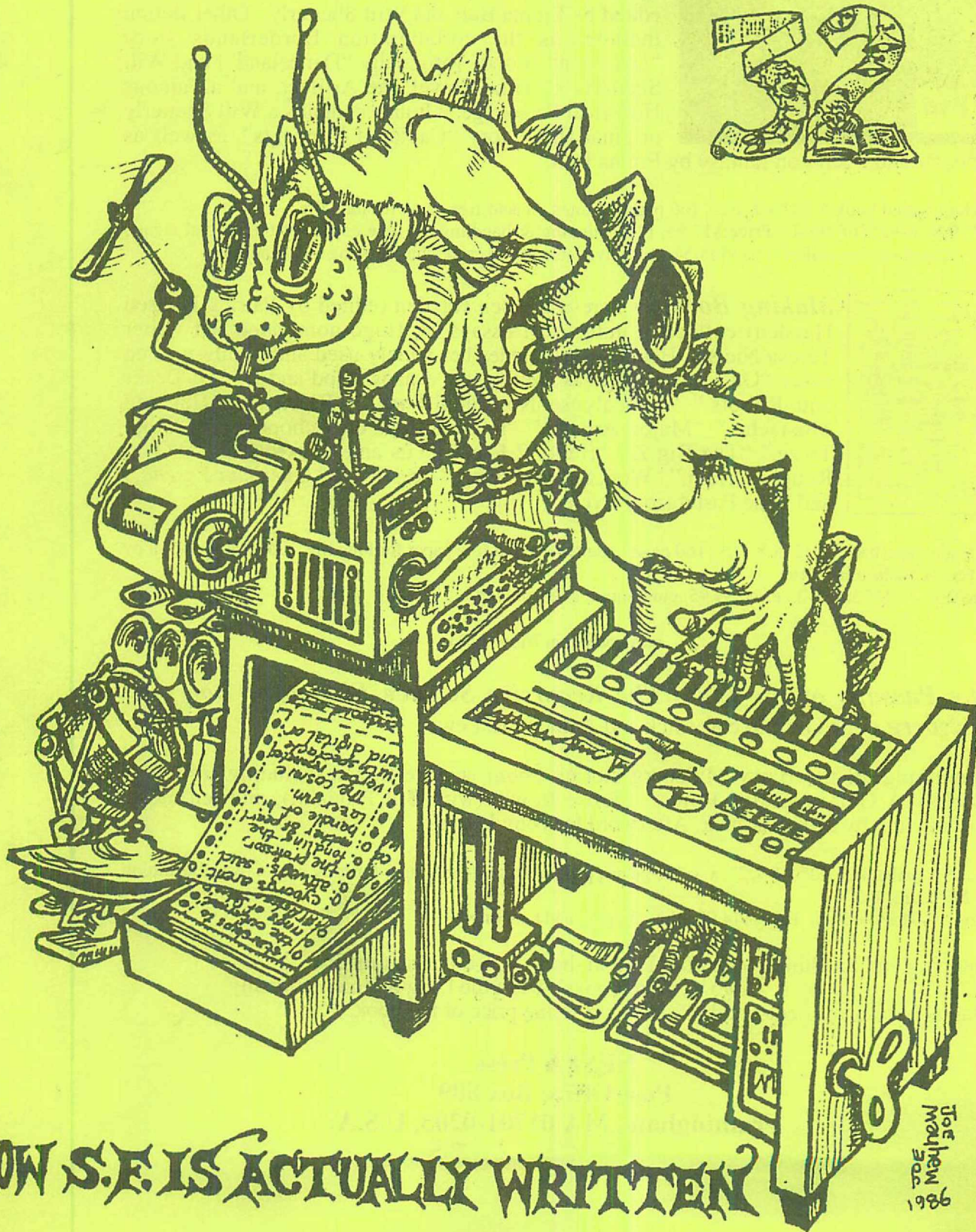




32



HOW S.F. IS ACTUALLY WRITTEN

Joe May
1961

New Books from NESFA Press

Boskone 31 Books

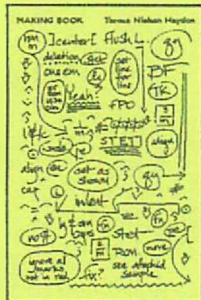


Double Feature by Emma Bull and Will Shetterly collects six of the stories written for the "Liavek" shared world anthologies which were initiated and edited by Emma Bull and Will Shetterly. Other fiction included is the collaboration Borderlands story "Danceland Blood" [originally "Danceland"] and Will Shetterly's "Time Travel, the Artifact, and a Famous Historical Personage." It also contains a Will Shetterly original short story "Captured Moments", as well as

poetry and essays on fantasy by Emma Bull.

Hard bound book 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", 160 pages; printed on acid-free paper for long life.

ISBN: 0-915368-99-4. Price:\$17.95, plus shipping & handling. [A few copies of the special signed slipcased edition (ISBN 0-915368-54-4) are available at \$30 each, plus shipping and handling.]



Making Book by Teresa Nielsen Hayden (edited by Patrick Nielsen Hayden) collects a number of essays by Hugo-nominated fan writer Teresa Nielsen Hayden. It includes her widely-used and highly-praised essay "On Copyediting" as well as, the essays "God and I," "Of Desks and Robots," "Apocalypse Now and Then," "Black Top Hat and Mustache," "Major Arcana," "Bei mir bist du Schoenherr," "High Tweek," "The Big Z," "Hell, 12 Feet," "Tits and Cockroaches," "Over Rough Terrain," "Workingman's Fred," "Review of *American Psycho*," and "The Pastafazool Cycle."

Trade paperback 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", 160 pages; printed on acid-free paper for long life. Cover illustration by Teresa Nielsen Hayden.

ISBN: 0-915368-55-2. Price:\$9.95, plus shipping & handling.

and coming in May 1994

The Passage of the Light: The Recursive Science Fiction of Barry N. Malzberg edited by Mike Resnick and Anthony R. Lewis

Containing all the Barry Malzberg stories *about* science fiction including *Herovit's World*, "A Galaxy Called Rome," "Prose Bowl" (with Bill Pronzini), and ten more. Introduction by Mike Resnick, Afterword by Tony Lewis.

Trade paperback 5 1/2" x 8 1/2", x + 282 pages; printed on acid-free paper for long life. Cover illustration by Merle Insinga.

ISBN: 0-915368-59-5. Price:\$14.00, plus shipping and handling.

Shipping and handling: (one book): \$2 in the U.S., \$4 internationally

(two or more books): \$4 in the U.S., \$8 internationally.

Massachusetts residents: add 5% sales tax to the price of the book.

NESFA Press
Post Office Box 809
Framingham, MA 01701-0203, U.S.A.

Proper Boskonian 32

June 1994

Proper Boskonian is the semi-annual genzine of the New England Science Fiction Association. Send all contributions (writing, art, LoCs) to: *Proper Boskonian*, c/o NESFA, Post Office Box 809, Framingham, MA 01701-0203.

Editor: Kenneth Knabbe
Proofreader: George Flynn FN

Contents

Editorial 2

Boskone 31 report by Evelyn C. Leeper 5

Neglected Fantasy and Science Fiction Films
by Mark R. Leeper 18

Convention Art of Joe Mayhew FN 21

NESFA 1993 Hugo Nominations 44

Recommended Reading by Mark L. Olson FN 47
San Antonio in '97 51

Inconceivable by George Phillies 57

St. Louis in '97 65

Letters, letters, and more letters:

Harry Warner Jr. 71

Joseph T Major 72

Ray Bowie 73

Harry Cameron Andruschak 73

Lloyd Penney 74

All art in this issue including
the designer letters like:
is by Joe Mayhew FN and
is copyright © 1994
and used by permission.



PB 33 is scheduled to be out in late
November/early December. Reports on ConAdian,
discussions of the writing of C. M. Kornbluth, and
art are most wanted, but other material is always
welcome.

Official Notices

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

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

Copyright © 1994 by the New England
Science Fiction Association, Inc.
(NESFA); all rights reserved.

All bylined articles copyright © 1994 by
their authors and printed here by
permission. All artwork (except for the '97
bid art) copyright © 1994 by Joe Mayhew
and used here by permission.

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
membership (\$16 a year for subscribing
members); or for a contribution of writing,
art, and/or LoC; \$3.00 per issue; trade
and/or editorial whim.

Editorial Ramblings by Kenneth Knabbe

For those of you who read *Instant Message*, you should be aware of some of the problems with our mimeo machines. Even before the last one died just before Boskone, we were having trouble with them. This is the main reason why, even though the last issue said December on the cover, it was not mailed until early February. I actually had the issue ready to be run off on November 11, only one week after the deadline I had set for myself.

By the time this reaches you, NESFA will have purchased new equipment. The front cover was done on a Gestetner 5303, the back cover on a RISO RA4200, and the St. Louis in '97 art on a Gestetner 5325. Since the two vendors are still making counter offers, I can not yet say what we will end up with, but one thing is certain, no more unevenly inked pages and a much shorter delay between an issue's being finished and being ready to be mailed.

This issue highlights the art of Joe Mayhew FN. When Joe and I got together at Philcon, he showed me a book of his art. I immediately saw the potential of a retrospective of his convention art, and when I noticed all of the other material I decided to make this an all-Mayhew issue. Most of the art has appeared before. Joe did do some new art and a few of his early pieces have never seen print, but I am sure you will enjoy seeing even those you have seen before.

One thing that will not be in this issue is "Bart & Eddy." After seeing it I became increasingly concerned about its subject matter. The piece is about two teenage boys who live in a world where the government decides what your sexual preference will be. It is an excellently done piece about government oppression and censorship. These are the same subjects covered by Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*. My main problem is that I am trying to keep *PB* as something parents can hand to their children without any worry about its contents. Originally I was going to publish it with a warning in front and a piece of art at the end, making it removable from the issue. I was even planning on collating some issues without it for concerned parents.

Just before Boskone I showed the piece around and asked several people what they thought. Mark Olson pointed out the political aspects of the piece. NESFA has in its bylaws a prohibition of printing any real world politics in any 'official' publication. The purpose for this is twofold: to prevent any member from using the club to push their personal views, and to prevent any problems with our 501(c)(3) status. Other people expressed their concern about some of the scenes depicting what is done to Bart and Eddy when they have trouble living within the government's rules. The government does some rather nasty things to them.

What I am willing to do is to send a copy to anyone who wants one. Since this offer is being made by me and not NESFA, I will be paying for the copies and mailing to avoid any problems.

In a letter I received from Lloyd Penney, he mentions that Joe gave him a copy for his fanzine "some time ago," and at Boskone Joe told me that an underground comic had offered to pay him to publish it. Joe wants the piece available to his friends in fandom. I know my solution is not perfect, but it is the best I have come up with.

Now for this issue's lineup. Besides all the Joe Mayhew art, this issue contains the Leepers' Boskone 31 report, with Mark Leeper's piece on neglected films. Included in the Mayhew retrospective, look for what would have been the cover of *P.R. 0* if Washington had won the Worldcon for 1977. This piece is being published here for the first time. Next are the NESFA Hugo recommendations for 1993, along with reviews by Mark Olson. And sneaked in between pieces by the two bidders for 1997 (San Antonio and St. Louis) is the first of three stories by George Phillies.

One of the things I have discovered is that I am not giving enough lead time on an announced topic for people to write. With this issue I am going to start planning two issues in advance. I plan on highlighting an artist one issue and an author the next. Hopefully this will allow me to build up a supply of art and give you time to write.

This issue highlights the art of Joe Mayhew. For next issue I would like to put together a piece on C. M. Kornbluth. For about a year now, Tim Szczesuil has been working on putting together a book of Kornbluth's solo short fiction. This book would probably be out by now except for one problem: In some cases it is unclear exactly who owns the rights to the stories. Anyone who has first-hand knowledge, please contact NESFA. In the meantime I want all of you reading this to send me reviews and any stories you have about meeting Kornbluth. I am going to organize them and hope to include a bibliography of his collaborations.

The following issue will contain a piece on the t-shirt art of Merle Insinga. Merle has told me that many of the shirts that were done had alternate designs. I thought people might like to see all the variations that were not done. Currently I do not plan on making this an all-Insinga-art issue, but this may change if Merle has a lot of old art she is willing to let me use. If people like what I did for Joe Mayhew this issue, I will try to do something similar for Merle.

I am open to suggestions of what author to highlight after Kornbluth. I would like to be able to announce it next issue, so people, include suggestions (and book reviews) when you write.

Now that I have gotten two issues of *PB* out, I have started to receive requests for submission guidelines. Material should have something to do with: science fiction, fandom, or NESFA. For fiction I prefer stories no longer than 10,000 words, for nonfiction no longer than 15,000 words. Besides doing the normal proofreading for typos and grammar, George Flynn FN will make me aware of any errors in the facts he finds. I do the corrections, layout, and art insertions. I do not edit fiction for length but I will edit other pieces. Convention reports or articles about a specific author or theme are always welcome.

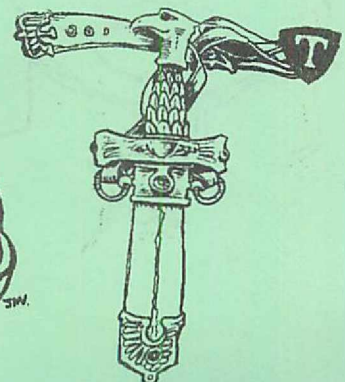
For art, try to stay away from fantasy. So far three artists have sent me very nice pieces I did not use. Also keep in mind when choosing your subject my desire for parents to be able to hand the issue to their children.

Any disk you send me should be in IBM format. If all you use is a Mac, I can get it converted. Please enclose a letter stating what software you used to create the file. I can work with almost anything (this is not a challenge), but it makes it much easier if I know what the format is. If you prefer sending me material over a computer net, be aware I am not on any. Mark Olson has offered to accept material for me, so send it via him. If you are concerned about the changes that might be made, I will send the "proofed" work back for approval before publication. This may cause the piece to be delayed an issue, depending on how close to publication I am.

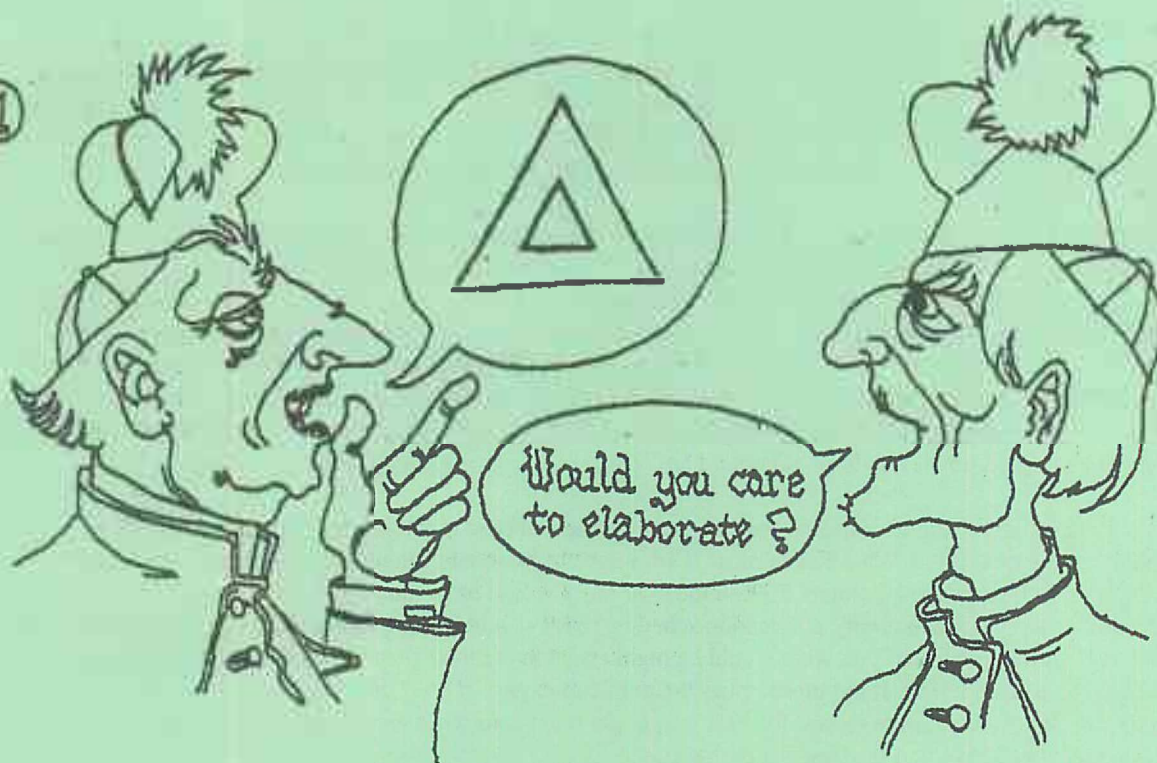
Now that material is starting to come in, how often do people want me to publish an issue? Right now I have three pieces in hand for the next issue. What I need most is art. I have only seven usable pieces. The current schedule has *PB* 33 coming out in early December. I estimate if I had the material, I would have time to do three, maybe four issues a year. Do people want me to try to step up my publication schedule? This would mean I could use more than Boskone and Worldcon reports, and while I could tell you what would be highlighted in the next issues, I could not give you a date when it would be out. In addition, if I put out more issues the publication part of your dues might go up.

It is up to you. If you want more issues, the best way to get them is to write me. Be sure to send me material so I can continue to be choosy and give you the best issues that I can.

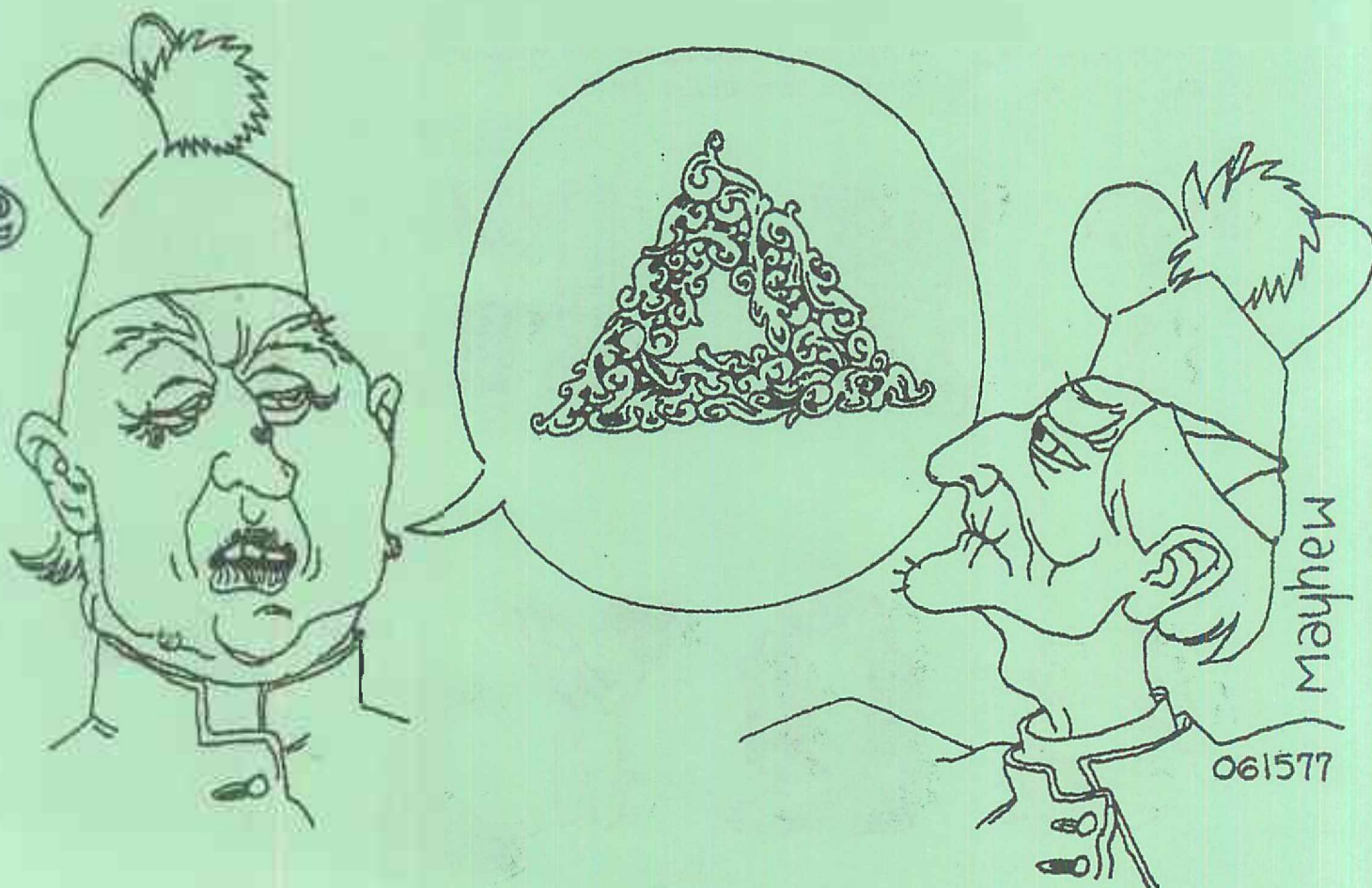
Throughout this issue is some of the designer alphabet that Joe Mayhew did. I thought you might like to see the letters I did not use. So here are the Leftover Letters of Joe Mayhew.



1



2



Boskone 31 report by Evelyn C. Leeper
Copyright 1994 Evelyn C. Leeper

Last year the drive was one hour longer due to the move from Springfield to Framingham, and three hours longer coming back, because there was a snowstorm added on as well. This year it was another hour longer going up because of wretched traffic, but only a half-hour longer coming back. (Going up we averaged 45 miles per hour, but never actually went 45 miles per hour--it was either 10 miles per hour or 70 miles per hour, and when it was 10, the heater was going full blast because the engine was over-heating.) Having everything in one hotel is nice, but is it worth it?

Three years ago, panelists registered in the regular registration area and were given their panelist information there. Two years ago, we had to go to the Green Room to get our panelist information, and that was in the other hotel, so this was a trifle inconvenient. Last year they returned to handing out the panelist information at the regular registration desk. This year--you guessed it: panelists had to go to the Green Room. I wish they would settle on one method.

Hotel

The Sheraton Tara was quite nice, and sufficient for the size that Boskone seems to have settled in to (700-900). Again, the parties seemed fairly empty.

Dealers Room

The Dealers Room is holding steady, with pretty much the same dealers (in the same places) as last year. There is a Borders Bookstore nearby which took advantage of having all these authors in Framingham to have autograph parties.

Art Show

I took a quick look through the art show, but little there interested me. I did get a copy of Wells's *First Men in the Moon* illustrated by Bob Eggleton at the print shop, and bid on a "book pin" (a small brooch that opened up to reveal a tiny story inside). But last-minute bidding on the pins (there were about a dozen different ones) was so spirited that I decided it was not worth it.

Programming

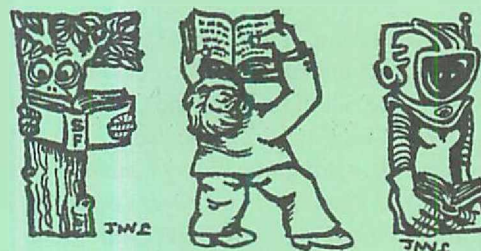
Again, it appears that the era of the "hard-science" Boskone is over. There are some science panels, but not as many as before. I attended fewer panels and other programming items than last year (twelve this year versus fourteen last year). Of course, I did not have all the Connie Willis panels I had last year, but in addition, the last two I attended this year were totally unplanned (see the notes for "Does It Have to Be a SpaceMAN?: Gender and

Characterization" and "Deconstructing Tokyo: Godzilla as Metaphor, etc." for an explanation).

The First Night

I miss the Shirim Klezmer Orchestra! But we did have more opportunity to talk and mingle, which was somewhat hindered by the loud music the last couple of years. As I was having my second drink, Michael Flynn asked me to make sure there was an overhead projector for the "Turbulence and Psychohistory" panel. Never ask me to remember something at a party, especially if I'm having a drink! Naturally I forgot, but luckily the room was small enough that the attendees could see his viewgraphs when he held them up.

I have no idea what the con suite was like--I never got there.



Comic Books and Alternate History

Friday, 10 PM

Pam Fremon (mod), Michael Flynn, Will Shetterly

This was clearly a panel designed around one of the Guests of Honor. Shetterly is perhaps best known for his alternate history comic *Captain Confederacy*. [Well, that's what he's best known for to me anyway.] *Captain Confederacy* is set in a world where the South won the Civil War, and where a band of super-heroes exists. It ran sixteen issues altogether, twelve from SteelDragon Press and four from Marvel/Epic. (The twelve from SteelDragon can be gotten for \$10; the address is SteelDragon Press, P. O. Box 7253, Powderhorn Station, Minneapolis MN 55407.) Shetterly also said that there might be a continuation of *Captain Confederacy* some day.

Shetterly began by saying that all fiction is alternate history (a claim my husband Mark has been making for years--after all, he says, Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara did not really exist in our universe, right?). He added, however, that authors must be true to their own view of the world, and *Captain Confederacy* was no doubt influenced by the fact that Shetterly grew up in the South. But the author's being true to his or her view does not limit the field; as Shetterly said, there can be many alternate

histories (in spite of the fact that people often assume that an alternate history is the definitive one rather than just another one). For example, Shetterly said that just because his CSA is grim does not mean that another CSA has to be grim. Flynn pointed out that authors also tend to write alternate histories in which "it comes out right," i.e., the way the author would have liked it. (Flynn noted that Harry Turtledove's *Guns of the South* got an award from descendants of Confederate veterans, which goes to show that people also like to read alternate histories in which "it comes out right.")

By the way, Turtledove has just agreed to co-author an alternate history with actor Richard Dreyfuss. Entitled *The Two Georges*, it is reportedly a police procedural in which the Thirteen Colonies made peace with Britain in 1779. [Thanks to Robert Schmunk for jogging my memory on this one.]

If Shetterly was influenced by his Southern background, Flynn was influenced by having early on read J. C. Squire's *If It Had Happened Otherwise: Lapses into Imaginary History*, with its stories by Belloc, Chesterton, Churchill, and others; and "Sideways in Time" by Murray Leinster. In response to a question from me later, Shetterly said that he knew of many "what if the South had won the Civil War" stories; he listed Ward Moore's *Bring the Jubilee*, Terry Bisson's *Fire on the Mountain*, Mackinlay Kantor's *If the South Had Won the Civil War*, David C. Poyer's *Shiloh Project*, Leonard Skimin's *Grey Victory*, Robert Stapp's *A More Perfect Union*, William Sanders's *Wild Blue and the Grey*, E. Ruffin's *Anticipations of the Future* (written in 1860, which I guess means it was not really an alternate history, but a straight extrapolation about the future), and something by Wilson. At the time I thought he meant Woodrow Wilson, but I cannot find anything by him; Shetterly may have been thinking of "If Lee Had not Won the Battle of Gettysburg" by Sir Winston Churchill.

Shetterly also talked about how one decides what would be different. Racism, he claims, is an effect of Southern pride, so one presumes if Southern pride had not been so damaged by the loss of the Civil War, then racism might not have arisen. He also thinks that had Lincoln lived, Southern pride after the war would not have been so undermined, thereby causing less racism in that scenario as well.

The panelists noted that writing an alternate history assumes readers know what the real history was. This of course brought to mind the story Connie Willis told last year about how 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?" (I note that in his latest alternate history sortie, Turtledove lists all the characters of *Worldwar: In the Balance* on the endpapers of the novel, and notes which are real and which are imaginary.)

Flynn noted in some context that "industrial-strength Nazis" as villains are gone, and someone pointed out that "Saturday Night Live" had done a skit in which Superman had landed in Germany instead of the United States and become Uberman.

Various alternate histories and turning points were of course mentioned. Someone asked what if the disease that killed off most of the indigenous American people when the Europeans invaded had worked in the other direction, and diseases from the Americas had killed off most of the Europeans instead? The panelists observed that this was exactly what happened in Africa, where Europeans died in comparable proportions to the deaths of the population of the Americas, and the result was ultimately not much better for the Africans.

This somewhat hinted at what the panelists then explicitly observed: what alternate history readers enjoy has nothing to do with the plot. The background and other trappings far outweigh the actual events that may take place. For those who like reading alternate histories, the panelists therefore recommended a couple of non-alternate history books of interest: Josephine Tey's *Daughter of Time* (a mystery novel in which a modern detective tries to figure out what really happened to the "two little princes in the Tower" during the time of Richard III) and Fletcher Pratt's *Battles that Changed History*. (Pratt's *Blue Star* and *Third King* were cited as actual alternate histories, though.)

A variety of alternate history stories were recommended, sharing the characteristic that they are hard to find: John M. Ford's *Dragon Waiting* (Shetterly said that Ford had a "Byzantine mind"), Saki's "When William Came," Robert Sobel's *For Want of a Nail: If Burgoyne Had Won at Saratoga* (written as an alternate-history of the United States, complete with scholarly bibliography), and the 1974 *National Lampoon* complete with alternate-history newspaper edition. (The Usenet alternate history bibliography lists February 1977 and February 1980 alternate history issues of *National Lampoon*, but nothing from 1974.)

But back to the specific topic (comic books and alternate history): when Shetterly began writing *Captain Confederacy*, alternate history in comics was usually at the level of "What if Superman's father had put a banana in the ship instead of Superman?" (I do not know what the level of writing in alternate history comics is these days, but on Usenet in alt.history.what-if one still sees this sort of posting--though, mercifully, not very often.) And DC's "Legion of Superheroes" resurrected 1930s superheroes in an alternate world. But as Shetterly noted, there is a big difference between "what if?" and "gosh, what if?" and the comic books have tended towards the latter. However, superheroes are by definition in an alternate universe--one in which there are superheroes!--so you have to count them even if they're not as intellectually challenging. (I've seen alternate history novels in which Germany wins World

War II where the premise seems to be the author's excuse to write violent semi-pornography, so I would not claim that books necessarily hold the moral or intellectual high ground here either.)

Comic books also often overtly serve the purposes of their publishers in terms of what in the movies would be "product placement"--using the publisher's other characters. So we get "What If?" and "Elseworlds" from DC, in which Batman becomes Green Lantern instead. (This does not even qualify as "gosh, what if?" to me, but more like "so what?") On the other hand, *Watchmen* is a genuine, honest-to-goodness alternate history.

Movies, on the other hand, tend to ignore alternate histories. Shetterly thinks this is because Hollywood creates the world anew in each movie, so alternate histories would be gilding the lily. (Actually, of course, that's a misquote on my part--it should be either "painting the lily" or "gilding refined gold." I like to throw these little education bits in my reports, even if no one else cares about them.) I should note that Hollywood, or rather the movie industry, has done a few alternate histories, of which the best known are *It's a Wonderful Life* and "The City on the Edge of Forever" episode of the original *Star Trek*. But I know of only about two dozen altogether, including foreign productions.

Shetterly closed by reminding people that he is running for governor of Minnesota. He listed as his main qualification, "I tell lies for a living and am up front about it."

Sources of Fear in Horror

Friday, 11 PM

David G. Hartwell (mod), Constance Hirsch,
Lawrence Schimel, Darrell Schweitzer

The panelists started with some opening thoughts. Hirsch said that we read horror for the thrill (caused by the fear, I suppose). Schimel said that the most effective sources of horror are family relationships and abusive relationships. Hartwell claimed that horror "jump-starts" the emotions. This was reminiscent of Tanith Lee's claim at another convention that the purpose of horror is to give us practice in being frightened. When I asked about this, Hirsch noted that this was not true, because in reading horror you could always stop if things got too scary. Schweitzer had a different view: "There are certain stories that are too dumb to be done straight." We're not afraid of where our teeth go, he said; it's not about honest emotion. He also said, "Horror is a series of recognizable tropes and images," rather than a certain plot. He pointed out that if you take a horror story and set it in Atlantis, suddenly it becomes fantasy.

Someone cited Kathe Koja's observation that horror is written for two audiences: teenage boys afraid of castration and women afraid of men. Even knowing this, panelists

thought it was hard to write about fear on demand. Hartwell said that to get twenty-five stories for an anthology of horror stories he was putting together, he needed to ask two hundred fifty people.

There is also a difference between being disturbed by a novel and being scared. Hartwell said his rule of thumb was, "If a horror story is done with art, then it is as illuminating as any other art. If a horror story is done without art, then it is horror performed on me and I do not like it." Horror should be honest, not gimmicky. Hirsch feels that one purpose of horror is to let the reader vicariously triumph. There is a "right way" to read horror, according to Hartwell. You need to find the trope that jump-starts your emotions, he said, and then read for those effects which are awesome (in the literal sense of creating fear and wonder).

There was brief note of the difference between supernatural and psychological horror. Five years ago the psychological horror was gaining, but now that is not as true. Horror is now found all over the bookstore: the mystery section, the fiction section, the suspense section, etc. ("Dark Suspense" is the marketing term for non-fantasy horror, if that helps.) For example, Susan Palwick's *Flying in Place* was marketed as a mainstream women's novel. Whether or not the supernatural is involved, Hartwell said, "Horror is convincing the reader that something absurd in the real world is real for the time of the book." It's all about the "infusion of the irrational into the rational."

Schweitzer noted that people's reactions to horror change as they age/mature. When you're young (immature), you laugh at horror. Not laughing, and being disturbed by it, is a sign of maturity.

Someone quoted H. P. Lovecraft as saying, "The real connoisseurs of horror have to make do with parts of literary works," which Hartwell called "moments of discovery."

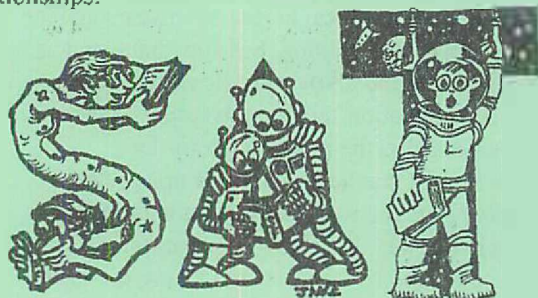
There was brief mention made of why there was so little horror poetry: it's hard to write it well. (Apropos of nothing here, someone noted that Gilbert & Sullivan rhyme with three or more syllables for comic effect. I think the drift was that rhyming things gives them a touch of humor--rhyming with multiple syllables multiplies the humor.)

Panelists recommended Roald Dahl, Shirley Jackson, John Collier, Tanith Lee, Gene Wolfe, Barry N. Malzberg, H. P. Lovecraft, and Clark Ashton Smith. (NESFA Press will be publishing Malzberg's *Passage of the Light*.) Schweitzer claimed that Jonathan Carroll's *Land of Laughs* is "the best horror novel of the last twenty-five years," and described it as what would have resulted if "Philip K. Dick and [someone else] conspired to write L. Frank Baum." *The Scarf* by Robert Bloch was also heavily recommended, and Schweitzer said that *Dark Descent* edited by Hartwell was the standard anthology. Ramsey

Campbell's *Count of Eleven* was cited as a funny serial-killer novel (if you're looking for that sort of thing). On the other hand, Hartwell said that Bradford Morrow and Patrick McGrath's *New Gothic* anthology was a "pile of shit."

