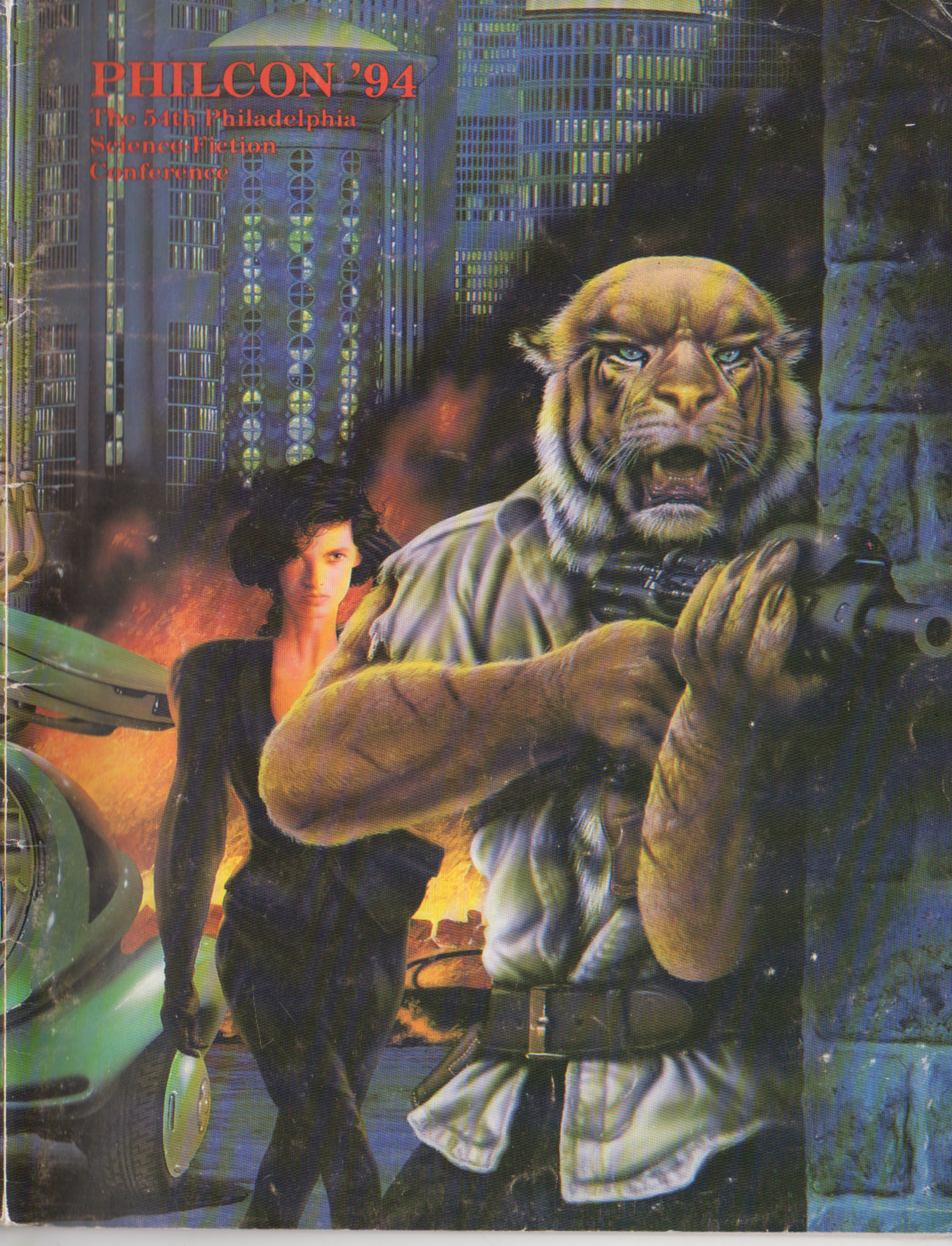


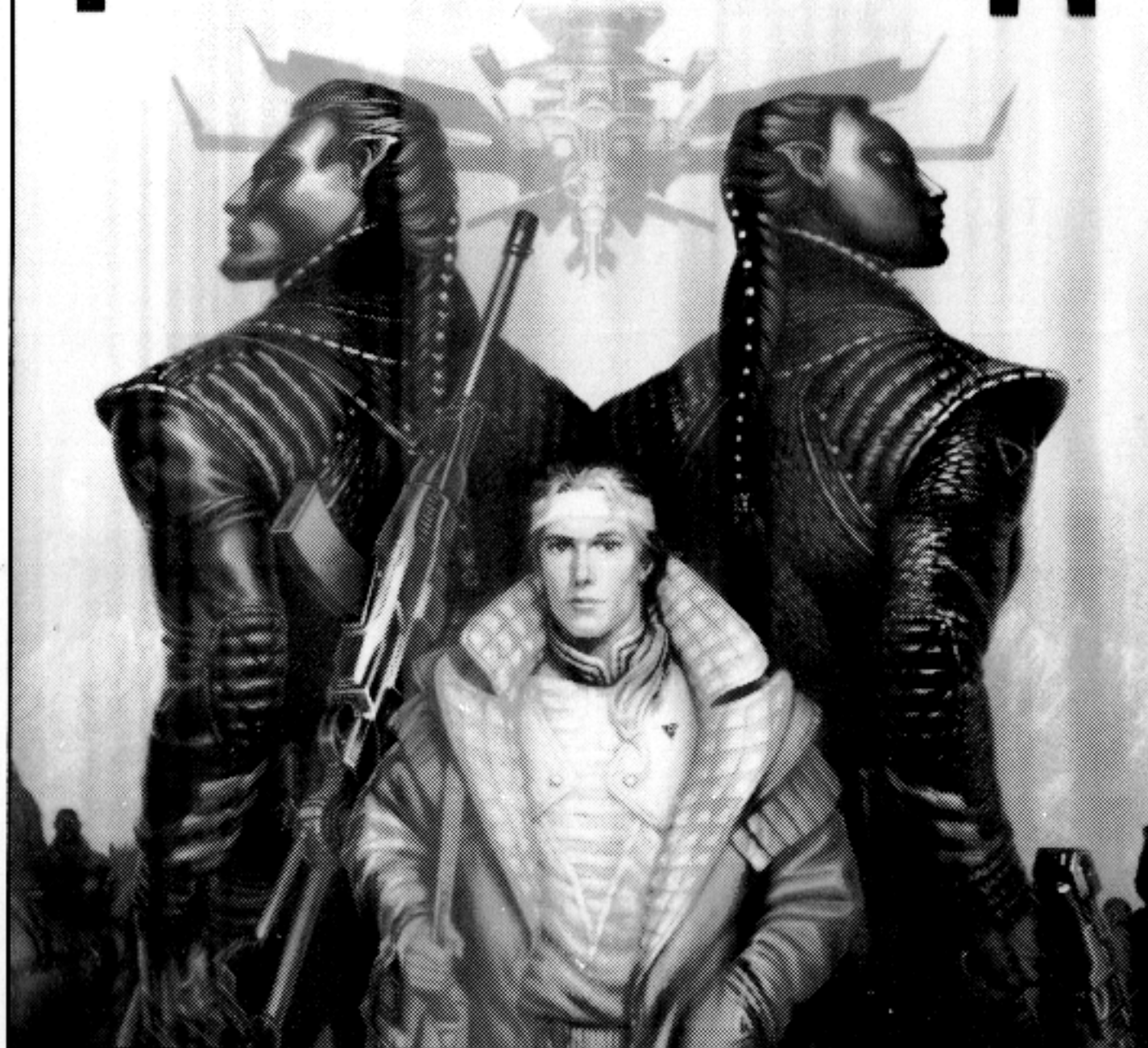
# PHILCON '94

The 54th Philadelphia  
Science-Fiction  
Conference



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## FOREIGNER

C.J. CHERRYH

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Now, nearly two centuries after that conflict, humanity lives in exile on the island of Mospheira, trading tidbits of advanced technology for continued peace and a secluded refuge that no atevi will ever visit. Only a single human, the paidhi, is allowed off the island and into the complex and dangerous society of the atevi, brought there to act as interpreter and technological liaison to the leader of the most powerful of the atevi factions. But when this sole human the treaty allows into atevi society is nearly killed by an unregistered assassin's bullet, the fragile peace is shattered, and Bren Cameron, the paidhi, realizes that he must seek a new way to build a truer understanding between these two dangerous, intelligent, and quite possibly incompatible species. For if he fails, he and all of his people will die. But can a lone human hope to overcome two centuries of hostility and mistrust?

• Cover art by Michael Whelan

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# The 54th Annual Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference November 18th, 19th, & 20th, 1994

**Principal Speaker:** Larry Niven

**Guest Artist:** Jim Burns

**Special Guest:** C.J. Cherryh

**Special Filk Guest:** Tom Smith

## Contents:

- 2 Philcon Committee & Staff**
- 4 From the Chairman**  
by Pete Radatti
- 4 From the President**  
by Ozzie Fontecchio
- 6 Who Will Be at Philcon 1994**
- 8 What's Going on at Philcon 1994**
- 15 Art Show Rules**
- 16 Artists Exhibiting at Philcon**
- 18 All about Larry Niven**  
by Tom Doherty
- 23 Even More about Larry Niven**  
by Michael F. Flynn
- 27 The Map of Mount St. Helens**  
by Larry Niven
- 34 Books by Larry Niven**
- 35 The Facts about C.J. Cherryh**
- 36 The Avoidance Factor**  
by C.J. Cherryh
- 39 The Company Wars**  
by C.J. Cherryh
- 52 Books by C.J. Cherryh**
- 53 Bio of a Space Artist**  
by Jane Frank
- 56 Tom Smith**
- 60 Program Participants at  
Philcon 1994**
- 71 Patrick Paul, 1953-1994**
- 72 Autographs**



## Illustrations by:

- Jim Burns:** Cover, 53, 54, 55 (top)
- John L. Koker III:** 18 (photo)
- Allen Koszowski:** 20, 22, 25, 32, 33,  
37, 41, 43, 50, 51, 69
- Roy G. Krenkel:** 3
- Joe Mayhew:** 8, 10, 12, 14, 26, 31, 34,  
35, 38, 46, 47, 52, 55 (bottom), 56, 60  
(top), 61, 62
- Darrell Schweitzer:** 59, 60 (bottom),  
68
- Jason Van Hollander:** 63, 64, 65, 66,  
67
- Bob Walters:** 29, 57

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# Philcon Committee & Staff

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Main Programming Assistant	Mattie Brahen
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Artists' Workshop	Bob Walters
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Filking Programming	Crystal Paul
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## Masquerade

Coordinator	Beth Weiner
Assistant	Vicki Warren
Main Judges	Jim Burns, Tony Lay
Workmanship Judge	"Jack" Frost
Master of Ceremonies	George Paczolt
Green Room	Bobby Gear
Photography	Ken Warren
Sound	Carl Zwansig
Technical	Alex Latsko

The Masquerade staff and the Philcon committee would like to thank the Lunatyk Phrynge of the International Costumers Guild for their invaluable help with the Masquerade and Costumers' programming.

## Art Show

Art Show	Joni Brill Dashoff, Barbara Lynn Higgins
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Sales	Gary Feldbaum
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Baby Sitting Assistant	Kristy Whyte, Rose Wolkoff
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Con Suite Assistant	Debbie Baker
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Dealers' Room Assistants	Marie Schwarzl, John Prenis, Don Field
Den	Cynthia Moreno
Den Assistant	Jennifer Kamps, Martin Stokes
Exhibitions	Becky Kaplowitz, Ira Kaplowitz
Exhibitions Assistant	Neal Allen
Gaming Room	John Desmond
Gaming Room Assistant	Brian Kleger
Gaming Room Staff	Richard Henkus, Alex MacDonald, Andrea MacDonald, Kathy Schmidt, Julie Zellat

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Assistant to Registration	Susan James
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 from the forthcoming novel, *The Ringworld Throne*.  
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*The Company Wars* originally published by Mayfair Games, ©1983 by C.J. Cherryh. *Bio of a Space  
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## From the Chairman

We are delighted to welcome you to the 54th Philcon. This year's convention endeavors to give you all the best of previous years' conventions, *and more*. Think of it as the revised, expanded edition.

We've got top-flight guests, many-time award-winning writers Larry Niven and C.J. Cherryh as Principal Speaker and Special Guest, one of the world's most talented science fiction painters, Jim Burns, as Guest Artist, and the ever-enjoyable Filk Guest Tom Smith back by popular demand.

We also have a wide variety of literary discus-

sions and presentations by the people who make science fiction happen: writers, editors, publishers, and agents. And, this year especially, we are reaching out to embrace science fiction in *all* forms, with panels on popular TV shows, a Magic: The Gathering tournament, and much, much more.

Philcon is for *everyone* interested in the fantastic.

We want all of you to have a wonderful weekend. If you do, that's thanks enough for us.

— Pete Radatti

## From the President

To all attendees of the 1994 Philcon, greetings and salutations.

There's more where this came from, you know.

Philcon, the 54th Philadelphia Science Fiction Conference, is sponsored by the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, which was founded in 1935 as a chapter of the Science Fiction League, chartered by Hugo Gernsback's magazine, *Wonder Stories*. Gernsback, the same one after whom the Hugo Awards are named, is often called the Father of Science Fiction. He is also, effectively, the father of SF fandom. When he wasn't inventing the science fiction magazine, he begat the Science Fiction League, which became PSFS, which has been maintaining a science-fictional presence in the city ever since.

In the Beginning, Hugo said, "Let there be fans . . ." Well, not quite, but we at PSFS proudly continue the tradition, not only putting on these conventions, but also with our monthly meetings, which have featured speakers as promi-

nent as Philip José Farmer, George Alec Effinger, C.J. Cherryh, and Larry Niven. Speakers lined up for the immediate future include Jack Chalker (at the December meeting), Mike Resnick (February), and Julian May (March).

It's a busy fannish calendar here in Philadelphia, with the meetings, the book discussions, movie outings, the annual picnic, the Founder's Day Banquet, and much, much more. It is also, quite obviously, a great deal of fun and we hope you will want to join us.

The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society meets at 8 PM on the second Friday of the month at International House, 37th and Chestnut Streets, in Philadelphia.

For more information, write to:

The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society  
P.O. Box 8303  
Philadelphia PA 19101-8303

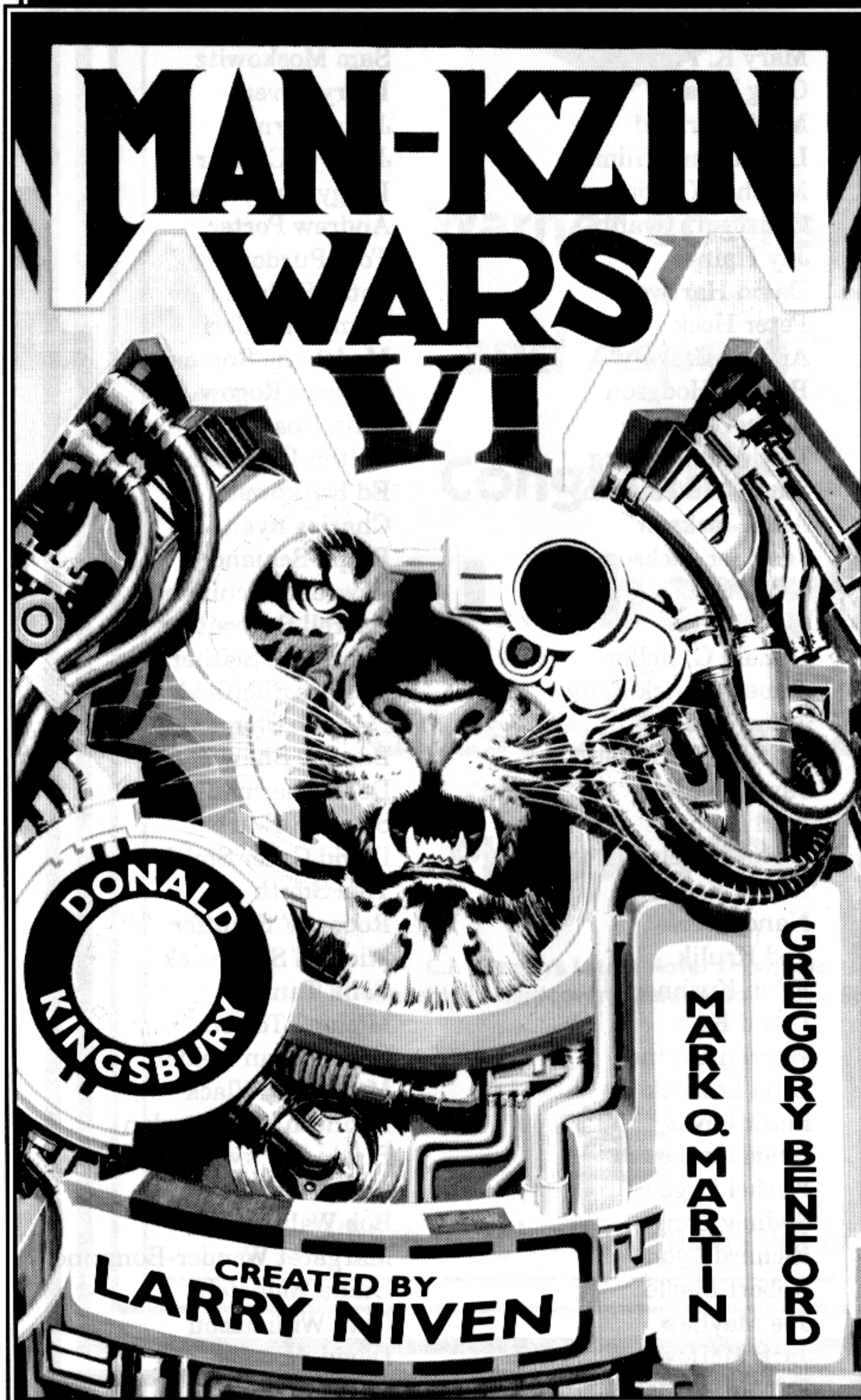
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— Ozzie Fontecchio

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Greg Barr  
Judith Berman  
Rick Berry  
John Betancourt  
Michael Betancourt  
Mark Blackman  
Isaiah Blankson  
Bernadette Bosky  
Mattie Brahen  
Alan Brown  
Ginjer Buchanan  
Jim Burns  
Michael Burstein  
Jeffrey Carver  
Susan Casper  
Karen Rose Cercone  
Jack Chalker  
David Cherry  
C.J. Cherryh  
James H. Chestek  
Bryan Cholfin  
Hal Clement  
Greg Costikyan  
Greg Cox  
Kathryn Cramer  
Ann C. Crispin  
Keith R.A. DeCandido  
John DeChancie  
Cory Doctorow  
Tom Doherty  
Gardner Dozois  
Christopher East  
Julia Ecklar  
Claire Eddy  
Scott Edelman  
Janice Eisen  
Lloyd Arthur Eshbach  
Jane S. Fancher  
Gary Keith Feldbaum  
Lionel Fenn  
Dwayne Ferguson  
Richard Kane Ferguson

Michael Flynn  
Jeff Frane  
Windy Mitchell Frane  
Jane Frank  
Marina Frants  
Susan Franzblau  
Mary K. Frey  
Greg Frost  
Mark Garland  
Laura Anne Gilman  
Mitchell Gordon  
Charles L. Grant  
Jay Haines  
David Hartwell  
Peter Heck  
Arthur Hlavaty  
Pamela Hodgson  
Rachel Holmen  
David Honigsberg  
Sandy Hutchinson  
Aleta Jackson  
Jennifer Jackson  
Rick Katze  
Marvin Kaye  
Donald G. Keller  
James Patrick Kelly  
John Kessel  
Rosemary Kirstein  
Jay Kay Klein  
Karl Kofoed  
David Kogelman  
Aimee Kratts  
Nancy Kress  
Ted Krulik  
Ellen Kushner  
David Kyle  
Warren Lapine  
Dina Leacock  
Mark Lewis  
Shariann Lewitt  
Katheï Logue  
Sydney Long  
Richard Lyon  
Robert Madle  
Joe Mayhew  
Jack McDevitt  
Edward J. McFadden  
Terry McGarry  
Charles McGraw

Janice McMahon  
Jeff Menges  
Betsy Mitchell  
Susan Mohn  
Sandra C. Morrese  
James Morrow  
Sam Moskowitz  
Larry Niven  
John Norman  
Janis O'Connor  
Peggy Rae Pavlat  
Andrew Porter  
Tom Purdom  
Peter Radatti  
Roman Ranieri  
Madeleine Robins  
Roberta Rogow  
John Rosenthal  
Milton Rothman  
Ed Rutkowski  
Charles Ryan  
Ralph Schiano  
Lawrence Schimmel  
Darrell Schweitzer  
George H. Scithers  
Charles Sheffield  
Hannah Shapero  
Barclay Shaw  
Delia Sherman  
Susan Shwartz  
David Greer Smith  
Tom Smith  
Robert F. Stauffer  
Michael Swanwick  
Celia Tan  
Michael Totten  
Gordon Van Gelder  
Mercy Van Vlack  
Kenneth Von Gunden  
Bryon Wackwitz  
Mike Walsh  
Bob Walters  
Margaret Wander-Bonanno  
Diane Weinstein  
Chet Williamson  
David Woome  
Park York  
Cynthia Zender



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# What's Going On at Philcon 1994.

## Main Programming Panels:

**Babylon 5: Has TV SF Finally Caught Up with Print?** This popular TV show comes very close to being the Real Thing. Or does it?

**Be Kind to Your Four (Or Six)-Legged Friends.** A discussion of animal characters in SF, fantasy, and comics.

**Beyond Tolkien Clones: Fantasy Writers with Literary Ambition.** Is this an actual new development, or have they had such ambitions all along, only publishers weren't buying? Leading writers and editors join together to shred the generic straitjacket.

**Breaking Into Comics, as Writer or Artist.**

**Bring on the Bad Guys.** Villains in literature, comic books, and film. Why do we love the bad guys the best?

**Bringing Down the Establishment.** Can SF (overtly political or otherwise) be truly revolutionary? What SF works of the past (Bellamy? Wells? London?) have effected social change? Is this something the author can do intentionally, or a coincidental byproduct of his or her vision?

**Building Your Own World.** Experts explain how. Planets, imaginary time-lines, mythic realms, the works.

**Clarion Workshop.** Clarion, founded in 1968, has almost become the seminary for aspiring SF writers. An awesome number of its graduates are now major professionals. Recent Clarion graduates tell you what it's all about.

**Classic Writers: William Hope Hodgson & M.P. Shiel.** Explore the works of these two giants of early 20th century SF.

**Clio on Mars: History in SF.** Future histories, alternate histories, the use of historical models and methods of science-fiction speculations.

**Collaborations That Work.** How, why, and with whom? When does a writer need a collaborator?

**Conan is Dead: The End of Heroic Fantasy.** So, whatever happened to all those barbarian swordsmen? Were they a fad, or has sword-and-sorcery fiction evolved into something else?

**Creating an Imaginary Tradition.** Some of the best fantasy (from *The Foundation Trilogy* to *The Book of the New Sun* and SF novels give a sense of cultural depth by creating what are to their characters ancient traditions. How does the novelist make what must be new to the reader seem all-pervasive?

**Creative Couples.** If you're a writer and your Other is a writer, then who does the dishes? Do you collaborate? How do the things get worked out.

**Critical Theory vs. Fiction: The Chicken and the Egg.** What comes first? Does critical theory describe how fiction has been



# Congratulations

**Philcon Principal Speaker**

**Larry  
Niven**

**author of *Crashlander***

# Congratulations

**Philcon Special Guest**

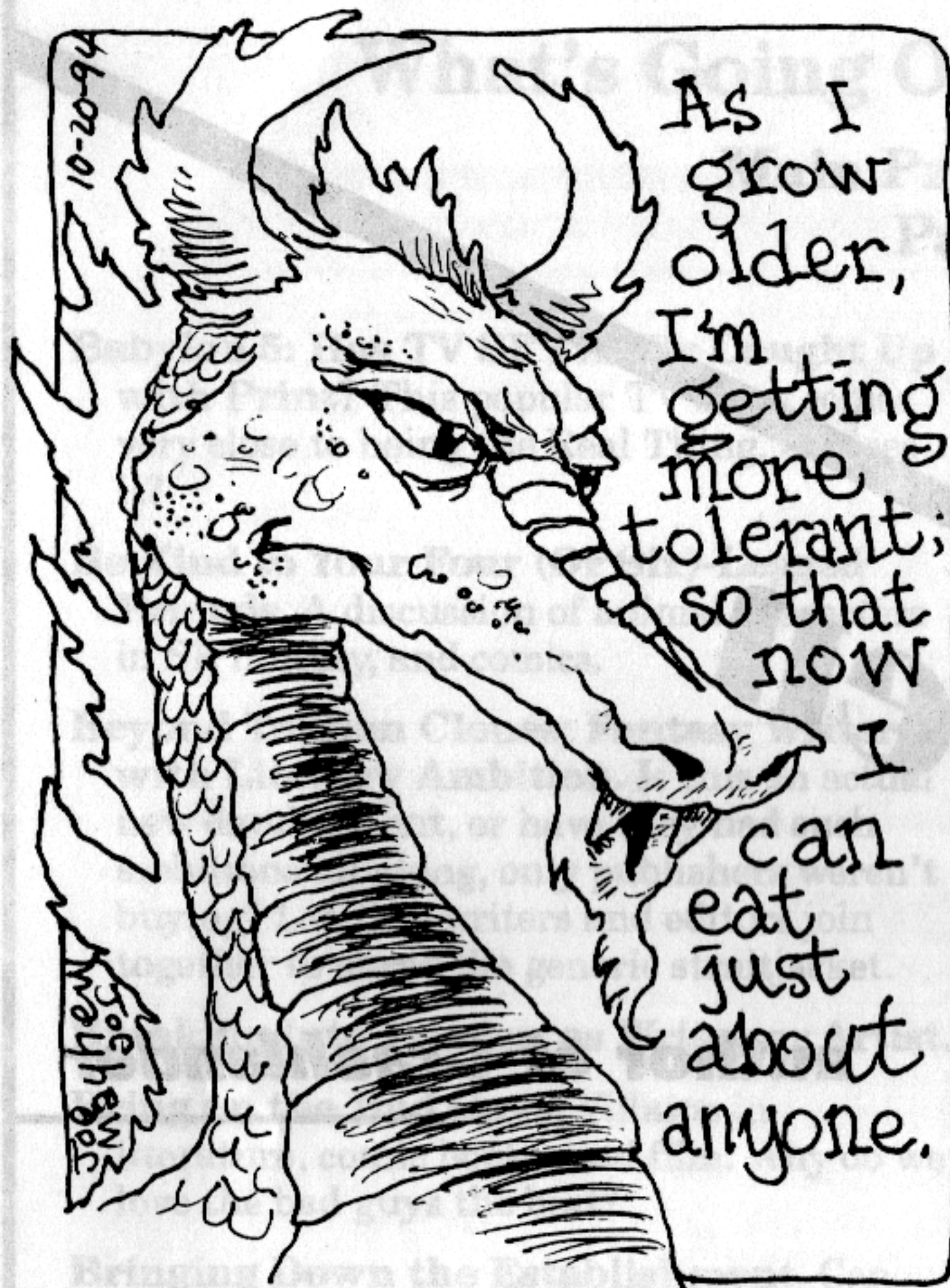
**C. J.  
Cherryh**

**author of *Faery in Shadow***



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written, or how it *should* be? Does it contribute anything to literature?

**The Cutting Edge of Outer Space.** What's new in astronomy, astrophysics, which can be turned into science fiction. Extra-solar planets, and what else?

**Dancing Robots: the Martian Chorus Line.** Adapting SF themes and stories to music.

**Do Spacemen Believe in God?** Does SF/fantasy encourage or discourage belief in traditional religions? Do religious premises become a legitimate area for science-fictional speculation?

**Engineering Ourselves.** Redesigning human beings. Should we? Then what, a racing stripe and fins?

**Erotica in Science Fiction, Fantasy, Horror, and Comics.** Is it art or is it sleaze? (And what's wrong with sleaze anyway?)

**Fan History: Its Care, Feeding, and Preservation.** Great Ghu! Fandom's past and how it is remembered.

**Future of SF Fan Clubs.** Fandom has changed a lot since the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society was founded in 1936. What might the next fifty-eight years be like?

**Future Women in Fiction and Fact(?)** Amazons, equals, or barefoot-and-pregnant? Exploring roles and expectations. What about some wild factor which makes it None of the Above?

**Gosh! Wow! Japanese Animation** Why is it so special? Do you have to be Japanese to understand it?

**Have Computers Already Taken Over the World? Will They Replace Us?** Technophobes fear that machines will dehumanize and oppress. Technophobes think they're neat. Is the truth somewhere in between?

**How Does Science Fiction Deal With Contemporary Issues Without Rewriting Yesterday's Newspaper?** Exploring the borderline between topicality and the zeitgeist. That is, a costume SF story about Bosnia — only it's set on Mars — is one thing (not very impressive), but often the best SF (*Stand on Zanzibar*, *Neuromancer*, etc.) deals with ideas which are very much of their time. How does the writer transmute the topical and temporary into (possibly) classic SF?

**How Far Is Too Far?** What is the difference between avant-garde and the merely offensive? Does it matter? Would you defend *American Psycho*?

**I Want to Suck Your Precious Bodily Fluids.** So, why are vampires so sexy these days? After all, Stoker's *Dracula* (not to be confused with *Bram Stoker's Dracula* — ahem!) was a bad guy.

