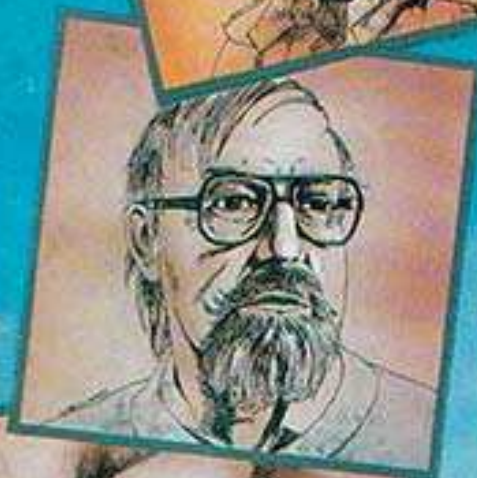
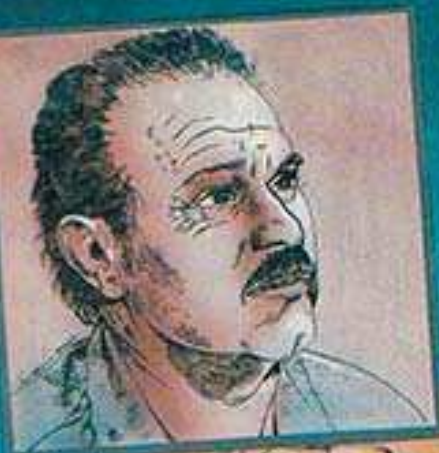


ConFiction



The 48th World Science Fiction Convention



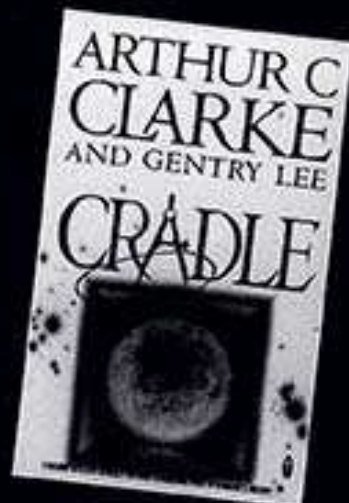
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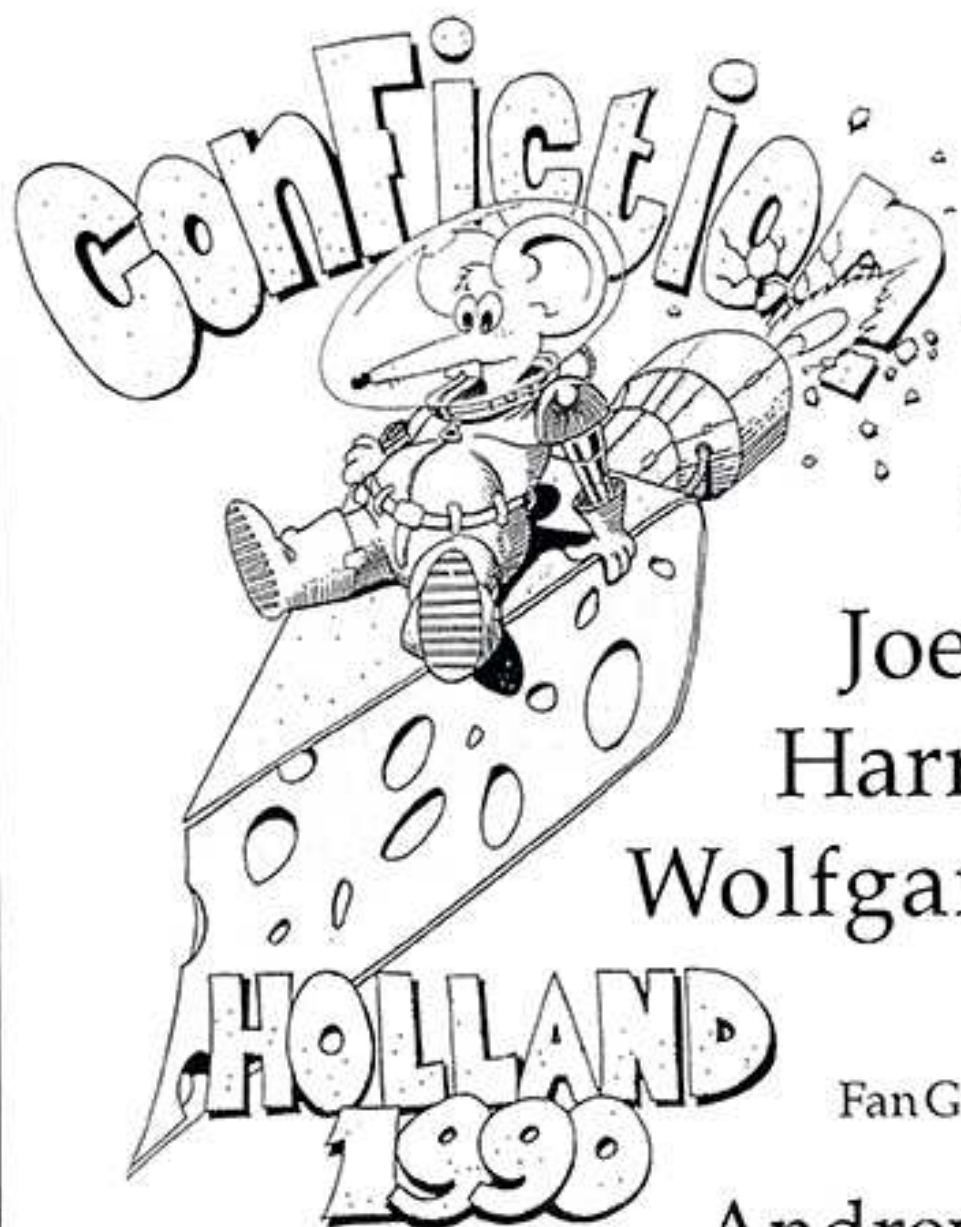
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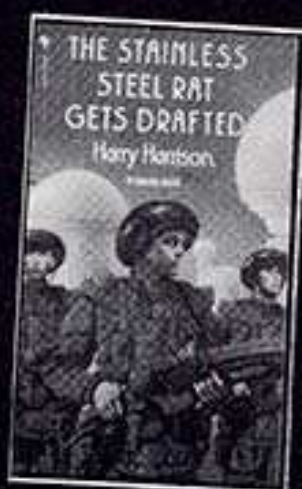
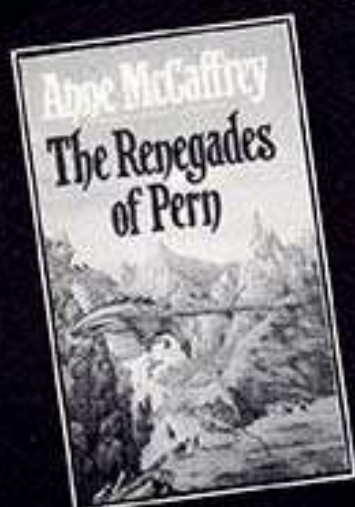
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Andrew Porter

