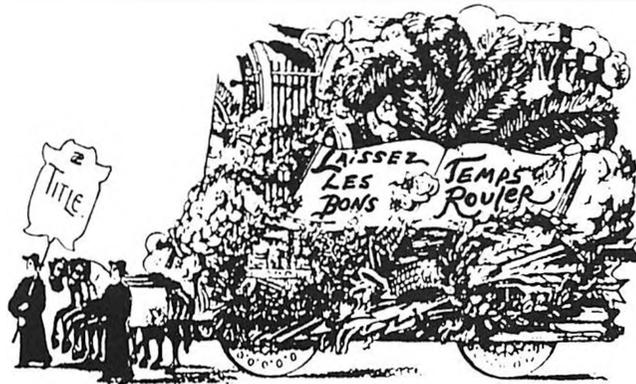




NOLACON II

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
SEPTEMBER 1-5, 1988



The 46th Annual World Science Fiction Convention

Guest of Honor

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

Fan Guest of Honor

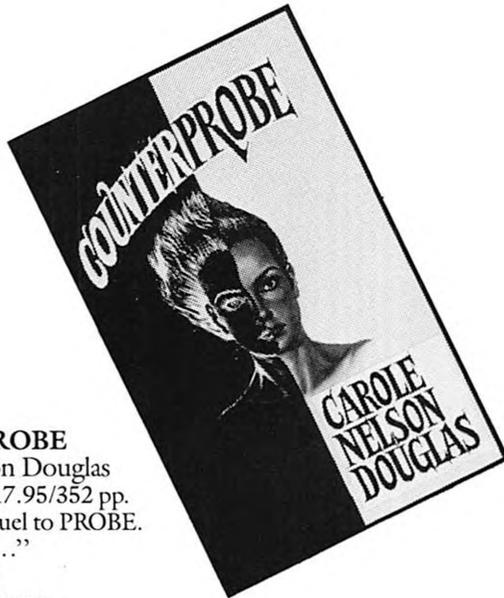
Roger Sims

Toastmaster

MIKE RESNICK



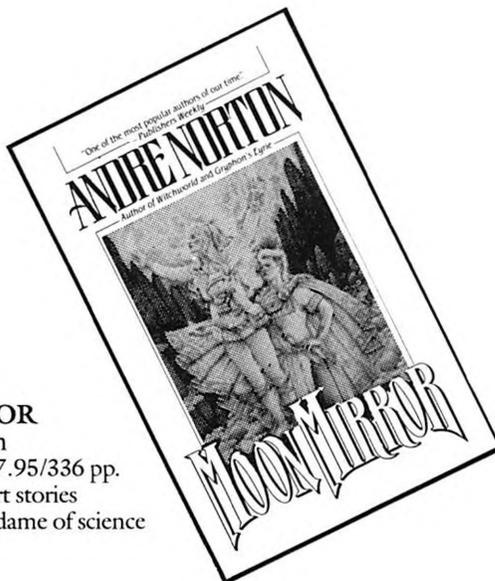
HARDCOVERS FROM TOR BOOKS



COUNTERPROBE

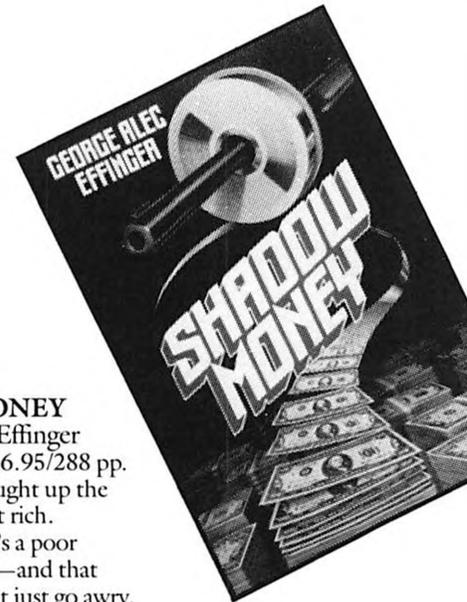
by Carole Nelson Douglas
0-312-93102-6/\$17.95/352 pp.
The stunning sequel to PROBE.
“A unique work...”
—*Romantic Times*

Jane Doe is on the run—
from a faceless government
agency, the aliens who sent
her to Earth, and the man who
wants her dead.



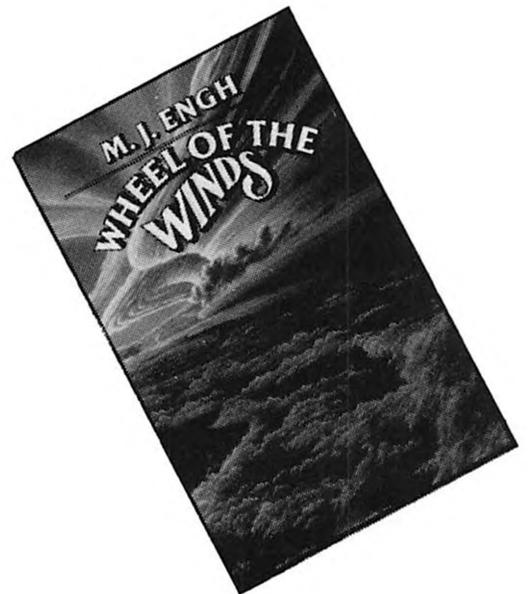
MOON MIRROR

by Andre Norton
0-312-93098-4/\$17.95/336 pp.
A new feast of short stories
from “the grande dame of science
fiction” (*Life*).



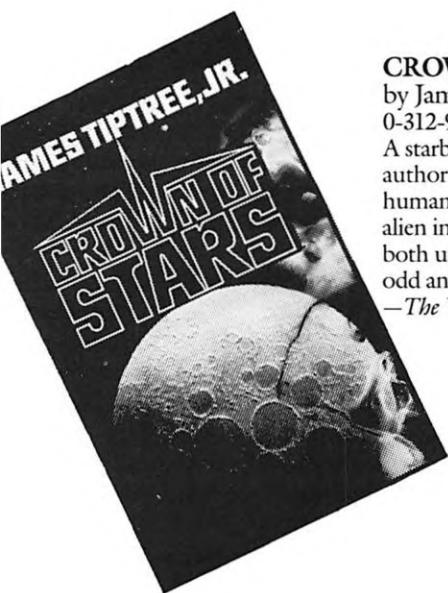
SHADOW MONEY

by George Alec Effinger
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Van Eyck has thought up the
perfect scam to get rich.
Unfortunately he’s a poor
judge of character—and that
perfect scam might just go awry.



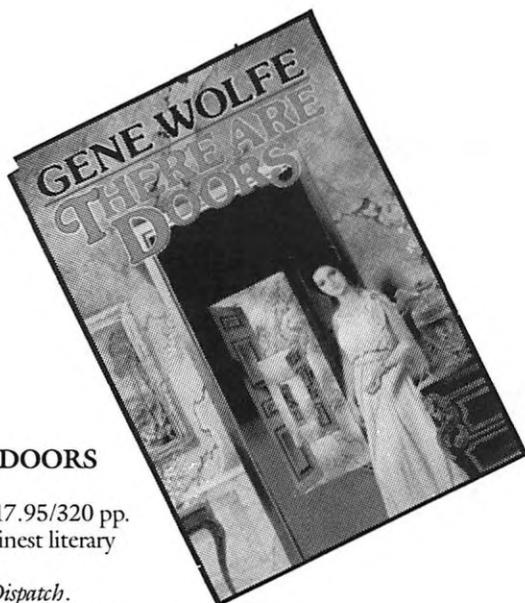
WHEEL OF THE WINDS

by M. J. Eng
0-312-93095-X/\$18.95/384 pp.
The inhabitants of a distant
world discover an alien creature
marooned on their world, who
must circumnavigate the globe
to reach his equipment to be
rescued. Told with the
intensity of LeGuin’s *Left Hand
of Darkness*, this is breathtaking
SF from the author of the
cult classic *Arslan*.



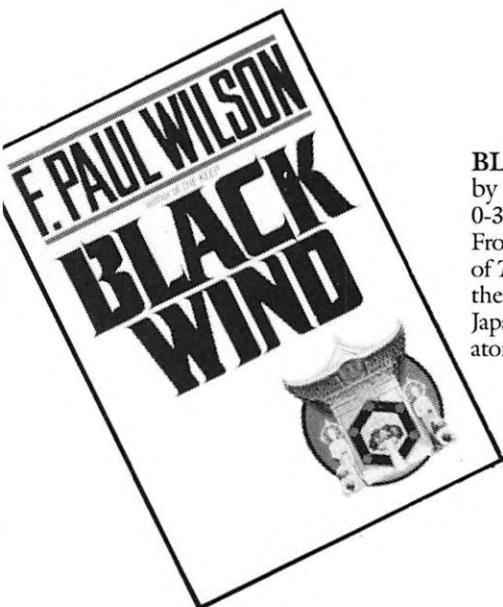
CROWN OF STARS

by James Tiptree Jr.
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A starburst of SF from the author who "...can show you the human in the alien, and the alien in the human, and make both utterly real. Her work is odd and brilliant..."
—*The Washington Post*



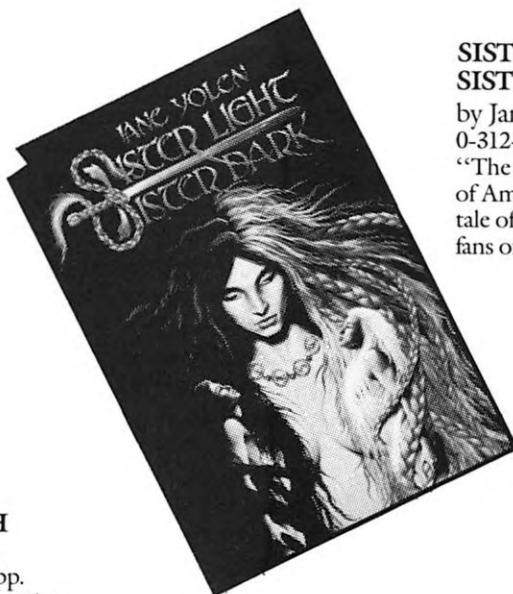
THERE ARE DOORS

by Gene Wolfe
0-312-93099-2/\$17.95/320 pp.
"One of today's finest literary craftsmen."
—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.
The compelling story of a man from our world who falls in love with a goddess from another world and must follow her to win her.



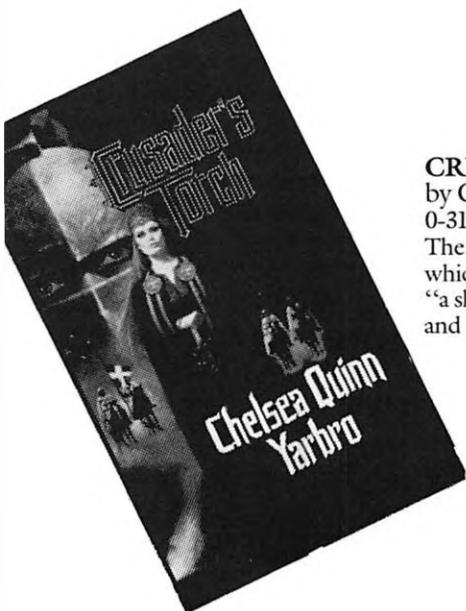
BLACK WIND

by F. Paul Wilson
0-312-93064-X/\$18.95/480 pp.
From the best-selling author of *The Keep*, an epic novel pitting the occult secrets of the Japanese Empire against American atomic science.



SISTER LIGHT, SISTER DARK

by Jane Yolen
0-312-93091-7/\$16.95/256 pp.
"The Hans Christian Andersen of America" (*Newsweek*) spins a tale of myth and magic for her fans of all ages.



CRUSADER'S TORCH

by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro
0-312-93088-7/\$18.95/448 pp.
The sequel to *A Flame in Byzantium*, which *Library Journal* called "a skillful blend of history and fiction..."

TOR



City Of New Orleans
Sidney J. Barthelemy
Mayor

September 1, 1988

G R E E T I N G S . . .

Welcome to the City of New Orleans. On behalf of all the citizens of our unique city, I extend a cordial welcome to those members and guests attending the World Science Fiction Society Convention, which will be held here September 1-5, 1988.

New Orleans is proud to play host to such an outstanding group. It is hoped that your movies and exhibits will be enjoyable, and will bring about a magical exchange of ideas.

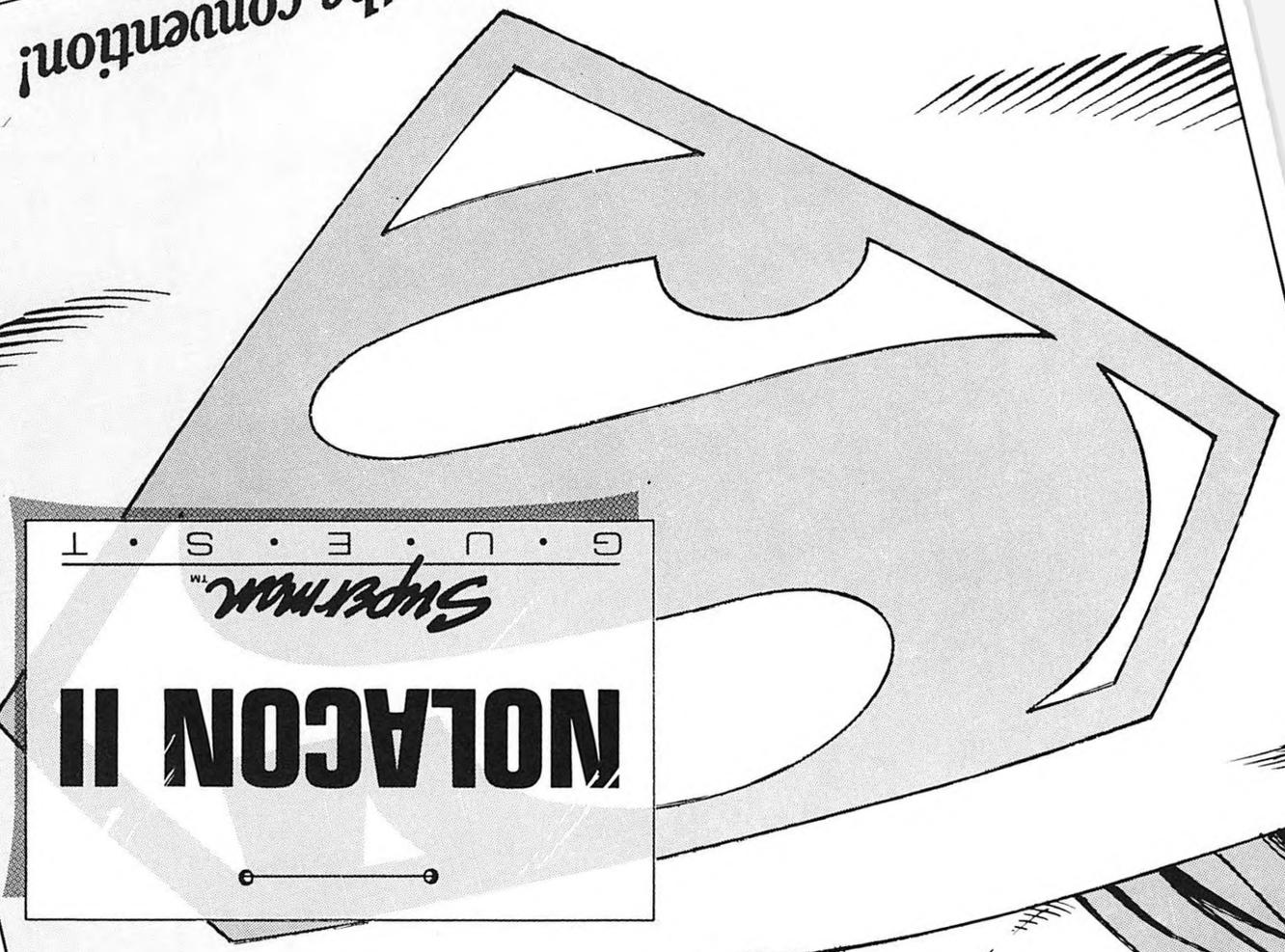
While you are here, enjoy the charm and hospitality for which New Orleans is noted. Visit our fabulous Riverwalk shopping development and our world-class Audubon Zoo. For food, music and architecture, visit our exquisite restaurants to appreciate the rich and varied cultural life which makes New Orleans famous.

May each of you have an enjoyable stay here and a fun-filled convention.

Sincerely,

Sidney J. Barthelemy
Mayor

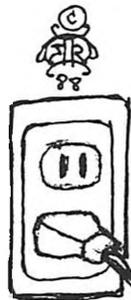
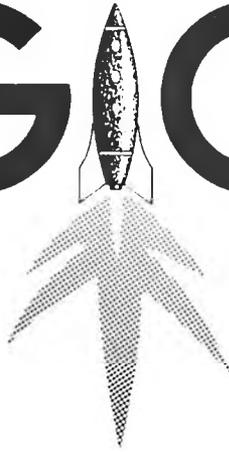
DC Comics welcomes you to the convention!



G • U • E • S • T
*Superman*TM
NOLACON II



MAGI CON



ORLANDO IN '92

1992 Worldcon Bid Committee

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Regular Members

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Whether your second sight comes from a crystal ball or a CRT, the forecast is clear in 1992: **Orlando**. For locale, facilities, and committee, there's no better place for the 50th World Science Fiction Convention.

You can pull fun out of Orlando like rabbits from a magician's hat. You probably already know about our proximity to EPCOT, the Magic Kingdom, Sea World, and Cape Kennedy. But that's only the beginning of the fun and excitement that make Orlando unique. Without traveling further than two miles from our convention site, you can experience hot air balloon rides and helicopter tours, browse at the fantasy-filled Mercado shopping mall, and enjoy the entertainment of Olde England during a five-course banquet at King Henry's Feast. With only slightly additional travel time, you can cruise the native rivers of Florida, wax nostalgic at Boardwalk & Baseball, make a splash in Disney's gigantic new water park, Typhoon Lagoon, take part in making fantasy real and dreams come true at two major motion picture studios (MGM/Disney and Universal), then spend an evening at the six acres of shops, restaurants, and nightclubs on Pleasure Island, Disney's nighttime entertainment complex.

Getting to Orlando is almost as easy as enjoying it once you're here. The futuristic and beautiful Orlando International Airport, located less than 20 minutes from our convention site, is one of the world's easiest-to-reach airports, served by British Airways and KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, as well as a large host of North American airlines. Or you can come by Amtrak, bus, or car; our road system, much envied by more populous areas, includes modern highways leading into the area from every direction.

Our facilities: Midway between the airport and Disney World, the Orange County Convention and Civic Center will be one of the most spacious and attractive Worldcon sites ever. When expansion is complete later this year, the Center will boast 388,000 square feet of exhibition, meeting, and function space, nearly all of which is on one level. Plus 55 covered loading docks, state-of-the-art lighting and sound systems, round the clock security, and superb architecture, landscaping, and interior design.

Across the street is our headquarters hotel. The new Peabody Hotel Orlando is an attraction in itself: not only does it have 58,000 square feet of function space, four restaurants, a double-sized Olympic swimming pool, and a professional day care center; It is also the home of the East Coast's only troupe of trained mallard ducks! To supplement the Peabody, we have booked additional rooms at other close-at-hand hotels, including 150 suites at the elegant Park Suites, and 600 rooms at the inexpensive (but definitely not cheap) Quality Inn. We currently have a total block in excess of 3,800 sleeping rooms, and many more can be added if necessary.

All convention activities will take place at the Convention Center or the Peabody, so long treks will be unnecessary, and all events will be readily accessible to

the handicapped.

Our committee: The people who want to bring you to Orlando for the 50th Worldcon are experienced convention fans. Members of the Orlando in '92 committee have chaired major divisions at past Worldcons, have founded and /or chaired regional and local cons, and have devoted thousands of hours to other con activities of all sorts. Our large, enthusiastic local group forms the base that any Worldcon needs. Of course, we'll also look for help from fans around the country and world in order to give you the best possible **MagiCon** in '92.

Our supporters: We know that it's unseemly to brag, but Orlando in '92 has gotten more support more rapidly than any other Worldcon bid in history. Although the balloting is still more than a year away, we already have over 900 pre-supporting members, and expect to reach the 1,000 mark soon. You, too, can join this throng. For five dollars, you will receive a spiffy "MagiCon / Orlando in '92" button, a subscription to our informative bidzine, discount prices on our three-color **MagiCon** t-shirts (They must be gorgeous, we've sold nearly 400 so far!), at least five dollars off your **MagiCon** attending membership (after we win, naturally), and - best of all - the satisfaction of helping to bring the Worldcon to Orlando in 1992.

Besides your support, we will also need your vote. To cast a ballot for Orlando in '92, you must be an attending or supporting member of Noreascon Three, the 1989 World Science Fiction Convention, to be held in Boston, August 31 through September 4, 1989. Attending memberships vary in price (\$60 through 07/15/88 - higher thereafter). Supporting memberships (which include all con publications and the right to vote on Hugo Awards and Worldcon site selection) cost \$20. Voting itself will cost another \$20 (for which you will automatically become a supporting member of the 1992 Worldcon, and will be entitled to a special rate for attending membership).

To join Noreascon Three, send your name, address, and money to:

Box 46
MIT Branch Post Office
Cambridge MA 02139

Our future depends on you. We're confident that a vote for Orlando is a vote that you'll never regret. But, if you're not yet convinced, why not come see us here at Nolacon, or one of the many other conventions at which we'll be throwing parties? We have lots more to tell you about Orlando and **MagiCon**.

Come, Share The Magic!

For more information, or to presupport, please write:

MagiCon / Orlando in '92
P.O. Box 621992
Orlando, Florida 32862-1992

"World Science Fiction Society", "WSFS", "World Science Fiction Convention", "Worldcon", "Science Fiction Achievement Award", "Hugo Award", and "NASFiC" are service marks of the World Science Fiction Society, an unincorporated literary society. "MagiCon" is a service mark of the Florida Association for Nucleation And Conventions, Inc. (FANAC), a non-profit Florida corporation.

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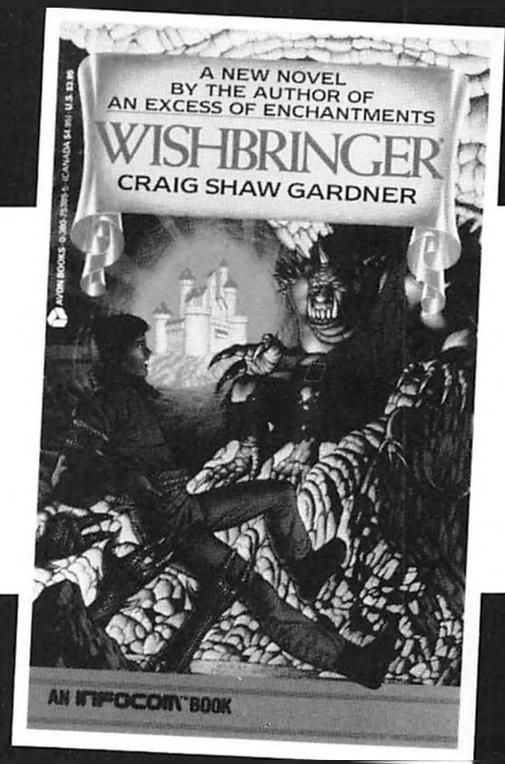
PLANETFALL by Arthur Byron Cover



Lt. Homer B. Hunter is cast adrift on an alien world with only his faithful robot, Oliver, to help him piece together the Jigsaw World in a series of comic, but potentially deadly, misadventures.

“Take a jigger of Asimov, a pony of Bradbury and a dash of the Three Stooges, and you have the zany genius of Arthur Byron Cover!”
Somtow Sucharitkul, author of *Mallworld*

WISHBRINGER: *The Novel*



Simon is the quintessential con-man, running just ahead of the law, until he stumbles over the son of a police chief and is sentenced to become mailman to the kingdom of Festeron. As postman, he is responsible for the *Wishbringer* stone—which just happens to have fallen into the hands of the Evil One, who has dastardly plans for Festeron's future...

Craig Shaw Gardner is the author of the popular *Chronicles of Ebenczum*.

AVAILABLE AT YOUR BOOKSTORE NOW!

\$3.95 (\$4.95 in Canada)

CHAIRMAN'S GREETINGS

On behalf of all of the fans of the city and state from which this convention gets its name, a warm and friendly New Orleans welcome.

The worldcon is above all the meeting place, where fans of diverse interests can assemble in the annual rituals of visiting the Dealers Room with all its wealth of riches, displaying and purchasing works of wonder in the Art Show, surveying the films that try to capture the fantastic, participating in and viewing the special joy of the Bal Masque, partaking in the wide selection of panels and readings, filking and gaming and discovering the vast number of special interest groups that bind Science Fiction fandom into the gumbo that is the very spice of the feast that is called worldcon.

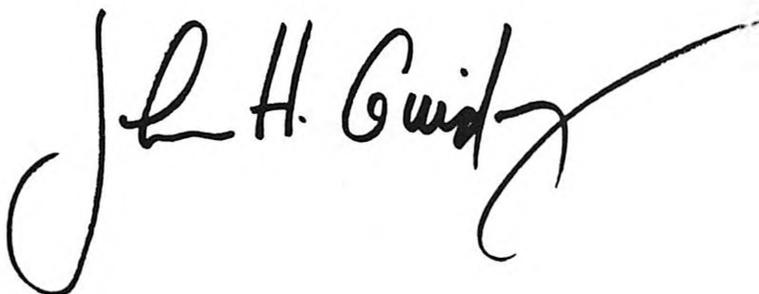
Once more friends both old and new come together, sometimes for the first time and sadly, sometimes for the last, to share in this unique bond that is the family called world con. We come to celebrate this field with all its wonders, traditions and views that make it the special event it is.

This place, this city, New Orleans is steeped in the lore of the fantastic. Voodoo has its place here in both fact and fiction, and Mardi Gras casts its spell of enchantment to all who view it.

So enough of these words. You are now in the city of New Orleans and the party is about to begin. Jazz is in the air and Spanish moss hangs on the oaks as in days gone by. So as is said so often in this City that Care Forgot:

Laissez les bons temps rouler...

Let the good times roll!

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, reading "John H. Guidry". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

TOR DO

A NEW PUBLIS

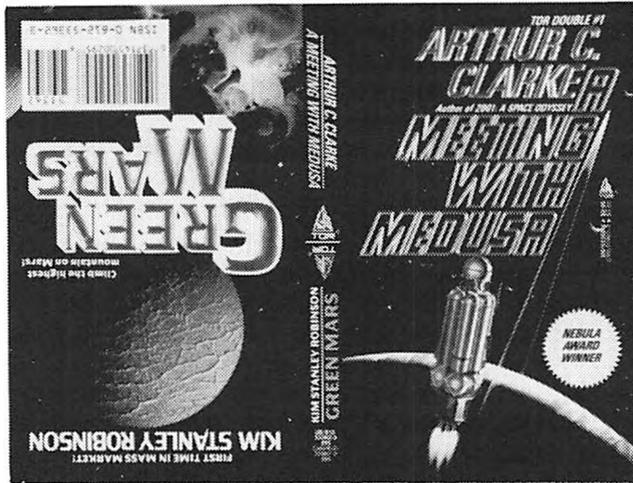
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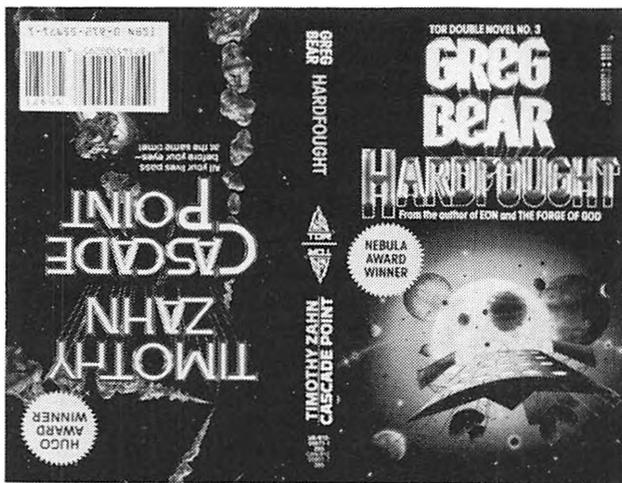
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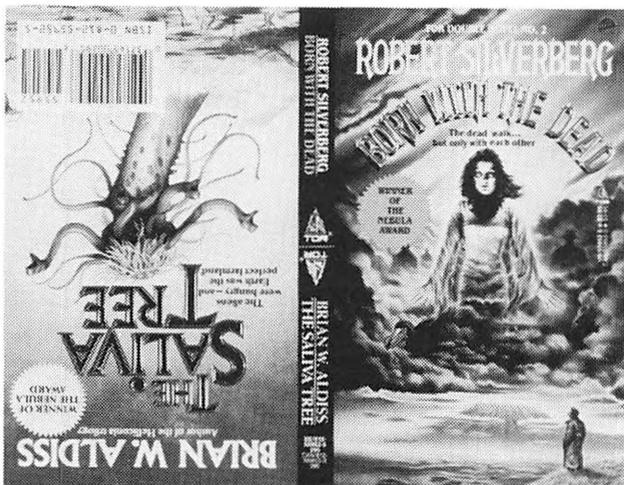
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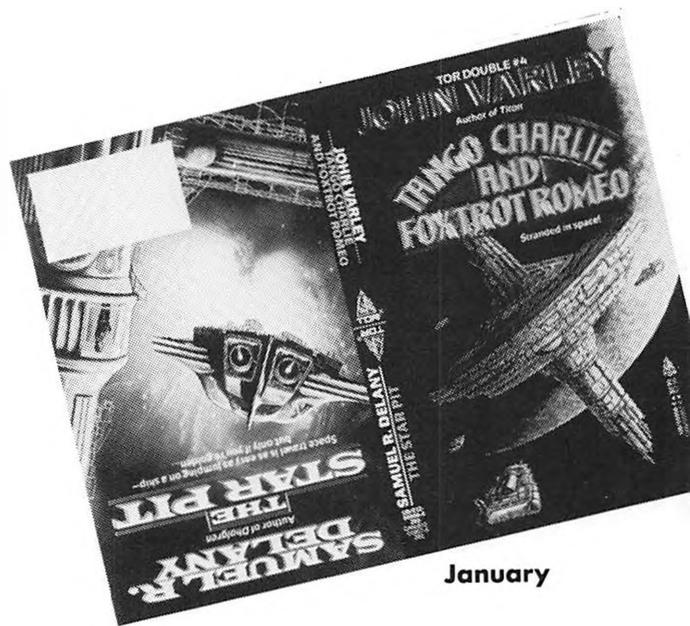
October



November



December

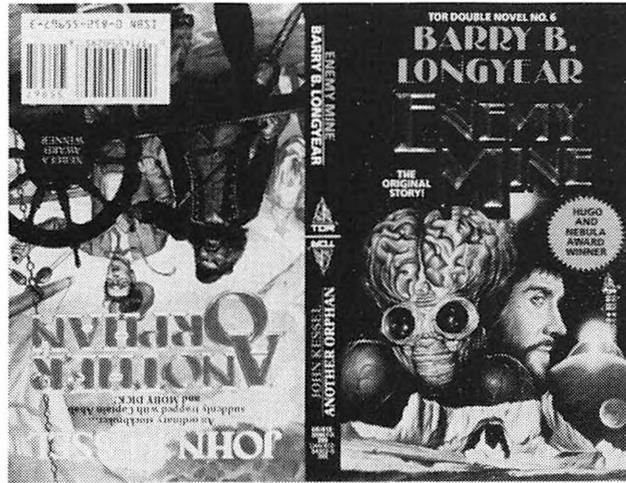


January

MULTIPLE HUGO AND NEBULA

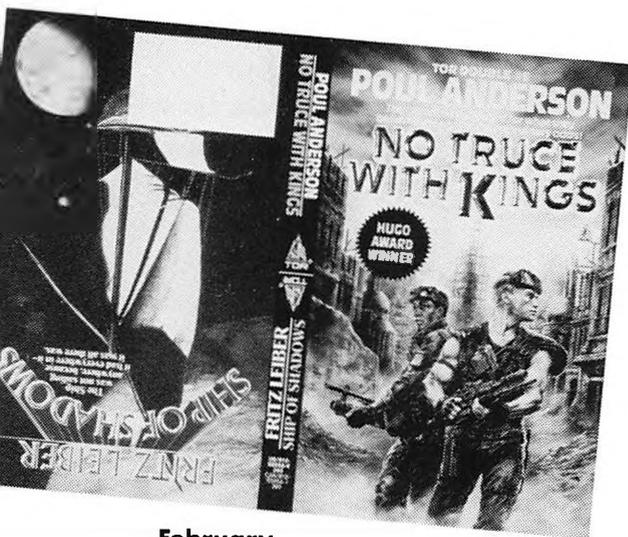
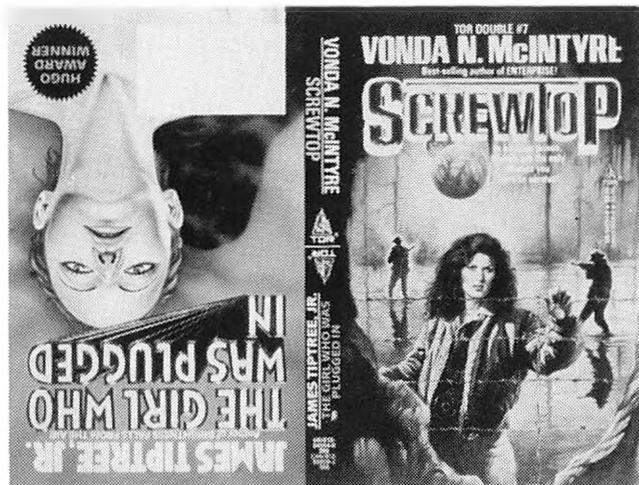
- ★ Hugo and Nebula Award-winning works of science fiction by the biggest names in the business, beginning with:
 - In October, Arthur C. Clarke's *A MEETING WITH MEDUSA*/ Kim Stanley Robinson's *GREEN MARS*.
 - In November, Greg Bear's *HARDFOUGHT*/Timothy Zahn's *CASCADE POINT*.

UBLES
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O SCIENCE
ER MONTH,
BACK-TO-BACK,
COVERS
IMPACT.

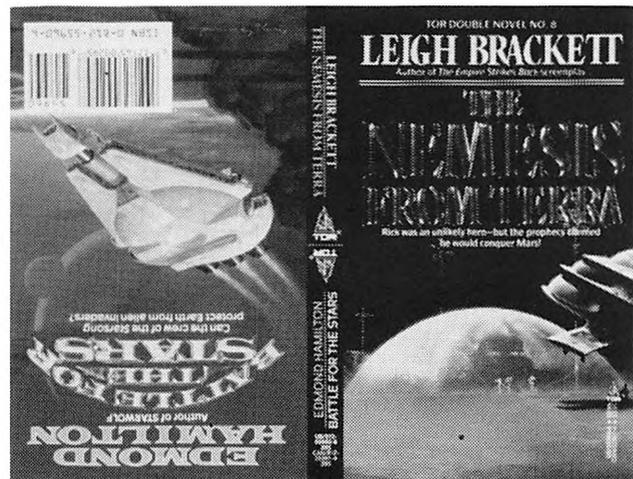


March

April



February



May

AWARD-WINNING TITLES!



A STELLAR PUBLISHING EVENT FROM TOR

So why should you come to Sydney for a World Science Fiction Convention? Sydney-siders can give a thousand reasons, but here are a few of interest to fans.

The new Darling Harbour Convention Centre is almost too ideal for a WorldCon. Its main auditorium holds up to 3500 people, seated in *quote* the world's most comfortable auditorium seats *unquote*. If even more of you than that want to squeeze in - you won't need to squeeze. The Centre has facilities for live multi-camera display of main auditorium events in any or all of the 16 rooms. We can project the event onto the main screens of the auditorium; at last you can see what's going on. In fact, the Convention Centre will be the only state-of-the-art convention centre in the world at the time of its completion (scheduled February 1988, expected late 1988; plenty of time to iron out the bugs). Our technical people drool at the thought of being let loose in there. The Convention Centre adjoins the Exhibition Centre, so, should our 3100 square metre huckster space prove insufficient, we can add units of 5000 sq.m. up to a total of 25000 sq.m. extra space... The Exhibition Centre is huge! We really don't need to mention the video production workshop, the simultaneous translation facilities or any of the other gee-whiz technical stuff. Just take it that we have a state-of-the-art building large enough and cheap enough for a WorldCon, and the people to run it. And then there's our bonus site: a little place called the Sydney Opera House, the probable venue for the Hugo Awards ceremony.

But the programmed sites aren't all that's necessary. Hotels are necessary; after all, that's where a lot of the action is at. There are two hotels (one "tourist" class, one "budget"; both huge) being built next to the Convention Centre. Since these aren't complete yet, we have provisional arrangements with those existing hotels in Sydney which know, and can cope with, fannish requirements. These range from the Sheraton-Wentworth down to small budget places. None of them is more than a short walk from the monorail, which takes you right inside the Convention Centre (monorail runs every two minutes; journey time six minutes).

Food is also necessary, and you are in for a pleasant surprise. Sydney has an absolutely superb selection of restaurants and cuisines, matched only by the likes of New York and London. The Convention Centre is slap-bang in the centre of Sydney's main restaurant district. Within a light stroll from the Convention Centre, you have literally dozens of restaurants, serving upwards of twenty cuisines. A wide variety of prices and styles will fit just about any taste or budget. Excellent wine is available cheaply, and Australian beer is world-famous.

People are what make a Con - or a city - and Sydney is not just any old boring city; it is alive, vibrant and friendly. Our fans are pretty good too. Just ask anyone who has been to one of our Cons - they all want to come back. Our bid committee is drawn from a cross-section of the fannish substreams - literary, media, art, gaming... We are not into feuding or Fan Politics. There are any number of good reasons why Australia is the number one tourist destination from North America and Japan. Just think, a WorldCon would be a great excuse to go there!



G
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D
a
y
!

I want to tell you why **Sydney** is the place for the
1991 WorldCon.

I'm not coming the raw prawn in my bit on the left, neither!

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL
THE OFFICIAL NOLAACON II PROGRAM & SOUVENIR VOLUME

Guy H. Lillian III, Editor *by* **Peggy Ranson, Designer**

with the kind assistance of

Matt Leger, Ricia Mainhardt, John Guidry, Justin Winston, Ann Layman Chancellor, Ned Dameron, Dany Frolich, J.K. Potter and a host of other artists, agents, assistants and friends.

Special Thanks to

Gary Hauser and All the Crew at Hauser Printing, for the quick and elegant typesetting — especially you, Carol!

Greetings

*His Honor Sidney Barthelemy
 Mayor, City of New Orleans*
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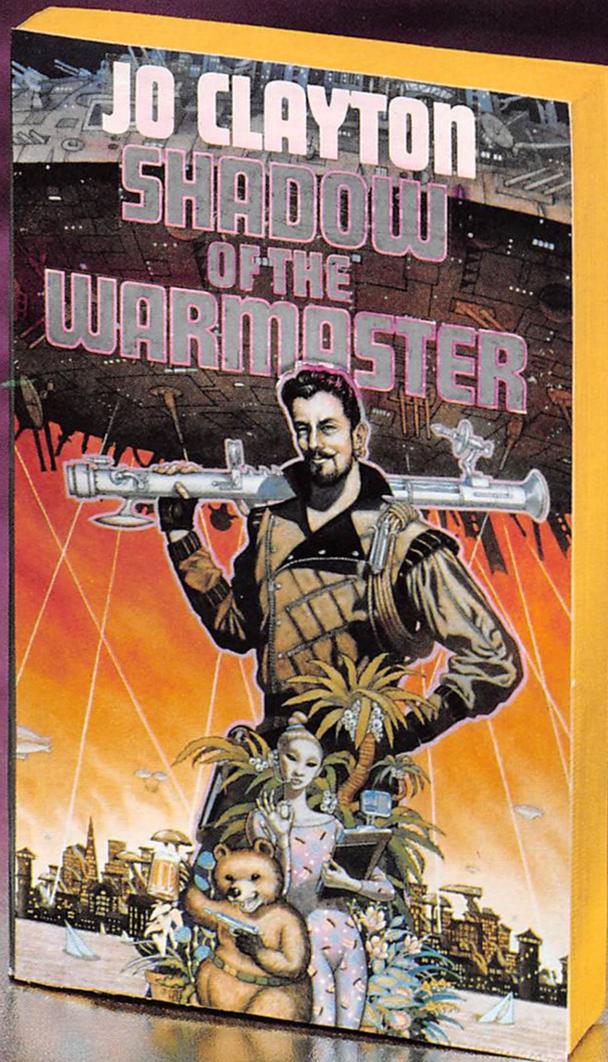
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DAW BOOKS

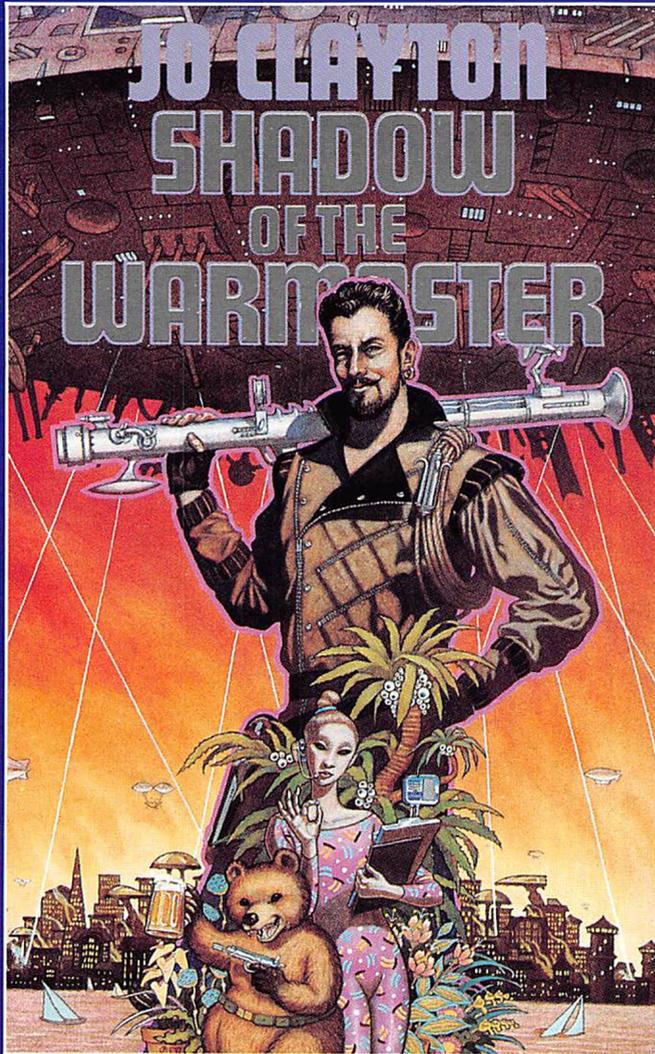
OCTOBER 1988



SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURE
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AND
THE *SKEEN* TRILOGY



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Author residence: Portland, OR

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Here is the start of an exciting, hard science fiction series set in the universe of Jo Clayton's highly popular *Diadem* series, but introducing a dynamic new cast of characters.

THE WARMASTER ... Equipped with the deadliest weapons of devastation, this huge orbiting battleship was the Emperor's key to control. Through its very presence he held an entire planet in thrall. For who would risk the destruction of the entire world to bring the Emperor down?

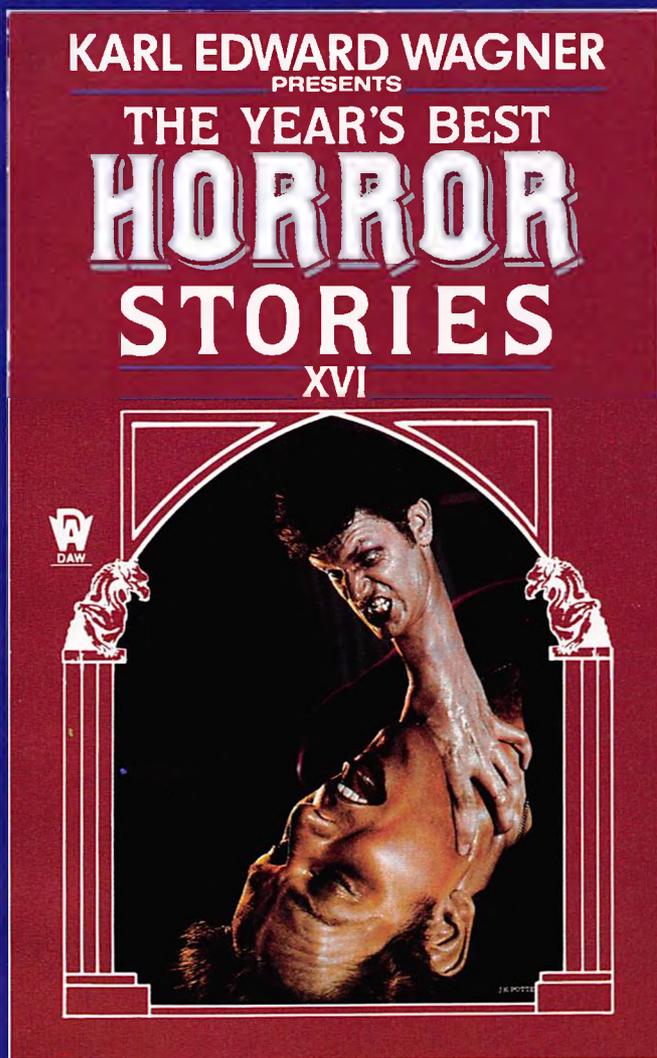
Still the rebels plotted, driven by the cruelty of their conquerors to the very brink of desperate action. And now they had an unexpected ally, Adelaar aici Arash, an offworlder with skills far beyond their own, a woman out to rescue her daughter and claim revenge on those who have wronged her. But could even an offworlder's advanced technology defeat that most powerful of sky fortresses—the dreaded Warmaster?

"Clayton has the gift of creating believable worlds, and a lively, vivid, often lyrical style."

—Science Fiction and Fantasy Book Review



**"An annual high point in horror story publication."
—Kliatt**



THE YEAR'S BEST HORROR STORIES: XVI

Edited by Karl Edward Wagner

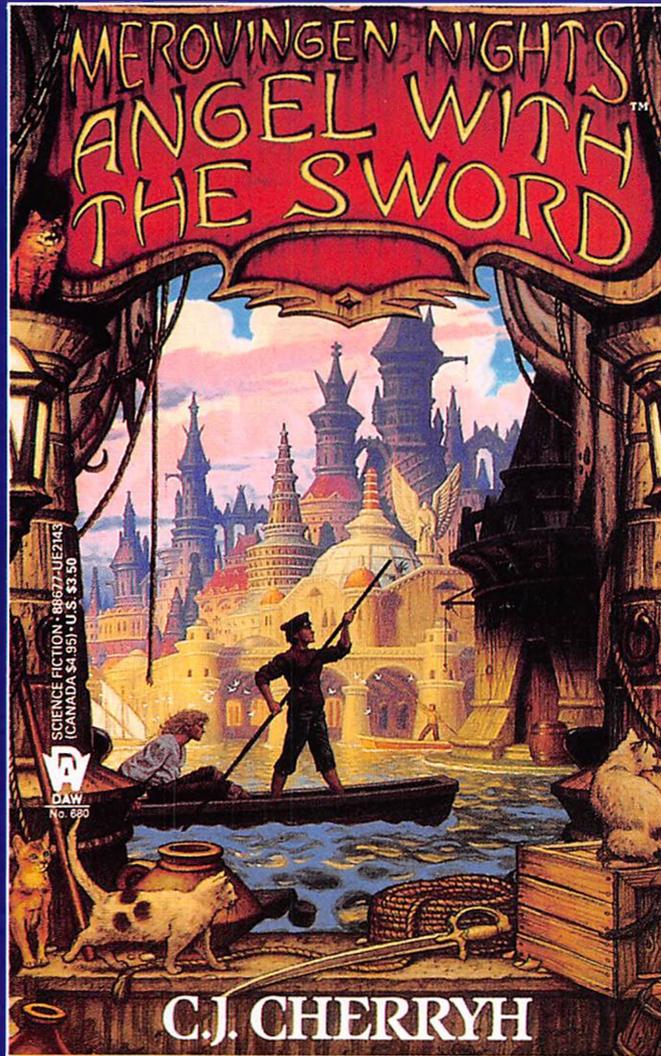
From a midnight rendezvous with unspeakable doom ... to eerie visitors from beyond the grave ... to a May Day festival of renewal and ruin ... to a nightmare vision with a monstrous life of its own ... welcome to the world of horror. Here is a one-way ticket to the many dwelling places of fear, sixteen excursions into dread and darkness by such masters as Stephen King, Charles Grant, Ramsey Campbell, Dennis Etchison, Jane Yolen, and Jack Dann ... an unforgettable tour of terror under the expert guidance of Karl Edward Wagner.

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ANGEL WITH THE SWORD

C.J. Cherryh

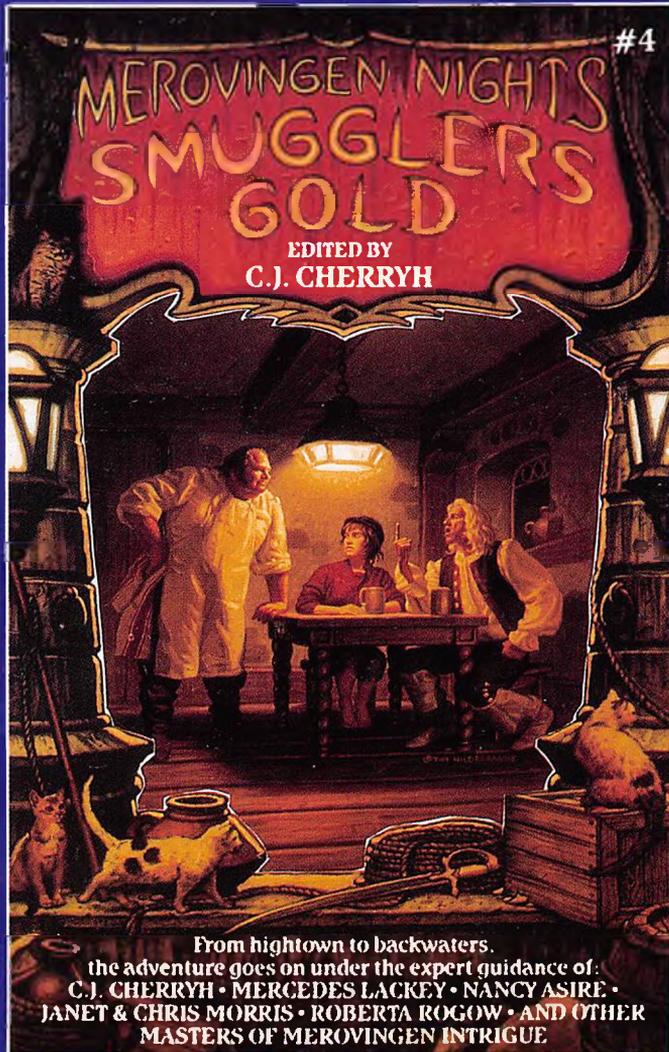
Here is C.J. Cherryh's original swashbuckling tale of adventure and intrigue, set in Merovingen, the fantastic city of canals where the wealthy and powerful dwell in the highest towers, and boaters, beggars, thieves and spies lurk on the dank canals below. Along these deadly, dangerous waterways Altair Jones poles her boat—until the day she is catapulted into a world of upper level politics, where games of power are played for keeps ... and where a canaler must use all her wit and skill just to survive!

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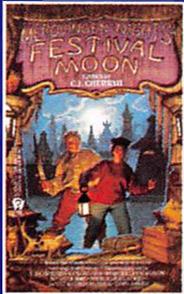
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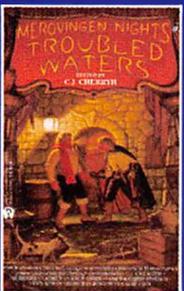
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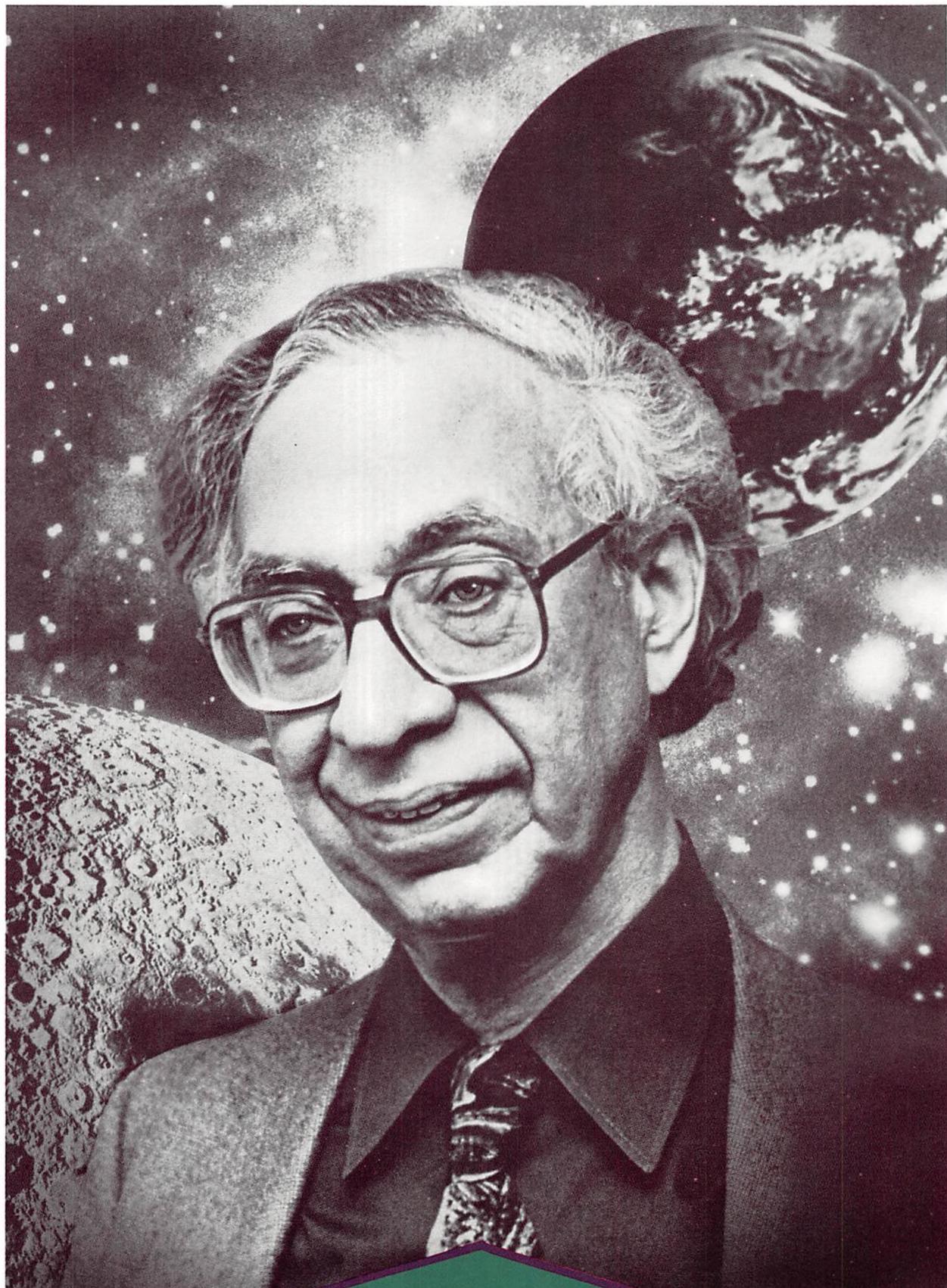
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G U E S T S



G°H

RANSON '88



GUEST OF HONOR

DON WOLLHEIM THE ONE AND ONLY GHU

by FREDERIK POHL

Donald Allen Wollheim (who is **much** older than I am — was born in New York City in October, 1914, and almost immediately became a science fiction fan. That wasn't easy, because science fiction hadn't been invented yet, but Donald persevered. Few people know of the part Donald played in persuading Hugo Gernsback to start *Amazing Stories* in 1926, or of the encouragement he gave Edgar Rice Burroughs in publishing his first "Barsoom" stories in book form in 1917, when Donald himself was only three years old. I'm not one of those few people — after all, I didn't meet Donald until he was an elderly fellow of nineteen — so I don't know, either. Still, I'm pretty sure Donald must have had some hand in these affairs, since he has in almost everything else that has happened in American science fiction in this century.