**If They Gave Me a Crack at "Star Trek.":** Prominent SF writers describe how *they* would write *Star Trek* or *Deep Space 9*.

**The Magazine Market Today.** Meet the editors of the major (or new) SF/fantasy magazines.

**Magic: The Gathering.** Explore an exciting new, fantastic (and wildly popular) card game.

**Meet the Horror Writers Association.** Professional horror writers explain their

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**Women in SF Art: Move Over, Man in the Moon.**

## Art Show

Come and see original painting, illustration, and sculpture, by the leading professional artists in the field, and by many promising newcomers. Most of the artwork is for sale. See Art Show Rules elsewhere in this book for details.

## Special Events:

**C.J. Cherryh Speech.** Meet Our Special Guest.

**Hal Clement's Slide Show.** Author-artist Hal Clement shows his latest astronomical paintings.

**Jim Burns Slide Show.** A presentation by our Artist Guest of Honor.

**Larry Niven Speech.** The main presentation by our Principal Speaker.

## Other events:

**Author Readings.** Hear noted writers read their latest (often not yet published) works. See Pocket Program schedule for details.

**Bookaholics Anonymous.** Sister Kathei Logue helps you deal with your problem.

**Copyright in the Electronic Age.** David Kogelman, an attorney specializing in literary and electronic copyrights, explains how you can protect your intellectual property.

**Costume Workshop.**

**Filking.** A filksong is a piece of music written by and for science fiction fans. It may be about movies, books, fandom, characters, authors, and just about anything else. Join in!

**Live Action Role-Playing Game.**

**Magic: The Gathering Tournament.**

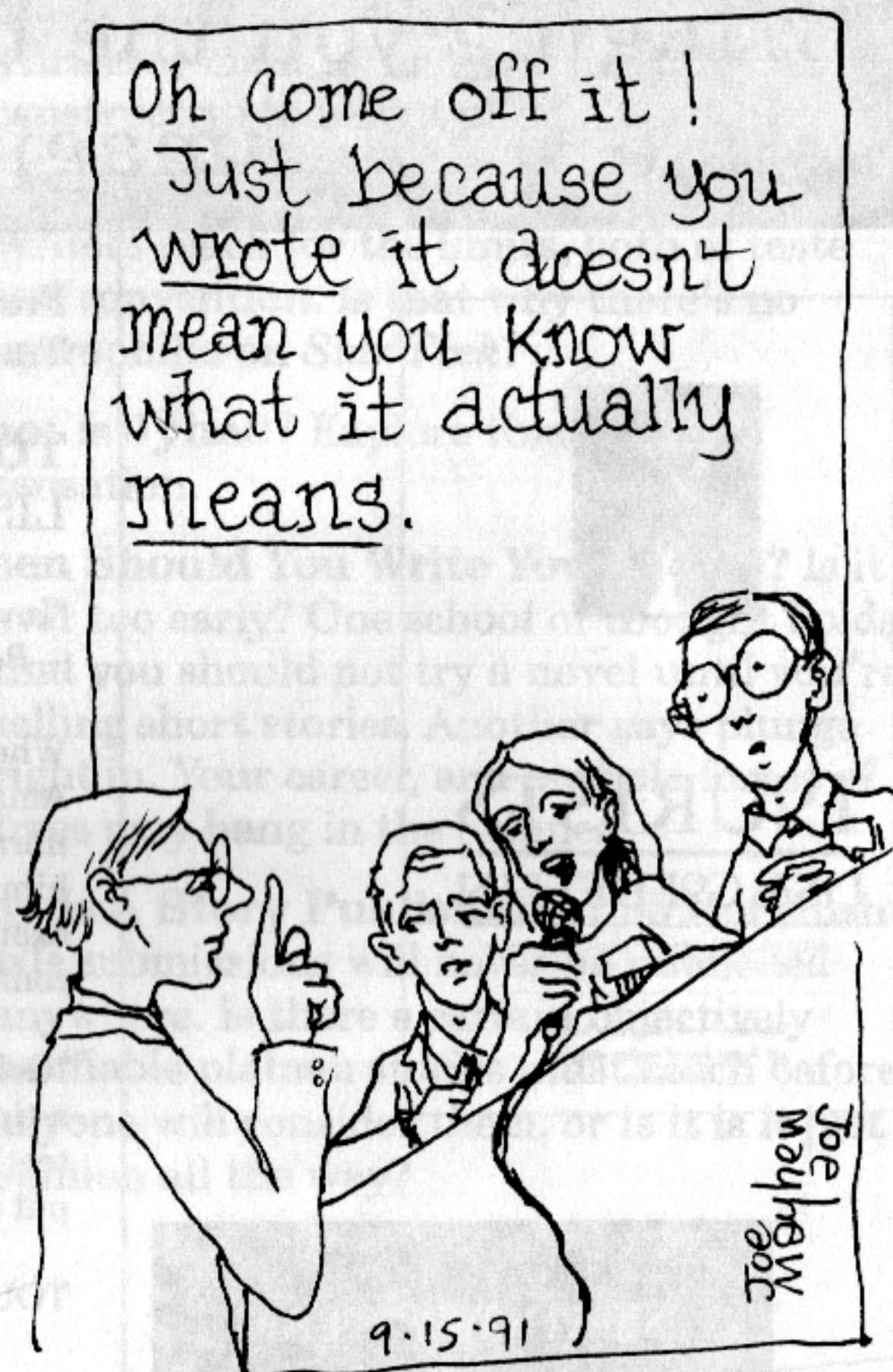
**Marvin Kaye on Writing.** Solo lecture by a leading writer and teacher of writing.

**Masquerade.** A judged event. Entrants present costumes they've made or developed. Come and see spectacular, beautiful, and artistic costumes.

**P.S.F.S. Meeting.** The official function of your sponsoring club. Meet the people who put on this convention.

**Postal Cancellation.** A special Philcon cancellation, available both Saturday and Sunday. Now a Philcon tradition.

**SF Writers' Workshop.** Pro writers and the fans) critique the writings of beginners.



# ART SHOW RULES

The Art Show is an exhibit of original SF, Fantasy, and Fannish art in two-dimensional and three-dimensional forms (that is, sketches, paintings, and sculpture), executed by professional and amateur artists. All artwork other than that marked "NFS" (i.e. Not For Sale) is for sale by competitive bid, both written and voiced. A Print Shop for direct sales of photoprints, lithographs, and other items is located along the common wall of the Dealers' exhibit area.

To bid on artwork you must:

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

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

**Blue:** Artwork for display only, not for sale.

**Yellow:** Limited edition photoprint or multiple-copy artwork for sale at preset price only. A print with a yellow bid sheet will have a single line for a written bid. The first written bid, which must match the sale price, buys the print. Usually, the artist will have submitted additional copies of the print for direct sale in the Print Shop at the same preset price.

**White:** Original art for sale to the highest bidder, beginning at minimum bid. At the bottom of the white bid sheet for original art will be lines on which the bidder can write a bid. Each bid must be at least as high as the minimum bid specified by the artist, and must be higher than any preceding bid. Write your name, bidder number, and the amount of your bid legibly on the bid sheet. Do not cross out any written bids.

Written bidding will close at 12:30 P.M. on Sunday. The Art Show will be cleared of all art at that time. Any artwork with fewer than four bids will be sold to the bidder who made the highest written bid. Artwork with five bids or more will be entered in the voice auction. The voice auction will be held on Sunday afternoon from 1 P.M. until 3 P.M. in Ballrooms E and F.

At the auction, the art is open to further bids by other people. Therefore the bidder should attend the voice auction to make further bids on

pieces he or she wants to buy. The bidder making the highest bid by voice will buy the art at that price. If there are no voice bids, the art will be sold to the bidder who made the highest written bid.

Several words of warning: Keep track of all bids you make. When placing a written bid on more than one item, assume that you will be the winning bidder on *all* of them. This way, you can avoid buying more than you can afford. If you have reached your limit of Art Show purchases, wait until you have lost an item to a higher bidder before bidding on another item. Also, return to the Art Show shortly before it closes Sunday at Noon. to check the bid sheets and see what items you have won by written bid and which will go to voice auction.

Art Show sales will be on Sunday afternoon from 1:30 P.M. to 3:30 P.M. in the Art Show. At this time you must pick up and pay for all items of art you have won by written bid or voice auction. Cash, Visa, MasterCard, travellers' checks, and personal check with ID will be accepted for payment in accordance with rules set by the Philcon Treasurer. Proof of ID (at least one photo and proof of address) will be required for all buyers at time of payment. You must pick up and pay for your own purchases. We *will* track down anyone who fails to pick up and pay for artwork he or she bought at Philcon.

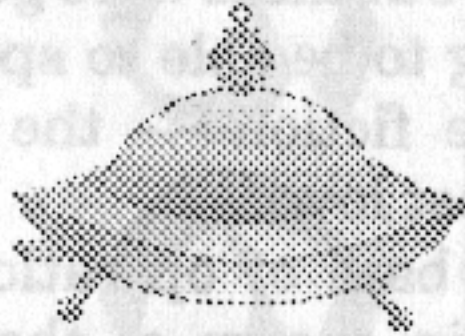
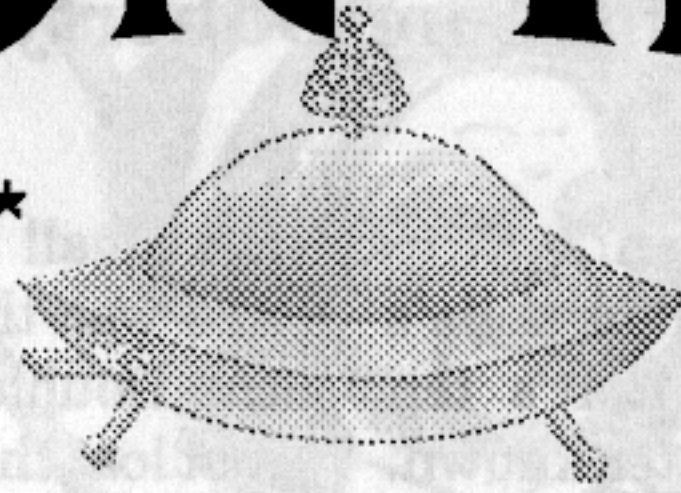
The Print Shop is for direct sales of photoprints (reproductions of original art), lithographs, and other multiple-copy artwork. One sample of each item will be displayed either on the artist's panels in the Art Show or on panels dedicated to Print Shop merchandise. These are primarily display copies. *Do not write your name on the bid sheets attached to these display copies.* Sales stock will be at the Print Shop Sales Desk. Tell the Print Shop clerk the artist and title of the piece you wish to buy. The clerk will complete the sale.

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

## Artists Exhibiting at Philcon

Adams, Jeff	Frane, Ric	Paskman Syms, Laura
Albert, Barbara	Frank-Selletti, Barbara	Perkins, Lynn
Andersen, Marian "Wolf"	Griffith, Heather	Powell, Michael
ASFA	Griffith, Kurt	Rakeland, Sam
Ashton, Lisa	Haas, Freidrich A.	Ritter, Pat
Ashton, Robert	Hanson-Roberts, Mary	Rogers, Mark
Atwood, Bonita	Harlan Stein, Diana	Roller, Jennie A.
Atwood, Deb	Higgins, Barbara Lynn	Ruddell, Gary
Bauman, Jill	Honeck, Butch	Rutkowski, Marquerite
Beidman, Michael	Horan, Kenneth R.	Ruddell, Gary
Belfiore, Jim	Jacobs, Rikk	St. Romain, Louise
Belgrad, Robert	Jacquette, Frank	Santara, Sandra
Bellofatto, Joseph Jr.	Kappesser, Peter	Satter, Denise
Bentley, Mitchell D.	Kidd, Tom	Schlarmann, Alexander M.
Berkley, John	Klukas, Johnna	Schwartz, Stephen F.
Berry, Rick	Kofoed, Karl	Schweitzer, Darrell
Betancourt, Michael	Koszowski, Allen	Seed, Lee
Blanchard, N. Taylor	Lagana, Randy J.	Shapero, Hannah M.G.
Bouma, Judy	Lake, Lissanne	Shaw, Barclay
Brahen, Marilyn "Mattie"	Lee, Jody	Sherman, Michael J.
Bridges, Toika	Lhenerz, Edie	Smith Sean P.
Brown, Will	Lippincott, Gary A.	Smith, Terrie
Bruhn, Bill	Longendorfer, Edwin	Spangler, Randal
Bruton, Heather	Longendorfer, John	Synk, Lucy
Buckley, Daniel Patrick	Love, Holly	Taylor, Rebecca
Burka, Lauren P.	Lubov	Thompson, Ruth
Burns, Jim	Mandolia, Mark	Van Camp, Susan
Campbell, Pat	Mattingly, David	Van Hollander, Jason
Cherry, David	Mauriello, David	Van Hollander, Terry
Cinii, I. Abra	Mayhew, Joseph T.	Van Vlack, Mercy E.
Clark, Alan M.	McKee, Erin	Velez, Walter
Clouse, Jim	Miller, David O.	Waelder, Susan Lianne
Crisp, Steve	Miller, Ian	Walotsky, Ron
Davis, Pat	Mitchell, Ellisa	Walters, Bob
Edminster, Edda M.	Mitchel Frane, Wendy	Warren, Jim
Elinsky, Michelle G.	Morris, Robin A.	Washington, Arthur
Ely, Virginia	Morrissey, Pat	Weyland, Jennifer
Ferrari, Mark	Newcomer, Leslie	Zimmerman, Wayne
Finkel, Andy	O'Connor, William	
Fleischer, Helen "Halla"		
Fox, Steven		
Frechette, Guy		

# BOSTON IN 1998



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Susan de Guardiola

**Illinois, USA**  
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**Maryland, USA**  
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duce us, the shorter of the two said, "I'm Andy Offutt, president of the Science Fiction Writers of America, are you Doherty?"

"Yes" I said holding out my hand. He just looked at it. Then, in a voice louder than most public address systems, the taller man said, "I'm Jerry Pournelle, I'm the chairman of the Greivance Committee of the Science Fiction Writers of America, and we want to audit your books." A large group of fans turned toward us and one of them pointed, saying that we must be the ones who had cheated one of the grand ladies of the field. I felt I must have fallen down the rabbit hole and any minute the Red Queen would call "*Off with his Head!*"

Obviously we couldn't talk there. We agreed to meet later. Several hours passed. I was starting to feel better. As I remember I was at the bar at one of the suite parties talking to Adele Hull, the Pocket Books editor, when Larry came up.

Adele introduced us. Larry Niven . . . WOW!! of all the books I had enjoyed selling for Ian and Betty Ballantine when I was a Regional Manager for their distributor Pocket Books, none had given me more pleasure than *Ringworld*. As a new publisher, there wasn't another hard science fiction writer I would rather publish. I liked his collaborations too. *The Mote in God's Eye* was wonderful. Things hadn't started too well with Jerry, but Larry seemed pleasant. Maybe things would be okay after all.

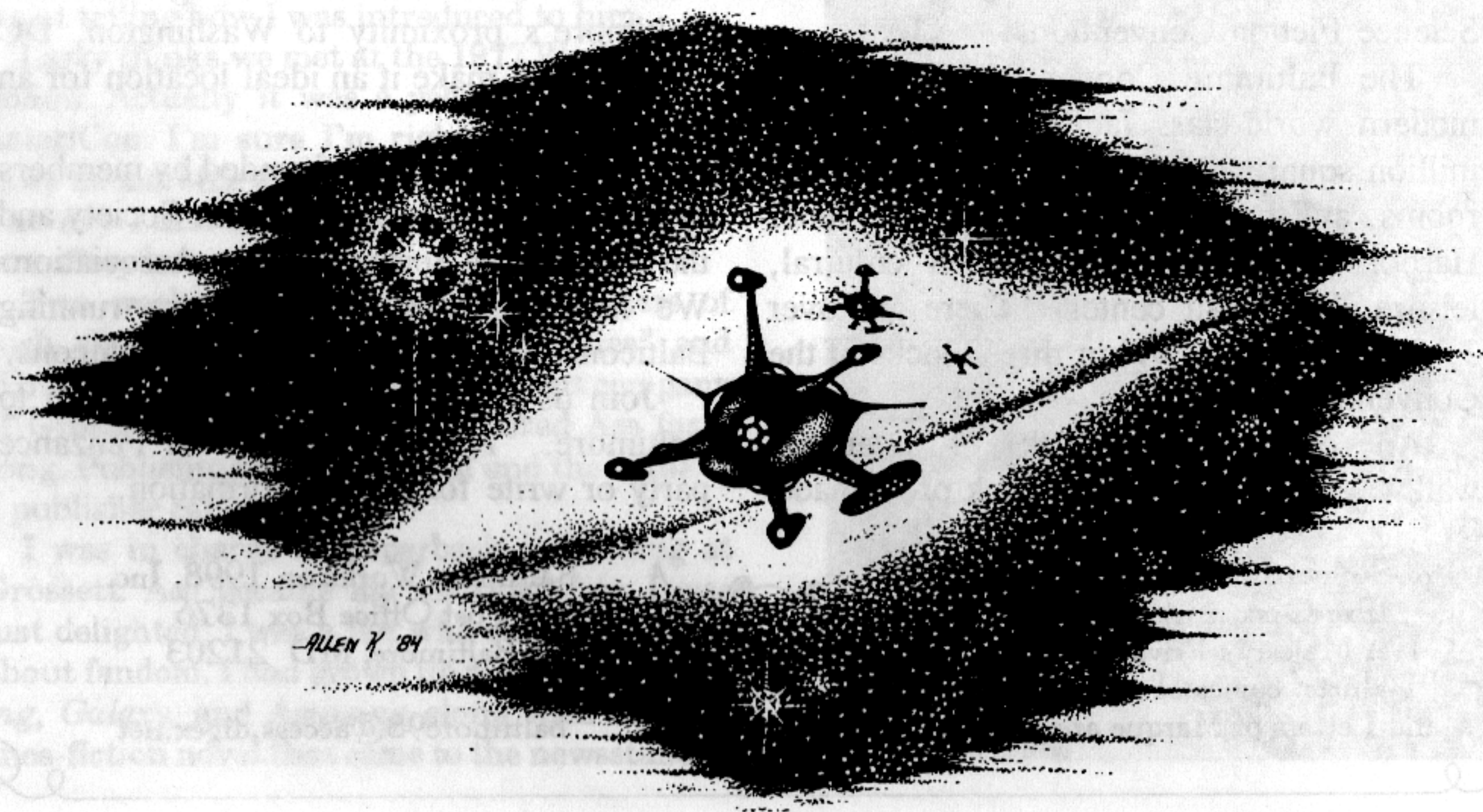
I remember talking about selling *Ringworld* and speaking of the very real respect I had for the Ballantine, now Del Rey, and of Adele's Pocket Books program and of how I loved *Mote*. I then jokingly allowed that I shouldn't spend our whole conversation on the good things other publishers do.

"It won't ever cost you anything," he said. He could see I didn't understand, "Nobody deals with Ace Books unless all the other choices are used up." He put his glass on the bar and left.

I went to bed. I think Niven's Law #12 is "There is a time and a place for tact (and there are times when it is entirely misplaced)." I guess Larry thought this was one of the latter. Pat was right about our image problem.

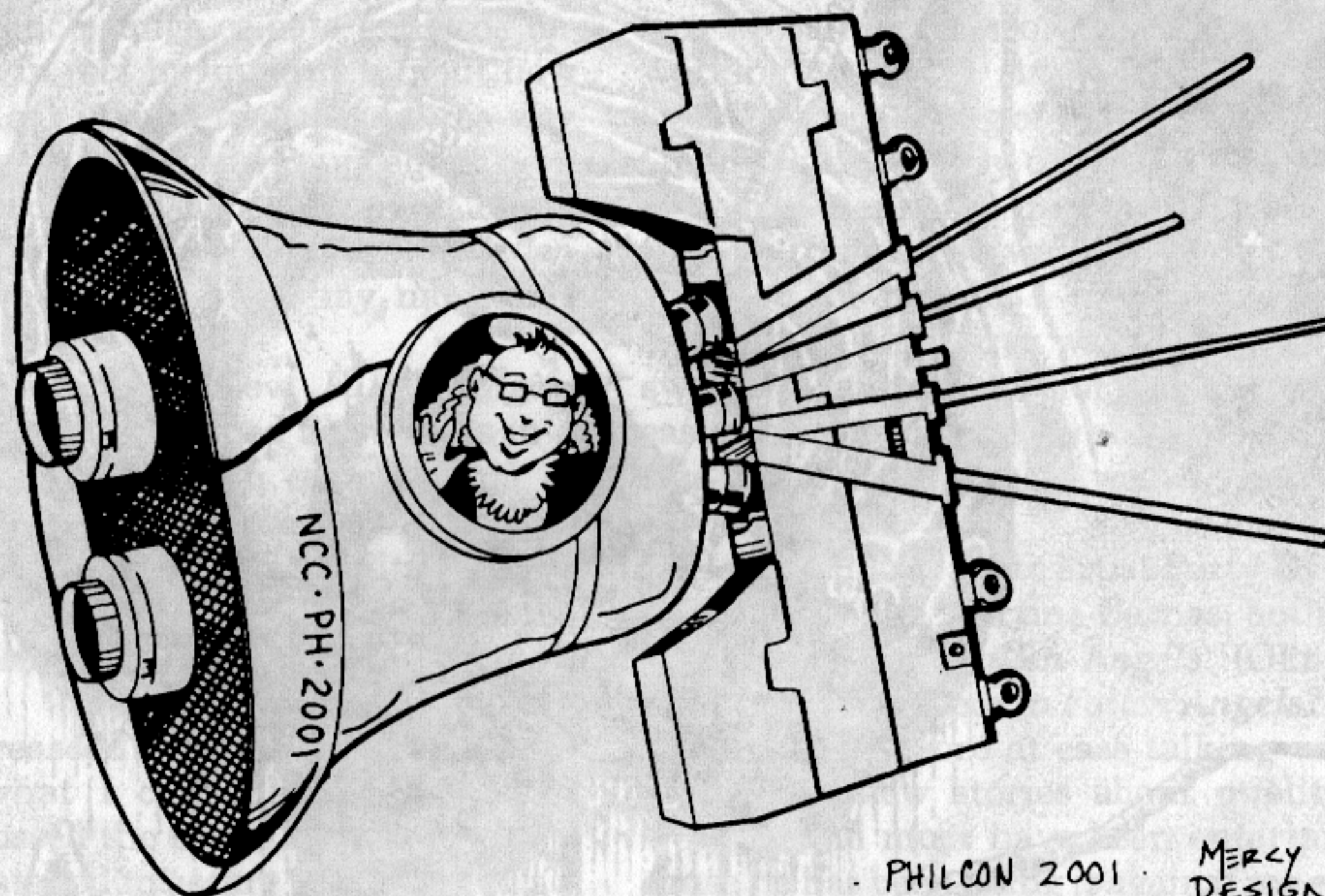
Things did get better (something to do with Niven's Law #9 I guess), and eventually we did publish Larry and Jerry at Ace.

Later, at TOR, I would have the privilege of publishing two of Larry's major collections, *N-Space* and *Playgrounds of the Mind*, and two of his collaborations with Steven Barnes, *The Descent of Anansi* and *Achilles' Choice*. Most exciting for me, though, is what's to come. Larry, Jerry, and Steven have just turned in the manuscript for *Beowulf's Children*, the sequel to *Legacy of Heorot* and, I believe, the best thing they have done together. We will publish it next summer. A year later we expect to publish a brand new Larry Niven novel: *Destiny's Road*.



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# EVEN MORE ABOUT LARRY NIVEN

by Michael F. Flynn

So how do you write a con program book introduction for the only man in recorded history to injure his back signing autographs?

The first time I met Larry Niven was at Noreascon III, in 1989. I was terrified. Not that Larry has four-inch fangs or eats neo-pros for lunch (we were in fact having lunch.), but how many neo-pros get invited to discuss three-way collaborations with Niven and Pournelle? There I was, face-to-face with a real live Big Name Writer, who looking for a collaborator for *Fallen Angels*, and somehow or other my name had come up.

As some of you may know, *Fallen Angels* recounts the rescue of downed astronauts in a technophobic America by an underground of science fiction fans. The idea was to include lots of inside-fandom humor, with a multitude of fan making cameo appearances. So Larry asks me how much I know about organized science-fiction fandom.

Well, uh, Noreascon III was my second con.

A look of what I can only call Profound Uncertainty crossed the Great Man's face.

Jim Baen hastened to assure him that I was a natural-born fan — an ur-fan, as it were — and affairs went on from there. Larry must have seen some sort of feeble hope in my tongue-tied babble because he agreed to the arrangement. Ever since then, he has been trying to drive me crazy.

Now I lied about when I first met Larry Niven, because the first time I really met him was in the March 1972 issue of *Analog*, through a story entitled "Cloak of Anarchy." Only Larry Niven could take a state of anarchy and have it degenerate into, well, into anarchy. (Anarchy, he says, is the most unstable form of government. It falls apart at the slightest touch.) The story had an interesting influence on me, because it was fashionable for some collegians back then to style themselves 'anarchists' while living privileged university lives. Larry's story taught me to apply the Cruel Test of Reality to all Wonderful Theories: "Yeah, it sounds real good; but how would it actually work in practice?" Working Out the Logical Consequences is the

mark of the Hard Science Fiction writer, and that dictum applies no less to Social Arrangements than it does to Planet-Building or to Wonderful Gadgets.

The first time Larry tried to drive me crazy was in San Francisco, shortly after we began working on *Fallen Angels*. I was "out on the Coast" for a meeting of the American Society for Quality Control. (By day, I assume the identity of a mild-mannered quality consultant.) Larry flew up from LA so we could Talk Story. When we met for lunch, I was all duded up in suit-and-tie and Larry was casual in slacks and sweater. Later, we met for dinner and I dressed casual only to have Larry show up in a suit. That was when I knew. There was a Dress Code, and it was a secret.

He introduced me to artist Patty Davis and to writer Adrienne Martine-Barnes, both of whom make cameos in *Fallen Angels*. (Okay, so who *doesn't* make cameos in *Fallen Angels*?) By then, I was slightly more at ease talking with him. I told him a few stories about quality control work, which must have been entertaining, because he has been using it against me ever since.

We went to his room after dinner for more story talk. Larry made notes on a lap top. Now, one thing you've got to understand is that Larry is very shy. So am I, at least in the presence of BNW's\*. So conversations between the two of us tend to be characterized by long periods of silence punctuated by sudden outbursts of uncontrolled quiet. At one point we were discussing how to keep Our Heroes warm with microwaves from the solar power satellite while they crossed the Minnesota Glacier. How great a power density could we use to warm them without cooking them? Hmm. It'd be funny if our characters wound up sweating on the glacier at night, I said. Larry thought a moment. "Of course," he said, "they will have to get naked."

Naked people dancing on the ice is the key to understanding how Larry's mind ticks.

One of the finest stories I have ever read is "Inconstant Moon." Whenever a mundane friend asks if there is a "sci-fi" story I can recommend,

\* Big Name Writers.

this one is on my short list. It is a fine of example of a hard science fiction story of character. This end-of-the-world tale focuses on a pair of lovers as they spend what each thinks is the last night on an Earth whose sun has gone nova. Every detail rings true, from the Irish coffee to the window shopping on Rodeo Drive to the man getting quietly drunk in the bar to the image of twin hurricanes of superheated steam approaching from the sunlit side of the earth. It is a measure of Larry's thinking that the ending can be thought of as a "happy" ending.\*

Larry and I were on a panel together at I-Con X and someone asked "How do three people collaborate on a novel?" We looked at each other, then answered in unison, "Superbly!"

Now, granted, there were some speed bumps on the interstate collaborative highway. He and Jerry live in California; I live in New Jersey. I use a Mac; they use DOS boxes. We had only limited opportunities to talk story face to face. Still, we managed to make it click.

In any collaboration, there are rules. One is that Someone Has The Final Say. That was Larry. Also there ought to be some sort of team work. This might mean taking chapters by turns. In our case, it meant I wrote rough draft and sent it to Larry. Embedded in the text I left notes, questions, comments <LIKE THIS>. I was given roughs of the first two chapters, a series of character sketches, an outline that grew progressively fuzzier the further along it went, and a green light. I rewrote the first two chapters, added two more; added some fan characters I had met at East Coast cons and club meetings; and scoped the next few chapters.

I received a letter back from Larry. The material looked good so far. Keep going. Meanwhile, he and Jerry continued to supply me with suggestions, background, characters, bits of business. About two-thirds of the way through, Larry and Jerry, having achieved satori on another project, started to do second draft behind me.

They write full time. I write part time.

There are two of them. There is one of me.

Sporting of them to give me a head start.

They began to catch up, fast.

Remember that scene in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* when the giant boulder is rolling up the tunnel toward Indiana Jones while he runs desperately toward the exit?

I began to throw chapters at them like raw meat, hoping to divert them.

They kept whole chunks almost as-written; they re-wrote other chunks almost from scratch. They kept certain bits of business and used them in other chapters. They moved scenes, altered settings, changed characters, dropped a filk-song I had written . . . Parts of the finished product are pure Flynn; other parts, pure Niven/Pournelle; still other parts are a compound. (Who Wrote What will provide generations of otherwise desperate fannish scholars with dissertation topics.) It was an educational experience for me, because I was able to contemplate what they did to my *Deathless Prose*, and why.

