

Proper Boskonian

30



Summer 1993

Recent Books from NESFA Press

The Rediscovery of Man: The Complete Short Science Fiction of Cordwainer Smith

Edited by James A. Mann

The Rediscovery of Man includes 33 stories, Smith's entire SF output except for the one novel *Norstrilia*. The stories include classics of the field such as "The Dead Lady of Clown Town", "The Game of Rat and Dragon", "Scanners Live in Vain", and "A Planet Named Shayol". Appearing for the first time in print in English are "Himself in Anachron" and the completely rewritten adult version of his high school story "War No. 81-Q". This is the second book in the NESFA's Choice series. Introduction by John J. Pierce. ISBN 0-915368-68-56-0, 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", xvi+671 pages, hardbound, cover art by Jack Gaughan. \$24.95

Vietnam and Other Alien Worlds by Joe Haldeman

Vietnam and Other Alien Worlds was published February 1993. Collecting stories and essays by Boskone Guest of Honor Joe Haldeman, it includes four of his Confederation stories, five essays (how he tried to get on the Space Shuttle, his experience in Vietnam, and other issues) and several story poems. The book has a color dustjacket by our Official Artist Tom Kidd and is available in boxed and trade hardcover editions. The trade edition is \$17.00 (ISBN 0-915368-52-8) and the boxed edition is \$30.00 (ISBN 0-915368-98-6).

Warhoon 28 by Walt Willis and Richard Bergeron

Warhoon is a 600-page, hard-bound, mimeographed fanzine collecting the writings of the legendary fan writer, Walt Willis. Warhoon 28 was published in 1978 by Richard Bergeron and is a masterpiece of the fanzine art. (It's not a NESFA Press publication, but we're helping it get a much-deserved, wider distribution.) \$30.00 (no ISBN).

The Best of James H. Schmitz

edited by Mark L. Olson

The first book in the new "NESFA's Choice" series brings nine classic stories back into print, including "Grandpa", "Balanced Ecology", and "The Second Night of Summer". Introduction by Janet Kagan. Complete Schmitz bibliography. Classic color dustjacket by Kelly Freas, interior illustrations by Merle Insinga. Since our purpose is to make good, out-of-print works permanently available, this book will be reprinted as necessary. The first printing consists of 1000 copies, hardcover, xi + 243 pages, 5-1/2" x 8-1/2", ISBN 0-915368-46-3. \$18.95.

These books and others can be ordered from:
Please add \$2 postage and handling.
MA residents add 5% sales tax

NESFA Press
PO Box 809
Framingham, MA 01701-0203

Proper Boskonian 30

Summer 1993

Proper Boskonian is the semi-annual (in theory) genzine of the New England Science Fiction Association. Send all contributions (writing, art, LoCs) to **Proper Boskonian**, c/o NESFA, P.O. Box 809, Framingham, Mass. 01701-0203.

Editor: Kenneth Knabbe
Production Assistance:
 Anthony R. Lewis FN
 and Pat Vandenberg FN
Proofreaders: George Flynn FN
 and Monty Wells
FN Mimeography: Claire Anderson FN

Contents

Editorial 2
NESFA Clubhouse Map
 by Monty Wells FN 4
An Armchair Tour of the Clubhouse
 by Pam Fremon FN 5
Where's Rodney
 by the NRFFP 8
Boskone 30 Con Report
 by Evelyn C. Leeper 15
SF from Gilgamesh to John W. Campbell
 by Anthony R. and Suford Lewis FN 27
The Secret Masters of Fandom
 by Joe Rico FN 30
Letters, Letters and More Letters
 Joseph T. Major 34
 Harry Warner Jr. 36
 Sheryl Birkhead 38
 Lloyd Penney 40
 Brian Earl Brown 39

Artists

Teddy Harvia 10, 22, 26
Merle Insinga FN 3
Alice Lewis 41
Joe Mayhew FN 30
Halliday Piel Back Cover
Peggy Ranson Front Cover, 14, 33, 42
Diana Stein 7
Phil Tortorici 11, 26

A second issue of *PB* is planned for this year. All non-Worldcon material is due September 1. Worldcon reports are due October 1. *PB* 31 is planned to be out before the end of November. Computer disks are welcomed. IBM format is preferred. Art is badly needed.

Official Notices

"Boskone" is a registered service mark of the New England Science Fiction Association, Inc. (NESFA), Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701-0203, USA; a Massachusetts non-profit corporation.

"Worldcon", "World Science Fiction Convention". "WSFS", "World Science Fiction Society", "Hugo Award", and "NASFiC" are service marks the World Science Fiction of Society (WSFS), an unincorporated literary society.

Copyright©1993 by the New England Science Fiction Association, Inc. (NESFA); all rights reserved.

All bylined articles copyright© 1993 by their authors and printed here by permission. All artwork copyright©1993 by the artists and printed here by permission. All uncredited work is the fault of the editor.

All opinions expressed herein are the opinions of the individuals, and do not represent the views of NESFA.

This zine is available as part of NESFA dues (currently \$16.00 a year for subscribing members); a contribution of writing, art, and/or LoC; \$2.00 per issue; trade; and/or editorial whim.

As you may have noticed, PB has a new editor. After producing three issues, Laurie Mann has moved on to new projects. She is currently planning NESFA's contribution to the Boston Book Fair on June 18 and 19. If you can, I am sure she would appreciate your stopping by even if you can not help.

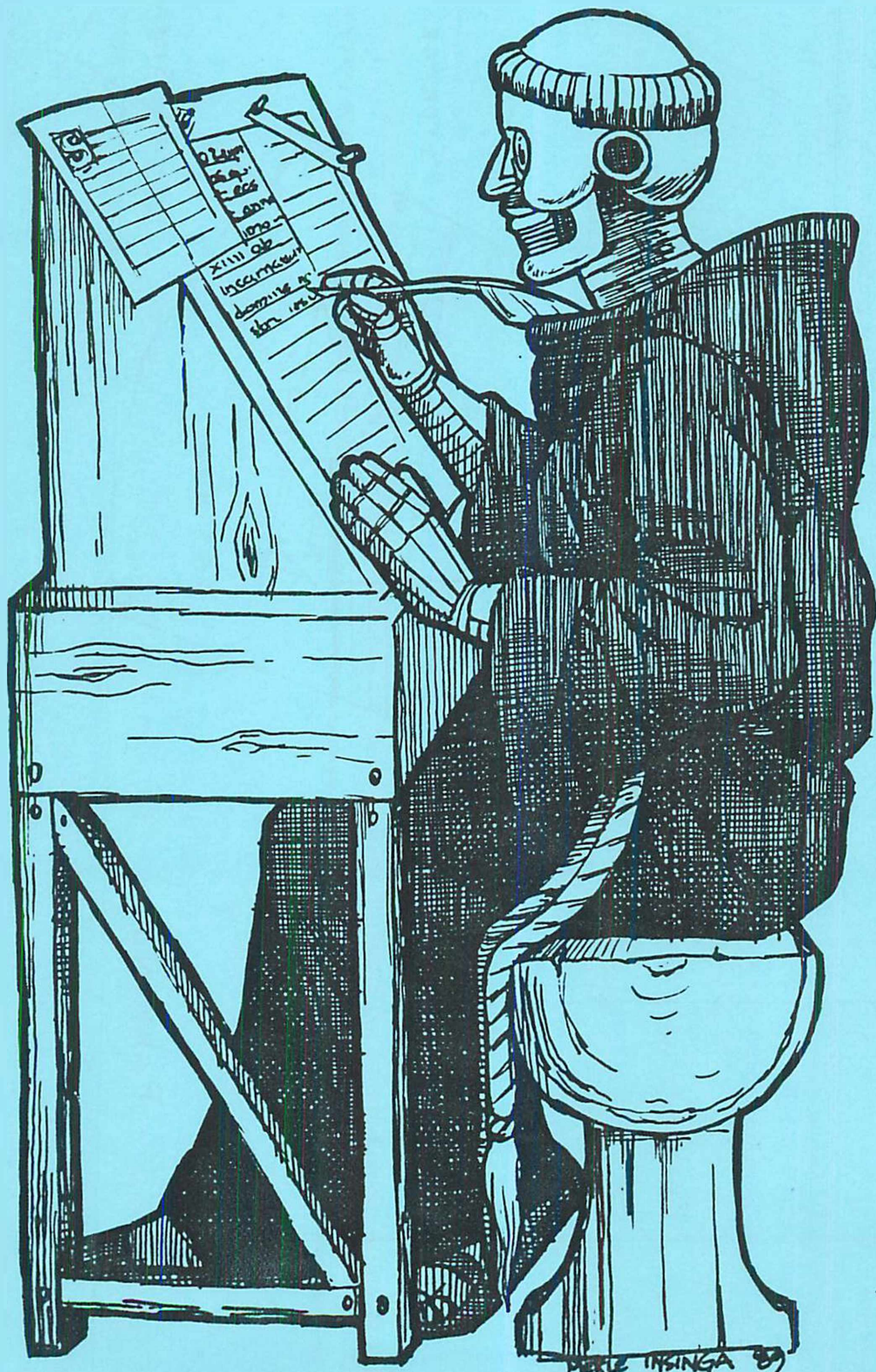
What this means for PB is a person with new ideas to be tried out and a drop in the quality on the appearance. I do not have Laurie's publishing skills or computer software. In doing this issue I have found out the five-year-old software I use is neither up to doing what I want nor compatible with what other people are using. Before next issue I am planning an upgrade. I hope you will find the excessive number of print sizes/fonts not too distracting.

This issue starts off with a tour of the NESFA clubhouse by Pam Fremon, complete with map by Monty Wells. I estimate half of the members have never been to the clubhouse and even those that have should enjoy it. Next are the skits done for Boskone by the NRFFP. I for one was so busy at Boskone that I never saw any, and I hope you will enjoy seeing them presented here. Next is Evelyn Leeper's excellent conreport, then from the small distribution of Apa:NESFA, the sf history article by the Lewises. Each issue I plan on having a new piece of fiction (the one for next issue is ready). In this issue is a humorous story by Joe Rico. Last, but very important, are the letters from some readers (I am looking forward to receiving yours on this issue).

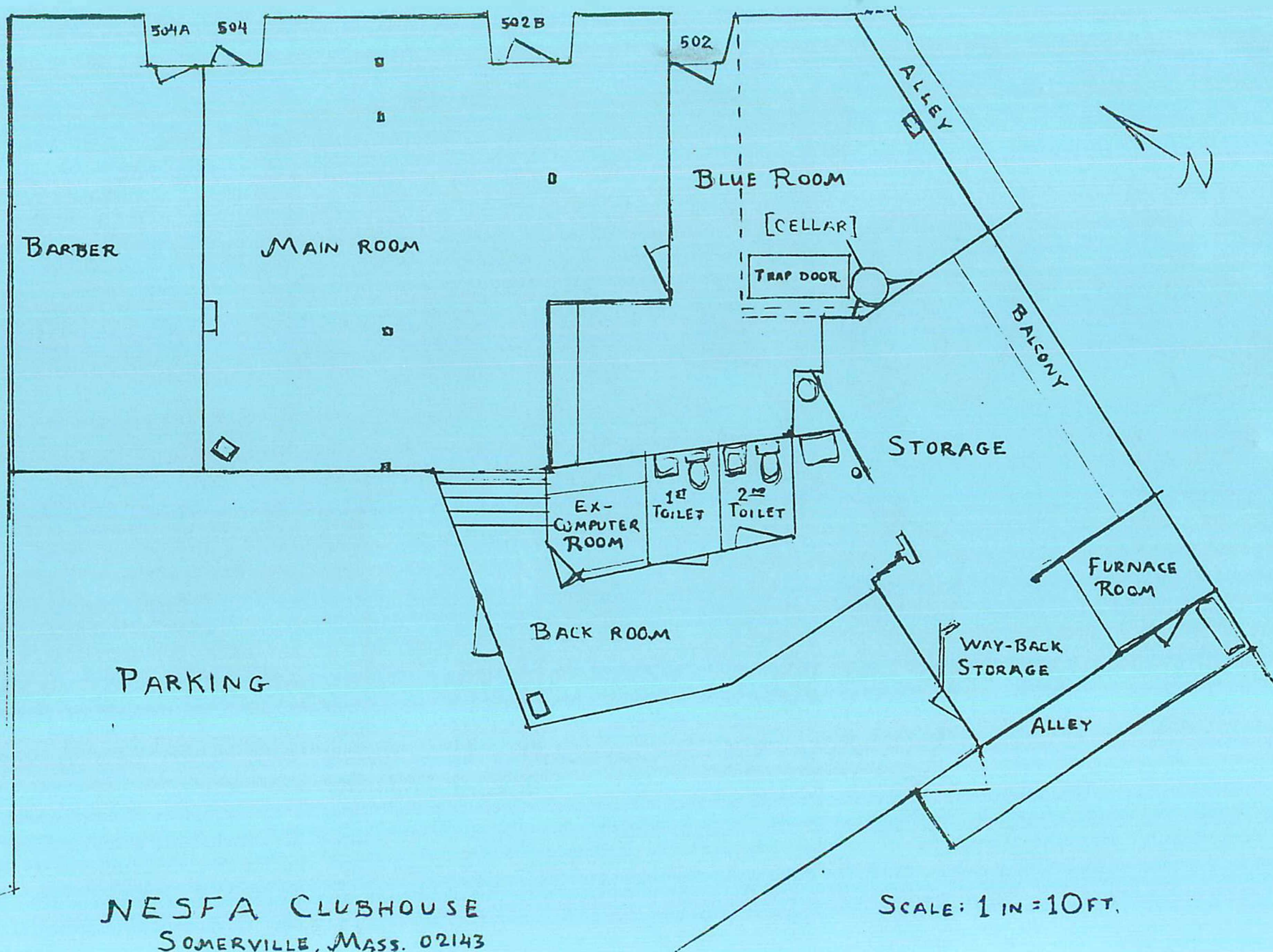
For art, along with other talented fan artists, newcomer Alice Lewis is making her first appearance. In addition I have obtained a piece from Merle Insinga. As a successful fan turned pro, she is backed up with assignments. The piece in this issue appeared as a cover for Apa:NESFA a few years back, but never received wide distribution. Halliday Piel did the back cover. The original is white on black. I managed to get her to agree to submit work for PB at one of her gallery showings. She rarely does sf work anymore. Mainstream art sells better.

One of my main objectives as editor is to come up with ideas of what I would like to see appear, then, for me to find someone who can do a good job and whom I can convince to write it. For next issue I would like to put together a piece on what each of you feels is the best-written work of Clifford Simak. I will be taking what each of you writes and organizing it by work. Here is your chance to say what work of his you want to have reprinted or to remain in print. This information is one thing you can do to help keep a "master" in the minds of book buyers.

I plan to have PB 31 out by the end of November. To ensure I that have the time to organize all the material, I would like all non-workcon related material by September first and Worldcon reports by October 1. Computer disks are welcome. IBM format is preferred, but Mac disks can be converted for me by Tony Lewis. I intend to have learned my new software by then, so look for a vast improvement in readability.



MEDFORD ST



An Armchair Tour of the Clubhouse

by Pam Fremon

Several travel magazines have been in touch with NESFA lately! Now some folks say that these are merely relics of the subscriptions to hotel industry publications that the Hotel Committee gathered for us, years ago. I, however, think that they want to slate us as a travel destination. So here, in its pre-Broadway pre-travel-magazine tryout is the Le Tour de la Clubhouse NESFA.

* * *

Vital Statistics

The building is located at 504A Medford St. Also, 504 Medford St. And 502B, and 502.... is this beginning to sound like the movie *Airplane*? It once was home to four distinct businesses, hence the four doors. NESFA owns the building but presently occupies only part of it. On the west side, at number 504A Medford St., we have a congenial tenant barber who has operated a small shop there for many years. (At the time that we bought the building, a printer rented #502, but moved out a few years ago, and NESFA took over that space.)

The building has an interesting history. We know that it used to be a dry cleaning business, tailor shop, and men's wear store for many years, though we don't know what the building was used for before then. We learned that the building used to be located across the street, and about 50 years ago was moved to its present location, which may explain some of the weird construction. NESFA bought the building from the dry cleaner's estate in November 1985, and then spent several months renovating it. The first Business Meeting held in the clubhouse was in June, 1986.

If you come by bus or park on the street, you'll probably want to enter from Medford Street. The doors at numbers 504 and 502B lead directly into the Main Room. If the grating (still an urban necessity, alas, due to vandalism) is up, the doors are probably unlocked and open, meaning a meeting of some flavor is going on. Come on in!

The Main Room

The Main Room is about 600 square feet in hardly a square shape, but that's one of the many "charms" of the building (another being a slightly sloping floor, great for amusing small children and other fans with the mysterious roll of balls). This is where we set up folding chairs for the monthly Business Meeting, and where other fannish groups meet as well. The head table for the president and clerk is set up at the west wall, so late arrivals have no hope of sneaking in from the Medford Street doors (to the left) or the back door (to the right). Not that this ever concerned anyone.... Business Meetings follow a set agenda, and most members are attentive throughout, even while reading a newspaper, knitting, working on a laptop, eating lunch, hiding behind a pillar, etc.

Most of the walls are lined with 8' bookcases, holding NESFA's library of sf books and magazines. It is not uncommon for someone to go up to one of the bookcases during a meeting to look for a book to borrow. As new books come in, the shelves must be rearranged from time to time to fit them in and to toss out the other knickknacks that seem to wind up there. Oh, yes; the books are filed alphabetically by author's last name. When the library first went up in '86, we filed the books by color of spine, until the head of the Library Committee caught us at it. It was pretty while it lasted!

The few walls without bookcases are the brick walls; a last stand by people who like to look at the varicolored surface of the bricks. These walls will probably acquire bookcases someday, too, but right now display only a few pieces of artwork. Sofas sit in front of two of these walls; a popular lounging spot for some fans during the meetings. A few other worn but still comfortable chairs also sit on the sidelines.

Members will also take advantage of other perches during meetings, including a sturdy little ottoman, a worn beanbag chair, a library ladder, and so on.