Naturally, Donald read all the science fiction he could get his hands on. Also naturally he eventually came to do what many of us fans sooner or later do: he decided to try to write some of the stuff himself. And still naturally, he was successful almost at once . . .

Well, that's only true up to a point. He was successful in writing some stories. He was even successful in getting one of them accepted, and actually published — it was called "The Man from Ariel" and it appeared in Gernsback's second-generation magazine, *Wonder Stories*, in 1934. That was the point where the successes came to a halt, though. Getting published was hard. Getting paid — as anyone who dealt with Hugo Gernsback in those years of the Great Depression knows — was even harder.

I have to backtrack a little here. Before Don Wollheim became **A REAL PRO**, if not yet a paid one, he was well on his way to becoming a very big-name fan. He couldn't be **immensely** big, yet, because in the early 1930's the world of science fiction fandom was still too tiny for that. In fact, fandom hardly existed yet. There were a lot of pen-pals who got each other's names out of the correspondence columns of the magazines, there were one or two small clubs, there were a very few fan magazines. That was it.

Donald was already into what fandom there was; and then suddenly fandom got bigger. The very Gernsback who was stiffing his authors started something called The Science Fiction League (SFL for short). Readers of *Wonder Stories* sent in their names and were enrolled (I was member 490); soon Gernsback began chartering local branches. Branch no. 1 was the Brooklyn Science Fiction League, and I was one of its first members. We gathered once a month in the basement of a man named George Gordon Clark, who was SFL Member No. 1, and talked about science fiction.

Then Donald came to one of the meetings. He brought

along his friend, John B. Michel, who turned out not to be just a friend but a fellow creditor of Gersback — though not for a story, but for a five-dollar contest prize Johnny had won fair and square and had never received. They were godlike figures to us kid fans. They had at least touched a toe into the paradisaical world of the Real Science Fiction Author, and we were grateful for the chance to adore them.

Some of us were even more grateful for the understanding they brought. Why, they were not much different from ourselves! What they did we (maybe) could do, too . . .

For the next half dozen years Donald, Johnny Michel, a Connecticut fan named Robert ("Doc") Lowndes and I made our presences felt in New York fandom. There was a new fan group every year; we belonged to most of them. Then we decided to form our own. We called in The Futurians.

The Futurians was not the only fan club in New York at the end of the '30's, but it was definitely the best — we said so ourselves. We were certainly all science fiction fans, but we almost all had the firm intention of becoming science fiction pros, too, as soon as we possibly could. From first to last The Futurians included Isaac Asimov, Cyril Kornbluth, James Blish, Judith Merril, Dave Kyle, Hannes Bok and a good many others who did in fact make it.

But we remained fans. It was Donald who perceived that one element of science fiction fandom did not exist: the con. And so he rared back and created it. *Let us, Donald said, get in a train and go down to Philadelphia and meet with the fans there; we will call the meeting The First Science Fiction Convention.* So we did, and it was.

It worked so well that it gave Donald another idea. *In 1939 there will be a World's Fair in New York City, he told us. A lot of people will be coming to the city to visit the fair, and some of them will be science fiction fans; so let's organize a BIG meeting for them and call it The First World Science Fiction Convention.*

And we did that, too — with some help from other fan clubs in the city; but that was kind of a mistake. There was a fannish power struggle (yes, even half a century ago); we lost control to another group, and when Worldcon I did in fact happen we weren't even allowed in.

It wasn't much of a blow, really. We organized our counter-convention and stole all the most interesting guests; and besides, we had the last laugh. Within the next few months Donadl, Doc Lowndes and I all managed to become not simply Real Pros, but that even more glorious thing, Real Pro **Editors**, with genuine, professional science fiction magazines of our own to play with. And the rest is history.

Donald's first professional magazine publishers were a pair of brothers named Albert — the firm was called "Albing" — but of course that wasn't Donald's first experience as an editor. All of us had long since cut our teeth as editors of fanzines. Donald's first serious venture in the samizdat of science fiction was *The Phantagraph*, his very own periodical, sometimes even printed in real letterpress type; he started it as far back as 1934 and kept it up, on and off, until in 1945 he phased himself out of the organization he had founded, the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. (FAPA, of course, still lives on; Don Wollheim started **lots** of things that have since become part of everyone's science fiction world.) He even, in 1935, managed to get out an issue of a printed "semi-professional" SF magazine called *Fanciful Tales*, and attracted such superstars of the age as H.P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard and David H. Keller, M.D., to write for it.

Donald's history for the next forty-odd years is easy to remember, because it's basically the history of science fiction. Whatever was happening, Don Wollheim was a big part of it. His early Albing magazines, *Cosmic Stories* and *Stirring Science Stories*, did not survive the paper shortages of World War II, but he made the move into paperbound books when they were still a novelty in American publishing. He edited the first paperback science fiction anthology, **The Pocket Book of Science Fiction**, in 1943, and **Portable Novels of Science** in 1945. Then he went to work for Avon Books, starting their science fiction and fantasy line. His **Avon Fantasy Reader** was among the best science fiction periodicals of the early postwar years.

Then came Ace.

What Don Wollheim did at Ace Books was literally amazing. From 1952 until he left Ace to start his own publishing company, DAW Books, Donald put together the most impressive science fiction and fantasy list of any publisher in the world. Tolkein, Heinlein, Burroughs and hundreds of others came out under the Ace imprint, often in the flipover double-novel format that became an Ace trademark. It was Don Wollheim who launched the book careers of Ursula K. LeGuin, Samuel R. Delany, Gordon R. Dickson, Philip K. Dick and Marion Zimmer Bradley; a little later, when Terry Carr came on as his assistant they jointly created the Ace Specials, still fondly remembered. Then, under the DAW imprint, he was the first book publisher of a whole new generation of writers like M.A. Foster, C.J. Cherryh, C.E. Friedman, Tad Williams, Sharon Green, Tanith Lee and many others.

When Donald had time he did science fiction writing of his own. The juvenile "Mike Mars" novels of the '60's were his, and so were a number of adult science fiction books, though those were usually published under his pen name of David Grinnell.

In the early 1970's it was time to move on, but he didn't do it alone.

Again I have to backtrack. The Futurians wasn't only a fan club. For a little while there it was also almost a marriage brokerage. I knew all these eligible young bachelor fans; my girl friend, Doe, had a good many young woman

friends; and everybody was of about the right age to think of such things. It was almost like the landing of the piquette girls in New Orleans, and Donald hit lucky. Doe had a friend named Roz, who worked with a young woman named Elsie Balter. Within the year Donald and Elsie were married, and they've stayed that way ever since.

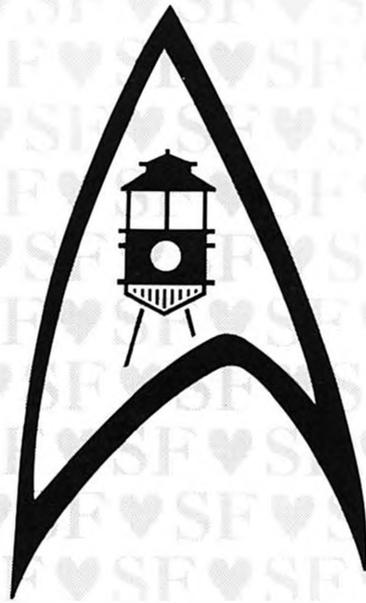
So when Donald left Ace to start DAW Books, he took his wife, Elsie, as his partner, and the two of them made it work. It isn't easy to start a new publishing company — most fail in the first year or two. It's even harder to keep one once you've got it started; as a company grows it needs capital, it needs increasing kinds of different sorts of skills. I can think of a dozen science fiction publishing companies that have started up since Donald began his own imprint. I can't think of a single other one, though, which still flourishes under the management of its creator.

To be sure, DAW Books isn't exactly under Donald's management any more, either. The other thing Donald and Elsie produced was one of the prettiest little girls any parents ever had. She is now a grown-up lady and a publishing executive; and a couple of years ago Donald and Elsie turned the entire management of the company over to their daughter. Oh, the old man still comes into the office now and then. He still does his celebrated anthologies; he still makes the rounds of the SF conventions . . .

And with any luck at all, he and Elsie will go on doing so for a long time to come. I have to say that I am personally delighted that Donald is at last the Guest of Honor at a World Science Fiction Convention. He deserves it. After all, he's the fellow who invented them!



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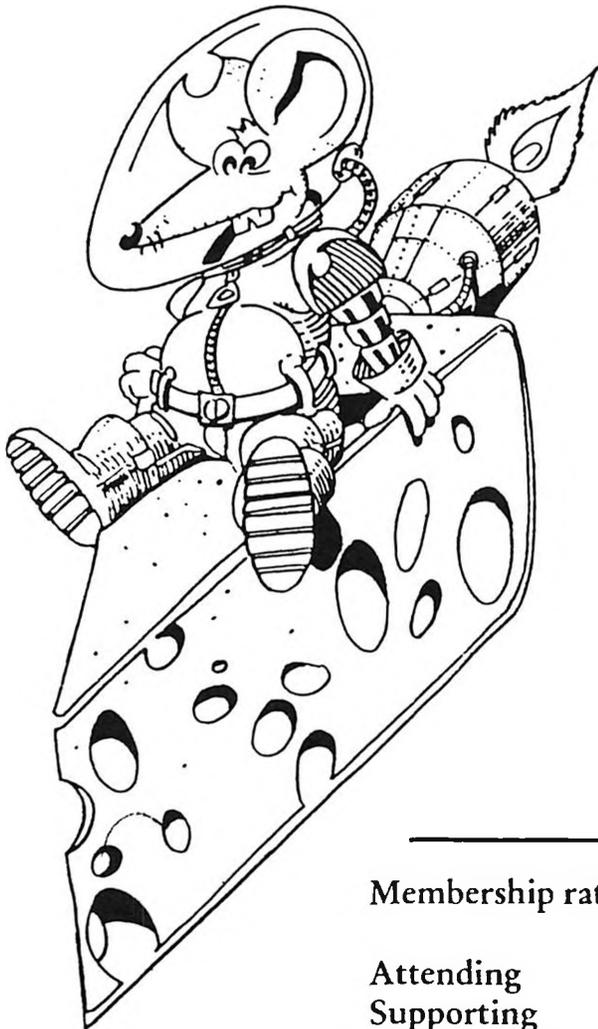
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THE WORKS OF DONALD A. WOLLHEIM

A Bibliography Compiled by
MIKE ASHLEY



This Bibliography lists all the books and magazines written or edited by Donald A. Wollheim. It is divided into four sections, A:Novels and Story Collections, B:Non-Fiction, C:Books Edited, and D:Magazines Edited. The contents of story collections are listed as are any stories by Wollheim included in his own anthologies, but the full content of those anthologies are not listed. This bibliography does not cover any of Donald Wollheim's uncollected short fiction or non-fiction, nor any of his many and varied productions in the amateur small press field. A complete bibliography of Donald A. Wollheim's works has been compiled by Mike Ashley and is to be published by Borgo Press of San Bernadino, California.

SECTION A: NOVELS & SHORT STORY COLLECTIONS

1. **The Secret of Saturn's Rings**
Philadelphia: John C. Winston, 1954 (hb)
New York: Paperback Library, 1966 (pb)
2. **The Secret of the Martian Moons**
Philadelphia: John C. Winston, 1955 (hb)
New York: Grosset & Dunlap 'Tempo Books', 1963 (pb)
3. **One Against the Moon**
Cleveland & New York: The World Publishing Co., 1956 (hb)
4. **Across Time**
New York: Avalon Books, 1957, under pseud. David Grinnell (hb)
New York: Ace Books, 1958, under pseud. David Grinnell (pb)
New York: Ace Books, 1968, under pseud. David Grinnell (pb)
5. **Edge of Time**
New York, Avalon Books, 1958, under pseud. David Grinnell (hb)
New York: Ace Books, 1959, under pseud. David Grinnell (pb)
New York: Ace Books, 1968, under pseud. David Grinnell (pb)
6. **The Secret of the Ninth Planet**
Philadelphia: John C. Winston, 1959 (hb)
New York: Paperback Library, 1965 (pb)
New York: Paperback Library, 1971 (pb)
New York: Warner Books, 1973 9pb)
7. **The Martian Missile**
New York: Avalon Books, 1959, under pseud. David Grinnell (hb)
New York: Ace Books, 1960, under pseud. David Grinnell (pb)
8. **Mike Mars, Astronaut [Mike Mars #1]**
Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1961 (hb)
New York: Paperback Library, 1966 (pb)
9. **Mike Mars Flies the X-15 [Mike Mars #2]**
Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1961 (hb)
New York: Paperback Library, 1966 (pb)
10. **Mike Mars at Cape Canaveral [Mike Mars #3]**
Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1961 (hb)
New York: Paperback Library, 1966 (pb)
11. **Mike Mars in Orbit [Mike Mars #4]**
Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1961 (hb)
New York: Paperback Library, 1966 (pb)
12. **Destiny's Orbit [Alex Calkins #1]**
New York: Avalon Books, 1961, under pseud. David Grinnell (hb)
New York: Ace Books, 1962, under pseud. David Grinnell (pb)
[Novel based on the Alex Calkins series published in *Future Combined with Science Fiction* under pseud. Martin Pearson, as follows: 'Pogo Planet' (October 1941), 'Destiny World' (December 1941), 'Mye Day' (April 1942) and 'Ajax of Ajax' (August 1942).]
13. **Mike Mars Flies the Dyna-Soar [Mike Mars #5]**
Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1962 (hb)
New York: Paperback Library, 1967 (pb)
14. **Mike Mars, South Pole Spaceman [Mike Mars #6]**
Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1962 (hb)
New York: Paperback Library, 1967 (pb)
15. **Mike Mars and the Mystery Satellite [Mike Mars #7]**
Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1962 (hb)
New York: Paperback Library, 1967 (pb)
16. **Mike Mars Around the Moon [Mike Mars #8]**
Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1964 (hb)
New York: Paperback Library, 1967 (pb)
17. **Destination: Saturn [Ajax Calkins #2; novel completed with Lin Carter]**
New York: Avalon Books, 1967, published as 'by David Grinnell

Photo courtesy of JULIUS SCHWARTZ.

and Lin Carter' (hb)
New York: Ace Books, 1968, published as 'by David Grinnell
and
Lin Carter' (pb)

18. Two Dozen Dragon Eggs

Reseda, CA: Powell Publications, 1969 (pb)
London: Dennis Dobson, 1977 (hb)[Collection with introductions
by Forrest J Ackerman (not in UK edition) and Wollheim, plus
the stories: 'Mimic' (*Astounding
Stories* December 1942 under pseud. Martin Pearson),
'Extending the Holdings' (*F&SF* April 1951 under pseud.
David Grinnell), 'Storm Warning' (*Future Fantasy* October 1942
under pseud. Millard Verne Gordon), 'The Poetess and the 21
Gray-Haired Cadavers' (*Dynamic SF* October 1943 under pseud.
M. Malcolm White), 'Malice Aforethought' (*F&SF* November
1952 under pseud. David Grinnell), 'Santa Rides a Saucer'
(*P.E.N.* December 1955 under pseud. David Grinnell),
'Ganymede House' (*Orbit SF* 1 under pseud. David Grinnell),
'Road to Rome' (*Future SF* July 1953 under pseud. David
Grinnell), 'The Rag Thing' (*F&SF* October 1951 under pseud.
David Grinnell), 'The Feminine Fraction' (*Magazine of Horror*
November 1964 under pseud. David Grinnell), 'Ein Blick in Die
Zukunft' (new), 'Top Secret' (*Sir!* July 1949 under pseud. David
Grinnell), 'How Many Miles to Babylon?' (*Magazine of Horror*
August 1963 as 'Babylon: 70M'), 'Shoo, Fly!' (*Science Fiction
Quarterly* February 1953 under pseud. M. Malcolm White), 'The
Lysenko Maze' (*F&SF* July 1954 under pseud. David Grinnell),
'Landragon' (new), 'Give Her Hell' (new), 'Disguise' (*Other
Worlds* February 1953), 'The Garrison' (*Magazine of Horror*
April 1965 under pseud. David Grinnell), 'Doorslammer'
(*Magazine of Horror* November 1963), 'The Egg from Alpha
Centauri' (*P.E.N.* 1956), 'Last Stand of a Space Grenadier'
(*Science Fiction Quarterly* February 1954 under pseud. David
Grinnell), 'An Advance Post in the War Between the Sexes' (new),
'Web Sixty-Four' (new).]

19. To Venus! To Venus!

New York: Ace Books, 1970 (pb)
London: Robert Hale, 1971 (hb)

20. The Men from Ariel

Cambridge, MA: The NESFA Press, 1982; ltd ed 1000 copies
(hb)
[Collection with introduction by Wollheim plus stories: 'The Man
from Ariel' (*Wonder Stories* January 1934), 'The Lost Poe'
(new), 'Who's There?' (new), 'Ishkabab' (new), 'The Horror
Out of Lovecraft' (*Agenbite of Inwit* Summer 1944), 'The Hook
(*Ultra*, 1963), 'Still Life' (from Avon comic book
ca. late 1940's), 'Colt Cash Cache' (*Real Western Stories* 1952),
'Miss McWhortle's Weird' (*The Arkham Collector* Summer
1970), 'The Rules of the Game' (*New Writings in SF-22* ed.
Kenneth Bulmer, 1973).]

21. Up There and Other Strange Directions

SECTION B: NON-FICTION

1. **Advancing the Electronic Age: Lee De Forest** [Biography]
Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica Press, 1962 (hb)

2. **The Universe Makers** [Personal reminiscences] New York:
Harper & Row, 1971 (hb)
London: Victor Gollancz, 1972 (hb)

SECTION C: BOOKS EDITED

1. **The Pocket Book of Science Fiction**
New York: Pocket Books, 1943 (pb)

2. **The Portable Novels of Science**
New York: The Viking Press, 1945 (hb)

3. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 1**
New York: Avon Books 1947 (pb)

4. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 2**
New York: Avon Books 1947 (pb)

5. **Avon Bedside Companion**
New York: Avon Books 1947 (pb)
New York: Avon Books 1949 retitled
The New Avon Bedside Companion (pb)

6. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 3**
New York: Avon Books 1947
[includes Wollheim's story 'Mimic']

7. **Avon Western Reader No. 3**
New York: Avon Books 1947 (pb)

8. **Avon Detective Mysteries No. 3**
New York: Avon Books 1947 (pb)

9. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 4**
New York: Avon Books 1947 (pb)

10. **Avon Western Reader no. 4**
New York: Avon Books 1947 (pb)

11. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 5**
New York: Avon Books 1947 (pb)

12. **Where the Girls were Different and Other Stories**
by Erskine Caldwell
New York: Avon Books 1948 (pb)
compiled anonymously by Wollheim

13. **Yesterday's Love and Eleven Other Stories**
by James T. Farrell
New York: Avon Books 1948 (pb)
compiled anonymously by Wollheim

14. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 6**
New York: Avon Books 1948 (pb)

15. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 7**
New York: Avon Publishing, 1948 (pb) [includes Wollheim's
story 'Aquilla' (*Super Science Stories* November 1942 as 'The
Planet Called Aquilla' under pseud. Martin Pearson)]

16. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 8**
New York: Avon Publishing, 1948 (pb)

17. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 9**
New York: Avon Publishing, 1949 (pb)

18. **The Girl with the Hungry Eyes and Other Stories**
New York: Avon Publishing, 1949 (pb)
compiled anonymously by Wollheim

19. **Avon Book of New Stories of the Great Wild West**
New York: Avon Publishing, 1949 (pb)
compiled anonymously by Wollheim

20. **Yvette and Other Stories** by Guy de Maupassant
New York: Avon Publishing, 1949 (pb)
compiled anonymously by Wollheim

21. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 10**
New York: Avon Novels, 1949 (pb)

- [includes Wollheim's story 'Storm Warning' (*Future Fantasy and Science Fiction* October 1942 under pseud. Millard Verne Gordon)]
22. **The Fox Woman and Other Stories** by A. Merritt
New York: Avon Publishing, 1949 (pb)
compiled anonymously by Wollheim
 23. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 11**
New York: Avon Novels, 1949 (pb)
 24. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 12**
New York: Avon Novels, 1950 (pb)
 25. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 13**
New York: Avon Novels, 1950 (pb)
 26. **Flight Into Space**
New York: Frederick Fell, 1950 (hb) [includes Wollheim's stories 'Ajax of Ajax' under pseud. Martin Pearson, and 'Planet Passage' (*Future Fantasy* October 1942 under pseud. Martin Pearson).]
London: Kemsley Newspapers, Cherry Tree Books, 1951 (pb)
[edition abridged by one story but includes above two by Wollheim.]
 27. **A Hell of a Good Time and Other Stories** by James T. Farrell
New York: Avon Publishing, 1950 (pb)
compiled anonymously by Wollheim
 28. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 14**
New York: Avon Novels, 1950 (pb)
 29. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 15**
New York: Avon Novels, 1951 (pb)
[includes Wollheim's story 'Up There' (*Science Fiction Quarterly* Summer 1942 under pseud. Martin Pearson).]
 30. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 16**
New York: Avon Novels, 1951 (pb)
 31. **Avon Science Fiction Reader No. 1**
New York: Avon Novels, 1951 (pb) [includes Wollheim's story 'Blind Flight' (*Stirring Science Stories* March 1942 under pseud. Millard Verne Gordon).]
 32. **Hollywood Bedside Reader**
New York: Avon Publishing, 1951 (pb)
compiled anonymously by Wollheim
 33. **Every Boy's Book of Science Fiction**
New York: Frederick Fell, 1951 (hb)
 34. **The Avon All-American Fiction Reader**
New York: Avon Publishing, 1951 (pb)
 35. **Giant Mystery Reader**
New York: Avon Publishing, 1951 (pb)
 36. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 17**
New York: Avon Novels, 1951 (pb)
 37. **Avon Science Fiction Reader No. 2**
New York: Avon Novels, 1951 (pb)
 38. **Avon Fantasy Reader No. 18**
New York: Avon Novels, 1952 (pb)
 39. **Avon Science Fiction Reader No. 3**
New York: Avon Novels, 1952 (pb)
 40. **Let's Go Naked**
New York: Pyramid Books, 1952 (pb)
compiled anonymously by Wollheim
 41. **Prize Science Fiction**
New York: The McBride Co., 1953 (hb)
London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1953 (hb) retitled **Prize Stories of Space and Time** [includes Wollheim's collaboration with C.M. Kornbluth 'The Mask of Demeter' (*F&SF* January 1953 under pseud. Martin Pearson & Cecil Corwin).]
 42. **The Ultimate Invader and Other Science Fiction**
New York: Ace Books, 1954 (pb)
 43. **Adventures in the Far Future**
New York: Ace Books, 1954 (pb)
 44. **Tales of Outer Space**
New York: Ace Books, 1954 [includes Wollheim's story 'The Millionth Year' (*Science Fiction Stories* April 1943 under pseud. Martin Pearson).]
 45. **Adventures on Other Planets**
New York: Ace Books, 1955 (pb)
New York: Ace Books, 1961 (pb)
 46. **Terror in the Modern Vein**
Garden City, N.Y.: Hanover House, 1955 (hb)
[includes Wollheim's stories 'The Rag Thing' and 'Mimic'.]
London: Digit Books, 1961 (pb) in two volumes: **Terror in the Modern Vein** and **More Terror in the Modern Vein** both abridged from the original, omitting two stories.
 47. **The End of the World**
New York: Ace Books, 1956 (pb)
 48. **The Earth in Peril**
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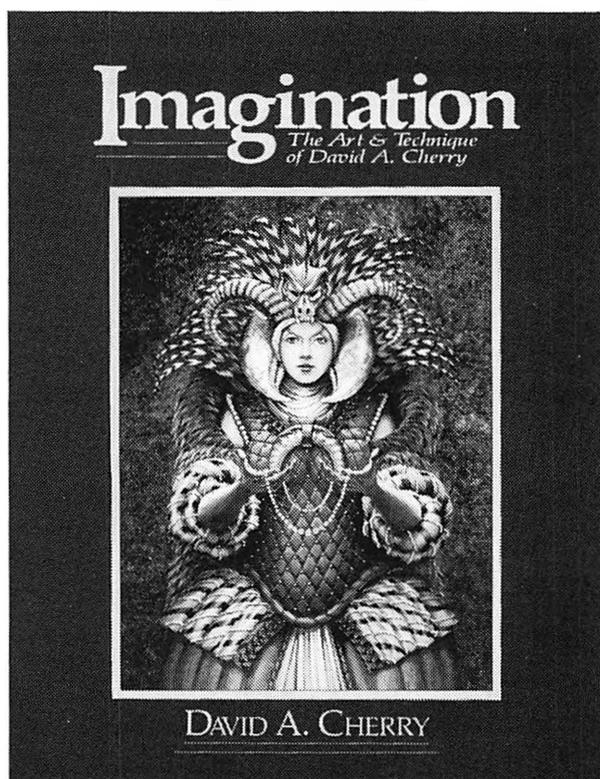
Note: The above is not a complete listing of magazines edited by Donald A. Wollheim. During his editorship at A.A. Wyn's Magazine Publishers he edited many other magazines, in particular western and romance titles, and continued this to some degree at Avon.

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David Alan Cherry, currently a resident of Edmond, Oklahoma, graduated from the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Oklahoma in 1972, Phi Beta Kappa, with General Honors and a B.A. in Latin. In 1975, he graduated from the University of Oklahoma College of Law with a J.D. degree. Sometime in the early 1980s he left legal practice to pursue a career in art.

Nominated this year for the Hugo Award in the category of best science fiction artist, Cherry is ranked by *Locus* magazine as being among the top fantasy and science fiction illustrators in the United States and is emerging as a noted talent in the field of fine art. He is president of the Association of Science Fiction Artists and received the 1986 ASFA award for Best Unpublished Color Piece, tying for the prize with artist Michael Whelan.

In 1986 Cherry was made a member of the Board of the National Academy of Fantastic Art. The romantic flavor of the settings and subjects in much of his work stems largely from his undergraduate background in classical literature and culture.

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FAN GUEST OF HONOR



IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH A FULL GROWN FAN THAT STILL LOVES TEDDY BEARS?

by LYNN HICKMAN

To answer this burning questions I took myself to the Psychiatrist. Our first session went something like this.

Dr. Mundane: And when did you decide you liked Teddy Bears?

Hickman: Clear back in 1951 at the **Nolacon** in New Orleans.

Dr. Mundane: Strange case! **Nolacon**?

Hickman: Yes, a World's Science Fiction Convention. Great! Lots of fun! That's where I met Teddy Bear. You know — Roger Sims.

Dr. Mundane: I know lots of teddy bears, but I've never heard of a Roger Sims.

Hickman: If you were into STF you would have had to have heard of Roger Sims. He's fandom's Teddy Bear! Golly, he's Fan Guest of Honor at **Nolacon II**!

Dr. Mundane: Calm down — lay on the couch — tell me what you know about teddy bears, **Nolacons**, and this Sims person.

Hickman: I'll try, but what can you say about a Teddy Bear who is also your best friend? Nobody will believe me, even though every word is truth.

Dr. Mundane: I'm paid to believe.

Hickman: Okay — no use wasting money — I'll try to tell you. I first met Teddy Bear (Roger) in 1951 at the World Science Fiction Convention in New Orleans. It was called **Nolacon**. Fans came from all over the country. There were meetings and panels and STF movies and **parties**. Roger Sims, Richard Ellsberry, Max Keasler and Ed Kuss rented a room together. It was number **770**.

Dr. Mundane: 770? Hmmm . . . do you attach any significance to those numbers?

Hickman: Oh yes. In fandom the number 770 means the first of the **great** parties. Those numbers are in a class by themselves. And Roger Sims is responsible for that. You know there us going to be a **Nolacon II** in

1988 and the Teddy Bear is going to be **Fan Guest of Honor**.

Dr. Mundane: What's a Fan Guest of Honor?

Hickman: It's a great honor! It means that fans from all over the world honor that person for being such a great fan.

Dr. Mundane: But wouldn't they have to have a reason? Who would honor a Teddy Bear? And why?

Hickman: Oh golly Doc, there are so many reasons I hardly know where to start.

Dr. Mundane: Well, that's what I'm here for. You have to try.

So even though I'm case #1951 I'm going to try to tell you a few things about *your* FGoH and *my* best friend.

Like so many of us that were at **Nolacon "I"**, Roger was born eons ago in the days of Hupmobiles, *Wonder Stories*, Jean Harlow and Buck Jones. I've even been able to come up with a picture of Roger when he was a teddy **cut**!

Time goes on, Roger goes to school, somehow gets through it, joins the Navy (see photo elsewhere), somehow gets through it, and in 1948 he finds Fandom. He **never** gets through it.

That's **our** big plus.

In 1950 Roger attended his first Worldcon in Portland, but it was to be the **Nolacon** in New Orleans, and being the host of the famous (or infamous) party in room 770 that brought on immortality for our Teddy Bear. I was going to give you a blow by blow account of that but then realized that Roger will need something left to talk about when you all see him at **Nolacon II**. Be sure to ask him about the green goo.

I wasn't at the convention in San Francisco in 1954 when Roger got his Teddy Bear name, but this is



Collage by J. K. Potter. Photo courtesy Lynn Hickman.

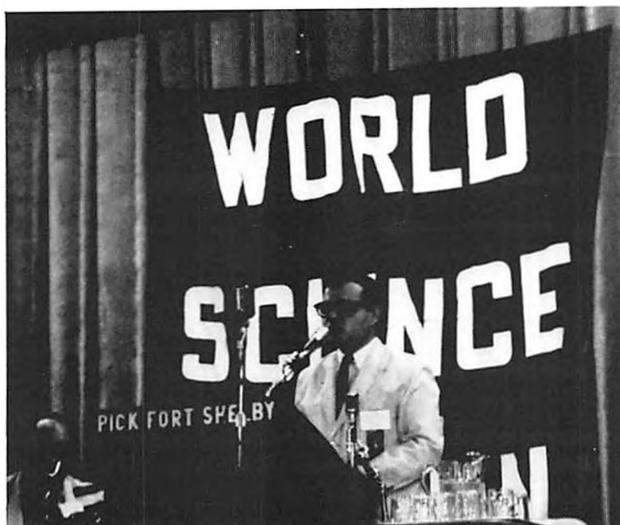
R O G E R S I M S

the way I've heard it. Roger was making some moves on a good-looking gal (Irene Baron) and her boyfriend came over and asked her if Roger was bothering her. Irene said: "Roger? Of course not. He's just a Teddy Bear."

He's also a quick learner. I taught him how to shoot pool both right and lefthanded and now have a heck of a time trying to beat him.

Roger has been a fanzine publisher and was in SAPS for a number of years. He still does little business fanzines for the state of Michigan.

Roger and Patty spend a lot of holidays with us. While the girls go shopping, Rog and I go to Don's Bar and shoot pool. In the evenings we play some bridge and sit around and talk and argue a bit on everything from when we're going to visit them next, to the Detroit Pistons, to why Tasmanian Bitter Ale is so good, to a nuance Roger thought he detected. The girls argue about whether they should allow me to take a cane along when Roger and I go to the Old Folks Home. I don't know why they argue; they should know I would **really** hit him with it!



Roger has put on a number of conventions including Border Cities Con, several Michicons, and was co-chair of **Detention**, the 1959 Worldcon. (That's him above at the podium.) I don't know how many conventions Roger has been to, but I've probably been at least 60 or 70 of them with him including two in England and one in Australia. We have shared rooms and beds, food, and even clothes. With all this sharing there has been 37 years of laughter and fun, arguments and fights, and the most wonderful friendship in fandom any two people could ever share.

If all this isn't reason enough, Roger Sims is the nicest, gentlest, most honest person you would ever want to meet. Be sure to stop and say hello to him at the con.



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as Toastmaster

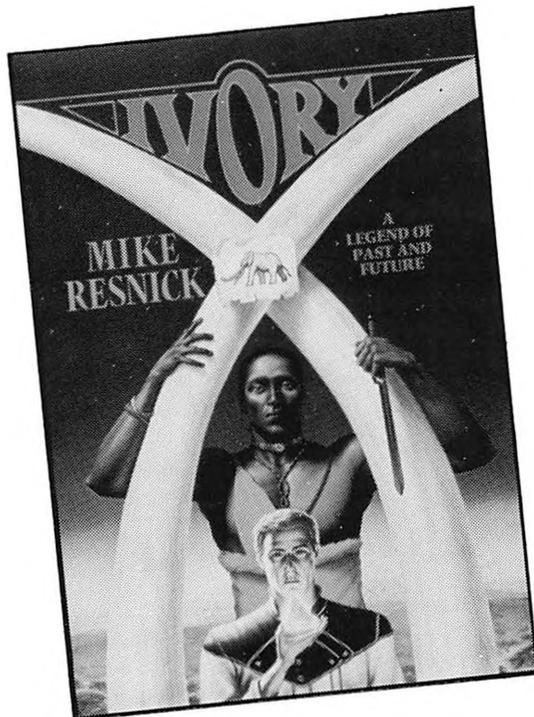
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Collage by J. K. POTTER. Photo courtesy MIKE RESNICK.

THUS I REFUTE, RESNICK

by BARRY MALZBERG

“Write anything you want,” he said, “but mention that I go to Africa a lot.”

Okay, he goes to Africa a lot. Well, not a lot. Twice so far. More coming up, though. Also, mention of a planned trip to Egypt in 2/89. Egypt is not Africa (just as Flatbush Avenue is not the Flatbush Avenue Extension — but to the untutored, it all sounds pretty much the same. Fine distinctions (as between Avenue and Extension — are for scholars such as myself, gross distinctions evade me.

He’ll undoubtedly, like Frank Buck and Isak Dinesen (being icons of his) be going back to Africa soon enough.

“It’s important that you mention Africa,” he said, “because they’re going to run a picture of me in Africa.” I think that’s what he said. Maybe he meant, a picture of him **and** Africa. Or perhaps Africa and Egypt. The mind,

or what is left of it, backward unreels.

In any event, okay. I’ve mentioned Africa at least four times thus far and if this isn’t sufficient photo rationalization what is? Africa, Africa: Mike is a galactic safari all to himself and he hasn’t been writing full-time in this field for a decade and a half yet.

This is his technique, you understand. I learned almost all of my latter-day tricks from him.

The short-paragraph, that is to say. The one-line paragraph often enough. Also, the fixation upon the one or two small killing details through which everything crucial can be inferred. And make the repetition, the constant drawing to attention of those details part of the personality, the obsession, the semantic tic as it were of the main character. That way it all gets subsumed in the storyline. It’s a con-

vincing trick and as Damon Knight said about the Kuttners in a not altogether dissimilar context, you can learn a few things knocking around *Startling Stories* or similar places that you'll never learn from Proust or Henry James. That Henry James or Proust never learned themselves.

"You stick with me, kid," Resnick advised me a way back, "and I'll show you a few more tricks of narration than that. You pay careful attention to what I'm trying to show you and you'll up your sales into the mid three-figure range. *Lan's Lantern* will begin to pay attention. Places that had no use for you will begin to see the wonder of it all. But keep the paragraphs short. Don't natter."

Nattering is a serious point of departure, however.

Resnick is the only writer I know who could turn out a 180,000 word novel (*The Dark Lady*) which has no resolution, builds to a confrontation and gives you no confrontation at all and make you like it. And make you wake up in the middle of the night a year later to realize that he has given you the true, the inevitable, the one fully explicable and courageous non cop-out ending that there could possibly be. Ushering you, therefore, into Flannery O'Connor's "world of guilt and sorrow".

("Got to stop quoting Flannery O'Connor," Resnick has advised me. "Look, you want to be writing program copy for the Lunacon all your life or do you want to break out into the **real big time**, like maybe the worldcon intro circuit. You've got makings, kid, but you've got to stuff the Flannery O'Connor. Horace Gold might try to tell you this nicely, but I'm going to be blunt. Blunt is the only way you can get it.")

Resnick is also the only writer in or out of Frank Buck's captivity who could write a novel (*Walpurgis III*) whose real ending, whose real point ignites in your mind only at some distance and which turns out to be exactly the obverse of what the reader (and for all I know, the acquisitions editor) thought it was. Resnick does this a **lot**; he lays small bombs and fuses, mines and traps, little cunning prizes and missteps for the reader and then he goes away and boom-boom-bang-bang-bang, they go off; they go off in that peculiarly Nabokovian way, long after you think the novel has been put to bed and left for quiet, like a small, dangerous child, that novel — *Walpurgis III*, *Dark Lady*, the Galactic Midway tetralogy — begins to whimper, make strange noises, become a changeling in the night. The man is not to be trusted. (The artist, the craftsman always, however.) *Pale Fire* and its utterly undependable narrator.

("Got to stop citing Vladmir Nabokov," Resnick has told me patiently, humoring me as if I were actually educable, "do you want to be writing letters of comment to Bill Bowers for the rest of your days or do you want to get your picture with a funny hat in *Locus*, make it all the way into the world convention program book? The choice is yours, the decision is portentuous, the hour draws nigh. It's now or never. You want to talk undependable narrators, you better bring in Mack Reynolds.")

He goes to Africa a lot.

Well, he may not go to Africa a **lot** but twice is two more times than I will ever go should I live, the Angel of Death should not overhear me, until a hundred and twenty, and he's going to Egypt in 2/89 when I don't even have plans for Boston. The man gets around, the man has **moves**.

Your Toastmaster, your honored guest, your craftsman-like guide to the best possibilities of the science fiction novel, was not **always** of such eminence, you understand. He comes out of a few unProustlike places, just as I similarly come from poor but honest circumstances, and he knows where fannish body, buried and unburied, taketh heart . . . but I did not know him then, our friendship is of somewhat more recent vintage; I know only the fully formed, the mature, the to-be-launched-upon-the-world Resnick, the 1980's Resnick who showed me *The Soul Eater* in manuscript eight months before New American Library published it and inaugurated his splendid, transmogrified career. "This is just remarkable," I said to the transmogrified Resnick, "this is a major talent, I have no quarrel with this at all. I want to see everything you write from now on, I don't care how trivial or foolish or ephemeral you think it is, I want to see **everything**."

So he took me at my word. I've seen everything he's written since *The Soul Eater*.

He goes to Africa a lot. Also to Egypt. He's going to Egypt in February. It is important to say this because the committee may have a picture of an Egyptian and it is important to furnish justification. I thought Harry Harrison was peripatetic or at least daring, but Resnick is possibly **more** serious.

The Middle East may be the most public of all tragedies at this time (5/88) but Resnick has written a novel, *Paradise*, published next year which universalizes and broadens grief. It is as austere in its grief, cold and icy in its mechanism, austere in its transcendence as Mozart's *Fantasy for a Clock in a Mechanical Organ*; is self-contained. Art by definition is useless, poetry (as Auden. I think it was, pointed out — makes nothing happen but *Paradise* will change the way the reader regards things.

("Mozart, all right," Resnick has said, "you can get away with mentioning Mozart because, what the hell, he's a good guy and *Amadeus* has made him almost popular. But Auden, nah, you can't get away with Auden. Do you want to be writing outraged letters to people like Richard Geis all your life or do you want to get into the big time, make it into the *Nolacon II* program book? You have possibilities, but you've got to learn to take direction. A worldcon program book is no small thing, you know?")

("But I've **been** in a worldcon program book," I finally said in desperation, "1977, Suncon and you can look it up. Silverberg was Toastmaster and I did a thing on him.")

("The Fountainbleau," Resnick pointed out wisely, "is not to be compared to the Mardi Gras.")

So here we are, another turn, Resnick and me and a program book. (The Mardi Gras of program books.) What to say? These are joyous if eleeysmnary occasions; you talk about your friends, they can't answer back, no one gets hurt (well, maybe just a little) and everyone goes home to wait for Lobstercon. The trick is not to betray the voice, not to come out from behind the mask. But let it be said — ah, hearken, the mask drops for a line, then goes firmly back into place as we hustle out toward Bourbon Street — that this is a major talent toastmastering you this long, long weekend; his very simplicity, sparseness, directness, **accessibility**, may be doing him in. Art that conceals art, you know. Dickens had the same trouble, also much more

recently, Salinger.

("Dickens, maybe," he has said. "Salinger you better lay off. You want to lay around the backwaters of Empiricon panels or do you want to — ?")

He goes to Africa a lot.
He honors us all.

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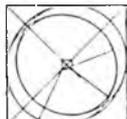
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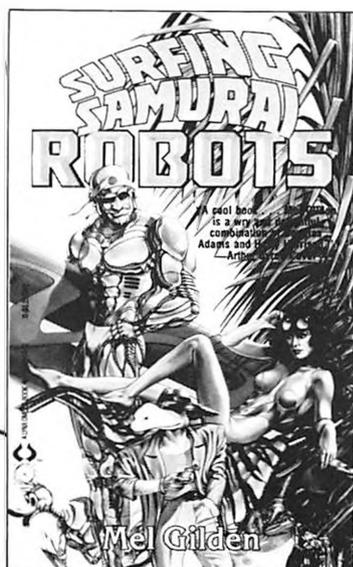
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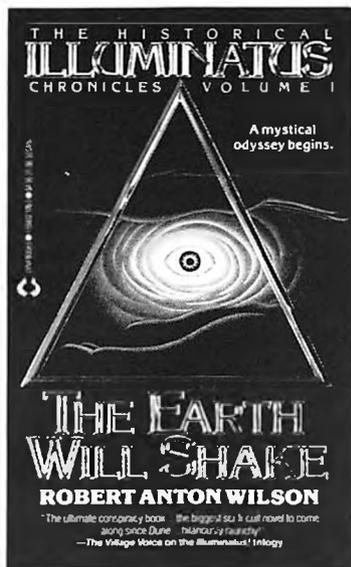
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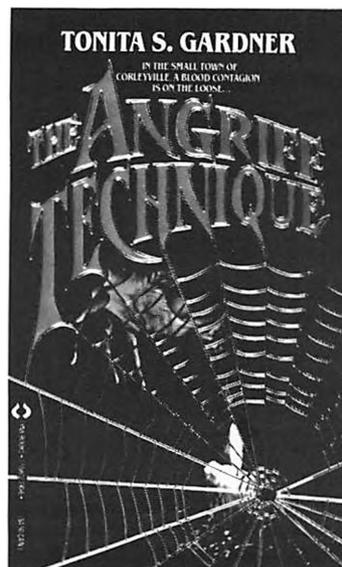


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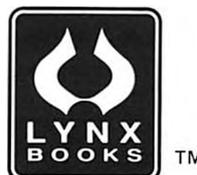
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WORLDCON TOASTMASTERS

as assembled and with an introduction by Nolacon II Toastmaster

MIKE RESNICK

As the following list will make clear, there are varying opinions concerning the qualifications for — and even the necessity of — a Worldcon Toastmaster.

I am of the opinion that he or she is the premiere after-dinner speaker in the field of science fiction. That opinion formed the basis of my request for the top two floors of the Marriott, a daily food budget of \$1,250.00, a steady supply of French maids, and a hefty multiple of my standard speaking fee.

The Nolacon committee is of the opinion that he or she is a writer of some minimal notoreity within the field who will almost certainly not be nominated for a Hugo this

year, and that the Toastmastership is actually something in the nature of a placebo. That opinion formed the basis of their counter-offer of \$3.76 and a three-month-old copy of *Locus*.

I explained that I followed in the immortal footsteps of Issac Asimov, Anthony Boucher, and Robert Bloch.

They explained that nine previous worldcons had gotten along just fine without a Toastmaster, as would Boston in 1989, and they were looking to save money in any way they could.

Anyone know where I can buy a \$3.76 dinner in the French Quarter?

YEAR	CONVENTION	TOASTMASTER
1939	Nycon I	none
1940	Chicon I	none
1941	Denvention I	none
1946	Pacificon I	none
1947	Philcon I	L. Jerome Stanton
1948	Torcon I	none
1949	Cinvention	Ted Carnell*
1950	Norwescon	Ted Sturgeon*
1951	Nolacon I	none
1952	Chicon II	none
1953	Philcon II	Isaac Asimov
1954	SFCon	Robert Bloch
1955	Clevation	Anthony Boucher
1956	Nycon II	Robert Bloch
1957	Loncon I	none
1958	Solacon	Anthony Boucher
1959	Detention	Isaac Asimov and Robert Bloch
1960	Pittcon	Isaac Asimov
1961	Seacon	**
1962	Chicon III	Wilson Tucker
1963	Discon I	Isaac Asimov
1964	Pacificon II	Anthony Boucher
1965	Loncon II	Tom Boardman
1966	Tricon	Isaac Asimov
1967	Nycon III	Harlan Ellison
1968	Baycon	Robert Silverberg
1969	St. Louiscon	Harlan Ellison
1970	Heicon	John Brunner
1971	Noreascon I	Robert Silverberg
1972	LACon I	Robert Bloch
1973	Torcon II	Lester del Rey
1974	Discon II	Andrew J. Offut
1975	Aussiecon I	John Bangsund
1976	MidAmeriCon	Wilson Tucker
1977	Suncon	Robert Silverberg
1978	Iguanacon	F.M. Busby

TOASTMASTERS

YEAR	CONVENTION	TOASTMASTER
1979	Seacon	Bob Shaw
1980	Noreascon II	Robert Silverberg
1981	Denvention II	Ed Bryant
1982	Chicon IV	Marta Randall
1983	ConStellation	Jack L. Chalker
1984	LACon II	Jerry Pournelle
1985	Ausiecon II	none
1986	ConFederation	Bob Shaw
1987	ConSpiracy	Brian Aldiss
1988	Nolacon II	Mike Resnick
1989	Noreascon III	?
1990	ConFiction	Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

*Entertainment M.C.
 **Jim Webbert swears Harlan Ellison was TM at Seacon.



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 costume contests, and art show.





TAFF WINNERS

LILIAN EDWARDS & CHRISTINA LAKE

by SIMON OUNSLEY

So how will you recognize this strange two-headed four-legged Lilianchristina creature that has come specially to this con all the way from the famous British town of Bristolglasgow? What does it eat, you may want to know? Will it talk on panels? Is it dangerous?

Well it eats just about anything, actually — and for quite a lot of the time — but it is particularly fond of cointreau chocolate fondue, ice cream and nice clarets. It is only half partial to such humdrum beverages as beer and tea but it can survive for days on more sophisticated fare like Blue Lagoon cocktails. Talk? Yes, it can talk all night. It chatters away with exceptional energy, bouncing ideas off its twin heads until it reaches critical creativity and arrives at a new in-joke for its fanzine. Then it jumps up and down a lot, waving all four arms in the air. But be careful. It is dangerous. If you come too close, you may well come down with infectious laughter, which is very difficult to cure.

But all this is fantasy of course. In reality Lilian and Christina are not a single strange east but distinct though complementary individuals. They are in fact six year old twins... and have been for eight or nine years now.

I didn't meet them til 1983, but copious research shows that Christina's first contact with fandom was the Warwick University group, while Lilian's was the comics contingent

of Glasgow fandom. (Comics remain a major interest — for which read “overwhelming obsession” — of Lilian's and have long since spread to engulf Christina as well. Just ask them what they think of Chris Claremont and stand back.) Anyway, the twins were born when our heroines finally encountered each other in the mainstream of Glasgow fandom sometime around the turn of the decade. As soon as people got within a few hundred yards of the high decibel enthusiasm which was emanating from this newly united Lilian and Christina, the phrase “six year old twins” just sort of sprang to mind.

In those days, Glasgow fandom was masterminded by the infamous Bob “Fake” Shaw (no relation!) and was busy doing everything from running conventions to making silly films like “Faircon Strikes Back” in which the twins made their dramatic debut: “being painted green for no good reason”, Christina was later to record. But their real discovery in Glasgow was fanzines, in the shape of Bob Shaw's fanzine collection, the delights of Dave Langford, *Maya* and *Secondhand Wave*. Fairly shortly, they were hooked, and set about producing their own first fanzine, *This Never Happens*, to get into the act.

So late in 1981, *TNH 1* appeared. Some twelve issues of this distinctive digest-sized and variously colored genzine have followed to date. I think I can state with confidence that it is the longest running regularly-produced fanzine in the mainstream of British fanzine fandom. But I know I can state that is the longest-running fanzine from two co-editors who differ in height by at least two inches, live over two hundred miles apart (yes, that is possible, even in Britain) and have never been to bed with each other (in the Biblical sense). So there.

Two hundred miles apart? Well, the twins didn't stay long together in Glasgow: they've spent most of the decade moving addresses around such exotic spots as Southend,

Cambridge, London, Bristol, and even back to Glasgow, their paths rarely crossing in the process. In view of this, their persistence in keeping *TNH* going is all the more remarkable, especially in a subculture where two years means long-running and a gap of 18 months is a bit on the long side. *TNH* over the years has achieved the heady heights of being taken for granted. In substance, it's a distinctive fanzine, largely eschewing the preferred British mode! — the twins stick to material that interests them, rejecting fan feuds in favor of personal discussion and what Pacsal Thomas once described as “trashy cultural artifacts”, commenting on multifarious aspects of popular culture from films to “style” to music, but uniquely managing to do so within the fannish context. “We’ve been influenced by punk semiology,” Lilian tells me, and perhaps this is as good a way as any to explain their fascination with obscure icons of society like save sex adverts and wind chill factors. On a couple of occasions the twins have taken the punk influence further, stepping up to a larger format allowing them greater scope for design and the chance to emulate the semi-anarchic page layout of music fanzines. One of these excursions, endearingly entitled *The Foetus*, earned a rave review in Britain’s terminally hip *New Musical Express*.

Recently the twins expanded their joint repertoire to include *The Caprician*, a collection of short snappy articles on whatever subjects take the twins’ capricious fancy. Its format permits a more spontaneous approach and a more frequent schedule than the relatively elaborate *TNH*. It is indeed the sort of disposable popular artifact that has always been dear to the twins’ hearts. It is also very good — the sort of lively fanzine that helps to energize fandom and rarely comes along.

Fanzines aren’t all the twins have done together of course. Both are founder members of The Women’s Periodical, the foremost British apa, and on the convention front they organized the sand-pit — sorry, the **fan-room!** — at the highly successful Mexicon 2. Now they

are involved in two future events — **Contrivance**, the 1989 Eastercon and a new wave British convention called **Prefab Trout**. They are also, don’t forget, two interesting (if slightly less noisy) individuals.

Christina is the taller of the two and might at moments almost be called quiet. She is married (very recently) to Peter-Fred Thompson, famed Buddhist fan, works (now and then) as a librarian, and identifies herself very much as a writer (she has already sold two stories to professional markets). “Prolific” is the word which springs to mind concerning Christina’s solo fanwriting (as well as “magical realist”, and “trilingual”). Member of almost every British apa (except the one for men only), she has run a few too; has edited a sporadic and strangely titled series of her own solo personalzines; and is currently co-editing *Balloons Over Bristol* with Peter-Fred.

Lilian is the shorter twin and could be called quiet even less often than Christina. She is single (despite my best attempts), works (grudgingly) as a law lecturer, and identifies herself as a person who wants to have fun. She is an enthusiastic artist (those comics again, I’m afraid) and a less enthusiastic writer (though her ability far outstrips her own conception of it). She also has the dubious distinction (with Pam Wells) of having conceived the idea for the Soft Toy’s Apa (that’s right, you have to be a sort toy to join. Ask her about it). She’s published one-shot collaborations with Ian Sorensen and yours truly, and is currently writing regular comics reviews for the British SF magazine *Interzone*.

And that’s it — by no means everything about the terrible twins but all I’ve room for at the moment. You can find out the rest when you buy them a cocktail in New Orleans, can’t you?

As for me, I have the not inconsiderable distinction of having written an article about Lilian and Christina without once mentioning the key word “giggle”...until the very end...



DUFF STUFF: TERRY DOWLING

by LUCY HUNTZINGER

You can't please all of the people all of the time . . . but someone forgot to tell Terry Dowling. He's been involved in darn near every aspect of fannish life since he first discovered science fiction. He is an accomplished practitioner of many arts, and harder to keep track of than a three-ring circus. The fun never stops!

