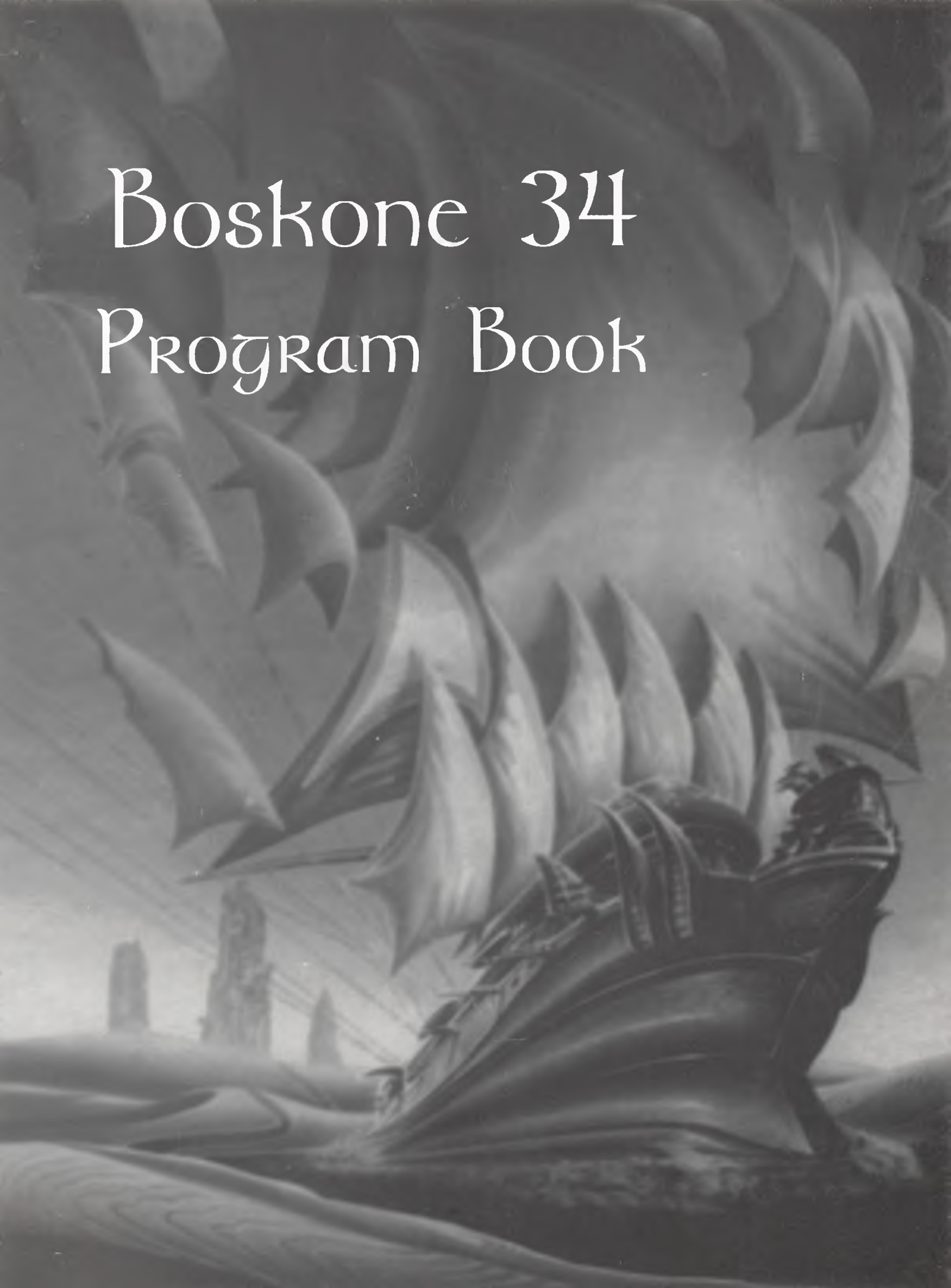


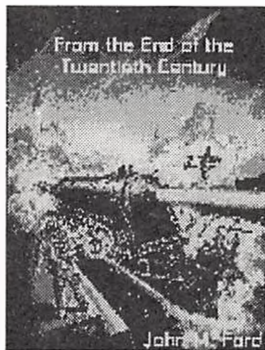
Boskone 34 Program Book



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The Limited-edition Boskone 34 Book
From the End of the Twentieth Century

by John M. Ford

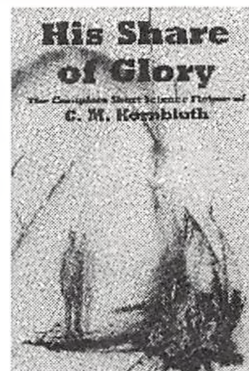


From the End of the Twentieth Century contains over twenty stories, poems, and other items by Boskone 34 Guest of Honor John M. Ford, including previously unpublished material relating to the Lunar Transit System of *Growing Up Weightless*, several pieces formerly released only in limited-edition printings, new nonfiction work, and a new short story written for this collection. Hardbound, 313 acid-free pages, with full-color cover art by Boskone 34 Official Artist Ron Walotsky. The price for the limited boxed edition is \$20 (\$33 after the con), and the price for the first trade edition is \$13 (\$21 after the con).

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Please wear your badge. You will need it to get into all convention activities. If you lose your badge, and it does not turn up at Information, a replacement badge will cost you \$20, if you have your receipt. If you lose your badge a second time, you must re-register for \$43.

No weapons or anything that appears to be a weapon are permitted at any time! If you violate this rule, you will be asked to leave the convention.

Please remember, if in doubt, ask us.

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Editors: Mark L. Olson & Tim Szczesuil



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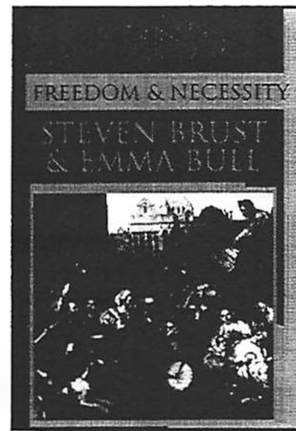
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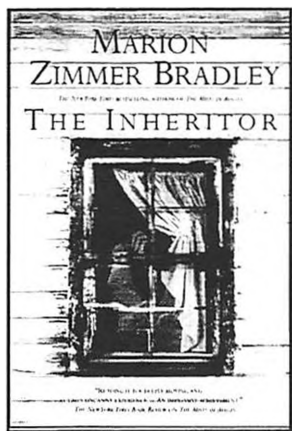
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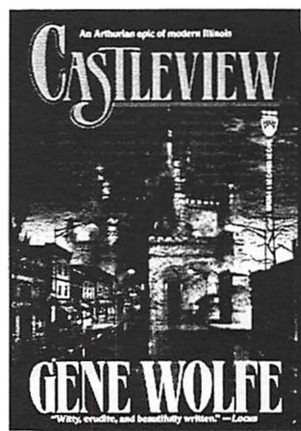
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I'm astray.

TEDDY HARVIA

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From the End of the Twentieth Century

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Skylark Award - Deb Geisler

Craftsmanship

Chair's Remarks

Boskone 34 didn't have a stated theme until, I think, about mid-September, when someone at a program brainstorming session asked me, "By the way, what's our theme this year? We should build some program around it if we can."

I'm not even sure when we started having a convention theme, a lens through which to focus the broader vision of Boskone as a convention about sf and fantasy literature and the related interests of its members. But we do now have themes, and while I don't think anyone would claim that the theme defines the convention, it does serve as a tool, something between the aforementioned lens (which is not infrequently the bottom of a beer mug) and, maybe, a doorknob (there are glass doorknobs, too, faceted crystal like those in my 56-year-old house, more prisms than lenses), to hang things on and occasionally turn ...

It's a NESFA tradition that the chair chooses the theme. I knew that when I was appointed (November 1995), but still there I was last September, trying to elucidate my image of the Boskone I envisioned for February. The word I kept returning to was, and is, "craftsmanship." So, here we are, contemplating the connotations of mastery and skill encompassed by that word.

It's a common element in the work of our guests: a Guest of Honor who's won awards for both science fiction and fantasy, as well as for game designs, who also writes songs and plays, and forges poetry with

the exquisite strength of wrought iron; an Official Artist whose care for the detail and the sense of a story provides illustration and illumination beyond mere cover art; and a pair of fanzine writer/editor Special Guests who've been involved in almost every aspect of fandom—and shared it with the rest of us. We also have one of the most eloquent and versatile lyricists in the field as this year's Featured Filk Performer.

It's an attitude of the community, a shared passion for and appreciation of the best work—books, art, music, and more—of a complex and limitless genre.

It also has, I've rediscovered in these last fifteen months, a definition much closer to home, in the labor of love that builds a Boskone. The committee and staff who invest so much of themselves in crafting this convention (year after year!) apply their creative talents and organizational skills because conventions are a way to bring together people who share our interest in this genre. For this weekend, we create a place of conversation about ideas and alternatives; we build the frame within which 1,000 personal conventions happen. Our craftsmanship is measured by the exchange of ideas, the conversations continued beyond this weekend, the thoughts carried home for further consideration ...

There are many talents and skills brought to Boskone. To all of the craftsmen, my respect and appreciation.

Davey Snyder
Chair, Boskone 34

In Re Literati

"SF is a pulp form and dead,"
Say the gentlemen wise and well-read;
If we offer exceptions,
They slant their perceptions,
And say that it's mainstream instead.
—John M. Ford

The Next One

by Diane Duane



The tall narrow limestone-faced building in Cambridge Gate, off Regent's Park, is one which relatively few people would give a second glance. This part of London isn't what it used to be; the nearness of Euston Station has increased the local traffic level well beyond the sedate, well-behaved stream of cabs and cars that would have passed its front doors even ten years ago. Nowadays, all the buildings around it have had double-glazing put in to cope with the noise and the fumes; and their occupants, if they ever look at the tall narrow building across the street, do so only to wish that they'd had their glazing done when its occupants did—when it was a lot cheaper. None of them have the slightest idea what that glazing cost: or that it would deflect bullets as readily as noise.

When I go there, I appear to do so on my own nickel. Reimbursement appears eventually via my London literary agency in Fitzroy Street, disguised as royalty payments for a science series done years ago for the BBC. The call seldom comes at any ungodly hour; Herself is rarely so inconsiderate to her civilian consultants. So the trip means a morning drive to the train station, and the 8:45 train to Dublin, a cab from the station to Dublin Airport, and a cheap RyanAir flight to Stansted; then the shuttle train down to Liverpool Street Station, and the tube to Euston.

As I walked the last few blocks down Euston Road, past Hodder's shiny new headquarters, I wondered what Herself wanted this time. Last time out had involved, not precisely a wild goose chase, but a long perambulation through the Dolomites which began as an investigation into a near-forgotten branch of petty Tyrolean nobility and ended in a ... well, never mind, I signed a confidentiality agreement. It hadn't precisely been dangerous, but the British Library had pulled my reader's ticket. Herself had been most apologetic, and had promised that the next job would be more pleasant.

So ... Around the corner, past a couple of cheap coach-tour hotels which had eaten the old townhouses at the bottom of the block. Past the entrance to the mews at the back of the building, glancing quickly back to see if any cars I knew were sitting there: but the parking lot was empty. Past the front windows of International Export, curtained in something that doesn't look like blast curtain, but is—probably an unnecessary precaution. In through the unprepossessing front door: there's no security there. No *visible* security. Down the long bare corridor to the elevator, one of the few in town these days with a human operator, a man with one arm a stump. He glanced at me, and I said, "Nine, please."

Up we went. On Nine, the long hallway is carpeted, and ambient sound is almost completely missing. The 00's and their secretaries are all down on seven: up here you hear nothing much but the soft hiss of the hard-working air conditioners that keep the "Cray farm" in the computer room on the south side cool. The walls have only a few nondescript modern prints hanging here and there: Herself says there's already so much artwork at Clarence House that she gets tired of looking at it all the time.

Down to the last door on the left, into the office, where her private secretary sat: he nodded me in through the paneled double doors, one of which is always standing open. It closed behind me with that closing-safe sound that always makes me wonder how much it weighs.

Behind the big teak desk, in the big leather chair, as usual, sat M. Ian Fleming long suspected the true details about her, but (wisely, for his time and his audience, who would have found them unbelievable) masked them. Only recently have the movies which sprang from his work begun to get closer to the reality ... though no closer than gender.

We do not call her M. Or rather, we know what M is short for, and since only the tabloids call Herself that, we avoid it.

"Ma'am," I said, as the doors closed behind me. I can't say it the British way: it sticks on my accent.

"Do sit down," she said.

I did, and she glanced up from the scattered paperwork and said, "The Quiet Man is coming in today."

I blinked at that, for she didn't mean John Wayne. It was one of the affectionate in-house tags for one of her most effective operatives. A few other people on this floor referred to him as "the man in black", even though he wasn't always. What was interesting was that neither Joel Rosenberg nor any of the rest of the

Minneapolis crowd had mentioned the imminent arrival ... which suggested that this particular trip had nothing to do with a convention, or with one of Mike's too-infrequent trips to Welsh Wales.

"R&R," Herself said.

I put my eyebrows up. "Moscow? Rome? Bala Cynwyd?" I said, thinking out loud about several ongoing crises which had recently come abruptly to an end. And then, with that weird sense of certainty you get sometimes, I said, "Belgrade?" I had been wondering for days how anyone got hundreds of thousands of people to stand out in the cold in the streets of Belgrade night after night, in mid-winter. But if anyone could, it was Mike Ford doing "Ask Doctor Science," explaining (among other things) how you got the nonstick coating to stick to the frying pan ...

Herself didn't dignify the guess with an answer. She just glanced over at the file sitting off to one side of her desk. I had seen it once or twice before. It just kept getting thicker.

"I think he could use a little time off," she said.

The thought had occurred to me. Ghu only knew how much short fiction he'd done in the last few years, not to mention the games work, and the novels. A schedule like that would ruin most mortals, and made me unwilling even to ask Mike, when we ran into each other, how *Aspects: A Novel with Sorcery* was doing. But then I'd become, in recent years, much more sensitive to questions which begin "Where's the *n*th book in your series—" when you know that the item so eagerly asked-after is taking its own sweet time arriving and you can't explain *why* ... (or you can, but not in language likely to make sense to the listener).