Toastmistress

Chelsea Quinn Yarbrow

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David Brin

Hugh Cook

Carole Nelson Douglas

Diane Duane

David Eddings

Mary Gentle

Lyndon Hardy

Harry Harrison

Barry Hughart

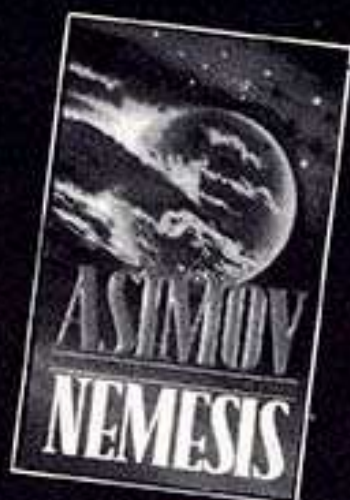
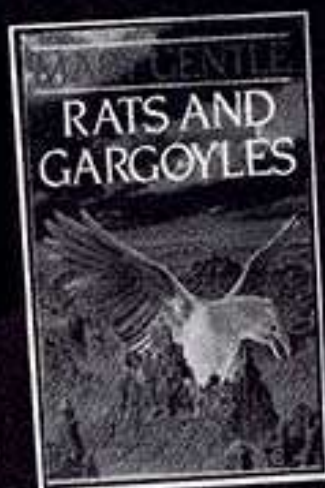


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CONFICTION!

Dear Readers,

It's hard to know how to advertise American books in Europe. Some of our new titles will be available to European readers directly in our own editions; others will come to you in translation in the months to come. But here are a few of the things we're excited about at Ace for the rest of 1990 and the early part of 1991.

We had wonderful response to Allen Steele's *ORBITAL DECAY*, and we're delighted to be able to follow it up a year later with *CLARKE COUNTY, SPACE*. I think lovers of the first book will find the same flesh-and-blood characters and realistic space background that made reviewers of *ORBITAL DECAY* compare it time after time to the early works of Robert Heinlein.

Paperbacks are coming up on two big hardcovers from this past year: *THE FORTRESS OF THE PEARL*, Michael Moorcock's first new Elric novel in many years, and *PHAZE DOUBT*, the last of Piers Anthony's "Blue Adept" series. (We're very excited about a brand new fantasy series from Piers called "Virtual Mode," which will be our next project from him—coming in hardcover in 1991.)

Success with *COWBOY FENG'S SPACE BAR AND GRILLE* has made us move Steven Brust's *PHOENIX* high up in our list. Brust's series about an assassin and his dragon-like sidekick, which began with *JHEREG* and *YENDI*, continues with *PHOENIX*, and we're betting heavily on him for the future.

We're very excited to present Joel Rosenberg's first new fantasy series since the "Guardians of the Flame" books. The series is called "D'Shai," and launches in February 1991. And in March we have another big launch, the first book in a series called "The Adept" by Katherine Kurtz and Deborah Turner Harris. (This one is a real collaboration, not just "sharecropping.")

In hardcover, we have a wonderful list for the spring of 1991: *THE SORCERESS AND THE CYGNET*, which is Patricia McKillip's first major fantasy work since the "Riddlemaster of Hed" series. *THE RUN TO CHAOS KEEP* by Jack L. Chalker, the sequel to *THE DEMONS AT RAINBOW BRIDGE*. And a great treat for James P. Blaylock fans, *THE PAPER GRAIL*, which is about a magical talisman and has absolutely nothing in common with the many other books on that subject.

1991 will continue with some very big books: reprints of the hardcovers *BEYOND THE FALL OF NIGHT* by Arthur C. Clarke and Gregory Benford, and *THE ROWAN* by Anne McCaffrey. Our first ever series from Mike Resnick, Chris Claremont's long awaited sequel to *FIRST FLIGHT*.

So, whether you read us in our own editions or in translation, we hope that some of these Ace books will bring you great pleasure in the year to come!