A hexagonal table toward the back serves as an out-of-the-way eating station, and is where the coffee pot is set up. Often another table is set up to one side for a work-in-progress, such as a Progress Report mailing or apa collation. We use a few of these tables on nights when *Instant Message* is collated.

A gas heater mounted high in the southwest corner roars along during the winter months, probably as a plan to keep people who sit in that area from dozing off. Two ceiling fans (yes; underemployed, lightweight fans) in the center of the room pull the heat down, and in summer move around the cool air from the air conditioners (which are located over the two street doors). This is New England where people enjoy their suffering, and things are often not entirely comfortable in old buildings, but each of us has found a cosy spot.

The Blue Room

Folks who need to chat with others during a meeting may take the discussion into the Blue Room.¹ There is a door to the Blue Room on the east side of the Main Room. The room is indeed very blue: we found a nice blue floor tile we liked when we refurbished this room in 1989, and the walls were then painted a sky-blue shade (in appearance; actually, the color was lobbied for heavily by Claire Anderson, who said it was the color of her husband Dave's eyes).

This room always overflows with Stuff, but seems welcoming, nonetheless. The computers, printer, photocopier, and mimeo equipment (including several cases of mimeo-compatible paper) all live in this room. Several bookshelves line two walls, holding anthologies and also the surplus-books-for-sale. Fanzines to be filed spill out over a table. There are a few comfy chairs for a tête-à-tête. The room also has its own door to Medford Street (number 502), as well as a genuine, openable window (leading to a small alley between our building and another). A gas heater is in the center of that eastern wall, making this room fairly comfortable in winter. An airconditioner over the door provides for summer.

An unsightly chimney, no longer in use, sprouts from one wall (next to the trap door on the map). We've camouflaged that with a rocket. Monty Wells created a rocket to go around the chimney by cutting up some drums, painting them silver, and wrapping them around the chimney. He likewise cut fins from wood, painted them silver, and *voilà!* NESFA rocket.

The Rooms in Back

Out back NESFA has enough items to fill the, er, Outback. Come in from the door to the little parking lot.² The Back Room area is still in flux at the moment. We replaced the south wall last fall, resetting the original windows (which were in good shape). Bathrooms are in this area, as well as the ex-computer room (which housed the computers until those were moved into the Blue Room, and now holds office supplies) and the refrigerator. One wall is used as a large bulletin board for convention flyers. There are a few filing cabinets and some shelves; also, a heavy-duty sink.

¹Which, curiously, is the only room in the building to have one name that is used by almost everyone. The others tend to be called "up front," "out back," "no, I meant further back than that," and so on.

²Designed to comfortably hold seven vehicles, but on a good day we can stuff twelve or more in there. Vehicles clear out at Boskone, when the rented truck backs up to the door for loading and unloading. The parking lot is also a playground for Nature: In winter, she gives us more snow and ice than one could believe would accumulate in all of Somerville; and in summer, weeds with real attitudes take over. We're just humble tenants....

This leads to Storage, which has the lion's share of NESFA's whatzits and thigamajigs. Several 8' sets of Dexion shelves holding boxes of things ranging from NESFA Press items to archives to button makers fill most of the room. The shelves on one wall hold the wooden coop crates that hold supplies for several Boskone areas. On the east wall, an old balcony still stands, holding some lighter Boskone supplies at the closer end, and nearly-dead storage at the other.

From the south end of this room, there is an entrance to the Way-Back Storage areas just past the alcove holding the Art Show pipe. Here are more NESFA Sales items, some miscellany, and the collection of dead mimeographs. An old, seldom-used door on the west end leads to the parking lot.

Out and Under

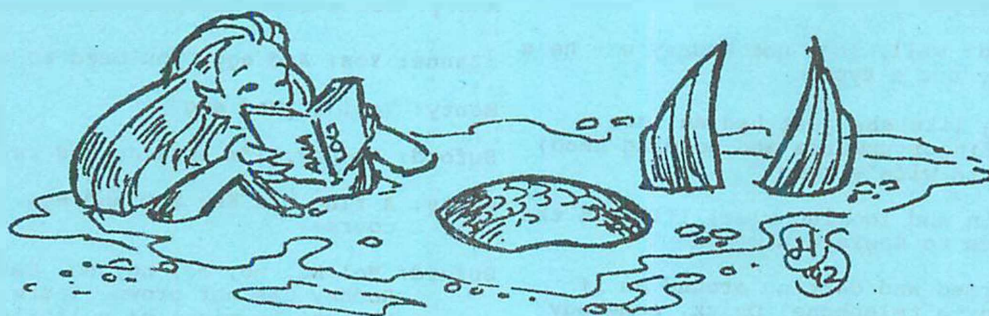
Mere steps from that door will take you to the sorta-outer-since-it-ain't-inner storage area. On the south edge of our property, through a gate, there is a small alley between our building and neighboring buildings. Here too, green life takes over in summer and goes away, sulking, in winter. We've built a covered area in part of this space so that large pieces of lumber can be stored outside and stay out of the rain. At the end of the alley is the door to the old furnace room, which we use for storage for hardy items that can take the dark and ... whatever crawls around in there when the light is off.³

Back out in the parking lot, if you look carefully you'll see a dog-sized door at ground level in one wall (about where the south wall of the Meeting Room is). This is commonly called Monty's Door, since Monty has made the most use of it. Through there one gains access to the underside of the building (as was necessary when the building was being rewired). At one end there is even another entrance, which comes out in the former-computer-now-storage room, in the Back Room area. A non-human apparently used this entry way at least once, as one night Monty suddenly found himself face to face in the clubhouse with an orange tabby. It was a spooky meeting, as *The Cat Who Walks Through Walls* had just come out.

Most of the building tools and maintenance odds and ends are stored in the "basement," which is indeed a small cellar accessed by the trap door from the Blue Room. We never did fulfill some folks' dreams of making that room into the Official NESFA Dungeon, but maybe someday....

* * *

It's a worn building that would have enough room if we didn't have so much stuff. We tend to lose people in it ("He was just here a minute ago - I *know* he was!"), but somehow, after each meeting, they find their way back out to their cars or to the bus stop. It's nothing fancy, but it's decidedly fannish. It's our little corner of the fannish world. See your travel agent today!



³Sacrifices? Us? Nah.... though why do we seem to have one less cooler every Boskone? Hmmmmmm.....

For Boskone 29 (1992) Esther Friesner's play The Shame of Maudie Jones was performed. One of the characters introduced was Rodney Farquahar. At the end of Esther's Boskone 30 skit Where's Rodney? The Beginning, Rodney is missing from the honeymoon suite. Inspired by this, the NRFFP wrote seven additional skits for Boskone 30. For those who missed any, here they are in the order in which they were performed.

The Not Ready For Farquahar Players

Ed Dooley, Pat Vandenberg, Heather Coon, 'Zanne Labonville, Allan Kent, Elisa Hertel with assistance from Monty Wells, and Suford Lewis present:
Where's Rodney?

An Evening Snack by the NRFFP

Pat: (running up with Ed and Heather close behind) Quick, he came back!

Ed: (peering under a table - looking upset) Oh, dear. There is a body under here.

Heather: (looking wide-eyed and kicking the body's feet) Is she dead?

Pat: (looking disgusted and worried) We're not actors, not doctors, dimwit!

Ed: (doing a Sherlock Holmes imitation) We found the right woman, or is it the wrong woman?

Pat: (still looking worried) It looks like Rodney's been here.

Heather: (peering under the table and still wide-eyed) Oooh - and it looks like he bit off more than he could chew!

Ed: (with both glee and horror) Yeah, he really sank his teeth into this one!

Pat: (shaking head, looking around, and throwing red crepe paper) Look, a blood trail. I wonder what type it is?

Ed: (still Sherlockian) The right type.

Heather: (looking confused) Is that the wrong type or the left type?

Pat: (throwing robe around shoulder like a cape and doing Dracula imitation) No, the sinister type.

Ed: (shaking head) Well, it's not Rodney's - he's definitely not a type!

Heather: (looking like she just had an idea - pointing finger upwards and nodding head) But he's his wife's type.

Pat: (tapping chin and looking wise) I'll bet the trail leads to Nosferatu.

Ed: (looking alarmed and darting around as if looking for a telephone) Quick, somebody call the vampire police.

Heather: (looking around as if trying to find a telephone) What's their number?

Body: (sitting up and speaking like a telephone operator) Transylvania 6-5000!

(a whistle blows in the distance)

Heather: (looks into the distance - hand at forehead) Here they come.

'Zanne: (acting like John Wayne and carrying a whistle and a cross) Okay, you guys - I'm taking you in on a 612.

All but 'Zanne: (puzzled) A 612? What's a 612?"

'Zanne: (grabbing the others by the collar and starting to walk off) Overacting!

Firesign by Suford Lewis

Suford is Rodney's abandoned bride. Monty is essentially the March Hare from the Disney Alice in Wonderland, a bit vague-minded, but a loud-mouth know-it-all.

'Zanne is essentially the Mad Hatter from the same movie; he lisps and is even more vague-minded.

Suford: Oh! Oh! Oh! I must, I simply must find a midget kosher salami!

Monty: Mustaaarrrd, what you need is a goooood mustaaarrrd.

'Zanne: You can catch more flies with honey than you can with vinegar.

Monty: But a good mustard should have both.

'Zanne: Yes! And egg, you need an egg.

Monty: Yes! A good egg.

Suford: Rodney, I'm afraid, was rather a bad egg.

Monty: A fine old New England egg. Brown, of course.

Suford: No! No, no, no, no, no. Definitely not! Rodney was not brown. There were those who thought he might be a little yellow...

'Zanne: (placating) Just in a stripe down his back, dear lady. Nothing anyone need ever notice.

Monty: We'll need some butter. Butter and eggs, and eggs and butter.

Suford: Butter for the batter makes the batter better!

Monty: Just think what it did for Babe Ruth! Now there was a slugger!

'Zanne: No slugs. No slugs. Please! Uuuuuuugh!

Monty: Now, the Babe, he was a big man...

Suford: A big man? A big man? I need a midget.

'Zanne: A midget? A midget? No, no. Dwarves are better for mustard, dear lady. Dwarves are much better.

Monty: (beeper goes off) Aaaaah! (jumps, looks around fearfully) Watch out! Out watch! (shakes his beeper, trying to read the numbers on it) Don't crush that watch. Hand me the dwarf!

'Zanne: You need... some pliers. I had a screwdriver... Let's all have a screwdriver.

Suford: I don't need a drink, I need a salami.

'Zanne: (shrugs) We're all bozos on this bus.

Monty: (squints at beeper) I think I'm supposed to be somewhere.

'Zanne: (huffy) I had supposed that we were somewhere. Where do you think you are?

Suford: You mean: Whom do you think you are?

Monty: It's certainly more polite to ask: HOW do you think you are?

'Zanne: When do you think you are?

Suford: Yes, when are we? and when is Rodney? Somewhere in time...

'Zanne: (more confused) Thyme? Is thyme good in mustard?

Monty: (enlightened) Yes, time. Time! That's it, that's the key! Forward! Forward, into the Past!

All: Forward into the past!

Lost in Space... Time... and Mind by the NRFFP

Elisa: (waiting impatiently, comes to attention when seeing Allan and 'Zanne approach) It's about time you two showed up!

'Zanne: (looking aloof) Funny you should mention that.

Elisa: (sharply) Mention what?

'Zanne: (matter-of-factly) Why, time, of course!

Allan: (trying to explain) We sort of got on the wrong bus. (he shrugs) So. Where is Rodney?

Elisa: Well... (running fingers through her hair) They were showing Robojoy. And... knowing Rodney, he probably went out for the team.

'Zanne: (finding this funny) You mean he flew the coop?

Allan: (confused) I didn't know he went to Harvard.

Elisa: (frowning) Unlikely, but you still haven't told me why you were late. (sternly) I told you to take the crosstown bus!

Allan: See! (accusingly) I told you!

Elisa: (with a sense of apprehension) Told her what?

'Zanne: (timidly) Well... we thought...

Allan: (outraged) We? We! What we? You...!

'Zanne: (ignoring Allan's outburst and more confident)... you had said the crosstime bus, and so...

Elisa: Oh, dear, (eyes wide) I have a bad feeling about this.

Allan: (patting Elisa on the shoulder) It's not as bad as all that.

Elisa: Oh, no? (she steps back and observes them with crossed arms) Okay. So when did you two end up?

'Zanne: (quickly and matter-of-factly) Not sure really!

Allan: (talking to Elisa) But there were some mighty strange characters running about chanting; (sing song) "We're painting the roses red. We're painting the roses red!" ('Zanne tries to quiet him)

Elisa: (said in a tone that implies she does not believe a word) Cute. (louder and sarcastically) And, perchance, was there anyone running around yelling (pause) "Off with their heads"?

Allan: (matter-of-factly) Of course not! But we did bump into someone worried about time.

(The White Rabbit scurries across the scene tapping his watch. Elisa watches with wide eyes)

'Zanne: Well...at least we're here. (with an air of superiority) Unlike some!

Allan: (to 'Zanne) That wasn't their fault!

'Zanne: Well, (hands on hips) we're here and they're there! A 512 (sniff). I think that says something about them!

Elissa: (stunned) Was that a... did I just see a... (stunned silence)

'Zanne: (to Allan) Poor dear. Too much for her.

Allan: (as if suddenly remembering something) You know, Rodney does like to fool around with gadgets. And they are having a discussion on transporters down the hall.

Elisa: (slightly disgusted) Oh, right, we just say "Beam us up, Scotty" and energize...

Allan: (said quickly) No! Don't...! (a White Rabbit appears with a drum of some sort and walks across again)

All: Still going.

Elissa: Where do you think it comes from?

Allan: Maybe it followed the yellow brick road.

'Zanne: Maybe... (pause) it knows where Rodney is! Come on! (hopping up and down) Let's follow...follow...follow!

Elisa: (to the audience) You ever get the feeling that you're in a poor adaptation of something?

Allan: (like Groucho Marx) We do reprise; that helps, but not much.

'Zanne: (singing) We're off to see the wizard...!

Elisa: No. (shaking her head) We're just off.

A Knight in Tarnished Amour by the NRFFP

Allan: (sitting on a large chair with the rest sitting in a half-circle in front of him) It is obvious that none of you have had any success in locating our lost Rodney. (as an aside) Of course, it is possible his evil genius wished he not be found. In the hopes that it will assist you in your search, it has been decided to give you a little family background. (clears throat) Rodney's evil ways have their roots in family history. In fact, there is a story of a Boskonian Farquahar in King Arthur's court.

Ed: (turning to the audience and grinning) Not to be confused with the Delaware Fahrquahars.

Heather: (making a face at the audience) Nor the New Jersey Fahrquahars.

Elisa: (rolling eyes up at audience) Or, heaven forbid, the Connecticut Farquahars.

All: (singing to the tune of Old MacDonald) Here a Fahrquahar, there a Farquahar, everywhere a Fahrquahar - har - har.

Allan: (clearing throat) This Boskonian Fahrquahar is the first known member of Rodney's family tree.

'Zanne: Was it a shady tree?

Elisa: (throwing head back) If a tree falls and no one hears it, is it dead?

Heather: (poking Ed) You mean we should uproot it?

Ed: (making chopping motions) Woodsman, woodsman - kill that tree.

'Zanne: (handing Ed an axe) Need an axe?

All but 'Zanne: (in horror) No, that would violate the Boskone weapons policy!

Allan: (making a face at all of them) Getting back to the story. (pause to glare) Much of what we know of King Arthur's court comes to us from myth and legend, but the Fahrquar histories indicate that the Boskonian Fahrquars were medieval...

'Zanne: (with glee) No, they were really evil.

Heather: You mean they were baaad, man?

All: (singing) Nana nana nana nana na Batman.

Allan: (shaking his head) As I was saying. The first known Fahrquahar - Fitz Farquahar - was a warrior of renown, but not someone the Farquahars usually care to have spoken of in their presence.

Ed: (tossing his head) They preferred to speak in front of his back.

The teleport demonstration will take place simultaneously in the convention center, hotel lobby, and parking lot. Energize!



Heather: (whispering to Ed) That's in back of his front.

'Zanne: (whispering to Ed) Is that back to front?

Elisa: (looking around as if someone might be creeping up on her) It sounds a little dangerous doing any of those.

Allan: (nodding in agreement) Quite right. Fitz, in fact, served under Morgan le Fay.

Ed: (in ecstasy) Ooooh, what a position.

Elisa: (drolly) And the benefits.

Heather: (straight-faced) But no dental plan.

Allan: (spoken hurriedly to ensure the next line) He was her seneschal. (seeing the others' blank looks) That is, he was her right-hand man.

'Zanne: (mouth open to yawn) Wasn't that left-hand man?

Heather: (looking at both hands) Maybe he was ambidextrous.

Elisa: (twirling hair like a mustache) No, he was ambisinistrous.

Allan: (shrugging demurely and grabbing the front of his robe) You're close. She was a handful and he was definitely handy (pause) with his sword. This is what led to his downfall.

Heather: (confused) What, the sword?

Ed: (with a knowledgeable air) I'll bet he stuck his (pause) sword where he shouldn't have.

Elisa: (looking shy) Maybe it was just (pause) drawn that way?

'Zanne: (yawning) Stuck what? Where?

Allan: (poking 'Zanne) Morgan le Fay had a baker who made fantastic chocolate tarts and Fitz had an incredible sweet tooth.

Heather: (still confused) Did he bake her a dozen?

Ed: (looking wise) No, he stole them.

Allan: (looking to see who was listening) Well, I really shouldn't say any more, (pause) but it wasn't his head Fitz lost when he was caught poking the 'wrong' tart.

'Zanne: (stops yawning, perks up, starts to get up) Chocolate, did someone say chocolate?

Ed: (with a wise air as he gets up and helps Elisa off her chair) Not really, but it must run in his family, you know. Rodney likes chocolate (pause) and tarts.

Heather: (getting up and looking embarrassed) Did you know that they have a decadence of chocolate in the other room?