When asked for the most horrific thing they had read recently, panelists listed M. R. James's work (Schweitzer), Billie Sue Mosiman's "No Restrictions" in *Pulphouse* #16 (Hirsch), W. Somerset Maugham's stories (Schimel), and a Frank Robinson manuscript and a Gene Wolfe story (Hartwell). Also mentioned was Susan Wade's "White Rook, Black Pawn," which will appear in an Ellen Datlow anthology in 1996.

I note that there was not much discussion about the purported subject of the panel, the sources of fear in horror, other than the comment about family and abusive relationships.



Saturday Morning

Last year we could not go out for breakfast because our car battery was dead. This year we did go out, and I concluded that the hotel was better than Friendly's.

Immoral Fiction?

Saturday, 10 AM

Thomas A. Easton (mod), Michael F. Flynn,
Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Melissa Scott, Jane Yolen

The panelists began by saying that they would be talking primarily about adult fiction, since children's fiction required a somewhat different approach.

Yolen opened by saying that the author has to be honest about his or her fiction (shades of what Will Shetterly said in the "Comic Books and Alternate History" panel and what David Hartwell said in the "Sources of Fear in Horror" panel). Nielsen Hayden added that fiction is a sort of experiment (where the author postulates a situation and then plays it out). The reader, however, may read things into novels that are not there.

Flynn summarized what most panelists (and probably most of the audience) believed: that when someone talks about "immoral fiction" he or she means "that which I do not believe" or "that which I disagree with." Examples of fiction which are often called immoral under this definition were given as Robert A. Heinlein's *Starship Troopers*,

William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, and all the works of John Norman.

Easton thought it was important to distinguish between morality and ethics, his distinction being that the former is grounded in religion and the latter is not. The other panelists, however, felt that this was merely a word game and wanted to consider the two as just different terms for the same concept.

Someone said that "moral fiction" is sometimes defined as fiction that concerns itself with the issues of right and wrong. But then if English were a logical language, "immoral fiction" would be fiction that does not concern itself with the issue of right and wrong. However, English is not a logical language. The latter sort of fiction might be termed "amoral fiction," but clearly "immoral fiction" means fiction that concerns itself with the issue of right and wrong, but comes up with the "wrong" answers. Scott later gave as an example of this novels written by African women which consider female "circumcision" a good thing.

Nielsen Hayden said that one thing to remember in all this is that science fiction is a didactic form; Yolen responded by saying that all fiction is inherently didactic. Nielsen Hayden agreed that might be true, but still felt that science fiction was more didactic than realistic fiction. Easton pointed out that because science fiction relied on hypothetical scenarios ("what if?"), it was easier for it to break tabus than for realistic fiction to do so. But was doing so immoral? Consider the film *The Program*, which had a scene of students lying down on the center line of a road. After someone who had seen the film did this--and was killed--Touchstone removed that scene from all prints. Was the film (in legal terms) an "attractive nuisance"? (The classic "attractive nuisance" is a backyard swimming pool. The owners are supposed to know that neighborhood kids will be attracted to it and put a locked fence around it.) By the way, the audience seemed to feel the action in the film was less an "attractive nuisance" and more a case of "evolution in action." My example of this would be the Bible: is Christianity (or God) responsible for the misuse and misinterpretation of the Bible? If Christians claim not, then it hardly seems fair for them then to attack other authors for the misuse of their works.

Nielsen Hayden observed that this--and much of the criticism of fiction as immoral--seemed to assume that authors have some power to change society. "If we really did had the power to change society by our writing, we'd use it in a much more focused way," he said.

Yolen said that what she thought of as immoral fiction was fiction that was slickly sentimental and manipulative, such as Robert James Waller's *Bridges of Madison County*, David Eastman's *Velveteen Rabbit*, and Shel Silverstein's *Giving Tree*. As Yolen said, "It's easy to make a reader cry, but harder to make a reader think." "Comfy books" are okay, she continued, but they should not be considered on

the same level as more thought-provoking works. Easton tried to rephrase this as, "It's the excess that makes them immoral," but with that definition I think you have the problem that you cannot say that a book is *inherently* immoral--and I suspect that there are books that people would say are *inherently* immoral.

Flynn noted, "We seem to be saying that moral books question rather than affirm," and in science fiction it is difficult to affirm because science fiction is a questioning ("what if?" again) genre. And what disturbs people is not asking the questions, it's the answers that are arrived at.

Nielsen Hayden did say that wrong-headed writers have a purpose: they are useful to argue with. They also give one the experience of being "seduced by garbage" and teach one to read critically. Of course, this process takes place only after you realize that what you had believed is in fact garbage, and this may take time, but as you grow up you often change your mind about books you read earlier in life. The examples he gave of this were Robert A. Heinlein and Ayn Rand.

Talking about children's books, someone in the audience said that she often has parents ask for a recommendation, but then they add, "I don't want my child disturbed." (Of course, this may just mean "Please don't pick a book that will give my three-year-old nightmares.")

The panelists also mentioned John Gardner's *On Moral Fiction*.

Neglected SF and Fantasy Films

Saturday, 12 noon

Daniel Kimmel (mod), W. Michael Henigan,
Mark R. Leeper

What can one say about a panel on neglected films where panelists volunteer such "neglected" films as *Forbidden Planet*?

Well, ARRGHH! is about the only comment that comes to mind.

It started off well enough, with panelists noting that many factors lead to films being neglected: being in black and white, having no special effects, getting bad reviews, and so on. Then Kimmel listed some films that he thought were unfairly neglected: *Coneheads*, *Heartbeeps*, *Innerspace*, and *Quintet*. All, you will note, are relatively recent (the oldest, *Quintet*, is from 1979). Leeper's films, on the other hand, were older: *The Mind Benders*, *Unearthly Stranger*, *Dark Intruder*, and *Quest for Love*. Henigan listed *Logan's Run*, *Soylent Green*, and *Fahrenheit 451*.

Admittedly, the panelists did start moving backward in time a bit, naming *Creation of the Humanoids*, *Dragonslayer*, *Dune* (this is a neglected film? Badly thought of maybe, but hardly neglected), *I Married a Monster from Outer Space*, *Lifeforce*, *Phase IV*, *Spaced Invaders*, *Strange Invaders*, *The Twonky*, and *Videodrome*.

Other films mentioned included *Yeux Sans Visage*, *Carnival of Souls*, *Delicatessen*, *The End of August in the Hotel Ozone*, *The Dybbuk*, *Fantastic Planet*, *The Lathe of Heaven*, *The Man Who Laughs*, *Return to Oz*, *Seconds*, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, and something called *Bernard and Genie* (sp?) from the Arts & Entertainment Network.

Kimmel also mentioned *Altered States*, which Leeper noted had opened the same weekend as *Scanners* and was eclipsed by that film.

Leeper provided a handout of his list of "neglected films," with commentary; it is attached as an appendix to this report.

Turbulence and Psychohistory

Saturday, 1 PM

Evelyn C. Leeper (mod), Michael F. Flynn,
Robert Glaub, Mark Keller, Andrew Nisbet, Mark Olson

The panelists began by introducing themselves. Flynn said that he had written a novel about psychohistory, *In the Country of the Blind*. Robert Glaub works for the Department of Defense and is an amateur historian. Mark Keller is a well-known alternate history buff. Mark Olson started with alternate history and went on to become interested in real history. And I got to do something that I have complained for years about others doing--promote a published work of mine, in this case an article in the first issue of *Alternate Worlds*. So I guess I should complain about myself. Take it as read.

I began by couching the panel's topic in terms of chaos theory. If chaos theory is correct, and very small changes in initial conditions can effect enormous changes in results, then how is the prediction of the future affected, or the prediction of what might have happened if something had gone differently?

Nisbet said that the function of history is to present the past, not to predict the future, and that psychohistory has little to do with history. Olson said that sounded like what astronomers used to say, that we can never find out the makeup of the stars, so it was pointless to speculate. Should our view of history be based on whether we have the means to determine it? The Bernoullis applied probability theory to history; should we? Flynn said that most people trained in history are not trained in mathematics and statistics, so trying to apply those to history is something few experts can do. (And then a few minutes later proceeded to do so in great detail.) Keller felt that prediction was not unreasonable, and that we could use the lessons of history. Everyone knows of Santayana's statement that "those who do not learn from history are condemned to repeat it" (though I cannot find a source for this citation), but Keller quoted Kliuchevsky as saying, "History doesn't teach us anything, but it punishes those who don't learn the lessons." (Of course, Hegel said, "What

experience and history teach is this--that people and governments never have learned anything from history, or acted on principles deduced from it" [introduction, *Philosophy of History*].)

Flynn cited the science of cliometrics (after Clio, the Muse of History), which claims that there are laws in the way society works. Until cliometrics was discovered (or invented, depending on your point of view), human society was considered an invention of the gods. We still question, however, whether human society is somehow "hard-wired" into our brains or not.

Regarding predicting the future, Ben Yalow (in the audience) said that a while back someone was predicting how the Supreme Court would rule on various issues. Keller noted that was only predicting what nine people would decide and was not that difficult, given their past decision history. The Germans, for example, had a big file on Patton in an attempt to predict his actions. Nisbet said that what worried him was that examples of psychohistory were fallacious and started to explain why, and then it became clear that I had failed in a primary task of a moderator: I had not had us define our terms. Most of us were using Asimov's definition of psychohistory, involving predicting the course of the future based on the idea that, while the behavior of individuals cannot be predicted, the behavior of large groups of individuals can. (Asimov got this idea by analogy from the action of gas molecules.) But Nisbet was interpreting psychohistory as being about applying psychology and psychoanalysis to individuals to predict their actions. Having cleared up this confusion, and established that we would be using the Asimovian concept, we proceeded. And where we proceeded was to cycles. Flynn first mentioned the concept, and after responding to an audience member who thought C. Northcote Parkinson was the greatest thinker of the West and that Parkinson had said that there was a rhythm of history in which China has a three-hundred-year cycle, Flynn produced dozens of viewgraphs showing the various cycles of history that he (and others) had discovered.

Flynn began by discussing correlations. For example, there is a 95% correlation between the percentage of women working and the percentage of imported automobiles versus the domestic market. The conclusion one might come to, therefore, is that to reduce foreign trade one should get women back into the kitchen. But any two increasing trends will correlate (and discounting the "Rosie the Riveter" bump in 1944, the working-women trend has been an increasing one all this century).

The first cycle Flynn showed on a viewgraph was the cycle of the number of slave revolts and race riots, starting with a slave revolt in 1837. This is stable with occasional spikes, the spikes occurring at regular intervals about two generations apart. ("Be out of town in 2010," was his advice.)

Flynn noted that, oddly enough, random processes produce predictable patterns. Trends and cycles that Flynn discussed were the number of wars per decade (random), the number of homicides versus gun control, and the number of children per family versus family income (as people get richer, they have fewer children, but there was a drop in 1919 and a post-World War II baby boom, as well as another baby boom in the 1980s). And often we do not realize that we have been in an atypical period. If we look at unemployment over a long period of time, we discover that median unemployment of 5% is normal. It's just that we were in a boom time from World War II and the Cold War and did not realize that it was not going to last. Sometimes a change in the process can change a trend. For example, business failures dropped after the Great Depression, but that was not because the economics had gotten so much better, but that laws made it harder to go out of business.

On a depressing note, Flynn showed the graph for the money the United States collects, as a percentage of the GNP. In the 1940s, it starts going up, not in an exponential curve, but a super-exponential one!

As the panelists noted, this cyclic nature of history does not really help the predictor. One can predict approximately how many coups there will be in the world in a decade, for example, but this does not help predict that there will be a coup in Uruguay on May 17 of next year. (Which of course means that Hari Seldon's right-on-the-date predictions were pure fiction.) You can say that some areas of the country are prone to thunderstorms, but you cannot say when there will be one. Nisbet said that some people may think that all of human behavior can be predicted with a straightedge and semi-log paper, but it's more complex than that. Even the motion of the planets is a chaotic system, and while it can be predicted in the short term, the longer the period, the less accurate the predictions become.

And even cycles can be perturbed (as has already been noted). Nisbet cited a power plant whose proponents said that it would meet the growing energy needs of the area. But after it was built, the demand for energy either went down, or did not go up as fast as predicted. However, the reason for this was that the cost of building the plant had been so high as to raise the cost of electricity, and that made people cut back on their usage! Another example was the number of suicides by gas in Britain. At some point it was made more difficult to commit suicide by gas (I forget how), and so that trend changed. (But possibly other types of suicides went up.) Flynn said that science is deciding what produces trend lines and whether it can be depended on.

Returning to the predictive powers of historians, Keller claimed that many people say the future was predicted in Revelation, Nostradamus, and Cayce. I noted that the "predictions" all seemed to have been noticed only after the

fact, and that no one could figure out what was meant before something happened. I also said that while it is easy to explain why things happened in the past and make it at least plausible, when people turn these theories to the future, they do not seem to work. For example, Paul Kennedy explained at great length why countries rose and fell in *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*, but then blew it all by claiming (in the late 1980s) that Germany would never re-unite, and explaining why. (Nisbet responded that Kennedy's explanations of history were not entirely convincing, and claimed that Kennedy had said that the rise of Bohemia was due to brass mines there.)

Olson asked, "If you had a time machine, could you make a change?" Well, of course you could (I pointed out you could kill the Beatles, which would certainly be a change), so Olson clarified that he was looking for whether one could change history effectively. Ben Yalow (in the audience) thought that just occasionally you could catch the cusp and do so. Olson replied that he did not believe in cusps, because any small change changes who gets born. (In other words, he supports the "Great Man" theory rather than the "Tide of History" theory.) Olson claimed that the change in who is born would be the same as replacing people by fraternal twins, though why he chooses fraternal twins instead of ordinary siblings is not clear to me. Yalow said that meant that Olson was claiming you could change history, to which Olson replied that yes, he could change history, but he could not predict (or control) the direction the new history would take. Glaub also backed the "Great Man" theory. Keller said the trick was in knowing what the critical changes are. Flynn said that no matter what random events are changed, certain results will occur (i.e., he backs the "Tide of History" theory). He used the analogy of a fern leaf, where there are alternate branchings, but they all tend to go in the same direction. Nisbet did not think he could manipulate history effectively, but thought it would be interesting to experiment and see what would happen if things were changed. (I had the same feeling this last election. I would be curious to know what would have happened if Perot had been elected, but not curious enough to commit myself to that future!) By repeating the experiment over and over, one might detect patterns. Olson somewhat humorously asked Nisbet how he would get informed consent from his experimental subjects. Flynn said that the problem with all this is that all you can do is fiddle with epiphenomena--individual events--while factors of the population as a whole are hard to change. How can you change the literacy rate, for example? You could sink Columbus, but someone else would have made that trip--the Americas are just too close to Europe to avoid being "discovered."

In regards to all this, Olson recommended a new book called *Time Machines: Time Travel in Physics, Metaphysics, & Science Fiction* by Paul J. Nahin. And the book that Flynn used for many of his viewgraphs, and has

quoted on many other alternate history panels, is *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.) (Regarding the economic cycles, Olson said, "Even if I believed history was mechanical, I would be skeptical." The charts were too accurate; you would not expect that sort of accuracy, he said. And books keep predicting that there is a recession coming: there has been one predicted for just about every year in the last couple of decades, and the year 2000 is particularly popular for all these sort of predictions. Of course, my feeling is that predicting all sorts of things for the year 2000 may be a self-fulfilling prophecy. If people expect some sort of disaster, their actions may cause one.)

Creating an Internally Consistent Religion

Saturday, 3 PM

David A. Smith (mod), James Patrick Kelly,
Rosemary Kirstein

In the usual introductions, Kelly said that he had written *Planet of Whispers* and *Look into the Sun* (based on Julian Jaynes's *Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind*).

The panelists started out by saying they were not going to define religion. (Darn!) So they began by asking what it means for a religion to be inconsistent. Well, one answer would be that it says one thing and does another, though no examples were given. Also, they said, reality can make a religion inconsistent. I do not know if by this they were referring to the sort of problem that strict Biblical fundamentalists have with a heliocentric solar system, or what. (Later, the example was given of the Boxer Rebellion, in which warriors were told that they were invincible. The problem, as someone expressed it, was that the bullets did not believe this.) Another idea of an inconsistent religion might be one in which on the one hand there is a command to be fruitful and multiply, while on the other hand, sex is taught as something to be avoided.

Someone listed the five branches of philosophy at this point: logic — provides the rational basis for philosophical discussion, epistemology — theory of knowledge, metaphysics or ontology — study of nature of reality, ethics — study of what is good, and aesthetics — study of what is beautiful.

It was not clear what this had to do with the question at hand, but it was educational enough that I decided to include it.

The discussion moved to examining the nature of consciousness. Someone felt that consciousness was connected to the idea of a personal god that speaks to one.

As to why to create a religion at all, the panelists said that it was one way to motivate a character. But they warned about getting too specific too quickly, which may be why most fictional religions are not inconsistent -- there is not enough there to make them inconsistent.

As an example of a fairly completely fleshed-out religion (as fictional ones go), someone gave the example of the religion in Frank Herbert's *Dune*. Harry Turtledove has the premise that all religions are true in his "Videssos" series, and also in *The Case of the Toxic Spell Dump*, which I would think would lead to inconsistencies if two different religions claim that they are each the only way to salvation.

Someone asked if humans need religion (here defined as a belief in something beyond oneself). Many people seemed to agree that there could be an ethical content without spiritual motivation (though the Boy Scouts of America seem to disagree). And there is also a distinction between "hard" religion and "soft" religion.

Books mentioned that used religion as a major focus included Walter M. Miller's *Canticle for Leibowitz* (a pre-Vatican-II, post-nuclear Catholicism); Robert A. Heinlein's *Universe*; Fritz Leiber's *Gather, Darkness*; James Blish's *Case of Conscience* and *Black Easter*; Kurt Vonnegut's *Cat's Cradle*; and the work of L. Ron Hubbard. The latter was in response to someone who said that in novels, you know the made-up religion is false so you do not believe it. This gave rise to the question of whether an author could create a religion that people will believe in (or at least want to). And what people want to believe in can vary widely--someone claimed that the Inuit often find descriptions of Hell inviting! Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land* was given as an example of a religion that people did want to believe in, though whether it actually "worked" was unclear. And Heinlein of course reminds us that authors may also create religions to "prove" their ideas. Early Roger Zelazny, according to some, did this as well.

A religion must also be economically viable as well as internally consistent. For example, if a religion demands a virgin sacrifice every day, there'd better be a large supply of virgins handy. (One of the reasons the Spanish were able to conquer the Aztecs was that all the neighboring tribes helped fight the Aztecs, who had been raiding them to get enough victims for their sacrifices.)

Autographing Saturday, 4:30 PM Emma Bull

Luck of Leeper states that if I bring books by two authors to be autographed, at least one will not be at the convention. So I got my *War for the Oaks* autographed by Emma Bull, but Kara Dalkey was not there to autograph *The Nightingale*.

Parties

I dropped by the Readercon party to buy my supporting membership, and the "Boston in 2001" party to find out what was going on. Not much was happening either place, or at most of the other parties (maybe I was just early), so I went back to the room and crashed. Last year I had attended the "Boston in 1998" party and my feeling had been that there was no really good choice for 1998, because Niagara Falls and Boston probably did not have the facilities/hotels needed, and the Baltimore people were concentrating too much on offering rum drinks and not enough on content or planning. The latter seems to have improved (I think someone told them they had to **show** that their act was together, not just have it secretly together), and they seem to be the front-runner. (I'm saving my Boston vote for 2001, since if it's in Boston in 1998, it cannot be in Boston in 2001.)



Origami Sunday, 10 AM Mark R. Leeper (mod)

I did not attend this, but saw it while I was cruising the art show. It seemed well-attended, though Mark mentioned that he was not happy about having the workshop shut down after only one hour. Since teaching origami takes a while, it would have been better to have it somewhere where they could have gone two hours.

The Forgotten Fantasists: Swann, Warner, and Others Sunday, 11 AM Greer Gilman, Nancy C. Hanger, Don Keller

This was described as an "advocacy" panel. Much of it consisted of the panelists either listing authors they recommended, or actually reading excerpts from these authors' works. But other interesting tidbits were revealed. For example, Keller mentioned that William Morris invented the fantasy novel by writing pastiches of medieval romances.

Gilman started by reading from Sylvia Townsend Warner's *Lolly Willowes* (which she mentioned had been the very first Book-of-the-Month Club selection). She also recommended Warner's *Kingdoms of Elfin* and *Cat's*

Cradle, and Rachel Ferguson's *The Brontes Went to Woolworth's* (recently reprinted by Virago Press), which she described as "the urban fantasy of its time." (The Library of Congress, by the way, does not list the title *Cat's Cradle* for Warner. However, it also does not list Hope Mirrlees's *Lud-in-the-Mist*, which I know exists, so do not take this as gospel.)

George MacDonald was also recommended. His works are hard to find, but the panelists recommended you try Christian publishers. The edition of his works someone had was from the Ballantine "Adult Fantasy" series, which led people to list all the other authors published in that series as well. (There were about sixty books in the series; no, I cannot list them all!) MacDonald's were "dream country" rather than "somewhere else," a distinction that turns out to be of some interest in analyzing fantasy. MacDonald was described as a Christian theologian rather than as a Christian apologist (a term usually applied to C. S. Lewis).

A lot was said about Charles Williams, including that he could also be considered a writer of urban fantasy. Someone said they fell in love with his work when they read the first sentence of *War in Heaven*: "The telephone was ringing wildly but there was no one to answer it except the corpse lying under the desk."

Hope Mirrlees was called a "minor Bloomsburyite."

Karen Michalson's study *Victorian Fantasy Literature* was recommended. It explains, among other things, why fantasists were forgotten. (It has to do with political heterodoxy, and also with the fact that they wrote with no marketing constraints.) A lot of literary terms and references were thrown around, which I did not note down.

Other recommendations included *Earthfasts* and *The Grass Rope* by William Mayne (I could not find a listing for the latter in the Library of Congress); *Traveller in Time* by Alison Utley; someone's *Rachel and the Seven Wonders* (again, I could not find a listing); *The Abandoned*, *The Man Who Was Magic*, and *Manxmouse* by Paul Gallico; *Lady Ferry* by Sarah Orne Jewett (I found lots of listings for her, but no book of this title); and *The Sherwood Ring* and *The Perilous Gard* by Elizabeth Marie Pope.

The City and the Story

Sunday, 12 noon

Moshe Feder (mod), Emma Bull, Greer Gilman,
Steven Popkes, Madeleine Robins

Most of the panelists (at least the authors) had written urban fantasies, but Gilman described herself as the "token pastoralist" on the panel, since none of her work is set in cities. (Apparently the idea of "the City and the Science Fiction Story" was not going to be discussed.)

The obvious first question (which was also the actual first question) is, "Are cities good places for fantasy?" The panelists felt that they were, because the density of people in cities provides a lot of opportunity. They also note that

Teresa Nielsen Hayden claimed there were two different scenarios for cities in fantasy (or science fiction): the City of Tomorrow, and the City of Dreadful Night. According to someone on the panel, Nielsen Hayden made the distinction by saying, "The City of Tomorrow is full of hope but has no sex and no one takes out the garbage," while the City of Dreadful Night may be more depressing but is also more realistic.

The wide opportunity for characters is enhanced by the fact that "being born in New York City doesn't make you a New Yorker" (as one panelist noted). "Some people are born to live in Cleveland." Other panelists compared this lack of identification with the city of one's birth to some people's lack of identification with the gender of their birth.

The whole question of the "city and the story" made the panelists ask if there were stories in which the setting was paramount, or at least more important than the characters. Bull said that people respond to their environment, but that the people (characters) are paramount. Gilman disagreed, at least mildly, by citing Joseph Conrad as an author whose settings are very important, perhaps more important than his characters. Someone responded that Conrad's settings are his characters. Bull agreed that settings could replace some characters; she said that Lankmar would need at least eighteen characters to replace it as a setting.

People agreed that science fiction uses settings more than mainstream fiction does. Some examples of setting-based mainstream fiction given were John Dos Passos's *USA*, Toni Morrison's *Beloved*, Peter Matthiessen's *Far Tortuga*, Thornton Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey*, Gabriel Garcia Marquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, and most of Charles Dickens's works. Science fiction works that are setting-based include John Stith's *Manhattan Transfer*, Samuel Delany's *Dhalgren*, Ursula K. Le Guin's *Left Hand of Darkness*, Brian Aldiss's *Malacia Tapestry*, Robert Sheckley's "Street of Dreams, Feet of Clay," A. J. Deutch's "Subway Named Moebius," and Thea von Harbou's *Metropolis*. One book mentioned as being an interesting urban fantasy was Rachel Pollack's *Unquenchable Fire*, in which magic devices are bought at the local K-Mart.

Has the city, then, replaced the island in literature as a microcosm? It has its own self-imposed isolation. (The film *Prospero's Books* is an urban landscape, even though everything takes place indoors.) Neighborhoods in the city can recreate the village, and parts outside the neighborhood can appear to be the dark wood (which panelists had agreed had been replaced by the city). And since people in cities ignore a lot of things, fantasy can occur unnoticed. Some people on the panel claimed this image of city people ignoring their surroundings was not a true image of city people, but the fate of Kitty Genovese reminds us that it is at least partly true.

I asked if authors write about cities they have not visited as well as cities they are familiar with. Then I rephrased it

as, well, yes, of course they do sometimes, but what are the differences? Robins said that she used the money from her first book set in London to make her first visit to London, but the question got dropped fairly fast. Bull did say that the Plaza of the Three Cultures in Mexico City was her most science-fictional experience. There is a statue there which is remaining at the same level while the plaza (and the city) around it are sinking, so gradually more and more steps are added up to the statue. Robins said her most science-fictional experience was going to the World's Fair in New York after it was closed and seeing what looked like a post-holocaust world around her. (Someone asked her which World's Fair, to which Bull responded that Robins "has this oil painting in her attic....")

As for writing stories in different cities, Bull said that she would like to spread out, and perhaps set her next story in St. Paul (especially after how she treated it in *War for the Oaks*). She also wanted to set a story in Taxco, Mexico. Popkes wanted to set a story in Berlin, Gilman in Whitby (used in Bram Stoker's *Dracula*), and Robins in Florence, Italy; or Los Angeles.

Gilman pointed out that even her pastoral settings are not natural. Moors are made by burning forests and will return to forest unless they are maintained. So even landscapes are not untouched by humans and civilization. Popkes saw this, and cities, as a metaphor of humans changing the earth. He also said that cities have one of everything, and described walking down Park Avenue last December and passing a man carrying a handful of whips and calling out, "Whips for sale! Whips for sale! Great stocking-stuffers!" (I figure he was probably doing a brisk business with tourists who then took them home and said, "Hey, Marge, look what they're selling on the streets of New York!" Like Broadway shows, it's probably only the tourist trade that keeps him going.)

What's BIG in the Small Press

Sunday, 1 PM

Mark Olson (mod), Ken Gale, Carl Lundgren,
Charles Ryan, Lawrence Schimel

First the panelists listed their small press "credentials." Olson works with NESFA Press, which started out doing books to honor the Guests of Honor at Boskones, but has branched out into doing other works, its latest being *The Rediscovery of Man*, the collected short stories of Cordwainer Smith. Gale does Evolution Comics, Lundgren does his own art books, and Schimel does poetry through Midsummer Night's Press, a letterpress. Ryan does "First Books," which he said was an example of how small presses take the risk when large companies will not. Olson agreed with that, saying that when NESFA Press had gone back to Smith's estate to try to purchase the rights for *Norstrilia*, they were told that these rights were more valuable than the rights to the stories and would cost more

than NESFA had offered to pay. NESFA pointed out that they were more valuable precisely because NESFA had published the collection and generated new interest, but also said that if the estate could sell the rights to a major publisher for the higher price, that was fine with them: NESFA's goal is to get the works they like back in print.

Among the problems faced by small press publishers seems to be the necessity to pay "placement fees" to get distributors to carry them. (So far as I could tell, these were more like bribes than legitimate fees.) Ryan said that the inability to pay these fees was one reason why *Aboriginal* had problems getting into the market. Also, bookstores want a lot of extra copies. For example, Waldenbooks wants no more than 50% self-through, meaning that if the publisher sends them 1000 copies, at least 500 will not be sold and will be destroyed. So if the publisher is working on a small margin, meeting these requirements is impossible.

NESFA also has problems because of the marketing. Dealers get a 40% discount, so the list price for the book must actually reflect a profit at their wholesale rate, e.g., if the book costs \$12 to produce, then it must be priced at a minimum of \$20 just to break even. And bigger distributors want bigger discounts (50%-55%), so if you plan on using those, the list price goes even higher (in the previous example, it would have to be \$25). Of course, this means when you buy direct from NESFA (at a convention, for example), they get a lot more of the profit.

Good reviews help. (*The Rediscovery of Man* was reviewed favorably in *Publishers Weekly*, for example.) Harlan Ellison's rantings about the same book at ConFrancisco, colorful as they were, seem to have added only about thirty more retail sales.

There was some discussion of hardback versus paperback books and their marketing. Someone gave the example that Tor does a hundred hardback books a year and a thousand paperbacks, yet makes more on their hardbacks. This undoubtedly has to do with the returns system--unsold hardbacks are returned to Tor for resale, while unsold paperbacks are stripped and destroyed. Also, some magazines and newspapers will not review paperbacks, which means less exposure.

Authors and artists who are currently being published almost entirely by small presses include Carol Emshwiller, David Bunch, and R. A. Lafferty. Someone mentioned Edward R. Tufte's *Visual Display of Quantitative Information* from Graphics Press, and Tom Clancy got his start having *The Hunt for Red October* published by the Naval Institute Press.

Small presses used to do more with "collector's limited editions" (or maybe one should say that there used to be more small presses who specialized in them), but the market crashed a few years ago. Some, like Mark Ziesing and Donald Grant, are still around, but others, such as Pulpouse and Phantasia, are gone.

The Transcendent Man—A Theme in SF and Fantasy

Sunday, 2 PM

Evelyn C. Leeper (mod), Jeffrey A. Carver, Geary Gravel, Nancy C. Hanger, James D. Macdonald

There were the usual introductions. Carver writes about transcendence in books such as *Neptune Crossing*. Gravel said something about "transcending the limits on animation," whatever that meant. Hanger said she was in editorial production and a priest (she did not say of what church). Macdonald said his books could be found under Doyle (Debra Doyle, his co-author).

We all agreed we were talking about the transcendent person rather than just the transcendent man. Of course, that still left us with the question of what exactly was meant by transcendence. My reading beforehand led me to believe that this meant the transformation of the physical into the spiritual, and while there were some stories that used this as a theme, there were not many. However, by extending the definition of transcendence to include any transformation of humans into something substantively greater (or at least different), we could find far more to talk about, and indeed that is the definition we used.

At the beginning some examples were given, just so the audience could get a handle on what we meant. Carver mentioned Greg Bear's *Blood Music* as an example of a physical transformation. (A spiritual transformation, on the other hand, might involve no physical transformation.) Gravel said that things that affect one person affect all of humanity and gave Alfred Bester's *Demolished Man* and *Stars My Destination* as examples. When someone is transformed, they ask, "What do I do now?" and the answer seems to be, "Go cosmic. Push the race someplace new." Carver felt that at its core science fiction was about the transformation of man, and that in a real sense what people were saying was true, but not in a science fiction sense. Someone noted that science fiction novels deal with how we get from here to there, while in fantasy the transcendence is often assumed and is the basis of the story.

Hanger saw transcendence as "man plus" building a "newer, better man," but always making sure that the result still had a soul. Macdonald asked if there was any way to prove that transcendence had happened, and if we were not really talking about a type of elitism. Carver responded that we were not—that we were not talking about some people being above others, but about everyone changing into something different. He gave the example of Vernor Vinge's *Fire Upon the Deep* and its part of the galaxy known as the Transcend. I suggested that this idea was very similar to Poul Anderson's *Brain Wave*, in which the Earth passes out of a cloud that has slowed down our mental functions, and as a result we become much smarter. Hanger said that she would not call that transcendence, but did not know what she would call it.

Carver said that there have been examples of transcendence in science fiction, and cited Arthur C. Clarke's *Childhood's End*. Hanger added Spider and Jeanne Robinson's *Stardance*. I said that a lot of Olaf Stapledon dealt with transcendence, often physical (as in *Last and First Men*), but often spiritual. Indeed, many of his beings are not physical entities in the usual sense in the first place.

Gravel said that transcendence was a very attractive idea—the science fiction fan wants something that will transform us. I said this made it sound as though transcendence came from an outside influence or force rather than from within. Gravel said that in fiction, of course, this outside force was the author, and added, "I like the author as God." He again gave as a good example of transcendence in science fiction *The Stars My Destination*, in which the result of the transcendence is that "man will spill out into the stars."

As an example of non-human transcendence, I talked about Arthur C. Clarke's "Dial 'F' for Frankenstein," in which the telephone switching system gets enough computers added to it that the complexity reaches a certain level and it becomes sentient. Macdonald said that might be connected to the fact that lawyers communicate over the telephone; I asked him if he also wrote for the *Weekly World News*. (By the way, did you know that according to the *Weekly World News*, during the recent Los Angeles earthquake the freeways cracked open and demons from Hell came through the cracks?)

Even what is often called the first science fiction novel, Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, deals with a form of transcendence. And the early science fiction film *Metropolis* does as well, giving the theme a long history in that medium too. Carver said that in these and other works, the old issue of transcendence centers around who we are and why we are here, and that when hard science fiction examines these questions, you have the point where hard science fiction merges with fantasy and religion.

Hanger asked if someone can be transcendent without God's interference; can an author write a novel convincingly in which this happens? This, of course, is one of the underlying themes of *Frankenstein*. Gravel pointed out that since Macdonald had asked earlier if there was any way to prove that transcendence had happened, and said that he thought that the only way you could be sure was if God appeared and validated it. Audience members said that all of this got into the difference between the Western and Eastern ideas of godhead. The Western idea says that God is external to us; the Eastern idea is that God is internal (is within each of us). Therefore, if we transcend, then the seed of transcendence was in us all along, so it is not really transcending. Carver said that there are novels that assume no outside influence (i.e., God), and gave *Blood Music* as one example.

Macdonald said that the problem was that often the transcendence or transformation can be interpreted as just

in other people's perceptions. If we say it is the perception of others, then we cannot say it has happened at all, and if it's from inside, then we cannot tell whether it has "really" happened either, even if (as Hanger suggested) we assume a limit and say that anything beyond it is transcendence.

Of course, in many stories human beings reject transcendence, and Gravel pointed out that a lot of science fiction says that the best thing you can be is human. *Cocoon 2*, for example, is about why the human beings who have been given eternal youth (certainly a form of transcendence) are not happy with it. Someone in the audience pointed out that frequently after transcending, going back means dying or getting killed. Hanger noted that coming back for the wrong reasons is not acceptable either (and cited "The Little Mermaid"). This reinforced Carver's question as to why anyone would want to come back from transcendence (other than to move the plot along). Then too, in some stories people do not give up transcendence, but rather refuse it in the first place: some of the characters in *Brain Wave* and also in Robert Charles Wilson's *Harvest*.