Another time Larry tried to drive me crazy was when I first met Jerry Pournelle in person. This was after the book had come out. Up until then, I had known Jerry only through letters, telephone or disk. I was teaching a statistics seminar in LA and the three of us got together for dinner one evening. As I was sitting down at the restaurant, Larry turned to Jerry and said, "Mike tells funny stories." Then he turned to me and said, "Tell funny stories."

I know of no better means of making a person's mind go blank.

The reason why *Ice Nudes* are key to the understanding of Larry Niven is this: Larry will take a really good idea and add that one, extra, utterly whacky twist. When Jerry Pournelle showed him the drawings for *Todos Santos*, an arcology a fifth of a mile high for *Oath of Fealty*, Larry added a diving board to the roof. It was Larry who put the surfer riding the tsunami caused by *Lucifer's Hammer*.

I will tell you Larry Niven's secret. This is the secret. Larry is still a child. He likes to play.

The truth of this came to me one day when a consulting job brought me once more to LA and the three of us arranged to meet again for dinner. (This was the visit when Jerry Pournelle tried to kill me, which he did by getting behind the wheel of his new car and saying, "Do you want to see what this baby can do?") I drove over to Larry's house (after first inquiring about that day's dress code) and the two of us climbed up to his backyard. That doesn't make any sense unless I tell you this. Larry lives on the side of a mountain and there is a gazebo at the end of a flight of stairs that go up the hillside. From there, you get a nice

\* And no, I'm not telling. If you haven't read it, you'll thank me later.

view of the Santa Monica mountains. While we sat and drank lemonade and waited for Jerry, Larry told me with the delight of a twelve-year-old of a special place he had discovered during a hike into the canyon. He had made the discovery by accident, falling through some bushes. He described the surroundings and the view in loving detail and promised if I ever showed up in LA with hiking clothes, he would take me there.

Larry likes to play. He likes to discover new places and meet new people. He has a Puppeteer skeleton in the entry to his home.\* He has a plush doll kzin. He likes to talk to his food.

Now I lied about when I first met Larry, because the first time I really met him was on the Ringworld in 1970. When Larry finds a new place to play, he doesn't think small. And here's the funny thing. Everone wants to come over to Larry's house to play. It's no coincidence that the second volume of his literary retrospective is titled *Playgrounds of the Mind*.† Scholarly articles have been written about Ringworld. A host of fine writers have exploited the Man-Kzin wars era. Someone wrote a story titled "Cloak of Government." There is talk of an anthology of sequels to "Inconstant Moon," written by many of Larry's friends and collaborators. I told him that he could hold NivenCon by inviting all of the folks who had collaborated with him or had played in one of his worlds. It would not be the smallest con ever.

Larry is one of the nicest people you will ever meet. He is soft-spoken and quiet. Do not mistake that for arrogance. And he really did

hurt his back signing autographs; so much so that he no longer can do so. But, he is Larry Niven; so he had a stamp prepared with his signature and he will gladly *stamp* an autograph. He has never been less than a gentleman. I have seen him dolled up in Regency attire: cut-away, swallowtail coat, brocaded vest, tight pants and buckled shoes. He really would have been at home in the 18th century. Or the 28th.

A plush doll kzin?

Yes. Sitting on a shelf in the dining room, all cute and cuddly. With a great, big smile.

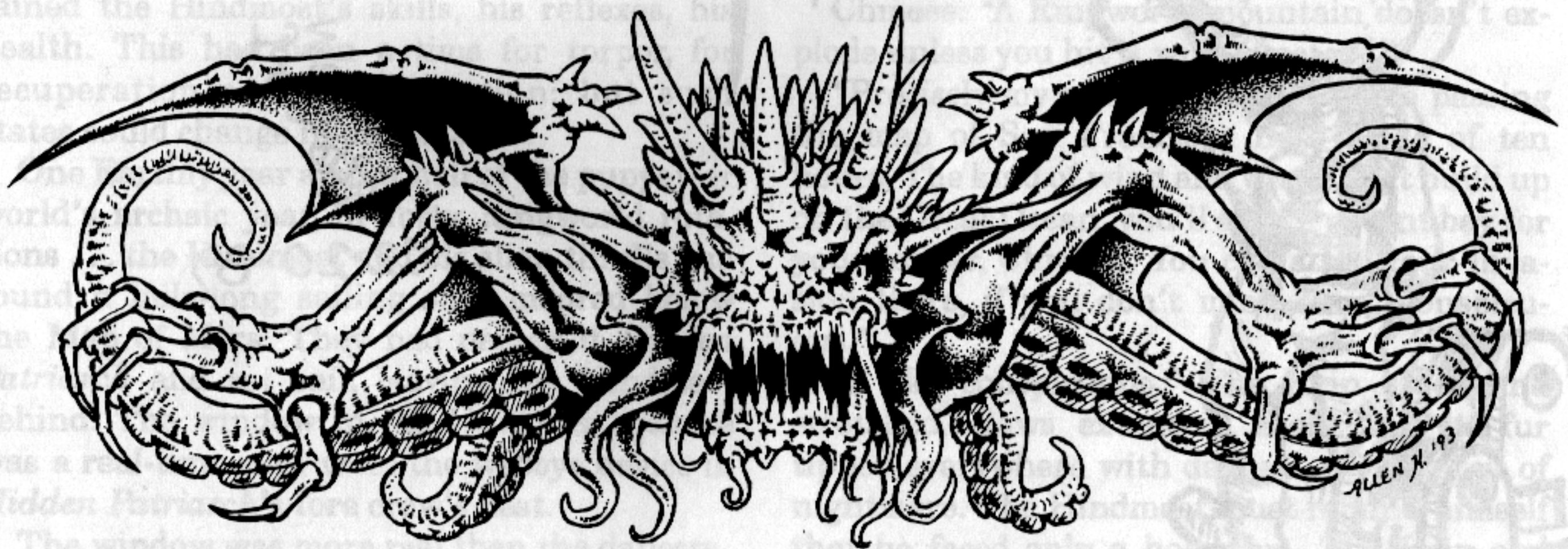
Remember what a smile means to a kzin.

Okay, Larry does not always talk to his meal; but not for nothing do they call him Speaker-to-Seafood. The three of us went to dinner at Mon Grenier, one of Larry and Jerry's favorite places. It is the sort of restaurant where the owner comes out and *tells* you what you want to order. At least he did on this occasion. The menu was pinned to a tailor's dummy wheeled out to our table and the owner pointed to various portions of anatomy where the menu items were listed. I had a flash of a four-star cannibal eatery with its menu so displayed.

When we had settled in and were awaiting our meals, Jerry leaned back in his chair and looked at Larry and me. And he said, "So what are we going to collaborate on next?"

A moment of speculative silence fell as we each reviewed our contracts and commitments; and then . . . Naaah.

But, who knows?

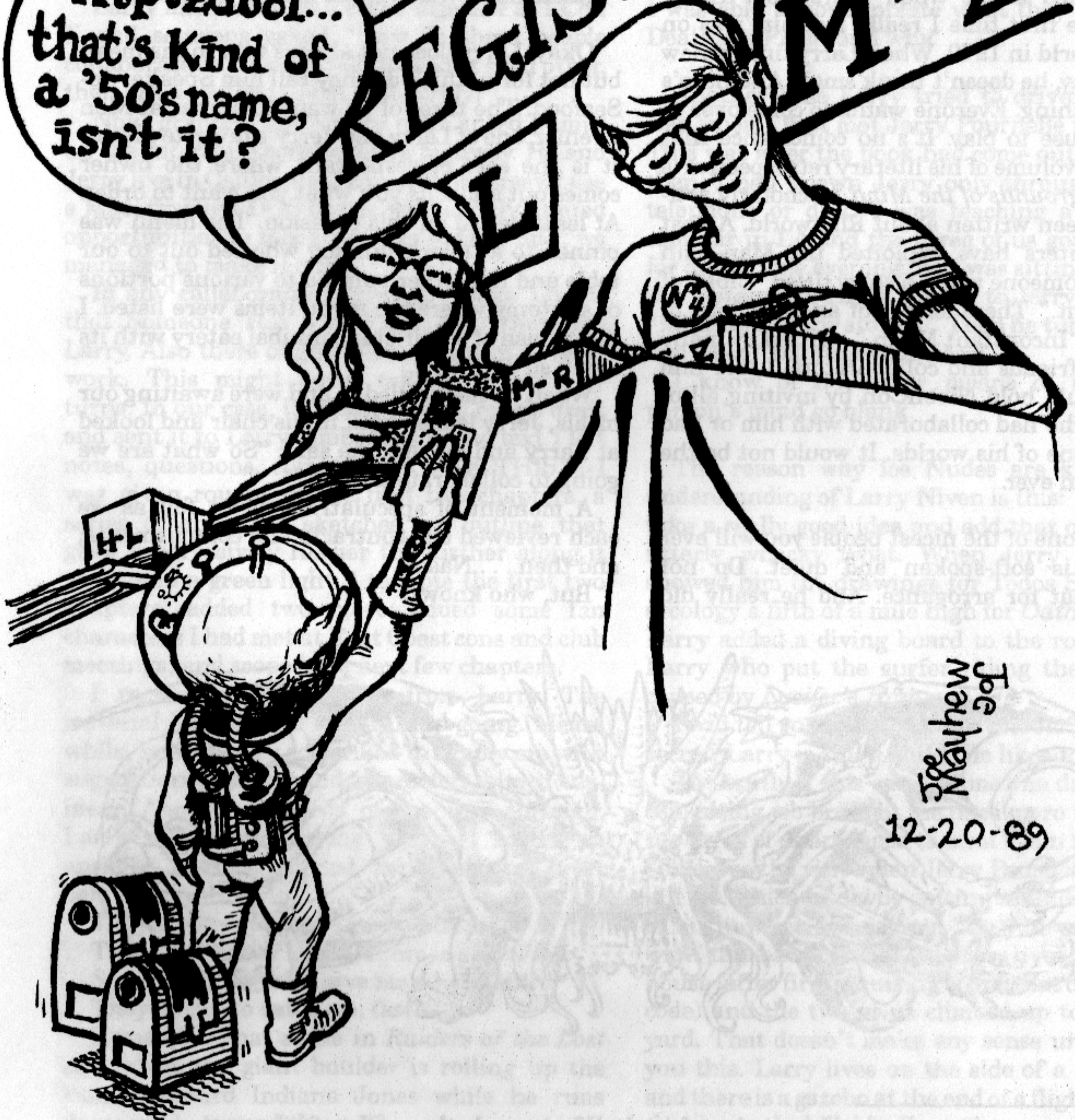


\* He must sometimes entertain mundane friends. Whatever do they make of it?

† That's the book in which he told the entire world that I tell funny stories. Damn, I wish I could remember what they were.

Xtptzdool...  
that's kind of  
a '50's name,  
isn't it?

# REGISTK M-Z



Joe Mayhew

12-20-89

# THE MAP OF MOUNT ST. HELENS

by Larry Niven

AD 2843? First contact: *Lying Bastard* impacts Ringworld.

AD 2870 *Hot Needle of Enquiry* leaves Canyon.

AD 2872 *Hot Needle of Enquiry* reaches Ringworld. The structure is off-center.

AD 2873 Stability restored.

ONE YEAR AFTER — AD 2874

The Hindmost danced.

They were dancing as far as the eye could see, beneath a ceiling that was a flat mirror. Tens of thousands of his kind moved in tight patterns that were great mutating curves, heads cocked high and low to keep their orientation. The clicking of their hooves was a part of the music, like tens of thousands of castinets.

*Kick short, kick past, veer. One eye for your counterpart. In this movement and the next, never glance toward the wall that hides the Brides. Never touch.* For millions of years the competition dance, and a wide spectrum of other social vectors, had determined who would mate and who would not.

Beyond the illusion of the dance loomed the illusion of a window, distant and huge. The Hindmost's view of *Hidden Patriarch* was a distraction, a ground-rules hazard, an obstacle within the dance. *Extend a head; bow —*

The other three-legged dancers, the vast floor and ceiling, were projections from *Hot Needle of Enquiry's* computer memory. Dancing maintained the Hindmost's skills, his reflexes, his health. This had been a time for torpor, for recuperation and contemplation; but such states could change in an instant.

One Earthly year ago, or half of the puppeteer world's archaic year, or forty Ringworld rotations . . . the Hindmost and his alien thralls had found a mile-long sailing ship moored below the Map of Mars. They had named it *Hidden Patriarch* and set sail, leaving the Hindmost behind. The window in the Hindmost's dance was a real-time view from the webeye device in *Hidden Patriarch's* fore crow's nest.

The window was more real than the dancers.

Chmee and Louis Wu lolled in the foreground. The Hindmost's servants-in-rebellion both looked a bit the worse for wear. The

Hindmost's medical programs — drastically different techniques for two wildly different species — had restored them both to youth, not much more than two years ago. Young and healthy they still were, but soft and slothful, too.

*Hindkick, touch hooves. Whirl, brush tongues.*

The Great Ocean lay beneath a sea of fog. Wind-roiled fog made streamline patterns over the tremendous ship. At the shore the fog piled like a breaking wave. Only the crow's nests, six hundred feet tall, poked above the fog. Far inland, far across the white blanket, mountain peaks burst through, nearly black, with glittering peaks.

The *Hidden Patriarch* had come home. The Hindmost was about to lose his alien companions.

The webeye was picking up voices.

Louis Wu: "I'm pretty sure that's Mount Hood, and Mount Ranier there. *That* one I don't know, but if Mount St. Helens hadn't blown her top near a thousand years ago, that might be it."

Chmee: "A Ringworld mountain doesn't explode unless you hit it with a meteor."

"Precisely my point. I think we'll be passing the map of San Francisco Bay inside of ten hours. The kind of wind and waves that build up on the Great Ocean, you'll need a decent bay for your lander, Chmee. You can start your invasion there, if you don't mind being conspicuous."

"I like conspicuous." The Kzin stood and stretched, claws extended. Eight feet of fur tipped everywhere with daggers, a vision out of nightmare. The Hindmost must remind himself that he faced only a hologram. The Kzin and *Hidden Patriarch* were three hundred thousand miles distant from the spacecraft buried beneath the Map of Mars.

Copyright © 1994 by Larry Niven

*Whirl, forefeet glide left, step left. Ignore the distraction.*

The Kzin sat again. "This ship is fated, don't you think? Built to invade the Map of Earth. Pirated by Teela in her protector phase, to invade the Map of Mars and the Repair Center. And back comes *Hidden Patriarch* to invade the Earth again."

Within the Hindmost's crippled interstellar spacecraft, a rising, cooling wind blew through the cabin. The dance moved faster now. Sweat soaked the Hindmost's elegantly coifed mane and rolled down his legs.

The window gave him more than visible light. By radar he could see the great bay, south by the map's orientation, and a crust of cities the archaic kzinti had built around its shore. The curve of a planet would have hidden that from him.

Louis said, "I'm going to miss you."

For a few moments it might be that his companion hadn't heard. Then the great mass of orange fur spoke without turning. "Louis. Over there are enemies I can defeat and mates to bear my children. *There* is my place. Probably not yours. Over there, hominids are slaves, and they're not quite your species either. You should not come, I should not stay."

"Did I say different? You go, I stay. I'm going to miss you."

"But against your intellect."

"Eh."

Chmee said, "Louis, I heard a tale of you, years ago. I must learn the truth of it."

"Say on."

"After we returned to our worlds, after we gave over the puppeteer ship to be studied by our respective governments, Chtarra-Ritt invited you to make free of the Hunting Park outside Blood-of-Chwarambr City. You were the first alien ever to enter that place and leave alive. You spent two days and a night within the grounds. What was it like?"

Louis was still on his back. "Mostly I loved it. Mostly for the honor, I think, but every so often a man has to test his luck."

"We heard a tale, the next night at Chtarra-Ritt's banquet."

"What did you hear?"

"You were in the inner quadrant, among the imports. You found a valuable animal —"

Louis sat bolt upright. "A white Bengal tiger! I'd found this nice green forest nesting in all that red and orange kzinti plant life, and I was

feeling kind of safe and cozy and nostalgic. Then this, this lovely-but-oh-tanj maneater stepped out of the bushes and looked me over. Chmee, he was your size, maybe eight hundred pounds, and underfed. Sorry, go on."

"What is it? Bengal tiger?"

"Something of ours, from Earth. An ancient enemy, you could say."

"We were told that you stepped briskly past it to pick up a branch. Confronted the tiger and brandished the branch like a weapon and said, 'Do you remember?' The tiger turned away and left."

"Yah."

"Why did you do that? Do tigers talk?"

Louis laughed. "I thought he might go away if I didn't act like prey. If that didn't work I thought I might whack him on the nose. There was this splintered tree, and a hardwood branch that looked just right for a club. And I talked to it because a Kzin might be listening. Being killed as an inept tourist in the Patriarch's hunting park would be bad enough. Dying as whimpering prey, *nyet*."

"Did you know the Patriarch had set you a guard?"

"No. I thought there might be monitors, cameras. I watched the tiger go. Turned around and was nose to nose with an armed Kzin. I jumped half out of my skin. Thought he was another tiger."

"He said he almost had to stun you. You challenged him. You were ready to club him."

"He said stun?"

"He did."

Louis Wu laughed. "He had an ARM stunner with a built-up handle. Your Patriarchy never learned how to make mercy weapons, so they have to buy them from the United Nations, I guess. I set myself to swing the club. He *dropped* the gun and extended his claws, and I saw he was a Kzin, and I laughed."

"How?"

Louis threw his head back and laughed, mouth wide, all teeth showing. From a Kzin that would have been a direct challenge, and Chmee's ears went quite flat.

"Hahahahah! I couldn't help it. I was tanj lucky. He *wasn't* about to stun me. He'd have killed me with one swipe of his claws, but he got himself under control."

"Either way, an interesting story."

"Chmee, a notion has crossed my mind. If we could get off the Ringworld, you'd want to

return as Chmee, wouldn't you?"

"Little chance that I would be known. The Hindmost's rejuvenation treatment erased my scars too. I would seem little older than my oldest son, who must now be managing my estates."

"Yah. And the Hindmost might not cooperate —"

"I would not ask!"

"Would you ask me?"

Chmee said, "I would not need to."

"I hadn't quite realised that the Patriarch might accept the word of Louis Wu as to your identity. But he would, wouldn't he?"

"I believe he would, Speaker-to-Tigers. But you have chosen to die."

Louis snorted. "Oh, Chmee, I'm dying no faster than you are! I've got another fifty years, likely enough, and I can't get to the Hindmost's magical medical widgetry —"

That, the Hindmost thought, was quite enough of that.

"— because I'd be begging it from the puppeteer."

Yet an interruption might infuriate them. Perhaps a distraction?

The speech of the puppeteers was vastly more concise and flexible than any human or kzinti tongue. The Hindmost whistle-chirped a

few phrases — *command* [] *dance* [] *drop one level in complexity* [] *again* [] *go to webeye six Hidden Patriarch* [] *transmit/recieve* [] *send visual, sound, no smell, no texture, stunner off.*

"Chmee, Louis —"

They both jumped, then rolled to their feet, staring.

"Do I interrupt? I believe you should see certain pictures."

For a moment they simply watched the dance. The Hindmost could guess how silly he must look. Grins were spreading across both faces; though Louis's meant laughter and Chmee's meant anger. "You've been spying," Chmee said. "How?"

"Look up. Don't destroy it, Chmee, but look above your head at the mast that supports the radio antenna. Just at the reach of your claws —"

The alien faces expanded hugely. Louis said, "Like a bronze spiderweb with a black spider at the center. Fractal pattern. Hard to see . . . hard to see where it stops, too. I thought some Ringworld insect was spinning these."

The Hindmost told them, "It's a camera, microphone, projector and some other tools too. It sprays on. I've left them in various places, not just this ship. Louis, can you summon your guests?" Whirtle: *command/locate City Build-*



ers. "I have something to show you. They should see this too."

"What you're doing, it looks a little like Tai Kwon Do," Louis said.

*Command [] Seek: Tai Kwon Do.*

A fighting style. Ridiculous: his species never fought. The Hindmost said, "I don't want to lose my muscle tone. The unexpected always comes at the most awkward times." A second window opened among the dancers: the City Builders were preparing a meal in the huge kitchen. "Truly, you must all see —"

Chmee's claws swiped at the puppeteer's eyes. The first window blinked white and closed.

*Kick. Weave past the Moment's Leader. Stand. Shift a millimeter; stand. Patience.* Avoid him they might. They had avoided him for ten hours now, and for half an archaic year before that; but they had to eat.

The wooden table was tremendous, the size of a kzinti banquet. A year ago the Hindmost had had to turn down the olfactory gain in the webeye, for the stench of old blood rising from the table. The smell was fainter now. Kzinti tapestries and crudely carved frescoes had been removed, too bloody for the hominids' taste. Some had been moved to Chmee's cabin.

The smell of roasting fish was heavy on the air. Kawaresksenjajok and Harkabeeparolyn were doing things in the makeshift kitchen.

Their infant daughter seemed happy enough at one end of the table itself. At the other end, the raw half of a huge fish awaited the kzin's pleasure.

Chmee eyed the fish. "Your luck was good," he approved. His eyes roved the ceiling and walls. He found what he sought: a glittering fractal spiderweb just under the great orange bulb at the apex of the dome.

The City Builders entered, wiping their hands. Kawaresksenjajok, a boy just past adolescence; Harkabeeparolyn, his mate, some years older; both quite bald across the crowns of their heads, their hair descending to cover their shoulderblades. Harkabeeparolyn picked up the baby and gave it suck. Kawaresksenjajok said, "We lose you soon."

Chmee said, "We have a spy. I thought as much, but now we know it. The puppeteer placed cameras among us."

The boy laughed. "We would do the same to him. To seek knowledge is natural!"

"In less than a day I will be free of the eyes of

the puppeteer. Kawa, Harkee, I will miss you greatly. Your company, your knowledge, your skewed wisdom. But my thought will be mine alone!"

*I'm losing them all,* the Hindmost thought. *Survival suggests that I build a road to take them back to me.* He said, "Folk, will you give me an hour to entertain you?"

The City Builders gaped. The Kzin grinned. Louis Wu said, "Entertain . . . sure."

"If you'll turn off the light?"

Louis did that. The puppeteer whistle-sang. He was looking through the display; he could watch their faces.

Where the webeye had been, now they saw a window: a view through blowing rain, down past the rim of a vast plate. Far below, pale humanoid shapes swarmed in their hundreds. They seemed gregarious enough. They rubbed against each other without hostility, and here and there they mated without seeking privacy.

"This is present time," the Hindmost said. "I've been monitoring this site since we restored the Ringworld's orbit."

Kawaresksenjajok said, "Vampires. Flup, Harkee, have you ever seen so many together?"

Louis asked, "Well?"

"Before I brought our probe back to the Great Ocean. I used it to spray some webeyes. You're seeing the region we first explored, on the highest structure I could find, to give me the best view. Alas for my view, rain and cloud have obscured it ever since. But, Louis, you can see that there is life here."

"Vampires."

"Kawaresksenjajok, Harkabeeparolyn, this is to port of where you lived. Can you see that life is thriving here? You could return."

The woman was waiting, postponing judgment. The boy was torn. He said a word in his own language, untranslatable.

"Don't promise what you can't deliver," said Louis Wu.

"Louis, you have evaded me ever since we saved the Ringworld. Always you speak as if we turned a blowtorch hundreds of thousands of miles across on inhabited terrain. I've questioned your numbers. You don't listen. See for yourself, they still live!"

"Wonderful," Louis said. "The Vampires lived through it!"

"More than Vampires. Watch." The Hindmost whistled; the view zoomed on distant mountains.



If you press your nose up against the helmet, it makes you look funny ... but, mostly, the aliens don't get it.

Thirty-odd hominids marched through a pass between peaks. Twenty-one Vampires; six of the small red-skinned herders they'd seen on their last visit; five of a bigger, darker hominid creature; two of a small-headed variety, perhaps not sapient. All of the prey were naked, and none were trying to escape. They were tired but joyful. They were paired off, one Vampire with one of something else. Only a few Vampires wore clothing against the chill and the rain. The clothing was clearly borrowed, cut to fit something other than what wore it.

Vampires weren't sapient at all, or so the Hindmost had been told. He wondered if animals would keep slaves ...but never mind. "Louis, Chmee, do you see? Here are other species, also alive. I even saw a City Builder once."

Louis Wu said, "I don't see cancer and I don't see mutations, but they must be there. Hindmost, I got my information from Teela Brown. Teela was a protector, brighter than you and me. One and a half trillion deaths, she said."

The Hindmost said, "Teela was intelligent, but I see her as human, Louis. Even after her change: human. Humans don't look directly at danger. Puppeteers you call cowards, but not to look is cowardice —"

"Drop it. It's been a year. Cancers can take ten or twenty. Mutations take a whole generation."

"Protectors have their limits! Teela had no notion of the *power* of my computers. You left me to make the adjustments, Louis —"

"Drop it."

"I will continue to look," the puppeteer said.

The Hindmost danced. The marathon would continue until he made a mistake. He was pushing himself toward exhaustion; his body would heal, and then grow strong.

He had not bothered to eavesdrop through the aliens' dinner. Chmee had not slashed the webeye, but they would not speak secrets in its view.

They need not. A year past, while his motley crew was still trying to settle the matter of Teela Brown and the Ringworld's instability, the Hindmost's flying probe had sprayed webeyes all over *Hidden Patriarch*.

He would rather have been concentrating on the dance.

Time enough for that. Chmee would be gone soon. Louis would revert to silence. In another year he too might leave the ship, leave the Hindmost's control. The City Builder librarians . . . hmm . . . work on them?

They were lost to him already, in a sense. Chmee and Louis had both refused medical attention. The Hindmost controlled the medical facilities; controlled their lives. If they saw that he used his power for extortion, they saw nothing but the truth. But he had been too direct.

They were walking briskly down a shadowed corridor, Louis Wu and Chmee. Reception was poor in so little light, but they wouldn't see the web. The Hindmost caught only part of the dialogue. He played it back several times afterward.

Louis: "— dominance game. The Hindmost *has* to control us. We're too close to him, we could conceivably hurt him."

Chmee: "I've tried to see a way."

Louis: "How hard? Never mind. He left us alone for a year, then interrupted himself in the middle of an exercise routine. Why bother? Nothing about that broadcast looked urgent."

Chmee: "I know how *you* think. He overheard us, didn't he? If I can return to the Patriarchy, I won't need the Hindmost to recover my properties. I have you. You do not exact a price."

Louis: "Yah."

The Hindmost considered interrupting. To say what?

Chmee: "By my lost lands he controlled me, but how did he control you? He had you by the wire, but you gave up your addiction. Now he has your medical facilities. If you allow yourself to grow old, he has nothing."

Louis nodded.

Chmee: "But would the Hindmost believe you? To a puppeteer — I do not insult you. I'm sure you speak the truth, Louis. But to a puppeteer, to let yourself grow old is suicide."

Louis nodded, silent.

"Is this justice for a trillion murders?"

Louis would have broken off conversation, on another night. He said, "Justice for us both. I die of old age. The Hindmost loses his thralls. Loses control of his environment."

"But if they lived?"

Louis: "If they lived. Yah. The Hindmost did the actual programming. I couldn't go into that section of the Repair Center. It was infested with tree-of-life. I made it possible for *him* to spray a plasma jet from the sun across five percent of the Ringworld. If he didn't do that, then *I* can . . . live. So the Hindmost owns me again. And that's important, if *I'm* the reason he doesn't own *you*."

"Exactly."

"So show Louis an old recording and say it's in real time —"

The wind was rising, gusts drowning the voices. Chmee: "What if . . . numbers. . . ."

". . . Hindmost to drop it. . . ."

". . . brain is aging faster than the rest of you!" The Kzin lost patience, dropped to all fours and bounded away down the deck. It didn't matter. They were out of range.

The Hindmost screamed like the world's biggest espresso device tearing itself apart.