Allan: And we all know Rodney's decadent.

'Zanne: (shooing Heather on) Well, lead us to this chocolate.

Elissa: (to the audience) Come on, who knows, maybe we'll find Rodney.

Ed: (with a leer) Or (pause) at least a chocolate tart.



I have an Air by Suford Lewis

Allan is confused by trying hard.
Pat is down to earth - or perhaps, just crude.
Suford is more vague than wise.

Allan: This doesn't make sense!

Pat: Scents? Yeah, I think it stinks, too.

Allan: No! Sense, *sense*, it doesn't make sense!

Pat: I'm broke. (gropes in pockets) Sorry, I don't have any change.

Suford: Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.

Pat: Yah, the more things change, the more it's just the same damn thing.

Allan: Stop changing the subject. I'm trying to make heads or tails of all this.

Pat: I'm not changing the subject! If you want to make heads or tails, you need some change!

Suford: You need a new viewpoint. You might try standing on your head. (attempts to do so)

Allan: It's quite confusing enough just standing still, thank you.

Pat: it's all relative, you know. You can't tell whether you're spinning or the room is spinning. Change is relative, too. For instance if I had two fives and you needed change for a ten, I'd have change, but if you needed change for a dollar, I wouldn't have change.

Suford: Right. And if I knew where Rodney was but not when, I wouldn't know where he was now.

Allan: But probabilistically, if you knew one time's where, and you knew what time span contained Rodney, then if that was all you knew, that would be the most probable place to look.

Pat: That's like the drunk looking for his car keys by the lamppost because it's light there, even though he dropped his keys in the alley.

Suford: That's the probabilistic measure of ignorance. There's more probable places, we just don't know where they are.

Pat: Sure. Since we're here and Rodney is not, we know there is a more probable place for him to be. Great. I still say this whole situation just stinks.

Suford: Pecunia non olet.

Pat: Money has no odor.

Allan: Just can it about money all the time, hey?

Pat: Greedy, greedy. I thought we just wanted Rodney.

Suford: What do we want Rodney for?

Pat: Beats me.

Allan: The quest is the quest.

Pat and Suford: The quest is the quest!

Suford: We just want to look for him. Who said anything about finding him?

Allan: Well, lets try over there...

Tired and Waaay too Much Junk Food by the NREFFP

Heather & Ed appear, looking confused, but happy, staggering a bit as if unbalanced - holding onto each other for support.

Heather: (happily wobbling, holding a beer stein) Going... going... gooooonnnese!!!

Ed: (acting the same as Heather) Happy!! Happy!! Joy!! Joy!!

Heather: (letting go of Ed and staggering around a bit) It rolls downstairs and something something over the neighbor's dog...

Ed: (looking like a happy drunk, spinning slightly) Rolls... Rolls... Rolls... Royce! (legs drop out from under him and he lands on the floor)

Heather: (legs spread, braced apart) Jelly rolls!

Ed: I like biscuits better.

Heather: Let them eat...

Ed: (licking lips) Junk food! M & M's! Rollo's! (falls backward)

Heather: No! Cake! They can have their cake and eat it too!

Ed: (shaking a slow finger at Heather) Not until Rodney's party!

Heather: (throwing wrapped candies at the audience and shouting) Party! Party! Party! It's a party! (then singing) How can you be two places at once when you're not anywhere at all?

Ed: (sitting up slowly and looking frazzled) Oh, my.

Heather: (stalking like a cat) Lions and tigers and bears.

Ed: (giggling) And little munchkins!

Heather: Can we go to Dunkin' Donuts? Time to munch the donuts. (Ed groans and shakes head)

Pat: (hurrying past them, stops and suddenly sees Ed and Heather) Did you see him? Did you see him?

Ed: (grinning) See who? See who?

Pat: Rodney, of course - dimwit!

Ed: I thought I saw him in the poppy field.

Pat: What poppy field?

Heather: (skipping and bobbing her head) Poppies, poppies, poppies!

Pat: (looking strangely at Heather) What poppy field?

Ed: Second star to the left (points right) and straight on till morning. (points straight up)

Heather: (cheerfully) Pre-supporting!

Pat: (totally aggravated) Where is he now?

Ed: (opens mouth, stops and then looks up) Where are we now?

Heather: (half gleefully, half nastily) We're baaack!

Pat: (frowning) I don't think you're here.

Heather: (petulantly) No! I'm left M.

Ed: (looking hard at Heather) No, you're right.

Pat: (to Ed) I'm still waiting!

Ed: Well, we found him in the field, and (quickly) we knew you wanted him back here, so we told him, and he said he wanted to see the art show, and so we.... oh-oh.

Pat: What?

Ed: (slowly) Well, we took him to the show, and they were taking last bids and...

Heather: (bursting in happily) We auctioned him off!

Pat: You what!

Ed: Well, he was giving us such a hard time this weekend, and...

Pat: (shouting) Where is he!

Heather: (smiling) We sold him.

Pat: What's wrong with you two?

Heather: (gleefully) Wrong? Wrong? Wrong?

Pat: (disgusted) This is an affront to common sense!

Heather: (marching in place) Cents, cents, cents, cents. (stopping) You need cents?

Ed: (joining Heather's happy attitude) I've got scents. (Pat pulls Ed to his feet)

Pat: (demanding) Who bought Rodney?

(Ed and Heather look at each other and seem to concentrate)

Ed: Was it...

Heather: No. It was...

Ed: No. She lost on the second challenge. It was...

Heather: I think the name started with an "s".

Ed: Definitely!

Pat: You two have lost your marbles!

Ed: (spotting a bag on the floor) There they are!

Heather: (doing a Billy Crystal imitation) Mahvelous, simply mahvelous.

Ed: (shaking a finger at Heather) That sounds labelous.

Pat: (grabbing Ed) That's libelous!

Ed: Ohhhh! Your artistic licence has expired!

Heather: No. That's autistic, (appealing to Pat) isn't it?

Pat: (getting hold of Heather and Ed) Oh, dear, following Rodney may be hazardous to your sanity!

Heather and Ed: (grinning at the audience) Sanity? What sanity?

The Ages of Farquahar by the NRFFP

Monty: We are here to honor Rodney Farquahar, on this, the occasion of his birthday. Unfortunately, we have not been able to locate him, or any member of his esteemed family.

Allan: They'd be hard pressed, to be esteemed.

Heather: I heard they were really stiff.

Pat: So, tell them to hold the starch.

'Zanne: That's a good idea. I'm on a low-carbohydrate diet.

Elisa: No cake for you!

Suford: (walking through) Call for Rodney Farhar, call for Rodney Farharhar.

Ed: That's Farquahar!

Suford: That's what I said; Farlihar.

Ed: No, dammit! That's 'Far' 'qua' 'hor'.

Pat: (whispering to Allan) Better be careful with that one.

(Suford continues walking around with a sign for Rodney)

Monty: (to the audience) As any of you who have watched our progress this weekend can attest, we have given our search for Rodney or his family a gallant try.

Heather: Yes, we were very trying.

Allan: I suppose it would be bad ton to start the party without them.

Elisa: But what else can we do? We just couldn't find them.

'Zanne: Well, maybe we can do something else to get in the mood -

Pat: Look, honey, these things only last a few minutes, there isn't time for a mood.

Ed: There was something in the family's past -

Monty: Are they the New Jersey Farquahars?

Allan: Not to be confused with the Delaware Farquahars.

Heather: Then, of course, there are the Boskonian Farquahars.

Elisa: Yes, yes, all of them - go on.

'Zanne: Well, there was something muddy in the family's past that no one would talk about.

Ed: Moody? Strange, I didn't think they came from Waltham.

Monty: That's why Rodney was the white sheep of the family.

Heather: Yes, he went to only the best schools money could buy.

Allan: And he bought a few.

Pat: He was a slick city boy.

Ed: From Waltham?

Monty: Who attracted women like flies to honey.

'Zanne: I guess he was more sticky than slick -

Elisa: He used them and threw them away until he wronged the wrong woman.

Ed: No, he wronged the right woman.

Allan: No, he left the right woman.

Heather: No, he left the wronged woman.

'Zanne: No, he wronged the left woman.

Monty: No, he wronged the right woman...

Pat: Well, something like that. Anyway, it's been a year since he's gone wrong.

Ed: No, he went right.

Pat: At any rate - he left.

Heather: A Farquahar has never missed his birthday.

Allan: Though he has shown up in disguise.

Monty: So, Rodney Farquahar, if you are out there - here's to you.

All: Happy birthday.

Elisa: Let them eat cake.

Pat: Not until you hand out the funny hats.

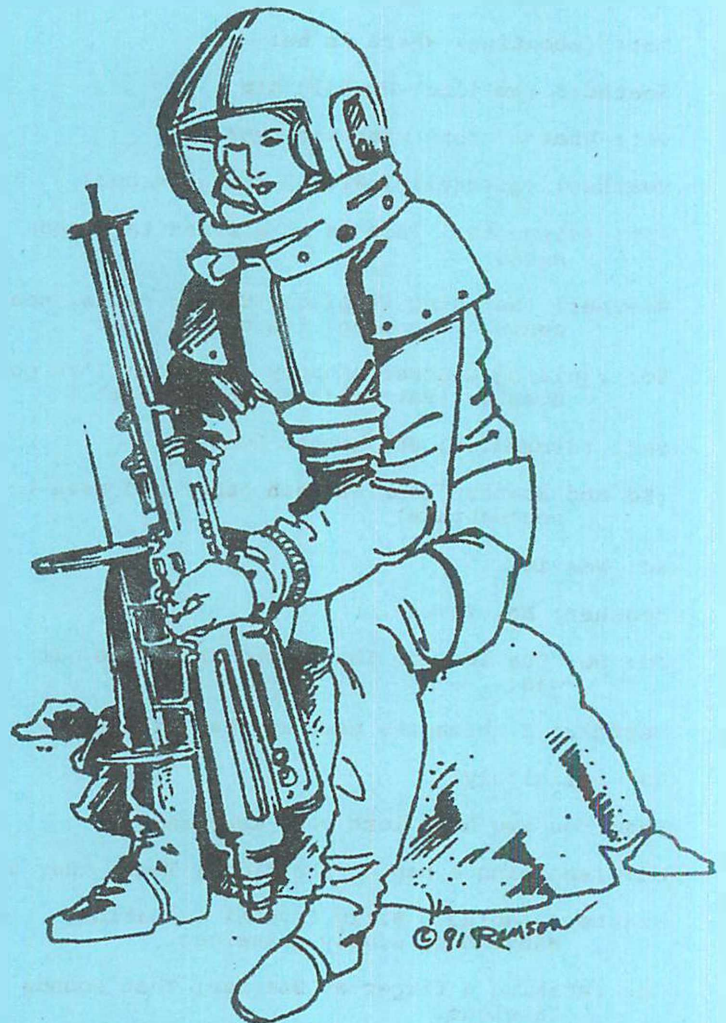
Allan: Hand out the noisemakers.

'Zanne: Make a birthday wish.

Ed: Blow out the candles!

All: And cut the cake.

I hope you enjoyed reading these skits as much as I enjoyed typing them. Anyone interested in performing them should be aware that I edited out about half the stage directions to make the skits more readable and all the occurrences that look like typos really aren't. (I didn't get all the references either.) Both George Flynn and I questioned several. I was told by Pat Vandenberg, no, that is the way it really is supposed to be. When you write for permission to perform them, you will see for yourself. (KK)



Boskone 30 Con Report
by Evelyn C. Leeper
Copyright 1993 Evelyn C. Leeper

Well, the drive was an hour longer going up this year, due to the move from Springfield to Framingham, and three hours longer coming back, because there was a snowstorm added on as well. Still, having everything in one hotel was nice.

Two years ago, panelists registered in the regular registration area and were given their panelist information there. Last year we had to go to the Green Room to get our panelist information, and this was in the other hotel, so this was a trifle inconvenient. This year they returned to handing out the panelist information at the regular registration desk.

Hotel

The Sheraton Tara was quite nice, and having everything in one hotel a definite plus! There were a couple of panels with people standing in back, but on the whole crowding was not a problem. The move to Framingham does not seem to have changed the size of Boskone any; it has been holding steady at 900 or so for the past three years. The parties seemed fairly empty, except for the party with the belly-dancer.

Dealers' Room

Since there was only one hotel, there was only one dealers' room, but this had what might be called a "back room" with some of the dealers, and this back room was possibly less trafficked in than the main room. There were about the same number of dealers as previous years, with books predominating. I didn't see any Japanese videos, but the rest of the assortment was similar to last year's as well. As usual, I found a half dozen books I couldn't find anywhere else (though I hadn't checked the Science Fiction Shop in New York yet), and a couple more I picked up on impulse. There was a Borders Bookstore nearby, but car problems, lack of time, and the feeling that there were superstores near us at home kept us from getting there (although I believe Willis and Yolen had an autograph session there Friday afternoon).

Art Show

For the first time at a Boskone, I didn't get to the Art Show. Okay, that's not exactly true: I did stick my head through the door at one point to see how Mark's origami panel was going. It was packed and I left. But I never got a chance to look at the art itself. I think it's because I have been increasingly disappointed at the contents and so never made the time. Then again, attending every Connie Willis panel kept me pretty busy! *[The quality was definitely up. KK]*

Programming

There were a few science panels, none of which I got to. I guess the era of the "hard-science" Boskone is over. Most of the science panels were computer-oriented. I think the overall number of panels may be decreasing as well. This is due to the lower attendance at Boskone - fewer attendees mean fewer panel participants, as well as fewer people in the audience. (Though Joe Haldeman was the Guest of Honor, I never got to a panel of his. I mention this because from the number of Connie Willis panels I attended, you might think she was the Guest of Honor. Actually, she came to Boskone because it was on the way to Chicago, where she was traveling for a Monday conference. How is Boston on the way from Colorado to Chicago? Well, my guess is that by flying round-trip to Boston with a stop-over in Chicago on the way back, Willis could then have a Saturday night stay, which for some reason makes airline tickets a lot cheaper, enough cheaper in fact probably to cover the cost of the hotel room for Boskone. Anyway, I was quite pleased about this turn of events.)

The First Night

The Friday night Meet-the-VIPs party was held in the same room as the films, and adjacent to the con suite. This allowed the Shirim Klezmer Orchestra to set up their equipment only once instead of having to move it from the party to the film room as they did last year. At the party I was approached by someone who asked if I would mind signing some autographs. It turns out he thought I was Connie Willis (shades of MagiCon!). Connie Willis is several inches taller than I am, and her hair is red rather than dark brown, but I guess from a black-and-white photo on a book jacket, we look alike. Why doesn't anyone claim I write like Connie Willis?

The con suite offered free munchies as well as free soft drinks this year (last year the drinks were free, but the chips and such were not).

I couldn't spend all my time at the party, because Mark had a film panel at 9 PM.

SF Movies and TV: The Year in Review

Friday, 9 PM

Daniel Kimmel (mod), Saul Jaffe, Mark R. Leeper, Jim Mann

I got to the panel late, but didn't seem to have missed much. Kimmel was "moderating" the panel by listing every science fiction, fantasy, and horror film he could think of that was released in 1992, and only at the end of the list asking for additions or additional comments. Even with his long list (he works for *Variety*), he omitted *Grand Tour: Disaster in Time* (based on C. L. Moore's "Vintage Season"), *Kafka*, *Runestone*, *Shadows and Fog*, and *Zentropa* (known in Europe as *Europa*). Mann

noted the availability of *Godzilla vs. Biolante* on videotape; I noted the videotape release of the 1931 Spanish-language *Dracula* after many years of total unavailability (the only complete print was in a vault in Havana).

Kimmel then had Jaffe list all the television released in 1992. Since Jaffe is working on a book about science fiction television, he had a very complete list, but I think most people started tuning out during the long list of Saturday morning cartoon shows. Mann recommended "The Inner Light" as the best of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*; I recommended American Playhouse's "Fool's Fire" (based on Edgar Allan Poe's "Hopfrog").

Nosferatu Friday, 10 PM

The only part of the film program I got to was *Nosferatu*. I think *Robofox* was also shown on film; there was a video program as well. *Nosferatu* was shown with live accompaniment by the Shirim Klezmer Orchestra. They had solved the problems of set-up and reel changes that plagued last year's film, but the music didn't always suit the movie. Mark and I particularly agreed that a klezmer-disco version of "Summertime" from *Porgy and Bess* was probably not what Murnau had in mind when he made the film.

Parties

I dropped by the "Boston in 1998" party to find out what was going on. The Sheraton-Boston had signed a contract with the American Political Science Association for Labor Day weekend, 1998, but the Hynes Convention Center was still interested in having Noreascon. The issue seems to be whether enough hotel rooms in the immediate area can be found to sustain the convention. My feeling was that the committee members thought there could be, and that the bid would proceed without the Sheraton. Bidding against Boston are Baltimore and Niagara Falls. I went to the Baltimore party Saturday night and was heartily unimpressed. Based on the people there I spoke to, a Baltimore convention shows every sign that it would be just as poorly run as the last Baltimore convention. I could be wrong, but unless they concentrate more on the content and less on offering rum drinks, they will not be getting my vote. [After serious consideration MCFI has decided to change their bid to 2001. KK]

Saturday Morning

We were going to go out for breakfast, but our car wouldn't start. The battery cranked, but the engine just wouldn't catch. Eventually we gave up and ate in the hotel dining room. We figured we could go out for dinner, since friends would be arriving with another car, but it turned out that they were afraid to give up their parking space. (There were more parking spaces behind the hotel, but this was not obvious.)

History in SF

Saturday, 11 AM

Michael F. Flynn, Mark Keller, Connie Willis

The panelists started by saying they would be talking about setting stories in the past or using the past in science fiction. Alternate histories were of course mentioned, but on the whole the panelists dealt with other uses of history in science fiction. (Keller did point out that alternate histories have a firm academic background, at least in economics, where "counter-factuals" are a standard tool.)