He started things off by writing his Master's Thesis on *J.G. Ballard and the Surrealistic Novel*, back in 1974, producing Sydney University's first thesis on science fiction. In between researching and writing it, he managed to squeeze in performing with several rock'n'roll bands, acting with a Sydney theatre group, writing and SF play, and creating the *Amberjack* song cycle about the adventures of a stranded time traveller. His songwriting talents led to six years of guest appearances on the Australian Broadcasting Corporation children's TV program, *Mr. Squiggle and Friends*. He also contributed his first short story to the university SF association's magazine. One wonders when he found his time to eat and sleep.

After winning the William Atheling Award for his critical essay on Jack Vance, and collecting his first **Ditmar** (the Australian equivalent of the Hugo) at Syncon '83. Terry was launched for good on his professional writing career. He has steadily turned out witty, humorous fiction including the "Tom Rynosseros" stories and a variety of short fiction. He spent two months in California in 1984 with Harlan Ellison, working on *The Essential Ellison*, a Hugo nominee this year, and an anthology called *Down Deep*. And he keeps collecting Ditmars, four of them so far.

Along with being a writer, Terry is a charming and shameless filk singer. Look for a crowd, listen for the sound of a guitar, and you will find this fellow in the middle of it. He loves to sing and he knows the words to almost everything. If he doesn't, he'll make them up on the spot. He's also an amusing and informed panelist, ready with a joke or a cogent thought. Don't miss his panels at this convention — you're in for a treat.

Just about now I can hear Terry saying "Hang on, who is this fine fellow you're describing? Must be some other Terry Dowling; I just want to wade into some great New Orleans *tucker*." Like most Australians Terry really appreciates a good meal accompanied by good friends, old and new, and lots of laughter. I'm convinced he can eat his own body weight in food, but he's remarkably thin even so. When he discovers that this town is devoted to good food, good music, and good times, he's gonna be in hog heaven.

I hope you'll make the effort to meet one of the few Australians attending Nolacon. Terry will be in the Fan Room, on both fan and pro panels, and no doubt wandering the halls in search of the best of good times.

SPECIAL GUEST: NOVALYNE PRICE ELLIS

by RUSTY BURKE

A great deal has been written and said about Robert E. Howard, one of the most popular **WEIRD TALES** writers and, in many ways, the father of modern heroic fantasy literature. Unfortunately, most of what has been written and said has been based largely on second-hand information all too often presented in such a way as to support the biases of the reporter. There were only a handful of people who truly knew Bob Howard, and for their own reasons, they remained largely silent.

One of these was Novalyne Price Ellis, who dated and was a close friend of Howard in the final two years of his life, 1934–1936. She had frequently taken long rides around the Central Texas plains with Bob, had shared with him joys and heartaches, had talked and argued with him, and listened raptly as he wove his yarns.

Thankfully, Mrs. Ellis was herself an aspiring writer. Further, she was one who had a natural talent for recalling dialogue, and a keen insight into characters—witness her forty years as a successful and honored high school speech and debate coach, a teacher of that rare breed who count a great many former students among their life-long friends (one of these, upon election to Congress, credited Mrs. Ellis for his successful campaign). In order to perfect her craft, to bring to her writing the verisimilitude she wanted, Novalyne Price had, since high school, kept journals in which she recorded verbatim conversations and detailed accounts of events.

Directly from these journals was drawn **ONE WHO WALKED ALONE: ROBERT E. HOWARD—THE FINAL YEARS** (Donald M. Grant, 1986), a true cornerstone of Howard biography. Through its pages speaks the voice of a young schoolteacher recalling the daily successes and setbacks as she strove to make her dreams reality, and setting down in vivid detail her relationship with the charming but enigmatic Bob Howard. So meticulously recorded are their conversations, so fully described his mannerisms, that Howard himself springs to vigorous life in her account.

Publication of **ONE WHO WALKED ALONE**, a lengthy interview which will appear in an upcoming **CROMLECH** from Cryptic Publications, and her appearance at **NOLA-CON II** mean that no longer must Howard's host of fans and growing legion of scholars rely on second- and third-hand "facts" in the service of posthumous theories from writers who never met the man himself. Mrs. Ellis's hope is that she can help Bob Howard's fans know him better, that she can set the record straight on matters of direct, first-hand knowledge of this important American writer. We think that she will send you away to re-read Howard's work with a new appreciation, and we can think of no better way to honor him than to bring you this unique opportunity to hear about him first-hand from the truly remarkable woman who was his friend.

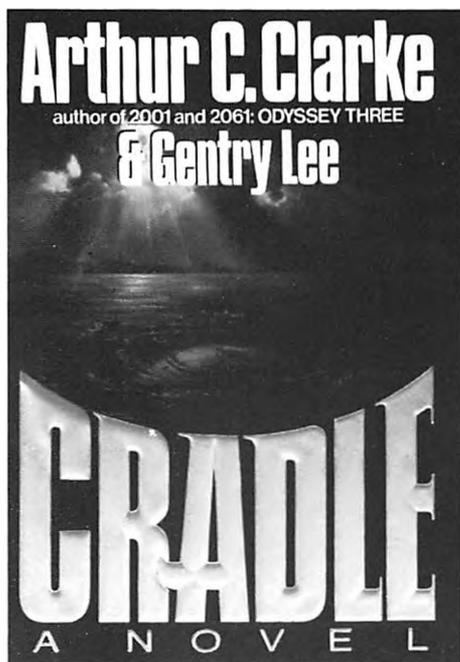
THE WORLD ACCORDING TO

ARTHUR C. CLARKE,

JOAN D. VINGE

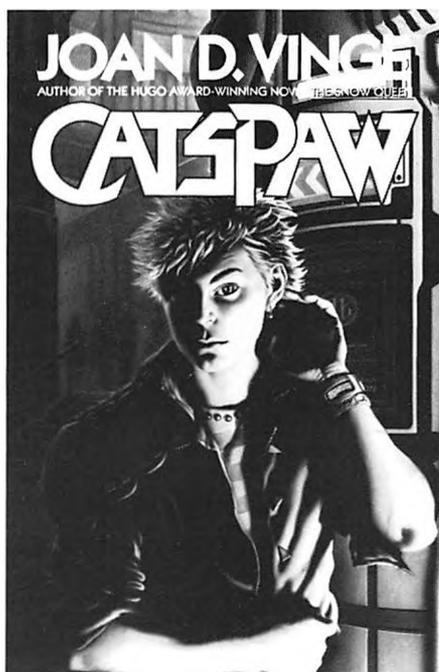
AND

GREG BEAR



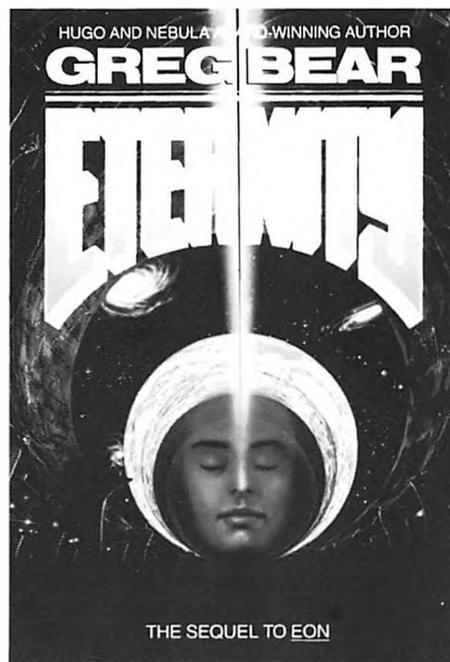
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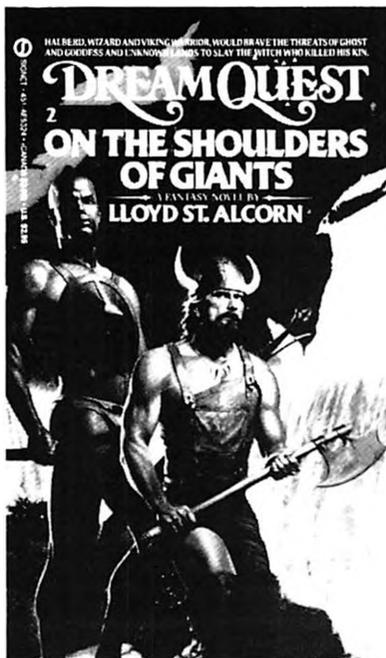


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FROM THE ACCLAIMED NEW MASTER OF SWORD AND SORCERY

Lloyd St. Alcorn



SPECIAL GUEST:
MOMUS ALEXANDER
MORGUS
 by Judith L. Martin

Dr. Momus Alexander Morgus, also known as **Morgus** the Magnificent, resides in a laboratory located in the attic of the old City Ice House.

He holds several doctoral degrees, including ones for medicine, engineering, physics, chemistry, education, psychiatry, biology, and psychology. As an inventive genius, his output rivals if not surpasses that of Edison and da Vinci. Among his inventions are invisibility paint, a portable artificial heart, the world-renowned "instant people machine", and to date one of the grandest of all, a device for instantaneous cloning on non-living and living things, used in the creation of sub-human beings called Morgusaroids.

HIS PHILOSOPHY

Dr. Morgus' philosophy is that in every adversity you must find a key to a greater triumph.

He refuses to apply for grants from government agencies and other philanthropic organizations that give financial support to individual researchers and academic institutions. To his way of thinking, to accept a grant is to sell you integrity, your independence, and to leave yourself open to manipulation and control by politically influential special interest groups. Unfettered by such constraints, Dr. Morgus pursues the kinds of research that other scientists, who worry more about preserving their financial security than improving the daily lives of all humanity, would not even dare to consider.

EARLY LIFE

Next to Nothing is known about the early years of Momus Alexander Morgus, although it is believed that he was born in one of the early decades of the 20th Century.

No doubt Momus Alexander was a precocious child, and was already conducting scientific experiments at a very young age. While yet in high school, he built the first functional model of a device that enabled him to preserve, alive, the brain of his dog Plato. A later version of this device was used to save the brain and skull of one of his assistants, a near-sighted, sepulchral-voiced fellow named Eric, after an "unfortunate" accident. (Eric, now a cyborg, still assists the doctor in his experiments.)

Beyond high school, as he claims, Morgus worked his way through college by going on stage with a magic act. Advancing through the courses and the classes, Momus Alexander was graduated from Carbon Tech "summa cum laude" with the multiple doctorates cited above.



TODAY

The revelations made by Dr. Morgus have horrified the medical establishment, astonished scientific researchers, and delighted the viewing audience for his weekly seminars, appearing on television stations around the country (later the world), who have become "students of science".

His dedication to his work, even in the face of poverty and indebtedness (his caustic landlady, Mrs. Alma Fetish, claims that she owns the City Ice House where is located the Momus Alexander Morgus Institute and continually tries to charge him rent), his steadfast determination to settle for nothing less than achieving his goals — all of these make Dr. Momus Alexander Morgus the kind of individual who should be an example to us all. And you can meet him — and his faithful assistant Chopsley — here at **Nolacon II**.

(Dr. Morgus lectures locally every Saturday evening at 10:30 on Channel 26. This article adapted from Students of Science Quarterly Newsletter, P.O. Box 57855, New Orleans, LA 70157-7855.)

Noreascon Three

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VOLUNTEERS

If you are interested in helping on the con, please write to us. Let us know what you're interested in working on and your letter will be forwarded to the proper area.

FOR INFORMATION write to:

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If you move, please send us your change of address. The convention is approaching and we do not wish to lose you.

The Fiftieth Anniversary Worldcon

A FEW WORDS ABOUT FIRST FANDOM (REMEMBER US? WE'RE THE ONES WHO STARTED ALL THIS)

by RAY BEAM

In the early days, an attempt was made to chronologically number the different stages of fandom. **Sam Moscowitz** generally believed that First Fandom ended around the latter part of 1933. **Jack Speer** later credited the First Fandom era to be from 1933 to 1936. This was one of many opinions which were disputed, sometimes bitterly, in the 1930's. However, it is safe to say that something called First Fandom occurred in the early '30's.

It was about 25 years after this period that **Don Ford**, **Bob Madle**, **Dale Tarr**, **Lou Tabakow** and perhaps others decided that an organization for First Fandom was needed. The First Fandom organization, which was conceived in 1959, was for those fans that appreciated the early Science Fiction, its publications, and the early roots of fandom. The cut-off date for membership was originally set at January 1938, but was later changed to January 1939. That date was set because it was the period when **John W. Campbell, Jr.** took over the editorship of Street and Smith's *Astounding Science Fiction*. This was considered to be a turning point for the content of Science Fiction.

Originally, First Fandom was intended to be a "last man's club", but in the past few years this concept has fallen by the wayside. The organization is now taking associate members. Associate membership still requires that the applicant have an appreciation of the early days of Science Fiction. It is required that the applicant show that they have been active in Science Fiction for 30 years instead of the cut-off date rule. But there is still a bottle of brandy which is intended to be consumed by the last two "regular" members. This bottle is now in the possession of **Forry Ackerman**. Forry was chosen as "Keeper of the Elixir", being a long-time practitioner of teetotalism.

First Fandom members hold four meetings a year, one in each of three regions. In the east it is held at the Lunacon, in the midwest at Midwestcon, and on the west coast at



Westercon. The annual meeting is held at the Worldcon site. At each of these meetings a candidate is nominated for the **First Fandom Hall of Fame Award**. Each of these nominations is placed on a ballot and sent to the entire membership for a final vote. The award is then presented to the winning candidate at the next Worldcon **Hugo Award** ceremony.

The First Fandom Hall of Fame Award was created to give recognition to those individuals who made major contributions to the field in the early days. (Early days being defined as the period before formal awards, such as the **Hugo**, were given.) Eventually, we hope to establish a depository for our archives to serve as a First fandom Museum and Hall of Fame.

There are several First Fandom publications put out periodically. The *First Fandom Magazine* is edited and published by **Lynn Hickman**. It contains articles that are of interest to the membership but is not necessarily restricted to material about early SF and fandom. Lynn also accepts material submitted from outside of First Fandom. **Dave Kyle** edits a newsletter that has no regular publication schedule. I send out a quarterly *First Fandom Secretary-Treasurer's Report*, available to anyone who is interested on a subscription basis. The other two publications are for the membership, but are sent to others if they can demonstrate a need.

We are referred to as The Dinosaurs of Science Fiction. Now, we don't really mind the title if fandom doesn't think of us as extinct. Believe me, we aren't. It is true that the average age of our members is so damned high that it is never mentioned. Barring the discovery of an "immortality serum", there are still the associate members, and "we just ain't gonna let the damned thing die".

Please remember, if it were not for dinosaurs like us, you probably wouldn't be here at **Nolacon II**.





A 'FROLICHING' GOOD TIME — SF, FANTASY, AND MARDI GRAS THROUGH THE WORK OF CARNIVAL'S BEST-KNOWN ARTIST

Once upon a time, two or three thousand years ago, **Dany Frolich** was a loyal member of **NOSFA**, the New Orleans Science Fiction Association. Talented in the use of brush and pen, he had no artistic ambitions higher than the next issue of *Nolazine*, the club fanzine. Selflessly he leant his gifts to his fellow NOSFAns' fanzine covers and to New Orleans' bids for the Worldcon. (You can see some of his early work in Pat Adkins' "The Alternate Nolacon IIs" earlier in this book.) As for Mardi Gras, New Orleans fabulous pre-Lenten street bacchanal, it and its parades were simply an excuse to catch beads and go crazy like everyone else.

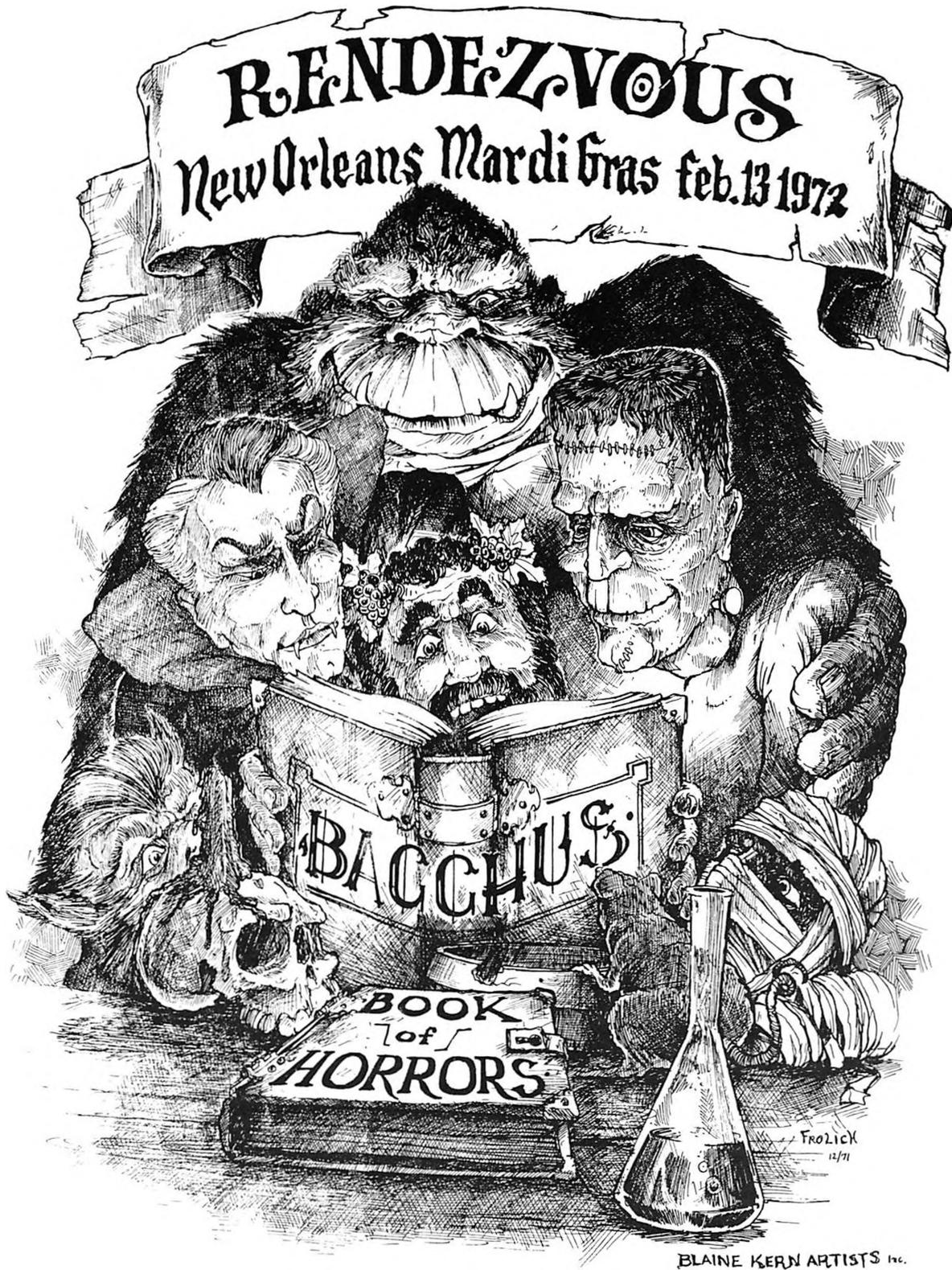
Then he applied for a job with Blaine Kern, Carnival's entrepreneur extraordinaire. And everything changed.

Dany Frolich changed. He became the most successful commercial artist in New Orleans. Mardi Gras changed. In doubloon and poster, cup and float, it gained a new vitality, a new energy, a new color — all thanks to the artistry and vision of Dany Frolich. The two of them have become so merged that a huge percentage of what people see when they come to Mardi Gras is what Dany Frolich has drawn for them to see.

One thing that has not changed is Dany Frolich's generosity with his genius. The New Orleans in '88 bid, and the convention which has followed, glowed with Frolich talent. Our convention symbol — the space-suited, pot-stirring harlequin — is his work. There can be no doubt — Dany Frolich is *the* artistic visage of New Orleans fandom.

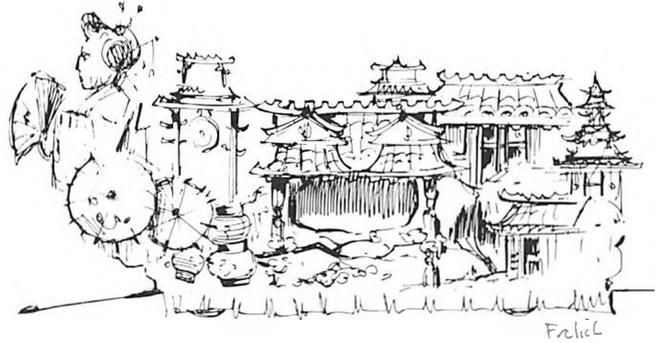
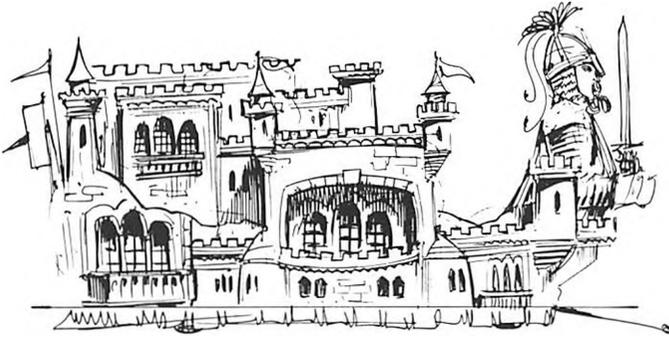
New Orleans fandom . . . Mardi Gras . . . Science Fiction and Fantasy. These are what **Nolacon II** is all about. They're what Dany Frolich is all about, too.





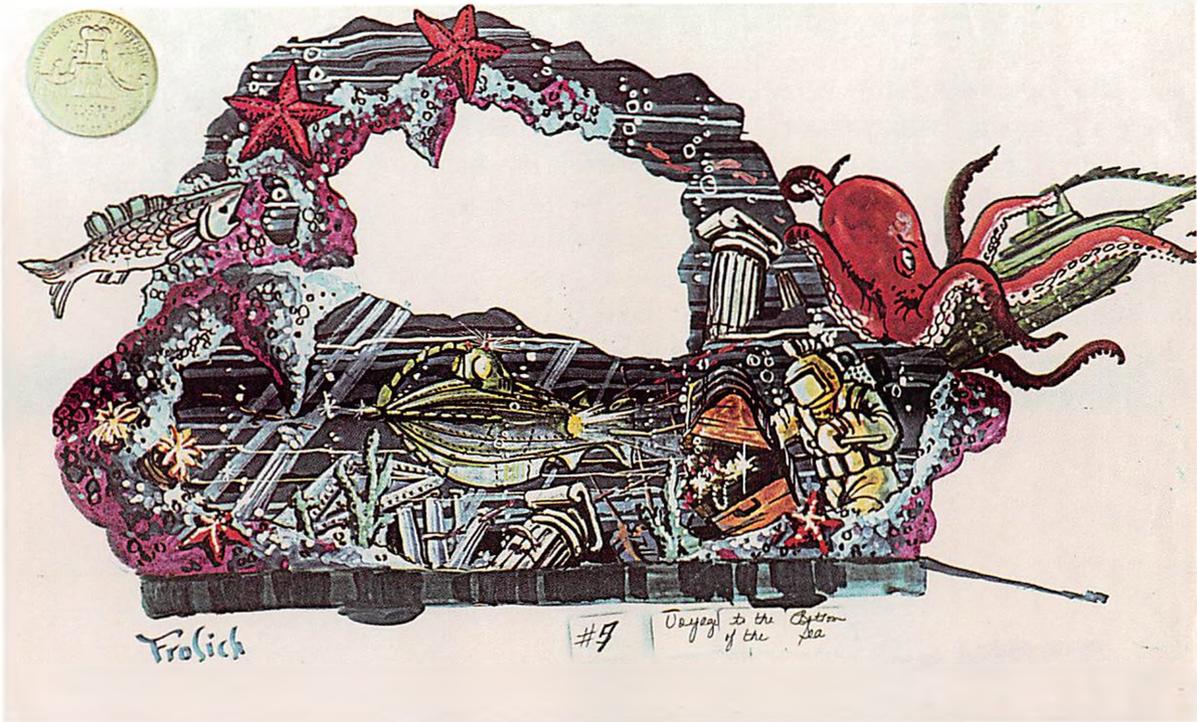
D any began doing professional Mardi Gras work in the early '70's, designing and painting floats (as you'll see directly) and creating posters for the various Mardi Gras organizations, or **krewes**. Each krewe chooses a new theme for its celebration every year. In 1971 magnificent Bacchus went for a subject dear to any true SFer's heart, and Dany was up to the task...

Creating a Mardi Gras parade is a step-by-step, float-by-float process. After consulting with krewe officials about themes for the parade and its various floats, Dany does a rough design complete with all the standards — a huge figurehead and plenty of room for bead-tossing riders.

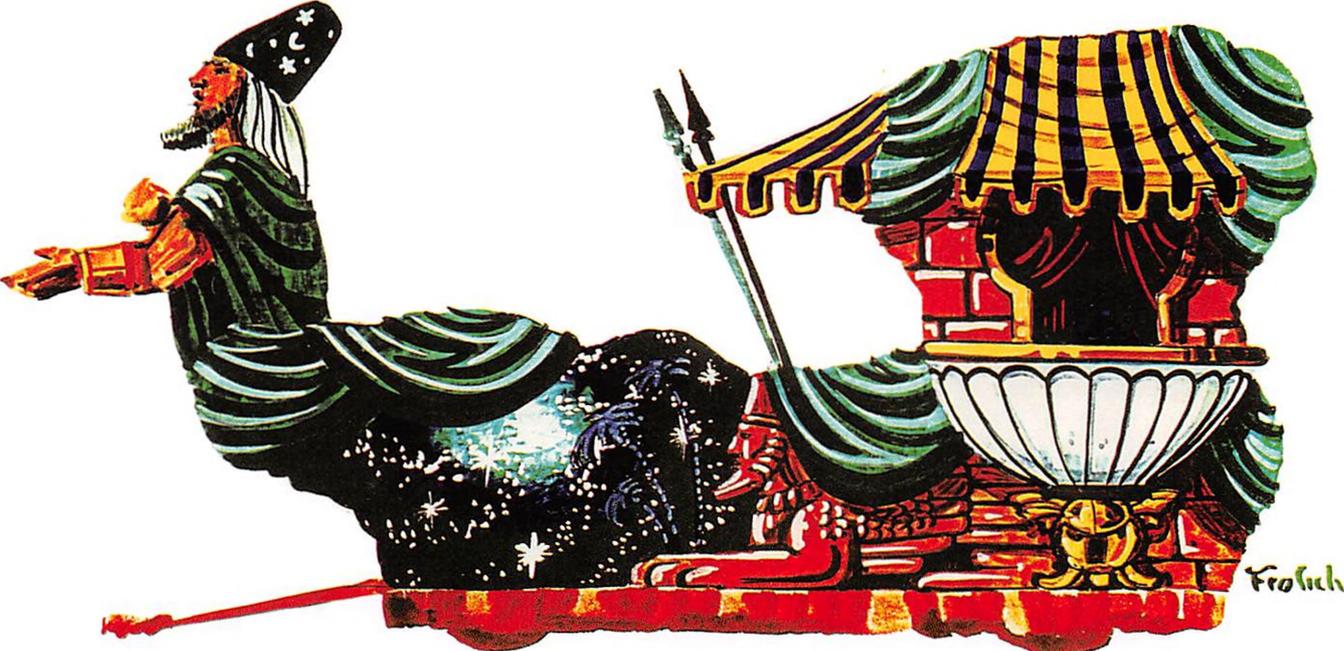


Once the basic design has been okayed, Dany tightens up his sketch. Here's a title float for a recent Bacchus parade. We take it you recognize the figure of that year's celebrity king...

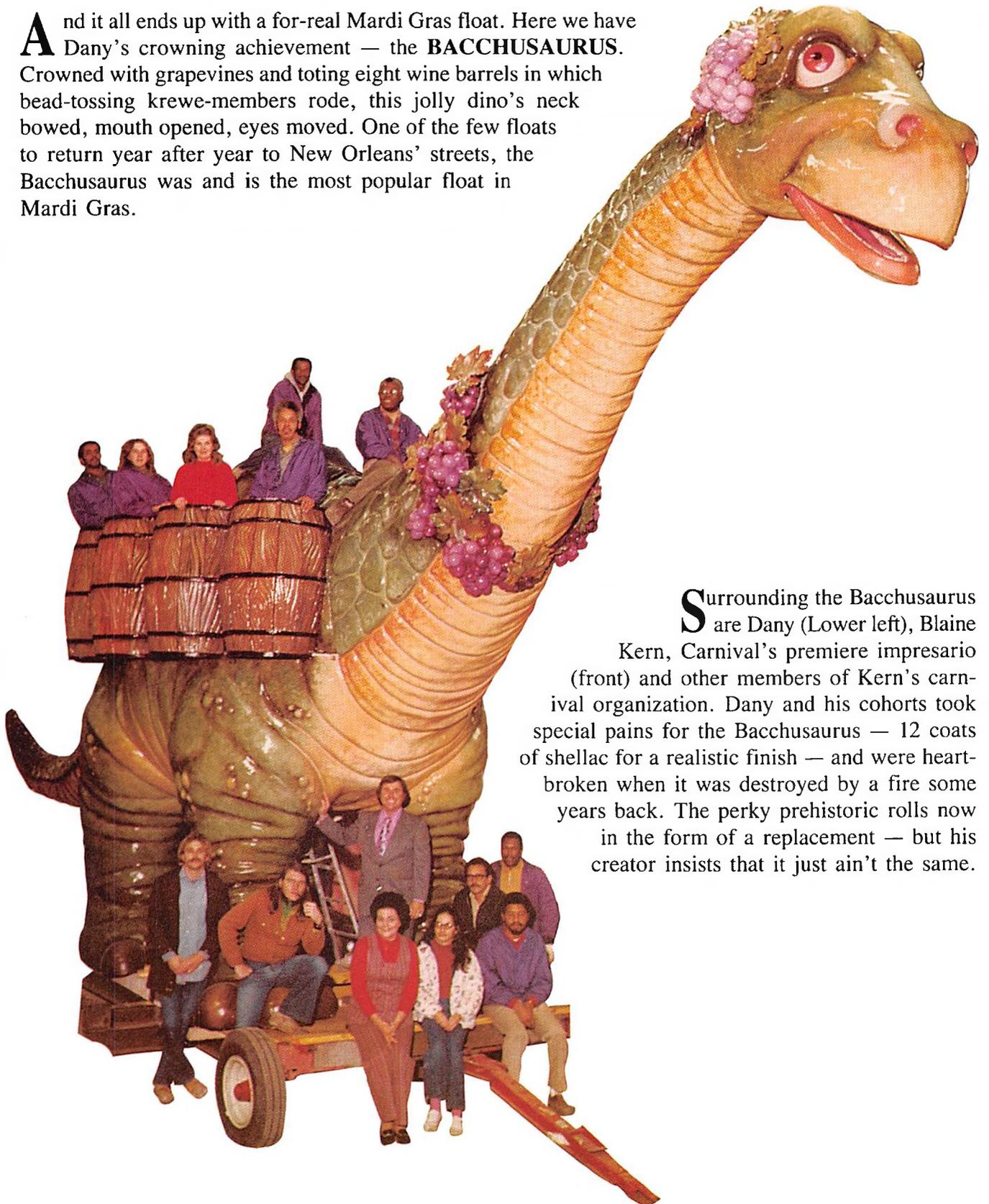




Mardi Gras is a time of noise, music, and color . . . so Dany's next step is a color sketch for the actual float painters to work from. Each year Frolich designs a dozen parades or more, each moving 14 to 32 floats onto the street. In addition, he creates doubloons, cups, posters . . . and no sooner does one Mardi Gras end than does work on the next year's begin.

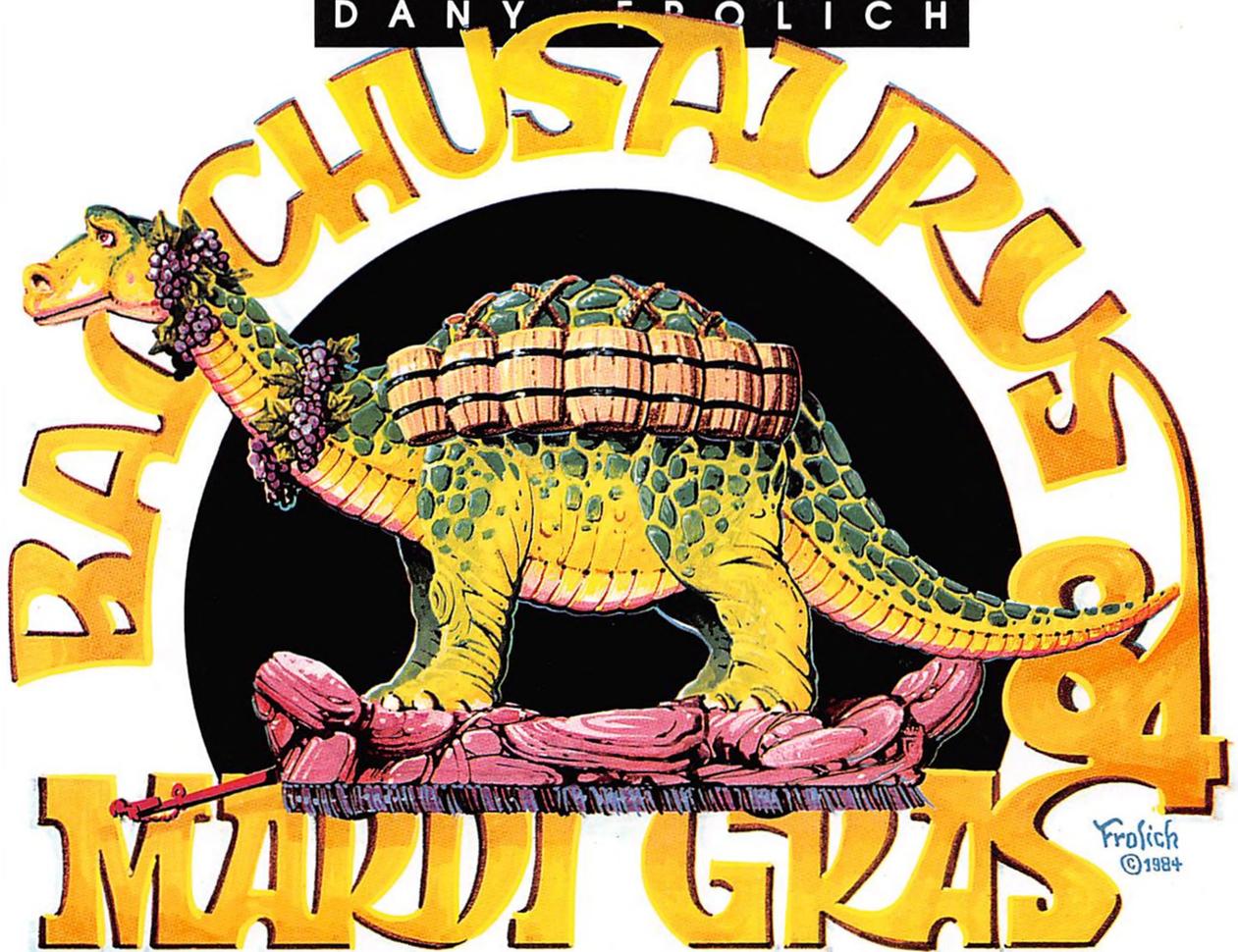


And it all ends up with a for-real Mardi Gras float. Here we have Dany's crowning achievement — the **BACCHUSAURUS**. Crowned with grapevines and toting eight wine barrels in which bead-tossing krewe-members rode, this jolly dino's neck bowed, mouth opened, eyes moved. One of the few floats to return year after year to New Orleans' streets, the Bacchusaurus was and is the most popular float in Mardi Gras.



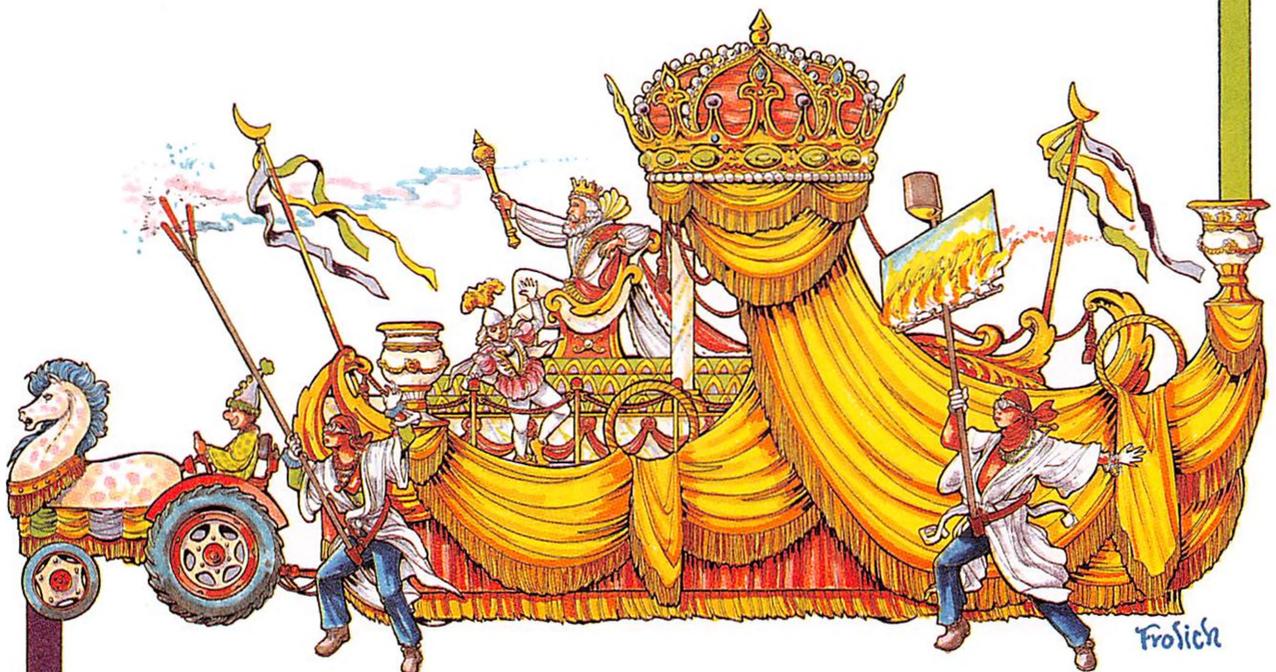
Surrounding the Bacchusaurus are Dany (Lower left), Blaine Kern, Carnival's premiere impresario (front) and other members of Kern's carnival organization. Dany and his cohorts took special pains for the Bacchusaurus — 12 coats of shellac for a realistic finish — and were heart-broken when it was destroyed by a fire some years back. The perky prehistoric rolls now in the form of a replacement — but his creator insists that it just ain't the same.

D A N Y F R O L I C H

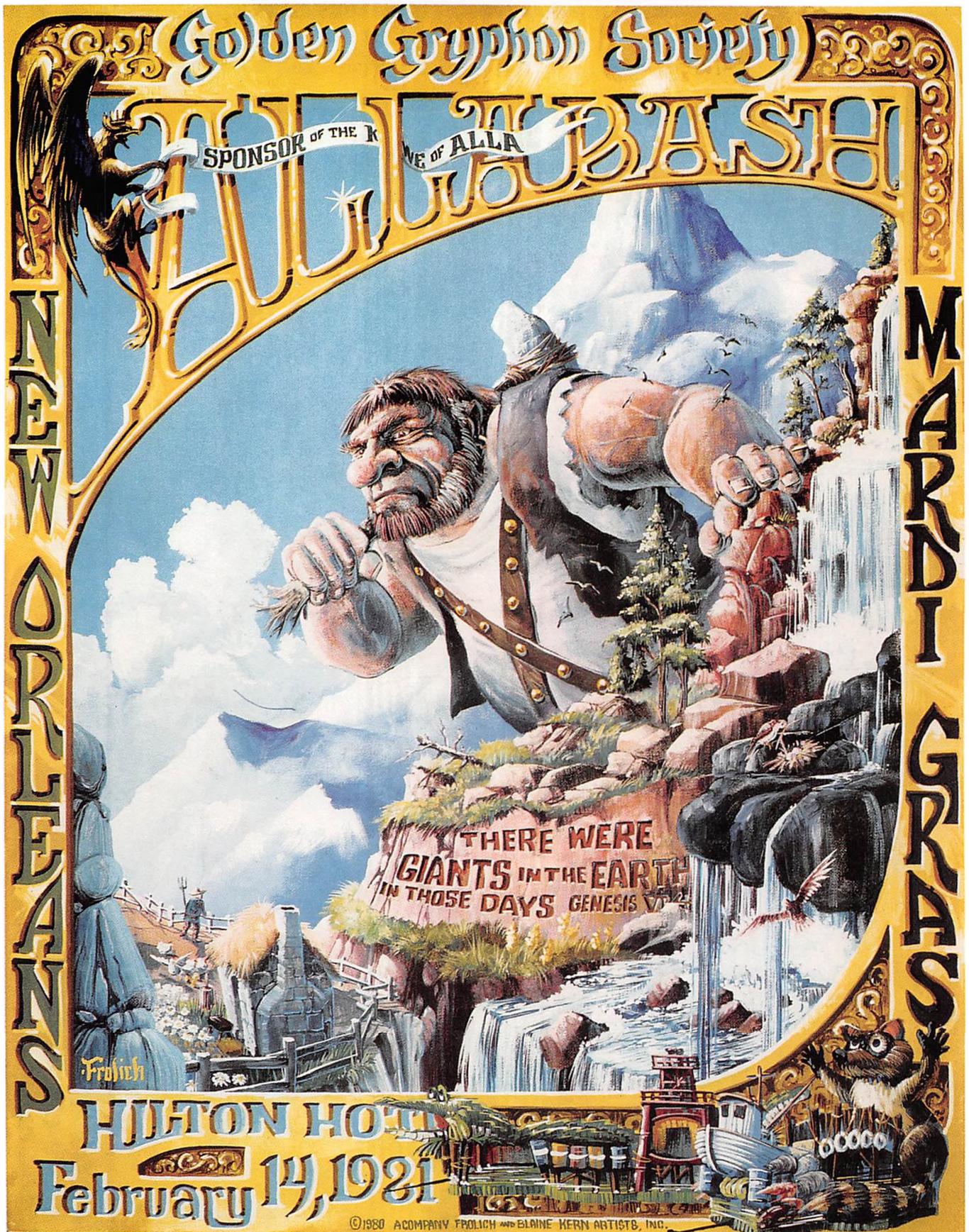


Dany immortalized the Bacchusaurus on one of the many posters he issues for Mardi Gras. Below, another, honoring Rex, King of Carnival.

MARDI GRAS



NEW ORLEANS



Some krewes sponsor parades, others grand Carnival balls — and many request posters to trumpet their cause. Who else to paint them but Dany Frolich? The Krewe of Alla sponsors the Allabash annually . . . and always comes up with a theme to tickle Dany Frolich’s fantasy-loving soul.

All pictures appear through the courtesy of Dany Frolich and are the property of Blaine Kern, Inc.

OUR MAN IN SVERDLOVSK

SOVIET ARTIST ANATOLY PASEKA

Take out your maps of the Soviet Union. Locate the Ural Mountains. Scan them until you find **Sverdlovsk**, a city of a million and a half people. Then smile. You have a friend and a fellow SFer there.

His name is **Anatoly Paseka**, a 33-year-old artist. Married to a music teacher, father to 10-year-old Nikita, he has illustrated books, journals, done posters and paintings. His work has been written up in *Ural Science*, with pages devoted to the Sverdlovsk State Science Fiction Club. Anatoly's artistic interests are many: 'I also wrote poetry over a period of ten years or so,' he says, 'and even today occasionally pick up the pen.' He does 'color light music' for discoteques and says it's his dream to do work 'for a contemporary avant-garde ballet in the capacity of artist/stage manager'.

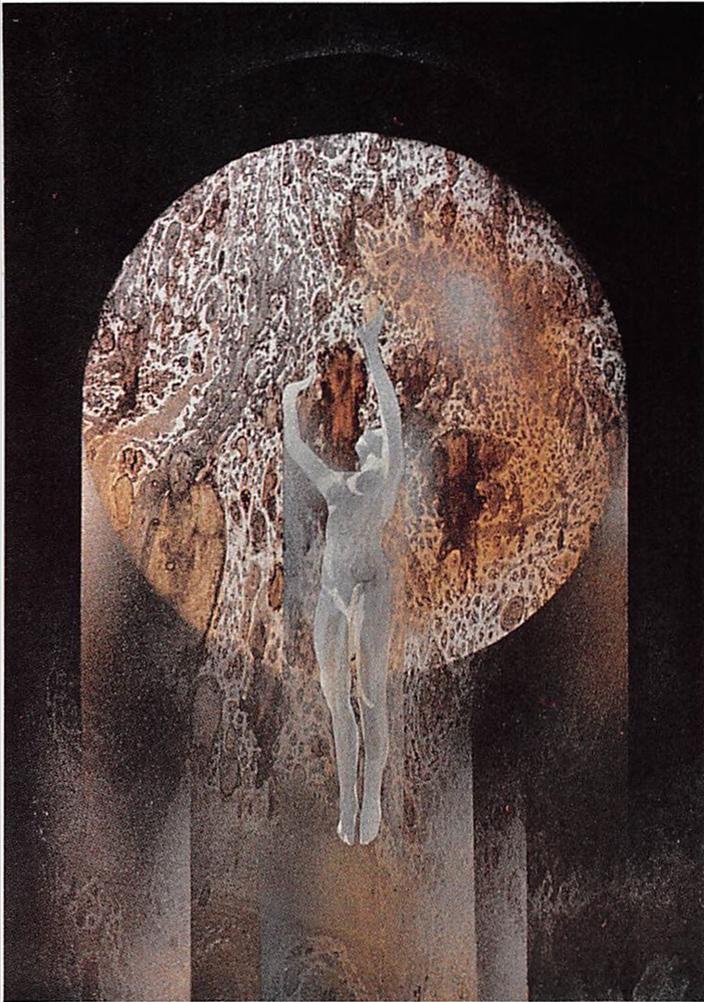
'My artistic career,' he writes, 'has evolved in a very complicated way. During the years of 'stagnation', that is, before Gorbachev's **perestroika** (restructuring) my works were neither published nor exhibited [by] the Union of Artists. The reason for this silence, which lasted 10 years, are numerous.

'For many years science fiction was regarded as literature for juveniles, and the attitude of the publishers was correspondingly negative. Science fiction in the fine arts has yet to be taken seriously to this very day.

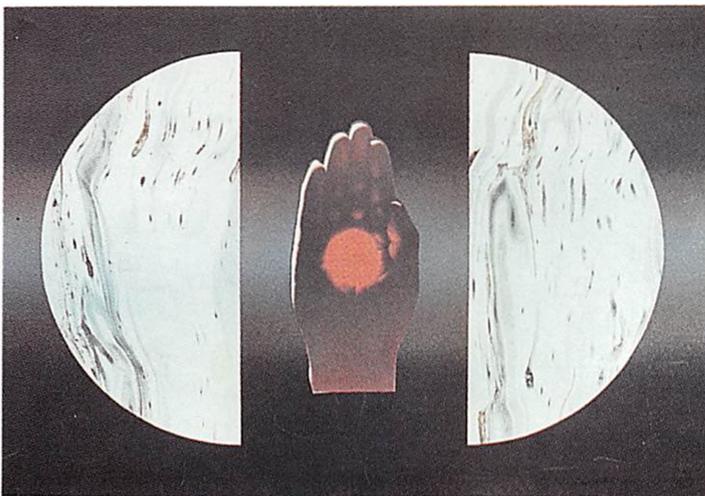
'Still, changes are now beginning to take place, and at this very moment there is talk of creating an All-Union Association of State Science Fiction Amateur Clubs.'

Anatoly has sent **Nolacon II** a few of his poems and a number of Soviet SF publications, several containing his artwork. He also sent slides of his paintings, all of which will be shown during **Nolacon** and some of which are reproduced here. 'I am very interested in the impression made by my work on the members of the Convention.

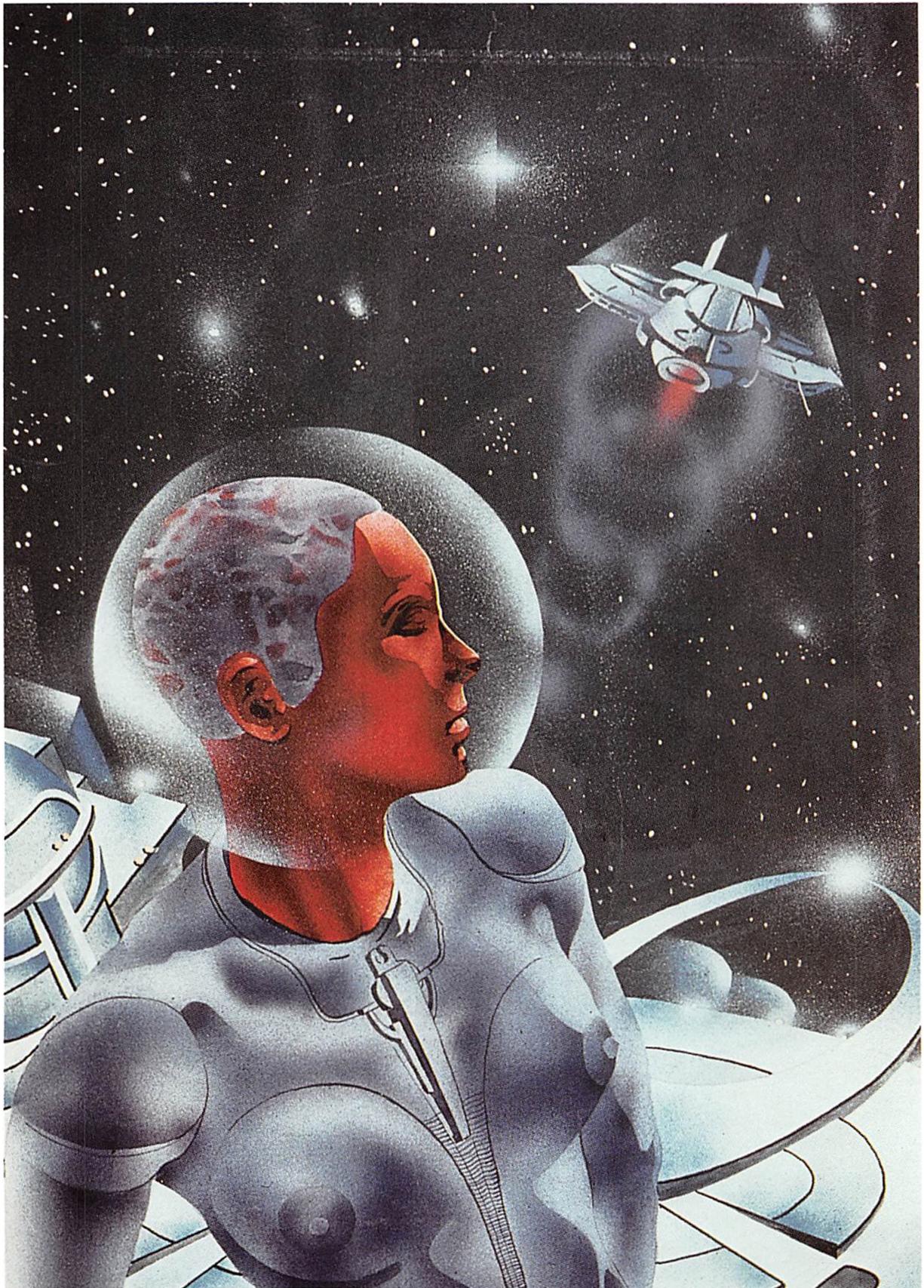
'I keep myself busy,' says our man in Sverdlovsk, 'writing and drawing and painting a large variety of subjects. My themes range far and wide, a fact which I cannot explain, like many things in this life.' He cannot be here in the flesh, but Anatoly Paseka is with **Nolacon** all the way.



