fire and Ice;* Random House, Chatto & Windus)
Ursula K. Le Guin, "Dragonfly" (*Legends,* Edited by Robert Silverberg; Tor, Voyager)
George R.R. Martin, "The Hedge Knight" (*Legends,* Edited by Robert Silverberg; Tor, Voyager)
Ian MacLeod, "The Summer Isles" (*Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine,* October/November)
Peter Straub, "Mr. Clubb and Mr. Cuff" (*Murder for Revenge,* Edited by Otto Penzler, Delacorte)

Short Fiction

Neil Gaiman, "Shoggoth's Old Peculiar" (*The Mammoth Book of Comic Fantasy,* Edited by Mike Ashley; Smoke and Mirrors: Short Fictions and Illusions by Neil Gaiman, Avon Books)
John Kessel, "Every Angel is Terrifying" (*The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction,* October/November)
Ellen Kushner, "The Death of the Duke" (*Starlight 2,* Edited by Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Tor)
Kelly Link, "The Specialist's Hat" (*Event Horizon* November 15)
Kelly Link, "Travels with the Snow Queen" (*Lady Churchill's Rosebud Wristlet,* Volume 1, Number 1 1997/1998; *Year's Best Fantasy and Horror: Twelfth Annual Collection,* Edited by Ellen Datlow and Terri Windling)

Collection

Jack Cady, *The Night We Buried Road Dog* (DreamHaven Books)
Karen Joy Fowler, *Black Glass* (Henry Holt)
Elizabeth Hand, *Last Summer at Mars Hill* (HarperPrism)
Graham Masterton, *Manitou Man: The Worlds of Graham Masterton* (British Fantasy Society)
Gahan Wilson, *The Cleft and Other Odd Tales* (Tor)

Anthology

The Best of Crank!, Edited by Bryan Cholfin (Tor)
Dark Terrors 4, Edited by Stephen Jones & David Sutton (Gollancz)
Dreaming Down-Under, Edited by Jack Dann and Janeen Webb (HarperCollins Australia/Voyager)
Legends, Edited by Robert Silverberg (Tor, Voyager)
Starlight 2, Edited by Patrick Nielsen Hayden (Tor)

Artist

Jim Burns,
Tom Canty
Alan Clark
Bob Eggleton
Charles Vess

Special Award — Professional

Les Daniels — For *Superman: The Complete History*
Jo Fletcher — For editing
David Pringle — For *Interzone*
Robert Silverberg & Grania Davis — For editing *The Avram Davidson Treasury*
Jim Turner — For Golden Gryphon Press

Special Award - Non-Professional

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Fantasy

by Terri Windling

ONCE UPON A TIME A SEED WAS PLANTED IN THE FERTILE LOAM OF LANGUAGE AND EARTH. The seed sprouted, unfurling tales like leaves: the first stories ever told. The seedling drank down rain and sun and grew, in time, into a mighty tree, holding the earth together in its knotted roots, the sky in its arms. The Tree of Story is as old as time—twin to the mythic Tree of Life whose image appears on Sumerian artifacts of Mesopotamia (c. 4000–3500 B.C.) and among the earliest artworks of most cultures around the globe. The Norse conceived of the universe as a huge ash tree called Yggdrasil, linking the worlds of man and the gods, roots reaching down to the lands of the dead. The Celts created a Tree Alphabet; the African Ibo endowed them with souls; the Greeks heard prophecies in the rustling leaves of the autumn oak.

The Tree of Story is rooted in such mythic lore from the ancient world. Its trunk contains sagas, epics, romances, fables, folk- and fairy-tales. It has grown tall through the centuries, with many limbs and countless leaves, nurtured not only by the elements but by sheer human inventiveness: by the creation of our alphabet, cheap paper, ink and movable type; by literacy, technology, and mass book distribution. On this Tree of Story, literature itself is a relatively recent growth compared to the performance arts and to oral storytelling. Within the literary arts, fantasy is a sturdy limb—not separate from the rest of literature, as modern critics (and bookstore categorizations) often suggest. It is a limb both older and stronger than the average reader might realize; and yet, despite its age, it continues to produce fresh shoots, fresh leaves, fresh stories.

Our earliest tales were magical ones. Just think of those that have survived the centuries: Mesopotamia's Gilgamesh, Homer's Greek *Odyssey*, the Icelandic Eddas, the Germanic *Nibelungenlied*, The Epic of the Cid from Spain, the Charlemagne cycle from France, the *Volsunga Saga* from Finland, *The Mabinogion* from Wales, *The Tain* from Ireland, *Beowulf* and the whole Matter of Britain . . . all tales of quests, riddles, spells and transformations; all part of the trunk of the tree that supports western literature today. Such epic stories were privileged ones, coming to us in written form. The rest were passed from mouth to mouth in pre-literate societies, often in the guise we call Mother Goose, old wives' or fairy-tales.

Mythology has been woven through our literary arts for hundreds of years—particularly the classical myths of Greece and Rome, Judeo-Christian legendry, and the mix of Celtic and Norman tales that make up the Arthurian cycle. Writers of the past were unashamed to use myths, dreams, and flights of fantasia as potent raw material for the storyteller's art. Virgil's *Aeneid*, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience*, Morris's *Defence of Guenevere*, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* . . . these are but a few of the works richly steeped in legendry that have inspired writers in our own century—writers like John Barth (*Chimera*), John Gardner (*Grendel*), Robert Nye (*Merlin*), Brian Hall (*The Saskiad*), Robert Calasso (*The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony*), Ursule Molino (*The New Moon With the Old Moon in Her Arms*), James Morrow (*Towing Jehovah*), James P. Blaylock (*The Paper Grail*) and Robert Holdstock (*Mythago Wood*), all of whom have written modern mythic novels that work with timeless themes.

All but the last three of these books were published as mainstream fiction, and the latter three (published as fantasy) would be equally at home on the mainstream shelves. Historically, American literature has had an almost Puritanical bias in favor of strict realism—one that is slightly less stringent in England, and gloriously absent in Latin America and other parts of the world where the most vital contemporary fiction can be found. Nonetheless, even in America mythology remains an acceptable subject for the serious author to contemplate—a respectability enhanced by excellent nonfiction on the subject by the likes of Robert Graves (*The White Goddess*) and Joseph Campbell (*The Hero With a Thousand Faces*, *The Masks of God*, etc.).

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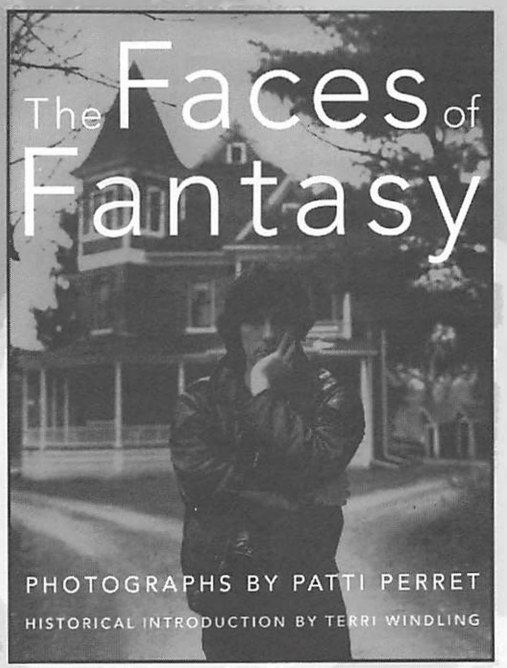

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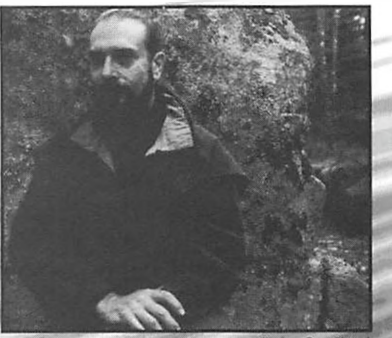
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*The Bloomsbury Review

By contrast, folklore and fairy-tales are the poor country cousins of mythology. Folk-tales don't concern the gods and the broad workings of the universe—they are tales about human men and women, told with deceptive simplicity; stories of transformation and survival: of children abandoned in the woods, daughters handed poisoned apples and sons setting off on perilous roads, men and women struck down by wolves or imprisoned in enchanters' towers. Such tales have survived for thousands of years because they speak of timeless concerns: fear, courage, greed, generosity, cruelty, compassion, failure and triumph. Folk- and fairy-tales use archetypes as a mirror held up to daily life, particularly the lives of those without clear avenues of social power (women, children, social outcasts, and the peasant class). Without the cachet of mythic fiction, stories rooted in folk-tale themes are more likely to find themselves relegated to the genre shelves. In the last two decades, as a result, fine authors orphaned by the literary mainstream due to an unfashionable interest in folklore and "post-realism" (to use a term current among young writers) have found a home in the fantasy field, or in the field of children's fiction—making these two of the liveliest areas of book publishing today.