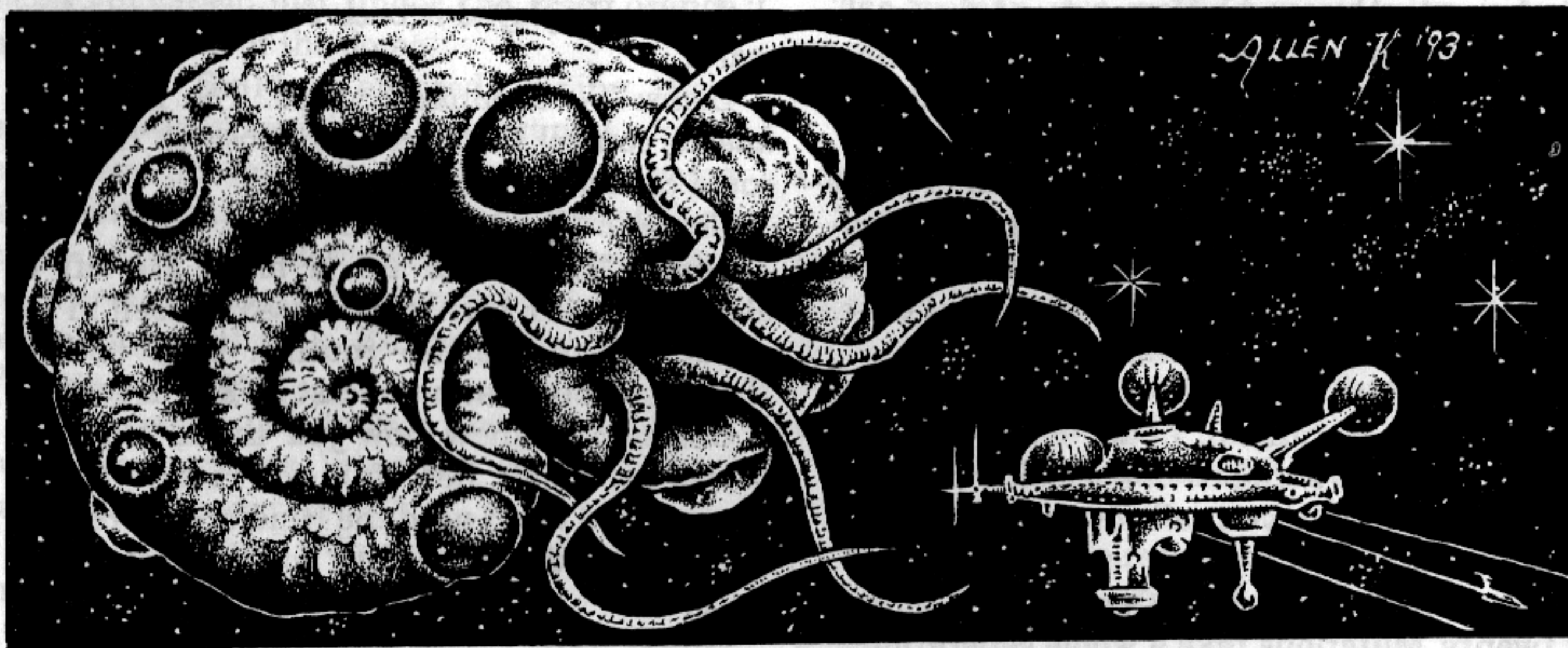
In his scream were pitches and overtones no creature of Earth or Kzin could hear, with harmonics that held considerable information. Lineages for two species barely out of the plains, down from the trees. Designs for equipment that would cause a sun to flare, then cause the flare to lase, a cannon of Ringworld scale. Specs for computer equipment miniaturized to the quantum level, sprayed across the Hindmost's cabin like a coat of paint. Programs of vast resiliency and power.

*You twisted rejects from half-savage half-sapient breeds! Your pitiful protector, your luck-bred Teels, hadn't the flexibility or the understanding, but you don't even have the wit to listen. I saved them all! I, using software from my ship!*

One shriek, and the Hindmost was calm again. He hadn't missed a step. *Back one, bow, while the Moment's Leader engages the Brides in quadret: a chance to get a drink of water, badly needed.* One head lowered to suck, one raised to watch the dance: sometimes there were variations.

Was Louis Wu going senile? So quickly? He was well over two hundred years old. Booster-spice had kept humans hale and sapient for half a thousand years, sometimes more. But without his medical benefits Louis Wu might age fast. And Chmee would be gone.

No matter. The Hindmost was in the safest place imaginable. His ship was buried in cubic miles of cooled magma near the center of the Ringworld Repair Center. Nothing was urgent. He could wait. There were the librarians. Something would change . . . and there was the dance.





ALLEN K. '85

# THE AVOIDANCE FACTOR

by C.J. Cherryh

In all the debate regarding the existence or non-existence of extraterrestrial spacefaring civilizations, the primary question seems to be *where are they?*

Granted the assumption — not unwarranted by early data returning from the new generation of telescopes — that planet formation is not an unusual event in the neighborhood, this does give us the possibility of a large number of planeted stars; and, within that number, a large group of terrestrial-type planets; and, within the age of the galaxy, certainly the possibility that spacefaring civilizations have evolved, not to mention some which might be designated truly starfaring.

Beyond that point the arguments leave the realm of astronomy and begin to delve into species psychology and culture, more the province of a student of human affairs than space sciences. The most frequent arguments advanced are that an aggressive species would destroy itself with nuclear power; that all species founder at this point, or turn inward to a contemplative disregard for spacefaring at all; or finally that we have proven so threatening we are in stellar Coventry.

In a universe of infinite variety, any of these is possible, but all these are anthropocentric arguments, and do not take into account that infinite variety.

Let us consider other hypotheses, and while considering them, examine carefully the several humanly conceivable reasons why a species would develop interstellar travel.

The readily conceivable reasons for such development are these:

1. A scientific outgrowth of an already flourishing space program (the most likely projection for humanity as a species) leading to scientific bases outside the solar system and eventually to some small trade supplying those bases; which then might lead to further and further such bases.

2. A culturally mandated push, motivated by an abstract conviction of necessity such as a metaphysical imperative.

3. A biologically driven impulse to move and migrate, attached conceivably to the first of these reasons.

4. An intellectual conviction that there is something of concrete benefit to the species.

5. A motivation which lies so far askew to human thinking it makes no logical sense.

6. An aggression which does not operate within the species but which is very keen toward certain other threats: as for instance certain animals are only aggressive under specific circumstances and at specific times.

These are only the easy ones to conceive. Natural selection has ways of surprising us even on this planet, so I doubt that we have exhausted the possibilities.

But we may presume — on biological grounds — that a G-class star and a world which has our atmospheric mix and temperature range is, at least on the basis of the only sample we have, a very likely candidate for the development of a sapience. We may also presume that once this sapient species has risen above the pre-machine age and into atmospheric flight, the stringent requirements of engineering a machine to fly efficiently in an atmosphere like ours, and the requirements of getting into and out of a gravity well, are going to dictate a certain operational and even structural similarity in the equipment and the machinery. So we might justifiably conclude that if we were to compare our airplanes and our spacecraft at this stage to those of some other similar planet, no matter what shape the designers, the design would show some similarities. We may already be entering a common culture into which the exigencies of aerospace development compel every new spacefaring species; and it is conceivable that this common start might make our machines more alike than we would otherwise imagine. Machines compel certain behaviors on the part of the user, which behaviors themselves begin to constitute a superculture crossing natural cultural lines, though not completely obscuring other patterns. So there may be a set of spacefarer-behaviors which we are already learning, which have already begun to set us into a cultural referent common to other sapients whose lives depend on fragile metal shells in a vacuum.

One will learn, for example, the principles of ecology and life-support; and the use of the

high-speed processes of computers; and know that the integrity of that shell is of life-and-death importance to everyone in it. Two spacefarers meeting very far from home are still likely to understand each other in some regards and may hail one another perhaps with less trepidation than their governments (another anthropocentrism) might prefer.

But considering only those species of motivations congruent enough with humanity for humanity to imagine, and basing assumptions on human experience, we still have to ask: *Where are they?*

One answer is that they may have no interest in planets of any sort. A species which has gone from solar system to neighboring star at less than the speed of light must certainly be well-adapted to life in space, and must have the ability to derive raw materials from space.

In that event, and for beings who have been living and working in space for some time, there may exist a mindset which has no interest

in planets and deep, power-consuming gravity wells whatsoever: a culture which considers space stations and ships its natural environment, and seeks out *any* star as a convenient collection point for ices, metals, and raw materials, where it may establish a space station or just study it for a while and go on for motives entirely its own.

Looking at the sun's own neighborhood, if, say, Tau Ceti had developed such a culture a few hundred years ago, that culture has scores of stars at its disposal, which could quite well satisfy its immediate demands.

Such beings could quite well go off in some completely different direction and never consider our star, which lies farther from other stars on the average than many other stars do from Tau Ceti and from the preceding stars in certain strings. We exist in a fairly barren little hole among the stars, with a couple of near neighbors, but with the next closest lying about ten lightyears out or more: this is not conducive to casual visits from a species doing well to visit its own neighborhood.

I would propose a second restraint on planetary contact, that no thoughtful species is going to enter an alien but congruent ecosystem which has produced a sapient, until it can meet that sapient in a sterile environment in space and ask for information and, yes, courteous permissions and advice regarding its biosystems. Our own is fragile. It might prove more compatible with some micro-organism than we would like; when one gets to considering planets as desirable places, say, if a starfaring culture has passed through the early nomadic stage of mine-and-travel and re-evolved toward high population density and planets, there are a billion microscopic reasons why reckless contact with a species still planetbound is not desirable, and why planets are not only unnecessary to interstellar civilization, they are potentially more hazardous places — to a long-sterile environment or to a species which truly fits it — than we might readily imagine.

We think of our world as a refuge from the universe; our descendants (or theirs) may view it as a source of contaminants, and be totally unwilling to trust the biological skills of a planet not yet advanced enough to get well-in-



volved in space travel: *that*, and not the proper use of atomics, may be the real graduation exam, if one were to be imposed.

The likelihood that any weapon we could develop before we could be dealt with would truly threaten a major starfaring civilization is remote; micro-organisms, theirs or ours, might be a far more serious matter.

So if colonies are not really a universal obsession and a certain number of starfaring civilizations might not care greatly whether the stars they visited even had planets, what other reasons might drive them to visit a place?

A very advanced civilization might be doing some trading. It might have a string of star stations, or even, disregarding the inconvenience of gravity wells and overcoming biological perils, have set up housekeeping on a planet or two.

In any such case distance between points is still going to be a consideration in economics: SETI searches might profitably try thinking like traders and merchants and truck drivers, selecting belts of G-class stars which lie, not near us, but near each other; or even, bearing in mind that planets might not be the name of the game, just search every close-knit string of stars that lies near a G-class source, particularly those of conveniently direct two-point alignment with our own apparatus.

We might then have a reasonable chance of finding something like us engaging in something we understand: trade.

It might be very wise to direct the search in that way, and to develop ourselves precisely as that kind of starfarer, seekers after inconsequential stars which trouble no one, traders with small stations and outposts. If we find no one with a well-established trading system close at hand, we may congratulate ourselves on a clear opportunity for harmless profit, before moving on to the more ambitious step of sending signals out to clearly different sorts of starfarers whose complexity of motivation might make a humpback whale or a dolphin seem delightfully simple by comparison, and whose behaviors might include some we would find exceedingly bizarre — even aggression or peevishness, or simple capriciousness. The fact is that no one sitting on a single planet, no matter how reasonable the arguments, is likely to cover all the eventualities; our repeated attempts at signaling all the neighborhood and the distant stars might be taken by our neighbors as the very



reckless gesture of an infant civilization, or the gesture of something trying to take them for fools and lure them in. Our own urban experience has made us very wary of strangers who hail us loudly and want very badly to approach us. Our nearest neighbors might consider this ominous and threatening, out of cultural experiences peculiarly their own. The variables of culture overlaid on our own biology daunt us; multiplying it by even a few planets and a couple of technological steps ought to convince us, if nothing else, that there are too great a number of variables to make any sure predictions.

The first and most constructive assumption to take is that they are out there, the second, that our natural course — unvaried since our ancestors hiked the primeval plains and climbed mountains for no discernible profit — will take us out there too. The third, which we need to understand for our own welfare, is that all advances, be it nuclear science or a venture into completely alien surroundings, have their dangers, but, properly taken, with respect to our own survival and the survival of others, they continually assure that survival.

# THE COMPANY WARS

by C.J. Cherryh

The Background for the Universe of  
"Merchanter's War," "Downbelow Station," "Cyteen," etc.

## The Origin of Stationers and Merchanters

In the early twenty-first century, starprobes went out, launched by Sol Station, which during the interval of the starprobes' travel, became a great economic power in Earth's politics.

Sol Station, a self-contained orbiting "multifactory," pulled in metals, minerals, and ice from the asteroids, abandoning the practice of lofting anything up from Earth's gravity well. Since the majority of industrial cost on Earth was either in fighting gravity (lifting and transporting heavy objects) or heating things up and cooling them down (smelting and refrigeration), once a space station achieved the machinery to separate and smelt metals by solar power (thus gaining the ability to make its own parts) it was able to become a "multifactory," a combination of industries all locked together in the production of goods for export to Earth (medicines, electrical power, scientific data, and processes) and for its own consumption (machinery, construction materials, oxygen from ice) and foodstuffs (from orbiting fish tanks and farms operating at industrial pace thanks to total environmental control possible in such facilities).

The result was a station capable of replicating itself endlessly at little expense, and a balance of trade which made investment and experimentation possible.

Hence the robot starprobes, which reported several stars much like the Sun, lacking habitable planets but potentially rich in metals and ice.

The theory of cryogenic suspension in sub-light starflight was rejected. After all, Sol Station and the one traveling scientific station which had already been in orbit about Venus and Mars and which now ventured the turbulent gravity well of Jupiter, proved that there was little difference between a working solar station and a ship.

So the first starship was modular, and while it would take years under light speed to reach the chosen star, there was no reason for the people

aboard not to carry on life much as it was carried on in huge Sol Station. When it reached its destination its payload, containing manufacturing units, would go into orbit in some rich and stable area of the designated star system, while the engine module would break free after assisting in this process and return to Sol Station.

It proved hardly more expensive in effort to make the mission multistage: that is, to colonize several star systems in the same vector by using several engines and compartments, and shedding each into deceleration at the time appropriate for each star. So, if one part of the mission failed, another might succeed; and if anything went wrong with one engine the crew had the capacity to continue on the others, or to return should it become necessary.

As it happened, all three stages worked without a hitch, and Earth had *three* functioning starstations. There was no ambition at all to land on a planet. Planets were too expensive at this stage, too wasteful of energy in getting up and down. Mankind had decided that starstations (of which Sol Station was one) were more productive for small populations than planets were.

The voyaging starships never lost touch with Sol Station, and continually transmitted the data that the scientists and technicians in the colony mission were developing en route. Life aboard went on in a mundane fashion, under the one gravity produced by acceleration; and when decelerated and parked in orbit, each starstation began a continual dataflow to Sol Station and to each other and to ships in passage. The result of this close community of scientists at work in new environments, as well as the research and development necessary for the guidance systems and engines for the mission, was a technological acceleration for Earth, a period of great prosperity and wild speculation as new discoveries multiplied.

The engine modules each had a small crew compartment: they were designed to move a greater mass than their own — to *push*, in other words. Their crews had the harder life, since they were few in number and had to give up

their associations with the colonists, who would live normal Stationer-style lives, hardly different than they would have lived on Sol Station. The engine-modules might have been robotized, but it was felt at the beginning that the chance of failure would be less with crewed modules, in such long voyages, and secondly that the occasional contact of human beings who had seen Earth would keep the colonists from becoming too different in their isolation: the chance, for instance, that a colony could grow completely alienated from Earth and shut off its contacts had occurred to Sol Station. So the primary reason for crewed ships was a psychological one.

The small crews must pass years together, and must have as normal a life as possible. Families happened, in spite of mild official discouragement, and when the first ship returned to Earth, its crew was offered a chance to stay. They refused, having spent too long at this to give up what to them had become a way of life. Crews grew larger (as did crew quarters) as second-generation crews took husbands and wives. Children ran and played throughout the ships, and did small maintenance, and grew into crew work with the passing years, children whose lives were measured in calls at this and that starstation.

This was the origin of the merchanters and the stationers, whose lives became vastly different one from the other, but who were linked together in mutual necessity.

The arrival of any ship in those early days was occasion for holiday.

Trade began, conducted without substance (data by communications net) and with (goods and parts carried by the ships).

What did the merchanters get out of the exchange? The improvement and care of their ships, which were their homes. Their food. Their whole life-style. And the freedom which began to be their whole way of life. A merchant "family" was tight-knit, even developing an accent unique to a particular ship: everyone aboard seemed to be a cousin or aunt or uncle.

Stationers got the same sort of thing — but their populations were larger. They liked their security, the benefits their trade brought in.

Starstations expanded, built new modules, and boosted them by ship to stars as near to them as Barnard's Star and Alpha Centauri are to Sol; and Sol had to get new of *these* stations second-hand, because of the distance.

There were nine such starstations — ten, counting Sol. They were: Alpha Base and Beta

Base, Bryant's Star, Glory, Venture, Galileo, Olympus, Thule, and Eldorado.

The next starstation was sent to Pell's Star. And that star had a planet which had life, which had a sapient species, which had agriculture and the kind of luxuries which Earth had been supplying.

### Pell's Star and Downbelow.

Scientists flocked to Pell. *Everyone* wanted to be in on the find. Meanwhile, word of the discovery traveled at lightspeed back to Earth.

By the number of years it took that lightspeed message to get to Earth and for Earth to debate the matter and sent another message the same number of light-years' distance *back*, trying to adjust the trade patterns to accommodate the new discovery, it was too late. Some starstations had shut down and emigrated because goods were reaching their trading partners from Pell, not Earth, and they were suddenly in a backwater area, out of the future line along which goods would flow.

Pell not only succeeded as a starstation, it was being overloaded by immigrants and set out new colonies to Viking and Mariner; and Mariner, having discovered by telescope a planet near it, colonized that planet, resulting in:

### The Break with Earth

Earth just did not cope with this fast enough. The value of its goods plummeted. It suffered an economic crisis, and there began an outcry that starstations and the merchanters ought to be *taxed* to support Earth, who — after all — started the space program.

Now, in one way the original decision to have manned ships paid off: *some* merchanters had maintained enough contact with Earth to be somewhat loyal to the *Earth Company*, but few stations were loyal enough to want to pay a tax. Earth was able to enforce a tax, at least at first.

There was some shooting. Merchanters who would serve Earth were armed.

A great many people who did not like this trend left the nine starstations, which began to be called the Hinder Stars.

They went to Pell or farther.

But then . . . then a scientist at Cyteen discovered a principle that made possible *Faster Than Light* travel: an FTL ship.

During the passage of a lightspeed message to Earth that such a discovery might be possible,

an FTL ship was launched from Cyteen and had time to tour almost every starstation in far space.

### The Company Wars

Had it not been for the tax, Earth could have been in the center of things again. But Cyteen was hostile to Earth.

And Cyteen had two things: a discovery in the biology of the planet Cyteen had yielded rejuv, a drug that could hold off old age for up to fifty years. Earth wanted it. Badly. Cyteen also had FTL. And *that*, Earth got, thanks to Pell, which got the secret and spread it.

The shooting then became serious. Some merchanters went to Cyteen, and Cyteen declared its independence of the Earth Company.



Earth built fifty super FTL carriers to batter Cyteen to it knees. It named the ships after the nations of Earth.

But Cyteen, older than Earth in the matter of building FTL ships, matched Earth's fleet.

The one thing Earth had was a majority of merchanters on Earth's side, and this included some very good starpilots who wrote new chapters in FTL operation, and who outflew and outfought Cyteen equipment, which was generally a few years more advanced than Earth's.

In FTL technology, Cyteen had a slight edge, mostly because of a handful of physicists who were still at work on improvements. In actual operating skill, the loyalists had the edge, and their ships were good enough, if not the latest.

### Merchanter Operations During the War

Merchanters had once *been* the warships: a few of the old sublights had been converted to FTL; many of the modern merchanters were launched by Pell, Earth, or Cyteen as new ships, crewed by spin-offs of older merchanter families. But the lifestyle changed radically because of FTL.

The voyages of years now amounted to weeks spent in space.

While merchanters still looked for mates outside their ships, the difference in lifestyle of merchanters and stationers had gotten so extreme that merchanter/stationer marriages were unlikely. Merchanters associated with merchanters and were confined to the docks at the ninth level of the rim of each wheel-like station. Along one side would be the tending machinery and access ramps of ships in dock; along the other side (in the Green and White sides of the wheel) were bars, restaurants, and hotels (called sleepovers) for spacers. On the dockside of Blue Section (which is always administrative) are the customs office, the spacer banks, security headquarters, and in short, all the nerve centers of the docks. Only military ships or ships with special clearance get to dock in a station's blue dock, and only stationers with special clearance get to live in the eight levels above, many of which have sensitive offices. Station Central is in the uppermost of the blue levels.

White contains many shops that serve spacers; the levels above have shops that serve stationers, and residences of shopkeepers and medical folk. The uppermost level of white has the security detention area and police headquar-

ters; the level just below has the medical facilities, the hospital, and so on.

Green section on the stationer levels contains general residences, restaurants and shops for stationers.

Red section on the docks is for insystem haulers coming in with ores, and other industrial goods: it contains much of the manufacturing. This also tends to socially separate insystem spacers from FTL spacers, who do mix without fighting but without great enthusiasm either: FTL merchanters are clannish and occasionally dangerous, tending to enforce their own law, particularly on Green dock, which is their territory.

There is little residence (but some) in red sector. Its docks have shops and manufacturers' offices and some station offices which apply exclusively to the insystem ships.

Orange section dock is either for FTL or insystems depending on need. It has shops, banks, and some restaurants; above are residences.

The hub has three functions: docking for null-G haulers like ore ships which unload their cargoes without gravity, and which will stand off from station during crew liberties. Ore haulers are too big to dock at regular facilities. The hub also has those functions of station life support and power which do not need gravity. And it has a gymnasium and recreational area for null gravity and low gravity sports.

Merchanter ships come in several classes.

There are general FTL haulers. Crew lives forward in a wheel-like cylinder that rotates to supply gravity, because these ships do not often use regular engines and the force of acceleration is a nuisance, not a help to them. The cargo compartment is behind, in front of the engines. The cargo space may be of several kinds.

First it may be unheated, in which case contents will freeze in the cold of space. Some goods profit by this.

Such holds are not pressurized either.

Or the hold may be heated to various degrees. This is expensive, usually involving lifesupport sufficient to admit a worker without a spacesuit, but in most that do claim heated holds, the temperature is just above freezing. Few goods need balmy temperatures. Very few haulers can handle that kind of thing in bulk.

Or a ship may take canisters, some of which have internal regulating systems for heat or air.

Many ships have one heated hold up front and the rest unheated.

Also, most goods do not require gravity. Most holds are zero G.

A very few ships can provide heated holds with gravity, which they get by having one or more holds included in the crew cylinder. This is very expensive transport. Often passengers ride in spare crew cabins (there is not much interstellar passenger traffic at this stage). In rare emergencies, heated one-G holds can be used for passengers.

Ships can come in all sorts of combinations.

There are also can-haulers which are nothing but a crew compartment in front and engine at the rear connected by a long bare backbone with clamps that bind up to ten or twelve huge canisters in place. Can-haulers unload to small pusher-ships which then shove their canisters into the null-G dock of station hubs.

In the normal operation of a merchanter ship, it takes cargo, leaves dock and spends hours (or in some systems and depending on power and load — days) getting to the nadir of the stellar pole, far enough out that the jump will not land them in the heart of the star or try to take a planet along. During this time, the crew live normally, annoyed only by the first acceleration that got them going. Normal space engines shut down then and they coast.

When they get to the nadir jump range, they get a navigational fix on a star, do elaborate calculations to determine exact location, and turn on the generation vanes, the large panels suspended on vanes about the ship like old-fashioned rocket fins — but these provide the field which takes them into jumpspace, the Between.

Subjectively, a few minutes pass. Objectively, a week or month of Universal time has passed. This again varies according to power and mass of the ship and load, and yes, a more powerful (or less loaded) ship can overjump a weaker

one and arrive first.

The ship has now been dragged out of hyperspace by the nearest gravity well in the vector it had chosen. Usually these are jump-points, brown dwarf stars or Jupiter-like objects which exist between the greater stars — too cool to give off much light or radiation, but massive enough to make a considerable pockmark in hyperspace.

The ship is now carrying about 3/4 to 1/2 lightspeed, travelling 139,000 miles per second. At this rate, planets and large rocks are dangerous to it. If something went wrong at this speed in our solar system, a ship near Earth might have fourteen minutes to solve its problem before hitting the Sun — and, of course, it takes enormous energy to turn even a hair, let alone bend a sharp turn to evade something. If you use



offensive personal electronics, field hospital unit, and the thousand odd hard-suits and armor used by the troops; training and briefing areas, not to mention sleeping and maneuver-protection areas. Beyond this, there are the crew quarters, which are luxurious by troop standards, private cabins for high officers, separate recreational facilities (as spacers and troopers do not mix much), operations stations sufficient to direct a mission scattered across a solar system; and the operations stations specifically in touch with each of the four fighter-craft; and the weaponry of the carrier; and the actual operations and flight of the carrier. On a carrier there is one captain (unlike a merchanter, which may have two to four captains and whole crews, each active during a particular watch); each carrier, however, has two crews, one mainday crew, one alterday. (Mainday and alterday are 12 hour periods: night is ignored in space, where it is meaningless, and time is divided into two duty shifts, because ships do not stop running while a crew sleeps.) The second in command is de facto alterday captain.

For combat, it should be added, all crew is called to stations if there is time. Strategic and tactical command passes to the captain, while piloting, armaments, communications and radar operations go to appropriate officers. The captain is, to be sure, capable of handling the ship physically in combat, but rarely is this the case: a carrier captain is chosen for a combination of many skills and rarely is the captain also the most qualified combat pilot. There are in both fleets a few exceptions to this, but the skill of any captain in Mazian's small fleet surpasses that of almost all Union pilots.

Troopers, both male and female, like the officers and crew of the carrier, are aboard for those moments in which human force is needed: boarding a stopped merchanter; landing on a planet, moon, or mining station; holding a facility once taken; opposing enemy troops in any facility or terrain too valuable to be blasted by the ship's weapons — for operations in which a scalpel is of more use than a sledgehammer.

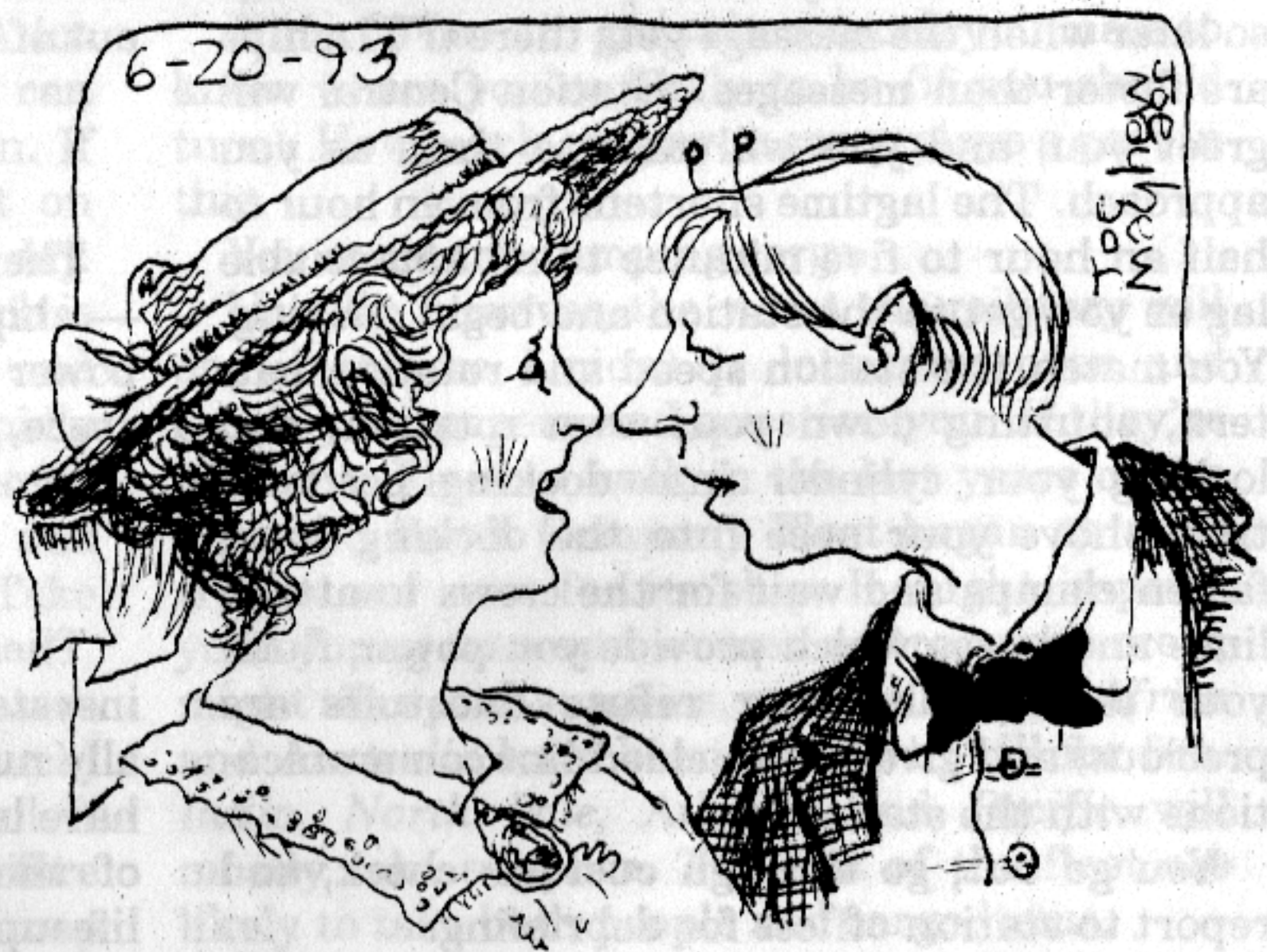
To get to these situations where they are of use, the troops have to ride through many unpleasant battles in which they are no more than freight, and one quality of these troops has to

be patience and endurance: the physical strain of riding through an FTL battle can kill the unprotected.

When they exit their ships, they go in laser-resistant armor which has (if needed) a self-contained air and heating system, so that this armor can double as a spacesuit for brief periods. A hit in the joints is one way a laser or projectile can get through this armor, but armor is made to keep these joints covered as much as possible. Particle weapons are more trouble, but are more the kind of thing one would face in a pitched battle. Each trooper carries a laser; a projectile sidearm on occasion; and a heavy knife, because shooting inside pressurized compartments and certain portions of space stations adjacent to the outer walls is not an outstandingly good idea.

The helmet also has a com, so that each trooper can receive general orders; and the visor also has sighting and range devices and other readout which appears by an optics system if one looks up from inside the helmet.