'Take-Off' (1981)



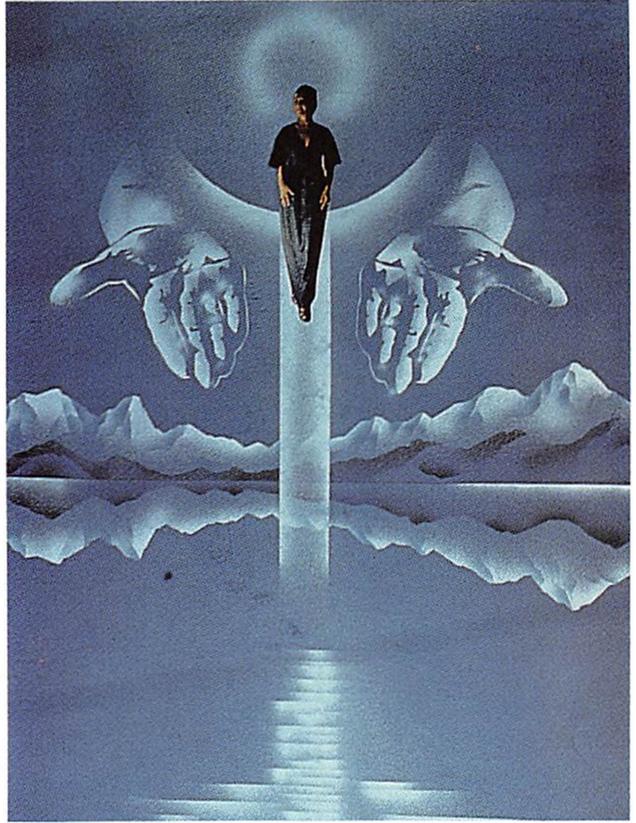
'Symbol' (1981)



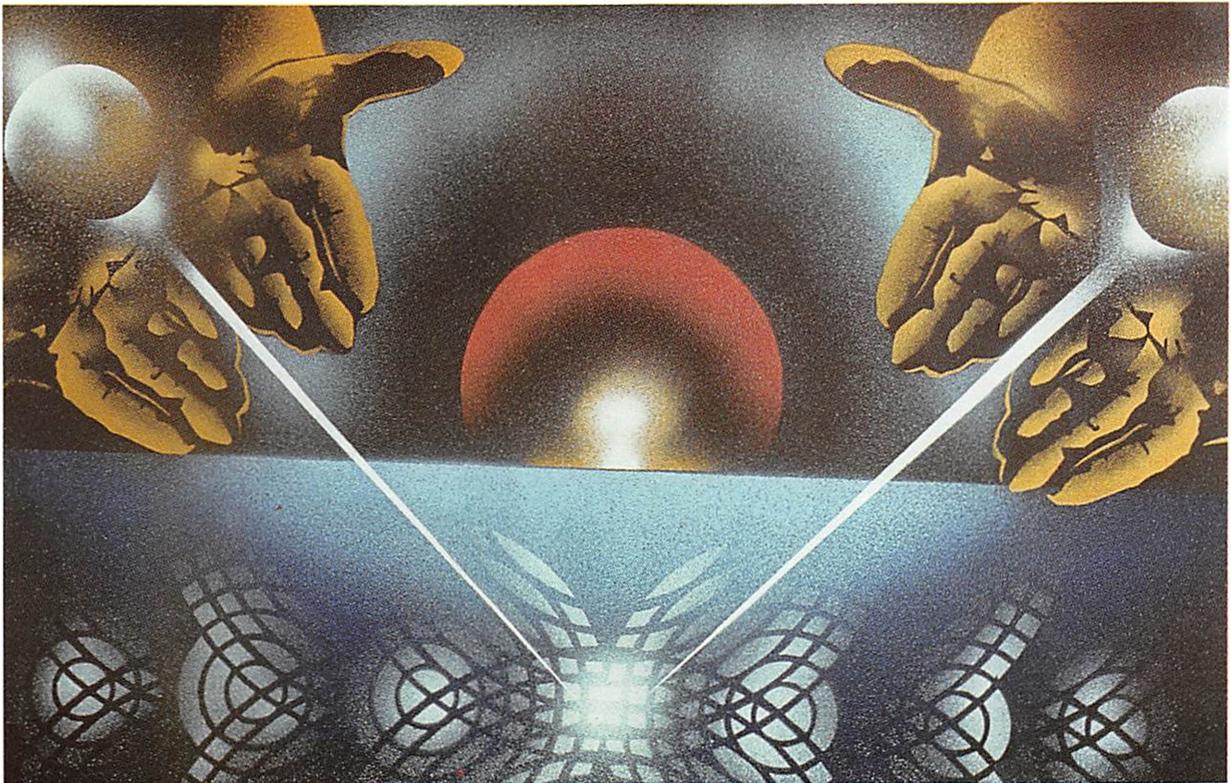
'Contact' (1982)



'Introduction' (1983)



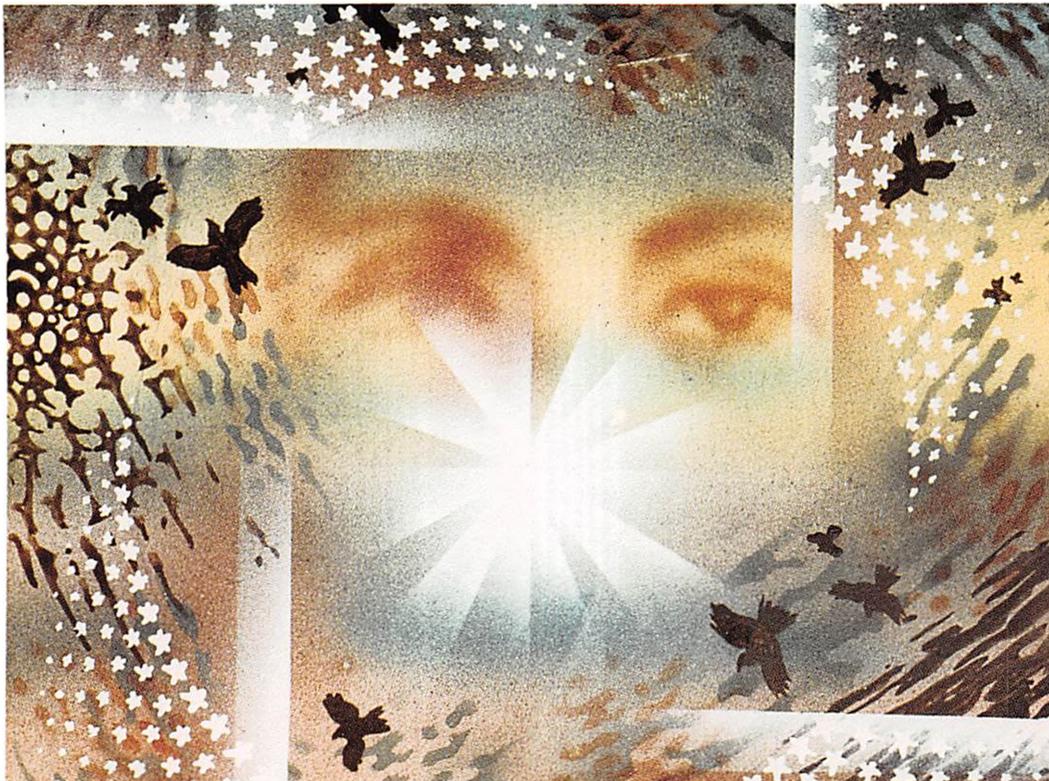
'The Miracle Worker'



'Handmade Atom' (1982)

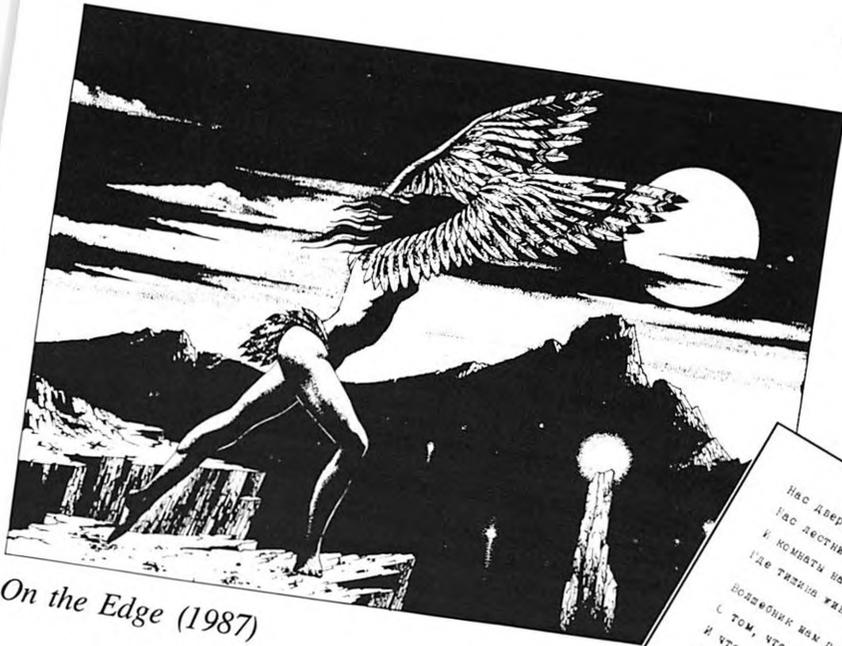


Untitled (1981)



'The Glance' (1981)

ANATOLY PASEKA



On the Edge (1987)

Роса украсит мне ресницы
 И волосом увьет цветы,
 Одежду принесут мне птицы,
 Яитарь украсит мне персти.

Звезда укажет мне дорогу
 И ветер поведёт меня,
 И я поведу себя клена,
 Неся в душе одну тревогу.

Дороги изорвут одежду
 И ночь закроет мне глаза,
 Тревоги унесут надежду,
 Отходнув прочтёт гроза.

ноябрь 1974.

Нас двери зашумают на пороге,
 Нас лестницы ведут тихими шагам,
 И комнаты нас пружат от дорог,
 Где тишина увьет закаты магом.

Волшебник нам порок говорит
 С том, что само, но в веках исстало,
 И что теперь судьба не выворит
 Спид внесут тебе сейчас телс.

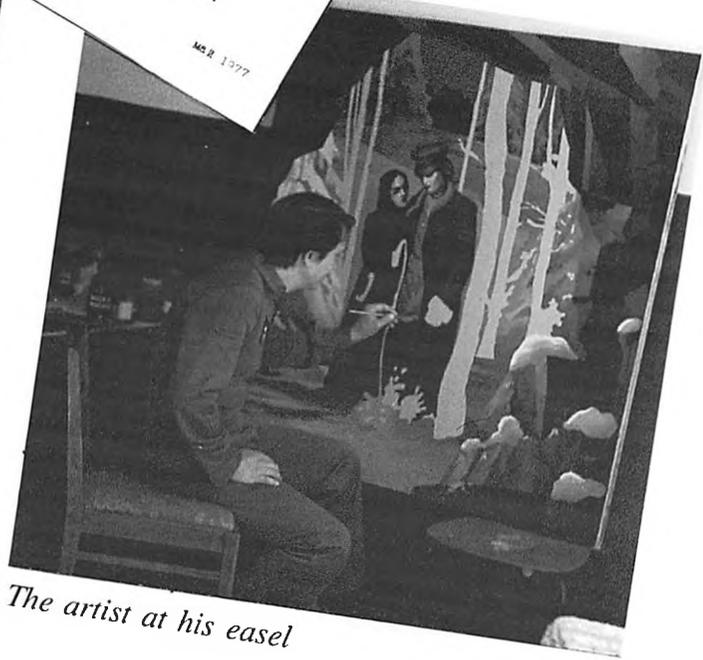
Здесь блики мы увидев бежим свет,
 Здесь блики мы когда его не стало,
 Я словно не прошло им зем в лет,
 Нам тишина и счастья будет маго.

Нас двери зашумают на пороге,
 Нас лестницы ведут тихими шагам,
 И комнаты нас пружат от дорог,
 Где тишина живёт закаты магом.

март 1977



Our friends in Sverdlovsk



The artist at his easel

Take out your maps of the Soviet Union. Locate the Ural Mountains. Scan them until you find **Sverdlovsk**, a city of a million and a half people. Then smile. You have a friend and a fellow SFer there.

THE CLARENCE JOHN LAUGHLIN LEGACY OF THE ARTS

by Justin Winston

Clarence Laughlin was one of the great influences on New Orleans' SF community. A world-class photographer, book collector, and raconteur, his works were exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art and throughout the artistic world. He died in 1985, leaving many devoted friends, one of whom remembers him below.

One time I went to an exhibition of Clarence Laughlin's pictures that included captions in Braille. "This is clever," I thought. "A photo show for the blind." I asked Clarence if he knew who had come up with such a brilliant way to waste public money. He answered that if someone couldn't see the photograph and then read the caption they would probably understand the picture better than if they did see it and **didn't** read the caption.

Visual Art types, who are usually not logotropic to say the least, often criticized Clarence for insisting that his pictures always be shown with the caption, which was usually about a page long. They would say the beauty of the picture should always speak for itself and that the words only got in the way. But while the beauty of Clarence's pictures did indeed speak, he wanted no ambiguity about what he intended it to say.

This is why he seldom mentioned his first book. You would have thought he would have loved that book, **New Orleans and Its Living Past**. It was printed in 1941. The photographs were printed by sheetfed gravure, a process which gave his pictures better reproduction than they had ever had or have had since. The book was also rare. Clarence loved nothing better than a rare book.

In fact, Clarence was probably more of a book collector than a photographer. I say that because when he died he hadn't taken a photograph in over twenty years, but he was buying books a year after he was buried. (He had standing orders with book dealers all over the world who didn't hear of his demise and dutifully were sending him what he had wanted long after he was beyond that particular craving.) He would spend endless hours grading, cataloging and categorizing his books. They were mostly Science Fiction and Fantasy. He called it "**The Laughlin Library of the Arts**" and fully expected that he would be remembered for his collection above all.

The library he designed in his wife Elizabeth's house and for that matter the whole of his long-time apartment in the attic of the upper Pontalba Building on Jackson Square was so laid out that he was completely surrounded in a maze of books where he would sit for days writing lists of his acquisitions and holdings. The shelves were built so that they held the books two, three or four deep. It was more important that they **be** there than that they could be **found** there..

I once suggested that a card catalog or even a computer might be an efficient way of dealing with twenty or



"Portrait of the Photographer as a Meta-Physician" (1945 — courtesy Elizabeth Laughlin.

With the permission of Elizabeth Laughlin and the New Orleans Historical Society, Nolacon II reproduces here one of Clarence Laughlin's masterworks . . . with his caption. Copyright the New Orleans Historical Society.

Mars in the House of Time: 1955

Naturalistically, this is only an iron door in a New Orleans cemetery, with a cracked knob, surrounded by cobwebs. But imaginative pre-conditioning caused me to see the cracks in the knob as suggestive of drawings of the so-called canals of Mars. Mars now emerges from the back sky of iron in the house of Time (the cemetery); and the camera has been used to make a poetic means *transcend* naturalistic meaning. Actually, the method used here is related to one of the methods used by the contemporary poet in approaching reality.



thirty thousand books. He looked at me like I had just suggested that he should chop off his right hand. I realized that his lists were not a utilitarian exercise. They were his recreation. The catalog was a way he got to know the books a little better. After he'd looked at the book, after he'd read it, what else was there but to put it together with others of its kind and ponder over how to accomplish the purpose. Why hurry? A book was an entity and as such should be accorded the greatest possible individual consideration of its needs. The idea of efficient cataloging was repugnant. You might as well suggest how to efficiently imprison the entire population so as to keep better track of them. A book was an entity, not made up of just the words but also the pictures that illustrated it, the binding that housed it, the paper that carried it and the type and the ink that embodied it. One edition of a book was not the same as another. Another edition was a different work, a different conception, a different idea.

Clarence Laughlin's photographs were simply not just images on the paper but whole ideas. More important they were Clarence Laughlin's ideas. Those ideas were visual but visual ideas alone might be ambiguous. The ideas were just as cognitive and the cognitive aspects were explained in words. Together the words and the pictures made up the whole idea, each explaining the other so there should be no ambiguity except where intended by Clarence Laughlin. He was disappointed in his first book, not because the images were inferior but because it was incomplete. It left out the words.

Some people avoided his exhibition openings for fear of suffering an interminable lecture. Clarence's openings were often as much lectures as exhibitions of photographs. He did that because he had something to say, he knew what it was and he knew how to articulate it. Photography has been described as the art of seeing. He wanted to tell us not only what he saw but how. He wanted to tell us how to read a picture and how to see a book. He wanted to tell us that the image and the imagination were so inextricably intertwined that even the lack of sight was not the lack of vision.

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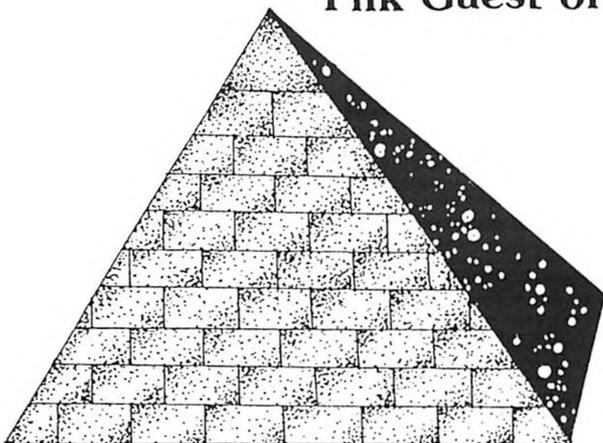
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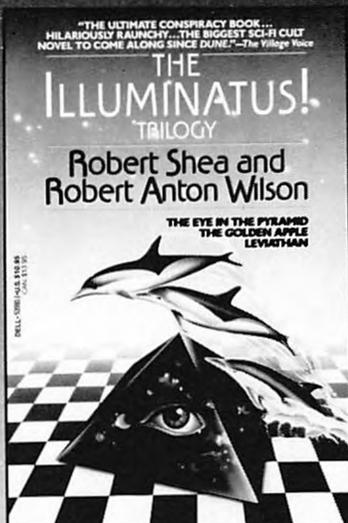
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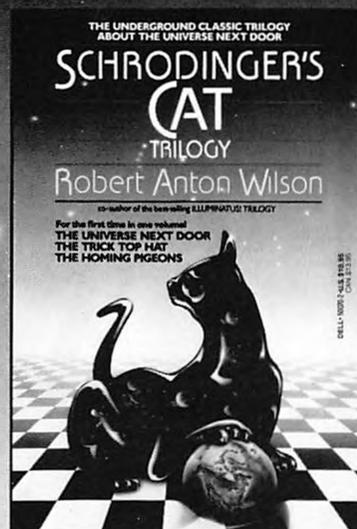
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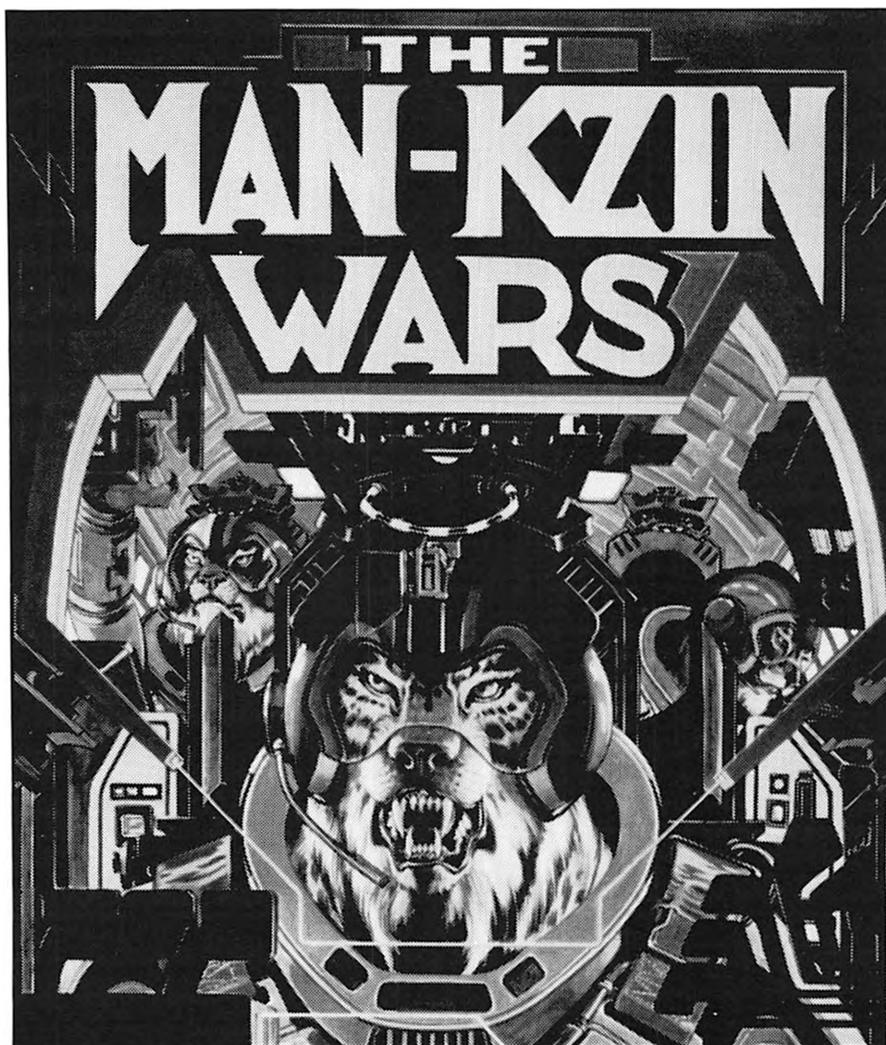
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“PLATO NEVADA NICOTINE” YOUR HOST — JOHN GUIDRY

by Guy H. Lillian III



“In every revolution, there is one man with an idea.”
James T. Kirk, “Mirror, Mirror”

Is **Nolacon II** a revolution? Is John H. Guidry, its chairman, a Vulcan? Questions these be for philosophers, and we are not such.

What we are is — are, is — Science Fiction fandom. This year, 1988, we owe our Worldcon, **Nolacon II**, to the dream of that one man with an idea: John H. Guidry, our chairman, your host.

Anyone who has known John — pronounced “Jawn”; you **are** in Louisiana, after all — for any length of time are familiar with his dreams of the World Science Fiction Convention. For more than two and a half decades the image of a second **Nolacon** has burned bright within Guidry’s brain. As long ago as 1964, when John, Pat Adkins, Justin Winston, and a few other intrepid souls founded the New Orleans Science Fiction Association, it was with such an ambition in mind. As you can see elsewhere, several were the times that the dream was sought. And for so long, it was all for nought.

But thanks to Guidry, the dream would not die. And now, it lives.

But who is this Guidry that we art mindful of him? Whence this fanish Caesar who has brought SFdom to this fabled hour?

The biographical data is simple. John H. Guidry was born in New Orleans some 44 years ago and has seldom left. It can be said of him more than it can of any other fan: New Orleans is **his** turf.

John’s first worldcon was in 1966 — Tricon. He’s been to many since, gaining the friends and charming the doubters towards the inevitable day when New Orleans would assume its rightful place among the power capitals of fandom. Those who met John on his sojourns were impressed by his friendliness — there are few nicer people in the genre — though perhaps befuddled by his phraseology. Even a genuine sweetheart like Guidry has enemies. One of his is the English language. In their ongoing war, Guidry has the advantage.

The following are real quotes. “I’ve seen more rain than that in my bathtub!” “Nobody can say Guidry ain’t stupid!” “There were more people in that room than there is water in this glass!” (holding up an empty glass). “Billy Carter is as phony as a five-dollar bill!” The quote which entitles this article, “Plato Nevada Nicotine,” is **not** genuine; Don Walsh concocted it one time when we wondered what John would say in Patricia Neal’s place in **The Day the Earth Stood Still**. We figured he’d confuse Gort so much he’d explode.



If this gibe sounds cruel, try living around somebody who says things like that to you all the time. It isn’t easy. If John didn’t make up for it in so many ways, the strain would be intolerable. That he has not yet been murdered by one of his lifelong friends is testament to how lovable he is, despite himself.

For one thing, he takes care of those friends. That’s his motto, in fact: “I Take Care of My Friends”. No idle boast. John is constantly on the lookout for ways to reward his friends. Movie tickets, which he often gets gratis (the man has connections; he was recently hailed as one of New Orleans’ top 12 film fans, along with **Joey Grillot**, **Nolacon II**’s move maestro), rare paperbacks, and that most phantom of quantities, **egoboo** . . . John seeks and distributes all with a generosity that defies description.

For another thing, John truly **understands** people, and tries his best to convey that understanding. He **listens**. Many times during the New Orleans in ’88 bid, or the work towards **Nolacon II** which has followed it, committee members reduced to a froth of frustrated rage have had their anger abated, and their wasting energy redirected into productive channels by the calming influence of Guidry. The fact that often as not it was John who caused the outburst in the first place seems irrelevant at such moments. Guidry is one of the great natural politicians.

He is also one of the great Samaritans. The last decade and more of Clarence Laughlin’s life — a life which you can read about in pages to come — was made so much the easier and enriched by John’s friendship. Clarence couldn’t drive and relied on Guidry for much of his transportation



and company. Laughlin's disposition for ceaseless chatter didn't deter John from caring for the great photographic genius for years.

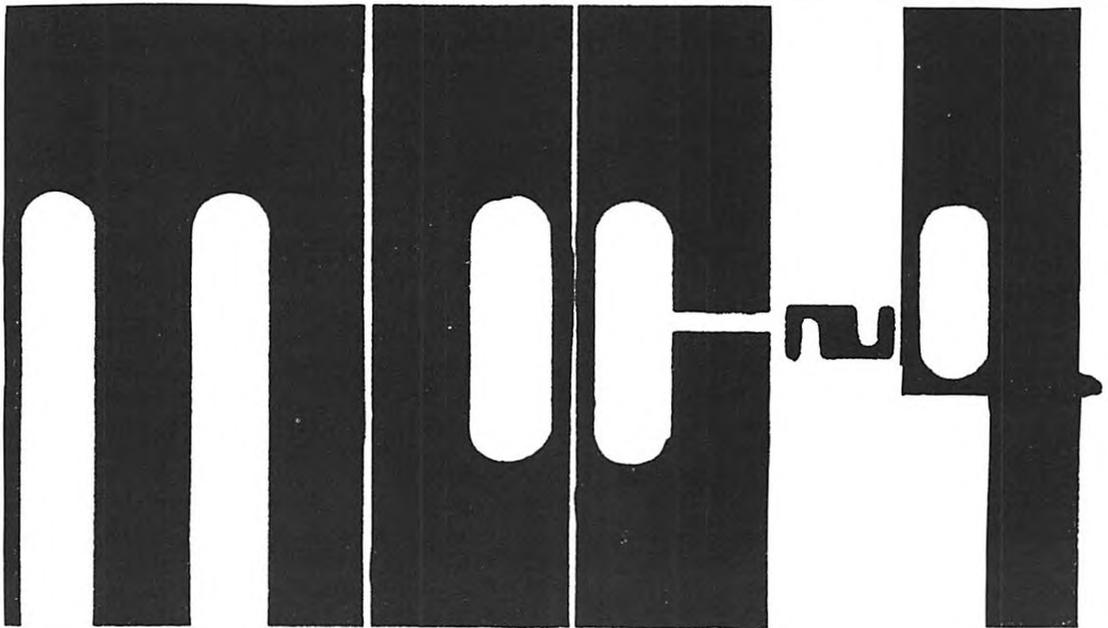
Lastly, he is an SFer of real accomplishment. It wasn't for his entertaining Spoonerisms that the DeepSouthCon awarded John its Rebel Award for distinguished achievement in 1983. He chaired or co-chaired four Deep-SouthCons here in the Crescent City. He founded ERB-Apa, the Edgar Rice Burroughs amateur press association.

He was one of the prime movers behind the creation of the Southern Fandom Confederation. His early bids for the worldcon brought bidding fever to the South. And now he's done it; he's Chairman of the World Science Fiction Convention. Not a bad resume.

How shall you know John Guidry? Look to him at his highest moments . . . and his lowest. Undoubtedly one of the great times of his life was at the Apollo II launch in 1969. Invited to a launch party by the great Joe Green, John not only got to watch Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins vault into history, but to meet Arthur C. Clarke and Robert A. Heinlein for the first time. A photo of that happy event rides these pages. Look at John's expression. If that isn't the face of every SF fan brought face-to-face with a creator of wonder, and with the factual wonder of spaceflight, there is no such thing.

So here, in New Orleans, he has prepared . . . guiding New Orleans fandom (as much as it could be guided), haunting the movie houses, scouring the various book fairs for bargains. Now, thanks to his own unique political genius and a remarkable team effort, he has his dream — **Nolacon II**. He will be here at the convention, keeping an eye on things, hand always extended to visitors to this, his home. His motto is "I Take Care of My Friends", and he means it, as you will find at **Nolacon II**.

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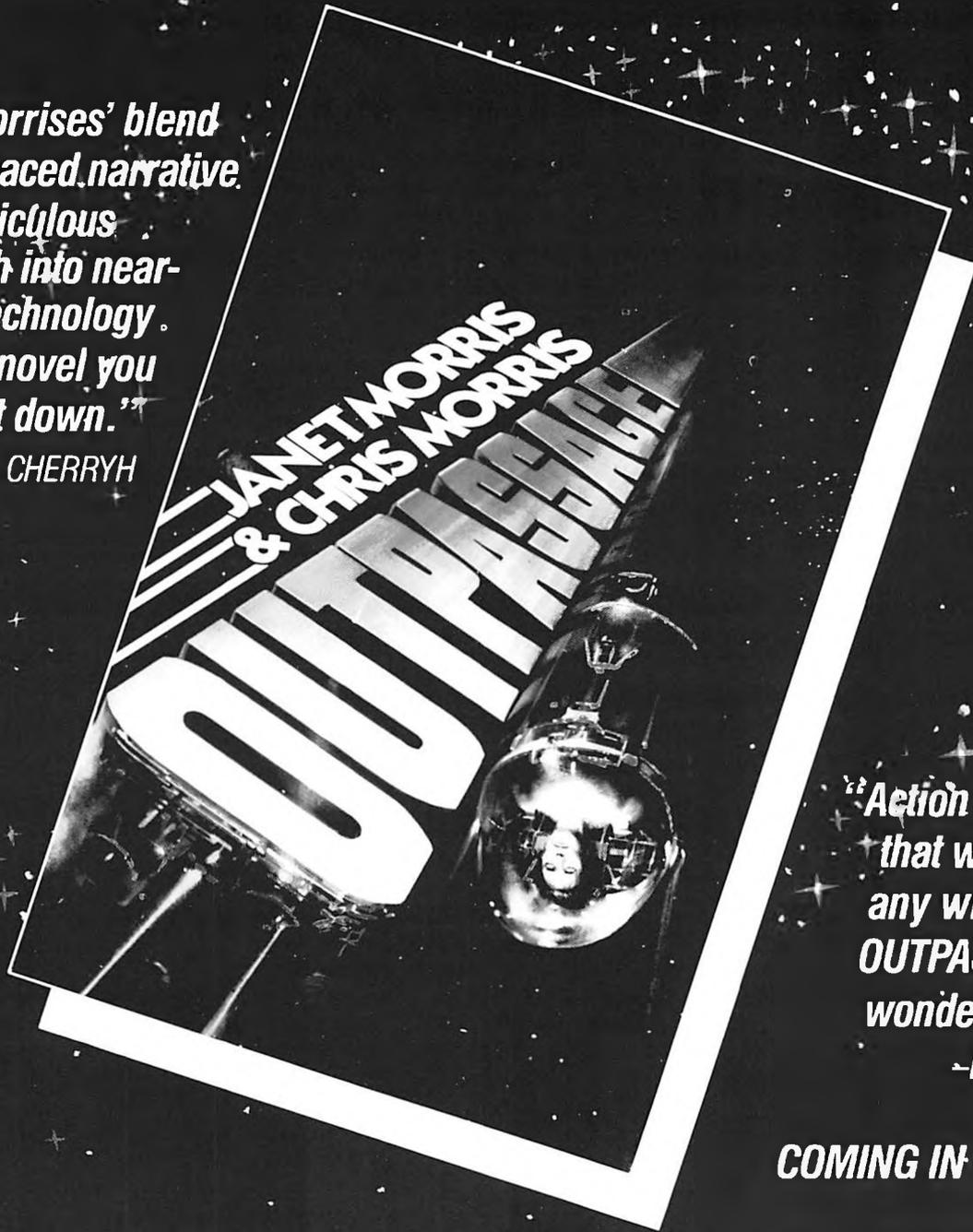
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1987 Hugo Awards Winners

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BEST SHORT STORY "Parasitoid," Roger Zelazny	BEST ARTIST Robert Gould
BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION ALEXIS	SPECIAL AWARD - PROFESSIONAL James Tytree
BEST SEMI-PROFIC LARRY, ed. Charles N. Brown	SPECIAL AWARD - NON-PROFESSIONAL Jeff Cowner (Screen/Press)
	W. Paul Ganley (Hollywood) (Video/Book Press)
	LIFE ACHIEVEMENT AWARD Jack Fleury
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For Complete Hugo Voting Count See page 24

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ISSUE #322 VOL. 20 NO. 11 NOVEMBER 1987

Alfred Bestér Dies



The Nature of Conspiracy



Alfred Bestér died September 26, 1987. See story on page 42.

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THE ALTERNATE NOLA CON IIs

by PATRICK H. ADKINS

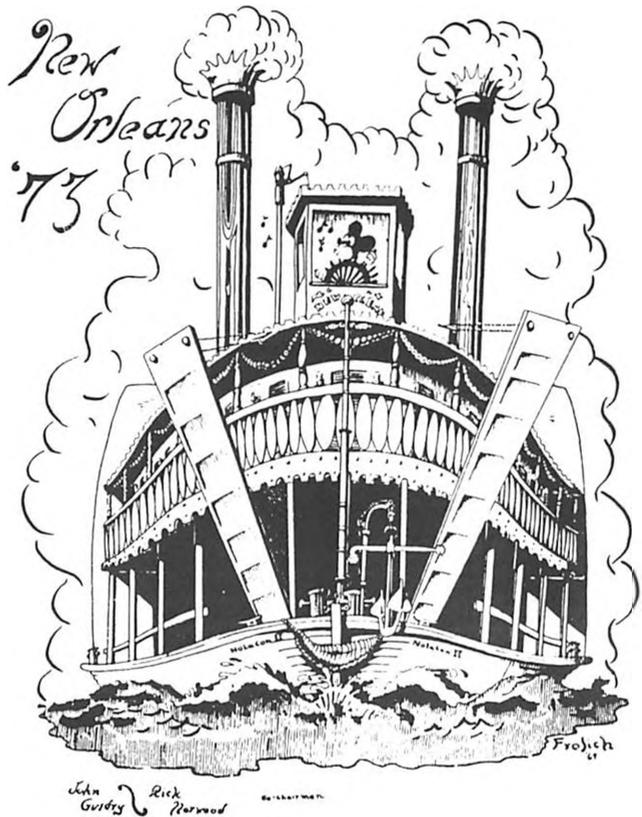
If you think you've noted a tinge of nostalgia in the various publications produced by and for this convention, you aren't wrong. The nostalgia you've detected, however, is not directed solely back at the original **Nolacon**, which was celebrated here in New Orleans in 1951. New Orleans fans are a traditional lot with a strong sense of history, but few if any of the people associated with the present convention are old enough to remember the first **Nolacon**.

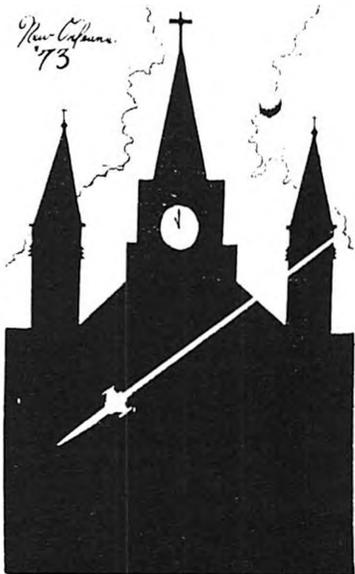
No, our nostalgia has a quite different and good bit more complicated source — **Nolacon II**, the very convention you are now attending, and its five previous almost-incarnations. Conventions that never quite materialized in this universe, but which captivated our hearts, minds, and imaginations, and commanded our energies for the better part of a decade. Alternate **Nolacon IIs**, if you can tolerate such terminology — a whole string of them that should have taken place in 1973, 1976, 1979, 1979-primed, and 1982.

The **Nolacon II** you are presently attending really began more than twenty years ago, during the summer of 1967, when a group of science fiction enthusiasts gathered to found the New Orleans Science Fiction Association (NOSFA). Two of the primary purposes of this organization, as delineated in an early issue of *Nolazine*, the club publication, were to sponsor local science fiction conventions and to bring the World Science Fiction Convention back to New Orleans.

The members of this fledgling organization knew not the slightest thing about the business of conventions, nor were they troubled by their ignorance. They were young, with an average age of about twenty, and possessed an overabundance of youthful self-assurance. The club soon settled into a comfortable routine of weekly meetings that seemed more like parties. After the formalities of minutes and dues had been satisfied — and often before — everyone got down to the more interesting business of clowning and camaraderie. (Assuming elected office in this organization was like volunteering to serve as verbal dart board.) There were usually heated discussions on topics of great unimportance, followed by cards, Risk, or jetan. But somehow, amid all the banter and tomfoolery, NOSFA launched a successful bid for the following year's DeepSouthCon, and by February of 1968 the **Nolacon II** bid had become official: "New Orleans in '73!"

NOSFA was always rich in artists, and our artists outdid themselves in the steady stream of attractive and imaginative advertisements that flowed from the club. Originally our hotel was to be the Roosevelt (now called the Fairmont), but a negative report from the Chase-Park Plaza Hotel in St. Louis, where the 1969 Worldcon had been held, convinced the Roosevelt that it wanted no part of a science fiction convention. (To put this in proper perspective you have to understand what downtown St. Louis was like in 1969. It looked like a page from an old *Superman* comic book. The sidewalks were crowded with





John Guidry & Rick Norwood
Co-Chairman

new orleans in 76



Charm: John Guidry, Rick Norwood, New Orleans, Louisiana 1976
Basil: Mark Twain, 1834-1918, New York, New York, USA

businessmen, all properly dressed in suits and ties — and hats! The manager of the Chase-Park Plaza must have thought his hotel had been taken over by hippies.) Negotiations began again, and we soon found that the Marriott Hotel, which was still under construction at that time, would be happy to accommodate us.

While this high level of **Nolacon II** activity and preparation continued through 1969 and into 1970, local concerns were not neglected. NOSFA hosted the 1968 DeepSouthCon and assisted in production of the 1969 regional Nebula Awards Banquet. Then the insurmountable happened. The Shriners selected New Orleans as their 1973 convention site and booked 5000 rooms for that Labor Day weekend. The **Nolacon II** committee had no recourse but to withdraw its Worldcon bid.

The battle was lost, but not the war. Another Deep-SouthCon followed in the summer of 1970, another regional Nebula Awards Banquet in 1971, and by January of 1972 a second Worldcon bid — “**New Orleans in '76**” — had been organized. Once again the Marriott agreed to house the convention. The whole effort began anew, with fresh ads, more hard work, more hopes and dreams. This time the campaign went all the way to the final ballot, where New Orleans scored a respectable second place, only a few hundred votes behind Kansas City.

All this time NOSFA remained an energetic, evolving organization. New members replaced older ones who were drawn away by changing interests or the responsibilities of adult life. Despite this ever growing and changing membership, NOSFA never lost sight of its initial goals. Local convention continued to flourish — DSC IX in 1972, Vul-con in 1973 (the first of 14 Vul-cons thus far, all produced by NOSFA member Jim Mule’).

By 1975 a now factious NOSFA had spawned two competing Worldcon bids, one for 1979 and another for 1982. These sputtered out, but two years later Jim Mule’ organized a second bid for 1979 (yet again with the Marriott as the hotel). This promising effort — for **Crescent-Con** — made it all the way to final ballot at SunCon in Miami, but was defeated by Britain.

Five times New Orleans fandom had sought the Worldcon, and five times it had failed. But the fruits of failure are not always bitter. Prior to 1968, when Deep-SouthCon VI was held here (with 80-odd people in attendance), there had not been a single genuine science fiction convention in the New Orleans area since the original **Nolacon** in 1951. There were no science fiction conventions, no comic conventions, no *Star Trek* or *Star Wars* or *Dr. Who* conventions. In 1988 alone, no fewer than **nine** SF or related conventions will be held here. These cons, in some small way at least, are the legacy of the New Orleans Science Fiction Association and its effort to promote local conventions.

NOSFA is gone now, inactive for the last six years, its place taken by a number of newer and younger fan organizations. But its influence is still being felt. Old fans neither die nor drift away — and they don’t give up, either.

Most of the people responsible for the 1973-’76-’79-’82 **Nolacon II** bids are still here, still involved with science fiction, and very much at work on *this Nolacon II*. Most

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In Gratitude: DAN GALOUYE and ROSEL BROWN

by DONALD J. WALSH

It is difficult to believe that it has been nearly a quarter of a century since I first encountered Daniel F. Galouye, the late, great New Orleans SF writer, and nearly that long (twenty-two years) since I met Rosel George Brown, the other giant figure among Louisiana SF professionals.

Tragically Rosel was to die within a year of that meeting, too soon to be involved with the embryonic local fandom. Dan Galouye, on the other hand, played host to us many times and served as a wise counselor, mentor, and father confessor to several of us. It was a good many years before he and his wife Carmel moved across Lake Pontchartrain to Covington, Louisiana, and a few more before his longterm illness finally claimed him.

Dan Galouye is probably best remembered for his first novel, **Dark Universe**, which barely lost the Hugo to **Stranger in a Strange Land**. Ironically, Dan was a close friend of Robert A. Heinlein, having met him through Dan's newspaper colleague, Herman Deutsch, who was the personal basis for the character of Jubal Harshaw. Typically, Dan voted for **Stranger**, and Heinlein is said to have voted for **Dark Universe**.

Dan was a World War II naval aviator and saw combat duty in the Pacific. He related many harrowing tales of narrow scrapes in rebuilt fighters to me, but it was almost literally in his own back yard, in Lake Pontchartrain, that his Navy transport plane crashed. Dan was the only person to make it out of that crash in one piece, but his head injuries were to result, 21 years later, in epilepsy, and cause his medical retirement from journalism (he had long been editorial page editor for the New Orleans **States-Item**).

It was precisely at this point that I met Dan. I had spoken with him by telephone several times over the previous year and a half or so, but upon hearing of his illness I visited him at the local VA Hospital. This was in 1965. After his discharge I visited him at home and became a frequent guest.

Somewhere along the line Dan mentioned that there was another SF writer in town. Shortly thereafter **Earthblood** was chosen as an SF Book Club selection, and its coauthor (with Keith Laumer) was the selfsame New Orleanian, Rosel George Brown. A little detective work in the telephone directory established that she resided a scant few blocks away in the Carrollton section of town, close to Tulane University. I called and was invited over, the first of many short walks to visit Rosel. Her house, where she lived with her husband Burlie, a history professor at Tulane, and their two children, was around the corner from a local legend, the Williams Sno-Ball Stand.

Rosel was a petite brunette, urbane and witty like her short fiction, generous with her time and coffee to an aspiring teenage SF writer. Rosel was a veteran of the early Milford writer's conferences, and her many close friends included James Blish, Richard "Bubba" McKenna, her col-



laborator Keith Laumer, and of course Kate Wilhelm and Damon Knight, the conference hosts. Willy Ley was another friend and collaborator, not on an SF work but rather a long historical novel about East Prussia. Sadly, the effort went up in smoke — either Rosel or Ley hurled the manuscript into the fireplace during an argument.

Her only solo novel was **Sibyl Sue Blue**, an SF mystery about a gutsy female detective involved with illegal alien drug smugglers.

Rosel sold a couple of dozen short stories, mostly to Ed Ferman at *Fantasy and Science Fiction*. Jim Blish, in his William Atheling critic persona, once wrote that "Rosel Brown is the one of SF's current gaggle of housewives who knows how to write." The sexism of the remark notwithstanding, Atheling/Blish was probably right. Rosel's short stories were superb. A collection of them, **A Handful of Time**, was published by Ballantine. I particularly recommend "Fruiting Body", "Visiting Professor", and the haunting "Of All Possible Worlds".

Rosel managed by Herculean effort to conceal from most outsiders her 12-year struggle with Hodgkins' Disease,

for which she underwent grueling and debilitating radiation treatments, chemotherapy, and surgery. The illness finally claimed her on November 27, 1967. Dan Galouye and I were shocked by Rosel's death, as was all of local fandom.

Dan and I joined the Science Fiction Writers of America (I had recently made my first few sales with his help and Rosel's advice). Dan became active in SFWA, serving on the litigations committee, managing the southern circuit of the circulating library, etc. In 1969 he was chairman of the elections committee, and asked H.H. Hollis and me to join him there. The job consisted of receiving, certifying and counting the ballots for the election of SFWA's officers, a tedious and thankless task, and for doing it well we were accused by a certain unnamed writer of conspiring to take over SFWA. Only the passage of considerable time has removed the gall from the incident.

Time went by. Fan feuds raged and died. Dan stood by, ever tolerant and understanding, even when some of our conduct was beyond understanding.

Unfortunately, the same neurological trauma that caused Dan's epilepsy also precipitated a slow, subtle slide, in evidence before Dan and Carmel moved to Covington. Thereafter we saw each other much less often, and most New Orleans fans saw Dan only at conventions or the Nebula banquets. It is to our shame that we were unable to support this kindest of men in his decline as he had so helped us. The truth is that his condition was difficult for many of us to observe. I personally didn't have the guts to see much of Dan toward the end.

I only wish that Dan Galouye and Rosel Brown were here to see the culmination of what the new Orleans fandom of the sixties was organized to accomplish, 22 years ago — **Nolacon II**. I wish they were here with us. But I suppose that, in a way, they are.

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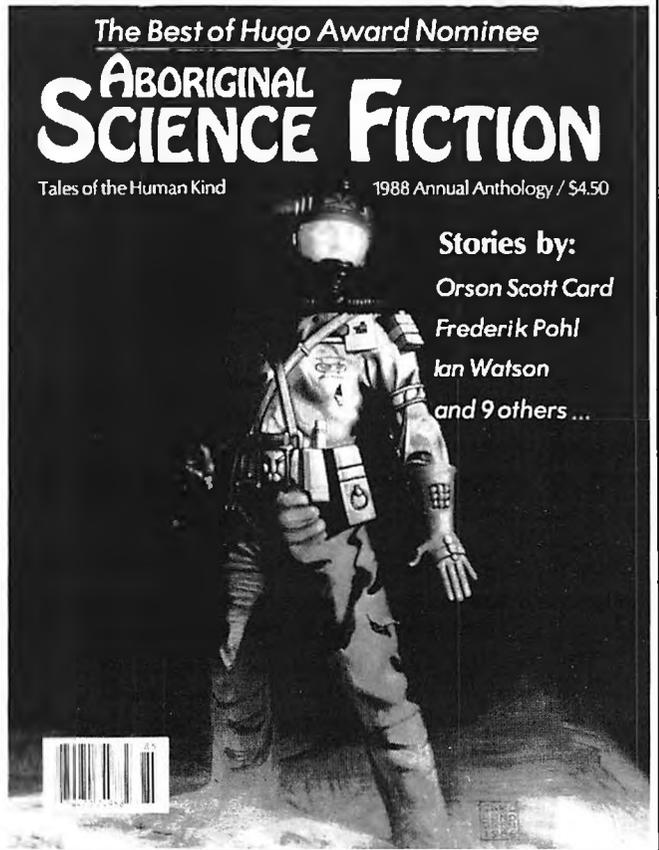
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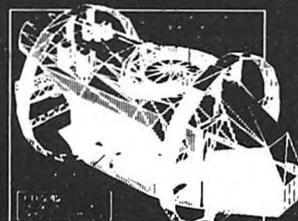
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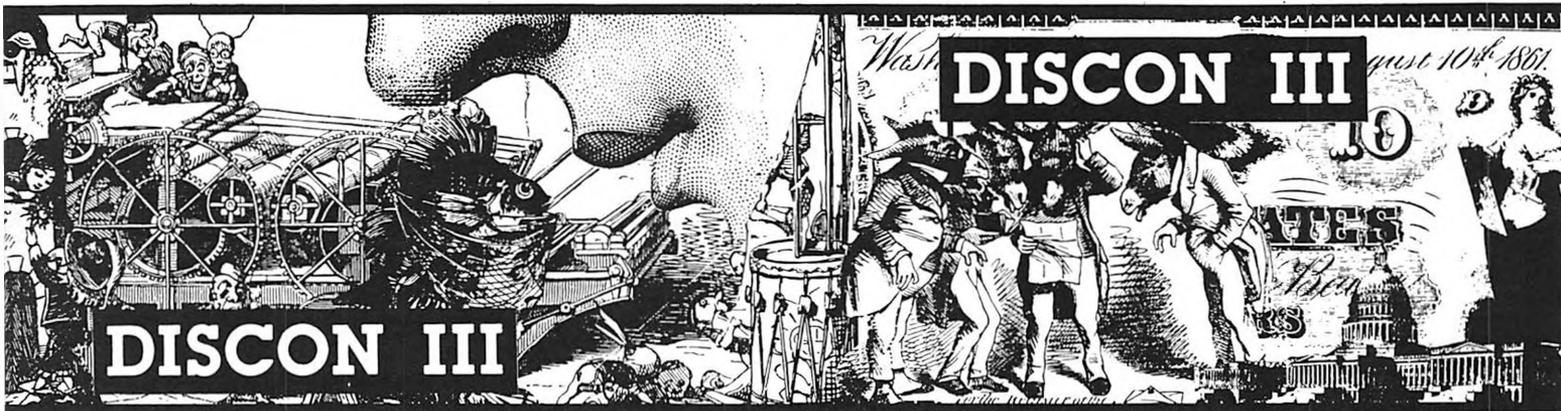
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Washington National Airport has a subway (Metro) stop to take you to within half a block of your hotel. Amtrak's Union Station includes a Metro stop, which also serves the Greyhound bus terminal three blocks away. In fact, the barrier-free Metrorail system connects you to all of Washington and its suburbs. It's clean, fast, and reliable and connects to an extensive bus system: together they can take you anywhere in the area. If you're driving, you can reach the Capital Beltway via many interstate highways; the Connecticut Avenue exit will take you directly to Worldcon.

Once you're there . . .

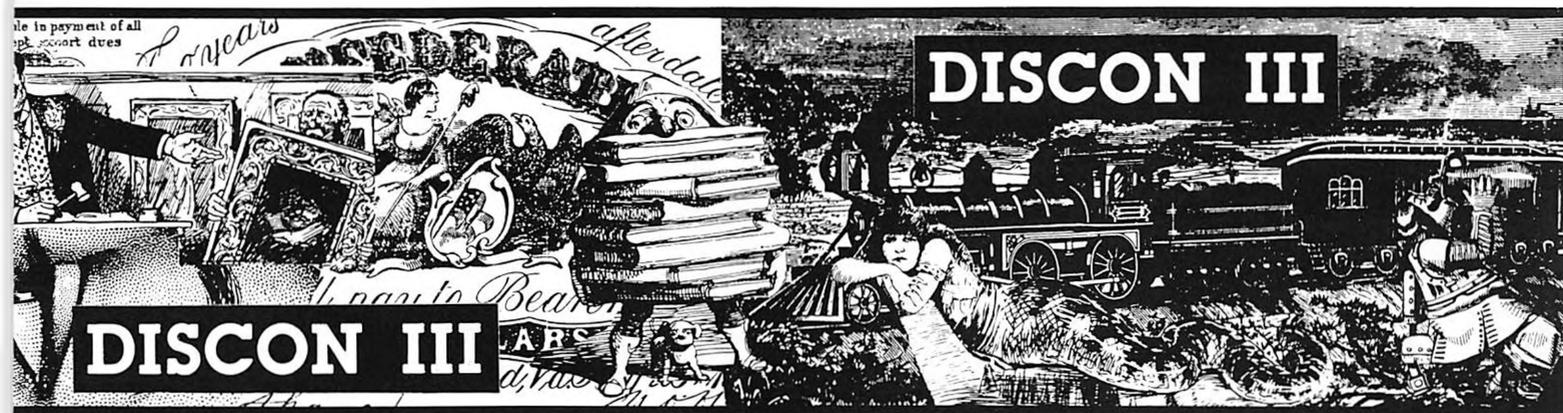
Our city has something for everyone. There are museums of every description, from the Smithsonians with their large and varied collections (Air and Space, Natural History, National Gallery of Art, etc.) to specialized museums such as the Textile Museum and the Armed Forces Medical Museum, to name two of dozens. Just a few blocks from DISCON III is the world-class National Zoo, home of gibbons, bats, meerkats, and the famous giant pandas. A ten-minute subway ride takes you to the Mall, where you can see the Jefferson Memorial, U.S. Capitol, Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, White House, and most of the major museums. Nearby are the National Archives, Supreme Court, FBI building, National Aquarium, and countless other sights.

DC in '92—it's a monumental idea!

Within a few blocks of the Mall is Washington's revitalized downtown shopping area, with three major department stores and countless specialty shops. Nearby Georgetown has hundreds of stores, tree-lined Colonial streets and historic sights. The Metro can take you to several large shopping malls and many interesting neighborhoods such as our own Chinatown and Arlington's Little Saigon. And of course, we have any number of fine bookstores.

Where else but Washington can you eat Afghan, French, Thai, Nepalese, Italian, Eritrean, Chinese, Tex-Mex, and Indian—or American or Fast—without walking more than two blocks from your hotel? There are 22 restaurants that close to our hotels. Take a short walk or a one-stop Metro ride and there are easily 100 more places to choose from. Whether your tastes run to sandwiches or haute cuisine, you'll find something nearby and within your budget. Or, you could stop in at a nearby convenience, grocery, or liquor store and stock up

Washington has a booming night life. Clubs with live entertainment of all sorts abound, some right on DISCON's block. You can hear folk, jazz, rock, or country music, visit a comedy club, see a play or dance recital, or go to a concert. There is a thriving local arts community, and DC is always a stop on national tours.



If you prefer your entertainment outside the city, the countryside of Virginia is only a few miles away, with its Civil War battlefields and historic towns. Take a boat ride down the Potomac to Mount Vernon, George Washington's home. Go upriver to Great Falls Park and the C&O Canal National Historical Park, where you can rent a canoe or bike to traverse the canal, or picnic on massive rock outcroppings along the river. Nearby in Maryland are the U.S. Naval Academy and Wild World, a large new amusement park featuring a giant wave pool and the largest all-wood roller coaster on the East Coast.

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1951 — the 9th World Science Fiction Convention. NOLA CON.

The list of worldcons published by the World Science Fiction Society puts its attendance at 190. The membership pages in its program book list 293 names. Among them are some of the genre's immortals — among them **Hannes Bok**, who did the front cover of the program book — and the great **Fredric Brown**.

Lee Hoffman and **Bob Tucker** are on that list — and Nolacon is perhaps most famous for being the site of their first, and unforgettable meeting. On the other hand, could be that the legendary party in **Room 770** of New Orleans' St. Charles Hotel is the 9th Worldcon's main claim to fame. Unhappily, the con is also noteworthy in history for being the only Worldcon **Forry Ackerman** ever missed; en route, he learned of his father's death, and had to forego.

Read of these matters as remembered by the participants — leaf through selected pages of Nolacon's program book — gaze upon photos of the folks and the times. 1951: the 9th World Science Fiction Convention. NOLA CON.

Nolacon Chairman HARRY B. MOORE presents an award to LEE JACOBS as Klaatu at the 1951 Worldcon. *The Day the Earth Stood Still* premiered during the convention.



'Midwestern hayseed' RAY BEAM scans the headlines during Nolacon.

MEMORIES ...

Ray Beam

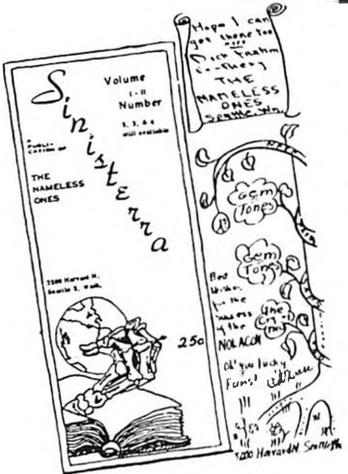
I was a midwestern hayseed at the tender age of 19, just out of high school and on my way to my first unchaperoned Worldcon. I had attended Cinvention in 1949 under the watchful eye of my Aunt Helen. I made the trip by train. Train service at that time was still first class but not air conditioned.

