

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

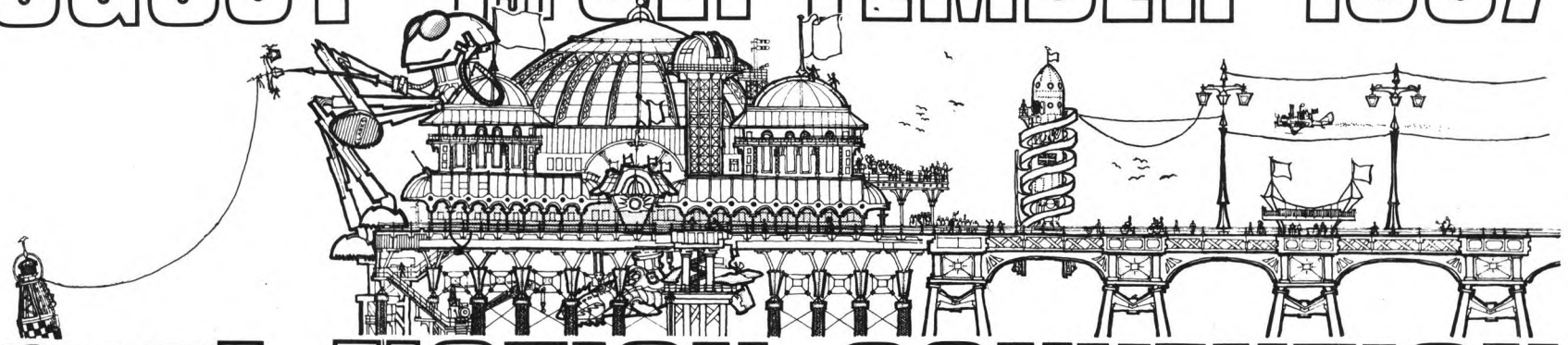


BURNS '87

45th
WORLD
SCIENCE
FICTION
CONVENTION

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BRIGHTON 27TH AUGUST - 1ST SEPTEMBER 1987



45TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION

Conspiracy '87

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F R O N T I E R C R O S S I N G S

A Souvenir of the 45th World
Science Fiction Convention,
Conspiracy '87, held in
Brighton, Gt Britain, from
August 27th to September 1st
1987.

GUESTS OF HONOUR

Doris Lessing
Alfred Bester
Arkady & Boris Strugatsky
Ray Harryhausen
Jim Burns
Joyce & Ken Slater
Dave Langford

Brian Aldiss
(Toastmaster)

Conspiracy '87

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Edited and published by Robert Jackson for Science Fiction Conventions Ltd. (registered address: 67 Abbey House, Abbey Road, London NW8 9BX), t/a Conspiracy '87; published at Chinthay, Nightingale Lane, Hambrook, Chichester, W. Sussex PO18 8UH, U.K.

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21 Russell St., Covent Garden,
London WC2.

Printing: **R.J. Acford,** Terminus Road Industrial Estate, Chichester, W. Sussex.

Conspiracy '87 would like to thank the following (as well as those listed above and on the contents page of this book) who have already given help in various ways to help promise the success of the convention. This list is by no means exhaustive; because of the date this book goes to press, it is probable that others will also have helped by the time the convention happens. These people and organisations will be listed in the convention's Pocket Programme.

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FRONTIER CROSSINGS



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Telephone Brighton 29801

MESSAGE FROM THE MAYOR OF BRIGHTON COUNCILLOR RAYMOND BLACKWOOD

I am delighted to be afforded the opportunity of sending this message of greeting and goodwill to all who are to visit Brighton in August in order to participate in Conspiracy '87 - the 45th World Science Fiction Convention.

Already our town has had the privilege of acting as the venue for two major international science fiction conventions - the 1979 World Convention and the 1984 European Convention - and so we look forward to your arrival with particular pleasure.

Brighton is a town with an impressively colourful history splendidly depicted in fictional masterpieces by Thackeray and Dickens and later described, although in a less favourable light, by Graham Greene.

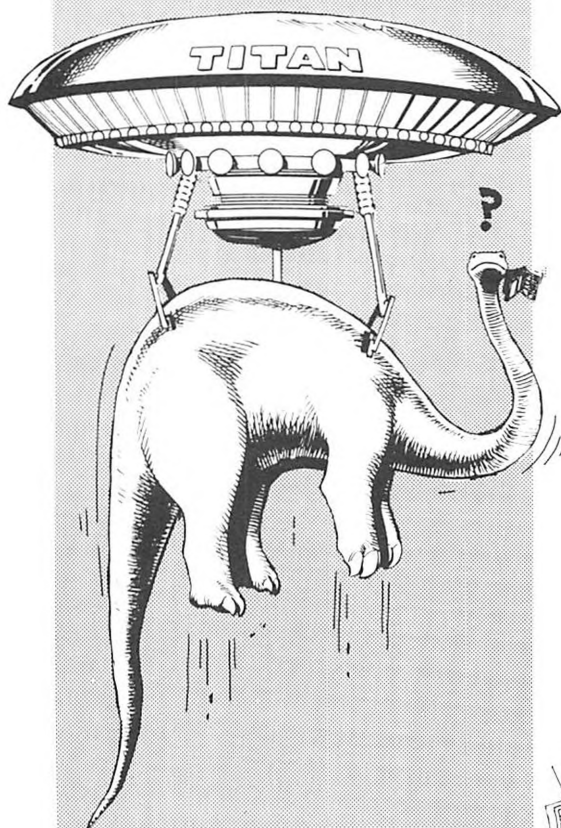
However, to the best of my knowledge, the town has yet to be used as the location for a work of science fiction. Perhaps, and let us hope, that Conspiracy '87 will remedy this omission.

To each of you I send my hopes for an enjoyable and rewarding visit and with the Mayoress I look forward to the opportunity of meeting as many as possible of those attending the Convention during their stay in our town.

Raymond J. Blackwood

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EDITORIAL



CONVERSATIONS

Rob Jackson

Worldcons... a moment of evanescent pleasure, like the bishop rabbit who said to the actress rabbit,

"This won't take long darling, did it?"

There have been no previous Guests at Worldcons from any part of the performing arts — so we have broken new ground.

I Before we start will you please welcome convention members to the Souvenir Book?

Certainly, I hope everybody reading this at **Conspiracy** has a really good time; if it's your first convention I hope you find this book a stimulating introduction to the manifold worlds of SF and its fandoms.

Where's the practical information about the convention?

All in the Pocket Programme. This book sets the scene for the convention, introduces theme articles, provides a memento of it and in particular, tributes and portraits of our Guests of Honour. Whether or not you are reading this at the convention itself, I hope you find the book both good reading and good looking.

It might do you more good reading this than all that SF rubbish...

2 Why read SF anyway?

Reading is learning from what others have sweated blood to record for posterity; it civilises us, other animals can't do it. To learn new things by reading is to be surprised, and to be surprised can be fun!

But why read that weird spaceship stuff? To get the creeps, send a shiver up your spine?

If that's what I wanted, I'd read a horror book. That's OK if you're looking for spooky kids or random poltergeists, and a sense that you're at the mercy of evil and can't do anything about it. Crime thrillers are the same from a different perspective — focussing on how evil and destructive humanity is. Most of us don't need to know any more about that.

Or wish to? You mean the world is nasty and you want out of it? You escapist, you!

Escapist?! If I wanted to pretend the world was all sweetness and light I'd read a Mills & Boon fantasy tril — oops, just slipped out — er, a Doctors and Dungeons romance — damn, I'm getting all mixed up here.

Hmph. Doesn't imply much critical acumen if you can't tell the difference between fantasy and romance!

Of course I can. It's just that they can both be escapist at times.

You're being rude to fantasy.

Yes, perhaps. It can be brilliant if it's well constructed and avoids clichés, and if its themes tell us something about ourselves.

You're still on about learning. We need diversion — don't forget that some people find a sense of stability from having their view of the world reaffirmed. If it reassures them to read the same book sideways five times, then let them.

You mean, get their prejudices confirmed rather than challenged? All areas of literature contain much formula-ridden writing and some challenges; you can't generalise.

You still haven't said what's special about SF. Get on with it!

Ah. Well. SF is what may happen in possible worlds. How humans will cope with changes in their environment. It even deals with themes which have since come to life — 20 years ago we'd've said that digital watches so cheap they're given away free with petrol, and a laser in every home to give you crystal-clear sound, were wildly Utopian technodreams.

Hah. 15 years ago Three Mile Island, Chernobyl and AIDS would have been denounced as catastrophic even by the SF world's doomsayers.

Exactly!! That's the other side of my point — we have to put up with wild changes in the way we live, and people are starting to realise that SF is not just about escaping in spaceships, but *it's the literature which specifically prepares us for change.* It inspires scientists to dream the dreams which

spark their enquiries —

Don't you go on about comsats and non-stick pans too!

I wasn't going to. I was going to mention sun-jammers — scientists think they may be practical ways of getting about the solar system.

That was predicted ages ago, both by Arthur Clarke and Poul Anderson.

No, not predicted. *Imagined, realistically.* That's one of many misconceptions about SF. I don't suppose either of them set out to say 'this will happen.' It doesn't set out to predict, but it *inspires*, helps us to dream and then to know what we want from the world.

3 Why write SF?

If you're angry it's better than lying in bed thumping the pillow.

Don't be facetious. I want a real answer.

What makes anybody create anything new? Dissatisfaction with the answers other people give them, that's what. That's what gives people a *compulsion* to write.

Maybe. Isn't it called divine discontent?

Yes. Loads of people like the kudos of writing, the egoboo...

That's a fanspeak word

Yes, but it's a damn good one... People Want To Be Writers because of the appeal of the image — but if you're not *driven* at least sometimes to the act of self-expression on paper, you won't get far.

So writing is partly compulsive?

I think so...

Didn't someone go on at great length about creativity in the Mexicon 2 Programme Book?

Yes. It wasn't very creative, as it was a potted summary of Anthony Storr's marvellous book *The Dynamics of Creation*. There's a fine piece by Brian Aldiss elsewhere in this book which describes one source of divine discontent possibly specific to fantasists. Go and read it.

In a minute. I've got another question to ask first... Hey, no. The question can wait. What you said, just now might apply to all writers. Why SF in particular?

An urge to explore, a fascination with change — it's very often those who are fascinated readers of SF who end up writing the stuff, expressing the same preoccupations. Now what was that other question?

4 Why put on Worldcons?

Oo-er. Good question. Next question, please... no, I mustn't wriggle out of it. Well, *someone's* got to do it, assuming the things happen at all.

Have they got to happen?

No, but... think of the good things they do. They bring together every facet of the SF world, writers, publishers, artists, agents, performers, readers, viewers, dealers, fanzine publishers, collectors, convention organisers — to think back on and forward to the books, magazines, films, shows, art

that in portraying our universe as it might yet be (or might have been) help us not only dream and prepare ourselves, but shape the world we have more into the place it should be. To celebrate SF, as Ursula Le Guin put it.

You sound breathless. Why not leave it all to someone else, and sit back and enjoy yourself?

I have often asked myself that over the last couple of years... but the job, especially this one, which runs almost totally on the fuel of enthusiasm, goes partly to those who most want to do it, and partly to those most respected by the voters and those with expertise who let themselves get co-opted onto committees once the job is under way.

But why want to do it?

To be remembered? For the satisfaction of helping oil the wheels of the SF and fannish world, or trying to, perhaps.

But Worldcons don't last, like books do.

Some books don't last either — in fact, most don't even get published.

Touché. Still, with a Worldcon, the thing hasn't started one Tuesday night and by the next it's all over, and you've hardly noticed the time go. Four years' work all for a moment of evanescent pleasure, like the bishop rabbit who said to the actress rabbit, "This won't take long darling, did it?"

Come today and gone tomorrow, you mean... I've got three answers to that. One is the tremendous meaning the meetings themselves have. You wouldn't rather be sitting at home toasting your feet, would you, knowing the celebrations at the con? I've known people wish they could live a con ten times over, and experience different parts of it each time. Secondly, they *are* long enough to exhaust you completely! The third answer is that you help create some of the atmosphere of the con through special publications. This Souvenir Book is just one, containing much of the more formal scene-setting articles (assuming anyone has time to read them) — the others are lots of good things you can buy in the Fan Room, Art Show and elsewhere, with less serious looks at the SF and fannish world. It all helps you remember... that's why this is called a Souvenir Book.

That's two sorts of commemoration — people's memories of the event itself, and the physical record in books, fanzines and so on. Not bad, I suppose.

It had better be good — the organisers live with it long enough. During the months before the con, I regularly had **Conspiracy** dreams in which the con had started and things were all in chaos, no chairs in any of the con halls or something. (People usually grumbled and had fun at the same time.) In one dream the printers only supplied one copy of this Souvenir Book, which had moulded compartments for sweets or peanuts on the front of Jim Burns's cover. Weird.

I suppose you hoped it would be a coffee-table book...

Oh help.

5 Why has Conspiracy got multiple Guests of Honour?

Because lots of people deserve the honour who never get it in their lifetime. There are even more people we would have liked to honour in all categories, but we can honour a certain number of people...

Doesn't having this many dilute the honour?

Not if we treat them all properly, pay them all individual attention. That's why you will find we've given as much space to each Guest in the Souvenir Book as in previous Worldcon Programme Books. An another thing — if we have a number of Guests, then certain fandoms or sections of the SF world are given recognition.

We have one Guest, Doris Lessing, whose choice honours her commitment to SF themes in one area, contemporary English literature, where these are by no means universally welcome; she has thus championed our worldview to the rest of the literary world, among her many other achievements. We have another, Alfred Bester, whose early work was firmly placed within the SF field but seminally enriched it with its vivid, racy characterisation and imagery and pyrotechnic plotting, setting new standards. We have Jim Burns from the visual art world; cover artists are under-recognised for the essential part the best of them play in bringing our imagery to life as well as selling it, and Jim has set new standards there. There have only been two or three Artist GoH's at Worldcons before — it is time that was rectified. There have been *no* previous Guests at Worldcons from any part of the performing arts — so we have broken new ground by inviting Ray Harryhausen to be Guest in honour of his trailblazing work on stop-motion animation, an early and great contribution to the visual imagery of our genre. Many film and TV SF fans must have felt left out that GoH's in the past have generally been writers, not

film production people or performers.

Our Fan Guests are from two eras of fandoms — one couple, Ken and Joyce Slater, without whose postwar and later efforts fandom in the UK might have spent years in the wilderness before coalescing into the lively, growing entity it is; and one, Dave Langford, whose brilliance as a humorous fanwriter rejuvenates one of the greatest and most creative traditions of SF fanzine fandom, which has spawned many of SF's finest writers.

OK. OK. I agree now. One more thing...

6 Why call it Frontier Crossings?

Because SF is about new vistas, new ways of thinking: the title links with the exploratory theme of one of the main programme streams of the convention, Frontiers and Futures. In putting this book together one of the guiding themes has been to commission articles that link ideas in new and unexpected ways, cross and overcome barriers between media (written and visual arts), between genres (SF, fantasy, contemporary literature), between fandoms, between countries, between Science and Art...

Don't the two meet in SF anyway?

In the best SF, yes. Maybe science and art aren't completely separate, despite Arthur Clarke's viewpoint elsewhere in this book — much scientific discovery is intuitive, despite scientific method, and much artistic endeavour is hard, painstaking graft just as much as scientific experiment is. Maybe there's just human endeavour to comprehend and master the world and change yet be at ease with our environment. The larger our breadth of understanding, the more easily the world fits into it. And as the avocations (or even vocations) of SF and fandom help us do that, they give us our satisfaction and our fun. So enjoy yourselves; may it be a memorably good convention!

Continued from page 8

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List as at 25.5.87. This does not include the many volunteers who have offered their help during the convention, to whom we offer our grateful thanks for the absolutely invaluable work they will (we trust!) be doing.

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

LESSING



GoH

I WENT OFF TO SLEEP AGAIN — INTO A DREAM SO VIVID AND SATISFYING AND detailed that it was a world as strongly defined as anything I had known in waking life, on our planet or on any other. The landscape I moved through had something of our planet about it, and yet was not; events, people, feelings — all were known to me, yet not in ordinary life. And I had dreamed this dream before, and recognized it, or rather, the setting of the dream. As I entered the dream I was saying to myself, Yes, I know this place, because *I know its flavour*. And I woke after some sort of interval, long or short, and the atmosphere of the dream was so strong that I brought it with me, and it lay shimmering in beguiling colours that were the stuff of memory to us now since colour had been taken from our world, over the frosty greys and browns of the inside of the shed. And then the dream faded, and I said: ‘I have been dreaming.’

‘Yes, I know. You have been laughing and smiling, and I have been watching you.’

‘Johor, I could tell you the story of my dream, for it had a structure, a beginning and a development and an end, just like the tales of Doeg, the storyteller, and I could describe the incidents and the adventures and the people in it, some of them I know and some unknown — but I could never describe the *atmosphere* of the dream, although it is an atmosphere so strong, and unique to this dream, and to this cycle of dreams, that I could never mistake it. From the first moment I enter this particular landscape of dream, or even as I approach it from another dream, I know it, I know the air, the feel, the taste of it. I could not describe to you or to anyone what this atmosphere is. There are no words for it. And yet the realms of emotions and of thoughts are analogous of those of dreams. For an emotion has a flavour and a taste, a *feel* to it, that is not describable in words, but you can say to anyone “love” or “longing” or “envy” — and they will know exactly what you mean. And the emotions in you that are of the class of “love” will have the same quality, and will be the same to everyone else, so the word “love” is a communication, we know what we mean. And when a thought, which is properly colourless and tasteless, is tinged with grief, or vindictiveness, it has a taste, its own being, so, experiencing this grief-laden or joy-bringing thought, first there is the experience and then the word and I say to you, or to Alsi, “I am thinking a thought that has the quality of joy,” and you and everyone shares my experience. And this flavour or taste *is a substance*, is matter, is material, for everything is, everything must be; for if the minute dance that dissolves at the core which is no core at the heart of an atom is material, then so must be passion or need or delight. Can you, Johor, see where the pulses of the atom dissolve into patterns of movement of which you can say: This is envy, this is love?

‘How does the material or substance of love modify that minuscule dance? How relate? For it is the *physical* substance of our bodies, our hearts, that breeds love or hate, or fear or hope — is that not so? — and cannot be separate from it. The wind that is love must arise somewhere in those appalling spaces between the nub of an atom and its electrons that dissolve, like everything else, into smaller and smaller, and become a fluid or a movement — *or a door into somewhere else?*

‘I can ask you this question, knowing I share this with you, saying *love*, saying *fear* — and then I come back to the realm of dreaming, in which I spend a third of my life, which is soaked through and through with emotions, but also with sensations and feelings that have nothing to do with emotions, but are more to be described or suggested as colours suffusing a thing or a place — I can say, “Johor, I have been dreaming,” coming back to this world here, and my dreams will have been more vivid than my waking, and the atmosphere I have spent my sleep-journeys in will be one I have known all my life, since babyhood, and *I cannot find a word* that would convey this feel, or taste, or colour, or sensation to you or to anyone else. This is the ultimate solitude, Johor...and yet I wonder, when you say, “I have been watching you sleep — watching you dream —” if you, with those eyes of yours that are made in the planet of a star weighted differently than ours, can say as you watch: “Doeg is moving in *that* landscape of sleep, that place, meeting these and these people — Doeg is *partaking of the substance of that place* — I know he is, because I can see the substance of that other place, or time, or pulse, moving in the spaces of the subatomic particles, or movements”...and if this is so,

THE MEMORY MAKER'S DREAM

*First there is the
experience and then the
world and I say to you,
or to Alsi,
“I am thinking a
thought that has the
quality of joy,” and you
and everyone shares
my experience.*

*from The Making of the
Representative for Planet 8*

Johor, then it lifts a little of the loneliness of knowing that there is nothing I can say, even to my closest friends, that will convey to them the flavour of a dream.

'When you dream, do you imagine you dream for yourself alone, Doeg? Do you think that when you enter a realm in your sleep it is familiar only to you? That you alone of the peoples of this little planet of yours know that particular realm? You may not be able to find a word to describe it so that others may know where you have been, but others know it, because they too move there as they dream.' ○

OLD DREAMS AND POISONED STREAMS

The mix includes experimentation in eugenics, the planned development of species over millennia, and a cosmic perspective that sees all process as part of the greater Whole.

David Wingrove

IT IS RARE — PERHAPS UNIQUE TO THIS CONVENTION — THAT THE GUEST OF Honour is heralded not merely within the family of science fiction, but lauded by the greater world of literature as one of the leading writers of our age. As author of *The Grass Is Singing* (1950), *The Golden Notebook* (1962), the five-volume bildungsroman, *Children Of Violence* (1952-1969), and, more recently, the Booker Prize-nominated *The Good Terrorist* (1985), Doris Lessing has established herself as a distinctive and influential voice, a navigator of the human spirit, sounding and mapping the very current of our times.

Born in Persia (now Iran) in 1919, Doris Lessing spent most of her early years on a large farm in Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe), coming to England in 1949. The *Children of Violence* sequence, beginning with *Martha Quest* (1952), was a semi-autobiographical reconstruction of her experiences as a young woman coming out of white African society. But it was much, much more than autobiography. For a start its perspectives were too large, and its concern for non-sociological explanations to the question 'What are we?' placed it beyond the category of the simple novel of manners. The sequence threatened constantly to break out of its realistic bounds and in fact did so in the final volume, *The Four-Gated City* (1969), where, in an Appendix of sixty-odd pages Doris Lessing took us twenty five years into the future, to a time beyond the 'Catastrophe'. She had become a science fiction writer. But then, perhaps she always was: there was always an element of philosophical speculation about her best work.

Many of the themes she was to develop in later books are there, in embryo in this Appendix: the psychological difficulty of accepting profound and rapid change; the abuses of physical treatment in psychiatry; the poisoning of the air; the development of extra sensory powers, and, underlying all a sense of degradation and loss. *Martha Quest's* journey, begun on a verandah overlooking the bush in the glare of a hot African afternoon, ends in 1997 on a remote Scottish island with England dead and the post-Catastrophe world turned into one vast refugee camp. It was a vision that was of its time, but also one which owed more to Altamont than to Woodstock, to the British *New Worlds* school of SF than to its more optimistic American cousins. Perhaps more important was the fact that it directly prefigured the two overtly science fictional novels of the early seventies, *Briefing For A Descent Into Hell* (1971) and *The Memoirs Of A Survivor* (1974).

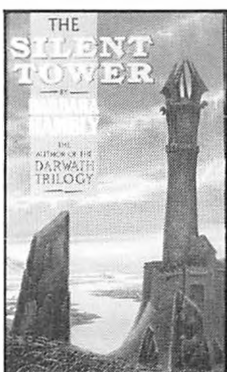
Briefing For A Descent Into Hell is sub-titled, 'Category: Inner-space fiction. For there is never anywhere to go but in.' This caveat carries us through the opening pages and into a fascinating novel which, whilst it contains the briefing of the title as a short scene, is more de-briefing than anything. Professor Charles Watkins has had a nervous breakdown, has lost his memory and has been hospitalized. Doctors X and Y try to return him to normality, but Watkins has seen through the illusion of 'normality', has woken from the life-long dream of 'real life' and, fully-awake for the first time in his life, has glimpsed how things *really* are. His visions are potent and attractive, but ultimately, through electric-shock treatment, his 'madness' is cured and he rejoins the sleeping masses.

Briefing is a subversive, deeply-felt catalyst of a novel, and its vision of something finer, better than the world we have undermines its pessimistic conclusion. We come away from the book remembering not Watkins ultimate fate but the richness of his 'escape' from normality. On the pure science fictional level, ►

JOURNEY TO NEW WORLDS

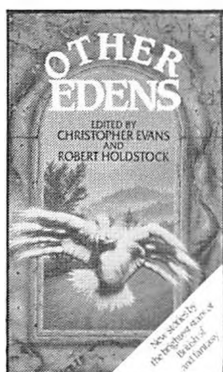
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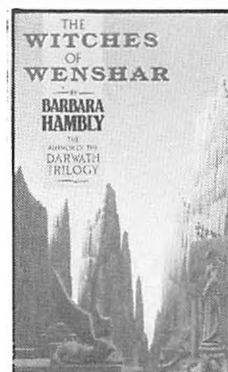
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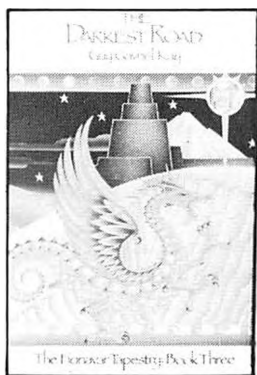
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Briefing is the story of a visitor to Earth — one of a descent team sent here to prevent an unspecified Catastrophe — whose original memory has been deliberately masked from him. This level of the story anticipates the whole of the *Canopus In Argos* sequence that was to come a decade later. Higher beings are watching us, influencing us, acting to prevent total catastrophe: it's hardly an original science fiction idea, but Doris Lessing approached it with a freshness and vividness that transformed the cliché into insight. *Briefing* enacts what H.G. Wells' 'The Door In The Wall' only suggests, and takes us into another country, very different from our own.

The Memoirs Of A Survivor (filmed in 1981 with Julie Christie and Leonie Mellinger) is another venture into *New Worlds* territory. Things are falling apart, society is breaking down, and in the ruins a middle-aged woman — our narrator — is given charge over a young girl and her cat-dog. Painstaking in its realistic portrait of the collapse, the novel has a secondary level — a level at which the narrator pierces the wall and, quite literally, looks into another, alternate world beyond her own. But this is no exercise in contrast. Things behind the wall are as devastated and ruined as on this side. And there, in a small, claustrophobic set of rooms, is the young girl's childhood: one damaged by insensitive parents and Edwardian values.

For a science fiction fan *Memoirs* is perhaps less satisfying than to a non-SF buff. Much of its material is familiar to us from numerous post-Catastrophe scenarios, and its insights into how communes are run are better expressed in *The Good Terrorist*, but at times it comes alive in a way that few SF novels ever do, and its speculations on the phenomenon of societal breakdown are rarely part of the SF mix. Its inwardness is of a different kind from *Briefing*, more soured and less potent, but there is no mistaking the common ground it shares with the earlier work. Both are concerned with a poisoning of the very air we breathe, with the everyday condition of sleepwalking and the rich alternative of dream. But these dreams are often of finer, better states than what we have. Old dreams of Eden that have been eroded by the poisoned stream of modern living.

Which brings us to the *Canopus in Argos: Archives*, and to Doris Lessing's 1979 novel, *Shikasta*.

Five novels have thus far appeared in the *Canopus* sequence, each with its own peculiar viewpoint and 'flavour', but the framework of the sequence was clearly set down in *Shikasta*, where Johor, an agent of the Galaxy-spanning empire of Canopus, is sent to Earth to supervise the 'last Days'. *Shikasta*, once "Rohanda, the fruitful", is Earth; an Edenic Earth in the process of degeneration. Its air is poisoned and it has lost touch with the source of its goodness, Canopus. More dangerously, it has come under the influence of an upstart evil empire, Puttoria, and its colony, Shammat. Such a description suggests something much more in the Buck Rogers tradition that we are actually given, for Canopus is as much force as Technocratic Empire, and Shammat, whilst evil, doesn't go in for Death Stars.

Whilst clearly not an allegory, *Shikasta* derives much of its potency from our inherited ideas of Heaven and Hell, of Eden and the Fall, and of the continuous war between God and the Devil. This said, the mix is far from the traditional Christian one and includes experimentation in eugenics, the planned development of species over millennia, and a cosmic perspective that sees all process as part of the greater Whole. Canopus acts through individuals — its seemingly immortal Agents, like Johor — but such action is always carefully calculated to satisfy wider and greater criteria than individual need. In the fourth novel in the sequence, *The Making Of The Representative For Planet 8* (1982), this balance necessitates the death of a world and its dominant species — though, as we learn in the final pages, there are realities beyond the physical, to which Canopus has entry, and what seemed a tragedy is, through suffering, transmuted into triumph.

Canopus and Shammat are not alone in Lessing's scheme. There is also Sirius, a younger Empire, more advanced than Puttoria, but far below the level of Canopus. Their experiments with the alien Lombi on the southern continents of *Shikasta/Earth* are charted in the third novel of the sequence, *The Sirian Experiments* (1981). Lessing's tactic in that novel is to show how the greater reality of

Canopus is reflected in the strivings of a Sirian, Ambien II, to grow beyond the petty demands of her Empire and its colonial ambitions.

The finest of these five Canopus in Argos novels is, perhaps, *The Marriages Between Zones Three, Four and Five* (1980), where Lessing's idea of different levels — or Zones — of reality, is given its finest expression. There are six such 'Zones', and we inhabit the crudest, the basest of them, Zone Six. It is Zone Six that Johor visits in *Shikasta*. But as we move from Six through towards One, we move through stages, or states of refinement. When Queen Al*Ith of Zone Three is ordered by the Providors to marry King Ben Ata of Zone Four, their marriage is not merely a meeting of individuals, but of ways of life — for Zone Four is a brutal, arrogantly masculine realm, perpetually at war with an unnamed enemy, whereas Zone Three is a more feminine, tolerant and flexible regime. But both are insular in their attitudes, and Lessing, through the meeting of these two attractive and fascinating individuals, demonstrates the need for a marriage of these qualities in us.

If *The Marriages Between Zones Three, Four and Five* celebrates human qualities, the most recent in the sequence, *The Sentimental Agents In The Volyen Empire* (1983) was a warning against a dependence on the emotional, instinctive side of our natures as expressed in public and political acts. It can be seen that the whole sequence, thus far, is a series of checks and balances, of continually shifting viewpoints — bringing us to a surprising but very vivid realisation that the world we inhabit is, potentially, much richer and far more diverse than we normally imagine it. In this, the sequence exhibits the very best attributes of science fiction, ringing new changes — deeper changes — on old themes. But what is Canopus? And what does the whole of this deeply imagined scheme mean?

The creative impulse behind the *Archives* seems similar to that which inspired British philosopher and novelist Olaf Stapledon to write his wide perspective future histories, *Last and First Men* (1930), *Last Men In London* (1932) and *Star Maker* (1937). In this respect Canopus is that thing so often striven for in SF and so rarely captured with any degree of conviction, a race of evolved, higher beings — a kind of Platonic paradigm, acting, like Gods, for ends unseen by mere mortals, yet made transparent through these five glimpses of its workings. As such these novels act like a prolonged consciousness-raising exercise, bringing to our attention — reminding us, and, in the terms of *Briefing*, "waking" us to — the fact of our potentiality. It is hard to read these five novels in the sequence without feeling in some way changed, made more thoughtful and questioning. And that, surely, is what the best of science fiction has always striven for? ○

BREAKING DOWN REALITY

Lessing's view is that there is a dichotomy in modern culture; freedom of thought is avowedly encouraged but knowledge and freedom are restricted by the prejudices of our time, of which we remain largely unaware.

DORIS LESSING WAS BORN IN PERSIA (NOW IRAN) IN 1919 OF BRITISH parentage. At the age of five she was brought by her family to a farm in Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) where she spent her childhood. Rejecting formal education, she left school at fourteen and married at nineteen. An important period for her was during World War II when she became involved with a group of educated Marxist British servicemen and European exiles. After her second marriage ended in 1949, she left Rhodesia for London intent on a career as a writer.

Doris Lessing's first novel, *The Grass is Singing*, was published in 1950 and became an immediate success and this was consolidated by further works set in Africa. During the sixties and seventies much of her work became increasingly speculative, culminating in 1979 with the publication of *Shikasta*, her first space fiction novel. In novels such as *The Good Terrorist* she has recently displayed renewed interest in more "realistic" fiction. Her latest work, *The Wind Blows Away Our Words* (1987), is a sympathetic account of the Afghan resistance.

Having grown up in the rigid, compartmentalised society of Southern Rhodesia, Doris Lessing has remained highly sensitive to the limited knowledge

Martin Hills

promoted by 'official' cultures. Since her arrival in England she has occupied the marginal position of the exile, outside the literary and social establishments. This freedom from 'received' perspectives has enabled her, in her writings, to break through the barriers of race, class and sex and to dissolve falsely mapped boundaries of consciousness. Doris Lessing's achievement has been not only to strip away much of the mystification at the heart of our experience of the world, but to offer the imaginative possibility of evolution towards a new spirit of 'realism'.

Lessing's view is that there is a dichotomy in modern culture; freedom of thought is avowedly encouraged but knowledge and freedom are restricted by the prejudices of our time, of which we remain largely unaware. The effect of this is to divide and alienate the individual and obscure the sources of oppression. Humanity is seen as fragmented, deficient in understanding and defectively evolved, 'not yet evolved into an understanding of their individual selves as merely parts of a whole a small chord in the Cosmic Harmony.' Lessing's novels, in contrast, encourage evolution towards a holistic view of the universe, breaking down prevailing notions of reality and opening up new vistas of unity.

Lessing's works of the 1950's combine critical realism and allegory and explore the rigid conservatism of white-dominated Rhodesia and the psychological problems confronting the colonial settler. Colonial life, with its myth of white supremacy, reduces the individual to acting out roles and condemns the society to repetition. This is dramatised by the struggle of Martha Quest to achieve personal freedom and knowledge in opposition to the power structure of the society. However the use of conventional realism means that Martha is unable to transcend the literary conventions within which she is placed. Martha is necessarily defeated by the divided 'reality' of Southern Rhodesia, unable within the novel's realistic frame of reference to achieve freedom from the roles society assigns her.

It had become apparent that 'realist' literature set within a specific society was an inadequate vehicle for Lessing's more universal concerns. She wrote that reaction to colour prejudice obscured more general themes that she wished to raise. In *The Golden Notebook* (1962), Africa no longer dominates and Lessing deconstructs the boundaries of realism. Here Lessing not only lays bare the production conventions and consumption of the traditional novel but opens up the darkest recesses of the human psyche. Few modern novels can rival its scope which incorporates themes of breakdown, order and chaos, male/female relations, psychoanalysis, politics, power, money, the bomb and women's role in society. But the key to the novel's power is in its form, which sets in opposition the raw nature of personal experience and the finished quality of traditional literature.

The Golden Notebook consists of a series of notebooks and a conventional novel 'written' by Lessing's protagonist Anna Wulf. Anna is suffering from writers block and later breakdown as a consequence of the personal alienation and fragmented reality which characterise contemporary life. The writer can no longer sustain the integrated vision of society which conventional literature represents. In an attempt to achieve 'wholeness' out of chaos, Anna writes a series of notebooks into which she divides up aspects of herself. But these divisions are false and the notebooks break down. They are replaced by the golden notebook in which Anna's personal breakdown leads her into the transpersonal world of the collective where individual identities merge, and dreams, archetypes and myths provide a unified vision. But the novel which emerges from this experience, 'Free Women' is an ironic conventional novel which violates the chaotic nature of personal experience contained in the notebooks and the collective vision of the golden notebook. The conventional realist novel is thus subverted by the notebooks and the parodies of realism they contain.

Both structurally and thematically *The Golden Notebook* brings together personal, social and literary breakdown. Lessing shares R.D. Laing's view that, 'The condition of alienation, of being asleep, of being unconscious, is the condition of the normal man.' Like Laing she believes that man's consciousness has become so alienated that only breakdown offers the opportunity for breakthrough into

more authentic awareness.

For Lessing, however, the breakdown of realism ego is only a stage; her concern is to find something to replace our old novels/selves. After reading Idres Shah's *The Sufis* (1964) Lessing became increasingly preoccupied with the expansion of consciousness, the shedding of conditioning and development of the higher working of the mind. Although the novels following *The Golden Notebook* are located in the subjective inner world, this withdrawal actually involves an expansion in vision towards the transpersonal and collective. Lessing has reiterated that 'nothing is personal in the sense that it is uniquely one's own' and 'the way through the problem of subjectivity is to break through the personal.' Lessing's writing becomes increasingly impersonal in tone. True perception is located in buried aspects of consciousness such as intuition, dreams, myth and telepathy which open the gateway to universal perspectives absent in the fragmented 'real' world.

In *The Four-Gated City* (1969) personal destiny is displaced by collective destiny. Martha Quest, previously a conventional literary 'character' now hears others' thoughts and evolves to a state of consciousness where 'it is not a question of "Martha's mind", it is the human mind or part of it.' Stripped of the comforting illusion of 'normality', crowds in the West End now take on an appearance close to Swift's Yahoos. Meanwhile the social organism is viewed as cracking up and the absence of informed knowledge leads inexorably towards nuclear war. In the novel's appendix nuclear fallout produces mutant children with advanced mental capacities that offer hope for the future.

Briefing for a Descent Into Hell (1971) tells the story of the attempts of the psychiatric profession to 'cure' Charles Watkins, a lecturer suffering breakdown and loss of memory. The novel is constructed around the opposition between collective memory (Watkins' symbolic inner odyssey into the area of myth as he attempts to reclaim psychic wholeness) and personal memory (the psychiatrists' attempts to restore Watkins' knowledge of the 'real' world of the divided self). At the novel's climax Watkins attends a briefing held by the gods for their messengers, warning of the dangers of descent into earth's realm of the personal. The briefing symbolically establishes Watkins' potential collectivity and provides a cosmic perspective to clarify man's current arrested state of development. The parallel existence of alternative frames of perception is developed in *The Memoirs of A Survivor* (1974). Here the 'realistic' frame of a decaying futuristic city is set beside an inner world of symbols and archetypes located through the walls of the anonymous narrator's flat.

Doris Lessing's writing has consistently explored new forms, opened up new worlds. Whereas many writers settle into a genre, her work is distinguished by its diversity and unpredictability. But always in her writing she enriches our understanding of ourselves and the planet on which we live. ○

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FRONTIER CROSSINGS

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NOTES: All dates are of first U.K. publication, which in all cases means first world publication. I have avoided any attempt to categorise the novels since many cannot be sensibly fitted within a genre; broadly the novels of the 1950s are realistic whereas most later works are speculative. Apart from the *Canopus* series the novels with the strongest speculative content are *Briefing for a Descent into Hell*, *The Memoirs of a Survivor* and *The Four-Gated City* while *The Golden Notebook* provides a critique of traditional realism and contains much inner space material. I have listed the 1973 and 1978 short story collections as well as the earlier volumes in which the material originally appeared. *The Diary of Jane Somers* and *If The Old Could...* were originally published under the *nom de plume* Jane Somers, and soon after were published together as *The Diaries of Jane Somers* under the name Doris Lessing. With the exception of *Retreat to Innocence*, *Each His Own Wilderness*, *Fourteen Poems*, *Play with a Tiger*, *This was the Old Chief's Country* and *African Stories* all titles are currently available in paperback in the U.K.

Martin Hills has completed most of the work for a Ph.D. on Doris Lessing's work, and has had several book reviews published in The Observer.

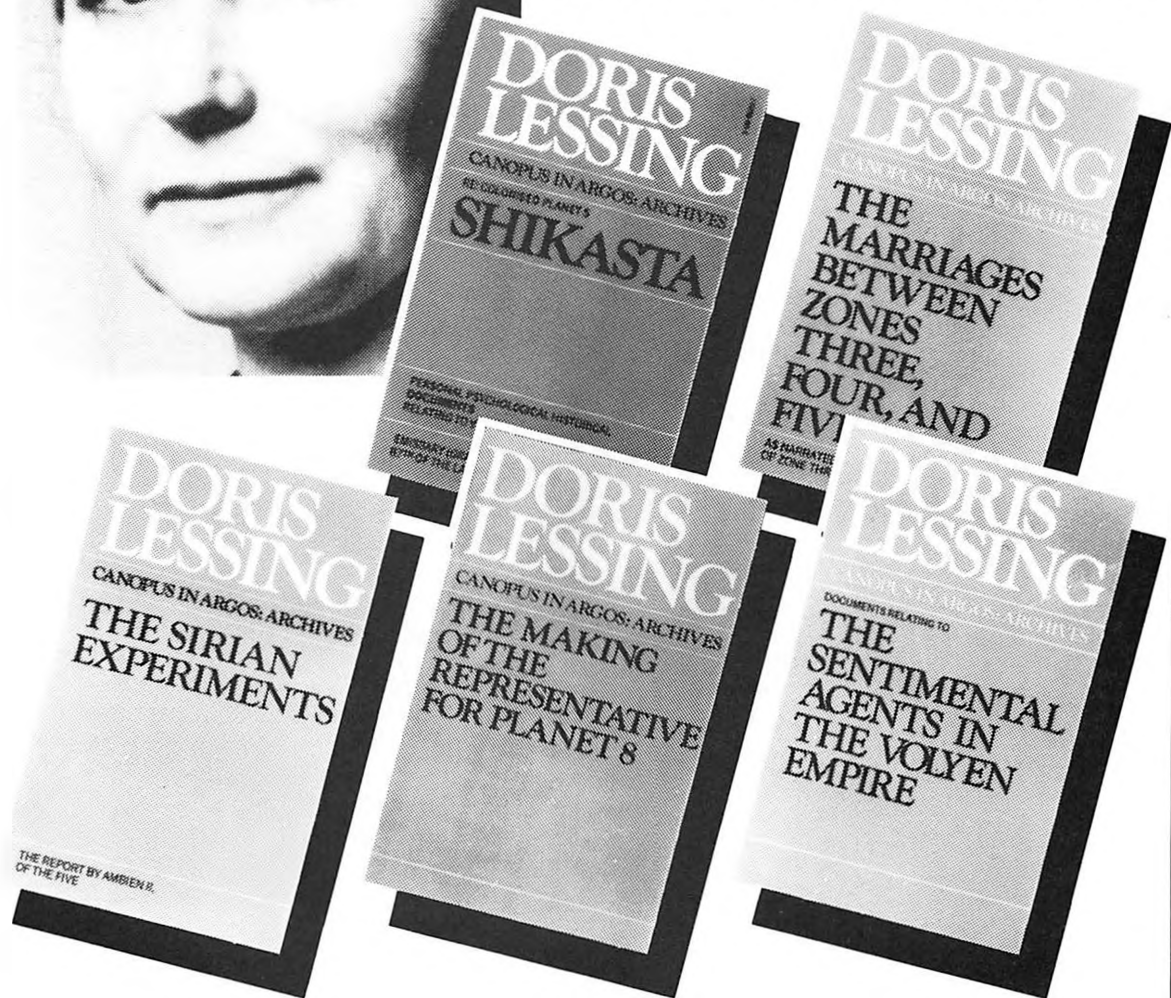
DORIS LESSING



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beyond the horizon of the
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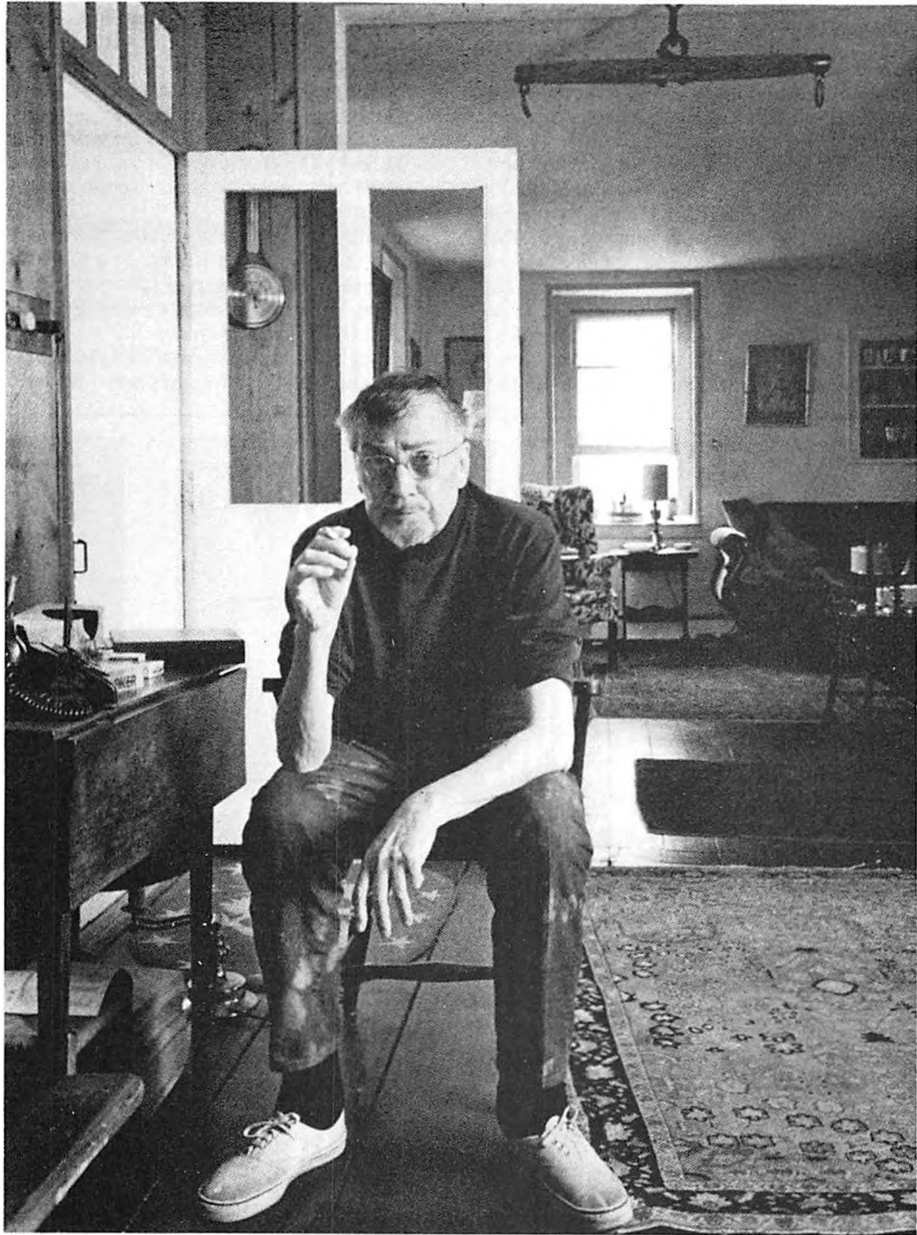
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THE “HEs”, THE “SHEs”, AND THE “ITs”

Alfred Bester

NO, NO, PANDORA — 27

ACT I. SCENE 3

The shabby laboratory of MARION EHEU. The three executives enter and stare around in amazement at the broken-down lab equipment which has produced such fantastic results. They are greeted by MARION.

Marion. [*Enthusiastic*] Welcome, gentlemen, welcome! I'm overwhelmed by this visit to poor, little me. Now let's see if I have your names straight. You, sir, are...?

Gunner. J.J. Gunner. Munificent Munitions for a Peaceful World, Ink.

Marion. Of course. To be sure. And welcome. You, sir, are...?

Harrow. J.J. Harrow. Endless Energy for a Happier World, Ink.

Marion. And together we will make it much, much happier. Then, by the process of elimination, you, sir, must be J.J. Islam, yes?

Islam. Prodigal Petroleum for a Playful People, Ink, At your service, Dr. Eheu.

Marion. Thank you. Thank you all. Now first let me demonstrate my discovery which you've been kind enough to come to see. It's...

Gunner. No need, Dr. Eheu. We know all about it.

Marion. But how?

Harrow. We have our sources, Dr. Eheu.

Islam. Your brilliant discovery consists of a mysterious plastic which, when sandwiched between two copper pennies, can generate a thousand volts of power per second. Correct, Dr. Eheu?

Marion. Yes, yes, yes! I've worked twenty years to make a discovery that would win me fame and fortune, to make my name as famous as Edison, Bell, Morse, and now at last, after years of struggle, that moment has arrived!

Gunner. Indeed it has, Dr. Eheu. Your years of poverty are over; your fortune is made. We're here

to offer you a lifetime income of twenty million a year.

Harrow. Tax free.

Islam. And an ultra-modern laboratory equipped for any and all future research and the wonderful discoveries which you will, no doubt, make.

Marion. And my energy elixir?

Gunner. It will be patented and protected, Dr. Eheu. No need to worry about that. We'll take care of all legal costs.

Marion. [*Dreamily*] The Eheu Energy Elixir. It's almost poetic. [*Practically*] And when do you intend to go into production, gentlemen?

Harrow. As soon as the world is ready for it, Dr. Eheu.

Marion. And when d'you think that will be?

Gunner. Too soon to say.

Islam. Oil and coal reserves are not yet exhausted and, of course, there's our subsidiary, Nuclear Nostrum, Ink.

Harrow. The world of 2181 is not quite ready for your energy elixir.

Marion. Then you don't plan on immediate production?

Islam. Eventually, yes; immediately, no.

Marion. Then you've really come to suppress it.

Gunner. Not at all. We merely want to prevent anything premature which might shatter our entire economic structure.

Harrow. But you'll have your fame and fortune, Dr. Eheu. The elixir will be patented in your name, and of course you'll have your twenty million a year plus your own ultra-modern laboratory. We might even arrange a professoriate at one of the Ivy League universities, if you're so inclined.

Marion. [*Furious*] All bribes! Rotten bribes! You want to suppress it. Now I see that I must go it on my own, alone, without your support.

Islam. Come, be realistic, Dr. Eheu. If you try to go it on your own it will be a disaster. Do you remember what Edison and Bell and Morse went through? You'll have to cope with patent counterclaims, lawsuits, and bureaucratic red

tape, all of which we can afford to do to protect you. Can you afford it?

Marion. [*Shaken*] No.

Gunner. And if you shop around for independent financing the price you'll have to pay will be most of your rights which we are guaranteeing.

Harrow. Be reasonable, Dr. Eheu. We're offering all that you want on a silver platter.

Marion. [*Determined*] And my answer is no! No! No! No!

Ommes. Buy why? Why? Why?

Yeah, why, why, why?

I'd written myself into a corner. Why in hell does she turn down the offer? If anybody offered me twenty million a year, tax free, plus a luxurious study with ultramodern typewriters, tape recorders, classy stationery, and all the reference books and material I needed I'd accept like a shot, weeping with gratitude. Why does Marion Eheu refuse? If I couldn't come up with a believable motivation I couldn't finish the script, and my deadline with the network was in two days.

I left my workshop and went into the bedroom where she'd been napping, but my hangup had awakened her. Togetherness breeds empathyness, if there's such a word, and there is now that I've coined it.

"Stuck?" she said.

I nodded. "I need a motive for turning down something for nothing, something luxurious."

"Is she a human?"

"Yes."

"Would it help any if you wrote her as an 'It' android?"

"I don't see how."

"Going to walk it off as usual?"

"Yeah. Don't worry, love. I'll be good."

I left the apartment and started to walk. My technique is, if you just walk through the streets with a blank mind, dropping into shops and bars on impulse, never thinking about the writing problem, sort of serendipity-like, something completely unrelated may hit you and kick you onto the right track to the solution. Like once I was hung up on a *Locust Plague* script until I passed a butcher shop with dead turkeys hanging in the window and that inspired the happy ending of the story.

I was angry and disgusted with myself so I dropped into THE TRITON THUNDER for a belt. Pagoda exterior. Teahouse interior w. teak, ebony, pearl and jade. Lanterns. Four fat mandarins (all paid-up members of Actors'

Equity) dancing in slow-motion postures on the center floor with snapping fans and hand-bells and singing in eunuch shrills. No inspiration from them.

The drinks had names like "Elegy for a Fallen Leaf," "Vengeful Dragon," "Moonlove," and "Year of the Quark."

I had one of each.

Next, THE SATURN SICK-VI. Foreign Legion Fort exterior w. cannon and the dummies of deal soldiers (Criterion Costume & Properties Co., Inc.) in the embrasures. Interior; sand, palms, trestle tables, and the waitresses done up as camp followers but they were all "Its." Music by Alfie Dreyfus & His Deafening Duo. Drinks; Morph, Hash, Coke, Ope, Roach I and Roach II.

"One of each," I told the bartender who was also an "It."

THE CALLISTO QUEEN had renovated and was now a fag joint with waiters in drag, looking damned seductive. Tiffany glass chandeliers, stained glass windows back-lighted to illuminate "The Probable Possible Postures." Music by a group calling themselves The Rough Traders. Drinks name "Cruise," "Hustle," "Grope," "Lust Letter Office," "Obscene Bus Stop." Maybe if I turned Marion Eheu into a lesbian and--- Nope.

"I'll have one of each."

THE GANYMEDE GENITAL is a nude trap. You check your clothes and are handed cosmetics to make up blackface or whiteface, as your choice might be. Congo decor. Naked Congo hostesses but they're all "Its" and not much fun. Maybe if I made Marion Eheu a Negro would that--- Nope.

"Fever" drinks; Yellow, Dengue, Spotted, Breakbone, Scarlet, etc. What if Marion Eheu has a terminal disease and--- Nope.

MARS BOW BELLS, a mirrored gin palace w. aphrodisiac buffet. If Marion Eheu fell in love with one of those executives and--- Nope.

THE VENUS ANDROGYNY for the trans-sex sodality. Now there's an idea. Marion's had one of those operations and she--- Forget it.

I gave up after THE TERROR FIRMA and THE LUNATIC and started for home, but on the way I passed a coffee shop with the unusual name of ALL NIGHT EATERY and dropped in for some coffee and a session of hating myself. I was alone at the counter--- it was pretty early in the morning - until a couple of syndicate hustlers came in and sat down alongside me. I suppose they were taking their break. The usual type, laughing and scratching, loose and unkempt. You'd swear they were human but of course they were "Its" and it's amazing how manufacturers and cybernetic mavens can program the androids for any and all trades.

These had been programmed outgoing and when they noticed me hating myself into my coffee they asked what was bugging a handsome big ▶

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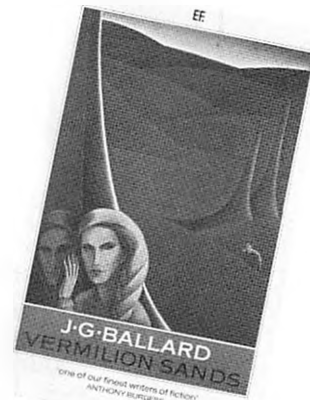
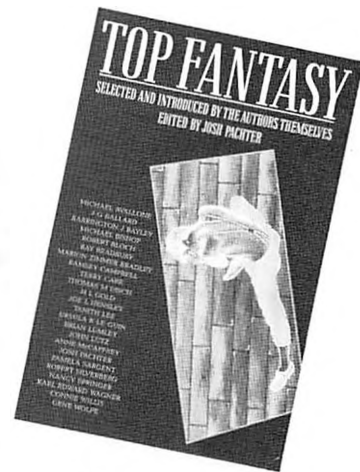
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spender like me.

"What the hell," I thought. "Maybe even an 'It' might put me on the right track." Aloud, I said, "I'm a writer and I've got a problem with a story that I can't solve. Would you care to help me?"

They looked impressed and complimented, and nodded with interest.

"It's in two parts," I went on. "First question: If you could have anything and everything that you wanted, what would it be?"

The first "It" next to me snapped, "Kill the bastard who brewed me."

That was no help. I couldn't see Marion Eheu killing me, her author, even though I'd written lethal instruments into the script. I waited on the second. At last she answered, "Ten hundred-dollar-johns a night."

And that wasn't any help either. I thanked them both politely and left without asking the second question. Which was, what could possibly make you give up your wish? But on the way home I passed YE OLDE ANDRIUM (*est. 2121*) and looked at the "It" displays in the show windows. They were inanimate, featureless puppets because they were unowned; only possession can inspire them with the quasi-life generated by the owner's desires.

However, the dummies were wearing some odd costumes, I suppose to demonstrate how plastic and adaptable they were to an owner's eccentricities no matter how oddball. And this kicked another oddity which had been pestering

the back of my mind up to the surface; why *ten* one-hundred-johns a night? why not *one* thousand-dollar-john?

I began to laugh and was still giggling when I got to the apartment and went into the bedroom. I sat down hard on the side of the bed which said to wake up because I wanted to talk. She sat up, sensing my hilarity, and transformed into a blackface minstrel show Endman. I told her the coffee shop story and asked the question which had been bugging me.

"Ah, yowsa. Y'all says ten as differntiated from one, nine, or 'leven, Mistah Bones?"

"That's what I say, Mr Jones."

"Ah will solve yoah predicamentality with a simple solutionment, Mistah Bones, professional pride."

I let out a yell. Of course that was the answer. The movitivation for Marion Eheu's no-no, professional pride; which could force me to refuse the most lavish offers if they meant that my work couldn't be seen and known by the public.

I looked down with love and gratitude. Since I wasn't projecting anything that required her participation my "It" had relaxed into her normal dummy state, a featureless puppet. Even like that she was best of all for me. I kissed her and headed for my workshop wondering what humans owned me, why I'd been made a free-lance writer, and what the "He" or "She" hoped to prove through the unheard-of situation of an "It" owning another "It".

○

THE RAPE OF THE POSSIBLE

There is no real hardware in Bester, only wild men who jump through space as heavily defended as starships, chewing paradoxes like gum and scattering the personality conflicts that drive them.

M. John Harrison

ALFRED BESTER, AS EVERYONE KNOWS, GAVE UP WRITING SCIENCE FICTION for some years. This, he admitted in his introduction to *Star Light, Star Bright*, was because he had got bored. You can see why he might do.

His fiction has nothing ordinary or predictable in it, and it goes along at an inhuman, debilitating pace. His characters, living like a speeded-up movie, in an agony of ambition, commitment, energy — an agony of agony — drag the reader along with them by the hair. It is as if Bester, in early middle age, found himself forced to submit the times he lived in — their ideas and their enthusiasms, their wet dreams and horrors — to the heat of his personality: burn the dross out of them.

This reduction he presented sometimes in the nightmare frames of a comic book — out of which leapt into the reader's bedroom lamplight the caped Guignols of McCarthyist America — Greed, Rhetoric, Invention, Paranoid Schizophrenia — sometimes in short stories like little vortices of wit and conceit.

Ben Reich, of *The Demolished Man*, his name the first and perhaps the last clue as to how he should be read, tries repeatedly to slaughter his father, while the father within tries to slaughter himself. Marko, the Pi Man, commits acts silly, unspeakable, degrading, to compensate for local variations in a perceived Cosmic Pattern. Chooka Prood and Keno Quizzard, medusa and cannibal, confuse and eat the innocent (and are in the end eaten by them) in the rainbow warrens of postNuclear West Side. Odysseus Gaul starts out as an angle — sorry, angel — and ends up as God. This is a common Besterian transition, culminating in who

else but Gully Foyle, the human space ship, of whom you can say no more than

Gully Foyle is my name

Terra is my nation

and on. When they meet, they destroy themselves. They fizz with violence and humour, gabble in the tense, paranoid patois of postwar America — “Does Dillinger tell Capone?” “What’s a matter, me? Help you Heels. Help is all.” (But how could any help come, except for its own reasons and to extract its own tolls, in this pre-Reagan dustbin of a solar system?) “It was blood money.” “Blood and money.” “Blood.” “Money.” — and annihilate everything around them.

Bester characters, though they become aware of themselves precisely because of it, see no gap between the desired and the possible. Put them next to one another: straight away they begin to whisper, “Together we could rape the universe!” (Though later they will accuse, Liar! Cheat! Ghoul! Walking cancer!, as through hysterical betrayals and hyperbolic psychic injuries, Bester gives you the whole of the post-Freudians in three frames of the Marvel comics yet to come, thus making more of a prediction — in the sense of a genuine self-reflexive foreshadowing — than any number of “hard” sf writers.) The gap yawns — a space unjauntable, an understanding untelepathable — and they spring screaming from it straight into the reader’s face, Gully Foyle and Jisbella McQueen like Punch and Judy, up into the world from the world in the Id, accompanied by whole enabling technologies —

The commando keyboard in the teeth, the rewired spine, sex with a radioactive man looking for twenty pounds of the substance that gave birth to the universe. “It was an age of freaks, monsters and grotesques.” Teleportation, dream princesses who see only radar waves, *Vorga-T* (“I kill you deadly!”) —

In *Tiger Tiger* the space drive is the human personality, science is *invention*, invention is the desire of your time as seen in its latest theory of the universe, its latest hat, its latest paranoia, the radiator grill of its newest automobile. “Crime pays. I got a little four-man job. Twin-jet. Kind they call a Saturn Weekender...Because a weekend on Saturn would last ninety days.”

While there are technologies in this sense, there is no real hardware in Bester (hardware is the prole yoke: it is the thing that cleans the drains, the badge of our subservience; it is the note on Foyle’s official Merchant Marine record — “Foyle has reached a dead end.” Read: Foyle will never be the man from Dyno-Rod. Bester was one of the first to see that *Popular Mechanics* does not free but enslave us), only wild men who *jump* through space as heavily defended as starships, chewing paradoxes like gum and scattering the personality conflicts that drive them. In the end, character, invention, energy, society, are tied into one appalling Freudian knot.

Bester’s literary technologies are clearly derived from the classic novel. He has burned the dross out of Stendhal, so that you can enjoy the rhythms without the sentimentality that blurred them: he has burned the dross out of Balzac, so that you can feel the bony plots underlying the bourgeois paunch; he has got in with the blowtorch and paint stripper and discovered R L Stevenson under the Meredithian coat of varnish; Dickens withered to almost nothing after the smugness had burned away, only *Tale of Two Cities*, and then only the narrative values. You intuit *The Red and the Black*, you suspect *A Harlot High and Low*; most of all, of course (and this is what has already freed you to speculate), you can feel, as you are intended to, *The Count of Monte Cristo* —

If *Tiger Tiger* is Bester’s strong mis-reading of Dumas père, though, we should keep in mind not just the tragedy of revenge, but the wrench Bester has given to its circumstances. The Count wasn’t possessed of the secret of the universe, nor was he fighting his father over it. Can Fourmyle of Ceres ever defeat Presteign — who is as surely his father as D’Courtney is the father of Ben Reich? By distributing PyrE to the common man, Dyno Rod Man, and urging him, “Become *uncommon*: they will never make use of you again,” he overcomes the demons of his age only by mimicking them.

Symbolically at least, Foyle shows us all how to break from our fathers. But is he merely performing what Harold Bloom (recognising its similiarity to Paul de

Man's "possible upward fall") calls *kenosis*? "Thrown forth by the intoxicating glory of the precursor's strength", Foyle appears to levitate (Alfred Bester, too), *and to take us with him*. But what if we can only defeat the father by imitation? After his space jaunt to the Scientific Asteroid, will Foyle — foiled again — realise he can only repeat the sins of his precursor? That the father is always in him?

Bester leaves him pupating the real and downward fall that may follow. A veil is drawn over the rest of the twenty fourth century, the subsequent trajectory of Mankind. For this uncharacteristic kindness we are much in his debt. ○

ALFRED BESTER, SF AND ME

..and it was, as we said those days, a rush. It still is..

William Gibson

I DON'T REMEMBER HOW OLD I WAS WHEN I FIRST TRIED TO READ *The Stars My Destination*, I may have been eleven, I'd discovered a shelf of back issues of *Galaxy* at the rear of a dusty loft in the Office Supply store on Main Street. The Office Supply was a known source of exotica: my mother went there once a week for the Sunday edition of an enormous newspaper called *The New York Times*. We lived in southwestern Virginia and *The New York Times* was the product of Yankees. The loft was made of grey-painted, perforated angle-iron, fastened together with giant bolts, the whole construction swaying and jittering in a definitely exciting way when you mounted the steel stairs. And there were books up there, second-hand paperbacks, though most of them were mysteries, 1950's mysteries with maps worked into the rear cover design, and those weren't what I was after.

You know what I was after.

I found it. I selected a dozen issues of *Galaxy* on the basis of superior cover art and took them home. My favourite had a wonderful painting of spacesuited, dinosaurian aliens excavating Earth, exposing cliffside strats that clearly illustrated mankind's progress from club-swinging savage to radioactive slime.

The contents, initially, proved to be somewhat over my head. There were stories by people like Robert Sheckley that I just didn't understand. I think I was having a hard enough time grappling with the concept of the short story, because I'd only read *books* before, *The Spaceship Under The Apple Tree*, for instance, or *Have Spacesuit, Will Travel*.

I don't remember any of those stories in *Galaxy*, but I do remember trying to read something there that had letters going all strange across the page; at one point it even had pictures worked into the text. Not illustrations, but *pictures...* Lips, a strand of pearls... More confusing still, this wasn't just a story, but part of something longer, something called a *serial*, and I soon understood that my choice of cover art had left me with several incomplete serials...

So I didn't get to read *The Stars My Destination* at age eleven, have avoided serializations ever since, and didn't know that I'd been touched, however glancingly, by the paraliterary daring of Mr. Alfred Bester.

Certainly I'd read him by age thirteen, but my own Golden Age of Science Fiction was upon me, that fabled glut of marvels; I took Bester, Sturgeon, Heinlein and the rest for granted, as children are wont to do. So much lovely stuff, lovely, and so much of it so soon forgotten...

Years passed, Heinlein was left out in the rain to rust, sex and love proved more complex, more paradoxical, than even freethinking Sturgeon had led one to expect, and *The Stars My Destination* was no more than a faint memory of some fleeting adolescent infatuation.

The age of twenty is a wonderful time for nostalgic glances back at childhood: childhood is still close, too close for serious perspective to have been established. I no longer read science fiction, at age twenty. I read Bailard, I read Pynchon, I read Borges. Science fiction belonged to childhood's drowned Atlantis, seven years gone, and I regarded it, when I regarded it at all, with a distant and profoundly sophomoric disdain.

So. One dreamy, resin-laden summer afternoon, in a second-hand bookstore on Toronto's Yonge Street, I happened on Mr. Bester once again. Feeling a sort of

tender pity for the child who'd been so taken, as I then recalled, with this very book, I picked it up and opened it.

He stood in the door to nowhere.

Blink.

The cold was the taste of lemons and the vacuum was a rake of talons on his skin. The sun and the stars were a shaking ague that racked his bones.

Feeling obscurely chastened, I carried the book back to my rented room on Isabella Street and read it beneath a bare lightbulb that dangled from an enormous plaster rosette that had once supported an ornate gilt gas fixture.

And it was, as we said those days, a rush.

It still is.

Cyberpunk.

"I didn't call it that when I invented it," said a British rock musician when questioned about his historical relationship to heavy metal.

Some of you may have noticed that I myself have had next to nothing to say about this alleged "movement" (yes, sort of like the Symbionese Liberation Army, you see) or "sub-genre" (if you're tired of Dungeons & Dragons, try Modems & Mohawks) or whatever precisely it's supposed to be. And, in any case, I didn't really invent it. Something very like it was markedly present in the pop zeitgeist of the late Seventies and early Eighties, there for all to see in the pages of *Heavy Metal*, in the lyrics of Bowie's *Diamond Dogs*, and in films like *Escape From New York*, needing only the least little whoops and a push to tip it over into the relatively stodgy realm of science fiction's printed word.

Hence *Neuromancer*, a novel that caused a number of critics to invoke, much to my delight, the name of Alfred Bester.

To set the record straight, I did *not* write *Neuromancer* with a copy of *The Stars My Destination* open on the desk beside my typewriter. However, when I found that Terry Carr had put me in the position of actually having to write a whole novel all by myself, I do remember casting back through my racial memory of SF for a work that might provide a model, a template... What did I *really* like? What, out of all that stuff, was my personal favourite?

The Stars My Destination. I had been at least six years since I'd last read the book; to my credit, I avoided rereading it then. Instead, I set out to write a book that, I hoped, would *move* the way I remembered *The Stars My Destination* moving. Frankly, I don't think I pulled it off, but it did give me something to shoot for.

Neuromancer, I suspect, won't age well. *The Stars My Destination* hardly seems to age at all. And here, I think, we have a paradox, because my book is rooted less in a particular time and place than in the McLuhanesque ether of Seventies Big Media, while Bester's is so obviously and wonderfully the product of Fifties New York.

Several years ago I was given a British paperback reprint (*The Rat Race*) of a mainstream Bester novel that dated, I imagine, from the period that produced *The Stars My Destination* and *The Demolished Man*. In my opinion, it didn't quite work. Which puzzled me, as its colours were obviously from the same palate. Eventually I decided that *The Rat Race* proved something; that, indeed, it underlined what is for me the key pleasure in these two marvellous novels; the manner in which Bester, via some private and urbane alchemy, was able to tap into the extraordinary energy of postwar Manhattan in a way that allows us to *feel it today*. There are remarkably few mainstream novels of the period that manage to do this at all.

I seem to recall that, within hours of my first having met Bruce Sterling, he described *The Stars My Destination* as a "seamless pop artifact". By this he meant that it was very nearly perfect.