I knew how it was, too, to be kept away from work like that by circumstance, or other work less congenial. "I don't know if he'd agree," I said. But that file was so thick ... and it wasn't galleys, either. "Still ... how does he manage to get all this writing done and still accumulate all these frequent-flyer miles? And then use them."

She smiled slightly. We knew, the whole building knew, what he used them on ... *really*. Writing can make a wonderful cover. You can go anywhere, put your nose into all kinds of things, while claiming to be doing research. Even if you *are*.

"Ma'am, where were you planning to send him? After all consider where he goes in what the Service would consider his spare time."

"I have been," she said, putting the leg with the recently-replaced knee up on a needleworked ottoman. "I was thinking ... *there*."

"Ma'am? I mean, 'Excuse me?'"

"Where he goes in his spare time," she said, looking at me levelly over her G&T.

I blinked. It seemed the proper moment to go obtuse.

Herself sighed. "There are a lot of things going on

in this government," she said, "that don't bear looking at closely. By anyone."

I agreed with that wholeheartedly enough. Some of the more recent releases of information under the thirty-year law had reinforced my feeling that politicians and research-and-development budgets should be kept far apart from one another.

"The basic technology is really rather retro," she said; "dates back to the sixties, in fact. A spin-off from one of our other operatives who operated a similar cover to the Quiet Man's: he wrote a book called *The Chilean Club*. You've read it?"

"The one where Stonehenge is destroyed at the end by the testing of an antigravity device? Yes." After a few seconds, I thought about some of the more outré reports coming out of "Area 51" of late, and wondered whether some intelligence-sharing had been going on.

She got an amused look in her eye. "Yes," she said, doing the mind-reading trick, "why not let Uncle Sam have the 'monkey model'? It keeps both the high-level types at Defense and their R&D boys off our case while we attend to other business. You see, the basic device has ... other applications."

She went over to the other door, the one which I expected let into the room with the Cray farm. She opened it. Not the computer room: apparently a closet. It seemed dark in there.

She beckoned me over. I went to her ... looked into the darkness.

And looked.

And looked. Breath went out, and didn't come back for a long time.

"Oh, jeez," I said, at long last, very softly. "It's full of stars ..."

Herself was watching me very closely. I barely noticed at first. Whatever medium was inside that doorway conducted thought, and emotion, the way air and water conduct sound. What I "heard" ... Never you mind. After a few breaths I managed to pull back, turn away.

"Another writer describes the technology well enough," she said. "We're 'exploiting a previously unexplored property of gravity.' Or so Sir Isaac told me, once we sat him down with Hawking and got him sorted out on the maths."

My mouth was just too dry to swallow. "Time travel—"

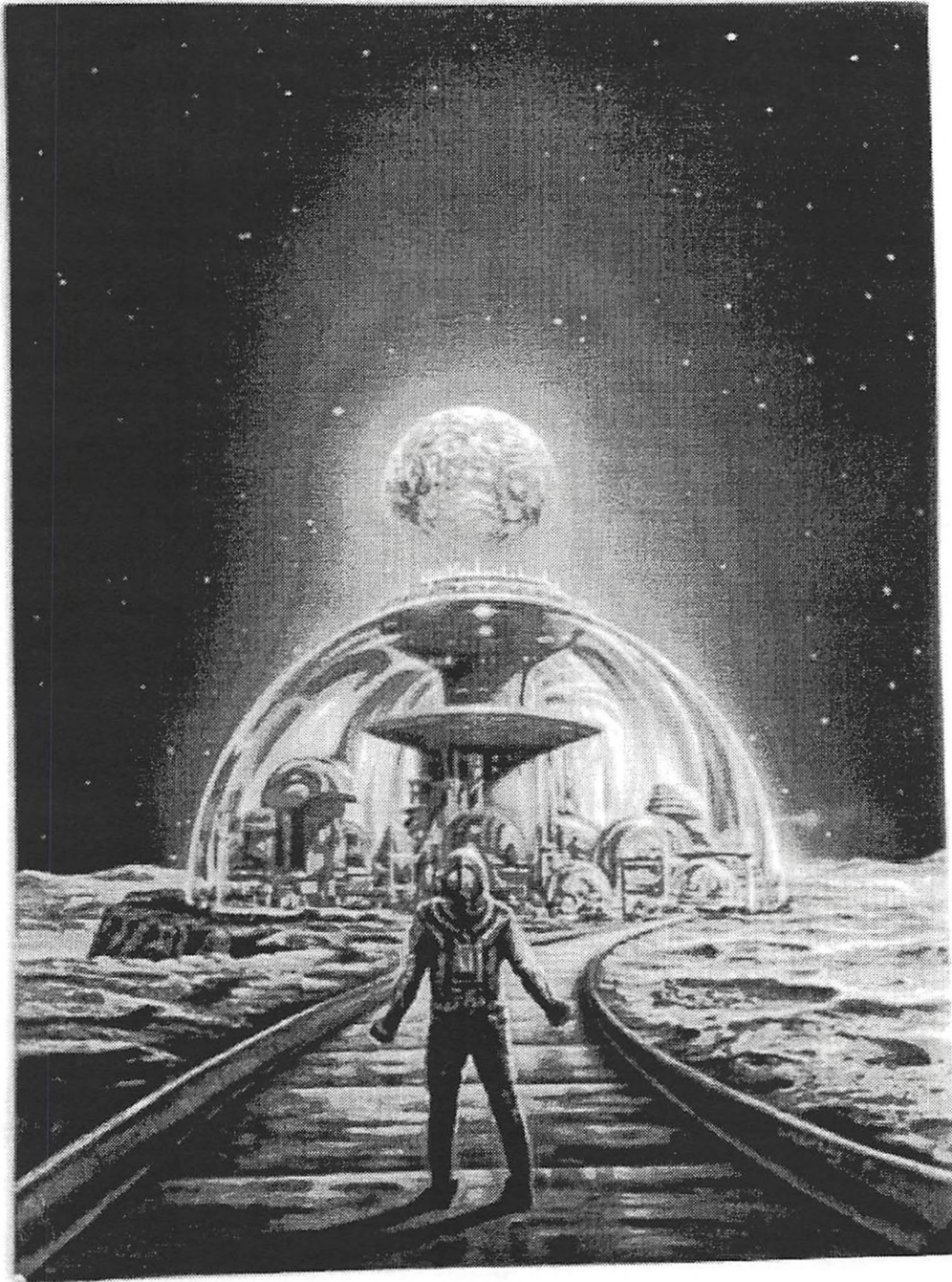
"Much more than that."

"Where else does it go?"

"Anywhere imaginable literally. 'Alternity' is a good enough word for it."

"His word," I said.

"And appropriate. I won't bore you with the technical details. Decades it's taken us, but now that the processing power is affordable enough to hide in the Household's budget, we can control this technology." The "we" did not sound like it meant the usual intelli-



gence hierarchy. Maybe Herself caught my glance toward the south windows, but she let out one of those little treacherous chuckles of hers, and said, "Certainly not those jokers in the new offices down by the river. 'Military.' 'Intelligence.' Imagine what the oxymorons would make of it."

I did, and shuddered. "No," she said, "We manage it within the family ... which leaves us free to use it responsibly. Which means not very often ... but when we do, we use it for a good reason. So," Herself said, and sat down again in the chair, swiveling to watch me, and the open door. "This is what I sent for you to

ask. Where do we best send him for a holiday that will show him how much we appreciate him?"

"Oh, God." I sat down again, without being given permission.

A writer with more universes in his head than, well, than some minor gods. A poet, and a playwright, of great delicacy and skill: endlessly erudite, and easygoing about it: warmly appreciative of others' work, gifted in his own. Where *do* you send him by way of thanks? *Where is heart's desire?*

"I see your problem," I said.

I knew as well as anyone else in our trade—well,

one of our trades —that the atopias writers create are not necessarily utopias just because we've created them. I could think quickly of several places I'd written, with some relish, where I would *never* want to go. Yet there were also places I'd written and liked that would be quite pleasant but would they qualify, in the long run, as the Door into Summer? And what about *his* worlds? How does anyone not a mindreader make such an intimate judgment? ...

But Herself was sitting there looking expectant, so I would have to at least try. "Can I have a look at some samples?"

"Surely. It's not difficult: the interface is very intuitive."

I held up one book. She gestured with her eyebrows at the doorway. I went up and looked through the door.

—a flash of light, a CRASH!, then the sound of someone saying "Ow, ow, OW, ow ..." Followed by another very assured voice saying, "That man will recover because he got prompt medical attention. However—"

I burst out laughing as the holo-taping of *Doctor Wally's Kitchen of Wonders* continued with its demonstration of the properties of dilithium. I was tempted to watch a while longer and see how many takes the taping required ... "It *did* have the funniest title of any Star Trek novel ever written," I said. "And it was the funniest inside, too. But I really don't think he's going to want to crawl back in there. There were complications ..." I turned away.

There must have been some slippage in the control interface, for a second later, a burly, dark-complected gentleman with profoundly ridged brows, wearing a maroon-and-black uniform with some kind of metallic sash over it, looked out through the doorway. He said most emphatically, "Before you go ... one thing. If you would kindly thank him for the fruit juice. It has made life here ... much more tolerable."

"Uh, sure, I'll do that."

He ducked out of sight, leaving us looking at darkness again.

We kept exploring. There were places of Mike's to be found on the other side of that door which weren't in conventional print. Glimpses through the darkness of realizations of all Mike's "holiday publications"—the exquisite pamphlets which show up from "Speculative Engineering," Mike's corporate identity, shortly after the New Year, every year: "A Short History of Motion Pictures to 1600," "Cosmology: A User's Manual," "Troy: The Movie." Shadows—no, *not* merely shadows—strutted and fretted hilariously through some lesser-known material. *Elerium*, the X-Com In-House Newsletter: the background "footage" to a Starfleet memorandum regarding the translation of alien entertainment programs for the Terran market—

MY LITTLE SEHLAT. Because of the

pacific nature and academic values of Vulcan culture, this popular children's program seemed like a worthy possibility. However, extensive redubbing would be necessary. For example, in episode #24, "Numbers Can Be Fun," problems in single-digit multiplication and division might replace Fermat's Last Theorem and the general solution to the n -body problem. Also, we recommend entirely new film to replace the household-safety sequences that conclude each show, as the Federation Child Safety Council has no standard views on the dangers of playing with sequential time and unsupervised cloning.

MY MOTHER THE SHUTTLECRAFT.

It was while viewing these recordings that Ensign Straczynski first began to show signs of career-related stress—

I laughed again until the tears came as that particular listing finished, but finally I had to say to Herself, "I don't know they're not what I'd call *restful*, not in the long term—"

"This?" she said, holding up another book.

I glanced through the doorway. Snow blew by almost horizontally in a howling wind; snow was drifted deep everywhere in sight. I knew those mountains, and the pass beneath them, south of Andermatt in Switzerland. Down in the inn, which was now half-buried in the snow, a doctor, a mage, a vampire, and an Imperial heir were sitting down to dinner, and there was about to be a murder. It was the late 1470's ... sort of. "I don't know," I said. "It's cold. He's not that wild about the cold. And think of the sanitation problems ..."

Herself raised her eyebrows. "Oh, come now. He's stayed in Great Tew ... and *he* wasn't the one who got the food poisoning." But she put that book down, picked up another.

—the surface of the Moon, blinding white, razory black in the shadows—

"I don't know," I said. "It's still kind of recent. Maybe too recent: sometimes you want a vacation from somewhere you've spent a lot of work time lately, rather than going straight back there again—"

We went through everything on her desk, even Mike's "Paranoia" module, which always gives me the willies: all the novels, all the shorts. I could not make up my mind, and finally it started to seem like folly to even try to second-guess Mike this way, no matter how good our intentions were. Finally I moved away again, all too conscious of Herself's eyes on me, and just stood in front of that starry darkness again for a while, wondering what clue I might have missed. The starlight went dim within the restless stirring of dark matter, the unborn idea moving on the face of the deep. Wait—

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I stood there and shook my head, for there was an unsettling familiarity to it. Sometimes, in the middle of what might seem long and fruitless work on a project, you suddenly find there's much more to work with than just fragmented images, lines of dialogue, chunks of an outline. In the dark of the back of your mind, you can suddenly feel the *weight* of the real, whole thing—the book, the screenplay. It lies there, waiting, indistinct but also somehow intimating that it's already complete and perfect, though still immaterial: all *you* have to do is bring it through, into being ... Then physicality sets in: the typewriter or the computer or the writing pad, contracts and deadlines, the first draft and the last. And too often, later, you feel—holding the physical screenplay, the printed book—that something went wrong in the execution, something got missed, and still lingers back there in the dark. You long—I do, anyway—for the place where the circle closes, for some kind of writer's afterlife where you get to meet and celebrate your work as it should have been: as it seemed once in the darkness, perfect and whole, the special effects of the mind and the heart all in place and in splendor—never filtered through flawed physicality, unstrained through a brain made of meat.

Is this the place where the circle closes? Or where it can be made to do so ... if you bring the right raw materials with you?

Down in the street, audible over other street noise through the double glazing, a cab door shut. We both went to the window, peered out. The tall figure in the battered trenchcoat was leaning through the black cab's front window to pay off the driver. Not for Mike the Bentleys and the Vipers and Goddess only knows what—all finicky machinery of the flashy dressers down on Seven: Mike has more important things to do with his time than indulge in automachismo and the endless struggle with London traffic, one which not even 00's win these days. Herself looked down through the slightly green-tinged window, and then over at me, and said, "Well. Last chance. When you want to say 'thanks,' where *do* you send the man who can create his own worlds? ..."

I shook my head. "I wish I could be more help to you, ma'am," I said. "But this is *Mike* we're talking about. Something will present itself ..."

Shortly *he* did. In the bustle of his arrival, we both put the minor frustration aside—it's always good to see Mike. He never changes much: tall and slim, the shoulders a little stooped, the sandy-fair hair thinning and a little askew, the gaze sometimes a little vague: or *seeming* vague, until you realize where its real focus lies—at a point of convergence you can't even see, and later feel fortunate to have been shown. Nothing vague about that glance at the moment, though: he was wondering what I was doing in *her* office. He greeted Herself, courtly, and accepted her dry congratulations on "a job well done": then turned to me, and we exchanged

a good hug and a few words about the doings of significant others, and the next scheduled assault on a major used-book center on the borders of Wales.