One popular use of history is to provide a ready-made background for a future or alien society, or as Mark Keller described it, "Look it up instead of make it up." The Turkish Ottoman Empire, for example, was the basis of the society in Frank Herbert's *Dune* (and subsequent books). This has the advantage of being realistic and consistent (at least as much as history itself ever is), but can also be a bit obvious and strained to the reader.

Another approach is to break some historical law. For example, stories with faster-than-light travel break a physical law. Larry Niven's *Protector* breaks a biological law. Stories can also break historical laws, although clearly there is far more disagreement on what constitutes a historical law. One person gave as an example that a story could break "Marxist law"; Keller suggested that L. Neil Smith's alternate histories assume a universe in which libertarianism works. This latter sounded more like a desire to stir up controversy than anything else, since Flynn has won the Prometheus Award from the Libertarians two years in a row. But Flynn did not rise to the bait (offered twice in the hour). The question of exactly what constitutes a historical law brought up the book *Cycles, The Science of Prediction* by Edward R. Dewey and Edwin F. Dakin, which in 1947 predicted the economic cycles that we seem to be living through: a big recession in the early 1980s, another smaller one in the early 1990s, an upturn in January 1993, and a big upturn in 2006. (This is supposedly still in print from the Foundation for the Study of Cycles, 1964, 255pp, \$15.)

Willis suggested the only thing we can do to predict the future was to try to "extrapolate the future from the past." Her upcoming novella for Bantam, "Uncharted Territory," does that in its story of a meeting between an advanced culture and a primitive one. (I will say more about that below when I talk about the reading.)

This led to some comments on "PC" ("political correctness"), which Willis says is trying to correct the mistakes of the past without taking into account Murphy's Law. Murphy's Law figures into this in two ways: first, many of the mistakes were the result of Murphy's Law, and second, all our attempts to correct things will also be plagued by Murphy's Law.

Willis also pointed out that coincidence happens in history. (Stephen Jay Gould's whole theory of evolutionary biology is built up from contingencies.) Alternate histories try to avoid coincidence because that technique has fallen into disrepute, but the fact remains that truth is stranger than fiction. A reasonable middle road to take is to use coincidence in your set-up but not in your resolution. Any coincidence later in your story needs to have been set up ahead of time. (For example, the coincidental meeting of two friends can trigger old feelings that set the plot into motion, but the hero better not be saved from the gallows by the last-minute appearance of a heretofore unmentioned twin brother.)

Keller described Fernand Braudel's "Theory of History," in which there are three modes: long stretch, oscillating or fluctuating, and progressive. (These will sound familiar to anyone who has read Maureen F. McHugh's *China Mountain Zhang*.) Braudel was an economic historian, and looked primarily at economic trends. All economic/historical trends theoretically fit into one of these modes. For example, "standard of living" is generally considered to be progressive, while "skirt lengths" is oscillating. Long stretch, I assume, is a reference to historical inertia - it takes a long time to effect substantial changes.

As usual, Josephine Tey's *The Daughter of Time* (Macmillan, 1988, \$4.95) was mentioned as a good book demonstrating how to research history. Panelists agreed that it was necessary to read primary sources, not just what historians say about them, and this was connected to the "tempocentrism" Willis felt was evidenced by many historians.

Using history in one's stories is not without its pitfalls, however. Willis related that at a discussion of her novel *Lincoln's Dreams* one of the attendees asked how much of the Civil War material Willis had made up (none of it, it turns out). When pressed, the attendee said, "Well, for example, who's this Grant character?" The panelists (and the audience) agreed, I think, that one must operate within the (ever-shrinking) realm of popular knowledge, but there is still much disagreement on the boundaries of that realm. One audience member, for example, seemed shocked that a reader of Dan Simmons's *Hyperion* didn't recognize the name of a saint mentioned in passing early on as actually being the cleric who was involved in the Piltdown Hoax and who set forth a theological explanation of evolution involving multiple, parallel lineages, all moving towards a state of more spirit and less matter. (This is Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, whose evolutionary theories are put forward in *The Phenomenon of Man* [Harper Collins, 1975, \$12], and who is discussed at great length in Stephen Jay Gould's *Hen's Teeth and Horse's Toes* [Norton, 1983, 413pp, \$6.95].) In a society in which people don't recognize the name of Grant in connection with the Civil War, this seems an overly optimistic expectation of your readership's knowledge.

Someone in the audience said he was writing an alternate history in which a woman was elected president sometime earlier this century by 95% of the voters, the Electoral College having been dissolved. This led panelists to point out that the key to a believable alternate history is having only one change, and dumping the Electoral College and electing a woman was one change too many. Also noted was that 95% of the voters never agree on anything and if the writer wanted to indicate a landslide, he should look at old election results to get some idea of what constitutes a landslide.

Willis said the biggest problem with using history in science fiction is that many people have what she called "tempocentrism" (or "now-ism"). Historians are not unbiased. In her research for *Doomsday Book* she found many historians who talked about how the reason the plague killed so many was that the people of that time were dirty, ignorant, etc. But Willis notes that even today, if diagnosed and treated with the best our medical science has to offer, the plague has a 50% mortality rate. She also objected to the characterization of people of the 14th Century as being unfeeling and unaffected by death the way we are, because they were used to it. Willis quoted a man from Vienna in 1347 who wrote, "This day have I buried my wife and five children in one grave. No tears. It is the end of the world." Historians also say things like, "The plague was of a purgative rather than a disastrous nature," which indicates (to me, anyway) that they are being just as callous as they accuse the 14th Century people as being. (She talks about this at greater length in her interview in the July 1992 issue of *Locus*.)

This led to a brief discussion of plagues and diseases in history. Rene Dubos's *The Mirage of Health: Utopias, Progress, & Biological Change* (Rutgers University Press, 1987, 236pp, \$13) was cited as a source which discussed the deaths in the Western Hemisphere from disease during the first half of the 16th Century. In 1520, there were estimated to be 25,000,000 people in Mexico; a generation later there were only 2,500,000. The Spaniards did not intend to kill 90% of the population; this happened because of diseases they unwittingly carried (and to which they were, on the whole, immune). One audience member seemed to want to hold on to the idea that the Europeans did this deliberately and suggested that they put the smallpox carriers on the ships to send the disease over to them, but as someone else pointed out, "You do not want disease carriers on the same ship as you!" (Diseases worked against the Europeans in some places as well. There is a Gambian stamp honoring the mosquito as being the primary reason that Europeans were unable to colonize that country for so many years.)

Successful diseases adapt to keep the host alive longer, so that they can live longer. "That's why AIDS is such a wonderful disease," said Willis, though quickly

clarifying that she meant in terms of its survival characteristics rather than a good thing for humans. One thing I noticed at this panel is that everyone seems to misuse the word "decimate": it means to kill off one-tenth, not to leave only a tenth.

In summary, the message seemed to me that people in the past weren't that different from us (said Keller), but they were not like us (added Willis). Someone mentioned *The Big Sky* by Alfred B. Guthrie, Jr. (Bantam, 1984, \$4.95), which captures the mind-set of a 19th Century trapper, but makes him so alien the modern reader can't relate to him. Willis says that the problem is that "we live in a self-centered age" and think that our beliefs are of necessity more correct than those of the past. She talked about the recent attempts to change church language into something more inclusive of women, and cited a change to a hymn by St. Francis which eventually drove her to leave the choir because, as she put it, "To set ourselves above St. Francis is a great act of hubris and foolishness." Willis in general decried the current trend toward political correctness which seems to treat everyone from the past as villains because they didn't agree with us. As Keller said, we may disagree with them, but "they were sincere" (i.e., they didn't do what they did to be evil, but because they believed it was right).

Short Science Fiction: The Cutting Edge
Saturday, noon

Sheila Williams (mod), James Patrick Kelly,
Steven Popkes, Darrell Schweitzer
and Connie Willis

People as usual promoted their latest books. Willis said the new collection of her short fiction, *Impossible Things*, would be coming out in December, at which time *Fire Watch* would also be re-issued. (This, by the way, explains why someone thought Willis had a collection called *Artificial Things*, which is actually a Karen Joy Fowler collection which had originally been titled *The Lake Is Full of Artificial Things*.)

Regarding the "cutting edge," someone quoted George Bernard Shaw as saying, "Everything changes but the avant garde." While the panelists talked mostly about the "cutting edge" of science fiction in terms of cyberpunk et al., I thought the title of the panel meant that short fiction was the cutting edge of science fiction. (I certainly find it easier to find Hugo nominees among the short stories than among the novels; in fact, it seems the longer the stories get, the harder it is to find Hugo nominees.) Williams seemed to think that rather than being the cutting edge, most of what she gets for *Asimov's Science Fiction* is the "cutting sponge," by which I assume she means it just soaks up whatever ideas are hanging around. Kelly thought the whole idea of the cutting edge was somewhat anti-artistic in that once a cutting edge has been declared, it silences dissent.

Going back to older ideas of the avant garde, the "New Wave," and the cutting edge, Schweitzer said that Barry Malzberg felt that the golden age of science fiction was from 1948-1955 because that was when ground-breaking work was done. On the whole, though, the panelists agreed that trends and movements were dangerous and counter-productive, not only because they silence dissent, but because they lead to too much "copy-cat-ism." As one panelist said, "Unique voices don't fit into a history of science fiction." (This person had been talking to an academic who was teaching a course on the history of science fiction and mentioned that R. A. Lafferty [I believe] was not included. The response was that Lafferty didn't start any trends and influenced no specific authors in any noticeable fashion, so he was irrelevant to the course.)

Secular humanism was described by Willis as "decaying decorations on an already moldy wedding cake of literature." (I'm not sure what that means, but it sounds great.) Most of science fiction seems to be in the direction of "minor works by junior authors," franchise works, and general land-fill material. Where are the great "patterning works" the panel mentioned: H. Rider Haggard's *She*, Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, J. R. R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*? (My guess is they're scheduled for next year's Boskone's "Neglected Authors" track - after all, two years ago they did Jules Verne.)

Luckily, there is hope. Magazines are forced to buy fiction from new writers to survive, so there is a chance to see new, fresh fiction. This is why short fiction is the cutting edge, I guess. (I might claim the golden age of short stories is now, in fact.) What they are seeing could be described as the "Third Wave" of cyberpunk. The First Wave was William Gibson's *Neuromancer*. The Second Wave was all the rip-offs that came out of that. The Third Wave are the works which deal with the use of real-world technology from authors like Greg Egan, Alex Jablakov, Jonathan Lethem, and Vernor Vinge. Schweitzer pointed out in this context that John Varley's *Steel Beach*, for example, is full of matter-of-fact sex, technology, and genetic engineering that would have made the book revolutionary in 1968. (The sex alone would have gotten it bounced by a number of publishers.) Now, it's considered "straightforward" science fiction - nothing ground-breaking. And the "ground-breaking" works of the 1960s were all copies of literary ground-breakers that had gone before: John Brunner's *Stand on Sannizar* was the child of John dos Passos's work; Brian W. Aldiss's *Barefoot in the Head* was heavily influenced by James Joyce. Still, Williams emphasized that "the best authors have their own voice." While any author will be influenced by other literature, good authors try to set trends rather than follow them, try to write their own works instead of copying others. Willis agreed, saying that this was what kept the science fiction field

fresh while other genres stagnate: "Romances imploded into a neutron star; science fiction is like a blob that keeps growing." (Someone noted that the fastest growing sub-genre in romances is the time-travel romance.)

Willis also observed that the new voice is what can revive an ailing field. "An author like a Stephen King can come along and rejuvenate a dead and decaying [!] field."

Brief mention was made of short fiction for children. Most markets for this are very unreasonable regarding republication rights (according to Schweitzer, who thought only Cricket was a worthwhile market to sell short children's fiction to). Because of the limited number of outlets, few authors find it worthwhile to write a children's story that they can send to only one or two publications, and have no chance of resale income.

Asked what were the problem areas in science fiction today, Schweitzer said he was tired of the proliferation of "elfy-welfy" fantasy. Willis attacked "horrible, ghastly 82-volume trilogies." There is no dearth of stories per se, but often it seems that the bad drives out the good. Schweitzer closed by saying that "90% of today's science fiction wouldn't have been published in 1940." (Of course, a lot of it couldn't have been written then either.)

SF Origami
Saturday, 1 PM
Mark R. Leeper

I didn't attend this, but I did look in and see that there were about twenty people folding origami. In fact, Mark got asked to come to the con suite Saturday night and teach some more, and ended up spending another couple of hours there.

Responsibility and the Arts

Saturday, 2 PM

Ellen Asher, A. J. Austin, Michael F. Flynn,
Charles Ryan and Jane Yolen

The issues posed to the panelists beforehand to be thinking about dealt in part with the question of whether the panelists censor themselves. Austin's response was, "Self-censorship? My mom reads my stuff!" Asher said the real problem seemed to be that the trend was to call any form of selection censorship. (Certainly the recent discussion of John Norman on Usenet seems to fall into this category.) The panelists never completely agreed on a definition of "censorship" but seemed to agree that it included physical sanctions of some sort. As long as someone was free to publish his or her own works and sell them, then censorship per se was not being exercised. One can certainly argue this - an entire hour could be spent without ever deciding whether the refusal of two or three major book distributors to carry some work constituted some form of ipso facto censorship, for example. Yolen said the

problem in trying to arrive at such a definition was that some people are defining censorship in terms of commerce and some are defining it in terms of art. (Is the NEA's refusal to fund certain artists censorship?)

Another issue these days is the credentials of the author. This is not merely the question of their technical knowledge of whatever they are writing about, but whether, for example, a biography of Malcolm X is as valid when written by a white author as by a black author. The best-known example of this was *The Education of Little Tree*, a book about Native Americans widely praised until it was discovered that Forrest Carter, the "Native American" who wrote it, was actually a white racist (some say a former racist). Do a people have the exclusive rights to their story? Yolen said she would not want to see a situation where only Jews could write about Jews, only blacks could write about blacks, and so on, in part because if that is the case, then you can never have a book that includes people from many groups. What people seem to forget, Yolen said, was that writers create. That's what writing is about. Writers are supposed to be able to write characters other than themselves. Shakespeare may or may not have been Francis Bacon, but he was not a Jew and a Moor and a teenage girl and a Danish prince and an aging king.... This gets into the whole question of cross-racial casting in films. Could a white man successfully play Martin Luther King? (Yes, Olivier played Othello, but does that apply?) Could Whoopi Goldberg play Juliet?

Ryan pointed out that the artist is supposed to challenge society, and that it is impossible to do so without offending someone. The whole issue of political correctness often seems to center around a distrust of imagination. (In fairness, it seems to me that if "political correctness" is the left wing of the spectrum, then the right wing also distrusts imagination and wants to control strictly what children can see and read.) A well-known literary example of challenging society was Henrik Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*, and panelists pointed out that similar problems occur even today when newspapers discover facts about toxic waste that governments want to conceal.

The panelists left themselves and the audience pondering the question of what the difference between self-censorship and moral cowardice was. For example, bookstores that carried Salman Rushdie's *Satanic Verses* were threatened. In some cases, the stores would have the employees decide for themselves whether to carry the book. If a company decides that it is not fair to minimum-wage employees to put them on the front line, is this censorship? Is this moral cowardice? If a school librarian fights to keep a book on the shelf and wins, when the next year's decisions roll around, is she more likely to play it safe and select less controversial books? Is this selection or censorship? Yolen said that

the artists should be quicker to praise the clerks and librarians who support them, and much slower to condemn those who have to decide whether to put their jobs and lives on the line for someone else's art.

Biblical Themes in SF and Fantasy Saturday, 3 PM

Evelyn Leeper (mod), Jeffrey A. Carver, Anne Jordan, Mark Keller, Josepha Sherman

There was no specified moderator for this panel so I volunteered, on the theory that the moderator gets to ask the questions rather than having to come up with answers.

I started by saying that I had begun to suspect that there was a growing trend towards Biblical themes in science fiction and fantasy, having read in short order Norman Spinrad's *Deus X*, Thomas Monteleone's *Blood of the Lamb*, Gore Vidal's *Live From Golgotha*, and Jack Womack's *Elvissey*. I thought this might be attributable to millennialism, but the other panel members seemed to think that this was just part of an oscillating trend, and noted that the Bible, particularly the Old Testament, has always been a major source of literary as well as spiritual inspiration. The stories of Esther, David, Moses, and others lend themselves to retelling in various times and places, including science fictional settings. Mark Keller, in fact, thinks that all of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* is a retelling of I Kings, with various characters representing Saul, David, Jonathan, the Assyrians, the Egyptians, and so on.

One person asked if all these characters didn't represent Jungian archetypes, but the panelists seemed to feel that while they were archetypal, attaching Jungian significance to them was probably overkill. People also discussed deuterocanonical and semi-Biblical influences (*The Book of Mormon* for prophetic figures and especially in the work of Orson Scott Card, for example). Some thought that recent discoveries regarding the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Nag Hammadi Library, and other semi-Biblical and pseudepigraphical works might lead to more obscure borrowings. Andrew Greeley is known to rely heavily on Biblical sources, and Harold Bloom's *Flight from Lucifer* was also mentioned (though I can't recall the context).

There was some question as to whether one found more Biblical influences in science fiction or fantasy. At first guess, you might think fantasy, but it turns out that most fantasy is influenced by various other mythologies rather than Biblical, and that it may very well be true that Biblical sources and imagery are used more in science fiction. Regarding millennialism, it actually began much earlier than the end of the 20th Century, with William Miller preaching the Second Coming of Christ first in 1843, then March 21, 1844, and finally October 22, 1844. As *Grolier's Academic Encyclopedia* says, "The failure of these predictions was a serious setback to the

movement [founded by Miller], but Miller and some devoted followers continued to preach the imminent return of Christ." The Seventh-Day Adventists grew out of this movement. Just this past year, in fact, another group predicted the end of the world. If it happened, I didn't notice it. (Then again, there was a group that predicted the end of the world around 1918, and when the time passed, they published a book explaining that the world had ended but no one had noticed.)

Someone noted that science fiction used to be about science, but now was perfectly willing to be about religion instead. Someone else said that the two were not unconnected: predestination is basically the religious version of Newtonian mechanics, free will is more related to Einsteinian theories, the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle, and the recent theories of chaos.