Union troops are both natural- and birthlab-born; they are all highly indoctrinated because the educational system of all Union citizens is fed into the mind by subliminal means — a technology used everywhere, but used by Union for political as well as factual education. These troops are both loyal and literate, and they are professional, trained to the nth degree in every aspect of their weapons and their duty.



Calm down, Bridget.  
I didn't say I was  
that sort of fairy.

## Carrier Combat

The carrier is a vastly powerful ship capable of over-jumping a merchanter, capable of very fine maneuvers. It is not the size of a ship that determines its speed and agility: it is its mass-to-power ratio, its mass relative to the size of its vanes and engines. Carriers are vastly over-powered and come into a system at up to 7/8 light.

A carrier may not wish to dump speed: it may whip through a star system at this incredible velocity in which the distance between planets can be covered in minutes, and it can fire and be gone so rapidly that the victim may have no warning. It may shed its riders, which will travel at that speed, although they are not capable of FTL: they are small ships with a crew of about fifteen, each one equipped and instrumented to handle the enormous velocities of a carrier, up to the light barrier. They are very sophisticated in electronics and armaments, and any one of them is every bit as much to be dreaded in attack as the carrier itself: they are *fast* and their fire-power, while less than a carrier's, is sufficient to destroy a carrier's maneuvering capability, or to wipe out a star station or reduce a planet to the stone age. Riders spread out from a carrier, and often operate at different speeds so that their capacity to turn is different. This confuses the enemy's longscan, about which more later. When the carrier is ready to leave the system, it summons its riders which limpet themselves to the hull.

A carrier has very powerful weapons mounted on the huge frame shell, which also supports the vanes and engines. The personnel cylinder rotates inside this frame, and the RPM of the internal cylinder is variable in a warship. When the ship goes into maneuvers of high G stress, the RPM increases, which presses humans deeper into their seats and helps them endure the stress of the small changes of course these ships can make at high speed.

Additionally, the working stations, for crew who have to remain sitting upright and working through these terrible stresses, are themselves on hydraulic tracks which help absorb the stresses by slowly yielding to the move and returning to position. The fineness of these adjustments is critical, since the ship that can turn tighter than its enemy even by a fraction of a degree (remember that we are crossing whole solar systems in which that little change at the start of the course means miles and miles difference at the end) may confuse the enemy's

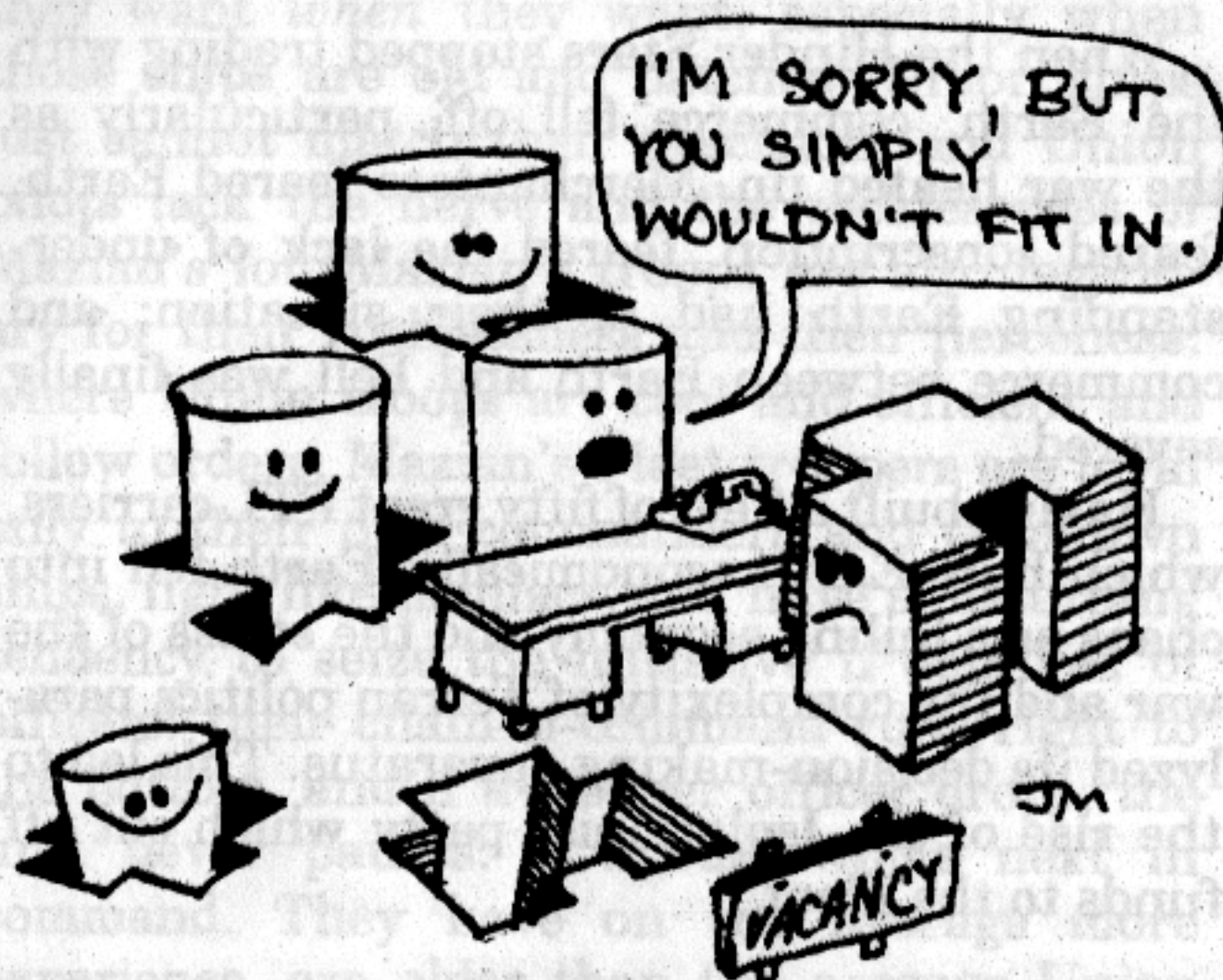
longscan estimates and help the ship evade a strike.

That frame can also do something no human body can stand: it can whip 360 degrees or any portion thereof at blinding speed to bring those guns to bear on anything the computers tell them to, and since it is not part of the personnel cylinder, the occupants get no stress from the move.

Two ships passing each other at 7/8 light-speed do not see each other coming fast enough for human operators to react: ID is made by the two ships' computers spitting out their continual squeal of information, recognizing friend or foe, and directing fire, all before a human mind could even realize the enemy was there, let alone send a hand to the control board.

When two ships differ vastly in speed, the advantage is always to the ship at greater velocity. Therefore a major objective is to cause your enemy to dump speed and get the battle to a slower speed if you are defending the system. A ship has to dump if it has run out of solar system (or it can jump out altogether and reorganize itself and then come back in a week or so from a neighboring jump point — if you have been attacked, it is a good idea to send ships out to all the neighboring jump points to prevent this move . . . the enemy will also try to set up an ambush when you do, and so on.) A ship also has to come to the speed of the riders it wishes to retrieve — and no carrier wants to leave its riders behind if it can help. Outside of losing fifteen highly-trained crewmen per ship, riders are expensive, and if the situation is bad enough that the carriers are running, the riders are likely to be overwhelmed, too.

Union, however, has lost quite a few riders, while Mazian's fleet, much more reluctant to



leave riders, has kept most of its own, as witness the fact that most Company Fleet ships have their original riders: i.e., those riders that were lost were destroyed with their carriers, not left behind.

In riderships particularly, Union suffers from less skilled personnel than the Company Fleet has.

Union riderships have been cannon fodder until recently, but the situation is changing.

### Supercarriers

Union is developing a few carriers that can handle more than four riderships. Mazian has no such ships.

### Dartships

These are just a little larger than riderships, but they do have star capacity: they can go FTL, which means that they travel like carriers and fight like riders. They carry very small crews, only four or five, because they have sacrificed crewspace and complexity to give up mass to the engines. Living in one is miserable; they are very greatly dreaded because they are hit and run fighters and you never know they are coming. The best you can do is chase them if you can figure what jump they're going to make: a carrier can overjump one and be waiting for it, but it is very tricky for a stationary ship waiting at a jumpoint to ambush one travelling fast; you have to shoot from the hip on your computer's first indication this is the enemy, and you have to fire at where they're going to be.

The Earth Company has no dartship.

### Earth Company Fleet: Mazian's Fleet

When the Hinder Stars stopped trading with the Earth, commerce fell off, particularly as the war heated up. Merchanters feared Earth, feared conscription, feared the lack of understanding Earth had of their situation; and commerce between Earth and Pell was finally severed.

Having built a fleet of fifty great FTL carriers, which hurt Earth economically, Earth fell into chaos as a failing economy and the stress of the war and the complexity of Terran politics paralyzed its decision-making apparatus. This led to the rise of the Isolationist party which cut off funds to the Fleet.

### Of Impressment

Supply for Mazian's fleet became so bad, even few of the highest officers had a complete uniform . . . let alone badly needed equipment and repair. Ships that were damaged had to be scrapped for parts to repair others. Equipment was cobbled together by ingenuity. The Fleet kept fighting — kept holding off the Union fleet even when the Union regenerated its losses and they could no longer get enough recruits or even food to feed the troops.

So they turned to impressment and raids on merchant shipping to get what they needed.

Ironically they still relied even at this point on the cooperation of Earth Company Merchant Ships . . . for information, voluntary support and contributions of supplies and even personnel. Some of the present Fleet captains came from such volunteers. The problem was with the frustration of the Fleet when merchants began to refuse this cooperation under the increasing burden of Fleet demands, and after seeing to what extent volunteers were absorbed into the Fleet — forgetting Family, putting Fleet loyalty first. What began as a cooperation ended up as a bitter relationship.

Most merchanters actually wanted the old days of trade back and the Fleet represents that tradition; they do not like Union's way of life, which is alien to their values of family and ship. They fear if Union wins and starts building merchant ships of its own, they will be run out of business, forced under the domination of a government — and presently they have no government at all.

The only thing that is holding Union at bay is Mazian, whose abuses are flagrant and piratical. So they are caught between a rock and a hard place and support Mazian even when he raids them.

### The Stations

The staunchest Earth Company Station is Pell. The Company also claims Viking, Mariner, Pan-Paris, Russell's Star and Esperance. All others belong to Cyteen.

All stations are too fragile for combat. They have all declared their neutrality in this war and will dock any ship that asks for docking.

Even Cyteen would — if a Company warship wanted to come and dock — not, you will understand, likely.

## Downbelow and the Downers

The only Earth Company world besides Pell's World, called Downbelow, named by the gentle natives who share Pell with humans. It has thus far proven too expensive to colonize the world; and there are ecological reasons not to do so. But Downers, whose own name for themselves is the *hisa*, supply grain, meat, fruit, and all manner of goods to Pell and the loyalist stations. Humans cannot live on Downbelow without breathing aids.

## Insystem Haulers

Also worth mentioning are the insystemers, particularly numerous in mining colonies: for the most part, these are tin cans with engines zero G ships run by miners collecting ores out of asteroid belts, or the ore haulers who bring in, or the countless little pusher-ships and skimmers that flit about stations sweeping up debris and assisting with construction and movement of canisters. Even an insystem transport which runs supplies back and forth moves at a crawl which can take weeks to get from point to point, or months to cross the solar system. Some of them are solar-sailors, riding the stellar wind; some are fusion ships. Theirs is a hard life and they are hard people, right down to the youngsters born on these small ships.

It is the dream of many insystemers to go to the starships, and they often become the volunteer troopers of the Fleet, lacking the skills of FTL technicians. Many trooper officers were born on insystemers.

Insystemers are, by the by, another kind of navigation hazard to a starship: but they (as the name implies) cannot leave the solar system, and always operate in the plane of the planets and asteroids, where few starships come: they are reasonably predictable in course, too, even if they can turn or even reverse direction; it takes so long for them to move that relative to a starship they might as well be standing still. The system buoy always knows pretty well where they are.

## Mazian's Fleet

Mazian's Fleet once consisted of fifty carriers; it is now far smaller. They have no dartships, no cruisers, nothing but the carriers and the riderships and the occasional help of a merchanter. They are officered by the officers smart enough

to have survived against the odds, to have gotten supply where supply did not exist, to have eluded the ambushes of Union's more advanced ships and to have raided and harassed Union territory (some merchanter harassment comes under this heading) to such an extent that it has hurt Union's commerce; further they have come several times within a hair's breadth of actually defeating the massed Union Fleet. If they could knock the Union Fleet out in one pitched battle, the merchanters would instantly fall into line, and the Earth Company would rule human space again.

Furthermore, Earth is secretly building ships again, and will launch a new fleet if it can buy enough time. The Fleet does not know this. At least — it is not likely that the Fleet knows. Earth just needs a few more years. Then it will take back the Hinder Stars, whose star stations still exist, mothballed and waiting; and it will launch out in a new period of FTL trade.

## Tactic and Strategy of Mazian

Mazian has one edge: skill. His captains can jump *together* and avoid hitting one another, a trick those shiny new Union ships have been known to fail at, and Union pilots are scared to do it. Consequently, Mazian operates in two ways — in hit-and-run tactics, using his carriers like massively powerful dartships at Union shipyards and mines and strategic jump points which Union would like to hold for itself. And he can group them in pairs or larger groups, arriving all at once or even from opposite sides of the system simultaneously to make hash of Union defenses. Union pilots regard Mazian's captains with mingled hate and awe because of their uncanny ability to put their ships where they want *when* they want, especially when those ships are old and patched. Union ships just cannot match their precision, and Union pilots lack the nerve and the recklessness of Mazian's lot. Mazian's troops are also legendary for their ruthlessness and their fierceness: where Union troops are cool and efficient and follow orders, Mazian's Fleet troopers are loyal only to their own commanders and their own ships, fight like maniacs, and have a disturbing tendency to seize the initiative if deprived of officers: their chain-of-command runs right to the bottom, and if a trooper officer drops, the unit never pauses: it *knows* who's next in command. They have on the average more experience, are older than the average Union

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trooper, and are career soldiers, where many Union draftees hope to live to see the end of the war.

Company troopers have no such plans . . . not even those impressed from merchanter ships, who have survived their induction. They will loot, but their own officers can control them . . . if they want to.

### Communications

Radar and radio, lasers, any means of communication or long distance examination or communication thinkable — have to operate at or under under the speed of light.

FTL ships go faster. So the fastest way to get a message to another star is have a ship carry it.

This also means that an attack can get there FTL before any broadcast warning. It takes eight *years* for a communication to get to Cyteen from Mariner, except by FTL ship, which arrives in a month or so.

This lag means that tactics have to be planned without the ability to radio ahead and tell your friends you're coming.

Ships have to physically meet and talk; that's quickest.

### Longscan

Ships have two kinds of radar: the ordinary sort which operates sublight; and longscan, which is part guess and part radar.

The way it works is this: It takes the original information of the jump range buoy and identifies every ship and object in a system, how fast they're going and what direction. It calculates a likely track and shows it on a screen as a four-colored line. Red is what track the ships will take if they keep on as they bear. Yellow is what they will do if they veer as much as convenient: this is a cone-shaped projection. Green is what they will do if they do something inconvenient. Blue is their position if they decided to stop.

Human operators rapidly intervene and as the computer priorities them the fastest-moving ship data they decide on the basis of emotional human knowledge what those ships are likely to do *when the informational wave they have just made entering the system hits them*. If a warship, for instance, it may turn toward them as fast as it can. An operator is assigned for

each ship under consideration while the computer handles the slow craft and other which for various reasons do not need constant monitoring.

In the meantime, two things have happened: *their* ship has changed course and speed either following or not following the buoy lane assignment; and the other ships one by one pick up their presence in the system and react accordingly. But this radar image changes constantly, so when the action begins to conform to one of the projections, the computer changes the color codes, assigning red to most probable and so on down to blue as least. So it is part radar, part computer, and part human guesswork.

The data in the bank is the best information about the mass and engine capacity and turning ability and hostility or friendliness of each ship whose computer number is on that chart; and all



ships known to be in space are in that computer memory.

Now military craft (particularly Earth Company warships) are always making adjustments and honing their turning abilities if only by the smallest degree: this fouls up the enemy's longscan guesswork and can provide surprises. Mallory's *Norway*, for instance, has not recently tested her adjustments to the extreme, and therefore the Captain herself does not know just what *Norway* might do if she had to. And those refinements are only tested to the fullest, of course, when it comes to a situation where a ship either turns tighter than it is supposed to or breaks apart — or dies in impact.

All FTLs and star stations have longscan. Station central traffic control has longscan as its main function and it generates the image which the buoy broadcasts to incoming ships.

All communications of FTLs naturally have to have doppler adjustments because of the relative difference in velocities involved in their operations in star systems.

### Tactics

The object is to destroy the enemy ships. Station buoys are off-limits as Stations are, since their destruction would endanger neutrals aboard ships which would suddenly pop into a system blind and not have lane assignments or longscan information.

Mines may be struck, but robotized targets should be the objective according to the rules of war.

Shipyards are frequent targets: they are also heavily defended.

No stationary defense can cope with an FTL attack.

Planets, stars, and large rocks can shield a ship from scan if it turns off its emissions, which it is not supposed to do . . . but it is done.

Emissions include radar.

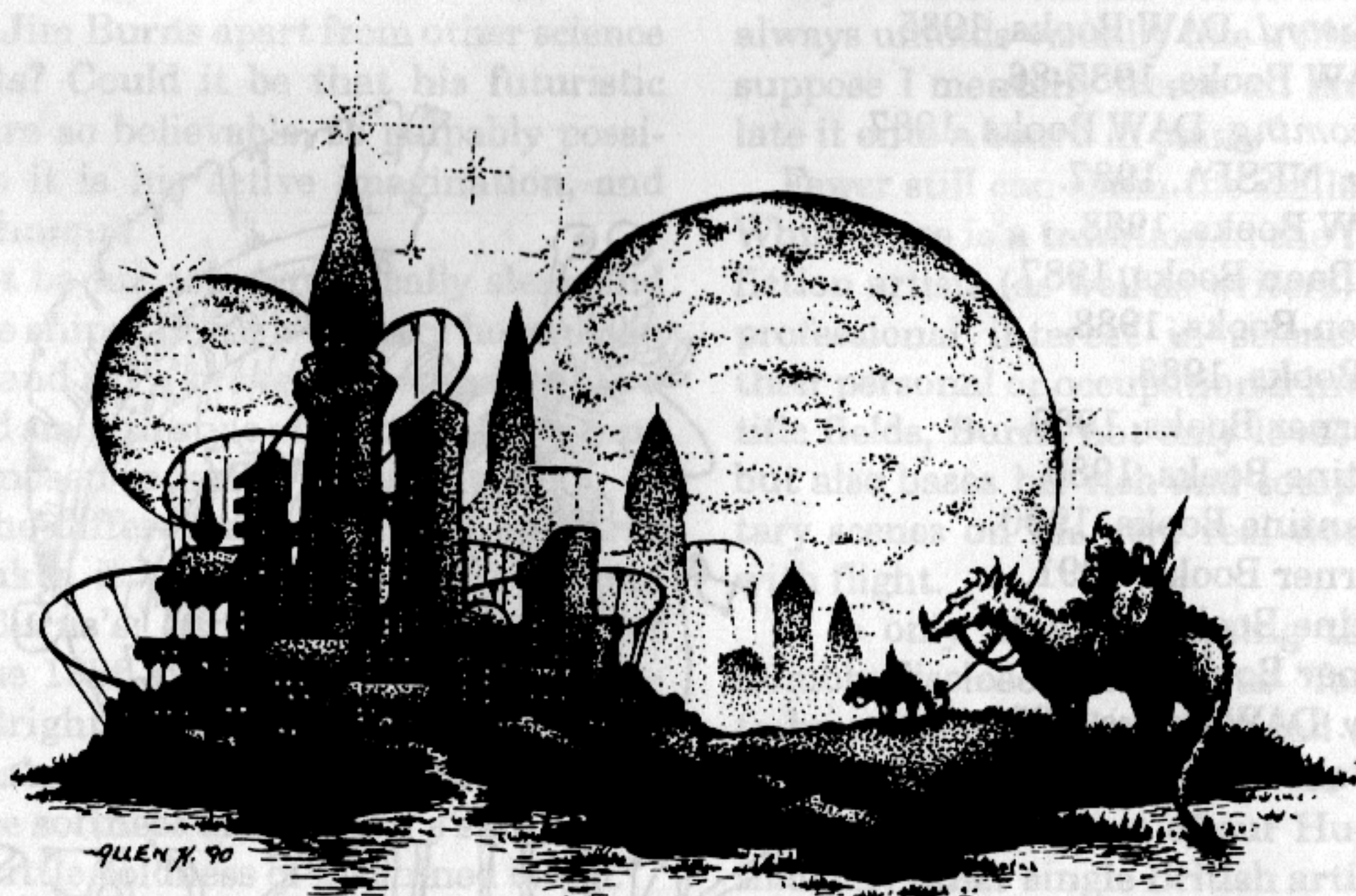
Stars and some Jupiter objects are "noisy" enough in their own emissions to mask a ship.

A carrier is too big to blow up: you have to immobilize it and hammer away at it.

A wrecked ship can encapsulate a few crew and jettison them, but if they are not picked up soon, they will die. Troops also can be rescued if they are wearing their hardsuits, but they are widely scattered, hard to find, and usually their own side does not have the time. Remember they travel in the same vector and at the same speed as the wrecked ship was going.

If you end up side by side with the enemy going the same direction, you are as if standing still relative to each other: a terrible battle will ensue like two old frigates battering away at each other with broadsides. Thankfully, this is rare.

If you are next to a small object and jump, you will take it with you. Unfortunately, you cannot decelerate it when you get where you are going.



## Books by C. J. Cherryh

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*Well of Shiuan.* DAW Books, 1978.  
*Fires of Azeroth.* DAW Books, 1979.  
*The Book of Morgaine.* SF Book Club, 1985.  
*Brothers of Earth.* DAW Books, 1976.  
*Hunter of Worlds.* DAW Books, 1976.  
*The Faded Sun: Kesrith.* DAW Books, 1977.  
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*The Faded Sun: Kutath.* DAW Books, 1979.  
*The Faded Sun Trilogy.* Methuen, 1987.  
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*The Pride of Chanur.* DAW Books, 1982.  
*Merchanter's Luck.* DAW Books, 1982.  
*Port Eternity.* DAW Books, 1982.  
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*Ealdwood.* Gollanz, 1991.  
*The Tree of Swords and Jewels.* DAW Books, 1983.  
*Forty Thousand in Gehenna.* Phantasia, 1983. DAW Books, 1984.  
*Voyager in Night.* DAW Books, 1984.  
*Chanur's Venture.* Phantasia, 1984. DAW Books, 1985.  
*Cuckoo's Egg.* Phantasia, 1985. DAW Books, 1985.  
*The KIF Strike Back.* Phantasia, 1985. DAW Books, 1985.  
*Angel with the Sword.* DAW Books, 1985.  
*Visible Light.* DAW Books, 1985-86.  
*Chanur's Homecoming.* DAW Books, 1987.  
*Glass and Amber.* NESFA, 1987.  
*Exile's Gate.* DAW Books, 1988.  
*Legions of Hell.* Baen Books, 1987.  
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*Cyteen.* Warner Books, 1988.  
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*Rusalka.* Ballantine Books, 1989.  
*Chernevog.* Ballantine Books, 1990.  
*Heavy Time.* Warner Books, 1991.  
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*Hellburner.* Warner Books, 1992.  
*Chanur's Legacy.* DAW Books, 1992.  
*Goblin Mirror.* Ballantine - Del Rey, 1994.

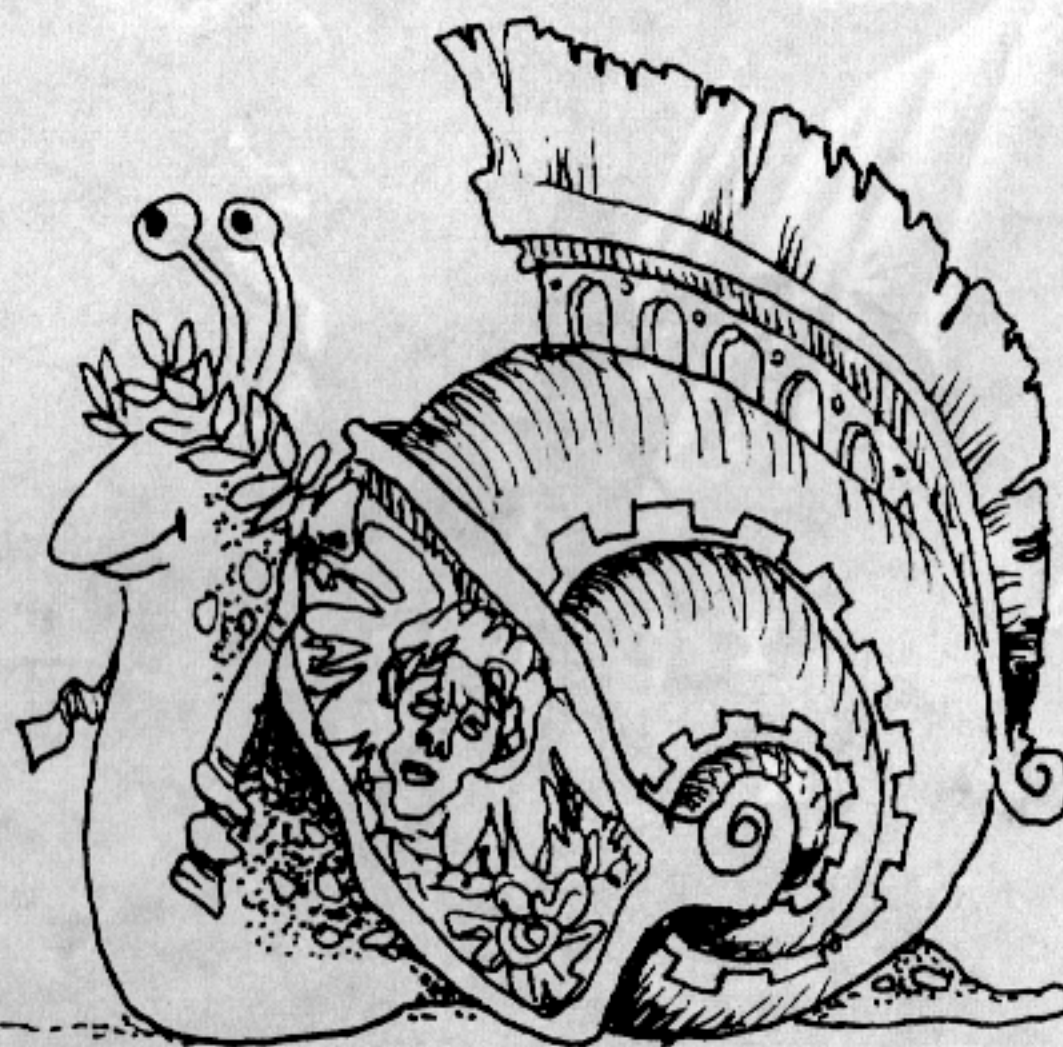
*Faery in Shadow.* SF Book Club, 1993. Ballantine, 1994.  
*Foreigner.* DAW Books, 1994.  
*Tripoint.* Warner Books, 1994.  
*Rider at the Gate.* Warner Books, 1995.  
*Fortress in the Eye of Time.* HarperCollins, 1995.

with Janet Morris and Lynn Abbey:  
*Soul of the City.* Ace Books, 1986.

with Janet Morris:  
*Kings in Hell.* Baen Books, 1986.  
*Gates of Hell.* Baen Books, 1986.

as editor:

*Merovingen Nights: Festival Moon.* DAW Books, 1987.  
*Merovingen Nights: Fever Season.* DAW Books, 1987.  
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*Merovingen Nights: Smuggler's Gold.* DAW Books, 1988.  
*Merovingen Nights: Divine Right.* DAW Books, 1989.  
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*Merovingen Nights: End Game.* DAW Books, 1991.  
*Merovingen Nights.* DAW Books, 1987.



SNAILIUS CAESAR

# BIO OF A SPACE ARTIST

by Jane Frank



What sets Jim Burns apart from other science fiction artists? Could it be that his futuristic landscapes are so believable, so palpably possible? Perhaps it is his active imagination, and excellent technique.

Or could it be his aerodynamically sleek and sensual space ships? Burns's saucers hovered on book covers and set a brave new standard for a gleaming and smooth style of spaceship at a time when sharp-nosed rockets were the norm.

Perhaps the difference is as simple as Harry Harrison makes it to be. In an essay to commemorate Burns's stint as Artist Guest of Honor for the 1986 World Science Fiction Convention in Brighton, England, Harrison wrote that in Burns's art "you'll find the same love of texture in the softness of a woman's skin as you will in the brittle coldness of machined metal."

How does Jim manage to make stories come

alive? How is he able to take the most obvious subject matter for a cover illustration, such as the image of an 'illustrated' man must be, for Bradbury's novel, and paint it as if it were the only, the best, the clearest possible way of imagining the heart of Bradbury's classic story? Understand this, and you may approach some of the power of a Burns's painting.

"I like to make the hardware look as if there's some human thinking behind it," says Burns. "Or, even better, alien thinking."

One of the reasons Burns is different from anyone else is that he offers viewers of his work a complete vision. Beyond his ability to render intricate details, the meticulous workmanship, the seamless talent, there is the filling of each square inch of canvas with Burns's sophisticated depictions of alien cities, humanoid entities and futuristic technologies that look as if they were operable today.