I said that a lot of mythologies have the story of the god who becomes human, although of course the question is whether he really becomes human or just seems human. If he knows that he cannot die (permanently), then he isn't fully human. Someone in the audience said that Roger Zelazny's *Lord of Light* and *Isle of the Dead* are stories about transcendence, in which characters take on the godhead but are still human, and that *Isle of the Dead* actually "plays both sides of the fence." (I have not read it, at least not recently, so I couldn't say.)

Gravel said that *Lord of Light* was definitely about transcendence, but that even as gods people were human. Similarly, in the film *Forbidden Planet* it was the human (or rather, non-transcendent) nature of the Krell (and of Morbius) which remained in force that made the transcendence such a danger. Gravel said that the latter is showing there are things you cannot do (shades of "there are some things Man was not meant to know/tamper with"). In H. G. Wells's "Man Who Could Work Miracles" the main character is given great powers, and then must be bailed out by the angels at the end. Hanger responded that this belief in human limitation was a function of two thousand years of Catholicism shaping our views. Mark Leeper added that the Kabbalah required that you have the right motives for using it. And of course they must be genuine right motives--you cannot will yourself to want something for the right reasons.

Someone in the audience asked how an author could depict super-intelligent creatures. Carver said that one way was from the "other's" (i.e., that being's) point of view. I noted that Daniel Keyes tried to do this in *Flowers for Algernon*, which of course is another transformation story, but that of an individual rather than of humanity as a whole.

Macdonald asked if Superman was transcending in his phone booth. Carver responded that Superman was always Superman; he was merely changing his persona. On the other hand, I pointed out, a werewolf is genuinely undergoing a transformation. Someone in the audience added that Captain Marvel was another example of a genuine transformation, and MacDonald asked, "What about Batman?" I said that no, he didn't get any new powers when he put on the costume. On the other hand, is the growing up of a child into an adult transcendence?

Gravel concluded by saying, "Science fiction readers are transcendence people. Most of us look at the film *The Man Who Could Work Miracles* and say, 'I'd know what to do.'" At the very end of the panel, Carver said that without the theme of transcendence we would not have science fiction today, to which I immediately responded, "How can you say that at the end when there's no time to discuss it?!" So we have a lead-in for a panel next year if anyone's interested.

Does It Have to Be a SpaceMAN?:

Gender and Characterization

Sunday, 3 PM

Hal Clement, Peter Johnson, Evelyn C. Leeper

After the previous panel we went down to the Green Room so that Mark could get reimbursed for the origami paper he had bought. The phone rang, and someone called me to it. Who could be calling me in the Green Room? It was Laurie Mann, who said she was at the panel on gender and characterization and none of the scheduled women panelists had shown up. Since having a panel on gender that had only men on it was a little peculiar, she asked if I could fill in. So it was not really me that the call was for, but any woman who happened to be there.

At any rate, I agreed to do the best I could, given that I had no preparation and the panel apparently had no moderator. (By sitting down between the other two panelists when I arrived, I managed to inherit that task.) But I can't say that much of substance was discussed or concluded. After all the panelists agreed that, no, it doesn't have to be a space man, what else was left? Clement said that he usually avoided the issue entirely by using aliens instead of human beings, because the science and world-building was the part he liked, not the characterization. I said that it was more important to have realistic characters than some artificial mix, and that while Heinlein's women are often used as examples of strong women characters in science fiction, they are really fairly badly drawn--but then, so are Heinlein's men. The discussion filled the hour, but I can recall nothing else to include here. (I realize now how much I have come to depend on Mark's notes for panels I'm on!)

Deconstructing Tokyo: Godzilla as Metaphor, etc.

Sunday, 4 PM

Jim Mann (mod), Bob Eggleton

There's not too much to say about this panel. There were only four or five attendees (all of whom got official Boskone "Godzilla Fan" ribbons). The panelists felt that because of the way Godzilla films are perceived in the United States, people do not notice some of their positive points. For example, according to the panelists, they are filmed beautifully. And although the effects are often done on a shoestring (or perhaps because of this), the effects are frequently ingenious.

Mann said that the Godzilla films have a certain charm. (Well, if that were not true, at least for some people, this panel probably would not have happened.) Eggleton said that the Japanese are really into the idea of the "inner child," so the best Godzilla films are made for the child in us.

The rest of the time was just general reminiscences and a mention of the *Kaiju Review* fanzine.

(Shortly after Boskone, Mark and I saw the original *Godzilla*--before they chopped out a bunch of stuff and added Raymond Burr. The original is very different from the American version.)

The Green Room

Unfortunately, there were no really interesting conversations in the Green Room this year. Last year, for example, I came in just in time to hear Esther Friesner say, "Do you have any idea how big a walrus's penis is?!" I guess the era of great Green Room conversations is passing along with other old Boskone traditions.

Leaving

Leaving was much easier this year--no dead battery. We skipped the Traveler Restaurant Book Cellar; the gimmick of "a free book with every meal" is cute, but the books are of the sort one would find at the end of the day in a rummage sale, and the food is undistinguished. Instead we ate at a Chinese restaurant recommended by Jim Mann--okay, but nothing great.

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 32 (February 17-19, 1995) the Guest of Honor is Diana Wynne Jones.

Selected Upcoming Conventions

July 8-10, 1994

Worcester Marriott, Worcester MA

Ursula K. Le Guin and Terri Windling
Readercon 7

P.O. Box 381246

Cambridge, MA 02238

July 22-24, 1994

Pittsburgh, PA

John-Allen Price and David Burkhead
ConFluence '94

P.O. Box 3681

Pittsburgh, PA 15230-3681

July 29-31, 1994

Bryant College, Smithfield RI

Brian Lumley and Rick Hautala

Necon 14

P.O. Box 528

East Greenwich, RI 02818

September 2-5, 1994

Harrisburg, PA

Chococon '94

c/o Laurie Mann

114 Cochran Ave.

Mt. Lebanon, PA 15228

(For those not going to CanAdian)

November 18-20, 1994

Adam's Mark Hotel, Philadelphia PA

Larry Niven and Jim Burns

Philcon '94

P.O. Box 8303

Philadelphia, PA 19101

January 13-15, 1995

Boston Park Plaza, Boston MA

C. J. Cherryh and Jael

Arisia '95

1 Kendall Square, Suite 322

Cambridge, MA 02139

February 17-19, 1995

Framingham Tara Hotel, Framingham MA

Diana Wynne Jones and Ruth Sanderson

Boskone 32

P.O. Box 809

Framingham, MA 01701

Neglected Fantasy and Science Fiction Films

Comment by Mark R. Leeper

Copyright 1994 Mark R. Leeper

One of the things I like to do occasionally in my film reviews is to make reference to some very good film that I doubt most of my readers have heard of and that I would like to call some attention to. There are a lot of decent films, and a handful of very good ones, that at this point may exist only in the film libraries of obscure television stations, and when these few prints disappear the films will be gone. I would like to generate some interest in four of these films, if not to help save them, at least to alert people that if you do get a chance to see these films, it is a rare chance and you should give them a try.

Of course, there are a lot of obscure films that are showing up on videotape today, many of them very poorly-made films, and it is ironic that some terrific films are being overlooked, but in each case I think I can understand why some producer would think the film would not sell well on tape. There are three science fiction films and one horror film. However, none of the films have special effects. Particularly for science fiction, people have come to expect visual effects. I guess they feel that if they do not really enjoy the story then at least there will be something interesting to watch. These films are just actors in front of a camera, perhaps with a very rudimentary make-up effect thrown in (but very little). Three of the films are in black and white, and unfortunately that is also considered to be a strike against a film. I still recommend these films highly to watch for.

The Mind Benders (1962) directed by Basil Dearden

This film combines Cold War thriller elements with science fiction and a compelling human story. A scientist working on sensory deprivation commits suicide and is discovered to have been passing secrets to the Soviets. Was he to blame, or could his mind have been twisted while under the influence of the sensory deprivation tank? The government decides to experiment to find out. Another scientist working in the same field (played by Dirk Bogarde) is very devoted to his wife and family. Can they change that in his personality while he is in the tank? This film is well-acted, enthralling, and atmospheric.

Unearthly Stranger (1963) directed by John Kirsh

A secret project is working on space exploration right in the heart of London. The approach to exploration is a novel one. Rather than sending the whole human into space, they are working on a sort of technological out-of-body experience. Project your mind to another planet and there have it take on physical form ... invasion by mental projection. The rub is that scientists on the project are being killed in some mysterious way involving super-high energy. And the wives of some of the scientists seem to

have no background that project security can trace. The script is tense and the acting is quite good, with a cast that includes John Neville (*A Study in Terror*, *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*) and Jean Marsh (*Upstairs, Downstairs*). (This film is so obscure that Leonard Maltin's usually very complete *Movie and Video Guide* overlooks it.)

Dark Intruder (1965) directed by Harvey Hart

This film is only 59 minutes long and originally was intended as a television pilot, but was released to theaters to play with films such as William Castle's *I Saw What You Did*--which it far out-classed. Leslie Nielsen plays a detective in late 19th-century San Francisco whose foppish appearance hides a man very knowledgeable and adept in matters of the occult and the supernatural. A series of unsolved murders and a friend's blackout spells may be connected and have some occult significance. Mark Richman and Werner Klemperer also star. The latter, best known as the gullible commandant from *Hogan's Heroes*, does a terrific job in a sinister role.

Quest for Love (1971) directed by Ralph Thomas

This film is loosely adapted from the short story "Random Quest" by John Wyndham. Colin Trafford (played by Tom Bell) is a leading scientist at Britain's Imperial Physical Institute when one of his experiments goes wrong. Suddenly he finds himself in a parallel London, in a parallel Britain that has not been to war since the Great War in the early part of the century. Trafford here is not a physicist, but a popular playwright. He is also now married to a beautiful woman (played by Joan Collins) whose life he has made miserable with his selfish ways and his philandering. Can Colin convince the world he is the playwright while convincing his new wife that he is different? Then there are plot complications that lead to a fast-paced climax across parallel worlds.

Of these four films only the last is in color. At present, the only one available on video, *Unearthly Stranger*, is offered only by a tiny specialty house, Sinister Cinema. Of the four, only *Quest for Love* has played on New York area television in the last fifteen years. I would much like to get my hands on copies of *The Mind Benders* or *Dark Intruder*.

Addendum for *Boskone 31*: Additional Films to Look For

Faust (1926)

Director F. W. Murnau is better known for *Nosferatu*, but there is a lot of good visual fantasy in this film version of the famous play by Goethe.

There is a terrific image of the Devil spreading his cape over a village, and many other visual surprises throughout.

The Man Who Laughs (1928)

The story could be better, but Conrad Veidt is terrific in the role of a man whose face is carved into a huge involuntary grin. Veidt conveys a full range of emotions through his eyes alone. The grinning Veidt was the visual inspiration for Batman's foe The Joker.

The Dybbuk (1939)

At times this is very slow, but also at times a very effective horror film. This was a low-budget film done in Yiddish. The "Dance of Death" scene has become an eerie classic. The story deals with a man's soul returning from the dead to possess the woman he loved.

The Seventh Victim (1943)

Other Val Lewton films get more attention, but this film is blacker and bleaker than anything every done in film noir. This is a solid mood piece that stands above Lewton's other films. A woman searching for her sister runs afoul of murder and Satanists.

Night of the Demon (a.k.a. *Curse of the Demon*) (1957)

This film has gotten some attention because of an allusion in a song in the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, but it is rarely seen. That is a pity because it is quite a nice little supernatural thriller. It suffers a little from showing the audience too much too soon, but it still is suspenseful and well-written.

Night of the Eagle (a.k.a. *Burn, Witch, Burn*) (1962)

When Richard Matheson and Charles Beaumont co-write a screenplay based on a novel by Fritz Leiber, you just naturally expect a good thriller. This story, about an empirical college professor discovering that his wife and several other professors' wives around him are actually witches, is very well-produced.

Devil Doll (1963)

This is a wildly uneven film, but it has many very good moments. There have been several attempts to do the stories of ventriloquist dummies who have lives of their own. This is the most intriguing treatment of the theme. For once the secret of the dummy is not a letdown.

Crack in the World (1965)

The first and last ideas of this film are pretty silly, but in between this is a fairly exciting super-disaster film. Some of the visuals are spectacular. There is also some complexity to the characters.

Quatermass and the Pit

(a.k.a. *Five Million Years to Earth*) (1968)

This film is finally getting a cult following and some recognition. It is much better known in Britain. The model of what a science thriller should be, it unfolds like a

science fiction detective story, uncovering a discovery that has greater and greater implications about the nature of mankind. This is one of the great idea films of science fiction cinema.

The Devil Rides Out (a.k.a. *The Devil's Bride*) (1968)

Richard Matheson's adaptation of the black magic novel by Dennis Wheatley takes a science fiction-like approach to Satanism. It is fast-paced and at times fairly intelligent. Also worth seeing is Hammer Films' other adaptation of Wheatley black magic, *To the Devil a Daughter*.

Witchfinder General (a.k.a. *Conqueror Worm*) (1968)

A vital and well-made historical fringe-horror film about one of the great villains of English history, Matthew Hopkins. Even Vincent Price does a reasonable acting job. The original musical score is actually quite beautiful, though there is a version with an entirely different and much less enjoyable score.

Satan's Skin (a.k.a. *Blood on Satan's Claw*) (1970)

In some ways an imitation of the style of *Witchfinder General*. A 17th-century English plowman turns up the remains of a demon, and the artifact exerts satanic influence on the children of the region. This is a very atmospheric film with an authentic historical feel.

Count Yorga, Vampire (1973)

This low-budget horror film redefined the concept of the vampire. As a reaction to the staid, hypnotic, and slow vampires of British horror films, this film makes most vampires fast-moving predatory deadly animals who hunt in packs. At the time this was pretty scary stuff, and the film still has a lot of its impact.

Phase IV (1974)

Two mutually alien intelligences in the beginnings of a serious war. It is really more about how each side collects information about the other and uses its physical differences against the other. Ants somehow develop a gestalt mind and prepare to make themselves the masters of the world. Visually very impressive, with direction by visual artist Saul Bass (best known for creating striking title sequences for other directors' films). There is also some terrific insect photography.

Who? (1974)

This fairly accurate adaptation of Algis Budrys' novel had film stock problems (!) and could not be released to theaters. That is a genuine pity. A Cold War story of the near future has a scientist important to military defense in a bad accident. The East Germans get hold of him and return him to the West more prosthetic than living matter. Now the problem is, how do you prove that he is who he says he is?

The Last Wave (1977)

Australian Peter Weir built his reputation on this strange, mystical film about a lawyer who finds he might be the fulfillment of an Aboriginal prophecy. Images of nature out of balance and an intriguing story make this story a real spellbinder. This is a hard film to pigeon-hole, and the intelligence of the writing never flags.

Dragonslayer (1981)

Lots of films try to do medieval high fantasy, but this is probably the best. With the death of a great magician, his young apprentice must see if he has mastered enough of his master's art to destroy a terrific dragon who is ravaging the countryside. There are lots of nice touches in the script and the dragon is the best ever created on film.

Knightriders (1981)

George Romero says he got this out of his system and never has to make another film like *Knightriders*. What a pity! This was one of the best films of its year.

Superficially this is the story of a traveling Renaissance Fair that features jousts on motorcycles. But it has some terrific characters, and a theme of the struggle between integrity and commercialism and between idealism and practicality. And late in the film the viewer realizes that the film has also been doing something else all along.

Lifeforce (1981)

Very few fans are willing to look beyond the naked woman and the zombies to see what is one of the most bizarre and audacious concepts for any science fiction film.

Vampires, we learn, are really beings that leak "lifeforce" into the atmosphere as a tire with a slow leak leaks air. They must replenish the force regularly or they die. Much as we put bacteria into milk

to multiply and make yogurt or cheese, some huge, incomprehensible, amoral, alien race seeds earth with vampires. The numbers of these vampires will increase exponentially, leaking more and more lifeforce into the environment so the aliens can vacuum it up.

Chinese Ghost Story (1987)

Hong Kong is making their own horror film movement for their own audience. Their films are fast-paced, usually liberally laced with comedy and martial arts, but also having some interesting horror concepts. No one such film is all that terrific (at least among the films I have seen so far), but some are astonishing and full of unexpected touches. Look for the *Chinese Ghost Story* films, *Wicked City*, and *Mr. Vampire* (which must have a different name in China, since it is really about Chinese "Hopping Ghosts").

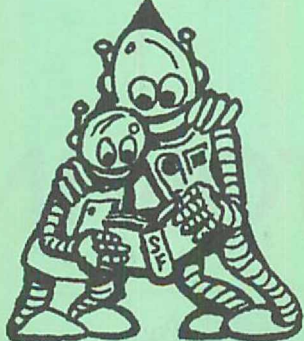
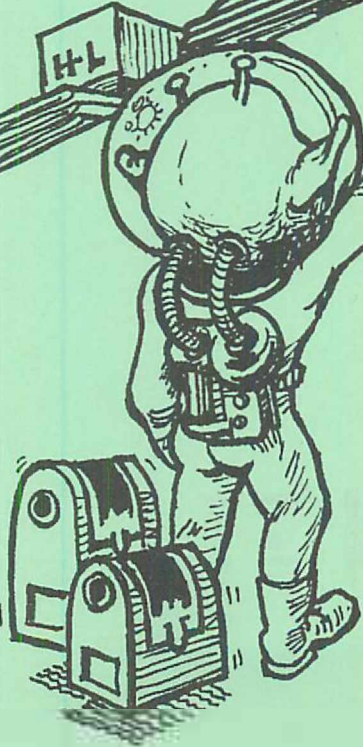




Xtptzdool...
that's kind of
a '50's name,
isn't it?



Joe Mayhew
12-20-89



HAVE A ROARING
GOOD TIME!



WASHINGTON IN '77

D.C. in 77

For a
great
world-
con in 77,
drag on in
to friendly
Washington

The Committee:

Peggy Rae Pavlat, Chair
Alan Huff, Vice-Chair
Bill Evans, Treasurer
Susan Applegate, Secretary
Bill Hixon, Vice-Chair for Vice

Ron Bounds, Special Assistant
Bob Madle, Huckster Room
Bob Pavlat, Art Show
Dick Eney, Publications
Barry Newton, Computer Services
Don Pauley, Hotel Liason
Dave Bischoff, Program
Joe Haldeman, Program

Dave Weems, Ray Ridenour, Jim Thomas,
Bill Berg, Ron Wolz, Tom Jall, Avedon,
Paul Schauble, Shirley Avery, Joe Mayhew,
Buzz Owen, Wayne Piatt, Patricia Brown,
Parris, Karen Forkish, and many others.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, CONTACT:

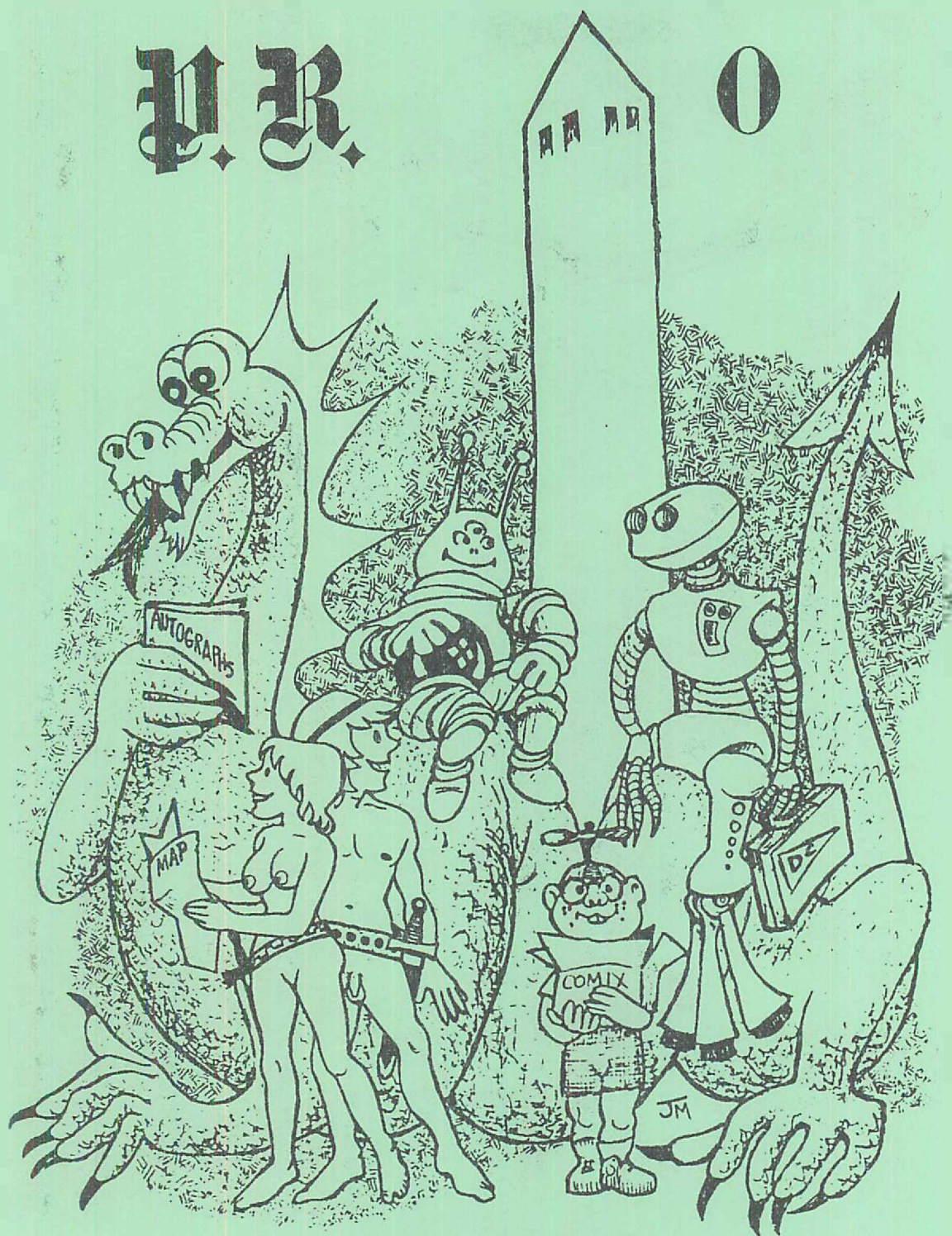
Discon 3, Box 31127, Washington, D.C. 20031



BOSKONIAN

P.R.

0

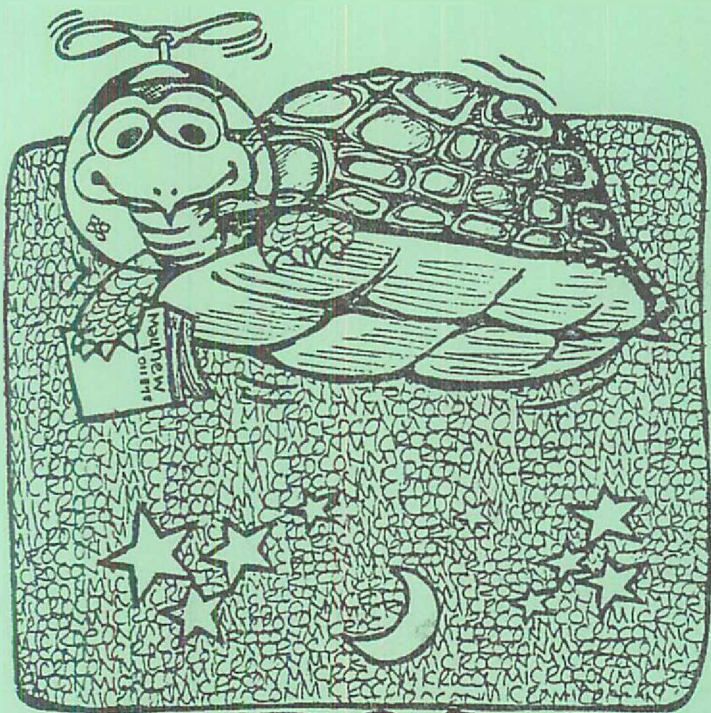


September 2nd thru 5th, 1977

WASHINGTON IN '77

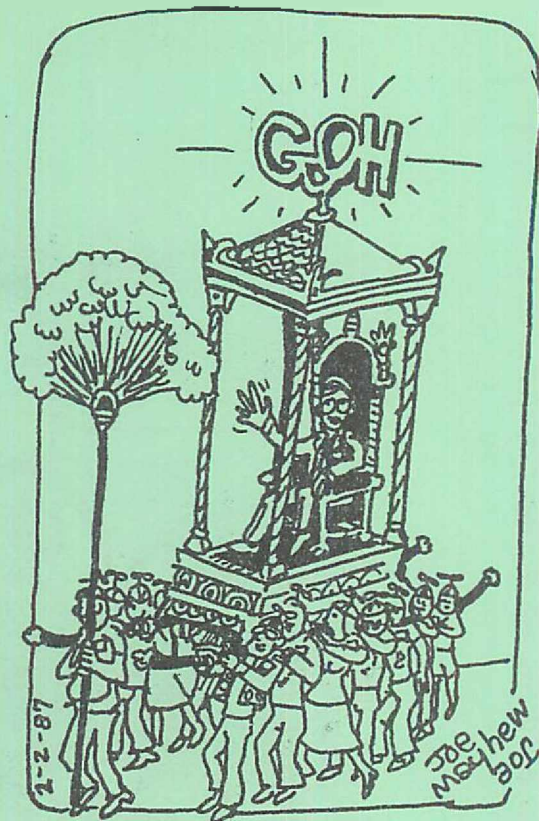


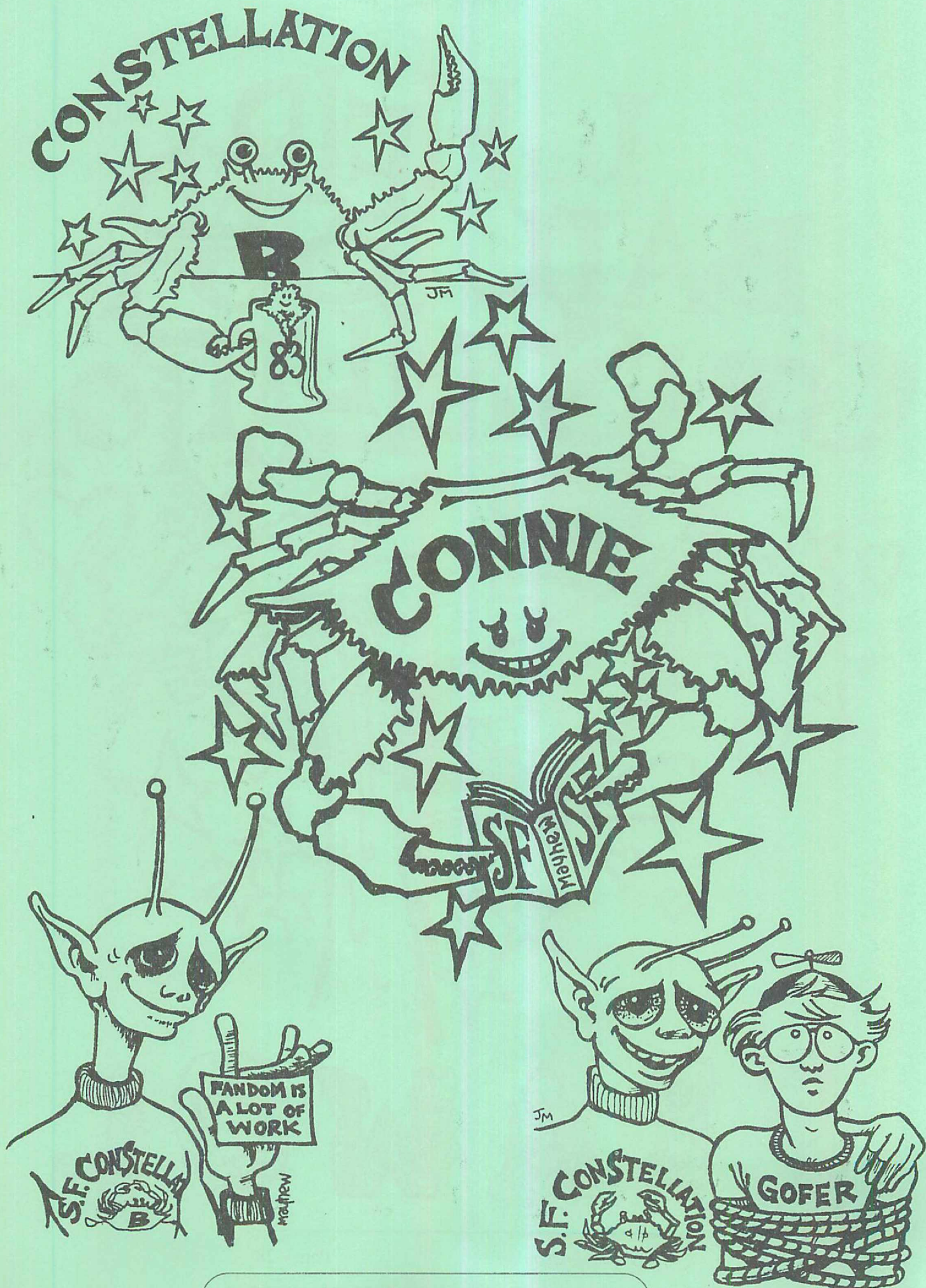
Box 31127, Washington, D. C. 20031



MICROCON2

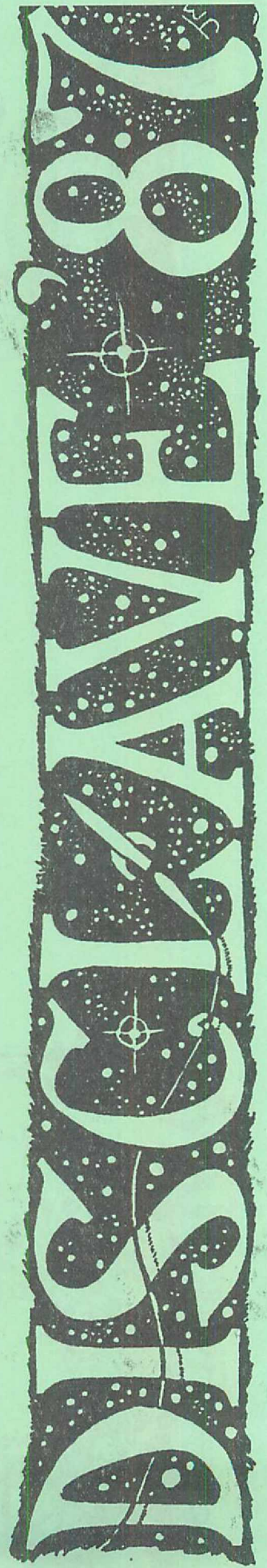
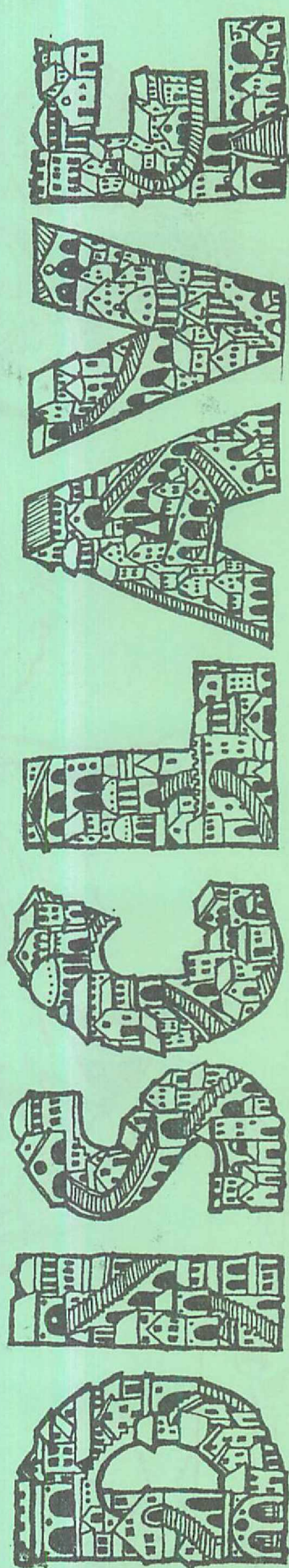
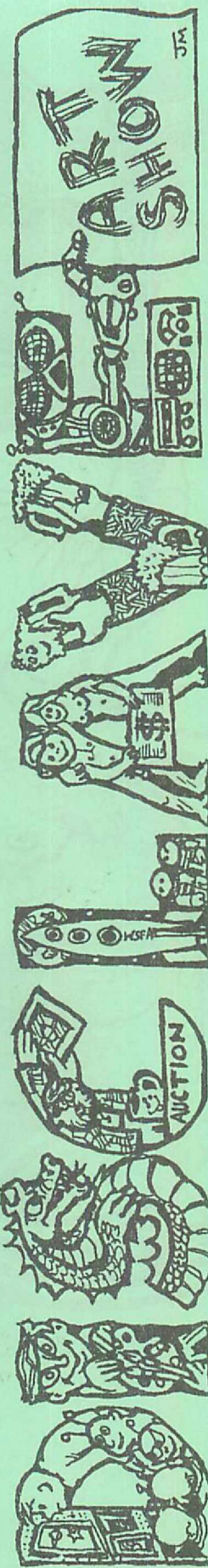
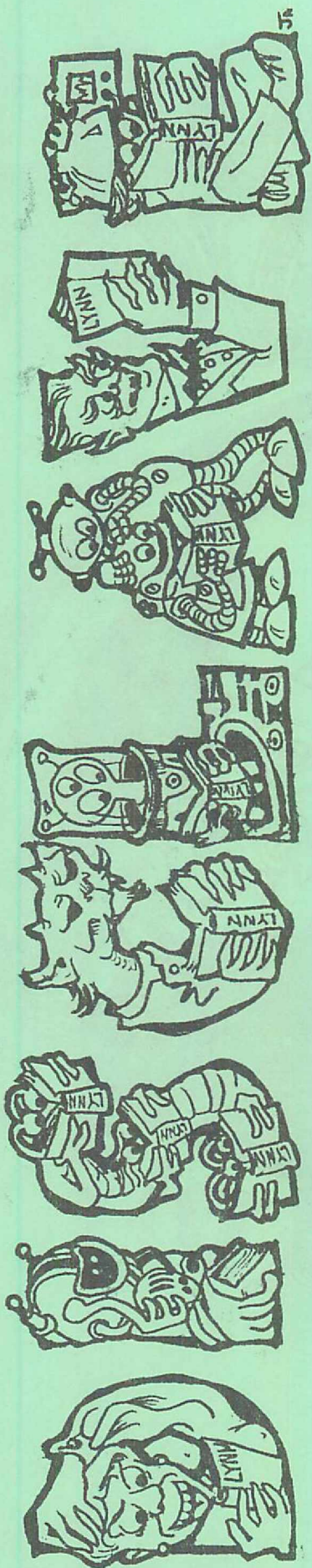
SCIENCE FICTION SYMPOSIUM 1978