Religious Intolerance in SF and Fandom Saturday, 4 PM

Elisabeth Carey (mod), Janice Gelb, Alex Jablovkov, Melissa Scott

Carey was worried that this panel would turn into a flame war and so said that the panelists would discuss the topic for a half-hour before taking any questions from the audience. While the discussion may have gotten lively at times, I don't think it was ever near problem proportions.

Jablovkov said that the most obvious intolerance was toward religion in general: when one sees religious characters in science fiction or fantasy, they are either "decadent voluptuaries or fanatical fundamentalists." Scott added a third category: Zen masters. The latter at least tend to be portrayed in a non-negative light; at worst they seem to be treated as harmless cranks rather than evil forces. Scott said that one reason for this somewhat slanted view is that religious institutions make easy villains. Also, the most obvious religious people are the most annoying, since they are the proselytizers et al. Frequently the author may have his or her own prejudices against certain organizations. One must be careful not to assume this is always the case, however, since characters in a story may have prejudices independent of or even contradictory to those of the author. Still, this provides multiple levels for prejudices to appear in a story. Of course, science fiction must also follow through on its premises (Jablovkov gave the example of Donald Kingsbury's *Courtship Rite*). Add to this that writers work with a shared set of assumptions that the readers may not share, and you can see that misunderstandings are almost guaranteed.

Someone (Jablovkov, I think) said that all this is what mainstream science fiction fans see, but he noted that there are a large number of science fiction novels published by religious publishers and marketed only in religious bookstores in which religious people

are the heroes. One example he gave was a cyberpunk novel in which Southern Baptists are targeted for genocide, but the religious Christian uses his talents to defeat the plot. (Sorry, he didn't give the title or author.)

There is also a tendency to make aliens just like us, only shaped different. Jablovsk described this for a story of intelligent dolphins by saying that "dolphin religion is Christianity filtered through several miles of water."

One of the distinctions I asked about was the dividing line between irreverence and intolerance. One response was that to be irreverent one must be a believer, which was not quite what I was asking. Later Gelb said that she drew the line somewhere around the point where people started saying things like, "How can you or any rational person believe such garbage?"

Some people suggested that fandom is an ideology or a religion. I doubt that most people would agree, but to many fans there is definitely a sense of shared beliefs. Of course, one of these beliefs is that openness is good, so fans say what they think, and this is where the statements such as "Only an idiot could believe such garbage" come from. Jablovsk summed it up by saying that the question is not what is true, but what is polite.

Reading
Saturday, 5 PM
Connie Willis

Willis started by giving the audience the option of hearing part of her novella "Uncharted Territory" (which she was delivering to Bantam), or her novelette "Death on the Nile" from the March issue of *Asimov's Science Fiction*. But first she talked about a story that came from her Nebula nomination for "Even the Queen," which appeared in last year's April issue. Apparently people often send out copies of their nominated stories to all SFWA (or is it SFFWA now?) members, with cover letters saying, "In case you missed this, here's a copy in case you might want to consider voting for this for the Nebula award, etc." Usually the copies are extra copies of back issues of the magazines the stories appeared in (though sometimes photocopies were sent if there weren't enough back copies). Anyway, the warehouse in which the back issues of *Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* were stored burned down (making all your back issues more valuable in the process), so Willis was looking forward to sending out letters saying, "In case you missed this, here's a copy in case you might want to consider voting for this for the Nebula award, etc.," and enclosing a tablespoon of ashes. However, the copies of "Even the Queen" were sent out before the fire, so she will have to wait until next year's nominations and see if "Death on the Nile" gets nominated.

Anyway, the audience voted in favor of the first part of the novella, so she read that, first explaining that it arose out of what she called her "Dances with Wolves rant," which started before the credits on that film had even finished rolling and ended only when her husband threatened to leave her if she didn't stop. (She says the couple who went to the movies with them will never go with them again.) This rant can also be found in abbreviated form in the *Locus* interview mentioned earlier (July 1992 issue). She talked about the fact that Sitting Bull became friends with Buffalo Bill Cody shortly after the Battle of Little Big Horn and toured in Buffalo Bill's road show, which Willis finds hard to comprehend. (In an interesting piece of coincidence, Sitting Bull was killed in the Ghost Dance at Wounded Knee in 1890; the Ghost Dance arose from a millennial cult; we had just discussed millennialism an hour earlier. Okay, so it's not an interesting piece of coincidence.) Willis recommended Evan S. Connell's *Son of the Morning Star: Custer and Little Big Horn* (Harper Collins, 1991, 464pp, \$10.95) as a good book about that period of history. In addition to objecting to some of the content of *Dances with Wolves*, she also objected to the pedestal that the movie was put on. Western movies were not all one-sided, she pointed out, and films such as *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* made the white men as much or more the villains than the Indians. In any case she emphasized that the West was not simple. While there was some misinformation in older images of the West, she continued, "You correct a stereotype with the truth, not with another stereotype." What happened in the settlement of the West she describes as "a tragedy, not a crime."

Another film that she disliked for its distortion of facts to make a "politically correct" statement was *Fat Man and Little Boy*, which claimed that everyone involved with the atomic bomb knew all about radiation poisoning and other effects of the bomb but used it anyway, rather than the truth, which was that while some people had some idea of the effects, most people thought of it as just a more powerful bomb.

In regard to political correctness, Willis made some additional comments (see also the "History in SF" panel). She said that there are any number of trends and fads in social theory, and that political correctness was one of them. Others she mentioned were the "100th Monkey Theory" and the belief that the American public are sheep. A book she recommended was *Free Speech for Me - But Not for Thee: How the American Left & Right Censor Each Other* by Nat Hentoff (Harper Collins, 1992, 384pp, \$25), which discusses the censorship by the Left. In this regard she mentioned the people who want to ban Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* because it uses the word "nigger." In fact, she said, it was removed from the school library of a high school named Mark Twain High School! (She didn't say what town or state.)

Willis said that it is important to break the ice around ideas, not enshrine some and ban others.

Willis also talked about writing in general. She said she could never understand writers who say their characters get away from them and take on a life of their own. "They're my characters, by God! They will do what I tell them to!" She also said that people say that a book should be about the most important day in a person's life, which would seem to imply that most people should write only one book (unless their lives are on a constant up-track).

Complimented on "Even the Queen," Willis hinted it was her response to people who were big on the idea of celebrating womanhood, but hoped it didn't start a genre of "menstruation-punk" even though it could be considered the "bleeding edge" of science fiction. (I have a great idea for the beginnings of an anthology in the "menstruation-punk" genre if anyone is interested.)

The novella itself (remember the novella?) seems to be of humans arriving on a "primitive" planet and trying to explore it, except that the indigenous peoples have somehow discovered political correctness, and use it to stymie even the most trivial efforts. For example, driving a vehicle gets the explorers fined for "disturbing planetary surface." I will certainly look for it when it comes out (but then I'm an unrepentant Willis groupie); it will be the first of three novellas Willis does for Bantam in their novella series. In addition, she has another novel set in the *Doomsday Book* universe, tentatively titled *To Say Nothing of the Dog*, but much lighter in tone than *Doomsday Book*, with no deaths - except maybe a cat that everyone keeps trying to kill.

War of the Worlds Saturday, 8 PM

This consisted of a fifteen-minute radio interview with H. G. Wells and Orson Welles, followed by the famous broadcast. I had heard the broadcast many times, and was interested in the slide show they put together to go with it, but that turned out to be a bit of a disappointment, since there weren't very many slides (they tended to leave a slide up for two or three minutes), they reused slides (the same farm picture showed up about five times), and the slides weren't always in focus. It was a good idea, though, and with a bit more effort on the visual side could be quite good. After all, it's basically what Ken Burns did with his "Civil War" series (and all his other documentaries, for that matter).

The Cross-Time Bus:

A Comic Play by Joe Mayhew
Saturday, 10 PM

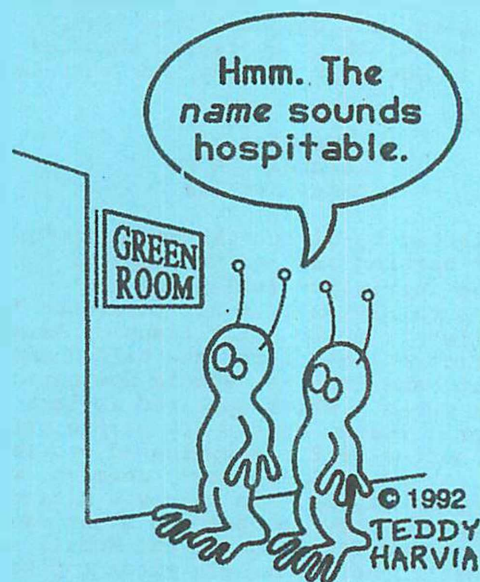
Bruce Coville, Esther Friesner, Joe Haldeman,
Chip Hitchcock, Suford Lewis, Joe Mayhew,
Greg Thokar and Mike Zipser

Waiting for this to begin, I found out that somewhere there is a betting pool going on how long my next convention report will be. I just want to mention that for the right price, I can adjust the length to suit. :~)

The play itself was not an alternate history (which I had thought it might be), but was just a comic play about someone building a time travel machine (bus, actually), then taking a bunch of Dungeons & Dragons players back to King Arthur's time. Amusing enough, though some of the characters got wearisome after a while. Maybe I was just tired.

At the end they brought out a big birthday cake and everyone sang "Happy Birthday" to Suford Lewis, whose birthday it was. (She had agreed to pinch-hit for Jane Yolen, who was originally supposed to be in the play but was not feeling well.)

After the play, I dropped into the Baltimore in '98 party. As I said before, I was not impressed. Time will tell; there are still more than two years before the site selection for 1998.



The Green Room

One of the interesting things about the Green Room is the conversations one overhears. Sunday morning I came in just in time to hear Esther Friesner say, "Do you have any idea how big a walrus's penis is?!" I'm sure she had a good explanation....

She also donated Laura Kinsale's *The Shadow and the Star* (from one of the racier lines of romance novels) to the Green Room reading material supply. Most people stuck to the *Sunday Times* instead.

Comedy in SF and Fantasy

Sunday, 11 AM

Connie Willis (mod), Bradley Denton,
Esther Friesner, Craig Shaw Gardner,
Laura Ann Gilman, Jeff Hecht

The first thing I learned from this panel is that it is impossible to convey a humorous panel in print, but this will be my humble attempt.

One of the first questions after everyone on the panel mentioned their latest or funniest books was what people answer when asked, "Why do you write funny fantasy?" Friesner said she does it to aggravate people who ask. Someone once read something of hers and said, "You're not from this planet." She wasn't sure if that was supposed to be a compliment or not. The question, "Why do you write funny fantasy?" seems odd; did people ask P. G. Wodehouse why he wrote humor? On the other hand, Woody Allen said, "If you write comedy, you are not sitting at the adult table."

Someone asked if the panelists enjoyed writing humor, because most writers seem to say they hate writing in general. Willis responded, "I loathe and despise every moment of my writing career. I hate writing." The panelists felt that writing comedy is technically much more difficult than writing a serious book, especially these days with what someone called the "That's not funny" generation. (Political correctness seemed to be a running thread through the convention.) On the other hand, some people felt that political correctness was a boon. Denton announced that his new novel *Blackburn* has been objected to on moral grounds, so he's hoping sales will skyrocket! And Willis said, "I am pleased beyond measure to do irreparable harm to the radical feminist movement."

Denton talked about reading a section of a work of his in which one of the male protagonists gets shot, first in the crotch and then in the eye. After the first shot, the audience laughed, but after the second there was a shocked silence, after which Denton concluded that "the difference between comedy and tragedy is getting shot in the balls or shot in the eye." As far as verboten topics for humor, Friesner felt that harm to children was out. Hecht said that he wouldn't write anything that would cause pain to someone he knew.

No panel on comedy in science fiction and fantasy would be complete without recommendations, so here they are: the "Burke Breathed" cartoons, the works of L. Frank Baum, various works by Fredric Brown, *Stalking the Angel* by Robert Crais (Bantam, 1992, \$4.99), *The Incomplete Enchanter* by L. Sprague de Camp, "The Santa Claus Compromise" by Thomas M. Disch (in Harry Harrison and Brian Aldiss's *Best SF: 1975*), "Melpomene, Calliope... and Fred" by Nicholas V. Yermakov (someone said this was George Alec Effinger,

but I'm not sure that's correct) (George says it is not Effinger, however, Yermakov is also Simon Hawke. KK) (available in Arthur Saba's *Year's Best Fantasy Stories: 7*), the "Cathy" cartoons by Cathy Guisewite, "Stable Strategies for Middle Management" by Eileen Gunn, the "Stainless Steel Rat" series by Harry Harrison, *Expecting Someone Taller* and *Who's Afraid of Beowulf?* (Ace, 1990, \$4.50; Ace, 1991, \$4.50) by Tom Holt, *Three Men in a Boat* by Jerome K. Jerome (Penguin, 1978, \$5.95), the "Pogo" strips by Walt Kelly, *Blue Heaven and Putting on the Ritz* by Joe Keenan (Penguin, 1988, \$7.95; Penguin, 1992, \$10), *Apparent Wind* by Dallas Murphy (Pocket Books, 1991, \$4.99), various works of Lewis Padgett, *Die for Love and Naked Once More* (Tor, 1991, \$3.99; Warner, 1990, \$4.95) by Elizabeth Peters, "Mail Supremacy" by Hayford Peirce (available in Isaac Asimov and Martin Greenberg's *100 Short Short Science Fiction Stories*), *Good Omens* by Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett (Berkley, 1992, \$8.95) various works by Richard Rankin, the "Samurai Cat" works by Mark E. Rogers, various works by Thorne Smith, the "Aquilad" series by Sontow Sucharitkul (a.k.a. S. M. Sontow), almost anything by Howard Waldrop, and *Cosmic Banditos* by A. C. Weisbecker (Vintage, 1986, \$5.95).

(Making this list makes me wonder if all these recommendations that people make at panels are actually used by anyone. If I hadn't been trying to take notes for a convention report, I wouldn't be able to tell you what was recommended. I suppose it's possible that seeing one of the mentioned books in a store, I might recall that I had heard something about it, but possibly not even whether it was a recommendation or a warning.)

Kaffeeklatsch
Sunday, noon
Connie Willis

First off, everyone congratulated Willis on her two Nebula nominations (for *Doomsday Book* and "Even the Queen"). (Both won. KK)

I asked her about a comment she had made earlier about people telling her she had to get off the fence. This fence was not the fence between humor and serious writing, but the fence between the Left and the Right (for lack of better terms). People kept saying she had to take sides, but Willis says, "No! Women keep telling her about her 'responsibility to her sisters,' but Willis says her responsibility is to the truth, and that anyway, she thought women's liberation meant that she could have the freedom to write about what she wanted to write about. She mentioned she had written an editorial for the October 1992 issue of *Asimov's Science Fiction* in response to the attitude that there were no women writing science fiction until Ursula Le Guin and Joanna Russ "stormed the barricades." In the editorial, Willis talked about how there have always been women writing science fiction, and how many of them were

major influences on her. She also said that the major influence on her was probably Robert Heinlein's juveniles, and that any science fiction writer who claims otherwise is probably trying to be politically correct rather than honest. Most of the authors she mentioned are out of print now (because of the Thor Power Tool tax ruling making keeping backlist books too expensive; one can hope that electronic libraries will help get around this problem).

Two recent works which have influenced her writing are D'Souza's *Illiberal Education: The Politics of Race and Sex on Campus* (Random House, 1992, 300pp, \$12) and Wendy Kamner's *I'm Dysfunctional, You're Dysfunctional: The Recovery Movement and Other Self-help Fashions* (Addison-Wesley, 1992, 176pp, \$18.22). A work that influenced *Doomsday Book* in particular was Katherine Anne Porter's "Pale Horse, Pale Rider," a story set in the 1918 influenza plague.

A personal influence on Willis's work was something that happened to her when she was about ten. Her mother dropped off her and her younger sister at the movies before going shopping, saying that when they got out they should wait right in front of the movie until 4 PM, when she would come pick them up. Something happened - her sister fell and hit her head or something - and her sister started crying loudly, and Willis didn't know what to do, so she looked at the clock and saw it was 3:30. Figuring her mother would be along soon, she took her sister outside and waited a while. Then she looked at the clock (through the door) again, and realized she had read the clock wrong before and it was only 2:30 (or maybe even earlier - I didn't write down all the details). She knew they couldn't go back in, but she had a dime, so she went to a phone and tried calling home in case her father was there. But her grandfather, who was somewhat senile, answered the phone and then hung up. Now she had no money and no idea what to do. Just as she was about to panic completely, her father came down the street.

It seems he had been home in the yard and heard the phone ring, but couldn't get to it before her grandfather answered and hung up. Still, he thought that maybe it was Willis calling because she was in trouble and just in case, he decided to go to the theater and check. Willis said that the feeling of relief she felt when she saw him coming was something she would never forget, and this incident can be seen in many of her works, she says, in the themes of rescue and of decision-making from insufficient information. I also see a parallel in the adolescent girl in *Doomsday Book* who must act as an adult. (Note: her father asked the ticket-seller if the two girls could have gone back into the theater. "Of course," she said, but it had never occurred to Willis to ask.)

Writing about history can be difficult. Willis says it's hard to write about the Civil War because too many people know everything and will catch any mistake you make. (On the other hand, there are also those who will ask, "Who's this Grant character?") Other eras may not be as well known; when the authors were writing 1776 (the musical), they discovered that they couldn't use some of the best lines people had said, because everyone would think they were made up. For example, one of the principals said that unless the issue of slavery were decided then, within a hundred years it would tear the country apart. These are documented in an appendix to the published script, in case anyone is interested.

Shared Worlds and Sharecropped Worlds Sunday, 1 PM

Lisa Barnett, Gregory Feeley,
Evelyn C. Leeper, Don Sakars

This panel started with everyone on it saying they had no idea why they were on it. But given that we were here, we made the best of it. (My only idea was that I am known as a fan of Sherlock Holmes pastiches and parodies, and what are all the new Holmes novels and stories but a shared world?)