Susan Allison
Vice President, Editor in Chief
Ace Science Fiction and Fantasy

ConFiction Souvenir Book

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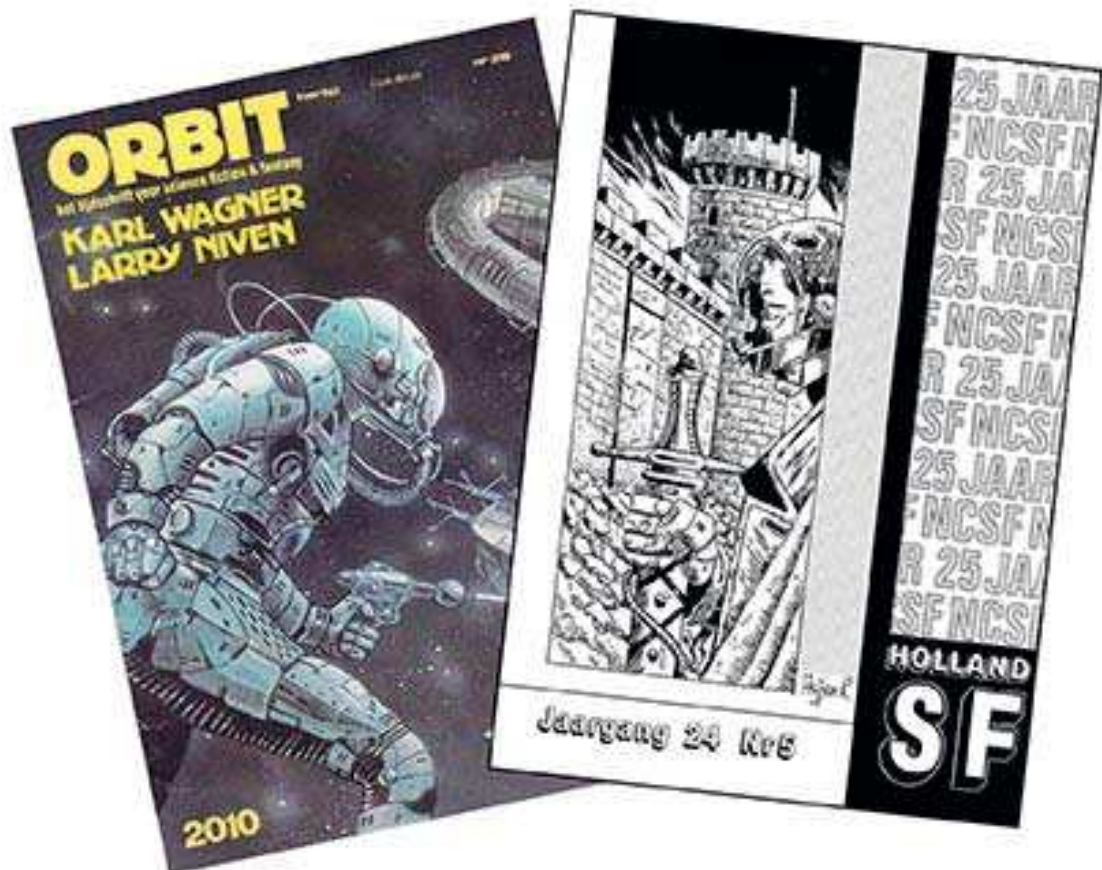
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ConFiction

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Preface (1)

Saluton, Gesamideanoj!

Martian?

Pellucidarian?

One of the more obscure of the 300 languages on Planedo Tero (Planet Earth?)

No, but whether you recognize the greeting or not, as a participant in this Mond-Kunveo de Sciencfikcio (World Convention of Science Fiction), you are one of thousands of 'gesamideanoj' - translation from Esperanto, the artificial Universal language of Tomorrow: *Individuals of both sexes sharing the same ideas*, fans of fantasy converging from the four corners of this home world some of us call Earth and others Erde and others Terre and our Dutch hosts think of it as Aarde. Hopefully there are Japanese fans among us, and Russian and Polish and Romanian and Italian and Scandinavian and Finnish and Spanish and Hungarian and Czech and Yugoslavs and other nationalities; forgive my ignorance and fill in your own names for this planetary globe third from the Sun (Sol, Soleil, Sonne, Zon, Suno, etc.)

I theme this Introduction around language because this is truly an international gathering. The first time I had the pleasure of visiting the Netherlands I had a communication problem which you may find amusing and apropos. I arrived at the railway depot in Amsterdam at midnight, scarcely expecting to be met at that late hour by my main fan correspondent of Holland, let alone a reception committee. But as I drew nearer to the exit I was first surprised to see so many people apparently waiting to greet friends and relatives at this late hour, and then as the crowd grew into focus I gasped: why, they weren't people, they were *monsters*! Here Dracula, there Frankenstein; ghouls, zombies, mummies, aliens. A score or more masquerading fans assembled by P. Hans Frankfurter. I was driven through Amsterdam atop a horse-drawn carriage and the next day all the local newspapers carried a feature about Mr. Science Fiction of Hollywood invading the Netherlands!

My eyes resembled those of bug-eyed monsters and my false fangs fell out when one paragraph was translated for me. It appeared I was scheduled to give a lecture that afternoon at a civic auditorium!

"But I don't speak Dutch!" I spluttered

"Don't worry," said wily Hans. "We'll turn up there at 2 and maybe a few American tourists will be there. You won't have to give a speech, just talk to them a bit: I just thought the newspaper notice would be a good way to get a little publicity for science fiction."

You've heard of the little lamb being led to the slaughter.

The unsuspecting victim walking down the fairy path?

The place was packed. By natives.

I nearly fainted.