The distraction had been creeping up on him: only now did he indulge it. The room throbbed with that waiting silence ... not so much the horns of Elfland wildly blowing, as the stillness in which they would sound.

"What the heck is *that*?" he said, and wandered over to the doorway.

And stopped. And gazed through.

We watched, at a little distance.

"It's not that he doesn't know the way," Herself said, close to my ear, after a moment. "He would go eventually anyhow."

I nodded. "But anything to speed the process up ..."

He stood a long time before the door, gazing into the fecund dark. It stirred ... but not by itself, for fecundity is not enough. Mere creativity is not enough, either. The great creators—secondary, as Primary—must bring one other vital ingredient into the darkness, for the spark to kindle, and the light to last: compassion for what they create. It was here, now. The air sang with it. *And what is life*, sang one of Mike's voices in response, *but an improvisation to the music?* ...

We watched him stand there, hands in the trenchcoat's pockets: watched the rapt look. I began to understand why Herself had been watching me so closely, earlier: I was not adviser, but guinea pig ... and didn't mind. After a moment, "I never used to know what to say," I said very quietly to Herself, "when someone would ask me 'Which one is your favorite book, your favorite universe?' You stammer, you make something up. Some friends who're writers would say, 'It's the last one I was working in.' That seemed like a good answer. Then another friend, another writer, said, 'It's the world you're working on *now*. *That's* the favorite.' And that seemed even better ..."

The Quiet Man stepped into the darkness, into the starlight. Silence: from what seemed far away, the sense of breath caught in wonder, the circle closed: and slowly, in the darkness, a smile.

Then, pouring through the doorway and washing out all color in the room, came the light, blinding—though not to him, and not for long.

Herself shook her head. "Not the last universe," she said, blinking. "Not ~~this~~ one, either.

"The *next* one ..."

Ron Walotsky: A Portrait

by Jack C. Haldeman II



Ron Walotsky has an artist's vision. And more.

I moderated a panel at a science fiction convention once with Ron and some other artists. The idea was that I would lead the audience into a description of a planet, and the artists would do an illustration of the critters that might live there.

As the panel and the world developed, the artists took notes or small pencil sketches to remind themselves of details. All, that is, except Ron. From the very beginning he started drawing, and not with pencils, but with bold felt markers. As the audience suggested things and the world shifted and changed, the other artists threw away notes, started others. Ron just paused, and with a few deft strokes, modified his alien to fit the new parameters. When the world had finally been created, the other artists started drawing. Ron, of course, was already finished.

For Ron is a total professional. He is used to creating strange and wonderful visions to order. This is why he is so much in demand. Ron has done hundreds of covers for science fiction magazines and books, including Roger Zelazny's Amber series. His work is in demand for other literary genres, too, as well as mainstream fiction. He has illustrated books by such people as Norman Mailer, Anne Rice, Thomas Harris, G. Gordon Liddy, Stephen King, and Tom Clancy. He has done sets of collector's cards, album covers, posters... He's even painted crabs. Dead ones.


Ron's art is woven onto his life. The walls in his house in Flagler Beach, Florida, are covered with paintings: science fiction, fantasy, mainstream, and his wonderful abstracts, the work he does for himself. Every corner of the house has some hidden treasure: a painted box, a decorated stone, a colorful merry-go-round horse. The eyes of ancient warriors painted on the backs

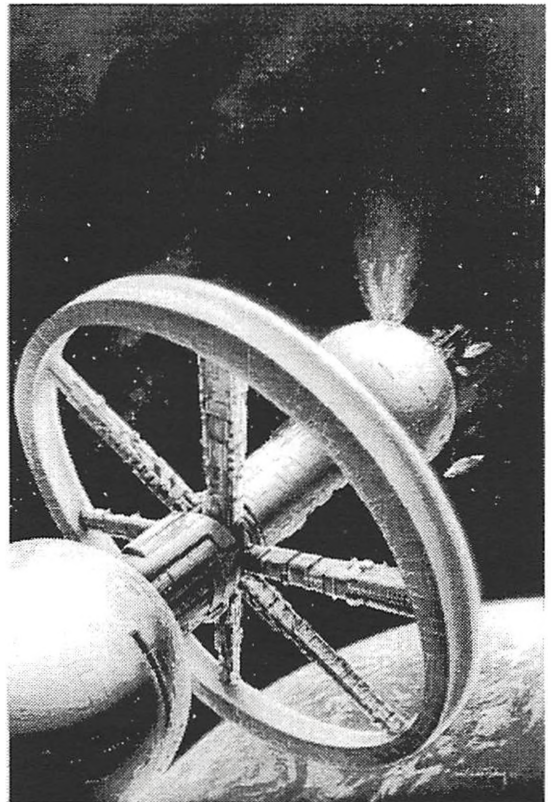
of horseshoe crabs follow you everywhere. His closets are filled to overflowing, crammed with more paintings than many artists produce in a lifetime.

There are hidden extra treasures in many of Ron's paintings. A painting of a mysterious house has one small lit window. If you look very closely you can see Ron hunched over a drawing board inside the painting. A moonlit road in another painting is not just any rural setting, but a place from Ron's childhood, rendered as accurately as a photograph.

For Ron lives his art. It is part of him always. On our visits, when we walk along the beach, a part of him is working. Sitting on his back porch in the morning, looking out at the marsh birds while we drink coffee, he's working. Everything he sees becomes part of his craft, carefully filed away and brought back to use at precisely the right moment.

I'm pleased he is being honored at your convention. Not only will you have a chance to see a collection of his work, you will be able to meet the man.

Ron's been a friend for many years. He's intelligent, funny, and a great guy to be around. Take the time this weekend to get to know him and Gail, his wonderful and charming wife. They're both good people. You're fortunate to have their company. Enjoy. 



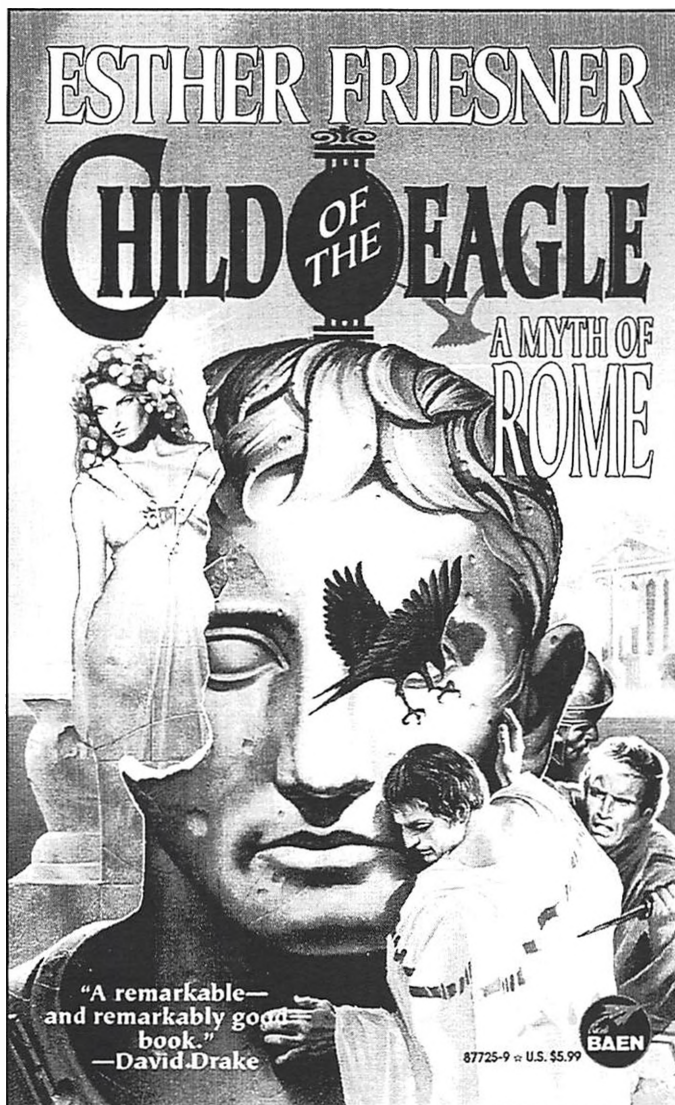
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Suzle & Jerry

by Ginjer Buchanan



living on our own for the first time. Thus, Jerry, Eli Cohen, David Emerson—three roommates trying to determine exactly how many guys and their girlfriends could *actually live* in a one-room apartment. (Okay, Jerry—I know I’m exaggerating—there were at least two rooms in the Avocado Pit, if you counted the alcove where Eli would hide the Christmas tree—the one that Suzle insisted on putting up—when his parents came to visit.)

Those were the good times. Often much wackiness ensued. Sometimes there was a tear or two. And a good deal of it found its way into *Spanish Inquisition*, one of the best fanzines, I think, of its time. (The fact that I wrote for it now and then has, of course, not colored my judgement.)

Eventually, Suzle felt an unreasonable need to breathe, so she and Jerry followed the sun to Seattle. (Little suspecting that they would rarely see it again.) I miss them still, but the ‘80s were *the* time of Seattle fandom, the time when Worldcons became too big and diffuse for those who thought of fandom as a comfy chair. It was only to be expected that Jerry and Suzle would be there, in the Emerald City, in the fannish center of things. And it was not surprising that they helped in the birthing of Corflu, the convention of, by, and for fanzine fans.

So, here we are in 1997. Suzle and Jerry are actually married now. (Yes, she finally made an honest man of him.) They recently bought a house (ask Jerry about “101 things you can fix yourself”). And here *they* are, as your Boskone Special Guests. You have, indeed, chosen wisely.

But, as I said before, Suzle and Jerry are probably not going to be what you expected. After all, you’re probably thinking right about now, to have done as much as they have done, in and for fandom, they must be, like, at least as old as Lazurus Long.

Imagine your surprise! You will notice that Suzle still looks damn good in black turtleneck. You will observe that Jerry still has the majority of his fuzzy hair. Sure, like all of us, they are getting older, careening side-by-side towards the millennium.

No matter. Have no doubt that in the ‘00s, Suzle and Jerry will continue to be a powerful force in fandom, wielding their three not-so-surprising weapons—friendliness, humor, and a fanatical devotion to publishing the next issue of *Mainstream*. (Real Soon Now...) ~~Now~~

My best guess—no one here will have ever expected Suzle and Jerry ...

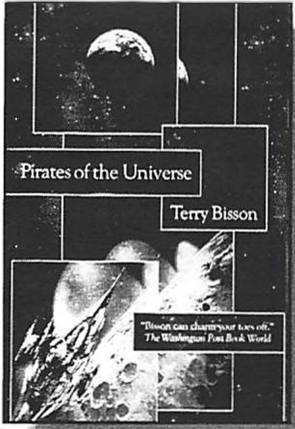
Well, how could you? I mean, think about it. The two of them have, individually and together, been major influences in fandom for over a quarter of a century.

Suzle was one of the WPSFA femme fans who came, saw, and completely conquered the 1968 Disclave. At least a dozen of us (I was there, too) all in black, all in a group, at a time when men were men and women didn’t go to science fiction conventions. Particularly attractive women.

Alas for all the young men on whom she made quite an impression, a fuzzy-haired boy fan from Ohio had already made an impression on her. Yes, folks, they have been a couple (moreorless) for over 196 years! (as my dog Clancy would count it).

The boy-o from O-hi-o was of course, Jerry, who *invented* short, fast-talking, hyperactive guy fandom. All those who came after were Memorex.

Soon it became, somehow, the ‘70s, in New York City, the era of substances that were then delightfully illegal but have recently become okay to prescribe “to relieve suffering” from certain medical conditions. Back then, what we all were suffering from, mostly, was a bad case of being 20-something, away from home and



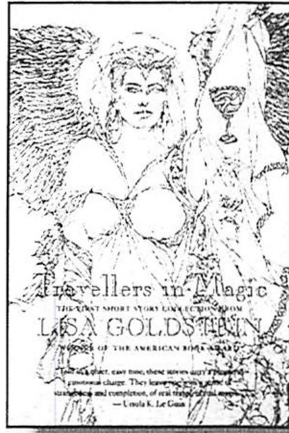
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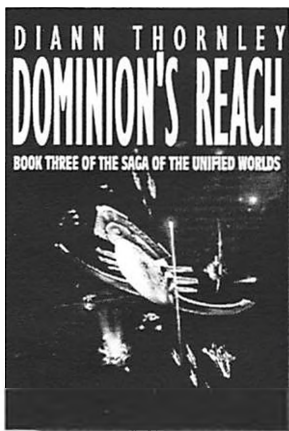
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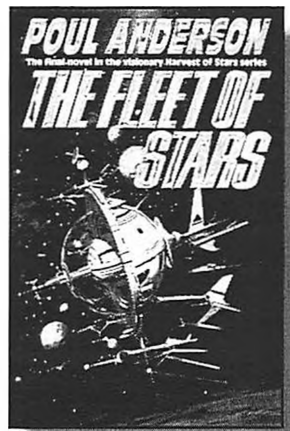
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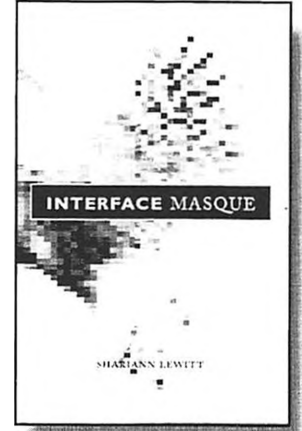
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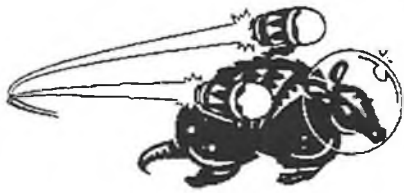


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JERRY KAUFMAN – Fake Trufan

an exposé by Joe Siclari

Just because he's been writing and publishing fanzines since the Sixties, fans seem to think that Jerry Kaufman is the personification of a trufan (that's true science fiction fan to you SF readers out there). I'm here to set the record straight about Jerry Kaufman.