First, what is the difference between "shared worlds" and "sharecropped worlds"? (The latter term was coined by Richard Curtis, by the way.) Shared worlds are those in which the authors all participate equally (more or less). Examples would include the "Liavek" and "Wild Cards" series. Sharecropped worlds, on the other hand, are those which one person controls, for which authors are hired to work within limits and constraints set by the owner, and for which the owner gets a payment even if he or she has not done any of the writing. Examples of this would be the "Isaac Asimov's Robot City" novels or the "Roger Zelazny's Alien Speedway" novels. Sharecropped worlds are also referred to as franchise fiction. (I noted that novelizations of films also fall in this category to some extent; later it was observed that all writing for non-anthology television series would also be franchise fiction.)

The earliest example of "shared worlds" that anyone could name was the "Twayne Triplets," in which three authors started from the same planetary description to create independent novels. Of them, only James Blish's *A Case of Conscience* remains well-known. The technique of "world-building" and then handing out the world to a variety of authors continues even now though.

Sharecropped worlds are what I also refer to as "Fred Nobody Writing in the World of Joe Hugo- Winner," usually with Fred Nobody's name in five-point type and Joe Hugo-Winner's in twenty-point type. Someone else suggested that perhaps some of these books needed to have on the cover something like "Isaac Asimov had absolutely nothing to do with this book"

in large type. Many people agreed that much franchise fiction was like strip-mining: taking a profitable setting and churning out works as fast as possible with no concern about whether they were destroying any possibility of creating genuinely original works in that setting later on. Of course, for authors who have salable settings and who are too old or ill to continue writing in them, this does not seem to be as big a concern.

Sharecropping can also include co-authoring, although the obvious drawback here is that all good writing will be attributed to the established author and all bad writing will be blamed on the new author. This assumes an old author/new author pairing, of course. In general, this is the case, but there are exceptions. For example Robert Silverberg collaborated with Isaac Asimov in expanding Asimov's "The Ugly Little Boy" into a novel. But in this instance, the line between the two is clearly drawn and relatively well-known - Silverberg wrote everything that didn't appear in the original short story. Another exception was the collection *Foundation's Friends*, in which well-known authors were all asked to write tribute stories for Asimov set in Asimov's universes. But again, this is a special case, and it is obvious what is the author's and what is the "owner's."

Feeley said that sometimes even established authors will go into the franchise fiction field as the "junior partner." Michael Kube-McDowell, he said, felt that writing one of the "Robot City" novels would help his career, particularly if it were filed next to his other books, because then people who liked the one might buy the others. Someone pointed out this doesn't work nearly as well if all the "Robot City" books are filed together under Asimov, which seemed to be where I saw them. Well-known authors are used in some series, particularly the "Star Trek" and "Star Wars" series, to revive declining interest by providing a novel that is a marked improvement over other recent entries. (I should note here that a recent *Science Fiction Chronicle* reports that Michael Kube-McDowell would like to drop the "Kube" and become just Michael P. McDowell, but due to the number of Michael McDowells writing, he is having some difficulty. For now, one should consider him to be Michael P. McDowell writing under the pseudonym "Michael Kube-McDowell." I consider this is yet further evidence that changing one's name at marriage can lead to complications down the line; the "Kube" in this case refers to a marriage dissolved five years ago.)

Someone compared the whole franchising system to Anway: Mercedes Lackey started by writing in Anne McCaffrey's universe, and now other authors are writing in Mercedes Lackey's universe. This is all reminiscent of Renaissance paintings, where (for example) many paintings attributed to Rembrandt turned out to be merely "from the school of Rembrandt."

Someone brought up the issue of "moral rights to copyright." In the United States, and under the Berne Convention in general, such a concept is not recognized, but in Britain it is (apparently). As I understand it, this means that if someone produces a work-for-hire, whether a franchise novel or a drawing in their capacity as artist for a company or some other work for which the copyright is owned by someone else, the actual artist still has some control over how that work is used. So someone who wrote a franchise novel could prevent the copyright owner from changing the hero from defeating the villain in a duel to stabbing him in the back, or someone who painted a mother and child to advertise soap flakes could prevent having that illustration used to promote an anti-choice candidate. (Disclaimer: I may have misunderstood what was being described, but this is what I think I heard.) I also think that this prevents someone from claiming to have produced a work actually produced by someone else.

The discussion of issues of ownership led one audience member to point out that folk music (outside of science fiction fandom) and fan fiction (within it) ignore ownership. The latter has resulted in some unpleasant legal ramifications for some of those who have "appropriated" another author's world, especially if the appropriator has asked first and was refused. It's difficult to plead ignorance in such a case. The recent *Textual Poachers: Television Fans and Participatory Culture* by Henry Jenkins (Routledge, 1992, \$15.95) discusses this at great length in the context of television and film fandoms (e.g., "Star Trek" fandom, "Beauty and the Beast" fandom). The desire to write in someone else's universe is not limited to fans, of course - someone said that even Joanna Russ had written a K/S story, which was available only as samizdat, of course. (No, I have no idea where you can get it. Don't bother to ask.) Someone else claimed that Mark Twain wrote a Sherlock Holmes parody; I don't know what that one is either, but if you do, please let me know.

There are also works that are co-authored without being sharecropped, or shared beyond the co-authors. (A shared world implies more than one work, and different authors involved for different works. Niven and Pournelle have written two "Motie" novels, but this does not make it a shared world.) The problem with co-authoring, or collaboration, someone said, is that each partner does 90% of the work.

To wrap up, I said, "I would like to think that there is some way for an established author to mentor a new author, but I don't think this [share-cropping] is it, because it diminishes both the established author and the new author." Amazingly, the other panelists felt that summed it up quite nicely.

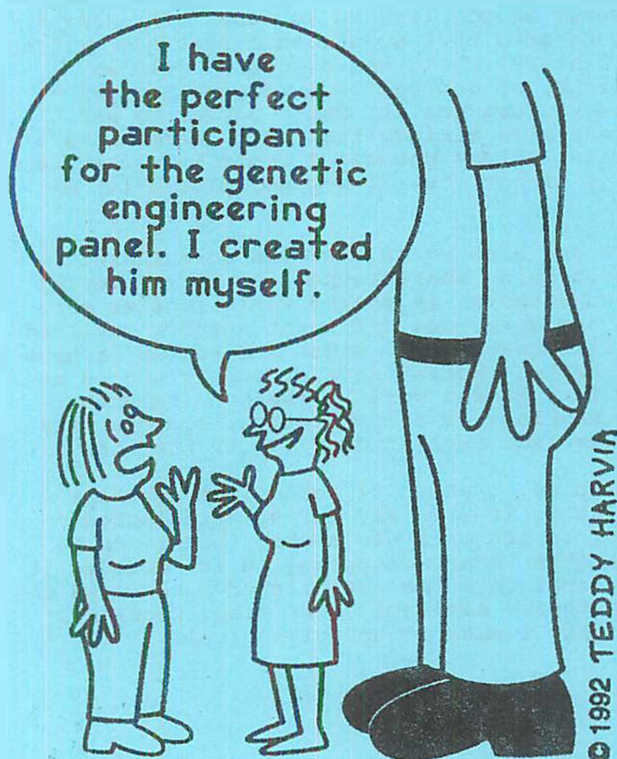
Leaving

Even leaving was an adventure. Because of our dead battery, we needed to find someone who could give us a jump. Jeff Hecht kindly did so, and it still took ten minutes of cranking to get our engine to catch. (We replaced the battery when we got home.) On the way home, we stopped for dinner at Traveler Restaurant Book Cellar in Union, Connecticut. The upstairs is a restaurant with a gimmick: "a free book with every meal," though the books are of the sort one would find at the end of the day in a rummage sale and the food is undistinguished. The walls are covered with autographed photographs of famous authors, most of whom probably never ate there but sent autographed pictures when asked. The basement is a regular used bookstore with very reasonable prices. (I found Harlan Ellison's *Stalking the Nightmare* from Phantasia Press for \$3.50, for example.) It's out in the middle of nowhere, but probably worth a visit if you're passing by on your way between New York and Boston.

Miscellaneous

Membership seems to have firmly settled in around 900, in spite of the return to the Boston area. Framingham is still not convenient enough to public transportation to show a really big increase over Springfield.

Next year for Boskone 31 (February 18-20, 1994) the Guests of Honor are Emma Bull and Will Shetterly, and Special Guests of Honor are Patrick Nielsen Hayden and Teresa Nielsen Hayden.



Selected Upcoming Conventions

July 9-11, 1993
Worcester Marriott, Worcester, MA
Brian W. Aldies and Judith Merrill
Readercon 6
PO Box 381246
Cambridge, MA 02238

July 23-25, 1993
Clarion Hotel, Mt. Laurel, NJ
Craig Shaw Gardner
Phrolicon 9
P.O. Box 42195
Philadelphia, PA 19101-2195

July 30 - August 1, 1993
Bryant College, Smithfield, RI
Ellen Datlow and Gahan Wilson
NECON 13
PO Box 528
East Greenwich, RI 02818

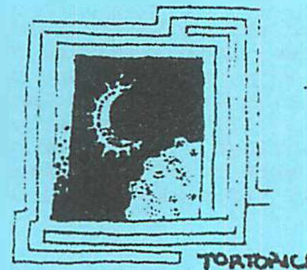
August 20-22, 1993
Sheraton Tara Hotel, Danvers, MA
Robert Bloch and Gahan Wilson
NecronmiCon
P.O. Box 1320, Back Bay Annex
Boston, MA 02117-1320

October 15-17, 1993
University of Massachusetts at Amherst
SCUM RSO 116
Student Activities Office
UMASS, Amherst, MA 01002

November 12-14, 1993
Adam's Mark Hotel, Philadelphia PA
Fred Saberhagen and David Cherry
Philcon '93
P.O. Box 8303
Philadelphia, PA 19101

November 19-21, 1993
Springfield Sheraton, Springfield MA
Armin Shimerman and Walter Koenig
Wishcon III
K & L Productions
500 Monroe Tpke.
Monroe, CT 06468

January 21-23, 1994
Boston Park Plaza, Boston MA
Spider and Jeanne Robinson
ARISIA '94
1 Kendall Square, Suite 322
Cambridge, MA 02139



Anthony R. Lewis & Suford Lewis

It is also normative in the same sense. Epics engage the listener in the interests of the hero and attempt to persuade to a philosophy of how a hero should behave. (Even to the detail, that in Russian and

In this sense SF is heir to utopian symbolic moral fiction and political satire such as *Erewhon*, *Rasselas*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Faerie Queene*, *Utopia*, *Gulliver's Travels*, etc. But these tales were usually consciously imitating the oral epic (just as Virgil was when he wrote the *Aeneid* and for similar

reasons—Virgil was justifying the war against Carthage) as was Dante in *The Divine Comedy*.

Thus we have a line of inheritance that splits and reforms, spawning tales such as *Æsop's Fables*, tedious moral homilies (Chas. Dickens, etc.), the *Mabinogion*, *Morte d'Arthur*, Sir Walter Scott's works, etc.

So, given all this, where do we date the beginning of SF as we know it today? For all the attempts to establish an earlier pedigree with the tales of Lucian of Samosata, Sir Thomas More, Cyrano de Bergerac, the seminal novel is felt by many to be *Frankenstein: or, the Modern Prometheus*. For all the modern focus upon the poor monster it is Dr. Frankenstein who is headlined here, and like the ancient Prometheus, he brings fire (here lightning) from the heavens for the betterment of mankind. As no good deed goes unpunished, he suffers for it. (The monster has the bad habit of forcing people to listen to lectures upon the philosophies of Hegel and Kant until death is the welcome alternative—an situation that students are all too familiar with.)

In 1816 Mary Wollstonecraft (Godwin) Shelley (1797-1851) wrote the novel (published in 1818) as part of a group exercise to produce tales dealing with the supernatural. Dr. Polidori, Byron's physician, wrote *The Vampyre* but Mary Shelley's story did not deal with the supernatural—it used the science of the day to produce a classical and typical cautionary SF story. WHAT IF inanimate matter could be brought to life with electricity? The works of the scientist with galvanic cells and frogs' legs were known, extrapolate. The story uses the trappings of science but the emphasis is on the social interactions—how does society deal with such a creation? Is such a creation human? Does the monster have a soul? Interesting questions at a time when children (and women) were not considered fully human nor were many subdivisions of the human race.

In Frankenstein electricity is the root metaphor underlying the technotrappings of the story. This metaphor continued throughout the 19th century past Verne, past Wells.

(By the way, that evening at the Villa Diodati was one of the most productive literary outings until 1889, when the British agent for *Lippincott's Magazine* took Arthur Conan Doyle and Oscar Wilde to supper together. From this meeting the magazine got *The Sign of Four* and *The Picture of Dorian Grey* for 1890; that year they also published Rudyard Kipling's *The Light That Failed* but that's outside the scope of this talk, although Kipling wrote some SF stories, as did Doyle.)

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) was *sui generis*, a man out of his time who would have flourished at the *fin de siècle* period but not in a self-consciously expansive young America. (Like H. P. Lovecraft and, perhaps, Jerry Lewis, he was first appreciated in France.) Poe's tragic life has made him a character in a number of SF novels and stories. His works were thought fantasy but many of them were based upon the science of the day as he understood it. He was especially drawn to mesmerism (or animal magnetism), one of the first attempts to deal with the mind/brain interface on what was then thought to be a scientific basis.

Almost all American writers wrote some form of SF or fantasy into the early 20th century; it was not considered a separate genre (indeed, genre fiction itself was only beginning to appear in the dime novels and wild west stories). One story of interest is by Edward Everett Hale, today best known for his "The Man Without a Country." In 1869 the *Atlantic Monthly* published his story "The Brick Moon," which dealt with the first artificial Earth satellite.

Jules Verne (1828-1905) made minor predictions; he himself called them *Les voyages extraordinaires*—extraordinary voyages, adventures. They were a type

of story that is still prevalent. Make something a bit bigger, a bit faster, place it far away or in a place difficult to go to and let current personalities prevail. But the culture never changes, relationships never change, the technology is an excuse to go and play somewhere; it has no real effect upon the people who create it nor those who live with it.

H. G. Wells (1866-1946) used science as an excuse to put his characters in situations where he could comment upon current conditions and trends. He had the dubious pleasure of living to see a number of his more pessimistic predictions come true.

After Marie Sklodowska Curie discovered radium, this element became a staple in the literature. Edgar Rice Burroughs (1875-1950), probably the most published writer in history, made the radium rifle one of the bases of the Barsoomian arsenal (along with the anachronistic long sword). Other authors used radium as the philosopher's stone for power, medicine, war, truth, beauty, etc.

During the 1920s, radium began to fade as an underlying root metaphor and its place was taken up by spaceflight, still one of the basic themes of SF to this day. However, others have been added, such as nuclear power, psionics, giant computers, genetic engineering and nanotechnology (the last being so new as to border once again upon magic. As Arthur C. Clarke said: a sufficiently advanced technology cannot be distinguished from magic). But this comes later; it lies in the Campbellian and post-Campbellian eras of SF.

In 1904 Hugo Gernsback (1884-1967) emigrated to the United States. Here he started the magazine *Modern Electrics* to promote Telimco, the first home radio set, which he had invented. He started other magazines: *Science and Invention* (nee *Electrical Experimenter*) and *Radio News*. In 1911 his only novel *Ralph 124C 41+* appeared in *Modern Electrics*. The plot was rudimentary, the writing

dreadful, and the predictions excellent (radar, aquacades, liquid fertilizer, etc.).

In 1926—following World War I—Gernsback brought out *Amazing Stories*, the first magazine devoted entirely to a genre of fiction that Gernsback first called scientifiction, and shortly thereafter, science fiction. Recall that in the 19th century there were really no genre magazines. Many magazines published fiction and did not care if was SF, fantasy, supernatural, mimetic, western, sea stories, pirates, etc. Literary quality, that is—could one sell sufficient copies—was the criterion for publication. But, in the 1920s genre magazines began to proliferate; they continued until the 1950s, when all except SF and mystery were done in by television, which absorbed their readership.

Early issues of *Amazing Stories* carried reprints from Wells and Verne but Gernsback soon developed his own stable of writers including Jack Williamson (1908-) whose first story "The Metal Men" appeared in the December 1928 issue. Sixty-four years later, Williamson is still actively writing SF and teaching at Eastern NM State University. *Amazing Stories* is still being published having gone through the hands of a number of companies.

In the 1930s, many magazines were spawned as people demanded a release from the domestic problems of the Depression and the fears of yet another foreign war. The era is mostly noted for technological stories, engineering stories, although the most noted author of the day, the tragically short-lived Stanley G. Weinbaum (1900-1935), was neither a hack nor a technologist. He had a major impact upon the field that is more noteworthy when we consider that he died two years after his first story was printed.

One can speculate what he could have done had he lived. Many believe that he strongly influenced the young John W. Campbell, who in 1937 (through 1971)

became editor of *Astounding* and dominated and directed the course of the field until the 1950s. Certainly the stories Campbell published under the pseudonym of Don A. Stuart are more like those of Weinbaum than the earlier super-scientific romances published under his own name. Weinbaum's death cut short a line whose development we will never know. Campbell's accession to the editorship of *Astounding* signalled the first major change in the field since Gernsback took it into the ghetto (or the country club) in 1926.

The Secret Masters of Fandom by Joe Rico

Two men and a plant watched a TV screen. The screen showed a continuing procession of oddly dressed individuals. Some were costumed as fantastic aliens; others as heroes from various works of SF and fantasy literature. Most put on short sketches in character, showing as much dedication in their performance as they had obviously had in their costume design.

Abruptly the scene shifted to a hastily constructed art gallery in what appeared to be a hotel ballroom. The perspective, which was from the ceiling of the room, revealed many works of fantastic art but no viewers.

The larger of the two men, the one who was sitting behind the desk and watering the giant fern which dominated the large office, asked almost absent-mindedly, "Were you standing on a ladder when you shot this, George?"