Now foreign fans have frequently flattered me by saying I'm the only American they can understand. This is because when I'm a stranger in a strange land I make a deliberate effort to speak s-l-o-w-l-y and distinctly and limit my vocabulary to simple language. Funny, not facetious; a fib, not mendaciousness; a lot, not a preponderance; very big, not humungous. And though among English-speaking persons I am notorious for promulgating the proposition that "the pun is mightier than the sword," for this audience I deemed it wise (not sagacious) to attempt to speak in a Basic English and not indulge in any double entendres or jokes. The result? The next day a journalist reported that Mr. Science Fiction from America must have been a humorless retired professor 90 years old, that I had a painfully limited choice of words, that I spoke in slow motion and exhibited no wit, no sparkle, no panache. Holy Hugo! Apparently the vast majority of my audience understood English perfectly well!

So I'll assume you do too. They tell me my visit to Holland a quarter century ago, and my meeting with fans of the day sparked clubs and correspondence and fanzines and art and had culminated in this World SF Convention in Den Haag which all of us fans of H. Rider Haaggard (oops!) are here to enjoy in the next few days. May every moment of ConFiction prove to be supercallifedulisticspialladociously splendidferous!

FORREST
Ackerman
Forrest J. Ackerman

Alles blijkt mogelijk in een strip die getekend wordt door Arno en waarvan Jodorowsky het scenario schrijft. Verraad, eeuwige liefde en een ultieme machtsstrijd bepalen het leven van onze held Alef-Thau en zijn ware liefde Diamanta.

Binnenkort verschijnt alweer het vijfde deel in de serie;

DE KREUPELE KEIZER.

In dit deel gaan Alef-Thau, Diamanta, Hogl en hun metgezellen op zoek naar de Moederkern.

Daarin bevindt zich de grote liefde van Hogl, Koningin Tehetete.

Alef-Thau beseft dat hij Hogl in zijn poging moet steunen, anders zal Hogl hem niet helpen om het geheim van Diamanta te doorgronden.

Een tocht vol ontberingen staan Alef-Thau en zijn metgezellen vervolgens te wachten.

NIEUW!

JODOROWSKY/ARNO

AVONTUREN VAN

Alef-Thau



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Preface (2)

Dear Friends,

What else is there to say? A dream come true? Probably. When you read this book you are either at ConFiction, on your way back home with - hopefully - good memories, or you have just received this Programme Souvenir Book in the mail (to get a glimpse of what you've missed at ConFiction itself). I must admit that after five years of hard work, the pain, the misery, the elation and the joy of delivering a World Science Fiction Convention you're bound to feel a bit crazy, but we must also remember the saying of Lao-tse: "Craziness is one of the seven doors into the Pearly Gates of Heaven". I'm not so sure about the pearly part (the bills are staggering) but the rest seems to be OK.

For me personally, it all started some twenty years ago at the 28th World Science Fiction Convention in Heidelberg, which was named HeiCon. I was a young shy fan who had just been doing his ditto-graphed fanzines (does anybody remember how to do that?). In those days, the Worldcon was different. It was also a lot smaller than nowadays. I met many people from all over the world I had never seen before and for the most part we stayed in touch. I started writing to fanzines across the world, visited fans in different countries, started a fanzine which became a semi-prozine with the help of Bert and Jos Visser, visited regional, national and of course, the international cons: the Worldcons. Still, it never came into my mind to actually try organizing one in the Netherlands. That all started five years ago when Neil Belsk, called me at home and asked whether or not it would be a good idea to have "one" in Holland. From then on it just got going.

This is the gathering of the Tribes and we could not have made it without the generous help and the advice of the whole Science Fiction and Fan Community. From the United States to Japan and from Australia to Scandinavia. As agents, as programme participants, as the people behind the scenes running the convention, and as you, the fan. The fan who has been willing to give us the chance to prove that the World Science Fiction Convention can really be a world event with people from all over the world. With the Wall down, this convention will also draw an awful lot of Eastern European Science Fiction fans, who have never been to this event. We will try to make them feel at home. As much as we will try to make the fans from all other countries of the world at home.

Don't forget, that you, the visitor to ConFiction can make or break this convention. Be an active participant, offer your help and make ConFiction a success. Although this is the gathering of the Tribes, this is not a gathering of sheep, but of people who have a vision and a need for contact and communication with the rest of the world. For instance, when we contacted a certain organization for a serious science programme, their answer came as a surprise to us. They wished not to be associated with Science Fiction because to their mind there should be a clear distinction between Fiction and (scientific) Reality. But where lies that border?

How about all those inspiring thought- technicians, researchers and scientists all over the world get from Science Fiction ideas? We are the future, because in our Worlds we mold and make extrapolations from the present. Alas, that organization apparently lacked the vision we - you - the Science Fiction readers have. In that respect, it is nice to remember the slogan OMNI magazine had a while ago - the meek will inherit the Earth, the rest of us will go to the stars...

And maybe, twenty years from now another fan who came to ConFiction will go through the cycle of making the World Science Fiction Convention come to another part of the world again. It benefits all of us and I just hope, that said fan went to ConFiction as its first Worldcon. I hope you will have (had) a good time and see you elsewhere on this planet or somewhere between the Stars at a future World Science Fiction Convention.



Kees van Toorn
Chair ConFiction

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Preface (3)

Dear friends,

What? Another one?

Inevitable. The first was for Forry - more or less the Godfather of regular Dutch Fandom. The second Preface *had* to be the Chairman's, but we wanted to break with the habit that the Chair had to fill *his* piece with countless 'Thank you' notes. This - *bij no* means unthankful - task is delegated to this book's editor. It is also the customary minefield, because you *always* forget to include a name or two. So, why single out names in the first place? This Worldcon will be a success thanks to *all* of you: fans, authors, workers. But, in the manner of George Orwell, all thanks are heartfelt, but some thanks are heartfelter than others. The pun is mine, and so is my abuse of the King's English.