Our culture's pairing of fantasy and children dates back only to Victorian England, but to understand it we must go further back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Although some historians will disagree, this is where I like to think the modern fantasy field began: when deterministically magical tales (inspired by the oral folk tradition) were composed by literary writers of the day and published for an adult readership. Giovan Francesco Straparola's bawdy collection *The Delectable Nights* was published in Venice in 1550, influencing the work of the Neapolitan writer Giambattista Basile, whose *Il Pentamerone: The Tale of Tales*, a cycle of fifty enchanted stories, was published early in the next century. These Italian tales would certainly have been known by Jeanne L'Heritier de Villadon, Marie-Cathérine d'Aulnoy, Madame Leprince de Beaumont, Charles Perrault and other habitués of the French literary salons who created their own adult fairy-tales, publishing them to great acclaim throughout the 17th century. (These stories were eventually collected in the *Cabinet des Fées*.)

Such literary fairy-tales (and the older oral tales they drew upon) were rich, complex, and sensual works usually meant for adult readers, not children. Straparola had to defend his book against charges of indecency before the Venetian Inquisition; Basile's "Sleeping Beauty" (one of the earliest extant versions of the story) is wakened not by a chaste, respectful kiss, but by the birth of twin children after the prince has come, fornicated with the sleeping body, and left again. The French stories were less exuberantly scatological than the Italian ones, but were nonetheless written for an audience presumed to include aristocratic adults. It was in the French salons that the term "fairy-tale" (*"conte de fée"*) was coined—a colorful but misleading label, as many of the stories falling under it do not contain creatures called "fairies" at all. Rather, they are wonder tales, or Märchen (to use the German word)—tales about ordinary men and women in a world invested with magic.

Although Charles Perrault is the name history has singled out from this prolific group, he was by no means the most influential or widely read among his *conte de fée* peers. The majority of the works collected and published in the forty-one volumes of the *Cabinet des Fées* were written by women writers who were quite successful in their day—such as Madame de Villeneuve, author of the original *Beauty and the Beast*, and Madame d'Aulnoy, author of *The Green Snake, The White Deer* and many others. These were educated women with an unusual degree of artistic independence, and within their use of the fantasy form one can find distinctly subversive subtext.

That these women should be drawn to material from the oral tradition is not surprising, for the folk story, like so many anonymous arts, has historically been a female preserve. As Alison Lurie has pointed out (in *Once Upon a Time*), "throughout Europe (except in Ireland), the storytellers from whom the Grimm brothers and their followers collected their material were most often women; in some areas they were all women. For hundreds of years, while written literature was almost exclusively the province of men, these tales were being invented and passed on orally by women." Straparola, in his defense to the Venetian Inquisition, stated he had merely written down stories told to him by a circle of female acquaintances; Basile, too, acknowledged drawing his inspiration from women's tales. Hundreds of years later, educated, ambitious women like those in the French salons continue to be drawn to themes that lie beneath the surface of old folk tales, using their metaphoric language in interesting, occasion-

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ally subversive ways. You will see, flipping through the pages of *The Faces of Fantasy*, that modern fantasy fiction is one area of the literary arts where women are well-represented, once again.

In England, medieval fairy-tales were an influence on two major writers: poet Edmund Spenser, author of *The Fœrie Queene*, and playwright William Shakespeare, whose *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* drew from English and European lore. In Germany, the French *Cabinet de Fées*—published in the 18th century—had a profound effect (along with the new field of German folk-tale collection) on the works of German Romantics like Novalis, Johann Ludwig Tieck, E. T. A. Hoffmann and Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. By the 19th century, England too had developed a passion for folk-tale collection, and these folk-tales found their way, in turn, into the fiction and poetry of the day, such as George MacDonald's *Phantastes* and *Lilith*, John Ruskin's *The King of the Golden River*, Christina Rossetti's *Goblin Market*, Rudyard Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill*, the fairy poetry of William Butler Yeats and the fairy-tales of Oscar Wilde. The Pre-Raphælite artist/socialist/poet William Morris published *The Wood Beyond the World*, set in a wholly imaginary land, carefully constructed and convincing, considered by many to be the first modern adult fantasy novel. H. Rider Haggard wrote mythic adventure novels like *King Solomon's Mines;* Lewis Carroll published his wonderful absurdist fantasy, *Alice in Wonderland;* and across the channel in Denmark, Hans Christian Andersen was penning those wise and wistful tales for which he is justly famed.

Despite the great popularity of these magical works, by the end of the century the pendulum of adult literary taste began, once again, to swing away from fantasy and the mystical medievalism popularized by the Pre-Raphælites. Magical tales were now too closely associated with previous generations—with old farmwives and everything rural, backwards and old-fashioned. The industrial revolution, rising literacy and the sudden growth of a new middle class had created a booming publishing industry in which novels of social realism were the preferred literary form. Magical fiction, along with oral tales, was relegated to children's nurseries—rather like, J. R. R. Tolkien pointed out (in his essay "On Fairy Stories"), "shabby or old fashioned furniture . . . primarily because the adults do not want it, and do not mind if it is misused." The separate field of fiction for children was firmly established during these years. Chapbooks (and, later, gorgeously illustrated books) aimed specifically at young readers reprinted fairy-tales from the *Cabinet des Fées* and other such cheap story sources—greatly simplifying them in the process, stripping them of ambiguity, sensuality, and subversiveness; turning feisty heroes and heroines into models of Victorian behavior; and often publishing the tales with no author's name attached at all—as if these tales were Anonymous works from the oral folk tradition too. (Regrettably, such altered versions of the tales are the ones we're most familiar with today, and fairy-tales are now presumed to be children's stories only.)

Despite fantasy's fall from literary grace, magical work continued to be written, published, and read in the first half of our own century. Some authors found refuge in the children's book field—like Edith Nesbit, author of *The Enchanted Castle*, J. M. Barrie, author of the immortal *Peter Pan*, and L. Frank Baum, creator of the "Oz" series. Some slipped fantasy stories in amongst other works for which they were better known—like E. M. Forster, author of quite a number of gently magical tales, and James Thurber, author of the delightful *The Thirteen Clocks*. The Irish, always iconoclastic, were unafraid to present overtly fantastic works—like James Stephen's fey novel *The Crock of Gold*, and the dreamlike tales of Lord Dunsany, author of the classic fantasy novel *The King of Elfland's Daughter*. Hannes Bok (author of *The Sorcerer's Ship*), Hope Mirrlees (author of *Lud-in-the-Mist*) and others produced unabashedly magical novels as the century progressed, but six English writers in particular published works that more than any others shaped the field for years to come: E.R. Eddison (a singular stylist, author of *The Worm Ouroboros* and the language-rich "Zimiamvian" trilogy); T. H. White (the author of the charming Arthurian classic, *The Once and Future King*); Mervyn Peake (author of the deliciously gothic "Gormenghast" trilogy); and the Inklings, three Dons from Oxford who shared a love of theology, linguistics and magical literature: Charles Williams (author of *The Greater Trumps* and other mystical adult novels); C. S. Lewis (noted critic, and author of the much-loved "Narnia" series for children); and J. R. R. Tolkien (the celebrated author of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*).