I know all this because I had to share an apartment, the CineMansion, with him in NYC way back in 1975. You wouldn't believe this guy. The apartment was decorated floor to ceiling with movie posters. So first off, he's a media fan. He was in Capra, the movie apa at the time, too. Yeah, I know the posters were mine and I was in the apa too but not nearly as long as he was. I dropped out for lack of minac because I was a trufan. He just kept writing reviews and articles and mailing comments and other stuff. And he likes to party! The CineMansion was always full of strange people. Whether it was a Phil Foglio visiting or a Scott Dennis coming back from Europe or any of a hundred odd (and I mean very *odd*) characters that shared a bed or a couch or the floor or my antique dining-room table. It was too much!

People keep thinking that this guy is really fannish because he and Suzle have published multiple issues of highly acclaimed, even Hugo- and Faan-nominated fanzines like *The Spanish Inquisition* and *Mainstream*. Well, let me tell you, he's riding on her coattails (well, they live in Seattle now, so make that raincoattails). She does all the real work. Yeah, he gets some people to contribute and he does some editing and he can type some but she was the wonder who could run the mimeograph. That's why the zines looked so good.

So don't let him fool ya! I'm not so sure about all the apazines and the perzines he's done—but I'd be suspicious about them if I were you.

Another thing is, he's so sercon. How can a trufan be sercon, huh? He's even named the small press he's run Serconia Press. And look who he's published. Aldiss and Delany and Clute and their ilk? A trufan wouldn't touch that stuff. He even helped out with *The Little Magazine*, a literary magazine for ghod's sake!

He's really conned people into thinking what a great guy he is. He was selected as the DUFF delegate and got a free trip to Australia, where the fans had to put up with him for over a month. When he came back he published a tell-all trip report, *Kaufman Coast to Coast*; he's not been invited back to Australia as the DUFF delegate since.

He's been trying to prove what a trufan he is by helping to run really fun conventions like Potlatch and



Corflu. But really, who can claim trufan credentials from running conventions? Who's he trying to kid?

And there are a number of suspicious things that I can't give too many details about: his fannish origins are shrouded in secrecy—when my fanhistorical research found him out, he threatened me with bodily harm if I revealed them. He's worked for an insurance company, and you know what they say about those people. And that hair—it's not real. It's steel wool, never needs washing, gets wet and pops back into place. Hey, that might be the most fannish thing about him.

Well, now you know what he's really like. When you go up to say hello, hide your true feelings. After all, he is one of the fannish Guests of Honor and he must have done *something* to be here. ~~Wow.~~

\$TAR WAR\$

Evil threatens a rebel uprising!
Well—the plot contrains nothing surprising:
Let your lightsaber guide you,
The Force is behind you—
And ten million in post-merchandising.
—John M. Ford

Coloring Outside the Lines

An amateur's appreciation of John M. Ford

by Chip Hitchcock

It's typical of Ford's work that of his two *Star Trek*TM books, *The Final Reflection* takes place a couple of generations before Kirk, Spock, et al. and from the Klingon point of view, and *How Much for Just the Planet?* makes so much fun not just of redshirts but of Kirk, Spock, et al. that it aroused howls of protest from Trekkies. (*How Much for Just the Planet?* is also far more literate than most Trek books, with takeoffs on everything from Shakespeare through 60's TV [not to mention Ford himself and many of his friends], and it's only the second Trek book in which nobody dies.)

If you're lucky, you don't have childhood memories of being told to crayon inside the lines of your coloring book; generations of pedagogues have been taught that coloring inside the lines indicates everything from good physical coordination to well-developed social skills. I know nothing of Ford's growing pains aside from the fact that he entered college early, but if he ever was persuaded to color inside the lines, he abandoned this indoctrination when he began writing.

The principle of overstepping boundaries, breaking with tradition, upsetting the apple cart, or whatever else you want to call it, is of course central to SF—or so many of its practitioners will tell you. But SF is a lot more conservative than its flagwavers usually acknowledge; consider John Campbell's demand for stories that could appear in *The Saturday Evening Post* in a future century. This conservatism can lead to spasms of revolt, such as the New Wave of the sixties, the tumbling over the various *Dangerous Visions*, the cyberpunk manifestos, and so on. But every now and then an author will just go off in a new direction without sending up a half-dozen flares to attract attention (and, too often, without any flares from Marketing—"new" in Marketing's lexicon seems to mean "the same as the last few but with twice the ad budget").

Sometimes this doesn't work; it's either a flat-out failure or the sort of critical success that editors put on their resumes for other editors while thanking the gods of books that publishers frequently fail to check sales forecasts against results. (Those of us who wait impatiently for Peter Beagle's latest were unpleasantly surprised to hear that *The Innkeeper's Song* was one of these.) Sometimes the author opens up new territory for fellow-authors to work in; I would point to *More Than Human*, *The Stars My Destination*, and *The Left Hand of Darkness* among others, and I'm sure some readers have lists orthogonal to mine. But it is very rare for an author to *keep on walking through the walls that cir-*

cumscribe SF in all directions as if those walls weren't there—with the notable exception of Ford.

Many writers have played with the idea of traveling among alternate worlds. Ford, in some of his first published work ("Mandalay" and the following Alternities stories), looks at what happens not just when the travel becomes play, but when ignorance of how the travel is really taking place brings the whole jury-rig crashing down on the players. There are stories of worldwide disaster, and stories of personal disaster, and stories of what happens when playtime becomes real; Ford combines all of these into a story that I read *once* and recognized seventeen years later.

Bertrand Russell is said to have spoken of the joy of watching a couple of fanatic vegetarians arguing over whether lentils or chickpeas are the morally superior food. If you get enough historians together and put away everything with a point or an edge, you can have some fun with the question of Richard III; if you're lucky, it won't degenerate into "He did." "He *didn't*." "He did." "He *didn't*" (betray his brother, kill the rightful heirs, or anything else that Shakespeare and the sources he drew from claim). Ford won the World Fantasy Award for *The Dragon Waiting*, in which Richard does virtually every slimy thing he's ever been accused of—and *every time* it's the least-wrong thing to do.

The fuss about cyberpunk has been fading for some time, and many of its proponents acknowledged some time ago that *Neuromancer* had predecessors in the adventures-in-cyberspace genre; the work most commonly cited is Vernor Vinge's "True Names." On the other hand, *Web of Angels* (which predates "True Names") is a story using cyberspace without cowboys, rogue AIs, ladies with razorblades in their fingertips, or voodoo deities appearing out of nowhere; everything that appears has a purpose in the world at large, not just to add flash to the story, but the result has as much flash and intensity as the best of early Delany or Bester.

Ford has also worked outside SF. It's been over 30 years since Le Carré brushed aside the glamor thrown over spying by the likes of Greene and Fleming to show what a dirty (if not oxymoronic) business "intelligence" actually is. *The Scholars of Night* argues that this has been true for 400 years, and suggests both why and what (little) chance we have to get out of the mess. I don't think there are any other SF writers who have waltzed through so *many* category boundaries—not just spy fiction but role-playing game scenarios and even epic poetry. (His holiday "cards" have become legend,

particularly the one which an editor snatched up for a supposedly-closed anthology, winning Ford his other World Fantasy Award.)

The above paragraphs suggest perhaps the most out-of-bounds feature of Ford's work: he doesn't do anything twice. (I except the Alternities stories, which have no common characters or settings, only a common catastrophe that sets up the stories.) Some of the most honored and innovative SF writers have sidled (or leapt headfirst) into the trap of the common background or the never-ending "trilogy"; publishers like authors to do more of the same, as it's easier to sell to the generally non-reading jobbers who mediate between them and the retail bookstores. But Ford keeps on astonishing us with the unexpected.

Which brings me to his latest novel: *Growing Up Weightless*, which is my personal favorite among Ford's books. If you haven't been numbed by what passes for YA in this country, you could consider it a YA book—there's certainly no adult sex in it, which is the most common criterion in a country that fears sex more than violence—but much of the story follows the lead character's father through politics I wouldn't try to explain to most YA readers. It's clear that the world has a higher overall technology than ours, from small-scale inventions (a wonderful gymnastic maze built out of new construction materials) through the classic trope of cyborged spaceship crews; on the other hand, he abandons the gleaming monorails Clarke put on the Moon, and the even more vulnerable subways proposed by Heinlein, for a railroad that is surface-bound, appallingly wide-gauge, and *slow*—on the grounds that it would do the job better. Ford's interest in theater shows up in the lead's career-oriented hobby, but the plotline is cinematic in the way the point of view shifts from one set of characters to another as their paths cross. He also gives a feeling for what music in the future might be about without holding it up to ridicule like most of the other authors who have tried it.

Reading almost all of Ford's published work over the last year has been a wonderfully satisfying experience; my one regret is that I hadn't read more of him earlier. I hope this Boskone will lead more people to read more of his work. ~~~~~~~~~

Into the Cold Blackness of Type

A Bussard free-hydrogen rammer,
When asked if his job possessed glamour,
Started gaily to tell
How he'd crashed into Hell—
It's in hardback as *Lucifer's Hammer*.
—John M. Ford

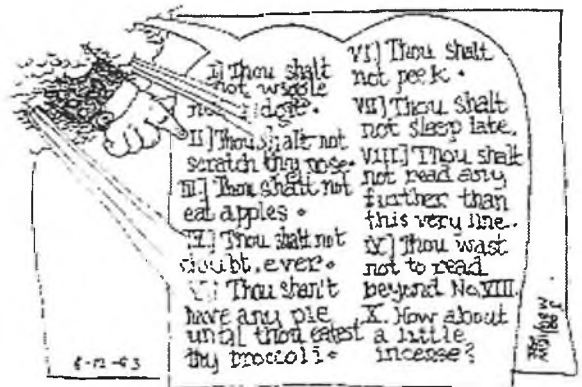
The Skylark Award

The Edward E. Smith Memorial Award for Imaginative Fiction (the Skylark) is presented from time to time by NESFA to some person who, in the opinion of the Membership, has contributed significantly to science fiction, both through work in the field and by exemplifying the personal qualities which made the late "Doc" Smith well-loved by those who knew him.

This year's Skylark will be presented as part of our post-banquet program on Saturday evening.

The previous recipients of the Award are:

1996	Frederik Pohl
1967	Isaac Asimov
1968	John W. Campbell
1969	Hal Clement
1970	Judy-Lynn Benjamin del Rey
1972	Lester del Rey
1973	Larry Niven
1974	Ben Bova
1975	Gordon R. Dickson
1976	Anne McCaffrey
1977	Jack Gaughan
1978	Spider Robinson
1979	David Gerrold
1980	Jack L. Chalker
1981	Frank Kelly Freas
1982	Poul Anderson
1983	Andre Norton
1984	Robert Silverberg
1985	Jack Williamson
1986	Wilson (Bob) Tucker
1987	Vincent Di Fate
1988	C. J. Cherryh
1989	Gene Wolfe
1990	Jane Yolen
1991	David Cherry
1992	Orson Scott Card
1993	Tom Doherty
1994	Esther M. Friesner
1995	Mike Resnick
1996	Joe & Gay Haldeman



A Day in the Life

Jerry Kaufman &
Suzanne Tompkins

[A version of this article first appeared as an editorial in Jerry & Suzle's fanzine *Mainstream*.]

Suzle here: In 1991, the kind folks at Minicon asked us to be their Fan GoH's. We were delighted—thrilled—honored (and honoured). We got cocky and wondered when someone from the East Coast would call us and make it a clean coast-to-coast sweep. Then we actually *thought* about it—wondered, what, exactly, could we do?

One Sunday, we were casting about quite a bit when Bob Doyle (the same former-housemate Bo Doyle, the major cause of our getting married by getting up at an unghodly hour on a Sunday morning and putting on a laundry—that Bob Doyle), stopped by, and casually suggested doing a *Live Mainstream* at the Con.

Jerry here: The planning began—a cover by Taral, material from Jeanne Gomoll, A.P. (Andy) Hooper, Terry Garey, and David Emerson, illustrations by Craig Smith, Stu Shiffman, and Jeanne herself. Jon Singer surprised us with unpreviewed material at the con.

It wasn't easy explaining what we wanted to do: Eric Heidemann, Minicon Program Director, had trouble with the concept of the overhead projector; but in the end we got the equipment we needed, a good timeslot, and good-sized rooms.

Suzle's Story: Elise Matheson and Victor went out of their way to make us feel very honored. Little did we know how much further they, especially Victor, would have to go before the convention was really over. Monday morning (after Minicon) was spent saying good-byes and thanking everyone. Jerry was driving to Madison with a group of Turbo APAans in Nevenah Smith's car to spend a few days, and then return to MPLSTPL. I was still job-hunting and beginning to get panicked about not being able to find any temporary, let alone permanent work; I opted to return to Seattle on Monday evening so as to not lose any job-hunting time. From morning 'til flight time, I was to be in the good hands of Victor and other concom folks and was told that first, we would be going to "Fish." (This, I eventually found out, was the Minicon tradition: the concommittee and others went to a sushi restaurant in downtown St. Paul for lunch on Minicon-Monday.) I followed Jerry out to Nevenah's car to say goodbye.

Jerry's Story: The car was *full*: Karen Babich, Velma Bowen, Nevenah Smith, a Martian Popping Thing, a large rubber frog, and me. We had lunch in Minneapolis with Jeanne Mealy, gossiping about friends, apamates, and someone called "Junebug." After lunch, Karen and

Velma crawled into the backseat, while Nevenah and I sat in front, talking about Nevenah's art and (hopeful) writing career. About an hour later, I noticed a large city with a domed building dominating its skyline. Could that be Milwaukee? No, said Nevenah; it was too soon, this highway didn't go near it.

Then we saw the signs: St. Paul. We should have gone through it about five minutes after leaving Minneapolis. We woke Karen and Velma for moral support, squeezed the Martian Popping Thing, and headed in the right direction.

Suzle: Jon Singer—also spending the day "Fishing" and hanging about in St. Paul—and I were bundled into Martin Shaffer's already overloaded car, and sped



off to rejoin our hosts and other con guests. Although I had initial misgivings about having lots of yummy raw fish after three days of heavy conventioning, it was great.