I don't know Alfred Bester personally, and I'm not about to feed you potted bio-and-or-bibliography. I did see Alfred Bester once, in Seattle, when he was guest of honour at an early Norwescon. He wore glossy black penny-loafers, a beautifully tailored black suit, a neatly trimmed beard, and cut an extremely relaxed and elegant figure. Which is to say, he looked remarkably unlike your average American SF writer. The man had very definite class, and I, though too shy to speak to him, was delighted. Too often had lesser heroes manifested in

Sears polyester and dandruff, you understand. Later in the evening he donned a Levi jacket and jeans and he looked pretty cool in that as well.

I can't recall having met an SF writer whose opinion I respected who failed to share my enthusiasm for Alfred Bester's work.

As I write this, it's early May in Vancouver, a long way from Brighton and **Conspiracy**, and already I'm feeling a few mild pangs of pre-worldcon excitement. Because, you see, any Worldcon with the taste and sense to honour Alfred Bester is likely to be very special. ○

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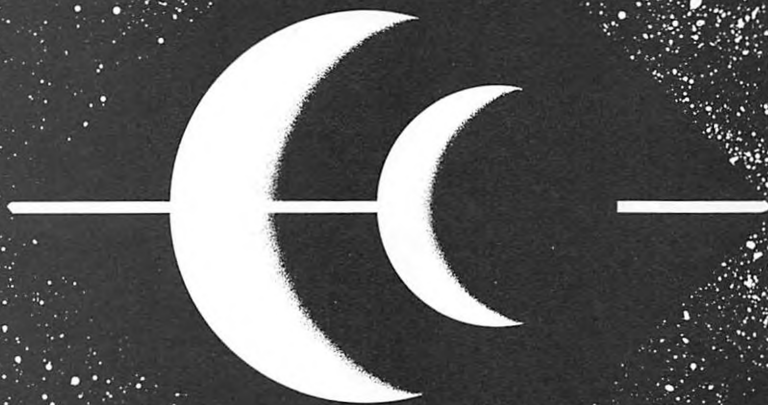
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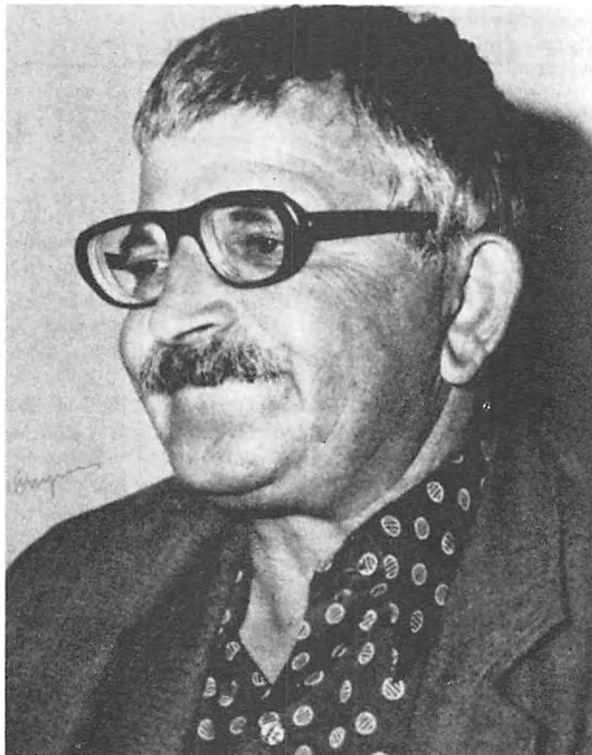
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S T R U G A T S K Y



**B O R I S
A R K A D Y**



G o H

THE BROTHERS BORIS AND ARKADY STRUGATSKY HAVE WRITTEN ENOUGH TO FILL a library; over the course of more than a quarter of a century (their first book came out in 1959) they have published dozens of works, with varied critical responses ranging from the categorically negative to welcome and complete delight. Their SF stories have been translated into the languages of the Russian peoples as well as others, and have been published abroad — nearly all of them in East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and the United States of America, and many of their works in Poland, West Germany, France and Japan.

The Strugatskys are natives of Leningrad, but the older of the pair, Arkady Natanovich, who is a translator of Japanese by education, settled in Moscow long ago. Boris Natanovich lives in his native city. He found himself there during the first terrible year of the Blockade until he was evacuated in August 1942. He returned, completed his university degree and became an astronomer. This interview took place in his Leningrad apartment.

How do the two of you manage to write while living in different cities?

We always work together, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, word after word, paragraph after paragraph, page after page, right up to the completion of the work. We never write anything serious alone, only together. We talk everything out first, come together, and once we have met we work. Inspiration is a *rara avis* — you can't count on it. We turn out five to seven pages of rough drafts or ten to fifteen pages of clean copy daily. Five hours' work in the morning, or one or two in the afternoon, for ten days in a row — we used to be able to do more — without any interruptions or a day off.

All the time we are thrashing it out, while we are in the course of polishing literally every sentence in the text, it seems like a non-stop argument. People say from the sidelines that it looks as if we are arguing all the time. In the heat of the argument a mutually acceptable version is developed. If a compromise is impossible we throw dice — it has happened that way.

You have written some twenty-three novellas — is this your favorite form?

As a rule, we usually turn in about ten authors' sheets [*translator's note* — about 150 pages of text]. Our longest story, I'd say, is about fifteen. Evidently, our imaginations don't accommodate a greater length.

Really, every single story is a small world unto itself, and every world of a SF story is necessarily a *terra incognita*, which no one has ever seen before — a world lying beyond the borders of human experience, a world distinguished by the presence of the unusual or the utterly impossible. Who knows what it might be — a world suddenly disturbed by an invisible man, or a world of the far future, or a world which has received and deciphered a communication from a supercivilisation? But the author must know all the details of this world, all the nooks and crannies clearly at every moment of this work. Otherwise the sense of authenticity of the events he describes will be lost, and an SF work deprived of a sense of authenticity isn't worth a damn. The authenticity of the world described is found in the details. A realistic author takes these details from his own experiences or memories; an author has to imagine these details. However this means in the end that the world we have imagined cannot both be larger than life and at the same time believable.

What do you start with when writing, heroes or situations? Which comes first?

It's been both. But more often than not, we start with a situation by which the fantastic penetrates into reality in some way, from a certain model of the world.

A successfully imagined situation — that's often only half the work. The scene is ready, the props are in place, so it's time to let the hero enter and start living here...

I remember how we thought up the situation for *Roadside Picnic*. It was in Komarovo, near Leningrad. We had gone for a walk in the forest and come upon the remains of a car picnic: empty cans, small bones, some sort of rag, a used oil filter, bottles, small batteries from a torch, a broken fork... We tried to imagine

INTERVIEW WITH BORIS STRUGATSKY

Mankind is trying to work out the remains left behind after a brief visit to Earth by a powerful supercivilization. The situation appeared rich with possibilities, and allowed us to imagine a world it would be interesting to work in.

Conducted by G. Silina,
translated by John H.
Costello; first published
in *Literaturnaia Gazeta*,
Moscow, 7 August 1985.

*This interview
appeared in a different,
shortened form in Locus,
March 1987. Our thanks to
Charles N. Brown, — Ed.*

what the forest animals must think of it. What would they conclude from this, if they were able to think? That's how *Picnic's* situation arose... Mankind is trying to work out the remains left behind after a brief visit to Earth by a powerful supercivilisation. The situation appeared rich with possibilities, and allowed us to imagine a world it would be interesting to work in.

What do you go through in creating your characters? And how do you come up with the names?

The hero is, to a large extent, a function of the underlying theme. Depending on this or that theme, this or that hero gets selected. Usually, we let our reader know as much, but no more than, our chief character, and he seeks to escape from various traps and pitfalls together with the chief character. And the readers should make their own choices at the same time as the hero.

Such an approach, obviously, imposes very definite limitations. You can't make your chief character too much of a genius or a superman. He can do more as a fool, of course, but nothing very interesting. Anyway, depicting both geniuses and fools is very difficult. In world literature, examples of that being done successfully can be counted on one hand.

As far as the names of our characters are concerned, we usually pick them from newspapers or from the telephone directory, and sometimes we even work them out with the aid of a programmable hand calculator.

What, in your opinion, distinguishes fantastic from non-fantastic literature?

SF is the only form of literature in which the fabulous happens at every moment. SF explores contemporary mankind and contemporary problems using its own methods. For example, the problem of contact with other civilisations. That situation, contact, is only a theme, a touchstone, which the literature uses for testing individual men and mankind. SF has several such touchstones: the death of civilisation; the invention which transforms the world; travel to the past or the future. But that theme isn't the purpose of the work — another example is the collision of the Earth with a gigantic asteroid — it is no more than a means, one of many artistic devices, a way to talk about human fate and the fate of the world.

There are two conflicting demands made of SF. Some consider it should be realistic, others hold that 'fantasy should be fantastic'.

I am in favour of realistic fantasy. The fantastic element should grow, develop within the realistic fabric of the storytelling, and form a single alloy within it, with completely new properties, as one expects from alloys.

Voland [the all-powerful, devil-like creature in Bulgakov's *Master and the Margarita*] when at home dresses in a nightshirt that's dirty and patched at the shoulders. The Mars of *Aelita* is a reddish desert overgrown with enormous cacti. This desert too is familiar: we saw it in "The Travellers' Club". Wells's Martians, sagging under their own weight, glistening octopoid sacs with glowering eyes, are so real they die of infections, poisoned by terrestrial micro-organisms.

The fantastic is dressed in mundane clothing, in both the literal and figurative senses of the term. The fantastic is made knowable, intelligible; it becomes an element of the real and familiar world. Only after this can it bring out responses — now one can love it, hate it, fear it, scorn it, delight in it or condemn it. Ninety percent of fantastic writing is second-rate reading because the authors are never able to form that alloy of the fantastic and the real. They are not able to make the fantastic realistic.

Or perhaps they don't want to? I am not talking about the numerous hacks or the simply talentless, but there are many strong, realistic writers who have tried their hands at SF, and have not come out on top. Their heroes do not converse, they read speeches. They don't walk, they perform on stage... I remember how chagrined and dumbfounded I was when I read Yuri Tynianov's (and he is a brilliant, unique writer — I bow before his prose) critical analysis of *Aelita*. He declared the story unsuccessful, in part, precisely because Alexei Tolstoy's Mars was *too* similar to Earth. "That is an astonishing impossibility to think about ►

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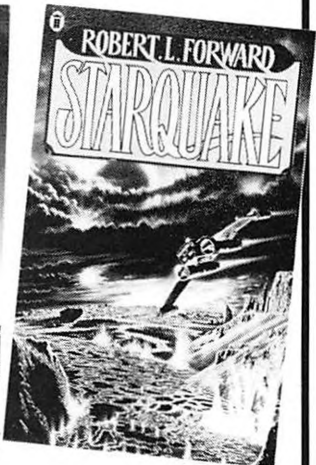
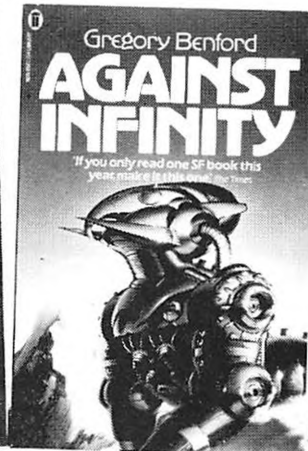
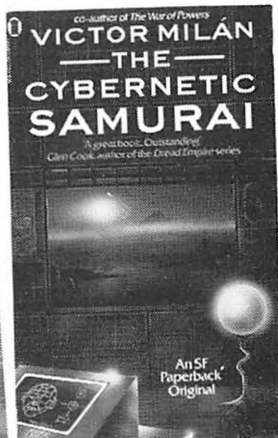
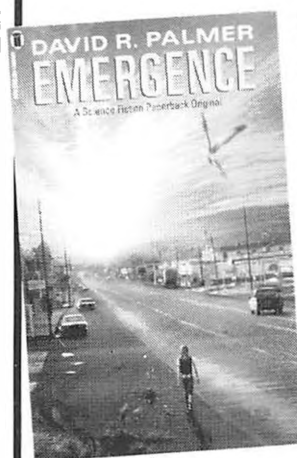
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Mars..." Tynianov wrote.

Perhaps there are two ideals, two approaches, two literary tastes when we talk about SF? To me, it is obviously difficult to talk about this at all objectively. I am prejudiced. And more and more, it seems to me that all good SF is on my side of the argument. Gogol's *The Nose* is chock full of realism for all its fantastic elements. Swift in *Gulliver's Travels* is scrupulous to the utmost when he describes mass after mass of minutely realistic details, and Lem is just as scrupulous when he devotes many pages of text of his most detailed story about the forms of the Mimoid. All this is necessary just so the reader can enter into the fantastic world of the novel just as naturally as he can enter into the world of a realistic novel.

You, I trust, not only write SF but read the genre as well?

I very much prefer the SF works of those authors who do not consider themselves to be SF writers. I am very fond of Vadim Shefner's fiction: his gentle, touching, completely original 'fairy tales for the wise'. Danil Granin's *The Memory Place* is a classic SF story: I would unhesitatingly include it in a collection of my favourite SF stories. I can read and reread V. Orlov's *The Violist Danilov* and A. Zhitinsky's amusing stories, and the realistic fables of N. Katerli.

For many years we have participated in a struggle to increase the print runs of SF works, as well as the number of individual publications. The struggle, it might appear, has been crowned with success. Now the "Young Guard" publishing house issues SF regularly. But these books are of such low literary quality they incite the venerable literary critics to condemn all SF as second rate. The majority of the books are written under the heading 'Fantasy must be fantastic'. That's all very well. But where is there a publisher who will set in motion the production of realistic fantasy, in the spirit of Swift, Wells and Capek? We're very short of such publishers. Would you know?

THE MASTERS OF THE GOLDEN BALL

This tension of dream and anguish burgeons into an actual alien artefact, a golden ball which can make dreams come true, eagerly sought for in the anomalous zone where a supercivilization has left its picnic litter...

Ian Watson

ARKADI NATANOVICH STRUGATSKI WAS BORN IN 1925, AND HIS BROTHER Boris in 1931. Arkadi, who now lives in Moscow, became a translator for the Japanese, both of technical material and of medieval prose works, while Boris (who continues to live in their native Leningrad, though he was evacuated during the Nazi seige) became a computer mathematician in the field of observational astronomy, in which he has authored scientific papers. Boris has also helped script the USSR's recent, first film about nuclear war, *Letter of a Dead Man*. Otherwise, as regards SF, for the past 30 years the two brothers have always collaborated, writing literally side by side during their frequent reunions.

Arkadi has said that Russian SF and fantasy writers trace their origin to such as Pushkin's *Queen of Spades* and Gogol's *The Nose*, rather than to the novels of Jules Verne; and there is in much of the Strugatskis' work a spirit of the satirical-fantastical as in Gogol. This may strike a strange note (or come as a breath of fresh air!) to readers in the West, especially when allied with such themes as scientific laboratories.

There is also in their work a sense of the miraculous — not in the mystical but in the imaginative and fantastic-satiric sense — which would have been appreciated by H.G. Wells, who himself wrote of "the Man Who Could Work Miracles": endowed with a super-gift, yet himself a crass mediocrity. In the Strugatskis' view, scientific and technological progress which delivers genuine miracles (as well as some dystopic anti-miracles) has numbed the sense of wonder, stripping it of glitter and sticking it in a filing cabinet (beloved of bureaucrats, a favourite target of theirs). Or else the miracle takes the form of an equation which only three people in the world can understand. Yet the mental thirst of people for miracles remains — unfulfilled. Hence the contemporary fascination with pseudo-sciences such as UFO research and parapsychology.

The Strugatskis thus strive to fire the imagination with what is vivid and often inexplicable, within a humane and ironic context which has its own deep roots in Russian literature — as well as in the folk-tale tradition, lifeblood of any Russian, where Baba Yaga rides in a mortar, where mermaids live in an oak tree while a cat in a golden cage tells stories, where houses stand on hens' legs.

Unlike the Gernsbackian boggling at super-machines, but more akin to H.G. Wells, they investigate — and sustain — the *psychology* of wonder, within its social context. Here is the *terra incognita* they explore: the consequences of an invisible man, a mysterious message from a supercivilization, or the leftover rubbish from one — the fabulous penetrating into mundane reality, forging a new alloy, of realistic fantasy, allied to rational humanism.

The Strugatskis' first "period" was utopian, with extrapolative future history and interplanetary adventure in a socialist solar system. *The Land of Purple Clouds* (1959), *Destination Amalthea* (1960), and *Space Apprentice* (1962), as well as *Noon: 22nd Century* (1962) were unusual and notable for their lifelike characters, and their vivid, varied, realistic backgrounds.

With *Far Rainbow* (1963), where a destructive Black Wave menaces a cheerful, creative society, they began moving into their second phase, producing parables of conflict. Thus in *Hard to be a God* (1964) a disguised emissary from a classless Earth encounters military stupidity and social entropy on another planet, yet "historical textbook" solutions fail when brought to bear. The intervention of the strange in the familiar (or vice versa) is a common Strugatski theme, as increasingly was the subject of entropic, rigidified, debased power structures — which they went on to tackle in folktale-like parables. Thus, in *Monday Begins on Saturday* (1965) where bureaucracy blights and charlatanises science amidst the investigation of inexplicable phenomena; in *Snail on the Slope* (1966) where a nightmare forest of weird phenomena and aberrant behaviour is juxtaposed with a Kafkaesque Directorate; in the *Tale of the Troika* (1968) where what was originally a committee for investigating plumbing has usurped total power in an imaginary country — of weird phenomena — and now exploits these anomalous natural events but is unable to cope with the wonders of the future represented by an alien visitor; and in *The Second Martian Invasion* (1968) where the invaders don't use heat-rays but corruption and misinformation.

Deploying black humour and spoof (not least of the debasement of language), the Strugatskis' work shows anguish about the human condition — together with the ever-present hope of the marvellous, which might revivify human dreams and produce an actual golden future if bureaucrats, exploiters, and corrupt power-mongers can be defeated.

Roadside Picnic (1972), which Tarkovsky filmed as *Stalker*, this tension of dream and anguish burgeons into an actual alien artefact, a golden ball which can make dreams come true, eagerly sought for in the anomalous zone where a super-civilization has left its picnic litter; whilst outside of the zone the manipulative bureaucrats hover.

More recent work by the brothers includes the winding-up of their "Maxim trilogy" which commenced with *Prisoners of Power* and now ends with *The Waves Calm the Wind*; and their latest novel, *Lame Destiny*, a more contemporary story with fantasy elements à la Bulgakov (of *The Master and Margarita*), which contains a novel within a novel, though magazine serialization pruned much of this.

Quoted as epigraph to *Monday Begins on Saturday* is an ironic passage from Gogol: "But what is the strangest, the most incomprehensible of all, is the fact that authors can undertake such themes — I confess this is altogether beyond me, really... No, no, I don't understand it at all." Arkadi and Boris Strugatski are authors bold enough and imaginative enough to tackle the strangest and most anomalous events and intersect these humanely, satirically, and passionately with the dark, the reactionary, the pettifogging, the corrupt; and in the dark forest or the littered wasteland of human history still to seek not simply the crystal ball of prediction but the golden ball of dreams, dreams which could with honesty and honour become future fact. ○

STALKERS

SF at its best is about life, but as it might be, anchored in the past but flowing into the future, plastic under the press of new circumstances.

George
Zebrowski

I FIRST BECAME AWARE OF ARKADI AND BORIS STRUGATSKY WHEN I TRANSLATED one of their stories in the mid 1960's. I was working from a Polish edition of Russian SF. The short story (my translation was never published), *Individual Hypotheses*, moved me with its depiction of human character confronting the rigors of interstellar travel. There was a depth of feeling and reality in the story that seemed missing from much English language SF. I was so intrigued that I finished the translation for my own pleasure. As it turned out, every writer in that Polish collection went on to greater fame and accomplishment, but the Strugatskys have triumphed as no other Eastern European writer except Stanislaw Lem.

In the 1970's, years after I had published my first novel and dozens of short stories, I undertook to write a yearly column for *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction* on non-English language science fiction. Lem had recently been published in English for the first time, and the Macmillan Co. in New York was publishing a series of Soviet SF novels. I was delighted to learn that more than a half dozen Strugatsky novels were to be published in the series, and that other novels were to come out from other publishers, Gollancz among them.

Roadside Picnic, one of the first books I reviewed, was the first Strugatsky translation into English to win wide acclaim. It took 2nd place in the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for 1977, and was praised by Algis Bundrys; countless other reviews were very favorable. Few other translated novels are generally regarded as classics. From recent decades, only Lem's *Solaris* comes to mind.

Roadside Picnic is comparable to *Solaris* in theme — that of alien contact of a particularly difficult and enigmatic kind. The Strugatskys present the effects of an alien visit to Earth. The aliens have left behind various artifacts, their equivalent, perhaps, of picnic junk. These artifacts are collected from the forbidden contaminated area by "stalkers" — people who have become experienced in the ways of this area. The hunting trips through this zone of alien refuse make for fascinating reading. The effect of the unknown on the lives of the stalkers, scientists, and townspeople is moving, often heartbreaking. What makes the story work are the human longings and relationships, the sudden details that startle the reader but are commonplace to the people of the story.

At one point a character speculates on the notion of reason as an explicit form of instinct, through which we approach and assimilate the unknown. It occurred to me as I was reading that the stalkers are much like SF writers, and that some bring back genuine unknowns while others fake it, or bring back contrived trivia.

Roadside Picnic is an adult, literate, mercilessly honest short novel. John W. Campbell might have published it if there had been fewer restrictions on language and sex in *Astounding/Analog*. What stays with the reader is the indirect vision of an alien species, indifferent to rather than contemptuous of humankind, which left behind what may be nothing more than children's toys, the equivalent of a flashlight, or picnic garbage. (The late Andrei Tarkovsky, who directed *Solaris*, made a film of *Roadside Picnic*, titled *Stalker*, which was well received and deserves a wider audience.)

Prisoners of Power, another Strugatsky novel, is a work that I particularly respect. It deals with intervention in the affairs of a declining culture on another planet, and is somewhat reminiscent of *Hard To Be A God*. Maxim's future Earth is unlike ours, but the planet he visits is more like the Earth we know, thus giving us a double perspective — one from the past and one from the future.

The great feature of *Prisoners of Power* is its treatment of a central problem: should a backward society be moved forward or left alone to develop in its own way? We see this difficulty through the way in which Maxim responds to the problem and hardens through his ordeals; in the end we are also exhausted, tested, and changed.

What has interested me in the work of the Strugatsky brothers is how their work has grown over the years from the simpler forms of SF to a darker, more supple, critical and satiric view of the effects on humanity of future possibilities.

Their career as SF writers parallels the maturation of SF throughout the world, and demonstrates SF's claim to a place in our permanent literature.

In a comment they once made about their own faltering beginnings as writers of fiction, the Strugatskys advised young writers to keep writing no matter how bad they might be, because that is the only way to improve. It still surprises me how many aspiring writers still fail to understand the benefits of continuous practice.

The Strugatskys project in their work a civilized, humane growth of understanding. They are people who are concerned with alternative futures, but who have learned the limits of human nature and historical constraints; yet they hope and continue to explore through their work and writings (Arkady is an astrophysicist and computer expert, Boris a specialist in and translator of Japanese literature) what may lie ahead. They have helped establish a tradition that can only widen and enhance the base of international SF.

To those readers who have not read the Strugatskys, I say that you have missed some of the finest works of SF in this century, comparable to Wells, Stapledon, Clarke, Heinlein, Asimov, LeGuin, Dick and Benford. The Strugatskys give us fiction as a way of knowing life, ourselves, not in the form that experience confronts us with, but in the forms of reflective exploration, justification, insight into values, observation from different angles, through the appreciation of beauty and form to be found in the narrative strategies of prose. SF, at its best, is also about life, but as it might be, anchored in the past but flowing into the future, plastic under the press of new circumstances. The most ambitious SF does not deal in the merely sensational; it lights its way with the lamps of vision and intellect. In stalking targets of thought and elegant fiction the Strugatskys have fulfilled the critical possibilities of SF, which have too often been squandered in the commercial aims of mindless entertainment. I hope that circumstances will have permitted me to attend this gathering, so I can meet these two awesome stalkers.

Zebrowski is the author of more than 50 short works of SF. He is best known for his novels Macrolife and The Omega Point Trilogy. He has also edited more than a dozen anthologies, among them Nebula Awards 20, 21, and 22. Forthcoming is a twice a year original collection, Synergy, from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

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by Darko Suvin

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Thanks to the following people as well as Darko Suvin who gave time and effort to contribute important information in the compiling of this bibliography: Frances Arnold, Alan Myers, Ian Watson, Charles N. Brown, Roger Robinson.

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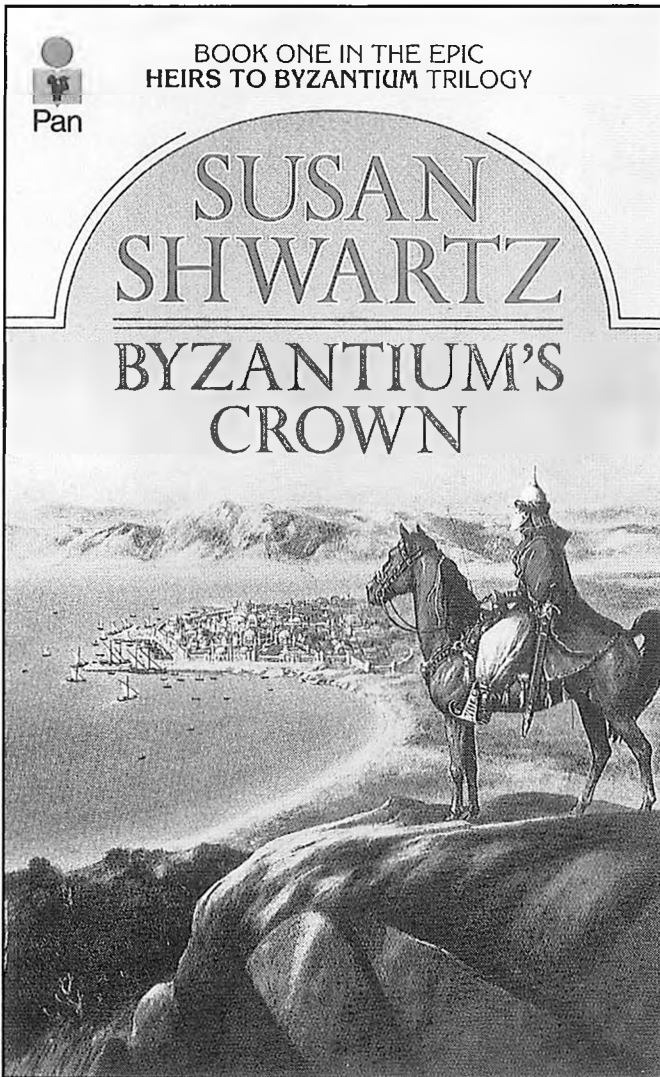
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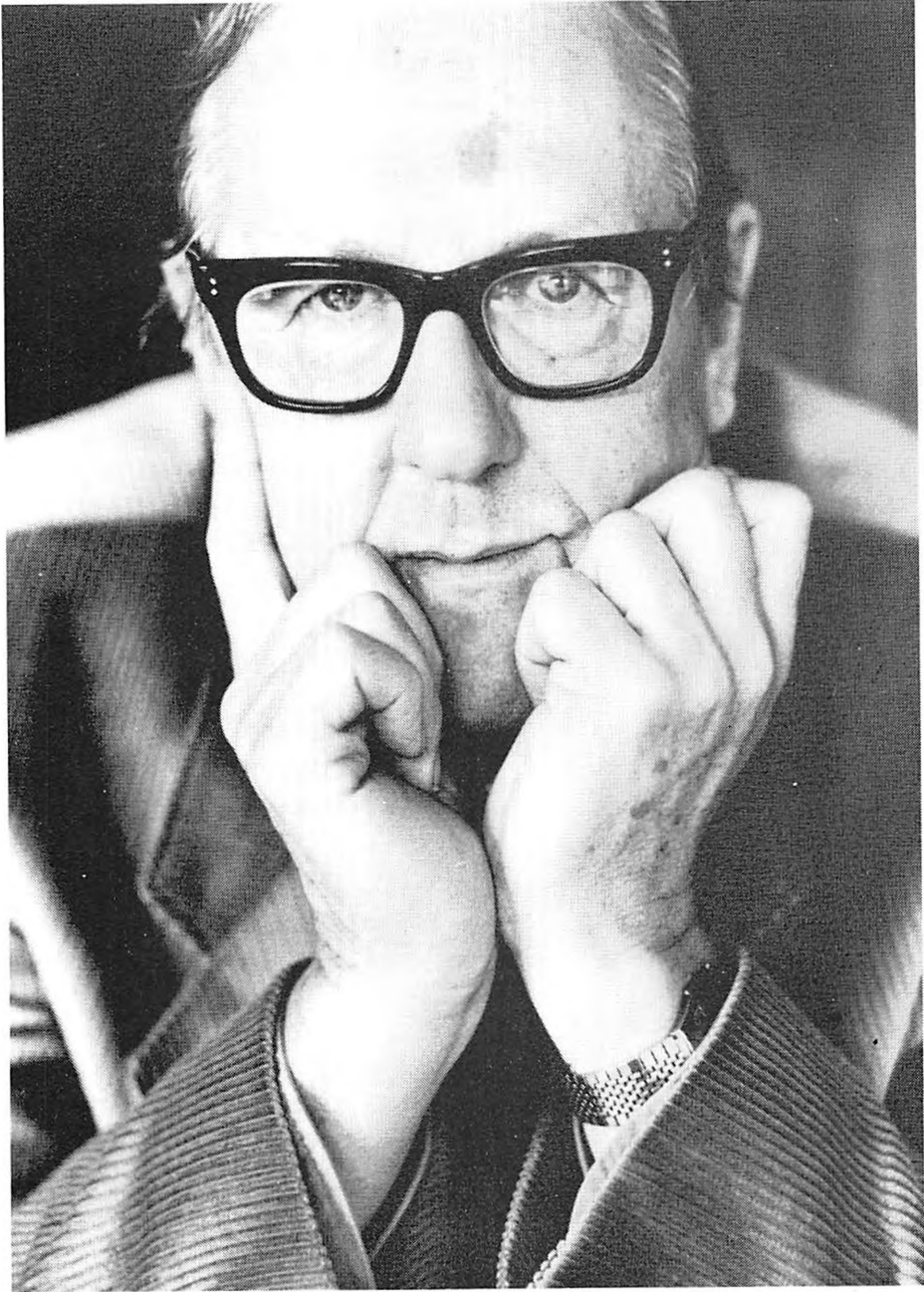
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A L D I S S



GoH

THE DOG LED HIM ON. SLOWLY, RELUCTANTLY, HE OPENED THE CELLAR DOOR. It swung back with a hideous creak. A lantern burned on a table dripping with blood. On the table crouched the Merqueler itself, its back bent like a bow over the cadaver stretched there. It looked up with a grin at Arnold, never ceasing its terrible feast.

“Come in,” it said.”

Horror relies on a discontinuity, a fatal break between the supposedly possible and the supposedly impossible. Here is an author telling us that there are things which will feast on dead bodies, and probably upon the hero of the tale. Many readers will probably recognise the story from which the above extract is taken.

SF relies on a different discontinuity, and a subtler one: the fatal break between the world that is and the world that was or will be. In utopias we see one effect of the break; they allow us to say “Today is all chaos. Tomorrow will be better, orderly, just.” From Bacon and More to Wells and Le Guin, we see this kind of break. It ascends from chaos to order, just as the horror break descends from order to chaos, where nothing can be taken for granted.

Non-utopian SF — and most of it is dystopian — descends, like horror, from a more-or-less conventional world to an unconventional one. The break, the fatal break, lies in the present.

Why do writers choose this particular writing gambit, often stick to it all their working lives, instead of choosing (say) the more usual gambit of writing about aspects of the world they already know?

As you will realise if you have been clever enough to come to Brighton for the convention, I would not have asked the question if I did not believe I knew the answer.

I believe that the fatal break is the sign of a writer who has suffered a discontinuity in his or her private life, and generally early on, in their formative years. In all genuine art there is an element of compulsion; to write books continuously over a lifetime is not something that is ‘natural’ — that can be conceived of as being achieved naturally.

The only important things any novels can concern themselves with are life, love, and death. Often and often, one has to face death to live the life of an artist. Here are a few examples within easy reach — that is, authors who preferred to write what may be called fantasy or SF.

C.S. Lewis was not ten when his mother died. The shock resounded throughout his life, as if he had been branded with a special brand. He puts the fatal break in these words: “It was sea and islands now. The great continent had sunk like Atlantis.”

Lewis also suffered another discontinuity, not a private one but a general discontinuity which affected the whole world. He saw action in World War I, and was wounded. His sometimes close friend J.R.R. Tolkien, was also involved in that war, and survived the Battle of the Somme. Tolkien could admit to several discontinuities. At the age of three, he left South Africa, and at the age of twelve his mother died, leaving him and his sister orphaned. They then moved from the country to Edgbaston, in Birmingham; from the windows of the house where he went to live, the countryside could be seen only distantly, over the rooftops and chimneys.

In both Lewis and Tolkien, one can see a response to the desolation which opened in them. Tolkien wrote diaries only when he was miserable, and both turned to the writing of fiction as consolation. Fantasy fiction.

Someone has defined fantasy worlds as places to which no hypothetical vehicles can transport us, as against SF worlds, to which possible future space-ships or time machines may transport us. Certainly no vehicle can take us to Middle Earth; it lies firmly within the fantasy orbit, beyond reach of ion jet or matter-transmitter. In Lewis’s trilogy, he begins with a rocket ship but in the second volume, interestingly enough, he retreats further from realism and reverts to celestial means of transport. In his Narnia books, one need only walk through a wardrobe to reach the magic world. But — first find your wardrobe.

Aldous Huxley’s mother died when he was fourteen, suddenly, of cancer. His sister Margaret wrote of that fatal break, “I lost my mother, my home, my school,

THE FATAL BREAK

In all genuine art there is an element of compulsion; to write books continuously over a lifetime is not something that is ‘natural’... Tolkien wrote diaries only when he was miserable.

Brian W. Aldiss

living in the country and my governess, all at one blow.” Writing of someone else in similar circumstances to himself, Huxley once put his own situation in a nutshell: “There remained with him, latent at ordinary times but always ready to come to the surface, a haunting sense of the vanity, the transience, the hopeless precariousness of all merely human happiness.”

Another blow was to befall Aldous at the age of twenty, when his elder brother, Trevenen, “the hub of the family wheel”, as Margaret called him, committed suicide. When Huxley’s best-known SF novel appeared, it began well into the future, very unexpectedly for those days, in the year of Our Ford 632, as if to signify a deep rift between the past and what is to come. *Ape and Essence* displays at least as dramatic a break.

Later in life, Huxley went to visit H.G. Wells in the south of France — in some trepidation, for Wells saw *Brave New World* as defeatist. Wells also suffered breaks, though less disastrous ones than Huxley’s. But for a sensitive boy it was enough that his mother, Sarah, suddenly left her husband and young son, and went to be a housekeeper in a big house. It was a desertion he took a long while to come to terms with.

Perhaps it needs little to persuade a sensitive young person to turn to fantasy or SF nowadays, when those modes are so popular. When the modes scarcely existed, the necessary break must have been greater. Certainly one could scarcely think of a series of misfortunes graver than those which afflicted Mary Shelley, commencing with the death of her mother, Mary Wollstonecraft, in childbirth. I have dealt with her life in *Trillion Year Spree*, so will say no more here. No doubt much of her injured, orphaned, and chilled sensibilities went to the making of her forlorn monster.

So one might go on with this catalogue of early maternal deaths among fantasists. The lovely mother of that originator of the Gothic, Horace Walpole, died when he was twenty. George MacDonald, he of the North Wind much loved by C.S. Lewis, lost his mother at the age of eight. Rudyard Kipling, Saki, P.G. Wodehouse, were all brought up by aunts, and aunts play villainous roles in the fantasies of the first two at least, while Wodehouse’s aunts are a world unto themselves.

That monster of letters, Balzac, cried, “I have had no mother”, according to his biographer, Stefan Zweig, so abysmally did his mother treat him. But let us not get led into the miseries of the Continent of Europe.

I will not labour the list longer. Not all those who lose their mothers or fathers in childhood become writers, never mind writers of fantasy; nor is the loss of a parent sufficient to qualify one as a fantasy writer. Nevertheless, that sense of the fragility of all merely human happiness, as Huxley put it, haunts, I believe, a good proportion of the most valued fantasy. One cannot be too exact about so imprecise a thing as deprivation; but let’s say that the mind has a less fixed abode when natural maternal love is missing. It shows a tendency to wander, and sometimes to wander creatively. The term fantasy has many meanings, in one sense, fantasy denotes a sickness of mental health, something to be poured out in the privacy of a psychiatrist’s session. Maternal deprivation is often seen to contribute to extravagant states of mind. Dr. John Bowlby, one of the great authorities on childcare and mental health, states the position simply: “This complex, rich, and rewarding relationship with the mother in early years, varied in countless ways by relations with the father and with the brothers and sisters ... child psychiatrists and many others now believe to underlie the development of character and of mental health.”

Even when these agonies are overgrown by later and more urgent experience, the wounds still show through as an underlying pattern. Those savage faces that press upon us in the world of Charles Dickens, each seeming often scarcely to acknowledge other living beings, can be traced to the young Dickens’s spell of six months — no more — in the blacking factory. He could not bring himself to talk of that painful episode until late in life. He was wounded by his father’s indifference and, as Edmund Wilson puts it in his telling essay on Dickens, ‘Dickens: the two Scrooges’, “Charles never forgave his mother for having wanted to keep him working in the warehouse even after his father had decided to take him out. “I ►

Q: What do the following authors & artists have in common?

Douglas Adams Brian Aldiss Isaac Asimov

Iain Banks Clive Barker David Brin John Brosnan Jim Burns Ramsey Campbell
Angela Carter Joy Chant Simon Ian Childers Adrian Cole Edmund Cooper Louise Cooper
Richard Cowper Roger Dean Terrance Dicks Thomas M Disch Stephen Donaldson Harlan
Ellison Chris Foss David Gemmell David Gerrold William Gibson Charles L Grant
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Diana Wynne Jones Jeff Jones Peter Jones Mike Kaluta Colin Kapp Leigh Kennedy
Bernard King Nigel Kneale Harry Adam Knight Katherine Kurtz David Langford
Stephen Lawhead Anne McCaffrey Ian Marter Rodney Matthews Michael Moorcock
Chris Morgan Larry Niven Frederik Pohl Jerry Pournelle Terry Pratchett
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never afterwards forgot”, he wrote of her attitude at this time. “I never shall forget. I never can forget.”

With those awful words ringing in our ears, the most unforgiving in our language, we will return to the fantasists pure and simple, or not so simple. I have, with the exception of a mention of Balzac, confined my comments to British writers; but what of that man — that American with an English mother — who was Edgar Allan Poe? There in some ways is the perfect fantasist, fragmentary, tantalising, a dealer in codes and riddles? His mother, you recall, was deserted by her husband. She was the leading actress of a small company of players. She died when her son was only two years old. This fatal break in Poe’s life was indeed fatal. One can feel how he barely survived, and that by exercise of his creative faculties, by pouring out his ravaged thoughts.

Shylock asked on behalf of the Jews, “If they prick us, do we not bleed?” The fantasy writers have often been pricked. They bleed, and that life blood is our profit.

I have spoken only of writers who are dead, but no doubt the same observation might be made of the living. Things don’t change in that respect. If you looked behind the texts of such novels as *The Drowned World* and *Hothouse*, you might expect to come upon similar discontinuities.

If such wounds afflict writers, is there something similar which moves critics to criticise? Perhaps the question is beyond the reach of criticism. But it is not beyond the reach of wonder.

The late Andrei Tarkovsky, master of the cinema, saw films as a way of fixing time, or of transposing reality. Fantasy is often a way of turning the clock back, to a time when happiness was unquestioned. Perhaps the irrational side of our nature recognises this, and gives its grudging thanks up to the writers. ○

BRIAN W. ALDISS

The stories were filled with delightful images (the tummy-belly men; the spiderwebs that linked the old Earth to the decaying Moon)... this new English fellow was something special.

Frederik Pohl

WHEN I SAY THAT BRIAN W. ALDISS IS AN ELEPHANT I MEAN NO DISRESPECT. I am not referring to his size, although that is substantial, or even to his wisdom, which is legendary. What I am thinking of is the Zen fable about the nine blind men who attempt to describe an elephant: the man who touches its side says the elephant is like a wall, the one who encounters the trunk calls it a snake and so on. It is much the same with Brian Aldiss, for he is so many things, and so very good at them all, that no single outside view can encompass all of him.

Nevertheless, I must try. Well, the bare facts in the case are clear enough. Brian was born in Norfolk in 1925, went to school in the normal way, attained by the year 1943 sufficient age to get called up into World War II, in which he served in the Far East for some four or five years. He then worked for a time as a bookseller in Oxford and, in the mid 1950s, decided to try his hand at writing science fiction.

Until then, I confess, I had not really been aware of his existence, but, oh, how swiftly that changed! His very first novel was *Non-Stop* (at least in the U.K. it was; in America it was called *Starship*) — a conspicuously bright beginning for a newcomer — and it was followed very quickly by three or four other novels and by a wonderful series of novellas — the “Hothouse” series — collected as a book under the title of *The Long Afternoon of Earth*. That is, in America it was called that. In England it was simply called *Hothouse*, but under any title the stories were filled with delightful images (the tummy-belly men; the spiderwebs that linked the old Earth to the decaying Moon) that made everyone aware that this new English fellow was something special.

The thing about Brian Aldiss as writer is that he seldom writes the same book twice. The Aldiss reader is not simply addicted, as one might be to cigarettes, to the morning cup of coffee, to Doc Smith or to *Dune*. The Aldiss reader is signing up for a magic mystery bus ride every time he opens a new book, and where it will take him he cannot know in advance. All he can be sure of as he begins each trip is

that it will be brilliant, it will open his eyes to things he has never seen before and it will be purely, wonderfully, uniquely Brian W. Aldiss.

Brian first began to impact significantly on my own life when I was editing *Galaxy* and *If* and delighted in publishing his works therein. Well, let's be candid. It wasn't always delight. Brian's adventurous writing ways are wonderful for readers but do, now and then, cause pain to the editors who put them into print. One has principles, but one doesn't always like to have them tested. Among my principles was the conviction that a fine story deserved to be published so that readers could appreciate it, even if it contained elements which might upset some readers, and Brian tested that one heavily with *The Dark Light Years*. What he was dealing with, at least in part, was religion. He started with the observation that we human beings attach sacramental significance to a number of biological functions — eating, as in the mass and the custom of saying grace; sex, as in the rites of marriage. Brian reasoned that a wholly alien race might have similar impulses, but might fasten them to other biological functions. The particular function which was the subject of the book was excretion.

The conjecture was so plausible (and the story was so good) that I had to print it; but in deference to the more immature of our subscribers (and to the more censorious of their mothers) I announced it with a money-back guarantee: any reader who was horrified by what was called around the office "the shit story" could get a refund. In the event, we published it without catastrophe — no one asked for his money back and no vigilante group pulled the issue off the newsstands. This not only pleased me but emboldened me to take other chances with the sophistication of our readerhip — with far less encouraging results in one or two later cases, but that's another story.

I have been speaking of Brian W. Aldiss the writer, but there is something else that really must be said.

A lot of writers are a great disappointment when met at last in the flesh. This has never been true of Brian. The person is as adventurous and as delightfully entertaining as the prose. To this I can testify from personal experience, since I've had the privilege of wandering some far corners of the Earth with Brian. We've sampled sushi and Brazilian black-bean stew and any number of exotic beverages in their native lands, and shared platforms and autograph tables at dozens of cons. We've taken turns at doing our bit for the peaceful penetration of science fiction into the backwaters of our planet (partly by helping to found the international organization of science-fiction professionals, World SF, for which we have each taken a turn in the barrel as its president). Even if Brian Aldiss had never written a word I would still delight in his company. So when I grope toward the explication of the mystery of this particular elephant what I find is not only a rewarding writer, insightful critic, useful functionary and entertaining speaker but a dear and everlastingly cherished friend. ○

BRIAN W. ALDISS

The greatest personal triumphs Helliconia's protagonists can enjoy are as nothing compared to the glory of having lived there. Even as they pass, in the blinking of an eye, in the night.

HE COULD NOT HAVE BECOME BRIAN ALDISS IN AMERICA. IT IS NOT EASY TO become a man of letters in that country, even for members of the traditional literary establishment; for science fiction writers — though Tom Disch has made a good stab at trying — it must be almost impossible. In the United Kingdom, on the other hand, even for science fiction writers, all one seems to need is wit, endurance, workaholic creative fire, culture, friends, allies, luck and panache. The rest is easy. The Co-President of the **Eurocon** Committee might have had to explain to the Chairman of the Society of Authors just what a **Eurocon** might be when it's home (it *sounds* like a Brussels urinal), but since Brian was at one point both of these gentlemen, a quick word from his mouth to his ear would have done the trick. No one can pretend that a science fiction ghetto does not exist in the United Kingdom; but no one should think it impossible to straddle both worlds, the ghetto and the

John Clute

downtown, as Brian does. Both worlds have shaped him, and he has shaped in turn both worlds. He has been many things, but it has always been absolutely central to his art that he is a man — an ambassador — of letters.

From the very beginning he has refused pigeonholing. Nor (to do them credit) did his first publishers try to bracket him to some procrustean bed in the ghetto. Brian's first book *The Brightfount Diaries* (1955) from Faber and Faber, is a loose-slung "fictitious account" of working in a bookshop, based on his own life as a bookseller over the previous decade. His second book, also from Faber, is a collection of science fiction stories, *Space, Time, and Nathaniel: Presciences* (1957). The title may be marginally precious, but the contents glow with the speculative dash, the border-jumping effrontery, the natural tale-teller's voice, that supercharge his work even now, dozens of books later, hundreds of stories further on. Within a year he became the Literary Editor of the *Oxford Mail*, published his first science fiction novel, *Non-Stop* (1958), which remains one of his best, and his first Ace Double, *Vanguard from Alpha* (1959), which remains not one of his best. He edited science fiction for Penguin Books. He became an art correspondent for the *Guardian*. His books became more and more dangerous, skewing back and forth across the field and over the fence, violating one definition of science fiction after another, re-wording the form utterly (as in *Barefoot in the Head* from 1969, one of the first and still one of the most significant works of linguistic foregrounding in the field), or making mock obeisance to the kinds of science fiction he could never write with a straight face (as in *The Eighty-Minute Hour* from 1974, one of his rare collapses). As his critics and interpreters have said from the first, he is a Protean writer, and his next book will almost certainly fail to resemble his last. He is a cross-fertilizer, a master and exploder of the boundaries of the genre, a confronter, a pessimist whose gaiety is sustaining, a brave man. But some things he does not write.

He loves space opera, and has edited anthologies of the best examples of the form, but he cannot write the stuff for beans. He has created responsible characters, men and women of power and ambition and accomplishment, but he cannot for the life of him create a superhero. It is utterly clear that he finds it impossible to envision a hero who can solve *our* problems. If different forms of science fiction exist for Brian as opportunities for focusing his vision on the desperate dazzle of the real twentieth century, perhaps he finds the idea of the superhuman hero a kind of irrelevancy. He cannot in his art make use of those who own the world, he only seems really happy using those for whom the world is a miracle for utterance. His heroes, who are almost always human, almost always fallible and urgent, almost always inhabit worlds greater and richer than any one mortal can envisage. The *Helliconia Trilogy* was conceived by a man who loved the enormous intricacies of his great planet — which is, after all, our own world seen as a form of drama — just as much as he did the migrant mayflies — human or phagor — who speckle for a day its vast seasons. It may even be possible to say that the greatest personal triumphs *Helliconia's* protagonists can enjoy are as nothing compared to the glory of having lived there. Even as they pass, in the blinking of an eye, in the night.

There are dozens more books, and they are listed elsewhere. Lots of them are in print. They should be read. None of them is much like any other. None of them could be mistaken for the work of anyone else. Thick or thin, bustling or solitudinous, all of them are humane. This insistent humanitarian voice is his trademark, if anything is; it is the common factor in everything Brian Aldiss writes, if there is a common factor; and we're lucky he continues to speak to us, person to person.

**BRIAN W. ALDISS
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Helliconia Winter (London: Jonathan Cape, 1985; New York: Atheneum, 1985; SF novel.)
The Pale Shadow of Science (Seattle: Serconia Press, 1985; essays.)
...And the Lurid Glow of the Comet (Seattle: Serconia Press, 1985; essays.)
Trillion Year Spree, The History of Science Fiction (with David Wingrove) (London: Gollancz, 1986; New York: Atheneum, 1986; non-fiction.)

First book publications (in U.K. or U.S.; first publication listed first) as sole editor, listed in chronological order:

Penguin Science Fiction (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1961, SF anthology.)
Best Fantasy Stories (London: Faber, 1962; fantasy anthology.)
More Penguin Science Fiction (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1963; SF anthology.)
Introducing SF (London: Faber, 1964; SF anthology.)
Yet More Penguin Science Fiction (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1964; SF anthology.)
The Penguin Science Fiction Omnibus (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1973; single volume containing *Penguin...*, *More Penguin...*, and *Yet More Penguin Science Fiction*.)
Space Opera (London: Wiedenfeld & Nicolson, 1974; New York: Doubleday, 1975; SF anthology.)
Space Odysseys (London: Orbit, 1974; New York: Doubleday, 1976; SF anthology.)
Evil Earths (London: Orbit, 1974; New York: Avon, 1979; SF anthology.)
Galactic Empires vols. I & II (London: Orbit, 1974; New York: St. Martin's Press, 1977; SF anthologies.)
Perilous Planets (London: Wiedenfeld & Nicolson, 1978; New York: Avon, 1980; SF anthology.)
The Book of Mini-Sagas (Gloucester: Alan Sutton, 1985; non-SF anthology.)

First book publications (in U.K. or U.S.; first publication listed first) as joint editor (with Harry Harrison unless otherwise indicated; also, SF anthology unless otherwise indicated):

SF Horizons 1 (Sunningdale, 1964; jointly with *SFH 2*, New York: Arno Press, 1975; critical commentary magazine.)
SF Horizons 2 (Sunningdale, 1965; jointly with *SFH 1*, New York: Arno Press, 1975; critical commentary magazine.)
Nebula Award Stories Two (New York: Doubleday, 1967; London: Gollancz, 1967.)
Best SF: 1967 (New York: Berkley, 1968; as *The Year's Best Science Fiction No. 1*, London: Sphere, 1968.)
Farewell Fantastic Venus! (London: Macdonald, 1968; abr. as *All About Venus*, New

York: Dell, 1968.)

Best SF: (New York: Putnam's, 1969; as *The Year's Best... 2*, London: Sphere, 1969.)
Best SF: 1969 (New York: Putnam's, 1970; as *The Year's Best... 3*, London: Sphere, 1970.)
Best SF: 1970 (New York: Putnam's, 1971; as *The Year's Best... 4*, London: Sphere, 1971.)
Best SF: 1971 (New York: Putnam's, 1972; as *The Year's Best... 5*, London: Sphere, 1972.)
The Astounding-Analog Reader Vol.1 (New York: Doubleday, 1972; London: Sphere, 1973.)
The Astounding-Analog Reader Vol.2 (New York: Doubleday, 1973; London: Sphere, 1973.)
Best SF: 1972 (New York: Putnam's, 1973; as *The Year's Best...6/1972*, London: Sphere, 1973.)
Best SF: 1973 (New York: Putnam's, 1974; as *The Year's Best... 7*, London: Sphere, 1974.)
Hell's Cartographers (London: Wiedenfeld & Nicolson, 1974; New York: Harper & Row, 1974; personal histories of SF writers.)
Best SF: 1974 (New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 1975; as *The Year's Best... 8*, London: Sphere, 1975.)
Decade: the 1940s (London: Macmillan, 1975; New York: St. Martin's Press, 1978.)
Best SF: 1975 (New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 1976; as *The Year's Best... 9*, London: Orbit, 1976.)
Decade: the 1950s (London: Macmillan, 1976; New York: St. Martin's Press, 1978.)
Decade: the 1960s (London: Macmillan, 1978.)
The Penguin World Omnibus of Science Fiction (World SF anthology, edited with Sam Lundwall) (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1986.)

Editor's Notes: "abr." = abridged, e.g. by omission of certain stories.

No attempt has been made here to list uncollected stories and essays, or to give the contents of individual short story collections or anthologies because of limitations of space and the sheer enormity of the task. If further information is required please contact the Editor. ●

SOME OF OUR STARS...

ORSON SCOTT CARD

Speaker for the Dead
winner of the Nebula Award

Ender's Game

MIKE RESNICK

Santiago

Stalking the Unicorn
coming this October

JONATHAN CARROLL

Bones of the Moon
available this November

The Land of Laughs
available this November

DAVID GEMMELL

Legend

The King Beyond the Gate

The Waylander

Wolf in Shadow
coming this December

ROBERT HOLDSTOCK

writing as

ROBERT FAULCON

Nighthunter: The Ghost Dance

Nighthunter: The Talisman

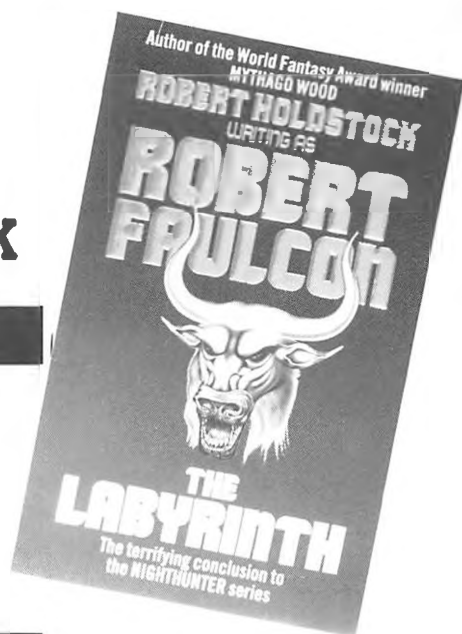
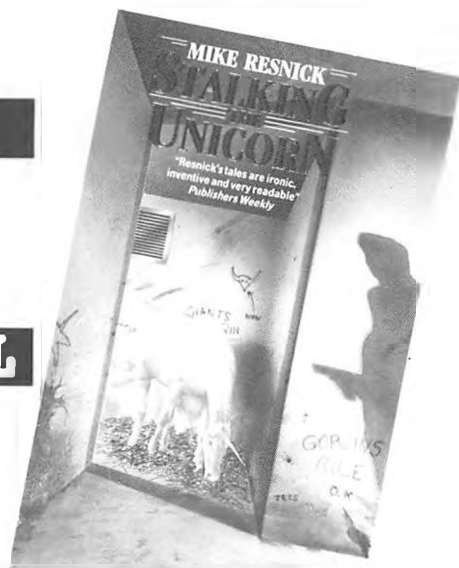
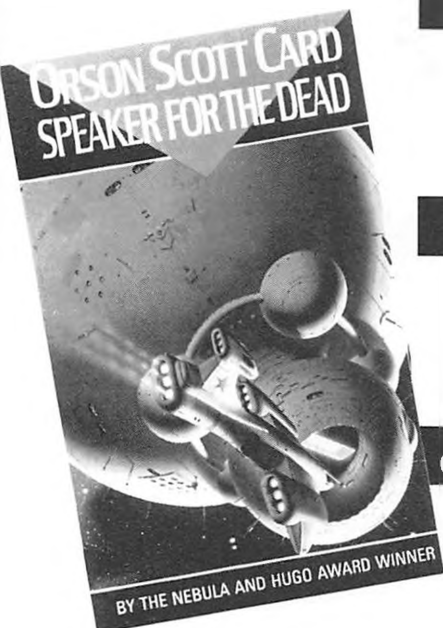
Nighthunter: The Hexing

Nighthunter: The Labyrinth

and

GREG BEAR

Eon
coming this November



ARROW BOOKS

SCIENCE FICTION WRITING AT ITS BEST

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

LANGFORD



GoH

“YOU KNOW, THERE’S ONE THING I REALLY DISLIKE ABOUT VONDA MCINTYRE,”

said a critically austere friend.

As is my acute way in these literary conversations, I said “Oh?”

“That story, *Of Mist, and Grass, and Sand*... a beautiful title, all evocative, conjures up a whole landscape. And then you read the thing and Mist and Grass and Sand are just three bloody snakes.”

This was possibly an extreme reaction, but quick as a flash I bounced back with my own example, a tale by Keith Laumer whose title *Greylorn* set you up for slightly overblown Tragic Romanticism, all gooey with Liebestod and dying falls. It certainly didn’t foreshadow the actual zippy yarn about a hard-bitten Captain Greylorn who sprinted around shooting people with needle-guns.

Years later the frustration came back to me, diluted, when I read Bruce Sterling’s *Schismatrix*. Clearly a schismatrix was a lady who caused schisms, and I waited half the book for her to turn up and assume her major role: it was then explained that in future parlance the Solar System was a *matrix* of *schisms*, geddit? Pull the other one, Bruce.

Names are objects of power, just as Ursula Le Guin says in the Earthsea books, and the SF/fantasy writer has to get them right. (Le Guin has the critically annoying habit of always doing so.) Unfortunately, getting it right in fiction tends to involve more than simple, well, *correctness*. Many times in writers’ workshops I’ve heard the plaint “But that’s an actual *incident* from real life, it really *happened* that way, you can’t call it unconvincing!” Nevertheless, in the story context, it was: and so the real thing didn’t work. Life imitates Art but not very well.

Failure in naming doesn’t necessarily jar so immediately: the cloud of disbelief which used to permeate pulp SF nomenclature had negative (or nameless) causes. Every character of the fifth-millennium society, no matter how American, would sport a perfectly reasonable English forename and surname. Sometimes daring authors might include a Continental scientist or Irish policeman: but early explorers of things to come never quite managed that cosmopolitan mix of names found in the contents lists of the pulp mags themselves. I have seen the future, the message went, and it is called Smith, Jones and Brown!

At the other extreme come the wholly invented names. Some could be genuinely poetic (Jack Vance’s *The Anome* features an enigmatic character named Ifness); others were by Isaac Asimov. Altim Thool, Dee Sub Wun, Linmar Ponyets, Loara Broos Porin, Loodun Antyok, Noÿs Lambent, Poly Verisof, Theremon 762, Tomor Zammo! There was no lack of inventiveness (Altim Thool? Ultima Thule? H’m), but even in my early teens I occasionally felt there was a lack of something.

The something was of course a feel for language. This is where it gets interesting, because when you try to make names consistent with some imaginary linguistics of a far-past, far-future or just far-fetched scenario, you need to be not only bilingual but crosslingual. The Icelandic parliament is called the Thing, and sounds just marginally silly to English ears: it’s the equivalent in language of the real-life incident which is unsafe for use in fiction.

And indeed, Tolkien the super-linguist has a character somewhere called Thingol. To me that’s just on the safe side of the borderline: not quite silly-sounding. “Real” languages often evoke discordant echoes in English, but an invented one has more strenuous responsibilities: the “that’s just the way it is” argument develops cracks when you’ve made it all up. Tolkien must have been thinking along these lines when he modified my favourite elf-name from an early draft (see his posthumous *Book Of Lost Laundry Lists*), a name which doubtless was impeccably constructed on consistent linguistic grounds: Tinfang Warble. A bit more subtle was Gildor Inglorion, which as the name of a triflically wondrous and noble character sounds just a smidgeon... inglorious?

This apparently didn’t bother Barbara Hambly, who nicked the name in barely rearranged form for a wizard of her own: Ingold Inglorion, no less. Which reminds me of the popular SF naming convention whereby every futuristic word ends with “on”, possibly as a side-effect of particle physics. You know, the kind of SF world where drinking-places and ballot papers are now called baryons and electrons.... An unforgettable example comes in a recent fantasy from Guy

UNTRUE NAMES

An unforgettable example comes in a recent fantasy with a character called Aileron. The author says he’s a High King but I know he’s just an aeroplane’s wing-flap.

Dave Langford

Gavriel Kay, with a character called Aileron. Kay says he's a High King but I know he's just an aeroplane's wing-flap.

The improbably placed apostrophe is another favourite ploy in invented names, a major influence being A'nne M'cCaffrey... though the technique could have evolved from the now discredited theory that mere aliens wouldn't have the Earthly ingenuity and know-how to invent vowels. "The *gmskn* swigged *scchwsk* from its/her/their *hpf/sk* and hefted the deadly superscience weapon known as a *tmhwk*...."

I have nothing against the humble apostrophe (though its intensive use can give the impression that spittle is spraying from the page. Do skiffy writers mean it to be a glottal stop, a click, a period of respectful silence, or what?). Some of my best friends use apostrophes. But too often they illustrate the perils of falling so in love with your own terminology that you lose track of how bloody ugly it looks in English. There has to be something wrong when you can perpetrate a straight-faced snatch of dialogue like McCaffrey's "Orlith says we've done a good job, A'dan... You were marvellous assistants, M'barak, D'tan, B'greal!"

Back in the world of pronounceability, E.E. Smith managed an extreme version of the echo problem in his Lensman series, by naming a planet "Alsakan". I hope the **Conspiracy** typesetters got that right, because Smith's UK publishers had a lot of trouble: inevitably, every other mention of the blasted place came out as "Alaskan". (Since its apparent sole export was "Alsakan tobacco", it might have been more prudent to call it "Vriginia".)

What makes a good name is outside the scope of this brief article, meaning of course that I haven't the faintest idea. Bob Shaw once related the long anguish of conceiving a fictional character name whose resonances would imply everything there was to know about the person, including his or her past, present and future, not to mention the entire plot of the novel in question, which therefore no longer needed to be written. R.A. Lafferty wrote a story in which spacegoing frontier scouts took names like Manbreaker Crag and Gutboy Barrelhouse to reinforce their rough, tough images, and there was little hope for the odd man out called Ceran Swicegood. This doesn't work so well for serious fiction unless you yourself happen to be called John Bunyan. Being even subtly obvious can produce loud clanging noises: another Shaw story (*Orbitsville Departure*) features omnipotent alien universe-farmers, a good old skiffy concept which I could live with if it weren't for their Marvel Comics name: it's just too much when ultimate beings are called Ultans....

Bad names are easier to spot than good ones. The trick is to stand back and look at them from the viewpoint of an intelligent reader who knows only English (or whatever language you're writing in) and is not only ignorant of but deeply uninterested in the linguistic roots you've been tending so carefully with potting compost. A sudden rush of insight may save you at this point... or of course it may not: the normally insightful Jack Vance didn't know enough about British idioms to avoid titling a book *Servants of the Wankh*. If you're reading this at **Conspiracy** itself and feel baffled, break the ice by enquiring loudly of any British fan.

Which reminds me that fans have a special invented language, too. The **Conspiracy** committee itself became increasingly nervous about this event's conspiratorial name (there were rumours of M.I.5 having suspiciously opened letters addressed to the convention), and de-emphasized it in later outside publicity, where even cheques were to be made out to "45th World Science Fiction Convention" rather than the official title. It turned out that English businessfolk didn't mind the sinister name **Conspiracy** so much: what bothered them were the far more financially alarming connotations of the term "World-con". You just can't win.

T-shirts with the Live Aid legend I CONNED THE WORLD may or may not be available at the registration desk. Join the queue, right next to the disappointed purists complaining that this **Conspiracy** doesn't have any programme items about bank robberies or overthrowing Parliament, and the SF critics sniffing at the banal uninventiveness of souvenir book names like "Malcolm Edwards", "Jim Burns" or "Dave Langford"....

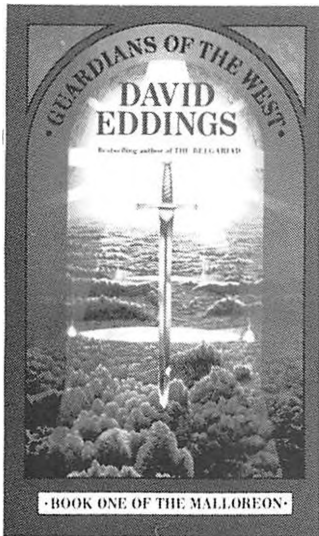
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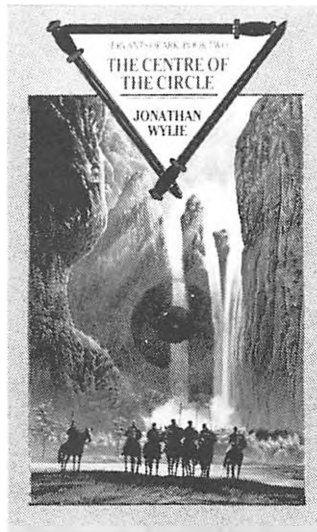
DISCOVER



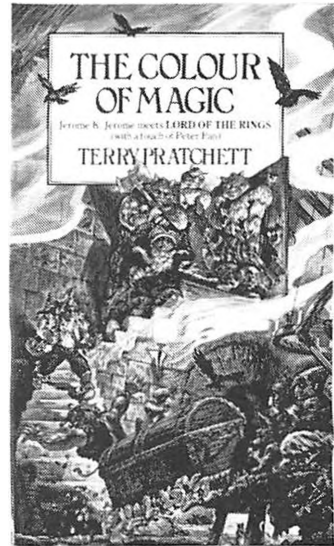
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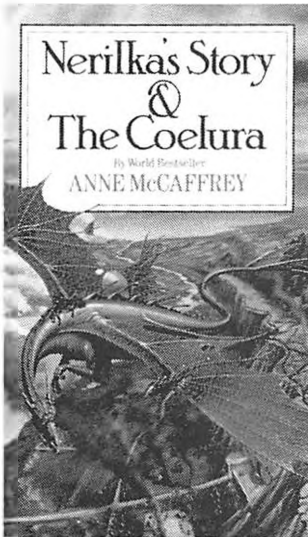
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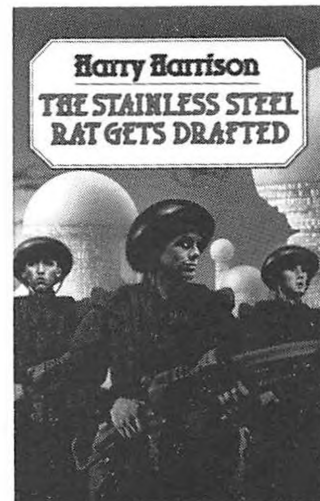
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READ THEIR BOOKS IN CORGI AND BANTAM

THE USUAL ROUTINE BRILLIANCE

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF SPECIAL FAN GUEST DAVE LANGFORD
GLANCED AT

D. WEST

ONE OF THE SEVERAL SURPRISES LIKELY TO BE EXPERIENCED BY THE innocent visitor to these shores is the discovery that although the natives speak a sort of English, many of them will insist vehemently that they themselves are *not* English at all. It has to be remembered that while Brighton is certainly a part of England, England itself is merely one constituent of what is officially titled The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Even British citizens tend to become confused about this, but most do know better than to call a native of Scotland, Wales or Ulster by the despised title of *Englishman*.

The fact is that Britain is not one country but several, and although comparatively small (by non-European standards) in terms of total geographical area it contains a vast and varied collection of tribal groups, each with its own local loyalties and peculiarities of speech and custom. And the British are a xenophobic people in a quiet sort of way: they are disposed to feel quietly superior for having been born in their own particular heartland and to look down on outsiders with a mixture of pity and mild disdain. It is axiomatic that all foreigners talk funny, but in Britain there are so many regional accents that the speech of the overseas visitor is likely to be regarded as little more peculiar than that of the interloper from the next county.

All of this is to explain in part why my early impressions of Dave Langford were somewhat ambivalent. Britain is certainly not one homogenous whole, and even in England itself there are marked divisions, particularly between North and South. Those who imagine that all Englishmen sound like Noel Coward or Laurence Olivier and behave in the manner of Jane Austen or Georgette Heyer are the dupes of media fantasy. What is seen on the screen and depicted in novels is in most cases what might be called the official South East English Image. Only actors ever spoke like that, and only a select few ever lived like that, so the persistence of this false and foolish ideal has long been a cause of resentment in the dour North, where men are men and converse in slow and virile grunts.