I remember that I arrived a day early and could not get a room at the St. Charles, and after some looking around I stayed in a ramshackle hotel down on Bourbon Street. The building had to date back to the mid-1800's. I checked into the convention hotel the next day.

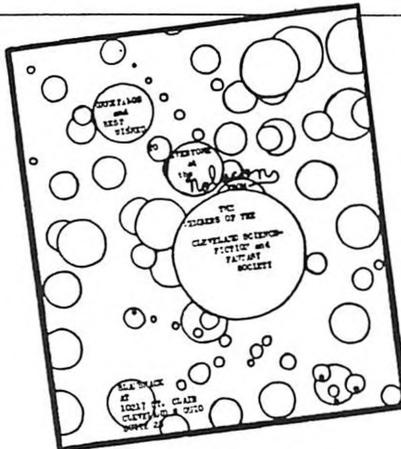
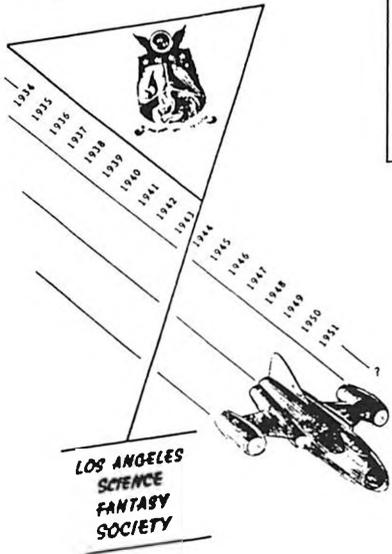
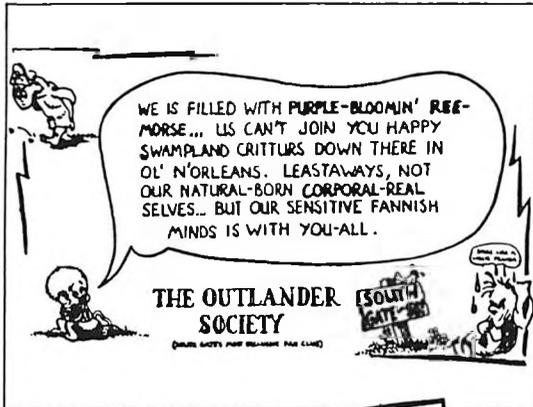
My memories of the actual convention are somewhat dim, to say the least. 37 years is a long time. I do remember that I acquired many lasting friendships there. I had the pleasure to meet people such as Lynn Hickman, Dave Kyle, Willie Grant, and many others. I had met Roger Sims, Lloyd Eshbach, and several other midwestern fans earlier that year at Midwestcon.

One thing I do remember was that Harry Moore made a point of introducing me first at the opening ceremonies because of my "Science Fiction" name. I can say that I had a good time because I was hooked with a habit that was to last many years. I am still addicted.

Oh yes, I do remember the party in room 770!!!!



Some advertising from Nolacon's program book. Taurasi and van Houten's *Fantasy Times* won a Hugo after such awards were created, as did *Cry of the Nameless*, journal of the Seattle, Washington group. LASFS still flies high, but do ESFA, the Cleveland crew, or the Outlanders?



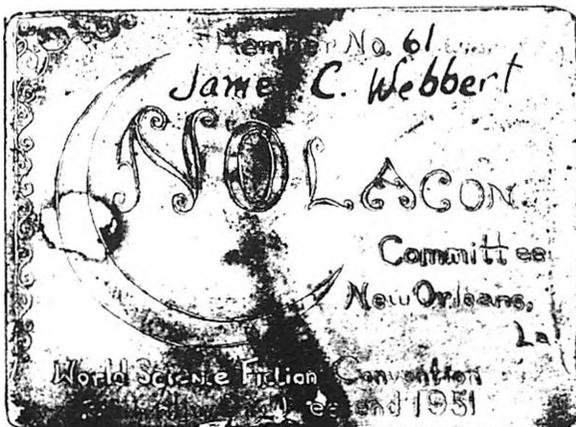
Nolacon's pro contingent — and what a group. Sitting: ROBERT BLOCH, Guest of Honor FRITZ LEIBER, Editor HAN SANTESSON, JUDITH MERRIL, TED

DIKTY. Standing: WILSON (BOB) TUCKER, IRENE KORSHAK, FREDRIC BROWN, LEE JACOBS (as Klaatu), MELVIN KORSHAK, DAVE KYLE.





QUANDRY — LEE HOFFMAN's classic fanzine — had everyone fooled into thinking Lee was a fella. At Nolacon they learned how wrong they were.



THE MEETING

Bob Tucker

(Bob's article courtesy Mimosa, Dick and Nicki Lynch, editors)

It has to do with a fan named Lee Hoffman, a fanzine named *Quandry*, and the first New Orleans Worldcon, in 1951. Lee Hoffman began publishing *Quandry* in about 1950; I was one of the people who contributed to the magazine. As Labor Day 1951 came closer Lee wrote me and asked if I was going to the con; I said yes, I expected to. Lee said he'd like to go, too, but he was, like most fans, broke. So I told Lee how to go to a convention on a minimum expense.

Lee said he already had a train ticket; trains still ran in that day between Savannah and New Orleans. I'd told him what to do in advance in letters I had written — hang around with other fans and look hungry; somebody will take you to dinner and feed you. Since he didn't have a place to sleep, I explained what crash space was; you could always crash in another fan's room. If they had a big bed, you could get the other pillow. Or sleep on the floor. Come on, Lee! We'll take care of you!

I checked into the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, and went upstairs — I'd been driving all day — peeled off my clothes, took a shower, and shaved. I was shaving when there came a knock at the door. When I'd left the shower I hadn't bothered to put anything on; I'd just wrapped a towel around my waist. So I went to the door, and opened it. Three people stood there — two guys and a woman.

I knew one of the guys; he was wearing a shirt that said "I am Shelby Vick", and on the back it said "You just met Shelby Vick." "Hi Shelb!" Vick and I shook hands. There was another chap there — forgive me, I can't remember his name; I'm going to call him Oliver, though I didn't know that at the time. So they came in, and I'm standing there in just a towel feeling vaguely not at ease because this smiling woman is standing there looking at me.

Then Shelby said, "I want you to meet Lee Hoffman."

So I turned to Oliver and said, "Hi, Lee!"

And Oliver said, "Uh,uh! Her!"

I had told this woman how to crash and sleep in other people's beds and all these other things, and now I discovered she was a woman! I stood there for a moment, and I realized I was making a fool of myself.

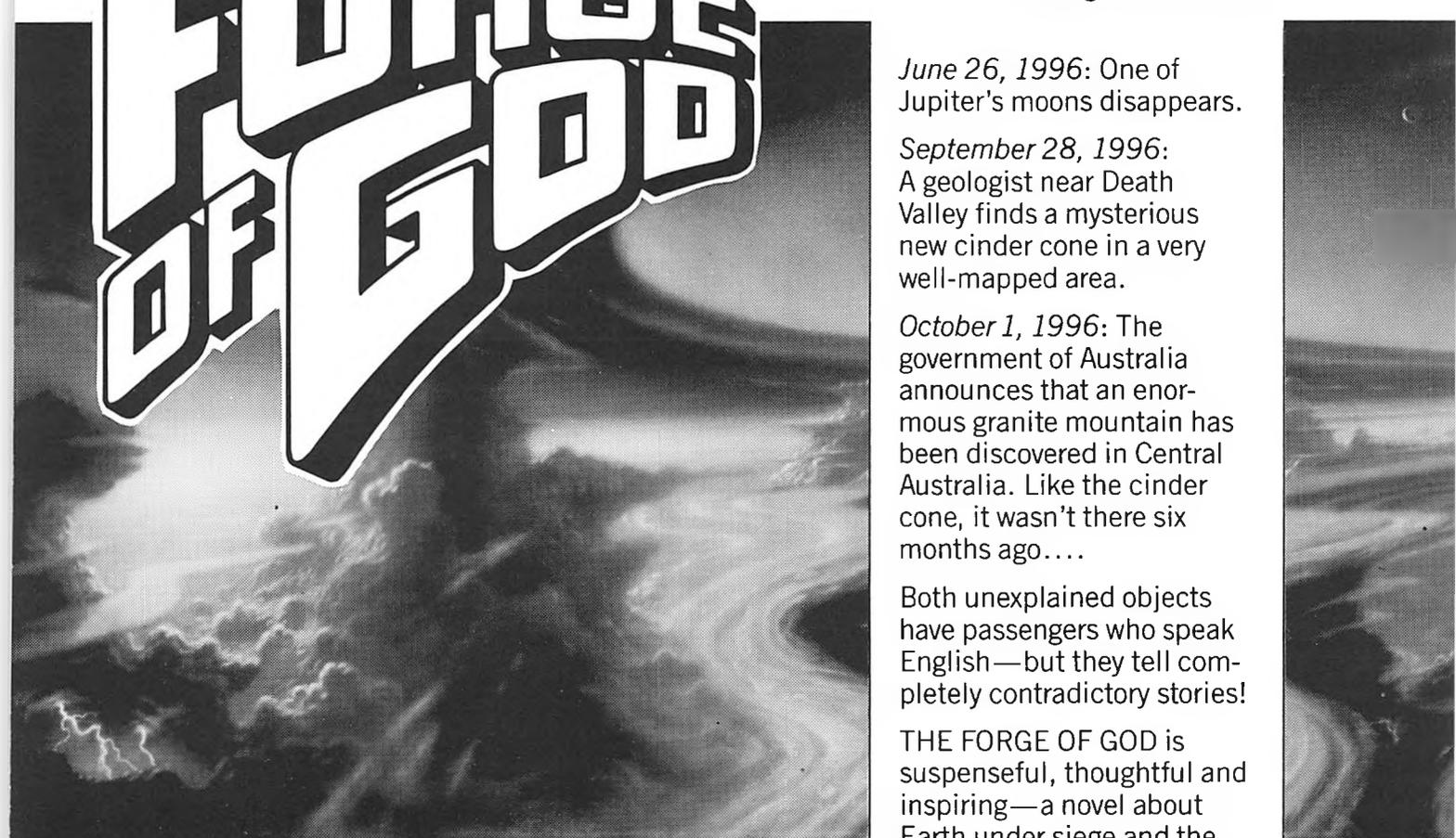
So I picked up the towel . . . went back in the bathroom and slammed shut the door. Lee has been my friend ever since!

One of Nolacon's uniquenesses — a metal membership card, designed and tooled by AL THOMAS. Thanks to JIM WEBBERT for allowing us to picture his! Similarity between this card and ANN LAYMAN CHANCELLOR's Nolacon II nametag is pure serendipity. (We almost said, 'pure Chance'!)

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Thanks in large part to convention member, future SF novelist and *States-Item* staffer DANIEL F. GALOUYE, Nolacon enjoyed good write-ups in the local press. This clipping courtesy LYNN HICKMAN.

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Science Fiction Delegates Discuss Needs of Writers

Few Have Necessary Background, Says Researcher

Because so few writers have the necessary scientific background, there is a shortage of capable writers in the science fiction field, Samuel Moskowitz, Newark, N. J., researcher into the history of science fiction, said here Sunday.

He said, participating in a panel held at the fifth annual world science fiction convention at the St. Charles hotel.

If the quantity of science in science fiction were reduced, thousands of other writers would flood into the field, Moskowitz asserted.

Formerly science fiction writers had to go to great lengths to convince readers that such things as interplanetary flight was possible, Moskowitz continued. However, today it is no longer necessary to go into great detail because science has made such startling advances, he added.

The amount of science in science fiction has now been reduced as much as it can be and should not be cut any further, the speaker said.

Arthur F. Brown, Taos, N. M., science fiction writer, said that he thought there should be just enough science in science fiction to convince readers the story is possible. He cautioned against inserting unnecessary scientific details that will slow the reader down.

Wilson Tucker, Bloomington, Ill., another science fiction writer, said that the science fiction story with more fiction and less science would have a wider reader appeal.

Lester Cole, Los Angeles, a science fiction fan, criticized current science fiction as being "immature" and "sloppy." He commented that science fiction standards have dropped in the past few years and called for more accuracy in science details.

E. Everett Evans, Los Angeles, served as mediator for the panel. Four movies were shown at Sunday night's session. They were "The Lost World," "Castles of Doom," "Conqueror's Isle," and Jacques Kreisler's "Tale of Tomorrow."

The three-day convention will end Monday with a business session and selection of the site for next year's convention.

Minister Sports

FAIR EMPHASIZES EAST-WEST SPIRIT

Leipzig Displays from World Few

By THOMAS REICH (The Associated Press)

Leipzig, Germany, Sunday, Sept. 10.—The Communist East Germany's emphasis on economic isolation in the West was demonstrated by the annual autumn trade fair which opened Sunday.

There were fewer Western exhibitors—and more from the Communist East—than ever before.

And for the first time since World War II, there were no foreign news correspondents to report the fair, which traditionally one of Europe's largest trade events.

The Communists have been trying to get Western foreigners by forcing them to get visas from Soviet consulates in the West. So the West had to rely on German exhibitors from West Berlin, Germany, who were exempted by the new visa regulations.

The list of exhibitors shows the Communist East's plan to plant the free market economy in Germany's economic life.

Out of 5980 exhibitors, there were only 133 from Western countries—and more from behind the Iron Curtain.

Among Western countries sending exhibitors were England, Denmark, Switzerland, Austria and the United States. Scientific literature was the main contribution from the West.

West German Gains Acclaim

(The Associated Press) Frankfurt, Germany, Sept. 10.—An American West German economic recovery was being addressed by the trade fair's seven-day session.

A German exhibitor in reply to many's remarks said that far enough increase in the budget was needed to attract trade.

The trade fair was held at the Leipzig Trade Fair Grounds.

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A panel at Nolacon — FREDRIC BROWN, BOB TUCKER, E. EVERETT EVANS, LOU TABAKOW and SAM MOSCOWITZ. Note the backdrop by MORRIS SCOTT DOLLENS, twenty separate drawings cut apart and sold after the con.



Guest of Honor FRITZ LEIBER holds forth with LLOYD ARTHUR ESHBACH (right).

REMEMBRANCES OF ROOM 770

Roger Sims

For anyone who doesn't remember or hasn't heard the true story of room 770, here are the facts as I am best able to reconstruct — uhh . . . remember them.

THE BACKGROUND

37 years ago, as a young, rotund, short, ruddy-complected fan with a bubbly personality I attended my second Worldcon. I had gone to Portland the year before for Norwestcon, and wasn't sure that I had had a good time. And if the truth were known I was not sure that I wanted to attend another. However, the following scene changed all that.

Time: Sometime in June of 1951, most likely a Saturday.

Place: Somebody's home.

Occasion: A meeting of the Detroit Science Fiction League (DSFL).

Activity: The normal ones of the day, drinking, smoking regular cigarettes and talking dirty. In those days we did a lot of talking. So, at some point Ed Kuss with a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other said, "I'd like to go to New Orleans, but I can't afford both to fly and the expense of a single room." (That last statement by Ed was the dirtiest I ever heard him talk.) Aggie Harook, who was both a sweet young thing and sweet on Ed Kuss offered, "I would like to go too, but I can only afford the bus." Having heard both statements, and being the kind of person I am, I offered the following: "Okay, here's what we'll do, I'll take the bus with Aggie and share a room with Ed."

THE EXPLANATION

By applying the theorem that the parts of the whole are greater than the whole to the above scene we come to the conclusion that the saga of room 770 did not begin with the hotel clerk giving me the key to the room but with the events that led up to the arrival at the hotel. Had Aggie not wanted to go to Nolacon or the two fans that I met for the first time not chosen that bus, or had someone else been with her, there may not have been a room 770 in fannish history. In fact it is quite possible that no one connected with the convention would have been given room 770!

With this seemingly innocent beginning the legend of 770 began. However, with the advent of *Nolacon II* the time has come to put to rest the half-truths, innuendoes, and downright lies that have spread over the years.

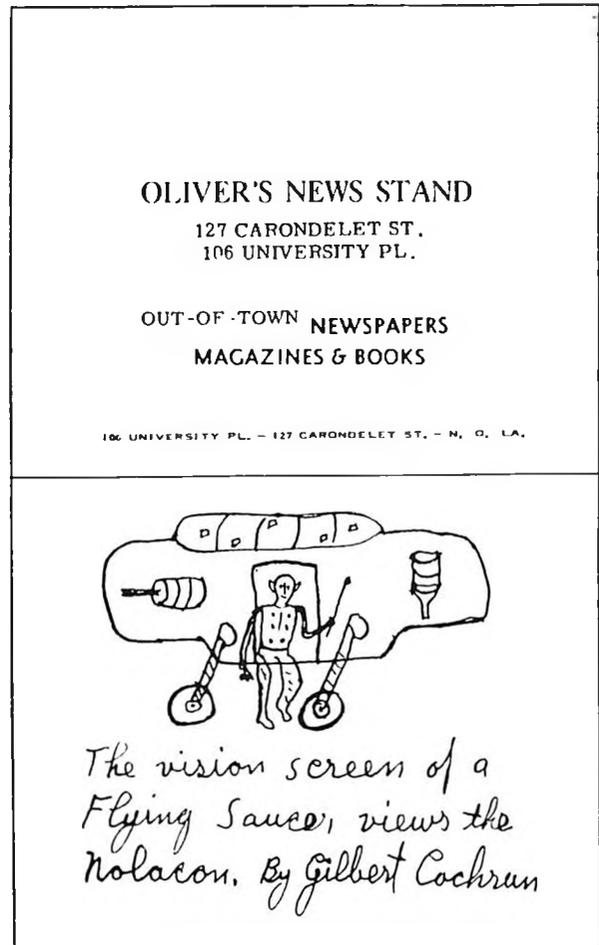
THE FACTS

1. The actual registrants for room 770 were Rich Elsberry, Max Keasler, Ed Kuss, and myself.

2. The room had four single beds. One for each registrant. However, in actuality seven different fans slept in the four beds at various times. Thus a musical bed scenario was created. Bob Johnson, Frank Dietz and Dale Hart were the three fans who shared the four beds with the four original members. However, not all at the same time.

3. "The party began the first night of the con and lasted well into the next night." The truth is that there were two parties. The first one ended at dawn of the first night and the second one did not start until that night. Also, the fact is that the first party was not planned by me or any other of the registrants. I believe it started when Rich Elsberry invited several attendees to come to the room for a drink; from that point the noise brought the bulk of the convention into the room.

4. It is not true that we broke all four beds during the march around the room led by Terry Carr. The Truth is, only the spring and mattress on one bed fell to the floor due to the shifting of the slats as we walked across the bed. ("Jumped" might be a better term.)



Another page from the Nolacon program book. Oliver's is still there. If Gilbert Cochran is still drawing, Nolacon II, uhh, wishes him luck.

5. Rumors to the contrary, only one person got sick, and all of the overflowing water was confined to the bathroom floor. The only opening that was stopped up was the bathroom sink. All would have ended without incident if either I had been in the room at the time or the unnamed fan had turned off the water after washing the bad taste out of his mouth, created by re-tasting the combination of creme de menthe and lobster all at once.

6. The poker game was the real reason that the party lasted as long as it did. The truth is that sometime during the first party I left to go to the room where the poker games were being held. I believe I had been invited to play by Bob Tucker, who appeared anxious to have me in the game. I don't remember why, but I think it had something to do with my five queens against his five jacks at a DSFL meeting. It was while I was watching the poker game because of the lack of an empty chair that the incident mentioned in no. 4 above occurred.

7. There was no overt action taken on the part of the males towards the only female in the room. Who was and still is Lee Hoffman. Actually, first we talked about turning off the lights, and then we tried to determine who would make the first move. No one was brave enough to even turn off the lights! Anyway that's the way I'm going to keep telling it.

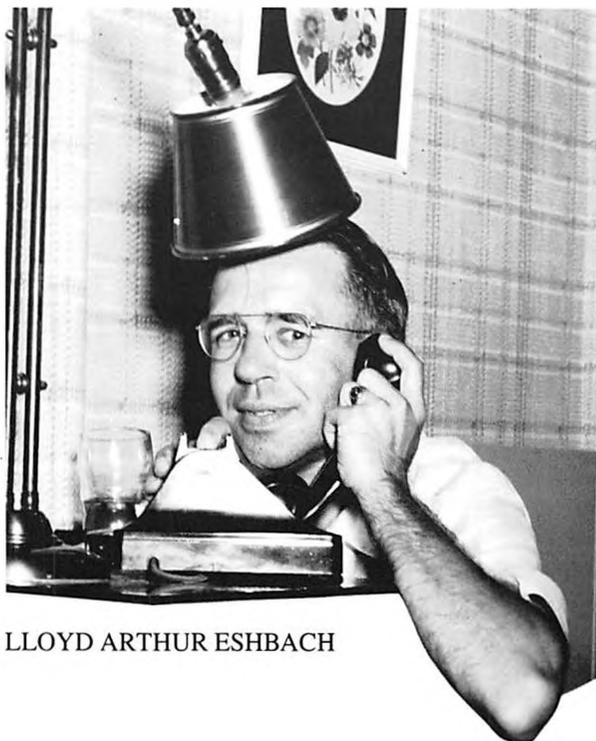
8. Various explanations have been made for the reason I did not sleep in my own bed after the first party. The truth is that I did but only after I had finished cutting out the letters for the wall sign proclaiming Detroit as The Place to hold the next World Science Fiction Convention, and the bed had been vacated. There is absolutely no truth to the story that I was inspecting "points" to determine which were larger.

9. "The empty dirty glasses were piled on trays that reached the ceiling." The truth is that over the years I have tried my best to remember how many trays of glasses were piled up outside the door. I truly believe that were at least six, with four rows of eight glasses on each tray, which means that the party attendees brought 284 glasses — an that was only for the first party!

Here I have presented the "real story" of room 77C. Hopefully I have cleared up the half-truths, innuendoes and downright lies that I promised to put to rest at the beginning. Hopefully these new truths will help keep the legend alive for the next 37 years when, if I'm lucky, I will again attempt to set the story straight.



A Nolacon party picture: IRENE and MEL KORSHAK (of Shasta Publishers), LLOYD ARTHUR ESHBACH, HAN SANTESSON, and DAVE KYLE.



LLOYD ARTHUR ESHBACH



Atlanta would have to wait for its Worldcon until Con-Federation in 1986. Chicago won the right to the 1952 convention.

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So how did it all turn out? Perhaps these selections from the first half of "When Fans Collide" will inform you. Rich Ellsberry's contemporary convention report appears courtesy of Mr. Lynn Hickman. It originally appeared in the journal of Lynn's Little Monsters of America no. 3, the April, 1952 issue.

WHEN FANS COLLIDE

by Rich Ellsberry

Max Keasler and myself got into New Orleans about 7:30 P.M. Thursday night. I felt like a limp dishrag; it was tremendously hot. The bus air-conditioning unit went off someplace after Jackson, Mississippi, and it was murder the rest of the way in.

Someone at the bus station told us the St. Charles (*the legendary hotel when Nolacon was to take place — Ed.*) was only a stone's throw away, so we decided to walk. Four blocks, he'd said. We walked four blocks and asked for more directions. Only four more blocks, someone assured us. Three block farther on we stopped a lady. At least I think she was a lady. "Three blocks more!" was the answer we got to our question. Another four blocks and we were there.

Roger Sims (*now Nolacon II's Fan Guest of Honor*) and Aggie Harook of Detroit were with us. We'd met them on the bus. Rog said that Ed Kuss was coming down and so we decided to get a four-man room — the only one the hotel had left. It was number 770.

The first convention session was scheduled for one o'clock but only 120 people had signed the register at that time so they decided to wait a bit. People milled around inside the air-conditioned Claiborne Room waiting for something to happen.

At 1:40 Harry B. Finally got the Convention underway. The introductions came first. First to be introduced was Lynn Hickman. When Tucker was introduced he put in an informal bid for Niagra Falls in '52 — the Barrelcon. After a while Moore resorted to reading the roster. Then he came to Merrill Gwosdof, a junior Sam Moscowitz when it comes to talking. Naturally Gwosdof had to come to the mike to say a few thousand ill-chosen words. They don't come any more neo than Gwosdof.

Leiber was finally permitted to talk. His talk, "the Jet Propelled Apocalypse", was read with quite a vigor at times. At the end of his speech he had a dialogue between himself and the Man of the Future, who was on a wire recorder. There were appropriate spaces left for Leiber to intersperse his own comments; however, the recorder became overheated, probably because Gwosdof was running it. The Man of the Future proceeded to speak in an alternately high and low voice. Leiber stood up through it all magnificently. If someone had tied Gwosdof down at the beginning to keep him from running up to adjust the mike every few seconds, it would have been much better.

Moore wisely called an intermission after Leiber's talk. Max Lynn, Bobby Pope, Bob Johnson, and myself went out to eat. We stayed longer than we should have for when we got back the Fan Resolutions session was already in progress.

An argument was going on whether or not we should have Dianetics on the program — it was scheduled for the evening session. Harry B. was drawing the session out and misquoting everyone who had anything to say against Dianetics. Someone then got up and stated that we shouldn't have any sessions or sciences at all. Moore pointed out that they'd had sessions on rockets, longevity, Dianetics and other scientific things at past Cons. Shel Vick sensibly stated that we should have the session and that those who didn't want to hear it didn't have to come. Naturally this was ignored. Someone, trying to be funny, proposed that we should bar Communists from fandom. It was laughed at and shouted down. Things were getting silly.

Bob Tucker, possessing a little bit of intelligence, made a brilliant resolution that we adjourn for dinner. The motion passed easily and the silly bickering was over — and Dianetics was still on the program. It was Tucker's quick thinking and hungry stomach that saved us from being there all night.

Lynn Hickman picked up his convertible and along with Max, Bobby Pope and myself drove around the city of New Orleans. When we passed a statue of Jefferson Davis, Pope had to stand up and salute.

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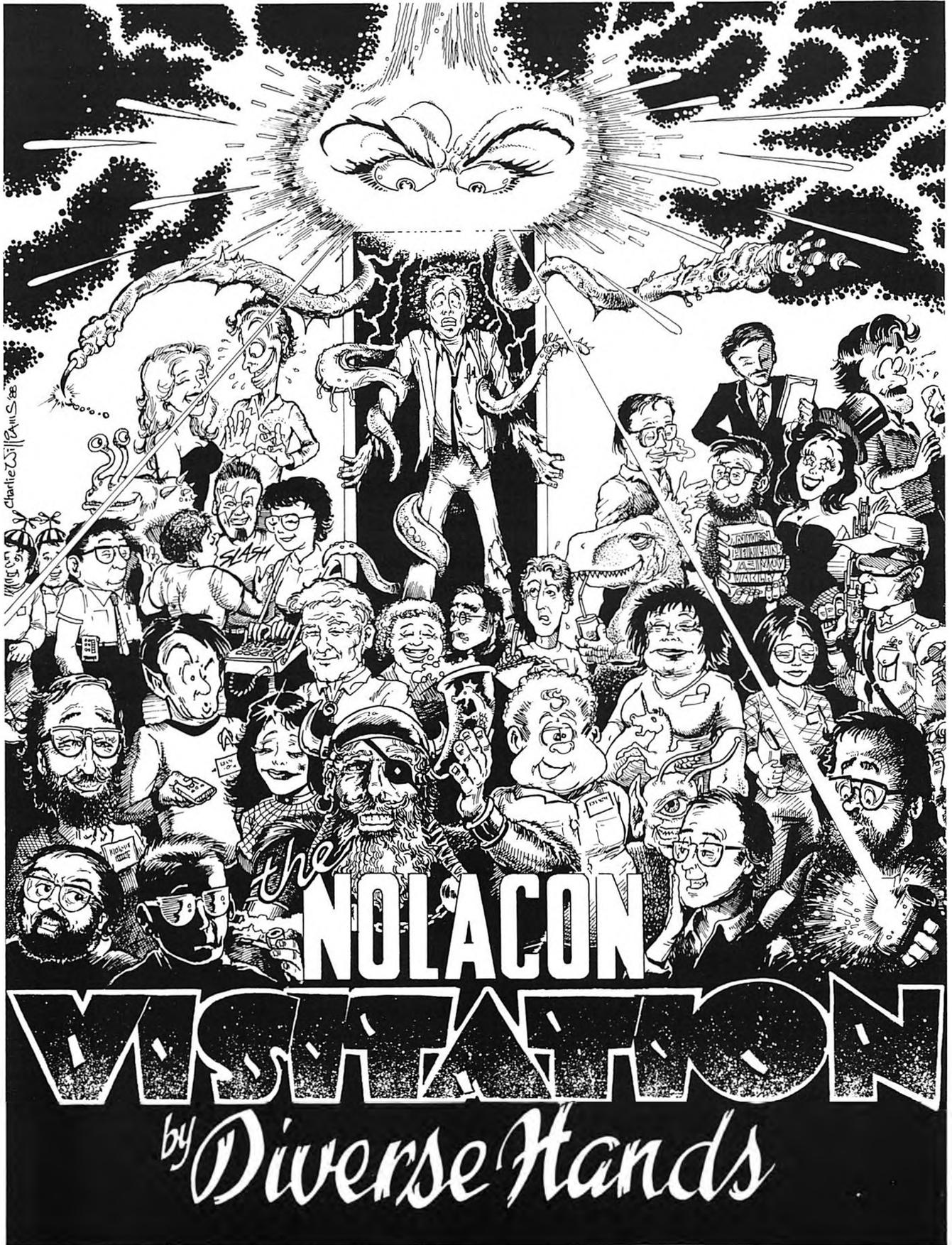
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Charlie Cox / Bill S. 88

the **NOLA CON**
WISITATION
by Diverse Hands

THE NOLA CON VISITATION

by Diverse Hands

including in no specific order

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Joel Rosenberg

Walter Jon Williams

Every program book attempts to do something memorable. The Nolacon II committee decided to go them one better and do something absolutely unique. What follows is not merely a round-robin short story — but the first such story ever composed entirely via computer networks. Every segment of “The Nolacon Visitation” was composed on either the Delphi or CompuServe network; not a single word of it has ever been committed to paper until this program book went to press. We’d like to thank all the authors involved — and invite each and every one of them to the con suite for a drink of Old Washensox.

The authors of this piece have each written a chapter — but have decided to test the wits of their readers by not signing their work. See if you can match the chapter to the correct creator. Answers at the close of the tale.

1

It is August 25, 1988, and Medville Throop is on his fourth bottle of Old Washensox when the aliens finally pay him a visit. “Throop,” they say, their tentacles gesticulating wildly, “now you’ve done it!”

“Done what?” asks Throop.

“Yes, sir!” they repeat. “You’ve gone and done it, and boy, are you in big trouble. You’re really in the soup now, Throop!”

“What did I do?” demands Throop, trying to focus his eyes.

“You’ve exposed our presence!” scream the aliens. “Ten years of infiltrating the Federal Government and NASA and the NFL Players Association and the SFWA Executive Committee, ten years of wrecking havoc and visiting disaster upon your pitiful little race, and then you have to sell *Seekers of the Finders*, and now everybody knows about us, and we’re going to get you, Throop, you miserable little worm!”

“But it’s just science fiction,” says Throop, who had no idea that his drunken ravings were so accurate (and does not, in fact, remember a single line or plot development from *Seekers of the Finders*). “Nobody believes that crap anyway.”

“Wrong, Throop!” say the aliens. “There will be one young fan at *Nolacon II* who will not only believe it but will one day be powerful enough to act upon it. It looks like we’ve got no choice but to destroy your world and erect a shopping mall in its place.”

They pause thoughtfully. “At the very least, we’re going to vivisect the fan and make a shambles of *Nolacon II*.”

“Let me speak to him first,” suggests Throop. “Maybe I can convince him that it’s all just a fantasy. What’s his name?”

“We don’t know,” admit the aliens. “But our computer says this fan has a 99.23% chance of attending *Nolacon*.” They expose their fangs. “Oh, you’re in big trouble, Throop. For starters, we’re going to make sure that the best stories lose the Hugo Awards.”

“They always do,” says Throop with a sigh.

“Then we’re going to set fire to the Fanzine Room and report all the topless masquerade costumes to the Legion of Decency. We’re going to make sure the First Fandom Suite is on the 37th floor and then break all the elevators. We’re going to lock everyone in a room with a Trekkie. We’re going to make L. Ron Hubbard the Posthumous Guest of Honor. Oh, you’re in serious trouble, Throop!”

“But what if I find him first?” asks Throop. “What if I can spot him before you do, and I can convince him that everything I write is a bunch of drunken bullshit?”

“An interesting notion,” say the aliens. “Okay, Throop, here’s our deal . . .”

2

“We’ll give you all the time you need to find this guy,” they continue.

“Really?” says Throop, cheering up a little.

“Right up to the Hugo Awards ceremony.”

“Oh.” Throop’s spirits plummet.

“If you have obtained his silence by the time the last award is announced . . .”

“You’ll spare us?” Throop’s hope rises again.

“We’ll think about it.”

“Oh, come on,” whines Throop.

“All right. Tell you what. We know you’ve been scheduled to make a speech immediately following the awards ceremony — who knows what madness moved the concom to do that? — and there’s little doubt you’ll be addressing a mostly empty room. Nonetheless, you’ve been allotted that time to rant and rave on glorious SF.” The aliens wave their tentacles in a gesture of pure disgust. “Dissuade this guy by the time the last award is given out and persuade us in your speech that you pissants deserve to continue on the face of this putrid excuse for a planet—”

“And you’ll spare us?”

“We’ll think about it.”

Throop is on the verge of either puking or making another protest when the aliens give a wet, rather revolting chuckle.

“Just kidding. Throop. Yes, we’ll spare you. If the speech is good enough, maybe we’ll give you your pick in the NFL this year.”

“You will?” Now Throop is really interested. The fate of the world is one thing, and the outcome of a worldcon quite another, but **football** — now **that** is a big deal.

“We’ll think about it.”

Throop lets out a sigh that is interrupted by a burp.

“Gross, Throop. We’ll think about it very strongly.”

Throop brightens again. “Now you’re talking!”

“No, you’re talking. On the night of the awards. And if we were you (and we’re glad we’re not), we’d work really hard on that speech. You won’t be able to get away with the drunken ravings that have made you the darling of con suites and the terror of any SFWA business meeting you accidentally stumble into.” They give out that wet chuckle again. “It’s not going to be like one of your books, either, Throop. This time, you’re going to have to **think!**”

Throop clutches his head in horror. Think? With **his** brain? He hasn’t had to think in years. But the aliens are gone and he’s alone.

“Gotta think,” he says. “Gotta remember what that was like. Been a long time.” He practices thinking by trying to decide what to do first — pack, or start a draft of the speech, or finish his drink . . .

3

He sighs and tries to — gasp! — **think!** How many people will be at Nolacon anyway?

Billions and billions . . .

No, that is just the number of leftover unsold *Cosmos* tie-ins. But surely thousands! Good Lord! But a 99.23% chance of showing up at NolaCon II? That narrows it a bit. The problem is to figure out somebody who almost always comes to the worldcons and is, thus, a regular in fandom, but is still dumb enough or neurotic enough to take the story as truth. Who? Who can it be?

Do Tammy Bakker or Jerry Falwell secretly show up at worldcons? Or is Ed Meese a closet fanzine fanatic? No, that hard-

ly seems credible. Charles Platt? No, he doesn’t even believe in his **own** existence. Why, even a Scientologist won’t buy that tale of his as true. Who, then? Hell, even I wouldn’t have swallowed it, back in those ancient days when I was hitching rides to every con in sight, hoping for a glimpse of Big Name Pros, hoping for a way in to the Secret Pro Party, hoping to meet and make out with some gorgeous young femmefan.

Well, yeah, if I believed in that last one, maybe I would have swallowed the alien bit at that.

Now Throop sees a slender thread to follow: to find someone for whom fandom is a way of life because otherwise they’d have no social life; active, but still wide-eyed enough to believe Bob Tucker’s memoirs. But what had the youthful Throop been like, really, back then? It is hard to remember through an alcoholic haze; harder, still, because that youthful experience was the reason for his alcoholism. Still, it seems worth a try.

Even if it doesn’t lead anywhere, it might make a great end-of-the-world speech. He decides to give it a go.

“Long, long ago, in a galaxy far, far away . . .” No, that isn’t right.

“It was a dark and stormy night . . .” Better, but it doesn’t have that zing to it.

Suddenly, it comes to him. The perfect opening line, the one that opens the floodgates of his memory . . .

4

“I hated the uochman at first sight.” (No, he thinks. Awfully good — one hell of an opening line, actually — but it doesn’t do it.)

He pours himself another drink, but doesn’t touch it. I mean, all joking aside, we’re talking end of the world here if he can’t find this fan and persuade him that he, Throop, is full of shit.

He looks into his glass. The persuading is the easy part. The hard part, the impossible part, is finding the fan in the first place. The answer isn’t going to be found in the bottom of a tumbler full of whiskey.

Okay, *Throop, think it through*, he thinks. Got to find the right fan. If the fan does show up at Nolacon in the first place. He thinks about it. 99.23% chance sounds like a lot, but it means that there’s at least three-quarters of a percent chance that the fan isn’t going to show up, and — if Throop counts on the fan showing up — about 75 chances in a thousand that the Earth gets blown up (and it probably blows up real good, anyhow).

Seventy-five chances in a thousand to start off with. Assuming the fan is at Nolacon.

And a gullible fan? One who takes SF too seriously? God, even of you throw out all the Trekkies, that’s too large a universe.

Throop knocks back the drink without thinking about it. He’s got maybe one chance in a thousand of picking the right fan.

That means that he might as well get down on his knees right now and kiss the planet good-bye.

He remembers overhearing a conversation between two fans in a hotel lobby at LACon II. “I have to run off for a few minutes — could you watch out for my cousin Phil? He’s supposed to get in right about now.”

“Your cousin Phil? What does he look like?”

“Well, he’s about five feet eight, with a ragged beard, seriously but not grossly overweight, wearing blue jeans, a too-tight T-shirt, and glasses.”

About five feet eight, with a ragged beard, seriously but not grossly overweight, wearing blue jeans, a too-tight T-shirt, and glasses.

Which of course is the answer.

Throop smiles. “Now,” he says to himself, “all I have to do is . . .”

Chicago in '91

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Hiccuping, Throop slugs down his last thimble of Old Washen-sox. "All I have to do is find the Lowest Common Fan!"

Then his lip droops. That still leaves way, way too many possibilities. "I need help," he mutters. "I need — of course!"

He hurls the glass against a wall. Being plastic, it just bounces off and rolls against a pile of half-filled-in crossword puzzle magazines (mostly incorrect). "If I can't figure out how to save the world (and the con, and — most important of all — the game!) by myself, I'll just have to communicate with my Higher Self. Now where did that dizzy airhead leave—?"

After half an hour of drunken searching, punctuated by mumbled maudlin curses, all he can find, instead of incense, is half of a clove cigarette jammed in a bottle under the sink; he decides it will do.

Lighting the cigarette, he sets it, still in its bottle, on his desk on top of the half-finished manuscript for **Fiery Bimbos from Antares**, and falls down in front of it, trying to twist his trembling limbs into a half-remembered yoga posture.

Closing his eyes and trying to breathe through his left nostril only, he chants: "Ommmmmm—"

"Medvie," husks a low, sultry voice.

Standing in front of him in a hipshot pose that shows that she has plenty to show is a delicious temptress with a mane of ebony curls lush enough to turn Farrah Fawcett green with envy, and long legs made even longer by spike heels with matching fishnet stockings. . .

"FFFFFFfff!" gasps Throop. Even in his stunned state, he can wonder: since all she is wearing is the stockings and the heels, what is holding the stockings up?



"Medvie," she croons, slinking toward him step by step, "you don't have a Higher Self. But — won't — I — do?"

"Yeah!"

Throop somehow untangles himself and launches forward.

"Score one against the saints," she mutters, her forked tail curling around to caress him.

"Saints?" He jerks backward. Saints! Game! The aliens and their threats! "No," he tells her firmly. "You have to help me."

"Oh, Medvie!" She even pouts deliciously. "Don't you even want me to—?" Body language graphically illustrates her point.

"First things first. I need help with my problem."

Hands on hips, she glares downward. "I want double-overtime for this!" A curl of what looks like steam comes up through the floor, and flicks contemptuously against her gloriously rounded derriere. "Ouch!" She jumps back and rubs the afflicted part. "All right. But next time I'd better—" The steam waggles like an admonishing finger, and she thrusts her lower lip out sullenly.

"All right, Medvie." Even sneering, her lips look irresistibly kissable. "You want help, you got it." She snaps her fingers loudly.

Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop-pop-pop. **Popopopop.**

Throop blinks. Instead of just the two of them, he is suddenly in a smorgasbord of people.

"Ask and ye shall find," she jeers.

"Hey, listen," Throop starts. "I need—"

"You aren't a GoH or a Big Name Pro, so I'll send a gofer for it," says a harried soul who can only be a con chairperson.

"*Pox vobiscum*, my son," intones a Jerry Falwell type.

"Habeas corpsicle, don't you know the difference between cold and hot?" mumbles a gent with a three-piece suit and horn-rims.

"**Sharrup!** I'm about to break into the Ultimate Line," a computer hacker clips out, eyes fixed on his green screen.

"How did you do that?" Throop asks his guest in awe, as the rest of the new crew keeps showering him with equally inscrutable remarks.

"Talent." She buffs her nails on her collarbone, and Throop licks drool from his chin. "This enough, or do you want a few more?"

"Oh, them." Throop shrugs dismissively. "Anyone who goes to conventions is used to Beam-me-ups. No, I mean — how did you snap your fingers so loudly?" He tries a couple of times, achieves nothing but soft chuffs. "Do you think you can teach me?"

"Medvie. . ." Her tone is ominous, her face as grim as such luscious femininity can manage. She blows at each of the newcomers, fofoof, fofofoof, fofofofofofofofo. . . and each snaps out on the instant, except for the hacker, whose glowing green screen remains for another second before slowly fading, its line of figures somehow remarkably like a grin.

"Medville," — her mouth purses, she sucks in air — "you blew it!"

With that, the sultry temptress pops out of existence. "What the hell?" Throop mumbles. Then it hits him — it was a trick. They want him to miss the con. They overestimated him when they sent her, though; the flesh was willing, but the spirit was weak.

Inside he is still Joe Phan, lust shriveled by fear of the ultimate rejection.

He shrugs his shoulders in resignation. Why should they play fair? And they are playing. That's why they came to him with their stupid deal, rather than nuking him outright.

"Screw it," he says to one in particular. "I gotta get to the con."

Fifteen minutes later he is herding his mobile junkyard onto the interstate.

Four days, three flat tires, one water pump, and various other harassments later, he is a few miles outside New Orleans. Superheated steam billows from under his car's hood, accompanied by a sickening stench.

"Screw it," he says to no one in particular. "I gotta get to the con." He floors it, figuring the faster he goes, the farther he'll coast when the engine blows, which has to be soon.

They haven't won yet, he tells himself. So what if I've missed half of the con? So what if the Lowest Common Fan is lying dead drunk beneath forty naked bodies at some closed party? I still live!

The engine blows, covering the windshield with an oily slime reminiscent of the aliens' skins. A ghostly voice caresses his ears over the whine of tortured bearings. "You blew it, Medville!"

"Screw it," he says to no one in particular. He rolls down his window and sticks his head out in time to see that the truck he is about to ram is likewise covered with an oily slime reminiscent of the aliens' skins.

Consciousness returns. He is lying on a gurney in a hospital corridor. A quick inventory reveals a lot of dried blood and some bruises, but everything seems to be in working order. He stands, does some deep knee bends, and decides his carcass will make it to the con — unless the aliens throw something else at him. Unless he's missed the Hugo ceremony, in which case all bets — especially football bets — are off.

A nurse pops her head through a nearby doorway. "Oh! Mr. Throop! You can't get up! You're injured."

"Screw it," he says to the nurse in particular. "I gotta get to the con." He staggers down the hall and out into the furnace that is New Orleans in August.

Forty minutes later he trips up the stairs to the Rivergate Convention Center. He stumbles through the nearly-empty lobby, scanning for some sign of the Lowest Common Fan. As he enters the vast auditorium, thunderous applause washes over him.

"Great," he gripes to the crowd in particular. "The damned thing's over."

7

"Think fast, Throop," he mutters to himself as he watches the milling throng slowly exit the hall. Then an almost articulate voice comes over the loudspeaker. "Thank for your attending our opening ceremonies! I hope you will all return for tomorrow's Masquerade and Sunday night's Hugo Awards." His comment is answered by a sprinkling of applause from the auditorium floor, and a squeal of feedback through the sound system.

Feeling relief wash through him, Throop consults his blood-spattered Timex day-and-date watch. It says Tuesday, 4:13 AM. Obviously the wreck has broken it. The Con was just beginning and he had only missed the opening ceremonies — which he never attended anyway, being a confirmed Pro.

Glancing around the foyer of the hall for anything that might inspire him, he is struck by two thoughts: first, the task is hopeless; second, he needs a drink.

Then a third thought intrudes. People are staring at him. As he blinks in confusion, a fan walking by says, "Man, that's a bitchin' hall costume. Like, Dawn of the Dead is really awesome. y'know."

Throop slowly turns and notices a grotesque figure regarding him, then realizes it's his own reflection in a mirrored wall. He does look like something from a body bag in 'Nam. First, wash up, then a drink.

Throop spies a men's room across the lobby and lurches toward it. As he reaches the door, it opens and two fans hurry out, expressions of disgust upon their faces. Throop wonders if the Neofan Beer Drinking and Barfing Festival has begun really this year. Cautiously entering the men's room, Throop is halted in mid-stride by a sight so astonishing that he wishes for his Polaroid.

Joel Rosenberg is attempting to wash his hands while something hovers over his shoulder.

It looks sort of human, but only if one stretches the definition. Throop, who used to buy and sell horses, estimates that it stands 12 hands at the shoulder and weighs in at 300 pounds. It wears a faded and stained blue t-shirt that has "I Grok Spock" on the front, obscured by a collection of buttons, including one that proclaims "SMOF!" and another that announces "FIAWOL". Fat little legs seem to emerge from below a tremendous belly, hanging over a belt which is desperately attempting to not break. A slavish grin seems plastered on a face obscured by fuzz passing for a beard and a great deal of acne. Hmmm, thinks Throop, as he stumbles to the nearest sink to clean up.

Joel notices him and says, "Hello, Throop. You look like hell. Stop by Bourbon Street on your way to the Con?"

Throop only shakes his head as he desultorily splashes water on his face, never taking his eyes off the thing behind Joel. The thing speaks, in a voice out of a film by Fellini, a high-pitched soprano attempting to sound like Mr. T. "Can you sign these books, Mr. Rosenberg? You're the best writer in the world. I tell all my friends that. I loved everything you did in the *Guardians*." It pulls an improbable stack of books out of a backpack.

Throop manages a fair cleanup while Joel patiently signs three copies of every book he's ever written. As he finishes, he throws a glance heavenward in thanks and makes for the door. Passing Throop, he says, "See you in the bar."

The thing turns his eyes on Throop and a feral light enters them, slightly visible behind the puffed lids. As Throop tucks his shirttails in, the thing advances. "Mr. Throop! I didn't realize that was you! Could you sign these books, Mr. Throop? You're the best writer in the world. I tell all my friends that. I love everything you write, especially *Teenage Alien Sluts in Bondage*. It was so...lifelike."

Could it be? wonders Throop. Could his luck have changed from disastrous to miraculous? What was it the aliens had said? "There will be one young fan at Nolacon II who will not only believe it but will one day be powerful enough to act upon it." This thing looks dumb enough to think my stuff is real — but powerful enough someday to act upon it?

"Sure, kid," answers Throop, reaching for a non-existent pen.

"Here, sir," says the kid, handing Throop a gold-filled Cross Pen.

Throop's eyes narrow as he says, "Who to?"

"Montgomery Montgomery IV."

Throop's eyes widen. This kid is heir to the famous Montgomery take-out chicken gumbo and kosher cajun food chain. He'll certainly have enough money to be a pain in the alien's side someday. Scrawling his name across the title page of *Space Whores of the NFL*, Throop says, "Glad you enjoyed the stories, kid."

As a tiny rivulet of spit emerges from his mouth, and a pudgy hand absently wipes it away, Montgomery Montgomery IV says, "I like them all. They seem so real!"

Fishing for a clue, Throop says, "What about *Seekers of the Finders*? Have you read that one yet?"

The kid's eyes light up as he blurts...



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"I hate that title!"

Throop staggers under the sudden onslaught. "It's not my title!" he gasps out, defending himself as best he can.

"And that's the worst cover you ever..."

Agony throbs along Throop's veins like melting lead. Doubling over, he grasps the edge of the washbasin; his eyes blur; he cannot survive much more of this.

"OEEEEEEEEIIIIII!" exclaims the kid, and the attack ceases as abruptly as it has begun.

Throop finds the strength to raise his head to see what has saved him from a fate worse than death.

"There's a girl in the men's room!"

"So close your eyes, kid," she says, "and you won't see me." It's (The Unthinkable) Molly Brown. Standing five feet high, wearing moccasins, bluejeans, and a serape, a brown-wrapped cigarette dangling from the corner of her mouth, she's straight out of a spaghetti western. Her upward glare has the kid cowering into a stall. She sneers at the kid, who promptly locks himself in.

Molly turns. "There you are, Throop. You've got it — the worst I've seen yet." She tips a pill from an unlabeled bottle into her fist and thrusts it at him. "I had Doc Flynn whip these up just in time for the worldcon. Swallow."

Throop downs the pill and waits for the expected hallucinations to hit him. They don't...

Instead, he felt an immense weight lift from his shoulders. "Better now?" said Molly, sounding almost sympathetic. "You had a bad case of *presentensitis*." She glared into the bottle. "Hope there are enough to go around; I didn't realize how pandemic it was til I got here. I think it's an alien plot..."

Throop cringed.

Molly's eyes narrowed. "All right, Throop," she said. "What do you know about this?"

"I'm looking for a fan," he said sheepishly.

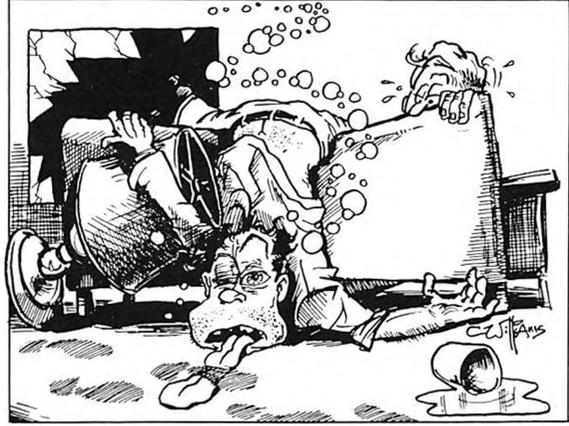
"You're in a building full of them," said Molly, spitting into a basin across the room. "Anything special about this one?"

"Well, no, not really, except..." He felt the germ of an idea bore into his brain. "Except..." It slewed into his consciousness and built a nest there. "Except..." It blossomed, filling his head with the dazzling light of creativity and sparkling his eyes with the glow of genius. "Why didn't I see it before? This fan must like my work... a lot. All I have to do is make myself visible, and he," — he raised a forefinger to accent the word — "or she," he added with a polite nod toward Molly, "will find me."

Molly shook her puzzled head. "I should'a given you a smaller dose," she said as he brushed past her on his way out of the men's room.

It was simple. All he had to do was go to every party at the con and sooner or later the mountain would come to Mohammed. Of course, he would have to make himself sociable while he was there, but that was the price one had to pay for brilliance. It was going to be a tough job, but Throop was the man to handle it.

On the top floor of the Marriott, Throop found seven parties. The professional parties could be ignored, for now. That left the con suite and two private parties of five fans and one room where 12 people sat in a circle with computers on their laps, all conversing with each other via modem. He wasn't sure, but it seemed as though some of them might have been pros as well.



At least the short dark woman and the tall bearded man in the Hawaiian shirt looked familiar, and wasn't that the Toastmaster over by the corner?

Throop took the elevator down one flight and began again.

It must have been the **blog** that did him in. Throop awoke to find himself curled up behind a sofa amid used cups and loudly snoring fen.

"I should have known better. Never talk to aliens!" he said to the somnolent crowd.

"Oh, no! I **always** talk to aliens," a voice replied from within the pile.

Medville Throop, bones creaking, crawled from behind the sofa and stood up — at least he **thought** he was standing.

"Need some help, pops?" a young fan asked, distangling himself from the snoring fen and rising easily. He was about five feet eight, with a ragged beard, seriously but not grossly overweight, wearing blue jeans, a too-tight T-shirt, and glasses.

"Now where have I heard THAT description before?" Throop asked. He belched, the aftertaste of Old Washensox caressing his mouth like the raw sewage it was distilled from. He must be still drunk, he thought, to be ending sentences with prepositions.

The young fan helped Throop to his feet.

"I must maintain my standing as a Pro," Medville said with dignity.

"I wouldn't worry about it," the fan said, "a lot of them seem to have trouble staying on their feet at cons."

"You **are** Phil?" Medville insisted.

"If you insist," Phil said. He whipped a plastic holder from the back pocket of his jeans and flipped it open. "Special Agent Phil Gernsback, Immigration and Naturalization."

A sinking feeling hit Throop then, but Phil helped him back to his feet. "That's what you meant about talking to aliens?"

Phil nodded. "Not that I have extended conversations. Mostly it's stuff like: 'You're under arrest,' and 'Lemme see your green card'."

Throop sighed. He had really counted on this lead, but a government agent would probably not have the necessary imagination to conceive of REAL aliens.

"Say!" Phil said. "Aren't you Medville Throop? Yeah, you are! I recognize your picture from the dust jacket of **Teenage Werewolves Dirty Dancing in a Martian Disco!**"

Throop nodded, pleased that someone had actually read his one hardback — that book must really have been passed around, he hadn't seen it for months.

"You can really be a big help to your government," Phil said. "Raise your right hand, I'm swearing you in as a special deputy."

A Hugo-Award Nominee!