While all this was going on in England, in America the fantasy field was going down a very

different road due to the success of "pulp" magazines in the middle of the century—particularly *Weird Tales* and *Unknown* magazines, the latter edited by the influential John W. Campbell alongside his science fiction magazine *Astounding*. Thus while in England fantasy was becoming more and more associated with children's fiction, in America, due to the pulps, it was becoming associated with the young science fiction field. The pulp magazines specialized in "heroic fantasy," typified by the enormously popular "Conan" stories of Robert E. Howard, the "forgotten worlds" adventures of A. Merritt, and the "Tarzan of the Apes" jungle stories of Edgar Rice Burroughs. The best of these fantasy adventure tales were colorful, fast-paced, witty and written with tongue firmly in cheek by writers like Fritz Leiber (the "Fafhrd and Gray Mouser" series) and L. Sprague de Camp (*The Goblin Tower* and, in collaboration with Fletcher Pratt, *The Land of Unreason*). The works of other important American fantasists began to appear about this time, among them the hauntingly magical contemporary tales of Ray Bradbury (*Something Wicked This Way Comes*), the masterful stories of Theodore Sturgeon (*E Pluribus Unicorn*), the great utopian fantasy of Austin Tappan Wright (*Islandia*), and the quirky, mythic fantasy of Thomas Burnett Swann (*The Day of the Minotaur*).

Thus while in England fantasy was becoming more and more associated with children's fiction, in America, due to the pulps, it was becoming associated with the young science fiction field.

Although J. R. R. Tolkien's enormously influential trilogy *The Lord of the Rings* was first published in the 1950s, it did not reach a mass audience (particularly in the United States) until a decade later, published in paperback editions by Ace and by Ballantine Books. In the early 1970s, taking note of Tolkien's devoted following, Ian and Betty Ballantine launched the "Sign of the Unicorn" line of adult fantasy fiction. Edited by Lin Carter (who was himself a writer of heroic tales) and marketed with distinctive covers (most of them by the surrealist painter Gervasio Gallardo), this series brought works of classic literary fantasy into paperback, introducting a whole generation to authors like George MacDonald, William Morris, Lord Dunsany, E.R.Eddison, James Branch Cabell, Mervyn Peake and many others—in addition to promoting new authors like Peter S. Beagle. Patricia A. McKillip and Joy Chant. The series was not a runaway commercial success and thus proved to be short-lived, but its impact on the fantasy field was far greater than this might suggest. A whole new generation of writers cut their teeth on these classic works thanks to the Sign of the Unicorn line, courtesy of Mr. Carter. (Carter's nonfiction book, *Imaginary Worlds,* was the bible for young writers at the time.)

Subsequently, Judy-Lynn and Lester del Rey (the latter also a fantasy writer) founded the Del Rey fantasy line at Ballantine. They introduced readers to Terry Brooks (*The Sword of Shannara*) and Stephen R. Donaldson (the "Thomas Covenant" series), whose multi-volume series books quickly hit the best-seller lists. Thus the line was off to a running start, thanks in part to the marketing genius of Mrs. del Rey, proving that there was indeed an audience for adult fantasy fiction. The Lin Carter and Del Rey lines mark the birth of the fantasy genre as we know it—and yet, as the 1970s waned, Del Rey Books was still the only American publisher with an adult fantasy imprint. Other houses published fantasy titles under a science fiction label—a system that made some sense at the time because the little fantasy available then was largely of the Howardian kind (i.e., similar to Howard's Conan tales, also known as "sword-and-sorcery") which had grown, like American science fiction, out of the pulp magazines. Of these publishing houses, Donald A. and Elsie Wollheim's DAW Books (devoted to genre fiction) and Dell Books, which began a short-lived fantasy program in 1979, were the only ones that published more than the occasional fantasy title.

Ace Books, where I worked as an editor at the beginning of the 1980s, was the next publisher to create an adult fantasy imprint—albeit they did so rather warily, still afraid to commit money and rack space to this upstart genre. Much of what was in print in those days seemed to be aimed at adolescent boys, with covers sporting large-breasted

women swooning at the feet of muscle-bound men. (Little wonder then that the literary establishment dismissed the genre as a whole.) Traditional fantasy, *à la* Tolkien or Lewis, was in seriously short supply—and so as an editor one had to find, encourage, and launch new authors in order to keep up with growing reader demand for this kind of fiction. Thus a large number of talented new writers came into the field all at once—writers of both genders, writing for a readership that was equally mixed. These writers, unlike the generation before, did not grow up with the pulp magazines; nor did they necessarily come from SF, with which fantasy has long been paired. They came from a variety of disciplines, with backgrounds in world literature and myth, Medieval and Renaissance history, Celtic folk music, oral storytelling and other performance arts. Embracing the modern fantasy field in order to write folkloric tales and contemporary "magic realism," they traded literary respectability for an eager and informed readership.

Today, most major publishing houses boast successful fantasy lists, and annual sales of fantasy books exceed those of horror and SF. This relatively young genre is an untapped vein of gold within the landscape of American fiction, containing some of the finest works of the late century by writers like Peter S. Beagle (*A Fine and Private Place*), Orson Scott Card (*Seventh Son*), Suzy McKee Charnas (*Dorothea Dreams*), Susan Cooper (*The Dark Is Rising*), John Crowley (*Little, Big*), Pamela Dean (*Tam Lin*), Charles de Lint (*Someplace to Be Flying*), Bradley Denton (*Lunatics*), Karen Joy Fowler (*Sarah Canary*), Neil Gaiman (*Stardust*), Mary Gentle (*Rats and Gargoyles*), Lisa Goldstein (*Tourists*), M. John Harrison (*The Course of the Heart*), Diana Wynne Jones (*Fire and Hemlock*), Guy Gavriel Kay (*Sailing to Sarantium*), Ellen Kushner (*Swordspoint*), Tanith Lee (*Forests of the Night*), Ursula K. Le Guin (*A Wizard of Earthsea*), George R. R. Martin (*The Game of Thrones*), Patricia A. McKillip (*Song for the Basilisk*), Robin McKinley (*The Door in the Hedge*), Michæl Moorcock (*Gloriana*), Patrick O'Leary (*The Gift*), Tim Powers (*The Anubis Gates*), Sean Russell (*Beneath the Vaulted Hills*), Geoff Ryman (*The Unconquered Country*), Midori Snyder (*The Innamorati*), Sean Stewart (*Mockingbird*), Michæl Swanwick (*The Iron Dragon's Daughter*), Gene Wolfe (*The Book of the New Sun*), Jane Yolen (*Briar Rose*) . . . and many other talented authors, too numerous to mention them all.

As a genre, it is a generous one, its readers open-minded, its practitioners good-natured enough to encourage the field's diversity, supporting a wide variety of books from the old pulp-style adventure tales to prismatic, fractured postmodern works . . . and everything in between. Like any limb on the Tree of Story, it has forked into many smaller branches: There's the branch of Humorous Fantasy; and Urban Fantasy with its punk-rock edge; and modern "swashbucklers" in which dialogue is as fast and sharp as a sword. There's contemporary Magic Realism, indistinguishable from that on the mainstream shelves. There are "Steampunks," a wild crew with their feet in the 19th century, their heads in cyberpunk technology (or maybe it's the other way around). There are "Mannerists" whose works hark back more to Austen and the Brontës than to Tolkien; and the Mythic Fiction writers who claim Angela Carter and her ilk as their literary inspiration. The puckish "Pre-Joycean Fellowship" (whose name is a nod to the Pre-Raphælites) want to get back to pre-Modernist storytelling values and well-structured plots; while The Young Trollopes, on the other hand, want to throw plot and structure out the window, concentrating on character instead. In short, the field of fantasy is much like the field of fiction as a whole: filled with both serious artists and hacks, with thoughtful theorists and just plain cranks, with writers on various soapboxes and writers just out to make a buck, or to go to the parties, or to change the world, or to write the Great American Novel.