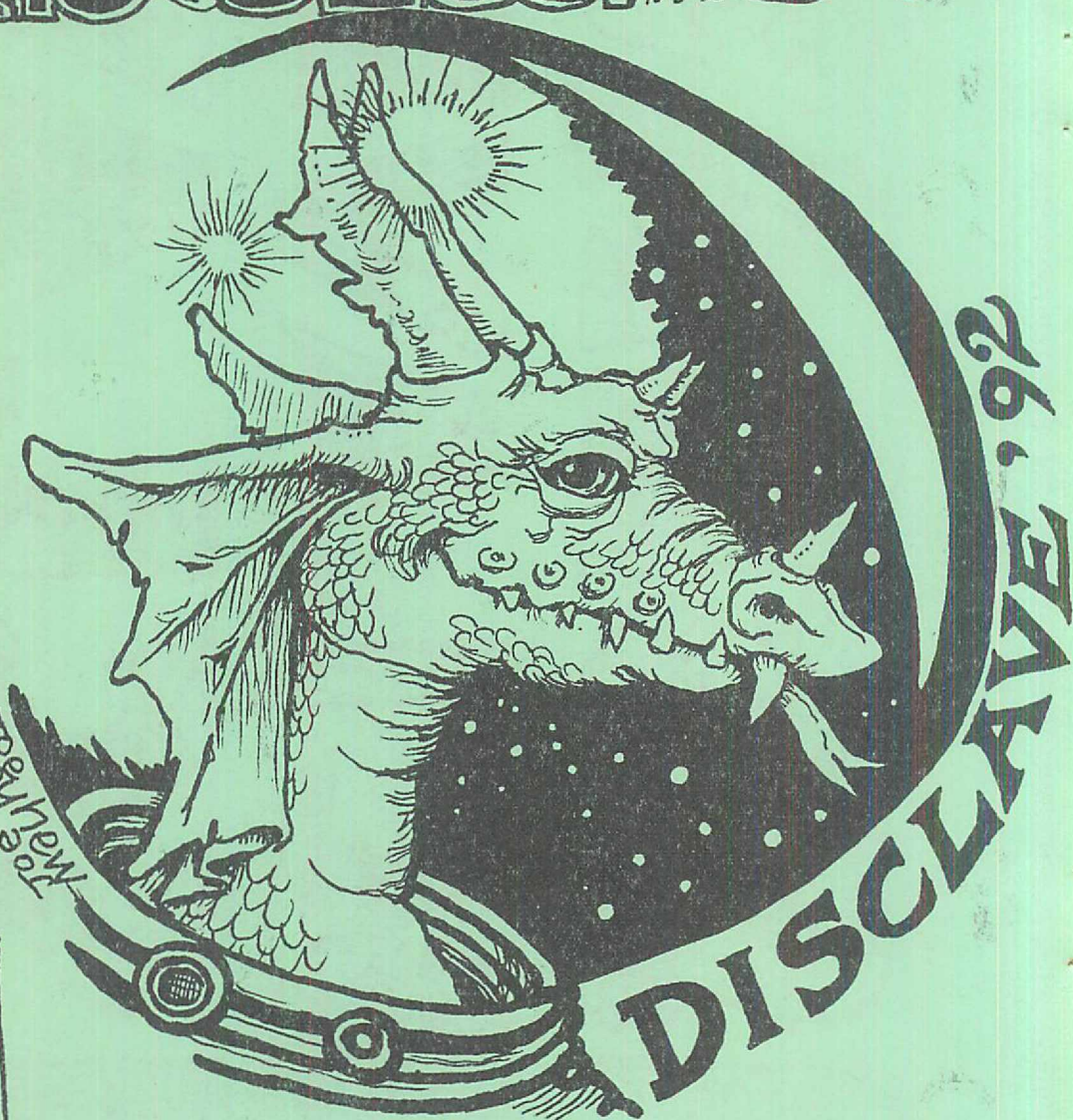
I HELPED BAIL OUT CONSTELLATION



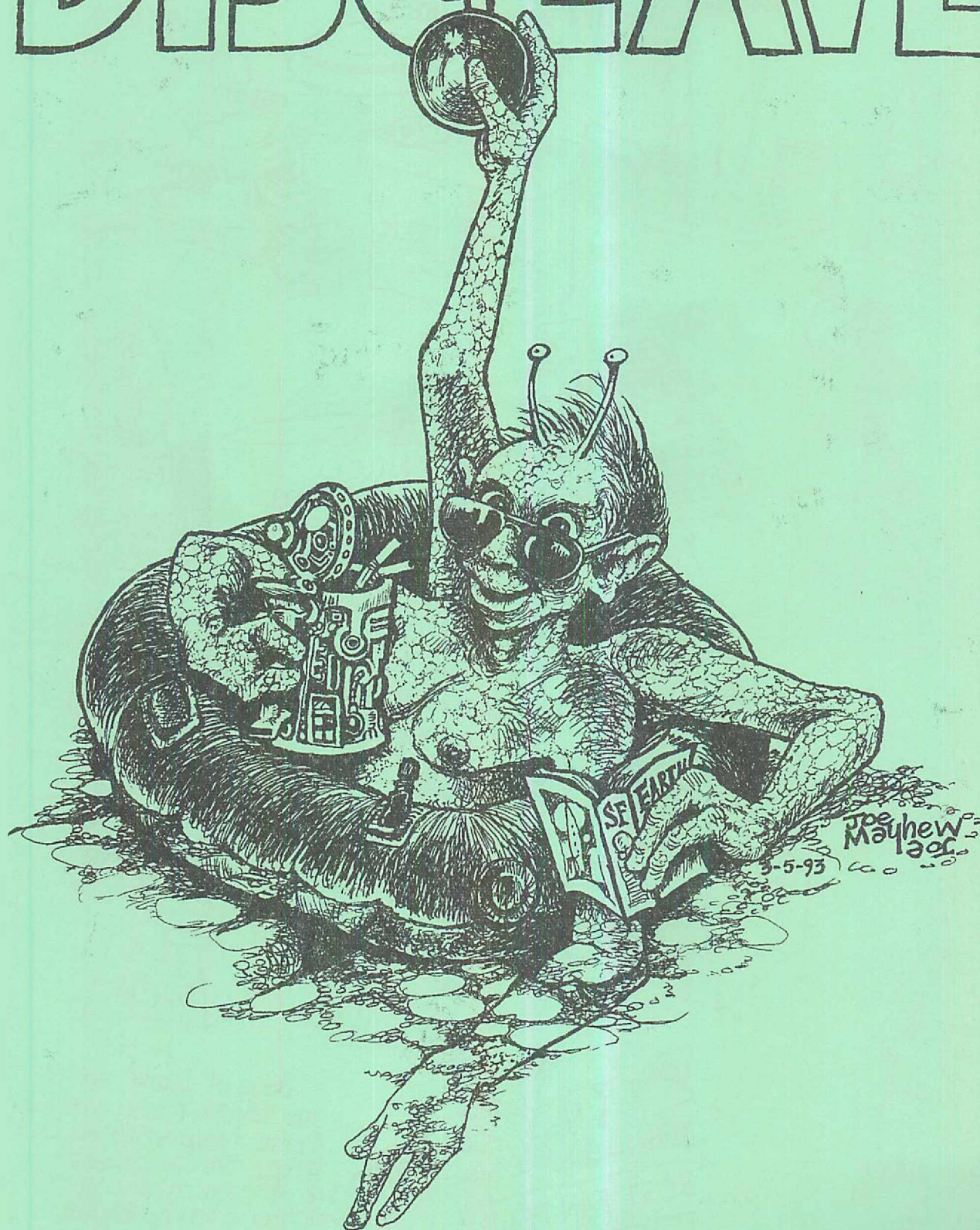


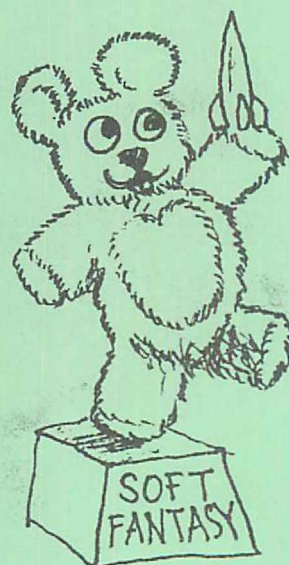
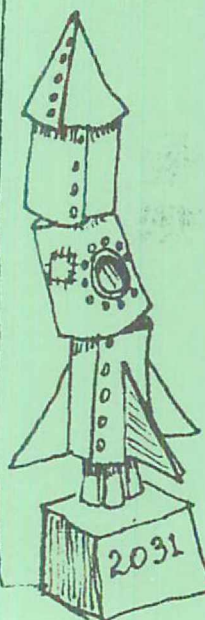
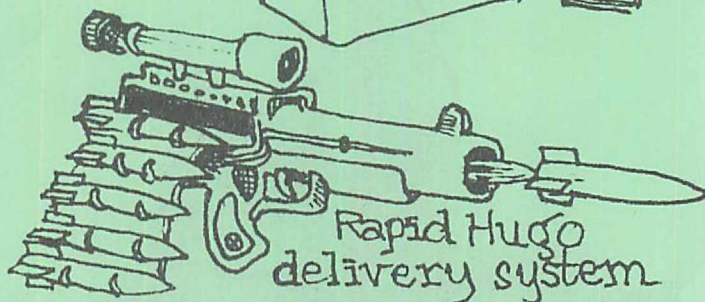
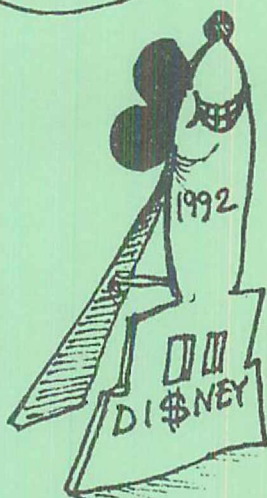
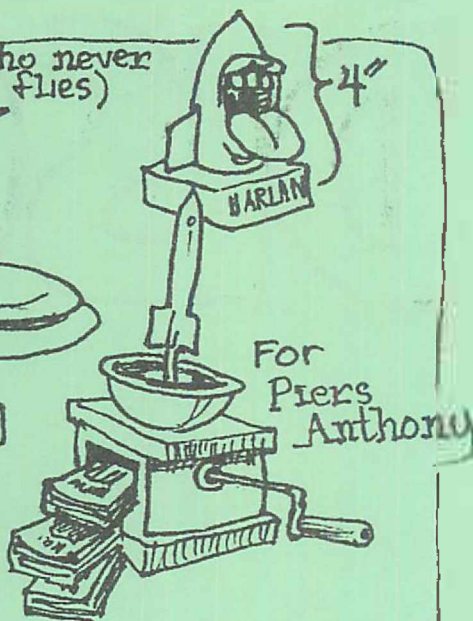
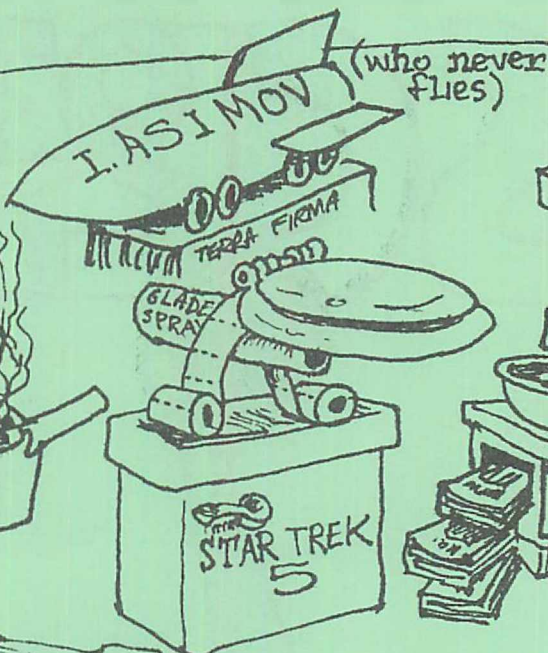
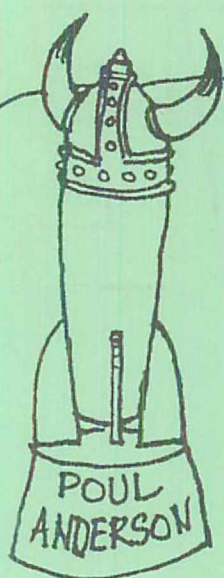
DISCLAVE 1991

10-5-90

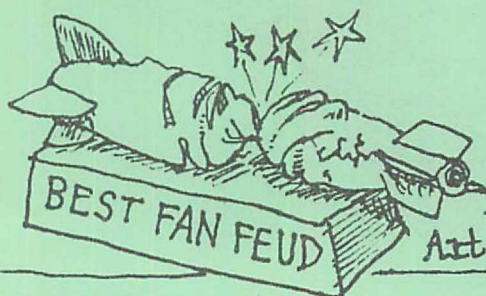


DISC 23AVE





Hugo for new
sequel to
old series



Some of these were
my ideas, many were
from fans who didn't
sign their names:
two I can name are
Art Delano & Larry Baker.

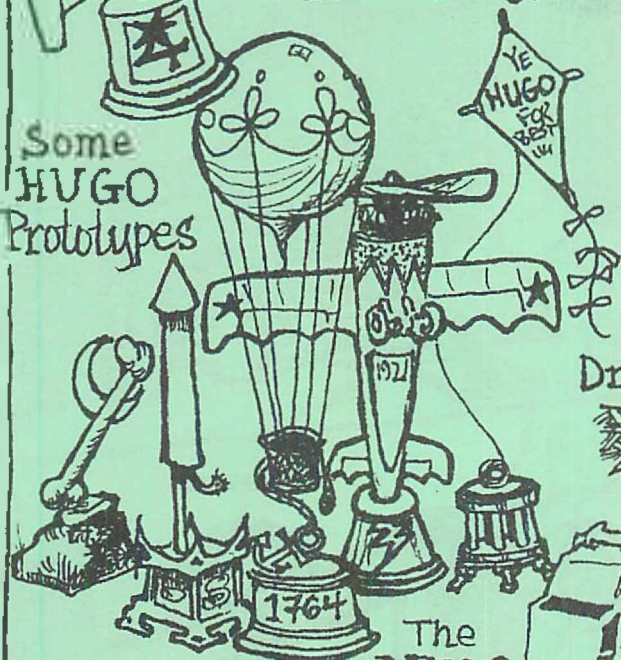
BOSKONE XXVII CARTOON-IN

Reported by

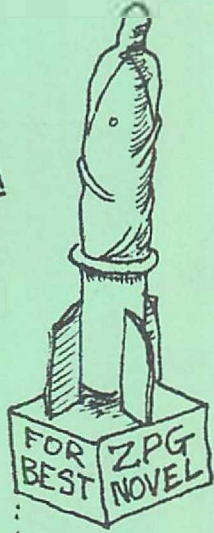
Joe Mayhew
201

"Let the Hugo fit the crime."

Some
HUGO
Prototypes

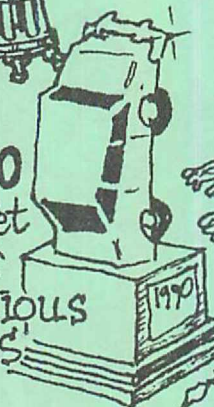


Dr. Whogo

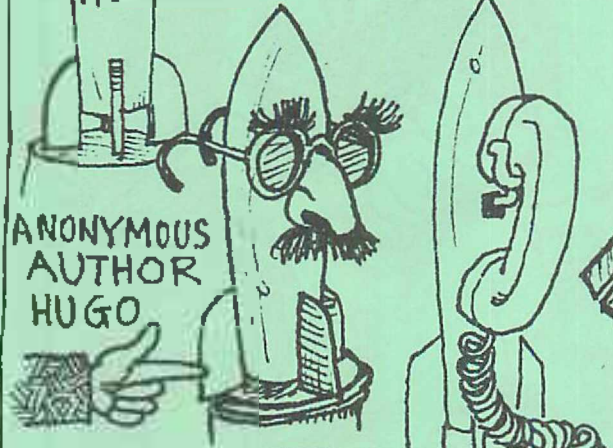


Back-to-Back
HUGO

The
YUGO
a low budget
award for
fiscally anxious
WorldCons



ANONYMOUS
AUTHOR
HUGO



HUGO FOR
BEST COMMERCIAL
PHONE-CHAT SERVICE
"Call me and Smof"

Practical
Joke
Hugo
(Havana)

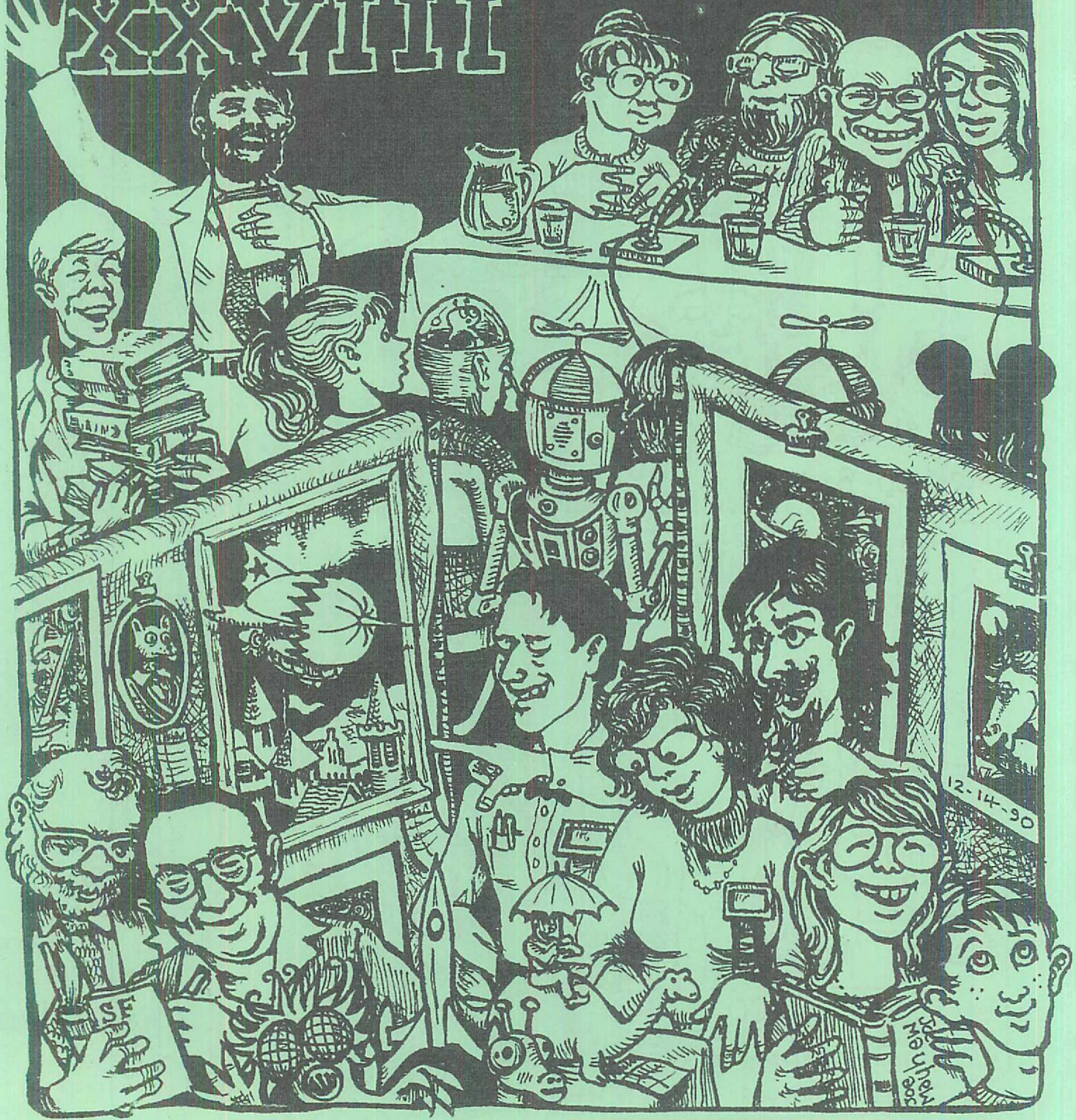


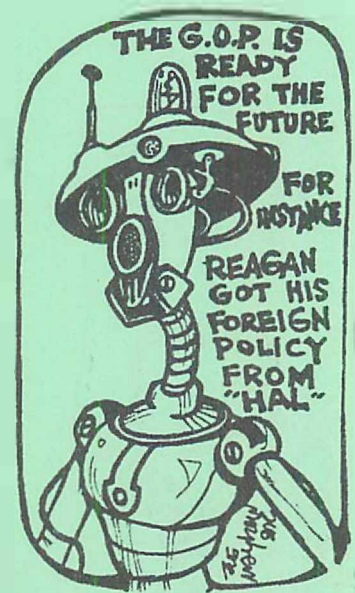
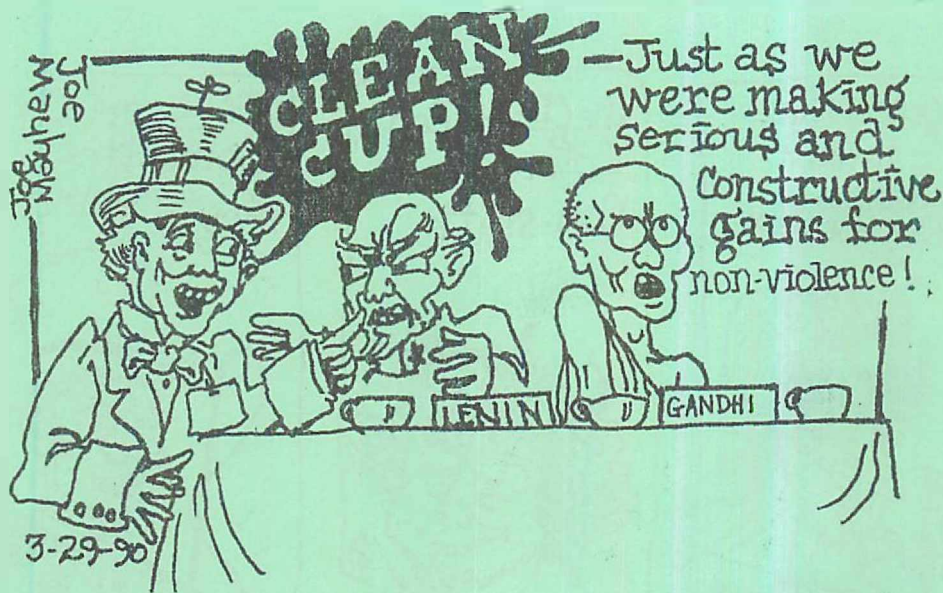
FOR MOST
RUN-ON
SERIES



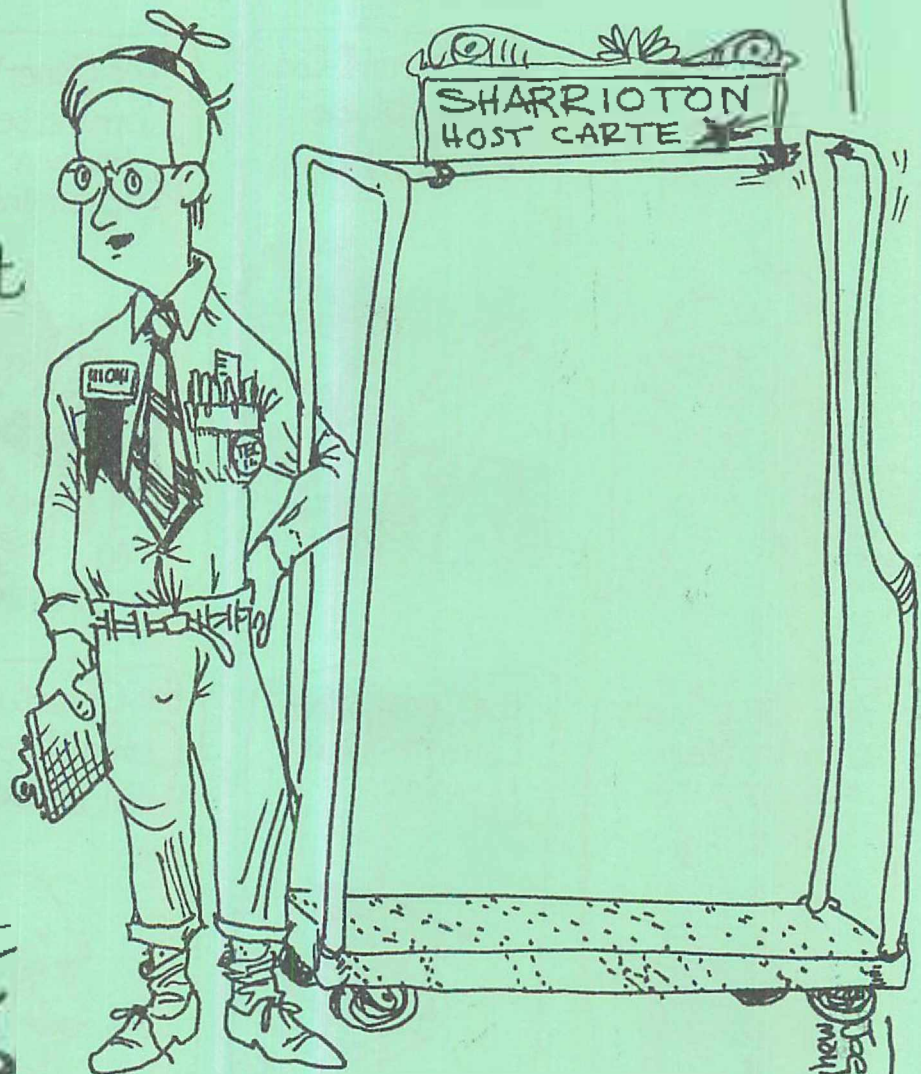
BOSKONIE

XXXVIII





I have the
key to the
ice machine,
the Hotel's best
dolly-cart, the
access-code for
The Service
elevator, and
a copy of the
master guest
room list.....
I have attained
the highest power
possible without
actually being
Ben Yalow.



2-25-91

the Generi-Con
Committee:
Auctioneer



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Advance-
Registration



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Con-suite



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Programming



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Publications



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Dealers Room



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Science
Programming



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Fan
Programming



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Adventure
Gaming



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Movies



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Hotel Liaison



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Night-security



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Chairman



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Vice-Chair



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Treasurer



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Staff Recruiter



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Head Go-fer.



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Art Show



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Registration
Desk.



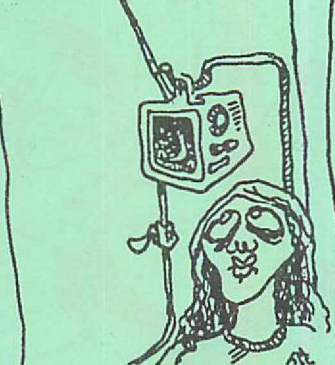
the Generi-Con
Committee:
Information



the Generi-Con
Committee:
After-Hours
Entertainment



the Generi-Con
Committee:
Video

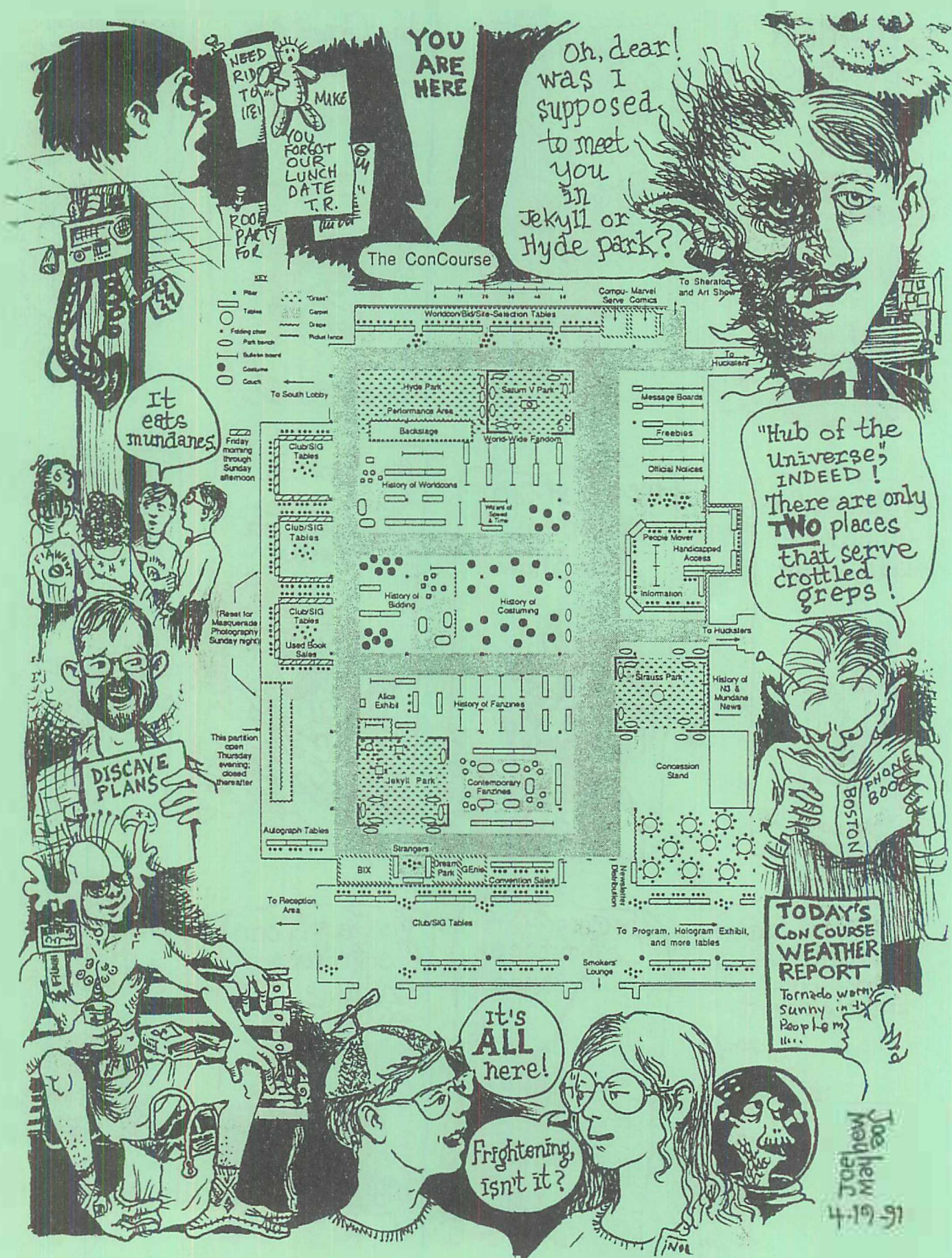


the Generi-Con
Committee:
Costume
Event



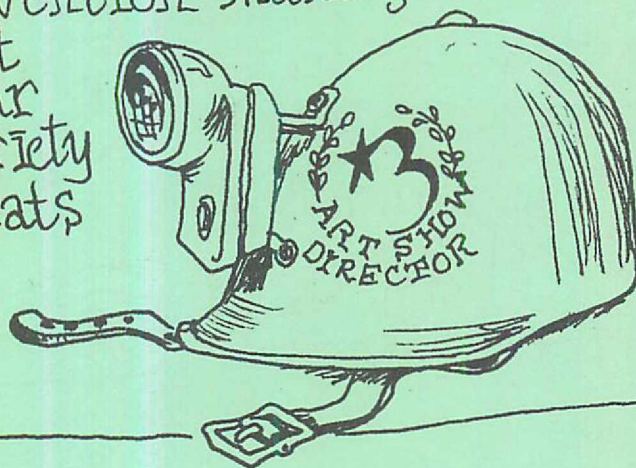
the Generi-Con
Committee:
Press
Relations



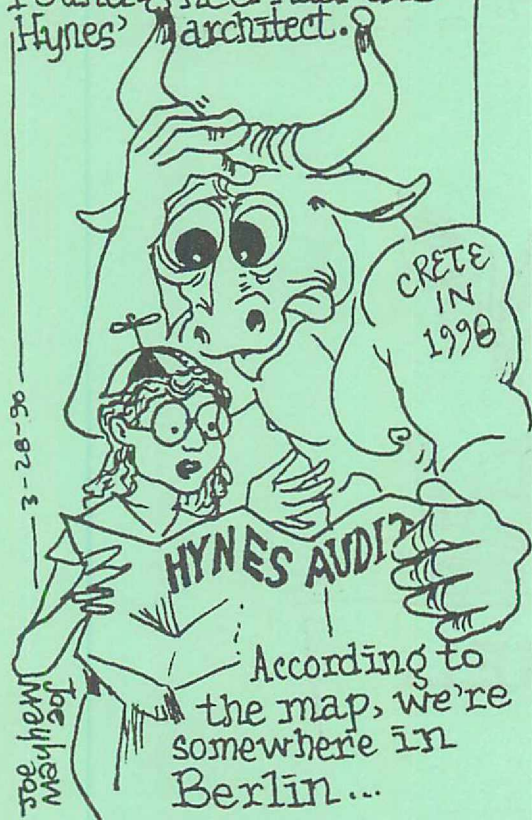


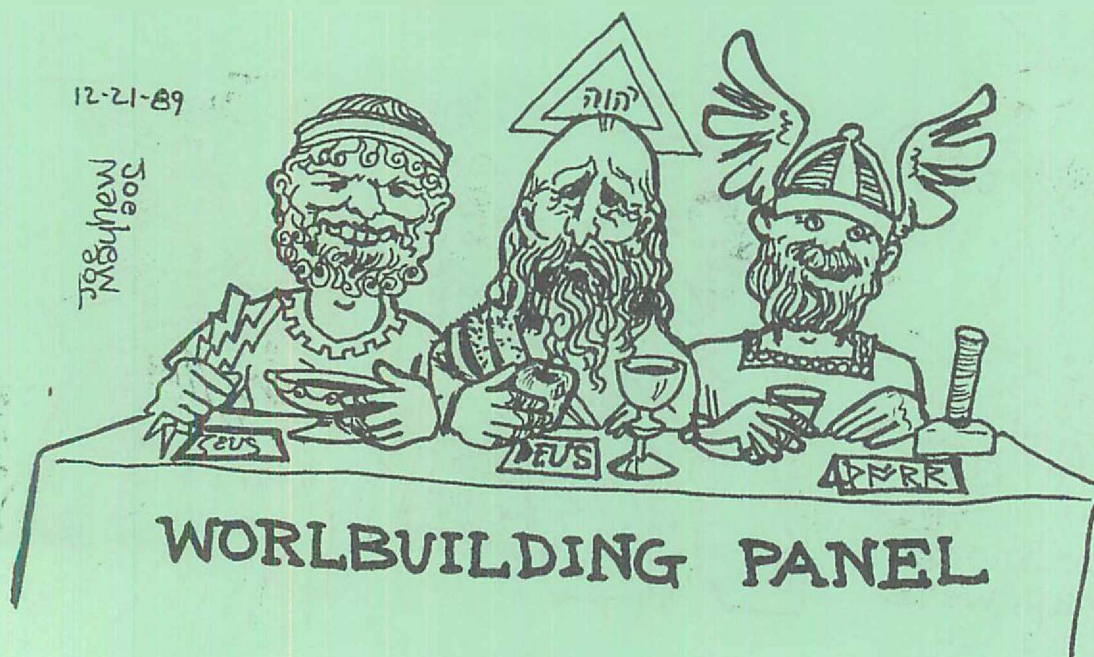


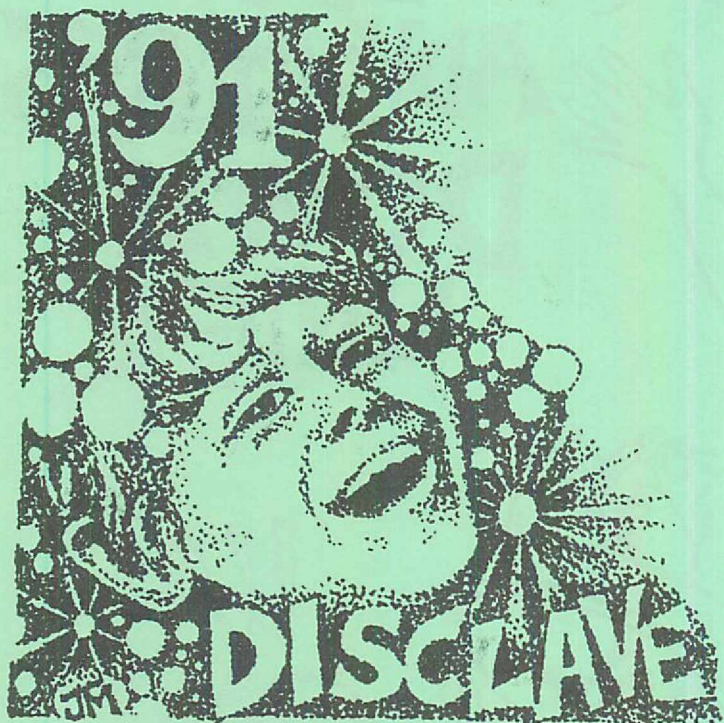
Convention managers often must wear a variety of hats



Tut-Ankh-Ammon's tomb would never have been found if he'd had the Hynes' architect.