Therefore, friends, we like to thank our Guests of Honour Joe Haldeman, Harry Harrison and Wolfgang Jeschke, our Fan Guest of Honour Andrew Porter, and our Toastmistress Chelsea Quinn Yarbro. They not only consented to accept the trip to the Nether Regions, but also supported us in word and deed above and beyond the call of duty. May the Great Mouse Smile Upon Thee All Forever.

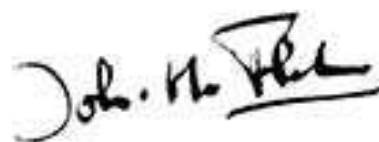
And thanks to Committee, Staff & Members of the organization of ConFiction (see next pages for the Roll of Honour), who worked for five years - yes, including the bidding rounds as well - to make this particular Dutch Dream come through, and who caused Merriam-Webster to radically change that expression, "Going Dutch". If a name has not come through, we apologize..

Our heartfelt thanks to the Mad3Party, an unending source of knowledge, wit and gossip. To Conscription, Colin Fine, Sharon Sbarsky, Roger Robinson, Tim Illingworth, Bernie Peek, Rick Katze, Ben Yalow, Roger Perkins, Ian Sorensens, Zweitse Klous, Charlotte Proctor, Mark Olson, Rick Foss, Donald E. Eastlake III, Mike Glycer. They were all there, with advice and help, and even a shoulder to have a good cry if the Mouse happened to botch up a thing or two.

Very special thanks to Martin Hoare, who helped us in a crucial period of the journey of The Mouse That Roared, and to Bert Visser, who did the same on the coast of Holland.

Thanks also to the people of the KLM, Rademakers, Grolsch, HP Computers, Big Balloon bv, Charlotte Kamermans, the NCG (Nederlands Congresgebouw, your convention site), the NCB, Holland Approach, Convention Travel International. They all supported us as early as 1985, when we still struggled with the concept of a Dutch Worldcon. Thanks also to Facet Publishers in Antwerpen who donated this series of be-au-ti-ful books to the Kid Co, and to former Meulenhoff SF editor Marc Carpentier Alting, who donated lots of books to FansAcross the World..

Finally, we like to thank you, reader, for you supported us one way or another. The *ConFiction Souvenir Book* is not only a tribute to our Guests of Honour, but to you as well. That's the reason, of course, why we've included all your names in the book. May the Great Mouse Smile Upon You Too.



Johan-Martijn Flaton,
editor

In Memoriam

Ackerman, Wendyne, translator,
spouse of Forrest J. Ackerman
Adams, Robert F., author and editor
Alexander, Jeff, composer
Altshuler, Harry, agent, author and fan
Alderson, Dan, astronomical mathematicians
Backus, Jim, actor
Bari, Lynn, actress
Bartheleme, Donald, author
Barzman, Ben December, scriptwriter and author
Bavie, Frances, actress
Beck, C.C., comics artist, creator of Captain Marvel
Beckett, Samuel, novelist and playwright
Benjamin, Jan C., fan
Blanc, Mel, cartoon character voice
Brackney, E. Manse, fan
Brennan, Joseph Payne, librarian, poet
Brown, Karl, pioneer cinematographer
Bryant, John, actor
Butrick, Merrit, actor
Byers, Edward A., journalist
Candido de Carvalho, author
Cazaker, Emmet, spouse of Mary Cazaker
Cassidy, Sylvia, author and poet
Center, Lola Ann, fan
Chalker, Lloyd A., father of Jack L. Chalker
Charleson, Ian, actor
Ching, William, actor
Coloris, George, actor
Crabe, James, cinematographer
De Santis, Joe, actor
Diffring, Anton, actor
Draper, Hal, scholar and author
Fain, Sammy, songwriter
Fein, Adrienne, fan
Francis, Stephen, author
Frazee, E. C., inventor
French, Victor, actor
Friedberg, Gertrude T., author
Galindo, Marco Aurelio, screenwriter
Garde, Betty, actress
Gardner, Ava, actress
Gelman, Milton S., TV and film writer
Geronimi, Clyde, animator
Gibbons, Stella, author
Giroux, Leo, author
Gleason, Bernard, author
Glick, David, video computer engineer
Goddard, Paulette, actress
Goodwin, Harold Leland, author
Haber, Heinz, author
Hale, Alan (jr.), actor
Hammond, Walter, special effects technician
Henson, Jim, puppeteer, film director
Herbert, Pitt, actor
Highfill, J. Allen, film costume designer
Hutter, Donald, editor
Image, Joan, animator
Jocheberger, Steven, film archivist
Johnson, John J. III, fan
Jones, Candy, author
Juve, Henrik Dahl, author
Kennedy, Arthur January, actor
Lampkin, Charles, actor
Lodoux, M., curator