Thus when I first encountered Langford at a convention in 1976 I was inclined to view him with the beady eye of tribal suspicion. I knew that he lived in Reading and was therefore some kind of effete Southerner; he had an evident penchant for fancy language; and he had taken his degree at Oxford, that bastion of Southern social hegemony. And he did indeed show a tendency to babble at very un-Northern machine-gun speed, to utter a peculiarly high-pitched laugh (a sort of falsetto snigger) and to display a general air of being too clever by half. There was a doom-laden suggestion of that most tiresome of Oxbridge types: the weightily self-consequential Young Fogey who affects a jocular pseudo-pomposity, has secret yearnings for sprigged waistcoats with watch and chain, and is bibulously noisy in the sublime confidence that his every honked word of facetiousness or cultural namedropping is hung upon by an admiring audience. In other words, a colossal pain in the arse.

And he wasn't really like that at all.

Well, none of us is perfect. And the British Class system is a truly wonderful thing — far too complex, ambiguous and irrational to be explained in less than several volumes. Suffice it to say that it was gradually borne in upon me that my initial antagonism was (as usual) based on attitudes and emotions which were somewhat discreditable, if not downright ignoble.

To put the matter in context: I myself have always belonged to the Brooding Layabout Class, a social sector distinguished chiefly by slothful scepticism and the general rejection of all ambitions involving work, respectability or success (on the grounds that we already have quite enough trouble getting out of bed in the morning). Thus the factors of regional and social hostility were mere incidental rationalisations of a more fundamental prejudice. In truth, I had to accept that I hated Langford simply because he was *superior*. Not only was the bastard *taller* than me, but probably *cleverer* as well. (He actually understood what to do with

semi-colons, by God!) And, most terrible of all, he was certainly a damn sight more *industrious*. Yes, he wrote articles, he produced fanzines, he organised conventions, he appeared on programme items, he sold short stories, he even sold *whole bloody books*. Like every idle dabbler who has occasionally thought of doing something (some time) in the Art or writing line I was once more being cruelly reminded of my own inadequacies. (The years go by... Well, Conrad didn't start till he was nearly forty... Damn, I'm forty two... Well, how about Grandma Moses? That gives me thirty years breathing space — I might get lucky and die before I have to do anything.) How could he manage it? It wasn't *fair*. The guy was obviously some kind of awful mutant. Who did he think he was, being so much better than the rest of us?

But let justice be done — reality was not as black as first appearances suggested. True, Langford lived in the South, but I had to admit that some of my best friends lived there too (poor buggers), and in any case he was really a Welshman. And he'd been to Oxford, but only for a degree in Physics. (It could have been so much worse — English Literature at Cambridge, for instance.) Also, as least *some* of his literary expertise was tolerable, since he'd spent part of his University career programming a computer to write in the style of H.P. Lovecraft, and attempting to seduce young women by reciting the whole of Edgar Allen Poe's 'The Raven'. (As is well known, British fans take a keen interest in bodily functions, and since Lovecraft's frequent references to nameless mephitic stench and unspeakable green ichor suggest that he spent a lot of time taking laxatives and picking his nose he is regarded as basically okay. Likewise, Poe is approved of for having been generally miserable and died of drink. Any objections to poetry are practical rather than ideological: many British fans have trouble articulating their own names and addresses, let alone whole lines of verse.)

And the Cosmic Balance always re-asserts itself, reminding us that for every gain there is a loss, and that for every purchase there must be a price...

In the beginning Langford was indeed the widely and highly praised Boy Wonder — but that was before the trap of escalating expectations closed around him. The better one performs, the better still one is expected to perform. It is not enough to surpass others: — one must also surpass oneself — every time...

Of course, there is still a certain amount of resigned and grudging recognition to be gained: this very year (having worked up to it with lesser prizes such as the Fan Writing Hugo he picked up in 1985) Langford somehow managed to carry off the Leeds **Conception's** prestigious Ova Award for Most Erudite Fan. Rather unaccountably he failed to respond with the expected remarks on Nietzsche and the Triumph of the Ova Man, but it was still success of a kind. The assembled fannish elite applauded with tolerant cynicism. Most erudite fan? Why, son, everybody knows *that* ...

Yes, my passions are soothed and consoled by the knowledge that in the end it has been Dave Langford's cruel fate to come to be taken for granted. Good? Of course he's good — why isn't he *better*? A new Langford article appears and the fans flip casually through its pages —

"Huh," they say, "the usual routine brilliance. Why can't Langford give us something *new*?"

Thus it is that I am finally purged of all base envy and jealousy: Langford gets the plaudits, but I get the easy time. How much more sensible of me to do so little, thus ensuring that people fall about the place in paroxysms of astonishment if I do anything at all! Poor Dave, on the other hand, has to keep feverishly labouring to reach greater and greater heights merely to maintain a precarious place on the ladder of critical approval.

So be kind. Show compassion. Buy the man a drink and let him cry on your shoulder. (Actually, this will take several drinks, since he has a disgracefully large capacity.) After all, despite being very funny and a good writer and winning all those awards and all the rest of that stuff, it has to be admitted that Dave Langford is not so bad. He's not *really* a Southerner, and he *did* make a sort of attempt to blow up Oxford one time. So I don't really mind him being such a famous success. Not more than you'd expect. ○

WHY I HATE DAVE LANGFORD

..I particularly liked "lurching and twirling in what Charles Fort would have called a precession of the damned..." Nice. Really nice.

Ted White

CATCHY TITLE. LIP GRABS YOUR ATTENTION IMMEDIATELY. DOESN'T IT? The implication is that this is not going to be one of your kissy, obsequious "appreciations," of the sort which typically adorn Worldcon programme books.

During the mid-seventies I fell out of contact with large parts of fandom, or maybe they fell out of contact with me. One never knows. But at the close of that decade, after turning my back on the Great Ghod Mammon and Retiring From Science Fiction (albeit only temporarily, as it turned out; money appears to be an essential for the Modern Lifestyle), and reinvesting my energies in fandom, I discovered that while I'd missed Not A Lot in my native country I had missed a whole revolution in British fandom. Indeed, British fandom had become, I discovered, the bastion of High Quality Fanac: tightly focussed, intensely social, and a hotbed of fanwriting talent.

For some reason this took me by surprise. The last time I'd checked — the late sixties — British fanzines had become bland and strangely identical, all produced by an arm of the BSFA to which a putative faneditor simply sent his notes, scribbles, and contributions, which were turned by anonymous flunkies into functional publications cranked out by rote, like so many cans of beans.

No need to bore you with a recitation of the way this system had ground fannish creativity into dust, or the reaction by Ratfandom which revitalized things; this must be ancient history by now, almost twenty years later.

In October, 1980, Dan Steffan and I started putting out a biweekly fanzine called *Pong*. Knowing as I did Damned Little about Who Was Who in contemporary fandom, I left the mailing list in Dan's capable hands. Dan — who in his idle moments was wont to hang out with that World Traveller, Terry Hughes, whose *Mota* had Bridged the Gap during the seventies between our disparate fandoms — had some idea of who in Britain should be sent copies. And, as letters began to trickle in from overseas, I began to become acquainted with modern British fans.

One of the first was a fellow named Dave Langford. Fortunately, we published his letter (or parts of it) in *Pong* 3, so I am able to refer to it here. Indeed, I see that Dan announced that it was "our first letter of comment from Britain." No doubt this fact is of Cosmic Significance. Perhaps this Langford guy knew that six years later I would be writing about him here.

Subsequently we plumbed more deeply into British fanhistory in the pages of *Pong*. It was a voyage of discovery for us, and British fans all but leapt to bring us up to date on Ratfandom, and the changes which occurred during the seventies. Particularly persistent rumours had it that Greg Pickersgill had singlehandedly torn down the facades of sixties fandom and erected in their place modern British fandom. A wide variety of fans, from Malcolm Edwards to Rob Hansen, filled in the details for us, and Langford too contributed:

"I did have the chance to catch up on *Fouler* etc. (I missed 'em all too) a year or two back, and was less astonished than I'd hoped to be. The early Pickersgill writings were seminal, and like so many seminal things combined potency and potential with considerable messiness: *Fouler* in particular now seems to labour a bit in the titanic shadow of the Legend. London's 'Ratfandom' sprang from it because Greg and coeditor Roy Kettle provided a rallying point — they showed it could be done and that fandom did not have to be the cloying, backpatting, pseudo-nice thing which emerges from British zines of the late 60s (say). Greg's own considerable writing talents got their real polish later, a little in his own *Ritblat* and a great deal more in his best fanzine ever, *Stop Breaking Down* . . . Joseph [Nicholas] is

probably right in saying that early Greg doesn't show up that well today, just as Lee DeForest's triode might fail to win the unstinting praise of hi-fi freaks."

By the time I stencilled those remarks I had already conceived a hatred for Langford. Here he was, tossing off a brief letter of comment for a fanzine, and yet coming up, off the top of his head as you might say, with nicely turned little phrases and similes: "Less astonished than I'd hoped to be," "... and like so many seminal things combined potency and potential with considerable messiness," and the DeForest simile are all lovely, and bear close consideration, wielding up added rewards. This is the kind of thing we once prized Wills for.

Indeed, it seemed to me as I started reading langford fanzines like *Twell-Ddu* and *Drilkjis* [sic] (the latter coedited with Kevin Smith), in Langford we had a modern-day Willis, even as in Pickersgill we had a modern-day F.T. Laney. While Pickersgill's writing is distinguished by an uncommon vigor, Langford's revealed a subtle finesse.

In *Twell-Ddu* 18, for instance, we find this entry, under the heading, "The Inexorability of the Specious" —

"A fannish reputation resembles leprosy: acquiring it may involve some small difficulty, but your real problem is getting rid of it. Also as with leprosy, parts of you tend to drop off. This is not a coarse jest aimed at Dave Cobbledick, or Roz Kaveney, but a brilliantly witty and economical way of saying that your average fan-reputation is stripped down to a label with a couple of words on it — the rest of the owner's doubtless complex and fascinating personality being as piffle before the wind. Greg Pickersgill, hairy dreadnaught. Roy Kettle, jester rat. Jim Barker, captive artist. Kevin SMith, parody of an accountant. D. West, eldritch prophet. Chris Atkinson, enigmatic herbalist. Joe Nicholas, nihilist chiffonier. Alan Dorey, foulmouthed empire-builder. Malcolm Edwards, owlsh empire-builder. David Pringle, see Malcolm Edwards. Rob Holdstock, priapic hack. Ian Williams, paranoid dwarf (or, '*Dwarf* — *Paranoid*'). Brian Parker, dancing boil. Keith Walker, fanxien reviver. Simone Walsh, motherly temp. Ian Maule, hmm....

"By memorizing these and other such condensed biographies, the merest neofan can cause roars of laughter as he or she wittily alludes to K. Walker's misspelling of the indefinite article or A. Dorey's plans to merge the BSFA with IBM. There are, of course, difficulties. Some people (I do not mention Graham James) seem to have blankish labels; others have unusually sparse descriptions (Simon Ounsley: 'Bollards'); and John Collick and Steve Higgins are *still* securely roped together with a label reading 'Vast inrush of new talent since 1978'... though our Steve has made some attempt to branch out and share with Terry Jeeves a label saying something like '*Erg!*'. Personally I suspect that even if I got an ear transplant and wrote nothing but Star Trek poetry for eighteen months, I'd still be branded as a deaf gossip columnist.

"Look out, it's Langford!" they whisper to new fans as I enter the room party with my usual suave impersonation of a gyroscope. 'You watch what you say when he's around! He writes it all down and prints it!' An awed silence falls on the new fans, despite the plain fact that said gossip columnist's hearing aid is awash with beer whilst his brain (now shrivelled to something between a raisin and a prune) is wholly occupied in plotting the complex space/time geodesic which will intersect the probable location of the drinks. Neophytes may fall silent, but those more fannish at once burst into what they hope is newsworthy activity, surrounding the hapless gossip columnist and shrieking out the most intimate and perverse details of each others' indiscretions. Shower-rails bend like Gellered spoons, glass tabletops shatter at the touch of a buttock. D. West — lurching and twirling in what Charles Fort would have called a precession of the damned — removes his clothes to seduce Steve Higgins, three times, in different ways. Joe Nicholas is detached from Helen Eling and

Continued on page 161

**DAVE LANGFORD
BIBLIOGRAPHY**

Compiled by the author

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Fanzines:

Ansible: informal SF newsletter of libel, slander, scandal, malice, and sometimes news. 48 issues since August 1979. Hugo nominee. ISSN 0265-9816. Available for subscription.

Cloud Chamber: slim collections of random personal jottings contributed to a variety of amateur press associations. 35 issues since December 1976, distributed through OMPA, WOOFF, FEAPA, FAPA, FLAP, APA-SF&F, EURAPA, Frank's APA; also available for fawning flattery and beer.

Drilkjis: intermittently serious SF genzine co-edited with Kevin Smith. 6 issues between March 1976 and April 1982. In 1986, admitted to be beyond resuscitation by KS (whose turn it was to be chief editor). Now available to enterprising tomb robbers only.

The Northern Guffblower: GUFF fan fund newsletter, issues 1-6, August 1978 to June 1980. Ever so available, at the time.

TAFF Talk: TAFF fan fund newsletter. Issues 5-11, October 1980 to April 1982. Copiously available.

Twill-Ddu: personal fanzine of existential horror at conventions, parties, cars, life, etc. Regarded as humorous except by critics. Hugo nominee. 20 issues since April 1976, but thought to be in suspended animation since March 1983. Available? H'mm.

Miscellaneous and one-shots: I'm not admitting to all of these, but titles in chronological order of start-up include *Hidden Shallows* (2 issues, 1977), *Novacon 7 Programme Book* (November 1977), *Skycon Programme Book* (for the British Eastercon, March 1978), *Gonad Comes Again!* by many hands (September 1978), *Up the Conjunction* by Bob Shaw (September 1978), *Faancon 6 Programme Book* (February 1981), *Visitor's Pass* with Stu Shiffman (April 1981), *Jackie!* by persons other than me (June 1981), *SF Reading Berks Newsletter* with Chris Hughes (failed local venture, 5 slim issues from April 1983 to September 1984), and *i* with Chris Priest (3 issues in 1986).

Grand total of fanzine publications to date, including items cautiously omitted here: 141. Articles/reviews published in others' fanzines: 232. Good grief. ●



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FRONTIER CROSSINGS

S L A T E R ²



GoH

IF YOU WANT TO LOOK FOR CAUSES I SUPPOSE YOU COULD BLAME THE DESIGN OF the “official” cycle lamp that was issued to my unit (among others) when I was located at Wantage in Berkshire. The design included a shield that covered most of the lens when you required a very limited light; there was a screw that held the shield up and open but when in use on a bike the screw would work loose and the next jolt would reduce the amount of light emitted by the lamp from a full 25 glow-worm output to a very sick one-glow-worm rate. Black-out days, my friends. One such cut-out of illumination caused me to crash and complicate an injury I’d sustained a few months previously, and put me into hospital for the latter half of 1943. Then followed a long period of temporary posting, sick leaves, medical boards, and the like until in late 1945 the army put me through a short but intensive course in elementary book-keeping (they called it accountancy) and I finished up on the permanent (which means anything over six months) staff of a PoW (prisoner of war) camp as “Accounts Officer”. This posting was a pretty easy one, but one which gave me what in modern parlance would be called ‘unsocial hours of work’. Week-ends and evenings I’d be out with an assorted staff of Germans and Italian PoWs paying other prisoners, checking their ‘canteens’ and the like.

Which meant that in the odd periods I had nothing much to do most of my fellow officers on the staff would be busy. So I found time to develop my few contacts with other SF addicts, a few of whom I’d contacted in various ways. Mostly in the course of efforts to obtain books and magazines.

As a result of correspondence with Ron Holmes and Nigel Lindsay of the British Fantasy Library the first issue of Operation Fantast came out in September 1947, as a ‘flyer’ with the BFL’s Booklist. Ron Holmes was trying to get fans back into fanzine publishing, Nigel wanted to obtain new material for the Library, and dispose of surplus items. I was already deep into personal trading deals with various people both in UK and overseas, and seemed a likely person to help them both.

Over the next few years Operation Fantast grew into a very loosely organised group of fans who all wanted to “do their own thing” in various ways, and found that OF offered a sort of umbrella or shield which enabled them to do these things. By modern standards membership was not very high — on a world-wide basis it peaked around the middle of 1950, with some 800 people; it had passed 500 in late 1949, when I had had to introduce a printed fanzine — the effort of producing it by hand on a duplicator was too great. The ‘membership’ changed, but remained fairly constant between 600-700 until it folded in 1954. Numerically, this figure today represents the attendance at a fairly small convention, but by the standards applying then it must have included a pretty high proportion of the SF readers and fans who were prepared to make some effort to obtain the material they wanted to read — other than the effort of walking down to the corner shop.

Apart from the communications and fanzines which I produced — I see that in the first year of its existence I mailed out somewhat over 150 pages (either quarto or foolscap) of duplicated OF material — I also tried to enlist other fans in projects. Ted Carnell, either at a meeting at The White Horse or in a letter, mentioned the idea of reviving a convention; in the Jan 1948 Trading Supplement I was asking for interested fans to contact me, and passing the names along to Ted, and although I couldn’t get to it myself, I like to think that that 1948 **Whitcon** thus had a number of attendees who would not otherwise have got there. Some time earlier in 1947 E.C. Tubb (another Ted) had tried to get some organisation into British fandom, and had not been successful. There was strong opposition in the heart (collective) of British fandom. I also favoured organisation, and in OF5 I published a short article by Ted titled ‘Co-operation’, and followed this with a series of letters which culminated in a meeting held 26th September 1948, hosted by Owen Plumridge in Mitcham, Surrey. Owen was going to be Treasurer of the proposed organisation, Frank Fears the Secretary, and Vinc Clarke the editor. Apart from myself, others at the meeting were John Newman and Jim Clay. There was a later meeting at The White Horse on October 9th; and I see that in the December 1948 OF I announced the successful

A MILITARY APPROACH

I was getting so much mail that an officer in the R.E. told me — almost seriously — that when I moved station in Germany the local A.P.O.’s would also move a man over.

Ken Slater

formation of the Science Fantasy Society, and named the officers, adding that henceforth I was only a member and that all communications should be sent to the appropriate officer. It says something for the staying power of the folk concerned that the 'OO' of the society, edited by Vinc (who was joined by Ken Bulmer, when Ken started living in the Epicentre) continued publication for quite some time after the society folded.

Around the same time — same leave from Germany — I was setting up the Operation Fantast Library — mainly my own collection, with Mike Tealby, a stalwart supporter of OF, as the 'Operator'. From the point of view of Joyce, this was not a good leave — she didn't see much of me; and what she did see was largely spent in getting instruction from myself and Ted Carnell on how to work a hand-fed Emgee rotary duplicator. The library was to run from 1948 until 1954, first under Mike Tealby, later under Fred Fairless, and finally with paperbacks and magazines only by Alex Morrison in Ayrshire. There were also American, South African and Australian "libraries", mostly supplied out of trading profits or by straight-forward gifts from myself or other fans — I recall F. Edwin Counts shipped over a lot of stuff from the U.S., and most of it finished up in the BFL and the OF libraries, where it could do most good to most people. I could be wrong — there were several generous and helpful fans around in those days, and gifting things to other countries was common. The American and South African libraries received mostly British books and paperbacks — Henry Burwell was in charge of the American section of the OF Library in 1952, and Pearle Appleford ran the South African section — mostly paperbacks, owing to various problems shipping things out there. Australia and South Africa were the two most difficult countries with regard to importing of foreign books; even as 'gifts' many items were liable to confiscation on political or moral grounds, and there were no guiding rules. Almost anything could be considered 'subversive' by a customs official — from Orwell's *1984* to Lewis' *Alice* — and if you disagreed you might be able to go to court and prove otherwise — but that could be expensive. I particularly recall the Australian customs objected strongly to copies of *Weird Tales* with covers by Margaret Brundage....and the copies that vanished en route to Australian fans must now be worth a fortune if only one could discover the warehouse in which they were stored. Although in probability they were consigned to the flames after the statutory three months allowed for appeal, there is always the chance that some were overlooked....

Apart from the libraries, I suppose the most useful things to fans of that time were the Trading Bureau and the Contact Bureau. OF was prepared to sponsor almost any idea that might benefit fans — at various times people were offering clipping services (Derek Pickles' idea) to book binding (Fred J. Robinson, who could get you three magazines bound into cloth for about 62p, or in leather for 85p — and that included the gilt lettering of the title and issue numbers on the spine!), and various other things. Some of these were short lived, some took on a life of their own, like the Fantasy Art Society, which started with a suggestion that Alan Hunter took up, and turned into a group that continued after Operation Fantast itself had folded. I think it was some five or six years after the end of OF that someone (Harry Turner ?) sent me the final files on the F.A.S.

The Trading Bureau was just that — a means of trading all around the known science-fantasy world for books and magazines. It seems simple enough, but what you have to realise is that back in the late forties and early fifties it was impossible to move money out of most countries. Practically every country would welcome foreign currency coming in, but none of them were prepared to let any of their own out. You can appreciate just how strong this ruling was when I tell you that if someone had sent me a postal order value more than 5/- (25p) while I was in Germany, this would have been confiscated if discovered in the mail. And let me tell you I was getting so much mail that I'm sure it came under close scrutiny. An officer in the R.E. told me — almost seriously — that when I moved station in Germany the local A.P.O.'s would also move a man over. So in the early days I listed what people wanted with a valuation that would be credited to anyone who traded the item in, and the material that was available for sale, and payments where necessary were made to the 'operator' in the country of the purchaser. ►

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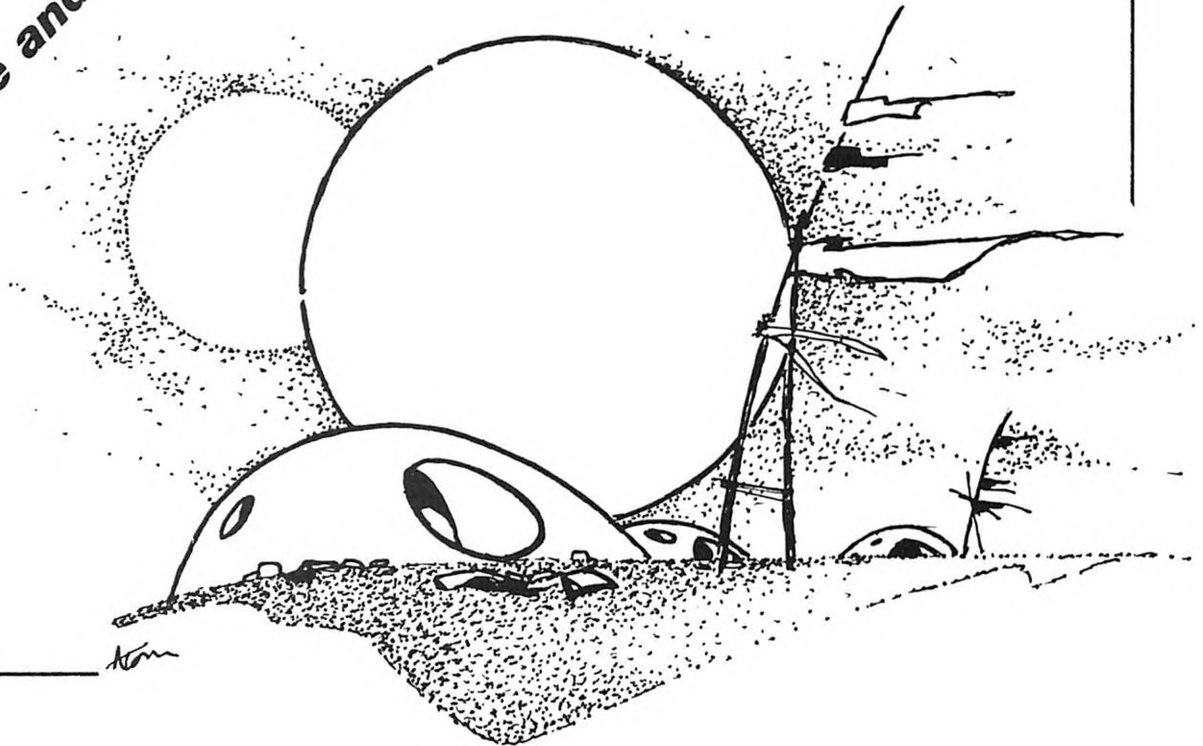
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**Love and best wishes to all Operation Fantast and F(M)L customers
and to fandom in general - Joyce and Ken Slater**



These funds were used to purchase and ship items needed that nobody had to trade in. Sounds very simple, but spread over several hundred active participants it could get terribly complicated. And some of the deals were complex, too. Getting an harmonica for someone in the USA and sending it to him for sundry copies of *Amazing* was simple — getting a German harmonica for someone in Canada, in exchange for a quantity of Canadian issues of *Startling* and other mags for some in Lanarkshire, who wanted them to trade for some Australian material, and finding something I could accept from the fan in Lanarkshire to settle the cost of the harmonica, was probably typical of some of the more complicated deals. Obtaining a cross-hatcher for some lathe and shipping it air-mail to Ron E Graham in Australia was about the most expensive — and the least connected to SF! I have an idea that setting up these deals today would get impossible; things seem to take so much longer. 4e Ackerman devised a method of communication that worked well, and which I copied. Back then you could actually write an airmail letter to Britain from the USA, and it would be received within a week. In fact, not infrequently you could get a reply in a week! So if Forrest had something to tell me, something else to tell Carnell, and a couple of other people, he would type the names, addresses and messages on an air letter form, and mail the lot to me — I would cut the sheet into strips and mail them on. I took this idea up for myself, and with the speed of the mail then, it was fairly easy to set up quite complicated deals quickly. And often interest other people in the action at the same time... Today, I imagine that the telephone and the computer would do it all, faster and effectively. And impersonally. There is the key, I think to the success of the operation, and the general post-war frenetic activity. After I'd launched OF and started the Contact Bureau — operated by Mavis Pickles (sister of Derek, and herself only a borderline fan but interested in people) under who's name most of the Operation Fantast adverts appeared — we found enthusiasts appearing all over. The initial appearance of OF — joining the then existing British fanzine list which consisted of Walt Gilling's semi-pro *Fantasy Review* and the BFL'S *Booklist* — seemed to spark off a steady stream of new fanzines, starting with Norman Ashfield's *The Alembic*, and I guess it would be fair to say 'culminating' in Walter A. Willis' *Slant* and *Hyphen*. Fanzines appeared after Walt ceased publication, but I think his represent the apex of that period. All this output was very personal — fans all over had been starved for contact — quite apart from material to read; and also the war had caused a large cross-contact between people and cultures on a level that was that of the 'ordinary' people. Britons and Americans had met before the war, yes — but they were usually the wealthy upper-crust; and science-fantasy was 'pulp' literature — mass-produced for the masses, not for the elite. On the fan-contact level this was ordinary people with a leaning towards the fantastic getting in touch with other ordinary people with like tastes but slightly variant outlooks. The approach was on a personal level; even in the letter columns of the magazines this is apparent. Coupled with the sheer joy of survival, I guess. It was infectious, and bubbled all over.

Operation Fantast ended when I left the army. It was only then that it became apparent just how much of my army pay got lost in the shuffle supporting various schemes and projects. And the trading bureau, with relaxation of monetary controls, was becoming more of a straightforward buying and selling business, no longer a question of finding devious methods of moving things around the world and keeping all parties in the deal satisfied (more or less!)

But I enjoyed it, I made a lot of good friends — many of whom I have subsequently met — and I'd probably do it all over again, given the opportunity ... and the energy! ○



THE WIZARD OF OF

If it had been possible to construct a radar scope showing science fiction fan activity, a scan of the Eastern hemisphere just after World War II would have revealed Europe in total darkness.

Walt Willis

ON THE EVENING OF 10TH OCTOBER 1950 A TALL THIN YOUNG MAN WALKED pensively from the Castlereagh Road, Belfast to the next radial road but one, a distance of about a mile, and made his way down the even numbered houses to number 170. Nervously he pressed the old fashioned bell push. The door opened almost immediately to reveal another tall thin young man. “Er...” said the visitor, “I’m... are you... I got your name from Operation Fantast. My name is Shaw. Are you...?” ... “Come in, Bob,” said his host. “We’ve been expecting you.” He called up the stairs. “HE’S HERE!” A noise like a robot falling down three flights of stairs, and there appeared in the hall another young man, even taller than the others, and a shapely little blonde girl. “Bob Shaw. Madeleine Willis. James White.”

Among the impressions Bob took away from that fateful first evening, there must have been one of Operation Fantast as a vast and powerful organisation with worldwide ramifications. The truth was otherwise, but no less remarkable. If it had been possible to construct a radar scope showing science fiction fan activity, a scan of the Eastern hemisphere just after World War II would have revealed Europe in total darkness. Maximum application might have disclosed a residual glow from Leeds, where Mike Rosenblum with the help of Forry Ackerman had for so long published Futurian War Digest. But it faded, and darkness was total. But if we keep watching, there seems to be a tiny spark in Cambridgeshire. As we watch, spellbound, it darts to a British Army base in West Germany: and, steadfastly growing in brightness, it illuminates the entire scene from London to Liverpool, Bournemouth to Belfast. Fandom came into existence again. And it was all due to your Fan Guests of Honour, Ken and Joyce Slater.

There were of course dozens of meetings brought about by Operation Fantast like that first one of the four Irish fans who came to be known as the Wheels of If, and some may have been of even greater importance to those involved — though we find that hard to imagine — but Operation Fantast did more than just introduce people to one another. In catalogue mailings there were enclosed leaflets from customers. They were in fact little fanzines. They were not very good, admittedly, but in those days a fanzine did not have to be very good to be significant, which is why I still tend to believe that there is no such thing as a bad fanzine. At any rate, one day one arrived that was so awful that Madeleine uttered the fateful words: “We could do better than that.”

So we tried, and that is how we came to be here. One may speculate that we would all have become active fans anyway, and James and Bob professional writers. It may be so: but for myself, I had been reading science fiction since 1934 and remembered funny readers’ letters about staples, and even remembered someone called Tucker, but had never thought for a moment of being involved in such fanciful goings-on. I believe it was Ken and Joyce who changed my life, and very much for the better. Their nomination as Fan Guests of Honour indicates how many others of us feel the same way. ○

KEN SLATER

Like many of us he chafed at the lack of SF reading material and later in his usual energetic fashion did something about it.

I’VE JUST PUT THE PHONE DOWN AFTER SPEAKING TO KEN SLATER. IT’S MIDWAY through a Sunday morning and Joyce sounded perky and cheerful when she answered the blower. Ken was on his hands and knees doing something drastic and renovational to the floor. I told him I’d seen an item in his latest catalogue (a veritable fanzine in its own write) with something about me and he said, “Hold on a tick.” I waited for what — a couple of breaths, a heartbeat or two? — and he was back on the phone with: “Yes, here it is,” and he rattled off a list of contents. I was impressed. Well, yes, who wouldn’t be? But then, you see, that is Ken Slater. He’s a bloke who’s been around SF fandom a long time and during his

Ken Bulmer

operation of Operation Fantast he practically ran that side of the stefnate [*fandom* — *Ed.*] single-handed. He knows his stuff. He says what he likes and if he doesn't like it he says so in a mellow but firm way that leaves no doubt.

At the age of eight when his grandfather was dying he was shuffled off to relatives or friends. As he puts it himself, he'd just reached the stage of D-O-G equals dog. The friends had children somewhat older and among their reading material was, as Ken says, "a gynormous annual stuffed with stories. The one about exploring Mars — or maybe Venus — grabbed my attention." As an only child Ken followed the hallowed tradition and became a reader.

From then on it was Wells and Verne and the pantheon. Like many of us he chafed at the lack of SF reading material and later in his usual energetic fashion did something about it. He first sent out Operation Fantast as a rider to the BFL lists; and of course once a horse scents water there's no stopping him. Soon Ken was running a massive organisation (of which he writes elsewhere in this book) providing difficult to obtain zines and books, news and forthcoming that so very many fen remember with gratitude and affection.

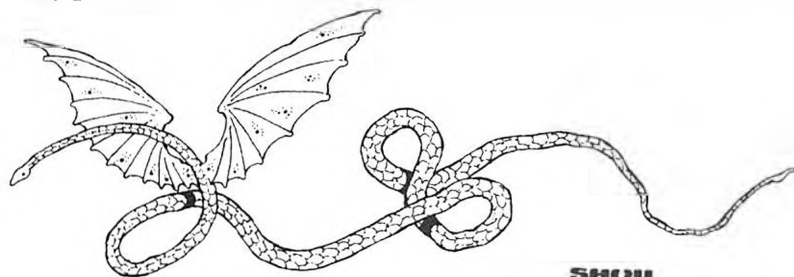
From then on all the way through to now it seems Ken Slater has always been there, a rock around which eddying currents of fashion may ebb and flow though he remains consistent. Sure, there were differences of opinion in the early days when everyone was younger; but people grow up, and when we are concerned with the welfare and growth of SF, then personalities eventually merge for the good of the whole. Take the time when the BSFA was running into the ground and no-one could handle it (a not unfamiliar situation, of course; but a crisis remains a crisis): Ken Slater took over and organised people into reshaping the BSFA and helping him put the show back on the road. The BSFA is still around, and for all the sniping doing a good job within its parameters as an association dedicated to the advancement of SF and the recruitment of new blood, and it is due to people like Ken that such an Association still exists.

Ken wrote a book review column for Peter Hamilton's *Nebula* and was one of the few fans to have their biographies published in *If*. Throughout his career Ken has consistently helped and supported SF prozines in this country and, of course, his efforts have made foreign items much more readily available in the U.K.

These days there's no need to hunt for egoboo, for Ken has that and to spare, and so he can watch with affection and amusement newcomers going through the motions he went through all those years ago. But do not misunderstand me — he is no fragile oldster. Ken Slater has as much chutzpah and razzmatazz as ever and has the same enthusiasm for the whole field of SF&F as he has always had.

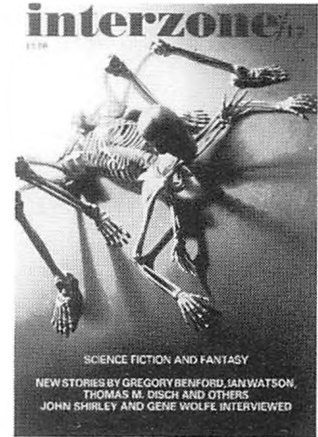
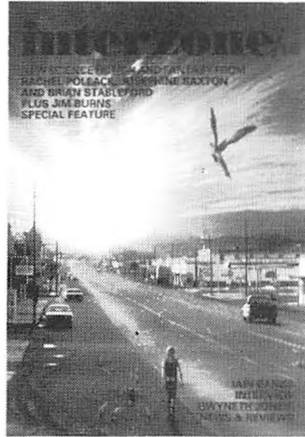
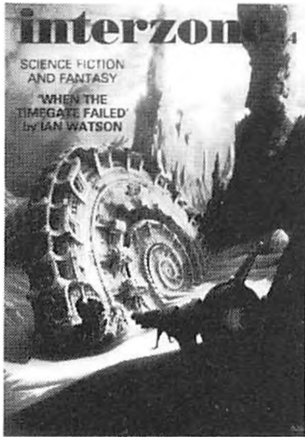
The trouble with people like Joyce and Ken Slater is that they have so much integrity. It keeps them rock steady in the colliding currents of day-to-day living. Sure, they've had a few years in which to lean tolerance, unlike some whizzkids today who publish stuff they'll cringe to read in a few years; but that isn't all of it. The Slaters are people of whom all of SF should be proud, and proud in the proper sense. They bring only good to cluster about the often abused area of science-fantasy fiction and fandom. All you people congregating at Brighton for the Worldcon, whatever your involvement, can benefit from the example of Joyce and Ken Slater. Whilst I deplore the idiots who think a convention's success is measured by the amount of pints mindless morons can consume more than some other convention, Ken's tippie is rum. He was a captain in the Army; 'nuff said.

Please do your best to ensure Ken and Joyce have a super con; they deserve it. My goodness — think of all the absentees there'd be if Ken had never existed!



interzone

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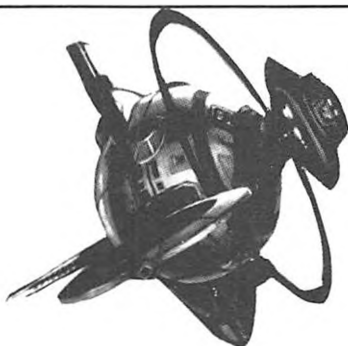
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FRONTIER CROSSINGS

HARRY HAUSEN



GoH

IN ANCIENT TIMES ALCHEMISTS WERE ETERNALLY SEARCHING FOR A MEANS OF transmuting lead into gold, producing an “elixir of life”, and creating a perfect *homunculus*. The *homunculus* was a small living creature, artificially produced, humanoid in form and supposedly made from mandrake root and alchemical potions. Their complete success can only be speculated upon through legends and myths.

In 1933, what one might call a twentieth-century *homunculus* appeared on motion picture screens all over the world. “KING KONG — The Eighth Wonder Of The World.” In the film he appeared to be over fifty feet high, though actually he was only eighteen inches tall. Although *Kong* was not controlled by telekinesis or other occult means (the supposed means of locomotion of the true *homunculus* in legend), he was made to appear live, moving about the motion picture screen with great agility. When watching the film the audience knew instinctively that he was not real — yet he and his assorted prehistoric companions looked amazingly life-like in their misty jungle surroundings. There was a magic about their movements that beggared definition — a visual experience seldom seen in motion picture theatres.

This amazing illusion was created by the extensive use of a photographic process called stop-motion: the use of a succession of progressively different “still poses” photographed frame by frame on motion picture film. Stop-motion is similar to the process in the animated cartoon but, unlike the cartoon, the subject to be moved and photographed is made in a three-dimensional form. The solidity of the object gives the appearance of greater reality when combined with live-action subjects.

Through various methods of special photography, stop-motion models can be made to seem any size and work intricately in the same scene with live actors. The final illusion, if done properly, can push back the barriers of disbelief and thrust the viewer into the wondrous dream world of genuine fantasy. This is an escape that all of us occasionally need to help tolerate the many vicissitudes of the mundane world.

Technically, for its time, *Kong* was a milestone of achievement in its ability to create the “Grand Illusion”. In the 30s, 40s and 50s, Hollywood knew instinctively of the unique theatrical attraction felt by an audience towards the creation of a larger than life “image”. (I do not mean simply physical size, as with *Kong*.) This applied not only to the product they made but to the selection of suitable names for the “stars” of their creations. Greta Garbo, Boris Karloff, Cary Grant, Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson, to name but a few. All were created and groomed to be bigger than life people starring in bigger than life productions: truly a theatre of the imagination.

Willis O’Brien, the technical creator of *King Kong*, brought to the screen one of the most memorable and lovable villains of all time. It is quite amazing that this miniature super-robot made of steel joints, sponge rubber and rabbit fur stands in name among the “greats” of the golden years of Hollywood. Few actors can claim the dynamic personality, charisma, screen presence or whatever you may want to call it that came from this 20th century, artificially created android.

Motion pictures are basically the creation of “illusions”: illusions for the entertainment of many millions of separate and diverse minds. Stop-motion “Dynamation” is the creation of the illusion of a living form which probably could not be found in nature or photographed in the ordinary course of production photography.

To enable an audience to try to distinguish between the flat drawing cartoon technique and three-dimensional model animation, Charles Schneer and I devised the word *Dynamation*. *Kong*’s cinematic achievement was in its use of every known photographic “trick” as well as the invention of new ones: the “tricks”, of course, being used to maintain the illusion presented and not merely for the sake of using camera tricks.

But aside from the wonderful array of multiple camera effects, magnificent scenic values and fantastic imagination, there came from the film a new form of art — *Stop-Motion Animation* — the creation of the illusion of life in the basically

THE GRAND ILLUSION

Although Kong was not controlled by telekinesis or other occult means (the supposed means of locomotion of the true homunculus in legend), he was made to appear alive.

inanimate. Stop-motion, of course, had been known for many years before the making of *Kong*, but it had been used mainly for documentary films of nuts and bolts or to animate stylised puppet films. George Melies made use of it in a limited way on some of his early films. But it was Willis O'Brien who first saw the theatrical possibilities of creating pseudo-lifelike ancient animals combined with live actors.

The 20th Century "alchemists" did finally discover the means of creating the long sought-after *homunculus*. Not quite in the form the early philosophers and wonder-workers imagined, but close enough. Eastman Kodak, Stop-Motion Animation, and Willis O'Brien and Merian C. Cooper all reacted chemically in the laboratory of the RKO Radio Pictures Studios to produce the cinematic miracle that was *King Kong*.

I think Paracelsus and Saint Germain would have been more than pleased. ○

TITAN OF THE CLASHES

In no time at all, I was arranging for him to make a life-mask of me, over which he would create a liquid latex mask of pure green horror with which to terrify my friends at Halloween.

Ray Bradbury

HOW DO YOU WRITE A SHORT RESUME OF A LONG FRIENDSHIP? HOW DO YOU put in words the meaning of a relationship that has covered some 50 years, now? It won't be easy, but I must try.

I have known and loved Ray Harryhausen and his work since the night in 1937, when he walked into the Little Brown Room at Clifton's Cafeteria in Los Angeles, for a science-fiction-fan-writer meeting, and showed me his drawings and told me his dreams. In no time at all, I was out visiting his home, prowling his garage, where he kept his dinosaurs, arranging for him to make a life-mask of me, over which he would create a liquid latex mask of pure green horror with which to terrify my friends at Halloween. If memory serves me, Ray and I went off to an All Hallows Midnight Show at the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles to see Bob Hope in *The Cat and the Canary*, and in the middle of the show I put on the Harryhausen mask and caused people in the seats in front of us to jump a foot.

You see, Harryhausen and I, at 17, were like most teenagers. But unlike many, we had large dreams that we intended to fulfil. We used to telephone each other nights and tell the dreams back and forth by the hour, adding, subtracting, shaping and reshaping. His dream was to become the greatest new stop-motion animator in the world, by God. Mine, by the time I was 19, was to work someday with Orson Welles, whose career was beginning to burgeon on the American scene.

Somewhere along the years, Ray was best man at my wedding.

Somewhere through the years we realised our dreams. He worked with Mr Willis O'Brien on *Mighty Joe Young* and soared on his way. I wrote lines for Orson Welles twice: when I did the screenplay of *Moby Dick* for John Huston, and the narration for Nicholas Ray's *King of Kings*.

What you will see in most of his work is a record of the young and middle dreams of Ray Harryhausen. Looking at the photographs in this book and the films you will see at this convention reminds us once again of the creative power of single individuals in the world. Not groups, but lonely, creative spirits, working long after midnight, change the cinematic and aesthetic machineries of civilisation.

While recently watching Ray's newest film, *Clash of the Titans*, I remembered those long-ago days in Ray's garage holding his monsters in my hands, and the nights when he came to the house to dance his puppets and marionettes and fill us with delight.

He is "Uncle" Ray at our house. Damned if he isn't Uncle to a whole new generation of film lovers and fanatics.

This is the proudest tribute I will ever write in my life. It is written by the boy in me who, at 17, first fell in love with his genius and the extensions of that genius,

the delicious monsters that moved in his head and out of his fingers and into our eternal dreams.

Long after we are all gone, his shadow-shows will live through a thousand years in this world. ○

THE MAGICIAN'S MAGICIAN

I first interviewed him back in 1973. He was typically optimistic: "I think fantasy films will have a comeback because they're imaginative and adults like them as well as children." He was proved right.

“I MET HIM WHEN WE WERE BOTH ABOUT 17 YEARS OLD. WE USED TO TALK for hours on the phone, and we'd never talk about girls — we'd talk about dinosaurs! We were both kind of odd, I must say. Closet dinosaur people.” — Ray Bradbury talking about his old friend Ray Harryhausen in *Cinefantastique* magazine (Vol.11, No.4).

These days, when every second movie being released seems to be either a science fiction or fantasy story, one tends to forget that, until about 10 years ago, the situation was very different. The cinema of the fantastic was regarded by the film industry to be very much the poor relation among film genres. Even during the periods when such films enjoyed a brief fashion they were never, with rare exceptions, 'A' films as such but usually low-budget productions. But Ray Harryhausen has remained committed to the fantasy film genre all his working life and been faithful to it during those bleak periods when his type of film appeared to have gone out of fashion for good.

It was during such a time that I first interviewed him back in 1973. This was a period when not only fantasy films were practically non-existent but special effects films in general were no longer being made. Ray Harryhausen, however, was typically optimistic and was going against the tide of fashion by making *The Golden Voyage of Sinbad*. “I think fantasy films will have a comeback because they're imaginative and adults like them as well as children,” he told me at the time. He was proved right. *Sinbad* was a box office success, though, of course, nowhere near as successful as the film that would turn the film industry upside-down as far as fantasy was concerned four years later — *Star Wars* (significantly, one of its stars, Mark Hamill, once wrote for a Ray Harryhausen fanzine).

Ray Harryhausen, of German ancestry, was born in Los Angeles in 1920. An only child, he was indulged by his parents in his youthful enthusiasms that centred mainly around dinosaurs, and movies. “I was interested in sculpture and paleontology. My hobby was to build miniature dioramas depicting various phases of prehistoric life. I was also heavily influenced by the wonderful paintings of Charles R. Knight. His guides to the reconstruction of dinosaurs were considered the best and I based most of my dinosaur restorations on his paintings. Then I saw *King Kong*. The film left a very strong impression on me and I kept going back to see it every time it was re-released.” (It was the 1938 re-release that led to him meeting Forry Ackerman, Ray Bradbury and his joining of the Los Angeles SF Society). “That film was the start of my interest in photography and special effects — in animation. I wanted to see my clay model dinosaurs *move*.”

The man responsible for giving unforgettable movement to all the creatures in *King Kong* was Willis H. O'Brien and in 1939 Harryhausen felt confident to visit the master of model animation and show him a piece of film featuring his own animated creatures. O'Brien was encouraging, but suggested that he needed to know more about muscle structure and anatomy. This advice led Harryhausen to attend art, anatomy and drama classes at Los Angeles City College during the day while at night he took a film course at USC. At the same time he continued to make his own animated films and these proved good enough to get him a job with George Pal, the Hungarian model animator was then making his 'Puppetoon' series of short films. Harryhausen worked for Pal for two years before being drafted into the Army where he made instructional films, working at one point with the Frank Capra unit in Hollywood.

When he got out of the Army Willis H. O'Brien was starting pre-production work on a film called *Mighty Joe Young* for the same producer who made *King Kong*,

JOHN BROSNAN

Merian C. Cooper. Harryhausen was hired to work as his assistant: “It was a big moment for me, needless to say. He and his work had been such a great inspiration to me and it was a fine experience to work with him and know him. He had quite a lot of tragedy and disappointment in his life but he was a very happy man and a wonderful person.”

Mighty Joe Young won the Oscar in 1949 for its special effects but it was not a big box office success and this was instrumental in causing this type of complicated, large-budget special effects film to go out of fashion yet again. The immediate result was the cancellation of O’Brien’s next project *El Toro Estrella*. For a time Harryhausen went back to making his animated fairy tales (which were distributed to schools) but was then approached by producer Hal Chester who wanted him to do the effects in a low budget sf movie about a sea monster. This became *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* and the first feature film on which Harryhausen had sole responsibility for the effects. As the budget ran to only \$210,000 — and only \$10,000 of that was spent on the animation — Harryhausen had to devise cheaper techniques than those used on either *King Kong* or *Mighty Joe Young*.

He was successful and so was the picture at the box office. He was then approached by a young producer at Columbia, Charles H. Schneer and they formed a partnership that was to last for many years. Their first film together was *It Came from Beneath the Sea* which was made even more cheaply than *Beast* (and the reason why the giant octopus that attacks San Francisco in the film lacks a full set of tentacles). Released in 1955 it did reasonably well and Harryhausen then tried to set up an animation film around the character of Sinbad the Sailor but couldn’t generate sufficient interest from the film companies. That same year he worked for the last time with Willis H. O’Brien — on the dinosaur sequence in Irwin Allen’s pseudo-documentary *Animal World*.

After that he and Schneer made *Earth Vs the Flying Saucers*, another low budget picture given an epic veneer thanks to Harryhausen’s cunning effects and money-saving tricks. Another, slightly more expensive sf/horror movie followed, *20 Million Miles to Earth*, which is arguably the best of this cycle of Harryhausen/Schneer productions.

Finally, with Schneer’s backing, Harryhausen was able to get his Sinbad project off the ground and the result was *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* released in 1959. It’s a milestone movie in the annals of special effects cinema; it was the first time Harryhausen’s effects process had been shot in colour and he christened the new system Dynamation. *Sinbad* became their most successful film at the box office until that date.

The 1960s proved a very productive period for Harryhausen and his producer — they made *The Three Worlds of Gulliver* (1960), *Mysterious Island* (1961), *Jason and the Argonauts* (1963), which is generally regarded as the best of all his movies, *First Men in the Moon* (1964) *One Million Years BC* (1966) which was a Hammer Film production and not one of Schneer’s, and finally *Valley of Gwangi* in 1969.

When the latter didn’t prove to be as successful as they hoped it would be Harryhausen and Schneer paused to think seriously about where to go next with their films. It was, as I mentioned earlier, a grim period for special effects movies. “After *Gwangi* Charles and I started searching for new stories. A lot were submitted to us but in the end I finally had to knuckle down and devise an outline myself.” Harryhausen chose to return to one of their most successful characters, Sinbad, but even so it was still quite a gamble at the time. Fortunately, the gamble paid off.

Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger followed in 1977, the same year that *Star Wars* was launched upon an unsuspecting film industry and precipitated the fantasy/sf movie boom which is still continuing a decade later. Harryhausen and Schneer reaped the benefit of this change of climate towards genre movies when they made their *Clash of Titans* for MGM on a much bigger budget than they were accustomed to in the past.

But ironically the boom in fantasy and special effects movies has brought Harryhausen’s unique series of productions to an end. Animation techniques developed at, for example, George Lucas’s ILM effects facility which use computers and other time and labour-saving methods mean that Harryhausen’s purist

approach to the craft that he had kept alive virtually single-handed since the end of the 1940s is much too expensive in these days of inflated production costs.

All we fans of the cinema of the fantastic, not to mention all those film makers and effects people who were inspired by his films when they were young, owe Ray Harryhausen a great debt of gratitude and it's appropriate we can express it at **Conspiracy** here in Britain where he has made his home for so long. Let us hope that it inspires Hollywood to follow suit and that the members of the Motion Picture Academy finally award him an Oscar in recognition of his unique contribution to the film industry. ○

RAY HARRYHAUSEN FILMOGRAPHY

By John Brosnan; notes interpolated from information by Jeff Rovin, by the Editor.

Mighty Joe Young (1949) Directed by Ernest Schoedsack, produced by Merian C. Cooper (RKO). Starring Terry Moore, Ben Johnson and Robert Armstrong.

Harryhausen's first film, an Oscar winner for its special effects. He did most of the animation working with Willis O'Brien's concepts and processes.

The Beast from Twenty Thousand Fathoms (1953) Directed by Eugene Lourie, produced by Hal Chester & Jack Dietz (Warner Bros.) Starring Paul Christian, Paula Raymond, Cecil Kellaway and Kenneth Tobey.

Harryhausen's first solo effort inspiring Godzilla and its imitators. The plot derives from Ray Bradbury's *The Foghorn*; an A-bomb test thaws a prehistoric monster and it destructively treks from the Arctic to New York City.

The Animal World (1955) Directed and produced by Irwin Allen (Warner Bros.)

It Came from beneath the Sea (1955) Directed by Robert Gordon, produced by Charles H. Schneer (Columbia). Starring Kenneth Tobey, Faith Domergue and Donald Curtis.

Earth Versus the Flying Saucers (1956) Directed by Fred F. Sears, produced by Charles H. Schneer (Columbia). Starring Hugh Marlowe, Joan Taylor and Donald Curtis.

Twenty Million Miles to Earth (1957) Directed by Nathan Juran, produced by Charles H. Schneer (Columbia). Starring William Hopper, Joan Taylor and Frank Puglia.

The first manned flight to Venus crashes in the Mediterranean, allowing a specimen of Venusian life to escape and grow to a prodigious height, threatening to destroy Rome.

The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad (1958) Directed by Nathan Juran, produced by Charles H. Schneer (Columbia). Starring Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant and Torin Thatcher.

Harryhausen's first colour feature, wherein the fiancée of the legendary sailor is shrunk to inches in height by the sorcerer Sokurah. ●

The Three Worlds of Gulliver (1959) Directed by Jack Sher, produced by Charles H. Schneer (Columbia). Starring Kerwin Mathews, Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis.

Mysterious Island (1961) Directed by Cy Endfield, produced by Charles H. Schneer (Columbia). Starring Joan Greenwood, Michael Craig and Herbert Lom.

Jules Verne's sequel to 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, altered slightly to include Harryhausen's creations. Captain Nemo breeds enormous animals to try to eradicate starvation.

Jason and the Argonauts (1963) Directed by Don Chaffey, produced by Charles H. Schneer (Columbia). Starring Tod Armstrong, Nigel Green and Nancy Kovack.

First Men in the Moon (1965) Directed by Nathan Juran, produced by Charles H. Schneer (Columbia). Starring Edward Judd, Lionel Jeffries and Martha Hyer.

The H.G. Wells novel (in which a scientist uses anti-gravity paint to get to the moon) adapted. The lunar descent was so well executed that Harryhausen's footage was widely used by NASA to illustrate their upcoming Apollo landing.

One Million Years BC Directed by Don Chaffey, produced by Michael Carreras (Hammer). Starring Raquel Welch, John Crawford and Robert Brown.

The Valley of Gwangi (1969) Directed by James O'Connell, produced by Charles H. Schneer (Columbia). Starring Richard Carlson, James Franciscus and Laurence Naismith.

The Golden Voyage of Sinbad (1973) Directed by Gordon Hessler, produced by Charles H. Schneer (Columbia). Starring John Philip Law, Caroline Munro and Tom Baker.

Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger (1977) Directed by Sam Wanamaker, produced by Charles H. Schneer & Ray Harryhausen (Columbia). Starring Patrick Wayne, Jane Seymour and Taryn Power.

Clash of the Titans (1981) Directed by Desmond Davis, produced by Charles H. Schneer & Ray Harryhausen (MGM). Starring Harry Hamlin, Judi Bowker & Laurence Olivier.

A visually stunning tale based on the Greek myth of Perseus and his rescue of the Princess Andromeda from a sinister cast including the Kraken and the snake-haired Medusa. ●

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H A R R Y H A U S E N



CONCEPTS

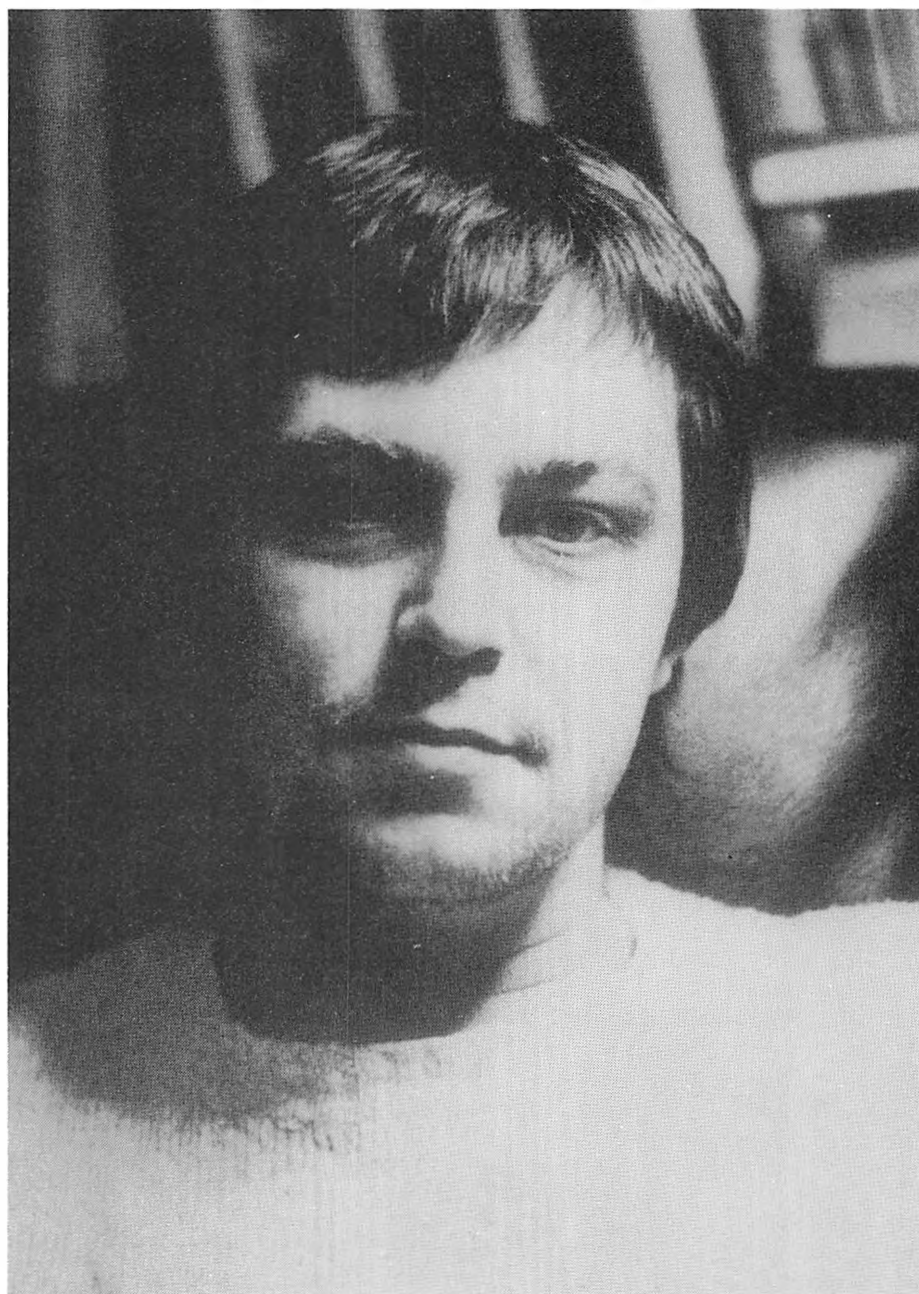
Concept sketches by Ray Harryhausen for *Clash Of The Titans*, 1. Calibos 2. Medusa, and 3. the Kraken. Also for *Titans* 4. is a table-top diorama showing Perseus and a detailed model of a Forest Scorpion. 5. Ray Harryhausen discusses a clay prototype of the Medusa with sculptor Janet Stevens.



(All photographs courtesy, Steven Jones)

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

B U R N S



GoH



I admit to remembering very little of my conversation with him at that time; my mind was occupied with such thoughts as, "how the hell does he render those intricate textures?"

Michael Whelan

IT SEEMS ODD TO ME THAT I'VE BEEN ASKED TO WRITE A SHORT PIECE ABOUT JIM Burns for the Souvenir Book of this convention. I always consider the *authors* of works an artist has illustrated as the best source for this sort of thing. For one thing, I'm not a writer. Secondly, I can't vouch for the veracity of Jim's efforts because I haven't read the majority of the books he has illustrated.

Nevertheless, here I am attempting the task. That Jim Burns's work is of the most superior level should be apparent to anyone with an intelligence higher than an amoeba's. To those who are familiar with his efforts, his technique is seamless, his imagination is truly unique, and his ability to engender us with a sense of wonder is inarguable.

I've only met Jim once, at the Atlanta Worldcon in '86. He seemed to be friendly, intelligent and professional (I don't mention talented; that much is obvious). I admit to remembering very little of my conversation with him from that time; my mind was occupied with such thoughts as "How the hell does he render those intricate textures?" and "Jeez! Where does he get the ideas for those bizarre spaceships?" It tends to disturb one's concentration. For all I know, I acted like a complete fool in front of him. What all this means is that I haven't much knowledge about Jim Burns, the man: I know virtually nothing about his life other than that he is an artist whose work I respect a lot.

Jim's work is different from anyone else's, in several ways. First, in all the illustrations I am acquainted with, he offers us a complete vision. There are no shortcuts in Jim's work. The desire to offer us a window into another world compels him to fulfil the scene he is depicting to the edges of the available space. Absent from Jim's work are the convenient and all-too-common fogs and mists which some illustrators rely on to avoid extra work on legs, feet and backgrounds. No swirly blobs of colour in the background for Burns; he gives us the intricate detail of an alien city or the craggy articulations of a desert plateau. This attention to detail is then extended (if not heightened) in the foreground subject matter: all relevant details of clothing and texture are realised in almost photographic precision. Thus his paintings are invariably rich and complex. I can assure you that such results don't come easily! I have no idea how long Jim spends on a painting for a book cover, but it is obvious to me that there is considerably more thought and effort in his work that is found in that of most of his contemporaries. He succeeds like few artists do in the goal of making the imaginary as real as a view outside a window at home.

Equally important in my mind is his devotion to the literature. One thing I *do* remember from our short conversation last year was Jim telling me that he always reads the books he illustrates. This should be obvious to the readers of the books he has illustrated as well as to the authors (witness Robert Silverberg's grateful introduction in Jim's book *Lightship*), but is a quality sadly lacking among many illustrators today. Even rarer is an illustrator of Jim's calibre who can evoke the *ambience* of a book (or indeed, even cares enough to attempt to realise same) in his illustration. It's a hassle. It means avoiding the first, easy solution for the approach that fits the book the best. It means extra work and scrunching up close to the deadline more often. It means late hours and missed appointments and all that other stuff. But it means being true to those values that are important to you; it means dedication to yourself, the author, the readers, and your craft, and the satisfaction that that brings when you succeed. And if you persist and are a little bit lucky, there is some measure of appreciation and worthwhile financial reward into the bargain. But that's all gravy. The bottom line is this: you can judge a book by a Burns cover.

Come to think of it, I know this guy better than I thought. ○

JIM BURNS

You'll find the same love of texture in the softness of a woman's skin as you will in the brittle coldness of machined metal. SF art at its very best.

Harry Harrison

JUST LOOK AT HIS WORK. YOU'LL FIND IT HERE IN THIS VOLUME, SEE IT ON BOOK jackets in the shops — as well as on books in your own library. Jim is not Artist Guest of Honour by chance. His work is first class, truly great painting, while being top notch illustration at the same time. Plus the additional secret ingredient — Jim Burns is a true science fiction fan.

I have it from his own lips. He reads the books he illustrates, understands them, and conveys their special SF nuances on his covers. We, as readers, love that. He, as an artist, is doing exactly what he wants to do.

I've known him a long time. Very early in his publishing career he was asked to do an entire book of illustrations. I was asked to write the book. We met in the publisher's office. Although the publisher later went bust in the most highly dramatic manner possible, these were still the days of young enthusiasm. I wanted to write a funny and colourful book — and call upon skills unused for years. In the dim past I had drawn many a comic book, been art director of long-dead magazines. Now I looked around at the illustrated books that were being published and saw how unimaginative they were. The art superfluous to the printed copy. This was a challenge. I wanted to write a book where the art was integral to the text. And to have the art done by Jim Burns was paradise indeed. So I worked at a plot that would have a complete change of scene in every chapter. And devices galore. And humour, and profanity, and many other good things. Jim had all the input, freedom and opportunity he needed. He did us both proud — and the result was *Planet Story*.

Yet Jim's first choice was not art — but flying. He enlisted in the RAF, learned to fly jets. This was surely a seminal part of his life for as he has admitted, "Sitting in the cockpit, tossing things about the sky, must have been reflected in my work."

Indeed it has! Here is an artist completely at home in the world of three dimensions and technology. You'll find the same love of texture in the softness of a woman's skin as you will in the brittle coldness of machined metal. SF art at its very best.

And all of this done on his own. I was shocked to hear that art education in Great Britain is about as dim as that in the United States. With emphasis strictly on commercial goals not basic techniques. Taught by instructors who are interested in designing cosmetic packages, not in developing basic skills. Learning the infinity of details needed to be a graphic artist is hard enough; to learn them on your own is certainly not a handicap — but is also a bloody lot of hard work. *Ad astra per aspera* yet one more time. Through difficulties to the stars. A good motto for the artists who labour in the SF mines.

Happily for us Jim Burns survived these adversities and now adds a new dimension to our science fictional lives. And he is the only harsh critic of his own work. In our world of loudblasting, selfcongratulating, ownhorn players his attitude is a refreshing change. Very diffident in a very British way, he will not lecture you on how great his work is. Since he won't do it — let me do it for him.

For one thing there is texture, which I have mentioned before. Texture glowingly brought out by thin glazes, lovingly applied. Then there is beauty. Burns's girls are beautiful in many different ways. I am not alone in saying this.

Some years after the *Planet Story* book Jim and I were engaged in working on the same project. I was writing the screenplay for an animated film to be called *Heavy Metal*. (This film-that-never-was had nothing to do with the animated piece of crap that was later released under the same title.) It was being done by John Halas who you will remember from *Animal Farm*, one of the most skilled animation producers of all time. We were adapting some of the stories from the magazine, originating others, and storyboarding the whole thing in lieu of a script. There was a gorgeous nude in one of the stories, and a three second loop was drawn of her brushing her hair back over her shoulder with one hand. This caused her breasts to rise and fall in what can only be described as a most attractive manner. (This is ►

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1986*

Edited by George Zebrowski

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not an original discovery on my part. In the good old, bad old days of burlesque nudity was allowed as long as the girls did not move. I recall a classic performance where the abundantly endowed Margie Hart stood, naked and motionless on stage, while Jimmy Savo told jokes. Well, not exactly motionless. He was funny, and she did laugh...)

Well, the loop was animated and John Halas was not pleased. "They swing back and forth like two pendulums on a clock," he said. An expert was called in to correct the matter. That's right, Jim Burns. He says it was to little effect. I say that John Halas knew very well what he was doing.

A book or a painting is more than simple collection of its parts. The true artist labours over combining the sub-units in such a manner that a synergistic reaction takes place. The final product becomes a new and greater thing — at its best it is a work of art.

Jim Burns is as fine an artist as you are ever going to meet. If you are a writer, one of his covers can only grace your book. If you are a reader you will feel the excitement that will make you want to read the book. If you are a collector you could do a lot worse than buying one of his paintings for a lifetime of pleasure.

Thanks, Jim, for being our Artist Guest of Honour. Thanks for being at this convention. And thank you even more for the pleasure you have given us. ○

S E L F / P O R T R A I T

(Editorial note: In place of the usual bibliography, I asked Jim if he could write notes pointing out important elements in his professional career.)

JIM BURNS

BORN APRIL 1948 IN CARDIFF, SOUTH Wales, I seem to remember spending more of my childhood drawing than not. The man next door, who went by the unlikely name of Peed, kept me furnished with vast heaps of paper with the schematic layout of a ship's hold on the back. This free and seemingly infinite supply of paper probably played a more important part in my developing interest in Art than I am consciously aware.

My Art teacher more than once suggested I should make Art a career, but it was pushed aside by my overwhelming fascination with, and wish to fly, aeroplanes. I spent 18 months from 1966-68 in the RAF as a trainee, soloing on Chipmunks and Jet Provosts, but despite trying to hoodwink instructors into believing I was von Richthofen's reincarnation, there was ultimately no disguising the fact that I was a lousy pilot, and perhaps even crummier in those mysterious "officer qualities". The options were non-flying training or get the hell out. I got the hell out.

It was probably very wise. My plan then was to get into art college and do what school had said I should have done all along. After successfully applying on the basis of a few wretched scribbles from a dusty drawer in the school's Art Department plus a couple

of embarrassingly pretentious new efforts, I had nearly a year to fill as an Inventory Clerk at a U.S. Army Depot in Caerwent, South Wales. (This was the callow youth Burns, remember, not the politically more mature Burns of now!) The scintillating work on offer was locating and counting all the different rounds of ammunition. After the first 30,000 rounds, 155mm shells get very boring indeed!

In September 1968 I started my Foundation Course at Newport School of Art, South Wales. A year there was followed by a three year Graphic Design/Illustration course at St. Martin's School of Art in London. I think I'd sum up my time there as 'low profile'. I don't think there was a great deal of sympathy for my approach to things; looking now at some of those early coloured-pencil renderings I can empathise a little with the tutors. With an exception or two, they are awful! But John Spencer must have seen some potential there. He'd recently established an illustration agency, *Young Artists*, and was looking around for 'talent'. On the basis of a less than wonderful piece of work he'd seen on some art editor's desk (a pencilled rendering of Lancaster bombers taking off — my first ever commercial assignment) he'd come along to my Diploma Show and I was up and away. At the same time the college awarded me the most marginal of passes!