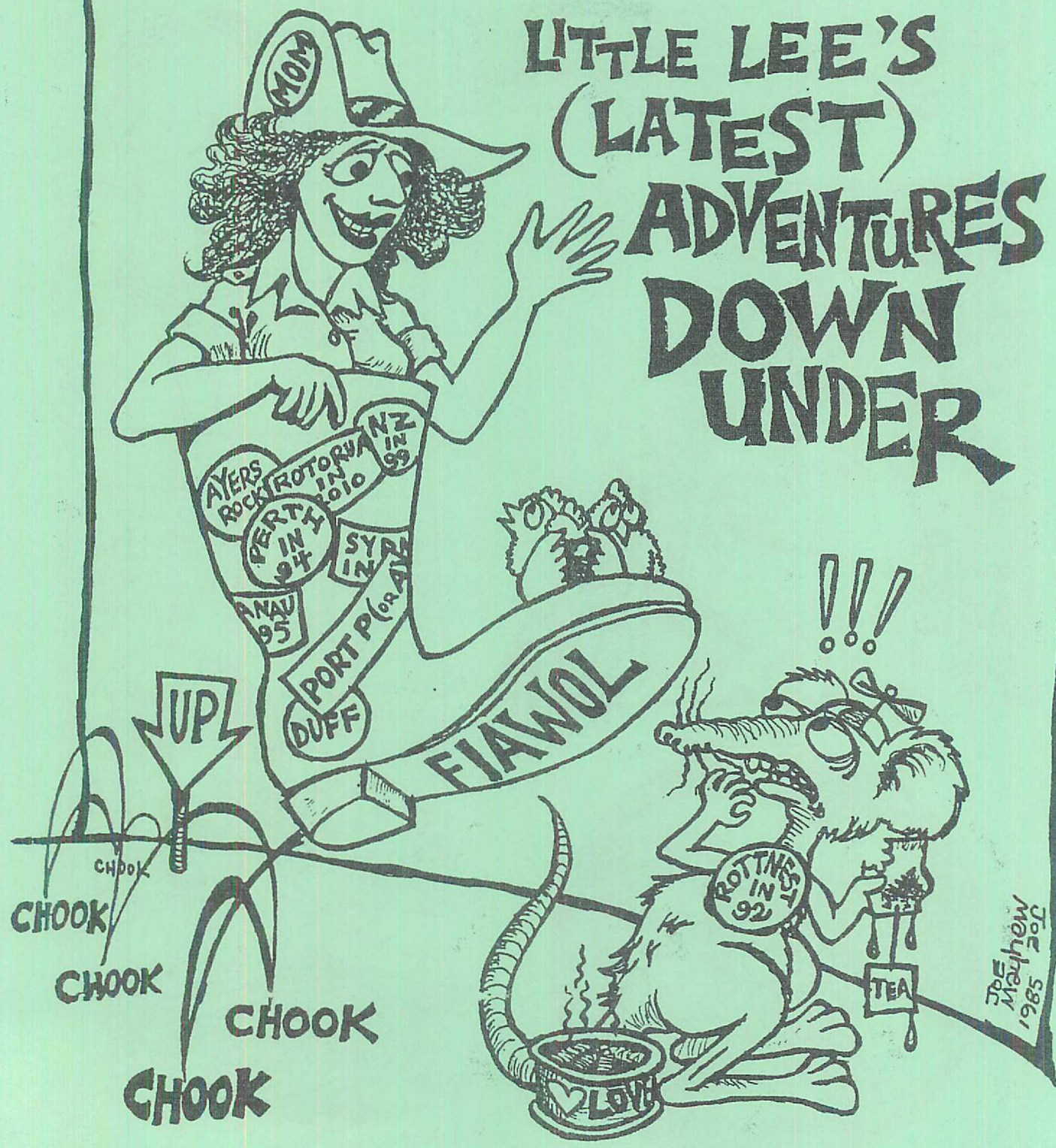


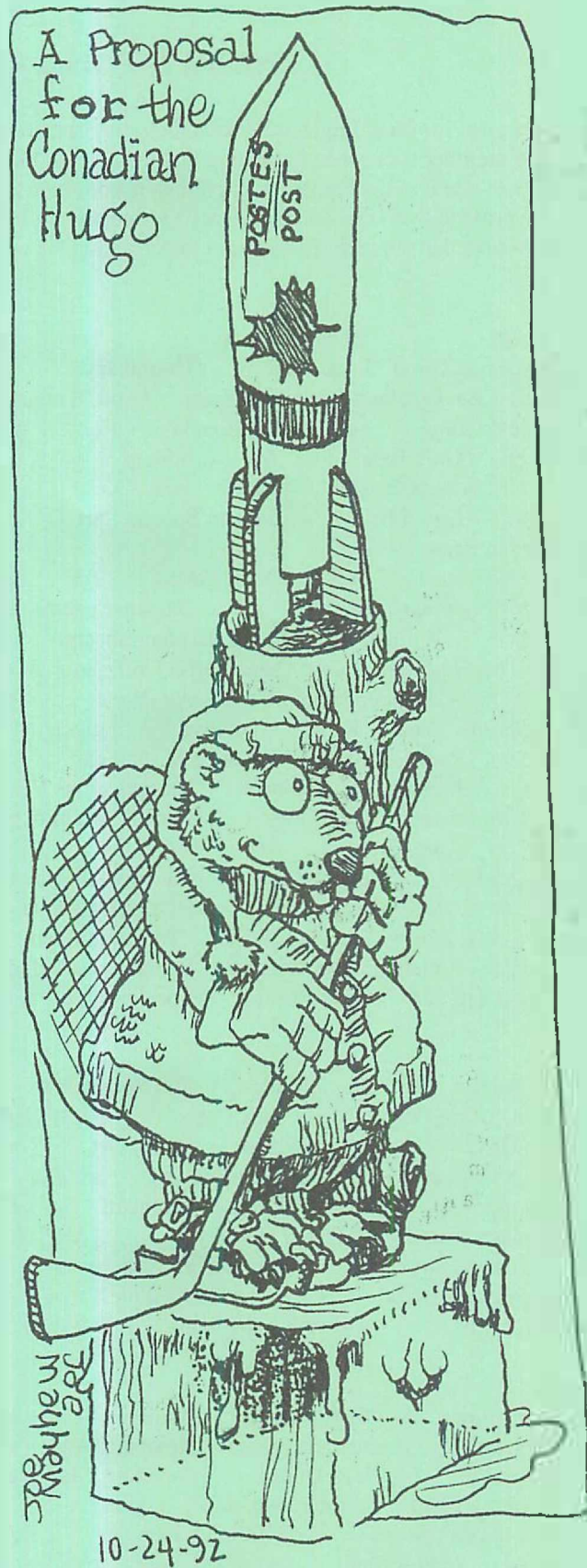




ALICE IN AUSTRALASIA

LITTLE LEE'S (LATEST) ADVENTURES DOWN UNDER





NESFA 1993 Hugo Recommendations

For a second year, the New England Science Fiction Association (NESFA) is maintaining a list of Good Stuff to read. Any NESFA member who reads something that they would like to recommend to others to be considered for a Hugo nomination can add it to the list. We will publish it from time to time in *Instant Message* and on the nets. (Feel free to reproduce it provided you reproduce it intact!) It's neither definitive nor complete, but it contains the stories, novels and non-fiction works that a bunch of well-read fans feel may be worthy of a Hugo nomination.

Novel

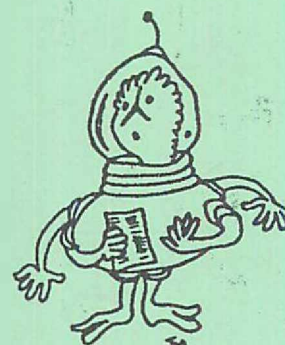
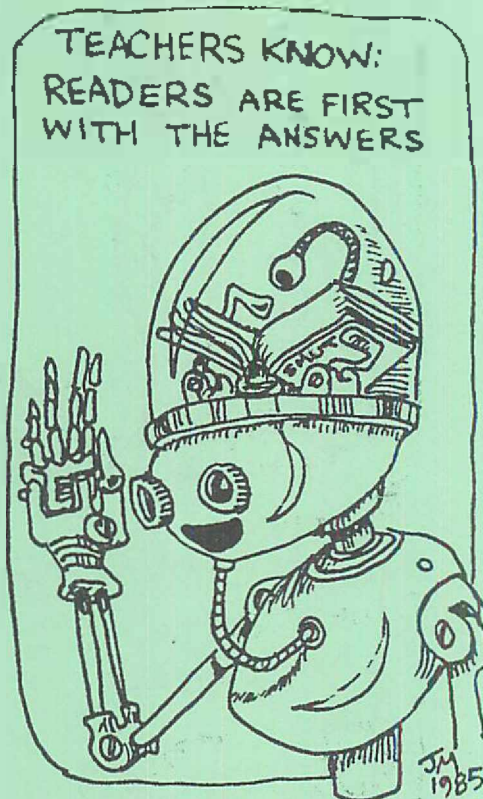
<i>Ring of Swords</i>	Eleanor Arnason	Tor	gf
<i>Forward the Foundation</i>	Isaac Asimov	Doubleday	arl, rk
<i>Against a Dark Background</i>	Iain M. Banks	Orbit, Bantam Spectra	ca, kp
<i>The Innkeeper's Song</i>	Peter S. Beagle	Roc	gf
<i>Moving Mars</i>	Greg Bear	Tor	mlo, gf
<i>Glory</i>	Alfred Coppel	Tor	jam
<i>Glory Season</i>	David Brin	Bantam Spectra	arl
<i>Agyar</i>	Steven Brust	Tor	ec, ks
<i>The Door into Sunset (UK, '92)</i>	Diane Duane	Tor	ec, ks
<i>Growing Up Weightless</i>	John M. Ford	Bantam Spectra	cjh, gf, ks
<i>Virtual Light</i>	William Gibson	Bantam Spectra	gf
<i>The Thread That Binds the Bones</i>	Nina Kiriki Hoffman	AvoNova	po, gf, ks
<i>Nimbus</i>	Alexander Jablokov	AvoNova	ec
<i>Beggars in Spain</i>	Nancy Kress	AvoNova	gf, ca
<i>Red Dust</i>	Paul J. McAuley	Gollancz	ca
<i>Green Mars</i>	Kim Stanley Robinson	HarperCollins UK	daa, ca, mlo, gf
<i>Lord of the Two Lands</i>	Judith Tarr	Tor	ec, mlo, pal
<i>Virtual Girl</i>	Amy Thomson	Ace	sls, gf, ks
<i>The Destiny Makers</i>	George Turner	Morrow/AvoNova	ec
<i>The Case of the Toxic Spell Dump</i>		Harry Turtledove	Baen by, kp
<i>The Well-Favored Man</i>	Elizabeth Willey	Tor	mlo, po
<i>The Harvest</i>	Robert Charles Wilson	Bantam	ca, gf, daa, kp
<i>Nightside the Long Sun</i>	Gene Wolfe	Tor	gf, ec, mlo

Novella

<i>The Beauty Addict</i>	Ray Aldridge	Full Spectrum 4	gf
<i>The Night We Buried Road Dog</i>	Jack Cady	F&SF, Jan	ca, gf
<i>Mephisto in Onyx</i>	Harlan Ellison	Omni, Oct	sls, gf
<i>Dancing on Air</i>	Nancy Kress	Asimov's, Jul	arl, gf
<i>Einstein's Dreams</i>	Alan Lightman	Pantheon	el
<i>Into the Miranda Rift</i>	G. David Nordley	ASF, Jul	arl, tp, ca, gf, pal, daa, mlo
<i>Deus X</i>	Norman Spinrad	Bantam	el
<i>Down in the Bottomlands</i>	Harry Turtledove	ASF, Jan	arl
<i>Wall, Stone, Craft</i>	Walter Jon Williams	F&SF Oct-Nov	arl, ks, gf, mlo

Novelette

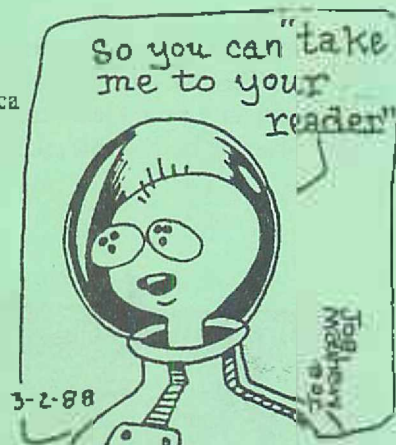
<i>The Shadow Knows</i>	Terry Bisson	Asimov's Sept	arl, gf
<i>Tourist Attraction</i>	Juleen Brantingham	Amazing, Aug	arl
<i>Men of Good Will</i>	J. R. Dunn	Amazing, Mar	ca, mlo
<i>Chaff</i>	Greg Egan	Interzone, Sep	gf
<i>A History of the Antipodes</i>	Phillip C. Jennings	Amazing, Mar	ca, gf
<i>The Franchise</i>	John Kessel	Asimov's, Aug	gf
<i>Sunshine, Genius and Rust</i>	Jeffery D. Kooistra	ASF, May	arl
<i>Beneath the Stars of Winter</i>	Geoffrey Landis	Asimov's, Jan	gf, ca
<i>Dancing to Ganam</i>	Ursula K. Le Guin	Amazing, Sep	gf
<i>Because Thou Lovest the Burning Ground</i>	Michael Kube-McDowell	Alternate Warriors - Resnick / Tor	arl



Papa	Ian R. MacLeod	Asimov's, Oct	ca
The Dakna	Jamil Nasir	Asimov's, Sept	arl, ca
Sister Alice	Robert Reed	Asimov's, Nov	ca
The Arrival of Truth	Kristine Kathryn Rusch	Alternate Warriors - Resnick / Tor	arl, gf
Georgia on My Mind	Charles Sheffield	ASF, Jan	gf, ca
Suicidal Tendencies	Dave Smeds	Full Spectrum 4	gf
Deep Eddy	Bruce Sterling	Asimov's, Aug 93	gf, ca
The Ape That Ate the Universe	Ian Stewart	ASF, Jul	tp, gf
In Dreams	Andrew Weiner	Asimov's mid-Dec 93	arl
Death on the Nile	Connie Willis	Asimov's, Mar 93	gf

Short Story

Everything That Rises, Must Converge	Michael Armstrong	Asimov's, Feb	gf, ca
Love Toys of the Gods	Pat Cadigan	Omni Best SF Three	gf, ca
Afterschool Special	Paul Di Filippo	Amazing, Jun	ca
Campbell's World	Paul Di Filippo	Amazing, Sept	ca, arl, mlo, gf
Promised Lives	Julia Ecklar	F&SF, Sept	el
Steam	John Griesemer	Asimov's May	ca
Touching Fire	Nicola Griffith	Interzone 70, April	arl
The Battle of Long Island	Nancy Kress	Omni, Feb/Mar	ca, gf, mlo
Hugh Merrow	Jonathan Lethem	F&SF Oct-Nov	arl
The Passage of the Light	Barry N. Malzberg	SF Age, Nov	arl
The Color of Sunfire	Larry Niven	Bridging the Galaxies	keys
Procrustes	Larry Niven	Bridging the Galaxies	keys
Blind	Robert Reed	Asimov's, May	arl, gf
Mwalimu in the Squared Circle	Mike Resnick	Asimov's Mar 93 / Alt. Warriors	arl, gf
The Light at the End of the Day	Carrie Richerson	F&SF Oct-Nov	arl
The Story So Far	Martha Soukup	Full Spectrum 4	gf, ca
Sacred Cow	Bruce Sterling	Omni, Jan	gf
The Murderer	Lawrence Watt-Evans	Asimov's, Apr	el

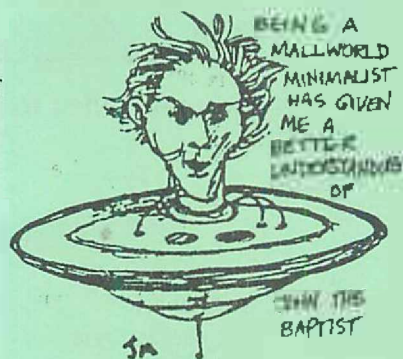


Non-Fiction Book

Once Around the Bloch	Robert Bloch	Tor	ca, ks
The John W. Campbell Letters, Vol II: Asimov & Van Vogt	Perry A. Chapdelaine, Sr.	AC Projects	mlo
PITFCS: Proceedings of the Institute for Twenty-First Century Studies	Theodore Cogswell	Advent	ca, mlo
Adventures in Unhistory	Avram Davidson	Owlswick	gf, mlo
Encyclopedia of SF	Clute & Nicholls	St. Martin's	mlo, gf, pal
Morgoth's Ring	Christopher Tolkien	Houghton Mifflin	mlo, kp
The Art of Michael Whelan	Michael Whelan	Bantam	gf
Time Machines	P. J. Nahin	American Inst. of Physics Press	mlo

Dramatic Presentation

5-Minute Retrospective of SF	Connie Willis	Nebula banquet	el
Groundhog Day		gf, kp	
Jurassic Park		ca, jam, sis, pf, kp	
Oedipus Rex	PBS	el	
Timescape	ST:TNG 6/19/93	ca	
Vampyr: A Soap Opera	A&E	el	
Nightmare Before Christmas	Tim Burton	Disney	sis, kp, cmed, pf, ca, daa, kp



Original Artwork

Agyar	Jim Burns	Cover of Steven Brust's novel (Tor)	ca
The Consort	Jim Burns	Cover of Asimov's, Apr 93	ca
Lord of the Two Lands	David Cherry	Cover of Judith Tarr's novel (Tor)	ca, mlo
Orcaurora	Bob Eggleton	sis, ged, sis	

Space Fantasy Stamps Stephen Hickman el, kevs
 Chimera Peter Peebles Mary Rosenblum's novel (Del Rey) ca

Campbell Award

Maggie Flinn

Holly Lisle

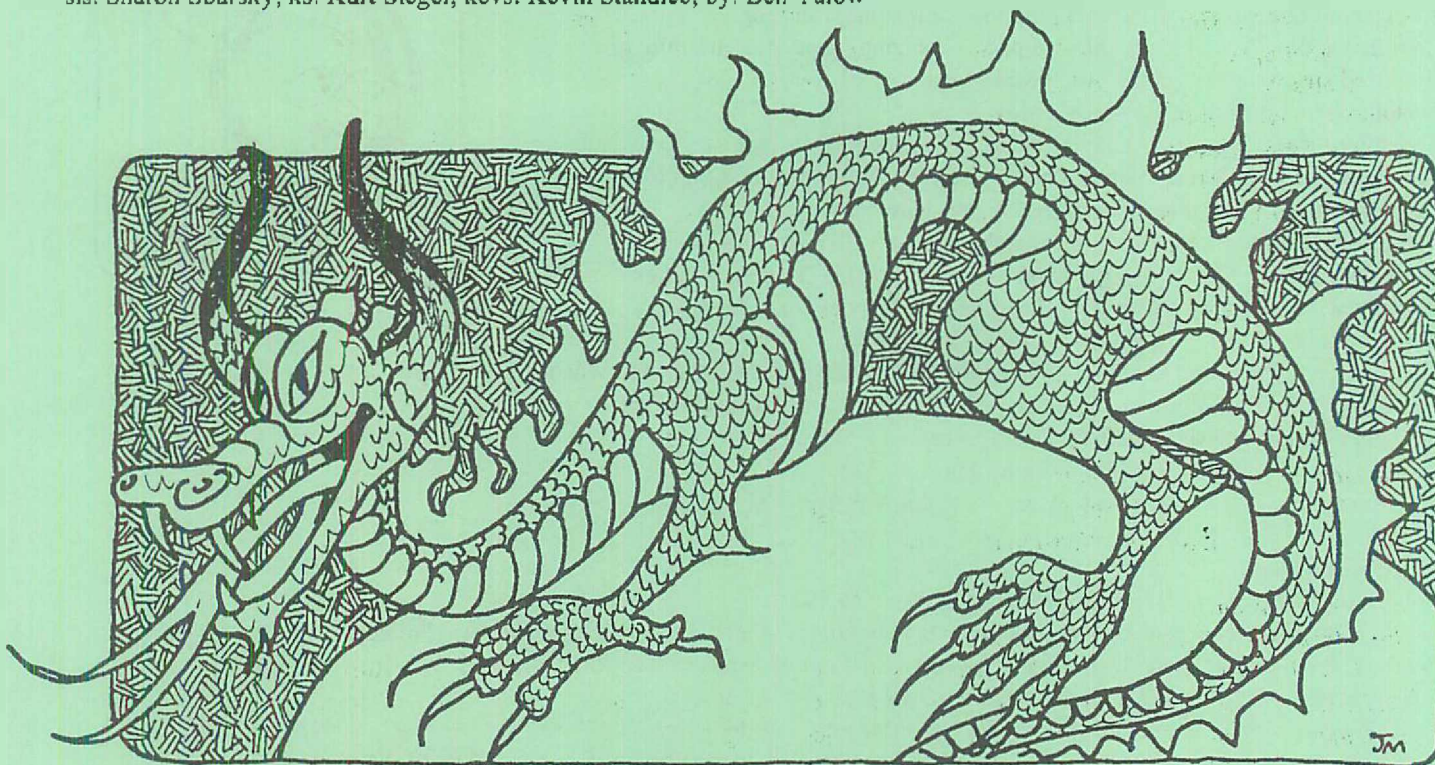
Carrie Richerson

Amy Thomson

Elisabeth Willey

mlo

Key to nominators: ca: Claire Anderson; daa: Dave Anderson; ec: Elisabeth Carey; ged: Gay Ellen Dennett; gf: George Flynn; pf: Pam Fremon; mh: Mark Hertel; rk: Rick Katze; el: Evelyn Leeper; pal: Paula Lieberman; arl: Tony Lewis; jam: Jim Mann; lm: Laurie Mann; cmed: Craig McDonough; mlo: Mark Olson; po: Priscilla Olson; kp: Kelly Persons; sls: Sharon Sbarsky; ks: Kurt Siegel; kevs: Kevin Standlee; by: Ben Yalow



NESFA 1994 Recommended Reading

Novel				
<i>Finder</i>	Emma Bull	Tor	mlo	
<i>Lake of the Long Sun</i>		Gene Wolfe	Tor	mlo

Novella				
<i>Remains of Adam</i>	A. A. Attanasio	Asimov's, Jan 94	arl	
<i>Melodies of the Heart</i>	Michael F. Flynn	Analog, Jan 94		

Novelette			
<i>Fan</i>	Geoff Ryman	Interzone, Mar 94	arl

Non-Fiction Book			
<i>Making Book</i>	Teresa Nielsen Hayden	NESFA Press	mlo

Campbell Award

Elisabeth Willey

mlo



The Well-Favored Man by Elizabeth Willey

This is an excellent fantasy which does follow the usual ruts, but does it very well indeed.

The setting of the story is almost identical to Zelazny's *Amber*: a kingdom with a mysterious source of power in the basement of the castle, alternate worlds off in the distance, a royal family which alone has the power to use the power, etc. But Willey does it with a difference. I'd say she's as good a writer as Zelazny, but what sets her book apart is that the characters — particularly the royal family — are real people and (mostly) people you'd like to know. Amazingly, none of them are homicidal maniacs (a trait which runs very strongly in descendants of Dworkin of *Amber*!).

Argylle is a peaceful kingdom (well, not exactly a kingdom; the family rules without too much fuss and there's a council with real power — call it an enlightened monarchy) filled with middle-class people who actually take time to enjoy life.

I enjoyed the book thoroughly and I'm looking forward to her next book, *A Sorcerer and a Gentleman*, due out in 1995. (And I nominated her for the Campbell Award this year.)

Morgoth's Ring by J. R. R. Tolkien
and Christopher Tolkien

I remain amazed at Christopher Tolkien's industry. This is the 10th thick (450 pages) book on JRRT's creations, and the narrative is still as fascinating as ever.

For the first time, CT takes us beyond the publication of *LotR* and the *Silmarillion* to JRRT's late tinkering. I should clarify that: *LotR* was published in the early 50's, while the *Silmarillion* was only published in the mid-70's, after JRRT's death. The key is that when CT put the *Silmarillion* together, he went back to the manuscripts of the 40's and early 50's and ignored his father's later work. In *Morgoth's Ring* you see why.

It's ironic, really. JRRT spent a goodly part of the last years of his life committing the same sin that besets so many modern fantasy and SF writers: trying to make everything fit and to be consistent. (Can you say "Isaac Asimov," children?)

Not all that he did was bad, of course, but I think that the bulk of it made for a considerably less powerful story.

Tolkien was fascinated by the figure of Morgoth, the fallen angel/Vala who introduced evil into the world, and tried to understand the details of his nature and of what he did. Morgoth was a very much more powerful figure than Sauron and, in JRRT's later thinking, literally made Sauron look like one of the good guys.

In the beginning of Middle-earth (long before men or Elves appeared) Morgoth seems to have been a lot like Sauron: capable of seeming good, capable of constructive action, though always lusting for power for himself. By his end, he had degenerated to hating the material universe and wanting only destruction, even to the point of destroying his own forces and strengths. To the end, Sauron wanted no more than to be King of the World and would not unnecessarily destroy anything that he didn't need to achieve his ends. (Though in the sadism he displays once or twice you can see the seeds of the self-degradation which would have followed his victory.) Morgoth ends as an immensely powerful nihilist.

So far, so good. In the *Silmarillion* as published, Morgoth hardly appears as a person — more of an off-stage force, and his few appearances are sort of blah. Fleshing out his character might have improved the book.

I'm more dubious about the second main thread: Elvish immortality vs. human mortality. I don't think that JRRT's thoughts on the subject had reached completion, but there were two threads: An interesting one on the effects of each race on the other, and a very destructive one wherein JRRT dug himself ever deeper into a foolish consistency as he tried to work out the details of Elvish immortality.

In the published stories, Elves die from wounds; they die of pining away; at least one or two are reborn. How can this be reconciled with true genuine immortality? Well, it was beyond JRRT's skill to do so interestingly. He worked out an elaborate (and to me very unconvincing) scheme complete with effects on marriage. It was too complicated. It was, IMHO, not a winner.

The work he did on the interactions of humans and Elves was incomplete but rather attractive. It was linked, but I think not inextricably, with his speculations on the details of Elvish immortality. Had he been able to separate it, I think it would have strengthened some of the stories in the *Silmarillion*. (For example, it made the betrayal of Elves by some of the tribes of Men a lot easier to understand.)

The final part was a complete re-do of his cosmology and cosmogony to eliminate the flat Earth of his published works. Unfortunately, he was forced to eliminate many of the mythic elements which made his creation story so powerful. (Elbereth does not kindle the stars; the Sun and Moon are not the last fruits of Laurelin and Telperion; the fall of Numenor does not remove Valinor from the world [it was never part of the world], etc.) Not a felicitous speculation!

JRRT himself ultimately rejected this line of reasoning, but it was a near-run thing.

All in all, this book shows more of JRRT's creative mind at work. It shows lines of development which fortunately didn't make it into the published works but are none the less

interesting for that. It also shows us that Christopher Tolkien was a very wise editor!

The Case of the Toxic Spell Dump by Harry Turtledove

This one was a pleasant surprise. It's vaguely an alternate history in which magic is a major technology, but more than that it's one stupid pun after another. The sort of book that Piers Anthony might write and sell millions of copies of to high school kids who haven't the discrimination to recognize crap.

Somehow, Turtledove wrote that kind of book, but avoided the Anthony trap. (And damn few people have ever done it — it's quite an accomplishment!) This is a good story with a real plot and some decent tension all mixed up with one damn silly twist on our own world after another: "Environmental Perfection Agency," "St. Ferdinand's Valley," "Angels City," "St. Monica's Road," etc., etc.

The main character is a bureaucrat working for the above-mentioned EPA. His current cases include leakage from a toxic spell dump (where else would you get rid of the synthetic flayed human skin used in certain rituals?), a license application to import leprechauns, certifying the extinction of the gods of an Indian tribe which used to live in the vicinity, and more.

He stumbles upon a vast, sinister plot, nearly gets killed, and finally wraps things up in a most satisfying way. One oddity: The magic in this world is of a type whose name I don't know, but in it all magical effects are achieved by the invocation of a supernatural being: a god or a demon. There are no magical forces to be manipulated. Everything is a deal between the sorcerer and a supernatural Person who has power.

This doesn't mean that men are weak and powerless and that all deals are one-sided. The gods and demons owe their existence to men, and cease to exist when they cease to be worshipped. (Nor when they cease to be believed in — when you can summon up your favorite god or devil and strike a bargain with him, belief is not especially important. Who asks whether you believe in your car before you drive it away?) It's the act of carrying out the appropriate form of ritual worship that is efficacious. (This leads to the fascinating speculation that the good and bad deities in this world are not good or bad based on deep moral grounds, but based on how people perceive the rituals which keep them in being. A deity which requires human sacrifice will be considered evil, while one which requires a fresh bouquet of flowers each day, good.)

This also produces one of the more amusing (to me, anyway) aspects of his world. The aerospace industry and the military fund centers to carry out the ritual worship of certain powerful gods so that they can be used in weapons, mining, defense, etc. For example, the rituals of Hermes Trismegistus

are carried out these days only by government security agencies, who use his powers to protect top-secret materials.

Another problem that Turtledove doesn't really confront is whether *all* gods are human constructs. His main character is a devout, conservative Jew. And Catholic monks also play a part in the story. There is no indication that practitioners of either religion believe that God is just another of these human constructs. But there's no obvious reason given in the story why they don't, and they don't talk about it or think about it.

Green Mars by Kim Stanley Robinson

I liked *Red Mars* a lot and this is at least as good. I have nominated it for a Hugo at ConAdian. (Like *Red Mars*, it was published in the UK a half-year before it was scheduled to be published here, so as far as the Hugos go, it's a 1993 book.)

Green Mars follows directly on after *Red Mars*. In *RM*, an attempt at a Martian revolution has failed and Mars is in the grip of the Transnationals. The remnants of the First Hundred go into hiding and over the next thirty or forty years build a second revolution.

Like *RM*, *GM* tells the story of history as it is, where no one is really in control and where conflicting plans and desires swamp any possibility of planning or control. It's very real and very untidy.

Robinson is clearly in love with Mars. Some of the best parts of the book — both books — are the descriptions of the Martian landscape as it changes as Mars is terraformed. In a sense, there are two stories here: the Second Martian Revolution and the Terraforming of Mars. They're linked stories, but they're independent, too.

The book certainly isn't perfect. For one thing, some of Robinson's prejudices show through. And he made lots of little errors which were not material to the story. (I'm usually willing to forgive a scientific mistake if it makes the story better. What really bugs me are the little boners which just show sloppiness.)

For example, he says that the asteroids which cross Earth's orbit are called the Trojans. Wrong! The Trojans are in Jupiter's L4 and L5 positions; it's the Apollo asteroids which cross Earth's orbit. The copyeditor should have caught it. Besides, it's hard to imagine anyone who read much hard SF not knowing that.

A bigger annoyance is his persistent misuse of areas and volumes. For example, a terraforming team is melting underground ice to fill the Hellas basin. He describes it quite movingly and tourists around the basin as it is filling. Hellas is big — it's enormous! And he has it being filled by a flow of 2500 cubic meters per day!

(Simple arithmetic. Let's estimate the problem using very conservative numbers. Say Hellas is 300 km across. That's about 10^4 km². It's to be filled to a km deep in its deepest part, so it has to average at least 100 m deep. So that's 10^4 km², which is 10^{11} m³. Which will take 4×10^9 days or about ten million years to fill at 2500 m³/day. Ignoring evaporation

and other loss, of course. 2500 m³ isn't very much water! A really large swimming pool holds that much. A *fire hose* puts out more than that per day. Now, picture our intrepid terraformers standing on the edge of a deep desert basin which stretches out to the horizon and a hundred miles beyond it, trying to fill it with a fire hose! If you're going to fill Hellas, you need at least a small river. To fill it in 30 years, you need 300,000 times as much water as the fire hose Robinson was using, or a flow of about ten million m³/day. That sounds like a lot, but it isn't. Let's say that a smallish river is 30 m across and averages 3 m deep. [That's a bit bigger than the Charles, but not that much.] That's a cross-section of 100 m², so you need a speed of flow of 100,000 m/day or 100 km/day or 4 km/hr, which is about 2.5 mph. That's not much of a river, yet it will fill Hellas in 30 years. *Robinson just didn't think it through.*)

These are not isolated examples. The books are riddled with trivial errors of this sort.

But don't put off reading the book because of this. For all it's minor flaws, it's an *excellent* book and one I nominated for the Hugo.

Moving Mars by Greg Bear

The time is a couple of centuries from now. Mars has several million inhabitants, nanotechnology and AIs are pervasive, but — at least on Mars — society hasn't become incomprehensible.

The story follows a girl from her teens to her late 30s, and follows Mars from a functioning anarchism to a federal state at war with Earth.

In many respects it has the scope and variety of Kim Stanley Robinson's *Red Mars*, but by sticking with one main character, it manages to retain more of a focus. The book has a wonderful side-trip to Earth to see the postindustrial society in action, Martian archeology, superscience which would have made JWC proud, and a good story. (He does wimp out ever-so-slightly at the very end, though.)