Many professional artists have mastered technique, but relatively fewer of them actually read all the manuscripts they're given. "I try to be totally honest to the tale or the section of the tale illustrated," according to Burns. "The idea always comes from the writer. Everything I read always unfolds visually like a film in my mind. I suppose I mentally freeze an image and translate it onto a board in paint."

Fewer still can claim the skills to fly aircraft. While there is a tradition in the field for science fiction artists (as well as writers) to derive their professional interest in science fiction from their personal or occupational interests in scientific fields, Burns not only loves the literature, but also bases his rich and complex interplanetary scenes on his very real-world experiences with flight.

It is only after prompting that Burns will humbly disclose that he was "fortunate indeed to be actually good at Art, and that it is quite pleasant to win honors." He has won the BSFA, the British equivalent of our Hugo, more times than any other single British artist, and in 1987 he became the first non-U.S. Hugo winner. He

continues to attract attention for that award, and was again a Hugo nominee in 1993. His paintings have toured both the Continent, and the U.S., the latter under the auspices of The Society of Illustrators, which also awarded him Certificates of Merit.

There is nothing else like a Jim Burns painting. It will be arresting. Every painting Burns completes is memorable in a distinctive way that cannot be confused with any other artist's style. The discovery, development, and maintenance, of one's personal artistic voice is a tremendous accomplishment for any artist and the mark of maturity which cannot be taught. True originality always contains this basic element of creation.

Burns lays the roots of his success at the feet of a remembered neighbor who, during his otherwise uneventful childhood in Cardiff, South Wales (UK), supplied the young Burns with "vast heaps of paper . . . [a] free and seemingly infinite supply (which) probably played a more important part in my developing interest in Art than I am consciously aware."

After Burns's professed too brief encounter with flyboy stardom, where he did his best to "hoodwink instructors into believing I was von Richthoven's reincarnation," Burns left RAF training and turned to art training. This turned out to be his best possible solo flight, for soon, his illustration of Lancaster bombers taking off won him his first commercial art job. A fledgling illustration agency in London, Young Artists (now Arena Agency) quickly signed him on after seeing his graduation portfolio from the prestigious St. Martin's School of Art in London.

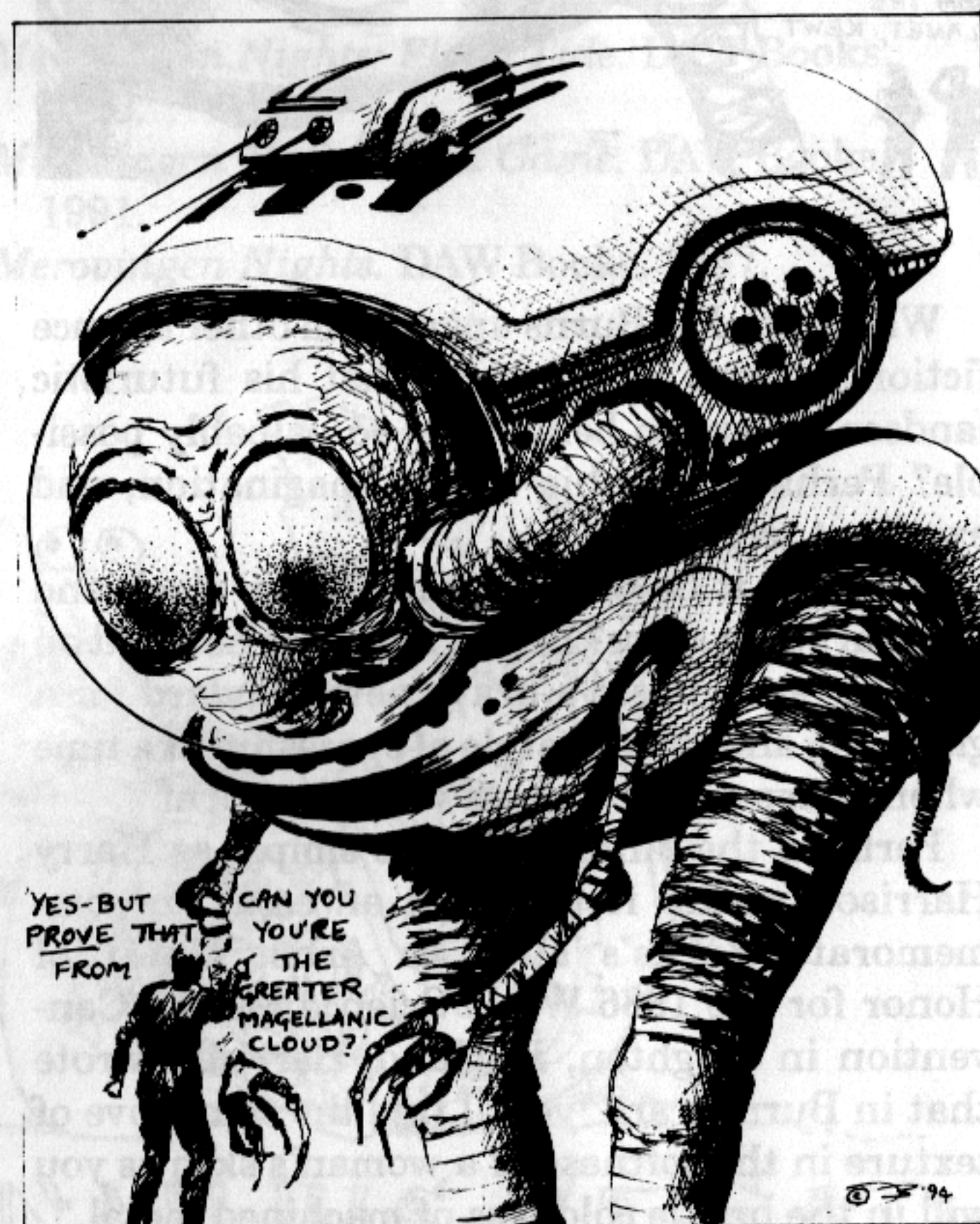
Burns's modest demeanor stands in vivid contrast to the confident ease with which artificial worlds are handled by his science-fictional vision. His mind is capable of assimilating whatever massive bits of data are thrown at it by authors comfortable with scientific invention, and then manipulating those bits down to accessible visual and emotional size. "I particularly want to try to convey artifacts which are the products of truly alien minds and different sets of perceptions. And to suggest materials other than wood or metal or plastic — somehow! Ships of onyx, opalescent vessels plowing bizarre oceans of liquid metal under skies tended by twin or triple suns — all that sort of stuff!" The textures, the smooth alien roundness of his space craft, the glistening mysterious details and edges, the depth that he brings to the

concepts, are all accentuated by their association with living creatures in his work.

Dark, moody, landscapes, interiors of space ships, sterile laboratories — all can be the perfect setting for the mysterious beings that inhabit writers, and therefore Jim's creations can be humanoid or alien forms ranging from the severely 'biologically challenged' to the horrifying, but they share in common an odd visual appeal. The effect is often heightened by their juxtaposition with human figures. Whether surprised in mid-action, or abruptly caught in time, or going about their business, such as it might be in some imagined place and time, they all belong where they are. Jim's alien and human forms are almost photographically real, and compel a viewer's attention, forcing them to identify with the strange by making the exotic beautiful.

Such potential is evident in Burns's earliest works, but his power has grown along with his career, and with the field itself. The 1970s and 1980s saw a tremendous surge in the market for adult SF literature, and a commensurate need for artwork of the same calibre to carry the narrative burden of stories by the likes of heavyweights such as Robert Silverberg.

In 1980, Hollywood came to Burns. Ridley



'JUST JUMP UP BEHIND ME  
LARRY - AND HOLD ON TIGHT!'



© 74 i/c - GUEST LIAISON!

Scott offered Burns the chance to work on *Bladerunner*. "They wanted quick-fire ideas on paper. I was at the time working oil paint almost exclusively, and to do quick-fire things in oils is impossible. Nonetheless, it was a terrific experience, and when I got back from Los Angeles, it made me move from oils to acrylics because you can work more speedily and spontaneously in that medium."

Also in the 1980s, U.S. publishers took the opportunity to buy into a Burns future, and there was no stopping him. Just about every leading publisher has used his services. Today, more than two-thirds of his illustration commissions are for American publishers, and Burns is pleased to supply them. Paper Tiger Press has published two collections of his work: *Lightship* and *The Jim Burns Portfolio*.

His future remains booked solid: illustration assignments, and the possibility of another illustrated book similar to that of *Planet Story*, which he created with Harry Harrison. Not just another art book, this new project, now only in the dreaming stage, would have him teamed with Greg Bear, another of his fans, who says "Jim and I have danced around the notion of doing more work together and one of these days

our schedules will allow that."

Bear owns the original Burns painting done for his book *Eon*, which he claims is thoroughly extraordinary. To hear Bear tell it, Burns had taken the abstractions and the vague descriptions of the novel and without talking to him had put his vision onto board with complete accuracy. "Burns showed me what I was writing about and, in doing so, created what I believe is one of the finest science fiction illustrations of all time — but then I'm prejudiced."

Only a poet would be able to improve on the many laudatory words written in praise of Burns over the years. And quite frankly, while it is helpful to be able to describe the art one sees, to detail technique, palette, and composition, words can never be enough.

Despite Silverberg's close-to-perfect description of Burns's paintings as "sleek and shining . . . and marvelously inventive . . . from the glistening surfaces down into the mysterious revelatory depths," art is ultimately a visual, not a verbal, experience. Art is singular, profound, and complete in itself, little needing any other explanation. Burns's work will either hit you between the eyes and make a dent, or not.

But don't take my word for it. See and decide for yourself.



## TOM SMITH

The last time Tom was at PhilCon, the lower half of the concert (not the second half, nor the raunchier half, but the guitar half) was piped into a next-door ballroom filled with delighted Philippino debutantes. Most witnesses found this right in character with Tom.

There. That sums things up nicely.

Oh, all right. What you *really* need to know about Tom Smith is that he's a sick and silly person, as blindingly fast at songwriting as he is at punning. He's been clocked at writing a parody in thirteen minutes and change. At TropiCon in West Palm Beach, Florida this past January, he did an *Improv Concert*. For an hour. We are not talking about a sane person here.

But then, you might get that impression after hearing his first two tapes, *Who Let Him in Here?* and *Domino Death*, in which he hits everything from pizza delivery to Clive Barker to Tolkien to Elvis to *Star Trek 2* to gaming to Dorsai to psychic love to Wile E. Coyote. And if you haven't heard the stuff *not* on those tapes, ai chihuahua. Ask him sometime about *The Rocky Horror Muppet Show*.

Homer, a career in poetry  
won't help you make it with  
the babes.



He's entered three songwriting contests at the Ohio Valley Filk Fest, and won them all. (Okay, at one he shared first prize with Michael Longcor. But it was a drinking song contest, and Moonwulf's got more experience with the subject.) This year's song-writing contest was based on him — "The Best Song Tom Smith Never Wrote." He's also won a slew of Pegasus Awards for excellence in filking, including three in 1991 for Best Writer/Composer, Best Performer, and Best Song (*A Boy and His Frog*). And he's won (and run) punfights at several Michigan cons, and might even be running one here if you look hard enough at the program book. He's performed across the country, as well as in Toronto and England.

He's also a budding writer, working on some short stories and a novel/musical, *Skullrose and Tourmaline*. As soon as they're done, he'll let you know.

It's pretty straightforward after that. He loves good friends, good food, good hugs, and good music, not to mention bad jokes and bad movies (he proudly owns *Plan Nine from Outer Space*, *Robot Monster*, *The Wild Wild World of Batwoman* (previously titled *She Was a Hippy Vampire*), and nearly every episode of *Mystery Science Theater 3000*). He is, in fact, a media junkie, owning more books, videos, cassette tapes, and comic books than anyone should really be able to fit in one room. He loves his Amiga computer, and is just starting to nose into the Net (t.smith127@genie.geis.com).

Mention should be made of his partners-in-crime, without whom Tom says his life is utterly meaningless. One of them, Anne Schneider, is a delightfully warped lady who loves Monty Python, *Bloom County*, and possibly even *MST3K* even more than Tom does. Anne lends her lovely voice to two tracks on *Domino Death*. The other, Leslie Larkins, is one of the few people silly enough to break up Tom regularly. She's here at PhilCon with Tom, looking to add to the collections of fantasy art and con buddies. The two of them together are as damn silly as two human beings are likely to get. (The three of them together are probably going to topple an empire someday.) Tom and Leslie have threatened to bring the fabled Huskie Bear, so watch out.

So. Any debutantes this year?

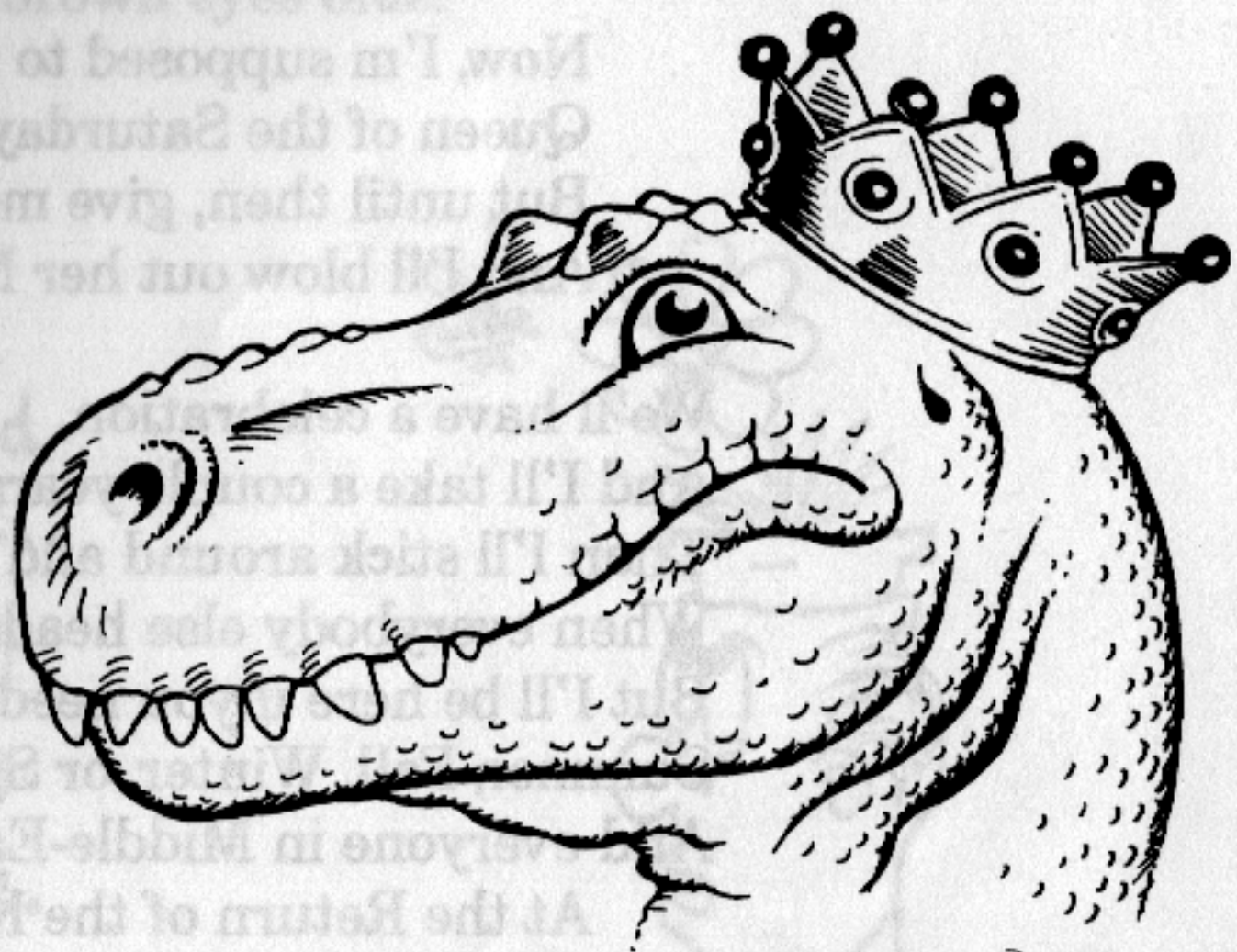
**The Man Who Mistook His Wife For a Hat**

Words: Copyright © 1993 by Tom Smith, after Oliver Sacks, kinda  
Music: "House of the Rising Sun"

There was a man whose neuron paths  
Were out of his control,  
He saw components of a thing,  
But could not see the whole.

A glove to him was five soft tubes,  
Connected at the wrist,  
A landscape scene, just lines and green,  
Cigar smoke, stinky mist.

And then one day his problem  
Proceeded to its term,  
He reached for his wife instead of his hat,  
And ruined her expensive perm.  
The man apologized and said,  
"My dear, my mind has gone,  
For I mistook you for my hat,"  
And she said, "You're putting me on."



© 1990 Walters

## ***The Return of the King, Uh-huh***

Words and Music: Copyright © 1989 by Tom Smith

Well, the world's in a great commotion,  
From the Lonely Mountain back to the Shire,  
The Hobbits are sneakin' the One Ring  
From the frying pan into the Fire.  
"From somewhere we gotta get a hero" —  
That's what the bards all sing,  
But they never expected the rockin' and rollin' I bring —  
It's the return of the King.

I got a suit of studded black leather,  
And my hair stays in place, of course,  
I got a re-forged steel electric guitar  
And a three-hundred-horsepower horse.  
No matter what I ask my Rangers,  
They'll do almost anything,  
And the ladies are waitin' for the chance to dance and sing —  
At the return of the King.

Well, everyone said that I was dead,  
Or maybe Ara-Goin' off to hide,  
But I just kicked back to get on track,  
And wait till I hit my my Stride.

I got my Rangers hoppin'  
Down the misty murky Moria Line,  
And there ain't gonna be no stoppin'  
Until the Pellenore Fields are mine,  
We'll hold off the trolls and goblins,  
And all of the rocks they fling,  
Until Sam and Frodo set Gollum's bells to Ring —  
And make me the King.

Now, I'm supposed to marry Arwen, the Fairie  
Queen of the Saturday Nights,  
But until then, give me Eowyn,  
And I'll blow out her Northern Lights.

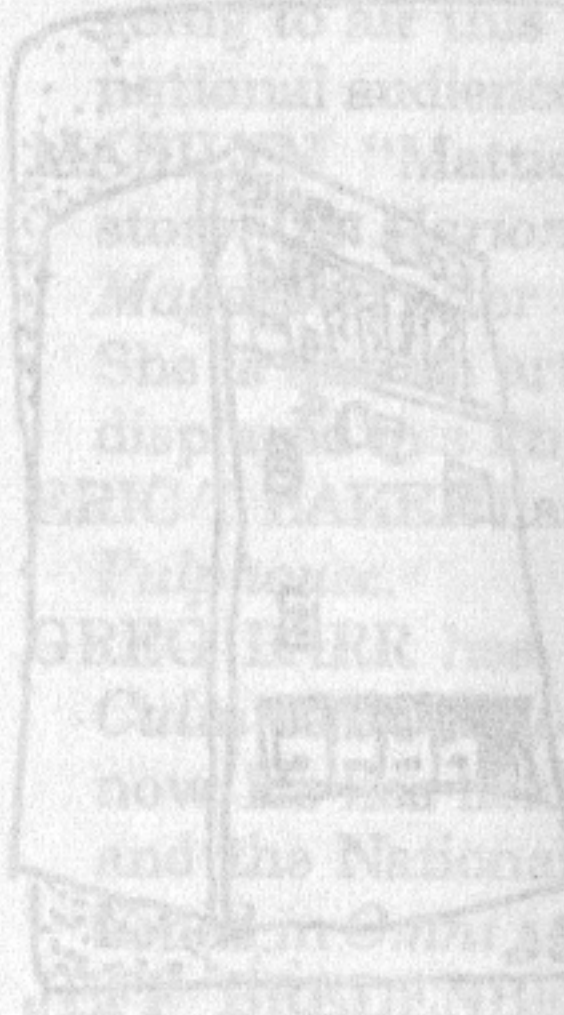
We'll have a celebration,  
And I'll take a couple years to rest,  
Then I'll stick around and keep an eye on things  
When everybody else heads West,  
But I'll be here if you need me,  
Summer, Fall, Winter, or Spring,  
And everyone in Middle-Earth'll really rock and swing —  
At the Return of the King.  
At the Return of the King.  
At the Return of the King.  
— That's why they call me the King.

**Crystal Gayle Killed Frank Herbert**

Words: Copyright © 1986 by Tom Smith

Music: "Don't it Make My Brown Eyes Blue" by Richard Leigh

Copyright © 1976, 1977 by United Artists Music Co.



The spice melange, it's so cinnamon sweet,  
I put it on most everything I eat.  
It's addictive, too,  
And don't it make my brown eyes blue.

Dad got control over all that spice,  
But Baron Harkonnen had him iced —  
Tried to kill me, too,  
And don't it make my brown eyes,  
Don't it make my brown eyes,  
Don't it make my brown eyes blue.

So me and my mother ran away across Dune,  
Got found by the Fremen not a moment too soon,  
They said it was easier to leave us behind,  
But if we went with them, it would stillsuit them fine.

Now I'm dreamin' of a huge jihad,  
And the Fremen all think I'm God —  
Maybe I do, too,  
And don't it make my brown eyes,  
Don't it make my brown eyes,  
Don't it make my brown eyes blue.

I've applied  
for a new one...  
I might as well  
use the space  
in the meantime.



Tom Smith

# Program Participants at Philcon 1994

CATHERINE ASARO is a practicing theoretical physicist, who has sold a novel to Tor Books. She also edits *Mindsparks*, a small-press science and science fiction magazine.

ELLEN ASHER is senior editor of the Science Fiction Book Club.

A.J. AUSTIN's fiction has appeared in *Analog* and elsewhere. His novel, *To Save the Sun*, written in collaboration with Ben Bova, was published by Tor last year. Another collaboration with Bova, also published by Tor, *To Fear the Light* appeared about two weeks before Philcon. His short fiction credits include *Asimov's SF*, *Analog*, *Amazing*, *Aboriginal SF* . . . and that only covers the A's.

ERIC T. BAKER is a graduate of the 1989 Clarion Workshop and a member of SFWA. His fiction has appeared in *Amazing* and *F&SF*, and he has done reviews for *Science Fiction Age*.

JOHN BALTADONIS is one of the founding members of Philadelphia fandom.



MIKKI BARRY is an attorney, vice-president of InterCom, and president of the Internet Business Association.

JUDITH BERMAN attended the 1994 Clarion Workshop and recently made her first sale to *Realms of Fantasy*.

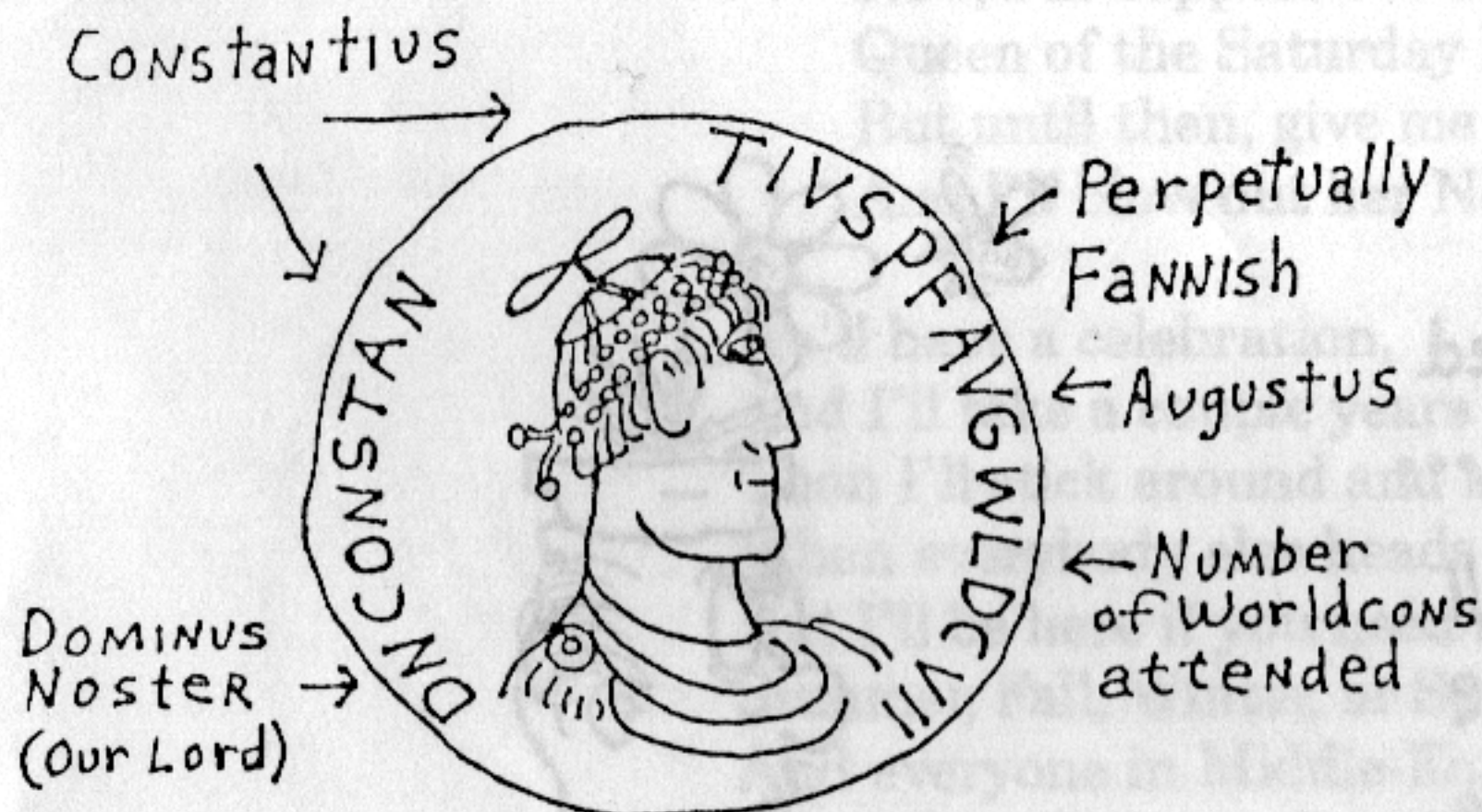
ISAIAH BLANKSON works for NASA and is an expert in hypersonic flight.

BERNADETTE BOSKY is a distinguished critic. Her essays have appeared in many journals and anthologies, such as *Discovering Classic Horror Fiction*, edited by Darrell Schweitzer. Her story "None of the Above," originally published by Cirquet Press, will be reprinted in next year's *Best American Erotica*.

JOHN BETANCOURT has been senior editor of Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc. He is now an independent packager and anthologist. He was one of the three founding editors of the current incarnation of *Weird Tales* and has worked editorially on *Amazing Stories*. As a publisher, he is responsible for the enormously successful Wildside Press imprint, for which he was a World Fantasy Award nominee in 1993. As an author, he is best known for *Johnny Zed* and *Rememory*. Other Betancourt novels include *The Blind Archer* and *Rogue Pirate*. His short fiction has appeared in *Amazing*, *Weird Tales*, *Aboriginal SF*, and various anthologies. His most recent collaboration (with Kim Betancourt) is named Ian James Betancourt.

MICHAEL BETANCOURT is art director for *Worlds of Fantasy and Horror*. His

IF ROMAN EMPERORS  
HAD READ SCIENCE FICTION



COIN type of Constantius II  
A.D. 337-361

paintings have been shown in Philadelphia galleries. In addition to his work on *WoF&H*, he also is a maker of art films which have been shown at film festivals. Two of these films are going to air this fall on Public Television to a national audience of approximately 10 million. MARILYN "Mattie" BRAHEN sold her first story (to *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*) after twenty-seven years of trying. She is also an artist. Her paintings have been displayed in a Philadelphia gallery.

ERIC T. BAKER has sold stories to *Amazing* and *Pulphouse*.

GREG BARR has been working with *Contact: Cultures of the Imagination* for several years now. He has held positions in the L-5 Society and the National Space Society. He has published in *Omni* and *Analog*.