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"Me?" Throop protested. "I'm not too good at recognizing Mexicans —"

"Nah, different department, Mr. Throop. We're after real aliens here and—"

Phil's head jerked around as someone strolled past the open door.

"By, Ghod, Mr. Throop! There goes one now. Come on!"

11

Throop grabbed Phil's jacket just in time. "Forget it, that's a Trekkie."

"A Trekkie?"

"Yeah, they're easy to recognize. Teenaged pencil-necked geeks with thick glasses or elephantine women in starfleet uniforms or little old ladies with blue hair and pointed ears. If in doubt, read their buttons. They're always lines of dialogue from the movies."

"Oh," said Phil, looking a little stunned. "But they are human, aren't they?"

"So I'm told." Suddenly Throop had an idea. "There's no problem that can't be solved by an application of Fnoogle's Last Theorem. We're standing in the wrong place."

"Fnoogle's Last Theorem?"

"Yup. He was assassinated by a group of German scientists shortly after publication. They were afraid he might come up with even more theorems. Basically Fnoogle's Last Theorem says, 'All things come to him who waits — as long as he who waits works like hell while he waits.' Fnoogle tested it by standing in Times Square, and in the space of three years, met every single person he knew in the entire world. We can do the same thing on a smaller scale. We stand in the hallway outside the SFWA party and every single fan at the convention will pass by."

"Aha!" said Phil, wondering why he was in this story anyway.

"You're here to listen to the necessary exposition," said Throop. "Oops —"

"Oops?" And then, "Aha! You read my mind!"

"Darn. You found me out. Yes, every science fiction writer in the world has a secret power. We're all different. But that's the real reason we come to conventions — to figure out if there's anything useful we can do with our powers. So far, after forty years of conventions, the answer is still get as drunk as you can so as to blot out the pain of Jerry Pournelle singing 'The Impossible Dream' as loud as he can."

"The bind moggles —" said Phil. ***

Three asterisks later, they were standing in the hallway outside the SFWA suite, watching the passersby.

There were fen of all sizes, shapes, colors and descriptions, many of them in hall costumes. There were pros of all sizes, shapes, colors and descriptions, most of them in T-shirts and blue jeans. "That's how you identify a pro," explained Throop. "He dresses by car."

The hallway was thronged. Several angry-looking K/S ladies carrying torches and a rope were looking for David Gerrold; they were followed by a desperate-looking editor shouting, "No, no — not until he turns in the last Chtorran book!"

A man with long hair and long beard and a dirty white robe was carrying a sign that said, "The Last Dangerous Visions is Coming."

Isaac Asimov was shepherding a small herd of women down the hall toward his room for a personal reading from *Opus 9000*. "What Asimov's Women Want." It was a sequel to his best selling, "Women Who Love Asimov."

A deputation from Gay Fandom had squared off in a con-



frontation with several of the leather troops from Jackboot Fandom — but Throop wasn't sure if a riot or an orgy were about to break out. Then the Amazon Women Feminist Liberation Front waded in screaming that the entire convention was a sexist plot designed to oppress them — and after that Throop couldn't tell who or what was happening.

Suddenly, a shrill voice came floating clearly above the din of the crowd. Throop recognized that voice and his heart leapt with joy. It was — it was —

12

"M om!" "That's a fine way to talk to the woman who holds your financial future in her hands," snapped the voice.

Throop squinted, and his soaring spirits plummeted. It was Yvonne Von Deale, the youngest, shrewdest, fastest-talking, hardest-nosed acquisitions editor in all of New York. The woman whose floor bid on Throop's *Seekers of the Finders* had read, "\$50 to publish it, \$5,000 to burn it."

"Sorry," Throop said, swaying alarmingly. "I'm a little hung over."

"So what else is new? Listen, Throopic," Von Deale said, leaning in close, "we need to talk. I've got a deal in the wings that's just up your alley. The ultimate high concept, cutting-edge project. We're going to break new ground on this one. Three words. Just give me three words."

"Three words," Throop echoed numbly.

"*Robots of Gor*. The first brand-name blended-universe choose-your-own-adventure braided-meganovel. Asimov. Norman. Susan Calvin and Tarl Cabot. Have you ever considered the First Law implications for an S&M pleasure robot? It'll walk off the shelves. Waldenbooks is hot for it. B. Dalton's is orgasmic. We've got a pre-deal pre-contract buy for 500,000 copies. Vallejo's already signed for the covers. Coleco's panting after the toy tie-ins. There might even be a Saturday animated series in it!"

Part of Throop's alcohol-laden brain recoiled, horrified. The rest shamelessly began plotting Volume 1.

"We're looking at a standard fee-plus work-for-hire contract, six books a year, 60,000 words a book. Think about it, Throopie," she rattled on, burrowing in her briefcase for her date book. "What's your schedule like? I'm swamped, swamped. Two dinners tonight, three lunches tomorrow, Hugo winners party in our suite — ah, here we are: I've got a breakfast free Monday morning."

"Hugo winners," Throop croaked, belatedly remembering his mission, remembering Phil standing silently in the background, waiting for another outbreak of idiot dialogue to advance the plot.

"Monday at 7:00 AM. I've got you pencilled in" Von Deale pronounced, snapping the book shut. "Love to talk with you, Throopie, but I've got an expense account to spend." She hurried down the hall and disappeared as if written out of the story.

At that moment, a piercing scream of animal pain and rage poured forth from the SFWA suite...

13

THE PRESENT-TENSE LAMP IS LIT.

Ignoring Von Deal, ignoring the horrified fans in the corridor, ignoring Phil and the need for more expository conversation, Throop plunges past the gofer at the door and into the SFWA Suite.

He doesn't care who's screaming. What he's really concerned about is that the SFWA suite has free liquor, and he's just realized that he hasn't had a slug of Old Washensox in several hours.

The person who's screaming turns out to be an editor from Acc/Berkley/Jove/Playboy/Etcetera, who is being hung upside-down from a window by half the writers in the room. "Yes!" the editor screams. "I'll get you your royalties! All of you! I'll see to it personally!"

Throop heads past this scene toward the bar, but is cut off from the object of his desire by a horde of bright-eyed Writers of the Future, shepherded by A. J. Budrys, who are eager (first) to drink up all the free liquor they can hold, and (second) to make all the professional contacts they possibly can.

Throop hesitates.

"Have a pretzel?" someone says.

Throop turns to see a part-Arab, part-Laotian SF writer named Goatlover Phat, who is holding out a bowl of pretzels. Goatlover's supposed to be good, but Throop's never read any of his stuff — partly because Goatlover's supposed to be crazy, partly because after years of cranking the stuff out Throop can't bear to read it anymore, but mostly because he can't take seriously any writer named "Goatlover".

Throop takes a pretzel. "Thanks," he says.

Goatlover loos in the direction of the shrieking editor. "They might as well let her go," he says. "She's just Their tool, anyway."

Throop gazes cautiously at Goatlover. The guy's a known crazy, after all. "Tool?" he says. "Them?"

"You know," Goatlover says. "Them. The aliens who have been messing with the world for the last several thousand years."

Throop staggers. He needs a drink badly. He casts a glance back in the direction of the bar, but just then he's cut off by a swarm of bright-eyed Clarion grads, shepherded by Algis (not to be confused with A. J.) Budrys, who are eager (first) to drink up all the free liquor they can hold, and (second) to make all the professional contacts they possibly can.

Throop looks carefully in Goatlover's direction. Maybe Goatlover's got information. Probably he's just crazy. "How do you know about Them?" Throop asks.

"Because I've been told by CIS."

"Sis?" says Throop.

"No, CIS. C-I-S. The Cosmic Irradiation Satellite, which has been orbiting Earth since the time of Christ, and which has been broadcasting to selected illuminated humans, manifesting itself as a beam of blue light, in order to thwart Their evil plans for the Earth."

Throop eats another pretzel. Dealing with madmen makes him hungry.

"But of course you know all about CIS," continues Goatlover. "I've read *Seekers of the Finders*. Obviously it was dictated by CIS. Do you recall being inundated by blue light when you wrote it?"

All Throop can remember being inundated by was Old Washensox, but then an idea strikes his blurred brain with all the force of an editor dropped from a twelve-story building. Maybe Goatlover's his man! The aliens told Throop to look for a fan, but maybe they were just trying to mislead him. Or maybe Goatlover used to be a fan before he turned professional. And now that he's a pro, he's got the talent and connections to act on what he believes. And what he believes is whatever he read in *Seekers of the Finders*.

Goatlover eats a pretzel. "What I'm mainly worried about is SDI, the Strategic Defense Initiative. It's patently ridiculous to believe that it's being aimed at thwarting a Russian attack — SDI's obviously been created by Them as a weapon aimed at CIS. GHU knows if They will succeed."

"GHU?" says Throop.

"The GodHead Unit. That's what I call the divine being who placed CIS in orbit. The GodHead Unit is the good guy — he's been fighting Them all along."

Throop looks at Goatlover in terror. This character's obviously the one Throop was sent here to find. But how can Throop convince Goatlover he made it all up, when Goatlover has a satellite beaming him the information independently? Nevertheless, he must try.

"You're obviously outta your gourd, Goatlover," he says tactfully. "*Seekers of the Finders* wasn't inspired by anything but Old Washensox."

"That was clear from the very beginning," answers Goatlover. "Old Washensox is one of Their tools — every bottle of Old Washensox is been impregnated with PHILDIC."

"PHILDIC?" says Throop. By this point he really can't help himself.

"Pre-Hallucinogenic Intoxicating Lysergic Doses In Cans. They put it in almost everything."

"Naturally." Throop fumbles for a pretzel.

"Anyone with a dose of PHILDIC can't see straight — it opens his mind up to Them. He sees only what They want him to see." Goatlover gives a sinister laugh. "Do you really believe this is a science fiction convention? Do you really think all these people would travel hundreds and thousands of miles just to wear buttons and get wasted and hang out with a bunch of writers?" Goatlover is scornful. "How naive can you be? Nolacon II exists for another purpose entirely — a far more sinister purpose."

The guy's a loon. Throops thinks. No way anyone's gonna believe him. I'm off the hook.

He looks down at the pretzel in his hand.

The pretzel looks back.

The little bits of salt clinging to the pretzel aren't salt, Throop sees. They're little white eyes, with minute black pupils. And they're all looking right at him. The pretzel is some kind of creature.

Throop screams and throws the pretzel across the room, inadvertently beginning a food fight among the fun-loving SFWAns. "The pretzel has eyes!" he shouts.

"Of course," says Goatlover, ducking a flying bowl of guacamole dip. "Pretzels have always had eyes. It's just that the PHILDIC prevented you from seeing them." He looks at his watch. "By the way, Medville, how long has it been since you



last had a dose of Old Washensox?"

Suddenly Throop's mouth is dry. How long since the accident, anyway? "Must be... I dunno... six, seven hours."

Goatlover bites a pretzel in half. There's a little scream, and minute streams of blood begin to flow from the broken pretzel.

"Your dose of PHILDIC is running low," he says. "You're beginning to see Things As They Really Are."

Throop spins around just in time to avoid being hit with a bowl of M&Ms. The candies shriek from their little mouths as they tumble to the ground.

Goatlover is right, Throop sees. The food fight really isn't a food fight — and these people aren't really people!

Terror fills Throop as he begins to get an inkling of the monstrous nature of Nolacon II, a glimpse of its hidden purpose.

"Oh, GHU!" he wails. "We've got to stop them! They're about to—"

He sees the key lime pie coming right for him, its snarling mouth filled with teeth, and there is nothing he can do.

14

Across Canal Street, deep within the bowels of the Sheraton Hotel, three representatives of the lowest form of life in the universe stand side by side within a small, almost empty room plotting. They are vile, malevolent entities — treacherous, ruthless, and arrogant — possessed of vast powers that allow them to confuse and alter history, to shape and control the minds of men. They are a television news team.

"I don't like it," the new Roving Reporter says. He looks as if he was born in the bright tie and dark suit he is wearing. "It won't make good television. There aren't any dead bodies. There's no drama. No conflict. Not even a widow to sob into the microphone."

"It'll be fine," the tall one says, slinging back out of his way the minicam that hangs from his shoulder by a strap. His blood-

shot eyes stare glassily from a bearded face. "Didn't you see how they dress?"

The reporter brightens. "Homeless people," he cries. "We can turn it into a piece on homeless people."

"No, no," the cameracreature goes on. "You can't say we have homeless people in our best hotels. Didn't you see all the costumes? This is some kind of circus — a freak show. Ray guns and space helmets. It's perfect television, good human interest stuff."

"I don't understand," the reporter says. "Is this an expose? Am I supposed to be for them — or against them?"

"Neither," the third creature says. He isn't carrying anything and no one knows for sure what his job is. He may be a producer. "This is a natural. We just shoot lots of footage of funny looking people. We don't even have to try to make them look stupid. They already do."

"But don't forget to ask about flying saucers," the cameracreature says. "That's always good for a laugh. Get them to say they've been on flying saucers. At these sci-fi things, you always ask about flying saucers."

"And about *Star Trek* and *Star Wars*," the third creature adds.

"But I heard there are writers here," the Roving Reporter complains. "We don't want to interview any of them, do we? Some of them might be smart. I don't want to interview any smart people." The prospect clearly makes him uncomfortable.

"Don't worry about that. If anyone says anything intelligent, we'll fix it in the edit. The trick is to throw them off guard from the very first. Find out the title of their most recent book, then when you introduce them, get the title wrong."

"No," the cameracreature says, "they're used to that. Start off by saying, 'Here's Soandso, author of the bestselling science fiction book of all time.' That always throws them. Then something like, 'Tell me, Mr. Soandso, do you folks really believe in ghosts and vampires and werewolves and all those other science fiction monsters?'"

"How about, 'Do all sci-fi writers believe in flying saucers?'"

"Yeah, that's great," the third creature says. "That'll really throw them for a loop. Don't forget the Lochness Monster and Bigfoot. Above all, remember our motto — *Truth is what we say it is!* Now, everybody ready?"

The others nod. The cameracreature flushes his urinal and the other two follow suit. The Roving Reporter pauses to carefully preen in front of the mirror, then the three leave. As they exit the Men's Room, the first one out nudges aside an elderly woman who is passing in the hall. The second knocks her down and the third walks over her.

Behind them, a stall opens cautiously and a youthful face peers out. The door opens still farther and (the unthinkable) Molly Brown hesitates in the opening. For a long moment she tries to decide if she should warn the convention committee of the presence of these voracious predators, but quickly decides not to bother. Everyone already knows the nature of television reporters, or should. Instead she returns to her hiding place within the cubical. From somewhere inside her clothing she draws out a dog-eared copy of *Seekers of the Finders* and continues reading.)

"Quite right," Goatlover Phat says calmly as he swings an empty platter up from the nearby table and inserts it between Throop's horror-stricken face and gooey death. There is a disquieting *splat*, and the key lime pie drips harmlessly to the floor. "That's exactly what they're up to, and we're the only ones who can prevent it. You will help me, won't you?"

Throop wipes his hand across his eyes. Before he can answer, a bacon-wrapped piece of chicken liver grazes his cheek.

"Don't worry," Goatlover says reassuringly, "it isn't the venomous kind. Do you understand what we're up against now?"

"These people," Throop manages to say, still stunned by the revelation, "they aren't really people. And the hideous, hidden purpose behind Nolacon II is!)"

"Of course they aren't really people, Throop," someone says from just behind them, "they're writers. And everyone knows the horrible purpose behind Nolacon II — **Nolacon III!**"

Throop swings around to find Phil Gernsback standing there. "Now, now, Goatlover," Phil continues, "you've been warned about this before. Really, you should know better by now."

"Wh-what do you mean? I don't understand," Throop says.

"Psychedelic pretzels," Gernsback explains. "With those Goatlover can get people to believe anything. The real reason I'm here has nothing to do with Mexicans. Goatlover is a perfectly legal alien, green card and all, but we've had him on probation since his last convention. He's given to questionable pranks of this sort — Are you all right? You don't look very well, Throop."

Throop is holding his head. The nearby table is leering at him. His wristwatch is making rude digestive noises. "How long am I going to be like this?" he manages to ask.

"The rest of your life, I guess," Gernsback says. "You were born this way, weren't you?"

"I mean how long will I keep seeing things? The cheese dip is drooling at me."

Gernsback shakes his head. "It'll wear off in time, maybe. And you'll be just fine, maybe. Let's step out into the hall. There won't be as much food there. Come on, Goatlover, you too. This shoots your probation, you realize."

The three wend their way through the riotous writers and out to the door, where a throng of fans clutching copies of *Autochthonous Science Fiction* wait in hope of catching glimpses of their favorite authors.

Out in the hall it is little better. Cans and paper cups filled with assorted beverages torment Throop with catcalls and lewd suggestions. Throop clutches his head with both hands. "I don't think I'm going to make it," he says softly.

Phil Gernsback smiles benignly at him. "All you need is a little sleep. Here. Maybe I can help."

A small, leather-covered black jack appears in his hand. He taps Throop neatly behind the right ear and Throop slips unconscious to the floor.

When Throop awakens, he finds himself in a hotel room. This surprises him, for he has not yet found time to register. Sitting up, he tries to remember. Everything that has happened since the alien appeared to him seems jumbled and disconnected and illogical — a clear indication that he has finally regained his senses. He feels so bad that for a moment he wonders if he somehow managed to visit the French Quarter after all.

As his mind clears, he remembers where he is and what he has to do. He squints at the clock on the nearby table, then hurriedly reaches for the phone and fumbles with the buttons. Four or five minutes later the hotel operator answers.

"I know this sounds strange, but would you please tell me what day this is?" he asks.

"Certainly sir, but it isn't strange at all. We have many conventions here," the voice answers. "It's Sunday, sir."

Sunday! He bolts up, finds his clothes draped and folded on a nearby chair, and dresses hurriedly. The Hugo banquet may already have started. Still buttoning his shirt, he rushes out into the corridor and toward the elevator.

When the door finally opens, he knows that something must be dreadfully wrong. He didn't have to wait for the elevator, and there is only one other person on it. Unfortunately that person is Montgomery Montgomery IV.

"Mr. Throop," the boy says happily. "I've finally found you! I've been carrying this around for days, hoping to get you to autograph it." Montgomery produces a copy of *Sated on Priapus* and thrusts it toward him.

Throop stares blankly at the garish cover. Finally, his voice heavy with resignation, he says, "Do you have a pen?"

"No, Mr. Throop, but I do have this." The boy shoves a small black automatic revolver in Throop's face and squeezes the trigger.

15

When Throop regained consciousness, the boy helped him to his feet. "Jeez," Throop groaned, "what happened?" "You fainted, Mr. Throop! I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you."

Throop glared at the kid, then remembered the gun. "Did you shoot me? Am I wounded?"

Montgomery IV laughed. "No, this isn't that kind of gun, Mr. Throop. It's my own invention. I call it a Tensifier."

"Yeah? What's it do?"

"Watch." The kid aimed the gun again and squeezed the trigger. "See?" he says. "We're back in present tense."

Throop is astonished. "So all this tense nonsense is your fault. Give me that. You can't be trusted with it." He grabs the tensifier away from the hefty young fan.

"It's not really my fault," says Montgomery IV. "I got the idea from you. From something you wrote in *Seekers of the Finders*. That book gave me lots of ideas. Next I'm going to—"

"Just a second," says Throop, pointing the gun and squeezing the trigger. "I want to get us back into past tense. You'd think this was *The New Yorker* or something."

"—I'm going to use *Seekers of the Finders* as a plan to rid the world of the invisible alien masters."

Throop wondered if the elevator would ever arrive anywhere. It was still moving, but it had been a long time between floors. He also realized that this was his chance—maybe his last chance—to persuade Montgomery Montgomery IV that there were no aliens, that *Seekers of the Finders* was just drunken hackwork. Throop swallowed his pride; after all, mankind's salvation was more important than his personal reputation. And besides, if the story ever got out, Throop would be a cinch for the Big Heart Award.

"Listen, kid," he said, "there's something I got to tell you about *Seekers of the Finders*."

"I don't know why nobody else has realized it," said Montgomery IV. "You put the truth right there on the page for anybody to read. It's like they say: 'There are none so blind as they who cannot see.'"

"Listen, kid. Those weren't my ideas. I plagiarized them."

There was a shocked silence in the elevator for several seconds. "You stole them?" said the fat young man in a hushed voice. "But . . . but why? A writer as good as you doesn't need to do that."

It wasn't true, but Throop felt as long as he was being noble, he might as well go the whole route. "I ain't got it anymore," he said mournfully. "I drowned my talent in Old Washensox. I can't make a buck anymore unless I lift the material. I didn't think anybody'd notice."

Montgomery IV thought about that for a moment. "I'm real sorry to hear about that, Mr. Throop," he said at last. Then he brightened. "But even so, that doesn't destroy the truth of your premise. Who did you steal the material from? Scientific American? Astronomy? The Journal of Very Difficult Articles?"

Throop grinned at the kid, anticipating his reaction. "Nope," he said. "The first half of the book came from the National Enquirer, and the second half was stolen from an old episode of 'Time Tunnel.'"

Montgomery Montgomery IV stared at Throop in horror. He took a step backward, bumping into the back wall of the elevator. He looked crushed. He dropped the copy of *Sated on Priapus* and

the other Throop novels to the floor. "You made a fool out of me," he said in a sad voice that cut right through Throop.

The elevator at last arrived at the next floor. When the doors opened, the kid gave Throop one last look, a mixture of pain and contempt. Then they both got out and headed in opposite directions.

"Good job," said a disembodied voice in Throop's ear. It gave a wet chuckle, and he realized that the aliens were communicating with him in some mysterious, super-science manner. "Now the poor guy will never see your name again without reliving that moment. He'll tell all his friends about it, and before long, whatever fading popularity you have left will sink even lower into disrepute."

"Gee," growled Throop, "thanks."

"But look on the bright side, pal: All you've got to do is come up with a brilliant off-the-cuff speech after the Hugo Awards, and Earth will be saved. Of course, if you screw up, your sacrifice will be for nothing, and your world perishes in a horrible cataclysm."

"Say, is it always business with you aliens?" asked Throop. "What do you guys do for fun?"

"Oh, and they just gave out the award for Best Map Art in a Fantasy Trilogy. You've only got about six minutes."

"Yipe!" cried Throop. He hurried toward the Main Ballroom. When he got there, he had to fight his way through the crowds of people leaving the awards ceremony. "What's going on?" he asked (The Unthinkable) Molly Brown.

"They've just handed out the last award and announced that you had a few closing remarks. These people are getting out while the getting's good. To coin a cliche."

Throop didn't have time to reply. He pushed his way up the aisle and onto the stage. "Wait!" he cried.

"Who's that?" asked a young woman with a stuffed dragon attached to her shoulder—not to her clothing, her shoulder.

"Why, that's Medville Throop himself," said her companion, a short, nervous young man dressed in the costume of a member of a high school Logarithm Club. "He used to be famous."

"Wait!" said Throop, more urgently. "I've got something important to say." There were now only sixty or seventy people left in the Ball Room, and most of them were waiting for the opening ceremony of a Pipefitters' Convention that wouldn't begin until Wednesday. He could see Phil Gernsback and Yvonne von Deale holding hands near the back. The people in the front rows looked oddly familiar, too. Throop was sure he'd seen them not long ago. Then it came to him: He'd seen those same expressions staring at him from a bowl of M&M's.



"Let's ask ourselves," he began, "why are we here today?"

"Because the Mississippi River deposited all this damn silt," shouted a voice from the back.

Throop ignored the interruption. "Science fiction is more than just something to read on a long bus trip. It's a way of looking at things, too."

"Teenage Alien Sluts in Bondage," called the heckler. "Let's look at them!"

"It's only in science fiction that people like you and people like me can come together like this. We can meet each other and share what we like best about SF. It's a special relationship you can find only in our field."

"Hey, you ever seen pipefitting fandom? You sci-fi types don't have a monopoly on weird."

It was like sledding uphill, but Throop had built up a head of steam. Throop noted in the back of his mind that he seemed to have invented the steam sled. He began to recall all the things he'd loved about science fiction, the things that had drawn him in when he'd been young. He remembered the Sense of Wonder. He talked about the joy of imagination and discovery, everything that had given him pleasure as a reader, and then during the early years of his own writing career.

"What happened, Throop?" someone yelled.

Throop felt a tear trickle down his grizzled cheek. "I don't know," he said. "Somewhere along the line, I forgot how much fun science fiction can be. But that's all changed now. I realize what this convention—and SF—is all about. It's about community and shared interests, about people from different backgrounds coming together and more or less accepting each other. It's about learning to get along with each other, so that someday we may know how to get along with creepy, weirdo aliens whose motives we can never hope to understand. It's about working shoulder to tentacle to make not only this world, but this universe a safer, saner, happier, more nutritious place to have babies, buds, clones, and spores."

Throop paused for breath. He had a lot more to say. It was all filling his mind in a surging mass of confusion, and it all sounded like optimistic greeting-card propaganda. The thing was, just then he meant every word of it. But he never got to continue. He seemed to be enveloped suddenly in a golden glow. His body remained on the stage of the Ball Room, but his mind had been taken someplace else. A UFO maybe, or a different dimension, or a room in an overflow hotel.

"You have done well, Medville Throop," said the aliens.

"I have?" He was astonished to realize that they no longer seemed evil and threatening.

"You have proved to us that we are in no danger from the young fan, and that your convocation of SF nutsos contributes something worthwhile to the fight against entropy."

"What's that?" Throop asked.

"Unicorn earrings," they said.

"Ah. Then it really wasn't my speech—"

"No," said the aliens with their disgusting, wet chuckle, "we're going to let your world live. Besides, we have a terrible problem on our own world, and maybe you humans can solve it for us."

"What is it?"

The aliens sighed. "Our pipes don't fit," they said. "Our thanks to you, Medville Throop, and an invitation to our bid party. We're going to try to host the WorldCon on our planet in 2088. So we're leaving Earth to get ready for it."

"No more infiltration? No more secret control of the government and the NFL?"

"Our gift to you. Of course, you won't be able to tell anyone."

"Naturally," said Throop. "And what about my pick in the NFL this year?"

But the aliens were already fading from view. "Farewell," came their voices, faintly on the whispering wind.

"Come back!" cried Throop. "I want New Orleans and Cleveland in the Super Bowl!" There was no reply.

Could this be a happy ending looming ever nearer? The aliens deposited Throop's mind back in his body. It was a sudden shock, and he muttered a few words and stumbled away from the podium.

It was time to hearken to the friendly voice of Old Washensox gurgling from the bottle. There was only one sad element—that in order to save the world, Throop had had to destroy the good opinion of one unknowing fan.

“Mr. Throop!” Why, if it wasn’t Montgomery Montgomery IV even now hurrying up to him from the rear of the Ball Room. “That speech was wonderful! I realize that I judged you too harshly. After all, there aren’t any truly original stories anymore. I know *Seekers of the Finders* is only fiction, and that you just used other sources. But you used them brilliantly, and I apologize if I hurt your feelings. I still think you’re the best science fiction writer in the world. Except one or two others.”

Throop sighed. He’d saved the world, he’d restored his lost reputation, and he’d found a new love for writing science fiction. All seemed to be right with the world for a change.

Just then, a boy dressed like Tom Baker’s Dr. Who ran up and spritzed Throop with a can of Silly String. Throop felt just like Johnny Weismuller at the end of a movie. “Jane, Boy, look at Cheetah,” he said. And then he laughed.

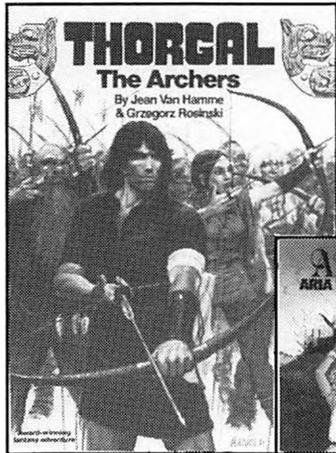
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1. Mike Resnick
2. Pat Cadigan
3. Jack L. Chalker
4. Joel Rosenberg
5. Jayge Carr
6. Michael Banks
7. Raymond E. Feist
8. Janet Kagan
9. Susan Casper
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—*Kirkus Reviews*

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Business



THE WORLDCONS

Year	Name	City	Facilities	Pro GoHs	Fan GoHs	People ¹	Chair	#
1939	Nycon I	New York, NY	The Caravan Hall	Frank R. Paul		200	San Moskowitz	1
1940	Chicon I	Chicago, IL	Hotel Chicagoan	Edward E. Smith, Ph.D		128	Mark Reinsberg	2
1941	Denvention I	Denver, CO	Shirley-Savoy Hotel	Robert A. Heinlein		90	Olon F. Wiggins	3
1946	Pacificon I	Los Angeles, CA	Park View Manor	A. E. van Vogt E. Mayne Hull		130	Walter J. Daugherty	4
1947	Philon I	Philadelphia, PA	Penn Sheraton Hotel	John W. Campbell, Jr.		200	Milton Rothman	5
1948	Torcon I	Toronto, Ontario	RAI Purdy Studios	Robert Bloch	Bob Tucker	200	Ned McKeown	6
1949	Cinvention	Cincinnati, OH	Hotel Metropole	Lloyd A. Eshbach	Ted Carnell	190	Don Ford ²	7
1950	Norwescon	Portland, OR	Multnomah Hotel	Anthony Boucher		400	Donald B. Day	8
1951	Nolacon	New Orleans, LA	St. Charles Hotel	Fritz Leiber		190	Harry B. Moore	9
1952	TASFIC ³	Chicago, IL	Hotel Morrison	Hugo Gernsback		870	Julian C. May	10
1953	11th Worldcon ⁴	Philadelphia, PA	Bellevue-Stratford Hotel	Willy Ley		750	Milton Rothman ⁵	11
1954	SF Con	San Francisco, CA	Sir Francis Drake Hotel	John W. Campbell, Jr.		700	Lester Cole	12
1955	Clevelandon	Cleveland, OH	Manger Hotel	Isaac Asimov	Sam Moskowitz	380	Nick & Noreen Falasca	13
1956	Newyorcon ⁶	New York, NY	The Biltmore Hotel	Arthur C. Clarke		850	David A. Kyle	14
1957	Loncon I	London, UK	King's Court Hotel	John W. Campbell, Jr.		268	Ted Carnell	15
1958	Solacon	Los Angeles ⁷ , CA	Alexandria Hotel	Richard Matheson		322	Anna S. Moffatt	16
1959	Detention	Detroit, MI	Pick-Fort Shelby Hotel	Poul Anderson	John Berry	371	Roger Sims	17
1960	Pittcon	Pittsburgh, PA	Penn-Sheraton Hotel	James Blish		568	Dirce Archer	18
1961	Seacon	Seattle, WA	Hyatt-House Hotel	Robert A. Heinlein		300	Wally Weber	19
1962	Chicon III	Chicago, IL	Pick-Congress Hotel	Theodore Sturgeon		550	Earl Kemp	20
1963	Discon I	Washington, DC	Statler-Hilton Hotel	Murray Leinster		600	George Scithers	21
1964	Pacificon II	Oakland, CA	Hotel Leamington	Edmond Hamilton Leigh Brackett	Forrest J. Ackerman	523	J. Ben Stark Al HaLevy	22
1965	Loncon II	London, UK	Mount Royal Hotel	Brian W. Aldiss		350	Ella Parker	23
1966	Tricon	Cleveland ⁸ , OH	Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel	L. Sprague de Camp		850	Ben Jason ⁸	24
1967	Nycon 3	New York, NY	Statler-Hilton Hotel	Lester del Ray	Bob Tucker	1,500	Ted White Dave Van Arnam	25
1968	Baycon	Oakland, CA	Hotel Claremont	Philip Jose Farmer	Walter J. Daugherty	1,430	Bill Donaho Alva Rogers J. Ben Stark	26
1969	St. Louiscon	St. Louis, MO	Chase-Park Plaza	Jack Gaughan	Eddie Jones ⁹	1,534	Ray & Joyce Fisher	27
1970	Heicon '70 International	Heidelberg, FRG	Heidelberg Stadthalle	Robert Silverberg (US) E.C. Tubb (UK) Herbert W. Franke (FRG)	Elliot K. Shorter	620	Manfred Kage	28
1971	Noreacon	Boston, MA	Sheraton-Boston Hotel	Clifford D. Simak	Harry Warner, Jr.	1,600	Toney Lewis	29
1972	L.A. Con I	Los Angeles, CA	International Hotel	Frederik Pohl	Juanita Coulson Robert Coulton	2,007	Charles Crayne Bruce Pelz	30
1973	Torcon 2	Toronto, Ontario	Royal York Hotel	Robert Bloch	William Rotsler	2,900	John Millard	31
1974	Discon II	Washington, DC	Sheraton Park Hotel	Roger Zelazny	Jay Kay Klein	3,587	Jay Haldeman Ronald Bounds	32
1975	Aussiecon One	Melbourne, Victoria	Southern Cross Hotel	Ursula K. Le Guin	Susan Wood Michael Glicksohn Donald Tuck	608	Robin Johnson	33
1976	MidAmeriCon	Kansas City, MO	Radisson Muelbach Hotel Phillips House	Robert A. Heinlein	George Barr	2,800	Ken Keller	34
1977	SunCon	Miami Beach, FL	Hotel Fontainebleau	Jack Williamson	Robert A. Madle	2,050	Don Laundry	35
1978	IguanaCon II ¹⁰	Phoenix, AZ	Hyatt Regency Hotel Adams Hotel Phoenix Convention Ctr.	Harlan Ellison	Bill Bowers	4,283	Tim Kyger Gary Farber ¹¹	36
1979	Seacon '79	Brighton, UK	Metropole Hotel	Brian W. Aldiss (UK) Fritz Leiber (US)	Harry Bell	3,114	Peter Weston	37
1980	Noreascon II	Boston, MA	Sheraton-Boston Hotel Hynes Civic Auditorium	Damon Knight Kate Wilhelm	Bruce Peiz	5,850	Leslie Turek	38

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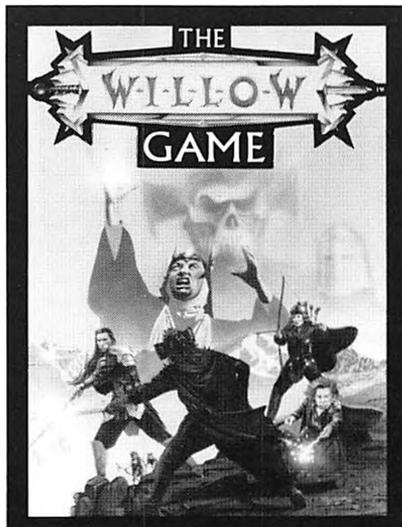
- For 2 to 6 players, ages 11 and up.
- Complexity: comparable to *Talisman* and *Junta*.
- Contains: mounted gameboard; 144 illustrated, full-color cards; 6 plastic-coated character cards; 12 plastic pointers; 6 plastic stands; eight-page rules book; dice; storage wells; and box.

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WORLD CONS PAST

Year	Name	City	Facilities	Pro GoHs	Fan GoHs	People ¹	Chair	#
1981	Denvention Two	Denver, CO	Denver Hilton Hotel	C.L. Moore Clifford D. Simak	Rusty Hevelin	3,792	Suzanne Carnival Don C. Thompson	39
1982	Chicon IV	Chicago, IL	Hyatt Regency Chicago	A. Bertram Chandler Frank Kelly Freas	Lee Hoffman	4,275	Ross Pavlac	40
1983	ConStellation	Baltimore, MD	Hyatt Regency, Hilton, & Inner Harbor Hotels Baltimore Convention Ctr.	John Brunner	David A. Kyle	6,400	Michael Walsh	41
1984	L.A. Con II	Anaheim, CA	Anaheim Hilton & Towers Anaheim Convention Ctr.	Gordon R. Dickson	Dick Eney	8,365	Craig Miller Milt Stevens	42
1985	Aussiecon II	Melbourne, Victoria	Southern Cross, Victoria, & Sheraton Hotels	Gene Wolfe	Ted White	1,600	David Grigg	43
1986	ConFederation	Atlanta, GA	Atlanta Marriott Marquis Atlanta Hilton Hotel	Ray Bradbury	Terry Carr	5,500	Penny Frierson Ron Zukowski	44
1987	Conspiracy '87	Brighton, UK	Metropole Hotel Brighton Conventer Ctr.	Doris Lessing Alfred Bester Arkady & Boris Stugatsky Ray Harryhausen Jim Burns	Ken Slater Joyce Slater	5,300	Malcolm Edwards Paul Oldroyd ¹²	45
1988	Nolacon II	New Orleans, LA	Sheraton Hotel & Towers New Orleans Marriott	Donald A. Wollheim	Roger Sims	?,???	John H. Guidry	46
1989	Noreascon III	Boston, MA	Hynes Convention Center Sheraton-Boston Hotel	Andre Norton Ian & Betty Ballantine	The Stranger Club	?,???	Mark L. Olson	47
1990	ConFiction	The Hague	Netherlands Congress Ctr.	Joe Haldeman Wolfgang Jeschke Harry Harrison	Andrew Porter	?,???	Kees van Toorn	48



THE WORLD CONS, FOOTNOTES:

1. This is the number of people who actually attended, not the total registration. (Headings)
2. Officially only Secretary-Treasurer; Charles R. Tanner had the honorary title of Chairman. (1949)
3. For "Tenth Anniversary Science Fiction Convention", popularly known at Chicon II. (1952)
4. Popularly known as Philcon II. (1952)
5. Replaced James A. Williams as Chair upon Williams death. (1953)
6. Popularly known as Nycon II. (1965)
7. By mayoral proclamation in South Gate. (1958)
8. Officially jointly hosted by Cleveland, Detroit, and Cincinnati (hence "Tricon"), with Detroit's Howard DeVore and Cincinnati's Lou Tabakow as Associate Chairmen. (1966)
9. Replaced Ted White who withdrew as Fan Guest of Honor to dramatize Eddie Jones as TAFF winner. (1969)
10. Although officially named IguanaCon II, this was the first IguanaCon. (1978)
11. Belatedly recognized as Vice-Chair. (1978)
12. Officially only Coordinator but recognized as doing most of the work of Chairman. (1987)



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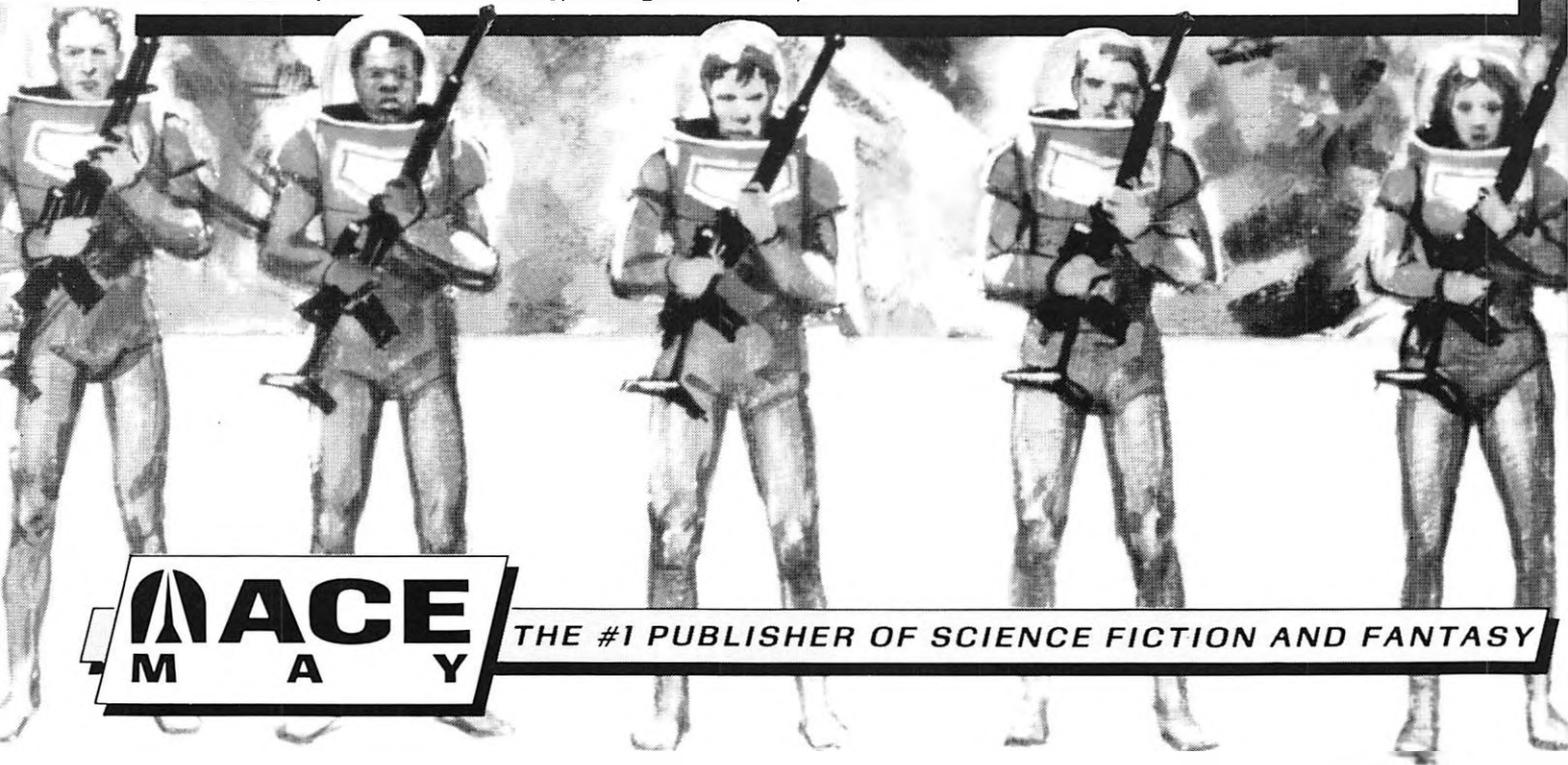
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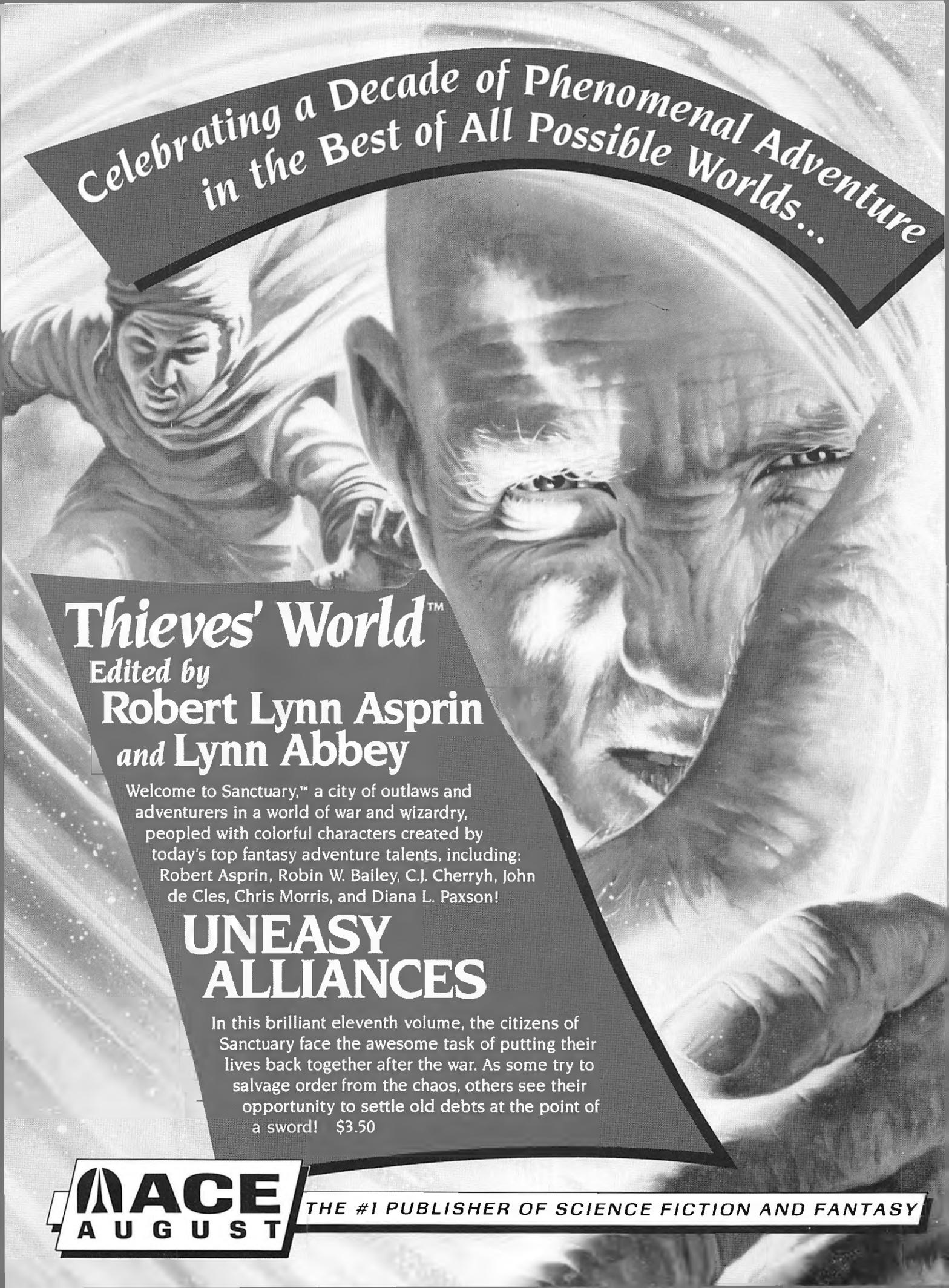
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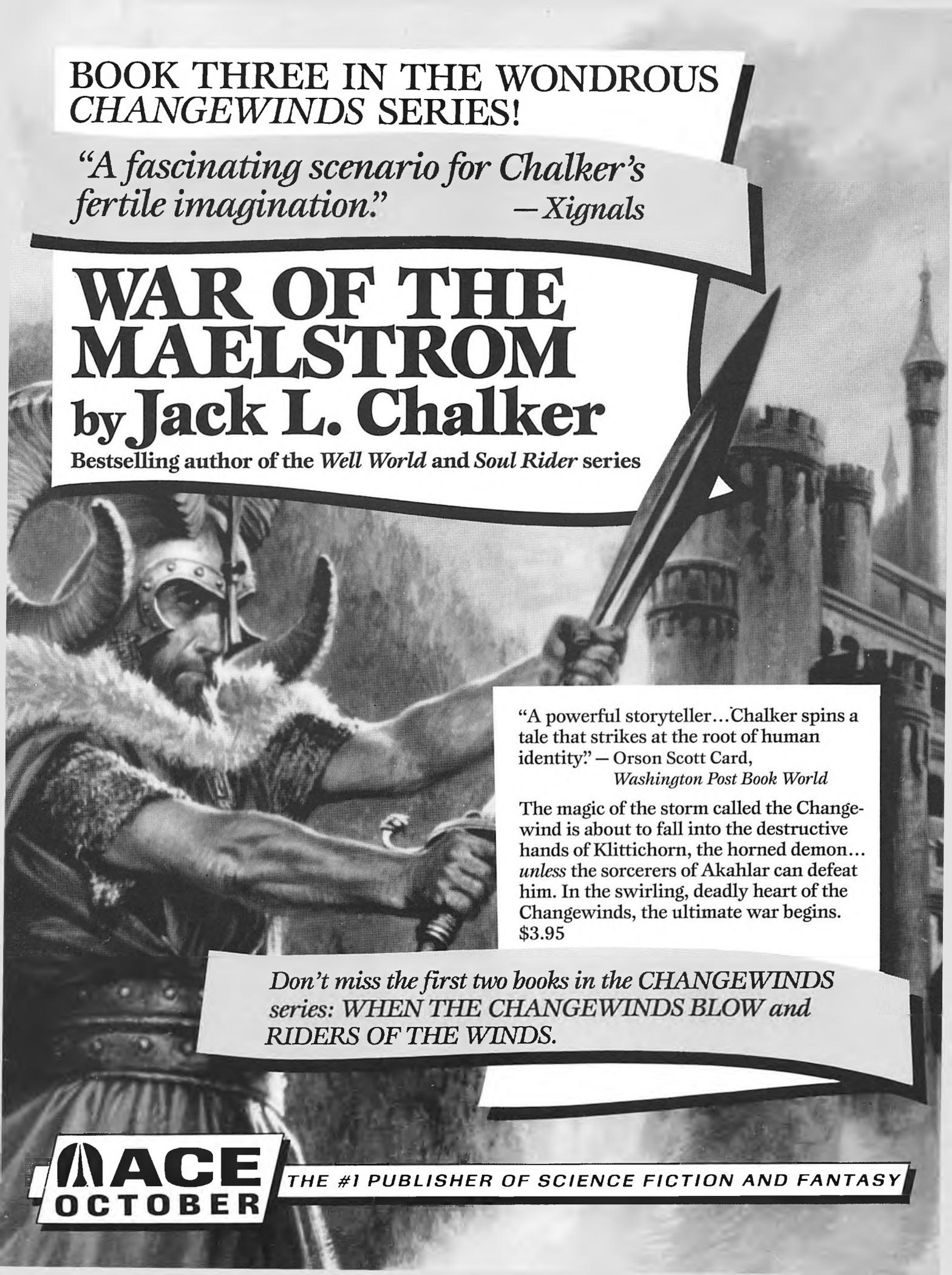
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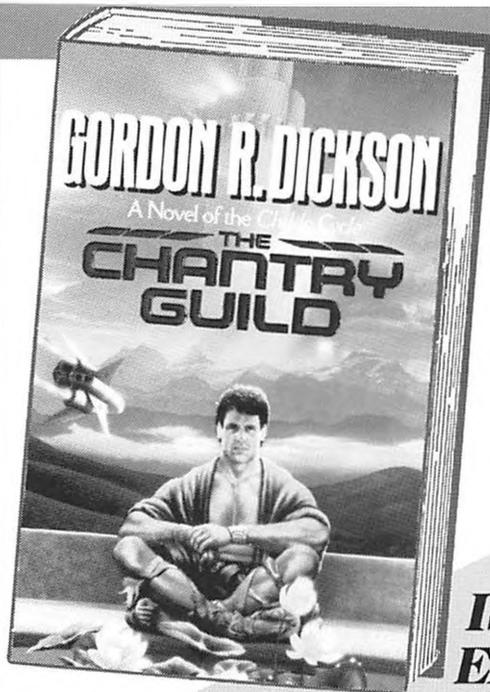
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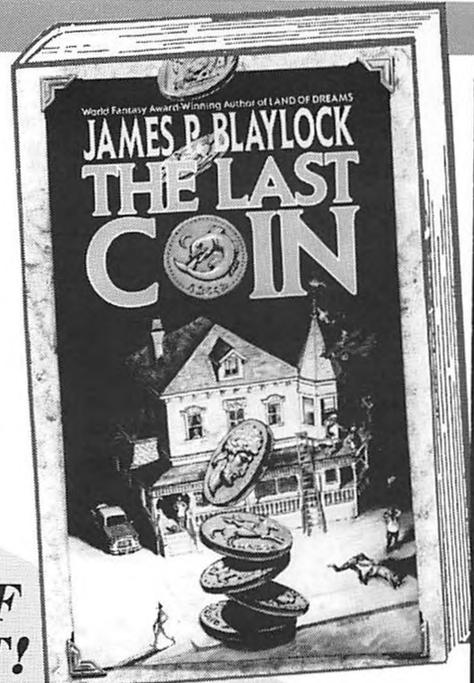


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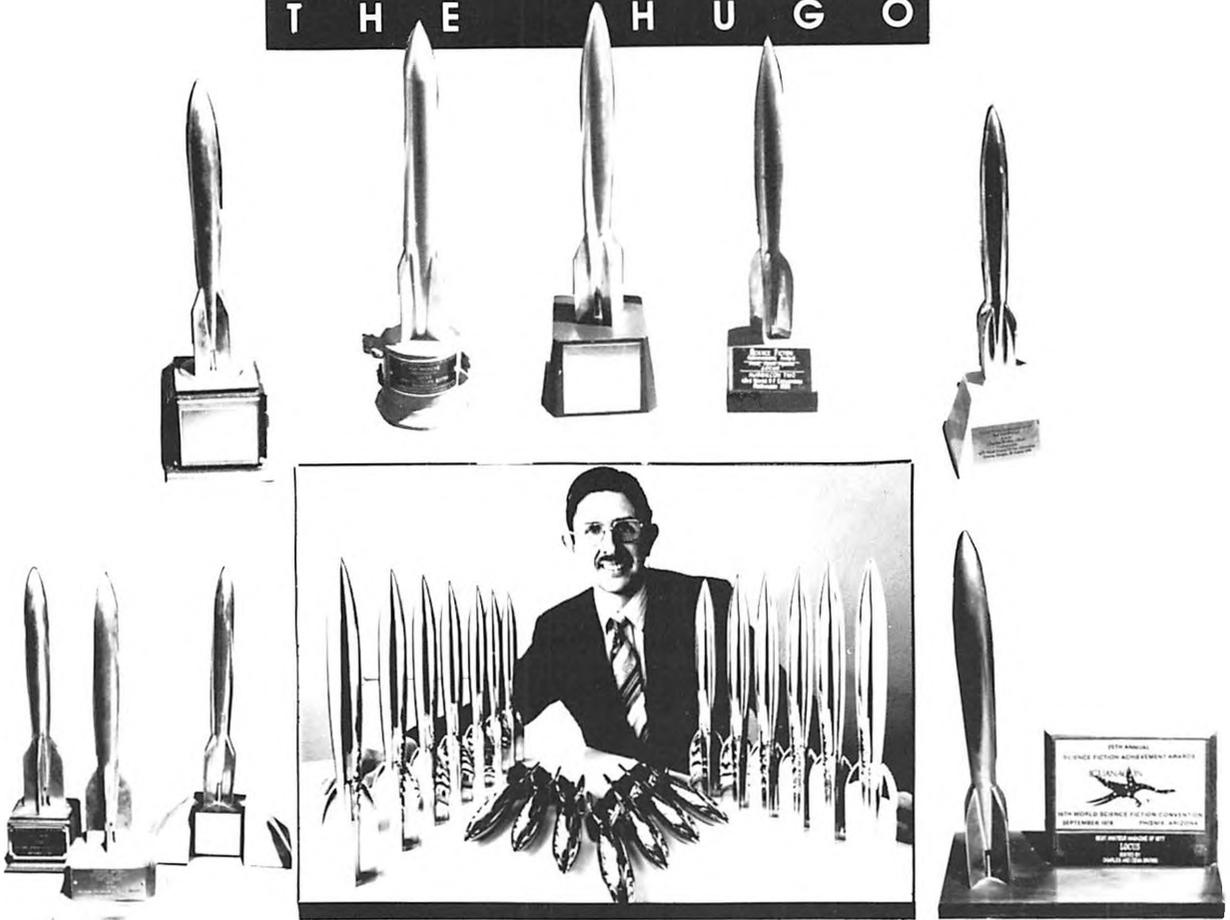
Two thousand years ago, there lived a man who sold some valuable information for a fee of thirty silver coins. His name was Judas Iscariot, and he is no longer with us. The coins, however, still exist—and still hold an elusive power over all who claim them...