> Writers like Carter, Hoffman, Atwood and Oates have been instrumental in opening mainstream literature to the possibilities inherent in the fantasy form.

One thing these fantasists do not do (unless they specifically choose to) is work in the kind of isolation our society generally attributes to writers. As artists in other literary "ghettos" have discovered, being marginalized from the broader mainstream tends to foster a sense of community. The fantasy community is a lively and gregarious one, meeting

at writers' conventions held across England and America, interacting over computer networks and through the pages of critical magazines. As a result, a number of fantasy books are in dialog with one another, their writers engaged in an ongoing discourse about the future of the field.

A number of writers from other disciplines have also walked through the magic lands that lie "beyond the fields we know" (to borrow a phrase from Lord Dunsany), infusing their work with magic, mythic, mystic or ghostly elements—writers like Margaret Atwood (*Bluebeard's Egg*), Alice Hoffman (*Practical Magic*), Joyce Carol Oates (*Bellefleur*), Nancy Willard (*Sister Water*), Mark Helprin (*A Winter's Tale*), Toni Morrison (*Beloved*), Sara Maitland (*A Book of Spells*), Marina Warner (*Mermaids in the Basement*), Steven Millhauser (*Little Kingdoms*), Alasdair Gray (*Poor Things*), Salman Rushdie (*Haroun and the Sea of Stories*), Pat Mora (*House of Houses*), Rick Collignon (*The Journal of Antonia Montoya*), Heinz Insu Fenkl (*Memories of My Ghost Brother*), Elizabeth Knowx (*The Vintner's Luck*), Robert Coover (*Briar Rose*), A. S. Byatt (*Possession*) and numerous others. In particular, the English writer Angela Carter has had a lasting impact on fantasy fiction with her brilliantly surrealistic novels and her dark adult fairy-tales. (Her early death was a terrible loss to fantasy and mainstream readers alike.) Writers like Carter, Hoffman, Atwood and Oates have been instrumental in opening mainstream literature to the possibilities inherent in the fantasy form.

At the same time, the Magic Realism to be found in the contemporary fiction of other lands (by writers like Nigeria's Ben Okri, Italy's Italo Calvino, Japan's Haruki Murakami, and most particularly the Latin American magic realists: Jorge Luis Borges, Isabel Allende, Miguel Angel Asturias, the peerless Gabriel García Márquez, etc.) is influencing a new generation of writers all around the globe. This work has had a powerful effect within the fantasy genre; while in the mainstream, its influence is more evident with each passing year—particularly in quietly magical works by Chicano writers like Alfredo Vea Jr. (*La Maravilla*) and Pat Mora (*House of Houses*); Native American writers like Louise Erdrich (*The Antelope Wife*) and Thomas King (*Green Grass Running Water*); and Black-American writers like Randall Kenan (*Let the Dead Bury the Dead*) and Charlotte Watson Sherman (*Killing Color*). Books like these blur the strict lines drawn between mainstream and genre fiction, as do writers like Jonathan Carroll (*The Bones of the Moon*), Scott Bradfield (*Dream of the Wolf*) and Delia Sherman (*The Porcelain Dove*), with fiction published in both fields. Such cross-pollination serves to enrich all areas of literature, and I, for one, long for a day when these boundary lines disappear.

I don't expect that day to happen soon. At this point, strict genre lines are drawn not just by critics but by book marketers in order to facilitate easy stocking of bookstore shelves. Thus serious literary endeavors and light adventure novels for teenage boys will continue to sit side by side upon the Fantasy shelves, often with identical dragons and swordsmen leering from the covers. What is the serious reader to do when confronted with such look-alike books? (Aside from investing in slipcase covers so you can read on the bus without embarrassment?) This is a field in which one must come equipped with reviews and recommendations in order to wade through the deluge of titles published every year. *The Year's Best Fantasy & Horror* anthology is an annual round-up of good short fiction, along with recommended reading lists for longer works to be found in both the mainstream and the genre (Datlow & Windling, eds., St. Martin's Press); *Locus* magazine continues to provide thorough and intelligent reviews on a monthly basis (P.O. Box 13305, Oakland, CA 94661); and the Internet is now a good source for fantasy reviews: I recommend Paula Kate Marmor's "Legends" site at www.legends.dm.net; Cat Kinrowan's "Folk-tales" site at www.folk-tales.com; and A. John O'Neill's "SF Site" at www.sfsite.com.

You may have noticed that in these pages I have refrained from giving a hard-and-fast definition of "fantasy fiction," other than to toss around words like "mythic," "magical," "surrealist" or "post-realist" . . . Better minds than mine have tried and failed to come up with a truly satisfying definition of a work of fantasy; it is, after all, the nature of færy (as J. R. R. Tolkien has reminded us) to be elusive and mutable. Those readers well-versed in fantasy fiction know the feel, the look, the distinctive smell of a fantasy story when they come upon it; while for those new to the fantastic, let me send you to the source instead: to the wonderful stories, poems and novels that make up the fantasy field. There are several excellent anthologies that provide an historical survey of the field: *Masterpieces of Fantasy and Enchantment* and *Masterpieces of Fantasy*

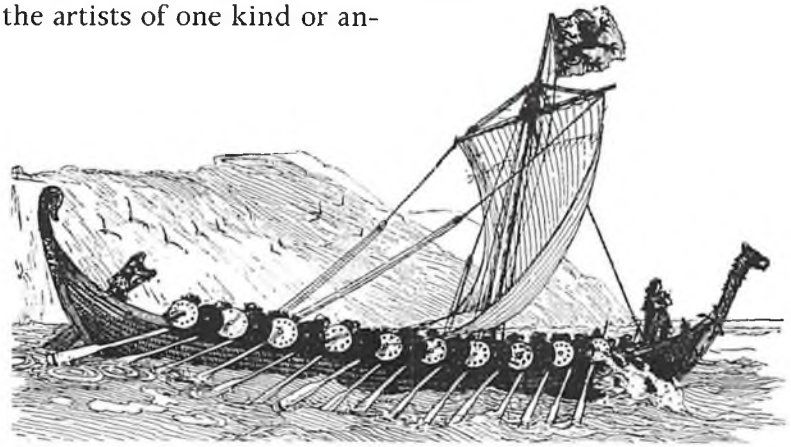
and Wonder edited by David G. Hartwell; *The Fantastic Imagination*, Vols. I and II and *The Phoenix Tree* edited by Robert H. Boyer & Kenneth J. Zahorski; *The Oxford Book of Fantasy Stories* edited by Tom Shippey; *The Oxford Book of Modern Fairy Tales* edited by Alison Lurie; and *The Penguin Book of Modern Fantasy by Women* edited by A. Susan Williams & Richard Glyn Jones. Good nonfiction resources include: the exhaustive *The Encyclopedia of Fantasy* edited by John Clute and John Grant, *Fantasists on Fantasy* edited by Boyer & Zahorski; *Classic Fantasy Writers*, edited by Harold Bloom; *From the Beast to the Blonde: On Fairy Tales and Their Tellers* by Marina Warner; "In the Tradition" by Michæl Swanwick (reprinted in *The Year's Best Fantasy & Horror*, Vol. 8), and the *Oxford Companion to Fairy Tales* edited by Jack Zipes. For academic writings on the subject of fantasy literature, contact the International Association for the Fantastic in the Arts, Florida Atlantic University, College of Humanities, 500 NW 20TH HU–50 BA, Boca Raton, FL 33431.

A proper history of fantasy fiction really requires a long volume, not a short essay, and I fear that this small attempt at it is inevitably inadequate. The books crowded on the shelves around me are already voicing their discontent: "What about C. L. Moore?" one cries. "What about Jonathan Swift?" says another. "What about Edward Eager, Mark Twain, P. L. Travers, Leonora Carrington? Jack Finney? Jack Vance? Poul Anderson? Avram Davidson? Evangeline Walton? What about all the dark fantasy writers like Edgar Allan Poe and Clark Ashton Smith?" Hush, I tell them, shaking my head. I simply can't write about them all. The tales they've given us speak more eloquently than I do, in any case.