"No. This was taken from a hotel security camera. Had to bribe the night security watch to tape this for me. I wasn't allowed to film within the art show. I wasn't even permitted to take photographs of the sculptures. The con committee was afraid of copyright infringements and unauthorized reproductions."

"That's absurd! Why, I can videotape the university's entire collection and I assure you that it is much more valuable than this garbage."

George sighed deeply as Murrar, his department chair, watered his fern yet again while babbling some nonsense words to it.

"I don't agree that this work is without value. You must remember that a great deal of it is being done by completely untrained amateurs and the rest was intended for reproduction on magazine covers. But it fits my premise, this is a distinct sub-culture with a very fine sense of territoriality. The convention committee head said to me that he didn't want some "mundanes," i.e., nonfans, or nonfen, to steal it. You see how it is, don't you?"

"Please, George, just because I chair the department of sociology doesn't mean I don't know anything of the subject." George considered how that last remark flew in the face of all previously observed evidence and how he really didn't need this job. However, he proceeded with a modicum of discretion.

"Of course, anyone can see how they consider outsiders the source of all evil. But it is not just that. It's their unique outlook on things. Did you get a close look at those paintings? I know the quality of the tape wasn't very good, but did you notice something odd about them?"

"Other than that they were abysmal in quality, regardless of your opinion, no."



"The people are different in them. One of my grad assistants who minored in art said that the proportions of the figures are just a tad off in most of them."

"You find that... significant? That they draw funny?"

"It's not just how they draw. It is how they think. A lot of mundane... I mean mainstream authors write works that have science fiction themes. And yet they just don't read the same way as hardcore science fiction. The mainstream authors lack a "sense of wonder." that's a fannish term by the way, in their stories about space, the future, and such."

"Maybe that's because the mundane authors leave out adolescent twaddle and technical gobbledy-goop. Say, how did you get hooked up with these deviants?" asked Murrery.

George resisted the urge to throttle his department head. He knew that Murrery was only pretending to use the term "deviant" in the classic sociological context (i.e., persons or groups who deviate from the mainstream culture). Murrery really did mean it to be personally insulting, and such direct antagonism simply wasn't done in the department. You usually found out about the department chair not liking you when your parking space was reassigned.

"Well, I read the stuff, science fiction and fantasy. I found a list of upcoming conventions in one of the magazines that I subscribe to. Apparently these magazines have been around for quite some time. They go back to the 1920's, when they were edited by Hugo Greensback."

"That's Gernsback," Murrery corrected.

"Why, yes!" said George with a note of triumph in his voice. "How did you know that?"

Murrery spilled some water on the plush carpet.

"I... I read about him in a study of non-payment of artists. Speaking of payment, I suppose you want a grant to study this sci-fi subculture over the summer."

"Actually, I already have done a lot of study of fandom (that's how they refer to their subculture) and come up with some interesting results. The average fan has a slightly higher I.Q., but generally has an average academic background due to a lackadaisical attitude to courses he or she considers boring or irrelevant."

"A sign of an undisciplined mind," murmured Murrery.

George continued with just the slightest nip on his tongue.

"They tend to have good memories, bad social skills, keen imagination, a tendency to be overweight, have poor eyesight, not to abuse mind-altering substances, to be oversexed, to be avid readers, and this is especially curious, every one of them has a problem with hair if not on their heads then somewhere on their bodies."

"Other than the part about reading and not abusing substances, you just described the undergraduate population. How did you get this data anyway?"

"I worked at the registration area of several conventions and surreptitiously got a copy of their membership rolls. Then I just sent the names through some data bases I accessed, including some which most definitely do not know that I can access. I'm a whiz with a modem."

"I'm sure. But what more can you possibly want to know about them? Their shoe sizes?"

"I already have their shoe sizes," said George, holding up a graph. "Thanks to the intense competition for the running shoe market, there is a good deal of podiatric number-crunching going on. No, what I want is nothing empirical. I want to know the reason for fandom."

"Its purpose is to allow some people to make money off others. There, now you can go to Aruba this summer."

"No. Worldcon is in San Francisco this year. Besides, your answer just doesn't fit the known data. The conventions are put on by volunteer organizations. Even the professionals really don't make that much money in relation to their effort. And why do the professionals attend SF conventions?"

"Why can't I keep this plant moist? Perhaps there are some things man was not meant to know."

George considered the plans for a herbicidal hand grenade that his colleagues and he had drawn up at the last New Year's party. It really wouldn't be that hard to find someone to actually make it, not with the physics department having to dissuade grad students from building a fission bomb for their thesis project every year. Still, he decided to persist in his proposal.

"You said that the fans resemble college students. That's somewhat true, but they're in their thirties and forties, at least some of them are. Mostly they're successful in the real world but none of them are really outstanding in any area except their subculture."

"Perhaps they suffer from arrested development. You yourself said that they are only slightly above average in intelligence."

"No. I said that they score only slightly above average on a standard I.Q. test. Perhaps they are geniuses but in a way that isn't easily measurable. I wonder what they would be accomplishing if they weren't involved in fandom. I wonder why all the magazines and conventions are alike, as if they came out of some cookie cutter. You know in New England there is a well established SF convention that had some competition in a new rival meeting. The upstart convention was going to do things differently, but after a couple of years you couldn't really tell the difference between the two. It was as if someone forced them back into a mold. Maybe someone did."

Murrery said nothing and for once had stopped fussing with the giant fern. George realized that he had said more than he had meant to. Imagining himself to be an intrepid explorer hacking away at the dense foliage in a desperate effort to reach Murrery's brain, he pressed on.

"What if they are eccentric geniuses? What if fandom was some kind of ploy to keep them distracted? And what are they being distracted from?"

Murrery sat frozen in shock. The fern leaned towards George as if blown by some unseen, immortal storm. The unnatural quiet was broken at long last by the rotund chairman.

"What exactly do you want of me?"

"I want a grant to do a detailed testing of the psychological makeup and intelligence level of fandom. I want a grant to study the origin of the convention and magazine system. The key must lie there. You know many of the original fans just disappeared or grafted out of fandom into the real world. Maybe they really didn't go back into the real world. Maybe they just disappeared."

Murrery suddenly bustled with activity. He straightened the fern, shuffled papers on his desk, and smoothed his bizarre hair style.

"Yes. Yes. I will have the board consider your application. Right now I must attend to Prudence, she really is parched, you know. And I have to get these parking assignments over to the campus police. End of quarter, don't you know. Thank you for this chat."

Murrery expertly avoided the fern as he got out from behind his desk, recovered the videotape from the player, thrust the tape into George's hand while ushering him to the door in one smooth motion. It was a brush-off that would have done any minute manager proud, and even George was impressed as he tried to recoup some modicum of dignity.

"You know, Murrery, the psych and history departments could get in on this. I know that money is tight. I'd fund it myself but my trust fund isn't inexhaustible."

"Yes, funds are rather low for research, but I have your written proposal and I will do what I can for you in front of the board. Have a good day."

George felt the humiliation that only those can feel who have made an ass out of themselves in front of those they consider asses.

If George could only have heard what was being said in the room after he had left. But no human agency, not even the electronic bugs planted in that room by the C.I.A., the Christic Institute, I.B.M., the physical education department, the Combined Greek Society Intelligence Network, and Jonathan Jacob Rose (who had been diligently monitoring the office since 1957 in the conviction that his rejected thesis paper "Quebecois Women in a Cajun World" would be turned into a vehicle for Jayne Mansfield by Hollywood), could penetrate a room sealed with Alien Super Science! Besides, with the exception of Rose, none of them spoke Orrumpah.

But if a human could have penetrated those walls and had he taken a Berlitz Course in Orrumpah and had he avoided detection and the awful fate that entailed, this is what he would have heard:

"That was a dumb slip about Gernsback! He was testing you and like a dolt you fell for it!"

"Don't worry, ma'am. Like any fan he was just trying to find out if I read the stuff too. Besides, I didn't show anything on my face but disbelief when he mentioned the hair problem."

"Yes, thank the Six Forces you didn't let that slip. I shed to think what the implication would be if they find out what that means. But it avails us nothing! He knows about The Plan!"

"Not so. If he did know he would not be going to us for a grant. He would be going to committees around the world and getting on line on a half dozen bulletin boards or doing something else so typical of these Eccentric Geniuses that we couldn't possibly anticipate it. No, he suspects, but The Plan is still secret and doing its designed purpose. Eccentric genius humans are still going into fandom rather than the sciences, where they could find out how to develop Faster-Than-Light Drive, Matter Replicators, Sensitive Males Who Aren't Wimps, and other things which are currently only plot devices."

"Oh, sure The Plan is working. Instead of going into the physical sciences they're going into computers. Do you know who makes the finest computers in the galaxy? Humans, that's who! Why, the star cruiser that brought me here had its course plotted on a Rainbow computer!"

"I never believed that I was given proper credit for sabotaging the marketing of the Rainbow, thereby allowing the service to enhance its computer capability cheap."

"Get over the Rainbow! What are we going to do about George?"

"We could kill him."

"You have been among these humans too long."

"The board won't give him the grant."

"But he has some small wealth of his own. We are not safe."

A long silence ensued, broken only by the sound of water flowing over leaves. And then -

"Embarrassment! We will stop him by embarrassing him!"

"That won't work with fans. Nothing embarrasses them. That's why they wear those silly t-shirts and don't know enough to take their registration badges off when they go on dinner expeditions!"

"No human is immune from embarrassment, not even fen. They may be less vulnerable to embarrassment, but like all the species it is their weakness. What embarrasses fans? They hate appearing mundane or ignorant. We will make George appear both. It will be easy. We will simply spread the word that George is looking for the people in charge of fandom. We will make it appear that he thinks there is some sort of secret headquarters that is pulling all the strings and making gads of money off dumb suckers. It's just a variation of what he really is saying."

"Now fans, being fans, will have nothing to do with him, or worse, they will fill him full of disinformation. He will be frustrated in his efforts to unmask us and grow to hate fandom so much that he will gafiate."

"And how will we poison the well for him?"

"Simple; we will contact various agents in fandom, particularly Agents BY and MG. Between those two, every human fan will be contacted in a matter of days. Why, this will be the neatest trick I've pulled since I started the Staple War! Am I not clever?"

"So clever that you forgot to turn on my automatic humidifier when that creature left the room."

"Sorry."

"Sorry, what?!"

"Sorry, ma'am."

"That's better. You may be the chief agent on this ball of dirt, but don't forget that I am the sector head."

The alien, who was known as Murrery when he wore his human disguise, turned on the artificial environment and tried to smooth things over with his boss; all the while dreaming of the day when he would be the Greater Plant.



Dear Helmuth and the gang:

August 4, 1992

Your big articles seem to have hit my sercon button, and I hope that (for example) the following comments about Blish do not end up sounding negative.

"The second half [of *A Case of Conscience*], while good, is not up to the first half." When I ran across the comment comparing Egtverchi, the sapient lizard villain of the second half, to Adlai E. Stevenson and Oliver J. Dragon, it hit me right between the eyes that Blish was indulging in Fifties-extrapolation. How many people today, never mind in the spacefaring society of the book, are aware of the "egghead" Presidential candidate defeated twice by Eisenhower or half of the puppets in "Kukla, Fran, and Ollie" (Fran is the non-puppet). It seems to be on a level with our assuming that space flight will be laden with memorials of science fiction.

There is, I believe, a Borgo Press scholarly edition that combines *Black Easter* with *The Day After Judgment*, which is as it should be, also an SF Book Club edition called *The Devil's Day*. Given the intent, that is as it should be, and with that note the recommendation of the work(s) is precisely on target.

Given, therefore, that *Black Easter* and *The Day After Judgment* are really one book, Blish's combining them with *Doctor Mirabilis* and *A Case of Conscience* into a trilogy called *After Such Knowledge* makes sense. Or it made sense back then. Nowadays one sees four-volume trilogies and even nine-volume trilogies.

Considering what *lustig* means, I find Alan Lustiger's name peculiarly appropriate. Perhaps too appropriate. There was a famous, or notorious depending on how you look at it, con man during the twenties calling himself "Count Victor Lustig." His fame, or notoriety, came from such things as having sold the Eiffel Tower. Twice.

Looking over the events (a nice neutral word) of the last few Worldcons, Pam Fremon's tale of the Hawaii in '93 bid and its loss seems all the more sad. Something does seem to be going out of Worldcons. Perhaps we need the spirit of "South Gate Again in 2010!" But then, as I read it the original only won because the fans in London were in a good mood at the time.

Noting Evelyn Leeper's Boskone 29 report: Perhaps the person Jane Yolen noted, who objected to a book because the number 33 appeared in it, was just not in the habit of reading very long books. I hope everyone noticed that the number 33 appeared in this issue. The Northampton chief of police may have been thinking of ethnic stereotyping, chitlins being soul food. Some of the sensitive police wanted to ban references to watermelon and fried chicken.

My favorite example of this, though, was the Florida county school that removed Orwell's 1984 because it was pro-communist. That must have been the worst thing that happened to Blair since Brendan Bracken, the Minister of Morale, put a damper on the publication of *Animal Farm* because it might lower the morale of Britain's ally Napoleon the pig - er, that is, Stalin.

Everyone else will confirm that the Society for the Aesthetic Rearrangement of History is from Feghoots, so why should I buck the trend? Alas for Judith Tarr, though, the Battle of Tours was just not important for the Muslims, hardly being mentioned in their histories until the Spanish *Reconquista* (reconquest of Spain from the Moors) really got going. And it is hardly from a desire to aesthetically rearrange history to eliminate defeats, as the Muslims really went into their loss of the big one at Byzantium in the seventh century (that is, 1453 was not the first time). And please, please, eschew the cliché "Muslim fundamentalists"! It makes as much sense as eating "Hasidic cheeseburgers." Finally, Dumas *films* had a black grandmother. Robert E. Howard thought that that had made him a better writer.

There is only one bad thing I can possibly say about Anthony R. Lewis's article on "Asimov's Chronoclasms": it was too short. We need more articles like this; I had always thought that one of the strengths of science fiction was that it encouraged this sort of close insight into the background of a work. Background is one of those things usually taken for granted. Congratulations to Lewis for writing it and to the editor for publishing it. [If you do not already have it I suggest you purchase a copy of the Concordance to Cordwainer Smith, also by Anthony R. Lewis FN, published by NESFA Press. KK]

Mark Olson and Jim Mann will be pleased (or something, more likely something) to learn that Turtledove has done six novels on Videssos, the four of *The Legion of Videssos* (Roman legionaries find themselves in the Byzantine-clone world of Videssos) and the two about Avtokrator Krispos (someone found the story implausible; well, it was based on the real-life career of Emperor Basil I, so while it might be incredible it was certainly not implausible). A seventh book, on Krispos in his elder years, is in the works.

What I liked the most about Turtledove's Videssos books was simply that he was no longer mining the stock a-religious a-cultural Celto-Norse medieval clichés of SCA-land that seem to be the standard-issue setting for the fantasy these days. One longed to find other backgrounds, even when the resultant book turned out to be atrocious. (Let me tell you about Warren Norwood and *True Jaguar* sometime.)

The interesting point about "Hindsight" was that in the story, John W. Campbell, the famous editor of *Astounding*, under the transparent pseudonym of "James MacGregor, the famous editor of *Astonishing*" (and never mind that the famous editor of *Astonishing* was Fred Pohl, it being hard enough to find a new magazine name these days as it is), met one of his own editorials. Yes indeed, JWCjr had written an editorial about the astounding (had to use that word) speed of technological change.

The lettercol makes me think mostly that the previous issue always seems to have been incredibly interesting. As for Richard Brandt's comment about the marketing of John Maddox Roberts's *SPQR* (as of today it has two sequels, with a third in the works; but then, Brandt gets *FOSFAX*, which had that information), I had seen it marketed as a mystery. Then I went over to the historical fiction section and found it the exclusive preserve of historical romances. Suddenly everything became incredibly clear. [There are still a few copies of PB 28 available. Write if you do not have one. KK]

When I saw a review of Henryk Sienkewicz's *With Fire and Sword* in *Radio Free Thulcandra* that classified it as fantasy for the simple reason that the characters certainly believed in magic, other matters also became incredibly clear. Now I can write about Mary Renault without guilt.

And so I make an incredibly clear statement... Namarië,
Joseph T Major

Dear Laurie:

August 22, 1992

I share Brian Thomsen's belief about the need for keeping in print the best science fiction of the past. This leads me to resurrect my old idea about how it could be encouraged: revise the copyright laws. Amend them to permit any publisher it to produce a new edition of any book whose copyright holder has allowed it to remain out of print for a stated period of time, perhaps ten or fifteen years. The new publisher would be required to abide by the terms of the royalty contract that the original publisher signed with the author. Books in Print could be considered the guide to what's in print and what isn't, with occasional sample ordering of specific titles in case a firm was suspected of listing as in print some of its books that were actually sold out with no new printing scheduled.

Jim Mann's recommendations of the fiction of Jim Blish were badly needed. Jim has been under attack in recent years by several fans for matters that have nothing to do with his fiction writing abilities and this seems to have distracted some fans from realizing his importance as a writer of stories. "A Work of Art," incidentally, seems to have been an outgrowth of Jim's very strong interest in Richard Strauss and his music. Jim had some correspondence with Strauss near the end of the latter's life and Jim published some good fanzine material about the work of Strauss, particularly a fine detailed analysis of the final scene in *Elektra*. Come to think of it, a good collection of Jim's fanzine writing other than his literary criticism is needed. He published a good bit of poetry in addition to articles and even one of his compositions in VAPA, an early and short-lived ayjay group.

Pam Fremon's recounting of the Hawaii in '93 bid should prove very useful to some future fan historian who writes a book-length history of the Worldcon, or perhaps a volume on fandom in general during the last years of the 20th century. I enjoy these lost cause Worldcon bids, as long as Hagerstown never becomes the locale for one of them.