JEFF BREDENBERG is the author of three science fiction novels, *The Dream Compass* (Avon 1991), *The Dream Vessel* (Avon, 1992), and *The Man in the Moon Must Die* (Avon,

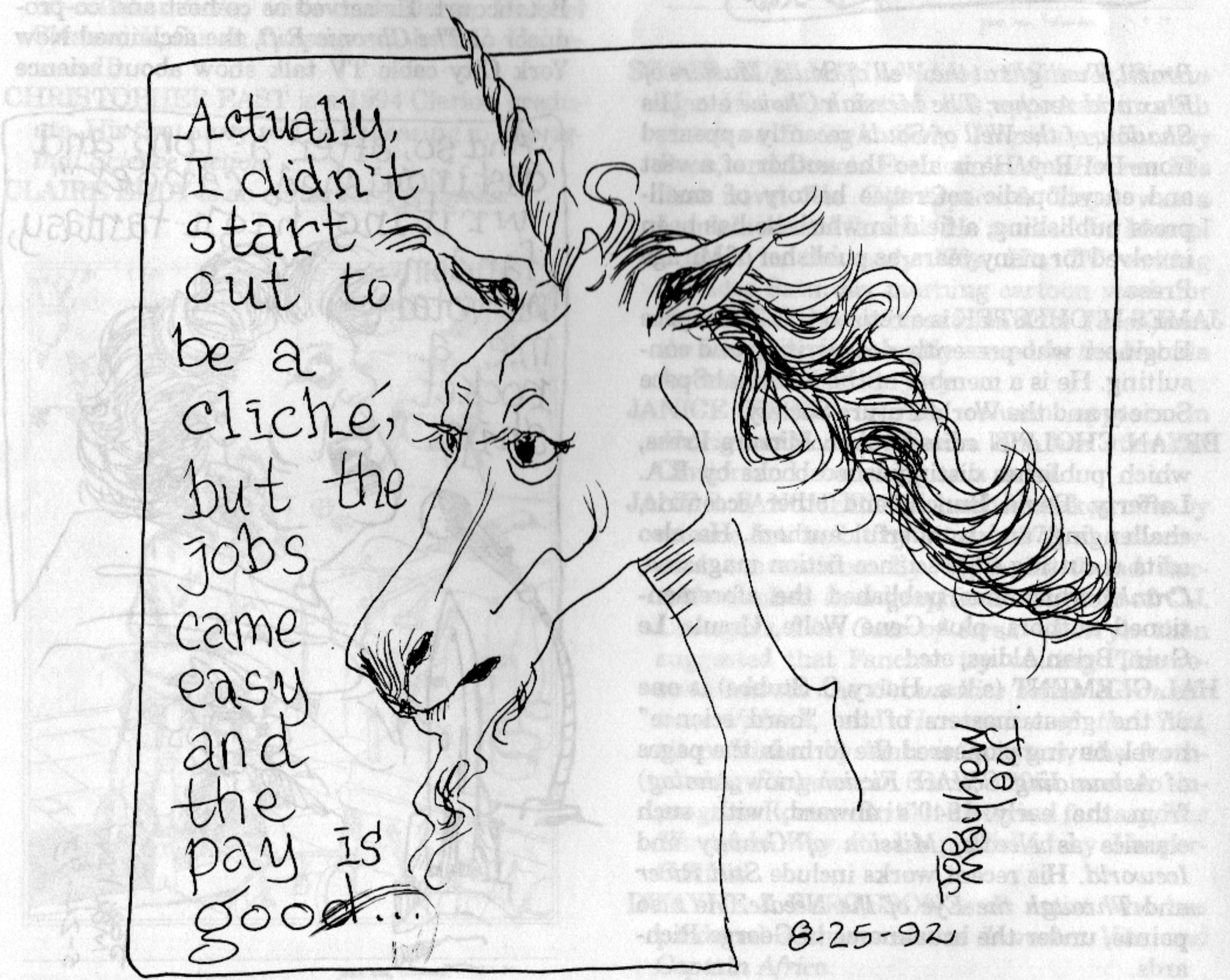
1993). He has worked for 23 years in journalism and is currently assistant managing editor of *The News Journal* in Wilmington, Delaware. ALAN BROWN's first novelet appeared recently. He is a member of SFWA.

MICHAEL BURSTEIN attended the Clarion Workshop and recently sold his first story, to *Analog*.

JEFFREY CARVER's most recent novel is *Neptune Crossing* (Tor, 1994), the first book in *The Chaos Chronicles*, a new hard-SF series inspired by the emerging science of chaos theory. He has also written *Dragon Rigger* (Tor, 1993), *Dragons in the Stars* (Tor 1992), *The Rapture Effect* (Tor, 1987), and *The Infinity Link* (Bluejay, 1984).

SUSAN CASPER has published short fiction in *Amazing*, *Asimov's Science Fiction*, and elsewhere.

JACK CHALKER is the author of numerous novels, series, tetologies, including *The Four Lords of the Diamonds*, *The Return of Nathan*





Brazil, *Twilight at the Well of Souls*, *Masters of Flux and Anchor*, *The Messiah Choice* etc. His *Shadow of the Well of Souls* recently appeared from Del Rey. He is also the author of a vast and encyclopedic reference history of small-press publishing, a field in which he has been involved for many years, as publisher of Mirage Press.

**JAMES H. CHESTEK** is a retired G.E. Aerospace Engineer who presently does writing and consulting. He is a member of the National Space Society and the World Future Society.

**BRYAN CHOLFIN** edits Broken Mirrors Press, which publishes distinguished books by R.A. Lafferty, David Bunch, and other eccentric, challenging, and wonderful authors. He also edits a cutting-edge science fiction magazine, *Crank!* which has published the aforementioned authors, plus Gene Wolfe, Ursula Le Guin, Brian Aldiss, etc.

**HAL CLEMENT** (a.k.a. Harry C. Stubbs) is one of the great masters of the "hard science" novel, having pioneered the form in the pages of *Astounding Science Fiction* (now *Analog*) from the early 1940's onward, with such classics as *Needle*, *Mission of Gravity* and *Iceworld*. His recent works include *Still River* and *Through the Eye of the Needle*. He also paints, under the brushname of George Richards.

**GREG COSTIKYAN** describes himself as "your general issue Minor Genre Writer (MGW)," with a bunch of short stories and one novel in print (three others forthcoming). He is also a World Famous Game Designer (WFGD), having designed 23 commercial-published games, including *Paranoia*, *Toon*, and *Star Wars: The Roleplaying Game*. He does some stuff for Prodigy Services computer network, and for *Reason* magazine. His hobbies include breathing, eating, and changing diapers.

**GREG COX** is an editor for Tor books. His short fiction has appeared in many magazines and anthologies.

**KATHRYN CRAMER** is an editor and anthologist, noted for such books as the World Fantasy Award nominated *Walls of Fear* (Morrow).

**KEITH R.A. DECANDIDO** is a science fiction and fantasy editor of Byron Preiss Visual Publications and the editor of the Marvel series of novels for Byron Preiss Multimedia Company. His first fiction sale was a short story to *The Ultimate Spider Man*, co-authored with John Betancourt. He served as co-host and co-producer of *The Chronic Rift*, the acclaimed New York City cable TV talk show about science



fiction. He lives in Manhattan with his "lovely and much more talented wife," Marina Frants. JOHN DE CHANCIE is the author of *Castle Perilous* and its sequels, plus *Starrigger*, *Red Limit Freeway*, *Maginet*, etc. He has worked for TV in "various capacities," according to the source we cribbed this from.

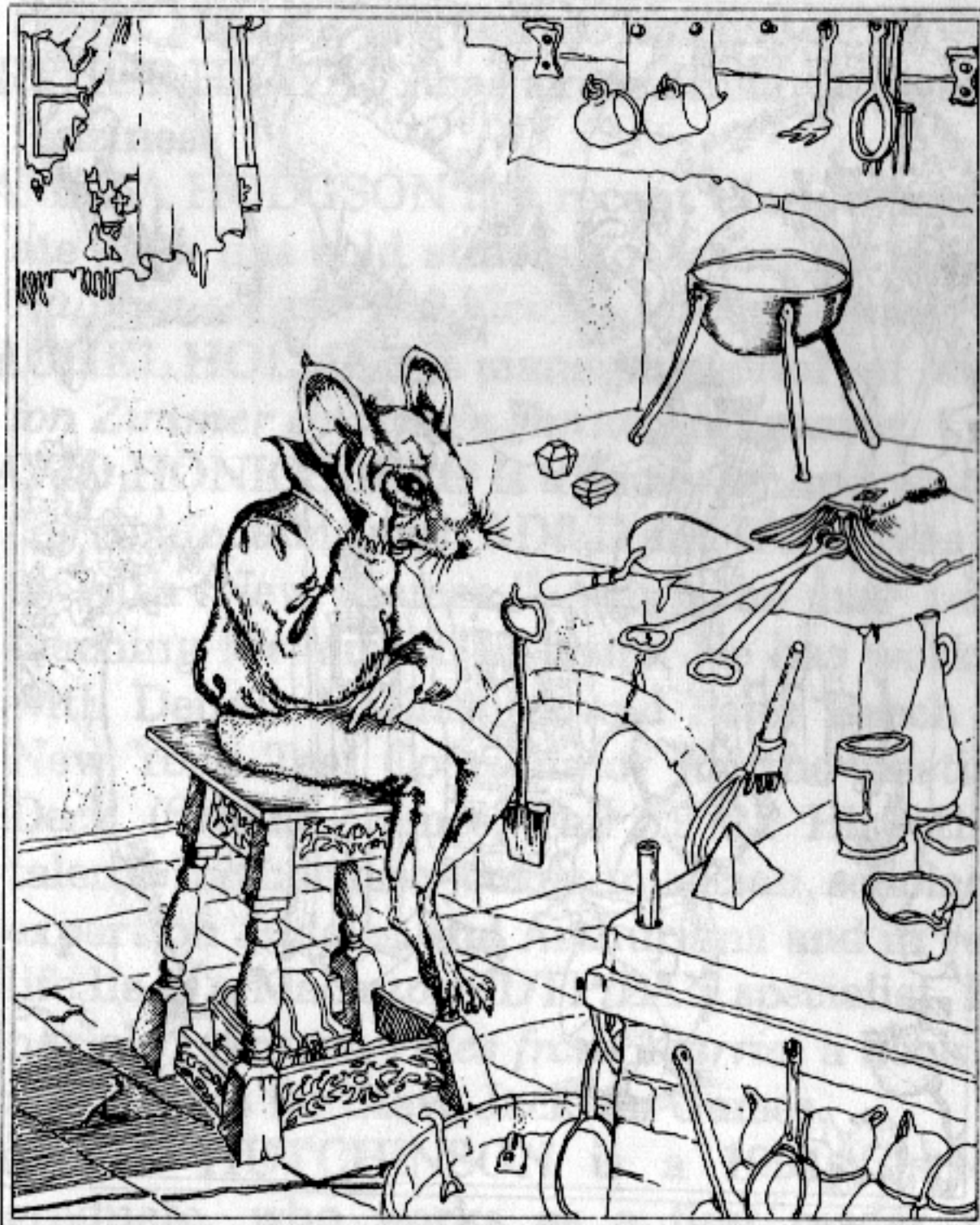
CORY DOCTOROW graduated from the Clarion Workshop this year.

TOM DOHERTY is the published of Tor Books and one of the most influential people in science fiction.

GARDNER DOZOIS edits *Asimov's Science Fiction* magazine, for which he won the Best Professional Editor Hugo six years running. This, and his numerous anthologies (everything from *The Year's Best Science Fiction* to *Magocats*) tend to distract us from his similar eminence as a fiction writer. His story "The Peacemaker" won a Nebula Award in 1983 and "Morning Child" won in 1985. Look for his novel *Strangers* and the collections *The Visible Man* and *Slow Dancing Through Time* (a book of collaborations, with Jack Dann, Michael Swanwick, Susan Casper, and Jack C. Halderman II).

CHRISTOPHER EAST is a 1994 Clarion graduate. His first story will be appearing in *Aboriginal Science Fiction*.

CLAIRE EDDY is an editor for Tor Books.



Jason van Hollander 2.1.80



Jason van Hollander 11.9.79

SCOTT EDELMAN is editor of *Science Fiction Age*. His short fiction has appeared in such places as *Twilight Zone*, *Pulphouse*, *Fantasy Book*, and Dennis Etchison's *MetaHorror*. His first novel *The Gift* (Space & Time) was a Lambda Award finalist. He worked for Marvel Comics in the early '70s. His TV writing includes Saturday morning cartoon work for Hanna-Barbera and treatments for *Tales from the Darkside*. He recently served on the Nebula Awards short fiction jury.

JANICE EISEN's review column appears in *Aboriginal Science Fiction*. She has attended Clarion and is working on a novel.

JANE S. FANCHER's life has been taken over by science fiction, bit by bit. In 1978, she discovered conventions. By 1985 she found herself emeshed in a graphic adaptation of C.J. Cherryh's *The Gate of Ivrel*. Cherryh then suggested that Fancher try writing. The results include the *Groundties* series (*Groundties*, *UpLink*, and *Harmonies of the Net*, all published by Warner/Questar), the forthcoming *Ringdancer* (DAW, 1995), and an in-progress Roman-British historical fantasy, *The Threefold Way* (to be published by HarperCollins).

DWAYNE J. FERGUSON is an artist who has produced such comics as *Hamster Vice* and *Captain Africa*.



jan van hellander 11.24.79

**RICHARD KANE FERGUSON** does artwork for *Magic: The Gathering*.

**MICHAEL FLYNN**'s fiction has appeared in *Analog*. He has collaborated with Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle on *Fallen Angels*. His first solo novel was *In the Country of the Blind*. His short fiction has been collected in *The Nanotech Chronicles* and the forthcoming *Forest of Time and Other Stories*. He is currently working on *Firestar*, a near-future, high-tech saga.

**MARINA FRANTS** was born in the Soviet Union, back when there was one. She has written articles and reviews on genre matters for *Publisher's Weekly*, *Horror*, *Wilson Library Bulletin*, and *The Journal of Irreproducible Results*. Her short story, "Twelve Steps," is due to appear in *Pulphouse*, she tells us, any decade now. She lives in Manhattan with her self-effacing, but still talented husband, Keith R.A. DeCandido.

**MARY K. FREY**'s fiction has appeared in *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine* and the *Sword and Sorceress* anthologies. She is currently working on a historical novel about the Roman conquest of Gaul and an alternate history fantasy, also set in France.

**GREGORY FROST**'s novels include *Lyrec*, *Remscla*, *Tain*, and, most recently, *The Pure Cold Light*, a science fiction novel set in a dystopic Philadelphia. It is a front-runner for next

year's Nebula Award. He has published short fiction in anthologies and magazines.

**MARK GARLAND**'s publications include *Dorella* (Baen, 1992), *Demon Blade* (Baen, 1994) and more than thirty stories in such magazines as *Analog*, *Off World*, *Scream Factory*, *Glimpses*, *SF World Monthly* (China), and Jane Yolen's *Xanadu 3*.

**LAURA ANNE GILMAN** is an editor at Berkley Publishing. She has sold a few stories, but purports to be unable to convince herself it's not a fluke. Watch this space for further developments. (It's not a fluke.)

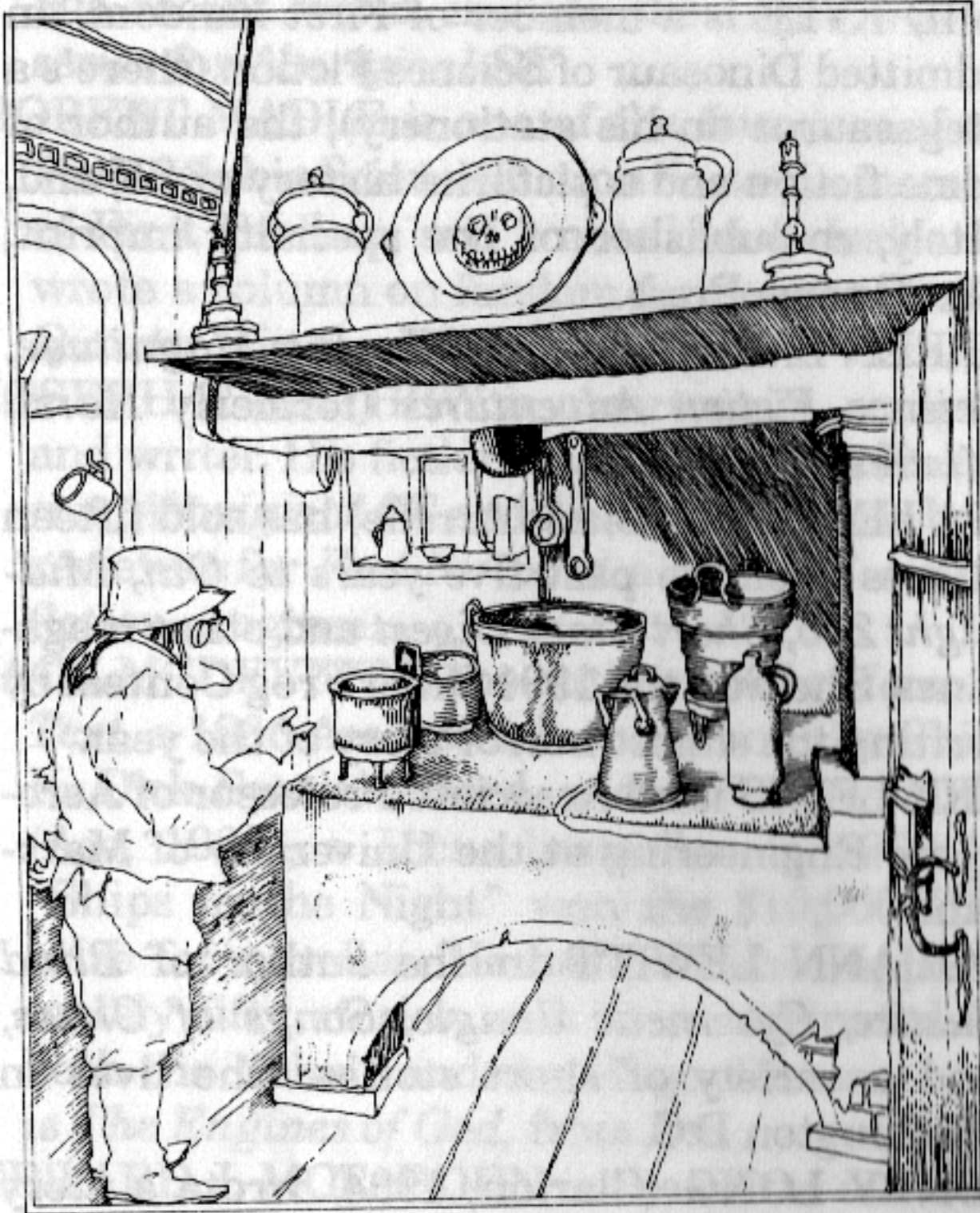
**MITCHELL GORDON** is the former president of the Philadelphia chapter of the National Space Society, and a writer.

**JAY HAINES** works for UNISYS and is the current president of the Philadelphia chapter of the National Space Society. He is both a computer programmer and a hypnotist.

**DAVID G. HARTWELL** has for some years now been one of the field's most distinguished editors. He is presently a consultant for Tor Books. Chances are any SF or fantasy book you've really admired as something distinctly a cut above the usual run of formula in the past ten years has had David Hartwell involved with it at some point. Some examples include Gene Wolfe's *The Book of the New Sun* and sequels, several Michael Bishop novels, and



jan van hellander 1.12.90



from van Hollander 12.17.79

Ellen Kushner's *Thomas the Rhymer*. Recently Hartwell has been exploring and virtually re-defining the horror and fantasy fields through a series of definitive anthologies, such as *The Foundations of Fear* and *Masterpieces of Fantasy and Enchantment*. He is one of those Secret Masters you hear so much about.

ARTHUR HLAVATY has written many essays for fanzines.

PAMELA HODGSON is a recent Clarion graduate who has sold stories to *Amazing*, *F&SF*, *Pulphouse*, and *100 Vicious Little Vampires*.

RACHEL HOLMEN is managing editor for *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*.

DAVID HONIGSBERG is a gamer and writer, "as comfortable with AD&D and GURPS as he is with New Games," which he has been teaching for almost 15 years. He has worked with Dennis McKiernan and Peter Busch as New York Test Coordinator for the *Destiny Deck* (Stellar Games, Fall 1992). His other talents include disc-jockey, musician, scholarly expert on Judaica and Arthuriana and in real life he is a Macintosh/DTP/LAN specialist. He has also written *Tales from Ytarria*, a book of adventures for Steve Jackson Games.

SANDRA HUTCHINSON is a 1994 Clarion graduate, who works as a first reader for *Aboriginal SF*. She has sold stories to several small press magazines.

AKETA JACKSON is the editor of *The Journal of Practical Applications in Space* and writes SF as L. Jackson Gardner.

JENNIFER JACKSON is an assistant at the Donald Maass Literary Agency.

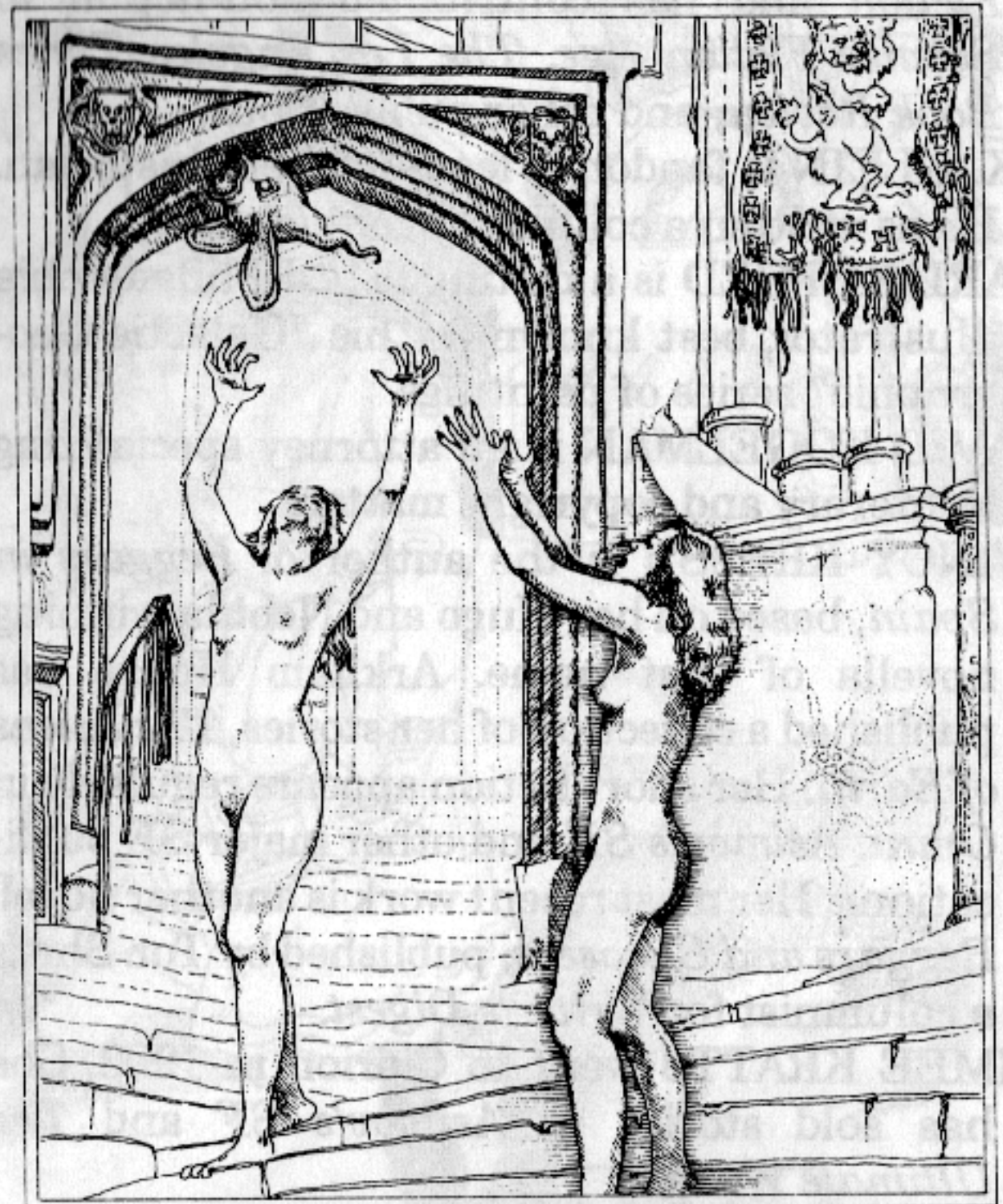
JANET KAGAN won a Best Novelette Hugo for "The Nutcracker Coup." She is the author of *Mirable* and many stories which have appeared in *Asimov's SF*.

MARVIN KAYE is the author of *The Incredible Umbrella*, *The Amorous Umbrella*, *Masters of Solitude* (with Parke Godwin), *A Cold Blue Light* (with Parke Godwin), *Fantastique*, and many others novels and stories. He is also a prolific anthologist, editor of *Masterpiece of Terror and the Unknown*, and *The Game is Afoot: Parodies, Ponderings, and Pastiches of Sherlock Holmes*. He is also involved in magic, theater, and mystery fiction.

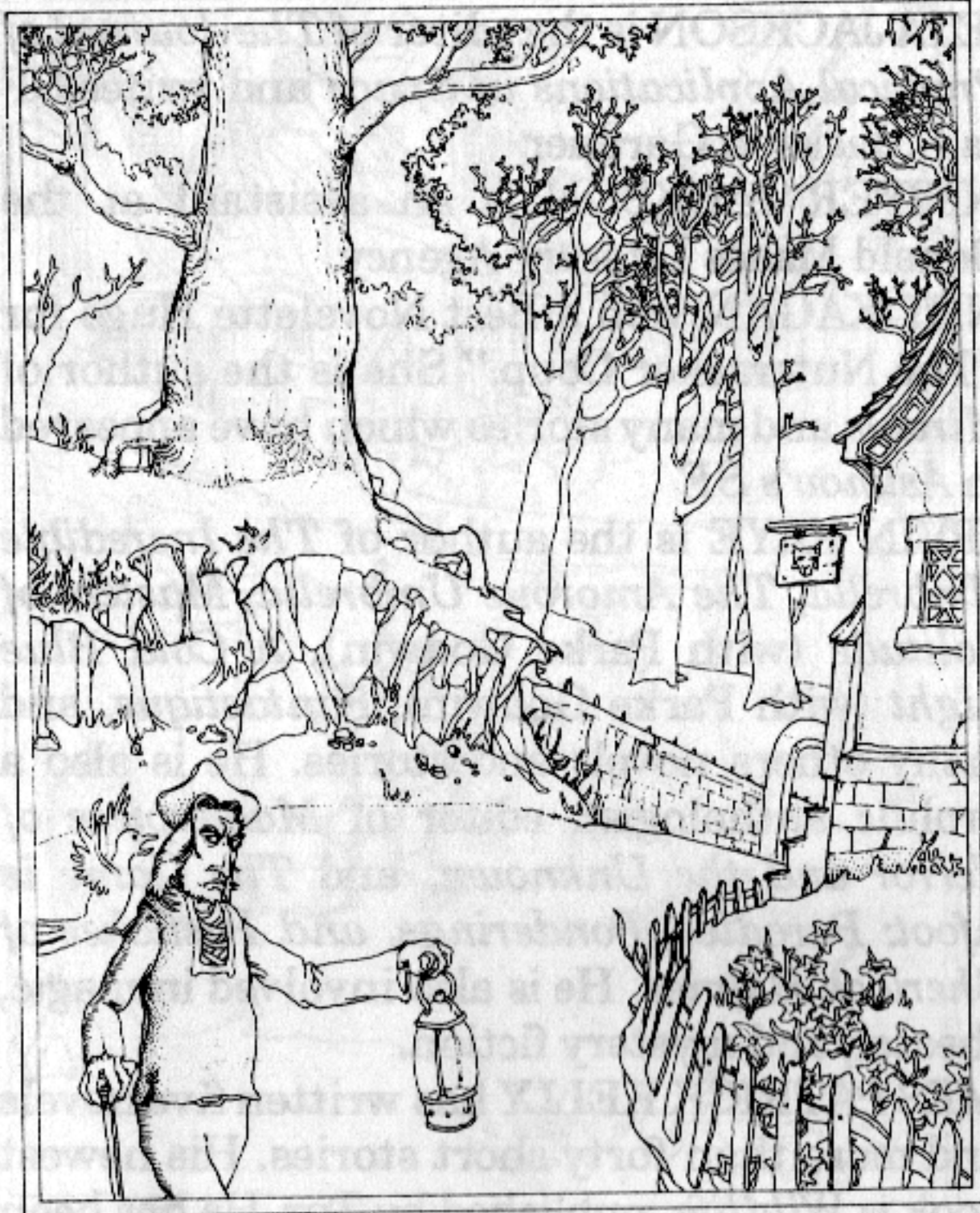
JAMES PATRICK KELLY has written five novels and more than forty short stories. His newest book is *Wildlife*, published by Tor. He has been a frequent contributor to the magazines, especially *Asimov's SF*, and has often been a finalist for the Hugo and the Nebula.

DONALD G. KELLER works as an editor for Tor Books, is half of Serconia Press, and staff member of *The New York Review of Science Fiction*.

JOHN KESSEL is the author of two novels, *Good*



from van Hollander 12.27.79



from van hollander 11-15-79

*News from Outer Space*, and *Freedom Beach* (with James Patrick Kelly). His collection *Meeting in Infinity* was a World Fantasy Award finalist, and contains his Nebula Award winning novella, "Another Orphan." He writes a regular book column for *Fantasy and Science Fiction* and has contributed non-fiction to *Science Fiction Age*, *The Los Angeles Times Book Review*, and other publications.

J.K. KLEIN is fandom's leading photo historian.

He has written a column for *Analog*.

KARL KOFOED is a distinguished Philadelphia illustrator, best known for his "Galactic Geographic" series of paintings.

DAVID KOGELMAN is an attorney specializing in literary and copyright matters.

NANCY KRESS's is the author of *Beggars in Spain*, based on her Hugo and Nebula winning novella of that name. Arkham House has published a collection of her stories, *The Aliens of Earth*. Her short fiction appears regularly in *Omni*, *Asimov's SF*, and other major SF publications. Her most recent work is another novel, *Beggars and Choosers*, published by Tor. She is a columnist for *Writer's Digest*.

AIMEE KRATTS went to Clarion in 1992. She has sold stories to *Asimov's SF* and *The Ultimate Witch*.

TED KRULIK wrote a book on Roger Zelazny. He also has worked on *The Amber Sourcebook*.