The great mythologist Joseph Campbell once wrote, "Myth must be kept alive. The people who can keep it alive are the artists of one kind or another." Writers in the fantasy field are among the artists keeping myth alive. Those epic tales and fairy tales that speak to us from centuries long past have often taken the form of a quest: the hero is torn from hearth and home and set on a strange unpredictable road, where a trial must be endured, a riddle solved, a monster overcome, a future claimed. By the time of the quest's completion, something or someone has been transformed . . . most often the heroes themselves. Modern fantasy fiction also often takes the form of a quest: J. R. R. Tolkien's Frodo, Ursula K. Le Guin's Ged, John Crowley's Smokey and Auberon, Patricia A. McKillip's young Riddlemaster of Hed all undergo rites of initiation and transformation . . . and, in the process, effect the transformation of the worlds in which they live.

The fantasy quest is a dangerous one, as Ursula K. Le Guin warns us (in her essay "Dreams Must Explain Themselves" from *The Language of the Night*). Fantasy, she says, is "not antirational, but pararational; not realistic but surrealistic, a heightening of reality. In Freud's terminology, it employs primary, not secondary, process thinking. It employs archetypes which, as Jung warned us, are dangerous things. Fantasy is nearer to poetry, to mysticism, and to insanity than naturalistic fiction is. It is a wilderness,and those who go there should not feel too safe . . . A fantasy is a journey to the subconscious mind, just as psychoanalysis is. Like psychoanalysis, it can be dangerous, and *it will change you*." ❁

This essay, with slight adaptations, is reprinted from Faces of Fantasy, *portraits of fantasy authors by photographer Patti Perret (edited by Jim Frenkel and published by Tor Books, 1996). Terri Windling's nonfiction about myth, fairy tales and the modern fantasy field can also be found in the Folkroots column she shares with Heinz Insu Fenkl in* Realms of Fantasy *magazine, and on the Endicott Studio for Mythic Arts web site: www.endicott-studio.com*



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Beyond the Books We Know

by Jo Fletcher

IT'S STRANGE, THE THINGS THAT OCCUPY ONE'S MIND AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING when it's too late to get a decent night's sleep and too early to rise, even though the guys using the street outside as a drag-race circuit obviously don't agree . . . What I settled on one July morning (just a few months ago, but by now it will feel like years back) started out as a slightly incoherent muse on my publishing schedule for next year and, without much assistance from my sleep-deprived brain, metamorphosed into a pæan of praise for What Went Before.

In a little pointed front room in a corner house in a backstreet of Canterbury, that most English of cathedral cities, some twenty-five years ago, the technical assistant and deputy wardrobe mistress of the Marlowe Theatre changed my life. I didn't realise that at the time, of course—one very rarely does recognise cataclysmic events for what they are until it's far too late to alter or influence events in the slightest. And anyway, I was in too much pain and too bored and too depressed to notice any active life alteration going on around me. What I thought was happening was that Jenny Wood was lending me some books to stop me going completely mad whilst I was recovering from an unpleasant and (subsequently) crippling operation on my left foot. A booklover with a taste for the Romantics, she had a shelf full of Charlemagne and Camelot, Tristan and Isolde, Sir Gawain and Sir Launfel . . . and of Don Rodriguez and Titus Groan and Lilith and Orlando and the King of Elfland's much-loved Daughter.

I'd grown up with science fiction. My parents subscribed to *New Worlds* and *Science Fantasy* and *Analog*; instead of a weekly comic I got *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction* (but I had to let my mother read it after me). My neighbours in Wakefield, Québec, taught me to speedread at my insistent demand so I could finish *The Lord of the Rings* before my mother did (I *had* to know what happened next, and I couldn't wait for her to get through the books first, as she was so selfishly demanding), and when my family returned from a six-year stint in Canada, I was allowed to bring just four books: what a trauma at the age of twelve! Never were desert island books more carefully chosen; in the end I settled for *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, *E Pluribus Unicorn*, *I Am Legend*, and *Angels and Spaceships*. I sulked my way into making my mother bring back *Wasp* as part of her own allotment (what was sauce for the goose, after all!) By then I had also realised that Elric's big mistake was *not* being in unwitting thrall to the Lords of Chaos, but in not seeking me out, for if anyone was his soul mate, it had to be me. All he would have had to do was wait for me to grow up a bit more.

A year or so after Jenny had introduced me to Manuel the pig tender and the mediæval French demesne of Poictesme, and to Lirazel and Alveric and taken me beyond the fields we know, my First Love had gone the way of the wind. I no longer shared a little pointy front room in a house full of actors and backstage technicians and Jenny too had moved on, taking her precious and well-thumbed books with her. I was nursing my still-broken heart in the Albion Bookshop in Canterbury, my grant money in my hot, sweaty hand; the intention was to buy myself a couple of books, just to cheer myself up. Then, browsing the well-filled genre shelves, I spotted copies of *Figures of Earth* and *The Cream of the Jest*, two of the books I'd borrowed while lying on my bed of pain. Next to them were *Jurgen* and *The High Place* and *Domnei* . . . and next to them were the Dunsanys, and a whole slew of interesting titles I'd not come across before. They all featured a unicorn on the top right corner of the front cover, and they all had introductions by Lin Carter, who, up till then, I had known only for his less than scintillating heroic fantasy pastiches. Add to this a helpful, enthusiastic bookseller, an American short story writer by the name of Ken Kessler,

just making ends meet by working in the Albion, whose opening gambit was "If you like Cabell, you'll love . . . ," and I was introduced to the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series. Lin Carter may have a lot to answer for in some respects, but whatever one might think of his own writing (not to mention his bastardisation of others), the list of modern fantasy classics he put together between 1969 and 1974 is, in a word, incomparable. The series was a work of love and genius. And for every book that I fought my way through—the Morrises and the Hope Hodgsons—there was a *Lud-in-the-Mist* or *A Fine and Private Place* or *The Man Who Was Thursday*. I already knew some of the authors—George MacDonald and H. Rider Haggard and Fletcher Pratt and, of course, James Branch Cabell—but that left some forty or so to be discovered.

Who needed course books anyway? Ken's help then (resulting in the addition of some thirty books to my then small and obviously not yet perfectly formed library) and later friendship led to my joining the regular Wednesday afternoon group in the seventeenth century Crypt coffee shop across the alley from the bookshop, a group of writers and artists and critics who were passionate about fantasy. I was instantly at home: I met Peter Valentine Timlett and John Grandfield and Gordon Larkin, then editor of the *British Fantasy Society Bulletin*, who introduced me to Stephen Jones and Jon Harvey and David Sutton (but that's another story) and, before long, had me doing book reviews, and was making me get my own poetry published. I discovered Arkham House and *Weird Tales* and Virgil Finlay and Margaret Brundage. We spent evenings entertaining visiting Americans, like Kalisa Beagle, Peter S. Beagle's daughter, and before long, Karl Edward Wagner and Manly Wade Wellman and Charles L. Grant and Dennis Etchison were all regular visitors to Whitstable, where I then lived. By that time, of course, I was hooked.

And that inevitably led to my first World Fantasy Convention, at the Biltmore, right here in Providence, Rhode Island, with a small but select party of Brits: Stephen Jones, David and Sandra Sutton, and Carl Hiles. It was smaller then (there were just seventy-four writers, artists and editors listed as attending!), but the atmosphere was not so very different. In the ballroom, L. Sprague de Camp dragged Charles Grant across to introduce him; he had mistaken me for Tanith Lee—he was deeply embarrassed and Tanith just the teensiest bit offended—I wasn't *known* then—but Charlie, Steve, and I thought it a hoot! And I found myself bumping into authors who had become heroes of mine, making friendships that have lasted over twenty years. I met Frank Belknap Long and H. Warner Munn and Hugh B. Cave and Fritz Leiber. I fell down outside Lovecraft's shunned house (and re-broke the crippled ankle) and we got locked out of the car in a snowstorm whilst visiting Lovecraft's grave (don't even ask!).