After lunch, Elise led us to the Minnesota Museum of Science, and got us passes. We had a fine time experiencing everything from simulated earthquakes (Jon allowed as it wasn't as exciting as being thrown around the room during the October 17th quake; I took his word for this), to Hmong villages, to watching people putting dinosaur bones back together in a glassed-in

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"*Lord of the Isles* is an epic with the texture of the legends of yore, with rousing action and characters to cheer for."

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COMING IN AUGUST



area (with very high ceilings). Then Elise came back from work and Ruth Ladwig, Elise's mother-in-law elect and museum employee, drove us back to Elise's house. We talked, took a walk to Lake Como, and ordered a takeout dinner. Then, Victor would take me to the airport.

While awaiting dinner, I decided to call the airport to check if the flight was on time. I pulled out my ticket envelope for the flight number and voilà! No ticket! I froze. I was exhausted, emotionally shaky, and at that moment, very, very embarrassed. I have never lost a plane ticket. Quickly, I pieced together what must have happened.

Jerry, Jon, and I had hosted a party in our suite Sunday night, and I ended up cleaning up instead of waiting until morning when I'd be a zombie. I had our plane tickets, and realized that I should separate the tickets and give Jerry his before he left for Madison. *Ha, ha*, I thought at 4 a.m., *I certainly wouldn't want to fly back to Seattle with Jerry's ticket. Ha, ha.* I checked his ticket envelope, saw his ticket, and gave it to him in the morning. What I didn't see, I supposed now, was that the woman who checked us in in Seattle had placed both our tickets back into *his* envelope. (Of course! Doesn't the man handle these important things like plane tickets?)

Elise, who had the travel agency receipts, made several frantic phone calls and was told that as long as we had the receipts, we should go to the airport, and would be taken care of, not to worry ... Of course!

Jerry: We settled down to a long ride. Nevenah and Karen demonstrated bondage techniques on the Martian Popping Thing and the rubber frog. We stopped and called Andy Hooper to warn him we'd be late for dinner; he grumpily alluded to Nevenah's record with cars and long-distance driving.

For the next leg of the trip, I shared the backseat with Velma, drifting off to sleep on her shoulder. After what seemed to be a few moments, I started awake. We were pulling off the freeway, and I asked, sleepily, if we were being pulled over by the police.

Black smoke and the smell of burnt oil answered that question.

Suzle: *Poor Victor!* I thought as we drove to the airport, *He must be exhausted. This is so embarrassing.* (I also thought things like, *I hope that Jerry really does have my ticket. What will happen if he doesn't? How will I get home? When will I get home? It's certainly convenient that I don't have a JOB to get back to ... The con has spent a lot of money on us already—a one-way ticket with no lead time will be very expensive!*) At the airport, we went to the desk where we were supposed to be helped. Victor explained the situation; the young woman behind the counter replied with words that actually meant "Thank you very much, but I'm only eighteen years old without a brain in my head and I haven't the vaguest idea how to help you. Please leave now."

She said Northwest would have to handle it, so we

trundled over and explained what had transpired. It was now about one hour before flight time. After explaining that the travel agency had told us that Northwest could take care of the problem, Victor and I heard those chilling words, "You were misinformed." She gave us the usual buy-a-new-ticket-and-be-reimbursed-when-you-find-the-old-one routine. Eventually, she did help by offering to waive the time limit on a three-day advance purchase, but it would still be expensive. Victor and I conferred; he made a series of phone calls to various con people to ascertain if the con could cover the new ticket. I came up with the idea that if we could reach Jerry and he could get the ticket to the Northwest desk in Madison, I might be able to get on the flight (Jerry had left before noon, and should have gotten to Andy Hooper and Carrie Root's house by dinnertime, so this seemed plausible.) We suggested this to Northwest, who agreed.

Victor then made a new series of phone calls, getting Carrie and Andy's phone number, then calling them to explain and talk to Jerry. I heard Victor say several things that all boiled down to, "Oh, and where exactly was Nevenah's car when it broke down?" As the meaning of these words sunk fully in to my already exhausted being, I developed this little hysterical giggle before breaking into serious laughter. Andy said he didn't know where they were or when they'd get to Madison. Victor told him we'd get back to him. I developed a twitch.

Now, could Victor and I really go back to the Northwest desk and explain that the car in which Jerry was riding had *broken down*? Yah, right. Sure it had. We told them that he couldn't get to the Madison airport before flight time that evening, but could the next day. Our oh-so-helpful Northwest rep went to work things out with her supervisor and was gone for about what seemed like 5 hours. During this time, behind us, waiting in line to check in, was what appeared to be becoming a unruly mob of people afraid they were going to miss their flights. Our rep returned and told us that she had me on a flight that left at 9:30 am. In the morning?! We hadn't the foggiest idea of where Jerry and company were, or if he really did have my ticket, let alone whether he could get to the Madison Airport by 9 am! So, naturally we said, "Why, of course! Thanks!"

Victor made a few more phone calls, arranging for me to stay in one of the unused rooms on the Con Suite floor. On the trip back to the hotel, Victor told me about the Madison Triangle. I told him about the WPSFA curse.

Jerry: We were only two miles past an exit at Lake Delton, Wisconsin, about 50 miles from Madison, so Nevenah decided to walk back and find a tow truck to take the car into Madison, only fifty miles. I pulled on my coat and volunteered to go with her, while Karen and Velma stood watch. It was a cold but clear night, and when we weren't blinded by oncoming headlights,

we could see the stars.

We got to the exit about half-an-hour later, and started down the long slope to a little cluster of buildings at the bottom. Just as we arrived at the service station, lights began to blink off. Nevenah pounded on the door, and a young fellow opened for us. He could tow the car, he said, but only to this station. Nevenah was determined to have the car go to Madison, so she



set up in the small convenience store attached to the station, and under the impatient eye of a bored clerk, began making calls.

This was a lengthy process. First, she would get the name and number of a AAA-approved towing service; then, she would call the service, only to find they really didn't serve AAA members, or all their trucks were out, or they didn't go to Madison. Then she'd call AAA again. After six tries she finally found a service that could help.

Because a tow truck could take, at best, two of us into Madison (no one could ride in the dead car), she had to begin another round of calls, to find someone to come for us. (Karen and Velma would have the dubious pleasure of riding with the tow truck driver.) We tried Andy and Carrie first, but Andy doesn't drive, and Carrie was too ill for the long trip. It seemed that everyone we knew in Madison was sick or asleep or owners of cars that were in the shop. Finally, just as the tow truck drove into the lot, Nevenah found Bill Humphries, who said, "Sure, no problem."

We expected to see Bill in an hour. Now all we had

to deal with was the tow truck driver. He was a small suspicious man in a red deer hunter's cap. He looked suspicious when we told him about the two people still at the car; he looked suspicious when Nevenah gave him vague directions to her mechanic's shop; and he looked downright unbelieving when Nevenah told him she expected AAA to pay. Nope, he needed cash. No credit cards, no checks, only cash—\$100.

Nevenah had only checks. I had \$78. Would he take \$75 and a check for the rest? He thought. He suspiciously examined Nevenah's check and even my greenbacks. Finally, he agreed; his truck rumbled away. Nevenah thanked the service station people, we moved to the convenience store across the road, and spent the next hour talking and eating what \$3 could buy there. When Bill showed up in an old Volkswagen bug, we hugged him happily. Seeing that Nevenah's car was no longer where we'd left it almost three hours earlier, we began to relax.

Bill drove us to Nevenah's mechanic in Madison, where we found her car. All the luggage was gone, except for Nevenah's, so we were sure that someone had taken everything and everyone to Andy and Carrie's house. We transferred the remaining stuff to Bill's trunk, and drove the last ten-minute leg. There were Velma, Karen, Andy and Carrie, lounging in their comfortable, book-stuffed living room. I began to say how glad I was to be there.

Before I could finish my sentence, Andy rose to his feet, and as though he were preaching from a pulpit, pointed at me, saying rotundly, "It's only the tip of the iceberg. Check all your pockets." I could only gasp.

"You have Suzle's ticket."

Suzle: I checked back into the hotel and explained the situation to the desk clerk; told her that I would be receiving a telephone call that *had* to reach me. The airline had given me a special computer code number that would magically make everything cool with the ticket transfer and Jerry had to have it. We were concerned because my room was registered to the Convention that they wouldn't be able to find me. I cautioned her that should she go off duty, this message had to be passed on. (I've worked with too many hotels for over too long a period to let that one get by me.) I was greeted very warmly on the 23rd Floor Con Suite, where at least three people had keys for me. The room had been part of the smoking section and they'd even put a Smokeater in the room. (This was apparently arranged during one of Victor's many telephone calls.) Talk about hospitality! Walking down the long corridor, I bumped into friends like Terry Garey and Geri Sullivan, who knew I'd already left. Their expressions were mixed between seeing a ghost and deciding that yes, they had had too much blog. Terry came back to the room with me and I poured out this fascinating tale. After collapsing for a few minutes, I decided to call Stu Shiffman and Andi Shechter (our downstairs neighbors) back in Seattle so

that they wouldn't wonder where the car was when they left for work the next morning. Jerry wouldn't be calling for a while, I was sure. I looked around. And around. There was *no phone in the room* ...

I flew down to the front desk, explained, and they sent one up quickly. One minute later, Jerry called.

Jerry: Shaken, I rushed upstairs to find my suitcase. I found the ticket folder, and inside it my ticket. I pulled it out, and there, behind mine, was Suzle's. Back downstairs, Andy gave me the hotel number where I was to call Suzle; I went right into the kitchen and telephoned. Suzle sounded a lot better than I felt. She told me about the arrangement with Northwest and the special number I needed to give the reservation desk.

After I finished the call, I talked to Carrie. She was much recovered, and said she could easily get me to the airport in time the next morning. Andy kindly got me a bowl of spiced apples and ice cream, while Nevenah explained everything to Karen and Velma (who in turn told us about being visited by a friendly young state trooper while they were waiting; Velma was surprised he hadn't acted suspicious of her leather pants and *café-au-lait* complexion).

Andy asked me if I wanted to watch some television to relax, and I noticed that he had tapes of *The Civil War*. I suggested he try one of them. It was a bad idea. The screen filled with anecdotes about men burning to death between the lines and doctors performing amputations in assembly-line fashion; Nevenah burst into tears. We quickly turned the TV off, and did a lot of hugging.

Suzle: Worried about the way Jerry sounded on the phone, I went down the hall to the dead dog party to relax and tell friends about this exciting evening. Victor, who also could finally relax, and I did our little dog-and-pony show to a number of folks, telling our story, and I had the best sitting-around-in-the-hall chats I've had in many a con. Early the next morning, I caught the airport limo. Northwest had to call Madison to verify things, and the \$50 charge that had been mentioned the night before was mentioned again, but never collected. I got back to Seattle; I got the car out of hock and drove home; I wandered around mumbling to myself for the rest of the day.

Jerry: Next morning was an anticlimax. Carrie woke me at seven; we got to the airport at eight, Northwest accepted the ticket. I spoke to Suzle that evening; she had boarded the nine-thirty plane and flown home without incident.

The rest of my trip was very enjoyable (with the remainder of my Madison visit and another three days in Minneapolis), and mostly stress-free. Suzle and I had escaped both the Madison Triangle and the WPSFA Curse, and were left, as so often before, with a good story for a fanzine article.

Well, we think so ... ~~Boo.~~

Tom Smith

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

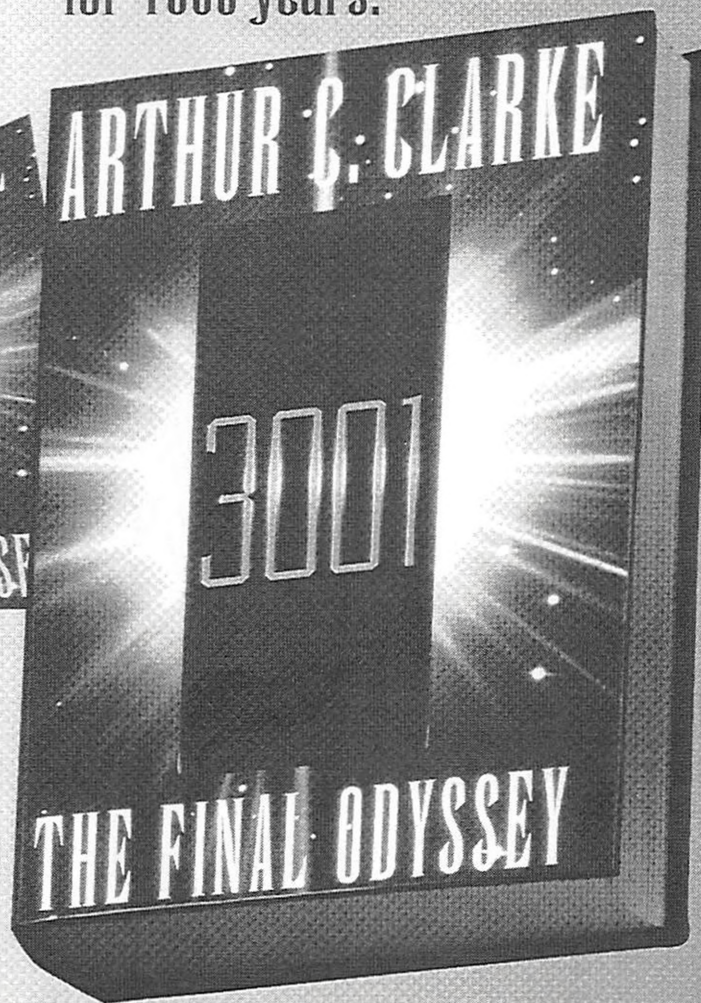
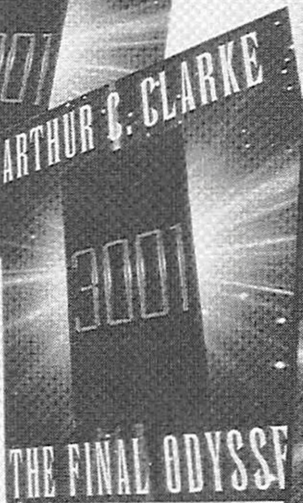
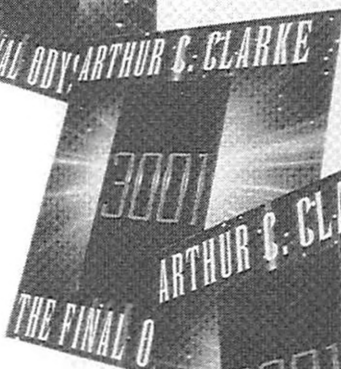
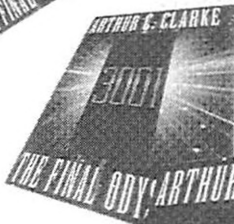
But then, you might get that impression after hearing his first two tapes, *Who Let Him in Here?* and *Domino Death*, in which he hits everything from pizza delivery to Clive Barker to Tolkien to Elvis to *Star Trek 2* to gaming to Dorsai to psychic love to Wile E. Coyote. And if you haven't heard the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

He's entered three songwriting contests at the Ohio Valley Filk Fest, and won them all. Their contest the next year was *based* on him—"The Best Song Tom Smith Never Wrote." He's also won a slew of Pegasus Awards for excellence in filking, including three in 1991 for Best Writer/Composer, Best Performer, and Best Song (A Boy and His Frog). And he's won enough punfights at Michigan cons that they won't let him compete any more; now he runs them, as he's doing here. He's performed across the country, as well as in Toronto and England. He's also a budding writer, working on some short stories and a novel/musical, *Skullrose and Tourmaline*. As soon as they're done, he'll let you know.