The technology is plausibly high. With the exception of the almost-magical gadgets whose development moves the plot along, Bear is fairly restrained. I do wonder just what he thinks neural nets are — he appears to think that they are really whizzy and might be the key to AI. Also, nanotechnology or not, you need a source of energy!!

Still, it's a good book.

Nightside the Long Sun by Gene Wolfe

This is the first book in a new series which is said to be set in the same universe as *Book of the New Sun*, but at a much earlier time. Maybe so, but this volume doesn't give any reason to agree or disagree.

It's the first of four books. In this book a number of interesting characters are introduced, and a very alien culture

begins to be filled in. Wolfe's talent shows particularly in that he doesn't simply describe *anything* in his role as omniscient narrator, but lets the reader discover it, frequently by seeing where the characters are misunderstanding their own world. I'm not going to describe the world or what I've learned of it beyond what the main character sees; that would spoil the fun.

In the first volume, the series' long-term problem is set up, but the main character does not solve it. The book has a satisfying ending, but everyone knows that the main character hasn't resolved it, but only gotten a start. (It's a lot like the volumes of the *Book of the New Sun*, that way.)

This series may be a real winner!

Lord of the Two Lands by Judith Tarr

This is terrific! It's a fantasy which follows the life of Alexander the Great from his invasion of Asia to the capture of Egypt. The fantastic element is that his motivation to capture Egypt is a young Egyptian priestess and magician, daughter of the last native Pharaoh, who comes to him and tells him that the gods of Egypt have chosen him to liberate it from the Persians and to become Pharaoh.

The book is an excellent blend of history and fantasy. (It's really a very mild fantasy — don't expect a sorcerer to wield lightnings in Alexander's battles!) The characters are sympathetic and their problems real. I think it will be a classic of the field.

Forward the Foundation by Isaac Asimov

I was pleased to read and enjoy this, the last of Asimov's Foundation books. I feared that he'd ended with a clunker, but instead *Forward the Foundation* is a nice series of stories very much in the flavor of the original Foundation stories. True, he drops Galaxy-spanning themes for small-scale, personal ones, but it's still fun.

The stories cover the years between *Prelude to Foundation* and *Foundation* itself, and tell of the invention of psychohistory and of the politics of the Empire during those years. I can't say that I found late-Empire politics very convincing. But then I didn't find *Prelude* convincing, either.

Asimov manages — just barely — to keep within the bounds of consistency with the original Foundation series. I didn't care for the Second Foundation being an accidental add-on, and I was most unimpressed to discover Seldon serving for ten years as Prime Minister of the Galactic Empire — that was grossly implausible, totally unnecessary, and impossible to reconcile with the lack of *any* mention in *Foundation*. (Surely in his trial before the Commission of Public Safety, *someone* would have noted that Seldon was more than just a nearly unknown elderly mathematician!)

Still, I enjoyed the book and I wish he was still around to write more. (And I *do* wish I knew how he had planned to end it all!)

Adventures in Unhistory by Avram Davidson

This is an untidy, discursive, marvelous book, and it was one of my nominations for Best Non-Fiction Book. It's a collection of essays Davidson wrote over the years, each tracing the historical basis of a different legend.

Some of the topics: Mermaids, Mandrakes, Mammoths, Dragons, Werewolves, Dodos, Silkworms, Unicorns, the Phoenix, and the Roc. Aleister Crowley and Prester John and the Secret of Hyperborea.

It's not a dry recital of historical facts, or even of historical fancies. It's as if Davidson were sitting in the room with you — in a large easy chair before the fire, perhaps — and *telling* you about these things. It's non-fiction told by a master story-teller. And not just a master story-teller, but a master historian, too. Davidson revels in pulling in fascinating, erudite, neat pieces of lore and rambling off on interesting tangents. You can hear him speaking.

Perhaps the most fascinating essay to me was the odd man out, not about ancient history or legend, but about Aleister Crowley, the self-proclaimed "Evilest Man in the World" who appalled and titillated the Victorian and Edwardian world. Not only do we get a short biography of him (a *really* messed-up man!), but Davidson tries to get to the bottom of some of the mysteries surrounding him.

Like for instance, just what were the connections between Crowley, G. K. Chesterton, Oscar Wilde, and William Butler Yeats? Davidson argues that Yeats was a former close associate of Crowley's who later turned against him, to the point that it is Crowley who is meant in the famous lines "And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?"

A marvelous book. Read it one essay at a time and savor it! And vote for it if it's on the Hugo ballot at ConAdian!

Time Machines by Paul J. Nahin

Nahin (who teaches in Durham, NH) has written a book about the physics, history, SF and philosophy of time travel.

He's obviously very well read in the SF literature on the subject as well as the nonfiction about it. (Which is much more extensive than I'd ever guessed and he includes a very large bibliography of SF connected with time travel.)

While Nahin surveys all of the major issues relating to time travel, he comes down fairly clearly supporting certain views: (a) Time travel is technically possible (though so hard it may never actually be done) and (b) time travel paradoxes are not possible because causal loops have always 'been there'. (I have no quarrel with either position, but that does not stop me from enjoying alternate history stories.)

The part of the book which was completely new to me was Nahin's discussion of the philosophical literature. If his representation of it is all fair, the philosophers have done a pretty bad job. They seem to be confused over some fairly

elementary points that any physicist or SF reader would understand.

The Encyclopedia of SF by John Clute and Peter Nicholls

The much expanded version of the Nicholls SF Encyclopedia. It's an excellent job, but I do hope that a third edition eventually is done. (Claire Anderson tells me that Clute has signed to do a Fantasy Encyclopedia. That explains its non-inclusion of Fantasy, which is its most glaring omission.)

To my taste it had too much of a British slant. For example, the "theme" articles (entries on a concept like Time Travel) draw too many of their illustrations from minor British SF, while ignoring American SF which is seminal to the development of the topic. Also, though I certainly do favor an historical approach, they tend to find too much of the basis of most Themes in the period 1880-1920, when in fact much of that material had relatively little impact on the field. (I think it's the Lucian of Samosata effect, where, in an eagerness to prove that SF has a respectable past, absurdly ancient texts are declared to be SF.)

The book also paid too much attention to SF movies. A vast number of movies — including minor drek — have individual entries, while novels in general don't. Finally, there is far too little attention to conventions, clubs, and fandom. I imagine this reflects the biases of the editors. For all of that it's got a vast amount of information in it and it's still worth having.



JOIN THE PARTY! Vote San Antonio in '97

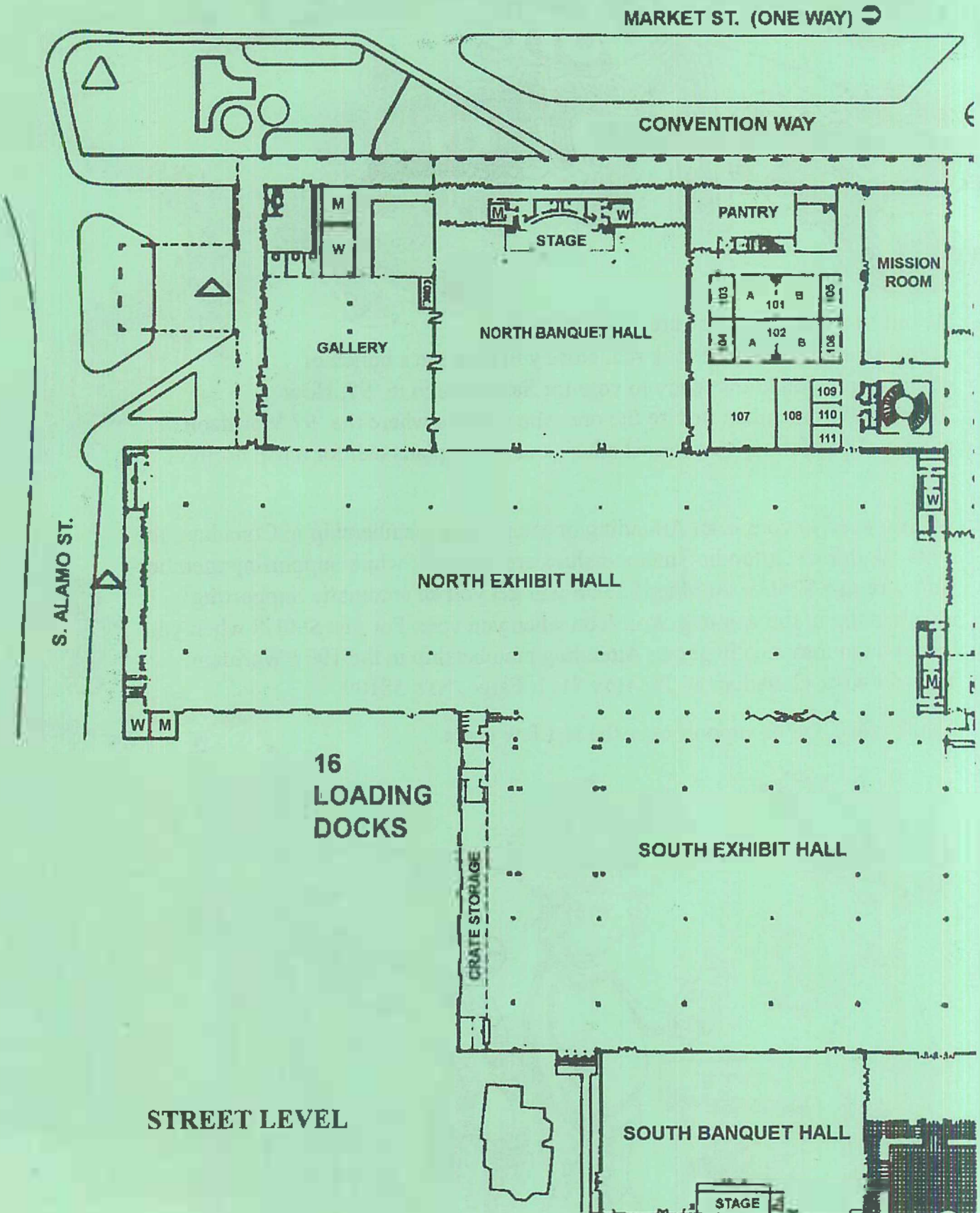
Al and Mo, Tank and Bev are at the head of the parade, and if you look real close you may see a bunch of other people you know ready to vote for San Antonio in '97. How 'bout you? Remember, you're the one who decides where the '97 Worldcon will be. And it's easy to vote, whether your travel plans call for a trip north or not.

All you need to vote is an Attending or Supporting membership in Conadian, the 1994 Worldcon. Attending memberships are \$125US, while Supporting memberships are just \$25US. Another \$25US will get you an automatic Supporting membership in the winning Worldcon when you vote. For just \$60US when you vote, you automatically get an Attending membership in the 1997 Worldcon. You can write Conadian at: PO Box 7111, Fargo, ND 58109.

Thanks for all your support over the last few years.

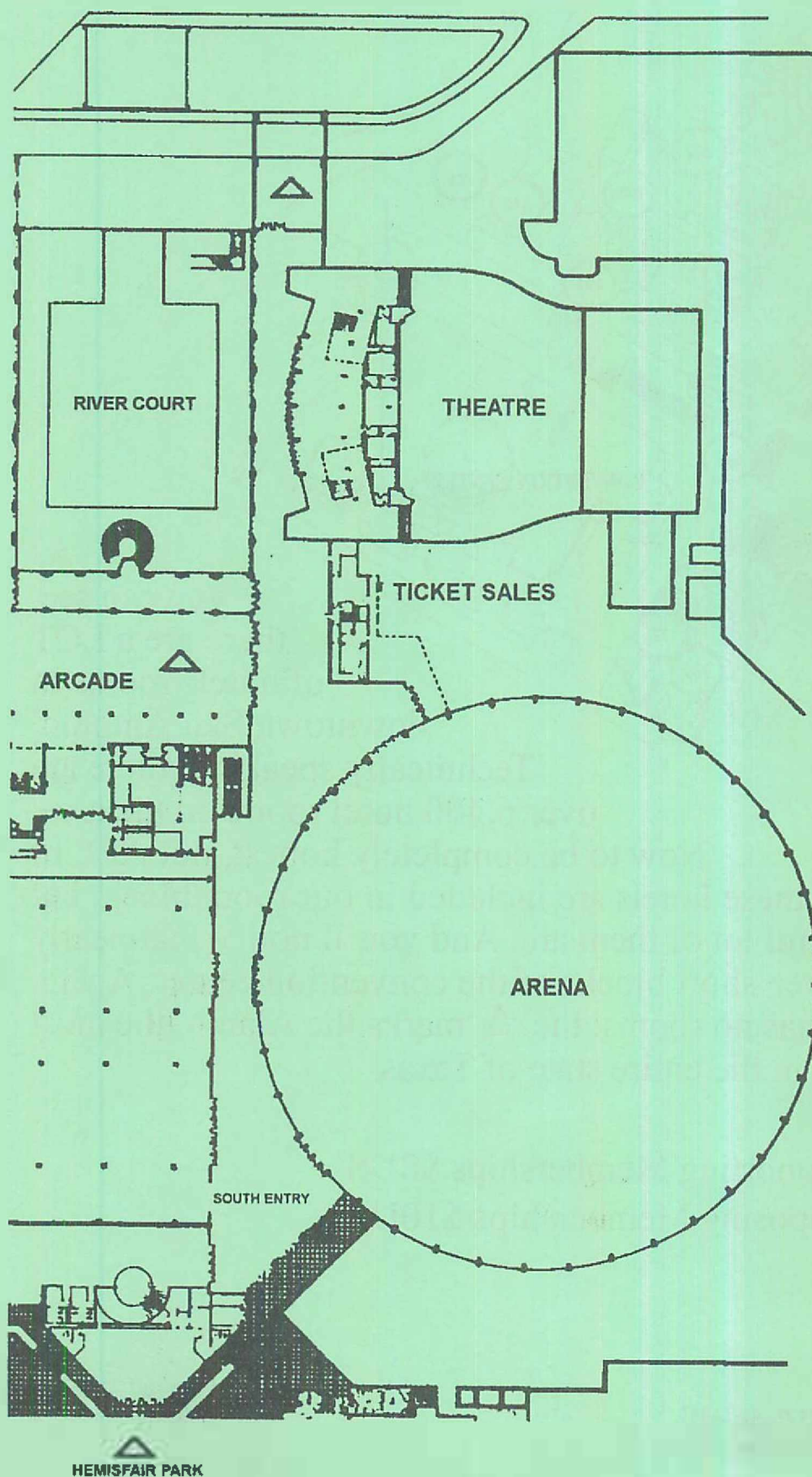


The San Antonio

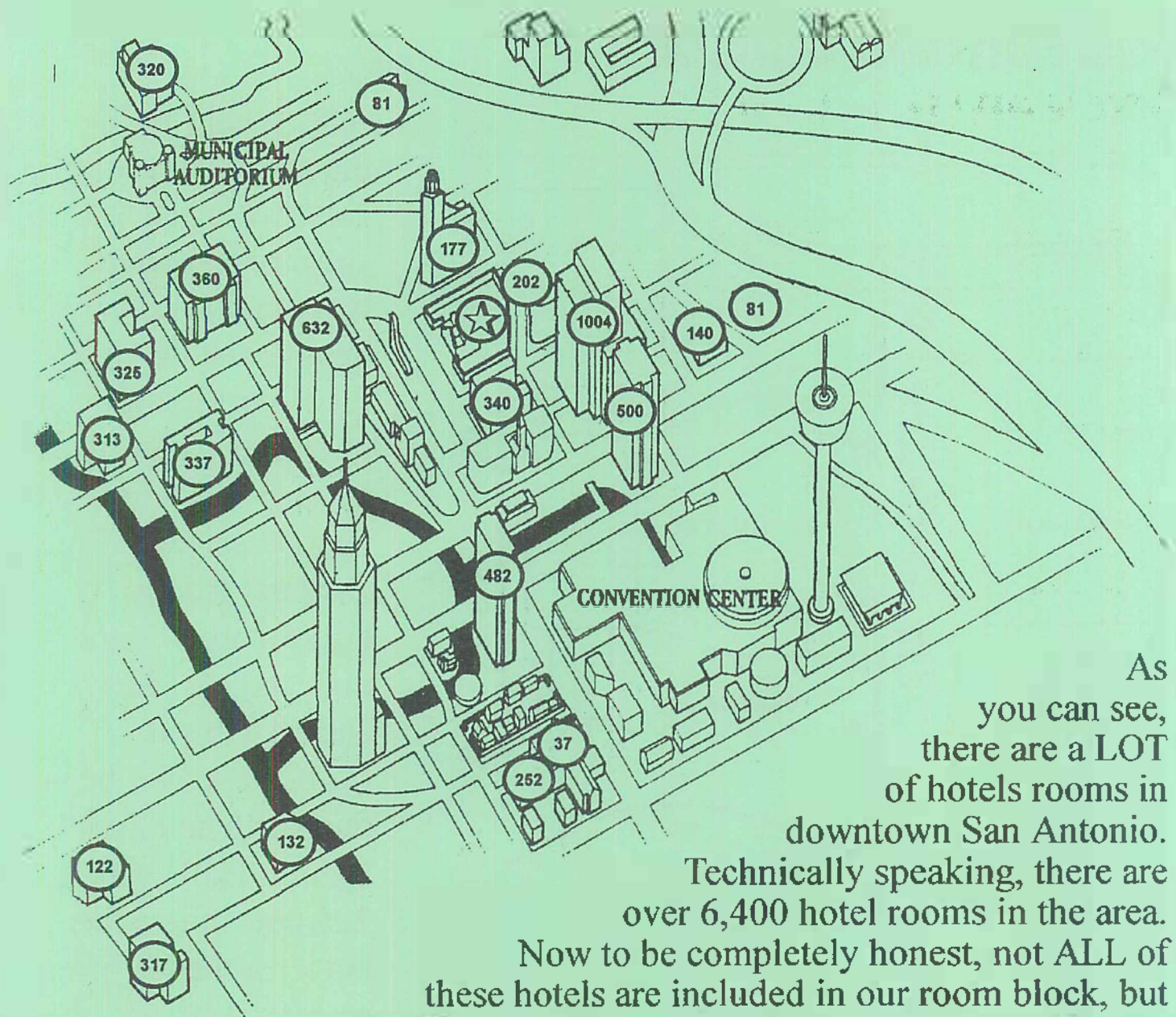


△ = MAJOR ENTRANCE

Convention Center



Jeez, would ya look at the size of this thing... And that's just the street level! There's two other levels, one up and one down by the Riverwalk around the River Court, with another 27 rooms and a rehearsal hall. The Dealers' Room (Hucksters in some dialects), Art Show and possibly a ConCourse will be in the North and South Exhibit Halls with 225,000 square feet between them. Now, we're not REAL sure where everything else is gonna end up, but you can see we've got the room(s). And this doesn't even count function space at the hotels!! Even better, it's completely ADA-compliant!



As
you can see,
there are a LOT
of hotels rooms in
downtown San Antonio.

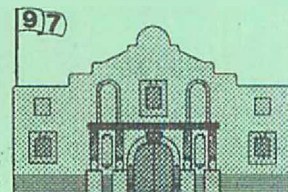
Technically speaking, there are
over 6,400 hotel rooms in the area.

Now to be completely honest, not ALL of
these hotels are included in our room block, but
an awful lot of them are. And you'll notice that nearly
3,500 rooms are within three short blocks of the convention center. Again,
to be honest, one location has no rooms: the ☆ marks the Alamo, the most
popular tourist destination in the entire state of Texas.

Pre-Supporting Memberships \$8US

Pre-Opposing Memberships \$10US

The Second Occasional
LoneStarCon
Science Fiction Convention and Chili Cook-off
P.O. Box 291015 San Antonio, TX 78229-1015



You've got a lot to look forward to when you come visit San Antonio in 1997:

The Convention Center: Located downtown, the Convention Center boasts two halls (totalling 225,000 square feet), large ballrooms, the Theater, dozens of smaller meeting rooms, and the Arena, home for the San Antonio Spurs.

The Hotels: Two Marriott hotels, the Riverwalk and Rivercenter, are literally across the street from each other and the Convention Center. The Rivercenter is linked to the Rivercenter Mall, with dozens of shops and restaurants. The Mall, hotels, and Convention Center are linked by a branch of the world-famous Paseo del Rio, the River Walk. You can easily walk from one to another without dealing with traffic and enjoy the cool, shaded comfort of the San Antonio River. There are a dozen other hotels within three or four *small* blocks in all prices, from the stately Menger to La Quinta.

Food: Every conceivable type of cuisine and setting is within easy walking distance. From McDonald's to the Tower of the Americas, every price range is available for every palate.

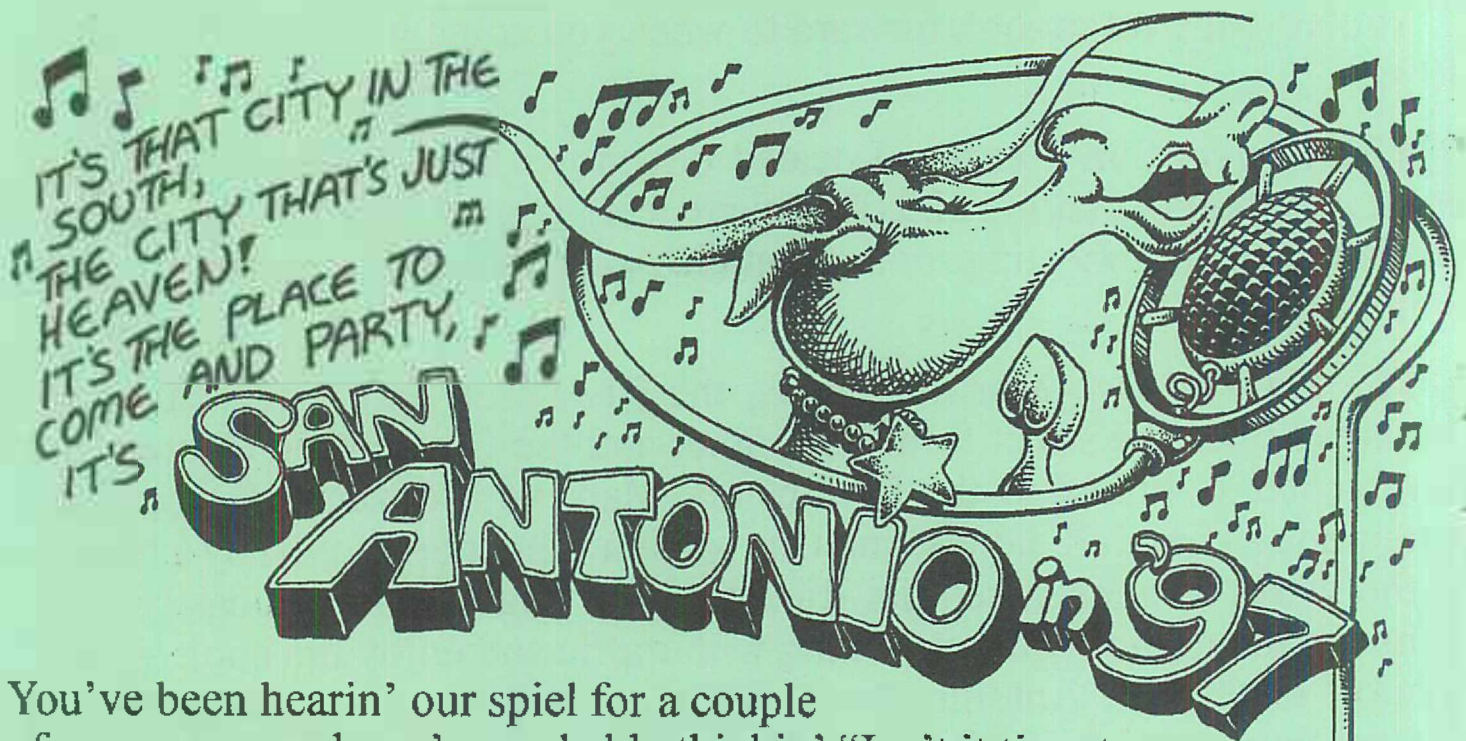
Parking: More than you really want to think about, from a couple of dollars a day on up.

Getting to San Antonio: Flying in, the International Airport is on every major airline's route. It's only 15 to 20 minutes from downtown by taxi, courtesy van, or Via, the metro transportation system. For drivers, San Antonio is located at the crossroads of IH-35 and IH-10.

Other Attractions: San Antonio offers plenty for vacationers: Sea World of Texas, the Texas Fiesta theme park with the world's tallest wooden roller coaster, museums, and a world-class zoo. The Gulf of Mexico and NASA's Johnson Space Center are only a couple of hours away by car.

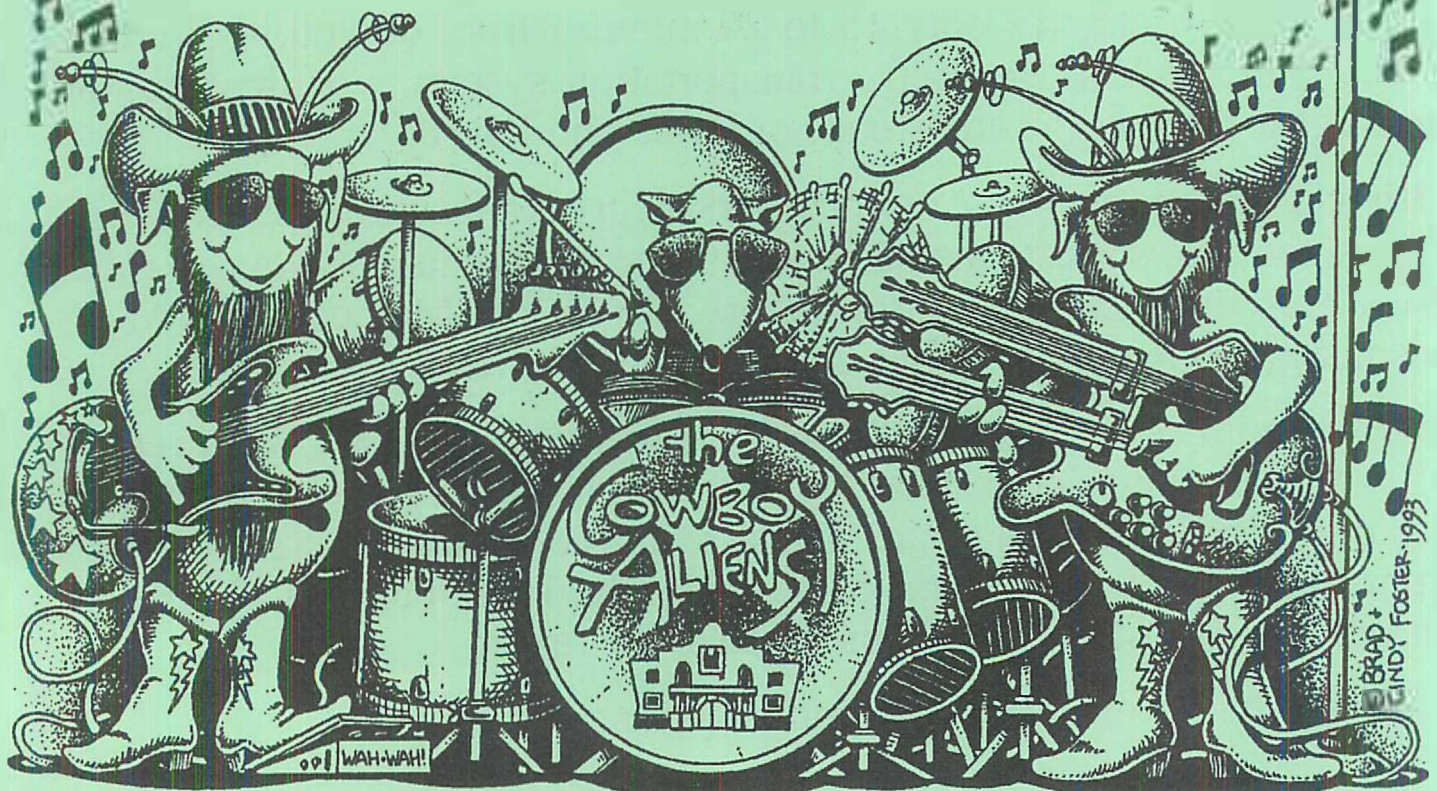
Like we said, Pre-Supporting Memberships cost just \$8 US. In return, you'll receive a newsletter detailing our progress (and some of the things being done to promote the bid) and a really cool button. Pre-Opposing Memberships are \$10 US and come with the same benefits. There are additional classes of memberships if you're interested.

The choice is yours. We thank you for your support!



You've been hearin' our spiel for a couple of years now, and you're probably thinkin' "Isn't it time to vote and get this over already?" Well, we're just about there. The ballots are due out shortly.

Al and Mo, Bev and Tank, and all the rest of us thank you for all your support over the last few years, and hope y'all keep it up and vote for "San Antonio in '97." We're lookin' forward to being your host in a few years. Thanks for everything!



BRAD
CINDY FOSTER 1993

INCONCEIVABLE by George Phillis

Pamela Morgan drifted unwillingly back to awareness. It was the still of the night. Light from Kronos's largest moon streamed through her bedroom windows. She had worked far too late into the evening. Now something had awakened her. What? She heard only the remote sigh of broken waves. No, before that, there had been a strangled gasp. A burglar? Hardly likely, not with University Security.

She hated to spy on housemates. They didn't know she was a telepath — they didn't believe in telepathy — her scruples still protected them. The sound repeated. What if someone were choking to death? Now fully awake, Pam sent out a mind probe, searching only for physical sensations: pain, asphyxiation, terror. She pulled back as quickly as she could. Miralie's bedroom held two minds, one clearly male. Both were asleep, separated by a distance which suggested that an intrusion would not be welcome. Pam giggled. Sometimes she missed the obvious. At least Miralie's previous boyfriends hadn't snored obtrusively.

Pam looked back at her desk, peering vaguely at notes for her current term paper. The evolution of the senses, she thought, lulling herself back toward her dreams. Senses: sight, telepathy, hearing...; organs, evolutionary prototypes: eyespot to lens to color vision, all locked in the rigid grid of an outline. She came awake again. There was an obvious gap in her neat table of references. The entries for one sense, which one she couldn't quite see, were completely missing. Damn! she groaned to herself. She had stayed up half the night to finish her notes, and had missed something. She told herself this was the penalty for cheating on sleep. The list of senses had been sitting there for days; all she had had to do was to fill in the blanks. Now she had missed something. Fuming, she tiptoed to her desk. Which sense had she forgotten?

Her eyes were too blurred with sleep to focus on individual words. Still, every entry in the table was filled. The gap had been some trick of the light. It was very late. She just wasn't thinking clearly.

As she slipped back under her quilt, she glanced at the desk again. Tomorrow, a first draft had to be finished on how the field senses evolved. The outline gleamed in the moonlight. In its center, clearly visible, was empty space. Pam stared. The writing above and below the gap was prominent. One set of lines was totally blank.

She snapped on the room lights, and sprang from bed, her tall athletic frame landing panther-light on the wooden floor. Her steel-blue eyes flickered with suppressed anger. She couldn't be dreaming. She was worrying about nothing, when she should be asleep. Tediously, she counted down each column of entries. Four senses: sight, hearing, chemoreception, magnetic field detection. Evolutionary examples from half a dozen worlds spanning the width of the Confederation. Reference lists. Figures. It was all there! Everything. She staggered back to bed and put out the lights.

The original idea for her paper echoed now through her mind. She would say something about senses which detected external fields: light, sound, chemical potential, telepathy, vector potential. Perhaps she would change her mind again, and skip telepathy. It was not a socially acceptable ability. It would be hard to explain her insights without revealing that she was a telepath herself. Besides, it wasn't clear that telepathy corresponded to a field. Vision responded to the vector potential, but to what fields were telepaths sensitive? Content that all was well, she yawned deeply and looked at her notes on how the senses had evolved, now only vaguely legible in the moonlight. The gap leered back at her.

It didn't make sense. The first column of the table listed the five senses she would study. She counted them off against the fingers of her right hand. Five senses meant five sets of lines, exactly as she had counted them a few moments ago.

Pam had a near-photographic memory. With a little effort, she could see the whole table in front of her, every entry, just as it had appeared when she stood by the desk. In her mind's eye, she counted off entries against her fingers: left index finger, middle finger, left ring finger, little finger. The table had four sets of lines, matched against four fingers.

Triumphantly, she held her hands up before her and, drunk with fatigue, matched left and right hands. Then she wriggled deeper under the covers, her nightgown raising little sparks against the sheets. She tried to forget all about the paper, bemusedly wondering what had confused her. A final stretch silhouetted long fingers against the far wall.

Four fingers and outstretched thumb clashed against four equally long fingers and clenched thumb. She blinked, hard. Her hands whispered insults at her. Here she was, a first-rate student at one of the Confederation's leading universities, unable even to count on toes and fingers. Another cycle of turning on the lights and staggering over to the bed left her as confused as ever. Perhaps, she thought, it was all an elaborate nightmare. She was dreaming that there was a terrible gap in the outline of her paper, which disappeared whenever she tried to see what it was.

Suddenly, she recognized the pattern. A grim suspicion, one neither of her housemates could have conceived, formed in her thoughts. Leaning to one edge of her bed, she spoke a few instructions into a voice recorder. Robotically following its replay of her instructions, she counted senses, walked to the desk, and returned to bed. Finally she pressed her palms against her eyes, shutting all thoughts of her term paper out of her mind. Methods of mental discipline, learned from mind-to-mind contact with half a dozen alien races, came into play. An elbow restarted the computer-recorder. She

listened to her own voice. Obedient to her prior instructions, the computer juxtaposed her words, carefully omitting the subject of her work.

"How many topics are in your term paper?" she had asked herself... "Five," she had answered... "Now go to the desk. How many topics are in the term paper?"... "Four. One. Two. Three. Four," she had counted.

The computer hesitated slightly. "When you sat in bed, your answer was — 'Five' — Is that the number of topics that you see?"... "Yes, of course," she had answered, "I still see four entries."

The computer paused again. "In bed, you said there are — 'five' — topics. By the desk, you said there are — 'four' — topics. Is 'five' equal to 'four'?"... "Yes!" she had snapped back. "The four topics are as many as the four topics!"... Patiently, the machine asked again, "Is 'five' equal to 'four'?" "Any child knows that!" she had snarled. "Very good. Very good indeed." The computer's version of her voice was as saccharine as her own. "Now go back to bed, put everything out of your mind, and replay this sequence."

Recognition was immediate. She recognized that confusion, that ability to believe true and false at the same time. Someone had set a compulsion mesh — a mind-binding — on her. Someone did not want her to think something. What? She couldn't tell. A scan of her mind showed nothing unfamiliar, but all except the most amateurish of geases were invisible. There was a general way to purge mind-bindings, though. Compulsion meshes usually collapsed once one learned what one was being compelled to do.

Now, what was it she couldn't do? A compulsion mesh good enough to hold her was no small matter to create. It was hard to believe anyone could be seriously interested in a term paper on evolution. She gave more orders to her computer-recorder. She would speak names while lying in bed. She would speak other names at the desk. The machine would compare the two lists and verbalize the difference.