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T H E H U G O



(PETER WESTON with some of his Marketwise Inc.'s magnificent creations — the WSFS HUGO Awards!)

THE HUGO AWARD

In 1953 it was a stubby delta-winged rocket, and though nine were awarded in seven categories, none bore name plaques. Two years later, the modern trophy appeared — silver, a foot tall, needle-pointed, streamlined. Created by Ben Jason and Jack McKnight, with a base designed by the worldcon committee of that year, the **Hugo Award** is the foremost symbol of the World Science Fiction Convention and its presentation is the highlight of every year's event.

Named for Hugo Gernsback, father of magazine SF, the **Hugo** has been awarded by popular vote of the convention membership every year since 1955. (Nominating ballots were first issued in 1959.) Categories have varied over the 35 years of the **Hugo Award**; of recent they have been stabilized by vote of the World Science Fiction Society, which meets every year at the worldcon.

As Isaac Asimov said in the first volume of **The Hugo Winners**, the continuing anthology of short fiction honorees: "Let the philistines have their Oscars and their Emmys; we have the **Hugos!**"

Since 1973, we have also had the **John W. Campbell Award** for SF's outstanding new writer — a trophy also awarded at the worldcon. Occasionally **Gandalf Awards** have been bestowed, for superlative Fantasy work. Follows a complete list of the **Hugo Awards** . . . SFdom's best by vote, with photographs of some of the happy winners.

(CAPE LOCUS, CALIFORNIA . . . part of CHARLES N. BROWN'S Hugo collection. Photo courtesy Charles N. Brown.



HUGO WINNERS

1953

Novel: *The Demolished Man* by Alfred Bester
Professional Magazine: *Galaxy* and
Astounding (tie)
Excellence in Fact Articles: Willy Ley
Cover Artist: Ed Emshwiller and Hannes Bok (tie)
Interior Illustrator: Virgil Finlay
New SF Author or Artist: Philip José Farmer
Number 1 Fan Personality: Forrest J Ackerman

1954

(No awards given)

1955

Novel: *They'd Rather Be Right*
by Mark Clifton and Frank Riley
Novelette: "The Darfsteller" by Walter M. Miller, Jr.
Short Story: "Allamagoosa" by Eric Frank Russell
Magazine: *Astounding*
Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
Fan Magazine: *Fantasy Times* (James V. Taurasi, Sr.
and Ray Van Houten, eds.)
Special Award: Sam Moskowitz as "Mystery Guest"
and for his work on past conventions

1956

Novel: *Double Star* by Robert A. Heinlein
Novelette: "Exploration Team" by Murray Leinster
Short Story: "The Star" by Arthur C. Clarke
Feature Writer: Willy Ley
Magazine: *Astounding*
Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
Fan Magazine: *Inside & Science Fiction Advertiser*
(Ron Smith ed.)
Most Promising New Author: Robert Silverberg
Book Reviewer: Damon Knight

1957

American Professional Magazine: *Astounding*
British Professional Magazine: *New Worlds*
Fan Magazine: *Science-Fiction Times*
(James V. Taurasi, Sr., Ray Van Houten, and
Frank Prieto, eds.)

1958

Novel or Novelette: *The Big Time* by Fritz Leiber
Short Story: "Or All the Seas With Oysters"
by Avram Davidson
Outstanding Movie: *The Incredible Shrinking Man*
Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*
Outstanding Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
Outstanding Actifan: Walter A. Willis



FORREST J. ACKERMAN with the earliest HUGO.



KELLY FREAS had a lock on the Best Artist Hugo in much of the '50's and '60's.



ROBERT A. HEINLEIN's surprise appearance at the 1962 Worldcon to accept the Hugo for *Stranger in a Strange Land* is one of fandom's greatest moments.

1959

Novel: *A Case of Conscience* by James Blish
 Novelette: "The Big Front Yard" by Clifford D. Simak
 Short Story: "That Hell-Bound Train" by Robert Bloch
 SF or Fantasy Movie: (No Award)
 Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*
 Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
 Amateur Magazine: *Fanac*
 (Ron Ellik and Terry Carr, eds.)
 New Author of 1958: (No Award, but Brian W. Aldiss received a plaque as runner-up)

1960

Novel: *Starship Troopers* by Robert A. Heinlein
 Short Fiction: "Flowers for Algernon" by Daniel Keyes
 Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*
 Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*
 Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller
 Fanzine: *Cry of the Nameless* (F. M. and Elinor Busby, Burnett Toskey, and Wally Weber, eds.)
 Special Award: Hugo Gernsback as "The Father of the Magazine Science Fiction"

1961

Novel: *A Canticle for Leibowitz* by Walter M. Miller, Jr.
 Short Fiction: "The Longest Voyage" by Poul Anderson
 Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*
 Professional Magazine: *Astounding/Analog*
 Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller
 Fanzine: *Who Killed Science Fiction?* (Earl Kemp, ed.)

1962

Novel: *Stranger in a Strange Land* by Robert A. Heinlein
 Short Fiction: the "Hothouse" series by Brian W. Aldiss
 Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*
 Professional Magazine: *Analog*
 Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller
 Fanzine: *Warhoon* (Richard Bergeron, ed.)
 Special Award: Cele Goldsmith for editing *Amazing and Fantastic*
 Special Award: Donald H. Tuck for *The Handbook of Science Fiction and Fantasy*
 Special Award: Fritz Leiber and the Hoffman Electric Corp. for the use of science fiction in advertisements

HUGO WINNERS

1963

Novel: *The Man in the High Castle* by Philip K. Dick
Short Fiction: "The Dragon Masters" by Jack Vance
Dramatic Presentation: (No Award)
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*
Professional Artist: Roy G. Krenkel
Amateur Magazine: *Xero*
(Richard and Pat Lupoff, eds.)
Special Award: P. Schuyler Miller
for book reviews in *Analog*
Special Award: Isaac Asimov
for science articles in *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

1964

Novel: *Way Station* by Clifford D. Simak
Short Fiction: "No Truce with Kings" by Poul Anderson
Professional Magazine: *Analog*
Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller
SF Book Publisher: Ace Books
Amateur Magazine: *Amra* (George Scithers, ed.)

1965

Novel: *The Wanderer* by Fritz Leiber
Short Story: "Soldier, Ask Not" by Gordon R. Dickson
Special Drama: *Dr. Strangelove*
Magazine: *Analog*
Artist: John Schoenherr
Publisher: Ballantine
Fanzine: *Yandro* (Robert and Juanita Coulson, eds.)

1966

Novel: ... *And Call Me Conrad* by Roger Zelazny and
Dune by Frank Herbert (tie)
Short Fiction: "'Repent, Harlequin!' Said the
Ticktockman" by Harlan Ellison
Professional Magazine: *If*
Professional Artist: Frank Frazetta
Amateur Magazine: *ERB-dom*
(Camille Cazedessus, Jr., ed.)
Best All-Time Series: the "Foundation" series
by Isaac Asimov

1967

Novel: *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*
by Robert A. Heinlein
Novelette: "The Last Castle" by Jack Vance
Short Story: "Neutron Star" by Larry Niven
Dramatic Presentation: "The Menagerie" (*Star Trek*)
Professional Magazine: *If*
Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan
Fanzine: *Niekas* (Ed Meskys and Felice Rolfe, eds.)
Fan Writer: Alexei Panshin
Fan Artist: Jack Gaughan
Special Award: CBS Television for *21st Century*



Thrice a Hugo winner was the great CLIFFORD D. SIMAK.



ISAAC ASIMOV seems to grimace when presenting HARLAN ELLISON with his first Hugo, but surely not.

HUGO WINNERS



Hugo winners of St. Louiscon, 1969 — ELLISON, ROBERT SILVERBERG, JACK GAUGHAN.



URSULA K. LeGUIN's classic *Left Hand of Darkness* won both Hugo and Nebula.



The grandiloquent Asimov hands LARRY NIVEN the Hugo for *Ringworld*.

1968

Novel: *Lord of Light* by Roger Zelazny

Novella: "Weyr Search" by Anne McCaffrey and "Riders of the Purple Wage"

by Philip José Farmer (tie)

Novelette: "Gonna Roll Them Bones" by Fritz Leiber

Short Story: "I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream"

by Harlan Ellison

Dramatic Presentation: "City on the Edge of Forever" (Star Trek)

Professional Magazine: *If*

Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan

Fanzine: *Amra* (George Scithers, ed.)

Fan Writer: Ted White

Fan Artist: George Barr

Special Award: Harlan Ellison for *Dangerous Visions*

Special Award: Gene Roddenberry for *Star Trek*

1969

Novel: *Stand on Zanzibar* by John Brunner

Novella: "Nightwings" by Robert Silverberg

Novelette: "The Sharing of Flesh" by Poul Anderson

Short Story: "The Beast That Shouted Love at the

Heart of the World" by Harlan Ellison

Dramatic Presentation: *2001: A Space Odyssey*

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy and Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan

Fanzine: *Science Fiction Review* (Richard E. Geis, ed.)

Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr.

Fan Artist: Vaughn Bode

Special Award: Neil Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin, and

Michael Collins for "The Best Moon Landing Ever"

1970

Novel: *The Left Hand of Darkness*

by Ursula K. Le Guin

Novella: "Ship of Shadows" by Fritz Leiber

Short Story: "Time Considered as a Helix of

Semi-Precious Stones" by Samuel R. Delany

Dramatic Presentation: News coverage of Apollo XI

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy and Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Fanzine: *Science Fiction Review* (Richard E. Geis, ed.)

Fan Writer: Bob Tucker

Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

1971

Novel: *Ringworld* by Larry Niven

Novella: "Ill Met in Lankmar" by Fritz Leiber

Short Story: "Slow Sculpture" by Theodore Sturgeon

Dramatic Presentation: (No Award)

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy and Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Leo and Diane Dillon

Fanzine: *Locus* (Charles and Dena Brown, eds.)

Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis

Fan Artist: Alicia Austin

1972

Novel: *To Your Scattered Bodies Go*
 by Philip José Farmer

Novella: "The Queen of Air and Darkness"
 by Poul Anderson

Short Story: "Inconstant Moon" by Larry Niven

Dramatic Presentation: *A Clockwork Orange*

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy and Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Amateur Magazine: *Locus*
 (Charles and Dena Brown, eds.)

Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr.

Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

Special Award: Harlan Ellison for excellence in
 anthologizing (*Again, Dangerous Visions*)

Special Award: Club du Livre d'Anticipation (France)
 for excellence in book production

Special Award: *Nueva Dimension* (Spain)
 for excellence in magazine production



PHIL FARMER might have blinked when this photo was taken, but Hugo voters did not when they honored **To Your Scattered Bodies Go**.

1973

Novel: *The Gods Themselves* by Isaac Asimov

Novella: "The Word for World is Forest"
 by Ursula K. Le Guin

Novelette: "Goat Song" by Poul Anderson

Short Story: "Eurema's Dam" by R. A. Lafferty and
 "The Meeting"
 by Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth (tie)

Dramatic Presentation: *Slaughterhouse-Five*

Professional Editor: Ben Bova

Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Amateur Magazine: *Energumen*
 (Mike Glicksohn and Susan Wood Glicksohn, eds.)

Fan Writer: Terry Carr

Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

Campbell Award: Jerry Pournelle

Special Award: Pierre Versins for
L'Encyclopedie de l'Utopie et de la science fiction



Dr. Asimov won a Best Novel Hugo of his own at Torcon — but the rockets had yet to arrive. This didn't bother the great R.A. LAFFERTY, accepting congratulations from LESTER DEL REY.

1974

Novel: *Rendezvous with Rama* by Arthur C. Clarke

Novella: "The Girl Who Was Plugged In"
 by James Tiptree, Jr.

Novelette: "The Deathbird" by Harlan Ellison

Short Story: "The Ones Who Walk Away from
 Omelas" by Ursula K. Le Guin

Dramatic Presentation: *Sleeper*

Professional Editor: Ben Bova

Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Amateur Magazine: *Algol* (Andy Porter, ed.) and
The Alien Critic (Richard E. Geis, ed.) (tie)

Fan Writer: Susan Wood

Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

Campbell Award: Spider Robinson and
 Lisa Tuttle (tie)

Special Award: Chesley Bonestell
 for his illustrations

Gandalf Award (Grand Master): J. R. R. Tolkien





MidAmeriCon in 1976 saw JOE HALDEMAN win one of TIM KIRK's exquisite base designs for *The Forever War*.



The beautiful KATE WILHELM.

1975

Novel: *The Dispossessed* by Ursula K. Le Guin
 Novella: "A Song for Lya" by George R. R. Martin
 Novelette: "Adrift Just Off the Islets of Langerhans"
 by Harlan Ellison
 Short Story: "The Hole Man" by Larry Niven
 Dramatic Presentation: *Young Frankenstein*
 Professional Editor: Ben Bova
 Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
 Amateur Magazine: *The Alien Critic*
 (Richard E. Geis, ed.)
 Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis
 Fan Artist: Bill Rotsler
 Campbell Award: P. J. Plauger
 Special Award: Donald A. Wollheim as
 "the fan who has done everything"
 Special Award: Walt Lee for
Reference Guide to Fantastic Films
 Gandalf Award (Grand Master): Fritz Leiber

1976

Novel: *The Forever War* by Joe Haldeman
 Novella: "Home is the Hangman" by Roger Zelazny
 Novelette: "The Borderland of Sol" by Larry Niven
 Short Story: "Catch That Zeppelin!" by Fritz Leiber
 Dramatic Presentation: *A Boy and His Dog*
 Professional Editor: Ben Bova
 Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
 Fanzine: *Locus* (Charles and Dena Brown, eds.)
 Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis
 Fan Artist: Tim Kirk
 Campbell Award: Tom Reamy
 Special Award: James E. Gunn for *Alternate Worlds,*
The Illustrated History of Science Fiction
 Gandalf Award (Grand Master): L. Sprague de Camp

1977

Novel: *Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang*
 by Kate Wilhelm
 Novella: "By Any Other Name"
 by Spider Robinson, and
 "Houston, Houston, Do You Read?"
 by James Tiptree, Jr. (tie)
 Novelette: "The Bicentennial Man" by Isaac Asimov
 Short Story: "Tricentennial" by Joe Haldeman
 Dramatic Presentation: (No Award)
 Professional Editor: Ben Bova
 Professional Artist: Rick Sternbach
 Amateur Magazine: *Science Fiction Review*
 (Richard E. Geis, ed.)
 Fan Writer: Susan Wood and Richard E. Geis (tie)
 Fan Artist: Phil Foglio
 Campbell Award: C. J. Cherryh
 Special Award: George Lucas for *Star Wars*
 Gandalf Award (Grand Master): Andre Norton

HUGO WINNERS

1978

Novel: *Gateway* by Frederik Pohl
Novella: "Stardance" by Spider and Jeanne Robinson
Novelette: "Eyes of Amber" by Joan D. Vinge
Short Story: "Jeffty Is Five" by Harlan Ellison
Dramatic Presentation: *Star Wars*
Professional Editor: George H. Scithers
Professional Artist: Rick Sternbach
Amateur Magazine: *Locus*
 (Charles and Dena Brown, eds.)
Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis
Fan Artist: Phil Foglio
Campbell Award: Orson Scott Card
Gandalf Award (Grand Master): Poul Anderson
Gandalf Award (Book-Length Fantasy):
The Silmarillion by J. R. R. Tolkien



FRED POHL cops *Iguanacon's* Best Novel trophy.

1979

Novel: *Dreamsnake* by Vonda McIntyre
Novella: "The Persistence of Vision" by John Varley
Novelette: "Hunter's Moon" by Poul Anderson
Short Story: "Cassandra" by C. J. Cherryh
Dramatic Presentation: *Superman*
Professional Editor: Ben Bova
Professional Artist: Vincent DiFate
Fanzine: *Science Fiction Review* (Richard E. Geis, ed.)
Fan Writer: Bob Shaw
Fan Artist: Bill Rotsler
Campbell Award: Stephen R. Donaldson
Gandalf Award (Grand Master): Ursula K. Le Guin
Gandalf Award (Book-Length Fantasy):
The White Dragon by Anne McCaffrey



Star Wars producer GARY KURTZ at 1978's *Iguanacon* with CRAIG MILLER.

1980

Novel: *The Fountains of Paradise* by Arthur C. Clarke
Novella: "Enemy Mine" by Barry B. Longyear
Novelette: "Sandkings" by George R. R. Martin
Short Story: "The Way of Cross and Dragon"
 by George R. R. Martin
Non-Fiction Book: *The Science Fiction Encyclopedia*
 (Peter Nicholls, ed.)
Dramatic Presentation: *Alien*
Professional Editor: George H. Scithers
Professional Artist: Michael Whelan
Fanzine: *Locus* (Charles N. Brown, ed.)
Fan Writer: Bob Shaw
Fan Artist: Alexis Gilliland
Campbell Award: Barry B. Longyear
Gandalf Award (Grand Master): Ray Bradbury



GEORGE R.R. MARTIN won two *Noreascon II* Hugos; BARRY LONGYEAR had to settle for one Hugo and one John W. Campbell Award.

HUGO WINNERS



Two Hugos came GORDON R. DICKSON's way at Denvention.



C.J. CHERRYH beams when presented with her Hugo by JOAN VINGE.



"Fire Watch" brought CONNIE WILLIS award recognition.

1981

Novel: *The Snow Queen* by Joan D. Vinge

Novella: "Lost Dorsai" by Gordon R. Dickson

Novelette: "The Cloak and the Staff"

by Gordon R. Dickson

Short Story: "Grotto of the Dancing Deer"

by Clifford D. Simak

Non-Fiction Book: *Cosmos* by Carl Sagan

Dramatic Presentation: *The Empire Strikes Back*

Professional Editor: Edward L. Ferman

Professional Artist: Michael Whelan

Fanzine: *Locus* (Charles N. Brown, ed.)

Fan Writer: Susan Wood

Fan Artist: Victoria Poyser

Campbell Award: Somtow Sucharitkul

1982

Novel: *Downbelow Station* by C. J. Cherryh

Novella: "The Saturn Game" by Poul Anderson

Novelette: "Unicorn Variation" by Roger Zelazny

Short Story: "The Pusher" by John Varley

Non-Fiction Book: *Danse Macabre* by Stephen King

Dramatic Presentation: *Raiders of the Lost Ark*

Professional Editor: Edward L. Ferman

Professional Artist: Michael Whelan

Fanzine: *Locus* (Charles N. Brown, ed.)

Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis

Fan Artist: Victoria Poyser

Campbell Award: Alexis Gilliland

Special Award: Mike Glyer for

"keeping the fan in fanzine publishing"

1983

Novel: *Foundation's Edge* by Isaac Asimov

Novella: "Souls" by Joanna Russ

Novelette: "Fire Watch" by Connie Willis

Short Story: "Melancholy Elephants"

by Spider Robinson

Non-Fiction Book: *Isaac Asimov:*

The Foundations of Science Fiction by James Gunn

Dramatic Presentation: *Bladerunner*

Professional Editor: Edward L. Ferman

Professional Artist: Michael Whelan

Fanzine: *Locus* (Charles N. Brown, ed.)

Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis

Fan Artist: Alexis Gilliland

Campbell Award: Paul O. Williams

1984

Novel: *Startide Rising* by David Brin
Novella: "Cascade Point" by Timothy Zahn
Novelette: "Blood Music" by Greg Bear
Short Story: "Speech Sounds" by Octavia Butler
Non-Fiction Book: *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Fantasy*; vol. III, by Donald Tuck
Dramatic Presentation: *Return of the Jedi*
Professional Editor: Shawna McCarthy
Professional Artist: Michael Whelan
Semi-prozine: *Locus* (Charles N. Brown, ed.)
Fanzine: *File 770* (Mike Glycer, ed.)
Fan Writer: Mike Glycer
Fan Artist: Alexis Gilliland
Campbell Award: R. A. MacAvoy



DAVID BRIN tips his hat in thanks for *Startide Rising's* award.

1985

Novel: *Neuromancer* by William Gibson
Novella: "PRESS ENTER ■" by John Varley
Novelette: "Bloodchild" by Octavia Butler
Short Story: "The Crystal Spheres" by David Brin
Non-Fiction Book: *Wonder's Child: My Life in Science Fiction* by Jack Williamson
Dramatic Presentation: *2010*
Professional Editor: Terry Carr
Professional Artist: Michael Whelan
Semi-prozine: *Locus* (Charles N. Brown, ed.)
Fanzine: *File 770* (Mike Glycer, ed.)
Fan Writer: Dave Langford
Fan Artist: Alexis Gilliland
Campbell Award: Lucius Shepard



ALEXIS GILLILAND — Fan Artist and Campbell winner.

1986

Novel: *Ender's Game* by Orson Scott Card
Novella: "Twenty-four Views of Mount Fuji, by Hokusai" by Roger Zelazny
Novelette: "Paladin of the Lost Hour" by Harlan Ellison
Short Story: "Fermi and Frost" by Frederik Pohl
Non-Fiction Book: *Science Made Stupid* by Tom Weller
Dramatic Presentation: *Back to the Future*
Professional Editor: Judy Lynn del Rey
Professional Artist: Michael Whelan
Semi-prozine: *Locus* (Charles N. Brown, ed.)
Fanzine: *Lan's Lantern* (George Laskowski, ed.)
Fan Writer: Mike Glycer
Fan Artist: joan hanke-woods
Campbell Award: Melissa Scott



MIKE GLYER is handed a Hugo by ROBERT BLOCH.

HUGO WINNERS

1987

Novel: *Speaker for the Dead* by Orson Scott Card

Novella: "Gilgamesh in the Outback"

by Robert Silverberg

Novelette: "Permafrost" by Roger Zelazny

Short Story: "Tangents" by Greg Bear

Non-Fiction Book: *Trillion Year Spree*

by Brain Aldiss with David Wingrove

Dramatic Presentation: *Aliens*

Professional Editor: Terry Carr

Professional Artist: Jim Burns

Semi-prozine: *Locus* (Charles N. Brown, ed.)

Fanzine: *Ansible* (Dave Langford, ed.)

Fan Writer: Dave Langford

Fan Artist: Brad Foster

Campbell Award: Karen Joy Fowler



Speaker for the Dead continued ORSON SCOTT CARD's two-year run on Best Novel.

Photos courtesy of Jay Kay Klein, Guy H. Lillian III, Charles N. Brown and Andy Porter.

Hugo Award and related winners typeset by Donald Eastlake. April 1988. Please send corrections to P. O. Box N, MIT Branch P.O., Cambridge, MA 02139, USA.

World Science Fiction Society®

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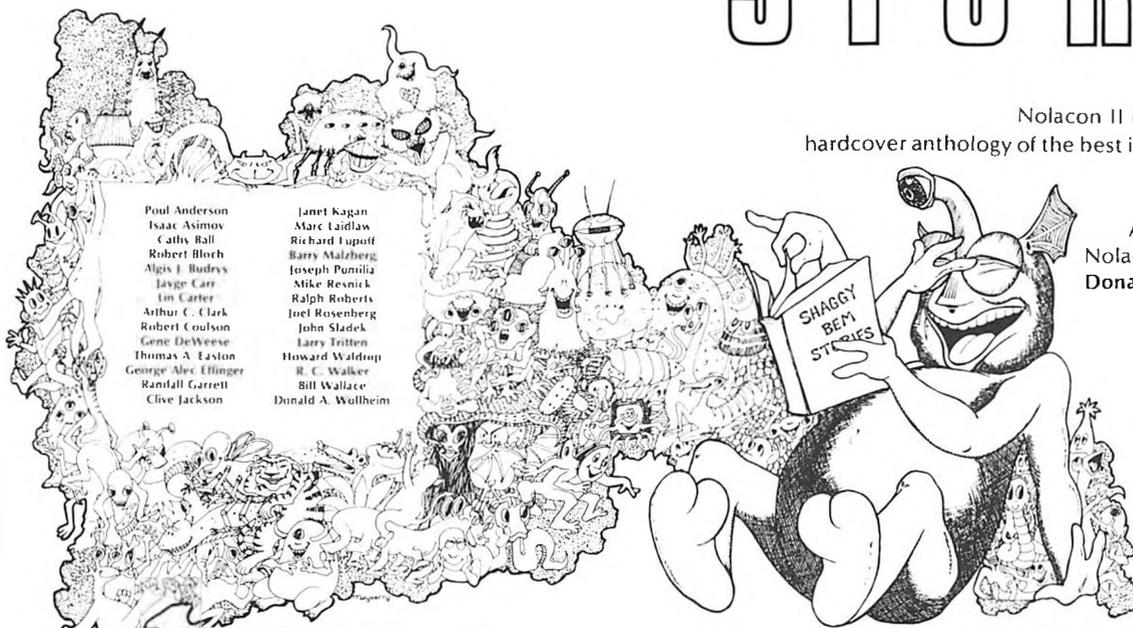
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Robert Coulson	John Sladek
Gene DeWeese	Larry Tritton
Thomas A. Easton	Howard Waldrop
George Alec Effinger	R. C. Walker
Randall Garrett	Bill Wallace
Clive Jackson	Donald A. Wollheim

BEST NOVEL

The Forge of God, Greg Bear (Tor Books)
The Uplift War, David Brin (Phantasia Press/Bantam Spectra)
Seventh Son, Orson Scott Card (Tor)
When Gravity Fails, George Alec Effinger (Arbor House/Bantam Spectra)
The Urth of the New Sun, Gene Wolfe (Tor)

BEST NOVELLA

'Eye for Eye', Orson Scott Card (*Isaac Asimov's* 3/87)
 'The Forest of Time', Michael Flynn (*Analog* 6/87)
 'The Blind Geometer', Kim Stanley Robinson (*Isaac Asimov's* 8/87)
 'Mother Goddess of the World', Kim Stanley Robinson (*Isaac Asimov's* 10/87)
 'The Secret Sharer', Robert Silverberg (*Isaac Asimov's* 9/87; Underwood/Miller)

BEST NOVELETTE

'Buffalo Gals Won't You Come Out Tonight', Ursula K. LeGuin (*Buffalo Gals ... and Other Animal Presences; F&SF* 11/87)
 'Dream Baby', Bruce McAllister (*In the Field of Fire; Isaac Asimov's* 10/87)
 'Rachel in Love', Pat Murphy (*Isaac Asimov's* 4/87)
 'Flowers of Edo', Bruce Sterling (*Isaac Asimov's* 5/87)
 'Dinosaurs', Walter Jon Williams (*Isaac Asimov's* 6/87)

BEST SHORT STORY

'Angel', Pat Cadigan (*Isaac Asimov's* 5/87)
 'The Faithful Companion at Forty', Karen Joy Fowler (*Isaac Asimov's* 7/87)
 'Cassandra's Photographs', Lisa Goldstein (*Isaac Asimov's* 8/87)
 'Night of the Cooters', Howard Waldrop (*Omni* 4/87)
 'Why I Left Harry's All Night Hamburgers', Lawrence Watt Evans (*Isaac Asimov's* 7/87)
 'Forever Yours, Anna', Kate Wilhelm (*Omni* 7/87)

BEST NON-FICTION BOOK

Anatomy of Wonder, Third Edition, Neal Barron (Bowker)
Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror: 1986, Charles N. Brown & William G. Contento (Locus Press)

Imagination: The Art and Technique of David A. Cherry, David A. Cherry (Donning)

The Battle of Brazil: The Authorized Story & Annotated Screenplay of Terry Gilliam's Landmark Film, Jack Matthews (Crown)

Michael Whelan's Worlds of Wonder, Michael Whelan

OTHER FORMS

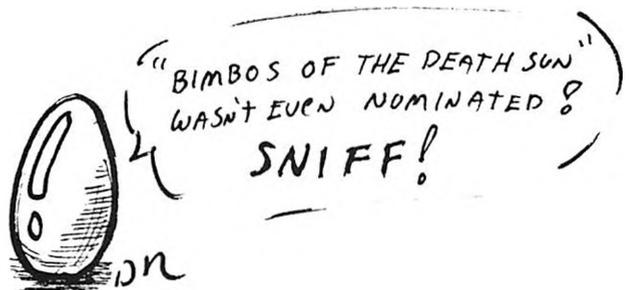
The Essential Ellison, Harlan Ellison [Terry Dowling with Richard Delap and Gil Lamont, editors] (Nemo Press)
I Robot: The Movie (Screenplay) Harlan Ellison
Watchmen, Alan Moore & Dave Gibbons (D.C./Warner)
Wilds Cards Vols. 1-3, George R.R. Martin, editor (Bantam Spectra)
Cultvre Made Stvpid, Tom Weller (Houghton Mifflin)

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

Predator (20th century Fox)
The Princess Bride (20th Century Fox)
Robocop (Orion)
 'Encounter at Far Point', *Star Trek — The Next Generation* (Paramount Television)
The Witches of Eastwick (Warner)

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR

Gardner Dozois
 Edward L. Ferman
 David G. Hartwell
 Stanley Schmidt
 Brain Thomsen



Our best wishes for a
 successful NOLACON II
 from the

CINCINNATI
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 GROUP

Special congratulations
 to fellow CFGers
 ROGER SIMS; Fan GoH
 and
 MIKE RESNICK;
 Toastmaster

1988 HUGO NOMINEES

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

David A. Cherry
Bob Eggleton
Tom Kidd
Don Maitz
J.K. Potter
Michael Whelan

BEST FANZINE

File 770, Mike Glycer, editor
FOSFAX, Timothy Lane, editor
Lan's Lantern, George 'Lan' Lankowski, editor
Mad 3 Party, Leslie Turek, editor
Texas SF Inquirer, Pat Mueller, editor

BEST FAN ARTIST

Brad Foster
Steve Fox
Teddy Harvia
Merle Insignia
Taral Wayne
Diana Gallagher Wu

BEST FAN WRITER

Mike Glycer
Arthur Hlavaty
Dave Langford
Guy H. Lillian III
Leslie Turek

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD

(Sponsored by Davis Publications)

BEST SEMI-PROZINE

Aboriginal SF, Charles Ryan, editor
Interzone, Simon Ounsley, et. al., editors
Locus, Charles N. Brown, editor
Science Fiction Chronicle, Andrew Porter, editor
Thrust, D. Douglas Fratz, editor

C.S. Friedman
Loren MacGregor
Judith Moffitt
Rebecca (Brown) Ore
Martha Soukup

Tabulations for the 1988 Hugo Awards was by Jim and Susan Satterfield.

WORLDCON BID

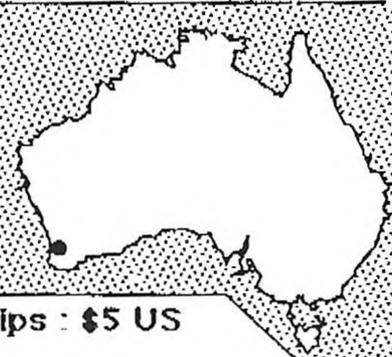
Q - What bid is still standing in the shooting gallery for '94?

94



The only Bid to set your sights on in 1994 is **SWANCON**: the Australian Bid.

A.



Perth

Pre-supporting memberships : \$5 US
INFORMATION

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ACE

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CONSTITUTION

of the World Science Fiction Society, December 1987

Article I — Name, Objectives, Membership, and Organization

- Section 1:** The name of this organization shall be the World Science Fiction Society, hereinafter referred to as WSFS or the Society.
- Section 2:** WSFS is an unincorporated literary society whose functions are:
- A. To choose the recipients of the annual Science Fiction Achievement Awards (the Hugo Awards),
 - B. To choose the locations and Committees for the annual World Science Fiction Conventions (hereinafter referred to as Worldcons),
 - C. To attend those Worldcons,
 - D. To choose the locations and Committees for the occasional North American Science Fiction Conventions (hereinafter referred to as NASFiCs), and
 - E. To perform such other activities as may be necessary or incidental to the above purposes.
- Section 3:** No part of the Society's net earnings shall be paid to its members, officers, or other private persons except in furtherance of the Society's purposes. The Society shall not attempt to influence legislation or any political campaign for public office. Should the Society dissolve, its assets shall be distributed by the current Worldcon Committee or the appropriate court having jurisdiction, exclusively for charitable purposes. In this section, references to the Society include the Mark Registration and Protection Committee and all other agencies of the Society but not convention bidding or operating committees.
- Section 4:** The Membership of WSFS shall consist of all people who have paid membership dues to the Committee of the current Worldcon.
- Section 5:** Members of WSFS paying the minimum fee towards membership with their site-selection ballots shall be members of the selected Worldcon with the right to receive all generally distributed publications. Such members may convert to members with the right of general attendance at the selected Worldcon and its Business Meeting by paying, within ninety (90) days of site selection, an additional fee, set by the selected Worldcon Committee, of not more than the minimum voting fee and not more than the difference between the voting fee and the attending fee for new members.
- Section 6:** Authority and responsibility for all matters concerning the Worldcon, except those reserved herein to WSFS, shall rest with the Worldcon Committee, which shall act in its own name and not in that of WSFS.
- Section 7:** Every Worldcon Committee shall include the following notice in each of its publications:
 "World Science Fiction Society", "WSFS", "World Science Fiction Convention", "Worldcon", "NASFiC", "Science Fiction Achievement Award", and "Hugo Award" are service marks of the World Science Fiction Society, an unincorporated literary society.
- Section 8:** Each Worldcon Committee should dispose of surplus funds remaining after accounts are settled for the current Worldcon for the benefit of WSFS as a whole. Each Worldcon Committee shall submit an annual financial report, including a statement of income and expenses, to each WSFS Business Meeting after the Committee's selection through the first or second Business Meeting after its Worldcon, at its option, to which it will also submit a cumulative final financial report.

Article II — Science Fiction Achievement Awards (the Hugo Awards)

- Section 1:** Selection of the Science Fiction Achievement Awards, known as the Hugo Awards, shall be made as follows in the subsequent Sections of this Article.

- Section 2:** *Best Novel:* A science fiction or fantasy story of forty thousand (40,000) words or more appearing for the first time during the previous calendar year. A work originally appearing in a language other than English shall also be eligible in the year in which it is first issued in English translation. A story, once it has appeared in English, may thus be eligible only once. Publication date, or cover date in the case of a dated periodical, takes precedence over copyright date. A serial takes its appearance to be the date of the last installment. Individual stories appearing as a series are eligible only as individual stories and are not eligible taken together under the title of the series. An author may withdraw a version of a work from consideration if the author feels that the version is not representative of what said author wrote. The Worldcon Committee may relocate a story into a more appropriate category if it feels that it is necessary, provided that the story is within five thousand (5,000) words of the new category limits.
- Section 3:** *Best Novella:* The rules shall be the same as those for Best Novel, with length between seventeen thousand five hundred (17,500) and forty thousand (40,000) words.
- Section 4:** *Best Novelette:* The rules shall be the same as those for Best Novel, with length between seven thousand five hundred (7,500) and seventeen thousand five hundred (17,500) words.
- Section 5:** *Best Short Story:* The rules shall be the same as those for Best Novel, with length less than seven thousand five hundred (7,500) words.
- Section 6:** *Best Non-Fiction Book:* Any non-fictional work whose subject is the field of science fiction or fantasy or fandom appearing for the first time in book form during the previous calendar year.
- Section 7:** *Best Dramatic Presentation:* Any production in any medium of dramatized science fiction or fantasy which has been publicly presented for the first time in its present dramatic form during the previous calendar year. In the case of individual programs presented as a series, each program is individually eligible, but the series as a whole is not eligible; however, a sequence of installments constituting a single dramatic unit may be considered as a single program (eligible in the year of the final installment).
- Section 8:** *Best Professional Editor:* The editor of any professional publication devoted primarily to science fiction or fantasy during the previous calendar year. A professional publication is one which had an average press run of at least ten thousand (10,000) copies per issue.
- Section 9:** *Best Professional Artist:* An illustrator whose work has appeared in a professional publication in the field of science fiction or fantasy during the previous calendar year.
- Section 10:** *Best Semiprozine:* Any generally available non-professional publication devoted to science fiction or fantasy which has published four (4) or more issues, at least one (1) of which appeared in the previous calendar year, and which in the previous calendar year met at least two (2) of the following criteria: (1) had an average press run of at least one thousand (1000) copies per issue, (2) paid its contributors and/or staff in other than copies of the publication, (3) provided at least half the income of any one person, (4) had at least fifteen percent (15%) of its total space occupied by advertising, or (5) announced itself to be a semiprozine.
- Section 11:** *Best Fanzine:* Any generally available non-professional publication devoted to science fiction, fantasy, or related subjects which has published four (4) or more issues, at least one (1) of which appeared in the previous calendar year, and which does not qualify as a semiprozine.
- Section 12:** *Best Fan Writer:* Any person whose writing has appeared in semiprozines or fanzines.
- Section 13:** *Best Fan Artist:* An artist or cartoonist whose work has appeared through publication in semiprozines or fanzines or through other public display during the previous calendar year. Any person whose name appears on the final Hugo Awards ballot for a given year under the Professional Artist category shall not be eligible in the Fan Artist category for that year.

- Section 14:** *Extended Eligibility:* In the event that a potential Hugo Award nominee receives extremely limited distribution in the year of its first publication or presentation, its eligibility may be extended for an additional year by a three-fourths (3/4) vote of the intervening Business Meeting of WSFS.
- Section 15:** *Additional Category:* Not more than one special category may be created by the current Worldcon Committee with nomination and voting to be the same as for the permanent categories. The Worldcon Committee is not required to create any such category; such action by a Worldcon Committee should be under exceptional circumstances only; and the special category created by one Worldcon Committee shall not be binding on following Committees. Awards created under this Section shall be considered to be Science Fiction Achievement Awards, or Hugo Awards.
- Section 16:** *Name and Design:* The Hugo Award shall continue to be standardized on the rocket ship design of Jack McKnight and Ben Jason. Each Worldcon Committee may select its own choice of base design. The name (Hugo Award) and the design shall not be extended to any other award.
- Section 17:** *No Award:* At the discretion of an individual Worldcon Committee, if the lack of nominations or final votes in a specific category shows a marked lack of interest in that category on the part of the voters, the Award in that category shall be cancelled for that year. In addition, the entry "No Award" shall be mandatory in each category of Hugo Award on the final ballot. In any event, No Award shall be given whenever the total number of valid ballots cast for a specific category is less than twenty-five percent (25%) of the total number of final Award ballots (excluding those cast for No Award) received.
- Section 18:** *Nominations:* Selection of nominees for the final Award voting shall be done by a poll conducted by the Worldcon Committee, in which each WSFS member shall be allowed to make five (5) equally weighted nominations in every category. Nominations shall be solicited for, and the final Award ballot shall list, only the Hugo Awards and the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for Best New Writer. Assignment to the proper category of nominees nominated in more than one category, and eligibility of nominees, shall be determined by the Worldcon Committee. No nominee shall appear on the final Award ballot if it received fewer nominations than the lesser of either: five percent (5%) of the number of nomination ballots cast in that category, or the number of nominations received by the third-place nominee in that category.
- Section 19:** *Notification and Acceptance:* Worldcon Committees shall use reasonable efforts to notify the nominees, or in the case of deceased or incapacitated persons, their heirs, assigns, or legal guardians, in each category prior to the release of such information. Each nominee shall be asked at that time to either accept or decline the nomination.
- Section 20:** *Voting:* Final Award voting shall be by mail, with ballots sent only to WSFS members. Final Award ballots shall include name, signature, address, and membership-number spaces to be filled in by the voter. Final Award ballots shall standardize nominees given in each category to not more than five (5) (six (6) in the case of tie votes) plus "No Award." The Committee shall, on or with the final ballot, designate, for each nominee in the printed fiction categories, one or more books, anthologies, or magazines in which the nominee appeared (including the book publisher or magazine issue date(s)). Voters shall indicate the order of their preference for the nominees in each category.
- Section 21:** *Tallying:* Counting of all votes shall be the responsibility of the Worldcon Committee, which is responsible for all matters concerning the Awards. In each category, votes shall first be tallied by the voter's first choices. If no majority is then obtained, the nominee who places last in the initial tallying shall be eliminated and the ballots listing it as first choice shall be redistributed on the basis of those ballots' second choices. This process shall be repeated until a majority-vote winner is obtained. The complete numerical vote totals, including all preliminary tallies for first, second, ... places, shall be made public by the Worldcon Committee within ninety (90) days after the Worldcon.

Section 22: *Exclusions:* No member of the current Worldcon Committee nor any publications closely connected with a member of the Committee shall be eligible for an Award. However, should the Committee delegate all authority under this Article to a Subcommittee whose decisions are irrevocable by the Worldcon Committee, then this exclusion shall apply to members of the Subcommittee only.

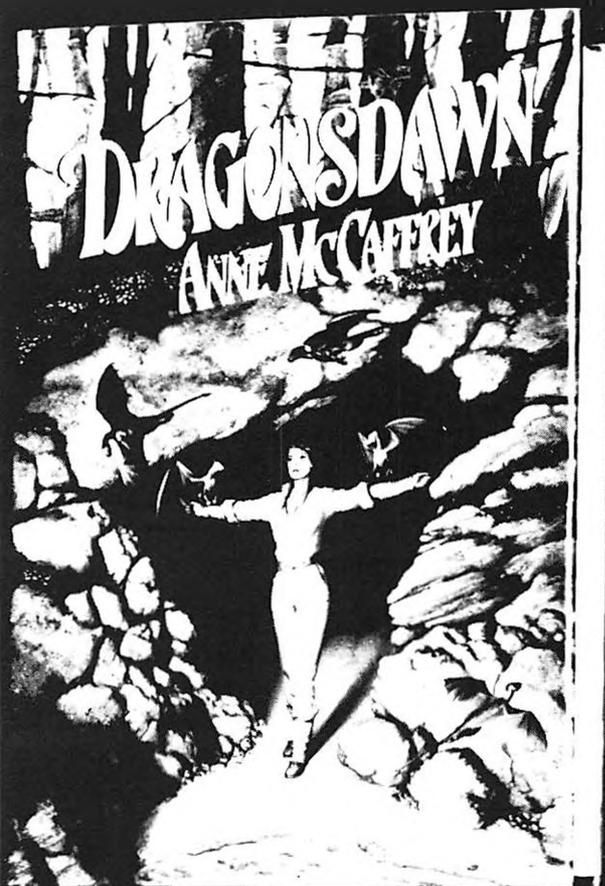
Article III — Future Worldcon Selection

Section 1: WSFS shall choose the location and Committee of the Worldcon to be held three (3) years from the date of the current Worldcon. Voting shall be by mail or ballot cast at the current Worldcon with run-off ballot as described in Article II, Section 21, and shall be limited to WSFS members who have paid at least twenty U.S. dollars (\$20.00) or equivalent towards membership in the Worldcon whose site is being selected. The current Worldcon Committee shall administer the mail balloting, collect the advance membership fees, and turn over those funds to the winning Committee before the end of the current Worldcon. The minimum voting fee can be modified for a particular year by unanimous agreement of the current Worldcon Committee and all bidding committees who have filed before the deadline. The site-selection voting totals shall be announced at the Business Meeting and published in the first or second Progress Report of the winning Committee, with the by-mail and at-convention votes distinguished.

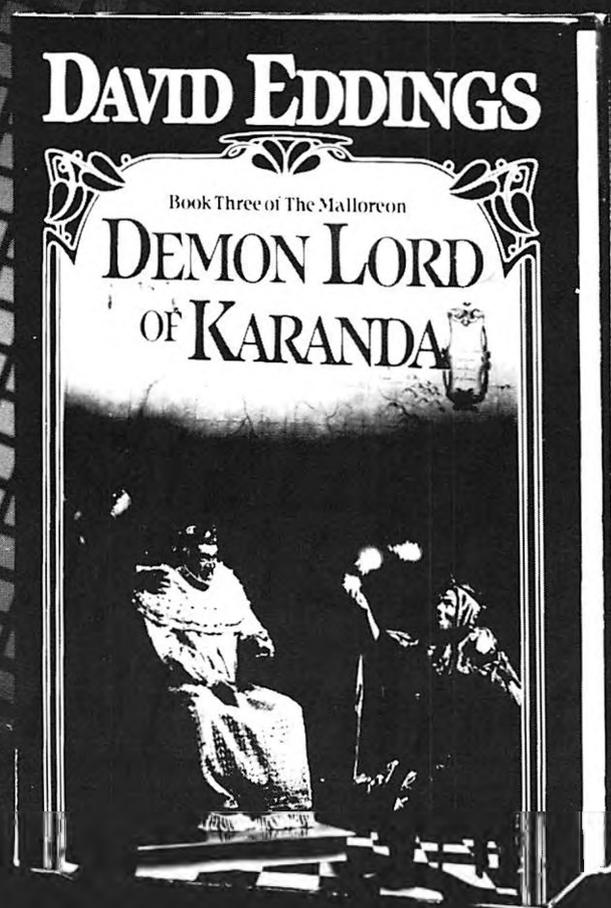
Section 2: Site-selection ballots shall include name, signature, address, and membership-number spaces to be filled in by the voter. Each site-selection ballot shall list the options “None of the above” and “No preference” and provide for write-in votes, after the bidders and with equal prominence. The minimum fee in force shall be listed on all site-selection ballots.

Section 3: The name and address information shall be separated from the ballots and the ballots counted only at the Worldcon with two (2) witnesses from each bidding committee allowed to observe. Each bidding committee may make a record of the name and address of every voter. A ballot voted with first or only choice for “No preference” shall be ignored for site selection. A ballot voted with lower than first choice for “No preference” shall be ignored if all higher choices on the ballot have been eliminated in preferential tallying. “None of the above” shall be treated as a bid for tallying. If it wins, the duty of site selection shall devolve on the Business Meeting of the current Worldcon. If the Business Meeting is unable to decide by the end of the Worldcon, the Committee for the following Worldcon shall make the selection without undue delay. When a site and Committee are chosen by a Business Meeting or Worldcon Committee, they are not restricted by region or other qualifications and the choice of an out-of-rotation site shall not affect the regional rotation for subsequent years. If no bids qualify to be on the ballot, the selection shall proceed as though “None of the above” had won.

Section 4: Bids from prospective Committees shall be allowed on the ballot by the current Worldcon Committee only upon presentation of adequate evidence of an agreement with the proposed sites’ facilities, such as a conditional contract or a letter of agreement. To be eligible for site selection, a bidding committee must state the rules under which the Worldcon Committee will operate, including a specification of the term of office of their chief executive officer or officers and the conditions and procedures for the selection and replacement of such officer or officers. Written copies of these rules must be made available by the bidding committee to any member of WSFS on request. The aforementioned rules and agreements, along with an announcement of intent to bid, must be filed with the Committee that will administer the voting no later than the close of the previous Worldcon for a Worldcon bid, and no later than the end of the calendar year before the voting for a prospective NASFiC bid.



DEMONS, WIZARDS, DRAGONS and VAMPIRES.



SEPTEMBER

DEMON LORD OF KARANDA
Book Three of *The Malloreon*
by David Eddings

OCTOBER

WIZARD AT LARGE
by Terry Brooks

BARBARA HAMBLY
THOSE WHO
HUNT THE NIGHT



NOVEMBER

DRAGONSDAWN
by Anne McCaffrey

DECEMBER

THOSE WHO HUNT THE NIGHT
by Barbara Hambly

**ANOTHER
WONDERFUL
FALL
FROM
DEL REY.**

Del Rey Hardcovers



#1 in Science Fiction and Fantasy
Published by Ballantine Books

TERRY BROOKS
Book Three: The Magic Kingdom of Landover
WIZARD AT LARGE



- Section 5:** To ensure equitable distribution of sites, North America is divided into three (3) regions as follows: *Western:* Baja California, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Saskatchewan, and all states and provinces westward including Hawaii, Alaska, the Yukon, and the Northwest Territories; *Central:* Central America, the islands of the Caribbean, Mexico (except as above), and all states and provinces between the Western and Eastern regions; and *Eastern:* Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Quebec, and all states and provinces eastward including the District of Columbia, St. Pierre et Miquelon, Bermuda, and the Bahamas. Worldcon sites shall rotate in the order Western, Central, Eastern region. A site shall be ineligible if it is within sixty (60) miles of the site at which selection occurs.
- Section 6:** A Worldcon site outside of North America may be selected by a majority vote at any Worldcon. In the event of such outside Worldcon being selected, there shall be a NASFiC in the region whose turn it would have normally been, to be held in the same year as the overseas Worldcon, with rotation skipping that region the following year. Selection of the NASFiC shall be by the identical procedure to the Worldcon selection except as provided below or elsewhere in this Constitution: (1) voting shall be by written ballot administered by the then-current Worldcon, if there is no NASFiC following the Worldcon that year, or by the NASFiC, if there is one following the Worldcon, with ballots cast either by mail or at the administering convention and with only members of the administering convention allowed to vote; (2) bids are restricted to sites in the appropriate zone; and (3) the proposed NASFiC voting fee can be set by unanimous agreement of the prospective candidates that file with the administering Committee before the calendar year in which selection occurs.
- Section 7:** Each Worldcon Committee shall provide a reasonable opportunity for *bona fide* bidding committees for the Worldcon to be selected one year hence to make presentations.
- Section 8:** With sites being selected three (3) years in advance, there are at least three selected current or future Worldcon Committees at all times. If one of these should be unable to perform its duties, the other selected current or future Worldcon Committee whose site is closest to the site of the one unable to perform its duties shall determine what action to take, by consulting the Business Meeting or by mail poll of WSFS if there is sufficient time, or by decision of the Committee if there is not sufficient time.

Article IV — Constitution and Powers of the Business Meeting

- Section 1:** Any proposal to amend the Constitution of WSFS shall require for passage a majority of all the votes cast on the question at the Business Meeting of WSFS at which it is first debated, and also ratification by a simple majority vote of those members present and voting at a Business Meeting of WSFS held at the Worldcon immediately following that at which the amendment was first approved. Failure to ratify in the manner described shall void the proposed amendment.
- Section 2:** Any change to the Constitution of WSFS shall take effect at the end of the Worldcon at which such change is ratified, except that no change imposing additional costs or financial obligations upon Worldcon Committees shall be binding upon any Committee already selected at the time when it takes effect.
- Section 3:** The conduct of the affairs of WSFS shall be determined by this Constitution together with all ratified amendments hereto and such Standing Rules as the Business Meeting shall adopt for its own governance.
- Section 4:** Business Meetings of WSFS shall be held at advertised times at each Worldcon. The current Worldcon Committee shall provide the Presiding Officer and Staff for each Meeting. Meetings shall be conducted in accordance with *Robert's Rules of Order, Newly Revised*, the Standing Rules, and such other rules as may be published by the Committee in advance.

CONSTITUTION

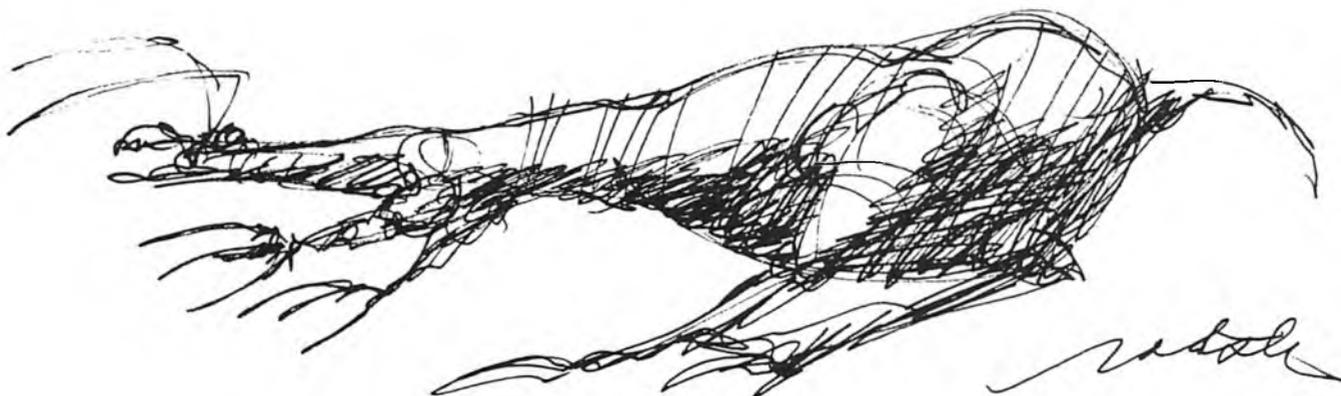
- Section 5:** There shall be a Mark Registration and Protection Committee of WSFS. The Mark Registration and Protection Committee shall consist of one (1) member appointed to serve at the pleasure of each future selected Worldcon Committee and each of the two (2) immediately preceding Worldcon Committees, one (1) non-voting member appointed to serve at the pleasure of each future selected NASFiC Committee and for each Committee of a NASFiC held in the previous two years, and nine (9) members elected three (3) each year to staggered three-year terms by the Business Meeting. Of the nine elected members, no more than three may be residing, at the time of election, in any single North American region, as defined in Article III, Section 5. Elected members serve until their successors are elected. If vacancies occur in elected memberships in the committee, the remainder of the position's term may be filled by the Business Meeting, and until then temporarily filled by the Committee. There will be a meeting of the Mark Registration and Protection Committee at each Worldcon, at a time and place announced at the Business Meeting. The Mark Registration and Protection Committee shall determine and elect its own officers.
- Section 6:** The Mark Registration and Protection Committee shall be responsible for registration and protection of the marks used by or under the authority of WSFS.
- Section 7:** The Mark Registration and Protection Committee shall submit to the Business Meeting at each Worldcon a report of its activities since the previous Worldcon, including a statement of income and expense.
- Section 8:** Except as otherwise provided in this Constitution, any committee or other position created by a Business Meeting shall lapse at the end of the next following Business Meeting that does not vote to continue it.
- Section 9:** The Constitution of WSFS, together with an explanation of proposed changes approved but not yet ratified, and the Standing Rules shall be printed by the current Worldcon Committee, distributed with the Hugo nomination ballots, and distributed to all WSFS members in attendance at the Worldcon upon registration.