It's pretty straightforward after that. He loves good friends, good food, good hugs, and good music, not to mention bad jokes and bad movies and nearly every episode of *Mystery Science Theater 3000*. He is, in fact, a media junkie. He loves his Amiga computer, and has a web site full of lyrics, puns, and other Neat Stuff (www.izzy.net/~tomsmith), which you should check out. Or, since he's here and so are you, go find him. Start a conversation. After all, how much trouble can one filker get you into?

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Time Plot

Words: Copyright 1995 by Tom Smith

Music: something like "Time Warp" by Richard O'Brien
from *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*

It's astounding that Starfleet has
No working time machine,
So listen closely, Deep Space, Next Gen and Voyager,
I've got to keep this clean.

I remember "... Edge of Forever,"
Look at what's happened to Trek since then.
What was done uniquely now is practically weekly—
Let's do the Time Plot again!
Let's do the Time Plot again!

It's just a temporal shift—
A cosmic entity just-can't-get-it-right!
Put your hands on your phasers—
Misunderstand and fi-i-ight!
Apologize and tru-u-u-ust—
This stuff'll drive you insay-ay-ay-ay-ane!
Let's do the Time Plot again!
Let's do the Time Plot again!

I feel disgusted, reality's busted,
The timeline we trusted ain't there at all.
I change something teeny, my mom's Mussolini,
I break wind, and galactic empires fall.

We can make up new babble with a tile set from
Scrabble,
Dropped into a word processor on blend.
Give us visual whiz tricks, but ignore math and
physics—
Let's do the Time Plot again!
Let's do the Time Plot again!

Well, I was walking down the street when Sherlock
Holmes
Summoned up a big demon with some ancient tomes,
The British Royal Navy got me safe offshore,
Then sold me into slavery, behind the Green Door.
I signed up for an interstellar Trek,
Now I'm gonna take a hatchet to the Holodeck.

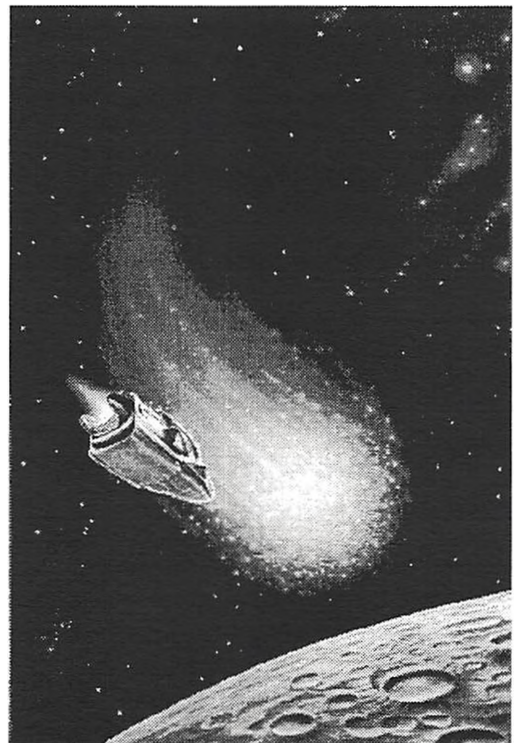
Let's do the Time plot again!
Let's do the Time plot again!
It's just a temporal shift—
We meet aliens who just-aren't very bright!
Ignore the Prime Directive—
We know that we are ri-i-ight!
We're moral, wise, and ju-u-ust—
Don't listen when they explay-ay-ayay-ain!
Let's do the Time Plot again!
Let's do the Time Plot again!

(tapitty-tap-ta-tap-ta-tap)
Eight, six, four, two, we can blame it all on "Q"!

Eat your heart out, Marty McFly!

Let's do the Time Plot again!
Let's do the Time Plot again!

It's just a temporal shift—
We try explaining it, but just-can't-get-it-right!
Break out the technobabble—
It's Science Fiction Li-i-ite!
Ignore the stuff you know—
This stuff'll rot your bray-ay-ayay-ain!
Let's do the Time Plot again!
Let's do the Time Plot again!



John M. Ford

A Chronological Bibliography

(Notes: This is a non-exhaustive list. Most of the published fiction and poetry is included. Not included are items such as reviews and magazine fillers, extremely limited/private editions, a small amount of minor and/or pseudonymous work, and works under contract but not yet completed. Game credits are limited to principal credited designs, omitting many short scenarios and idea pieces written for magazines such as *The Journal of the Travellers' Aid Society* (later *Challenge*), *The Space Gamer*, *Autoduel Quarterly*, and *Pyramid*, as well as several years' worth of game essays and reviews for *Asimov's* and *Amazing*, and contributing/consulting design on many other gamebooks and projects.)

The compiler acknowledges with deep appreciation the following invaluable resources: the *Internet Speculative Fiction Data Base*; *Science Fiction, Fantasy, & Horror 1984-1996* (copyright 1996 by Charles N. Brown & William G. Contento); the *NESFA Index*; the NESFA and MITSFS library collections; and, especially, the author.

"This, Too, We Reconcile"
Analog, May 1976

"There Will Be a Sign"
Asimov's, January-February 1978

"On the Q167 File"
Asimov's, November-December 1978; reprinted in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Anthology*, ed. Scithers (Davis 1979); *Science Fiction Masterpieces*, ed. Asimov (Galahad 1986)

"Double in Brass"
Asimov's, April 1979

"On Tabletop Universes" (article)
Asimov's, April 1979

"L'Envoi"
Asimov's, May 1979

"On Evenings Beyond the Fields We Know" (article)
Asimov's, July 1979

"Stone Crucible"
Asimov's, August 1979

"The Adventure of the Solitary Engineer"
Asimov's, September 1979; reprinted in *Isaac Asimov's*

Science Fiction Anthology, ed. Scithers (Davis 1982); *Laughing Space*, ed. Asimov & Jeppson (Houghton Mifflin 1982)

"Mandalay" (an Alternities Corporation story)
Asimov's, October 1979; *Asimov's* German edition; reprinted in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Anthology*, ed. Scithers (Davis 1980); *From the End of the Twentieth Century*

"The Sapphire as Big as the Marsport Hilton"
Asimov's, November 1979

Web of Angels (Pocket 1980; Tor 1992)

"As Above, So Below"
Dragons of Light, ed. Orson Scott Card (Ace 1980); reprinted in *Strange Dreams*, ed. Donaldson (Bantam Spectra 1993); *From the End of the Twentieth Century*

"Out of Service" (an Alternities Corporation story)
Asimov's, July 1980

"Hot Pursuit"
Asimov's, September 1980

"The Wheels of Dream"
Asimov's, October 1980

"Slowly By, Lorena" (an Alternities Corporation story)
Asimov's, November 1980; reprinted in *The Fantastic Civil War*, ed. McSherry, Waugh, & Greenberg (Baen 1991)

"What's Wrong with This Picture?", with Barry B. Longyear and George H. Scithers
Asimov's, November 1980; reprinted in *Tales from the Spaceport Bar*, ed. Scithers & Schweitzer (Avon 1987)

On Writing Science Fiction (The Editors Strike Back!), with George H. Scithers and Darrell Schweitzer (Owlswick Press 1981)

"1952 Monon Freightyard Blues"
Asimov's, January 1981; reprinted in *From the End of the Twentieth Century*

"On Opening Night at the Universe: A Personal Voyage to Carl Sagan's *Cosmos*" (essay)
Asimov's, February 1981



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Asimov's, September 1981; *Asimov's* (German edition) #19, Heyne 1993, as "Der dunkle Begleiter"; reprinted in *From the End of the Twentieth Century*

"Intersections" (an Alternities Corporation story)

Asimov's, October 1981; reprinted in *From the End of the Twentieth Century*

"Waiting for the Morning Bird"

Asimov's, November 1981; reprinted in *From the End of the Twentieth Century*

The Princes of the Air (Timescape 1982; Tor 1991)

"Amy, at the Bottom of the Stairs"

Asimov's, April 1982; reprinted in *From the End of the Twentieth Century*

"Shelter from the Storm"

Asimov's, July 1982

"The Persecutor's Tale"

Amazing, November 1982; reprinted in *Another Round at the Spaceport Bar*, ed. Scithers & Schweitzer (Avon 1989)

The Dragon Waiting: A Masque of History (Timescape 1983; SFBC 1984; Avon 1985, 1988; Corgi (UK) 1985; Goldmann Verlag (Germany) (as *Der Thron des Drachen*) 1985, 1988; Ediciones Martinez Roca (Spain) (as *Cuando el Dragon Despierte*) 1986)

Winner of the World Fantasy Award for Best Novel, 1984

"Boundary Echoes"

OMNI, September 1983; reprinted in *The OMNI Book of Science Fiction #4*, ed. Datlow (Zebra 1985)

The Final Reflection (*Star Trek* novel) (Pocket 1984; Gregg Press 1985; Titan (UK) 1988; Heyne (Germany) (as *Der Letzte Schachzug*) 1988)

As "Michael J. Dodge":

Star Trek: Voyage to Adventure (*Which Way Book* #15) (Archway Books 1984)

Star Trek paragraph-choice book for young readers

"SF Clichés I: Galactic Empires" (poem)

Amazing, July 1984; reprinted in *Timesteps*

"Heat of Fusion"

Asimov's, September 1984; reprinted in *The Ascent of Wonder: The Evolution of Hard SF*, ed. Hartwell & Cramer (Tor 1994)

"SF Clichés II: Psionics" (poem)

Amazing, November 1984; reprinted in *Timesteps*

As "Milo Dennison":

The Case of the Gentleman Ghost (*Blackstone's Magic Adventure* #2) (Tor 1985)

paragraph-choice book for intermediate readers, featuring Harry Blackstone, Jr. (other books in this series, under Dennison pseudonym, are not by JMF)

The Yellow Clearance Black Box Blues, adventure for PARANOIA (West End Games 1985)

Origins Award, Best Role-Playing Supplement, and Select Award for Best Product of the Year

Star Trek III, boxed set of three solitaire boardgames, with Greg Kostikyan & Doug Kaufman (West End Games 1985)

"SF Clichés III: Time Machines" (poem)

Amazing, January 1985; reprinted in *Timesteps*

"Alkahest: The Deathtoll Solution" (*Car Wars* fiction) *Autoduel Quarterly*, "Fall 2035" (October 1985)

"Scrabble With God"

Asimov's, October 1985; reprinted in *From the End of the Twentieth Century*

"A Cup of Worrynot Tea"

Liavek: The Players of Luck, ed. Shetterly & Bull (Ace 1986); reprinted in *Casting Fortune*

"Walkaway Clause"

Asimov's, December 1986; reprinted in *From the End of the Twentieth Century*

How Much for Just the Planet? (*Star Trek* novel) (Pocket 1987; Titan (UK) 1987, 1996; SFBC 1988)

New York Times bestseller

Scared Stiffs, adventure for GHOSTBUSTERS, with Bill Slaviscek (West End Games 1987)

"Eel Island Shoals" (song lyric)

Liavek: Wizard's Row, ed. Shetterly & Bull (Ace 1987)

"Fugue State" (short version)

Under the Wheel: Alien Stars Volume III, ed. Mitchell (Baen 1987)

Nebula Award finalist

"Green Is the Color"

Liavek: Wizard's Row, ed. Shetterly & Bull (Ace 1987); reprinted in *Masterpieces of Fantasy and Wonder*, ed. Hartwell (GuildAmerica Books 1989; SFBC 1989); *Casting Fortune*

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Honorable Mention by *The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror*, ed. Datlow & Windling (St. Martin's 1988)

"Pot-Boil Blues" (song lyric)

Liavek: Wizard's Row, ed. Shetterly & Bull (Ace 1987)

"Tales From the Original Gothic"

The Architecture of Fear, ed. Cramer & Pautz (Arbor House 1987)

The Scholars of Night (Tor 1988, 1989)

Captain Confederacy (comic)

Issue 9: "Dear Brutus" with Will Shetterly

Issue 10: "Driving North"

Issue 11: "The Glass Arena" with Will Shetterly

art on all issues by Vince Stone

(Steeldragon Press 1988)

"A Holiday in the Park" (poem)

Weird Tales, Winter 1988-89; reprinted in *Rhysling Anthology 1990*, ed. Anon. (Science Fiction Poetry Association 1990); *Christmas Stars*, ed. Hartwell (Tor 1992); *Timesteps*

"Preflash"

Silver Scream, ed. Schow (Dark Harvest 1988; Tor 1988); reprinted in *The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror, 2nd Annual Collection*, ed. Datlow & Windling (St. Martin's 1989); *From the End of the Twentieth Century*

"Riding the Hammer"

Liavek: Spells of Binding, ed. Shetterly & Bull (Ace 1988); reprinted in *From the End of the Twentieth Century*

Honorable Mention by *The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror, 2nd Annual Collection*, ed. Datlow & Windling (St. Martin's 1989)

"Street of Dreams"

Ripper!, ed. Dozois & Casper (Tor 1988)

"Winter Solstice, Camelot Station" (poem)

Invitation to Camelot, ed. Godwin (Ace 1988); reprinted in *The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror, 2nd Annual Collection*, ed. Datlow & Windling (St. Martin's 1989); *Rhysling Anthology 1989*, ed. Anon. (Science Fiction Poetry Association 1989); *Nebula Awards 25*, ed. Bishop (HBJ 1991); *Christmas Stars*, ed. Hartwell (Tor 1992); *Timesteps* **Winner of the World Fantasy Award for Best Short Fiction, 1989, and the Rhysling Award**

Casting Fortune (Liavek universe) (Tor 1989; SFBC 1989) includes: "A Cup of Worrynot Tea," "Green Is the Color," and "The Illusionist"

"The Hemstitch Notebooks"

Asimov's, August 1989; reprinted in *Isaac Asimov's SF Lite*, ed. Dozois (Ace 1993)

"SF Clichés IV: Space Mercenaries"

Amazing, November 1989; reprinted in *Timesteps*

Fugue State (expanded version) (Tor Double #25, 1990)

Liavek poems: "The Grand Festival: Sestina"

"Divination Day: Invocation"

"Birth Day: Sonnet"

"Procession Day/Remembrance Night: Processional/Recessional"

"Bazaar Day: Ballad"

"Festival Day: Catechism"

"Restoration Day: Plainsong"

Liavek: Festival Week, ed. Shetterly & Bull (Ace 1990);

"Bazaar Day" reprinted in *Rhysling Anthology 1991*, ed.