She marched through her plan. Back in bed, she found herself trembling with nervous anticipation. Or was she afraid? A compulsion mesh was too complex to be a practical joke — very few of her friends were close enough for the friendship to survive this sort of stunt. Besides, which of her friends could even set a mesh? Any? Somebody had set a geas on her, without her knowing. It was hardly believable she'd done this to herself, though she probably knew how to do it. There weren't a lot of telepaths who were good enough to do it, not to her, not without her having noticed. In a little while, one of them was either going to give a very good explanation, or get very thoroughly pounded on. She leaned over and restarted the recorder.

"Clear your mind..." came the computer. She did. "Line four, columns two through four, are blank. Line four: telepathy. Columns two through four: evolutionary antecedents. What are the 'evolutionary antecedents' of 'telepathy'?"

* * * * *

Dawn peeked through Pam's curtains. She was sprawled on the carpet by her bed, tangled in her sheets. Her head throbbed. Her skin was covered with cold sweat. Her nightgown clung to her skin, like a running suit after a ten-mile race.

What had she done to herself? At first she was too dazed to remember. She had listened to a sentence. Then there had been fireworks. In a sense, it had been a highly educational experience. She hadn't guessed that she could put so much power into a single psi-bolt without killing herself. She realized that she remembered from where she had drawn that much energy; she could do it again, if need be. Her mind-screens had taken a real beating. But she hadn't been attacked, or tried to defend herself. She had tried, with vigor and determination, to commit suicide.

A shower and walk on the beach left her a drained spectral shadow of her usual self. Fortunately, regular classes had ended for the term. The thought of facing an interactive lecture left her sick to her stomach. Breakfast improved things a little, though she stayed with fruit and tea rather than her customary heartier fare. Miralie's latest boyfriend turned out to be a graduate student in naval architecture, a buoyant red-haired man who couldn't imagine that anyone in the galaxy wasn't interested in the finer points of starship design.

Pam watched his mind as he talked. Miralie's friends often had straying eyes. Pam made sure they didn't stray in her direction. With telepathy, you couldn't help but know how others saw you. Pam liked domestic tranquility, meaning that her bungalow-mates never lost their boyfriends in her direction. Not that she was interested in that sort of thing. Mind-to-mind contact had given her a different perspective on the important things of life, a list of which did not include male companionship of a physical nature. After all, Pam told herself, it wasn't that she wasn't as pretty as Miralie or Jessamine, or as personable, or as bright. She'd had to fend off enough of their boyfriends to be sure of the first, and knew she could think rings around most of her fellow students. Most people even underestimated her weight, which lurked as coiled-steel muscles rather than eye-catching curves.

She listened politely while Miralie's latest paramour discussed faster-than-light drives and the curious fact — Zinor's Law — that all faster-than-light drives had virtually the same limiting speed, even if they were based on

completely different physical principles. Pam had heard of Zinor; his Law sounded far-fetched, though no more so than the equally empirical Second Law of Thermodynamics.

Pam spent the rest of the morning on her bedroom's private balcony, nearly out of sight of the world, sorting through the shards of her mind. Once she isolated the geas, it stopped affecting her. The immediate binding had kept her from conceiving that telepathy must somehow have evolved. She had been able to think about evolution, and had no problems thinking about telepathy, but the two topics were completely compartmentalized. Until she emerged from the binding, the concept of telepathy's evolution had been strictly — inconceivable. Only an accident in the way she'd chosen her term paper's topic — plus perhaps her internal psi-shields — let her juxtapose the two ideas.

Rooting the geas from her subconscious, and deducing the precise limits of its compulsions, was time-consuming. The binding was like an ancient bed of climbing ivy which had been allowed to overgrow a great mansion. Here it wrapped around lists of starship speeds; there it stood poised around ideas on magnets. Its complexity was surreal, its camouflage exquisite. She had never met a telepath who could have installed such a binding, even with the active cooperation of the recipient. It was as though the binding had grown up with her since she had been an infant, putting out new extensions in response to forbidden patterns of stimuli.

For a mind-binding to be so complex was entirely novel. What sort of a structure would be required? It would need to be almost sentient. The talent which let her read another's mind, as quickly and accurately as she could read a book, now came to the fore. The psi structure could be scanned as easily as any mind, letting her isolate and destroy its last shreds. There were a long list of forbidden topics, not just one or two: ties between evolution and psi, starship designs, a half-dozen seemingly unrelated questions in history, chemistry, law,... More ominously, she located what appeared to be external sensors, built into the binding, placed so an outsider could determine whether or not the binding was intact.

Her bungalow-mates, she recognized, would never believe what she had just found. Why had someone — some group — done this to her? She had spent much of the last decade striving to be inconspicuous, remaining largely invisible even to the small but active community of psis on Kronos. It defied reason. A parallel nagged at her memory. The binding on starship speeds looked remarkably like Zinor's Law. She reached out mentally for Miralie and her boyfriend. Finding people out of line of sight was often tricky, though she knew just where they would likely be by now. She probed them very gently until she found what she wanted. They were both mind-bound, exactly as she had been. Pam put her probes farther out into the bungalow complex. Some people she skipped. A fair part of the population were nearly probe-immune; some wore good mechanical psi-shields; a couple were fellow telepaths. Everyone she scanned carefully had the same blocks in place.

Suddenly she felt very conspicuous. Her shields snapped tight. Probes went out in a delicate lacework, hunting for anyone who might have noticed her reconnaissance. Whoever had put the blocks in place might be very — no, lethally — irritated to learn they had been caught. But who could it be? And why? Only the Temporal Physics Center, the Confederation's covert psi-police, had anything like the needed resources. They were never terribly subtle; these geases were not their style.

Two faces came to mind. One was nearby, and always good for a conversation — or lunch, as that hour was approaching. The other was half the Confederation away, and probably very busy with her own affairs. Still, the other shared Pam's knack for blundering into dangerous circumstances, and might appreciate a piece of map labelled "Here Be Hungry Dragons." Besides, Pam had trusted her enough to link mind-to-mind, using absolutely no screens. Pam had never done that before, or since. She prepared a long letter detailing her findings, added a cover letter explaining why and how it would be dangerous to read her main letter, and encrypted both documents. The other would know the code-key at once. The usual time delay for decoding a document, without the key, involved Hubble-Segal times. The letter went into the data net, to be transmitted cross-cluster anonymously, at high priority. Pam winced slightly at the credit charges. The other could spend money like water, but her budget was more limited. Then she made a videophone call.

Percival Summers was not so much a boyfriend as a good companion; someone she could talk to, or take to a concert, without feeling forced to create a deeper relationship. They were definitely not just casual acquaintances. Pam trusted Percy enough to reveal that she had psi talents. They enjoyed each other's company, at least on a platonic basis, and had been seeing each other regularly for several years. Pam ignored her bungalow-mates' questions as to when Percy would be seen at breakfast as well as in the early evening. When she phoned, promising him an interesting puzzle which she couldn't solve, he was delighted to pay her a visit. He listened avidly while she described what she had found.

"Let me restate this," he finally intruded. "You say that everyone you checked, except you, has identical mind-blocks, so that they can't think about certain topics. That's unreasonable. Why would anyone do it? Besides, Pam,

when you finally convinced me that you, that you really could pull all those psi tricks, you put a block on me, so that I couldn't find the doors until I closed my eyes and found one by touch. But you had to work hard to do it to me. And, you've said, you're about as good at telehypnosis as anyone you've ever met. To put something that complicated on everyone — you'd need more telepaths than there are people. You couldn't possibly hide something like that." His tone softened. His fingers stole across her shoulder. "I don't want to say I don't believe you, but it's awfully hard to accept."

"I know." Her head sank. "And I don't know who did it, or why, or how to prove it."

Percy looked up, eyes bright. "There's an obvious way. I know you don't like prying about in my mind, but you can. And you checked that I had the blocks. You named a forbidden idea, and I didn't hear you say anything. If you could break my mind-binding, I might be able to help."

Pam stared at him, tight-lipped. She liked him too much to risk hurting him. On the other hand, she had already asked for his advice; it was too late to complain about what he said. "All right, I'll try. You're sure now?" she asked, hoping beyond hope that he'd reconsider. He only nodded.

They were of a height. She looked him square in the face, steel-blue eyes peering into deep brown. There was only one sound way to remove a block, the one she had used on herself. "Percy?" she asked, meanwhile touching his binding, forcing him to hear her words. "You know what my current term paper is about. What are the evolutionary antecedents of — 'telepathy'?"

"Why, there aren't..." His face paled. His jaw slackened. He fell forward lifelessly, taking her so by surprise that their faces brushed before she could catch him.

Her mind-probes revealed the damage. He was in shock. His heart had stopped beating. It was too late to call for medical help. He was, at least technically, dead.

His psyche began to fade. She reached in, lending him her strength. Through telehypnosis, she could force another's limbs to move. Now she used her talent to link their bodies, so that her nervous system drove two hearts, two pairs of lungs, two sets of blood vessels. She swept through his mind, using miniature psi-bolts to disrupt the structures which were rapidly killing him.

Her arms shook. Taking over another's body had never come very easy to her. Now she needed very fine physiological control over an unfamiliar, decidedly male body. At the same time, she had to perform intensive psionic surgery. It wasn't reasonable. She had found her own barriers, and hadn't needed outside help to survive their efforts to kill her. For some reason, Percy was much more fragile.

It took an hour to repair the damage. For most of that time Percy's own nervous system did rather little towards keeping him alive. She could feel the demand on her own strength. It was possible, she realized, that instead of saving his life, she would be dragged under with him. Finally all was done. He peered vaguely up at her, confusion fading rapidly from his mind. She lay back on the sofa, exhausted, her hand resting softly on his.

He finally broke the silence. "I remember what you asked, and what happened afterwards, as though I saw it all through your eyes. You spoke. Everything became very still. That must have been my heart stopping. I fell forward, we knocked heads, and I passed out." He paused for a few moments. "Now I see the blocks; rather, I see their absence. All those coincidences aren't coincidences, not at all."

"I wish I'd kept quiet. I could have killed you. In fact, I did kill you, almost. I had to take over — but you could feel that, couldn't you?"

"Wasn't that dangerous for you?" he asked. "To take over my body for that long? You'd said that controlling another is very demanding."

"It wasn't that hard," she answered wanly, shaking from the strain. She hoped he didn't notice. "Besides, darn it! — there's such a thing as responsibility. I couldn't leave you like that. It was my fault, so I had to bring you back. Even if you were awful stubborn about wanting to stay dead."

"I didn't have to be curious," he volunteered lamely.

"You?" she asked in gleeful surprise. "Not be curious? For your sort, being curious is as natural as breathing."

"By experiment, for me being curious is in fact considerably more natural than breathing." He smiled at his joke. "We are rather alike in that respect."

"Among others. Ummh, some things are better said sooner. I'm afraid I couldn't very well do — what I did — and leave your secrets as private as you might like...ummh, it's not what I like to do to friends, but I'm not good enough to do it another way."

He sat up. Their faces were a few inches apart. "You know," he said, "about bumping heads. I always thought you'd have a real knockout of a kiss — but I hadn't meant it so literally." Pam began a laugh. Percy leaned forward. For a time the room was very still.

Pam and Percy sat on her balcony, leaning back in carefully separated deck chairs. They were lost in thought, oblivious to the rumble of the surf as they tried to unravel the riddle Pam had uncovered.

"Suppose the TPC applied the blocks at birth, so they matured with you?" asked Percy. "No, Zinor's Law is universal. I don't see why the Confederation would geas its whole population. The Senate Ethics Committee wouldn't let them. Or maybe I'm judging from the one committee member I've heard — the mother of that friend of yours, the blonde who kept pretending she wasn't pretty. But how could we persuade the other sentient species to copy us, and mind-bind their own people? Someone would cheat. The Lords of the Dark Ships, for one. Besides, we can hardly communicate with others — the Barlennoi, the elder races — let alone cooperate. He paused in his argument. "At least, I think we can't communicate with them. Or can you?"

A modest blush tinged her cheeks. "I've never tried. Barlennoi don't wander around on planets with oxygen atmospheres. I did link with a Timeless One, once." Percy's eyebrows rose. The Timeless Ones were so alien as to verge on the mythical. "I don't know for how long — we were inside its mindspace, and they really do exist outside time. But I can't imagine persuading Fogfall Silvermist to do anything — they really don't make decisions, as far as I could tell."

"Perhaps the blocks are a natural-law requirement on the evolution of intelligence?"

"If pigs had wings, could they tow the Star Fleet's dirigibles into battle? I suppose it's possible, but I can't see how."

"Perhaps something from outside did it. We don't have the power, but someone else might. Why? If you could do that, conquest would be no problem."

"If you were enormously powerful, you might not want competition," answered Pam. "Or perhaps it's an experiment, to see what happens when a lot of intelligent species compete, without one dominating the rest. You'd need to keep all species technically and intellectually equal. That explains some of the limits."

"But why psi and evolution? Oh, of course. There are no evolutionary antecedents for psi, anywhere in Terran-stock animals. Psi couldn't have evolved in people — there's no starting point. Color vision was a replication mutation, but psi must have been introduced. Perhaps they thought man needed natural telepaths to compete with other species. But if I were making telepaths, I'd make very sure they weren't as strong as me, or that their screens had holes only I could use, or something. That would make them — whoever made the blocks — very dangerous. Even for you, Pam."

"I know, I know. And there are bands that most people ignore, or can't see, or something — ones which go right through any commercial screen. But I can throw a pretty decent shield on any band. At least, any band that I know about." With each word she sounded less sure of herself.

"There might be a more obvious explanation, once we've thought about everything the blocks do," said Percy. "I have to run, though — I have two months off-planet, starting tomorrow morning. Pam, do be careful. I'd miss not seeing you again." He stood, hugged her firmly for a long moment, and left.

* * * * *

The next day found Pam at the University Zoological Gardens. The facilities were closed to the public during holidays, but scientists could be found laboring there around the clock. A month back, she had scheduled an appointment with an expert on sensing; however much she was interested in her new discovery, her term paper was due soon.

Professor McMaster and his assistant, Dr. Crenshaw, were acknowledged experts on the evolution of magnetic field detection. McMaster, a gruff, white-haired man, had apparently concluded from her letter that Pam might possibly be capable of learning something, an ability he clearly did not attribute to most of his colleagues. He talked, occasionally leaving a gap in which a bright student might make a comment and a very bright student might ask a question. Crenshaw stood at Pam's shoulder, noting illustrative examples and clarifying abstruse parallels.

The important part of their conversation over, Pam sketched the rest of her term paper, noting her approach and choice of comparisons. On an impulse, she mentioned telepathy as a field sense which might be studied. As she expected, McMaster listened carefully to her list of five field senses, nodded sagely, and remarked that comparing four senses would be a lot of work — a good indication that she was a promising student.

Dr. Crenshaw, still at her shoulder, peered at her intently. "Miss Morgan, did I hear you mention the evolution of psi? That is really clever. Wherever did you hear the idea?"

"Hear of psi evolution? No place, really. It's the same question I've asked before, applied to one more sense." Pam leaned away from him. Wasn't the block universal? If Crenshaw had heard what she said, she might have put him in danger.

"Where did you hear of the evolution of psi?" Crenshaw repeated. In one corner of her eyes, McMaster sat stock-still, as if unaware of their conversation. Pam suddenly realized that Crenshaw was no longer radiating stray wisps of thought, the way normal people always did. Startled, her mind-shields snapped towards maximum density, to be met by a crushing hammer of psionic force. Her shields shuddered and warped, then re-formed as she set the force of her will behind them. The attack had had lethal power.

Crenshaw wasn't using psi, in the usual sense, at all. It was something not quite visible to her probes, before which her shields were crumbling like a sand castle in high waves. Who was Crenshaw? A conspirator? She reinforced her defenses, then countered with a stiff psi-blast. Crenshaw, she thought, couldn't be shielding himself, not and hold that level of attack. Her blast glanced off a gossamer-thin barrier, something she had scarcely sensed until her own attack set it ringing.

Crenshaw was using bands she had never faced before. Despite her best efforts, her shields were rapidly fraying. She needed time to reorganize her protections. She whirled and planted her elbow, hard, just below his ribs. One of Miralie's former boyfriends, who had had three inches and eighty pounds on her, once complained that Pam confused basketball with full-contact karate. The speed and strength which made her a terror on the boards now came to her rescue. Crenshaw sagged backwards, gasping for breath, his mental barrage momentarily interrupted. Pam dodged out the door. She didn't have a real plan; she just wanted to open the range. She was neither weak nor slow, but Kronos was a civilized planet, on which few people studied hand-to-hand combat. She didn't want to learn if Crenshaw was an exception. Besides, most exotic psi forces travelled poorly. While they stood shoulder to shoulder, Crenshaw had mauled her screens. At twenty or thirty feet, he might be less successful.

Crenshaw followed, carefully keeping a good distance between them. Now her shields could stand up to his attacks. His shields, however, were impervious to everything she could muster. She fled before him, noting that he had control over most of the airlocks and fire doors. Her graduate student ID would open some of them, but he gradually herded her into a particular quadrant of the zoo. She was prepared to accept his plans, at least so long as they moved closer to an outer wall. Once outside, Crenshaw would find her much more difficult to corner. In the long run, being hunted by the secret overlords of civilization — or whatever they were — sounded unfortunate. In the short term, her subconscious needed time to identify the flaws in Crenshaw's protections.

How had she found a conspirator so quickly? Were they that common? In retrospect, the answer was obvious. The mind-bindings were not completely infallible. Whoever did the binding needed agents to spot the unbound. They could make random searches, but there was a simpler way. Anyone who realized that telepathy had evolved, Zinor was wrong, or whatever, would soon show up at a good research facility with his discovery. There, waiting in editorial offices and scientific laboratories, would be Crenshaw's friends, lurking like spiders until an innocent blundered into their outflung web. Indeed, her near-photographic memory reminded her, perhaps once a year there came an announcement of a new super-fast star drive. Equally regularly, the discoverer proved to be a crackpot who faded so completely from sight that he could not later be found.

She was puzzled by Crenshaw's limited range of methods. He remained fifty paces behind her, too far away for his attacks to disrupt her screens. They ran by busy laboratories, whose workers stood in paralyzed silence while they passed. If she had been in Crenshaw's position, she could have used mind-control methods to turn the workers into a mob of pursuers. Crenshaw simply froze their minds for a few instants, so that none were aware of her flight. Perhaps Crenshaw was not such a fool, she reflected; a lynching would be very hard to explain to Campus Security.

A particularly long straight corridor brought her to a stairway leading up. The markings indicated a ground exit. Pam dashed up and outside, to be greeted by rolling parkland planted with unfamiliar bushes and shrubs. Where was she? Her probes reached out, finding mechanical psi-screens in the distance. Was this really a park? Crenshaw had closed a barrier across the stairs behind her. An interrogatory shove suggested a blast wall, not something she could break. She shifted to one of the more exotic psi bands, an effort that left her sweating, and slipped through the screens around the park. There was no one that she could reach. Crenshaw had put everyone in the complex — perhaps a hundred people — to sleep. The zoo's external screens were too good for her to penetrate quickly. Of course, she reflected, she had slipped a few ideas on their weaknesses into the zoo director's subconscious. The zoo might not worry about creatures which lured their prey by psi methods, but she did. She found someone whose memories identified her whereabouts. Her heart sank. Crenshaw had lured her into the pen of a cthulwaul, one of the nastier predators known to the Confederation.

She wasted a few moments cursing her lack of good sense. The warning holograms had been turned off, so nothing had appeared on the stairway. In a hero tale, she would have read the necessary minds while she ran, using local knowledge to pick her route rather than walking into Crenshaw's trap. She had instead spent her time trying to break his screens. In a hero tale, though, her elbow to the ribs would have killed him instantly, sparing her the chase scene. She wasn't a fabulous heroine, she reminded herself, she was just a physically fit graduate student who happened to read minds. At the moment, none of those attributes seemed likely to help her.

Pam shrugged and searched out those who knew the beast's habits. She found many facts, most discouraging. The cthulwaul was a massive ball of red fur, looking much like a small child's toy except for its rows of fangs, claws, and voracious appetite. The beast was a tracking hunter, carefully penned behind thornbushes and reinforced concrete walls. The thornbushes were impassable to humans without powered body armor — which was the only safe form of clothing inside the pen. The real cage was based on perfume, though, not steel. Cthulwauls were rigidly territorial, sharing neutral land only during adolescence. An adult female cthulwaul never entered another's territory, and similarly for males. Appropriate scents, sprayed around the enclosure's perimeter, left the beast unable to conceive of passing beyond the thornbushes.

She peered through a guard's unseeing eye. Crenshaw had neutralized the enclosure's security system. The beast would hunt her, but even when it ate, the computer banks would note nothing unusual. Pam started for one edge of the enclosure. With time, "impassable" plant barriers might be passed.

Crenshaw, now lurking behind the thornbushes, watched with elation. It had been a long time since he had hunted. Too long! After he had disposed of the prey, he would have to check her acquaintances, though it was nearly mathematically certain that none of them would be aware of her discovery. In many ways she was a splendid specimen, as defined by the Great Plan, but there was no alternative to deleting psi talents whose geases became defective. Fortunately, as foreseen by The Planner, psi could be relied upon to strengthen the bindings. In any event, the cthulwaul's blood lust and the girl's terror would be heady wines, upon which he would soon feast.

Pam's psi attacks had cascaded intermittently off his shields. The most she could do was to cloud his second sight, creating a thin haze like streamers of fog rising off a pond on an autumn evening. His own powers ensured that Pam's psionic calls for help, if she ever made any, would pass unheard. No external interference was possible. The fear of ultimate loneliness nibbled at the edges of Pam's thoughts, not quite distracting her from the crisis at hand.

The cthulwaul sniffed the air. It smelled a new type of food. The novelty aroused first interest, then hunger. The cthulwaul began its hunt. Its loping canter had a pace many human runners would have envied. Pam marked its speed, then scrambled away. She could keep ahead of it for a couple of hours, at least if she stayed on flat open ground.

A gossamer curtain of Crenshaw's not-psi force now swathed both the beast and its pen, keeping her from controlling the beast or reaching the outside world. Reaching the outside was pointless. If she couldn't fight Crenshaw, any psi she summoned would share her fate.

What could she do? Her mindscreen blocked Crenshaw's own psi attacks. As a zoo-keeper, Crenshaw might have access to firearms. No, the zoo, like the local police, relied on StarFleet Marines for weapons support. That left her facing a cthulwaul, and Crenshaw afterwards. Pam had concluded that Crenshaw had supreme confidence in his abilities. He wanted her to die without creating questions; the cthulwaul was a convenient tool. What, she asked herself, could be less suspicious than an overzealous grad student who broke a few safety rules to pursue her research project? It would be a shame that the security system had failed, but it would have been unethical to design a system to cope with people who deliberately overrode its operation. Even Pam, who had learned the mind-sets of a dozen alien species, shared the Confederation prejudice against obstructing evolution. Inquirers who knew Pam had psi talents could be told that a hunting cthulwaul was sometimes probe-immune.

As she ran, she made a long series of psi experiments, carefully masked from Crenshaw's eye, on the predator. Crenshaw was not terribly observant, but his interference was terribly strong. Pam could find the beast's memories of other hunts, the sun's warming glow, the solitary adolescent trying to steal territory. She could create momentary illusions within the cthulwaul's mind. It might briefly be convinced that it faced a wall, a grove of trees, or another prey animal. She tried to use the beast as a living battering ram against the thornbushes. She couldn't do it. She could lure the beast toward the bushes, but they were protected by the odor of other adult cthulwauls, marking them as part of other cthulwauls' territories. And adult cthulwauls respected each other's boundaries. She couldn't, she found, keep the cthulwaul from smelling something which was really there, such as herself, not while Crenshaw shielded the beast.

She continued to run, her predator a moderate distance behind her. She dared not lead the beast by too much, lest it cut towards the center of the cage, where it could keep pace with her while forcing her to run faster than it did. Crenshaw used the transport tubes to keep even with her, always staying a safe ten or fifteen yards on the other side of the thornbushes. She could sense his probes around her, but he never attacked. Either he wanted nature to take its course, or the effective range of his powers was very small. She had the range to hit him, not that it did any good. Her heaviest psi-bolts, the summoning of which felt like fine lines of fire being drawn under her skin, didn't even dent his shields.

Pam was tiring. Her ribs hurt; her breath came in gasps. Her jacket, now sodden with sweat, was tied around her waist. The perimeter of the compound was eight or more miles long; she had completed its circuit more than once. Her watch said that less than an hour had passed since Crenshaw had lured her into the pen.

Crenshaw, she noticed, was very predictable. He always stood exactly in front of a transport tube, ready to follow after she passed. When she reached the next tube, she slowed and hung her jacket over a thornbush. She pretended

to cry, as though she had abandoned hope and preferred to wait for her death. Crenshaw's not-psi mind-probes flickered against her hair, drinking in the emotions she supplied. Why? Was he some sort of vampire, who supped on terror rather than blood? Or did he hope that her screens would collapse as she died, so that he could learn who else knew her secrets? She had prepared herself for that grim contingency, readying herself to move out-of-body and destroy her memories. Even without Crenshaw's interference, she would survive discorporation only for a few seconds, but she could and would ensure that when her shields followed her psyche into nothingness, no damaging references to Percival Summers remained behind her.

The cthulwaul loped into view, stopped, and began a deliberate stalk, one foot moving noiselessly after the next. Its tail whipped back and forth. Her resting place put the breeze on her back; to a cthulwaul nose, her woolen jacket — and perhaps the rest of her, she thought — gave the place an acrid stench.

She lashed out at Crenshaw, hitting him with the hardest psi-blasts she could muster, then shifted away from normal human psi bands. Crenshaw's screens seemed to be softer there. Crenshaw recoiled in startlement. As he did, she tickled one of the cthulwaul's memories. The cthulwaul glared. There, beyond the interesting food, just beyond the bushes, was another cthulwaul. An adolescent. From the scent, the adolescent was challenging for territory.

The cthulwaul screamed in blinding-white rage. It could smell the adolescent's challenge. The fragrance was the one the real cthulwaul had used, many years ago, when it first took territory. The cthulwaul heard the adolescent roar a response. The cthulwaul attacked.

Pam threw herself to the side. The creature's delicate nose registered a slight scent of another adult cthulwaul, almost masked by the hideous reek of a human, and the undeniable odor of a challenger. The challenge could not be tolerated. The stripling had to be destroyed, annihilated, obliterated! — even if it meant a brief trespass on the grounds of another adult. No other choice could be imagined. Bellowing with hatred, the cthulwaul crashed into the brush.

Pam held her attacks focused against Crenshaw. She couldn't break his psi-screens, but she had to blind him until it was too late for him to run. When the cthulwaul charged, she swaddled the creature in her own mind-screens. Crenshaw had kept her from controlling the cthulwaul. For a few moments, she would try to return the favor.

Crenshaw saw the beast trample down the shrubbery. He felt an instant of terror. "Die!" he commanded. He lashed out against the creature with a vitriolic stream of not-psi energy. Unprotected, the beast would have fallen in its tracks. Most human psis, Pam reflected, would have been little better off. Crenshaw's command crashed into Pam's shields, lovingly wrapped around the predator. She shuddered at the impact. Layer after layer of screen vanished, burned away like tissue paper before a torrent of ravaging flame. Her vision faded into a red haze. She had a fair notion of her endurance, of how hard she could drive before she risked killing herself; she was well beyond that limit. Crenshaw's barrage vanished in a crunch of fang and bone. Pam tried to scan Crenshaw's vanishing memories, then bound the beast to forget that more food lay on the ground behind it. Having reached the limit of her strength, she sank limply into the grass.

The monitors outside the enclosure dutifully noted the presence of an escaped animal, and summoned Security. By the time the robots arrived, only a detailed biochemical analysis of the cthulwaul's stomach would have revealed whether or not Crenshaw had been human. Pam knew better; the form might have been human, with a camouflage of social graces, but the underlying mind-set was that of a shark in feeding frenzy. Of Crenshaw's superiors, Pam had glimpsed only reverential invocations of The Great Plan. It appeared, though, that Crenshaw had not informed his superiors of her existence. For her to sit still and keep quiet was the best way to ensure that they did not suspect his death was other than an accident.

Pam's own interrogators were entirely willing to accept her confused explanation of the afternoon's events. While it was hard to believe that Crenshaw had assured her that the pen was safe, no other explanation was apparent. If Crenshaw's people made their own investigation, Pam missed the traces.

The next weekend, the semester completed, Pam, house-mates, and friends sat on the bungalow's patio, watching the moons sink into the ocean. Pam was content to let the others talk. The crash of breaking waves came faintly to her ears. She peered up into the starstream, her thoughts leaving her companions far behind. To her housemates and their boyfriends, the stars were open, infinite, promising an unlimited future for mankind. She alone had glimpsed the invisible bars across the constellations.

$$E=MC^2$$

(THE ~~EASTERN~~ ^{CHOCOLATE} MISSOURI CONVENTION CORP.)
PRESENTS

SAINT LOUIS CON²

IT ALL
ADDS UP!

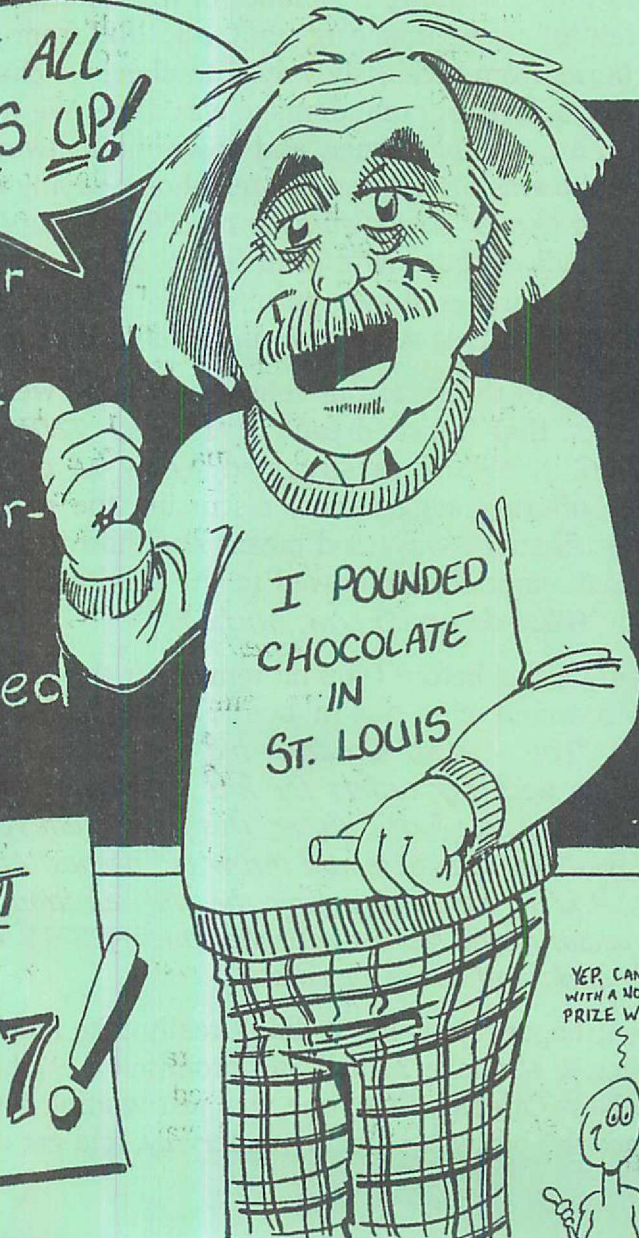
$$E = mc^2$$

E = Everything under
one roof

m = Midwestern hospit-
ality

c = Convention exper-
ience

c = Centrally located

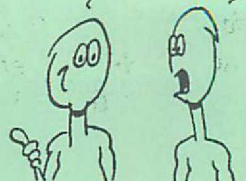


76.21.01.05

It's ONLY SMART
TO VOTE
St Louis IN '97!

YEP, CAN'T ARGUE
WITH A NOBEL
PRIZE WINNER...

CAPTAIN
KANGAROO
HAS A NOBEL
PRIZE?



THE ST. LOUIS IN '97 WORLDCON BID

How It All Began

One day, a group of happy, contented fans were sitting around doing fannish things (talking about computers, model railroads, guns, bashing politicians, etc. - all the typical sf/fnal recreations). We were cheerful, knew what we were going to do next (have another beer or diet coke, and another carton of Twinkies), and actually had money in our pockets.

Little did we happy fen realize that our idyllic existence was soon to be shattered forever, that a dark cloud was already looming over us. Nor did the peacefulness dissipate a little at a time, unfortunately for our tender souls; it was blown out of existence with a short, shocking pronouncement by Michelle Zellich. Sitting bolt upright from her recumbent, Twinkie-ingesting position, she suddenly said *"Hey, gang! Let's put on a Worldcon!"*

There was a stunned silence as she left the room, and then a brief madhouse flurry of activity as we all simultaneously tried to grasp ropes, torches, pitchforks and gather ourselves into a working semblance of the traditional mob of peasants. Sorting ourselves out, a few of us whimpering *"ow, ow, ow"* from neighborly pitchfork stabs and third degree burns from recklessly-waved torches, we chased after Michelle in a futile attempt to stop her before any real damage was done. We ran howling through the library, down the stairs, around the corner, and down the hallway screaming for her blood, but it was too late. She was already on the telephone, saying to someone on the other end *"So the Convention Center is available for the 1997 Labor Day weekend? That's great; we'll take it!"* In the face of that awful incantation, our resolve weakened, our ropes and pitchforks drooped, the torches slowly guttered out, and we sank to the floor moaning...the spell had been cast and we were now under its terrible influence.

As we began to return to our senses, we found we had shambled into a rough circle and had begun that most dread of rituals, *THE BID ORGANIZING COMMITTEE MEETING*. Some of us struggled feebly to escape, but it was no use. We found ourselves offering suggestions, discussing the merits of different hotel properties, bid strategies, financial ways and means and, horror of horrors, actually donating money! As our pockets emptied, we bowed to the inevitable, turned to She Who Must Be Obeyed, and said *"What do we do now, Michelle?"*

Having done this before (you all remember the 1988 Worldcon bid, don't you? "The year of ten thousand bids and a boat"?), she hesitated not a moment but pointed, and directed: *"You - artist! Go draw bid artwork. You! Contact the hotels and secure their compliance with my orders for lots of rooms. You! Come with me and open a bank account for all this loot - uh, er, this paltry sum you have all donated to the cause. The rest of you! Get out there and throw bid parties! And when you're done, throw more bid parties. And to assure bringing the site selection voters under our power, I give you these special magic tablets with the runes NESTLE engraved upon them - 10-pound slabs of milk, dark, and white chocolate."*

And so, it began. Actually, it didn't really take much to talk everybody into it, especially since Rich & Michelle Zellich had promised a '97 bid immediately upon losing the 1988 race to New Orleans. Everyone was just waiting for the other shoe to drop so we could announce the bid was officially underway, and get on with it.