And I discovered the book room—and the rest of the Adult Fantasy Series, books that never made it over to England, even under the Pan ægis (some of the list was published here as "Pan Ballantine Adult Fantasy," but it was by no means complete). If I'd had the money, I could have practically completed my collection then and there—ah, but then I wouldn't have had the fun of the chase over the next twenty years, would I?

And now, after all this waffle, we get to the crux of the matter (you knew there'd be a point to all this wallowing reminiscence, didn't you?). I was part of a panel discussion at an American convention not that long ago when a woman who's had a book or two published explained how she decided to be a writer when she discovered Stephen King. I waited to find out who else she read, and it turned out that although there were one or two other writers, on the whole . . . she only read Stephen King. (She didn't read outside the genre either: this was an all-encompassing black hole.) She had no idea what went before and precious little of what came after. And that made me sad, and it made me worried for the field.

Over the years, I have watched a tiny number of editors, in Britain and the United States, fighting to make sure that, amongst the present glut of fantasy, some—a very little—brilliant, some good, and most pretty mediocre, there is always a place for the old guys, the writers of thirty or fifty or a hundred years ago who made fantasy today what it is. And who continue to publish, whenever possible, the new guys who will—in twenty or forty or sixty years—join that pantheon: the Terry Bissons and the Mark Helprins and the Michæl Bishops and the Angela Carters. Where I've been able, I've done my bit, and I've envied those like David Hartwell, whose "Timescape" list for Pocket Books in the early 1980s seemed to me to be doing an admirable job of continuing where Lin Carter left off.

But, sadly for our field, on the whole, publishers are *so* not interested in old fantasy it isn't true.

Last year, my own publishing house, Victor Gollancz, was taken over by Orion and, even amongst all the fear of redundancy and the loss of good friends and colleagues, it was hard not to rejoice, for my list at least. The CEO, Anthony Cheetham, is a well-known science fiction buff. And the MD, Malcolm Edwards, was actually responsible for the Gollancz SF and fantasy list in its yellow-jacketed heyday before he moved to HarperCollins and, with Jane Johnson, built the Voyager genre list into the force it is in Britain today. Malcolm had already put into action one of his major ambitions: the Masterworks SF list, after soliciting views from a mass of professionals on what they considered to be the seminal works of the past. (He'd done something similar at Gollancz fifteen years before when he launched the VGSF trade paperback list of science fiction classics.)

Maybe, I thought to myself. Perhaps, I muttered in dark corners. Oh, please, I prayed in the twisted hours of early morning. And the day that Malcolm Edwards said yes, we would be doing a similar thing with fantasy, one of my fondest dreams came true. So next year we'll be launching the Fantasy Masterworks, to stand alongside the SF Masterworks. Unlike that, it won't have every major work in the field, because—thankfully—a number of the most important works, like Mervyn Peake's *Gormenghast* trilogy and *The Lord of the Rings* are still in print. But it will, I hope, bring back into the marketplace books that no fantasy reader should be without, like *Lud-in-the-Mist* and Gene Wolfe's *Book of the New Sun* and M. John Harrison's Viriconium books. And Dunsany and Howard and Cabell and a whole host of matchless writers, all of whom made me what I am today. (Mind you, there are battles ahead, because what one person considers unmissable is another's unreadable nemesis . . . but I know in the end that right will prevail!) And one of the things that cheers me even more is that we're not the only publisher doing this: Del Rey, an imprint of Ballantine, the very publisher that started this, is doing its own list of fantasy classics. And a number of small presses are enquiring about rights of some of these wonderful books, for exactly the same reasons.

And at five o'clock on that July morning, what I was left with was an overwhelming love for this field, for the books that have opened up for me brave new vistas of the imagination. Maybe if Jenny Wood hadn't lent me her Cabell and Dunsany and Ernest Bramah books, I wouldn't be here today, attending my nineteenth World Fantasy Convention. I certainly wouldn't be editorial director of one of the oldest and most firmly established SF and fantasy lists in the world. And I wouldn't be in a position to bring to a whole new generation some of the wonders that have entranced and delighted me and led me into a new and magical world, where I have stayed ever since.

At the 1979 WFC: John Rieber, Sandra Sutton, Jo Fletcher, Stephen Jones, and David Sutton (photo by Carl Hiles)

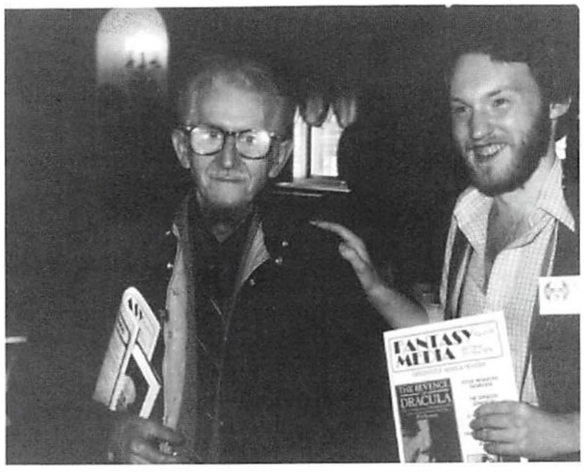
Jo Fletcher is a writer, critic, journalist, and editorial director of a major London publishing house. An award-winning poet, her work has appeared in The Mammoth Book of Werewolves, The Mammoth Book of Frankenstein, Now We Are Sick, Voices on the Wind, The Tiger Garden: A Book of Writers' Dreams, Dark of the Night, White of the Moon, *and many others. A collection,* Shadows of Light and Dark, *is published in a limited hardcover edition by Alchemy Press/Airgedlamh, and she is Featured Poet in the Hallowe'en '99, Zodiac-themed edition of* The Urbanite. *Her genre non-fiction has appeared widely, including in* Reign of Fear, Feast of Fear, James Herbert: By Horror Haunted *and* The World's Greatest Mysteries. *She co-edited* Gaslight and Ghosts *and* Secret City: Strange Tales of London, *both with Stephen Jones, and edited* Horror at Halloween, *a mosaic novel for children, due for publication this autumn. In 1998 she won the British Fantasy Society's Karl Edward Wagner Award, and she has been nominated for the World Fantasy Award.*

Photos from the 5th WFC, in Providence, RI, 1979

All photos by Jo Fletcher.

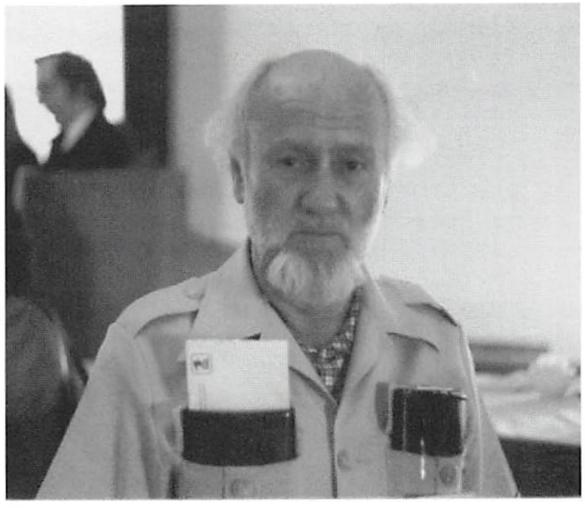
Stephen King

Fritz Leiber and fans

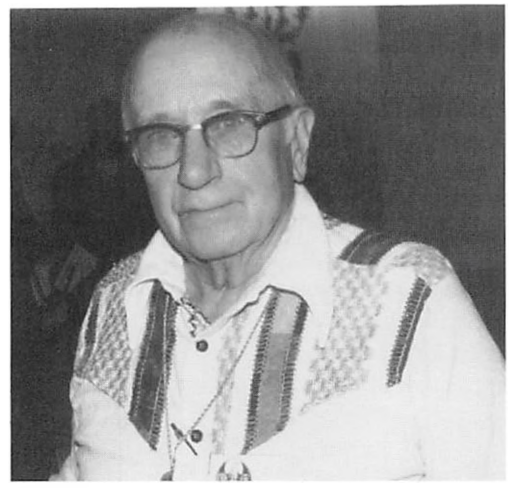


Frank Belknap Long and Stephen Jones

Stephen Jones, John Rieber and David Sutton visit the grave of H.P. Lovecraft



Roy Squires



H. Warner Munn

The World Fantasy Conventions

1975: The 1st World Fantasy Convention
Site: Holiday Inn, Providence, Rhode Island
Theme: The Lovecraft Circle
Guest of Honor: Robert Bloch
Toastmaster: Gahan Wilson
Chair: Kirby McCauley