**The above copy of the World Science Fiction Society's Constitution is hereby
Certified to be True, Correct, and Complete:**

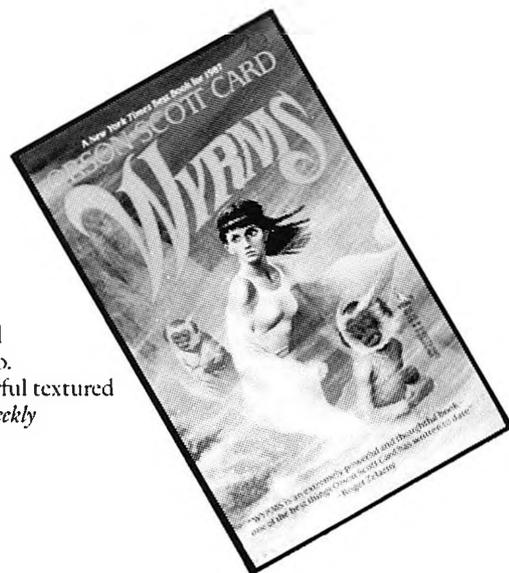
Tim Stannard
Chairman

1987 WSFS Business Meeting

Tim Illingworth
Secretary



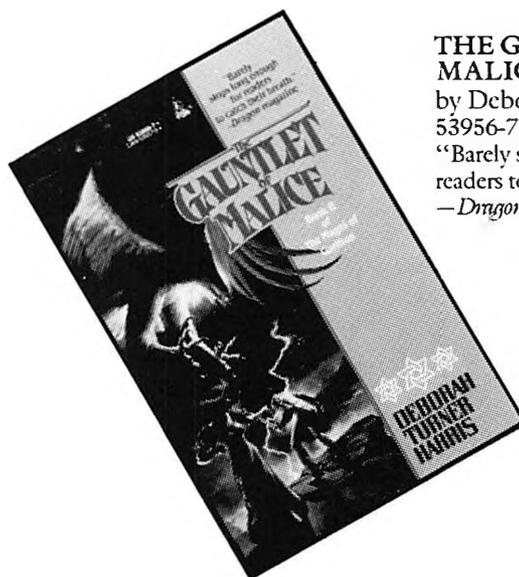
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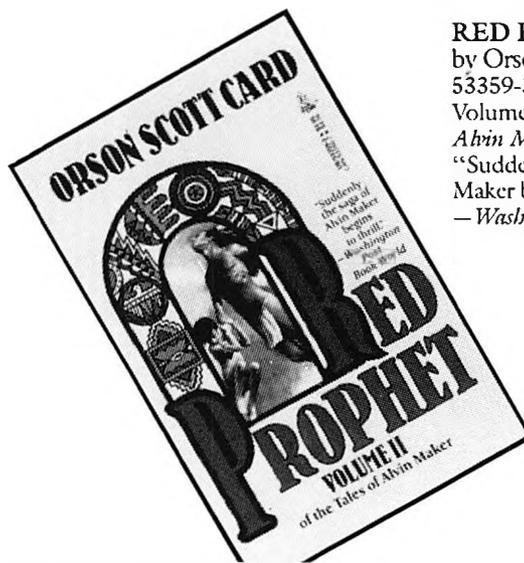
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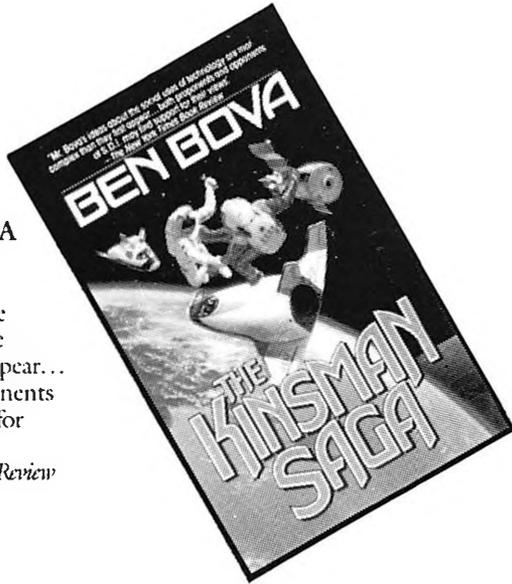
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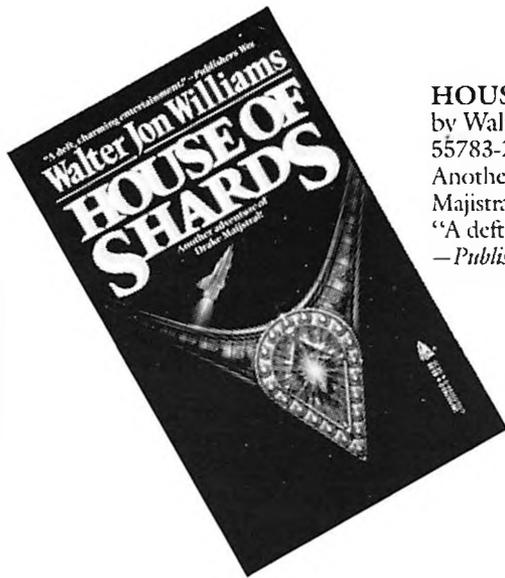
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HOUSE OF SHARDS

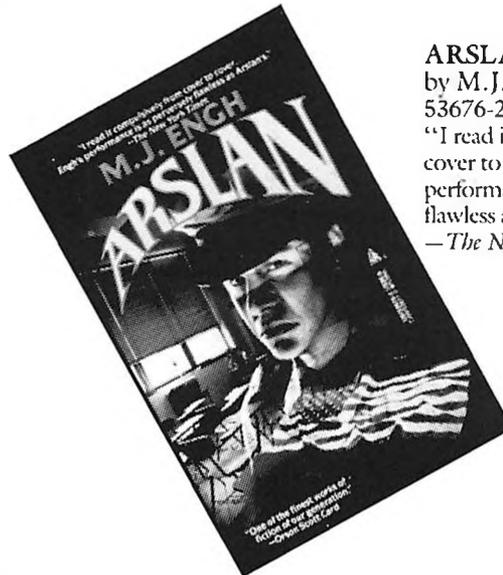
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Another adventure of Drake Majstral.

“A deft, charming entertainment.”

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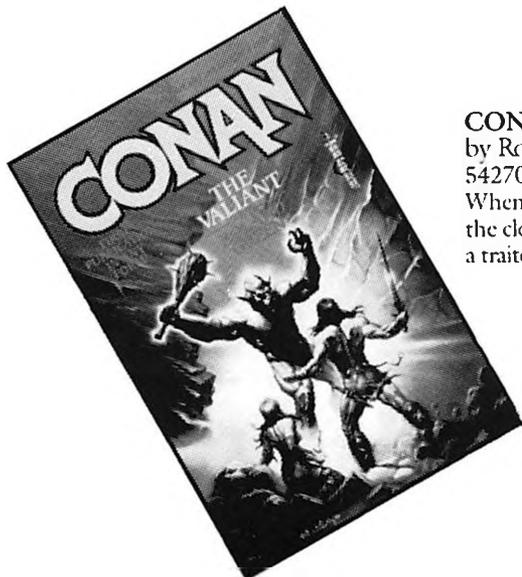
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—*The New York Times*



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by Roland Green

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When unlimited power beckons, the closest ally can become a traitor.

from TOR

Standing Rules for the Governance of the World Science Fiction Society Business Meeting

- Rule 1:** Business of the Annual Meeting of the World Science Fiction Society shall be transacted in one or more sessions called Preliminary Business Meetings and one or more Main Business Meetings. The first session shall be designated as a Preliminary Business Meeting. At least eighteen (18) hours shall elapse between the final Preliminary Business Meeting and the one or more Main Business Meetings. One Business Meeting session shall also be designated the Site-Selection Meeting where site-selection business shall be the special order of business.
- Rule 2:** The Preliminary Business Meetings may not pass, reject, or ratify amendments to the Constitution, but the motions to “object to consideration”, to “table”, to “divide the question”, to “postpone” to a later part of the Preliminary Business Meetings, and to “refer” to a committee to report later in the same Annual Business Meeting are in order when allowed by *Robert’s Rules*. The Preliminary Business Meetings may alter or suspend any of the rules of debate included in these Standing Rules. Motions may be amended or consolidated at these Meetings with the consent of the original maker. Absence from these Meetings of the original maker shall constitute consent to amendment and to such interpretations of the intent of the motion as the Presiding Officer or the Parliamentarian may in good faith attempt.
- Rule 3:** Nominations from the floor for election to the Mark Registration and Protection Committee shall be allowed at each Preliminary Business Meeting. All nominees must be members of the Society and give their consent in writing, which consent shall be submitted to the Presiding Officer. Elections to the Mark Registration and Protection Committee shall be a special order of business at a Main Business Meeting. Voting shall be by written preferential ballot with write-ins allowed. The winning candidate shall be elected to the longest-term remaining vacancy and the ballots shall be recounted, with the winning candidate eliminated, if there are further vacancies. This process of selection and elimination shall be repeated until all vacancies are filled. Tied candidates shall all be considered elected if there are enough vacancies of the same length to accommodate them. Other ties shall be settled by drawing lots.
- Rule 4:** The deadline for the submission of non-privileged new business shall be two hours after the official opening of the Worldcon or eighteen hours before the first Preliminary Business Meeting, whichever is later. The Presiding Officer may accept otherwise qualified motions submitted after the deadline, but all such motions shall be placed at the end of the agenda. The Presiding Officer will reject as out of order any proposal or motion which is obviously illegal or hopelessly incoherent in a grammatical sense.
- Rule 5:** Six (6) identical, legible copies of all proposals for non-privileged new business shall be submitted to the Presiding Officer before the deadline given in Rule 4 above. All proposals or motions of more than seventy-five (75) words shall be accompanied by at least one hundred (100) additional identical, legible copies for distribution to and intelligent discussion by the Meeting attendees unless they have actually been distributed to the attendees at the Worldcon by the Worldcon Committee. All proposals or motions shall be legibly signed by the maker and at least one seconder.
- Rule 6:** Any main motion presented to a Business Meeting shall contain a short title.
- Rule 7:** Debate on all motions of less than fifty (50) words shall be limited to six (6) minutes. Debate on all other motions shall be limited to twenty (20) minutes; if a question is divided, these size criteria and time limits shall be applied to each section. Time shall be allotted equally to both sides of a question. Time spent on points of order or other neutral matters arising from a motion shall be charged one half to each side. The Preliminary Business Meeting may alter these limits for a particular motion by a majority vote.
- Rule 8:** Debate on all amendments to main motions shall be limited to five (5) minutes, to be divided as above.
- Rule 9:** Unless it is an amendment by substitution, an amendment to a main motion may be changed only under those provisions allowing modification through the consent of the maker of the amendment, i.e., second-order amendments are not allowed except in the case of a substitute as the first-order amendment.

- Rule 10:** A person speaking to a motion may not immediately offer a motion to close debate or to refer to a committee. Motions to close debate will not be accepted until at least one speaker from each side of the question has been heard, nor will they be accepted within one minute of the expiration of the time allotted for debate on that motion. The motion to table shall require a two-thirds vote for adoption.
- Rule 11:** In keeping with the intent of the limitations on debate time, the motion to postpone indefinitely shall not be allowed.
- Rule 12:** A request for a division of the house (an exact count of the voting) will be honored only when requested by at least ten percent (10%) of those present in the house.
- Rule 13:** Motions, other than Constitutional amendments awaiting ratification, may be carried forward from one year to the next only by being postponed definitely or by being referred to a committee.
- Rule 14:** These Standing Rules, and any others adopted by a Preliminary Business Meeting, may be suspended for an individual item of business by a two-thirds majority vote.
- Rule 15:** The sole purpose of a request for a “point of information” is to ask the Presiding Officer or the Parliamentarian for his opinion of the effect of a motion or for his guidance as to the correct procedure to follow. Attempts to circumvent the rules of debate under the guise of “points of information” or “points of order” will be dealt with as “dilatatory motions” as specified in *Robert’s Rules of Order, Newly Revised*.
- Rule 16:** Citations to Articles, Sections, or specific sentences of the Society Constitution or Standing Rules are for the sake of easy reference only. They do *not* form a part of the substantive area of a motion. Correct enumeration of Articles, Sections, and Rules and correct insertions and deletions will be provided by the Secretary of the Business Meeting when the Constitution and Standing Rules are certified to the next Worldcon. Therefore, motions from the floor to renumber or correct citations will not be in order. Unless otherwise ordered by the Business Meeting, the Secretary will adjust any other Section of the Constitution and Standing Rules equally affected by an amendment to the Constitution, and will adjust any other section of the Standing Rules equally affected by an amendment to the Standing Rules. Resolutions and rulings of continuing effect may be repealed or amended at subsequent Business Meetings by majority vote without notice, and shall be automatically repealed or amended by applicable amendments to the Constitution or Standing Rules and by conflicting resolutions and rulings subsequently adopted or made. Any correction of fact to the Minutes or to the Constitution or Standing Rules as published should be brought to the attention of the Secretary and to that of the next available Business Meeting as soon as they are discovered.
- Rule 17:** At all sessions of the Business Meeting, the hall will be divided into smoking and non-smoking sections by the Presiding Officer of the Meeting.
- Rule 18:** The World Science Fiction Society Business Meeting is a mass meeting of the Society's membership which the Worldcon is required to sponsor in accordance with the WSFS Constitution and these Standing Rules. Therefore, (1) the quorum is the number of people present and (2) the decisions of the Chair as to who is entitled to the floor are not subject to appeal. The motion to adjourn the Main Meeting will be in order *after* the amendments to the Constitution proposed at the last Worldcon Business Meeting for ratification at the current Business Meeting have been acted upon.
- Rule 19:** If time permits at the Site-Selection Meeting, bidders for the convention one year beyond the date of the Worldcon being voted upon will be allotted five (5) minutes each to make such presentations as they may wish.
- Rule 20:** These Standing Rules shall continue in effect until altered, suspended, or rescinded by the action of any Business Meeting. Amendment, suspension, or rescission of these Standing Rules may be done in the form of a motion from the floor of any Business Meeting made by any member of the Business Meeting, and such action will become effective immediately after the end of the Business Meeting at which it was passed.

The above copy of the Standing Rules for the Governance of the WSFS Business Meeting
is hereby Certified to be True, Correct, and Complete:

Tim Stannard
Chairman

1987 WSFS Business Meeting

Tim Illingworth
Secretary

Business Passed On to *Nolacon II*

Items 1 through 5 below have been given first passage, and will become part of the Constitution if ratified at Nolacon II.

Item 1: Short Title: Business Meeting Quorum

MOVED, to amend the WSFS Constitution and the Standing Rules for the Governance of the WSFS Business Meeting as follows:

1. Add the following to Article IV, Section 4:
“The quorum for the Business Meeting shall be twelve members of the Society physically present.”
2. At the time the above amendment to the Constitution takes effect, delete the first two sentences of Standing Rule 18.

This would regularize the quorum requirement for WSFS Business Meetings by placing it in the Constitution as recommended by Robert’s Rules. The Standing Rule it replaces is just a stopgap which reflects the consequences of not having a defined quorum.

Item 2: Short Title: Question Time

MOVED, to amend the WSFS Constitution and the Standing Rules for the Governance of the WSFS Business Meeting as follows:

1. Insert the following new section in Article IV of the Constitution:
“Each future selected Worldcon Committee shall designate an official representative to the Business Meeting to answer questions about their Worldcon.”
2. At the time the above amendment to the Constitution takes effect, add the following to Standing Rule 19:
“At the Site-Selection Meeting fifteen (15) minutes shall be allotted to each of the three future selected Worldcons. During the first five (5) minutes, their representative may make such presentations as they may wish. The remaining time shall be available for questions to be asked about the representative’s Worldcon. Questions may be submitted in writing at any previous session of the Business Meeting and if so submitted shall have priority (if the submitter is present at Question Time and still wishes to ask the question) except that under no circumstances may a person ask a second question as long as any person wishes to ask their first question. Questions are limited to 15 seconds and answers to two minutes. Any of these time limits may be adjusted for any presentation or question by majority vote.”

The current practice is for the Worldcon Committee that wins the site selection to have a representative give a short presentation and answer questions. This would extend this practice and provide a mechanism so that questions could be asked of the other future selected Worldcons.

Item 3: Short Title: Broadened Hugo Nominations
 MOVED, to amend the WSFS Constitution as follows:

1. In Article II, Section 18, strike “WSFS member” and insert in place thereof “member of either the administering or the immediately preceding Worldcon”.
2. Add to Article I, Section 4, the following:
 “Within ninety (90) days after a Worldcon, the administering Committee shall, except where prohibited by local law, forward its best information as to the names and postal addresses of all of its Worldcon members to the Committee of the next Worldcon.”

This motion revives the former practice of allowing members of a Worldcon to nominate Hugo award winners for the following Worldcon. They would not be permitted to vote in the final Hugo award selection unless they join the administering Worldcon. The phrase “except where prohibited by local law” was inserted at Conspiracy ’87 when it was thought that such information transfer might be prohibited by the British “Data Protection Act 1984”. However, a study of this Act, which is intended to control computerized data, shows that it does not apply to any data printout unless the printout was made with the intent of re-entering or re-computerizing the data. Since such a printout would be sufficient to validate Hugo nominations from members of the previous Worldcon, there are no known cases where local law would obstruct the operation of these provisions.

Item 4: Short Title: NASFiC Selection Amendment
 MOVED, to amend the WSFS Constitution as follows:

1. In Article III, Section 4, strike “no later than the end of the calendar year before voting” and insert in place thereof “as set by the administering convention but no earlier than the close of the corresponding Worldcon voting”.
2. In Article III, Section 6, strike the words “either by mail or” and the words “before the calendar year in which selection occurs”.

This motion eliminates the unworkable NASFiC mail ballot and delays the final deadline for filing NASFiC bids until after the bids could affect Worldcon voting. The need for these adjustments comes from some drafting difficulties that arose from a change in NASFiC voting lead time to three years when it had been expected to stay at two years.

Item 5: Short Title: Availability of Supporting Membership
 MOVED, to amend the WSFS Constitution by substituting the following for Article I, Section 5:

“Members of WSFS who cast a site-selection ballot with the required fee shall be supporting members of the selected Worldcon. The rights of supporting members of a Worldcon include the right to receive all of its generally distributed publications. Voters have the right to convert to attending membership in the selected Worldcon within ninety (90) days of its selection, for an additional fee set by its committee. This fee must not exceed the minimum voting fee and not exceed the difference between the voting fee and the fee for new attending members. The rights of attending members of a Worldcon include the rights of supporting members plus the right of general attendance at said Worldcon and at the WSFS Business Meeting held thereat. Other memberships and fees shall be at the discretion of the Worldcon committee, except that they shall make provision for persons to become supporting members for no more than 125% of the site-selection fee, or such higher amount as has been approved by the Business Meeting, until a cutoff date no earlier than ninety (90) days before their Worldcon.”

PROVIDED, that the requirement to provide supporting memberships shall only affect Worldcons selected after it goes into effect.

Most of the text of this amendment is a rewording of the present provisions to try and make them clearer. The only substantive change is in the last sentence, which requires that supporting memberships continue to be available until 90 days before a Worldcon at a limited price. The first Worldcon affected would be the 1992 Worldcon.

CONSTITUTION

Item 6: Report of the WSFS Mark Registration and Protection Committee

See the World Science Fiction Society Constitution, Article IV, Sections 5, 6, and 7.

Current membership: elected until Nolacon II: Kent Bloom, Jim Gilpatrick, Ben Yalow; elected until Noreascon III: Craig Miller, Fran Skene, Bruce Pelz; elected until ConFiction: Liz Gross, Bob Hillis, Leslie Turek; Worldcon Committee appointees: Penny Frierson (1986), Colin Fine (1987), Scott Dennis (Secretary-Treasurer)(1988), Donald Eastlake (Chair)(1989), Morris Keesan (1990); NASFiC appointees: vacant (1987), vacant (1990).

Mailing address: P. O. Box 1270, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142, USA.

If you would like a copy of the committee's reports to the 1987 or 1986 WSFS Business Meetings or would like to report an apparent infringement on WSFS marks, please write to the committee.

Item 7: Report of the Special Committee to Codify Business Meeting Resolutions

The 1986 WSFS Business Meeting voted to create a special committee to research and codify all resolutions of the WSFS Business Meeting that are still in force. This committee submitted a preliminary report to the *Conspiracy '87* Business Meeting and was continued to report to the *Nolacon II* Business Meeting. As provided in the WSFS Constitution, Article IV, Section 8, the committee will go out of existence unless renewed at *Nolacon II*.

Chairman: Donald E. Eastlake, III.

Mailing address: P. O. Box N, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, MA 02139, USA.

The above copy of the Business Passed On to the 1988 WSFS Business Meeting is hereby Certified to be True, Correct, and Complete:

Tim Stannard
Chairman

1987 WSFS Business Meeting

Tim Illingworth
Secretary

WSFS Constitution, Standing Rules, & Business Passed on to *Nolacon II*
typeset by Donald E. Eastlake, III, proofread by George P. Flynn.

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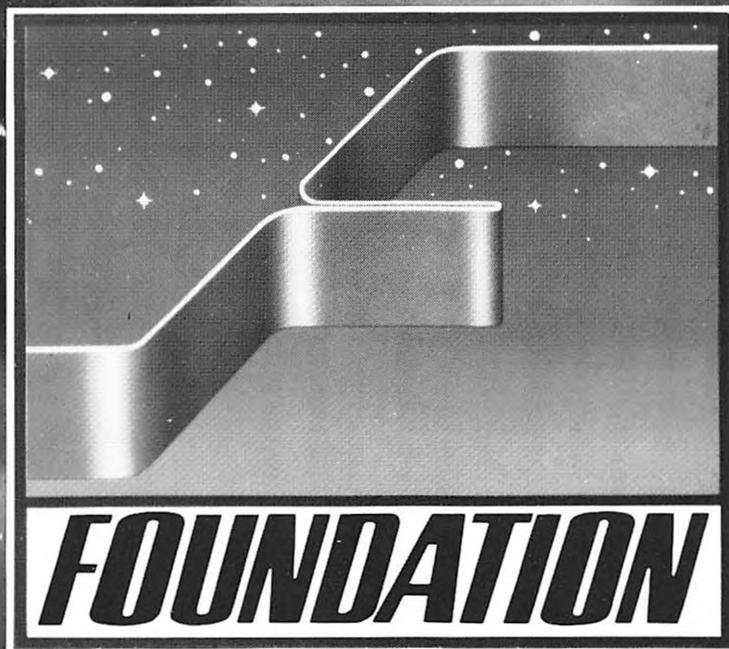
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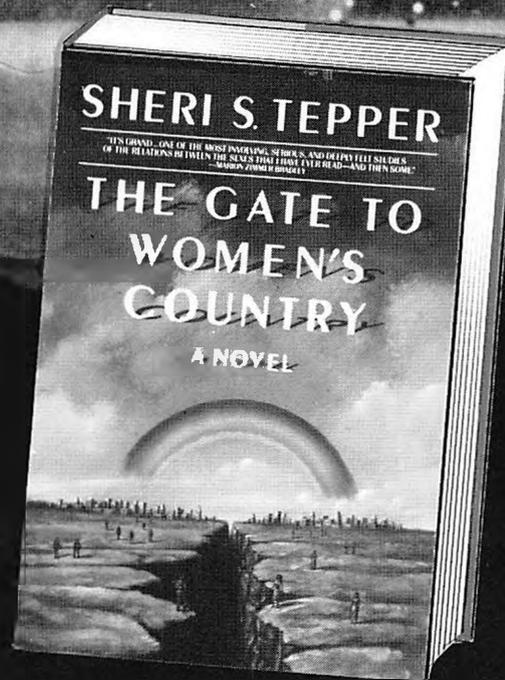
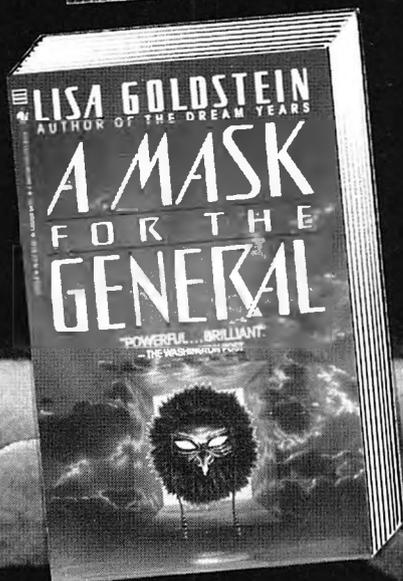
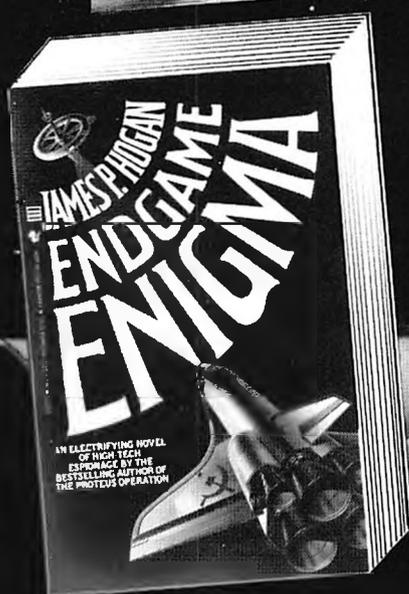
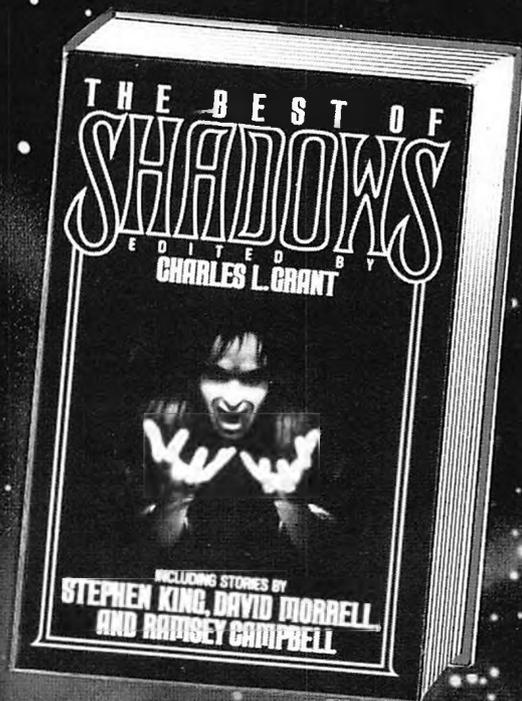
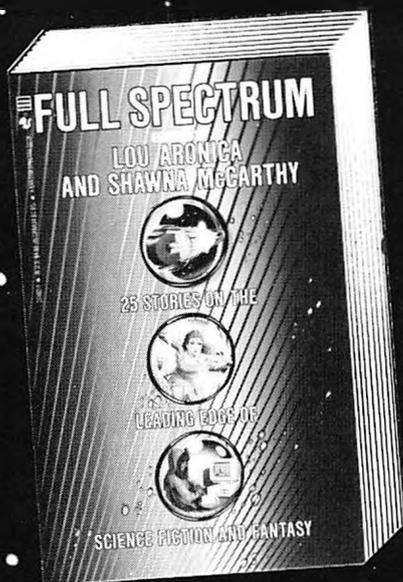
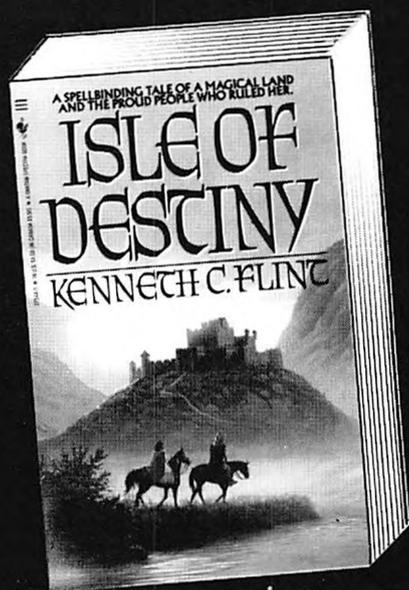
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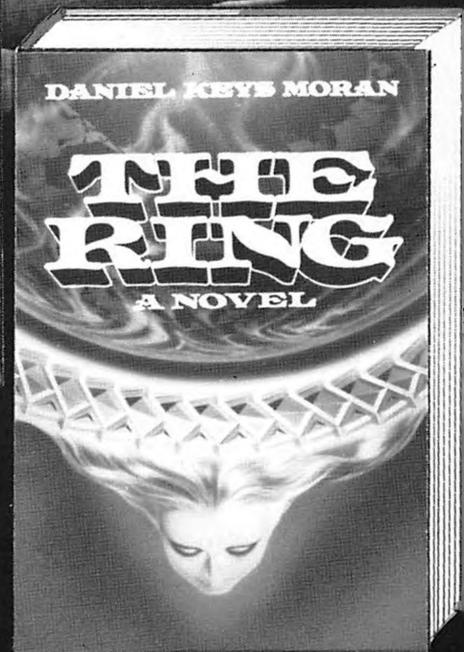
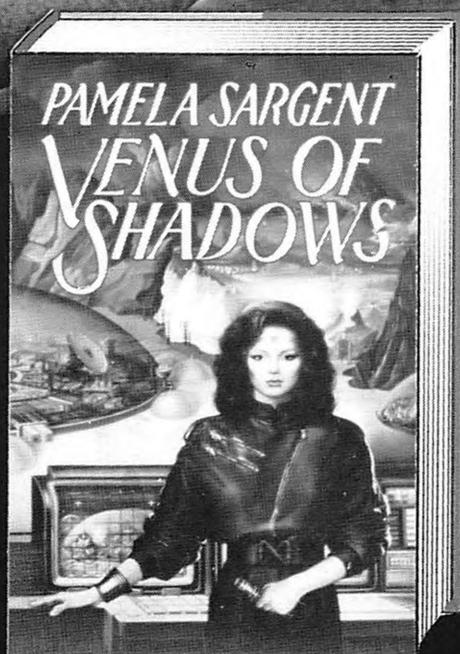
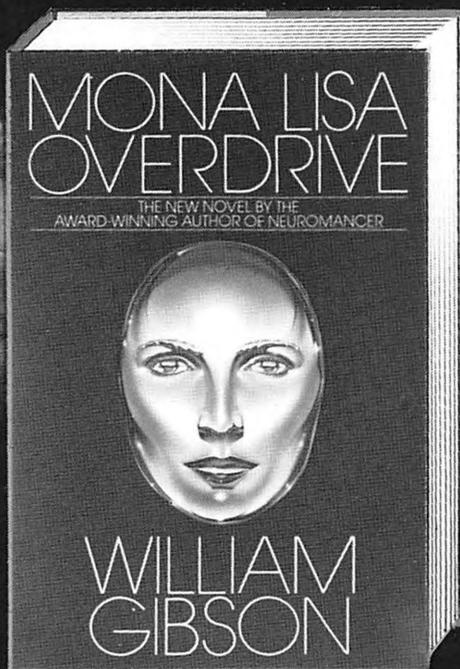
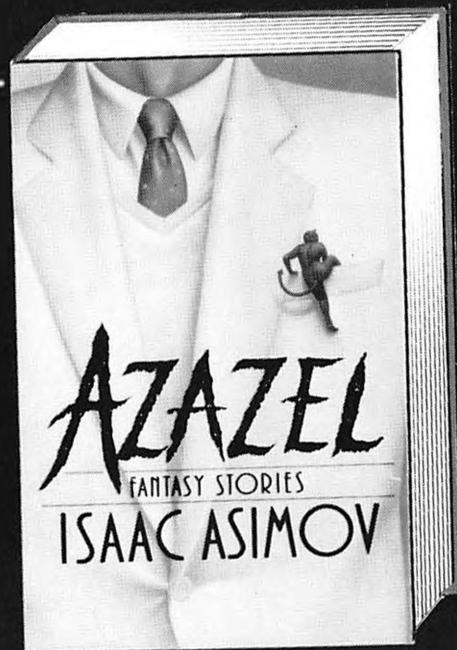
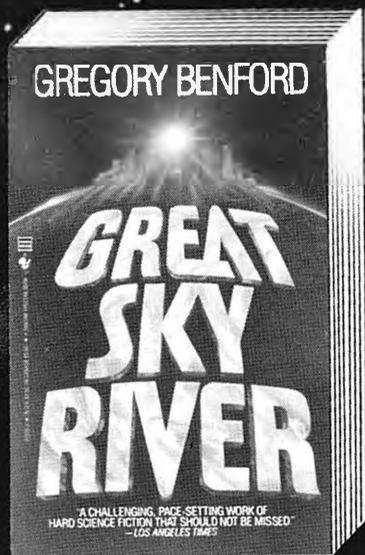
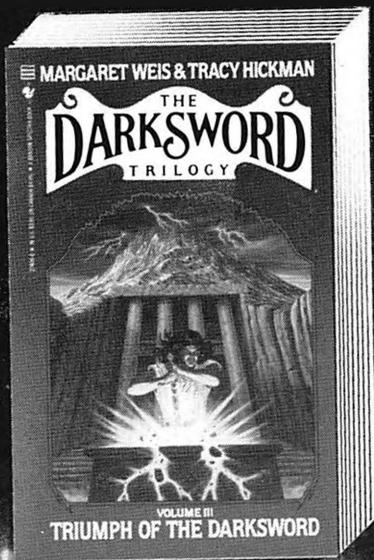
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Here are some of the stars of our Fall 1988 program and beyond—dazzling proof that the Spectra/Foundation universe never stops expanding.

FALL 1988



FALL 1988

SEPTEMBER

The Gate to Women's Country (hc)
by Sheri S. Tepper

Triumph of the Darksword (pb)
by Margaret Weis & Tracy Hickman

Full Spectrum (pb)
edited by Lou Aronica and Shawna McCarthy

Spirit of the Hawk (pb)
by Rose Estes

Walkabout Woman (pb)
by Michaela Roessner

Venus on the Half Shell (pb)
by Phillip José Farmer

OCTOBER

The Ring (hc)
by Daniel Keys Moran

The Best of Shadows (hc)
edited by Charles L. Grant

Great Sky River (pb)
by Gregory Benford

The Storyteller and the Jann (pb)
by Stephen Goldin

A Mask for the General (pb)
by Lisa Goldstein

Other Americas (pb)
by Norman Spinrad

Things Invisible to See (pb)
by Nancy Willard

NOVEMBER

Mona Lisa Overdrive (hc)
by William Gibson

The Healer's War (hc)
by Elizabeth Ann Scarborough

Azazel (hc)
by Isaac Asimov

Endgame Enigma (pb)
by James P. Hogan

Isle of Destiny (pb)
by Kenneth C. Flint

Fusion Fire (pb)
by Kathy Tyers

DECEMBER

Venus of Shadows (hc)
by Pamela Sargent

Darksword Adventures (pb)
by Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman

Wild Cards #5: Down and Dirty (pb)
edited by George R.R. Martin

A Truce with Time (pb)
by Parke Godwin

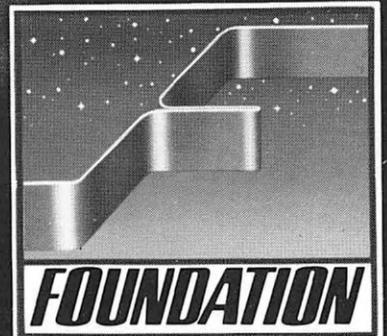
The Dream Years (pb)
by Lisa Goldstein

...AND COMING IN 1989

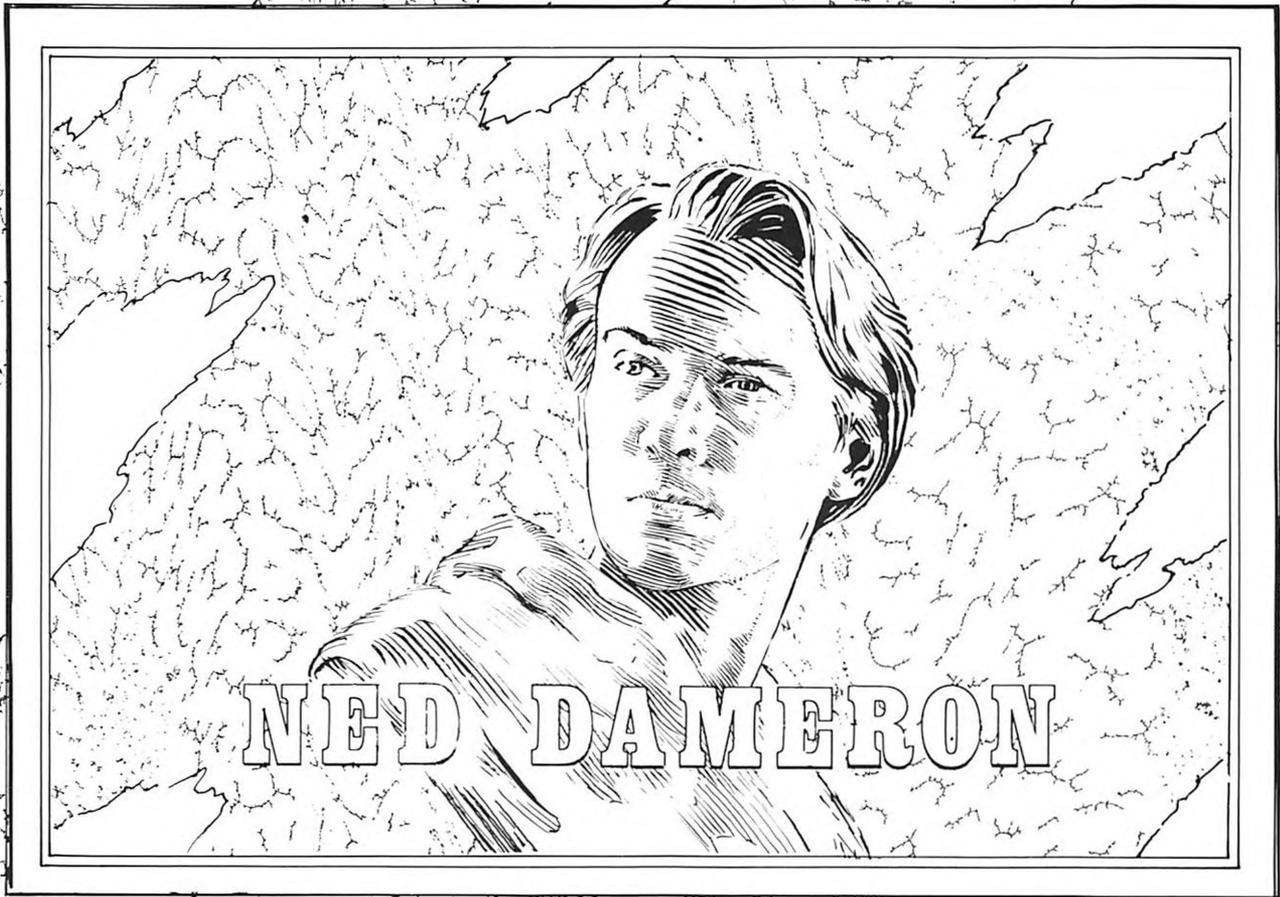
New books by Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Gregory Benford, Arthur C. Clarke, Raymond E. Feist, David Gerrold, Harry Harrison, James P. Hogan, R.A. MacAvoy, Pat Murphy, Robert Silverberg, Sheri S. Tepper, Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman, and many others.



BANTAM



Doubleday



— ahem — Guess which of *Nolacon's* corps of artists sent us this illustration?

Ned Dameron did, of course, but please don't be put off. Ned is actually a shy and genial genius whose generosity to *Nolacon II* has matched his artistic talent. Equally at home drawing or sculpting, Ned's provided this convention with triumphs in both media: the cover to this program book and the design for our Hugo Award base.

Ned has worked as an Art Director and comic strip artist (for “an ill-fated New Orleans underground outfit whose editor died by his own hand somewhere in the Ozarks”) and has painted posters and book cover illustrations for such publishers as Underwood-Miller, Arbor House, Tor, and Doubleday. Possibly his most acclaimed work has been the cover and interiors for Don Grant’s **Kull** by Robert E. Howard, and **The Coelura** by Anne McCaffrey. He is currently devoting a significant part of his inexhaustible ability to storyboard and “monster design” work for the movies, and completing paintings and drawings for the forthcoming Don Grant edition of **The Face in the Abyss**.)

Ann Layman Chancellor designed **Nolacon**’s name tag, doubloon and this book’s “Ex Libris” page. She is another example of Renaissance fandom at its heights. A master costumer (which means that she has won “best of Show” at least three times in worldcon masquerade competition), she is also one of fandom’s pre-eminent pen-and-ink artists, with a wall-full of Art Show ribbons to match her costuming trophies. Her expertise in fan politics helped the **Nolacon** committee immeasurably during our bid for the ’88 convention. ‘Atta girl. Chance!

A professional for seven years, **Dell Harris** has published with Tor, *Analog*, and Isaac Asimov’s, in addition to doing the covers for Philip K. Dick’s **The Man Whose Teeth were All Exactly Alike** and Robert Silverberg’s **Across a Billion Years**. A native of Muskogee, Oklahoma, and thoroughly sick of the Merle Haggard reference thereto, he describes himself as “self-taught”. He’s had shows in Oklahoma City and Dallas, and will be exhibiting acrylic painting here at **Nolacon** in addition to the pencil work for which he is best known.

If this program book has flaws, they are the fault of the editor. Its virtues are entirely to the credit of **Peggy Ranson**, who designed the tome and who painted the exquisite introductory page for our “Guests” section. Partner and co-owner of the New Orleans advertising firm of Nowicki and Associates, Peggy’s office is in the same building as **Nolacon**’s. She joined the cause in the most innocent of ways: wandering down the hall to say hello and volunteering to help. The result sits in your hands and rides on your arm in the form of DAW’s convention totebag, which she also illustrated. “Self-taught” at her craft, Peggy’s new to fandom, and lends a professionalism, a patience, a talent and a charm that will do our collective craziness a world of good.

We asked **Joshua Quagmire** for a brief biography, and will therefore let him speak for himself. . . and his inking partner: “Dick Glass and I are those Incredible NonIdentical NonTwins. . . We were born in entirely different places, on different days in different years by completely different sets of parents. . . We baffle Science! We first met while he was playing a dive in Perth Amboy, New Jersey (where I was working as head barfly). . . When they threw him out, he landed on top of me. I immediately recognized talent and signed him up to Zip-a-tone **QT Bunny**. And as everyone knows it was showbusiness majic.

“As for myself, I in all modesty being merely the Greatest Bunny Rabbit Cartoonist in the immediate vicinity. . . I first got my start as second string chicken plucker on the Ernie Kovacs Telethon for Congenital Halitosis. After a stint in the Marines, where I distinguished myself by attempting to sell the aircraft carrier **Constellation** to Albania, I went into the Comix business, where I’ve produced such instant classics as **QT Bunny**, *The Nazi Ninja Elves*, *Wilbur Woodchuck* and *Taffy Tales*. Hoohah?!?”

Charlie Williams is one of Southern fandom’s best-known and **funniest** artists. For years one of Knoxville’s premiere party animals, marriage and fatherhood has made him disgracefully respectable, but even such handicaps could not destroy memories of his inspired caricatures and zany sketches. Much of Charlie’s work has been relegated to the fannish ghetto of apadom, where his masterpieces — illustrations for Vern Clark and Rusty Burke’s **Marbled Team-Up** and Beth Fletcher’s **A Fan Typology** — spread good-natured lunacy throughout SFPA, the Southern Fandom Press Alliance. With his illos for “The **Nolacon** Visitation”, Charlie’s work is now before SFdom as a whole. . . just where it has long deserved to be.

Plus. . . **Hugo** nominees **Teddy Harvia** and **Diana Gallagher Wu**, **Rosanne Stutts**, **Nancy Mayberry**, and many others. Thanks to you all! .



IN REMEMBRANCE

This has been a terrible year.

Richard C. Adams, inventor
Frank Arnold, fan

F. Lee Baldwin, fan
Walter, M. Baumhofer, artist
Spencer Gordon Bennett, director
Alfred Bester, author
Dimitri Gilenkin, author
Lurton Blassingame, agent
Bill Bowlus, fan
Ron Busch, publisher
Charles "Daws" Butler, voice artist

Joseph Campbell, author
Lin Carter, author/editor
Mari Beth (Wheeler) Colvin, fan

Richard Delap, author/reviewer
Marguerite Lofft de Angeli, author/illustrator

David Elder, fan/author/illustrator
Carola Edmond, editor

Richard Feynman, fan
John Flory, fan
Ray Fisher, fan/worldcon chairman
Georges Franju, film director
Polly Freas, fan
Jim French, fan
James Friend, author
Gustav Froelich, actor
Howard Funk, fan

Randall Garrett, author
Roger Lancelyn Green, editor/author
Bob Greenberg, animator

Linda Haldeman, author
Robert A. Heinlein, author
Allan Howard, fan

Louis L'Amour, author
Marghanita Laski, author
Joseph E. Levine, producer
Alice (A.M.) Lightner, author
Guy H. Lillian, Jr., engineer
Katherine Linder, homemaker
Paul Hugo Little, author
Jim Loudon, astronomer
P. Howard Lyons, fan

Cecil Madden, TV producer
Rouben Mamoulian, film director
Richard Marquand, film director
Mike Minor, special effects artist
Arthur Momand, cartoonist
Catherine L. Moore, author
Rosalind Moore, fan
Kenneth L. Muse, animator

Ralph Nelson, film director

Heather O'Rourke, actress

Betty Browder Perdue, fan
E. Hoffman Price, author
Ray Puechner, agent

Mark Saxton, author/editor
Eugen Semitjov, author
Michael Shaara, author

R. Rodger Shaw, special effects artist
Clifford D. Simak, author
Ron Smith, editor/author

Oswald Train, fan
Louis Trimble, author

Donald A. Wandre, author
Anthony West, author
Charles Willeford, author

Marguerite Youncenar, author

And in special memory from a co-worker at the Norco, La. Shell Oil plant:

Ernie Carrillo
Bill Coles
Lloyd Gregorie
John Moisant
Jimmy Poche
Joey Poirrier
Roland Satterlee, Jr.

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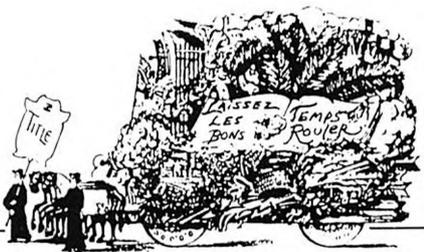
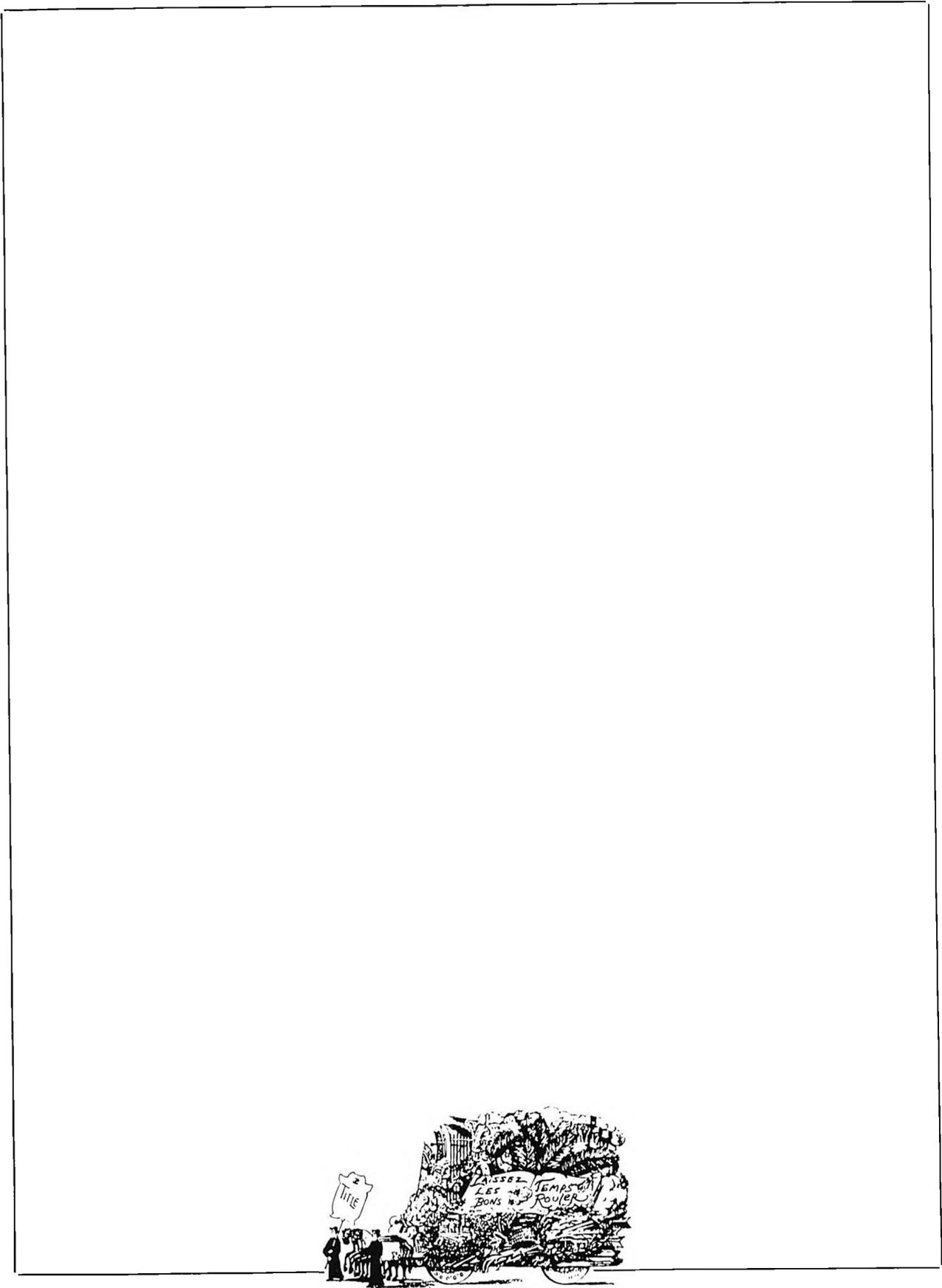
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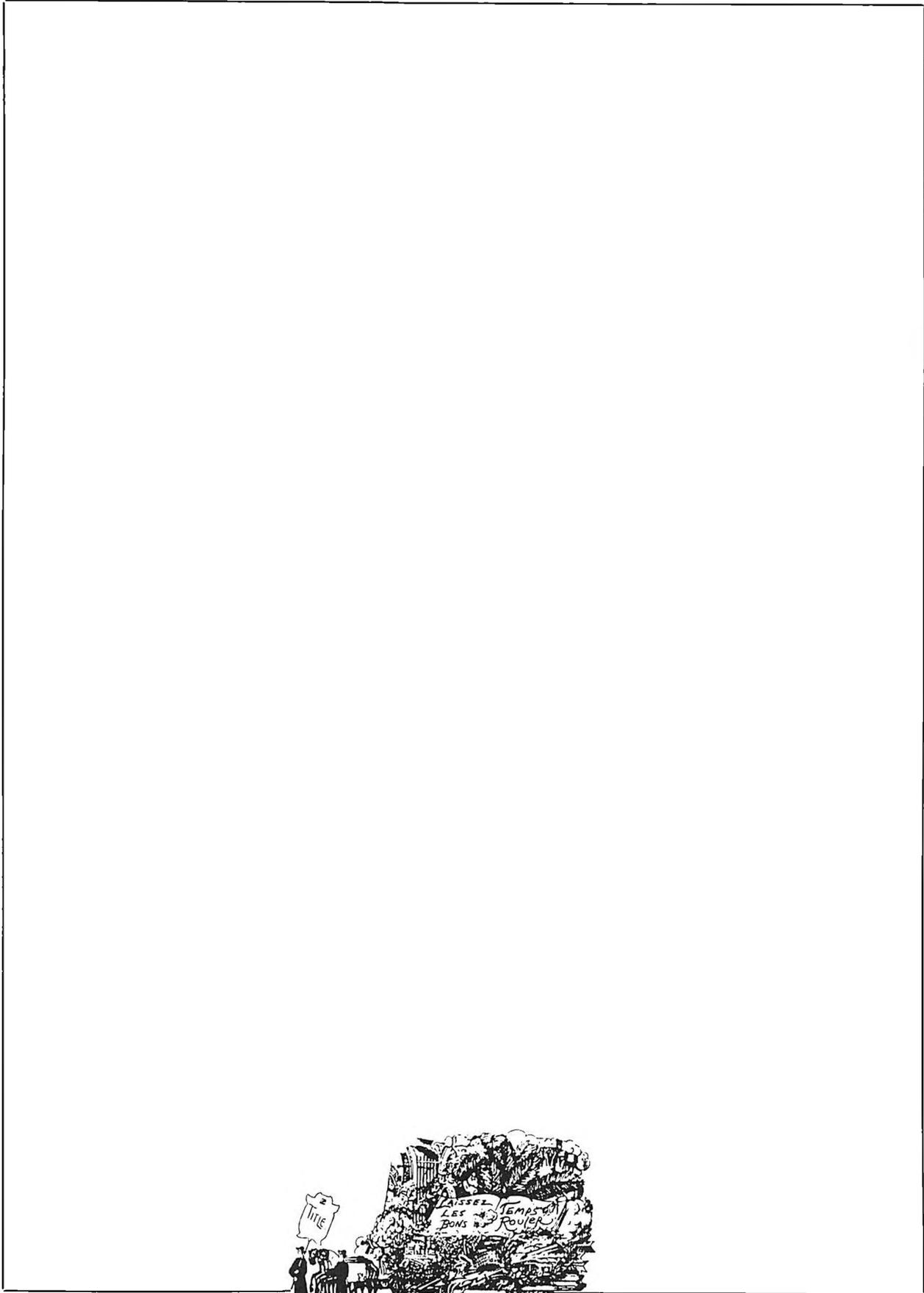
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