Where We Are, And What We Have For You When You Get Here

People ask us why we're bidding St. Louis for a Worldcon (chorus: *"It's all Michelle's fault!"*). Well, when you start looking at the city, you find that we're centrally located for the entire North American continent, we're located at an Interstate highway hub, Lambert International Airport is a major passenger hub with direct flights from all major cities, including several overseas flights and, if you really want to, you can also get here by train, bus, or riverboat. If you fly in, you can take MetroLink from the airport to downtown for a dollar. You can also walk from the airport to downtown for free but, hey, it's 15 miles; let yourself go, and spend the buck - if you go all the way downtown, you get to see the old underground stone railway tunnels, too.

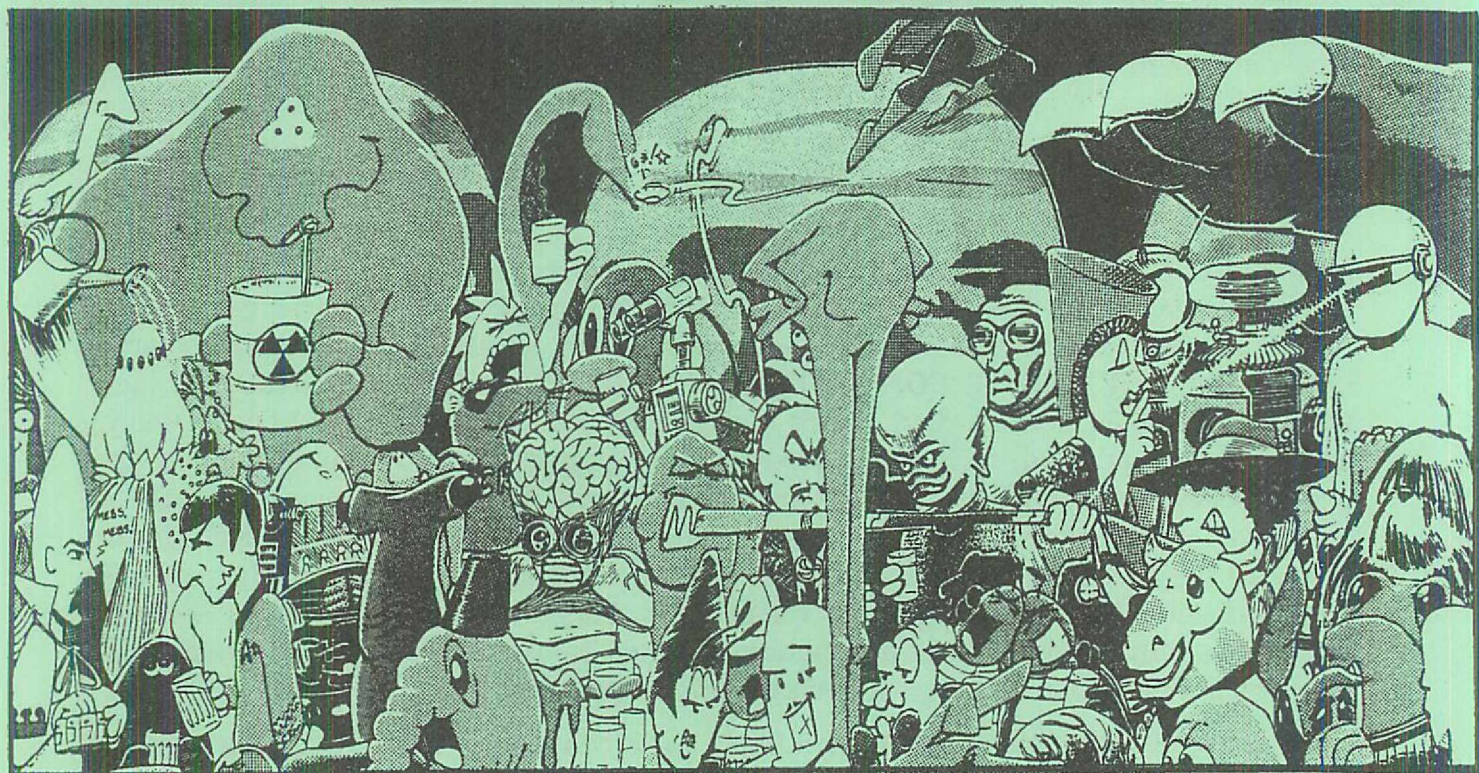
Once you get here, you'll find that the metropolitan area has anything your little touristy heart desires: Museums, an outdoor operetta theater, one of the largest wooded city parks in the country, one of our nation's finest zoos, a planetarium and science center, the Mississippi riverfront (due to the city charter, all these attractions are *free*), theaters, a major symphony, zillions of restaurants - especially Italian ones, nightlife, breweries (two micro-breweries in addition to Anheuser-Busch), the home of Rock & Roll Beer (Blueberry Hill, with probably the best Elvis, jukebox, and R&R memorabilia collection of any restaurant/R&R club/darts pub in the country), whole nearby towns full of wineries (just ask the St. Louis Science Fiction Society - *"wine trips our specialty"*), ferries, riverboat gambling, baseball, the Bowling Hall of Fame, a Dog Museum, a Wax Museum (when we visited, we found out it's really made out of brick - apparently you shouldn't believe advertising), historical houses, two active archeological digs (one indian mound site, and one with dinosaur bones) and the home of the Anheuser-Busch Clydesdales (just ask the St. Louis Science Fiction Society - *"beer trips our specialty"*). Oh, yeah - and something called "the Arch".

If you're not interested in touring the city and surrounding area, but only in the convention facilities, then you'll want to know that we have more than enough hotel rooms in the immediate downtown area to hold all expected attendees and, more importantly, **THE ENTIRE CONVENTION WILL BE HELD IN ONE BUILDING** (and we will have it 24 hours a day). There is over a half-million square feet of hall, lobby, and meeting space and, for Hugo Awards and masquerade, there is ramped seating for 8,000 (*everybody* will get a seat, and *nobody* will have to look at the back of somebody else's head instead of the stage). The dealers and exhibitors will have drive-in access to the Dealers Room and the Standing Exhibits area, and we don't anticipate any problems with unions (the Board President of St. Louis Science Fiction, Ltd., Archon's corporate parent, does contract negotiations for the Teamsters). For the HOGU Ranquet, we suggest the McDonald's riverboat on the Mississippi riverfront.

Hotel rates are especially good news; sample 1993 convention rates quoted by eight of our eleven hotels range from \$52 at the Days Inn at the Arch to \$85 at the Holiday Inn Riverfront and the Hyatt Regency Union Station. The three more expensive hotels are the Drury Inn at the Arch, quoted at \$100 for 1993 (but we believe their rates will be lower than that for a Labor Day convention), \$95-105 at the Embassy Suites, and \$110-\$125 at the Adam's Mark, the most expensive hotel in the metro area. There may be a new casino hotel on Laclede's Landing by 1997, too, but we'll believe it when we see it ourselves. Parking is plentiful downtown, and quite cheap compared to most major cities (try \$4.50 for all-day parking right downtown); hotels currently run a maximum of \$9/day in the core downtown area.

One of the largest indoor malls in North America is a block away and there is another large upscale mall in the Hyatt Regency Union Station, 24-hour grocery stores are nearby (grocery stores sell beer, wine, and liquor in Missouri), and restaurants of all types and prices are within walking distance (including the 5-star Tony's; there are three White Castle's nearby, too, but only one of them is close enough to even *think* about walking to for most people). The Laclede's Landing historical/restaurant/entertainment district and the Mississippi riverfront are a short walk (or one MetroLink stop) east of the Convention Center; fans will especially appreciate The Old Spaghetti Factory and McDonald's riverboat restaurants.

WHO'S COMING TO ST. LOUIS IN '97?



Bi-State Transit operates buses until midnight, and the MetroLink light rail system runs from the Airport to downtown, and from there to Laclede's Landing and across the river to Illinois (with a stop by one of the gambling boats); the MetroLink fare is a dollar end-to-end, and is free downtown from 10:00am to 3:00pm. Our current plans are to run a pair of chartered handicap-equipped buses endlessly up and down the two one-way streets connecting the Convention Center on the north end of downtown and the farthest hotels on the south end by Busch Stadium; this is close enough to walk for most people, most of the time, but a Worldcon takes a lot out of a fan, and some people need assistance for even short distances.

Who We Are

We started with Rich & Michelle, the '88 bid co-chairs, added Les Haven to make it a tri-chair (the three people who have chaired, or co-chaired the last 7 Archons), and then drafted a large part of the rest of St. Louis convention-running fandom for what is essentially a formless committee of the whole. Everybody's job title is "party thrower and proselytizer" for the moment; this will all automagically transform into a coherent structure come the winning of the bid (the 3 permanent Board members of the Eastern Missouri Convention Corporation (EMC²) will each head a Directorate, and the usual Division/Department structure will be under the Directorates for Administration, Finance, and Operations).

We have the majority of the current and past chairpersons and department heads of the three regular St. Louis conventions (Archon, NameThatCon, and Conflation) and a fair-sized contingent of the rest of the St. Louis fan community, including representation from both the St. Louis and St. Charles SF clubs, the local chapter of the Costumers Guild, the St. Louis Animation Society, two Starfleet groups, and the Dr. Who club. And one person from Wichita.

For those who aren't familiar with our conventions, Archon has an attendance highwater mark of 1,950, runs 6 or more simultaneous tracks of programing in addition to multiple around-the-clock gaming rooms, 2 or 3 video rooms (also 24-hour), a separate track of children's programing including the Children's Masquerade, a 60-65 table Dealer's Room, an 80-panel art show with Resale Shop and Print Shop, and one of the best masquerades in the midwest, if not anywhere. NameThatCon is a smaller con, deliberately kept that way, with an attendance of around 500. Conflation is a much smaller convention that has taken over the niche vacated by Czarkon, the original "adult relaxacon".

In addition to the St. Louis metro area fans, at the last Chicon a wider group of convention-running fans formed the Tri-State Fan Alliance, pledged to support each other's conventions and both the St. Louis in '97 and Kansas City in 2000 Worldcon bids. The Alliance was composed of the entire "I-70 con corridor" of conventions (Archon, NameThatCon, and Czarkon (now replaced by Conflation) in St. Louis, Contemplation in Columbia, and ConQuest and Contraception in Kansas City), plus NeoCon in Wichita and SoonerCon in Oklahoma City. Since that time, the Kansas City group has decided that since they also have good friends on the competing San Antonio in '97 bid committee, they should not officially support either bid. St. Louis still officially supports the *KC in 2K* bid, though.

For those who like to see actual names, here's most of the current Committee:

Michelle Zellich

Mary Broughton
Kathy Burkhart
Roy Burkhart
Maureen Davis
Randy Davis
Mike Evans
Doug Glenn
Kay Goode
Ron Henley

Rich Zellich

Jim Knappenberger
Joan Mri Knappenberger
Bruce Mai
Nora Mai
Cheryl Medley
Camuolyn "Sam" Nickelberry
John Novak
Charlotte Phelps
Dave Phelps

Les Haven

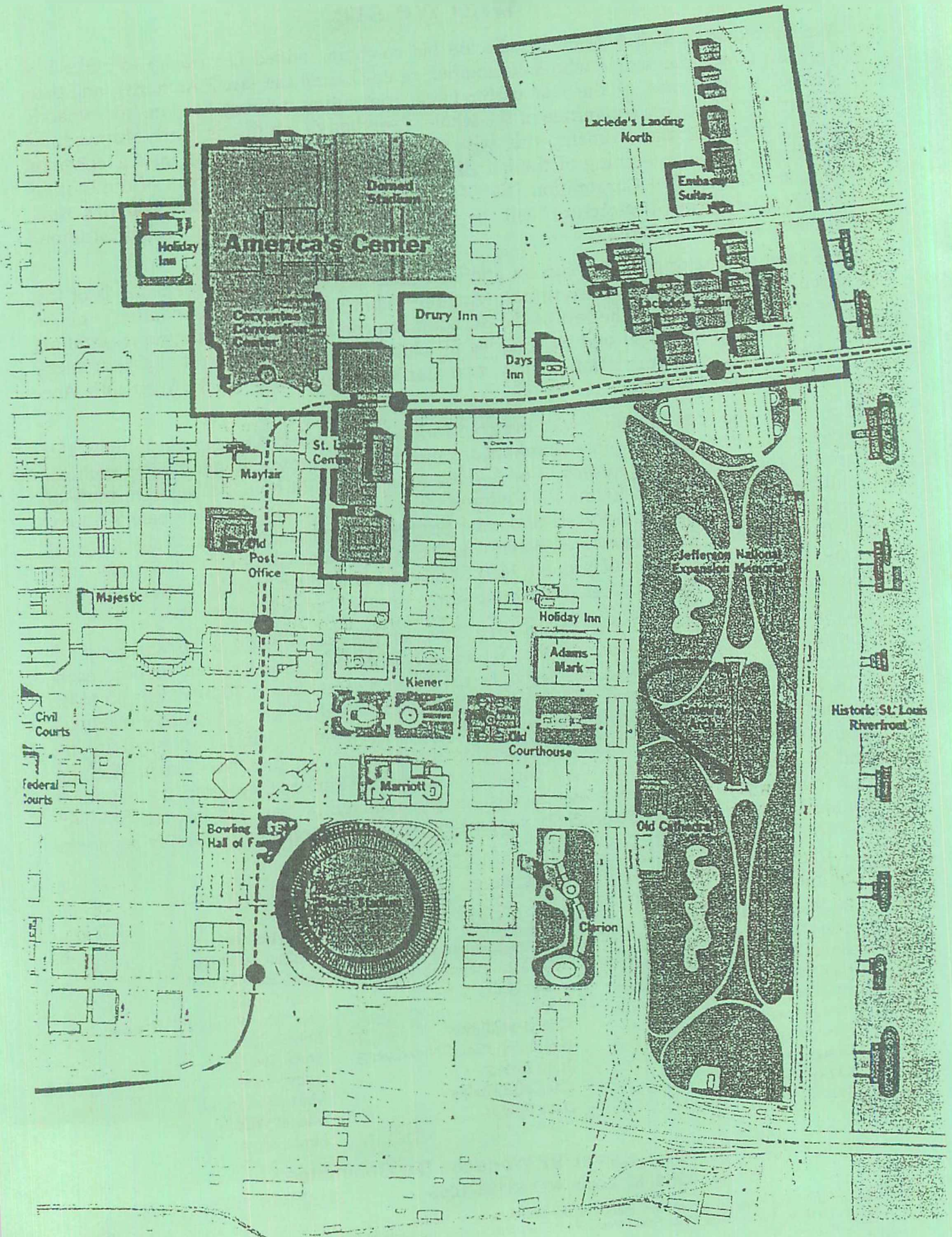
JoEllen Potchen
Mark Rowley
Sean Sendlein
Jon "Mr. Wonderful" Stadter
Bob Stoltzman
Steve Swope
Roger Tener
Marie Willbrand
Michel Wilson
Linda Zang

St. Louis in '97 Worldcon Bid Committee

PO Box 1058, St. Louis, MO 63188-1058

(314) FAN-3026

Worldcon and Hugo Award are service marks of the World Science Fiction Society, an unincorporated literary society, HOGU Ranquet is a disservice mark of Elliot "Elst" Weinstein and co-conspirators, the State of Missouri says "St. Louis" more-or-less belongs to the City of St. Louis, and most of the rest of the preceding words were plagiarized from Webster's II New Riverside University Dictionary by Rich Zellich. Artwork by Jon "Mr. Wonderful" Stadter.



March 10, 1994

Dear Kenneth:

I felt a bit dazed when I'd finished reading "Crosstime Bus" because of the large cast of characters and the variety of things that were going on from time to time. However, I enjoyed it and I suspect it would work very well as the basis for a movie, even though I gather from the editorial that it has been enacted only in a non-staged version for voices alone. [Joe Mayhew has done at least two other plays that have been performed on stage in the Washington DC area. Write to him if you are interested. KK]

Any time now, a fanzine will appear with a report on the most recent Worldcon that establishes a new modern record for the most number of pages written and published in fanzines about that event. It could be that Leslie Turek and Evelyn Leeper have already surpassed in *PB 31* the previous records. I can't figure out why the event in San Francisco has resulted in so many long reports in an era when most recent Worldcons haven't been very thoroughly chronicled. Nothing really sensational happened this past September to inspire wordage. It's possible that the large amounts of sightseeing that so many convention attendees indulged in inspired them to write conreports; most Worldcons keep fans closer to the hotels from start to end than ConFrancisco did.

I hope the committees for the next Worldcons see all these reports and pay attention to the matters on which their writers reached consensus: for instance, the praise Leslie gave the pocket program has figured in a number of other narratives about the 1993 Worldcon, so it might be a good model for those in charge of the publication in the future.

"On Rereading Heinlein" should be useful to neofans who are just discovering his writings and it might also appeal to older fans by reminding them they've overlooked one or more of the Heinlein novels and collections. I don't suppose identical ratings would result if someone polled 500 fans on which Heinlein stories are great, which are mediocre, and which are bad. Every listing would undoubtedly differ from all the others in at least one or two places. I do detect in Jim Mann's article and in other places that there is a slight softening nowadays in the previous hard-core dislike of the last Heinlein novels.

The Leepers may have produced the longest fanzine conreport in recent years. It's particularly valuable for the coverage of so many of the panels. Their summaries are undoubtedly the only place in which some of the panels will ever find their way into the lasting usefulness of print. The only suggestion I might venture would consist of a preference for more careful attribution of opinions expressed in these summaries. I know it's almost impossible to identify the creator of questions or comments from the audience in some instances. But when statements of one or more panelists are paraphrased, there should be more specific attribution than "panelists" or "several panelists." Sometimes it's difficult to be sure if several successive sentences are the opinions of the writer or of panelists.

I could quibble with some matters in the panel summaries. Charles Dickens sent a fictional character into the past long before Mark Twain, in *A Christmas Carol*, which may also be one of the earliest places where there's speculation on alternative futures. I imagine Mark Twain has been a character in modern fantasy and science fiction stories so often because writers imitate one another and some writers find it too much of a strain to think up the gimmick of using some other famous author for this purpose. I don't think *Happy Days* could have had the attitudes of the 1980's because it ran on television mainly in the 1970's. There were pot smoking and free love in 1951. I'm not sure much of the data available today will survive into the far distant future because so much of it is on computer disks whose magnetic impulses will gradually weaken and there is some reason to believe that CD storage of data won't survive indefinitely.

No matter where syphilis originated, the American Indians got plenty of revenge for whatever deaths they suffered from diseases imported by the white explorers. The tobacco they taught Europeans to smoke has killed far more people than the entire probable Indian population of present-day United States territory at the time of Columbus.

You have achieved something you may not have realized: by publishing a 31st issue, you've broken a mysterious barrier that has caused quite a few good fanzines to suspend publication after their 30th issues. (I think it may be a racial memory influence created by the old habit of putting 30 at the end of a manuscript to indicate that's the last line; the numeral may have given some fanzine editors the delusion that they can't publish after the big thirty has appeared.)

I think it's a very fine thing that MCFI did to produce those videotapes involving the latest Boston Worldcon. All the hassles over masquerade seating, slowness, and other problems each year might eventually persuade everyone to enjoy it and wait for the Worldcon committee to produce a tape that permits enjoying it in comfort.

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

Dear Helmuth and the gang:

The substantial presence in fandom that objects to histories, organizations, structures, and other appurtenances of order puts forth such arguments as "I don't want anything like that, it would drive out all the spontaneity and put us in the power of the control freaks. I want to have the enjoyment of making all my mistakes by myself and feeling that I'm doing something for the first time." Then they go on wanting specialized tracks at Worldcon for their own special diverse interests. ("Let's split the Garden Track into a Kitchen Garden Track, a Show Garden Track, and a Japanese Garden Track.") Which entails a larger con, requiring close financial controls, larger meeting spaces which require serious negotiations with hotel managements, and longer planning to accommodate all that, which in its turn leads to long-term bidding efforts. To get this requires more control and planning, not to mention having to endure Robert Sacks at the Business Meeting.

Still, the *Wall Street Journal* article on filk (November 1, 1993) did make the point that "Worldcon is the only convention of its size to be run entirely by volunteers." We ought to be proud of that spontaneous order.

I can see where there might be problems with the retrospective Hugos (the proposal to allow Worldcons to award Hugos for work 50, 75, and/or 100 years ago). LA in '96 would like to award the Pacificon Hugos. Will this be done by a vote of the members, most of whom will have no idea of even what was published in 1945? Or will this be done by a special jury, willing to take immense amounts of criticism from those who were too busy at the time to take part but could have made a better choice in a moment if they had had the time? [If it passes, it'll be by vote of the members. GF]

Of course, if all the good costumes, and all the costumers, are going off to the costume cons, that will mean a slight abatement in Worldcon attendance. But how long will they stand only showing off to each other?

[Joseph, please do better in indicating what you are commenting on. I think these are all comments on Leslie Turek's ConFrancisco report, but I am not sure. KK]

On the basis of my substantial effort in commenting on Heinlein's juveniles (right now I am in the middle of *Starman Jones*), I will note Jim Mann's effort. Really, I have no serious disagreement with his rankings. Well, maybe in details.

The biggest problem I have with the two favorites he had already reread, *Double Star* and *Citizen of the Galaxy*, is space. Heinlein had to skim over the surface of the political maneuverings in *Double Star*. He had some acquaintance with such political maneuverings, as *Take Back Your Government* and his short story "A Bathroom of Her Own" indicate. Had he had the space to do so, discussing the coalition-building in *Double Star* could have been usefully added; he certainly could have kept it from degenerating into politician-talk.

As for *Citizen of the Galaxy*, here Heinlein builds not one, but four detailed societies, all the while describing in bitter and moving detail the maturation of a child born of troubles and finally enabled to do something about it. The book is more connected than some people think. Again, given the special constraints of fifties book publishing in general and juveniles in particular, the book could have usefully been longer.

As for Mann's current rereadings, several of the juveniles particularly run into the problem of that 70,000-word straitjacket. (I note the comment that the endings of *Starman Jones* and *Time for the Stars* seem to be slapped on. *Tunnel in the Sky* is even worse in that regard.) Algis Budrys shares his opinion about the interesting first half and unfocused second half of *Stranger in a Strange Land*, and said so in a review that was never published. And I recall Darrell Schweitzer saying that *The Cat Who Walks Through Walls* would have been much improved if someone had been able to say to Heinlein, "Cut out all this stuff about Lazarus Long and Co. and carry on in the style of the first two thirds of the book," again like Mann.

Evelyn C. Leeper has done a great service in publicizing NESFA's side of the Cordwainer Smith issue. So many people react solely to Ellison, pro and con, that often the things he gets involved with are not considered.

One of the essays in Sir J. C. Squires's *If: or, History Rewritten*, the first alternate-history anthology, and containing Winston Churchill's science fiction story "If Lee Had Not Won the Battle of Gettysburg," is on the topic of "If the Emperor Frederick Had Not Had Cancer." In a nice historical joke, it ends up with Kaiser Friedrich III dying in a contented old age in a peaceful Europe on August 2, 1914, so the Guns of August are funeral salutes.

On the panel on "Books You Should Read," I find Frederick Forsyth's *The Odessa File* to be a far better post-Holocaust novel than Leon Uris's *Exodus*, which declines into turgid anti-Arab polemics and stereotypes (presenting Arabs as they really are would have its own kind of grimness).

Best wishes to you all.

Nāmarië, Joseph T Major

February 19, 1994

Dear Kenneth,

It has been a good number of years since I attended an SF con, and I was wondering if fandom has attracted more disabled fans to them. I can recall at U-Mass-Boston's Disabled Student Center the number of people who were fans. And those of us who make use of technology to be more independent are certainly examples of individuals living in a science fiction world. Things have changed for the better for disabled Americans since I was a kid back in the '50s. [It is not unusual to see Ed Meskys with his seeing-eye dog at Boskone, and I have seen others who needed assistance getting around as well. In addition, I have had discussions with two people who relied on lip reading to have their conversation with me. Exactly how many disabled fans is not counted, but I believe that most conventions do try to make any reasonable requests possible. Now that Boskone is back in one hotel, it is much easier for those with mobility problems to get to the whole convention. In addition, with the advances in technology more conventions are doing recording. You may have noticed last issue, "Crosstime Bus" is available on audio tape. In the NESFA library are the recording of the interview of C. J. Cherry, by Tom Clareson done at Boskone 24 and the video of the GOH speeches of Boskone 28. I expect this to increase with time. KK]

While SF is worthy of academic and literary attention, I would still not want to see the genre trying for literary respectability. I was an English major, and some of the courses which I took were enlightening and fun. However, I was aware of the snobbery toward "low brow" literary genres such as science fiction, horror, mystery, and westerns. In addition, what examples were studied, got scrutinized for mainstream and literary correctness. Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* got considered as a "feminist" work of literature. Probably the only Heinlein that was ever assigned and read was *Stranger in a Strange Land*. Never mind ever taking a peek at *Double Star* or *Time for the Stars*. I always thought that too much critical analysis can destroy enjoyment of any novel or short story, whether science fiction or mainstream. [Things have changed a lot. Not only are there courses on science fiction, some colleges have ones on specific sf authors. With sf appearing on the *New York Times* best seller list, sf has become almost a part of mainstream fiction. I believe that it is only the science fiction fans that keep our genre apart and special to us. Keeping with our history of being different and the closeness that has been a part of sf fandom both past and present, we want to stay separate. KK]

Sincerely, Ray Bowie

[I had written to Harry Andruschak about doing an article on the fan Hugos. Since he thought he had missed the deadline, he just sent me a letter, which is very condensed below. KK]

4 February, 1994

Dear Kenneth:

I will be voting *The 1993 New Moon Directory* for best non-fiction book. This is an impressive annual effort to catalog all the active apas in fandom. And yes, I consider it a book, not a magazine. At 88 bound pages it is a bargain. (It cost only \$4.25. Write to Eric Watts, 346 Carpenter Drive #51, Atlanta, GA 30328-5030.)

For Best Dramatic Presentation I plan on nominating *The Nightmare Before Christmas*.

Best fanzine has had a history of what kind of fanzine should be considered "best," with the two main categories being "sercon" and "faanish." Nowadays there is a great gulf separating the two schools of thought. One has only to read Ted White's comments in *Blat!* #2 about George Laskowski winning the Hugo for his zine *Lan's Lantern* to see what I mean.

How about "thought-provoking"? This leads me to my 1994 nomination, *Fuck the Tories* by Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas (15 Janson Road, Tottenham, London, N15 5HQ, United Kingdom, available for "the usual" or 2 pounds sterling). Sneered at by some American fans as a "politically correct fanzine," it is far more accurately described as a "politically aware fanzine." Even if you do not agree with the editors, and I don't some of the time, they still produce a fanzine that is worth reading, makes you think, and is a far cry from the faaanish style of "cafe fandom writing."

As I cast my memory back over 1993, no one writer sticks out among the group of fans I enjoy reading. But, Harry Warner Jr. has been a calm fixture in fandom for decades, and his wise LoCs are the backbone of fanzine fandom. So I'll nominate him, Bob Shaw, and Terry Jeeves, knowing that this probably cannot be justified too well.

Fan artists tend to be under-appreciated by many fans, and I think it says something bad about this Hugo category that Marc Schirmeister was never a winner, although I nominated him year after year. This time around I will nominate Taral, who still does a few nifty covers and other artwork for fanzines.

And that will be all that I nominate for the Hugos. I suppose I can make some more comments when the final ballot comes out, and probably will.

Yours Aye.... Andy

March 10, 1994

Dear Ken and other NESFAns:

I think Allyson Dyar has been in touch with the ConAdian folks. She and I will represent the Star Trek Welcomittee at the Winnipeg Worldcon. Winnipeg has two large Trek clubs, so I suspect the STW will have a large room to work with.

More copies of *Warhoon* 28? Bravo! I purchased mine some years ago from Joe Siclari, and I've read it through four times so far. A wonderful testament to good friends and silly fun.

Thanks for listing Ad Astra 14 within my loc last issue, but our entire guest list was not there. Enclosed is a 1/3-page flyer with the entire list. Hope some NESFAns can make it.

Yours, Lloyd Penney

AD ASTRA 14

June 17-19, 1994

with our Guests of Honour...

L. SPRAGUE deCAMP
CATHERINE CROOK deCAMP
DIANE DUANE
PETER MORWOOD
GEORGE LASKOWSKI
MAIA COWAN

...plus lots of other great
guests!

PANELS * ART SHOW & AUCTION * VIDEOS
DEALERS' ROOM * MASQUERADE * DANCE
READINGS & WORKSHOPS * BRUNCH
GAMING * HOSPITALITY SUITE
MODEL SHOW & CONTEST * FILKING
AUTOGRAPHS * WEARABLE ART DISPLAY
JAPANESE ANIMATION * FUN FOR ALL
AND LOTS MORE TO SEE AND DO!

Memberships

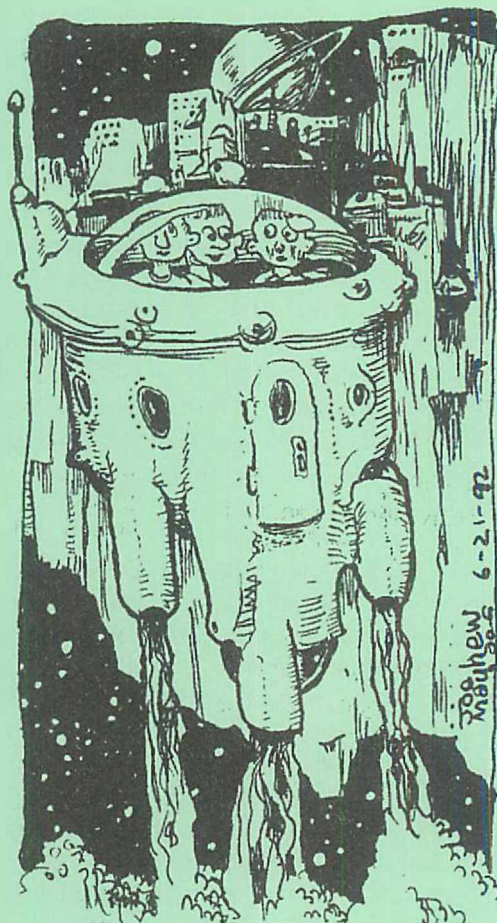
Can\$26/US\$22 to May 15, 1994
\$32 Can. funds only at the door
(GST included in all membership rates)

Hotel

Sheraton Toronto East Hotel and Towers
2035 Kennedy Rd., Scarborough, ON
M1T 3G2 (416)299-1500 reservations
Fax (416)299-8959
Can\$84 single/double/triple/quad

For more information, or to be
put on our mailing list...

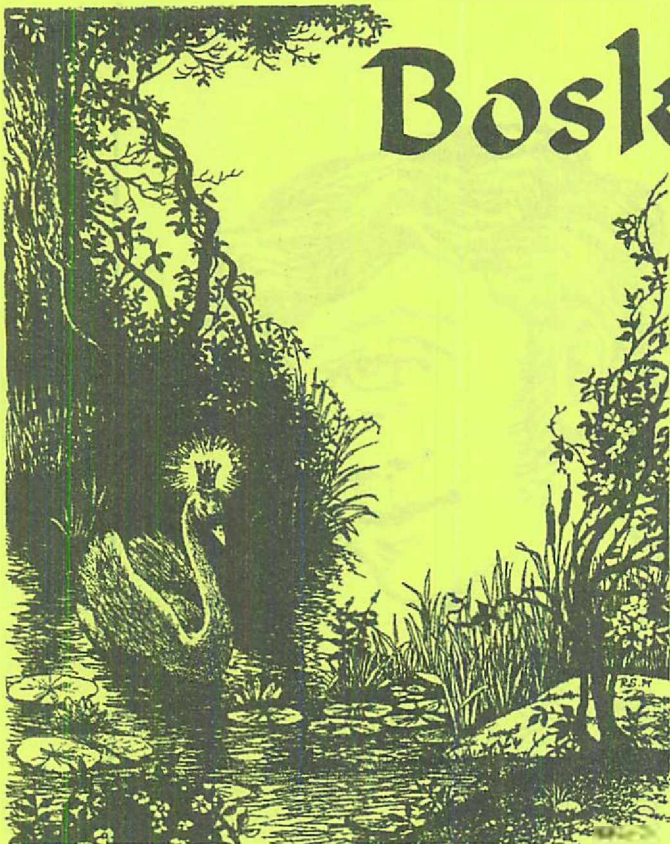
Ad Astra 14, P.O. Box 7276, Station A
Toronto, Ontario CANADA M5W 1X9



Contributors to PB 32

Harry Cameron Andruschak, P.O. Box 5309,
Torrance, CA 90510-5309
Ray Bowie, 490 Commonwealth Avenue, Apt. #2-608
Boston, MA 02215
Evelyn C. and Mark R. Leeper, 80 Lakeridge Drive,
Matawan, NJ 07747-3839
Joe Mayhew FN, 7-S Research Road, Greenbelt, MD 20770
Joseph T Major, 4701 Taylor Boulevard #8,
Louisville, KY 40215-2343
Mark L. Olson FN, 10 Shawmut Terrace,
Framingham, MA 01701-5942
Lloyd Penney, 412-4 Lisa St., Brampton,
ON, Canada L6T 4B6
George Phillies, 87-6 Park Avenue, Worcester, MA 01605
San Antonio in '97, P.O. Box 291015,
San Antonio, TX 78229-1015
St. Louis in '97, P.O. Box 1058, St. Louis, MO 63188-1058
Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue,
Hagerstown, MD 21740

In addition to several postcards, I also received art from:
Sheryl L. Birkhead, Diana Harlan Stein and Halliday Piel.
Thanks for the start for next issue. Remember to send me your
comments and reviews on the work of C. M. Kornbluth.
That and more art is what I most need for next issue.



Boskone 32

Sheraton Tara Hotel
Framingham, MA
February 17 to 19, 1995

Diana Wynne Jones
Guest of Honor

Well-known British Science Fiction and Fantasy author, her works include *Archer's Goon*, *Fire and Hemlock*, the *Dalemark* series, *Dogsbody*, and the *Chrestomanci* series. Boskone 32 will be a rare U.S. appearance for this author.

Ruth Sanderson
Official Artist

Children's illustrator of over 40 books and author of the book *Enchanted Woods*, Boskone 32 is her first time appearing as an Official Artist or guest artist.

New England's Regional
Science Fiction Convention

Special Programming

This year we look at the past, present and future of Children's and YA Science Fiction and Fantasy. We will have a special exhibit in our Art Show of New England Children's Illustrators' works. We also have our usual fine programming featuring many professionals in the field of Science Fiction.

Fred Lerner
Special Guest

Active in the field for 30 years, he introduced many of us to Science Fiction. A founding member of the Science Fiction Research Association, he has published several historical and bibliographical studies of the field, and writes a column for *Voice of Youth Advocate*, a magazine for librarians who work with teenage readers.

RATES: \$28 through July 15, 1994, \$32 thereafter until January 15, 1995.

Make checks payable to Boskone 32. We also accept Visa and MasterCard. Mail to:

I am buying _____ memberships at \$ _____ each, total \$ _____.

I am paying by _____ check _____ Visa _____ MasterCard

Credit Card # _____ Exp. _____

Name on card _____ Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Boskone 32
P.O. Box 809
Framingham, MA 01701

Please attach any additional
memberships and addresses

Please send information about _____ Volunteering
exhibiting in the _____ Art Show _____ Dealers Room