1976: The 2nd World Fantasy Convention
Site: The Statler Hotel, New York, New York
Theme: Unknown Worlds
Guests of Honor: C. L. Moore, Michael Moorcock
Toastmaster: Gahan Wilson
Magister: Thom Anderson

1977: World Fantasy Convention III
Site: Los Angeles Biltmore, Los Angeles, California
Theme: Clark Ashton Smith
Guest of Honor: Richard Matheson
Toastmaster: Gahan Wilson
Chairman: Dennis Rickard

1978: The 4th World Fantasy Convention
Site: Sheraton Fort Worth Hotel, Fort Worth, Texas
Theme: Robert E. Howard
Guest of Honor: Fritz Leiber
Guest Artist: Alicia Austin
Toastmaster (Scheduled): Gahan Wilson
Toastmaster (Actual): Andy Offutt
Chairman: Michael Templin

1979: The 5th World Fantasy Convention
Site: Biltmore Hotel, Providence, Rhode Island
Theme: Reunion
Guests of Honor: Stephen King, Frank Belknap Long
Guest Artist: Michael Whelan
Toastmaster: Charles L. Grant
Chairman: Bob Booth

1980: The 6th World Fantasy Convention
Site: Marriott Hunt Valley Inn, Baltimore, Maryland
Theme: Edgar Allan Poe
Guest of Honor: Jack Vance
Guest Artist: Boris Vallejo
Toastmaster: Robert Bloch
Chairman: Chuck Miller, Tim Underwood

1981: The 7th World Fantasy Convention
Site: The Claremont Hotel, Berkeley, California
Theme: Mark Twain, Jack London, Ambrose Bierce, Clark Ashton Smith
Guests of Honor: Alan Garner (did not appear for personal reasons), Peter S. Beagle
Guest Artist: Brian Froud
Toastmaster: Karl Edward Wagner
Chairmen: Jack Rems, Jeff Frane

1982: World Fantasy Convention '82
Site: Park Plaza Hotel, New Haven, Connecticut
Theme: Mark Twain
Guests of Honor: Peter Straub, Joseph Payne Brennan
Guest Artist: Don Maitz
Toastmaster: Charles L. Grant
Chairmen: Norman L. Hood, Harold Kinney

1983: World Fantasy Convention 1983
Site: Chicago, Illinois
Theme: Sixty Years of *Weird Tales*
Guests of Honor: Gene Wolfe, Manly Wade Wellman
Guest Artist: Rowena Morrill
Toastmaster: Robert Bloch
Chairman: Robert Weinberg

1984: World Fantasy Convention 1984
Site: Westin Hotel, Ottawa, Canada
Theme: Fantasy, An International Genre
Guests of Honor: Tanith Lee, Jane Yolen
Guest Artist: Jeffrey Jones
Toastmaster: Spider Robinson
Chairmen: John Bell, Rodger Turner

Jack Vance at the WFC in Baltimore, 1980

Arisia '00

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artist

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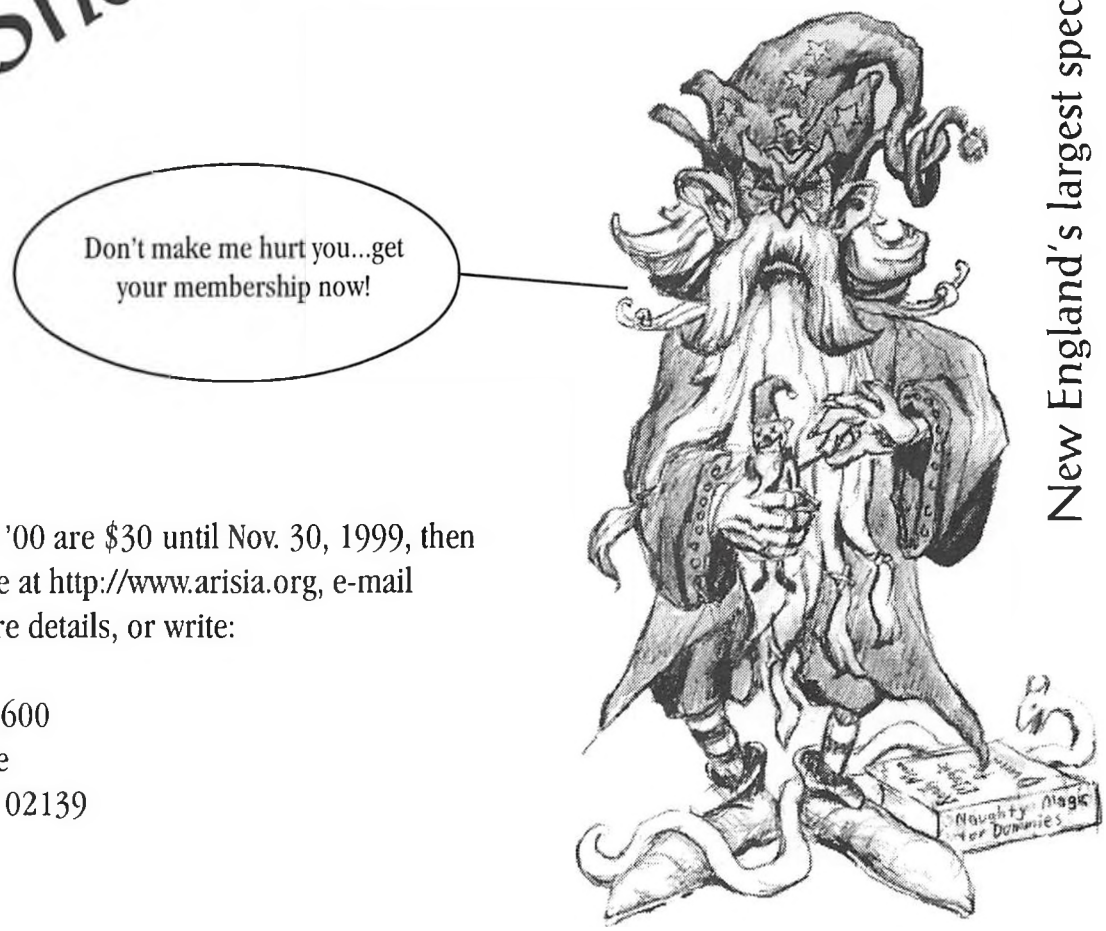

Memberships for Arisia '00 are $30 until Nov. 30, 1999, then more. See our Web page at http://www.arisia.org, e-mail info@arisia.org for more details, or write:

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1 Kendall Square
Cambridge, MA 02139
USA

1985: The 1985 World Fantasy Convention

Site: Doubletree Hotel, Tucson, Arizona
Theme: Fantasy Writers of the Southwest
Guest of Honor: Stephen R. Donaldson
Special Guest: Evangeline Walton
Guest Artist: Victoria Poyser
Toastperson: Chelsea Quinn Yarbro
Chairman: Randal Rau

1986: The 12th World Fantasy Convention

Site: Biltmore Hotel, Providence, Rhode Island
Theme: From "New Writers" to "Old Masters"
Guests of Honor: Ramsey Campbell, Charles L. Grant
Guest Artist: J. K. Potter
Toastmaster: Douglas E. Winter
Chairman: Robert Plante