I probably learned more about pro-

fessional illustration in the first couple of months than in the whole previous three years. Impending starvation does help to galvanize the mind wonderfully! Anyway, I've been with the same agency ever since and see no reason to change that arrangement. The early years were, I suppose, years of consolidation, development of skills, ingratiating of oneself with one's clients, etc. A lot of the earliest work was in the area of 'historical romance' and related genres for a number of British publishers — in particular Sphere Books. I couldn't pretend to a great fascination with the material but it gave me a good grounding in the processes involved in commercial illustration. More importantly, it helped improve my figure work out of all recognition.

The years between 1973 and 1980 were spent exclusively on work for British publishers including Sphere, Panther, Corgi, Tandem, Orbit, Coronet, Methuen, Quartet, Fontana and Pierrot. Increasingly this inclined towards science fiction/fantasy material until by 1980 I was doing very little outside the genre. One or two more 'erotic' pieces were completed for *Men Only* magazine. This period saw me moving from water colour to gouache to oils. By 1980 all my work was in oils. A stillborn project of this period was a TV adaptation of the famous old *Dan Dare* comic strip from the *Eagle* comic of the 1950s, of which I'd been as avid a fan as any. In fact I blame Frank Hampson and Frank Bellamy (two of the greatest comic artists of all time) for my early immersion in science fiction. The actors James Fox (*The Servant*) and Rodney Bewes (*The Likely Lads*) were the front runners for the roles of Dan Dare and Digby respectively. I produced a couple of large extraterrestrial landscapes against which the action was to have taken place. However, the whole thing foundered. Lack of money I suppose.

The most interesting project of this whole period was a collaboration with Harry Harrison on an illustrated novella to be published by the now defunct Pierrot Publishing, called *Planet Story*. I spent two years producing about 30 large oil paintings for this venture and the opportunities presented to me by this project saw my work improve by leaps and bounds.

In 1980 I was approached by Ridley Scott the film director, to assist in a film project. The portrait of Colonel Kylling from *Planet Story* had impressed Scott. He'd seen in the character a dead ringer for Baron Vladimir Harkonnen from Frank Herbert's *Dune* cycle and at that time it appeared likely that Scott would direct the film version. However, the *Dune* 'curse' struck again and in the event the film I found myself involved in was *Blade Runner*, the adaptation of Philip K. Dick's novel *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* This meant ten very interesting and exciting weeks in Hollywood and a change over after this time from oils to acrylics.

The 1980s have seen more and more of my commissions coming from the States. My agent's establishing of a New York office has been important in this. In particular I find my involvement with Bantam has been singularly fruitful. A series of Robert Silverberg novels with my illustrations and unusually tastefully treated lettering was very well received. This collaboration continues to this day. There was also a short-lived involvement with the film director, Jeannot Schwarz (*Bug*, *Supergirl*, *Jaws 2* etc.) which may yet bear fruit. In addition I've produced work for Avon, Ace, Dell and Berkley in the States and still produce the occasional cover for British clients, notably Gollancz.

A recent interesting project for Byron Preiss Visual Publications was a collaborative venture with Frank Herbert called *Eye*. A collection of his short stories accompanied by some new black and white illustrations, the first I'd done apart from one or two for the excellent *Interzone* magazine. Unfortunately, Frank died before I had a chance to meet him. *Eye* must have been one of his last projects. 1986 saw the publication of *Lightship* by Dragon's World, a collection of some of my work from the past thirteen years. I still have great hopes for it!

Currently I'm concentrating on more bookjacket work and am in the throes of moving from S.E. London to Bradford on Avon in Wiltshire. The end of April 1987 will see myself, my wife Sue and our three daughters Elinor, Megan and Gwendolen finally settled into a more rural backdrop! ○

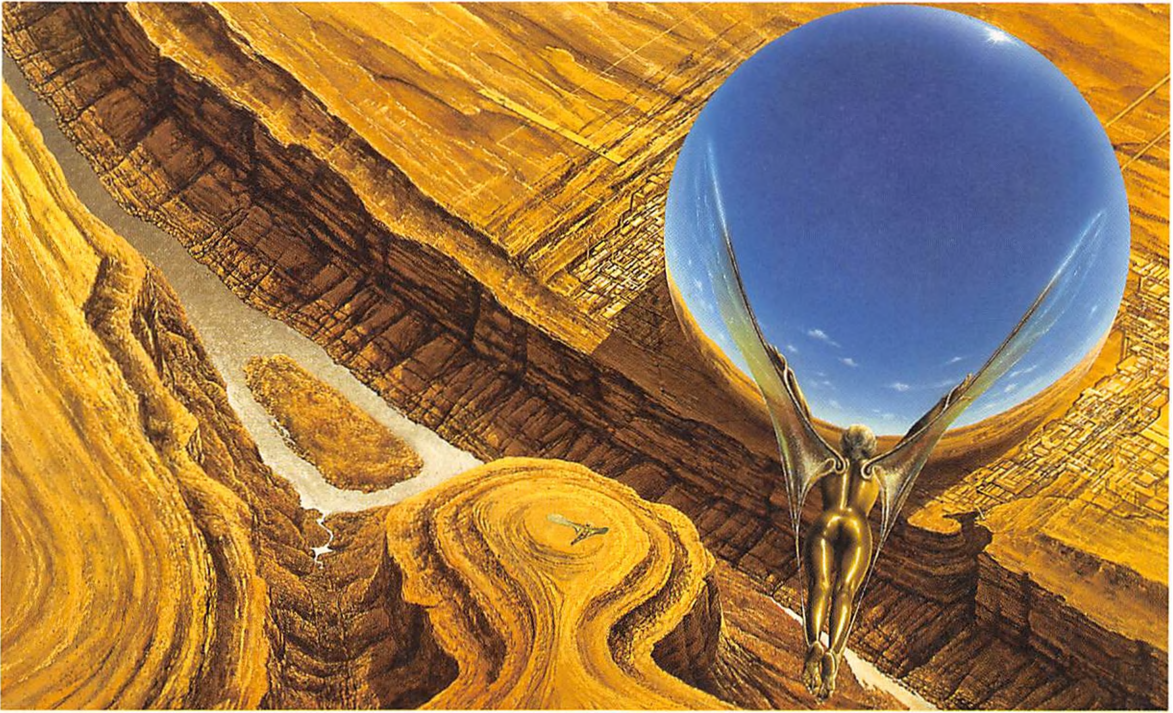
B U R N S

**BREAKING STRAIN** (*Acrylics on hardboard*)

"This is a very recent piece, a portrait of Fury from the novel *Breaking Strain* by Paul Preuss and Arthur C. Clarke (Byron Preuss Visual Pubs. Inc.) I had to work from very abbreviated notes rather than a full manuscript — something I find faintly irritating — and as a result

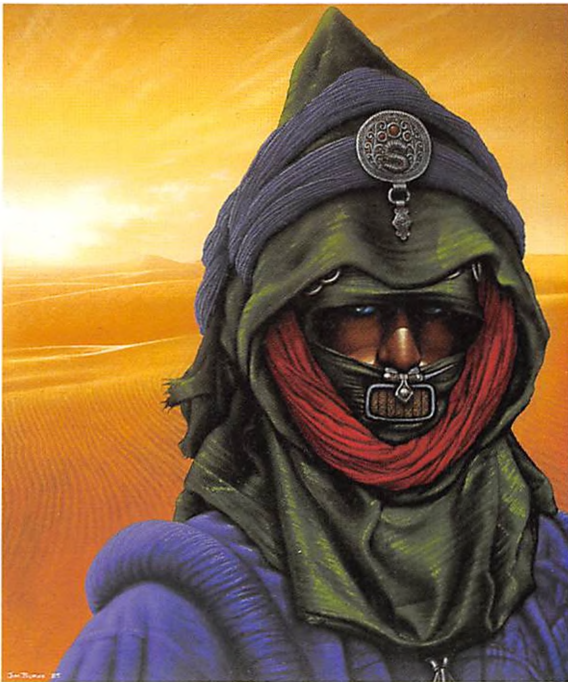
there were problems. A figure underneath in a red suit and helmet looking generally lost was an earlier rejected Fury and the new version of the picture is in a slightly different shade of yellow-green. Still, I do *much* prefer the re-worked Fury!"

FRONTIER CROSSINGS



MANSEED (*Acrylics on hardboard*)

“I very much wanted to get a vertiginous feeling into this illustration for *Manseed* by Jack Williamson (Sphere Books). I hated not being able to incorporate a little of the sky, so the highly reflective dome perched on the canyon edge proved something of a gift, and it makes for a nice contrast of texture. The figures are supposed to have elements of both angel and faery about them.”



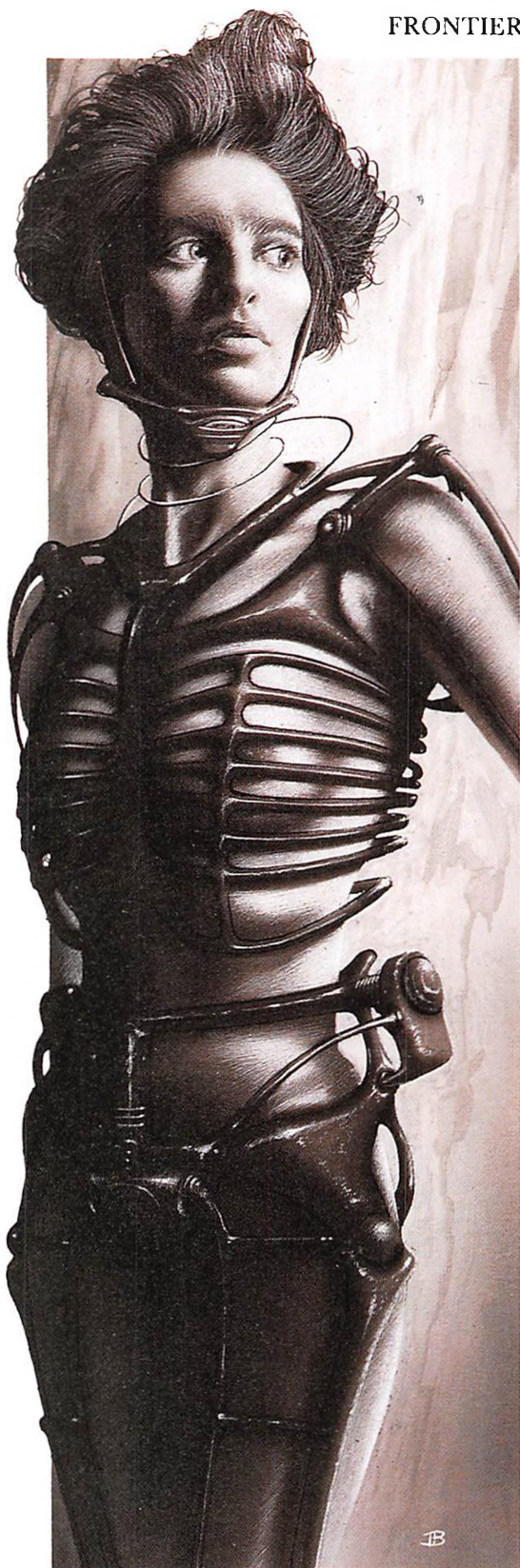
EYE (*Acrylics on hardboard*)

“The cover for my 1985 collaborative effort with the late Frank Herbert. I supplied 18 black and white illustrations for this collection of short stories (Berkley Books.) The cover portrays a Fremen as a sort of evolved Tuareg — which is the way *I've* always seen them.”



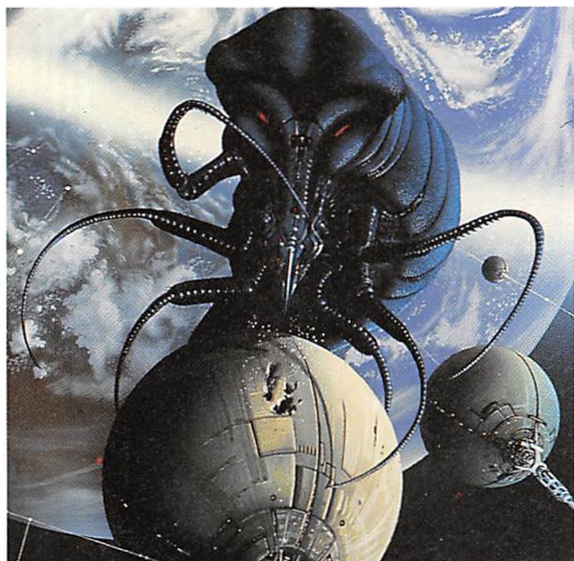
TRIAD — detail (*Acrylics on hardboard*)

“From the cover of a wrap-around painting for a novel by Sheila Finch (Bantam Books.) The planet of the story passes through successions of monochromatic colour shifts permeating *everything*; at the moment it is blue-grey. I felt the Earth girl in bright blue made an interesting colour image — on the back cover is a vivid red spacecraft against the same blue-grey. The furry aliens were fun to paint; the evidence of my eyes suggests that *all* SF artists like to paint furry aliens!”



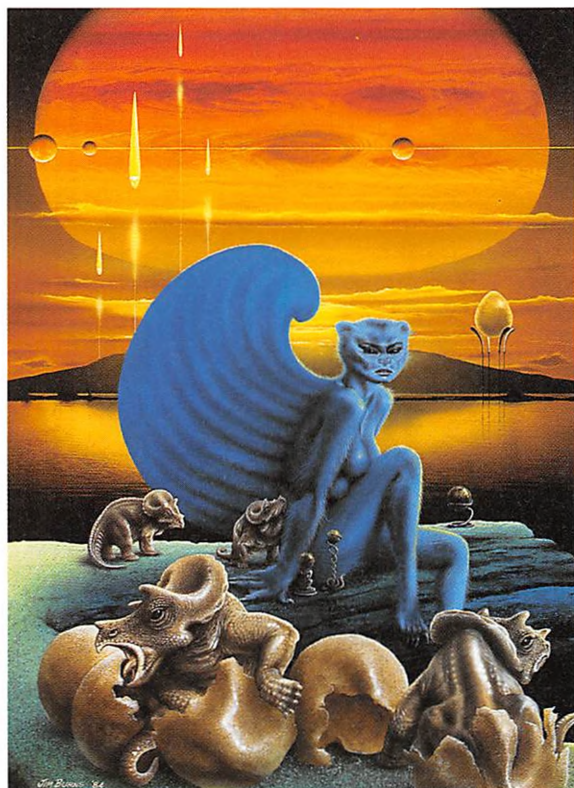
THE WINTER MARKET
(Inks and acrylics on illustration board)

“One of my very few black and white pieces for a William Gibson short story in *Interzone*. How else could I portray the bizarre female character Lise as anything other than a kind of cyberpunk?”



LIFEBURST — detail (Acrylics on hardboard)

“A portrait of the seeker Infant committing general mayhem in the Skyweb, for the novel by Jack Williamson (Sphere Books). Chunks of mainstream hardware in Earth orbit — just for a change!”



THE CONGLOMEROID COCKTAIL PARTY
(Acrylics on hardboard)

“This piece, for a novel by Robert Silverberg (Bantam Books), features some of the elements I enjoy painting and which people seem to regard as ‘my style’, namely, a ‘being’ born of a human/non-human synthesis, but retaining essentially human erotic appeal (inevitably female — and to hell with the consequences of such a remark!).

P O R T F O L I O
COLOUR

1

Memoirs Of A Survivor (*Doris Lessing*)

IAN SANDERSON

Photograph, hand tinting and painting

2

Tiger, Tiger (*Alfred Bester*)

LES EDWARDS

Oils

3

Helliconia (*Brian Aldiss*)

MIKE EMBDEN

Watercolours

4

Prisoners Of Power (*Arkady & Boris Strugatsky*)

IAN MILLER

Mixed Media

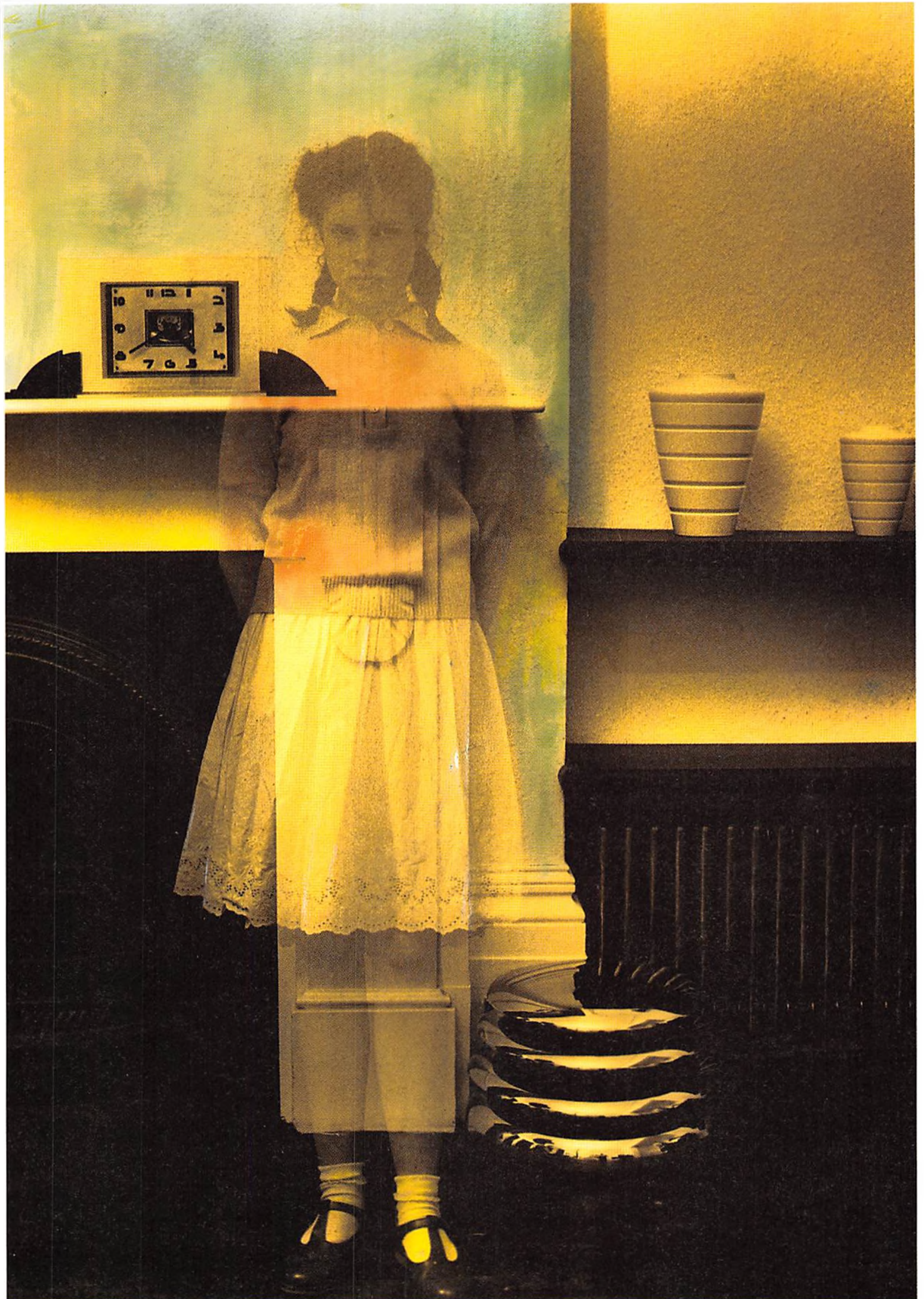
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The Leaky Establishment (*Dave Langford*)

GEORGE PARKIN

Gouache

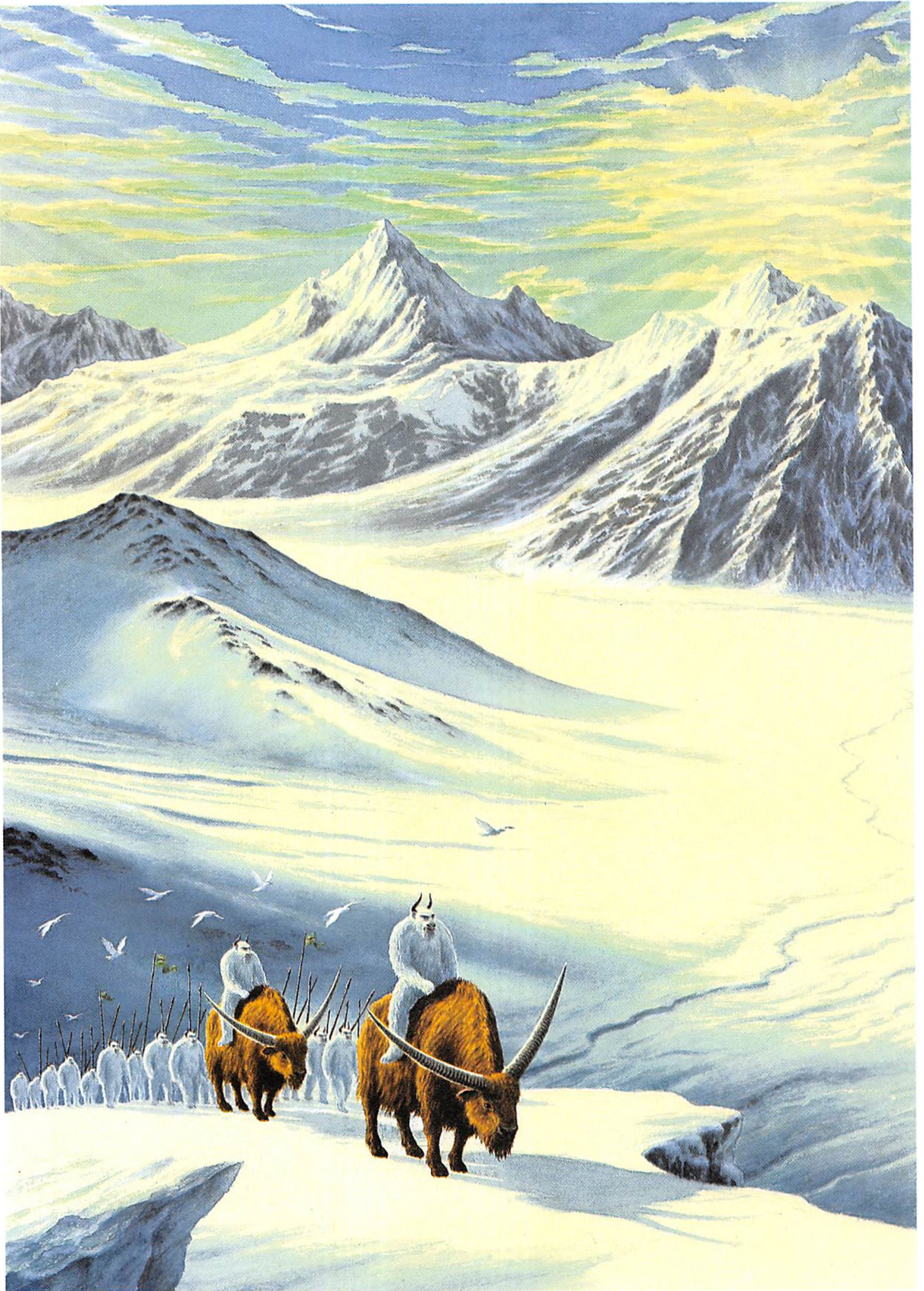
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LES EDWARDS '87

3







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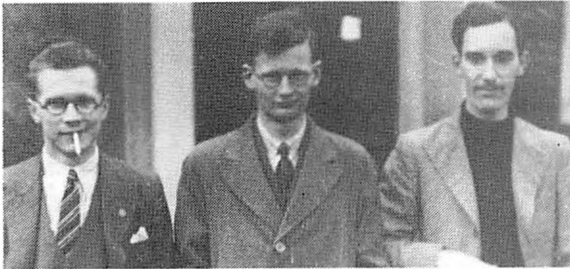
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T H E M E S

1937 AND ALL THAT...

Arthur C. Clarke

H. Gottiffe



NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES I SUBTRACT 37 from 87, I still keep getting the same perfectly ridiculous answer...

Anyway, it was so long ago that I have absolutely no memories of the convention itself. The only proof that I was there is a faded photograph showing me, dressed in a rumpled raincoat like a reject from the KGB, standing between Wally Gillings and Ted Carnell...

The trip to Leeds must have been one of my first long journeys away from Somerset. I'd just started

work in the Civil Service, in Whitehall itself, at the princely salary (that's one thing I *do* remember) of £152 a year. (And would you believe that I managed quite happily on three quid a week, and don't recall ever being short of cash?) So I was still a naive farmboy from the Far West (of England of course, you Yanks), and most things were strange and new to me.

Which *does* trigger the only single memory I have of Leeds, 1937. For the first time in my life, I encountered people with extraordinary names like Mayer, Rosenblum, Gottlieb.... I'd read about them, but didn't really believe they existed. That may well have planted the seeds of my virulent pro-Semitism, though it didn't mature until my first US trip in 1952.

Sorry, Leeds — and to make matters worse, I don't even remember my last trip to the Yorkshire TV studios — which couldn't have been more than a decade ago.

Now, if you'd asked me about 2037....

Arthur C. Clarke
9 Jun 86

SPACE AND THE AMERICAN DREAM

Sheila Hayman

The Forbidden Planet was saved once again by the plucky American heroes... We can laugh at all that now, when not squirming; but look at the hardware and the rhetoric of President Reagan's Star Wars programme, and it's very much the same.

THE LATEST COPY OF *BUSINESS WEEK* HAS A PICTURE of a solar-powered dragon on the back. Or maybe it's a monster with a Rolex watchstrap as a breastplate. In any case, it's a most unusual image to find advertising NPL minicomputers. It's beautifully airbrushed, darting a red deathray at the competition, and inside at the back, pulling it's strings, tiny but immaculate in dark suit and white shirt, is an American corporate executive.

America has always loved imagining other worlds out there. Getting to California can be a bit of a let-down for a pioneer these days — straight off the red-eye at LAX and into an English Muffin breakfast just like the one you had yesterday.

Space, however, really is the final frontier: and in space Americans have built the shared world of imagination other nations store in their past. In England, we tell each other about King Arthur and the Empire in India, and both the real and the legendary are our common references. But America is a new country, with a short history, certainly

too brief to have left the long shadows from which legends emerge. People arriving to be Americans can only know the gods and heroes of their own countries, but must leave even those behind. Lacking a common past, they have built themselves a common future; and given the dearth of fabulous uncharted spots on this planet — tour guide operators have seen off the last of those — that future tends to be set in the boundless realms of outer space. [*What common past or mythology they do have — the Old West — is often reflected in the themes of American SF anyway. — Ed.*]

There are obvious advantages to taking the theatre of heroism off this planet. In the future, nobody seems to need to go to the dentist, or to eat — and certainly not to do the washing-up. Snotty little sisters are left behind, as are mortgage worries and VAT receipts. In the first American space operas, Buster Crabbe as the interchangeable Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers only had to worry about finishing off the Evil Emperor (dark colouring and a lot of facial hair) in order to rescue the Girl, whose value, whilst unquestionably above rubies for herself, was usually enhanced by the odd sackful of fifty-carat sparklers. Life and morality were very simple in this world, and all disputes could be settled by a handy combination of death rays and Yankee ingenuity.

Of course, this starts off as a universal fantasy. But when Americans made it into space for real,

they took the fantasy with them. The first astronauts on the Mercury and Gemini projects were, famously, chosen for having been *seen* to have the Right Stuff. It wasn't just their willingness to be the champagne cork on a highly explosive and experimental bottle, but also their image: if they must put their hands on their hips, they could at least learn to do it like a police chief rather than a dress designer. They were perceived by the public as a 20th-century analogue of the single-combat jousting rider out from the battle-line: symbolic representatives in the fight against the Red Empire.

NASA sent the astronauts to Hollywood-style charm schools, and Hollywood adopted the Space Race as its new theatre of adventure. Hollywood didn't always understand the technical details of the battle too well — George Pal's *Destination Moon* declared, for instance: "Whoever can use the moon for the launching of atomic missiles will control the fate of the Earth. That is the most important military fact of this century."

But everybody could see that They — the enemy — were out there, and they had to be stopped. Pal's film is a rather literal and plodding account of the story, and its best moments are comic ones, but *Forbidden Planet* has a more complex view of the danger. Where George Pal and Chesley Bonestell laboured to produce a vision of the real Moon, startlingly prescient spacesuits and even a crackly radio-link with the Oval Office, *Forbidden Planet* was deliberately allegorical. This provided a perfect excuse for Robbie the Robot and a slew of overdeveloped local fauna; but it also allowed the planet — or Planet — to resound with the psychic energy of its age-old colonists, who had fallen into an unforgivable scientific hubris. "Nobody," said LBJ, "wants to go to sleep by the light of a Soviet moon" — but the Soviets were undoubtedly making the running in the mid-fifties.

The figure of the scientific genius, so obsessed with his intellectual goal that morality was ignored, was of course not new; but all America had heard the Russians boasting about the brave new technocracy they were building over there. Well, the *Forbidden Planet* was saved once again by the plucky American heroes, whose redeeming human weakness, as manifested in unrelenting pursuit of the Professor's technocratically (scantly) clad daughter, received its due reward in the last reel.

We can laugh at all that now, when not squirming; but look at the hardware and the rhetoric of President Reagan's Star Wars programme, and it's very much the same. There are death rays (X-ray lasers), magic shields (orbiting mirrors to bounce them off) and magic bullets (satellite bombs) to zap enemy missiles as they approach. Reagan's people have borrowed the imagery and the weaponry of SF film and tried to bring them

into existence by sheer force of will (and Pentagon dollars). Once again, the story is that there's an implacable enemy out there and we need the heroes and their weapons to beat it off. These days the heroes stay on the ground operating computers, but any kid who's played a video game can understand that. It now seems that even Ronnie, with Hollywood *and* NASA behind him, may be unable to make it work for real, but undoubtedly most Americans respond to the idea.

But simple good/evil battlegrounds, whilst useful for rallying national pride in an economic crisis, don't answer all the existential problems of humanity. In 1966, at the height of the Vietnam war, a new space myth was unfolded to the American public which tried to add a third dimension to the hero in space and engage, week by week, with timeless ethical questions. There weren't many episodes of *Star Trek* made, and the weapons and effects were pretty ludicrous even by contemporary standards, but the people who became Trekkies weren't bothered about that. *Star Trek* was about the choice between democracy and benign dictatorship: about whether "superior" civilisations have a right to colonise "primitive" ones: about whether newer is always better and technology can fix anything. And it acted out these dilemmas in terms anybody could understand. No wonder the soldiers in Vietnam replayed old episodes endlessly to keep from going mad.

Star Trek presented another reason for going into space: not to make war, but to boldly go — just to see what's out there; the explorer as hero. It was a simplification of the intellectual drive that had led Wernher von Braun to do his rocketry research for German academics, German soldiers, American soldiers — anyone as long as he reached the Moon. Von Braun was smart enough to see that the mass of the public had no interest in the theory of rocketry, so as early as 1928 he was collaborating with the filmmaker Fritz Lang to build an allegorical vision of space travel to appeal to those who had to vote the cash. In America he got his chance to beat the Navy and Air Force into space by collaborating with another filmmaker — Walt Disney. President Eisenhower saw the Disney/von Braun film *Man in Space* in the *Tomorrowland* TV series, and von Braun succeeded where others had failed.

But even *Tomorrowland* had a rather chilly, intellectual face. The space programme was expensive, and to love it enough to vote for it the public wanted its protagonists to be human beings with human hearts. In getting this message over, the Trekkies were relatively few in number, but passionate and well organised. In the few days before the Space Shuttle "Constitution" was due to be rolled out in June 1976, the White House received three million letters begging that the name be changed to "Enterprise". And on the day the

rechristened spaceship met its public, the entire cast of *Star Trek* lined up beside it while the band of the US Marines played a rather warbly version of the theme tune to rapturous applause.

Star Trek is not in any sense a pacifist bible — unilateral disarmament would be a bit of a risk for any nation confronting the uncertainties that Kirk and Scotty cheerfully sail off towards — but it's pacific where it has a choice, and it certainly thinks before it zaps. In a sense, it shows how the entire history of the American love-affair with space has locked the aggressive and peaceful impulses together. Where the public in 1958 saw a plucky little satellite beaming the news of brotherly love across the continents, the Pentagon saw a Russian rocket powerful enough to launch an ICBM. The moon programme in the early sixties was called a "circus stunt" by the military who were simultaneously building up a huge missile fleet to confront a reputed Soviet arsenal that turned out hardly to exist. The Shuttle was completed with military money, on the understanding that it would be altered to serve as a missile launcher at need. And the enthusiasts designing the Space Station and the mission to Mars at JSC and JPL are horrified these days to see their budgets and their best brains drained into the endless needs of Star Wars.

In times of peace and security, the public sees space as pure adventure. In the Depression of the 30s and the recession of the 80s, it wants a focus out there for the fear and insecurity at home. But at all times, it wants the adventure led by heroes, who will symbolise and enact the dilemmas most of us have to confront even down to whether or not to avoid paying a bus fare.

Sheila Hayman was producer of the recent Channel 4 series, Equinox; A Short History of the Future, and is now Executive Producer of Network 7.

DOORS AND BREAKTHROUGHS

Peter Nicholls

Excitingly, at the very top, where one least expected it, was a trapdoor. through the trapdoor was another world.

But — here's the genius of the story — it was a different world every day. Philip Jose Farmer would have been mad with envy.

IN 1911 H.G. WELLS PUBLISHED A COLLECTION OF his own short stories, his favourite ones. The book was called *The Country of the Blind and Other Stories*, and it contained the first book publication of *The Door in the Wall*.

Wells's door is an image which sums up what I like best about science fiction and fantasy. Interestingly, it also links the two genres together.

A lot of academic and fan criticism in the past ten years has gone out of its way to define science fiction and fantasy as being in two different pigeon holes. This divisive process has gone too far. Half visible beneath the high-tech surfaces of science fiction and the magical surfaces of fantasy loom the same huge archetypes. Door lovers like myself know that when it comes to gateways the subtexts of SF and fantasy are often nearly identical.

I could have begun with Lewis Carroll's rabbit hole, which is splendidly like a birth canal, but H.G. Wells's door is more obviously an invitation to walk inside, which is what the haunted hero does in his grey London childhood. He finds an enchanted garden, not unlike the original archetypal Eden, apparently waiting for him. Sadly, the door is intermittent. Most of the time it's not there, and when in adulthood he occasionally glimpses it again there always seems something more important, more political to do. Finally he walks through the door again but the narrator doesn't know what happens. The hero's dead body is found the next day in a walled off building site, or so it seems to the external world. In his own world, it may be, he is a child man again, disporting with princesses and leopards.

The walls of SF and fantasy are full of doors just like the one in Wells's story. On our side, the outside, is the present-day world, mundane and solid. On the other side is strangeness.

This is not just a commonly found plot device. It is equally an image of what actually happens when we pick up such a story, and open the door of the first page. The story is a door which, it may be, opens on to a landscape which is itself door-riddled. There's no secret about this. C.S. Lewis knew what he was doing when he built a door in the back of an old wardrobe (*The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*) which opens on to snow, talking animals, death and resurrection, and a Christ that roars.

Science fiction writers know it too, though few spell it out with such sly accuracy as Henry Kuttner, writing as Lewis Padgett (a name chosen in homage to door-creator Lewis Carroll), in *The Fairy Chessmen* (1946). The first sentence of this short novel, which is SF not fantasy despite the title, is "The doorknob opened a blue eye and looked at him."

SF titles alone tell you that professionals like Heinlein, Brunner and Silverberg know the selling power of a decent archetype: *The Door Into Summer*, *Entry to Elsewhen*, *The Gate of Worlds*. It would be easy enough to extend the list.

Doors, in fact, are fundamental to both SF and fantasy, though they're metaphorical as often as they're wooden or metal. When I was editing and partly writing *The Science Fiction Encyclopedia* in 1977 the "theme" entry that was most important to me personally was CONCEPTUAL BREAKTHROUGH.

It is illustrated by a sixteenth-century woodcut of a monk sticking his head through the sphere on which the stars are fixed and finding some pretty complex machinery behind the scenes. What he has done is tear out a door in the apparently solid scheme of things.

I argued in the text that the most deeply important theme in the history of science fiction is the discovery of some fact, some item, some discrepancy, which when properly understood transfigures the nature of the world. A good example is the oddness of the tribal hunting grounds in Brian Aldiss's *Non-Stop*, which turns out to be situated in a derelict starship. (Not unlike the Torturers' guild headquarters in Wolfe's *Shadow of the Torturer*, a book so full of doors as to resemble an Escher engraving.) Rather pompously, I called this revision of paradigms "conceptual breakthrough". I should have called it "doors".

Undertaking a voyage, like the microscopic man in Blish's *Surface Tension* who climbs out of his puddle to greet and be terrified by the overarching sky, is another gateway to the same end. With good science fiction it is quite difficult to think of stories that are not, in one way or another, about conceptual breakthrough.

On the other hand, you could almost define routine SF as SF that leaves unchanged its own world, and the world in the head of the reader, by

whatever action or thought takes place. At best routine SF has windows instead of doors.

Bad SF is a locked room with no way out, where the same ingredients are endlessly rearranged in the same ways, like the small room that is Hell in Sartre's *Huis Clos*.

It is the doors that make SF and fantasy so fine, and it is their essence that the landscapes within and without them should be different. They represent here and there, familiar and strange, old and new. The SF critic Darko Suvin, with his middle-European love of labels, would have the magic spellwords "cognitive estrangement" (see *Foundation* number 2) chiselled on all of them.

Mainstream fiction, of course, has loads of doors, whether Georgian or plywood, yale-locked or swinging open, but the world inside and the world outside are continuous, much the same on either side. Genuine SF/fantasy doors are semi-permeable membranes, enabling proper heroes and a certain amount of intellectual nutrition to seep through, but forming an insuperable barrier to the unimaginative. To the extent that mainstream doors do this, then mainstream approaches the condition of SF/fantasy, as these days it very often does.

There's an ancient and usually boring argument about whether or not mainstream fiction and SF/fantasy should be judged by the same critical cri-

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METHUEN SCIENCE FICTION – WORLDS APART

teria. Lots of good writers — Christopher Priest is one of them — say they should be. Others — J.G. Ballard is one — imply that with SF/fantasy you have the additional task of judging the impressiveness of the doors themselves, and the lunatic disjunctions between the landscapes on either side. It's no coincidence that phrases such as "transit zone" pop up a lot in Ballard.

I think I'm getting too metaphorical. Let me put it another way. You can be a bad SF or fantasy writer judged by criteria of intellectual coherence, or even criteria of grammar, yet you can be memorable just the same.

A.E. Van Vogt's early books, as Damon Knight didn't hesitate to point out though he put it more politely, are loony and badly written. But that very looniness, that insane multiplication of baroque doors, gives them a dream strength that much "better" writers could not approach. Ask Bob Shaw, whose childhood reading took place beneath van Vogt's gigantic, deformed shadow, and you'll get an enlightening lecture on the subject.

The first fictional door I remember meeting was in a book by Enid Blyton, she of the vast output. She was the subject of dogmatic contempt by well-meaning librarians everywhere who regarded her work as too puerile for children to be exposed to. The book was *The Enchanted Wood* (1939). It told of children who discovered a gigantic tree, the Faraway tree, in the middle of a wood. Excitingly, at the very top, where one least expected it, was a trapdoor. Through the trapdoor was another world. But — here's the genius of the story — it was a different world every day. Philip José Farmer would have been mad with envy.

I re-read the book when I was forty, and to my embarrassment my girlfriend arrived at my flat while I was reading it. I tried to hide it under the pillow, but she caught me, and thinking to find me guilty of wallowing in pornography, insisted that I reveal it. A decade later I have not yet recovered from her mocking laughter, and at the time I wished it had indeed been a copy of *Meanwhile Back at the Sex Farm*. And, of course, she was right. The book was so badly written as to earn the justifiable scorn of seven-year-olds. And yet, I've remembered it all my life.

In science fiction and fantasy a good door can go a long way towards making up for a bad style.

There are many reasons for the power of this archetype. The whole educational process in childhood consists of locating conceptual doors and going through them. Like Wells's door they can be hard to find. Many fantasy novels spend as much time on the quest for the door as on the mysteries behind it.

Even when you find the door you may not be able to open it. Tolkien tells us that the door to the Mines of Moria responded simply to the word "Friend", but it took a highly educated wizard

most of the day to work out what "Speak Friend and Open" meant. As the story suggests, a child might have got there sooner.

The presence of doors in SF and fantasy is what makes these stories easily accused of being escapist. It isn't the real world behind those doors, we are told. But if we never tested our own "real" world against different kinds of "unreality", the real world would never change. The worlds beyond the doors are conceptual models, thinking experiments, adventures. This is true of fantasy as well as science fiction. You could argue that *Alice Through the Looking Glass* tested the sacred cows of the Age of Reason as thoroughly as anything in Freud. If there were no escapism, think how terrible it would be. There would be No Escape.

Locating and opening doors is the way good scientists operate, much as children do. The reason why Crick and Watson discovered the structure of DNA before Rosalind Franklin, the X-ray crystallographer, who was the better practical experimenter, is that they walked through the door while she was still analysing the paintwork. Mind you, without her work they might not have known the door was there.

Science generally is not as important to science fiction as you might expect. But the science closest to the emotions of SF writers, modern physics, is not only all-pervasive, it actually produces the templates from which, these days, the doors tend to be constructed.

I am well aware that it shows an idiotically partial understanding of the twentieth century to see the two great constructions of modern physics, relativistic theory and quantum theory, as being two opposing sides in some sort of wrestling match, but I don't seem able to help myself. The corner I choose, along with most SF fans, is the red corner of quantum physics.

Einstein found one great door, an overwhelming arch, and through his door, which certainly seems to be a real door, we find limits, constrained relationships (relativities), restrictions, a cosmological universe such as might have been invented by a somewhat authoritarian God. Thou shalt not exceed the speed of light.

Quantum physics was the most exciting intellectual breakthrough I ever remember happening to me, although its initial door is too difficult and badly lit for me to get all the way through, but I did manage to peer through the glass. Einstein didn't like the world of quantum physics, because in it there was always more than one door. As Heisenberg observed, there are at least two doors for any photon going on a quest, and according to which one it chooses, there may well be two universes, alternate worlds, for us to live in.

Einstein said that God doesn't play dice, but the quantum physicists say that He allows decisions to turn upon the spinning of some metaphysical

coin: heads this door, tails the other. In quantum physics the universe is full of doors, and natural law itself may be suspended or altered if you travel through some of them, be they black hole or wormhole or something even less imaginable. John Wheeler, co-author of the Many Worlds Interpretation of quantum physics, thinks that Schrodinger's cat lies purring before the fire in one world, and with its four little paws stiffly turned up in another. But it's the same pussy.

Any good liberal surely has to support the quantum people in the karate bout between cosmological democracy and cosmological autocracy, and they've got the Zen Masters on their side, too, according to Fritjof Capra in *The Tao of Physics*. Quantum physics offers an infinity of doors, enough for the common man (or woman) to have at least one each. Einstein located a fabulous door, but it contains a self-closing device; it slams in our face. I feel passionately that God *ought* to play dice. Doors for the boys!

Doors are what both science fiction and fantasy are all about, and they are sanctioned by or at least paralleled by the findings of quantum physics. Niels Bohr said "those who are not shocked when they first come across quantum theory cannot possibly have understood it". Such doors are indeed by their nature shocking, or should be, but how are we to inhabit tomorrow but by becoming

Shockwave (or Shockparticle) Riders?

And the other side of the door need not be nightmare; it could be the garden of H.G. Wells and our ancestor Adam, and our wheel will have come full circle, will have slid backwards around the double helix to the beginnings of life. Through the door may be the deepest aspirations (memories?) of our drab-looking little hindbrains, made flesh or garden fruit.

THE GREAT CELTIC SUBMARINE

Keith Roberts

I watched a small, genial Munster man interviewed on BBC tv. He had, he said, constructed a submarine... He alone had seen the wonders of the deep; others could believe or not, exactly as they chose.

MANY YEARS AGO, AN ELDERLY IRISHMAN was ejected from a Henley pub. It was a bright Sunday morning a day or so before Halloween, and the talk had turned desultorily to spooks and spirits. Michael, his mind obviously far off, quietly confirmed the existence of the *beann-sidh*; he himself had heard her call, the night his father died. Some idiot

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laughed; the ensuing commotion saw the old man banned, though to the last he retained his dignity. He was leaving anyway, he said icily; he would stay no longer in such a place of heathen. I wanted to rush after him, buy him a drink and put things right; but a higher cowardice prevented me. His grief and rage were only too apparent; the gesture would have been rejected, though I still wish I had made it.

Some time later I watched a small, genial Munster man interviewed on BBC tv. He had, he said, constructed a submarine, in which he had made several long, successful dives to the bottom of the neighbouring lough; there he could take a pipe in peace, away from the nagging of his wife and in-laws. He proudly showed off the device itself, moored hazardously by a little jetty. It was fashioned overall of crudely-welded oil drums; and one fact was plain. Had it ever managed to submerge, it would never again have troubled the outer world. The interviewer of course adopted the sneering, patronizing tone common to such programmes; but the Celt was unperturbed. He alone had seen the wonders of the deep; others could believe or not, exactly as they chose.

The incidents seemed to me to be related; but it took an Irish friend to explain the paradox. Old Michael, certainly, had heard the wailing of the wind; but may not the nameless one, the Woman

of the Hill, make her voice in such a fashion if she chooses? In Nigel Kneale's beautifully-turned tale, the makers of the fog horn copy the water spirit's cries. The point is clear enough. In his own mind, the Kerry man had seen the peace and beauty of the lake floor; why trouble the dream with the crassness of experiment? Both men perceived their own reality; and both had told the truth concerning it. We may or may not share their vision; but if we don't, who's to say we're not the poorer? One thing's certain; we shall never drive Manánnan's chariot across the sea.

A day or so ago a friend observed that fiction writers are professional liars. The sentiment was venerable to say the least; but I wondered if it wasn't worth another look if only in the light of the Celtic submarine. When my novel *Molly Zero* was first published in France, the translator wrote to say how much she had enjoyed the work; during her three month stint, Molly had become a friend. I wondered how that could be. Friends, surely, belong to the world of flesh and blood. Molly, like any other written character, exists solely as a code; some half a million little squiggles, printed on white paper. Close the book and she's gone. At school I sated myself with the early Sanders stories of Edgar Wallace. Again, I merely accessed a code; but to this day I'd never be surprised to meet that spare, brusque, suntanned man tap-tapping his way along some London sidewalk. In her review of *Kaeti & Company (Vector 132)*, Helen McNabb goes further. '*She is real, more real than half the people you meet in the street. It would be no surprise to be introduced to someone and be left feeling you have perhaps met Kaeti playing one of her parts...*' The process involved seems more complex than the simple matter of telling lies; though the comment still serves as a useful departure point.

These jottings aren't specifically about the Celts. But their world-view offers both parallels and insights. From earliest times, reality was perceived as multifaceted, each plane relating to and interacting with its neighbours. The interfaces — Underworld and Middle Earth, meeting of sea and land — were zones of critical importance; so much so that a goddess was given special charge of them. Her name was Macha. The root survives in modern Gaelic; though now it most commonly means the foreshore. The unviewable was treated with as much or more respect than things that could be touched. Today the concept is all but impossible to grasp. A couple of millennia of steady materialism have introduced a kind of pecking order into most Western thought; the objects that surround us, tawdry though they well might be, derive huge virtue from the mere fact of their existence. The Christian heaven is remodelled in terms of daily life; a kind of celestial office party, with God as the MD. *Nirvana* is reduced by concepts of reward and punishment; Stonehenge



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becomes a sort of Bronze Age abacus. The act of reading offers a surviving bridge; we access characters, and worlds, that in gross terms don't exist. Writing draws back curtains, returns us a measure at least of that multiple awareness.

The claim itself is dangerous, liable to backfire. The Celts, certainly, placed story tellers above their kings and priests; but if we really can't access the creative process itself, as I hinted in my note for *Breakthroughs*, then writers are a long way from omnipotent. On the contrary, they're as much at the mercy of the process of illusion as, hopefully, their readers will be later. Which raises in turn the question of the character who seems suddenly to take charge, creating a new dimension in a tale once neatly planned. Molly's occasional headstrong outbursts owed little to my initial scheme for her, though perhaps they added some conviction to the text; Kaeti was even harder to contain. The material, undoubtedly, is thrust up from the subconscious; but it's still sometimes tempting to credit an external source. The interaction of two of those Celtic planes.

Kaeti & Company was interesting to write for several reasons, not least because it persistently broke rules. One still hears much about the suspension of disbelief; too much, I sometimes feel. The phrase is becoming worn; but most sacred cows turn finally to jaded heifers. Presenting Kaeti and her friends quite bluntly as players in a sort of rep should have destroyed conviction; instead, as Helen McNabb's remark suggests, it seemed to strengthen it. Perhaps her patent immortality lends a certain comfort. She's buried, hung, sent mad; but like the multigirl she is untouched. If she can't exist on our plane, she can't die on her own.

My editor has expressed the wish that FRONTIER CROSSINGS deal with the breaking down of barriers. My theme is the deviation between reality and fantasy; though I offer suggestions rather than conclusions. It's a big subject to tackle in a little space. At best, reality is a subjective concept. One man's pile of oil drums is another's Nautilus.

'The mood of much of your work suggests that you find satisfaction in reflecting history through a distorting mirror into the future.' Thus Rob Jackson, in his initial letter to me. It's a fair enough comment; certainly it sums up the effect of something like *Pavane*. But I doubt if the initial impulse was historical at all. Corfe in the sixties seemed very much a place where Planes might intersect. The dichotomy was reinforced by tart contrasts of image. The Butavant Tower leaned outward above a grassy cliff; a girl in a bikini, caught unaware on the hill, scurried behind a bush. So Eleanor wore modern nylons. Chalk Giants, the 'black Pavane', maybe leaned further toward a genuine Otherworld. The last paintings of Paul Nash became more overtly symbolic. The landscapes were still identifiably

those of Wessex; but new truths showed through the surface of perception. Flowers became clouds, clouds flowers; mist veils suggested the bones of ancient beasts. The book is seeded with such images. They're not central, maybe not integral, because I wasn't writing a history of art; they're there as keys, for those who can make use of them.

In the Programme Book for Beccon '87 I described a visit to Corfe Castle made some two decades after the writing of *Pavane*; the curious sense of multiple realities the place once more invoked. The events of my siege seemed at least as valid as the 'real' tale of Lady Mary Bankes; both happenings were in the past, both inaccessible. It seems in the last resort the mind makes small distinction between timespans of two hundred years and twenty. Relativity has always existed as a fact, though it took Einstein to codify it.

Reality and the superreal continually react. Sometimes the interfacing can be engineered. A few weeks back I sat with a young girl on the verandah of a country hotel. She sipped her wine, stared at the great cedar, the vivid, sunlit lawns. The incident was structured, as formal as a tableau in a Noh play; but for a moment reality still seemed to ripple, like the water in the stone bowl of the fountain. At breakfast she'd been worried; she hadn't brought her hairspray. I offered to run her into town; but she shook her head, flicked at her mop of morning curls. 'It'll be all right,' she said, 'as long as it isn't windy.' So she herself was trapped; an Image within an Image.

Many years ago I was working on *The Boat of Fate*, my one historical to date. I'd been slogging away for six or seven hours, vainly trying to unravel the intricacies of the Later Roman Empire. Eventually I gave it best; I sat and smoked a fag, stared at the little orchard where I'd parked the van, the lit windows of the inn. It always took a few minutes to adjust.

I walked across to the pub, stowed my typer in the boot of the car. Beside it two old locals were standing staring at the sky. One of them shook his head. 'They're up there, lad,' he said. 'Seems funny, dunnum?' I was baffled for a moment; then I remembered. An astronaut was walking on the moon. Which of those apparently conflicting truths was I to seize on first?

Maybe there are answers to be found; in the philosophy of Zeno, the endless twinings of Celtic/Buddhist thought. I make no claim to know them; I merely outline the problems. The division between what we label fact and fantasy is vague at the best of times; stare at it long enough and it has a disturbing trick of vanishing. Is that, or is it not, a frontier crossed? ○

WHY HAS THE MOIRA FAVoured US?

Gene Wolfe

SF is conquering the world. Those conquered earlier deplore it... even as they speak and write, their sacred ghetto sprouts another turret, waves another gaudy flag.

THE OTHER DAY I LOOKED AROUND A BOOKSTORE. It is something I used to do a lot, but in the past half-dozen years have hardly done at all. These days practically all my reading is science fiction, fantasy, or ancient history; a great many good books are given me, and I find I can buy the rest more conveniently in the dealers' room at conventions or by ordering through the mail — and indeed that I can rarely find the books I want in a book store at all.

But on this day, just a few days past, I went in; and I was stunned by a poster of Jim McMahon. Most of you don't know who McMahon is, although he's famous where I live. He's an athlete (quarterback of the Chicago Bears) of the most admirable kind: handsome, intelligent, decisive, skilful, almost suicidally courageous, compassionate, wonderfully insolent toward the great and powerful, and weak.

Of course I don't mean that he is weak compared to you and me. If we attacked him silently and from behind, equipped with baseball or cricket bats, we *might* overcome him. But he weighs perhaps 180 pounds and stands no more than six feet tall; in the National Football League, a player of average size weighs 250 pounds and stands six-foot-six. Understandably, McMahon is not infrequently injured — he had a lacerated kidney not long ago, for example. He doesn't seem to care.

Anyway, he's written a book. I've read parts of it, and it is as witty, as savage, and as brave as the man himself. It was because of his book that the poster that stunned me was there in the book store; but this essay really has nothing to do with the book and everything to do with the poster.

To explain why it left me with my jaw hanging I'll go back to Marabeau Bonaparte Larmar High School. I could retreat even further if you wanted me to, but I think high school in the late nineteen forties is far enough.

Male athletes were worshipped at my high school — worshipped not so much by the other students (we boys were too jealous and the prettiest girls teased them and exploited them) but idolized by the teachers and the administration (they are quite different things at an American high school), the parents, the old grads, and the city in general.

To be a successful athlete then was to be the finest thing anyone *could* be — not just anyone my age, but anyone.

I was not a successful athlete. And indeed, I was barely an unsuccessful one. (I persistently failed to make the rifle team.) Instead, I was one of the very small minority who read, which was generally frowned upon; worse, I read science fiction.

There were other boys (no girls at all; girls would have been unthinkable) who read science fiction, and I was a friend of both. Jack Rasnick loved Edgar Rice Burroughs — not merely Tarzan books, but John Carter books and even David Innes books like *At the Earth's Core*, and *Pellucidar*. David Taylor read much the same things I read myself: *Amazing*, *Astounding*, *Planet*, *Thrilling Wonder*, *Startling*, *Weird Tales* and *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*. Before reaching high school, we had learned not to mention our literary tastes to others.

On buses we read our magazines with the cover folded back so it could not be seen (which was what I did), or tore it off, which was what David did. Jack had uncovered David — to whom he introduced me — by hanging around some news stand or book store and seeing him buy something; that was the normal way for fans even in their twenties to meet at that time and in that place. I had found out about Jack after I had foolishly confessed to reading Tarzan in junior high; Jack had approached me furtively after class.

Thus I was stunned, staggered, and numbed by Jim McMahon's poster. Because Jim McMahon wasn't in football uniform at all.

In that poster, he is standing in the desert. It is night. Behind him a huge machine writhes in orange flames. He wears the sun glasses that are his trademark, high-topped black boots, black leather trousers, and a black leather vest. An improbable bandolier hangs from one wide shoulder, and he holds a small but complex crossbow.

Jim McMahon is a fan!

I doubt that he calls himself one; in his world, a fan is somebody who cheers at games. He was not at the last Capricon, and if he had come to Windycon I would surely have heard of it. But none of that matters; at his age, I didn't go to cons either. What matters is on the poster.

I have watched him throw passes, and I have watched him throw interceptions. I have seen his frantic scramble between giants, while the crowd roared not for his blood but for his triumph. I have admired him in the past.

But I have admired him as I might have admired a racing thoroughbred or a good field-trial dog. When I saw that poster, I saw his dream. (Which is to say, I saw his soul.)

And it is mine.

Science fiction is conquering the world. No one notices it save to deplore it; yet it is so. Those who have not yet fallen continue to resist, sometimes by fair means, more often by foul, shouting ridicule and insults in voices that ring with despair.

Those conquered earlier deplore it too. Science

fiction is theirs. The world has no right. The world will only spoil what is great and beautiful.

Even as they speak and write, their sacred ghetto sprouts another turret, waves another gaudy flag. (There are so many now that it is those flags that make the wind.) And the armies of the darkness break in yet again, at another place, steal yet another delicate golden neuron to be their king, and scamper away shouting in triumph, like the bandar-log.

They scamper away, that is, save for the few (there are always a few) who stay behind to defend *their* science fiction ghetto the next time.

My father read Jules Verne and H.G. Wells. That was all there was.

My father was forty the first time he saw a robot, at the World's Fair of 1939. At the time I left *Plant Engineering* I was, besides half a dozen other things, its Robot Editor.

I wrote some verse about all this during the Falklands War that still seems to be to express it better than I can say it in prose. The title was the caption of a photograph:

BRITISH SOLDIER NEAR RAPIER
ANTI-AIRCRAFT MISSILE BATTERY
SCANS FOR THE ENEMY

*I know you, my old friend! My God, to see you now...
Buck? Buck, is this the end? Why I remember how
Poor Grandma saved you every Sunday
Knowing her son would bring me someday;
How she would laugh her gentle cookie laughter,
To see me jump around and holler after
I'd finished you and Flash — the way I'd dash
In spaceships only I could see.*

*I mean, of course, that only I could see
Them then. Buck, my old friend.
It's good to see you, end or no.
We all must go
Into the trash at last.
(Gosh, didn't we go fast!)
How was the climb, from Grandma's to a page in Time?*

Of course in the comics it would have been a ROYAL GUARD WATCHES FOR SILVERLAND DAGGER JETS, which is both better and shorter; but he and his missile battery were precisely a panel from *Buck Rogers* degraded by time to a gray-and-white halftone photo.

Certain foolish people believe science-fiction writers can predict the future — the reason should be apparent. I only wish I understood what's happening right now. Let me give a few more examples from my own life; it's the area of experience I know best.

In 1983 science fiction brought me to Britain to tour for Arrow. In London, I signed at *Forbidden Planet* and hung out with a lot of my old friends

from the States: Brian Aldiss, Bob Silverberg, and Malcolm Edwards. In Birmingham I signed with Ann McCaffrey, an American lady who lives in Ireland — you know, like Harry Harrison. And I hung around with Steve Jones and Jo Fletcher; a week or so afterwards I met them again in Chicago.

In 1985 science fiction took me to New Zealand and to the Worldcon in Melbourne. It is notorious that you go a thousand miles to conventions to chat with the people next door. Quite naturally I did, smoozing with Scott and Jane Dennis, Frederik Pohl and Betty Hull, Bob Shaw, and Malcolm Edwards.

I receive letters with lengthy lists of questions from my French and Japanese translators. (Not *the same* questions, for some reason.) I've had fan mail from Poland and the U.S.S.R. Dr. Xu Xin, the deputy chair of the English department of the University of Nanjing, has offered to translate my books.

And there's something I've noticed about nearly all these people. It is that they think of what used to be called "the world" as a planet — one planet out of nine, perhaps one planet out of billions. Thus I ask, not in the spirit of the superior intellects who wish to Make Us Think but because I want to know myself, why is this going on? Not why now, because *why now* is easy enough. But why ever? I'm not going to pretend I believe that the conquest of the human culture by science fiction is the very best thing that could possibly happen. I don't.

Nor am I going to pretend that this conquest is complete already. It isn't. Or that I think it somehow destined to be complete; Jim McMahon has a shoulder injury that will keep him out for the rest of the season and perhaps for life — that may well be a portent.

But why (I repeat) should this thing that's happened now happen at all? Why should a species of tall tale that has been around at least since Lucian take fire from the pen of a sickly British schoolmaster? Why is it we who inherit Earth? ○



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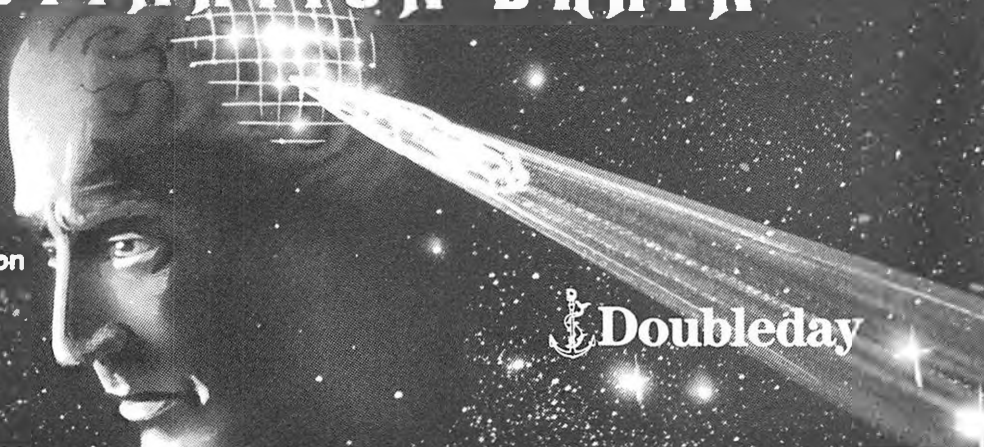
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BREAKTHROUGH

All the time or once in a blue moon, when it happens it's never forgotten

Brian W Aldiss

BREAKTHROUGHS HAPPEN ALL THE TIME, AND not just when a writer is at the beginning of his or her career. If you are going to say, "Okay, now I shall be a writer", you open yourself up like a window or — let's try another simile — you set out sailing on an open sea. Strange transitions of thought are bound to occur. Although they may at first disorient you, they are a part of the beneficent process of individuation.

Here's such a transition from this week, as I write. I had not been remembering my dreams on waking. It was disappointing. What else is so funny or so exciting at the breakfast table as discussing dreams over the Shreddies? Sunday night was beautiful, with the Moon shining in a cloudless sky, drawing up spirits as well as tides. The legendary Moon is always female — "Diana, huntress chaste and fair" — and it occurred to me as I walked a country road, gazing at her through leafless trees, that she was my Anima, or a symbol of it. So, on going to bed, I addressed her humbly, asking for a meaningful dream during the hours of night when she was shining.

Next morning, as I entered the bathroom, I saw her still watching, low in the dawn sky, waiting among the tall pines in front of our house.

I had been granted my dream. It was non-pictorial. Something had shifted in my mind during the silver hours of night. I confronted a troublesome incident in my past life from a viewpoint I had never considered before; the new interpretation broke upon me with considerable impact and an upsurge of spirits. A communication of a special order had taken place. Obviously, I cannot speak of its subject matter here. I felt transformed.

To some, this will all sound like a mere piece of mysticism. Better to live by the spirit than the cheque book, I'd say. But it is not mysticism. It is one with Jungian psychology, and many of Jung's theories, once dismissed as highflown, are being verified by scientific findings, while his insights can be shown to have a neurophysiological basis.

One instance. During the experience just described, I had a powerful sense of being taken over by my Anima, characteristic of the ego's feelings

when in the power of an archetype pattern, and similar to the feeling of "falling in love". Such patterns are probably determined by genetics, as evidence from anthropological and ethological data shows. Inheritance is stronger than contemporary prejudice. Mysticism, if that is what it is, is slowly becoming part of science.

Extract from A.W. B. Dyce's *In Loving Memory of Cross Fertilization*, Ch.VI

Jim Burns

THAT VISITING WINGCO NEVER SAID A TRUER word than on that day back in 1967 when, on seeing my Siemens Schuckert hanging above the coffee bar in our crew hut, he announced — "This fellow's in the wrong job. He should have been a commercial artist!." Actually, though time somewhat blurs the succession of days twenty years ago, I think that hadn't been such a bad day in the air — at least when compared to the awful time that was to come. The max rate turn exercises which should have taken one or two hours to get right but which took me eight — and even worse, the formation flying when, through sheer, unadulterated ineptitude I threatened more than once to take the nose of my Jet Provost well down the tail pipe of my fellow student's aircraft, were a few months in the future yet. Perhaps this particular day had been spent performing spin recovery or instrument flying. Generally I seemed O.K-ish at that sort of thing. So I was in a predominantly preening frame of mind when I overheard the Wing Commander's remark. A few Newcastle Ambers in the Mess that evening would help to round off a pretty self-congratulatory sort of day. But really! A COMMERCIAL ARTIST! I was going to be a Lightning pilot for crying out loud!

My mate Terry Hayes had had a good day's flying too. It didn't matter much to me that he was a dozen or so hours ahead of me along his flying programme. I hadn't at that point seen the writing on the wall. I'm sure we both enjoyed a few pints together that night. In fact, we enjoyed a number of common interests and on more than one occasion we set forth together in his Austin Healey

Sprite to investigate what Newcastle had to offer to satisfy some of these common interests. But what we both liked a *heck* of a lot was painting pictures. He was pretty good too, though his style inclined towards the spontaneous, whilst mine was of a school more dedicated to the precise and accurate depiction of detail.

So we were invited by the Mess Committee to contribute our 'artistic skills' towards some sort of celebratory fling, the precise nature of which I now forget but which involved, inevitably, the setting up of a bar. The theme was to be — 'World War I'.

The weekends of the next month or so found Terry and myself dabbling away at large hard-board panels out of which gradually materialized on mine a German Siemens Schuckert Dill fighter and on Terry's an Allied Spad XIII ... or was it a Nieuport N17? — again, twenty years blurs the memory. Or perhaps Terry's Spad/Nieuport always was a bit blurred. Because it's a fact that my effort was decidedly more convincing than Terry's. The tones of sky and cloud, the reflections off wing and fuselage, the detail of goggle and gun — all conveyed a kind of reality. I was really rather proud of it. Terry's was, well, — spontaneous. They were duly positioned above the bar, attracting a variety of beery comments — some of them complimentary, and after a stint of a few days got transferred to our crew hut. Perhaps they sit there to this day, gathering a patina of dust, coffee splashes and kerosene, the intense smell of which hangs in the air all round a jet-operating airfield.

Terry turned out to be one of the best pilots on the course. His large, slightly pudgy frame and slow, amiable nature belied amazing reflexes and icy coolness. I think he finally went on to Phantoms, or maybe it was Harriers. I was never absolutely certain as I was picking up information by that time in dribs and drabs, through rapidly failing lines of communication — for I was out of the R.A.F., having failed to make the grade at flying and my old chums were moving off to new training courses. I was making new friends.

Those new friends were a mixed bunch of young people drawn mostly from various parts of Wales and set down together in the Foundation Course at Newport College of Art.

Wing Commander whatever-your-name-was — you were dead right. I should have been a 'commercial artist' as you called it. I was making the first step towards becoming just that.

Arthur C Clarke

IT WAS AT HUISH'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL — NOW Richard Huish College — that I began to write sketches and short stories for the school magazine.

I can still recall those editorial sessions, fifty

years ago. About once a week, after class, our English master Captain E.B. Mitford (who was actually a fiery Welshman) would gather his schoolboy staff together, and we would sit round a table on which there was a large bag of assorted toffees. Bright ideas were rewarded instantly; 'Mitty' invented positive reinforcement years before B.F. Skinner. He also employed a heavy metre rule for *negative* reinforcement, but this was used only in class — never, so far as I recall, at editorial conference.

My first printed words thus appeared in the *Huish Magazine* and from the beginning my science-fictional tendencies were obvious. Although this Christmas 1933 message purports to come from 'Ex-Sixth Former' stationed at a torrid and high-altitude Outpost of Empire (Vrying Pan, British Malaria) its true locale is at least a quarter of a million miles further away:

The precautions we have to take to preserve our lives are extraordinary. Our homes are built on the principle of the Dewar vacuum flask, to keep out the heat, and the outsides are silvered to reflect the sunlight... We have to take great care to avoid cutting ourselves in any way, for if this happens our blood soon boils and evaporates.

Such attention to detail shows that even at sixteen I was already a hard-core science fiction (as opposed to fantasy) writer. Credit for this must go to the book which had almost as great an impact on me as Stapledon's epic *Last and First Men* — and which illustrates rather well the fundamental distinction between art and science. No one else could ever have created *Last and First Men* — but if David Lasser had not written *The Conquest of Space* in 1931, something similar would certainly have appeared in a few years. The time was ripe.