Loone, Sergio, film director
Lerner, Sammy, songwriter
Levine, Nat, actor and producer
Lupo, Michele, film director
Mahoney, Jock, actor and stuntman
March, Tiger Joe, professional wrestler and actor
Matuszak, John, professional football player and actor
McAnally, Ray, actor
McConnell, James V., author
Meillon, John, actor
Morin, Alberto, actor
Morrison, Ernie 'Sunshine Sammy', actor
Novak, Lisa, editor
Oberth, Hermann, rocket expert
Ogutsh, Edith, poet and fan
Olivier, Lord Laurence, actor
Oswald, Gerd, TV director
Paiva, Jean, film producer, columnist
Pearse, Elizabeth, fan
Percy, Walker, author
Peretz, Greg, spouse of Novak, Lisa
Perrin, Vic, actor
Pines, Ned, publisher
Post, William Jr., actor
Radner, Gilda, actress
Rappoport, David, actor
Reid, Vivian, actress
Robbins, Bruce, fan
Roberts, Dorothy James, author
Sadler, Barry, author and songwriter
Schaeffer, Rebecca, actress
Schaffner, Franklin, film director
Schalk, Peter van, aerospace engineer
Seiderman, Maurice, makeup artist
Serato, Massimo, actor
Sherrel, Carl, artist and fantasy writer
Stacy, Jan, author
Stone, Sue, fan
Temple, William F., author
Terry, Thomas, actor
Thomson, Arthur "Atom", cartoonist
Timm, Doug, composer
Treen, Mary, actress
Ussachevsky, Vladimir, composer
Verral, Charles, illustrator, editor, art director, author
Victor, David, author and producer
Wall, John W., diplomat
Watts, Helen Hoke, author
Wheeler, Lyle, art director
Whyte, Ren, playwright and editor
Wiener, Margaret, teacher
Wilke, Robert J., actor
Willis, Matt, actor
Winters, Roland, actor
Wright, Ben, actor
Zeman, Karol, filmmaker

*You must not shut the night inside you,
But endlessly in light the dark immerses.
A tiny lamp has gone out in my tent —
I bless the flame that warms the universe.*

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT

Hello, greetings and welcome. In the year 1939, in New York City, Sam Moskowitz chaired the first international gathering of science fiction professionals and fans. The attendance was 200, out of which there were no non-residents of the continent of North America. It wasn't until 1949 when Ted Carnell was brought over, that the Worldcon had its first European Guest of Honor. Over the years, the percentage has become only slightly better. Also, in the 51 years since the inception of the World Science Fiction Convention, there has only been one Worldcon held in a non-English speaking country (Heicon in Heidelberg Stadthalle back in 1970). One day, somewhere around 1984, I began to wonder why. We know that science fiction is a literature that transcends international borders. It is translated into dozens of languages. It prospers in every magazine, comic book to film and game. It is a literature of ideas, thoughts and hope. It seemed foolish that for all the universality of the genre all but one Worldcon has been held in a country in which English is the primary language. I felt that calling the convention the World Science Fiction Convention was as much a misnomer as calling the North American Baseball Championship the World Series. Worldwide changes are happening at a great pace. The Berlin Wall has fallen, and democracy is making great inroads into the world. The World Science Fiction Convention should be part of the change, becoming as worldwide as its name.

Why did I choose Holland?

Holland is a country of international trade and diplomacy. It enjoys the reputation as a forum for all groups from around the world. It has always advanced the cause of arts and literature and continues to do so in the modern world. It is not just a part of this changes I mentioned before, but in fact, predates them.

Once the bid became a reality, it was my pleasure and honor to suggest Kees van Toorn as a good individual, and a competent chairman.

Putting the World in Worldcon

In the beginning was nothing. Then came God (and we all know *that* story). Then just a couple of zillion years history as we know it. And then came Neil Belsky. The man who put Holland on the map as the next station to be visited by that eternal train that is called the Worldcon. Let's skip the rest and read it in Neil's own words...

It is my greatest wish to see ConFiction be the first of a generation of truly World Science Fiction Conventions.

On a more personal note, as founder I would like to dedicate, if not the convention, than certainly the idea and the belief that created it, to the memory of Rhoda Katerinsky. A member of First Fandom who was in it from the beginning, and always managed

by NEIL I. BELSKY

to provide a meal and a couch or floor for many of us over many years. Rhoda, I hope this convention does your memory proud. Have a good time, and see you in the con suite. ■

Adrienne Fein in Memoriam

On Saturday, the 23rd of June 1990 Adrienne Wasser Fein died of an embolism caused by a broken leg sustained in a fall. She is survived by her mother Winnifred, stepfather Marvin and stepsister Helen.

The above was easy to write. This is a good deal harder. To those of us who knew her as a lover or friend she leaves a gap that not even eternity can fill. Missing from our lives will be the giggle, wit and essential can of Tab that always seemed to travel with her. The APA zines and LOCs constitute a body of written work that will always remind us of who she was and what she felt.

In many ways the idea of a Dutch Worldcon was her idea as much as it was mine. It was she who kept me moving on the project long enough to turn it over to the hands of the Dutch con committee.

Well, Adrienne was never into dirges, so I'll close by saying that the best monument to her would not be a granite monolith, but a five-day party with as many good times as there are people.

Peace,
Neil I. Belski

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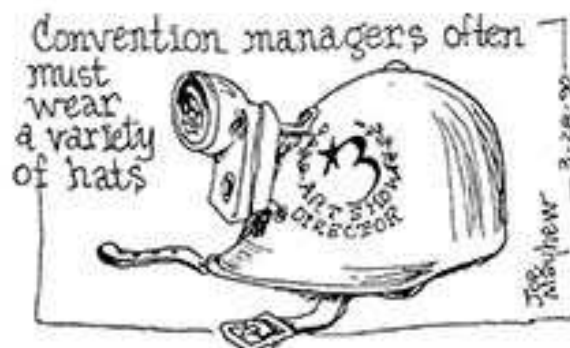
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History of Fanzines
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History of Bidding
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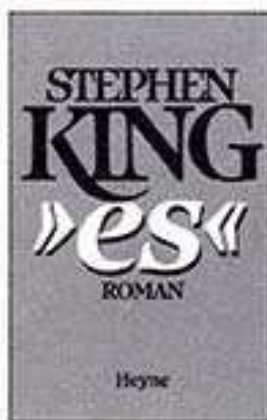
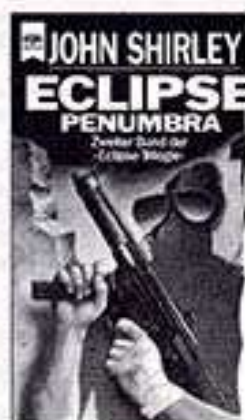