1987: The 13th World Fantasy Convention

Site: Hyatt Regency Nashville, Nashville, Tennessee
Theme: A Southern Fantasy
Guest of Honor: Piers Anthony
Guest Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
Special Guests: Andre Norton, Karl Edward Wagner, Ron & Val Lakey Lindahn
Toastmaster: Charles L. Grant
Chairman: Maurine Dorris

1988: The 14th World Fantasy Convention (incorporating Fantasycon XIII)

Site: Ramada Inn, London, England
Theme: Gaslight & Ghosts
Guest of Honor: James Herbert
Special Guest: Diana Wynne Jones
Artist Guest: Michael Foreman
Master of Ceremonies: Clive Barker
Chairpersons: Stephen Jones & Jo Fletcher

1989: The 15th World Fantasy Convention

Site: Seattle Sheraton, Seattle, Washington
Theme: Roots of Fantasy: Myth, Folklore & Archetype
Honored Guests: Ursula K. Le Guin, Avram Davidson, S. P. Somtow, Robert R. McCammon, Yoshitaka Amano
Toastmaster: Ginjer Buchanan
Chairman: Robert J. Doyle

1990: The 16th World Fantasy Convention

Site: Hyatt Regency Hotel, Schaumburg, Illinois
Theme: An H. P. Lovecraft Centenary Celebration
Guests of Honor: F. Paul Wilson, L. Sprague de Camp, Susan Allison
Guest Artist: David B. Mattingly
Special Guests: Robert Bloch, Julius Schwartz
Toastmaster: Raymond E. Feist
Chairman: Robert Weinberg

1991: The 17th World Fantasy Convention

Site: The Doubletree Hotel, Tucson, Arizona
Theme: The Fantasy Heritage of the Spanish and Indian Cultures
Special Guests: Susan and Harlan Ellison
Artist Guest: Arlin Robins
Toastmaster: Stephen R. Donaldson
Chairman: Bruce Farr and Randal Rau

1992: The 1992 World Fantasy Convention

Site: Callaway Gardens Resort, Pine Mountain, Georgia
Theme: Grails: Quests, Visitations, and Other Occurrences
Guests of Honor: Michael Bishop, John Farris, Martin H. Greenberg, Anne McCaffrey, Robert Gould
Chairmen: Richard Gilliam and Edward Kramer

1993: 1993 World Fantasy Convention

Site: Radisson South Hotel, Bloomington, Minnesota
Theme: The Vocabulary of the Fantastic
Guests of Honor: Poul Anderson, John Crowley, Roger Zelazny
Guest Artist: Tom Canty *(did not appear)*
Special Guest: Basil Copper
Other Guests: Megan Lindholm, Don Maitz, Patricia McKillip, Tim Powers, Terri Windling, Jane Yolen
Toastmaster: Neil Gaiman
Chairman: Greg Ketter

1994: 1994 World Fantasy Convention

Site: Clarion Hotel, New Orleans, Louisiana
Theme: Obsessions in Fantasy and Gothic Horror
Honored Guests: Damon Knight, George Alec Effinger, George R. R. Martin, Tim Powers, Kate Wilhelm
Artist Guest of Honor: Jill Bauman
Chairman: Tom Hanlon

1995: 1995 World Fantasy Convention

Site: Inner Harbor Marriott, Baltimore, Maryland
Theme: Celebrating the Craft of Short Fiction in Fantasy and Horror
Writer Guests of Honor: Terry Bisson, Lucius Shepard, Howard Waldrop
Artist Guest of Honor: Rick Berry
Publisher Guest of Honor: Lloyd Arthur Eshbach
Toastmaster: Edward W. Bryant, Jr.
Chairman: Michael J. Walsh

1996: World Fantasy Convention 1996

Site: Woodfield Hyatt Regency Hotel, Schaumburg, Illinois
Theme: The Many Faces of Fantasy
Guests of Honor: Katherine Kurtz, Joe R. Lansdale, Ellen Asher
Artist Guest of Honor: Ron Walotsky
Toastmaster: Brian Lumley
Chairmen: Nancy Ford, Tina L. Jens, Phyllis Weinberg

1997: The 1997 World Fantasy Convention

Site: The International Hotel, London, England
Theme: The Centenary of Dracula/The Hidden Realms of London
Guests of Honour: Joan Aiken, Iain Sinclair
Artist Guest of Honour: Bob Eggleton
Special Guests: Hugh B. Cave, R. Chetwynd-Hayes
Special Media Guest: Doug Bradley
Master of Ceremonies: Robert Holdstock
Chairman: Jo Fletcher

1998: World Fantasy Convention 1998

Site: Doubletree & Marriott Hotels, Monterey, California
Theme: Golden Ages
Guest of Honor: Gahan Wilson
Special Guests: Cecelia Holland, Richard Laymon, Frank M. Robinson
Toastmaster: Richard A. Lupoff
Chairman: Bryan Barrett, Linda McAllister

1999: The 25th World Fantasy Convention

Site: RICC, Westin and Biltmore Hotels, Providence, Rhode Island
Theme: Voyages
Guests of Honor: Charles de Lint, Leo & Diane Dillon, Patricia A. McKillip, Robert Silverberg
Special Guest: Samuel R. Delany
Toastmaster: John M. Ford
Co-Chairs: Chip Hitchcock & Davey Snyder

2000: World Fantasy Convention 2000

October 26–29
Site: Omni Bayfront Hotel, Corpus Christi, Texas
Guest of Honor: K. W. Jeter, John Crowley
Toastmaster: Joe R. Lansdale
Chairman: Fred Duarte

2001: World Fantasy Convention 2001

Fall 2001
Site: Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Acknowledgements

The three maps of Robert Silverberg's Majipoor which act as underlays in this book on pages 3, 26 and 69, were used with the permission of the publisher, HarperPrism. The map of Hed which is an underlay on page 20 was drawn by Kathy McKillip and is used with her permission.

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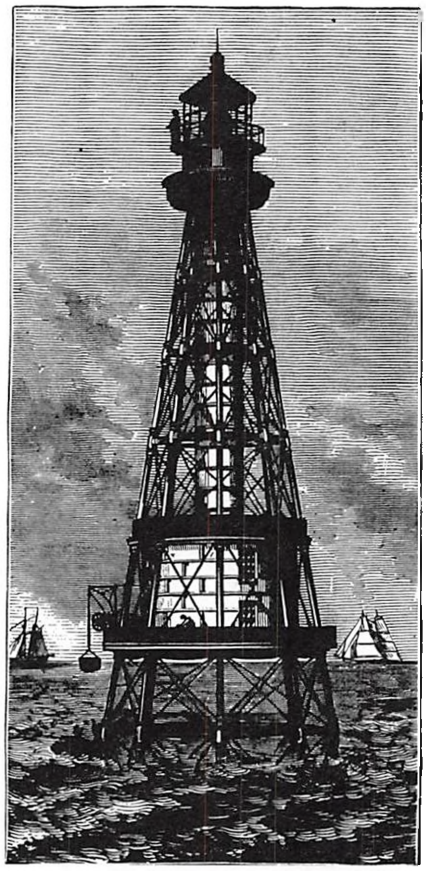

Colophon

This program book was designed and laid out with Adobe PageMaker 6.0 running on a PowerBook 5300 and a Power Macintosh G3/350 computer. Other applications used in the construction of this book include AppleWorks, Adobe Acrobat, Adobe PhotoShop, and Microsoft Word.

The Apollo MT family of typefaces was used for the body text: 12/13.5 for the articles and stories, and 10/11.5 for bibliographies and other lists. Varah Caps, a shareware typeface, was used for dropcaps. Titles and bylines were set in Friz Quadrata Bold, and pull-quotes in Friz Quadrata.

Jim Mann compiled and edited the text in this book, and Kevin Riley was responsible for the design and layout.


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