Although there was already considerable German and Russian literature on the subject, *Conquest of Space* was the very first book in the English language to discuss the possibility of flight to the Moon and planets, and to describe the experiments and dreams (mostly the latter) of the early rocket pioneers. Only a few hundred copies of the British edition were sold, but chance brought one of them to a bookstore a few yards from my birthplace. I saw it in the window, knew instinctively that I *had* to read it, and persuaded my good-natured Aunt Nellie — who was looking after me while Mother struggled to run the farm and raise my three siblings — to buy it on the spot. And so I learned, for the first time, that space-travel was not merely delightful fiction. *One day it could really happen*. Soon afterwards I discovered the existence of the British Interplanetary Society, and my fate was sealed.

When he wrote *The Conquest of Space*, the 28-year-old David Lasser was editor of a whole group of Gernsback magazines, including *Wonder Stories*.

Later he became a labour organiser and was denounced in Congress — not only as a dangerous radical but also as a madman, because he believed that we would one day fly to the Moon... When I met him in Los Angeles just a couple of weeks ago, he told me he was working on a new book*; a good title might be *Lasser's Last Laugh*.

* *I'm helping him place it!* — A.C.C. 1987.

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Harry Harrison

IF A WRITER REALLY CARES ABOUT HIS ART AND his craft, then acquiring the skills to become an author can be a very exciting process.

Talking with other writers, editors, literate readers; reading with insight, analysing and cogitating; all of these are a great aid. But they make up only a small percentage of the total gestalt of a writer's skills. They should happen almost daily and should also be an ongoing process. Any writer whose reach does not exceed his grasp is loafing or on the skids — or both.

But breakthroughs are exceedingly rare. I can remember only one that was truly important. By hindsight it might be considered obvious; most simple and vital things are. Or why didn't you invent the paperclip first and get rich?

Like many other SF authors I grew up in science fiction. I read all kinds of fiction — but liked SF the best. So when I started to write this was what I wanted to do. I wanted to read more of the kind of SF I liked. So at first I was more than happy to think as, and be, an *Astounding-Analog* author. Campbell was God and his magazine was prophecy. He liked my work, as did his readers, and it was a wonder to be alive in that world.

Critical analysis came slowly. Fine as *Astounding-Analog* was it had been born in the pulps — as had the authors. This was a stricture. More than just the lack of profanity, absence of breasts, importance of action, necessity of back-plotting. It was the overall attitude. The absolute taking for granted that SF had built-in limitations, could never compete with the Joyces and the Faulkners.

Which is nonsense. Literature is literature, prose is prose.

The breakthrough I had was that all of the restrictions on SF were *inside my head*. If I felt the profanity taboo was a good thing I would never even consider a plot development that might contain a world like *damp*. If I thought that SF was a second-rate field of literary endeavour, as many fantasy writers today obviously do, then everything that I wrote would be second-rate. Thought control is self-imposed. Realise that you are free to create in any way you want and you are free.

So after writing *Deathworld* at least five times

under various guises I wrote *Bill, the Galactic Hero*. Read it and you will understand.

M John Harrison

Letter to Chris Fowler, July 1985

Dear Chris:

I've been in Ward 3 at Christie's most afternoons, staring around as helplessly as some of the patients and wondering how I got *The New Rays* so correct, except in one aspect; in the cancer wards they add the humiliation of numbers. There is always someone being sick into what looks like a papier mache bowler hat. ZONE THREE WASHROOM, says the notice, with a red light above it. I would have thought touches like this overdone.

Mary looks haggard but childlike — they used hormones to bring on the menopause — also a little drunk from the morphine pump. She lives inside her condition. It has become her environment, her last home. This frees her suddenly to talk only about herself. What a luxury! She smiles at you as soon as you come in and starts to talk — about her childhood in Salford — about how she felt this morning when she woke up — how she fell and hurt herself using the “commode” (but this is a muddle memory of an incident a week or two ago).

As we talk an old woman inches past us towards the lavatory, leaning on her walking frame. It seems to take her hours to pass behind me.

“I'm joining (j'ining) a marathon,” she says.

“You'll win,” I tell her, and Mary adds:

“There are only two paces in here — slow and dead stop.”

I climb in a blind rage against this, and every time I get to the top in the clean wind, to look out over the Derwent Valley or the Staffordshire plain, dedicate my continued presence in the world; “There, Mary, *someone* is still alive,” though for a moment I am not sure which of us it is. Because they help you to have this feeling better, I have begun to lead in the Extreme grades. For someone as indifferent as me at it, this is like being given a licence to jump off the top. My friends are surprised but helpful. “Try this one, Mike. It's quite hard.”

The Pastel City, The Centauri Device, A Storm of Wings: a monument to the fear of one's own humanity, not to say of one's own percipience, one's own as it were “literacy” in things human. They were a way of hiding, very successful. *Climbers, Old Women, The Dancer From The Dance*, are different. Through them I haunt myself with the mataphor of the dance in nowhere. We ride a surf of adrenalin into an uncertain future. Only technique keeps us on the wave. Finally we discover with a kind of surprised delight that the technique has become its own

end. We dance only to dance. We bequeath the figures, the enchained steps, to one another, they complexify and recomplexify to infinity and the human world (which, we say, is a triumph of the passions and can never be reduced) is made.

"Make the most of it," Mary says to everyone who comes in. There is no meaning to your life, but you are forced to value it. Life is the opposition of these two truisms, a dialogue held not only in the face of logic, but of the dark. We must repossess meaning, instant to instant, as we go along. Meaning is an act; an enacted resolution of the paradoxes revealed by theories of meaning. It is its own source, and occurs before it can be grasped by language. Language always comes too late. It is axiomatic to the search for the heart that you can only experience it, not comprehend it; at the same time discourse, rather than vitiating the experienced world, somehow sets it on fire.

Climbing or writing, I find I want to go on saying, "There. One of us is still alive. Somehow in

this instant (now irrevocably past) all of us were still alive," and make that a bet. Do you see? Any concept is delineated by its opposite and discovered in the places where it abutts that opposite. I don't think I'll care much about fiction any more, except that it is somehow a model of the technique that keeps us on the wave. Who can tell the dancer from the dance? Let the technique speak.

Yours,

Mike.

*Mary Boardman died early in August, 1985. Two months later I fell off a climb called 'Nightmare SLAb', got away with a sprained ankle, and began to write a book to be titled *The Course of the Heart*.*

Ray Harryhausen

WHEN I LOOK BACK IN TIME I FIND IT rather hard to believe that the simple viewing of a feature film one afternoon could change the direction of my life. This happened to me during the 30s when I first ventured into the Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood to see the memorable, original *King Kong*. I haven't been the same since.

The dynamic images on the screen accompanied by the vivid sound effects and the haunting music of Max Steiner left an impression on my imagination that is difficult to put into words. I must admit that part of its fascination, for me, was the technical skill employed in its photographic effects. But aside from this, its sweeping grandeur, its outrageous audacity, left me hypnotised for days to come. I'm rather grateful I was not that impressed by some of the gangster films released

about the same time or I might have ended up being a "Godfather".

Among the many signposts one encounters along the path to maturity the cinema, I believe, is one of the most potent forms of influence. The books we read, the friends we have, our reactions to outside influences all add up to form the composite man.

In recent times, sight and sound surrounded by the proscenium arch, whether it be TV or cinema, has proven to be one of the most impressive means of stimulating and absorbing. If this were not true, Visual Education would not have the foothold it has in the schools. Subliminal Advertising would not have been outlawed. Never in man's time on this planet has information, good or bad, been capable of such ubiquitous and immediate dispersal. The ancient sage's legendary comment, "One picture is worth a thousand words," still remains a profound truth. One moving picture, with sound, must be worth 50,000 words or more.

This is why the producers of motion pictures and TV have a frightening responsibility which is not always realised or assumed. The potent influence that can pour through the ear and eye into impressionable minds can sometimes be severely underestimated. It is easy to see how auditory hemlock and degenerate visuals posing as entertainment can waste away a society if applied in a careless, opportunistic, or insidiously subversive way.

Once again, going back in time and experience, I can see how Max Steiner's music for the film first introduced me into appreciation of the real source of film music, the Opera. *Kong's* Wagnerian-cum-Stravinskyish score opened up a whole new vista on classical music. Among many other things its story structure aroused my curiosity about screenwriting. It stimulated my admiration for photographic effects and photography. Above all, it pierced my imagination, dragging me feet first into the wondrous world of creative fantasy.

Who has the temerity to say films do not influence the young?

Dave Langford

Tenser, said the Tenser.

Tenser, said the Tenser.

Tension, apprehension and dissension have begun.

I WAS MUCH IMPRESSED BY THE MIND-BLOCK jingle used by Ben Reich in *The Demolished Man* to screen his thoughts from telepathic police. I was instantly convinced that emanations from my own sewer-of-consciousness must be steaming out into enemy airspace. I was about thirteen...

The gangling Langford of those days was mor- ►

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bidly keen on personal privacy in which to do alienated, existential things like reading SF magazines. Privacy was in short supply: even after midnight, parental shock-troops would burst through the door to confiscate one's torch and battered old serialization of *The Stars My Destination*. (Overall, Alfred Bester had an exceedingly bad effect on me.) And now even thoughts weren't safe. *Tension, apprehension and dissension...*

I mercifully don't remember just how seriously I took it, but there was an embarrassing scrap of supporting evidence: other people *did* eavesdrop on what I thought were thoughts. A tendency to clarify thinking by muttering under my breath was sabotaged by my hearing problem. In the vernacular, I couldn't hear myself think. But all too often my mother could.

For years and years after this alarming perceptual breakthrough, my brain still carried the scars. These took the form of a mental subprogram which on detection of deeply shameful thoughts would burst into distracting song... not usually *Tenser, said the Tensor* but some extract from what you might call the Nerd's Garden of Verse: poems quoted in my favourite literature. If like pubescent me you read *nothing but SF*, the resulting thot's-eye view of English poesy is hard to shake off. (I knew Swinburne was a terrifically major poet, because millions of SF writers swiped the same lines from *The Garden of Proserpine*. Conversely, by the same implacable yardstick, Wordsworth and Yeats and Auden and Eliot weren't up to much. Hardly anyone quoted *them*.)

Later on, as school and university went by, I grew less keen on being an Outsider. Those thick invisible walls between my thoughts and yours are difficult enough to signal through, even without angry young poses of aloofness and alienation. Spike Milligan's throwaway line "His thoughts, few that they were, lay silent in the privacy of his head" is funny and too true. Thoughts lie too silent; they lose too much when fumblingly translated into words.

This not very profound insight might have come sooner if at the time I'd ever read anything but SF. It provoked a whole sequence of unpublished skiffy stories, lumbering metaphors of emotion and communication. As they used to say at the Pieria writers' group, "God, not *another* chunk of Langford sex-perversion-and-telepathy!" I meant to quote from one here, but the mere recollection of their literary value starts me thinking, very hastily, *tension, apprehension and dissension have begun... tension, apprehension and dissension have begun...*



Doris Lessing

A TELEVISION PROGRAMME ABOUT A NUDIST camp somewhere in England, and I was having the usual reactions, the main one being, Surely this isn't the climate for nudism? and then: Is our climate the reason why these people look self-conscious? After all, in hotter climes no one seems embarrassed.

The cameras tactfully chose perspectives that avoided the issue of full frontals, or even part frontals. There they all were, judiciously starkers, wandering about and eating ice cream and lollies. But does it still count as nude if you are wearing ropes of beads? Beads around necks, waists, wrists, ankles... people with beads on don't seem quite naked. Among the nude people were bead sellers, ropes of beads dangling from their own necks and arms. Garlands too. And then something which surely was a good step away from the conventions of nudity? Artists in body paint were decorating these brave naked bodies in intricate and amazing designs. Dozens of people waited for their attentions, and as each one walked proudly off hardly a centimetre of flesh was visible.

Very well; we were seeing evolution speeded up, all the stages from total nakedness to just before the donning of clothes... but wait, they wouldn't have been clothes, more likely feathers and the decorative bits of animal fur, like tails, or manes? And sure enough, there, among the painted and the beaded and the garlanded, appeared people with tufts of feathers in their hair, tucked into the beads on their wrists and around their waists. Did a long apron of horse's mane stuck to a strap worn around the waist and hanging at the back count as clothes? Surely that was pretty close!

Next, shortly afterwards I met someone who had been in a nudist camp, not the same one, who said that what stuck in his mind was children painted in wondrous patterns, or beaded or fringed or tufted, or all these things at once, climbing up a ladder to enter a tube-like structure pointed skywards which beckoned: This Way to The Moon! These savages, who hadn't reached the stage of clothes, were into space travel.

But surely some stages had been missed out? Singing? Dancing? Oh yes, said he, there had been groups singing and dancing: circles of young people stamping around in their paint and beads to drums and an accordion.

Anything else?

Yes, now he came to think of it — story tellers, professional story tellers had appeared, fresh from some tale-fest in the North, Scotland, he believed, and there they were sitting on boxes and bollards telling stories for all they were worth to fascinated audiences who had forgotten their birthright of tale-telling. Here, however, the proper chronology

of evolution got itself disrupted, for the storytellers were more or less clothed under the beads and flowers they had put on so as to fit in with all these jolly savages in their paint and garlands but of course without a stitch between them.

And the tales, the songs?

Well, some were traditional stories, folk tales from Ireland and Scotland, and a few English ones, and some from America. And there were tales of contemporary life, too.

And what else? Past, and present, but how about the future?

Now he thought of it there had been some stories about space travel, and the kids loved it, of course. The queerest sight: you'd think you'd dropped in on Polynesia of a couple of hundred years ago, but they were telling stories about visiting the stars.

But how do we know they didn't?

Imagine them sitting around their fire on some hillside, the dark cave mouth behind them. The white apparition floats up from the clouds — perhaps these ghosts fear rain? But sometimes they are very thin and hungry and sometimes half-fed, and only sometimes full and fat and shining like tonight.

The storyteller said, "People, listen. One night the bravest young man of the tribe summoned Heru the owl and said, Take me up on to your back and fly with me to that floating ghost up there, just above the trees — quick, before it crosses the sky and goes down over the mountain. I want to ask it some questions, I want to say "Who are your people who grow slowly fat and then grow slowly thin? Where do you live? Why do you send one of you every night over our valley to watch us? We want to know who you are, what you are..."

Very well, says Heru, I'll take you, but what will you give me in exchange?

I'll tell you a story as I sit on your back and we fly together, will that do?

That will do, says Heru, and the brave young man climbs on his back and..."

Frederik Pohl

IN 1956 CYRIL KORNBLUTH AND I WERE WRITING A novel (not science fiction and now forgotten) called *Presidential Year*. It had to do with an American presidential campaign and contained a good many major characters.

One of the problems of writing fiction is the need to let the reader know a good deal of background information, and to convey it to him without lethally stopping the flow of the story. There are lots of ways of doing that. Most of them involve compromises. Since both Cyril and I (like most science-fiction writers who began in the '30s and '40s) had grown up in the American pulp magazine tradition, we had learned the habit of subordi-

nating information-supplying to pace; this is why most Golden Age science fiction is light on characterization and milieu. We didn't want to make that compromise this time. We wanted to show the characters in the round, not merely as stick figures doing what the exigencies of plot compelled them to do. So we hit upon an idea: each major character was given a page or so of biography (in the form of a note from a college yearbook, a *Who's Who* listing, etc.), which were simply dumped into the manuscript at an appropriate place, with no attempt to disguise them as an integral section of the narrative. (I think that may have been my suggestion, but Cyril and I worked so closely together that it's impossible now for me to tell.)

As far as I can remember, Cyril never used that particular device again. Neither did I, for twenty years. Then, in writing *Gateway*, with an enormous amount of things I wanted to say in addition to the story development, I remembered what we had done and began to write *Gateway's* "sidebars".

The special problem with *Gateway* was that it was told in the first person (in two different voices, to be sure, but both coming from the same man). This meant that the narrator could properly say only the things that he himself knew or experienced; but I wanted to show more than that. The sidebars were the answer for me. They appeared as transcripts of speeches, excerpts from letters, classified ads, pages from rulebooks and so on, so that through them I was able to show not only what Robinette Broadhead saw on the *Gateway* asteroid, but much of what he missed. I don't think the novel would have worked as well without them.

Since then I've used similar devices in a number of other books — not usually in the specific form of sidebars, but in the same sense of parenthetical supplements to the text. Chapters of story alternate with short chapters of exposition in *Terror*; each chapter in *Chernobyl* begins with an expository paragraph; and so on.

I don't claim any great inventiveness in the sidebars. (Even the term is not my own — it comes from *Time* magazine — and as far back as the 1920s John Dos Passos used the similar device of quoting newspaper stories in his *U.S.A.* trilogy.) What I do believe is that, for me, they opened up new ways of communicating what I wanted to say to the reader — which is what the art of writing is all about.

Keith Roberts

I WAS IN MY FAVOURITE BAR. IT WAS A LUNCH-time. Kaeti was sitting up the corner. She was wearing a rather fetching dress. The skirt was deeply split. She pulled at the hem experimentally, and two more inches gave way. 'Look at that,' she said.

An old lady set her jaw. 'If you don't take a needle an'

cotton ter that,' she said, 'It'll split right up to yer waist.'

Kaeti looked up, under her brows. She tried again. Another four inches went. 'Yeah,' she said. 'Will, won' it?' To compound matters, she crossed her legs. Then she took a small pair of scissors from her purse, snipped off the offending thread. The great thing about Kaeti is, she's always neat.

It's long been a notion of mine that the one thing we can't access is our own thought process. One moment an idea isn't there, the next it is. The curious computer we carry between our ears has already done its work; we're merely supplied with the results.

The birth of Pavane offered a striking example; but I fancy the tale has now been told enough. The above extract, from one of the 'linking passages' of *Kaeti & Company*, provides another. I've always been at pains to stress that the links in the cycle are as fictive as the rest, and in the main that's true. Odd moments from real life did tend to get embedded though; this is one of them.

The incident was hardly epoch-making; at the best, I suppose, it held a mild amusement. The participants, no doubt, have long forgotten it, if they ever troubled to remember it at all. But it served to rivet my attention. The sudden, unexpected flash of femaleness; the oldster jealous, remembering past glories, the young girl arrogant in beauty. The Kaeti stories were already under way; but it's easy, even with the best will, to forget humanity, start shoving characters about like pieces on a chessboard. If Kaeti had ever been a cypher, for me at least she suddenly became real. Now if she cut herself, she'd bleed. It was the Breakthrough.

Ken Slater

ANYONE WHO WAS ALIVE IN EUROPE IN THE late thirties was directly affected by the events that started then and continued into the forties. I was, naturally, but one of the major changes in my outlook was a very indirect result of that period of stress, and came very early in the war period. Somewhere around 1934 I had become very deeply committed to political party work, and being young and somewhat naive, I believed that these efforts were for the benefit of the people. I appreciated that it was not always so, but to me the vast majority of politicians were honest — even if a high percentage were misguided. I ran a Comrade's Circle for the Co-operative movement, I worked for the local party, almost every day I was attending a meeting of some kind or other. Week-end camps, and other 'social' events helped produce funds, and whilst most youngsters and teen-agers were along for the fun, the occasional worker could be found among them. Wasn't all easy, of course. A series of talks

by Professor A.M. Low and a paper I submitted earned me a couple of weeks at a summer school; at the other end of the scale I landed in very hot water for taking a party of Co-op circle members to listen to Harry Pollitt speak after a May-day march. My plea that this was mainly curiosity, and how could one argue if you didn't hear what the other side had to say, would have probably held if it hadn't been for the fact we'd taken our banners along...

Came the early days of expectation of war, air raid precautions, and I was filling in all my spare time with various projects that one of my older mentors suggested would have the people on 'our' side after the conflict — which at that time everyone in the 'know' appeared to see as inevitable — but of very short duration. One such scheme was the sale (contributions were theoretically voluntary and not fixed, but pretty well essential...) of little numbered celluloid discs intended to be attached to collars of dogs and cats. The numbers were recorded in note-books with the names and addresses of the owners of the animals, and a very brief note about the pet. The idea (we understood) was that pets panicked by air-raids could be returned to their owners by this means. I organised a batch of my friends and fellow members on this, as well as other schemes. I was not alone in my naivety.

On the actual declaration of war my best friend enlisted within hours — a week or two earlier he'd been with me on a delegation to a Peace Pledge Union meeting — but I wasn't quite that hasty. I did however start to clear up my various tasks, and one of these was to take the current crop of note-books and collecting tins into the party office, explained that I'd not be able to continue heading that and various other efforts, suggested replacements, and took my leave. A short way down the street I recalled I'd not handed over a small amount of about 10/- which was a lot more than that it sounds today — and went back to the office. There I found the money from the collecting boxes being counted — and the notebooks were all in the large circular file on the floor. I can still recall the official's last words as I slammed out of the office. "Understand, we have to get funds anyway we can for the benefit of the working people."

I've never taken any politician seriously since then...nor have I ever believed one. I may thereby have wronged a great many good, well-intentioned people — but hardly as many as I and my teams literally robbed of hard to spare tanners and bobs.

Perhaps, rather stupidly, I still trust people in general — even today....

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Ian Watson

AN EPIPHANY: A MAGIC MOMENT OF ILLUMINATION. That was James Joyce's word for it. Well, I had an epiphany just recently when I went into a sensory deprivation flotation tank. That was during a lightning trip to San Francisco, for the Sercon convention. But passenger jets don't travel like greased lightning: the Pan-Am direct flight takes 10 hours, so it was obvious that to avoid jet-lag I must put myself into a coma during the trip. Accordingly I took on board some cans of Everard's magnificent Old Original Ale. When the cocktail trolley came around I thought I'd do the decent thing and buy one beer first. Alas, they had vile Long Life, which I refuse to drink on principle. So I said, "I'll just have the glass, please." The stewardess fixed me with a beady eye and replied, "You have your own supplies, don't you? Under Pan-Am regs I'm supposed to confiscate those." However, she had a nice Irish accent, and went on: "If you're discreet... I'll look the other way." Thus I clamped the open can of Everard's between my thighs and covered it with the courtesy napkin that came with the empty glass. Alas, there was a spot of turbulence. Droplets of ale kept bouncing out of the can on to the underside of the napkin, leading soon to the impression that I had a bad case of incontinence and needed a nappy-change.

Fast forward: to the inside of the black silent coffin three-quarters full of Epsom Salts at body heat. This being my first time in a tank, I didn't get near the interesting stage of hallucinations, where the brain starts conjuring up its own input of voices and visions. But I did learn how to become extremely relaxed. You need to, if you're going to enjoy floating in a black coffin; and time speeded up. On the plane flight back I found I could go into the same mind state, and the journey zipped by in a couple of hours; so that I was amazed when Scotland appeared, below the windows.

This certainly made me think and feel anew. I'm going to be using it somewhere, somehow, somewhere. What a pity that Paddy Chayevsky got in there, with *Altered States*! Yet an epiphany often affects an artist askew, sideways of what you'd expect — off at a tangent. And epiphanies may be tiny things; a glimpse of light through branches and twigs, say, suggesting the whole of fractal geometry as applied to multiple universes or to one's own existence — as something experienced personally and perceived, not just something read about as a theory. It doesn't necessarily need to be a dramatic experience — except internally. It's the discovery of the Magic as the filters of banality slip aside for a moment. It can happen in a darkness and silence that might otherwise seem empty of anything. It can begin with blobs of ale spotting

a paper napkin. And the world changes, inverts itself, melts and reforms. And time alters pace, so that one asks oneself: what is time, and why?

D West

WHEN I WAS SEVEN MY EYES WERE TESTED, AND AS a result I was given my first pair of glasses. Thirty five years later I can still remember the astonishment and wonder with which I saw the world closely for the first time. I was and am very shortsighted, unable to see distinctly for more than a distance of six inches. Life was a soft-edge blur of ambiguous shapes and colours, like a particularly fuzzy Impressionist painting. I took this formlessness for granted; I knew nothing else. Then, instantaneously, the lenses reveal detail and intricacy I had scarcely imagined existed: a dazzling sharpness that burst upon my consciousness like the revelation of a divine order of being. That is no exaggeration; I have never quite ceased to marvel at the miracle of clear sight. And it required no very sophisticated intelligence to understand from the very beginning what this most literal of transfigurations must imply: under a coloured fog of first impressions the world might be so much more than it seemed.

Since that moment of discovery I have never been able to accept received wisdom without question, and I have had no use at all for obvious lies, pretences, or willful obscurities. I have always wanted to see *more*, and to see more clearly. Life is too short for any delay in this attempt, and my first seven years were already lost by an accident of physiology. Ten years later a different kind of accident confirmed this sense of priorities: I lay bleeding in the tangled wreckage of a car crash, wondering if I was dying. Contrary to popular notion, the prospect of death does not concentrate the mind wonderfully. I was sick, afraid and confused. Yet this muddle of pain and fear did produce one hard abiding thought: as I stared at a patch of very pale blue sky through the inverted shattered windscreen I understood that death made a nonsense out of all personal vanities and ambitions. Life was strange, mysterious, and infinitely precarious; to worry about the details of comfort or status or conformity was absurd. Once personal survival was assured, everything else was merely a matter of adjustment according to individual taste or convenience.

These early perceptions have not led or spurred me to any great triumphs. Indeed, it could be said that they are responsible for my general lack of interest in worldly success, since I have never been able to feel that most of the things other people consider important are anything except fantastic games — personal idiosyncrasies arbitrarily elevated to the status of universal laws. That statement is neither a claim for merit nor an excuse,

simply an observation. Facts exist whether one likes them or not, and truth is the ultimate fascination.

Walt Willis

I DIDN'T HAVE A GOOD SCHOOL TEACHER UNTIL I was 35. He was a man called David Bleakley who used to be leader of the NI Labour Party, and he was teaching at a training centre for unemployed youths while I was escorting an inspection party of the Child Welfare Council. The centre was so organised that people could pass along the back of each classroom without interrupting the lesson, but my problem was that I could not get my people to move out of Mr Bleakley's room. They were enthralled, rooted to the floorboards, by his account of the discovery of America. Even to this day, I can still recall the vivid mental picture he gave of the frail craft, the enterprising civilisation they represented, and the vast unexpected continent they were to discover.

It was a breakthrough for me to discover what education should be like, but a teacher doesn't have to be a genius like Bleakley to inspire a child. One did it for me with one letter, to wit the letter "g". I had written an essay, or as we called it in those days, a composition. I knew very little about the subject set for the composition, and in a spirit of mischief and desperation I made a little joke in it. To my utter astonishment (and relief) it came back with a little red ink "g" at that place in the margin, and a higher mark than I'd ever got before. I realised then that for the first time that the purpose of an essay was not to convey information but to entertain: nobody had bothered to tell me that before. It made a lot of difference, sufficient to change my whole life.

I'd forgotten that incident until last year when my son got married and left home. Tidying his room I found some of his old exercise books. They weren't inspiring reading, because his education had been a disaster area, despite the fact that he read every book in the house (which is more than I've done). But I found an essay in which he had made a pun, to which the teacher had reacted only with an impatient "Sp!" Isn't it a terrible thought that there may be breakthroughs that just don't happen?

Gene Wolfe

IT IS PRACTICALLY THE DEFINITION OF STERILITY in both the arts and the sciences—

Which are in fact one thing. One of the greatest errors we have made is separating them, no longer requiring biologists to draw good pictures of the strange things in their microscopes, no longer making painters study the chemistry of their pigments or create their own col-

ours. In our rage to compartmentalize thought, we have lost the most fruitful source of outrageous inspiration and have half-humans in white coats marching around our laboratories like robots (which indeed they are, as every living half-thing is) and half humans in rags stumbling through our artistic ghettos; and they are monsters too, for the same reason.

It is the definition of sterility — as I was saying a moment ago — to assume that the algebra one is using is the best algebra and indeed the only possible algebra. When the algebra is that of language (as it most often is) the error consists of deciding (without ever really looking into the question) that one knows what the words mean, that they actually mean it, and that they cannot ever mean anything else. All of which is seldom true.

Let me give you an instance. Any solemn halfwit to whom you speak will assure you (as they have often assured me) that the characters in fiction are not *real*. By which they seem to mean that you are not likely to meet them on the street as you do the planet Jupiter. From that they appear to jump (actually, they fall) to the conclusion that such characters are incapable of acting upon our world. It is all as though Arthur had not breathed decency and courage into millions.

But if you mention that, the few who read are apt to point to archaeological articles showing that Arthur is in fact becoming more and more "real" all the time, by which they mean more and more liable to be recognized by someone like themselves — as if that made any difference. So I'm going to show you exactly how this thing works, using my characters instead of Malory's. You and I both know that none of mine can possibly be "real".

I was writing a novella that I meant to call *The Feast of St. Catherine*. I wanted my hero, Severian, to pluck a deadly blossom that he would later employ as a weapon, and it seemed to me that such a blossom would most likely be found growing in a swamp. (They have always seemed the most deathly of landscapes to me; I grew up on a subtropical coast where the salt marshes are full of big spiders and poisonous snakes.)

But Severian was in the middle of a large city, which would not normally have a swamp in it, at least, not there. So I had to bring him to an artificial swamp, which I put quite naturally in a botanic garden. How, I asked myself, would (let's face it) tourists get around in an artificial swamp in such a garden? In small boats? That would surely be impractical if there were large numbers of tourists — floating walkways of some sort, then.

But Severian started to run along one. That was clearly a foolish thing to do, and I don't care for it when my characters do foolish things without unfortunate consequences; I know it's not good to come in conflict with the laws of chance.

Severian fell off. Naturally, he dropped his sword, which was large and heavy — when a person holding a large, heavy object falls into water, he releases it. That too is a law, I suppose of physiology.

It was valuable, so he dived to recover it; and it is a law of fiction that when a character goes looking for something, he cannot find the thing he is looking for. Or at least he cannot find it *first*, since that never happens in real life.

Thus when Severian stretched out his hand in the hope of feeling the hilt of *Terminus Est*, it met the hand of a lovely corpse who emerged from the dark waters covered with mud but smiling just a bit to find herself the heroine of the four-volume trilogy.

Because Severian had run along that floating path. And because she had grasped his hand when he and I were expecting something else.

Alfred Bester

(To be read in one minute or 60 m.p.h.)

I WAS JUST AN AVERAGE N.Y.C. BOY, BORN seventy-odd years ago on “The Rock”, as native New Yorkers call Manhattan Island, and we pretend that we are the only real New Yorkers; that people from the other boroughs of the city are mere tourists.

I was raised in a hardworking rather cold middle class family. I was always financially secure but never cosseted or spoiled. My parents gave me a fine Ivy League education for which I’m eternally grateful. In 1936 I married *the* one girl I’d dated during my undergraduate years and the marriage lasted half a century, something of a record these days.

I didn’t and still don’t believe I had much natural talent but I did study, work, and practice like a man possessed to learn my craft. That involved reading everything and trying to analyse how authors achieved their effects, and combing libraries for critiques on writing and authors. I substituted hard labor, for special ability. (Alas, I never learned how to spell!) Curiously, the tempo of my growing up has always been slow. Things I mastered at age 30 I should have learned at 20. It wasn’t until I went to work for *Holiday* magazine after my apprenticeship in pulp, comics, radio and TV that at last I matured as a man and an artist.

A brief explanation: as a free-lance writer I worked home and alone. The only people I met were those to whom I delivered manuscripts, all fellow professionals. An intensive discussion about the next assignment and then me home, alone, back to work. I wasn’t a workaholic, I was just running scared.

Holiday changed all that. As a contributor and later as a writing-editor, I had to get out and meet all sorts of people, and with the clout of a then-

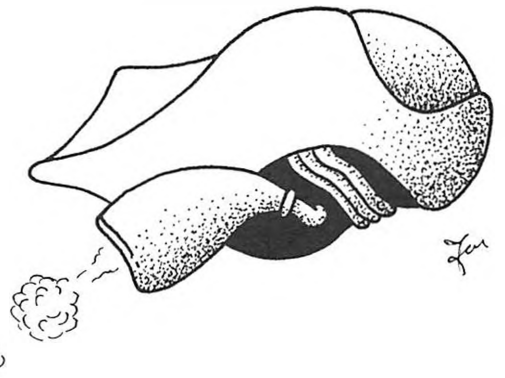
famous magazine backing me they were always delighted to give me their time. I’ve had some wonderful experiences in cities all over the world (and on expense account) but I’ll confine myself to the wild ones for your entertainment.

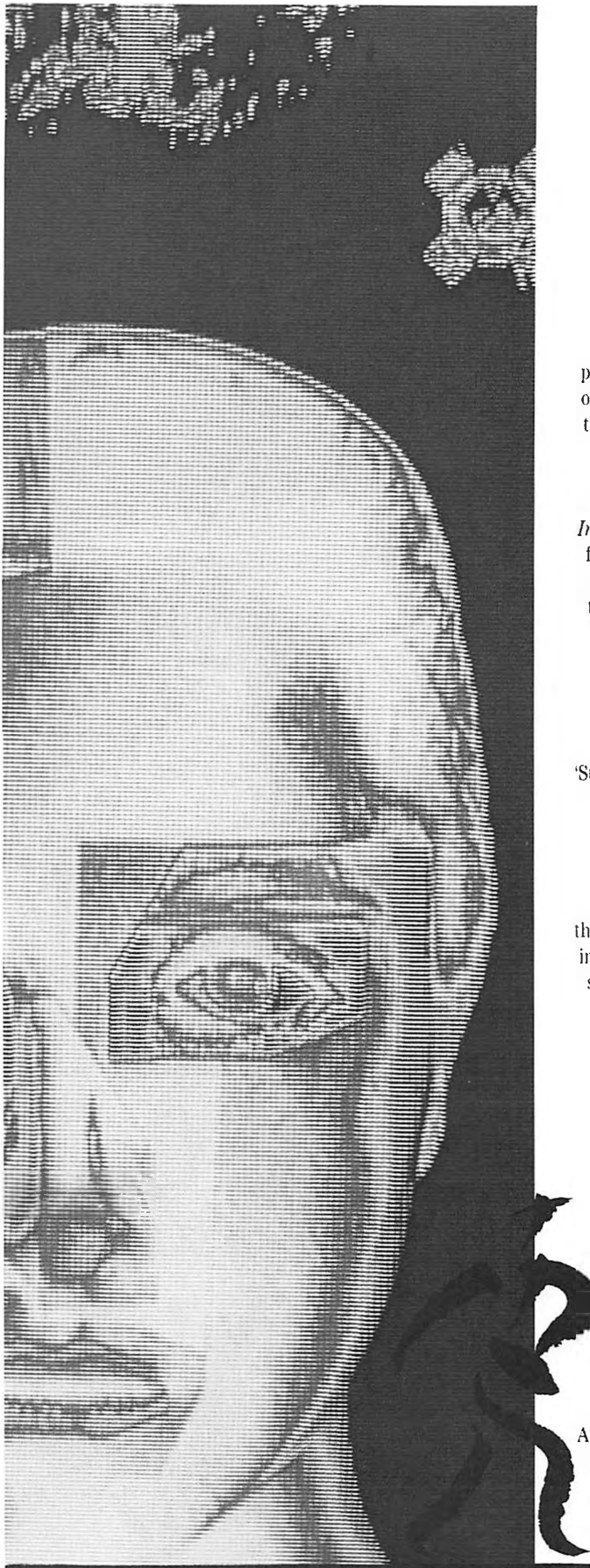
There was Jayne Mansfield who persisted in running around naked before me during our interviews. She was obviously proud of her body which I thought no great treat. All-night sessions in the 3rd Avenue bars with John Huston which produced a splendid feature on him and one of my best stories, “Of Time And Third Avenue.” Kim Novak would not trust me and open up for frank talks until she’d first danced with me to discover whether I was strictly business and not on the make. Glen Gould in Toronto who begged me not to embarrass him with my Madison Avenue chic manner in his favourite restaurant and then came late, wearing sweaters, mittens, and skiing hat which he never took off while he drank six Virgin Marys in succession and spent the entire dinner reading a music score.

Prince Mike Romanov teaching me how to prepare his version of a Caesar Salad. Riding the first test flight of the first Boeing 747. The plane was just an empty shell so I had to sit on a peach crate. Coaxing Salvador Dali into autographing a wooden lay figure for me. Being permitted to install a bolt on the first NASA scientific satellite. I had to sterilize and dress like a surgeon for an operation. Participating in a friendly Communist rally in Bologna. Learning how to twist dough into a pretzel in Vienna. The adventures were endlessly entertaining, and I swear I never took advantage of my status.

But there’s a hellish aspect to all this. I have an iron memory which becomes a frightful burden now that I’m in my seventies. There’s very little that I see and hear that doesn’t inspire almost identical similarities in the past. I can’t tell you how many stories, shows and books I’ve endured in the hope that this old familiar number has been given a new twist with something fresh added. As I say, this is hell for someone trying to kick the past and thrust into the future and the unknown. Alzheimer, where are you when I need you?

Alfred Bester
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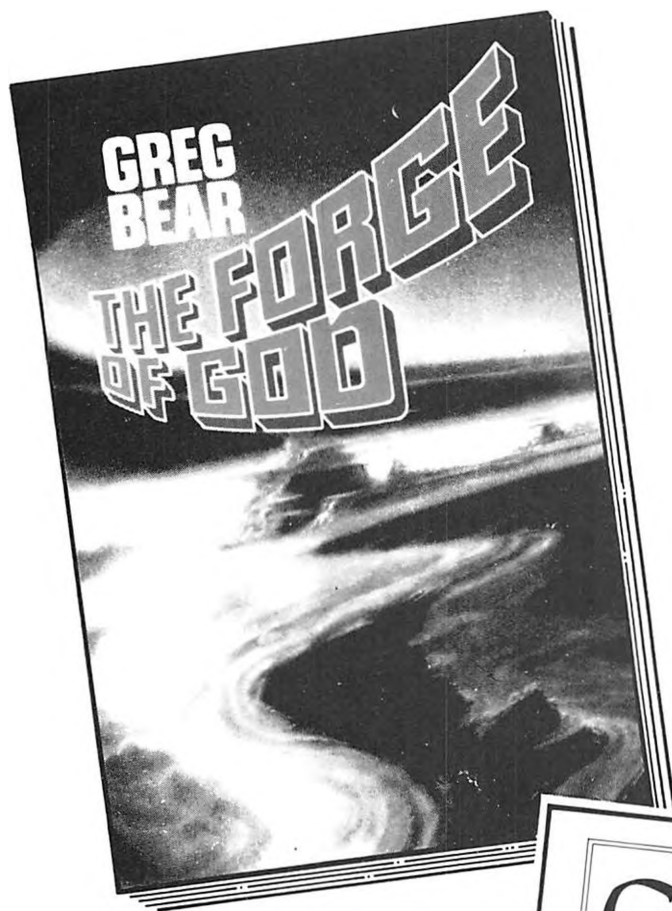
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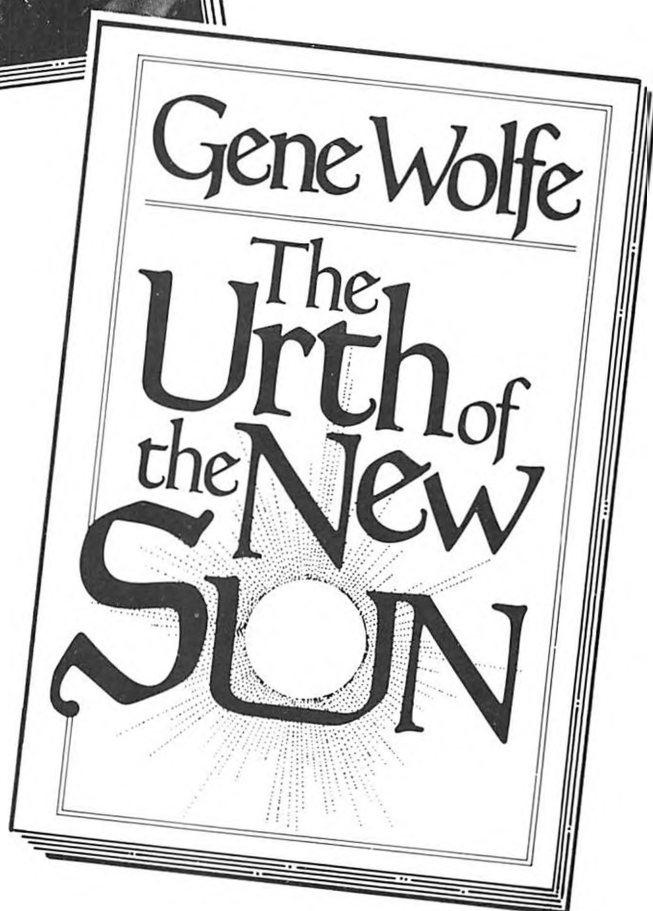
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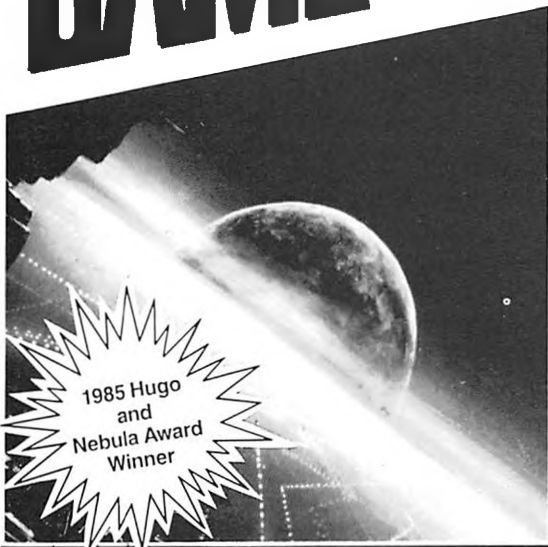
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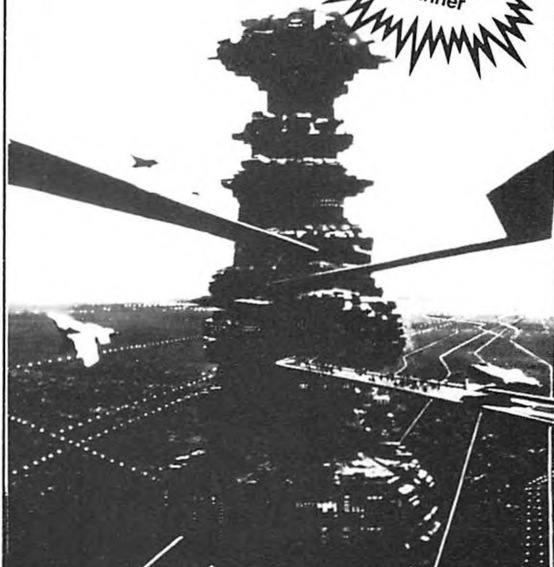
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THE SEQUEL TO ENDER'S GAME

SPEAKER FOR THE DEAD

1986
Nebula Award
Winner



"Card at the height of his very considerable powers."

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"Card fulfills his early promise... and more."

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ORSON SCOTT CARD

"Ramsey Cambell writes scarier horror stories than any other living author." —The Washington Post

RAMSEY CAMPBELL

Author of *The Nameless*, *Incarnate*, *Obsession* and *The Hungry Moon*

In *Cold Print*, "Ramsey Campbell continues to break new ground, advancing the style and thematic content of horror fiction far beyond the work of his contemporaries. He writes of our deepest fears in a precise, clear prose that somehow manages to be beautiful and terrifying at the same time. He is a powerful, original writer, and you owe it to yourself to make his acquaintance." —*The Washington Post*

What grotesque abomination lurks in the abyss beneath the cold, stone flooring of "The Church on High Street"? What is "The Inhabitant of the Lake"... that putrid, pulsing monstrosity watching from the ebon depths of the stagnant water? What colossal midnight evil is unleashed from deep within the hillside by "The Moon Lens"?

"The world Ramsey Campbell takes for granted is the world of our darkest nightmares." —Peter Straub

"Campbell is a master."
—*Publishers Weekly*

COLD PRINT



THE WORLD

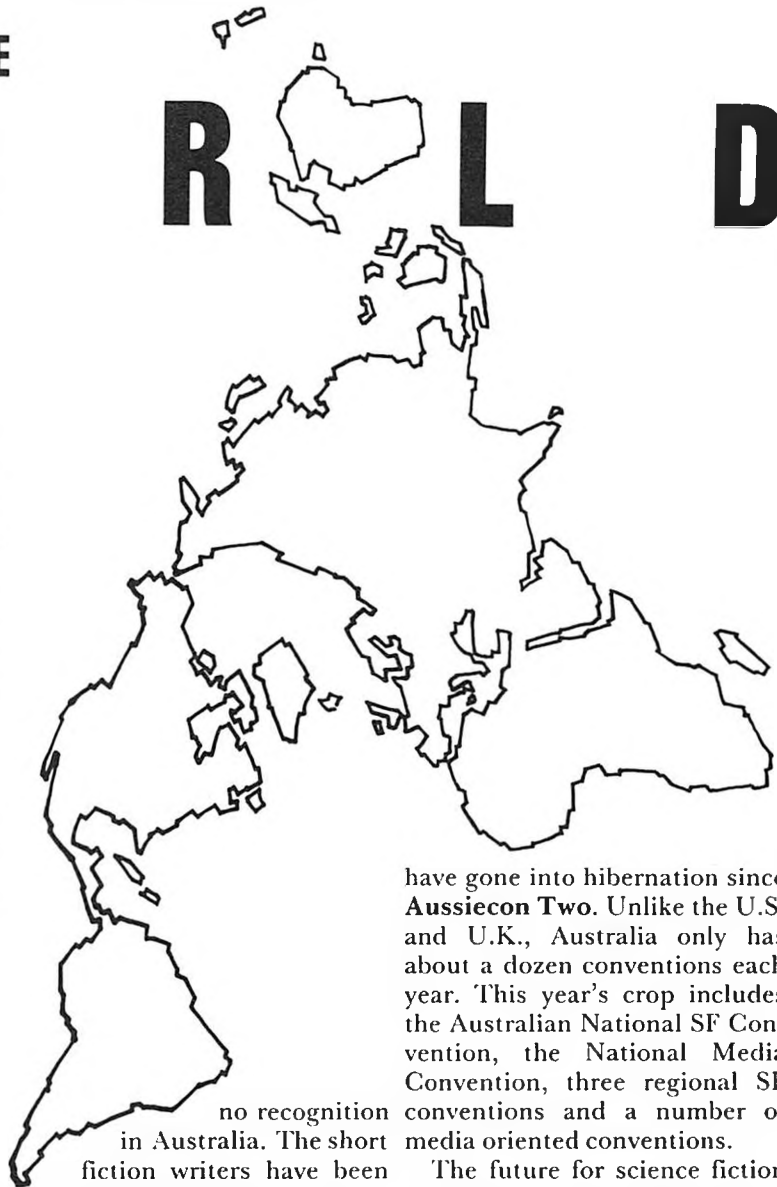
AUSTRALIA

JUSTIN ACKROYD

SCIENCE FICTION IN AUSTRALIA seems to be going through a transitional period, coping with inflation and poor exchange rates, which push up the prices of imports — especially books. This has not dampened the enthusiasm that people have for the genre and a wide audience is always there. It is just that people are buying and seeing less.

The main population centres continue to support their own specialist stores — Galaxy Bookshop in Sydney, and Minotaur Books in Melbourne, but trends in sales are changing. Where the specialists used to have the field to themselves, the advent of the “Asimov/Clarke/Heinlein” best-seller syndrome, SF is getting coverage in the mainstream bookstores as well, leaving the specialist with a watered down bestseller, and all the non-best-sellers that are published. Considering the number of titles published in any one year, it does not affect the specialist too badly. The phenomenon that has been growing in the genre over the last few years is the fantasy series. Sales are now dominated by the likes of David Eddings, Raymond Feist and Piers Anthony.

Australian SF writers continue to struggle to be published. It is next to impossible for a writer to find a publisher in Australia with the conviction to publish anything even remotely associated with the genre. Authors like George Turner and Damien Broderick continue to sell their manuscripts to overseas publishing houses, but gain little or



no recognition in Australia. The short fiction writers have been the hardest hit recently. *Omega: Science Digest* and *Aphelion*, the two major publishers of short science fiction, have both folded, leaving close to no market for up and coming writers like Terry Dowling.

On the media front, *Star Trek* continues to dominate the field, with *Star Wars*, *Battlestar Galactica* and *Dr. Who* still generating a lot of interest. The blockbuster SF/F movie is on the decline, except when movies like *Aliens* — this year’s most popular SF movie — and *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* are released, then the genre is given a boost.

Fans still proliferate throughout Australia although some

have gone into hibernation since **Aussiecon Two**. Unlike the U.S. and U.K., Australia only has about a dozen conventions each year. This year’s crop includes the Australian National SF Convention, the National Media Convention, three regional SF conventions and a number of media oriented conventions.

The future for science fiction in Australia looks pretty good at the moment. There are rumours that a couple of major publishers may start their own Australian SF line, and there are a couple of movies in production. Even the dollar (Aus) is strengthening. Here’s hoping.

FINLAND

TONI JERRMAN

Ovea On Raorettu

SUOMESSA ILMESTYY TÄLLÄ HETKellä viisi sf-fanzineaa (*Aikakone*, *Ikaros*, *Portti*, *Spin ja Tähtivaeltaja*) — tai ehkä oikeampi nimitys olisi semiprozine, sillä kaikki ovat

hyvin painettuja ja vakavissaan tehtyjä, levikin vaihdellessa 500:n ja 1000:n välillä. Sisällöt muodostuvat artikkeleista, arvosteluista sekä koti — ja ulkomaalaisista novelleista ja sarjakuvista; aktiivista kirjepalstaa ei yhdestäkään löydy. Artikkelien aiheet ovat yleensä tiiviisti science fictioniin ja fantasiaan liittyviä, kirjailija-esittelyistä ja haastatteluista (mm. Lem) eri maiden sf:n esittelyiden (mm. Englanti, Neuvostoliitto, Puola) kautta sf:n teemojen tutkimuksiin. Novelleissaan ja esittelyissään lehdet ovat yrittäneet tuoda esiin hyviä, Suomessa tuntemattomampia kirjailijoita (mm. Dick, Sturgeon, Varley, Zelazny).

Ammattimaisia sf-kirjailijoita ei Suomesta löydy ensimmäistäkään, mutta harrastajia kyllä sitäkin enemmän. Heidän käytännöllisesti katsoen ainoat julkaisukanavansa ovat sf-fanzinet, jotka eivät maksa julkaisupalkkioita. Viime vuonna fanzineissa julkaistiin yli 50 novellia yli 20:ltä kirjoittajalta.

Kotimaisia sf-kirjoja ei Suomessa julkaista oikeastaan lainkaan. Vuonna 1986 kyllä tapahtui edistysaskel kun Ursa julkaisi ensimmäisen harrastajanovellistien sf-antologian, *Jäisen Vaeltajan*. Kustantajilta tulee vain n. 10 sf-käännöstä vuodessa, eikä kirjailijoiden tasossakaan paljon kehumista ole — pääosin käännetään Asimovia, Heinleinia ja Clarkea. Positiivisen poikkeuksen muodostaa Lem, jolta on käännetty 9 kirjaa. Sf-kirjat leviävät pääasiassa kirjastoisiin (joissa ne kyllä ovat suosittuja) niiden korkean hinnan takia (kovakantisia — n. 18 puntaa).

Isoja sf-coneja on Suomessa järjestetty kaksi, **King-Con** v.-82 (kunniavieras H. Harrison) sekä **Finncon 86** (Aldiss). Pienempiä kokoontumisia on silloin tällöin. Tämän vuoden alussa alkoivat helsinkiläisten fanien joka toinen viikkoiset tapaamiset ravintola Kantiksessa.

Suomen ulkopuolelle ei tietoa sf-tilanteestamme ole paljon levinnyt, vain jokunen suoma-

lainen on vierailut ulkolaisissa sf-coneissa ja yksi englanninkielinen lehti, *Universal Mind*, on tehty v.-83. Asiat ovat kuitenkin muuttumassa, **Conspiracys** on paikalla n. 30 suomalaista fania ja heiltä voi kysellä uutta, suomalaista sf-tilannetta laajasti esiteltävää englanninkielistä lehteä.

The Door is Ajar

FIVE SF FANZINES APPEAR IN FINLAND today, namely *Aikakone*, *Ikaros*, *Portti*, *Spin* and *Tähtivaeltaja*. They may well be referred to as semiprozines, as they are all well printed and seriously made, circulation varying between 500 and 1000. Their contents vary from articles and critical commentaries to short stories and cartoons, both foreign and Finnish. None boast an active correspondence column. Articles usually cover SF and fantasy, author presentations and interviews (e.g. Lem), pieces on foreign SF (Great Britain, the Soviet Union, Poland) and SF theme analysis. The editors try to choose short stories and analyses of authors less well known in Finland, such as Dick, Sturgeon, Varley, or Zelazny.

There are no professional SF writers in Finland, though we have several active amateurs. Practically their only market is in the SF fanzines, which pay no royalties. Last year these fanzines published about 50 short stories from some 20-odd Finnish authors.

Practically no Finnish books on SF have been published; there was a step forward last year when an amateur authors' anthology, the *Jäinen Vaeltaja*, was put out. The bigger Finnish publishers only translate some 10 books per year, and these from venerable authors: Heinlein, Asimov, Clarke. A positive exception is Lem, who has had 9 books translated. Because of their high price (about £18 hardcover) they mainly circulate through libraries.

Two big SF cons have been held in Finland: **King-Con** in 1982 (GoH Harry Harrison) and

FinnCon in 1986 (Brian Aldiss). Minor meetings take place every now and then. This year fans began a bi-weekly series of meetings in a Helsinki restaurant, Kantis.

Few Finns have visited foreign SF cons, and only one fanzine (*Universal Mind*) has been published in English (1983). Times are changing, though. Some 30 Finnish fans will be at **Conspiracy**, bringing with them a brand new magazine on Finnish SF — in English.

FRANCE

JEAN-DANIEL BRÈQUE

IL Y A QUELQUES ANNÉES, Norman Spinrad, dans *Locus*, comparait l'état de la SF en France avec celui dans lequel elle se trouvait aux U.S.A. avant son expansion.

Norman Spinrad négligeait de prendre en compte l'industrie florissante des bandes dessinées qui, à mon avis, a volé à la SF une partie importante de ses lecteurs potentiels : pour quiconque est à la recherche de la distraction intelligente que la SF procure généralement, il y a des centaines d'albums en librairie, souvent avec des thèmes de SF ou de fantastique, qui sont bien distribués, bon marché et, pour la plupart, excellents. Nombreuses sont les librairies spécialisées en SF et en BD qui ont été obligées de négliger la SF en faveur de la BD — quand elles ne laissent pas tout simplement tomber la SF.

En conséquence (et M. Spinrad avait raison en concluant ceci), la SF n'est pas aussi populaire en France qu'elle devrait l'être. Bien sûr, quelques éditeurs ont des collections de SF qui se vendent bien, mais la liste des éditeurs qui ont cessé de publier des livres de SF pour des raisons commerciales serait bien longue. En fait, une partie non négligeable du public a pris l'habitude d'attendre qu'une collection soit supprimée avant d'ache-

ter ses livres quand ils sont soldés.

Néanmoins, nous pouvons lire un échantillonnage représentatif de ce qui est publié en langue anglaise : la plupart des directeurs littéraires s'intéressent aux nouvelles tendances de la SF.

En règle générale, les livres des écrivains les plus importants sont régulièrement traduits : Asimov et Herbert sont très populaires en France, mais quelques géants comme Heinlein sont négligés. Parmi les écrivains les plus récents, Kim Stanley Robinson a fait une très forte impression et nous avons découvert les talents de William Gibson, Greg Bear, Lucius Shepard, Orson Scott Card (pout n'en citer que quelques uns) grâce à des directeurs littéraires avisés. Parmi les jeunes écrivains américains d'importance, le plus injustement négligé est Michael Bishop.

Pour l'écrivain français de SF, il n'est pas vraiment difficile de s'être publié, mais cela demande quelque effort. La vieille règle qui veut que "le succès appelle le succès" prévaut ici, et si les "vieux maîtres" que sont Michel Jeury, Jean-Pierre Andrevon, Philippe Curval et Pierre Pelot n'ont que peu de peine à trouver un public, les écrivains plus jeunes ont la tâche plus difficile.

La SF française se trouvant plus ou moins dans un état de ghetto, on pourrait croire que nous avons ici un fandom florissant. Tel n'est pas tout à fait le cas. Les gens se lamentent avec régularité sur les conventions, où l'on s'estime heureux de recevoir plus d'une centaine de participants. Il y a plusieurs années de cela existait un équilibre quasi écologique entre les fans, les pros et l'édition, avec des échanges fructueux entre les trois milieux. Aujourd'hui, le milieu français de la SF ressemble davantage aux limbes. Une conséquence de cette situation est un manque cruel de critique cohérente et intelligente.

Pour conclure, il serait intéressant de préciser quelles sortes de

SF et de fantastique sont populaires ici. La majorité des lecteurs semble apprécier une SF littéraire, bien qu'il y ait un public pour les romans d'aventures. L'Heroic-Fantasy marche toujours très fort ici, mais pas la fantasy plus douce. L'horreur et la SF "hard" sont encore des phénomènes marginaux.

J'ai conscience d'avoir brossé un tableau plutôt sombre, mais si la SF nous a appris quelque chose, c'est à regarder vers l'avenir. Espérons qu'il y en aura un pour la SF en France.

A FEW YEARS AGO, NORMAN Spinrad in an essay in *Locus*, compared the state of SF in France with its state in the U.S.A. before the so-called "big boom" in SF publishing.

Norman Spinrad neglected the thriving publishing industry of "bandes dessinées" (comic strip albums) which, I feel, has effectively robbed SF of an important part of its potential audience: for anybody who looks after the kind of intelligent escape reading SF generally affords, there are literally hundreds of comics on the stands, often with SF or fantasy themes, which are well-distributed, reasonably priced and, for the most part, excellent. Many specialised bookshops which handled both SF and comic albums have been forced to neglect SF in favour of "bandes dessinées" — when they did not drop SF altogether.

As a result (and Mr Spinrad was right in this assessment), SF in France is not as popular as it should be. Of course, some publishers have popular SF lines, but there is a long list of publishers who have ceased to offer SF books for commercial reasons. As a matter of fact, a sizeable portion of the reading public has learnt to wait for a new line's cancellation before buying its offerings remaindered.

Nevertheless, we get to read a representative sampling of what is published in English: the editors have mostly become recep-

tive to the new trends of SF writing.

As a general rule, the books of the most important writers are regularly translated over here: Asimov and Herbert are very popular in France, but some giants like Heinlein are neglected. Among the newer writers, Kim Stanley Robinson has made a huge impression, and we have discovered the talents of William Gibson, Greg Bear, Lucius Shepard, Orson Scott Card (to name only a few), thanks to perceptive editors. Among young American writers of note, the most undeservedly neglected by French publishers is Michael Bishop.

For the French SF writer, it is not altogether difficult to get published, but it requires some effort. The old rule of "Success breeds success" applies here, and if "old hands" like Michel Jeury, Jean-Pierre Andrevon, Philippe Curval and Pierre Pelot have relatively little trouble selling young and up-and-coming writers find it more difficult.

With French SF still more or less in a ghetto state, one would think we have a thriving fandom here. That is not quite true. People regularly bemoan the sorry state of conventions, where we are lucky if we get more than a hundred attending members. Several years ago, there was a quasi-ecological balance between the fans, the pros and the publishing industry, with fruitful interaction between them. Nowadays, the French SF scene looks more like limbo. A consequence of this is the cruel lack of really consistent and intelligent criticism.

Finally, it is worth noting which kinds of SF and fantasy are popular here. The bulk of the reading public seems to appreciate literate SF, though there is a market for action-oriented novels. Heroic fantasy is still big here, but not high fantasy. Horror and "hard" SF are still marginal phenomena.

I am aware that I paint something of a bleak picture, but if SF

has taught us something, it is that we should look forward to the future. Let us hope there is one for SF in France.

W. GERMANY

DIETER SCHMIDT

EINE VIELFÄLTIGE UND AKTIVE Szene in Stichworten: ca. 35 monatliche Science Fiction- und Fantasy-Taschenbuchneuerscheinungen bei 7 Verlagen mit eigenständigen und regelmäßigen SF/F-Reihen, davon ca. 10 Reprints, das sind die ungefähren Zahlen des Monats April 1987 zur professionellen Phantastik-Szene in der BRD. Die wichtigsten Verlage sind: der langjährige Marktführer Heyne-Verlag (mit einem Gesamtprogramm von über 1500 Titeln), Bastei-Lübbe (Gesamtprogramm über 650 Titel), Goldmann (Gesamtprogramm über 700 Titel), Pabel-Moewig (Gesamtprogramm über 850 Titel), Ullstein (Gesamtprogramm über 230 Titel) und Fischer (Gesamtprogramm über 65 Titel.) Dazu kommen andere Verlage mit einer Anzahl einzelner Titel oder Hardcover (besonders bei Jugendbüchern).

Beherrscht wird das Gesamtwerk dieser deutschen Titel von Übersetzungen aus dem anglo-amerikanischen Raum, nur ein relativ bescheidener Teil besteht aus anderen west- und osteuropäischen Werken und schließlich Originalausgaben. Hausgemachte SF hatte es schon immer schwer bei uns, zu stark und zu gut ist die internationale (besonders eben anglo-amerikanische) Konkurrenz, die zudem eine längere und erfolgreichere Publikationsgeschichte aufweist. Einzig das Phänomen *Perry Rhodan* wehrt sich erfolgreich gegen dieses Muster: mit jetzt ca. 1350 Folgen, 5 parallelen Auflagen, ca. 300 Taschenbuchausgaben, einer Schwesterreihe, *Atlan*, mit ca. 820 Folgen und zahlreichen weiteren Sekundärprodukten, weltweiten Lizenzausgaben und einer Welt-

Gesamtauflage von weit über einer Milliarde darf sie sich mit Recht "weltgrößte SF-Serie" nennen. An Kritikern mangelt es ihr allerdings auch nicht, widmet sie sich doch im wesentlichen abenteuerlich-farbiger, aber nicht allzu tiefgehender Space Opera.

Ihr wichtigster und sehr wertvoller Verdienst bestand und besteht jedoch zweifelsohne darin, die Einstiegslektüre in die Welt der SF zu sein. Kaum ein Fan, der nicht zuerst über "PR" in das aufregende und unendliche Reich der Phantasie, der SF und Fantasy, eingestiegen ist. Aber nicht nur der erste Kontakt mit der SF als Literatur geschieht meist über den Umweg "PR", sondern oft auch der Eintritt in das Abenteuer Fandom: Hunderte von meist recht kurzlebigen PR-Clubs bieten einen Weg in das deutsche SF-Fandom. Gekennzeichnet ist dieses durch dieselbe Vielfalt und Pluralität, die wir ja auch alle an der SF so lieben, hier durch ständig Hunderte von kleinen Clubs von 3-20 Mitgliedern, die sich aber alle wieder viel zu rasch auflösen, um jemals die über dreißigjährige Tradition des größten und ältesten deutschen SF-Clubs, des SFCD ("Science Fiction Club Deutschland") erreichen zu können. Der SFCD bietet dem Fan dann nicht selten eine endgültige Heimat, ist das Sammelbecken all derer, die sich festgebissen haben an ihrem Hobby, der SF und dem SF-Fandom. Aktiv zeigen sich die insgesamt wohl 1-200 verschiedenen Fanzines: Infozines, Clubzines, Egozines und allgemeine Zines bis hin zum Semi-Pro-Magazin, durch das Veranstalten von Cons, kleinen regionalen bis größeren bundesweiten, dessen wichtigster alljährlich wiederum vom SFCD veranstaltet wird, mit durchschnittlich 2-300 Besuchern.

Mehr oder minder starke Überschneidungen gibt es im deutschen SF-Fandom zu den "reinen" Fantasy-Fans, den *Star Wars*, *Star Trek* oder auch Horror-

Freunden, die meist in eigenen Clubs oder gar einem eigenen Fandom organisiert sind.

Besonders rege zeigt sich hierzulande der jüngste Zweig der SF/F-Szene: der Bereich Rollenspiele. Nach deutschen Ausgaben von *D&D*, *AD&D*, *Traveller*, *Call of Cthulhu* und den nationalen Eigenentwicklungen "*Das Schwarze Auge*" und "*Midgard*" bei verschiedenen Verlagen erschien im Februar 87 "*J.R.R. Tolkiens Mittel-erde — das Rollenspiel*" in dem jungen Hamburger Citadel Verlag, der seit 1986 auch das führende deutsche professionelle Magazin für die fantastischen Genre (von Spielen über Bücher zu Film, Comic, etc.), die zweimonatliche "*ZauberZeit*" (#5 erschien im Mai 87) veröffentlicht und bei der auch ein gewisser Verfasser dieses Artikels mitmischte (... — *Bist Du wohl ruhig, Oskar!*).

Vieles gäbe es noch zu erzählen über das Abenteuer SF in der Bundesrepublik Deutschland, mehr als der Platz hier zuläßt, aber Raum und Zeit genug dafür findet sich ja noch auf *Conspiracy '87*, dem Worldcon in Brighton, wo wir uns (hoffentlich!) alle sehen ...

A VARIED AND BUSY SCENE: ABOUT 35 SF and fantasy paperbacks published per month, of which about 10 are reprints, by 7 regular SF & fantasy publishers. These figures are for the professional SF scene in Western Germany in April 1987. The most important publishers are: Heyne-Verlag (the longstanding market leader), with more than 1500 titles published, Bastei-Lubbe with over 650, Goldman with over 700, Pabel-Moewig (over 850), Ullstein (over 230 titles) and Fischer (more than 65 titles). Other publishers play a minor role, with a variety of single titles or hardcovers, mainly juveniles.

SF&F books published in Germany are mainly Anglo-American; only a few are from other West or East European countries, and a few German original editions. National SF has

always had problems here, as international competition is so strong (especially Anglo-American) and has a longer and more successful history of publication. Only the phenomenal *Perry Rhodan* (PR) has been able to fight this pattern successfully: 1350 issues to date, the early ones now being in their 5th printing, about 300 PR paperbacks, a spin-off series with about 820 issues and a world circulation of over a billion copies. It may truly be called "the world's greatest SF series", but it isn't without its critics too, as it is mainly colourful adventure stuff, lighthearted space opera.

Its main and very important merit for German fandom (Germanfandom) without doubt has been, and still is, that it is *the* first step into the world of SF. Almost every German fan met PR before conquering the exciting and infinite realms of imagination of SF and fantasy. PR is quite often not only a unique first contact with SF literature, but also an entry into the adventure of fandom: hundreds of mostly short-lived PR clubs offer an inroad into German SF fandom. Germanfandom is characterised by the same diversity and multiplicity that we all appreciate so much in SF, too: there are hundreds of small clubs with 3-20 members, which mostly rise and fall far too fast to be able ever to achieve a tradition of over 30 years like the eldest and biggest German SF association, the SFCG (Science Fiction Club Deutschland = SF Club of Germany). Often the SFCG is the eventual home and "melting pot" for fans who stay with the hobby and fandom. The existence of some 1-2000 active German fans is shown by the publication of around 1-200 fanzines, infozines, clubzines, personalzines and general 'zines up to some semi-professional ones, and conventions, smaller regional ones up to bigger national ones, the most important of which is annually patronised by SFCG, with 2-300 attendees.

German SF fandom is variably closely linked with "pure" fantasy fans, *Star Wars*, *Star Trek* and horror fans, who mostly have their own clubs and even their own fandoms. A very active part of the German scene is its newest branch: SF&F gaming and role-playing. After German licence editions of *D&D*, *AD&D*, *Traveller*, *Call of Cthulhu* and the German originals *Das Schwarze Auge* and *Midgard* by other companies, the new publisher Citadel Verlag, Hamburg, released the German edition of *Middle Earth Role Playing* in February '87. Since 1986, Citadel has also been publishing the leading German prozine for fantastic genres (games, books, films, comics, etc.) *ZauberZeit* (= *Magic Time*), a mag, the author of this article is meddling with (... *shhh! be quiet, Oscar!*).

There is more to say about the excitement of SF in Western Germany, but there will be time for talk at **Conspiracy**, where I hope we shall meet...