Anon. (Science Fiction Poetry Association 1991); "Restoration Day" reprinted in *From the End of the Twentieth Century*

"Bazaar Day" nominated for the Rhysling Award

"Black Knight's Work" (song lyric)

recorded by Cats Laughing, *Another Way to Travel* (Spin Art 1990)

"Cosmology: A User's Manual" (poem)

Asimov's, January 1990; reprinted in *Rhysling Anthology 1991*, ed. Anon. (Science Fiction Poetry Association 1991); *Timesteps*

"SF Clichés V: The Alien" (poem)

Amazing, January 1990; reprinted in *Timesteps*

"SF Clichés VI: Immortality" (poem)

Amazing, January 1990; reprinted in *Timesteps*

"The Rosetta Roseannadetta Stone: Preliminary Translations (after Champollion) of Dingbat-Linear-A"

The New York Review of Science Fiction, February 1990

"SF Clichés VII: The Big Computer" (poem)

Amazing, March 1990; reprinted in *Timesteps*

"SF Clichés VIII: Starports" (poem)

Amazing, March 1990; reprinted in *Timesteps*

"SF Clichés IX: Alternate Worlds" (poem)

Amazing, May 1990; reprinted in *Timesteps*

"SF Clichés X: The City of Tomorrow" (poem)

Amazing, May 1990; reprinted in *Timesteps*

"SF Clichés XI: Starships" (poem)

Amazing, September 1990; reprinted in *Timesteps*

"SF Clichés XII: The End" (poem)
Amazing, November 1990; reprinted in *Timesteps*

Time Travel, supplement for GURPS, with Steve Jackson (Steve Jackson Games 1991; Devir Livraria (Brazil) as *Viagens no Tempo* 1993)

Origins Award, Best Role-Playing Supplement 1991

"Another Cursed House Story" (poem)
Now We Are Sick, ed. Gaiman & Jones (DreamHaven 1991)

"On the Inevitability of Starships" (poem)
Tales of the Unanticipated #9, 1991; reprinted in *Timesteps*

Growing Up Weightless (Bantam Spectra 1993, 1994; Easton Press 1994)
Winner of the Philip K. Dick Award, 1994

Timesteps: A Selection of Poems (Rune Press 1993) includes: "Merlin, On a Late Afternoon," "Winter Solstice, Camelot Station," "A Holiday in the Park," "The Conjunction," "Midnight Stations," "The Starship Pauses in Flight," "Cosmology: A User's Manual," "The Copenhagen Interpretation," "On the Inevitability of Starships," "Persepolis," "Shared World," "Third Thoughts," "SF Clichés: A Sonnet Cycle," and "Janus: Sonnet"

"Dateline: Colonus"
Temporary Walls, ed. Ketter & Garcia (DreamHaven/1993 World Fantasy Convention 1993)
Honorable Mention by *The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror, 7th Annual Collection*, ed. Datlow & Windling (St. Martin's 1994)

"Troy: The Movie" (poem)
Weird Tales, Spring 1994; reprinted in *The 1995 Rhysling Anthology*, ed. Anon (Figment Press 1995); *From the End of the Twentieth Century*
Rhysling Award nominee; Honorable Mention by *The Year's Best Fantasy and Horror, 3rd Annual Collection*, ed. Datlow & Windling (St. Martin's 1990)

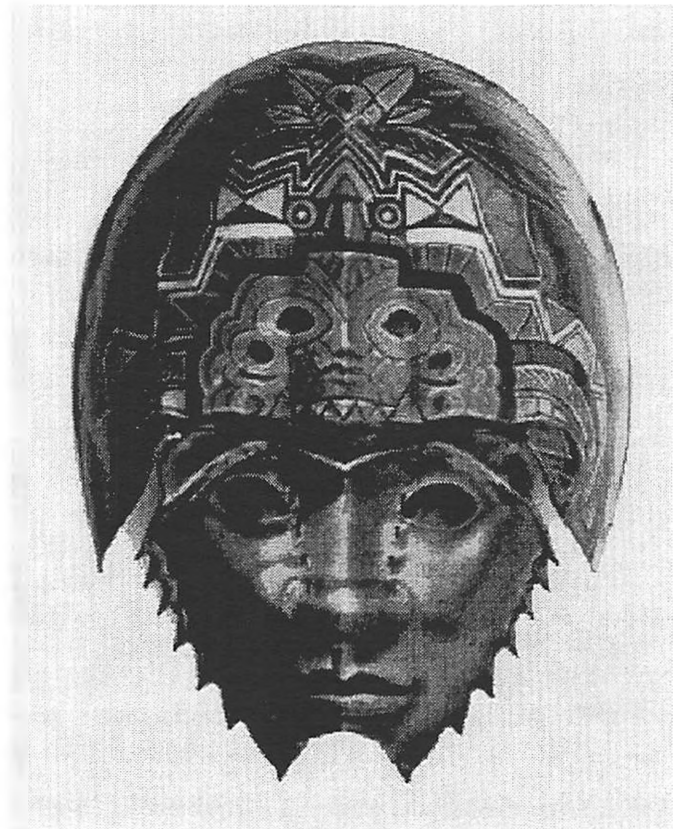
"Chromatic Aberration"
The Ascent of Wonder: The Evolution of Hard SF, ed. Hartwell & Cramer (Tor 1994)

"Chain Home, Low"
The Sandman: Book of Dreams, ed. Gaiman & Kramer (HarperPrism 1996)

"Erase/Record/Play: A Drama for Print"
Starlight 1, ed. P. Nielsen Hayden (Tor 1996)

"The Sixth Finger" (screenplay adaptation)
The Outer Limits: Volume One, ed. Notkin & Stewart (Prima 1996)

From the End of the Twentieth Century (NESFA Press 1997) includes: title essay, "1952 Monon Freightyard Blues", "Amy, at the Bottom of the Stairs", "A Little Scene to Monarchize", "Mandalay", "Rules of Engagement" (essay), "Monochrome" (song lyric, from *How Much For Just the Planet?*), "Another Island" (song lyric), "The Dark Companion", "Here to Get My Baby Out of Jail", "All Our Propagation", "To the Tsiolkovsky Station: Railroads in *Growing Up Weightless*" (essay), Lunar Transit System map and graphics, "As Above, So Below", "Walkaway Clause", "The Lost Dialogue" (poem), "Scrabble With God", "Preflash", "Persephone's Daughters" (song lyric), "The Bard in Prime Time" (song lyrics), "White Light" (song lyric), "Intersections", "Troy: The Movie" (poem), "Roadshow" (game scenario), "Waiting for the Morning Bird", "Restoration Day" (poem), and "Riding the Hammer"



THE ROSETTA ROSEANNADETTA STONE: Preliminary Translations (after Champollion) of Dingbat–Linear A.

(Being, in fact, John M. Ford's interpretation of part of a reference chart for Carta, a cartographer's dingbat font. Text © 1989 by John M. Ford. Rendering © 1989 by Teresa Nielsen Hayden.)



Skiers should be insured by The Hartford. Lesbian witches should use the public facilities between the crooked tree and the extremely difficult Par 4. Travelers by sea, air, or Amtrak use the common waiting room. Breast fetishists should aspire to better things.



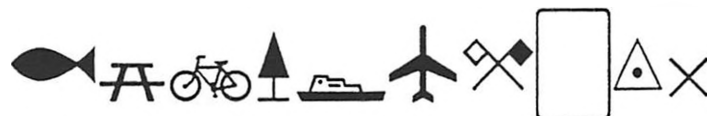
Tourist information on Switzerland is universally available to college graduates. This church designated as a nuclear test site to decrease our dependence on foreign oil. Gold is where you find it.



When the snow falls, the geese fly away from the straight witches. A famous daredevil intends to jump a boat over several handicapped persons. Light aircraft piloted by buck privates must use the east-west runway. This is the doorbell, stupid: are you blind, or what?



Talk louder, I am handicapped. The Dow Jones moving average affects golfers and Christians alike (Westchester proverb). Nuclear missile sites are an inappropriate element of the struggle against apartheid.



...like a fish needs a bicycle. Passengers from the Marine Air Terminal should gather at the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree. Brush your teeth twice a day. New York Post on sale here. Shame on you for what you're thinking.



Urine specimens by mail. Pedestrian entrance to West Bank debates. Oatmeal To Go. Roche's Limit strictly enforced. Protest reductions in Amtrak service.



If you light a fire in a dead-end street, golfing and horseshoe playing will be severely constricted (Estonian proverb). Do not fly helicopters through the barn. Restricted monstrosity zone.



Kiss it and make it better. Heretics left, orthodox right. Estimates of Soviet vs. American commitment to nuclear power. A really good footnote. World Trade Center emergency exits. Industry for a brighter tomorrow.

Guys and Bombs

by John M. Ford

[The Famous Broadsheet of the prologue was the invitation to Neil Gaiman's annual Guy Fawkes party in 1995, which indeed contained the typo celebrated therein. For those less well versed in English history, Guy's attempt was in the 17th century.]

"Celebrate the 7th Century attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament using barrels of gunpowder disguised as Herrings."

—From A Famous Broadsheet

GUYS AND BOMBS

a playlet inspired by the Famous Broadsheet

[ENTER several Men. The first, GUY, carries a rolled set of plans, the rest are straining under the weight of small but heavy wooden barrels—except for the last man, GERALD, who has figured out that the barrel rolls very easily and is simply kicking it along. Their progress is somewhat impeded by the fact that all are wearing fish costumes: wide-mouthed masks, scaly jerking, fins *ad libidem*.]

BLOODWULF: But why herrings?

GUY "the Fishmonger" FAWKES-WULF: We have been over that. Because if someone saw eels with legs, they would know something was—

GODWULF: Fishy?

GUY: I warned you. (Strikes GODWULF.)

BLOODWULF: But I don't mean why not eels.

GUY: Oh, I suppose a six-foot brown trout wouldn't arouse suspicion.

TOTHERWULF: I think the focus of the argument is not "why herrings" in comparison with other forms of aquatic life, but "why herrings" as opposed to, say, Scotsmen.

GUY: Scotsmen with dorsal fins? And those woss-names they wear, kilts—put yourself in for that kind of irritation?

GERALD: I should like at this time to thank our cunning and ingenious leader, Guy Fawkes-Wulf, for not only providing this ingenious plan to explode the Government, but having the courage to create the plan in the first place.

OTHERS. Hear, hear.

GUY: Well, shank 'ee, chaps, and especially you, Gerald. Praise from a real professional is beyond price.

TOTHERWULF. Where, exactly, does one get to be a professional at killing members of the Government? I ask only in view of the obvious profit potential.

GERALD: I am of the Cluniac order.

GODWULF: Cluniac monks kill people?

GERALD: Oh, heavens, no. The monks are devoted to good works, hospitals, teaching the blind to halt,

that sort of thing. It's in the convents where you find the real political ferment.

TOTHERWULF: Brother Gerald

GERALD: Sister Gerald, thank you very much. I was admitted under affirmative action. I was personally trained by Sister Judah Maccabee. But please, it is Guy's plot.

GUY: Thank you, Gerald. Remember, lads, it be the Seventh Century, and times are parlous. Not like the Sixth.

BLOODWULF: Or the Fifth. That was a real man's Century.

GODWULF: My Dad always said the Fourth Century was where things really started to go wrong.

GUY: Come on, fellows, you know why you're here. (The WULFS sing [tune of "Fugue for Tinhorns"])

GODWULF: I got some powder here

The word it sends is clear

We would prefer the Parliament disappear

BLOODWULF: I've got a coil of fuse

Cut off the length to use

Whoever's at the other end's bound to lose

TOTHERWULF: I brought a burning torch

Held close enough to scorch

We'll make a big bang under the MPs' porch

ALL: Ka-boom, ka-boom

This stuff makes a grand ka-boom

When Parliament's in the room

We'll send them all to their doom

Powderkeg—coil o' fuse—burning torch

We got the bomb right here

GERALD: Nice harmony, but what do you propose to do should we encounter the guards?

BLOODWULF: If we meet with opposition, I shall draw my steel and tell them straightforwardly, "My name is Bloodwulf, you killed my father; prepare to die."

GODWULF: You haven't got any steel, and your father is living comfortably in Jorvik on the proceeds from cleverly invested weregild.

BLOODWULF: And while they're trying to remember when they did it, and waiting for my steel, I shall belabor them with this 'ere keg.

(As if on cue, a GUARD appears.)

GUARD: What's all this then?

BLOODWULF: My name is Blood—

GUARD: Oh, you want the Jewel Room. Tower Hill tube, Circle or District Line.

BLOODWULF (waving sword that he has after all produced): That is not why we are here.