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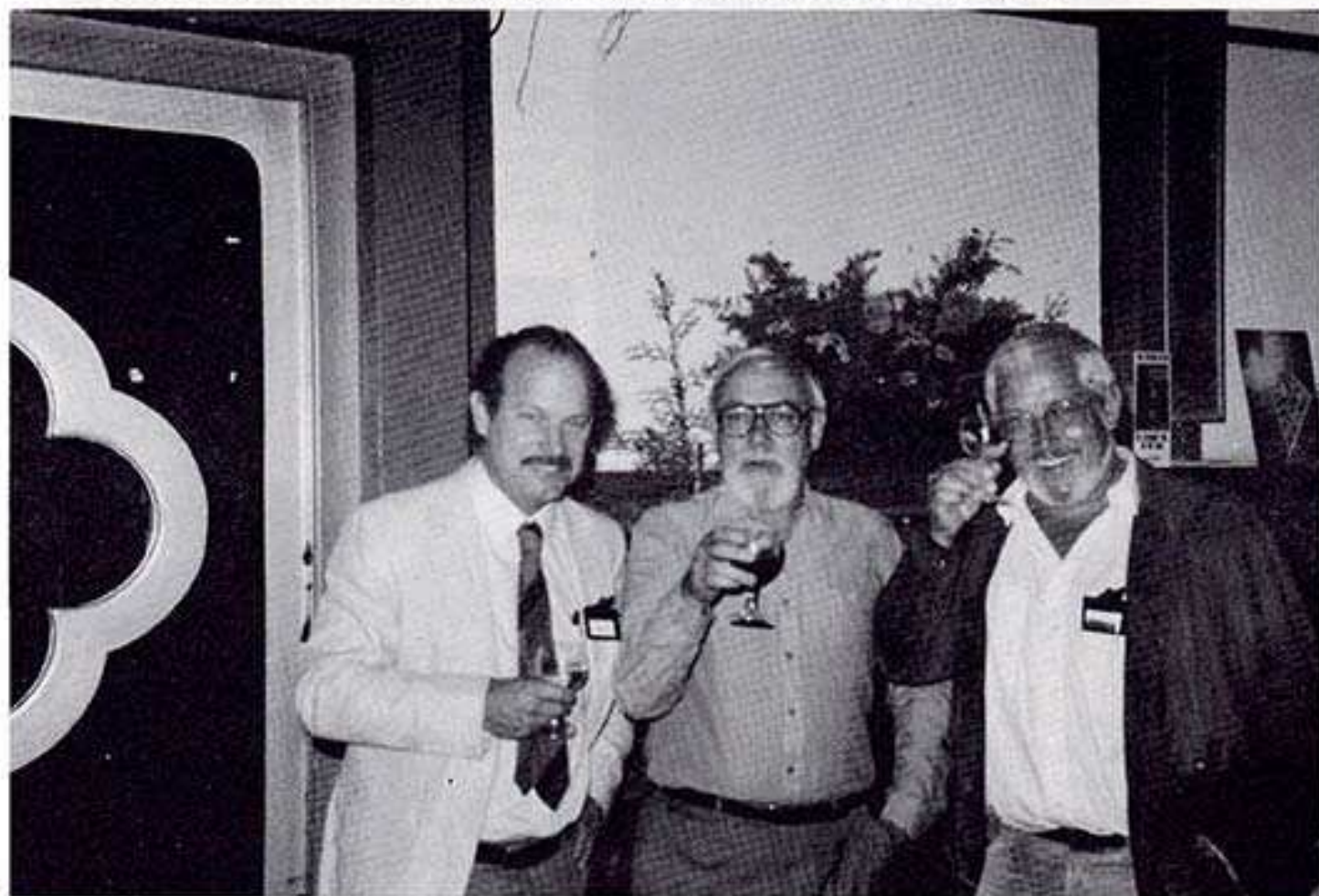


WILHELM HEYNE VERLAG

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Once upon a time...

Once upon a time *all* our Guests of Honour were little boys, who couldn't make out any difference between 'science' and 'fiction', simply because they couldn't read. Yet, in no time, however, they all started careers in writing and editing (among a lot of other things as well). Most of their fans and readers know perfectly well who these gentlemen are, and what they do for a living, but there is always that slight chance... So, if you hear someone mutter, "Who the hell is Wolfgang Harrison?" or, "Ever heard from a guy Harry Haldeman?", then you know what to do. Hand him/her these pages and cure their ignorance. That's why we've thrown together three biographical portraits; no need to turn pages. Just mix 'em, stir 'em, dry 'em, and you get three perfect Guests of Honour. Many thanks to the Guests themselves, who provided us with lots of material, and making together one hell of a by-line.



In Brighton, 1987, the Great Mouse Smiled upon Her People and said: 'It is thy wish to get a Worldcon? Thou gets one, and henceforth thou shalt toil and sweat for three years, day after day, and the nights as well. To prove, however, that I am not a Cruel Mouse, I will send thee three Wise Men, who will lighten thy burden. On one condition, Keep their glasses filled.'