DAVID KYLE is a member of First Fandom, an admitted Dinosaur of Science Fiction (there's a stegasaurus on his stationery), the author of some fiction and a pictorial history of SF, and, lately, co-publisher of the specialty imprint, GnuGnome Press.

WARREN LAPINE co-edits *Absolute Magnitude*, *Science Fiction Adventures* (formerly *Harsh Mistress*).

DINA LEACOCK (Diane Arrelle) has sold fifteen stories over the past five years to *Oui*, *Midnight Zoo*, *Short Story Digest* and other magazines. She won the 1991 Killer Frog Contest by writing the silliest horror story of the year.

MARK LEWIS is an Associate Professor of Aerospace Engineering at the University of Maryland.

SHARIANN LEWITT is the author of *Blind Justice*, *Cybernetic Jungle*, *Songs of Chaos*, and a variety of short stories. She lives in Washington D.C.

SYDNEY LONG (Clarion, 1994) wrote a story which will appear in the forthcoming Tor anthology, *Women at War*. She served as an Air Force officer for six years.

RICHARD K. LYON has published several novels, and short fiction in *Aboriginal*, *Analog*, and elsewhere. He has a Ph. D. in physical chemistry and works as Science Advisor to the Exxon Research and Engineering Company.



from van hollander 1.21.80

His recent works include the Lightningman series for *Aboriginal SF*.

**ROBERT MADLE** is one of the founders of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, a member of First Fandom, and a noted book dealer. He wrote a column on fandom for *Science Fiction Quarterly* in the '50s.

**JOSEPH T. MAYHEW** is a cartoonist, sculptor, and writer. His fiction has appeared in *Tomorrow*, *Aboriginal SF*, and *Aberrations*. He is book reviewer for *Fast Forward* a cable TV science fiction program.

**JACK MCDEVITT** is the author of *The Hercules Text*, a 1986 Ace Special which won the Philip K. Dick Special Award, and *A Talent for War* (Ace, 1989), a *Locus* bestseller. In 1992 his "Ships in the Night" won the \$10,000 UPC prize for novellas. He has published approximately fifty stories, and been nominated for both the Nebula and the Hugo. His new book is *The Engines of God*, from Ace.

**EDWARD J. MCFADDEN** is the editor of *Pirate Writings*, a small-press magazine of considerable note.

**TERRY MCGARRY** is a copy editor for *The New Yorker* and the author of short fiction published in *Aboriginal SF*, *The Skin of the Soul*, *Alternate Worldcons*, *Deals with the Devil*, and *Witch Fantastic*. Her novel *Illumination* was a 1992 Gryphon Award Honor Book.

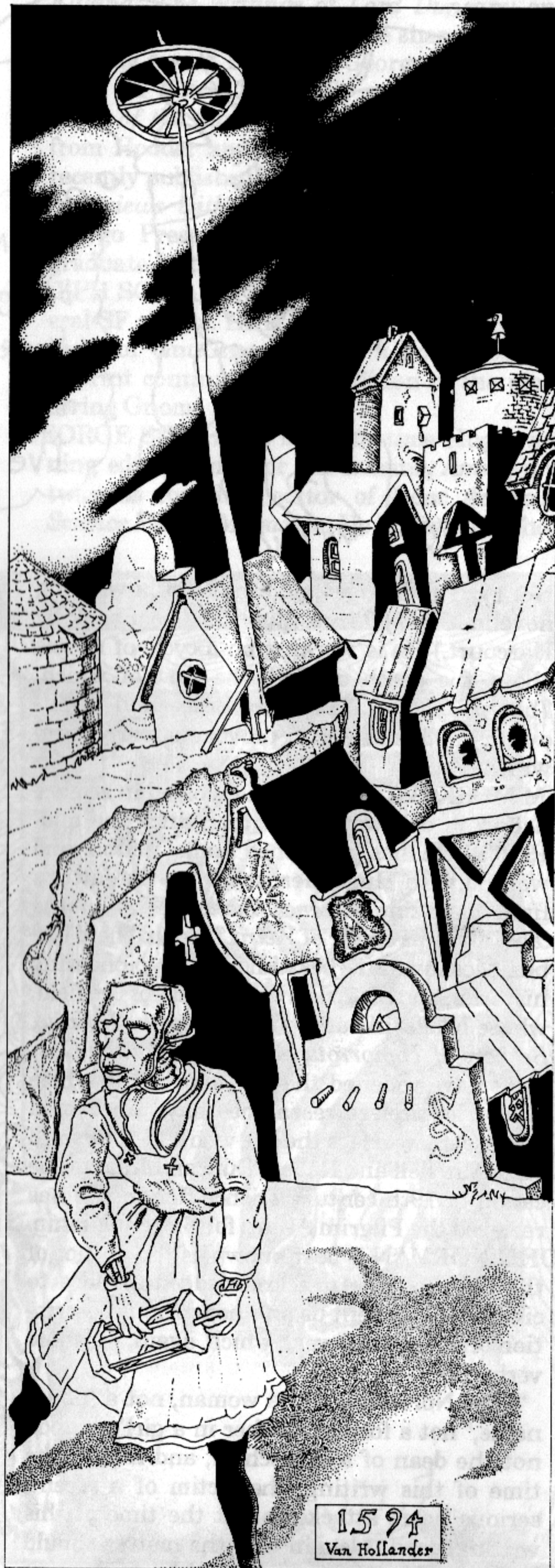
**CHARLES G. MCGRAW**'s most recent sales were *Dorella* (with Mark Garland) published by Baen, and *Demon Blade* (Baen, 1994), also with Garland.

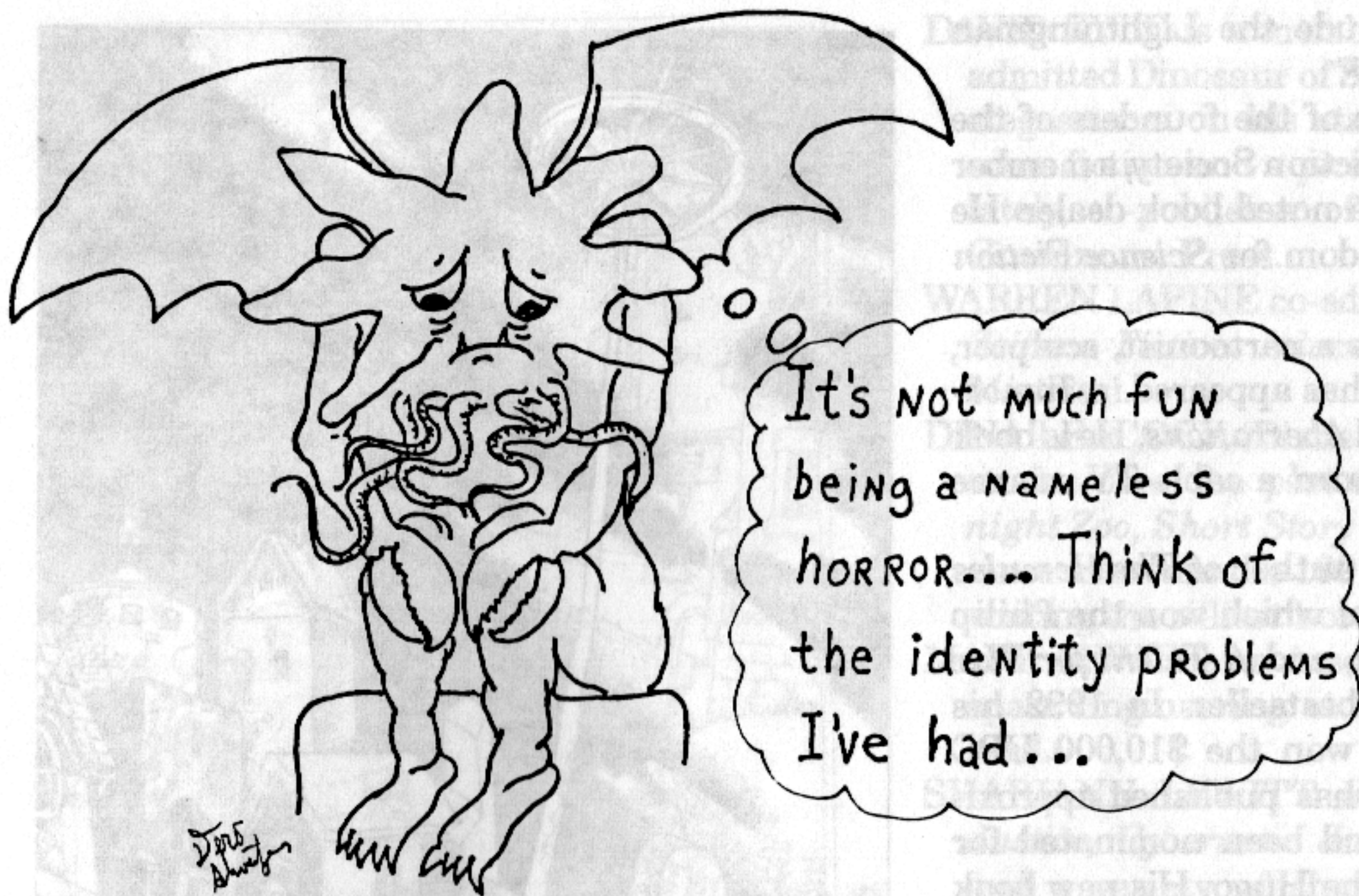
**JEFF MENGES** does artwork for *Magic: The Gathering*.

**BETSY MITCHELL** is editor-in-chief of the new Warner Aspect line of SF and fantasy books. She has previously worked for Bantam Spectra and Baen Books, and over the years has edited such luminaries as Isaac Asimov, C.J. Cherryh, William Gibson, Dan Simmons, Bruce Sterling, and many more.

**SANDRA C. MORRESE** recently had a story published in Marion Zimmer Bradley's *Sword and Sorceress XI*. She produces a fanzine for C.J. Cherryh's Khemeis fan group.

**JAMES MORROW** has won the World Fantasy Award for *Only Begotten Daughter*, a novel which starts off with the incarnation of Jesus Christ's younger sister Julie in Atlantic City, New Jersey. He is the author of *The Wine of Violence*, *The Continent of Lies*, and *This is the Way the World Ends*, plus such short fiction as the Nebula-winning "Bible Stories for Adults,





No. 17: "The Deluge", and the Nebula-winning novella *City of Truth* (published as a book by Harcourt.) He is working on a cycle of novels about the death of God, the first of which, *Towing Jehovah* (Harcourt, Brace, and Jovanovich, 1993) has yet to provoke supernatural wrath. Yet.

**SAM MOSKOWITZ** has been involved in science fiction in one way or another since the mid-1930's. He has published some fiction and worked with Hugo Gernsback on the latter's final magazine, *Science Fiction Plus* in the '50s, and was editor of *Weird Tales* in the '70s, but Moskowitz is best known as a pioneering historian and historical anthologist of the field, whose books, including *Exploring the Infinite*, *Seekers of Tomorrow*, *Science Fiction by Gaslight* have widened the horizons of the whole field. His tireless researches have uncovered whole careers. He is the one who added Edward Page Mitchell and Robert Duncan Milne to the canon of 19th century science fiction. He has received the Pilgrim Award for SF scholarship.

**JOHN NORMAN** is best known as the author of the *Gor* books. An acknowledged menace to civilization he sent us another curious description of himself this year, which, again, we quote verbatim:

"John Norman is not a woman, not a 'house name,' not a former teacher in a girl's school, not the dean of a law school, and not, at the time of this writing, the victim of a recent, serious heart attack, nor, at the time of this writing, dead. Also, in case the matter should come up, Mr. Norman would like to deny in

advance, before such things gain irremediable credibility, that he is not the favorite author of Catherine A. MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin, nor has he been nominated for the coveted Male Feminist of the Year Award. Also, he has never tortured giraffes, and, at the time of this writing, at least, has no intention of ever doing so."

**JANICE O'CONNOR** recently attended the famous Clarion Science Fiction Writers' Workshop. Janice has sold her two stories to *Aboriginal SF*.

**ANDREW PORTER** edits *Science Fiction Chronicle*. He has now won the Hugo two years in a row, for Best Semiprozine.

**TOM PURDOM's** most recent sales have been several short stories and novelets published in *Asimov's*. He has been writing SF professionally since 1957. His novels include *The Barons of Behavior* and *I Want the Stars*. For the past five years he has been the classical music critic for a Philadelphia weekly newspaper. He and his wife, Sara, now have two grandchildren: Benjamin (Oct. 1992) and Rachel (Sept. 1994).

**ROMAN RANIERI's** short fiction has appeared in *After Hours*, *Cemetery Dance*, *Eldritch Tales*, and others. He reviews for *The Overlook Connection* and *New Blood*, among others.

**MADELEINE E. ROBINS** has published five novels in other fields. Her fantastic fiction has appeared in *Asimov's SF*, *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, and elsewhere. She is currently completing a science fiction novel, *City on Fire* for Tor Books.

**ROBERTA ROGOW** is the author of *Future-*

*Speak: A Fan's Guide to the Language of Science Fiction* (Paragon, 1991). She has written short fiction for the Merovingen Nights shared-universe anthologies.

**JON ROSENTHAL** is a 1994 Clarion graduate. He loves to argue, we're told. Who are we to dispute this claim?

**MILTON ROTHMAN** is a retired physicist and occasional science fiction writer. He was once an active SF fan and is one of the founders of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society. He has written science fiction under the byline Lee Gregor, including the classic "Heavy Planet," (in *Adventures in Time and Space*). He is the author of many articles and eight science books, including *The Science Gap: Dispelling the Myths and Understanding the Reality of Science* (Prometheus Books, 1992)

**CHARLES RYAN** is a compulsive magazine editor. He has edited *Aboriginal Science Fiction* for five years now, and, before that, was editor of *Galileo* for several years. He also edits First Books.

**LAWRENCE SCHIMMEL** is one of those kid-prodigies older writers would like to drown. He has sold hundreds of stories and poems, to *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*, *Asimov's SF*, and scads of anthologies, all before the age of 22. He has also collaborated with Mike Resnick, Mark Garland, and Janet Gluckman. At the rate he is going, by the time he's 40, his credits will fill this entire section of the Philcon program book.

**DARRELL SCHWEITZER** denies being a member of a degenerate underground race which trains sinister ray machines on mankind, for all he perpetrates sanity-threatening cartoons which he signs DERO. More respectably, he edits *Worlds of Fantasy and Horror* magazine (the former *Weird Tales*) and is the author of *The Shattered Goddess*, *The White Isle*, and *Tom O'Bedlam's Night Out*. His *Transients and Other Disquieting Stories* was a 1994 World Fantasy Award nominee for Best Collection. His non-fiction books include *Pathways to*

*Elfland: The Writings of Lord Dunsany and Discovering H.P. Lovecraft*. He shared a World Fantasy Award 1992 with George Scithers, for work on *Weird Tales*. His recent novel, *The Mask of the Sorcerer*, will appear in England from Hodder and Stoughton 1995. His most recently published book is *Speaking of Horror: Interviews with Writers of the Supernatural* (Borgo Press, 1994). He is a 1973 Clarion graduate (a.k.a one of the Great Old Ones).

**RALPH SCHIANO** is a literary agent with several SF clients. He is co-publisher, with David Kyle, of GnuGnome Press, a limited-edition imprint continuing the tradition of the pioneering Gnome Press.

**GEORGE SCITHERS** is a four-time Hugo-winning editor, twice for his fanzine, *Amra*, and twice as founding editor of *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. He is also an anthol-



ogist, occasional writer (having sold fiction to both John W. Campbell and Ben Bova's *Analog*, and to *If*) and 1992 World Fantasy Award finalist in the Special Professional Category as publisher of *Weird Tales*. George also produces a handsome line of hardcover books under the Owlswick Press imprint, the most recent of which is *Adventures in Unhistory* by Avram Davidson.

CHARLES SHEFFIELD's is one of our most distinguished hard-science writers. His recent books include *Brother to Dragons* (Baen), *Transcendence* (Tor), *Cold as Ice* (Tor), *Dancing With Myself* (Baen), *One Man's Universe* (Tor) and *Godspeed* (Tor). His short fiction has appeared in all the major magazines. He won a Hugo this year for "Georgia On My Mind" (Best Novelette).

DELIA SHERMAN's historical fantasy about the French Revolution, *The Porcelain Dove*, won a Mythopoeic Award this year. Her first novel, *Through a Brazen Mirror*, was published as an Ace Fantasy Special in 1988. Her stories have appeared in *The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror* three times. She has a novella in Jane Yolen's *Xanadu II*.

SUSAN SHWARTZ has published many novels on her own (*Byzantium's Crown* etc.), collaborated with Andre Norton (*The Empire of the Eagle*) and edited such anthologies as *Habitats* and *Hecate's Cauldron*.

DAVID GREER SMITH is a 1994 Clarion graduate.

ROBERT F. STAUFFER is a 1993 Clarion graduate. He has been Ellen Datlow's first reader, and has worked as an assistant at Tor Books.

MICHAEL SWANWICK's novel *Stations of the Tide* won the Nebula in 1992 and came within an inch of a Hugo. He has also written *Vacuum Flowers* (1987) and *In the Drift* (1985). He has been nominated for a grand total of nine Nebulas, three Hugos, two World Fantasy Awards and an Arthur C. Clarke Award. He started early, with Nebulas nominations for his first two published stories in 1980. He has actually won the Theodore Sturgeon Award, the *Science Fiction Chronicle* reader poll, and the Isaac Asimov's *Science Fiction Magazine* Award. His short fiction has appeared in most of the magazines in the field, but he is most visibly a mainstay of *Asimov's Science Fiction*. Much of the best of it is collected in *Gravity's Angels* (Arkham House). Expect his most recent novel, *The Iron Dragon's Daugh-*

*ter*, to be a major award contender next year. CECELIA TAN edits for Circlet Press, specializing in erotic SF.

MICHAEL TOTTEN is a 1994 Clarion graduate. GORDON VAN GELDER edits for St. Martin's Press and also for *The New York Review of Science Fiction*.

KENNETH VON GUNDEN is the author of *StarSpawn* (Ace), *K-9 Corps: Under Fire* (and sequels) and *Flights of Fancy — The Great Fantasy Films* (1989), plus, (with Stuart H. Strock) *Twenty-Five all Time Great Science Fiction Films* (1982).

BRYON WACKWITZ apprenticed under Carl Lundgren and has published over 200 illustrations for White Wolf Corporation on *Ars Magica*, *Werewolf: the Apocalypse*, and other games. He has painted cards for *Magic: The Gathering* and for *Jyhad*.

MICHAEL J. WALSH is a prominent Baltimore fan, who has chaired a Worldcon and lived to tell about it. He has since succumbed to the Publishing Bug, and has started his own imprint, Old Earth Books, which has issued books by Allen Steele and H. Beam Piper. He works for Johns Hopkins University Press.

BOB WALTERS is an incredibly funny guy and great party host, but seriously, folks, he is also one of our most distinguished illustrators, whose work you have seen in *Asimov's*, *Weird Tales*, and on many book covers. His drawing for Stephen King's "It Grows On You" (from *Weird Tales*) won a Chesley Award for best interior illustration of 1992. In recent years he has drawn a lot of dinosaurs for museums and scientific publications, and quite a few for SF magazines too.

DIANE WEINSTEIN is an assistant editor of *Worlds of Fantasy and Horror*. She also paints.

CHET WILLIAMSON is a distinguished horror writer, whose most recent publications include *Mordenheim* (TSR) and *Second Chance* (CD Publications). Among his other novels are *Dreamthorp*, *Lowland Rider*, *Ash Wednesday*, and *Soulstorm*. The Fall 1990 *Weird Tales* was a special issue devoted to his work.

DAVID WOOMER is a 1994 Clarion graduate.

PAT YORK is a Clarion graduate, who has sold stories to *Tomorrow*, *Full Spectrum 5*, and *Realms of Fantasy*.

AND MANY MORE. Our apologies to those program participants about whom inadequate information was available at press-time.

# Patrick Paul

1953-1994

One of the most humorous and zaniest members of the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, Pat Paul, left us and his wife, Crystal, on October 10. Just three weeks before, I had visited Pat, who was busy planning what he would do once he had once again fought his illness to a standstill. Pat and I chatted for over two hours, with Pat avidly gathering in the gossip from around fandom and spending the time talking about the funny things that people do. He knew what he was fighting, but he was not going to stop being the person he always was.

Three weeks later, his friends gathered from around the country to talk about Pat and the pleasure he brought us. Everyone had a story to tell about Pat's crazy stunts and wry sense of humor. I heard about the time he put on a display of conducting an elaborate evil rite, chanting and pouring from goblets to chalices, all to convince someone they really didn't want to be his roommate. Pat always had a humorous slant on the world around him.

Crystal, Pat's wife, and many of their friends are actively involved in the filk community and Pat often participated in filk and filk events, including Philcon, where Crystal has organized the filking activities for several years. One friend commented that Pat could sing on key, but not in any key known to anyone else, so it was quickly dubbed the key of Z.

Pat had many varied interests. He loved the world of the Wizard of Oz. He had almost an eidictic memory of the C.J. Cherryh's Chanur books. Pat enjoyed comics and Japanese animation. He also did sleight of hand magic, sometimes at bars to the amazement of the patrons.

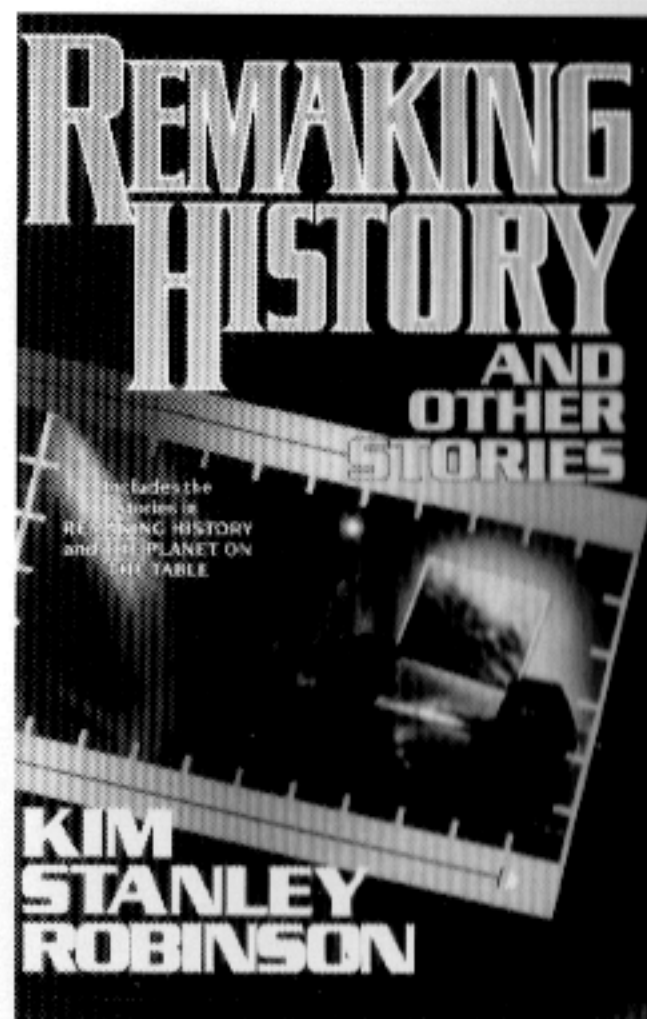
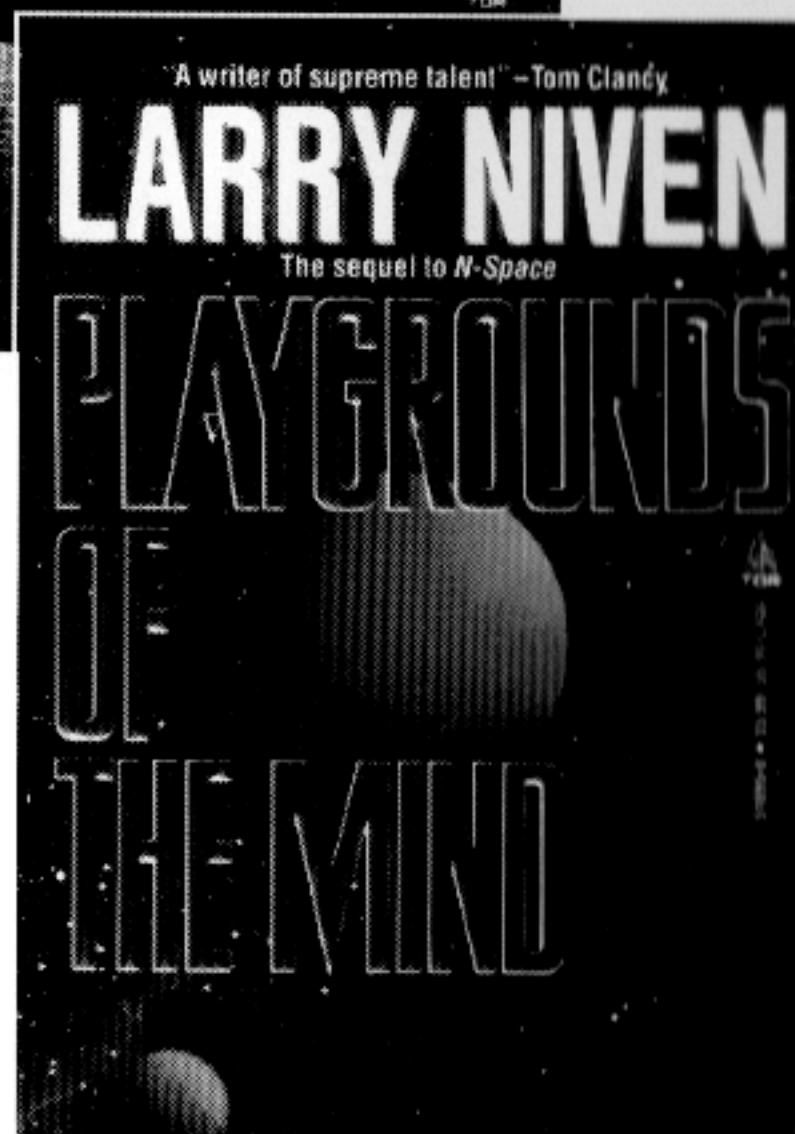
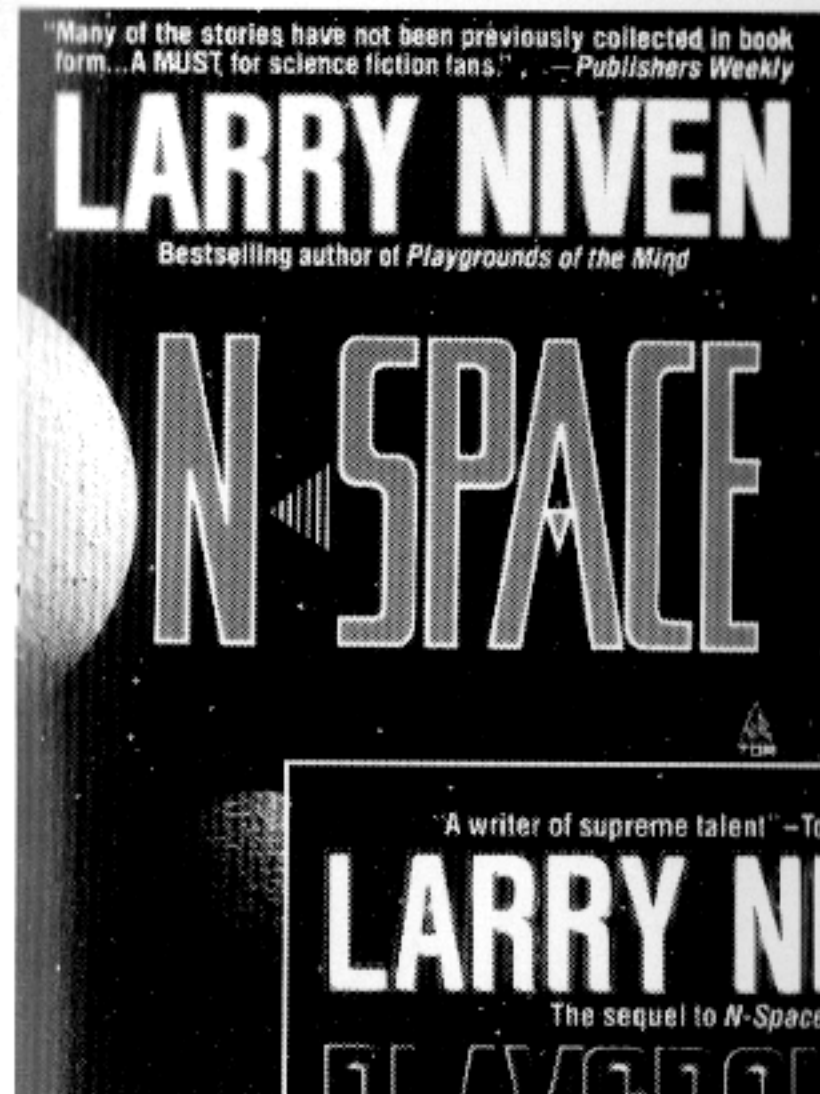
Many people still carry the legacy of Pat's wonderful beer making and cooking talents. He once threatened Crystal with bodily harm if she got one of those plaques of a baker, because they did look just like him.

I thought that if Pat had the time, he would have composed a silly eulogy about himself so we could all have a good laugh. Instead, his friends joined together and enjoyed themselves, their company and his memory. What I will remember is a life lived well, with joy, love and a legacy of smiles for Crystal and his friends.

— Gary Feldbaum



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