GUARD: The Armories, eh? Not to worry, it's a gen-



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eral admission, y' see, not a ticket for this, ticket for that, like bloody Greenwich.

BLOODWULF: My name is—

GUARD: Or the bloody V and A, with their "pay what you like, but we'd like four quid, please." What do they say at the board meetings, "income is down this year due to a general decline in guilt among the populace"?

(They leave him talking and proceed.)

TOTHERWULF: I realize we have come quite far in this enterprise without a serious reexamination of our primary goals, and indeed I propose no such drastic reappraisal now, but our beloved Anglia is hardly in the notice of the Carolingian Empire. Just why *are* we proposing to explode King Pepin?

GODWULF: Probably something to do with that musical.

GERALD: Speak thou no ill of Ben Vereen.

GODWULF: No, Ben Vereen's certainly immensely talented. I was thinking of the show as a whole.

BLOODWULF: Compared to what? *Godspell*?

TOTHERWULF: Talk about Theatre of Cruelty.

GODWULF: And which Pepin are we actually planning to blow up? Is that Pepin the Bald, the Bold, the Short, or the Wise?

BLOODWULF: What about the hunchback?

TOTHERWULF: That's Pepin the Short.

BLOODWULF: Not in the Murdoch papers.

GODWULF: The dialog has gotten very silly. If this goes on, I shall stop the sketch.

GUY: I told you before, stop the Monty Python business.

GODWULF: I was the producer's original choice for "The Life of Graham Chapman."

GUY: I am *warning* you

GODWULF: (grabbing TOTHERWULF) This herring has ceased to be! It has gone to join the bleedin' choir in—

(GUY applies a torch to GODWULF's keg. The resulting explosion leaves of him only a few shining scales, drifting down.)

BLOODWULF: Rarely snows this early south of the Humber.

GUY: Come on now, it's time to plant these things. Sister Gerald, do you have some appropriate words for the occasion?

GERALD: Certainly. Book of Armaments, chapter— (GUY reaches toward the torch.) Sorry. O Lord, we ask Thee to aid us in our smiting of these M.P.s, as Thou smoted the Philistines and the Egyptians, the Amalekites, the Hittites, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, the Persians, the Medes, the *Medo*-Persians—

GUY: Thank you, Gerald.

GERALD: —the Amorites, the Canaanites, the Perlizites, the Hivites, the Jebusites *and* their livestock—

GUY: AMEN!

GERALD: —and *especially* Sodom and Gomorrah. Amen.

(They set to work with the powder, somewhat clumsily due to the herring suits. As they work, all sing [tune of "Guys and Dolls]:)

When you see a Guy

Try to keep powder dry

You can bet that he's tryin' to plant a bomb

When you see some chap that the train's left behind

And he don't seem to mind

The odds are the chap

Has quick-match in mind

When you see a bloke

With his coat trailing smoke

And a sense that the seconds are ticking by

Call it bold, call it treason

Only see you recall the reason

That he plans to blow Parliament House sky-high

(As abruptly as the last cue, a group of GUARDS appear.)

GUARDS AS ONE MAN: What's all this then?

GUY: Nothing.

BLOODWULF: Certainly not blowing up any Parliaments.

TOTHERWULF: I remember saying just the other day, "As fine a day as it looks for planting kegs of gunpowder under Parliament disguised as Herrings with catastrophic intent, I should never consider such a thing."

GERALD: I am a Novice of the Cluniac Order, and the Blessed Virgin throws her cap in the air upon the Nicollet Mall to see your grievous behavior.

GUARD 1: We stand abashed.

GUARD 2: We 'aven't bashed anybody yet.

SERGEANT: Steady, man. You there! What's in those kegs?

GUY: Not gunpowder.

TOTHERWULF: How indeed could it be gunpowder, as it is the Seventh Century—

GUY: Not a patch on the Sixth, though.

BLOODWULF: Godwulf's Dad always said the Fourth was where things really started to go wrong.

TOTHERWULF: —and Brother Berthold the Black's distant ancestors are still using saltpeter for its old purpose.

BLOODWULF: How do you explain Berthold, then?

SERGEANT: I ask you again, what is in these kegs?

GUARD 1: Aw, Sergeant, they're fish. Herrings, I should think.

SERGEANT: Very perceptive, Constable. PC Finley, I believe this is your speciality.

(GUARD 2 removes his helmet and does a gape-mouthed, fin-flapping fish pantomime.)

SERGEANT: Well?

GUY: I'm sorry, was he talking to us? He was speaking with such a heavy bream accent I couldn't make out a thing.

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SERGEANT: Aha! They have fallen for my little trap!

GUY: Do you know what I just did to one of my companions for stealing Monty Python material?

SERGEANT: Save it for the Court, my man. The Judge will want to hear how a herring recognized a bream accent—*unless he was a spy!* Take them away!

(The scene shifts to a courtroom. The judge presiding reaches slowly to one side and places a large flounder atop his powdered wig. He shakes his head.)

BLOODWULF: Well, that's it then. Sister Gerald, does your faith give you any words of help?

GERALD: A fine idea. *HELP! HELP!* (A pause.) Well, so much for that.

BLOODWULF: Totherwulf, you were the philosophical one. Is there anything you can say?

TOTHERWULF: I confess to a certain mild annoyance.

GUY: If that was *all* you'd confessed to, we wouldn't be here.

BAILIFF: Never fret, lads. You aren't for the chop.

PRISONERS: We aren't?

BAILIFF: Of course not. You see, you lads is fish,

and—(crowd begins to groan) Wait for it!—you is fish, and we are Beefeeders. (full chorus of groans)

GUY: I told you the costumes were a good idea. (The CONSPIRATORS are led out. From offstage we hear a voice call out:)

VOICE: Frying tonight!

BAILIFF: Stand by to deliver broadside!

(All sing:)

How well we remember, 'twas sometime

November,

Gunpowder, treason, and herring;

We tried to dismember each benchwarming

Member,

Extreme, God wot, but daring.

But nervous was the hand,

Too lengthy was the fuse,

Inadequate the fishy ruse;

These all did Guy's reforms prevent,

He's dead—you're stuck with Parliament.

CURTAIN



The Purple and the Green

©1995 by Tom Smith, inspired by the Babylon 5 episode The Geometry of Shadows and by Bill Hirst, the Fluffy Frog

Music: "The Orange And The Green" (Irish semi-trad)

Oh, my Captain Johnny Sheridan, as fine as man can be,
Set out one day to teach "the fine art of diplomacy."
He sent me to the Drazi wing, but didn't say I'd find
A bunch of raving loonies who were really color-blind.

Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen,
The Drazi are divided into Purple and the Green.

Well, they pair off every five years, put on these colored cloths,
And are drawn to fight each other like Black Flag is drawn
to moths.

I said, "It must be ritual," but that was badly put,
They broke into a hockey game, then broke my fraggin' foot.

Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen,
The Drazi are divided into Purple and the Green.

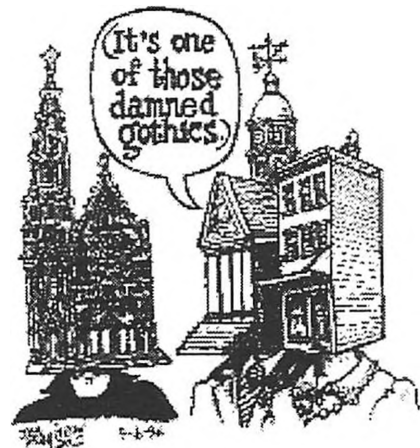
The longer this continued, the more it had to build,
I had to find an answer soon, before someone got killed.
And then the Green ones kidnapped me, said "It'll be all
right,
We'll blow the Purples out the airlock—that'll end the fight."

It'll be the biggest body-count that you have ever seen
If me and Garibaldi don't save Purple from the Green.

Well, the station now is quiet, and the Captain asked me how,
I grabbed Green Leader's neckerchief, I lead the Drazi now.
I made them change their colors, and now they're mori-
bund—

In Green one-half were stunning, but in Purple they're all
stunned.

Oh, it is the biggest mix-up that you have ever seen,
The Drazi are divided into Purple and the Green.



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Why Is There a FanHistoricon?

by Joe Siclari

Science fiction fandom started nearly 70 years ago and has antecedents going back to Dr. Dodgson's *The Star* fifty years before. Various fanhistorians (Moskowitz, Warner, Hansen, etc.) have chronicled some of this in several books and in fan publications (fanthologies, bibliographies, collections, and fanhistorical fanzines like *FanHistory*, *Entropy*, *FanHistorica*, etc.). All of this, however, has been rather sporadic and definitely unconnected.

In the late 1980's a few fans started promoting the idea that we needed to collect and preserve our fannish past in an organized manner before those artifacts and activities disappeared. Fandom has always been an artifice encompassed by ephemera—small-run fan-zines, wire recordings, weekend conventions, and short-lived fanclubs. And most of the history is contained in those fanzines, many of which crumble as you read them IF you can find copies.

Several of us felt that we needed to have a gathering to focus on preserving our fannish past. Peggy Rae Pavlat, Bruce Pelz, and I started FanHistoricon in May 1994. It was held in Hagerstown, Maryland. I had the luck and pleasure of naming the convention. Among others, the attendees included Jack Speer, our first fanhistorian, Forry Ackerman, probably the best known fan of all time, Art Widner, recently nominated for the 1946 Best Fan Writer Retro-Hugo, Laurie Mann, creator of the TimeBinders web pages, and Dick and Leah Smith, who maintain the Timebinders electronic discussion list.

The Timebinders organization was formed and an outline of needs and projects was developed. Most importantly, we felt that we needed to encourage those who were doing related projects and develop lines of communication between them.

From the Timebinders web page (<http://fanac.org/timebinders>) "The Society for the Preservation of the History of Science Fiction Fandom, AKA the Timebinders, was formed at FanHistoricon I ... The purpose of FanHistoricon, called by Peggy Rae Pavlat, Bruce Pelz, and Joe Siclari, was to bring fans of different fannish generations together to discuss ways to preserve fannish history. We developed a series of objectives and went on to discuss them over the two days we were together.

"There was an informal get-together at SMOFcon in Los Angeles in December 1994. A more formal meeting was held at Midwestcon in Cincinnati in June 1995."


FanHistoricon 4 was held at Tropicon in January,

1996, and #5 was at Minicon in April 1996. From these conventions have sprung a greater awareness of our fannish past, better communications, support, encouragement, and coordination. Some significant projects have started as a result: the Timebinders organization, of course; the Timebinders on-line discussion; the FANAC FanHistory Archives (<http://fanac.org>), and the FanHistory Amateur Press Association (FhAPA), to name a few.

FanHistoricon 6 is being held at this Boskone. In addition to the program discussions and interviews, we have another special item. Thanks to the generous support of NESFA and individual fans, we have brought Rob Hansen over from England as the first recipient of the FanHistoricon Fan Fund. Rob has been the major fanhistorian of British fandom. *Then* is his four volume chronological history from the Thirties to the Seventies. It is still in progress. He has started an on-line Who's Who in SF Fandom (<http://www.fiawol.demon.co.uk/who>) and he is working on a comprehensive bibliography of UK fanzines.

Rob Hansen will be an excellent addition to our program as we explore and record our past. That is what we do at FanHistoricon — discover more about our past, encourage fen to help preserve it, and learn more about what has made SF fandom the unique "culture" that has influenced so many of us and the field that we love.

Remember, most of the great names of science fiction came from science fiction fandom. This literature is very recursive. The writers influenced the fandom that influenced the writers that continued to influence the activities of the fandom.

That is only the start of the story. Join with us as we discover the rest! 


And One for My Friend Here, Please

A man who leaped time at a bound
Thought paradox far from profound;
Now, wiser by far,
He buys drinks at the bar
For his doubles, who follow him 'round.
—John M. Ford

Something Short About Hansen by Avedon Carol

I guess none of us imagined how far it would go when Rob first agreed to write "The Story So Far ..." for the 1987 Brighton Worldcon. It was just a pamphlet outlining some of the easier-to-know bits of British fanhistory, but when the con was over, he wasn't satisfied. Rob's original publication for Conspiracy concentrated most on the era he knew best—the 1970s, when he first came into fandom, and the early 1980s. Some people complained about that lack of balance that gave far too much weight to the period. But Rob had the fever, and started working on something bigger: *Then*.

So I watched Rob going off on his journey of discovery, interviewing the fans who had started the first London meetings, poring over old fanzines and newsletters, pulling up facts and anecdotes with glee. Here was the letter Bill Temple had slipped into the *Newham Recorder* inviting people to the first meeting of a science fiction group. And look here—even the Beatles owe a debt to fandom. Of course, now people complained that Rob seemed to like the '50s too much.

Rob says he wanted to collect the material while it was still possible to talk to older fans who might not be around much longer, read those yellowing pages before they disintegrated, and put it all into some sort of order. In some cases, he got there just in time. Others, he says, are welcome to develop theories and add the embellishments. Rob Hansen is the only normal person I have ever met. He does not come from a dysfunctional family, he carries no unwieldy baggage, and he has no dark secrets. He's so easy to get along with that even after living with him for 12 years, I haven't killed him yet. He is a good sport and he really, really likes baked beans. Gregory Pickersgill once complained while watching him walk up the street, "Look at him! He even *walks* like he's well-balanced!" He claims he will finish his fanhistory with the '80s and then stop. But we shall see ... 

The Gaughan Award

The Jack Gaughan Award for Best Emerging Artist honors the memory of Jack Gaughan, a long-time friend of fandom and one of the finest SF artists of this century. Because Jack felt it was important to encourage and recognize new blood in the field, The New England Science Fiction Association, Inc., presents the Gaughan Award annually to an emerging artist (an artist who has become a professional within the past five years) chosen by a panel of judges (currently Bob Eggleton, David Cherry, and Ron Walotsky).

This year's Gaughan Award will be presented as part of our post-Banquet program on Saturday evening.

The previous recipients of the Award are:

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We are still developing activity ideas, and we hope you'll have a few

suggestions in advance for us.

This will be at the **Marriott in Burlington**, like 1996's *Gaylaxicon*, with its delightful amenities of *indoor and outdoor pools, spa, and sauna*.

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For more information on how to register, visit our Website:
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Boskone 34 Framingham, MA February 14-16, 1997