ITALY

PATRIZIA THIELLA

NON ESISTONO DATI ESATTI SUL numero dei lettori italiani di SF. Si ritiene che siano centomila, di cui 40 mila lettori assidui che si rivolgono soprattutto verso due case editrici: la *Mondadori* che pubblica *Urania*, rivista periodica, nata nel 1952 e che ha sinora pubblicato più di mille libri e l'editrice *Nord* che vanta ben nove collane sui temi della SF e Fantasy. Nel campo cinematografico invece esiste una grande partecipazione pubblica agli spettacoli.

Esistono ristretti spazi per gli autori italiani, poichè il mercato librario si affida soprattutto al mercato statunitense. Vengono pubblicati comunque una ventina di romanzi all'anno di autore italiano ed alcune antologie di racconti.

The BRITISH FANTASY Society

The BRITISH FANTASY SOCIETY was formed in 1971 to provide the discerning reader with a greater coverage of the fantasy, SF and horror fields. To achieve this, the Society publishes a regular NEWSLETTER, packed with information and reviews of the many new books and films that confront the fan, DARK HORIZONS, a magazine that combines fiction and articles, plus several other magazines on subjects designed to interest the Society's membership.

Besides magazines, the BFS organises an annual Fantasy Conference which attracts some of the top names in the field. 1987's Fantasycon, scheduled for the 4th - 6th September, in the four-star Midland Hotel, Birmingham, has lined-up the Guests of Honour M. John Harrison, George R. R. Martin, and J. K. Potter, with Master of Ceremonies Douglas Winter. And many more professional guests attend the yearly Fantasycons. It is at these events that the British Fantasy Awards are presented for categories including Best Novel and Best Short Story. The winners receive a statuette designed by Dave Carson.

It costs only £8.00, UK/\$18.00, USA/\$19.00 Canada/£10.00, Europe /£15.00, rest of the world, to subscribe for one year.

Send your cheques, money orders, postal orders, etc, or an sae for further details, to the Society's secretary:

DI WATHEN, 15 STANLEY ROAD,
MORDEN, SURREY, SM4 5DE,
ENGLAND.



Gli autori soprattutto giovani sono indirizzati a pubblicare su piccole case editrici e sulle fanzines.

Lo scrittore inglese più conosciuto ed apprezzato in Italia è John Brunner. Ma fare una graduatoria è impossibile poichè A.C. Clarke, James Ballard, Michael Moorcock, E.F. Russell, John Wyndham, Brian Aldiss, etc...hanno il loro pubblico di estimatori e buone vendite.

La scena SF italiana è abbastanza originale caratterizzata soprattutto dalla personalità dei singoli appartenenti più che da caratterizzazioni generali. Il mercato, la qualità, la partecipazione sono legate ad un concetto personalistico, e risaltano soprattutto l'ottima preparazione culturale di narratori e saggisti.

A periodi alterni spicca il fandom, in Italia legato soprattutto alla partecipazione dei giovani che pubblicano fanzines, organizzano convegni, conferenze, etc.

Di particolare rilevanza è l'aspetto del letterario femminista di narrativa SF unito intorno alla pubblicazione di una rivista *Un'Ala* ed a convegni.

THE TOTAL READERSHIP OF SF IN Italy is difficult to guess, but it is thought to be around 100,000, of which 40,000 are regular. Two publishers in particular serve this readership: Mondadori, who have been publishing the magazine *Urania* since 1952, with more than 1,000 issues, and Nord, who publish nine SF and fantasy series. There is a wide audience for cinematic SF.

The market for Italian writers is small, as the interest is mainly in U.S. writers. However, at least 20 novels and some anthologies are written yearly by Italian authors. Young authors submit their work to small presses or fanzines.

In Italy, the best-known and liked English writer is John Brunner, but there is no hard and fast division because Arthur C. Clar-

ke, J.G. Ballard, Michael Moorcock, E.F. Russell, John Wyndham and Brian Aldiss are well liked and sell well.

The SF scene thrives on originality and individualism, and the personalities of the authors. The market, its quality and sales all depend on individual creativity, and originality and intelligence are particularly important in novelists and critics.

Italian fandom mainly consists of young, active participants who edit fanzines and promote conventions, meetings, etc.

Of particular note is the feminist literature growing around the magazine *Un'Ala* and feminist literary conventions.

JAPAN

SFの読者人口は、この数年間増加を続けています。小説販路のようには100万の読者をもつベストセラー作家もいますが、国内作家の平均的なファン数はおよそ5万人ほどでしょう。文庫、新書でコンスタントに数十万部を売り出す作家も数人いるようになってきました。最近SFのファンは2、3万で、日本ではレジャーのかわりにマルベトと呼ばれる「ペーパー・ロード」のファンが10万人ほどいます。

SF読者のファンは20万人あり、大半が中高生です。毎年SFでは、定期的にアメリカSFが市場を支配しています。かつてはロバート・アインランド、フランスなどのSFが熱心に出版された時期もありましたが、いまではイギリスSFでさえ見放すようになってきているようです。ハインライン、クラーク、アシモフの再評価につれて作家としては、ニューブーン、オーガンの人気が高まり、特別「ブルーグラウンズ」以来、アックの人気も安定しています。新人ではイブスン、クラン、イブソンが注目を呼び、またファンタジイでは「グリーンコースト」などの古典的刊行物はじまっています。ホラーもようやく読者、出版家の関心を呼びはじめ、クライヴ・バークが人気を呼んでいます。

日本のSFの特徴としては、広小説と呼ばれるジャンルの人気が高まっていること、著者のいたる所をもつ種族や宇宙、あるいは近頃のSFなどを受けた現代SFの出現、SF教、サイエンス・フィクション、異星文明の探検などのSFのジャンルがこれこれのものが多く存在します。これは最近では、自力でSFの発展を遂げたものがベストセラーを獲得するようになり、

毎年出版されるSFの発行本は約500にも上り、その大半が国内作家の作品です。ファンブックの数も多く、大会でのアワード・ホームは完全にファンブックの場となっています。日本SF大会は毎年夏におこなわれ、数千人のファンが来場します。一言でいって、日本はSFの天国だといえるでしょう。

YOSHIO KOBAYASHI

SF READERSHIP IN JAPAN CONStinuously grows in recent years. Some bestselling authors like Sakyo Komatsu have a million readers, but the average readership for our own authors is something like fifty thousand. There are more than a handful of writers constantly selling a few hundred thousand copies of their new titles in paperback. Fans for foreign SF are some twenty thousand, and in the place of Trekkies we have a ten thousand MARUPEs, Perry Rhodan enthusiasts.

The fans for SF movies are a few hundred thousand, mostly highschool kids.

American SF overwhelmingly dominates the market. There were times when Soviet, Polish and French SF were eagerly published, but these days even British SF is losing its readership. Following the veterans like Clarke, Asimov and Heinlein, Niven and Hogan are very popular and Phil Dick's readership is steadily growing after *Bladerunner*. Among new authors, Gibson, Brin and Bear are much talked about, while fantasy classics like *Gormenghast* are being introduced now. Horror fantasy is finally found by our publishers and readers and they seem to love Clive Barker very much.

One of the special aspects of Japanese SF is the popularity of a subgenre called Denki SF (extraordinary fantasy?). It's a modern adventure tale dealing with some race or family with a mysterious fate and/or legendary treasure, often featuring psi power, time-travel, traces of extraterrestrial civilization, etc. These days, it becomes a bestselling genre when graphic violence and pornographic scenes are introduced.

Almost five hundred titles are published every year, most of which are new works by our own authors. Also fanzines are abundant, completely dominating the dealers room at every convention. Our national SF con gathers some thousand fans every summer. In short, SF seems happily flourishing in Japan.

NETHERLANDS

KEES VAN TOORN

HOLLAND, ALHOEWEL HET slechts een van de provincies van Nederland is, wordt in het buitenland vaak voor het hele land aangezien. In het midden van de jaren vijftig werden de eerste fan-tijdschriften geproduceerd. Tevens verschenen ook de eerste vertalingen van bekende science fiction boeken. Toch duurde het tot het bezoek van Forrest J. Ackerman, dat de zaak

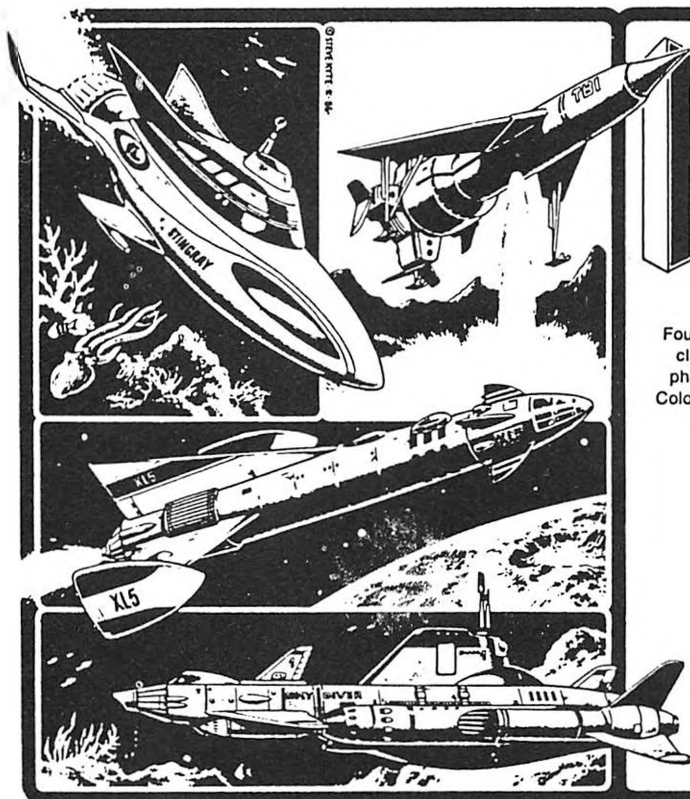
echt aan het rollen ging. Toen werd de nu oudste Nederlandse science fiction club, het NCSF (een afkorting voor het Nederlands Contact Centrum voor Science Fiction) opgericht. Het NCSF geeft een tijdschrift met de naam *Holland SF* uit en het houdt jaarlijkse bijeenkomsten. Tijdens deze bijeenkomsten, die de BeneluxCon worden genoemd, wordt de King Kong Award uitgereikt. De winnaar ontvangt als prijs onder andere ook een geldbedrag, hetgeen door de fans bij elkaar is gebracht. De **HillCon** in Rotterdam was een van grootste en meest succesvolle bijeenkomsten met ruim 1000 bezoekers. Een ander groep, de PRSFV Terra is zeer actief op Perry Rhodan gebied. Terra geeft eveneens een tijdschrift uit en organiseert jaarlijks grootschalige bijeenkomsten. Bovendien is er een semi-professioneel science fiction tijdschrift, *Orbit* dat de afgelopen tien jaar op de markt is geweest en nog steeds verschijnt.

Voor wat betreft het aantal boeken, moet worden vastgesteld, dat het aantal uitgevers minder is geworden, maar dat het niveau van de vertaalde boeken enorm is gestegen. Zeer geliefde auteurs zijn Jack Vance, Philip K. Dick, Tanith Lee, Poul Anderson en vele anderen. Bovendien neemt het aantal schrijvers uit Nederland en België toe, wier boeken worden gepubliceerd en voor de verandering worden deze boeken ook vertaald in het buitenland op de markt gebracht. Het Nederlands fandom is levendig en iedereen, die eens kennis wil maken met de leden van deze groep, elke laatste maandag van de maand is er het SF Cafe, Westwal 2 in Den Haag. Mocht u in de buurt zijn, kom dan eens langs voor een praatje en een drankje — u zult er geen spijt van hebben.

HOLLAND, THOUGH ONLY A PROVINCE of the Netherlands, but often mistaken for the entire country, can boast a rich fannish

life dating back to the early Fifties. At that time, some genuine Dutch fanzines were already being produced and a few books had been translated into Dutch, but it was not until the early Sixties that SF really caught on. The producers of the first fanzines rapidly found a following, and the visit of Forrest J. Ackerman to the continent really got things going. It was then that the now oldest Dutch SF club, NCSF (short for 'Het Netherlands Contact Centrum voor Science Fiction') got started. They produce a clubzine, titled *Holland SF* and hold annual meetings, known as the **BeneluxCon**. During this convention the annual King Kong Award is presented. The winner of the award gets a substantial amount of money, gathered by the fan community.

The most successful BeneluxCon was the **HillCon** in Rotterdam with well over 1,000 attendees including many well known fans and celebrities. Next to that, the



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very active Perry Rhodan group, the PRSFV Terra, produces a good clubzine as well as annual meetings with large crowds attending. Also, there is a semi-professional SF magazine, titled *Orbit*, that has been published for the last ten years and is still going strong.

On the professional side the number of publishers has declined over recent years, though the quality of the works translated has risen immensely. Popular overseas authors are Jack Vance, Philip K. Dick, Tanith Lee, Poul Anderson, and a host of others. As well as translated work there is an increasing number of Dutch and Flemish (the upper part of Belgium, where Dutch is also spoken) authors published both in Dutch and even in translation abroad. The Dutch scene is healthy and for those interested, there is a gathering of SF fans on the last Monday in every month in the Café Amicitia, Westwal 2 in The Hague, where fans from all over Holland gather to socialise. If you have a chance and you are in the Netherlands, then do not hesitate to drop in and have a chat as well as a drink.

POLAND

WIKTOR BUKATO

TRUDNO JEST USTALIĆ LICZBE potencjalnych czytelników dowolnego tytułu sf, ponieważ nie istnieje system automatycznego wznawiania bestsellerów. W chwili obecnej nakład osiemdziesięciu do stu tysięcy sprzedaje się w całości w ciągu mniej więcej miesiąca. Nakład jedyne polskiego czasopisma sf "Fantastyka" wynosi pomiędzy 100 i 150 tysięcy — i magazyn ten znika z kiosków prawie natychmiast. Dotyczy to, jeśli chodzi o książki, prawie wszystkich autorów zagranicznych i większości autorów krajowych, podczas gdy usilowania autorów głównego nurtu na polu fantastyki ciesza się, i to zasłużenie, znacznie mniejszym powodzeniem.

Wśród autorów anglojęzycznych najbardziej popularni to: Philip K. Dick, Isaac Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke, Ray Bradbury, Brian Aldiss i Frederik Pohl. Znamienna jest tu nieobecność nazwiska Roberta Heinleina, który w Polsce jest praktycznie nie znany. Wśród nowo poznanych, ale coraz popularniejszych autorów należy wymienić Poul Andersona, Franka Herberta i Harry'ego Harrisona. Obecnie zaś polscy czytelnicy dokonują spóźnionego odkrycia autorów, których poznanie we właściwym czasie uniemożliwiła im II wojna światowa i zimna wojna. Są to Henry Kuttner, C.M. Kornbluth, Stanley Weinbaum i John Wyndham.

THE NUMBER OF READERS OF any single SF title is hard to estimate, since there is no system of immediate second and subsequent impressions when a book happens to be a bestseller. At the moment, an impression of eighty to one hundred thousand is easily sold out within a month or so. The circulation of Poland's only SF magazine "Fantastyka" is always between 100 and 150 thousand — and it vanishes from the newsstands almost instantly. This popularity exists for almost every foreign author and most home genre authors, while attempts at SF by mainstream writers are hardly ever successful — and they deserve that.

Among the English-language writers the most popular are: Philip K. Dick, Isaac Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke, Ray Bradbury, Brian Aldiss and Frederik Pohl. One should note the absence of Robert Heinlein's name from this list; he is practically unknown in Poland. Those who are rising in popularity include Poul Anderson, Frank Herbert and Harry Harrison. And Polish readers are discovering Henry Kuttner now, whose timely discovery was prevented by World War II and the Cold War later. The same goes for other writers, such as C.M. Kornbluth, Stanley Weinbaum and John Wyndham.

PORTUGAL

ÁLVARO DE SOUSA
HOLSTEIN FERREIRA

IN PORTUGAL SF IS STILL SEEN AS A minor genre by academics, although the number of readers has been increasing in recent years. Much of the problem is in the unhelpful environment of Portugal's close and traditionalistic society, in which something as new as SF is poorly accepted, and readers are accused of childishness; so people are afraid of reading SF for social reasons. But something must be changing — the SF serial, *Argonauta*, has been running almost 40 years. There are currently three monthly serials — *Europa-America FC*, *Caminho FC*, and *Argonauta*; and five publishing houses running 11 non-serial imprints. All except *Argonauta* have appeared in the last five years. Almost 70 SF & F books appear yearly.

American authors are most often published in Portugal, especially Le Guin, Heinlein, Vance, Harrison, Joan Vinge, Asimov, Dick, Bradbury, Alan Dean Foster, Silverberg, Simak, Frank Herbert, Farmer, McCaffrey and Cherryh. British authors such as Clarke, Ballard, Aldiss and Douglas Adams, and a few non-English speaking authors such as Borges, Lem, the Strugatsky brothers, and Michael Grimaud have seen their work published.

Portuguese authors face a publishers' guild unreceptive to national writers. They appear only in small 'zines or mags, and no one other than Joao Aniceto has published two books in the last five years, his being *Os Caminhos Nunca Acabam* (*The Ways Never End*) and *O Quarto Planeta* (*The Fourth Planet*). We haven't any SF or fantasy professional magazines; there is only the fanzine *Nebulosa*.

In the movie field, Portuguese directors have made only a few SF films; our alternative is to

watch foreign productions, especially U.S. ones. For film fans there is now a Film Festival, Fantasporto, in its 8th season.

SPAIN

ÁLVARO DE SOUSA
HOLSTEIN FERREIRA

NOWADAYS, SF IN SPAIN IS GOING through a Golden Age. Seven-

ral publishers such as Martínez Roca, Minotauro/Edhasa, Ultramar Editores, Editorial Acervo, Editorial Anagrama and Ediciones Teorema, maintain SF & F serials, publishing almost 100 titles per year. The most published authors are Anglo-Americans, such as Heinlein, Poul Anderson, H.P. Lovecraft, Douglas Adams, Harry Harrison, Ballard, Clarke,

Farmer, Stephen King, Zelazny, Dick, Julian May, Moorcock, Cherryh, McCaffrey and Brunner; only a few writers from non-English speaking countries see their work published.

Spanish writers are frequently published in the many fanzines produced in Spain, and in the ten zines from Latin America. In the last few years, only one novel *Lágrimas de Luz*, by Rafael Marin Trechera, has been published.

Spanish fandom is very creative, and 17 fanzines — *Transito*, *Maser*, *Opcion*, *Space Opera*, *Fan de Fantasia* and *Nova*, among others are seeing the light of day at the moment.

In the movie field, things are going very well. In the last two years Spanish filmmakers have produced three very good films: *Matador (The Killer)* by Pedro Almodovar, *El Cabalero del Dragon (Dragonrider)* by Fernando Colomo, and *Fuego Eterno (Eternal Fire)*; and Spanish fans have two good film festivals — Stiges in Cataluna and Imagific in Madrid — to attend.



SWEDEN

AHRVID ENGHOLM

SVERIGES BEFOLKNING ÄR UNGEFÄR 1/25 av Förenta Staternas, så den svenska sf/fantasy-marknaden är naturligtvis ganska liten. Jag har sett siffror som säger att antalet "regulära sf-läsare" (hur nu det definieras) kan uppskattas till ca. 20.000. Som jämförelse kan nämnas att antalet organiserade fans kan uppskattas till 1.000. Medan sf-läsarna är en begränsad grupp verkar sf-filmernas konsumenter inte vara det. Sf-filmer ses av vem som helst, precis som vanliga äventyrsfilmer. Vem bryr sig om ifall äventyret utspelar sig i rymden eller ej.

Det finns några framgångsrika svenska sf-faörfattare: Sam J Lundwall, Bertil Mårtensson, Sven Christer Swahn, Denis Lindbohm, Börje Crona och andra. De pro-

ducerar främst romaner. Den svenska novellmarknaden är mikroskopisk, eftersom svenska prozines föredrar översatt material (oftast från engelska). En sf-roman kan förläggas nästan var som helst, men betecknas ibland inte som "sf". Det finns tre specialinriktade sf-förlägg — *Delta*, *LFP* och *Fakta & Fantasi* — och två prozines (*Jules Verne Magasinet* och *Nova SF*).

Även om en del kan tjäna sitt levebröd på att förlägga, redigera och översätta sf, kan ingen i dag få mer än en deltidsinkomst från att skriva originalberättelser. Skälet för detta är att den svenska sf-marknaden (ca. 125 böcker per år) domineras av översättningar. De populäraste utländska författarna är trenigheten Clarke-Asimov-Heinlein. Andra med många översatta böcker är Le Guin, Anderson, Vance, Aldiss, Harrison, Herbert, Laumer; King är naturligtvis en stor stjärna. D Adams är mycket uppskattad inom sin genre för humoristisk sf. Lem är det ledande namnet från den ickeengelskspråkiga världen.

I allmänhet kan sägas att ställningen för sf i Sverige verkar förbättras, sakta men säkert. TV och biografier visar mer sf än någonsin, och tidningar och kritiker börjar behandla genren mer seriöst.

THE SWEDISH POPULATION IS roughly 1/25th that of the United States, so the Swedish SF/fantasy market is of course quite limited. I've read figures saying that the number of "regular SF readers" (however you define that) can be estimated at 20,000. By comparison, the number of organised fans is around 1,000. While SF readers are a limited group, SF film viewers seem not to be. SF films are seen by anyone, just as ordinary adventure pictures. Who cares if the adventure is placed in space or not?

There are a few successful Swedish SF writers: Sam J. Lundwall, Bertil Mårtensson, Sven Christer Swahn, Denis

Lindbohm, Börje Crona and others. Their output is mainly novels. The Swedish short story market is microscopic, since Swedish prozines prefer translated material (mostly from English). An SF novel can be sold almost anywhere, but sometimes it may not be labelled "SF". There are three specialised SF publishers — *Delta*, *LFP* and *Fakta & Fantasi* — and two prozines (*Jules Verne Magasinet* and *Nova SF*).

While some people can make a living out of publishing, editing and translating SF, no one currently can get more than a part-time income from writing original SF material, because the Swedish SF market (around 125 books a year) is dominated by translations. The most popular foreign authors are the Clarke-Asimov-Heinlein trinity. Others with many translated books are Le Guin, Anderson, Vance, Aldiss, Harrison, Herbert, Laumer; King is of course a superstar. D. Adams is much appreciated in his genre of humorous SF. Lem is the leading name from the non-English world.

The situation for SF in Sweden seems generally to be improving, slowly but steadily. TV and the cinema are showing more SF than ever, and the press and the critics are beginning to treat the field more seriously.

UK

BY STEPHEN JONES & JO FLETCHER

1986 KICKED OFF WITH THE BRITISH publishing industry still reeling from a number of major amalgamations and takeovers: Century bought up Hutchinson and its associated paperback links, Penguin swallowed up Michael Joseph, Hamish Hamilton, Sphere and Rainbird, as well as crossing the Atlantic to buy New American Library; Collins renamed its former Granada imprint Grafton Books and fused its general hardcover line with its paperback house Fontana, while

Allen & Unwin merged with Bell and Hyman to form Unwin Hyman. Headline and Bloomsbury, two major new independent publishing houses, were launched, and The London Book Fair celebrated its 15th anniversary with the usual lack of emphasis on genre fiction.

At the beginning of the year, Gollancz and the Sunday Times newspaper announced a joint SF short story competition, which attracted more than 1,000 entries. Timed to tie-in with the March launch of the Gollancz Classic SF trade paperback line, it marked the publisher's 25th year at the forefront of the field, and was followed by the announcement of a mass-marked SF paperback line to appear in Spring 1987.

New genre lines were also launched by Unwin Hyman (Orion), Grafton (Paladin, as a classy fiction imprint), Arrow, Greenhill Books (library classic hardcovers), Kerosina (a new small press hardcover imprint) and Century Hutchinson (a SF and fantasy hardcover line).

Major advances included Douglas Adams' two-book £500,000 deal from Heinemann/Penn, a similar figure for Clive Barker from Collins/Fontana for two books, and Gollancz's own record figure for Arthur C. Clarke's *Cradle*. Concentrated publicity boosts were given to James Herbert's *The Magic Cottage* with a £350,000 promotion, and £45,000 and £32,000 were spent, respectively, on Stephen King's *It* and Clive Barker's *The Damnation Game*.

On the magazine front, *Interzone*, Britain's only SF magazine (and main purveyor of imaginative short fiction) continued to improve with four issues and a trend towards dark fantasy. David Pringle resigned as editor of the scholarly SF journal *Foundation* to concentrate on *Interzone*, and he was replaced by Edward James. *Fantasy Tales* managed two issues, and we saw the emergence of sleazy horror film magazines

Shock Xpress and *Samhain*, while Cthulhu Mythos fanzines and fantasy gaming publications continued to thrive and media magazine *Starburst* celebrated its 100th issue.

On the political scene, the worrying Obscene Publications (Amendment) Bill was successfully 'talked out' of Parliament and the video nasties debate lost most of its momentum.

In the media, Ken Campbell's Science Fiction Theatre of Liverpool staged Sturgeon's *Some of Your Blood* under the title *Psychosis Unclassified*. BBC-TV finally revived *Dr. Who* in the autumn, but actor Colin Baker was subsequently sacked, and an E.E.C. committee suggested that the next Doctor should be a woman. Meanwhile, successful author Clive Barker made his film directing debut with *Hellraiser*.

The Arthur C. Clarke Award was announced, with judges chosen from the British Science Fiction Association, the SF Foundation and the Science Policy Foundation. £1,000, donated by Clarke, will be awarded annually to the best SF novel published in the U.K.

The BSFA announced its 1986 awards at **Albacon III**, the Easter SF convention held in Glasgow with Joe Haldeman as Guest of Honour. Winners included Brian Aldiss' *Helliconia Winter*, Dave Langford's short story *Cube Root*, the movie *Brazil* and artist Jim Burns. Other conventions included **Fifteencon**, at which Andromeda Bookshop celebrated its 15th anniversary, **XIICon** in Glasgow with David Brin and Harry Harrison as co-Guests of Honour, and E.C. Tubb and Chris Evans sharing the honour at **Novacon 16**. At the British Fantasy Society's **Fantasycon XI** in September, Dennis Etchison, Jody Scott and Samantha Lee were the Guests, and the British Fantasy Awards were presented to artist J.K. Potter, *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, *Fantasy Tales* edited by Steve Jones & David Sutton, Clive Barker's *The*

Forbidden and T.E.D. Klein's *The Ceremonies*. Greg Pickersgill won TAFF and journeyed to **Confederation** in Atlanta.

In retrospect, 1986 proved uninspiring for British SF and fantasy, though was notable for the number of new and combined publishing houses and larger advances for genre authors — a trend likely to continue this year. **Conspiracy '87** should do a lot to stir up interest amongst Britain's more complacent publishers and the growth of genre titles from new and established imprints bode well for 1987.

Steven Jones and Jo Fletcher are Contributing Editors to Science Fiction Chronicle, edited by Andrew Porter, and the above report is condensed by permission from the full summary of the year published in the March 1987 issue of SFC.

USA

CHARLES N. BROWN

1986 WAS THE YEAR WE DROWNED IN books. *Locus* counted 1,502 titles published in America considered SF and fantasy by the publishers — and that didn't include near-future thrillers, many "magic realism" fantasies, and other borderland items. There were 846 brand new titles — another record. That's 2.32 new books per day. If you read 16 books per week, and never took a day off, you could almost keep up.

Unsurprisingly, sales were not as good as in 1985. There were more books returned by booksellers — not only because of lower sales per book but also because of lack of room. Thus the time a specific book was on sale also went down, leading to lower sales, etc. It's a downward moving spiral hard to break unless the publishers concentrate on fewer books. Indeed, the top of each list sold well, and the minor books hardly sold at all. Several publishers have cut their lists, but others are more than willing to take up the slack. Science fiction accounts for some 10% of the fiction titles, a slightly higher percentage of the sales, and an even higher percentage of the

profit, because it has a longer shelf life and better reissue potential. 146 publishers (another record) did SF books last year.

There were 294 science fiction books published, and the quality as well as the quantity was high.

There were 263 new fantasy novels — a 50% increase over 1985. 61 of these were horror; many of the others were the beginnings or middles of interchangeable trilogies; but there was still some outstanding work.

It was a good year for first novelists. There were 47 of them, with SF predominating over fantasy. Some were finished products; most were more interesting for the future they promise. Some of these authors will be the stars of tomorrow. It was an excellent year for collections. Among the 67 published were a baker's half-dozen of outstanding work by authors who have never published collections before, and there were several 1986 works of non-fiction which should be added to your permanent reference shelf.

A number of authors received seven-figure advances for one-, two- or three-book contracts, among them Douglas Adams, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Robert A. Heinlein, Dean R. Koontz and Arthur C. Clarke. Jean Auel's *The Mammoth Hunters* had a first printing by Crown of a million copies — the largest fiction first printing ever. It headed the bestseller lists for most of the year, and even made the Swedish list without benefit of translation.

Six-figure sums, once the province of only general bestseller authors, were earned by William Gibson, Gregory Benford, Poul and Karen Anderson, Katherine Kurtz, Clive Barker, Piers Anthony (from two different publishers!), Joe Haldeman, C.J. Cherryh, Jack Chalker, Frederik Pohl, Robert Silverberg, Joan Vinge, and probably many others too bashful to talk about it.

In publishing, this was the year when big fish were swallowed by

bigger fish. The reasons behind these mergers were given as foreign investment, (we in America are the foreigners[!]), economies of scale, and vertical integration. The last is specially important to authors who prefer hard/soft contracts where they get to keep 100% of the royalties. Will this feeding frenzy affect science fiction? Not much. The biggest authors, the ones who make the *NY Times* bestseller list, will probably make more money. The rest of us will be unaffected. Science fiction is best published by individuals who work within a company as combination editor/publisher/art director/marketing expert. It's more important that a publisher hired an experienced SF editor than that the company was sold. Some publishers cut their lists in 1986, others expanded, and others started major programmes. SF publishers are a hardy breed. If one vanishes, two others take its place.

There is also a vigorous small press. Indeed, the line between

the larger small press operations and the smaller publishers is disappearing. Instead of just doing limited editions and fine books, several small presses are originating books, keeping them in print, and selling rights to the major publishers. The small press used to be the only source of science fiction reference books. University presses and library publishers are doing most of these now, but some of the best non-fiction is still coming from the small press publishers.

It was pretty much a flat year for the magazines. Circulation was up slightly for *Amazing*, *Analog*, and *F&SF*, down for *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine* (though Gardner Dozois did a good job in his first year as editor) and for *Twilight Zone*. *Omni* published 20 SF stories and had unchanged circulation — still greater than all the SF magazines combined.

In the movie world, SF films grossed substantially less in 1986 than in the two preceding years, SF and fantasy films still ac-

counted for more than a quarter of the gross among the top ten films, and 15% of the total for all films: not a bad performance. The two big hits were *Star Trek IV* (over \$81,000,000) and *Aliens* (\$78,000,000), sixth and seventh in the year's top ten. *The Golden Child* was tenth with \$52,000,000 despite a panning from the critics. Video rentals and sales are increasing in importance, and bring new life to box-office failures like *Dune* and *2010*. On TV, *Star Trek: The Next Generation* is set to begin filming in 1987, with David Gerrold as consultant.

In the world of fandom, **Con-federation**, the 44th Worldcon, was a pleasant, hospitable convention in Atlanta, Georgia with 5,500 attendees, a gracious and approachable Guest of Honour in Ray Bradbury, and one extra feature never before seen at a convention — the Marriott Marquis Hotel, with its 50-storey lobby shaped halfway between the props for H.G. Wells' *Things to Come* and the inside of *Alien* — a totally appropriate setting.

Overall trends in 1986 included Cyberpunk, pro and con; the expansion of shared-world anthologies, fantasy trilogies, and horror novels; problems with oversize conventions; publishers merging; and chain bookstore expansion problems. I fearlessly predict that during 1987 some of these will continue, some will not — and there will be new ones for 1987. ●

Charles N. Brown edits Locus, the newspaper of the science fiction field. This report is a much condensed version of one prepared for Best Science Fiction of the Year 16, edited by Terry Carr.

CONTRIVANCE

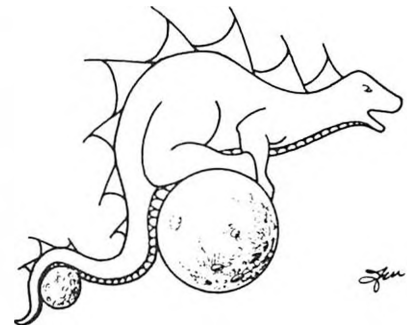
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OF WORLDCONS PAST

THIRTY YEARS HAVE GONE BY since the Worldcon, then a mere 15 years old, first strayed out of its home in North America and crossed over the Atlantic for a visit to London. Since that date it has made trips to Australia, Europe and reappeared in Britain over the years as the brash, slim youth has grown into a large middle-aged adult. Not only has the number of attendees increased dramatically, by a factor of 10 or more, but the whole scale of the event has grown.

For all of the changes many things remain the same. Back in 1957 a fresh faced Chuck Harris had the following reaction to 1957's Loncon 1:

I know what Damon Knight meant when he referred to our conventions as a sort of "love-feast". No matter how disillusioned and cynical you get with fandom, once you have checked into the Con hotel, and gotten lost in the melee, all the resentment and feelings of ineffectuality vanish and are replaced by a sense of contentment and, more important, kinship.

Here there are 268 people who share my viewpoint, who accepted me as one of themselves, and who were, in varying degrees maybe, pleased to see me. I FOUND MY SENSE OF WONDER. I discovered I was just a goshwow boy at heart, and I skittered about meeting Big Names, getting people to sign my programme booklet, talking myself hoarse, and, well, having myself a hell of a wonderful time. (1)

If you keep your eyes peeled, you might just notice a hint of that sense of wonder in the 1987 Chuck Harris, but of the fresh faced youth? Perhaps....



Programmes have not stayed the same, though. Here there have been major changes — whether this is a result of the increasing numbers of attendees, or vice versa, it is difficult to say but one thing is certain they have gone hand in hand. At the 1957 and 1965 conventions the programme was much thinner, both the book and the number of items, than today and you stood a good chance of getting to see everything! Just take a look at one day's programme for each con.

More than anything, these show the changing nature of the Worldcon over the years and possibly reflects the SF fandom that organised them. By comparison with conventions of the seventies and eighties, Loncon I appears to be a "relaxacon" — where else would you stage a Grand International Tea-Drinking Contest or A Demonstration of Hynotism (sic)?

Eight years later and the programme had developed more serious elements. The Guest of Honour, Brian Aldiss, acted as moderator for a panel discussion of SF in Europe and Harry Harrison's talk was called "SF — the salvation of the modern novel?". However the Loncon 2 programme did maintain contact with its roots, featuring a fanzine discussion and a revival of the Knight's of St Fantasy Ceremony. All this was on one main programme.

But just look at the plethora of events at Seacon 79 — even a pair of roller skates wouldn't have helped you see 50% of it! Multi stream programming was the way forward. The worldcon in 1979 can only be described as a multi-media mega-event — or as Chairman Peter Weston liked to call it, "my three-ring circus".

Reports of past conventions can be very boring, full of people who've now disappeared into the ether, events that were of interest only to those present, but as a convention recedes into the mists of time, certain aspects invariably gain interest. It's fun to read reports of first meetings between well known people. Back in 1957, a young James White reported the following 'close encounter'.

The place was fairly crowded and

I caught sight of the Silverbergs talking to someone whose broad back was towards me. I sneered a greeting and suddenly found myself confronted by the equally broad-shouldered front of no less a personage than John W Campbell himself. I got the sneer wiped off just in time, shook hands and fought an overwhelming urge to bump my forehead three times against the floor. (2)

It's interesting to see the same things happening now as did then and to see the prices! Back in 1965 Charles Winstone's convention report made the following comment about Loncon II's banquet:

The Banquet (35/- for a meal!) was a disappointing affair but was livened up afterwards by the speeches. (2)

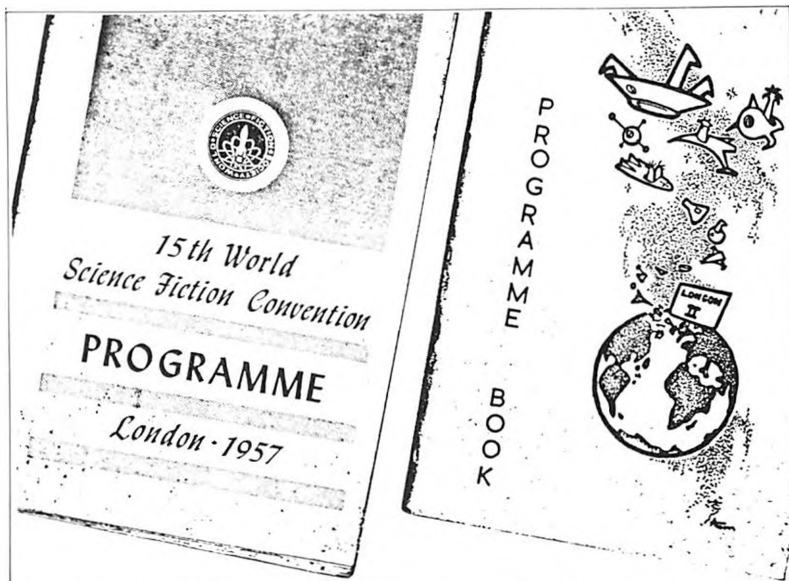
Now that could be transposed straight into a con report from almost anytime — apart of course for the price which, for those who don't remember pre-decimal currency, represented £1.75!! In 1957 of course the banquet was even cheaper and Chuck Harris had the following comments to make:

For 13/6 we had iced cantaloupe melon, soup, roast duck with orange sauce, fruit salad, coffee and wine. I thought it was a most reasonable price, and they weren't mean with the wine either. It was a very sharp red Medoc, and although I did not care for it with duckling, it was at least a drink. Connoisseur Walt Willis summed it up nicely. He sipped it, rolled it around his mouth in the approved manner, sniffed the bouquet, and considered his judgement. "Hmmmmmmmmm," he said impressively, "imported," (1)*

* That's 68 pence today

Moving onto the 1965 banquet and in particular the after-lunch speeches which included:

Arthur C Clarke entitling his talk, "How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Stanley Kubrick." He had been commissioned to write a book about space for Time-Life and had met Kubrick in New York with the idea of an epic space film



on the lines of How The Solar System Was Won. The provisional title of the film "Journey Beyond the Stars" had now been changed to "2001 — The Space Odyssey", with screenplay by Kubrick and Clarke. It is difficult showing convincing extraterrestrials, said Clarke, and it was not true that Peter Sellers was going to play them all. "Though Peter was willing," he added. Clarke said that he hoped it could become the contemporary space travel film, the Destination Moon of the 1970's. (4)

There is no doubt that the after-lunch speeches were one of the highlights of the 1965 convention and included Terry Carr, then on his TAFF trip, making a speech about the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. Sadly Terry's death this year robs us of the opportunity of meeting him at **Conspiracy**. He will be missed by all in the science fiction world.

The speeches included a "Mystery Speaker" who...

turned out to be Robert Bloch, much to the delight of the assembly. "I'm so pleased to be here today in...er," Bloch began, referring to a card, "London." He said that he was feeling a little drunk — "George O. Smith breathed on me" and that he was in London to make a new film, "Mary Poppins Meets the Wolfman." (4)

The Hugo Awards were presented, by Robert Silverberg, after the speeches whilst both in 1957 and 1979 there were separate programme items for these.

Of course history repeats itself as Charles Brown reported of Seacon 79

The price for a mediocre banquet was incredible and the cost for wine with the meal was astronomical. (6)

The 1979 Worldcon was approached by many fans in Britain with great apprehension, as Kev Smith explains

. . . the Worldcon was going to be different, wasn't it? . . . It was going to be BIG, for one thing, and so it turned out. It was seven times as big as the previous biggie, Sykcon. There were going to be foreigners there, too. We've had foreigners before, but only in small, easy-to-handle numbers. At Seacon, we Brits were outnumbered by foreigners — about three to one. It was going to be expensive. . . (5)

And he was right too, in fact it was so different, big, expensive and full of foreigners that British fandom as we knew it never quite recovered. There were, in fact, very few full convention reports from established fans. Very much in common with reports of the 1957 event they tend to try to provide a feeling of the atmosphere of the convention rather

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

than a blow by blow report of each programme item as the 1965 reports do. Here are a few snippets to give a feeling of 1979.

KEV SMITH — *I felt at home . . . The feel was fannish and familiar, but there were lots of new people who fitted in and contributed to it. Legendary American fans and unknown British neos — I was meeting both for the first time — added enough vitality to break up the established rounds of British fandom without ruining its fannish ambience. It was great, I tell you! But don't ask me how life was outside the fanroom.* (5)

DAVE BRIDGES — *If this was a Worldcon, the Americans are welcome to them.* (5)

CHARLES BROWN — *Sights to remember ... Christopher Reeve carefully signing a balloon... Brian Aldiss dancing on a table... bagpipers marching at the opening ceremony...pro's in silly hats ...Arthur C Clarke dashing in (and out) of an elevator...* (6)

Wonder what comments about **Conspiracy** are going to be taken out of context for a quick laugh in another 15 or so years; time. Let's hope we'll be around to see.

It is difficult to tell from the official convention publications or contemporary reports how the organisational mechanisms operated for these conventions. One thing is obvious though with membership numbers in the hundreds a small committee was all that was necessary to run the

event and for Loncon 2 the chairman even had the opportunity to reply to membership enquiries personally. By 1979 things had grown in size somewhat with the core committee delegating much of the work to sub-committees. The use of high-tech aids was not with us though—all the membership records were kept on index cards and mailing labels were typed out by hand! Small computers were still beyond the reach of the average fan. Would anybody even conceive of doing a convention of almost any size today without the help of electronics? It's interesting to find the following report from a panel "A Robot in the Executive Suite" at Loncon 2 where Poul Anderson revealed that Life Magazine employs IBM computers to conduct its subscriptions department. He told the story of a particular humid New York day upon which one of the Life computers got a little out of hand, sending some three thousand subscription renewal notices to one man who happened to be a sheep herder living out in the wilds of Montana. The local post office had to take a special truck out to the sheep herder who was at the time out tending his sheep. He returned to find his porch piled high with sacks of letters. He went through them all and then sat down and sent a cheque to the magazine's President with the attached note, "You win!"

Acknowledgments: Thanks to the following for providing the research material for this article: Vincent Clarke, Ethel Lindsey and Rob Hansen.

The quotes are from:

- (1) Lonconfidential — ed. Chuck Harris
- (2) Hyphen 19 — eds. Walt Willis and James White
- (3) Vector 35 — ed. Roger Peyton
- (4) Skyrack 83 — ed. Ron Bennett
- (5) Ansible 2/3 — ed. Dave Langford
- (6) Locus 225 — ed. Charles N Brown

SEACON '79
37th World Science Fiction Convention

BANQUET RESERVATION FORM
6.30 for 7.00 pm, Sunday 26th August 1979
Winter Gardens Ballroom, Hotel Metropole, Brighton
Dress optional

MENU
Cornets de Saumon Fumé Joinville
(Cornets of Smoked Salmon with Prawns)
Queue de Boeuf Claire au Madère
(Clear Ox Tail Soup with Madeira)
Paillettes au Chester
(Cheese Straws)
Aloyau de Boeuf Mexicaine
(Sirloin of Beef with Onions, Capsicums and Mushrooms in a rich red wine sauce)
Petits Pois à la Menthe
(Minted Garden Peas)
Pommes Olivette
(Small Olive-shaped Roast Potatoes)
Vacherin aux Framboises
(Meringue and Cream Gateau with Raspberries)
Café (office)

MORNING PROGRAMME
11.00AM
12.00 NOON
1.00PM

ROOM
TS 9.30AM - MEETING

FILM PROGRAMME
ILLUSION & REALITY by L Sprague
GUEST OF HONOUR PROFILE
Fritz Leiber in conversation with Chelsea Quinn Yarbro
FILM CRITICS - panel with John Baxter, John Brosnan, Denis Gifford, Philip Strick
A NEW DISCOVERY IN ARCHAEOLOGY - amazing revelations by Wilson Tucker AT 12.30PM - DAN DARE - PILOT OF THE FUTURE - slide presentation by Alan Vince. Followed by discussion with Frank Hampson

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MYTH AND HILLSTONES: THE GREEN WING IN SF speech by Tom Shippey
MOVIE MAGIC: SPECIAL EFFECTS ON FILM - panel with Derek Meddings and Philip Strick

GUEST
BRIAN ALDIS

THE MAN

BRITISH FANDOM CHAT

F

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T A F F

JEANNE GOMOLL
1987 TAFF winner

by Patrick Nielsen Hayden



Jeanne Gomoll?

“Most of the photographs of Jeanne that I’ve seen,” writes Avedon Carol, “show her grinning widely, usually with her body in some sort of unlikely awkward position. In memory, Jeanne is always like that for me, though I know I’ve often seen her sitting upright, listening carefully, or intently unravelling some complex issue. I have no difficulty imagining her bent over the drawing board where she produces the illustrations that have appeared in so many fanzines, or devoting her intense analysis to the detailed examination of some tricky political matter. But those photographs seem to capture the Jeanne Gomoll I know best — the woman who appears to live life with a breadth and fullness which is as open and genuine as that bright smile.” And Spike Parsons remarks: “In the five-or-so years I’ve known Jeanne, we’ve lived pages of anecdotes together — I say *pages* because of her uncanny ability to spot the best stories and write them up herself! So I can’t tell you much that you haven’t already read. It’s true, the woman really can’t spell, and she really did fudge her own zine title right in the first issue’s banner. And it’s true that she’s as determinedly healthy as she looks — we first met at the local YWCA, me struggling through my sit-ups while she hoisted hundreds of

pounds of steel. What else do you need to know?” Lots, probably, but in its own order.

Jeanne Gomoll entered fandom around 1974, when she helped found the modern-day Madison, Wisconsin SF club and their convention **WisCon**, then and now the only regular convention with a specific emphasis on discussions of SF in a feminist context. For the club, she also co-edited (with Janice Bogstad) 17 issues of the provocative and popular *JANUS*, probably the best feminist fanzine ever; since its mutation into the collectively edited *AURORA*, she’s continued to be involved with it as a writer and illustrator. From 1976 to 1982 she was an active member of the Woman’s Apa, publishing for it the outstanding personalzine *OBSESSIONS*, and she has been five times nominated for the Hugo Award (three times as a co-editor of *JANUS* and twice in the Best Artist category). Today she publishes a generally-available personalzine, *WHIMS’Y*, and contributes art and writing to fanzines throughout the English-speaking world.

As she’ll tell you, Jeanne identifies politically as a feminist, and moreover as a product — or even instigator — of the wave of talented feminists that appeared in American fandom during the middle and late 1970s. Furthermore, it’s an unfortunate truism, historically, that too much of a certain sort of mundane “political” discourse (rhetorical, hortatory, over abstracted) tends to polarize fandom, thus vitiating the microcosm’s usefulness as a common ground on which severely diverse people can converse in mutual respect. Jeanne’s fannish career has been an object lesson in how to avoid this polarization, as Avedon Carol details: “Well, sometimes, of course, Jeanne had more sense than the rest of us — she never let theory get in the way of friendship, and managed to stay out of some of the less friendly discussions we had from

1987 DELEGATES

time to time. Jeanne always had a knack for examining a subject without letting a thoughtless word make the analysis cut too close to the bone for anyone." Which is an excellent knack to have. It isn't *just* that she's personally good-natured and fun to talk to (though she is), it's also that she knows how to make points with reference to authentic individual experience — usually her own. Which is what fan writing is for. Rhetoric insists, but stories persist: and what Jeanne writes is almost couched in the form of stories, leading the reader to connect from specific event to general principle. Which is to say that even Jeanne's most "political" writing runs straight down the middle of the best traditions of fanzine prose: the individual perspective, honestly presented, free of pretension and without a false note.

Greg Pickersgill interjects his own observation, subsequent to the several days he spent in Madison on his own TAFF trip last year: "Mainly, she's enthusiastic...really excited about stuff, and it's catching, and I find myself *hugely* interested in all manner of things around and *talk-ing* to her like a human being or something, you know? That's the main thing."

That's the main thing, and a great and fundamental main thing it is, too. Jeanne's particular skills make her a natural for the job of TAFF delegate, which is probably how she got the job. Don't watch her from a distance: introduce yourself, have a conversation, that's what she's here for. I could go on to further remarks — on her oddly sophisticated fanart, her unique style as a layout artist, the particular strengths of her many excellent fanzines (with digressions, no doubt, on the influence on these matters of her mundane career as a cartographer), but I won't. Instead I'll let Avedon sum it up: "Anyone who believes that American fandom was boring in

the seventies must have been living in an alternative universe. Jeanne was one of the people who made it a truly exciting period, and she still manages to generate work filled with that same infectious laughter and intense enthusiasm. She continues to be an important part of WisCon, a contributor to *AURORA*, a damned good fan editor, and first-class company in any gathering of fans." ○

What is TAFF?

Well you should ask. Less an organization than an evolving tradition, TAFF — the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund — has been selecting notable North American fans and sending them to large European conventions (usually the British Eastercon), and picking worthy European fans for shipment to large North American conventions (usually the Worldcon), for well over thirty years. Inspired by the success of the fund raised in 1952 to bring Walt Willis from Belfast to the second Chicago Worldcon, TAFF was founded in 1953 by Willis, Chuck Harris, Don Ford, and other leading fans, with two basic purposes: to promote increased contact between the fandoms on each side of the Atlantic, and to honor those whom voters feel have worked toward this goal. Candidates are put up for election by committees of nominators, and voted on by interested fans who donate at least £1 or \$1 and who can certify that they've been in active fandom since before a certain date. The candidate thus selected then makes the trip, administers the fund on their side of the Atlantic until the election of their successor, and (ideally) publishes a trip report describing what they saw and did. There's more detail to it than that, but that's the essence; that, and the fact that all the money spent is raised through contributions from fandom, via auctions, donations from convention committee surpluses, and outright individual generos-

ity. For more information any aspect of the Fund, feel free to talk to either of the TAFF administrators at **Conspiracy**: Greg Pickersgill (7A Lawrence Rd, South Ealing, London W5 4XJ) or Jeanne Gomoll (Box 1443, Madison WI, 53701 USA). Additionally, there may be any of a variety of TAFF fund-raising events at the convention, which you miss at your own peril: wonders undreamt-of, mere pennies for aged pulps or \$50 for souvenir ashtrays from Fat George's Official Zydeco Backroom. Not to mention authentically classic old fanzines: be there.

Since 1954, TAFF has sponsored a trans-Atlantic trip in one direction or the other nearly every year, alternating between European delegates to North America and North American delegates to Europe. The list of those so honored since the Fund's inception follows. Many of these people, still around and about in fandom will be at **Conspiracy**: sound them out for the stories they can tell. ●

Year	Country	TAFF delegate
1954	Britain	A. Vincent Clarke ¹
1955	Britain	Ken Bulmer
1956	United States	Lee Hoffman ²
1957	United States	Bob Madle
1958	Britain	Ron Bennett
1959	United States	Don Ford
1960	Britain	Eric Bentcliffe
1961	United States	Ron Ellik
1962	Britain	Ethel Lindsay
1963	United States	Wally Weber
1964	Britain	Arthur (ATom) Thomson
1965	United States	Terry Carr
1966	W. Germany	Tom Schluck
1968	United States	Steve Stiles
1969	Britain	Eddie Jones
1970	United States	Elliot Shorter
1971	Italy	Mario Bosnyak
1973	United States	Len & June Moffat
1974	Britain	Peter Weston
1976	United States	Roy Tackett & Bill Bowers ³
1977	Britain	Peter Roberts
1979	United States	Terry Hughes
1980	Britain	Dave Langford
1981	United States	Stu Shiffman
1982	Britain	Kevin Smith
1983	United States	Avedon Carol
1984	Britain	Rob Hansen
1985	United States	Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden
1986	Britain	Greg Pickersgill
1987	United States	Jeanne Gomoll

Footnotes

- 1) Unable to make trip.
- 2) Declined funds.
- 3) Election tied; funds insufficient to send both; Bowers withdrew.

FOR SUCH A YOUNG BLOKE IRWIN Hirsh seems to have been around the fannish scene since Adam (or John Foyster — take your pick) was a lad. Now, in 1987 as the winner of GUFF (the Get Up-and-over Fan Fund), Irwin has been honoured by his fellow fans as the one Australian best suited to represent Australian fandom to *Conspiracy* attendees. A better choice would have been difficult to find.

I suppose it would be safe to say that the blame for Irwin's arrival in fandom can be placed directly at the door of Andrew Brown. For it was he (Andrew that is) who first came into contact with Irwin way back in 1972 when these two fresh-faced youths were attending a progressive Melbourne secondary school called ERA. Contact may have occurred and a friendship started, but Irwin is not one to be seduced easily, as his total non-involvement in that school's SF club testifies.

The years ticked by: **Aussiecon** in 1975 came and went, other cons flitted by and still Irwin maintained his (should I say it?) fannish virginity.

But this was not to last forever. In 1977 Irwin blossomed from wallflower to fannish fan in what seems, ten years on, to have been almost indecent haste. At that time Oz fandom seemed to be nearly dominated by APAs [*amateur press associations — Ed.*] — they were springing up all over the country — yet were all following in the footsteps of that grand old lady ANZAPA. Not one to be left

G U F F

IRWIN HIRSH
1987 GUFF winner
Perry Middlemiss
with the assistance
of Andrew Brown



back in the shade now that he had made his run, Irwin joined writers such as Bangsund, Foyster, Gillespie, Ashby, Edmonds and Grigg in ANZAPA's pages and a new force in Australian fandom was born.

APA and letter-hacking continued to be Irwin's main fortes for the next few years until, in 1979, he perceived there was a gap in mainstream Australian fanzine fandom and moved to fill it with his genzine *Sikander*. Its debut in October 1979 was rather an auspicious start, having contributors of the calibre of Eric Lindsay, John Bangsun and Leigh Edmonds, especially as 1979 was also the first year of his media studies course at Rusden State College. *Sikander* has been in continuous, somewhat erratic

publications since 1979 and has been characterised as much by Irwin's lackadaisical approach to spelling and grammar as by its contributors. This fanzine has delighted and offended many fans over the years — who can forget the impact of Ted White's huge and accurate review of Australian fanzines in 1983 which caused such a furore — yet few will say it hasn't been, at the bottom line, extremely enjoyable.

Since 1979, Irwin has been involved in starting the fannish newszine *Thyme* with Andrew Brown, producing it for 18 issues (it is now edited by Roger Weddall and Peter Burns), and *Larrikin* with Perry Middlemiss (monthly since June 1986). There have been cons to attend and run, film programmes to organise and, of course, cricket and Australian football matches to attend, while still maintaining *Sikander* as one of the best fannish fanzines Australia has produced.

Som much for his fannish background, but what is Irwin really like? Well, if I was to say that he had the shy unassuming nature of a Bruce Gillespie with the quintessential fannishness of a John Foyster, would that help? No, I suppose not. How about: he's smaller than the two previous Australian GUFF winners (John Foyster in 1979 and Justin Ackroyd in 1983), and larger than the two British winners (Joseph Nicholas in 1981 and Eve Harvey in 1985)? Then I can't help you. All I can add is that Irwin (along with his wife Wendy) will be attending **Conspiracy** as Austr-



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lia's fannish representative. Other than that nothing more need be said.

GUFF, the Fan Fund Eve Harvey

WHAT IS GUFF? A FAN FUND. A WAY for many people to put some money together to send one lucky person on a free holiday. That is one view of fan funds, and at its basest it could be the truth, but there must be something more to explain the plethora of funds around today — TAFF (the most venerable), DUFF, FFANZ, SEFF and GUFF to name but a few. GUFF — the Going Under Fan Fund or the Get Up-and-over Fan Fund depending on the departure point — was first mooted in 1977 by Chris Priest and Dave Langford to establish further contact between Australasia and Europe by sending a delegate from one to the other alternately. The very first delegate was John Foyster, who attended *Seacon '79*, and so it is an anniversary of sorts for the 1987 delegate to be attending this, Britain's second Brighton Worldcon.

For GUFF, the "something extra" which explains its importance and continuation is communication. With the distances involved from almost anywhere in the world to Australasia, regular contact can only be in writing, particularly through fanzines. The few recent Australian fanzines often do not reflect the fandom adequately. Chris Priest's reason for starting this fund was this very lack. I remember very well his reaction following a trip out there: "I'd never realised what a great group of fans they've got. You just *must* meet them," or words to that effect!

If you want further information on GUFF, please write to me as UK administrator: Eve Harvey, 43 Harrow Road, Carshalton, Surrey SM5 3QH, U.K., or to the Australian Administrator, now Irwin Hirsh, 2/416 Dandenong Road, Caulfield North, Victoria 31161, Australia. ●

Iain M Banks

CONSIDER PHLEBAS

A Science Fiction Novel

From the author of
The Wasp Factory,
an epic space opera . . .

"Best British writer of his generation" *Vector*

"Masterful" *New Musical Express*

"Serious but playful" *City Limits*

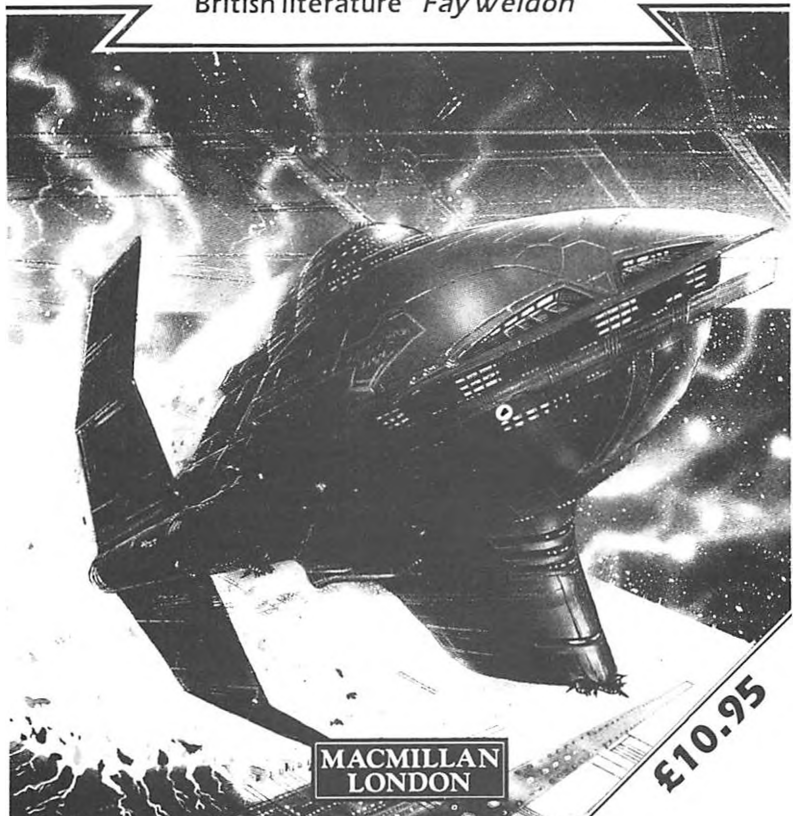
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complete mastery of the surreal" *The Times*

"Great artistry, great virtuosity,

great exuberance" *New Statesman*

"The great white hope of contemporary
British literature" *Fay Weldon*



HUGO AWARDS

THE HUGO AND OTHER AWARDS

SINCE 1953, ANNUAL SCIENCE Fiction Achievement Awards have been given by Worldcons to the people and works voted best in the SF field. The award trophy, nicknamed "Hugo" after the pioneer editor of *Amazing Stories* magazine, Hugo Gernsback, is a rocket ship about a foot tall. Inspired by an American car hood ornament, it was originally designed by Ben Jason and Jack McKnight. The bases on which the ships stand are designed by each year's Worldcon committee; currently the Hugo Awards themselves are manufactured in the U.K. under the supervision of Peter Weston.

The Hugo has always been awarded by popular vote of the

Worldcon membership. Since 1959, the nominations have been by popular vote as well. The categories for which a Hugo is given have varied over the years, but have been codified with increasing precision in the Constitution of the World Science Fiction Society (printed elsewhere in this Souvenir Book).

The Hugo is not the only award in the SF field: the Science Fiction Writers of America give the Nebula, various other awards are given in the United States by groups, conventions and magazines, and most countries round the world with major fan groups give their own national awards. In the U.K. the British Science Fiction Association has been giving

its award since 1966, and the recent Arthur C. Clarke Award is the latest, prestigious addition to the list. The special value of the Hugo is its worldwide voting base within the SF community: broader than any other.

Since 1973, Worldcon members have also voted the John W. Campbell Award for the year's best new writer. Convention committees have also from time to time given special awards to the particularly deserving.

On Sunday August 30th, the 1987 Science Fiction Achievement Awards will be announced. Here is the list of past winners, followed by the nominees for this year's Hugo and Campbell Awards. ○

1953

Novel: *The Demolished Man* by Alfred Bester

Professional Magazine: *Galaxy* and *Astounding* (tie)

Excellence in Fact Articles:
Willy Ley

Cover Artist Ed Emshwiller and Hannes Bok (tie)

Interior Illustrator: Virgil Finlay
New SF Author: Philip Jose Farmer
Number 1 Fan Personality:
Forrest J Ackerman

1954

(No Awards Given)

1955

Novel: *They'd Rather Be Right* by Mark Clifton and Frank Riley

Novelette: *The Darfsteller* by Walter M. Miller, Jr.

Short Story: *Allamagoosa* by Eric Frank Russell

Magazine: *Astounding*

Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Fan Magazine: *Fantasy Times*

(James V. Taurasi, Sr. and Ray Van Houten, eds.)

Special Award: Sam Moskowitz as "Mystery Guest" and for his work on past conventions.

1956

Novel: *Double Star* by Robert A. Heinlein

Novelette: *Exploration Team* by Murray Leinster

Short Story: *The Star* by Arthur C. Clarke

Feature Writer: Willy Ley

Magazine: *Astounding*

Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Fanzine: *Inside & Science Fiction Advertiser* (Ron Smith, ed.)

Most Promising New Author:

Robert Silverberg

Book Reviewer: Damon Knight

1957

American Professional Magazine: *Astounding*

British Professional Magazine:

New Worlds

Fan Magazine: *Science-Fiction Times* (James V. Taurasi, Ray Van Houten, and Frank Prieto, eds.)

1958

Novel or Novelette: *The Big Time* by Fritz Leiber

Short Story: *Or All the Seas With Oysters* by Avram Davidson

Outstanding Movie: *The Incredible Shrinking Man*

Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

Outstanding Artist:

Frank Kelly Freas

Outstanding Actifan:

Walter A. Willis

1959

Novel: *A Case of Conscience* by James Blish

Novelette: *The Big Front Yard* by Clifford D. Simak

Short Story: *That Hell-Bound Train* by Robert Bloch

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

SF or Fantasy Movie: No Award
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Amateur Magazine: *Fanac* (Ron Ellik and Terry Carr, eds.)

New Author of 1958: No Award (Brian W. Aldiss received a plaque as runner-up)

1960

Novel: *Starship Troopers* by Robert A. Heinlein

Short Fiction: *Flowers for Algernon* by Daniel Keyes

Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller
Fanzine: *Cry of the Nameless* (F.M. and Elinor Busby, Burnett Toskey, and Wally Weber, eds.)

Special Award: Hugo Gernsback as "The Father of Magazine Science Fiction"

1961

Novel: *A Canticle for Leibowitz* by Walter M. Miller, Jr.

Short Fiction: *The Longest Voyage* by Poul Anderson

Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*

Professional Magazine: *Astounding/Analog*

Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller
Fanzine: *Who Killed Science Fiction?* (Earl Kemp, ed.)

1962

Novel: *Stranger in a Strange Land* by Robert A. Heinlein

Short Fiction: the *Hothouse* series by Brian W. Aldiss

Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*

Professional Magazine: *Analog*

Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller
Fanzine: *Warhoon*

(Richard Bergeron, ed.)

Special Awards: Cele Goldsmith for editing *Amazing* and *Fantastic*
Donald H. Tuck for *The Handbook of Science Fiction and Fantasy*

Fritz Leiber and the Hoffman Electronic Corp. for the use of science fiction in advertisements.

1963

Novel: *The Man in the High Castle* by Philip K. Dick

Short Fiction: *The Dragon Masters* by Jack Vance

Dramatic Presentation: No Award

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy and Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Roy G. Krenkel
Amateur Magazine: *Xero* (Richard and Pat Lupoff, eds.)

Special Awards: P. Schuyler Miller for book reviews in *Analog*

Isaac Asimov for science articles in *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

1964

Novel: *Way Station* by Clifford D. Simak

Short Fiction: *No Truce With Kings* by Poul Anderson

Professional Magazine: *Analog*

Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller

SF Book Publisher: Ace Books

Amateur Magazine: *Amra* (George Scithers, ed.)

1965

Novel: *The Wanderer* by Fritz Leiber

Short Story: *Soldier, Ask Not* by Gordon R. Dickson

Special Drama: *Dr Strangelove*

Magazine: *Analog*

Artist: John Schoenherr

Publisher: Ballantine

Fanzine: *Yandro* (Robert and Juanita Coulson, eds.)

1966

Novel: *...And Call Me Conrad* by Roger Zelazny, and *Dune* by Frank Herbert (tie)

Short Fiction: "Repent, Harlequin!" Said the Ticktockman" by Harlan Ellison

Professional Magazine: *If*

Professional Artist: Frank Frazetta

Amateur Magazine: *ERB-dom* (Camille Cazedessus, Jr., ed.)

Best All-Time Series: the *Foundation* series by Isaac Asimov

1967

Novel: *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress* by Robert A. Heinlein

Novelette: *The Last Castle* by Jack Vance

Short Story: *Neutron Star* by Larry Niven

Dramatic Presentation: *The Menagerie* (*Star Trek*)

Professional Magazine: *If*

Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan

Fanzine: *Niekas* (Ed Meskys and Felice Rolfe, eds.)

Fan Writer: Alexei Panshin

Fan Artist: Jack Gaughan

Special Awards: CBS Television for *21st Century*

1968

Novel: *Lord of Light* by Roger Zelazny

Novella: *Weyr Search* by Anne

McCaffrey, and *Riders of the Purple Wage* by Philip Jose Farmer (tie)

Novelette: *Gonna Roll the Bones* by Fritz Leiber

Short Story: *I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream* by Harlan Ellison

Dramatic Presentation: *City on the Edge of Forever* (*Star Trek*)

Professional Magazine: *If*

Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan

Fanzine: *Amra* (George Scithers, ed.)

Fan Writer: Ted White

Fan Artist: George Barr

Special Award Harlan Ellison for *Dangerous Visions*

Gene Roddenberry for *Star Trek*

1969

Novel: *Stand on Zanzibar* by John Brunner

Novella: *Nightwings* by Robert Silverberg

Novelette: *The Sharing of Flesh* by Poul Anderson

Short Story: *The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World* by Harlan Ellison

Dramatic Presentation: *2001: A Space Odyssey*

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan

Fanzine: *Science Fiction Review* (Richard E. Geis, ed.)

Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr.

Fan Artist: George Barr

Special Award: Neil Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin, and Michael Collins for *The Best Moon Landing Ever*

1970

Novel: *The Left Hand of Darkness* by Ursula K. LeGuin

Novella: *Ship of Shadows* by Fritz Leiber

Short Story: *Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones* by Samuel R. Delany

Dramatic Presentation:

news coverage of Apollo XI

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Fanzine: *Science Fiction Review*

(Richard E. Geis, ed.)

Fan Writer: Bob Tucker

Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

1971

Novel: *Ringworld* by Larry Niven

Novella: *Ill Met in Lankmar* by Fritz Leiber

Short Story: *Slow Sculpture* by Theodore Sturgeon

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

Dramatic Presentation: No Award
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Leo and Diane Dillon

Fanzine: *Locus* (Charlie and Dena Brown, eds.)

Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis

Fan Artist: Alicia Austin

1972

Novel: *To Your Scattered Bodies Go* by Philip Jose Farmer

Novella: *The Queen of Air and Darkness* by Poul Anderson

Short Story: *Inconstant Moon* by Larry Niven

Dramatic Presentation: *A Clockwork Orange*

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (Charlie and Dena Brown, eds.)

Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr.

Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

Special Awards: Harlan Ellison for excellence in anthologizing (*Again, Dangerous Visions*)

Club du Livre d'Anticipation (France) for excellence in book production

Nueva Dimension (Spain) for excellence in magazine production

1973

Novel: *The Gods Themselves* by Isaac Asimov

Novella: *The Word for World is Forest* by Ursula K. LeGuin

Novelette: *Goat Song* by Poul Anderson

Short Story: *Eurema's Dam* by R.A. Lafferty and *The Meeting* by Frederik Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth (tie)

Dramatic Presentation: *Slaughterhouse-Five*

Professional Editor: Ben Bova

Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Amateur Magazine: *Energumen* (Mike Glicksohn and Susan Wood Glicksohn, eds.)

Fan Writer: Terry Carr

Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

Campbell Award: Jerry Pournelle

Special Award: Pierre Versins for *L'Encyclopedie de l'Utopie et de la science fiction*

1974

Novel: *Rendezvous with Rama* by Arthur C. Clarke

Novella: *The Girl Who Was*

Plugged In by James Tiptree, Jr.

Novelette: *The Deathbird* by Harlan Ellison

Short Story: *The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas* by Ursula K. LeGuin

Dramatic Presentation: *Sleeper*

Professional Editor: Ben Bova

Professional Artist: Frank

Kelly Freas

Amateur Magazine: *Algol* (Andy Porter, ed.) and *The Alien Critic* (Richard E. Geis, ed.) (tie)

Fan Writer: Susan Wood

Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

Campbell Award: Spider Robinson and Lisa Tuttle (tie)

Special Award: Chesley Bonestell for his illustrations

Special Award: Chesley Bonestell for his illustrations

1975

Novel: *The Dispossessed* by Ursula K. LeGuin

Novella: *A Song for Iya* by George R.R. Martin

Novelette: *Adrift Just Off the Islets of Langerhans* by Harlan Ellison

Short Story: *The Hole Man* by Larry Niven

Dramatic Presentation: *Young Frankenstein*

Professional Editor: Ben Bova

Professional Artist: Frank

Kelly Freas

Amateur Magazine: *The Alien Critic* (Richard E. Geis, ed.)

Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis

Fan Artist: Bill Rotsier

Campbell Award: P.J. Plauger

Special Awards: Donald A. Wollheim as "the fan who has done everything"

Walt Lee for *Reference Guide to Fantastic Films*

1976

Novel: *The Forever War* by Joe Haldeman

Novella: *Home is the Hangman* by Roger Zelazny

Novelette: *The Borderland of Sol* by Larry Niven

Short Story: *Catch That Zeppelin!* by Fritz Leiber

Dramatic Presentation: *A Boy and His Dog*

Professional Editor: Ben Bova

Professional Artist: Frank

Kelly Freas

Fanzine: *Locus* (Charlie and Dena Brown, eds.)

Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis

Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

Campbell Award: Tom Reamy

Special Award: James E. Gunn for *Alternate Worlds, The Illustrated*

History of Science Fiction

1977

Novel: *Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang* by Kate Wilhelm

Novella: *By Any Other Name* by Spider Robinson and Houston,

Houston, Do You Read? by James Tiptree, Jr. (tie)

Novelette: *The Bicentennial Man* by Isaac Asimov

Short Story: *Tricentennial* by Joe Haldeman

Dramatic Presentation: No Award

Professional Editor: Ben Bova

Professional Artist: Rick Sternbach

Amateur Magazine: *Science Fiction Review* (Richard E. Geis, ed.)

Fan Writer: Susan Wood and Richard E. Geis (tie)

Fan Artist: Phil Foglio

Campbell Award: C.J. Cherryh

Special Award: George Lucas for *Star Wars*

1978

Novel: *Gateway* by Frederik Pohl

Novella: *Stardance* by Spider and Jeanne Robinson

Novelette: *Eyes of Amber* by Joan D. Vinge

Short Story: *Jeffy is Five* by Harlan Ellison

Dramatic Presentation: *Star Wars*

Professional Editor: George H. Scithers

Professional Artist: Rick Sternbach

Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (Charlie and Dena Brown, eds.)

Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis

Fan Artist: Phil Foglio

Campbell Award: Orson Scott Card

1979

Novel: *Dreamsnake* by Vonda McIntyre

Novella: *The Persistence of Vision* by John Varley

Novelette: *Hunter's Moon* by Poul Anderson

Short Story: *Cassandra* by C.J. Cherryh

Dramatic Presentation: *Superman*

Professional Editor: Ben Bova

Professional Artist: Vincent DiFate

Amateur Magazine: *Science Fiction Review* (Richard E. Geis, ed.)

Fan Writer: Bob Shaw

Fan Artist: Bill Rotsler

Campbell Award: Stephen R. Donaldson

1980

Novel: *The Fountains of Paradise* by Arthur C. Clarke

Novella: *Enemy Mine* by Barry B.

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

Longyear
 Novelette: *Sandkings* by George R.R. Martin
 Short Story: *The Way of Cross and Dragon* by George R.R. Martin
 Non-Fiction Book: *The Science Fiction Encyclopedia* (Peter Nicholls, ed.)
 Dramatic Presentation: *Alien Scithers*
 Professional Editor: George H. Whelan
 Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (Charlie Brown, ed.)
 Fan Writer: Bob Shaw
 Fan Artist: Alexis Gilliland
 Campbell Award: Barry B. Longyear

1981
 Novel: *The Snow Queen* by Joan Vinge
 Novella: *Lost Dorsal* by Gordon R. Dickson
 Novelette: *The Cloak and the Staff* by Gordon R. Dickson
 Short Story: *Grotto of the Dancing Deer* by Clifford D. Simak
 Non-Fiction Book: *Cosmos* by Carl Sagan
 Dramatic Presentation: *The Empire Strikes Back*
 Professional Editor: Edward L. Ferman
 Professional Artist: Michael Whelan
 Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (Charlie Brown, ed.)
 Fan Writer: Susan Wood
 Fan Artist: Victoria Poyser
 Campbell Award: Somtow Sucharitkul

1982
 Novel: *Downbelow Station* by C.J. Cherryh
 Novella: *The Saturn Game* by Poul Anderson
 Novelette: *Unicorn Variation* by Roger Zelazny
 Short Story: *The Pusher* by John Varley
 Non-Fiction Book: *Danse Macabre* by Stephen King
 Dramatic Presentation: *Raiders of the Lost Ark*
 Professional Editor: Edward L. Ferman
 Professional Artist: Michael Whelan
 Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (Charlie Brown, ed.)
 Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis
 Fan Artist: Victoria Poyser
 Campbell Award: Alexis Gilliland
 Special Award: Mike Glycer for "keeping the fan in fanzine publishing"

1983
 Novel: *Foundation's Edge* by Isaac

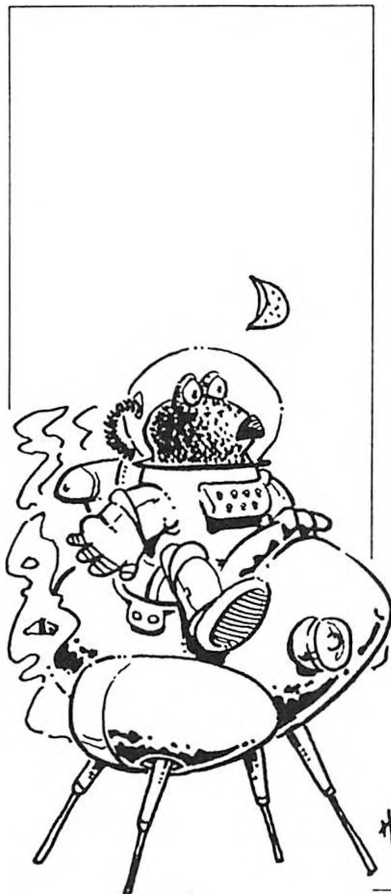
Asimov
 Novella: *Souls* by Joanna Russ
 Novelette: *Fire Watch* by Connie Willis
 Short Story: *Melancholy Elephants* by Spider Robinson
 Non-Fiction Book: *Isaac Asimov: The Foundations of Science Fiction* by James Gunn
 Dramatic Presentation: *Bladerunner*
 Professional Editor: Edward L. Ferman
 Professional Artist: Michael Whelan
 Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (Charlie Brown, ed.)
 Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis
 Fan Artist: Alexis Gilliland
 Campbell Award: Paul O. Williams

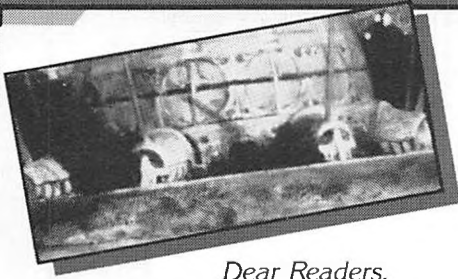
1984
 Novel: *Startide Rising* by David Brin
 Novella: *Cascade Point* by Timothy Zahn
 Novelette: *Blood Music* by Greg Bear
 Short Story: *Speech Sounds* by Octavia Butler
 Non-Fiction: *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Fantasy, vol. III* by Donald Tuck
 Dramatic Presentation: "Return of the Jedi"

Professional Editor: Shawna McCarthy
 Professional Artist: Michael Whelan
 Semi-prozine: *Locus* (Charlie Brown, ed.)
 Amateur Magazine: *File 770* (Mike Glycer, ed.)
 Fan Writer: Mike Glycer
 Fan Artist: Alexis Gilliland
 Campbell Award: R.A. MacAvoy

1985
 Novel: *Neuromancer* by William Gibson
 Novella: *Press Enter* by John Varley
 Novelette: *Bloodchild* by Octavia E. Butler
 Short Story: *The Crystal Spheres* by David Brin
 Non-Fiction: *Wonder's Child: my life in science fiction* by Jack Williamson
 Dramatic Presentation: *2010*
 Professional Editor: Terry Carr
 Professional Artist: Michael Whelan
 Semi-prozine: *Locus* (Charlie Brown, ed.)
 Amateur Magazine: *File 770* (Mike Glycer, ed.)
 Fan Writer: Dave Langford
 Fan Artist: Alexis Gilliland
 Campbell Award: Lucius Shepard.

1986
 Novel: *Ender's Game* by Orson Scott Card
 Novella: *24 Views of Mt. Fuji* by Roger Zelazny
 Novelette: *Paladin of the Lost Hour* by Harlan Ellison
 Short Story: *Fermi and Frost* by Frederik Pohl
 Non-Fiction: *Science Made Stupid* by Tom Weller
 Dramatic Presentation: *Back to the Future*
 Professional Editor: Judy-Lynn del Rey
 Professional Artist: Michael Whelan
 Semi-prozine: *Locus* (Charlie Brown, ed.)
 Fanzine: *Lan's Lantern* (George "Ian" Laskowski, ed.)
 Fan Writer: Mike Glycer
 Fan Artist: Joan Hanke-Woods
 Campbell Award: Melissa Scott





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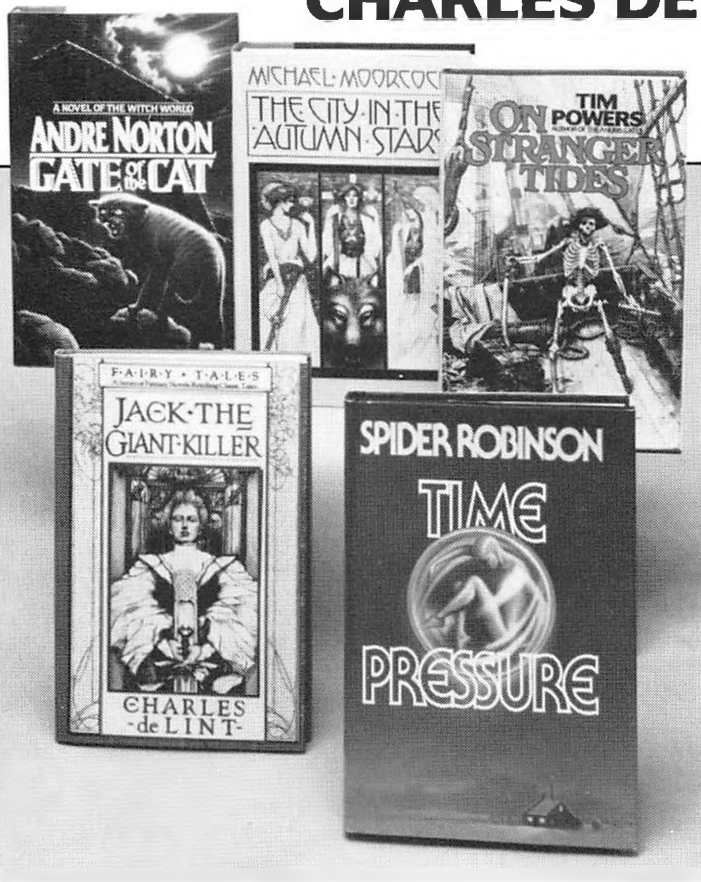
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1987 NOMINEES

NOVEL

Speaker for the Dead — Orson Scott Card (Tor/century)
Count Zero — William Gibson (Gollancz/Arbor House)
Black Genesis — L. Ron Hubbard (Bridge/New Era)
The Ragged Astronauts — Bob Shaw (Gollancz/Baen)
Marooned in Realtime — Vernor Vinge (Analog/Bluejay/Baen)

NOVELLA

Eifelheim — Michael Flynn (Analog 11/86)
Escape from Kathmandu — Kim Stanley Robinson (IASFM 9/86)
R+R — Lucius Shepard (IASFM 4/86)
Gilgamesh in the Outback — Robert Silverberg (Rebels in Hell/IASFM 7/86)
Spice Pogrom — Connie Willis (IASFM 10/86)

NOVELLETE

Thor Meets Captain America — David Brin (F & SF 7/86)
Hatrack River — Orson Scott Card (IASFM 8/86)
The Winter Market — William Gibson (Stardate 3/86/Interzone 15/Burning Chrome*)
The Barbarian Princess — Vernor Vinge (Analog 9/86)
Permafrost — Roger Zelazny (Omni 4/86)

*The Gibson novellet previously received limited distribution in the Vancouver area in 1985, but 1986 was the first year in which it received general distribution.

SHORT STORY

Robot Dreams — Isaac Asimov (Robot Dreams/IASFM Mid- Dec 86)
Tangents — Greg Bear (Omni 1/86)
Still Life — David Garnett (F & SF 3/86)
Rat — James Patrick Kelly (F & SF 6/86)
The Boy Who Painted Manes — Nancy Springer (F & SF 10/86)

In the above three categories. F & SF = The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, and IASFM = Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine

NON-FICTION

Trillion Year Spree — Brian Aldiss with David Wingrove (Gollancz/Atheneum)
Science Fiction in Print: 1985 — Charles N. Brown & William G. Contento (Lucas Press)
The Dark Knight Returns — Frank Miller et al. (Warner/Titan)
Industrial Light and Magic: The Art of Special Effects — Thomas G. Smith (Del Ray)
Only Apparently Real — Paul Williams (Arbor House)

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

Aliens (20th Century Fox)
The Fly (20th Century Fox)
Labyrinth (Lucasfilms)
Little Shop of Horrors (Geffen)
Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home (Paramount)

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

Jim Burns
 Frank Kelly Freas
 Tom Kidd
 Don Maitz
 J. K. Potter
 Barclay Shaw

PROFESSIONAL EDITOR

Terry Carr David Hartwell
 Gardener Dozois Stan Schmidt
 Ed Ferman

SEMIPROZINE

Interzone — Ed. David Pringle & Simon Ounsley
Fantasy Review — Ed. Robert A. Collins
Locus — Ed. Charles N. Brown
Science Fiction Chronicle — Ed. Andrew Porter
Science Fiction Review — Ed. Richard Geis

FAN WRITER

Mike Glycer
 Arthur Hlavaty
 Dave Langford
 Patrick Nielsen Hayden
 Simon Ounsley
 D. West

FAN ARTIST

Brad Foster
 Stu Shiffman
 Steve Fox
 Taral
 Arthur (ATom) Thomson

FANZINE

Ansible — Ed. Dave Langford
File 770 — Ed. Mike Glycer
Lan's Lantern — Ed. George Laskowski
Texas SF Inquirer — Ed. Pat Mueller
Trapdoor — Ed. Robert Lichtman

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD

Lois McMaster Bujold*
 Karen Joy Fowler*
 Leo Frankowski
 Katherine Eliska Kimbriel
 Rebecca Brown Ore
 Robert Touzalin Reed

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IN REVIEW

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

WORLD CONNS

YEAR	CITY	NAME	GUEST OF HONOUR	SITE	ATTEND.*	CHAIR
1939	New York	Nycon I	Frank R. Paul	Caravan Hall	200	Sam Moskowitx
1940	Chicago	Chicon I	Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.	Hotel Chicagoan	128	Mark Reinsberg
1941	Denver	Devention I	Robert A. Heinlein	Shirley Savoy Hotel	90	Olon F. Wiggins
1946	Los Angeles	Pacificon I	A. E. Van Vogt E. Mayne Hull	Park View Manor	130	Walter J. Daugherty
1947	Philadelphia	Philcon I	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Penn Sheraton Hotel	200	Milton Rothman
1948	Toronto	Torcon I	Robert Bloch (pro) Bob Tucker (fan)	RAI Purdy Studios	200	Ned McKeown
1949	Cincinnati	Cinvention	Lloyd A. Esbach (pro) Ted Carnell (fan)	Hotel Metropole	190	Don Ford ¹
1950	Portland	Norwescon	Anthony Boucher	Multnomah Hotel	400	Donald B. Day
1951	New Orleans	Nolacon	Fritz Leiber	St. Charles Hotel	190	Harry B. Moore
1952	Chicago	TASFiC ²	Hugo Gernsback	Hotel Morrison	870	Julian C. May
1953	Philadelphia	11th Worldcon ³	Willy Ley	Bellvue-Stratford Hotel	750	Milton Rothman ¹
1954	San Francisco	SF Con	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Sir Francis Drake Hotel	700	Lester Cole Gary Nelson Nick Falasca Noreen Falasca
1955	Cleveland	Cleveland	Isaac Asimov (pro) Sam Moskowitx (Mystery Golf)	Manger Hotel	380	Nick Falasca Noreen Falasca
1956	New York	Newyorcon ³	Arthur C. Clarke	Biltmore Hotel	850	David A. Kyle
1957	London	Loncon I	John W. Campbell, Jr.	King's Court Hotel	268	Ted Carnell
1958	South Gate ⁶	Solacon	Richard Matheson	Alexandria Hotel	322	Anna S. Moffatt
1959	Detroit	Detention	Poul Anderson (pro) John Berry (fan)	Pick-Fort Shelby Hotel	371	Roger Sims Fred Prophet
1960	Pittsburgh	Pitcon	James Blish	Penn-Sheraton Hotel	568	Dirce Archer
1961	Seattle	Seacon	Robert A. Heinlein	Hyatt House	300	Wally Weber
1962	Chicago	Chicon III	Theodore Sturgeon	Pick-Congress Hotel	550	Earl Kemp
1963	Washington D.C.	Discon I	Murray Leinster	Statler-Hilton Hotel	600	George Scithers
1964	Oakland	Pacificon II	Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett (pro) Forrest J. Ackerman (fan)	Hotel Leamington	523	J. Ben Stark Al haLevy
1965	London	Loncon II	Brian W. Aldiss	Mount Royal Hotel	350	Ella Parker
1966	Cleveland ⁷	Tricon	L. Sprague de Camp	Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel	850	Ben Jason ⁷
1967	New York	Nycon 3	Lester del Ray (pro) Bob Tucker (fan)	Statler-Hilton Hotel	1500	Ted White Dave Van Arnam
1968	Oakland	Baycon	Philip Jose Farmer (pro) Walter J. Daugherty (fan)	Hotel Claremont	1430	Bill Donaho Alva Rogers J. Ben Stark Ray Fisher Joyce Fisher
1969	St. Louis	St. Louiscon	Jack Gaughan (pro) Eddie Jones (TAF) ⁸	Chase-Park Plaza	1534	Ray Fisher Joyce Fisher
1970	Heidelberg	Heicon '70 International	Robert Silverberg (US) E.C. Tubb (UK) Herbert W. Franke (Ger.) Elliot K. Shorter (fan)	Heidelberg Stadthalle	620	Manfred Kage
1971	Boston	Noreascon I	Clifford D. Simak (pro) Harry Warner, Jr. (fan)	Sheraton-Boston Hotel	1600	Tony Lewis
1972	Los Angeles	L.A. Con I	Frederick Pohl (pro) Robert and Juanita Coulson (fan)	International Hotel	2007	Charles Crayne Bruce Pelz
1973	Toronto	Torcon 2	Robert Bloch (pro) William Rotsler (fan)	Royal York Hotel	2900	John Millard
1974	Washington D.C.	Discon II	Roger Zelazny (pro) Jay Kay Klein (pro)	Sheraton Park Hotel	3587	Jay Halderman Ron Bounds
1975	Melbourne	Aussiecon One	Ursula K. Le Guin (pro) Susan Wood and Michael Glickson (fan) Donald Tuck (Australian)	Southern Cross Hotel	608	Robin Johnson
1976	Kansas City Mo.	MidAmeriCon	Robert A. Heinlein (pro) George Barr (fan)	Radisson Muehlbach Hotel and Phillips House	2800	Ken Keller
1977	Miami Beach	SunCon	Jack Williamson (pro) Robert A. Madle (fan)	Hotel Fontainebleau	2050	Don Lundry
1978	Phoenix	IguanaCon II ⁹	Harlan Ellison (pro) Bill Bowers (fan)	Hyatt Regency and Adams Hotels, Phoenix Convention Center and Symphony Hall	4700	Tim Kyger Gary Farber ¹⁰
1979	Brighton	Seacon '79	Brian Aldiss (UK) Fritz Leiber (US) Harry Bell (fan)	Metropole Hotel	3114	Peter Weston
1980	Boston	Noreascon II	Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm (pro) Bruce Pelz (fan)	Sheraton-Boston Hotel and Hynes Civic Auditorium	5850	Leslie Turek
1981	Denver	Devention Two	C. L. Moore and Clifford D. Simak (pro) Rusty Hevelin (fan)	Denver Hilton Hotel	3792	Suzanne Carnival Don C. Thompson
1982	Chicago	Chicon IV	A. Bertram Chandler (pro) Frank Kelly Freas (pro) Lee Hoffman (fan)	Hyatt Regency Chicago	4275	Ross Pavlac Larry Propp

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

1983	Baltimore	ConStellation	John Brunner (pro) David A. Kyle (fan)	Baltimore Convention Center Hyatt Regency Inner Harbour and Hilton Hotels	6400	Michael Walsh
1984	Anaheim ¹¹	L.A.Con II	Gordon R. Dickson (pro) Dick Eney (fan)	Anaheim Hilton & Towers and Convention Center	#365	Craig Miller Milt Stevens
1985	Melbourne	Aussiecon Two	Gene Wolfe (pro) Ted White (fan)	Southern Cross Hotel, Victoria Hotel, Sheraton Hotel	1600	David Grigg
1986	Atlanta	ConFederation	Ray Bradbury (pro) Terry Carr (fan)	Atlanta Marriott Marquis & Hilton Hotels	5500	Penny Frierson Ron Zukowski
1987	Brighton	Conspiracy	Doris Lessing, Alfred Bester, Arkady & Boris Strugatsky, Ray Harryhausen, Jim Burns (pro) Ken & Joyce Slater (fan)	Metropole Hotel & Brighton Conf. Centre	?	Malcolm Edwards
1988	New Orleans	Nolacon II	Donald A. Wollheim (pro) Roger Sims (fan)	Sheraton Hotel & Towers, Marriott Hotel & Rivergate Convention Center	?	John H. Guidry
1989	Boston	Noreascon III	Andre Norton, Ian & Betty Ballantine (pro) The Stranger Club (fan)	Sheraton-Boston Hotel & Hynes Convention Center	?	

* Means number of people who actually attended, not total registration.

¹ (1949) Officially only Secretary-Treasurer; Charles R. Tanner had the honorary title of Chairman.

² (1952) For "Tenth Anniversary Science Fiction Convention", popularly known as Chicon II.

³ (1952) Popularly known as Philcon II.

⁴ (1953) Replaced James A. Williams as Chairman upon Williams' death.

⁵ (1965) Popularly known as Nycon II.

⁶ (1958) Physically in Los Angeles, but (by mayoral proclamation) technically in South Gate.

⁷ (1966) Officially jointly hosted by Cleveland, Detroit and Cincinnati (hence "Tricon"), with Detroit's Howard DeVore and Cincinnati's Lou Tabakow as Associate Chairman.

⁸ (1966) Replaced Ted White, who withdrew as Fan Guest of Honor to dramatize the TAFF winner.

⁹ (1978) This Worldcon was properly named IguanaCon II and was the *first* IguanaCon.

¹⁰ (1978) Belatedly recognised as vice-chair.

¹¹ (1984) Like South Gate, part of the greater Los Angeles Area.

More than Fighting and Feasting

The Middle Ages comprised a great deal more than warfare and revelry, and the far Isles medieval society does the same. Among us you will find dancers and musicians, herds and armoured knights, calligraphers and illuminators, herbalists and healers, practitioners of all the Arts and Sciences of the Middle Ages from the 6th to the 16th centuries. Many are experts willing to teach what they know; all are willing to learn more and to experience the life of the Middle Ages in all its fullness.

And if the fighting and the feasting interest you? Our fighting style is the 15th century *tourney & plaine*, medieval combat training as a martial art using real weapons and not choreographed for "re-enactment" displays.

Our Guild of Cooks is renowned for the excellence and authenticity of its work, displayed at many Revels. We have groups from east of London to west of Bristol, from the Channel coast to Oxford and a few souls beyond the pale who would welcome company at other times than Revels.

For details of membership, write enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope to:-

The High Steward (W),
63 Woodbridge Road,
Yaldley,
Surrey
GU17 7LX
England

The Far Isles Medieval Society

THE C O N S T I T U T I O N

AUGUST 1987

**ARTICLE I
Name,
Objectives,
membership
and organization**

- Section 1:** The name of this organization shall be the World Science Fiction Society, hereinafter referred to as WSFS or the Society.
- Section 2:** WSFS is an unincorporated literary society whose functions are:
A. To choose the recipients of the annual Science Fiction Achievement Awards (the Hugo Awards),
B. To choose the locations and Committees for the annual World Science Fiction Conventions (hereinafter referred to as Worldcons),
C. To attend those Worldcons,
D. To choose the locations and Committees for the occasional North American Science Fiction Conventions (hereinafter referred to as NASFiCs), and
E. To perform such other activities as may be necessary or incidental to the above purposes.
- Section 3:** No part of the Society's net earnings shall be paid to its members, officers, or other private persons except in furtherance of the Society's purposes. The Society shall not attempt to influence legislation or any political campaign for public office. Should the Society dissolve, its assets shall be distributed by the current Worldcon Committee or the appropriate court having jurisdiction, exclusively for charitable purposes. In this section, references to the Society include the Mark Registration and Protection Committee and all other agencies of the Society but not convention bidding or operating committees.
- Section 4:** The Membership of WSFS shall consist of all people who have paid membership dues to the Committee of the current Worldcon.
- Section 5:** Members of WSFS paying the minimum fee towards membership with their site-selection ballots shall be members of the selected Worldcon with the right to receive all generally distributed publications. Such members may convert to members with the right of general attendance at the selected Worldcon and its Business Meeting by paying, within ninety (90) days of site selection, an additional fee, set by the selected Worldcon Committee, of not more than the minimum voting fee and not more than the difference between the voting fee and the attending fee for new members.
- Section 6:** Authority and responsibility for all matters concerning the Worldcon, except those reserved herein to WSFS, shall rest with the Worldcon Committee, which shall act in its own name and not in that of WSFS.
- Section 7:** Every Worldcon Committee shall include the following notice in each of its publications:
 "World Science Fiction Society", "WSFS", "World Science Fiction Convention", "Worldcon", "NASFiC", "Science Fiction Achievement Award", and "Hugo Award" are service marks of the World Science Fiction Society, an unincorporated literary society.
- Section 8:** Each Worldcon Committee should dispose of surplus funds remaining after accounts are settled for the current Worldcon for the benefit of WSFS as a whole. Each Worldcon Committee shall retain an independent accountant at least a year before their Worldcon and shall publish a financial statement prepared by said accountant within ninety (90) days after their Worldcon and a final financial statement within a year.

**ARTICLE II
Science Fiction
Achievement
Awards
(the HUGO
Awards)**

- Section 1:** Selection of the Science Fiction Achievement Awards, known as the Hugo Awards, shall be made as follows in the subsequent Sections of this Article
- Section 2:** *Best Novel* A science fiction or fantasy story of forty thousand (40,000) words or more appearing for the first time during the previous calendar year. A work originally appearing in a language other than English shall also be eligible in the year in which it is first issued in English translation. A story, once it has appeared in English, may thus be eligible only once. Publication date, or cover date in the case of a dated periodical, takes precedence over copyright date. A serial takes its appearance to be the date of the last installment. Individual stories appearing as a series are eligible only as individual stories and are not eligible taken together under the title of the series. An author may withdraw a version of a work from consideration if the author feels that the version is not representative of what said author wrote. The Worldcon Committee may relocate a story into a more appropriate category if it feels that it is necessary, provided that the story is within five thousand (5,000) words of the new category limits.
- Section 3:** *Best Novella.* The rules shall be the same as those for Best Novel, with length between seventeen thousand five hundred (17,500) and forty thousand (40,000) words.
- Section 4:** *Best Novelette:* The rules shall be the same as those for Best Novel, with length between seven thousand five hundred (7,500) and seventeen thousand five hundred (17,500) words.
- Section 5:** *Best Short Story:* The rules shall be the same as those for Best Novel, with length less than seven thousand five hundred (7,500) words
- Section 6:** *Best Non-Fiction Book* Any non-fictional work relating to the field of science fiction or fantasy appearing for the first time in book form during the previous calendar year.

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

- Section 7:** *Best Dramatic Presentation* Any production in any medium of dramatized science fiction or fantasy which has been publicly presented for the first time in its present dramatic form during the previous calendar year. In the case of individual programs presented as a series, each program is individually eligible, but the series as a whole is not eligible; however, a sequence of installments constituting a single dramatic unit may be considered as a single program (eligible in the year of the final installment).
- Section 8:** *Best Professional Editor.* The editor of any professional publication devoted primarily to science fiction or fantasy during the previous calendar year. A professional publication is one which had an average press run of at least ten thousand (10,000) copies per issue.
- Section 9:** *Best Professional Artist:* An illustrator whose work has appeared in a professional publication in the field of science fiction or fantasy during the previous calendar year.
- Section 10:** *Best Semiprozine:* Any generally available non-professional publication devoted to science fiction or fantasy which has published four (4) or more issues, at least one (1) of which appeared in the previous calendar year, and which in the previous calendar year met at least two (2) of the following criteria: (1) had an average press run of at least one thousand (1000) copies per issue, (2) paid its contributors and/or staff in other than copies of the publication, (3) provided at least half the income of any one person, (4) had at least fifteen percent (15%) of its total space occupied by advertising, or (5) announced itself to be a semiprozine.
- Section 11:** *Best Fanzine:* Any generally available non-professional publication devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects which has published four (4) or more issues, at least one (1) of which appeared in the previous calendar year, and which does not qualify as a semiprozine.
- Section 12:** *Best Fan Writer:* Any person whose writing has appeared in semiprozines or fanzines.
- Section 13:** *Best Fan Artist:* An artist or cartoonist whose work has appeared through publication in semiprozines or fanzines or through other public display during the previous calendar year. Any person whose name appears on the final Hugo Awards ballot for a given year under the Professional Artist category shall not be eligible in the Fan Artist category for that year.
- Section 14:** *Extended Eligibility:* In the event that a potential Hugo Award nominee receives extremely limited distribution in the year of its first publication or presentation, its eligibility may be extended for an additional year by a three-fourths (3/4) vote of the intervening Business Meeting of WSFS.
- Section 15:** *Additional Category:* Not more than one special category may be created by the current Worldcon Committee with nomination and voting to be the same as for the permanent categories. The Worldcon Committee is not required to create any such category; such action by a Worldcon Committee should be under exceptional circumstances only; and the special category created by one Worldcon Committee shall not be binding on following Committees. Awards created under this Section shall be considered to be Science Fiction Achievement Awards, or Hugo Awards.
- Section 16:** *Name and Design:* The Hugo Award shall continue to be standardized on the rocket ship design of Jack McKnight and Ben Jason. Each Worldcon Committee may select its own choice of base design. The name (Hugo Award) and the design shall not be extended to any other award.
- Section 17:** *No Award:* At the discretion of an individual Worldcon Committee, if the lack of nominations or final votes in a specific category shows a marked lack of interest in that category on the part of the voters, the Award in that category shall be cancelled for that year. In addition, the entry "No Award" shall be mandatory in each category of Hugo Award on the final ballot. In any event, No Award shall be given whenever the total number of valid ballots cast for a specific category is less than twenty-five percent (25%) of the total number of final Award ballots (excluding those cast for No Award) received.
- Section 18:** *Nominations* Selection of nominees for the final Award voting shall be done by a poll conducted by the Worldcon Committee, in which each WSFS member shall be allowed to make five (5) equally weighted nominations in every category. Nominations shall be solicited for, and the final Award ballot shall list, only the Hugo Awards and the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for Best New Writer. Assignment to the proper category of nominees nominated in more than one category, and eligibility of nominees, shall be determined by the Worldcon Committee. No nominee shall appear on the final Award ballot if it received fewer nominations than the lesser of either: five percent (5%) of the number of nomination ballots cast in that category, or the number of nominations received by the third-place nominee in that category.
- Section 19:** *Voting:* Final Award voting shall be by mail, with ballots sent only to WSFS members. Final Award ballots shall include name, signature, address, and membership-number spaces to be filled in by the voter. Final Award ballots shall standardize nominees given in each category to not more than five (5) (six (6) in the case of tie votes) plus "No Award." The Committee shall, on or with the final ballot, designate, for each nominee in the printed fiction categories, one or more books, anthologies, or magazines in which the nominee appeared (including the book publisher or magazine issue date(s)). Voters shall indicate the order of their preference for the nominees in each category.
- Section 20:** *Tallying:* Counting of all votes shall be the responsibility of the Worldcon Committee, which is responsible for all matters concerning the Awards. In each category, votes shall first be tallied by the voter's first choices. If no majority is then obtained, the nominee who places last in the initial tallying shall be eliminated and the ballots listing it as first choice shall be redistributed on the basis of those ballots' second choices. This process shall be repeated until a majority-vote winner is obtained. The complete numerical vote totals, including all preliminary tallies for first, second, ... places, shall be made public by the Worldcon Committee within ninety (90) days after the Worldcon.

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

ARTICLE III Future Worldcon Selection

- Section 21:** *Exclusions:* No member of the current Worldcon Committee nor any publications closely connected with a member of the Committee shall be eligible for an Award. However, should the Committee delegate all authority under this Article to a Subcommittee whose decisions are irrevocable by the Worldcon Committee, then this exclusion shall apply to members of the Subcommittee only.
- Section 1:** WSFS shall choose the location and Committee of the Worldcon to be held three (3) years from the date of the current Worldcon. Voting shall be by mail or ballot cast at the current Worldcon with run-off ballot as described in Article II, Section 20, and shall be limited to WSFS members who have paid at least twenty U.S. dollars (\$20.00) or equivalent towards membership in the Worldcon whose site is being selected. The current Worldcon Committee shall administer the mail balloting, collect the advance membership fees, and turn over those funds to the winning Committee before the end of the current Worldcon. The minimum voting fee can be modified for a particular year by unanimous agreement of the current Worldcon Committee and all bidding committees who have filed before the deadline. The site-selection voting totals shall be announced at the Business Meeting and published in the first or second Progress Report of the winning Committee, with the by-mail and at-convention votes distinguished.
- Section 2:** Site-selection ballots shall include name, signature, address, and membership-number spaces to be filled in by the voter. Each site-selection ballot shall list the options "None of the above" and "No preference" and provide for write-in votes, after the bidders and with equal prominence. The minimum fee in force shall be listed on all site-selection ballots.
- Section 3:** The name and address information shall be separated from the ballots and the ballots counted only at the Worldcon with two (2) witnesses from each bidding committee allowed to observe. Each bidding committee may make a record of the name and address of every voter. A ballot voted with first or only choice for "No preference" shall be ignored for site selection. A ballot voted with lower than first choice for "No preference" shall be ignored if all higher choices on the ballot have been eliminated in preferential tallying. "None of the above" shall be treated as a bid for tallying. If it wins, the duty of site selection shall devolve on the Business Meeting of the current Worldcon. If the Business Meeting is unable to decide by the end of the Worldcon, the Committee for the following Worldcon shall make the selection without undue delay. When a site and Committee are chosen by a Business Meeting or Worldcon Committee, they are not restricted by region or other qualifications and the choice of an out-of-rotation site shall not affect the regional rotation for subsequent years. If no bids qualify to be on the ballot, the selection shall proceed as though "None of the above" had won.
- Section 4:** Bids from prospective Committees shall be allowed on the ballot by the current Worldcon Committee only upon presentation of adequate evidence of an agreement with the proposed sites' facilities, such as a conditional contract or a letter of agreement. To be eligible for site selection, a bidding committee must state the rules under which the Worldcon Committee will operate, including a specification of the term of office of their chief executive officer or officers and the conditions and procedures for the selection and replacement of such officer or officers. Written copies of these rules must be made available by the bidding committee to any member of WSFS on request. The aforementioned rules and agreements, along with an announcement of intent to bid, must be filed with the Committee that will administer the voting no later than the close of the previous Worldcon for a Worldcon bid, and no later than the end of the calendar year before the voting for a prospective NASFiC bid.
- Section 5:** To ensure equitable distribution of sites, North America is divided into three (3) regions as follows: *Western:* Baja California, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Saskatchewan, and all states and provinces westward; *Central:* Central America, Mexico (except as above), and all states and provinces between Western and Eastern regions; and *Eastern:* Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Quebec, and all states and provinces eastward. Worldcon sites shall rotate in the order Western, Central, Eastern region. A site shall be ineligible if it is within sixty (60) miles of the site at which selection occurs.
- Section 6:** A Worldcon site outside of North America may be selected by a majority vote at any Worldcon. In the event of such outside Worldcon being selected, there shall be a NASFiC in the region whose turn it would have normally been, to be held in the same year as the overseas Worldcon, with rotation skipping that region the following year. Selection of the NASFiC shall be by the identical procedure to the Worldcon selection except as provided below or elsewhere in this Constitution: (1) voting shall be by written ballot administered by the then-current Worldcon, if there is no NASFiC following the Worldcon that year, or by the NASFiC, if there is one following the Worldcon, with ballots cast either by mail or at the administering convention and with only members of the administering convention allowed to vote; (2) bids are restricted to sites in the appropriate zone; and (3) the proposed NASFiC voting fee can be set by unanimous agreement of the prospective candidates that file with the administering Committee before the calendar year in which selection occurs.
- Section 7:** Each Worldcon Committee shall provide a reasonable opportunity for *bona fide* bidding committees for the Worldcon to be selected one year hence to make presentations.
- Section 8:** With sites being selected three (3) years in advance, there are at least three selected current or future Worldcon Committees at all times. If one of these should be unable to perform its duties, the other selected current or future Worldcon Committee whose site is closest to the site of the one unable to perform its duties shall determine what action to take, by consulting the Business Meeting or by mail poll of WSFS if there is sufficient time, or by decision of the Committee if there is not sufficient time.

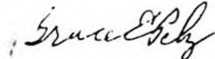
ARTICLE IV Constitution and Powers of the Business Meeting

- Section 1:** Any proposal to amend the Constitution of WSFS shall require for passage a majority of all the votes cast on the question at the Business Meeting of WSFS at which it is first debated, and also ratification by a simple majority vote of those members present and voting at a Business Meeting of WSFS held at the Worldcon immediately following that at which the amendment was first approved. Failure to ratify in the manner described shall void the proposed amendment.

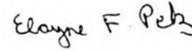
FRONTIER CROSSINGS

- Section 2:** Any change to the Constitution of WSFS shall take effect at the end of the Worldcon at which such change is ratified, except that no change imposing additional costs or financial obligations upon Worldcon Committees shall be binding upon any Committee already selected at the time when it takes effect.
- Section 3:** The conduct of the affairs of WSFS shall be determined by this Constitution together with all ratified amendments hereto and such Standing Rules as the Business Meeting shall adopt for its own governance.
- Section 4:** Business Meetings of WSFS shall be held at advertised times at each Worldcon. The current Worldcon Committee shall provide the Presiding Officer and Staff for each Meeting. Meetings shall be conducted in accordance with *Robert's Rules of Order, Newly Revised*, the Standing Rules, and such other rules as may be published by the Committee in advance.
- Section 5:** There shall be a Mark Registration and Protection Committee of WSFS. The Mark Registration and Protection Committee shall consist of one (1) member appointed to serve at the pleasure of each future selected Worldcon Committee and each of the two (2) immediately preceding Worldcon Committees, and nine (9) members elected three (3) each year to staggered three-year terms by the Business Meeting. Of the nine elected members, no more than three may be residing, at the time of election, in any single North American region, as defined in Article III, Section 5. Elected members serve until their successors are elected. If vacancies occur in elected memberships in the committee, the remainder of the position's term may be filled by the Business Meeting, and until then temporarily filled by the Committee. There will be a meeting of the Mark Registration and Protection Committee at each Worldcon, at a time and place announced at the Business Meeting. The Mark Registration and Protection Committee shall determine and elect its own officers.
- PROVIDED THAT members of the Mark Registration and Protection Committee elected through 1986 shall serve until the end of their terms, with all new members elected under the above rotation zone residence quotas.*
- Section 6:** The Mark Registration and Protection Committee shall be responsible for registration and protection of the marks used by or under the authority of WSFS.
- Section 7:** The Mark Registration and Protection Committee shall submit to the Business Meeting at each Worldcon a report of its activities since the previous Worldcon, including a statement of income and expense.
- Section 8:** Except as otherwise provided in this Constitution, any committee or other position created by a Business Meeting shall lapse at the end of the next following Business Meeting that does not vote to continue it.
- Section 9:** The Constitution of WSFS, together with an explanation of proposed changes approved but not yet ratified, and the Standing Rules shall be printed by the current Worldcon Committee, distributed with the Hugo nomination ballots, and printed in the Worldcon Program Book, if there is one.

THE ABOVE COPY OF THE WORLD SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY CONSTITUTION IS HEREBY
CERTIFIED TO BE TRUE, CORRECT AND COMPLETE



Bruce E. Pelz
Chairman



Elayne F. Pelz
ConFederation Business Meeting
1986/12/20

Elayne F. Pelz
Secretary

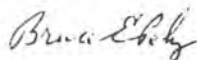
RULES FOR THE GOVERNANCE OF THE WSFS BUSINESS MEETING

- Rule 1:** Business of the Annual Meeting of the World Science Fiction Society shall be transacted in one or more sessions called Preliminary Business Meetings and one or more Main Business Meetings. The first session shall be designated as a Preliminary Business Meeting. At least eighteen (18) hours shall elapse between the final Preliminary Business Meeting and the one or more Main Business Meetings. One Business Meeting session shall also be designated the Site-Selection Meeting where site-selection business shall be the special order of business.
- Rule 2:** The Preliminary Business Meetings may not pass, reject, or ratify amendments to the Constitution, but the motions to "object to consideration", to "table", to "divide the question", to "postpone" to a later part of the Preliminary Business Meetings, and to "refer" to a committee to report later in the same Annual Business Meeting are in order when allowed by *Robert's Rules*. The Preliminary Business Meetings may alter or suspend any of the rules of debate included in these Standing Rules. Motions may be amended or consolidated at these Meetings with the consent of the original maker. Absence from these Meetings of the original maker shall constitute consent to amendment and to such interpretations of the intent of the motion as the Presiding Officer or the Parliamentarian may in good faith attempt.
- Rule 3:** Nominations from the floor for election to the Mark Registration and Protection Committee shall be allowed at each Preliminary Business Meeting. All nominees must be members of the Society and give their consent in writing, which consent shall be submitted to the Presiding Officer. Elections to the Mark Registration and Protection Committee shall be a special order of business at a Main Business Meeting. Voting shall be by written preferential ballot with write-ins allowed. The winning candidate shall be elected to the longest-term remaining vacancy and the ballots shall be recounted, with the winning candidate eliminated, if there are further vacancies. This process of selection and elimination shall be repeated until all vacancies are filled. Tied candidates shall all be considered elected if there are enough vacancies of the same length to accommodate them. Other ties shall be settled by drawing lots.
- Rule 4:** The deadline for the submission of non-privileged new business shall be two hours after the official opening of the Worldcon or eighteen hours before the first Preliminary Business Meeting, whichever is later. The Presiding Officer may accept otherwise qualified motions submitted after the deadline, but all such motions shall be placed at the end of the agenda. The Presiding Officer will reject as out of order any proposal or motion which is obviously illegal or hopelessly incoherent in a grammatical sense.

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

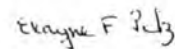
- Rule 5:** Six (6) identical, legible copies of all proposals for non-privileged new business shall be submitted to the Presiding Officer before the deadline given in Rule 4 above. All proposals or motions of more than seventy-five (75) words shall be accompanied by at least one hundred (100) additional identical, legible copies for distribution to and intelligent discussion by the Meeting attendees unless they have actually been distributed to the attendees at the Worldcon by the Worldcon Committee. All proposals or motions shall be legibly signed by the maker and at least one seconder.
- Rule 6:** Any main motion presented to a Business Meeting shall contain a short title.
- Rule 7:** Debate on all motions of less than fifty (50) words shall be limited to six (6) minutes. Debate on all other motions shall be limited to twenty (20) minutes; if a question is divided, these size criteria and time limits shall be applied to each section. Time shall be allotted equally to both sides of a question. Time spent on points of order or other neutral matters arising from a motion shall be charged one half to each side. The Preliminary Business Meeting may alter these limits for a particular motion by a majority vote.
- Rule 8:** Debate on all amendments to main motions shall be limited to five (5) minutes, to be divided as above.
- Rule 9:** Unless it is an amendment by substitution, an amendment to a main motion may be changed only under those provisions allowing modification through the consent of the maker of the amendment, i.e., second-order amendments are not allowed except in the case of a substitute as the first-order amendment.
- Rule 10:** A person speaking to a motion may not immediately offer a motion to close debate or to refer to a committee. Motions to close debate will not be accepted until at least one speaker from each side of the question has been heard, nor will they be accepted within one minute of the expiration of the time allotted for debate on that motion. The motion to table shall require a two-thirds vote for adoption.
- Rule 11:** In keeping with the intent of the limitations on debate time, the motion to postpone indefinitely shall not be allowed.
- Rule 12:** A request for a division of the house (an exact count of the voting) will be honored only when requested by at least ten percent (10%) of those present in the house.
- Rule 13:** Motions, other than Constitutional amendments awaiting ratification, may be carried forward from one year to the next only by being postponed definitely or by being referred to a committee.
- Rule 14:** These Standing Rules, and any others adopted by a Preliminary Business Meeting, may be suspended for an individual item of business by a two-thirds majority vote.
- Rule 15:** The sole purpose of a request for a "point of information" is to ask the Presiding Officer or the Parliamentarian for his opinion of the effect of a motion or for his guidance as to the correct procedure to follow. Attempts to circumvent the rules of debate under the guise of "points of information" or "points of order" will be dealt with as "dilatory motions" as specified in *Robert's Rules of Order, Newly Revised*.
- Rule 16:** Citations to Articles, Sections, or specific sentences of the Society Constitution or Standing Rules are for the sake of easy reference only. They do *not* form a part of the substantive area of a motion. Correct enumeration of Articles, Sections, and Rules and correct insertions and deletions will be provided by the Secretary of the Business Meeting when the Constitution and Standing Rules are certified to the next Worldcon. Therefore, motions from the floor to renumber or correct citations will not be in order. The Secretary will also adjust any other Section of the Constitution equally affected by an amendment unless otherwise ordered by the Business Meeting. Any correction of fact to the Minutes or to the Constitution or Standing Rules as published should be brought to the attention of the Secretary and to that of the next available Business Meeting as soon as they are discovered.
- Rule 17:** At all sessions of the Business Meeting, the hall will be divided into smoking and non-smoking sections by the Presiding Officer of the Meeting.
- Rule 18:** The World Science Fiction Society Business Meeting is a mass meeting of the Society's membership which the Worldcon is required to sponsor in accordance with the WSFS Constitution and these Standing Rules. Therefore, (1) the quorum is the number of people present and (2) the decisions of the Chair as to who is entitled to the floor are not subject to appeal. The motion to adjourn the Main Meeting will be in order *after* the amendments to the Constitution proposed at the last Worldcon Business Meeting for ratification at the current Business Meeting have been acted upon.
- Rule 19:** If time permits at the Site-Selection Meeting, bidders for the convention one year beyond the date of the Worldcon being voted upon will be allotted five (5) minutes each to make such presentations as they may wish.
- Rule 20:** These Standing Rules shall continue in effect until altered, suspended, or rescinded by the action of any Business Meeting. Amendment, suspension, or rescission of these Standing Rules may be done in the form of a motion from the floor of any Business Meeting made by any member of the Business Meeting, and such action will become effective immediately after the end of the Business Meeting at which it was passed.

THE ABOVE COPY OF THE STANDING RULES OF THE GOVERNANCE OF THE WSFS BUSINESS MEETING IS HEREBY CERTIFIED TO BE TRUE, CORRECT AND COMPLETE



Bruce E. Pelz
Chairman

Confederation Business Meeting
1986/12/20



Elayne F. Pelz
Secretary

A bid for the 1990 Worldcon

Go Dutch - our way!

One page is not enough

to do justice to our 1,100 presupporters with their 2,200 little wooden shoes; or to the 100 cases of Grolsch and Heineken; gallons of soft drinks, tons of munchies (plus those donated to us by other parties); 18 pounds of Dutch cheese; rows and rows of such funny drinkables like advocaat, Dutch gin and boerenjongens (not to mention Larry's famous hip flasks of Stroh Rum); 19 official Agents, and more than a few Party Agents, throughout the world; the wonderful people of the Netherlands Congress Center and the City of The Hague.

No, one page is not enough.

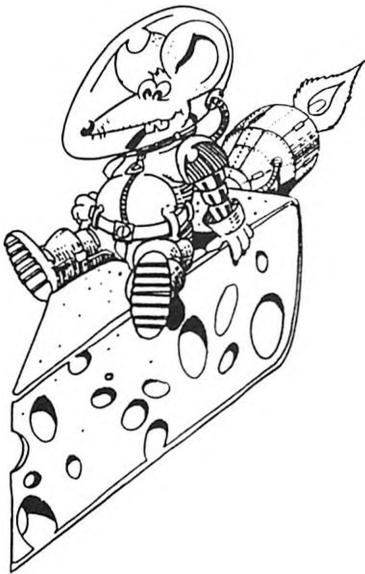
So we'll make it up to you in 1990, agreed? In the meantime: thank you! Thank you for your support and help.

And (we hope) it's only the beginning!

The 1990 Worldcon in Holland? Sounds great!

**Pre-supporting
membership £ 4.00**

KLM Dutch Airlines has been appointed official carrier for the 48th Worldcon in the Hague.
Worldcon 1990, P.O. Box 95370, 2509 CJ The Hague, Holland.



FRONTIER CROSSINGS

BUSINESS PASSED ON TO CONSPIRACY '87

Items 1 through 6
have been given
first passage, and will
become part of the
Constitution if ratified at
Conspiracy '87.

- Item 1:** **Short Title: NASFiC Representation**
MOVED, to amend Article IV, Section 5, of the WSFS Constitution by adding the following at the end of the first sentence:
"one (1) young member appointed to serve at the pleasure of each future selected NASFiC Committee and for each Committee of a NASFiC held in the previous two years."
This would provide voting representation on the Mark Registration and Protection Committee for any NASFiC Committees that exist for years in which that year's Worldcon Committee has representation.
- Item 2:** **Short Title: ConCom Financial Reporting Act**
MOVED, to amend Article I, Section 8, of the WSFS Constitution by striking the second sentence and inserting the following in its place:
"Each Worldcon Committee shall submit an annual financial report, including a statement of income and expenses, to each WSFS Business Meeting after the Committee's selection through the first or second Business Meeting after its Worldcon, at its option, to which it will also submit a cumulative final financial report."
This would have the following effects: (1) It replaces the current requirement on Worldcons to produce a financial report 90 days after their con and a final financial report within a year with a more realistic requirement that they report one and, at their option, two years after their convention. (2) With the recent expansion of Worldcon lead time to three years, it adds some pre-con financial reporting. (3) It eliminates the independent-accountant requirement.
- Item 3:** **Short Title: Rotation Zone Refinement**
MOVED, to amend Article III, Section 5, of the WSFS Constitution by striking the first sentence and inserting the following:
"To ensure equitable distribution of sites, North America is divided into three (3) regions as follows: *Western:* Baja California, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Saskatchewan, and all states and provinces westward including Hawaii, Alaska, the Yukon, and the Northwest Territories; *Central:* Central America, the islands of the Caribbean, St. Pierre et Miquelon, Mexico (except as above), and all states and provinces between the Western and Eastern regions; and *Eastern:* Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Quebec, and all states and provinces eastward including the District of Columbia, Bermuda, and the Bahamas."
This motion makes the definitions of the "North American" Worldcon site-selection rotation zones more precise by specifying how Hawaii, Alaska, the Yukon, the Northwest Territories, the District of Columbia, Bermuda, the Bahamas, St. Pierre et Miquelon, and the Caribbean islands are to be treated.
- Item 4:** **Short Title: Best Non-Fiction Book**
MOVED, to amend Article II, Section 6, of the WSFS Constitution by striking out "relating to" and inserting in its place "whose subject is", and by inserting "or fandom" after "fantasy".
This motion makes some minor changes in the definition of the Best Non-Fiction Book Hugo category. It adds "fandom" to the list of permitted topics, which currently are "science fiction" and "fantasy".
- Item 5:** **Short Title: Notification of Hugo Nominees**
MOVED, to amend Article II of the WSFS Constitution by inserting the following new Section between Sections 18 and 19:
"*Notification and Acceptance:* Worldcon Committees shall use reasonable efforts to notify the nominees, or in the case of deceased or incapacitated persons, their heirs, assigns, or legal guardians, in each category prior to the release of such information. Each nominee shall be asked at that time to either accept or decline the nomination."
This motion would require Worldcon Committees to try to contact those nominated for a Hugo before the final ballot is announced and not to list them if they decline.
- Item 6:** **Short Title: Rules Distribution Amendment**
MOVED, to amend Article IV, Section 9, of the WSFS Constitution by striking the words "printed in the Worldcon Program Book, if there is one" and inserting in their place the words "distributed to all WSFS members in attendance at the Worldcon upon registration".
The current rules only require a Worldcon Committee to distribute the Constitution and rules at their Worldcon by including them in their Program Book if they have one and distribute it. This motion would continue to permit that, but would require them to get the rules to their attendees in some other way if they don't have a Program Book or do not distribute their Program Book at their Worldcon.
- Item 7:** **Report of the WSFS Mark Registration and Protection Committee**
See the World Science Fiction Society Constitution, Article IV, Sections 5, 6, and 7.
Current membership: elected till *Conspiracy '87*: Rick Katze (Chair), Willie Siros, Ross Pavlac; elected till Nolacon II: Kent Bloom, Jim Gilpatrick (Secretary-Treasurer), Ben Yalow; elected till Noreascon III: Craig Miller, Fran Skene, Bruce Pelz; Worldcon Committee appointees: Jack Herman (1985), Penny Frierson (1986), Colin Fine (1987), Scott Dennis (1988), Donald Eastlake (1989).
Mailing address: P.O. Box 1270, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142, USA.
- Item 8:** **Report of the Special Committee to Codify Business Meeting Resolutions**
The 1986 WSFS Business Meeting voted to create a special committee to research and codify all resolutions of the WSFS Business Meeting that are still in force. The committee will report to the *Conspiracy '87* Business Meeting and, as provided in the WSFS Constitution, Article IV, Section 8, go out of existence unless renewed.
Membership: Donald E. Eastlake, III
Mailing address: P. O. Box N, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, MA 02139, USA.

Continued from page 59

nailed to the wall; passages from Star Trek or Perry Rhodan novels are tattooed upon his chest and thighs. Jim Barker chisels impromptu cartoons into the furniture, being careful to sign each one for copyright reasons. Reluctantly, I am forced to take notes . . .”

Nice. Really nice. I particularly liked “lurching and twirling in what Charles Fort would have called a precession of the damaned . . .” (*memo to the typist/typesetter*: that’s right, it’s “precession,” not “procession,” don’t screw it up or All Is Lost).

All I can say is, Thank Ghod I got my Fan Writer Hugo back in 1968. I wouldn’t have stood a chance with this Langford guy around. As it is, I am consummately jealous of him.

He has his own Hugo, of course. And he’s won TAFF as well. Indeed, he’s made all the other recent TAFF winners look bad (they hate him too) by *actually writing and publishing his TAFF report*. There is this Unspoken Tradition among TAFF winners — going back now for decades — that one writes a chapter or two of one’s report, and then allows sloth and fannish forgetfulness to overtake it. Some winners (Naming no names, but “Steve Stiles” pops readily to mind) are still cranking out occasional instalments long after all memory of their trip has fled (and fiction has had to be substituted). Cleverer winners simply never wrote a single word about their trips. But after his 1980 TAFF trip Langford not only cranked out chapters dilligently for publication in various fanzines, he collected them into a single (still available) volume, *The Transatlantic Hearing Aid*.

I haven’t mentioned yet that while doing this he was also publishing *Ansible* — the best news fanzine since Terry Carr & Ron Ellick’s *Fanac*.

Langford understands the value of understatement, too, as this quote from a letter underscores:

“Am slightly boggled by Roy Tackett’s bon-mot in the just-arrived *Anvil*. Things-you-always-suspected-they-thought-but-never-expected-them-to-say dept:

“‘There is, somehow, something attractive about the thought of sitting back and watching the English getting nuked.’

“Evidently his TAFF trip made a deep impression. If I weren’t Welsh I might almost be offended.” You see what I mean. A lesser fan might have launched a vehement attack after such a provocation. A lesser fan might have deplored the unworthiness of Tackett’s TAFF win (1976).

Dave Langford almost effortlessly makes the rest of us look bad, as we dabble in our petty fannish squabbles, rarely rising to his Olympian level (yes, he *is* tall, isn’t he?). Reasons aplenty to hate this man.

More can be found, I have no doubt, in the collection of his work, *Platen Stories*, available at this convention. (I have tried, in researching this piece, to avoid those items for quotation which are likely to be found there.)

But I can’t resist quoting, in conclusion, from his contribution to the eighth issue (1986 edition) of *Science-Fiction Five-Yearly*, the Lee Hoffman Fanzine which has maintained its lustrumly schedule faithfully since 1951. “Somewhere Near Penrhyndeudraeth” describes the Langfords’ visit to Portmeirion, the setting of Patrick McGoohan’s *The Prisoner*, a television series rightly prized on both sides of the Atlantic:

“‘We’re coming back here,’ said Hazel before we’d so much as unpacked, and in defiance of all intricate forward planning we spent the rest of our week at Portmeirion. There has probably got to be a reason for this.

“Firstly, despite the urgings of common sense, the place wasn’t especially tricked out for the *Prisoner* series. Barring a few obvious items (to the best of my belief there are no sliding doors, craggy subterranean corridors or rocket launch silos) and some mild surprises (the reality is smaller, and cunning camerawork made it front on open sea rather than a mere estuary), the late Sir Clough Williams-Ellis’s village really is like that. It’s a colossal folly, a Gothic-Italian dream, a Disneyland of real architecture put together as the . . . as the fanac of a real architect.

“All is crammed into a tiny fold in the coastline, acombe which funnels

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

down to the estuary while the dotted buildings cling to its sides and the cliff-tops. Near-garish colours predominate; I can think of no other context in which Hazel would reckon an arched belvedere painted pale mauve looked (somehow) right. Personally I loved the jackdaw resourcefulness: the sinister Green Dome of the series has an impressively intricate facade which turns out to have been half of a giant fireplace; the staggeringly ornate plaster ceiling which posed over us at dinner-time had been transported wholesale from some condemned country house; seven vast Ionic columns acquired on one of Sir Clough's whims (and then stored for 30 years before use) have been incorporated into the landscape, and we spent a fruitless afternoon looking for the alleged eighth. Old salvaged gargoyles, cornices, balustrades, statues, urns, crenellations, arches and colonnades are everywhere . . . not to mention a brace of cannon and an errant Buddha. Even the part where we stayed (some buildings are 'hotel rooms,' some are shops, most are self-catering cottages) sported bas-reliefs and statue-niches from goodness knows where. The designer called it his Home for Fallen Buildings.

"I have a nervous feeling of evoking a mere architectural junk-heap. Actually the overall effect is weirdly integrated and witty. As you wander around, there comes a realization that there are *no* accidental perspectives: viewed from any angle, the place has its own daft perfection. By cunning use of the sloping combe, a three-storey cottage called Telford's Tower dominates its corner of the skyline; a wholly non-functional 'Campanile' stands even taller, and the Dome look like that of St. Paul's. None of these is actually as big as our own perfectly ordinary Reading house, but their height is forced on you as an optical illusion. Speaking of suggestion, I hope that the innumerable and inexplicable old paintings of volcanoes which line the walls of the 'Town Hall' breakfast- and dining-rooms weren't intended as a cruel allusion to the dreaded holiday tummy . . .

"Around the village are woods big enough to get lost in (we promptly did), full of forgotten exotica (bamboo, in North Wales?) and remnants of nineteenth-century gardens — fortunatley I was sufficiently out of breath not to recite the whole of Swinburne's *A Forsaken Garden* into the teeth of the salt wind. A lost beach was heaped with the endless white skeletons of sea urchins; a grim little glade offered headstones and graves, which proved to belong to a bygone someone's dogs. The Gilbert-and-Sullivan spirit of the village didn't penetrate this far, but there was the same sense of infinite remoteness from word processors and bank managers.

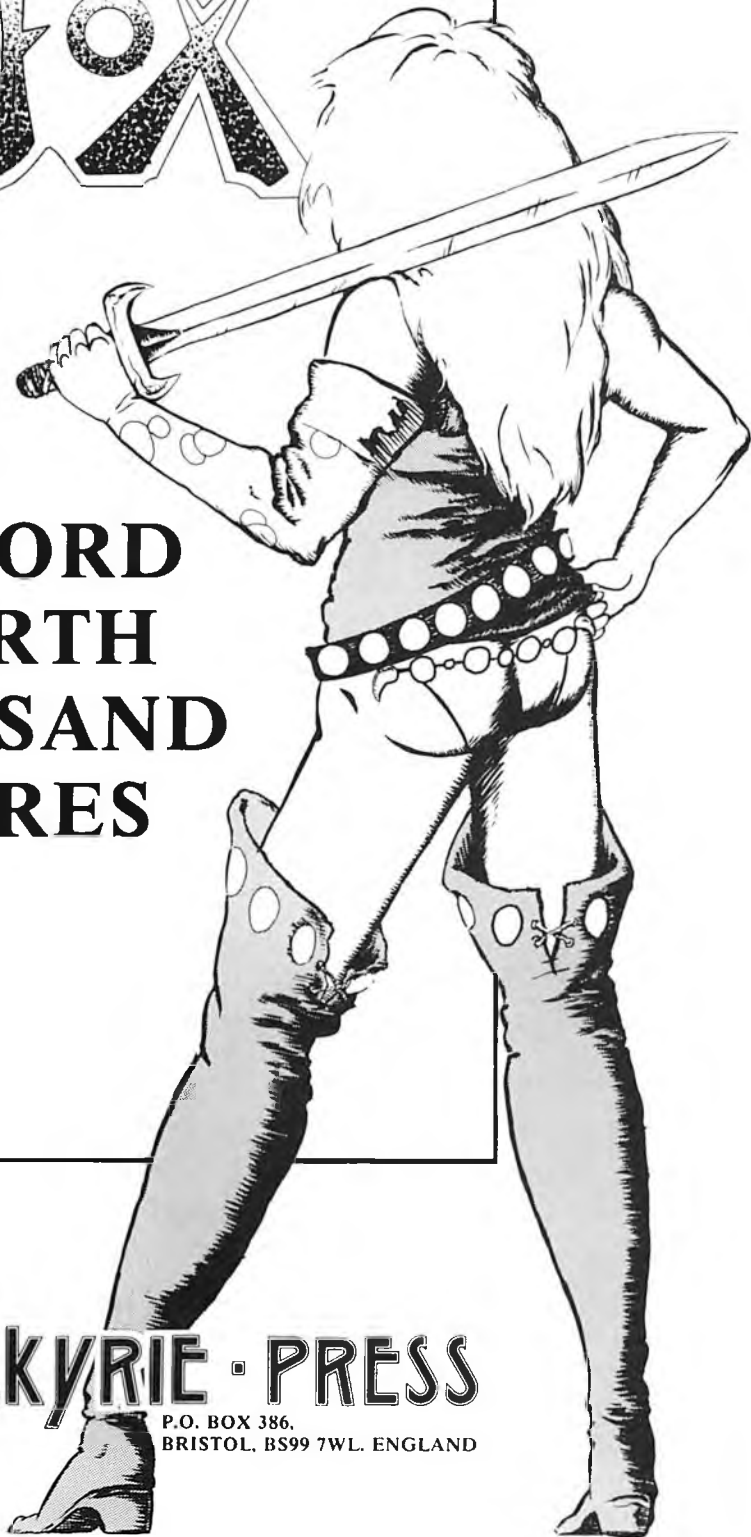
"The funny thing about Sir Clough's fantasy world is that it's as durable as his favourite Ionic columns — robust enough to absorb and ignore tourists, cars, all the tentacles of a mundane Outside. Portmeirion's facade is solid, with no peeling plastic or fairground impermanence . . ."