The beautiful reproduction of the two Russian fan artifacts was the highlight of the section on Russian fandom. But the poem, if my limited knowledge of Russian has permitted me to understand its meaning, seems sort of outdated by the course of events in that part of the world. On the other hand, Alexander Slate's article needed reproductions of the examples of the work of the artists he was writing about. I can't remember them as having contributed fanzine illustrations and I suspect that even some people who attended the Worldcon in Chicago will have trouble remembering what their entries looked like.

I know Mark Leeper wasn't trying to be deadly serious when he wrote about the Bible in electronic guise. So I'll forgive him for not pointing out the disadvantages of this method of referring to the Bible. With a calculator-type Bible, you can't underline the verses or lines that mean the most to you. You can't put small slips of paper between the pages at a half-dozen or more points for quick flipping back and forth if you want to compare such things as the way the four Gospels describe the same event in the life of Christ or Old Testament prophecies and their fulfillment in the New Testament. You can't use a flyleaf to record the dates of birth, marriage and deaths of relatives, the way family Bibles have traditionally served for keeping these facts. If you have trouble reading the things you see on the screen of the electronic Bible, you can't see the text better by holding it under a stronger light bulb. Any Bible published in book form at any time in the past six centuries or so can be read today. I doubt if the electric Bible manufactured in 1992 will be used in 2592, because the right type of batteries will have gone out of production around the year 2031. *[New technology in personal computers has already solved most of the disadvantages you mentioned. KK]*

Yrs., &c., Harry Warner, Jr.

August 22, 1992

Dear Laurie;

Peggy Ranson's marsupial dragon offers an interesting premise for an alternate universe. Such fictional beasts could ravage the concept that marsupials are the evolutionary wimps that placentalphiles say they are.

Joe Mayhew's cartoon of the first fan interview illustrates the image problem we science fiction fans have with the media. Outsiders want an easy way to identify us so that they can recognize us at a glance without having to think. It is the same problem that many groups have. Our looks are more important to others than our ideas.

Best wishes, David Thayer

September 18, 1992

Dear Laurie and Boskonians,

Nice cover - but you always get together some great pieces. David House's name is unfamiliar to me, but I hope to see lots more work by him. The rest of your artist listing carries (ahem) plenty of weight - keep them at it.

In Brian Thomsen's Boskone speech he mentions of our heritage interests me, mainly because I am interested in the fannish equivalent and applaud the second "volume"(?) of the Harry Warner fan history work. In Orlando I had two fan history books (or at least books of interest to fan history) in mind, but had to pass on them when I saw the price of everything else (silly things like the airport shuttle and food - you know, incidentals). Maybe next time. Nah, I doubt any future Worldcon (the most likely place for these items to flock) will be much cheaper.

I find I have not read all the Blish pieces mentioned. Blish is not one of my favorite authors, but I do enjoy some of his work and several of those listed will have to go on a list to find and read.

Hawaii in '93 has a nice suntanned ring to it. Of course they are in the news with the ravages of hurricane Iniki recently - but people still have to think kindly of just the idea of Hawaii. I, personally, cannot understand why anyone wants to go through the energy cost, expense, and thanklessness of running a bid (but if many people felt like me, where would prospective sites come from?). It looks to be rife with rumors, less than kind comments, and in general not a gracious arena. I applaud those courageous enough to go through it... but I still don't understand it!

Thank you for the article(?) on Russian fandom - the greater our international ties, the greater... all around.

Diana Stein's piece on page 20 caught my attention - because at first I thought the character was holding a bag.. aha, I thought, going snark hunting - then I took a closer look.

Mark Leeper's column reminded me of how much I (surprisedly) liked Ben Bova's *Cyberbooks* (I think that is the title, without going to hunt it up). If anyone is a mystery buff, I dare you to find a copy of the book - read the first few lines and then put it back on the shelf!

The Leeper Boskone conreport is a different style from those most often seen (*what I did over the weekend*) and gets to the soul of what happened at the convention. Both styles have a place and I was glad to see this one.

Thanks for #29!

Sheryl Birkhead

October 1, 1992

Dear Laurie,

Brian Thomsen's speech touches on a sore point, that there is so little of the "masters" in print. And the list doesn't just end with Kuttner and Moore, Hamilton and Brackett, Bester or Panshin. Clifford Simak and A. E. van Vogt have a body of work which defined many of the basic concepts of SF or created the definitive story of that type, but try and find them. Sam Moskowitz wrote an excellent collection of biographies of modern writers, *Seekers of Tomorrow*, that had one Ballantine printing 20 years ago. It deserves to be back in print - in a mass market paperback where people can find it and discover who created this field we all love. Carroll and Graf have a limited classic SF reprint program, which is wonderful as far as it goes, but they do maybe 6 books a year. It is a crying shame, as Thomsen says, that publishers don't keep more of these great classics in print. But having said this, Thomsen is more part of the problem than the solution. He was, up until recently, editor for Questar books. I didn't see any Kuttner, Moore, Hamilton, Brackett, etc. books being rereleased under Questar's imprint. Perhaps Mr. Thomsen could be encouraged to explain why, if he felt it was so terrible that these authors are not in print, he didn't publish a few himself. As the former editor of a major publisher, he, if anyone, should know the secret of why Science Fiction's past has been thrown on the dustbin of history.

[In defense of Brian Thomsen, let me point out that NESFA has looked into bringing back the works of some of those mentioned, and for whatever reason the rights to many are not available, even though the books would be earning royalties. KK]

In some respects the recommended reading for James Blish could begin and end with his two volumes of criticism, *The Issue at Hand*. He accomplished more as a critic than as a writer, though he was among the best writers.

The humor or satire or whatever was supposed to be in Alan Lustiger's article escaped me. Or maybe it is that I don't find anything funny about people who insist that the holocaust never happened or the methods they use to "prove" their contention.

Alexander Slate worries that the Fredric Brown short shorts he's read have not lived up to all the hoopla. Well, I can understand that. Short shorts aren't really stories, they're gags, and a few can go a long way. Brown has written some excellent novels. Not so much *Martians, Go Home*, which runs on a bit long for its premise, but in the mystery field where novels like *Night of the Jabberwock* come with a really intense Hitchcockian feel.

Regards, Brian Earl Brown

September 19, 1992

Dear Laurie:

Before reading this, I had no idea that the seed of the idea of the Hawaii bid germinated at Smofcon 6. The Hawaii bid should be tried again, and I'm not kidding. As a serious non-write-in bid, I think it would be popular. It would appeal to those who think Worldcons too large because it would virtually eliminate walk-ins. The attendance would be very manageable, and we'd have a lot of fun. You know... all these arguments were used by the Bermuda Triangle in '88 bid, and look how well they did. (And Toronto wasn't THAT cold that weekend... we get the same kind of winters Boston does.)

Like many people, getting in touch with fandom in the former Soviet Union is a new kind of fanac for me. Besides the clubs in Kiev and Moscow, I'm also in touch with a writer in Sebastopol who's looking for places to publish his fiction. His name is Nicholas Sadofyev... I gave him some contacts in Canada, but if anyone here would like to correspond with him and help him, his address is pr. Gagarine-17-b, kv. 44, Sebastopol-28, UKRAINE.

Joe Mayhew's cartoon on page 21 on who the press interviews first is spot on. Unfortunately, years of "freaking out the mundanes" by dressing strangely and generally acting up in front of cameras have trained the media to look for people who don't act and dress like "normal" people... we're the victims of our own past excesses. We've created a stereotype that we're not a part of, but somehow represents us in the worst sort of way.

Getting people to vote for the Hugos may take a panel or two at a Worldcon to explain the awards, and how to vote and why. This would work if it weren't for the task of trying to get people into the panels... in the long run, no matter how many vote, those votes are from people who know the field and care about it, and that may be all that's relevant. I guess you can't vote on what you can't afford to buy... [There are libraries. KK] More and more people are voting for Worldcon site selection (2500+ at MagiCon) so there's one area, at least, where people are learning to participate.

Thanks for the zine!

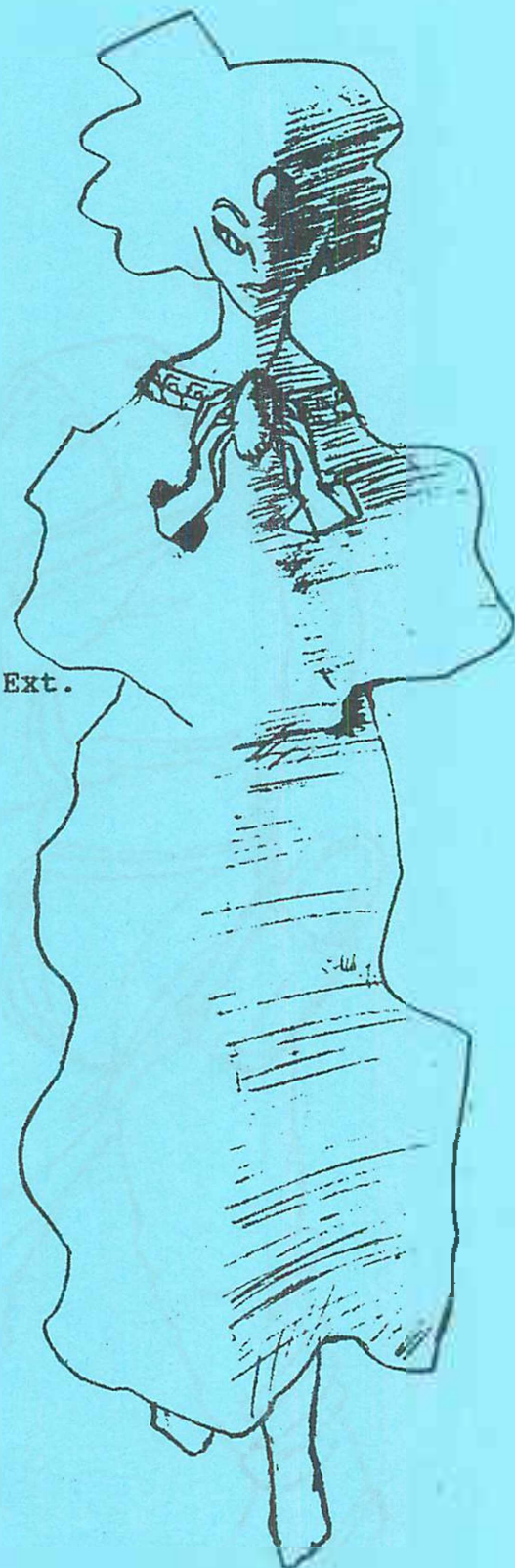
Lloyd Penney

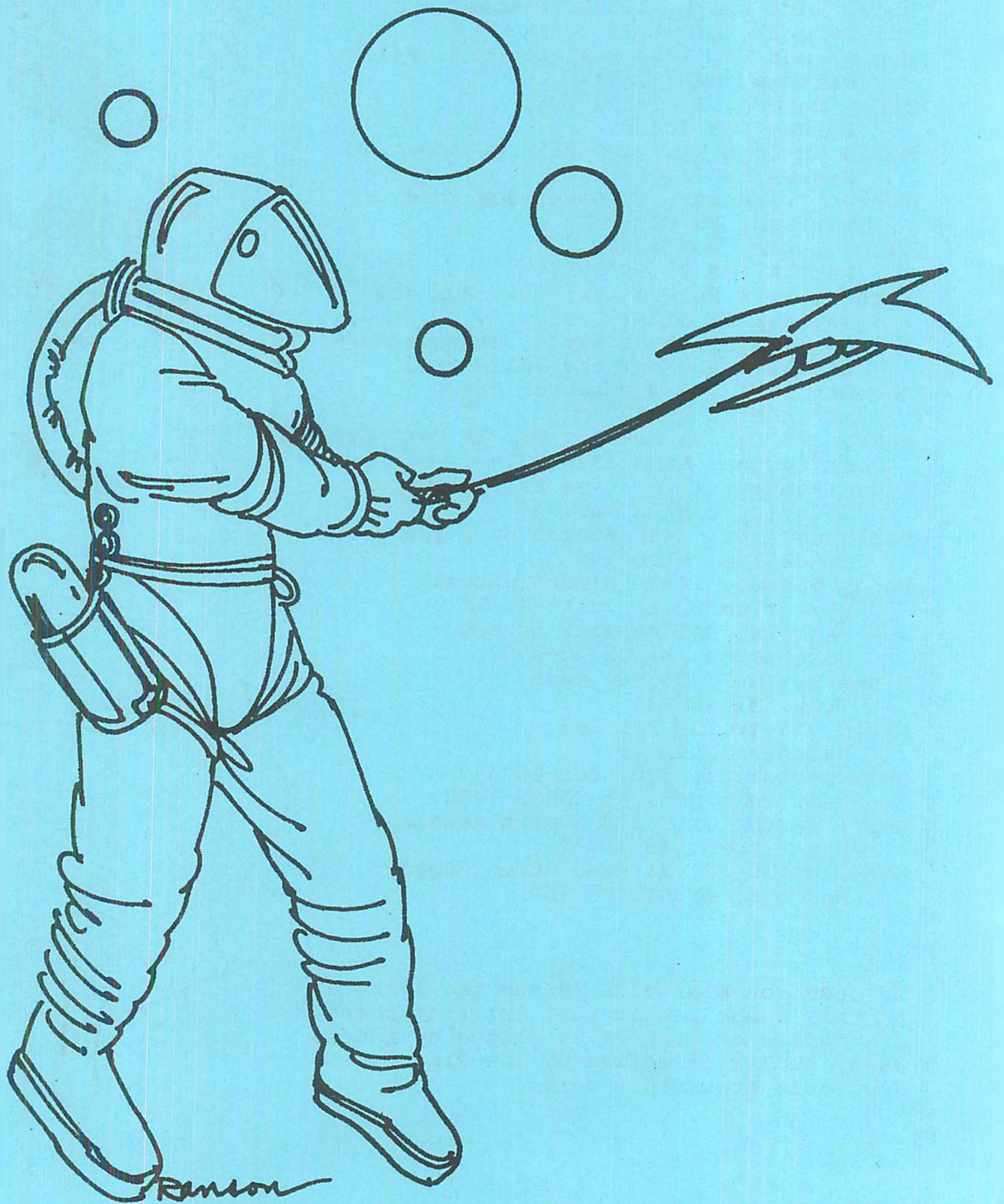
WAHF R Laurraine Tutihasi, Harry Cameron Andruscak, David Blair, John H. Costello, and Robert Bloch who enjoyed Myth of History by Alan Lustiger,

Contributors to PB 30:

Sheryl Birkhead, 23629 Woodfield Road,
Gaithersburg, MD 20882
Brian Earl Brown, 11675 Beaconsfield,
Detroit, MI 48224
Pam Fremon FN, 1000 Lexington St. #41,
Waltham, MA 02154
Teddy Harvia, P.O. Box 905,
Eules, TX 76039
Merle Insinga FN, 41 Dublin Avenue,
Nashua, NH 03063-2043
Evelyn C. Leeper, 80 Lakeridge Road,
Matawan, NJ 07747
Alice Lewis, Box 429,
Natick, MA 01760-0005
Anthony R. & Suford Lewis FN, Box 429,
Natick, MA 01760-0005
Joseph T Major, 4701 Taylor Boulevard #8,
Louisville, Kentucky 40215-2343
Joe Mayhew FN, 7-S Research Road,
Greenbelt, MD 20770
NRFFP c/o Pat Vandenberg FN, 15 Park Ave. Ext.
Arlington, MA 02174-2632
Lloyd Penney, 412-4 Lisa St., Brampton,
Ontario, CANADA L6T 4B6
Halliday Piel, 1455 Beacon St., #36
Brookline, MA 02146
Peggy Ranson, 1420 Valmont Street,
New Orleans, LA 70115-4113
Joe Rico FN, 441 Ashmont Street,
Dorchester, MA 02122-2302
Diane Stein, 1325 Key West,
Troy, MI 48083
David Thayer, PO Box 905
Eules, TX 76039
Phil Tortorici, P.O. Box 057487
West Palm Bch, FL 33405-7487
Harry Warner Jr., 423 Summit Avenue,
Hagerstown, MD 21740
Monty Wells FN, 36 Meadowbrook Road,
Bedford, MA 01730-1350

In case you missed PB 29 and the letters
in this issue peaked your interest, there
are copies of both PB 29 edited by Laurie
Mann, and PB 25 edited by Joe Rico
available from NESFA sales.





Boskone 31

February 18-20, 1994

Framingham, Massachusetts

Guests of Honor

Emma Bull

Will Shetterly

Special Guests

Patrick Nielsen Hayden

Teresa Nielsen Hayden

Guest Artist

Nicholas Jainschigg

Featured Filk Performer

Cecelia Eng

Memberships

\$27 until July 15, 1993

\$30 until January 15, 1994

Come to Boskone! We've got good music, a great art show, and lots of really interesting words. Emma Bull and Will Shetterly are two of the finest writers and publishers of SF and fantasy. Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden have spent nearly two decades in the field as fans, Worldcon runners, editors, writers, and critics. Nicholas Jainschigg is one of the rising stars in science fiction art. Cecelia Eng is a multi-talented singer and filk writer.

Join us next President's Day weekend to celebrate all that SF and fantasy have to offer at Boskone 31! We'll be returning to the castle-like Sheraton-Tara, just off the Massachusetts Turnpike on Route 9 in Framingham. The hotel features a pool, two restaurants, an Irish pub with live music and free parking. Transportation from Logan available.

Boskone features a range of activities. There will be an excellent Art Show and Hucksters' Room, many hours of Program, Special Events, Readings, Autograph Sessions, Filking, Workshops, a congenial Con Suite for schmoozing and lots more. Babysitting and Dragons Lair are available to children with memberships.

To buy Boskone 31 memberships, complete & mail to: Boskone 31 Preregistration, PO Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701
Memberships for \$27 are available until 7/15/93. Memberships are \$30 between 7/16/93 and 1/15/94 and will be higher at the door.
I want to purchase _____ memberships at _____ each. Total enclosed _____ (Provide check or credit info)

Names _____

(If the other attendees live at different addresses, please list their names and addresses on a separate piece of paper.)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Country _____

Charge to MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ Account Number _____

Name on Card _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