I wish I could write this well. And thus you see why I hate Dave Langford. He's just too damned good. ●



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				Dominican Rep.	1	0	2	Poland	18	0	18
				Eire	13	0	13	Portugal	1	1	2
				Finland	20	0	20	South Africa	1	0	1
				France	53	0	53	Sri Lanka	0	1	1
				Guam	1	0	1	Sweden	33	5	38
				Hungary	0	0	0	Switzerland	3	0	3
				Israel	4	0	4	The Netherlands	64	7	71
				Italy	24	0	24	USSR	2	0	2
				Japan	15	1	16	United Kingdom	1572	43	1615
				Luxembourg	0	0	0	United States	1515	326	1841
				Malaysia	1	0	1	West Germany	43	0	43
				Mexico	1	0	1	Yugoslavia	25	0	25
				New Zealand	14	2	16				
				Norway	25	0	25	Total	3668	468	4136

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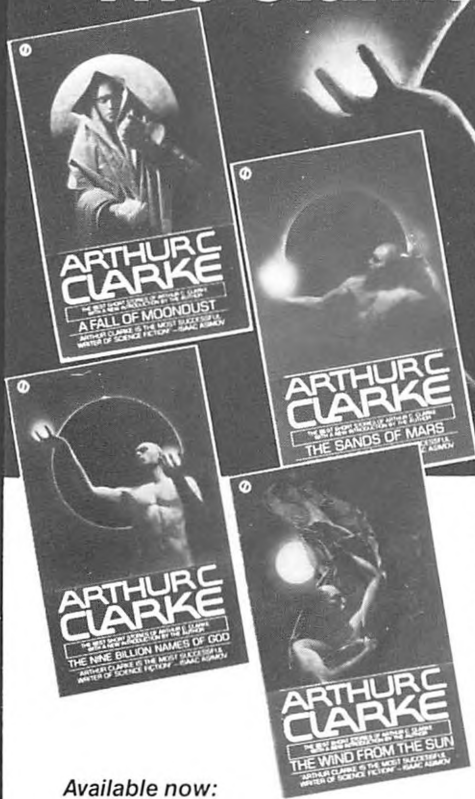
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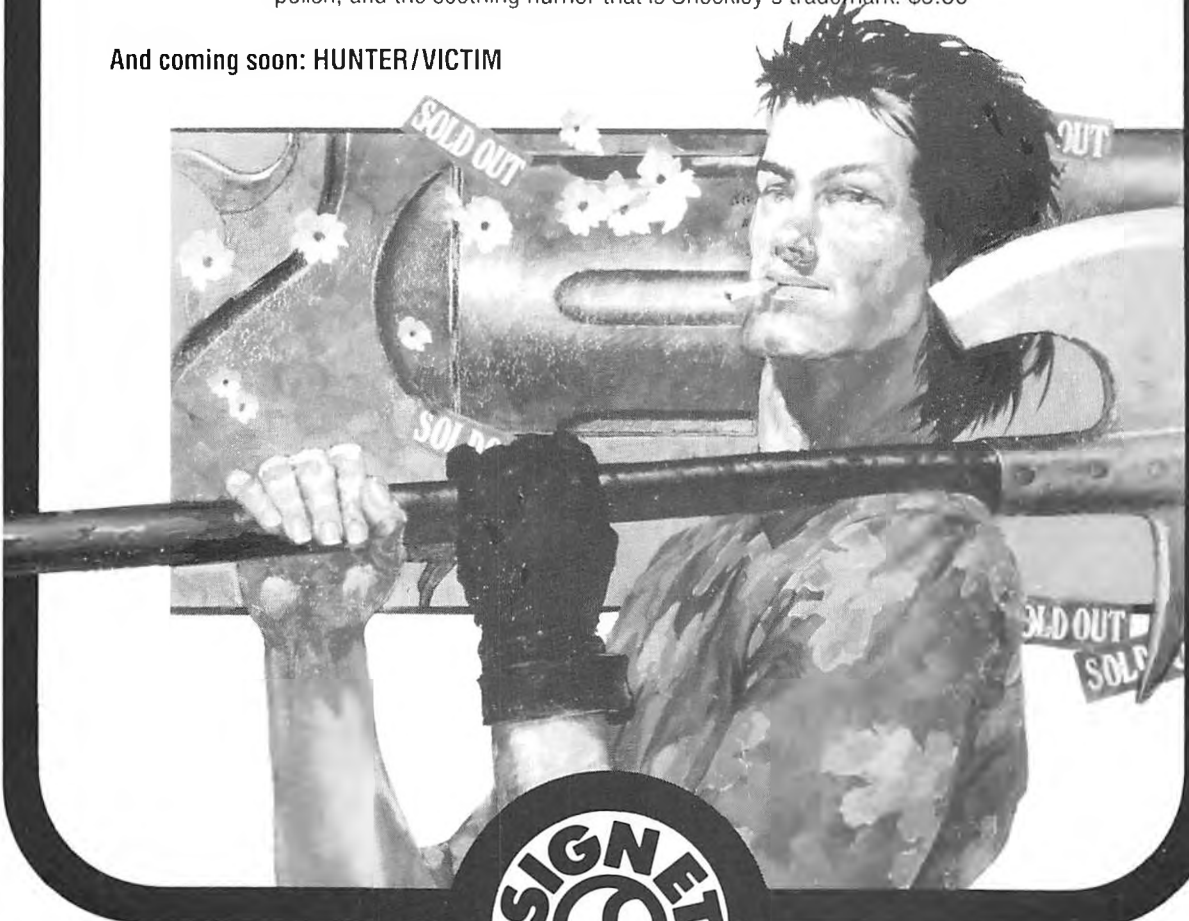
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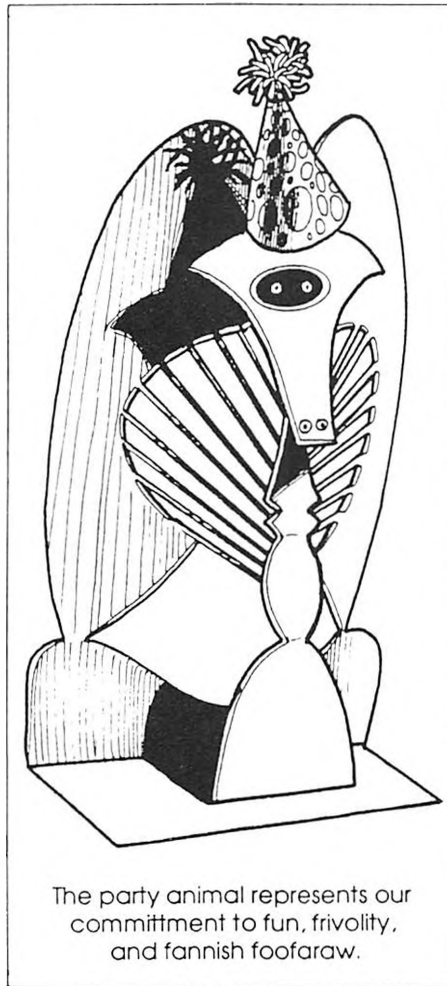
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3632A	David Graham Eyley	3544A	David Glass	2085A	Stephen Hart	2089A	Mary Horsfield	0152A	Vicki King
2474A	Penny Fabb	0779A	Wendy Glover	3442A	Michael Hart	3337A	Ms Penny Houghton	2036A	Les Kingstone
2475A	John Fabb	2071A	Christine Glover	0070A	Eve Harvey	1873A	Valerie Housden	4126D	Josh Kirby
0240A	Fabian	3787A	Steven Glover	0071A	John Harvey	0339A	Mic Howard	0898A	Barbara Kitson
3106A	Jon Fairbairn	3981A	Steven SB Glover	3385A	Allan Harvey	2345A	Catrina Howard	3760A	Mary Knott
1974A	John Fairry	2077A	Jia Goddard	3984A	Chris Harvey	2270A	A. B. Howe	3854A	Paul Koch
2149A	Fantast I Medway Ltd	3879A	Igor Goldkind	0819A	Kamal Hashmi	2912A	Carl L. Howe	3136A	Alice Kohler
4120A	Kia Farey	3446A	Robert C. Golds	9819A	Miss Caroline Haslip	0644A	Stever Hubbard	2926A	Laura Kranzier
4121A	Mic Farey	3776A	Nicholas Goodway	1788A	S.C. Hatch	0771A	Chris Hughes	2525A	Mark Kratovil
2319A	M'lady morgana le fay	0850A	Margaret Gordon	3638A	Steve Hatherley	2163A	Miss D Hughes	2323A	Bernadette Krebs
2463A	Jay Felton	1740A	Miall Gordon	3207A	Steve Hatton	2488A	Brian Hughes	2307A	Steve Kyte
1994A	Ian Ferabee	1992A	Howard Gordon	3753A	Jeff Haughton	3471A	Carole Ann Huee	3012A	Sir Eric ap Lac
3961A	Steven J Fernaays	2133A	Alan Gordon	1729A	Brian Haunton	2911A	John Hunt	3238A	Marc Lachapelle
3788A	Julian Fifield	1826A	Robin Willize Soswell	3421A	John Hawcock	3410A	Stephen Hunt	3168A	Richard Laing
4275A	Mike Figg	3856A	I. Goswell	4522A	Jonathan Hayden	3204A	Peter Hurley	0034A	Christina Lake
0012A	Colin Fine	0619A	Mike Gould	3411A	H. Hayllar	1830A	Diana Hutchison	2292A	Michael Lake
0344A	Joan Fine	0856A	John A. Graham	3812A	Anton J. Haynes	1831A	Peter Hutchison	0250A	Dave Lally
1004A	Philip Fine	3268A	Fiona Graham	3424A	T. S. Hayward	0770A	Jan Husley	3867A	Stefan Lancaster
4090A	Miall Finucane	3930A	Michael Graney	1700A	Graham Head	3764A	Mike 'The Fingers' Ibeji	3877A	Mick Landau
4091A	Debbie Finucane	1856A	Bruce W. Grant	0252A	Julian Headlong	3716A	Richard Iliffe	0269A	H.J. Landis
3740A	Julia Fitzgerald	2143A	Mark Grant	1711A	Tim Headlong	0017A	Tim Illingworth	0287A	John Lang
1804A	Jean Flack	2196A	Fran Grant	1712A	Justin Headlong	4184A	L D Inches	1010A	Elizabeth A. Lang
1805A	Anne-Marie Flack	3360A	Andrew Gravell	3345A	Alan Hedgcock	3824A	Interzone	84A	Colin P. Langeveld
0844A	Jo Fletcher	0879A	Mrs Roberta Gray	0024A	Teresa Hehir	2095A	Mat Irvine	3211A	Joan Langeveld
3015A	David Flin	2940A	Sam Gray	0874A	Mathew Irving	0874A	Mathew Irving	0009E	Hazel Langford
2024A	D.J. Flint	3193S	Dr. Mike Gray	3892A	Mr. L Hendley	0887A	Rob Jackson	6DRLE	Dave Langford
3634A	I Flower	3767S	Roy Gray	2275A	Linda Hepdes	2070A	Coral Jackson	4183S	Gordon Larkin
1709A	Brian Flynn	2951A	Hooby the Great	3921A	Neil Hepple	4331A	Patrick Jackson	4106A	Adrian R. Last
1710A	Shelia Flynn	0014A	Steve Green	2124A	Robert Hepworth	4332A	Carole Jackson	3189A	Eira L Latham
3780A	Martyn Fogg	0147A	Ann Green	2125A	Alison Hepworth	3820A	Maxie Jakubowski	4113A	Russell Laverick
2289A	Forbidden Planet	0242A	David Green	2928A	Guy Herbert	0796A	Wilfred M. James	4114A	June Laverick
2290A	Forbidden Planet	3453A	S. Herbert	1972A	Rhodri James	1972A	Rhodri James	2447A	Patrick A. Lawford
0270A	Mike Ford	0800A	Carol Ann Green	1979A	Paul Heslett	1102A	Linda Strickler James	3991A	Vicky Lawrence
2337A	Carl Ford	4303A	Keith the Green	0793A	Richard C. Hewison	2520A	Edward James	0113A	Steve Lawnce
3014A	Philip Ford	4463A	Jon Green	2113A	Sara Hewitt	4305A	Edouard Jankowski	3431A	Alan Lawson
3426A	Fox	1714A	James Greer	3721A	Lt D.M. Hewitt	2114A	Lewis Jardine	0627A	Ruth Le Sueur
0204A	Susan Francis	2942A	Jonathan Greetham	3929A	Colin Hewlett	1828A	Mark Jeffcock	2934A	Mark Leach
2969A	Sherry Francis	3183A	Peter Grehan	2551A	Barbara Heywood	1829A	Sylvia Jeffcock	2935A	Martin Leach
3626A	Dominic Franklin	0775A	Jackie Gresham	0058A	Joy Hibbert	1475A	John L. Jennings	2278A	Susan Leadbeater
3627A	Christian Franklin	3212A	John Gribbin	1995A	David Hibbert	3318A	Morryth K. Jennings	3350A	Mrs H. Leadbetter
3463A	Brian Franks	3213A	Mary Gribbin	1996A	Carol Hibbert	3704A	Miss Samantha Jewell	4283A	Paddy Leahy
3464A	Anna Yarrow Franks	2552A	Don Griffiths	1997A	Jane Hibbert	3633A	Fiona Katherine Jewels	0120A	Bernard Leak
3792A	Jenny Fraser	3896S	David Griffiths	1998A	Ann Hibbert	3542E	Jane Johnson	4075A	H D Leary
1876A	Keith Freeman	3969A	K.E. Grisdale	3336A	Ms D. Hicks	4336D	K A Johnson	4209A	Jeff Leddra
3875A	Graham Freeman	0822A	Paul Grooe	3906A	Andy Hicks	0845A	Steve Jones	2507A	Patrick Lee
4287A	Dave French	2271A	Tim Groome	3473A	M. Higby	1981A	Stephen Graham Jones	4117A	Robert Lee
4288A	Shirley French	2272A	Janet Groome	3313A	David Higgins	1983A	Gwyneth Jones	4198A	Mark Lenihan
3251A	Danny Friedman	2019A	Julie Grosvenor	3963A	Steve Higgins	2031A	Marsha Jones	3319A	Pat Lennon
		1039A	Stephen M. Grover	2034A	Michael A P Hill	2310A	Dave Jones	2950A	The Offwhite Lensman

THE RETURN OF THE ONE ROOF WORLDCON CHICAGO IN '91

We are an operating committee with literally thousands of hours of con-running experience -- from regionals to Worldcons, we've learned how to party. And with our interconnected hotels providing all the space a Worldcon could need, partying will be easier than ever! You won't need to leave the complex for anything. Food from fast to fine, video arcades, travel agents for those last minute plan changes, all these necessities of fannish life and more are available in the Illinois Center, the two story underground shopping center that will connect our hotels.

One of these, the Hyatt Regency Chicago, is a convention center in and of itself. Ground has been broken and financing arranged for the Swiss Grand Hotel, which is scheduled to be completed in late 1988, in plenty of time for Labor Day, 1991. With this addition to the Illinois Center complex, Chicago will have the only site in the entire Midwest region capable of hosting an entire Worldcon under one roof.

The Fairmont Hotel, also under construction at the Illinois Center, will be completed in 1988-89. We are hoping to reach an agreement with them for 1991 as well.



The party animal represents our commitment to fun, frivolity, and fannish foofaraw.

Our city is as vibrant and alive as any in the world. Fine cuisines, the latest fashions, and the best blues anywhere can all be found within minutes of the hotels. Chicago's famed Art Institute, the newly restored Chicago Theater, the bars of Rush Street, and the stores of North Michigan Avenue are all within a short walk. A ten minute cab ride will take you to ivied Wrigley Field or the Museum of Science and Industry (be sure to see their space center).

If we haven't yet hit your cup of tea, we could talk architecture. The crowning achievements of modern designers Louis Sullivan and Mies Van der Rohe are within blocks; for those of Frank Lloyd Wright you have to travel, but only about ten miles (public transportation is fairly convenient).

Perhaps you prefer public art? There are many pieces dotted about the Loop (Chicago's downtown), ranging from a large mosaic by Chagall to a very controversial modern sculpture in front of the State of Illinois building to the inspiration for our party animal, Picasso's "Woman".

Chicago in '91

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3755A	Kevin Leonard	3781A	Keith Martin	3352A	Bill Morris	0981A	Christopher F. O'Shea	0022A	Dai Price
2007A	David Lerott	0013A	Hugh Mascetti	3938A	Roger Morris		(The Magician)	3770A	Nigel Price
6DL 6	Doris Lessing	2553A	Phil Mason	3953A	Keith Morris	4299A	Dave Packwood	3771A	Catherine Price
3348A	Lindsay Levy	1818A	Phil Masters	4272A	Andy Morris	0782A	Anne Page	0079A	Chris Priest
3349A	Gaby Levy	1819A	Angela Masters	3920A	Wm Morrison	3142A	Jonathan Page	0236A	David Pringle
3437A	Robin Levy	3003A	Andy Matthewman	0802A	Steph Mortimer	0329A	Valerie Faine	0237A	C.A. Pringle
3325A	Shelagh Lewis	2500A	Jean Maudsley	1703A	Judy Mortimore	4350A	sir Eal painin D'Ass	1881A	James Pringle
2039A	Richard G. Lewis	2153A	Robert Maughan	1732A	Tony Morton	0061A	Phil Palmer	2166A	Steven Milo Prosterman
2297A	Mike Lewis	2253A	Jan Maule	1733A	Carol Morton	2087A	Paul Paulins	3484A	Shaun Prysizai
3388S	Chris Lewis	2254A	Janice Maule	3114A	Euan R. S. Morton	2336A	J. Parker	2020A	Allan Pyslow
3818A	Paul Lewis	3470A	Kari Maund	3902A	Keith RG Morton	2972A	Margaret Parker	0851A	Terry Pyle
4118A	Rosalind Liddle	0102A	Charles Maudsley	3983A	Gerry Morton	3216A	Lucy Parker	3353A	R.J. Pyper
4119A	David Liddle	3509A	Jon May	2041A	Peter Morwood	3225A	Sue Parker	3259A	P J L Quigley
3653A	Ian F Lightbown	2993A	A. C. Waynard	1793A	John Mottershead	3661A	Owen Parker	2257A	Nick J. Quinn
2167A	Sheila Lightsey	0813A	Angus McAllister	0115A	Steve Mowbray	3912A	John Richard Parker	3956A	Rabbit
2168A	Raeal Lightsey	3280A	J S McAllister	2288A	Sue Mowbray	4424A	Graham Parker	4274A	John Rabson
3277A	Jane Lillington	3903A	Stephen David McAllister	3939A	Mr SP Moxey	4425A	Neil Parker	3448A	S.M. Rackham
1760A	Elspeth Lindner	3849A	Linda McAndrew	3924A	R Muir	4317A	George Parkin	4330A	Andrew Kennedy Rae
1993A	Ethel Lindsay	3850A	Lorraine McAndrew	4294A	Robert Muir	2452A	Richard E. J. Parkins	3283A	P Rahtz
3948A	Christopher Neil Linfoot	2139A	Malcolm McArthur	0117A	Caroline Mullan	2453A	David Parkins	2486A	Joanne Kaine
3949A	Jacqueline Ann Linfoot	3020A	Graham McArthur	4421A	Azizul Muzni	2079A	Vanessa P. Parry	4348A	Philip Raines
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3294A	Ken Livingstone	4221A	Paul J. McAuley	4273S	John Murdoch	0853A	Joan S. Paterson	0871A	Feryal Rajah
1797A	Mike Llewellyn	4247S	Pete McAuley	2060A	J. Murnin	0828A	Dave Patterson	4329S	Adelle Rate
3356A	Dave Lloyd	1792A	William McCabe	3987A	Helen Murphy	2159A	Eaonn J.G. Patton	2154A	Richard the Rampant
3457A	Alastair Lloyd	2150A	Nartin McCallion	4427A	Chris Murphy	3405A	A. W. Patton	3334S	Keith Ramsey
3791A	Justin Lloyd	0436A	Douglas McCallum	3550A	J. Myers	3946A	Michael K. Fay	3362A	Petrick Randall
3922A	JH Loftus	2306A	Helen McCarthy	4296A	Harry Nadler	3786A	Alan Payne	3363A	David Randall
0451A	Maggie Lokier	2960A	Glenn McCauley	4297A	Steven Nadler	0080A	Christie Pearson	3374A	Robert G. Rankin
0772A	Janet Lowas	4122A	Gordon McClennahan	4307A	Marie Nadler	0861A	Nigel Pearson	2110A	Nev Rawlins
2030A	Brian H. Longstaff	3452A	Wendy McDonald	3734A	Philip Nanson	3631A	Leslie Peck	2299A	Andrew Ray
0151A	Ann Looker	4356A	Kathy McEneaney	0232A	Karen Naylor	0258A	Bernie Peck	4107A	Suzanna Raymond
0148A	Sir Agravaín ap Iot	4443S	Thomas McEhie	3215A	Pete Neale	2936A	M'Lady Elaine	1702A	Mr S. Redburn
2933A	Neil Loughran	3855A	Stuart McGregor	2116A	Caroline Needham		pelles-dottir	4309A	Martin Reed
2300A	Christie Lovett	3882S	Kenneth M. McKee	2947A	Donald Neil	4328A	Jason Pender	3940A	Ms WS Reen
2301A	Steve Lovett	3454A	Pauline McKendrick	3286A	Rhonda F. Neil	2003A	M'Lady Suenever	3790A	Anthony Rees
0111A	Nick Lowe	3455A	John McKendrick	3135A	Ann Neilson		Pendragon	4352A	Gareth Rees
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3214	Tony Luke	2129A	Lesley McNair	1810A	J.M. Newmar	3236A	Nick Perks	3955A	Jane Reynolds
3952A	Duncan Lunan	3399A	J. McNally	1978A	Kim Newman	0872A	John Peters	2126A	John Richards
3907A	Michael Lynch	3400A	Friend of J. McNally	4186A	Robert J Newman	3440A	Ian Peters	2946A	Andy Richards
4246S	Denys Lynch	0773A	Ann McPhail	2093A	Henry Newton	3441A	Lesley Peters	4199A	Jonathan Richards
2118A	Pete Lyon	0215A	Robert Meades	2094A	Cherry Newton	3205A	Heather Petty	3451A	Mike Richardson
0259A	Peter Mabey	3282A	Anthony James Meadows	3164A	R E Newton	3966A	Phil Petty	3758A	John Rickard
0105A	Bruce John Macdonald	0100A	John Meaney	3222A	M'Lady Blanchefleur ni	4365A	Nick Petty	3263A	Phillip John Ridout
0243A	Neil Mackie	0101A	Yvonne Meaney		Cutt	4366A	Wendy Petty	2548A	Andrea Ridsdale
3973A	Gary Mackie	0246A	R. Meenan	0028A	Joseph Nicholas	2098A	Rog Peyton	4127D	Jackie Riddgen
4133A	David MacKinnon	0877A	Mark Meenan	0003A	Peter Nicholls	2995A	Mrs Sylvia Phillips	3521A	Peter Rippington
2158A	Pat MacLennan	3650A	Yona Megarry	2293A	John Nicholls	3815A	John Philpott	3915A	Roy Rivett
4210A	Gordon MacNee	4116A	Dave Meighan	2339S	Stan Nicholls	2484A	Julie Phipps	3916A	Jeannette Rivett
4211A	Friend 1 of Gordon MacNee	2009A	sir tristrain ap melodias	1827A	Simon Paul Nicholson	3333A	H.E. Phipps-Jones	3872A	Betty Robbins
		1775A	Peter Measott	3841A	Andy Niham	1765A	Fran Pickering	3873A	Sheila Robbins
4212A	Friend 2 of Gordon MacNee	0791A	Trevor Meendham	0950A	Charles E. Noad	1766A	John Pickering	2907A	Graeece Roberts
		3416A	John Merritt	2005A	Andrew Norcross	2303A	Annabel Pickering	2908A	Sheila Roberts
4213A	Friend 3 of Gordon MacNee	0090A	Graham Middleton	0094A	Lisanne Norman	0076A	Linda Pickersgill	2909A	Katherine Roberts
		3651A	W.A.C. Nier-Jedrzejowicz	4355A	Linda Norman	3255A	Greg Pickersgill	3255A	Sharon Roberts
4214A	Friend 4 of Gordon MacNee	0949A	P. Miles	1696A	Gytha North	1701A	Jonathan Pickles	3361A	G.T. Roberts
		1730A	Laurence H. Miller	2100A	Heather North	3866A	PM Pinfold	0060A	Jimmy Robertson
4215A	Friend 5 of Gordon MacNee	1731A	Jackie J. Miller	2977A	Phil Noyes	0780A	Peter Pinto	0858A	A.W. Robertson
		4318A	Jan Miller	3013A	Sir Yder ap Nutt	0335A	Dave Piper	0027A	Roger Robinson
2151A	John MacPhail	3354A	A. Milligan	2050A	Keith Oborn	1802A	Geoffrey Stephen	0766A	Guy Robinson
2045A	Sean J Macrae	0282A	Nick Mills	2051A	Krystyna Oborn		Pitchford	2457A	John Robinson
3649A	Clare Macrae	4092A	R.D. Milne	0859A	Roger Octon	3439A	David Plant	2467A	Steven Robinson
0254A	Brian Magorrian	3420A	Rod Milner	2318A	sir Geraint of muddy-fields	2120A	Phil Plumby	4218A	T. R. Robinson
4523A	Nicholas Mahoney	0260A	Mike Mitchell			2480A	Rayne Pollard	1776A	Nigel Robson
2518A	Lorraine Malby	2147A	Keith Mitchell	3971A	Neil Ogilvie	1975A	Simon Polley	3223A	M C Rockey
2104A	Donald Malcolm	4364S	John Mitchell	3972A	Heather Ogilvie	1727A	Graham Poole	0107A	Justin Rogers
2105A	Rita Malcolm	3287A	F F Hobbs	4370A	Mr. B. E. Oldfield	3224A	B H Poore	1737A	Phil Rogers
4353A	Steve Malone	2996A	Hussain Rafi Mohamed	0087A	Paul Oldroyd	0162A	Maureen Porter	1738A	Doreen Rogers
4344A	Colin M Manlove	3132A	Ms Saleema Mohamed	3655A	John Olsen	3237A	Malcolma Porter	2044A	Seb Rogers
2021A	K.C. Mann	0083A	Mike Moir	1768A	Sir Gwalchmai of Orkaid	3751A	Jim Porter	2554A	Tony Rogers
2022A	E.J. Mann	2081A	Debbie Moir	2004A	M'Lady Margawse of Orkney	3752A	Jean Porter	4096A	Adrian Rogerson
3897A	Andrew Manning	0052A	Michael Molloy			3474A	Poseur Party Costumes	0106A	Andrew Rose
3326A	Jhana M'ha Margo	2957A	Tison Anthony St John Molloy	0214A	Sir Medraut of Orkneys	3475A	Poseur Party Costumes	3100A	Kenia Rose
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2962A	Karen Ann Markus	3306A	Lorcan Mongey	2043A	Shaw Osteraann	3980A	Nigel John Potter	0852A	June Rosenblum
3816A	Paul Marrow	4220A	Dave Montgomery	0062A	Simon Ounsley	0161A	D.S. Power	2160A	Nick Rosser
2084A	Anne Marsden	2503A	Martin J. Moore	3414A	Kathy Overend	3331A	M. Prance	0124A	Stephen Rothman
1771A	Sir Ablawr o' the Marsh	3378A	K.C.T. Moore	1778A	Rodney O'Connor	3199A	Terry Pratchett	0221A	David Row
4300A	Carol Marshall	3379A	Friend of K.C.T. Moore	2014A	Max O'Connor	3200A	Lyn Pratchett	3438A	Romana
4301A	Len Marshall	0069A	Pauline Morgan	2067A	Andrew O'Donnell	3201A	Rhanna Pratchett	0781A	Marcus Rowland
3840A	Jonathan Marshall-Potter	0873A	Chris Morgan	2352A	Stephen Granville O Kane	4255A	Ann Pratley	0057A	Dave Rowley
0255A	Graham Martin	2295A	Jerrey Morgan	3409A	Chris O'Kane	4277A	Marcus Pratt	3560A	Toby Roxburgh
2546A	Margaret Martin	4293A	Vicky Morland	2361A	Trisha O'Neil	3717A	Eleanor Predota	0189A	Simon Rudyk
		3009A	Bill Morris					0190A	Barbara Rudyk
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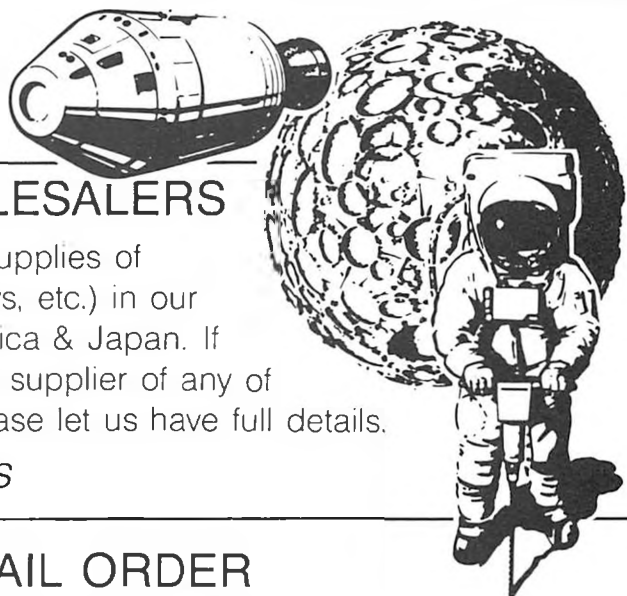
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2103A Geoff Ryan	1717A Chris Southern	0233A Tibbs	3268A Ian Weller	4128A Thomas Weir Worthington
3375A Hassan I. Sabbah	1718A Jenny Southern	3761A Steve Tidey	4115A Sam Weller	3104A Stuart Wray
2086A Marjorie Sachs	3233A Michael John Southern	0173A Andrew Tisdarsh	0888A Pam Wells	1750A Kate Wright
3145A David Salgado	1692A Phil Spencer	3739A Keith Tison	3278A Gordon Wells	3341A Anthony Myers
3346A Mark Salisbury	2276A Helen M. Spinks	3285A Gregory M Y Tinney	4340A Elaine Welsh	4257D Diana Wynne-Jones
2042A Jonathan C. Salmon	2277A John Spinks	2291A Titan Distributors	1794A D West	2016A Jessica Yates
2035A Robert Sanders	3194A Robert Springall	3630A Paul Tomlinson	4130A P. West	3825A Susan Yeung
4315A Ian Sanderson	3021A Brian Stableford	2975A D Tompkins	4131A A. West	4080A Stephen Youll
3975A Kevin Sands	3342A Susan Stacey	3456A David Torrance	4132A S. West	4081A Paul Youll
2274A Lesley Sapsford	3340A G.I. Stalker	2141A Margaret Tout	0055A Kathy Westhead	2469A Young Artists 1
2076A Lena Sarah	3950A Miss Julie Stamford	2142A Richard Tout	1697A Mike Westhead	2470A Young Artists 2
2136A Bruce Saville	2364A Isa Stannard	2047A Ivan Towilson	0025A Peter Weston	3311A Stephen Zataar
3785A Andrew Saxby	0849A Helen Starkey	0830A Andrew Trapnell	0180A Frank Westwood	
2491A Angie Saxton	0268A Sylvia Starshine	4325S Dean Treleven	3128A Ros Wheadon	
3412A K. Sayers	2527A Ben Staveley-Taylor	3307A Anthony Triggs	1708A Richard Wheatcroft	
3198A Mike Scantlebury	3373A Beryl Stedeford	2238A Neal Tringham	1758A Martin Wheatcroft	
0118A Mike Scott	0274A James Steel	2941A Jeff Troatan	4304A Mary Wheatcroft	
0119A Alison Scott	2350A Duncan Steel	0010A Martin Tudor	0114A Laura Wheatly	
1790A Angus H C Scott-Brown	2351A Friend of Duncan Steel	4250S John Turczak	4286A Elda Wheeler	
3643A Jeremy Searle	4108A Daniel Steel	0340A Nick Turner	0276A Bob Whitaker	
4079A Mr K. Seery	2915A Alan Stephen	0078A Lisa Tuttle	3628A Mike Whitaker	
0089A Chris Sella	0811A Liz Stephensen-Payne	0263A Pete Tyers	3402A John Whitbourn	
0718A G.II Sella	0812A Phil Stephensen-Payne	2322A G.M. Tyrrell	4442A Pauline Whitty	
3477A Andrew Seymour	0261A Andrew Stephenson	3314A Madeleine Tyrrell	0170A James White	
1377A Matthew Shackie	2539A Susan Stepney	3315A Nick Tyrrell	2284A Peggy White	
3901A Paul Shackley	1005A Janet Stevenson	2441A Ael 1-Mhessan	2970A Dave White	
1814A Adaa A. Shafi	2010A Roy Stevenson (Nisue)	t-Rillaillieu	2971A Sandy White	
3928A Asheem K. Sharma	2485A Paul Stevenson	3846A John E. Uffring	4426A Steve White	
3113A Graham Sharpling	3657A Ian Scott Stevenson	1879A Marion van der Voort	3011A M Lady Enide of the	
1728A Bob Shaw	0064A John Steward	1880A Richard van der Voort	White Hart	
2090A Bob Shaw	0044A Alex Stewart	3836A Dr Jia Vernon	3828A David Whitehouse	
2091A Sarah Shaw	0610A John Stewart	2931A Philip Vickers	0067A Owen Whiteoak	
2109A Si Shaw	2044A Paul A. Stewart	3383A Jane Vigus	3242A David J Why	
1724A Moira Shearman	3320A Janine Stewart	3804A Jan Vincent-Rudzki	2540A Charles Whyte	
3317A Claire Shearman	3321A Robert Stewart	0082A Richard Vine	3989A Brian Wiegman	
2537A Nick Shears	2164A Graeme St.Lille	0833S Graham Wade	3900A Zandra Wiegman	
2538A Audrey Shears	3165A Peter Stockill	2973A J L Waggatt	2085A Colin Wightman	
3959A Karin B. Shelton	3196A Graham Stokes	1969A Jonathan Waite	4207A Philip Wild	
3960A John M Shelton	1695A Mike Stone	1970A Janet Waite	4208A Matthew Wild	
0145A D.M. Sherwood	2451A Mrs Lola Stone	3466A David Wake	2939A Paul Wilder	
1823A Miss J. Sheward	3101A Lynne Strangeways	3467A Helen Wake	4278A Richard Wilder	
2261A Miss Kathleen Shiel	3102A Andy Strangeways	2472A Lindsay Wakemar	0081A John Wilkes	
3254A Maggie Shirran	0768A Gary Stralmann	2073A Keith A. Walker	3648A Carol Wilkes	
2069A Moraan Shorrock	3401A Marcus Streets	3150A Mick Walker	1009A Bridget Wilkinson	
2111A Ina Shorrock	3137A Ed Stuart	3445A Mark J. Walasley	4105A Dave Wilkinson	
2342A Jia Sieroto	1806A Robert Stubbs	3547A Bernard Walsh	2108A Jeff Wilks	
2037A Gareth Sison	4251S Rowena Stubbs	3548A Friend of Bernard Walsh	2117A Matt Williams	
1815A Lester E. Simons	0043A John Styles	3292A Patrick Walters	2152A Owen F.D. Williams	
2954A David Simons	1801A Alan J. Sullivan	2442A Chris Walton	2918A Ms Linda Barbara	
3970A Mark Smapkins	3918A Colin Martin Sullivan	4280D Edward John Ward	Williams	
2137A Ellis Simpson	3846F H. Summerfield	4281D Christine Avis Ward	2930A Nadawc Williams	
1218S Susan Simpson	3549A Rod Summers	3234A Malcolm Wardle	3316A Alan Williams	
3403A A.W. Simpson	0015A Chris Suslowicz	4282A R.M. Ward-Zinski	3444A John Williams	
3726S M.J. Simpson	3415A H.F. Sutcliffe	0116A Peter Wareham	3951A Brian Williams	
2082A H. Singerman	3779S Debby Sutherland	3741A Glen Warwinger	4284A Geoff Williams	
2273A Claire Singerman	3384A James Swallow	0787A Clive Warren	4422A Robert Williams	
3884A Ivan Sinha	3944A Jennifer Swift	0788A Jeanette Warren	2145A Phil Willis	
3986A Michael Skelding	0617A Dave Syaes	3372A Nigel K. Warren	2313A Brian Willis	
2321A Sir Veilliance of sky	0618F Fay Syaes	3195A Freda Warrington	2359A David Willis	
6JS 6 Joyce Slater	1816A Colette Symington	1811A Mike Wathen	3109A Walter A. Willis	
6KS 6 Ken Slater	3637A Michelle Tascher	1812A Dr Wathen	3110A Madeleine Willis	
3885A David J. Swale	3957A Tashina	0045A Ashley Watkins	2068A Anne Wilson	
3985A Alan Swale	0163A Tom Taylor	3756A Sionn Watkins	2258A Paul C. Wilson	
2308A Gordon S. Svaill	0334A Martyn Taylor	3757A LM Watkins	2466A Martin Wilson	
0073A Martin Smith	2298A Colin Taylor	0175A Ian Watson	2482A Mr S. Wilson	
0177A Frank R. Smith	2955A Andrew Taylor	0876A Jenny Watson	3351A Keely Wilson	
0183A David R. Smith	3270A Michael Taylor	2327A Judy Watson	3546A Peter Wilson	
1694A Peter J.R. Smith	3413A Ian Taylor	2328A Jessica Watson	3979A Christopher Wilson	
1866S Mary Smith	3729A Alyson Taylor	3281A Phill Watson	2059A Paul K. Windett	
2055A Peter I. Smith	3376A Martin Tee	3262A c/o Phill Watson	2012F Moonspear Windhaven	
2547A P.J. Smith	0846A George F. Ternent	3107A Linda Watt	2013A Starsong Windhaven	
3111A Dianne Smith	3289A Pamela Thacker	0696A Peter Watts	2161F Paul Wanship	
3112A Friend of Dianne Smith	3290A Daniel Thacker	3481S Lorna Watts	3990A Julian Watt	
3218A Gordon Smith	0265A Dave Thomas	3917A Robert Weatherall	4367A Sion P Wittans	
3244A Mark Smith	0253A Peter-Fred Thompson	0072A Gerry Webb	2038A Woli	
3245A Julia Smith	2061A Ray Thompson	3116A Matthew P.D. Webb	3394S Cherry Wolfe	
3377A Rosemary L. Smith	2062A Ali Thompson	4464A Mark Webb	3105A Sarah Woodall	
4082A Gary R Smith	2134A Jean Thompson	4465A Friend of Mark Webb	3227A Robin A Woodford	
4103A Gerald Smith	2269A Neil Thompson	3406A Helen Weber	1742A Clive Woodley	
0021A Robert Sneddon	3295A E.P. Thompson	3407A Mrs Weber	1743A Ian Woodley	
1698A Robert J. Sneddon	3329A Stephen Thompson	2279A Dawn Webster	3229A Philip Mark Woolley	
1723A Sarah Snelling	0174A Esther Thomson	4298A Elaine Weddell	3367A Roger Wootton	
1713A Adrian Snowdon	0338A Arthur Thomson	4302A David L'Estrange Weddell	4254S Brian James Wordie	
4333A Catherine Soley	4363A Ruth Thomson	0110A Margaret Welbant	3730A John Worley	
0890A Kate Solomon	0229A Paul Thorley	3358A Edward Welbourne	2048A Ken Worrall	
1803A Ian Sorenser	2925A Nigel Thornton Clark			

* Members from United States

1088A Gail S. Abend
1468A Saul D. Abrahm
0468A Sue Abramovitz
1478A Forrest J. Ackerman
1479A Wendayne Ackerman
1844A Frank Adams
3999A Denver I. Adams Jr
1652A Adina Adler
1882A Gary P. Agin
4271S Ann Agronoff
0481A Leslie Strang Albers
4372A Gloria Lucia Albasi
2171A Roland Albridge
1045A Bethany Allen
1883A Sharon Giacomo Allen
3024A Susan Allison
4058S Bob Allison
2630S Harry Ala
2631S Marilyn Alm
4373S Janet M. Alvarez
4267A James M. Alves
1475A Robert W. Alvis
1476A Phyllis Alvis
1052A J. Clinton Alvord
1090S Clifton Ambury
0469A Dave Anderson
0470A Claire Anderson
1836A Sue Anderson
2363A Gary Anderson
Elizabeth Anderson
2707A Lynn C. Anderson
1884A John C. Andrews
2722A George Andrews
2753S Joyce S. Andrews
2754S Arlan Andrews
0311S Harry J.M. Andruschak
4012A Jo M. Anselm
2822A Edward Apke
2833A Birute Apke
1601A Bobbi Arambuster
1543S Michele Arastrong
1885A David Aronovitz
3660A Nancy Aronovitz
4374A Doug Asherman
1621A Nancy T. Atherton
1886A Tom Atkinson
0545S Alicia Austin
1092S B. Shirley Avery
1615A David M. Axler
3025A Darla Baack
1887A William H. (Scratch)
Bacharach
1021A Debra S. Baddorf
3525S Jim Baen
1888A Brian Baer
0555A Marla Baer-Peckham
0556A David Baer-Peckham
2633A Vanessa Bailey
2843A Donald J. Bailey
3026S J. Adam Bailey
2366A Cybele A. Baker
2597A Stanley C. Baker
2598A Leslie B. Baker
2172A Frank Balazs
3551A Cynthia Balcom
2367A Betsy Balderston
1093S Gerry Baltz
2878S Michael Banbury
2173A Brian Bangs
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We also have available the modest little complex just down the road from the Peabody/Civic Center, Disney Village. Waterways, lagoons, restaurants (from the inexpensive to the moaning-bank-balance variety), shops, landscaping and architecture you won't believe, and 3400 hotel rooms. Oh, yeah, the Magic Kingdom and Epcot are within spitting distance (shuttle buses eliminate the need for actual expectation, however)

We won't bore you by going over details of the other attractive features of central Florida like the Space Port tours at Kennedy Space Center, marine research at Sea World, Places of Learning, etc.

So let's move on to something new. How about some introductions? (Say "yes.")

Good, we'd like you to meet our three **MagiCon** Bid Committee Co-Chairs:

Joe Siclari, of Boca Raton, Florida, has been in fandom since 1965. He has worked on numerous conventions, including eight Worldcons and NASFICs. In 1977, he was Director of Programming and, at various times, Treasurer and Publications Editor for SunCon. For Noreascon II ('80), he also worked in programs. His Worldcon experience also includes Operations, Exhibits, and Hotel Relations. His latest Worldcon activity was Confederation ('86) as a Board member, Director of Programming and Director of Bid Publicity.

Co-chairmen: Joe Siclari, Boca Raton; Becky Thomson, Orlando; Tom Veal, Alexandria, VA; *Treasurer:* Lynn Murphy, Orlando; *Secretary:* Melanie Herz, Melbourne; *At-large Members:* Susan Cole, Orlando; David Ratti, Orlando. *Regular Committee:* Judy Bemis, Boca Raton; Lori Ann Brown, Winter Garden; Frank Dowler, Orlando; Cindy Haight, Winter Park; William Ivey, Winter Park; Kim Leaton, Tampa; Gerald Masters, Orlando; Mark Stanfill, Bartow; Edie Stern, Boca Raton. *Associate Committee:* Steve Cole, Orlando; Gail Cooper, Longwood; Michael Drawdy, Ormand Beach; Dennis Greenlaw, Melbourne; Mary Hanson-Roberts, Orlando; Ray Herz, Melbourne; Angie Leaton, Tampa; Marilyn Morey, Orlando; Ingrid Neilson, North Charleston, SC; Tony Parker, Boca Raton; Andrea Rosenberg, Orlando; John Thomson, Orlando; Bill Wilson, Hollywood

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Joe founded Tropicon (and has chaired most of them) and was one of the founders (and named) SMOFcon. Joe has a great deal of interest in fanmish history and is the author of a comprehensive article in THE SCIENCE FICTION REFERENCE BOOK on SF Fandom. Joe has published a number of his own fanzines as well as a two volume collection of Lee Hoffman's fanzine, "The Complete Quandry" and other fanhistorical publications. Joe has his own research and publications firm.

Becky Thomson, of Orlando, has worked in over twenty conventions since 1976 when she was Chairman of Operations for that year's Noreascon. She was a programming division head for Chicon IV ('82) and an assistant check manager for Constellation ('83). In 1986 she worked for the hotel liaison committee of Confederation.

Outside of conventions and fandom Becky received her BA in 1977, worked as executive assistant for a large political organization in Seattle and currently holds a similar position in a major Orlando real-estate firm. Becky holds the honor of being the founder of the **MagiCon** Bid, an idea which she claims came to her while showering. Must be something in Florida water that inspires magic.

Tom Veal, of Alexandria, Virginia, served as chairman of Windycon X ('83) and hotel liaison for Windycon VIII and IX as well as Chicon IV ('82). From 1981 to 1984 he served as General Counsel for Chicon IV, Inc. and from 1982 to 1984 was Director and General Counsel for ISFIC, the parent organization of Windycon.

On a more mundane note, Tom received a B.A. from Yale in 1969 (he is a co-founder of the Yale Science Fiction Society) and graduated from the University of Illinois, College of Law in 1974. He has expressed a desire to be the first pension lawyer in the Alpha Centauri system.

Co-chairs without a committee would be rather dull. So, briefly, meet the **MagiCon** Bid Committee:

FRONTIER CROSSINGS

3552A	Lynn Barker	4263A	Jeb Boyd	1471A	Jack L. Chalker
4059E	Aaron B. Barker	1941A	Marion Zinner Bradley	3034A	Ann Layman Chancellor
2672A	Jean Lynn Barnard	2809A	Fred Braemer	1127A	Lori Chapel-Carleton
4376A	Clifford Austen Barnes	2810A	Cecilia Braemer	0397A	John Chapaan
2800A	Lisa A. Barnett	2811A	Eric Braemer	1129A	Cheryl Lynn Chapaan
4000A	Noralice C. Barnett	0394A	Richard Brandschaft	1849A	Glenn Chapaan
2789A	Gary Barnhard	0597A	Richard Brandt	1762A	Suzy McKee Charnas
2790A	Judy Barnhard	2820A	Beverley Louise Brandt	0305A	Chauntecleer
0156A	Bryan Barrett	3557A	Todd Brantley	0669S	Cy Chauvin
3029A	Brick Barrientos	3556A	Friend of Todd Brantley	1670A	Anton Chernoff
0684A	Susan Barrows	0592A	David Bratman	2035A	Dorinda W. Chong
2662A	Mikki Barry	2844A	Judith Bratton	0566A	Alina Chu
2885A	Vinnie Bartilucci	4378A	Cheryl Braverman	4048A	Carl L. Cipra
1095S	Martha A. Bartter	0522A	Phyllis Eve Bregman	2180A	Christopher S. Claremont
4001A	Bill Battista	0652A	Seth Breidbart	0570A	Ivan Clark
1685A	Kurt Baty	1581A	Michael Breslau	0571A	Susan Clark
0734A	Allen J. Baum	1582A	Esther Breslau	0666A	David W. Clark
2661A	Kurt Baumann	2716A	Daniel Breslau	0763A	Bev Clark
2770A	Covert C Beach	2080S	George S. Brickner	1131A	Richard Clark
2368A	Grady Beard	3559A	Laura Brodian	2373A	Gavin Claypool
0676A	Allan Beatty	1112S	Darwin P. Broaley	0925A	Aline Clayton-Carroll
1689A	Harry Beckwith	1113S	Cuyler Warnell Brooks, Jr.	2794S	John J. Cleary
1690A	Janet Beckwith	0662A	Ann A. Broohead	2374A	Fred Cleaver
1029S	Jinx Beers	1114A	Charles N. Brown	1551A	Barbara J. Clifford
2562A	Bob Beese	1115A	Phyllis S. Brown	1891A	Rue L. Clifford
2563A	P.J. Beese	1508A	Jordan Brown	1890A	Robert J. Clifford III
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1096S	Clare L. Bell	4003A	Jael Brown	0704A	Rich Coac
2604A	Marcella Belton	4004A	Davis Bruce	3667A	Daniel R Coggins
2622A	Joanne Belton	0577A	Susan Brundige	0600S	Regina Cohen
3030A	Robin Belyea	0549A	James A. Brunet	0601S	Sandy Cohen
1555A	Judith C. Bevis	1116A	Edward Bryant	2181A	Jeremy Cohen
1677A	Jan Bender	0491A	Ginjer Buchanan	2182A	Laurie E. Cohen
0188A	Gregory Benford	1516S	Misty Buck	4381S	Eli Cohen
0885A	Joan Benford	1517S	Christopher M. Buck	4382A	Lynn E. Cohen
1097A	Elizabeth Benn	2371A	Virginia Budner	2779A	Robert Colby
1098A	Karen A. Benn	4379S	Mari Buffington	0463A	Anita L. Cole
2735S	Anne Bennedsen	4060S	Lois Bujold	1133A	Larry M. Cole
1099A	Gregory Bennett	2177A	Emma Bull	2375A	A. Grant Cole
1100S	Linda Lee Bennett	1982A	Margaret Bumby	1134A	Michele Coleman
1101A	Meiva G. Bennett	2717A	Janice Burdick	4006A	Diana Colemar
2744S	Alice Bentley	0391A	Judith Burger	4007A	Sidney Colemar
2745S	Michael Brian Bentley	0560A	Brian Burley	2874A	Donald D. Coats
2645A	Theresa Berger	0212A	Bill Burns	1135A	Christine Connell
2869A	Hike Bernson	0213A	Mary J. Burns	1136A	Byron P. Connell
0759A	John D. Berry	1119A	Thomas David Burns	2849A	Ed Connery
3553A	Steven Berry	2178A	Erwin Bush	1630A	John G. Connolly
GAB B	Alfred Bester	1120A	Linda E. Bushyager	4383A	Jennifer Connolly
1889A	Edward E. Bielheldt	1121A	Ronald Bushyager	1637A	Carolyn Coogler
3662A	Lorraine Rae Bier	0438A	Adrian Butterfield	1942S	Moran L. Cook
1940S	Joshua Billaes	1122A	David Butterfield	2445A	Christy A. Cook
3432A	Tamara R. Birch	1123A	Brent A. Byrd	3564S	Glen Cook
1028S	Sheryl L. Birkhead	4015A	Kathe Cady	3668S	Patrice Cook
2370A	Dainis Bisenietis	2904A	Thomas Cagwin	4384S	Elyse Cook
1103A	James Daniel Bishop	3032A	Eric Caidin	2742A	Sonni Cooper
2783A	Ben Bishop	1124A	Christine T. Callahan	4008A	Paul Cordasweyer
2784A	Katy Bishop	2179A	Karen A. Callan	2183A	Barbara Cornack
0708A	Mark Blackman	1671A	Tamzen Cannoy	1927A	Suzanne Cornwell
2793A	Lewis A. Blair	0167A	Marty Cantor	3565S	Jerry W. Corwin
1839A	Mike Blake	0293A	Robbie Cantor	2764A	Vincent G. Cossens
0762A	Linda Blanchard	4380S	Jack Caplan	1138A	Mary E Cowan
1611A	M. Taylor Blanchard	2564S	Douglas Scott Carey	3522A	Greg Cox
2905A	Kathy Blanchard	2565S	Mary Piero Carey	0222A	Craption
2687S	David Bliss	1126A	Gordon Carleton	2376A	C.G Crater
2267A	Mary Bloemker	2566A	Loretta Carlin	1899A	Cheryl Crawford
2174A	Sue Bloo	1850A	Ann Carlsen	4009A	Kenneth W. Crist Jr.
1059A	Sioba Blood	3033A	Dr. Christine M. Carmichael	0387A	Richard Cross
0427A	Kent Bloo	3563A	John Carmichael	1892A	Debbie Cross
2704A	Elsaine Bloo	2372A	Steve Carper	2787A	Jerry Crosson
4047S	David Bloomberg	0479A	Joyce L. Carroll	2184A	C.L. Crouch
2175A	Mary-Rita Blute	1497A	Cathy Carroll	2478A	Janet A. Cruikshank
3554A	Michelle D. Bobroff	2715A	Liz Carroll	4010A	Michael Crumbliss
1489A	Glen A. Boettcher	1037A	David M. Carson	3273A	Gary S Csillaghegyi
2741A	Glen A. Boettcher, Jr.	1038A	Katherine J. Carson	2639A	David Cunnor
2726A	Ted Bonaczuk	0528A	Sharon Carty	3417A	Juliette Cunice
2819A	Richard T. Bolgeo	3665A	Cynthia Joelle Cascante	1628A	Scott Cupp
3555A	Karen L. Boller	1128A	T.M. Cason	1629A	Sandra Cuple
0912S	Laura Bollettino	4005A	Phyllis Casper	1140S	Lu Ann Curlee
3031A	Vicki L. Bone	2732S	Ms Renita Cassano	3876A	Carolyn F. Cushman
1106S	Edward Bornstein	0553A	Ann Cecil	1141S	Robin Cuzzort
1107S	Alex Boster	1635A	Michael Chabot	3369A	Richard Dabrowski
0682A	Per Bothner	3666A	C. Chadwick	1585A	Ben Daily
1108A	Mitchell Botwin	4135S	Izzy Chait	1142A	Mark Dakins
3556A	Ben Bova	4136S	Mary Ann Chait	3670A	Kara Dalkev
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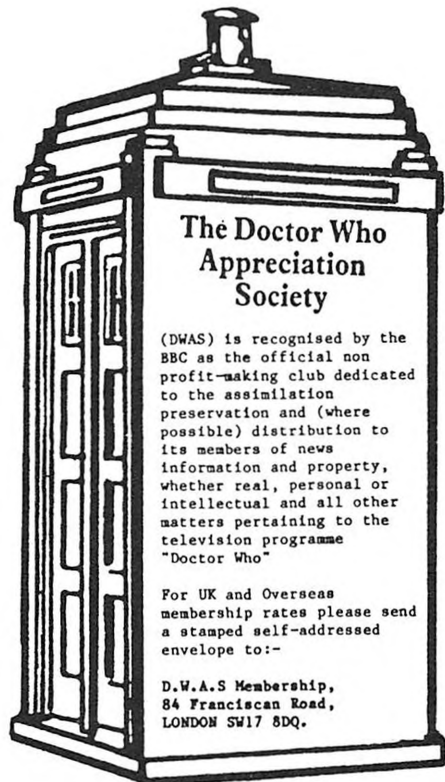
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1848A	Todd Dashoff	2190A	Karl Dietz	2193A	Dayydd Neal Dyar	1168A	Linda Erickson	4471A	Victoria Finley
2504A	Ellen Dallow	2191A	Loren Dietz	3674A	Jennifer J. Dye	3575A	David Erickson	4470A	John Finley
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2566A	Kathryn Daugherty	0721S	Tom Digby	2839A	Curtis Dyer	3676A	Deborah M. Ettiam	4062S	Gary Fishman
0295A	Harry Davison	3566S	Mike Diggs	2840A	Robbi Dyer	1170S	Kenneth D. Eveleigh	4063S	Patrice Fishman
1546F	Avery Davis	1153A	Genevieve D'Modica	3036A	David Dyer-Bennet	2655A	Michael B. Everling	3044A	Beth Fleisher
1893A	Michael Davis	3958A	Diane L. Dinse	3037A	Paola Dean Dyer-Bennet	2872A	Erica L. Faigman	2677A	Sidney L. Fleeming
1943A	Kevin Davis	3567A	Amy Dobratt	3669A	Sheila D'Agostino	3041A	Lee Falcon	2669A	Karen Flowers
2377A	Robin Davis	2845A	Feggy Ann Dolan	1143A	Angelo D'Alessio	0526A	Mark J. Fall	0487A	John Flynn
4061S	Daniel A. Davis	3568A	Dorothy L. Dolan	1144A	Connie D'Alessio	2266A	Mary Fall	0488A	Dorsey Flynn
2378A	Alec Ronald Davy	2610A	Dennis Doms	4231S	Georgianna D'Urso	1171A	Nicholas Faller	0665A	George Flynn
2549A	Rusty Dame	0631A	Chuck Donahue II	1162A	Jill Eastlake	0464A	Bill Farina	4014A	Barbara Flynn
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3830D	Julian de Cabre	3570A	Myrna Donato	1161A	Donald Eastlake IV	3042A	Cindy Farinelli	2822A	Bill Foley III
2381A	Susan de Guardula	3673A	Ira Donewitz	3274A	Lawrence J. Eberhard	1656A	Nancy Farmer	3577A	Dorothy C Fontana
1519A	John de Longpre	1154A	Dianne Dorley-Dawe	1789A	Mary Edgecomb	0572A	Murray Bruce Farr	3578A	Dr Robert L Forward
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2644A	Rob Dean	1155A	Leo Doroschenko	3038A	Bob Eggleton	2569A	Troy Farwell	1598A	Jo Ann Oxley Foster
1944A	Elorie Decker	1688A	Michelle Doty	1069A	Lise T. Eisenberg	0730A	Doug Faunt	0547A	A. Marina Fournier
2185S	Dan Deckert	4066A	John K. Douglas	1667A	Wanda Eisenman	1026A	William B. Fawcett	0467A	Michelle Fox
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2379A	Thomas F. Dertz	3571S	John Douglass	1167A	Thomas D. Eivins	4013A	Kathleen Feeney	1507A	Nola Jean Frame
2252A	Erlinda del Rosario	1634A	Frank H. Dowler	2893S	Jacqueline Elderkr	1577A	Gary Feldbaum	2383A	Jann Frank
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1841A	Gay Ellen Bennett	1159A	Michael DuCharae	3040A	Natalie Ellis	1174A	Deborah Malant-Ferree	4253S	D Douglas Fratz
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3672A	Jeanne M. Demoskin	2380S	Deborah E. Durbin	4343A	Michael D Enquist	4387A	Anthony T. Finan	1183A	Eleanor Fregni
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2574A	Guest of Ken Garrison	2841S	Chris Hall	2625A	Stella Hiney	2576A	Anne Jordan	1853A	Judy Krupp
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2626S	Ronnie Gilley	4354A	Leanne C. Harper	1596A	Susan Honeck	3478A	Chip Katcoff	1262A	Devra Langsam
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0401A	Steven Gradman	2786A	William P. Hedl	2724A	DeAnn Iwan	2620A	Debbie Kinnard	1272A	Suford Lewis
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4029A Manny Lieberman	1911A Joan Ludlow	2945A Don Maitz	2700A Michael Mason	1308S RCL Moncure
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4156A Randy Lofficier	4226S Jim Lutz	2650A Lois Mangan	4157A Sally Mayer	1845A Richard Moriarty
4030A Kathie Logue	2719A Brad Lyau	4237S Joe Mann	1467A Herbert F. McCaulia	1846A Gerald Moriarty
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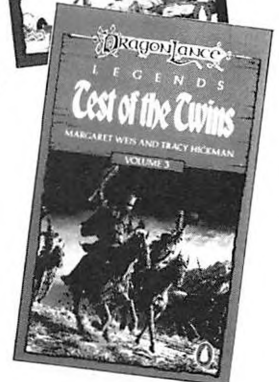
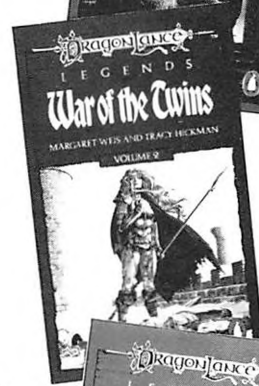
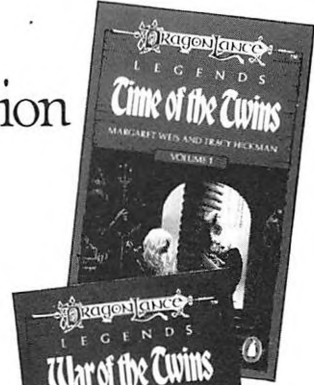
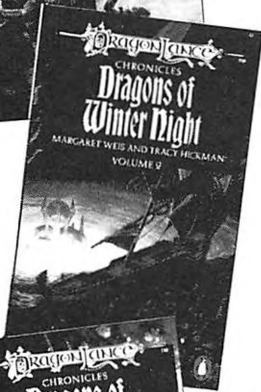
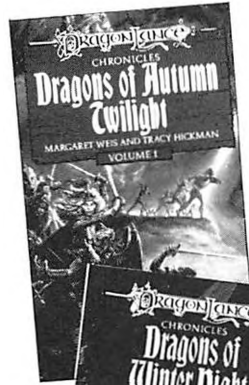
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1913A Kathy McKenzie	3599A Randall Neff
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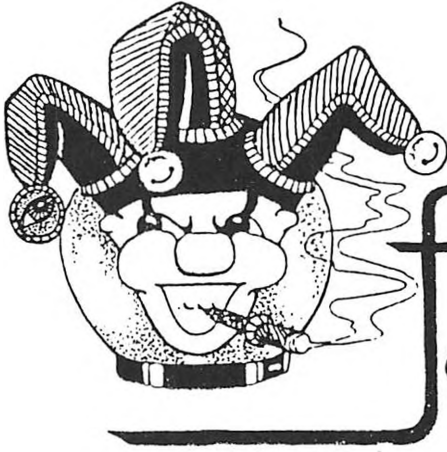


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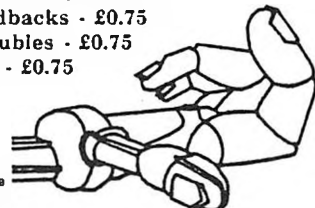
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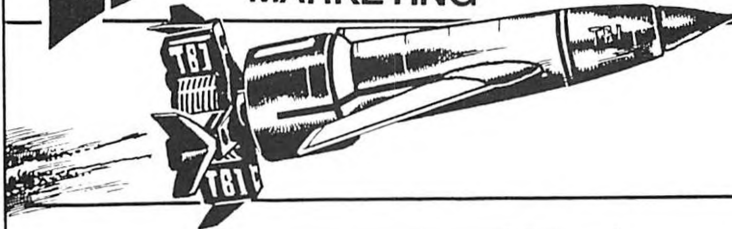
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JORGE LUIS BORGES (86): Acclaimed Argentinian author of the bizarre
ROGER BRAND (42): Underground comics artist
ROLF BRANDT (480): Acclaimed fantasy illustrator
MARJORIE BRUNNER (65): Wife of British author John Brunner
K. MARTIN "KAYMAR" CARLSON (82): Fan
SCATMAN CROTHERS (76): Musician & film actor — *The Shining, Twilight Zone* etc.
JUDY-LYNN DEL REY (43): Editor-in-Chief of Del Rey Books
WILLIAM J. DELANEY (94): Publisher of *Weird Tales* & *Short Stories* pulps
REED DE ROUEN (69): Actor & author — *Split Image* etc.
STEVE DOWLING (82): Strip cartoonist, creator of *Garth*
STANLEY ELLIN (69): Occasional horror writer & award-winning mystery author
ROSEMARIE ERNSTING: Wife of *Perry Rhodan* authopr Walter Ernsting
Lt. Col. (Ret.) OSCAR GARNER ESTES, Jr. c65): Fan
HARRY OTTO FISCHER (75): Creator of characters Fafhrd & the Gray Mouser
DAVID L. FOX (66): Fan
HUGH FRANKLIN (70): Actor, husband of author Madeleine L'Engle
GEORGE GIPE (53): Screenwriter & novelisation author — *Back to the Future* etc.
EARL GODWIN (53): Author
ROB GREGG: U.K. fanzie fan
RUSSELL M. GRIFFIN (42): Novelist — *The Times Servers* etc.
STERLING HAYDEN (70): Hollywood leading man — *Dr Strangelove* etc.
FRANK HERBERT (65): Bestselling SF author — *Dune* series etc.
ALBERT HISCHELMELLOR (69): 30s U.S.A. fan
MIKE HODEL (46): Producer & host of Los Angeles radio SF show Hour 25
ROBERT HOLMES: British TV writer — *Dr. Who, Blake's Seven* etc.
L. RON HUBBARD (74): Pulp SF author, founder of Dianetics & Scientology
ROY HUNT (71): Fan
J. ALLEN HYNEK (75): Astrophysicist & USAF consultant on UFOs
JERRY JACKS (39): U.S. West Coast fan & gay rights campaigner
STORM JAMESON (95): Prolific novelist — *Then We Shall Hear Singing* etc.
RHODA KATERINSKY (55): Fan ("Ricky" Slavin)
CLYDE S. KILBY (84): Tolkien & C. S. Lewis scholar

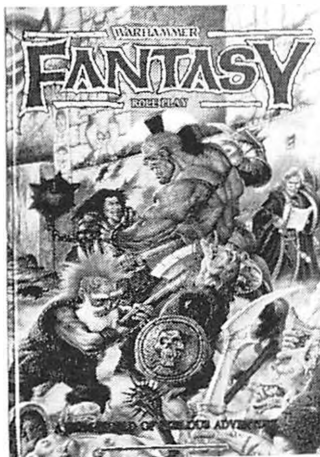
ELSA LANCHESTER (84): Stage & screen actress — *Bride of Frankenstein* etc.
BILL MARASCHIELLO: Fan & folksinger
CHRISTA McAULIFFE (37): Schoolteacher & space shuttle Challenger astronaut
JOHN D McDONALD (70): Pulp writer & mystery novelist — *Travis McGee* etc.
BANKS MEBANE (58): U.S.A fan
RAY MILLAND (79): Hollywood star — *The Uninvited, Man with X-Ray Eyes* etc.
ROBERT P. MILLS (65): Literary agent and former editor of *F & SF*
DON W. MOORE (81): Writer of the original *Flash Gordon* comic strip
BEN NYE, SR. (79): Hollywood make-up artist — *Planet of the Apes* etc.
DANIEL O'GRADY (36): Fan, writer
RUDOLF W. PREISENDORFER (58): Fan
KJELL W. RYNEFORS (38): Swedish fan
THOMAS N. SCORTIA (59): SF short story writer & novelist — *The Glass Inferno*
NIGEL STOCK (66): British TV & film actor — *The Lost Continent* etc.
WILFRED B. TALMAN (81): Fan
ANDREI TARKOVSKY: Russian filmmaker — *Solaris, Stalker* etc
DALE TARR (late 60s): Fan
JOHN TREVELYAN (83): Britain's controversial film censor, 1958–70
MANLY WADE WELLMAN (82): Prolific pulp writer & novelist — *John the Balladeer* etc.
R. GLENN WRIGHT (54): Fan
ROBERT F. YOUNG (71): Short story writer & novelist

'87

ROGER CARMEL (54): Actor — Harry Mudd in *Star Trek*
TERRY CARR (50): Editor — *Universe, Year's Best SF* series, author, fan
THEODORE COGSWELL (68): Author — *Wall round the World* etc.
VERNELL CORIELL (68): ERB fan
GARDNER F. FOX (75): Pulp author, comics writer
POLLY FREAS (68): Wife & business manager of artist Kelly Freas
LAWRENCE L. HEINLEIN (68): Brother of Robert A. Heinlein
BEA MAHAFFEY (60): Cincinnati editor & fan
GEORGE MARKSTEIN (57): Scriptwriter — *The Prisoner* — and novelist
ARCH OBOLER (79): 3-D film producer/director
JAMES TIPTREE JR. (Alice Sheldon): Award winning novelist and short story writer
PATRICK TROUGHTON (67): British actor, the second *Dr. Who* (1966–69)
RICHARD WILSON (66): Author — *Mother to the World*, various novels

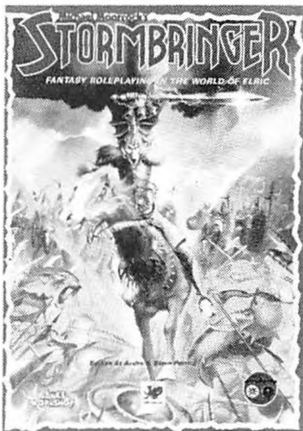
A few of the ages listed above are approximate. Our thanks to Steven Jones for compiling the original version of this list, and to Andrew Porter

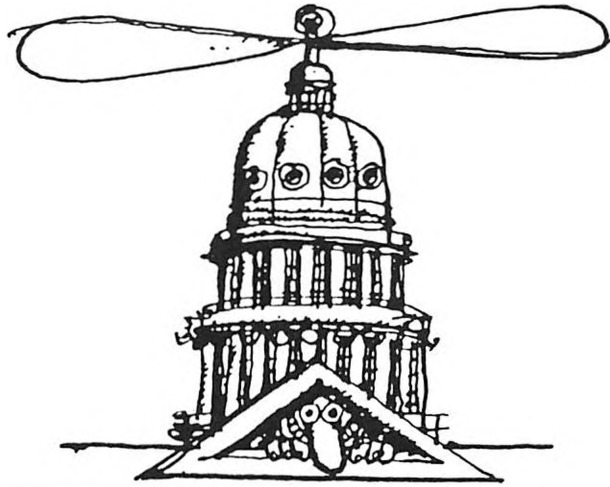
GAMES WORKSHOP



For years, people have read books, watched TV and gone to the cinema and imagined themselves as the heroes and heroines of the story, but it is only recently that the hobby of role-playing has actually turned such flights of fancy into games systems where you and your friends can live not only in the worlds of your own imaginations, but those of famous authors as well! Literature, films and gaming have now come full-circle, with immensely popular systems such as the Games Workshop's **WARHAMMER FANTASY ROLEPLAY** background being used as the basis for new novels, to be published in 1988! Other Games Workshop games detail worlds from other famous works of fiction, from the doom-laden atmosphere of our new edition of **STORMBRINGER**, based on the fantastic **ELRIC** novels of Michael Moorcock, or the sanity-blasting horror of **CALL OF CTHULHU**, from the works of H P Lovecraft, to the violent, crime filled streets of 2000AD's Mega-City One, in our amazingly popular **JUDGE DREDD** Roleplaying game. At the World Science Fiction Convention in Brighton, August 27th-September 1st, Games Workshop will be displaying not only all of these state-of-the-art games, along with their own scenarios and supplements, but also our vast range of fantasy and science-fiction boardgames. No longer does the old pun 'Bored-game' apply, with such classics as **TALISMAN** and **COSMIC ENCOUNTER**, and new best-sellers like **ROGUE TROOPER**, **CHAINSAW WARRIOR** and **BLOODBOWL**. There are **DR WHO** and **JUDGE DREDD** boardgames, soon to be joined by **BLOCKMANIA**, and **THE TALISMAN DUNGEON**, that game's third expansion set! We will also be showing various game aids and accessories, such as miniature figures, which enhance and improve any role-playing game, or can stand on their own as displays, so don't forget to look over the fine range of figures produced by **CITADEL MINIATURES**, such as the **JUDGE DREDD**, **ROGUE TROOPER**, **ETERNAL CHAMPION** and **GOTHIC HORROR** ranges, as well as the new **WARHAMMER 40,000** range, made to compliment our forthcoming major new science-fiction roleplaying game! If you want to take a look at any of these great games, or talk with our Projects Manager, Paul Cockburn, about the ways that gaming and SF are coming together, then make a point of visiting the Games Workshop stand between the 27th-1st, and see the very best in adventure gaming!

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