The Forever Joe

Joe Haldeman is the youngest of our Guests of Honour. He was born in Oklahoma, 9 June 1943 and grew up in Puerto Rico, New Orleans, Washington D.C. and Alaska, and lives now with his wife Gay in Gainesville, Florida, and Cambridge, Massachusetts.

by JOE HALDEMAN, HARRY HARRISON,
WOLFGANG JESCHKE, WERNER FUCHS,
ALDO BLEEKER, INGRID TOTH, AND
JOHAN-MARTIJN FLATON

Joe studied at the University of Maryland and got a B.A. in astronomy. He was drafted in 1967 and fought in Vietnam as combat engineer. From then on he worked in a lot of teaching jobs, as a statistician's assistant, librarian, computer programmer, musician, laborer, occasional platform speaker and 'consultant' (in the spirit of Eric Sevareid's definition: a consultant is any ordinary guy fifty miles away from home). He was even, for one disastrous month,



Senior Editor of *Astronomy*, and it became the best issue ever to come out. Since 1970 Joe considers himself a full-time writer (see: Bibliography), who has nearly a dozen novels, and dozens of stories under his belt. Aside from science fiction Joe writes about anything but criticism. He wrote adventure novels (one of them with his brother Jack), poems, songs and poetry, and scientific articles. Two Hugos, a Nebula, a Galaxy and a Ditmar Award stand on the coffee-table, alongside the Rhysling Award. Joe is a member of the Author's Guild, the Writer's

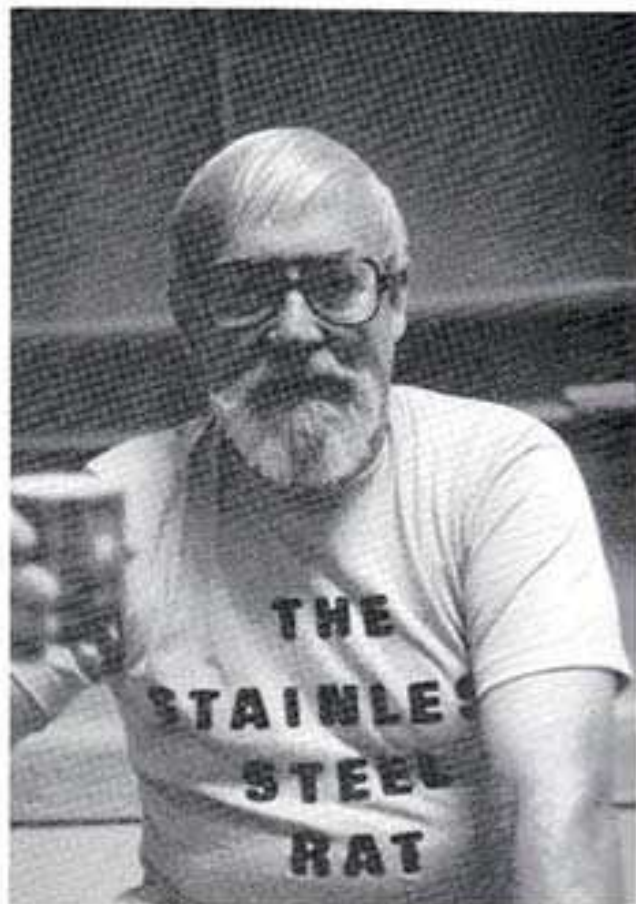
Guild, a member of the Science Fiction Writers of America (served as Treasurer, and chaired the Grievance Committee), a member of the Board of Advisors of the National Space Society, and of the Space Studies Institute.

He is, obviously, fond of travelling, from the Arctic to all Continents, as far as Cook Islands. In between he was Guest of Honour at conventions as far apart as Melbourne, Wellington, Ghent and Glasgow. Apart from that he is an omnivorous and indiscriminate reading buff, loves cooking, bicycling and a bit of fishing, swimming and snorkeling, not to mention drawing and painting, and dabbling in music and gardening as well.

Stainless Harry

Harry Harrison was born in 1925 in Stamford, Connecticut, but grew up in New York City. He was promptly drafted in the Army on his eighteenth, where he became an instructor in the (in)famous .50 machine gun, repaired computers and even rode shotgun on a garbage truck manned with prisoners. After a short stint in college and a longer term in art show, Harry spent the next ten years in New York as an artist, art director and editor, and finally ended up as free-lance writer.

When Harry became dissatisfied with a career as the author of numerous true confessions and men's adventures, he packed his gear, his wife Joan and his son Tod and drove to Mexico, to start writing on his first sf-novel. Unfortunately he was caught with the 'virus travellers,' for from then on he never stopped



travelling - and writing as well. The family, now joined by daughter Moira, roamed the world and lived in over 30 countries, with longer stints in Denmark, Italy, England and, finally, Ireland.

Between travelling - 'fanning around', so to speak - he managed to write 34 novels, five collections of short stories and a handful juveniles. With some spare time left he also went heavily into countless anthologies, many of them with his friend and collaborator Brian Aldiss [see also Bibliography].

Though Harry became a celebrated and much sought-after participant in many a British and Continental convention, he remained world citizen ever, as one can see at the number of translations (23) in which his works appeared, even in such exotic languages as Georgian, Lithuanian and Esperanto. This was also reflected in World SF, the international association of professionals in the field of sf, which he founded.

Harry is the recipient of the Nebula Award and the Prix Jules Verne for his novel *Make Room! Make Room!*, also made into the film *Soylent Green*. Though he may have some mixed feelings about the turns and twists of the scenario, he thought - and rightly so - that Edgar Robinson played one of the finest roles in his career.

Golden Touch Wolfgang

Wolfgang Jeschke was born on November 19th, 1936 in Decin, CSR, and ten years later came to Western Germany. He was raised in the small town of Asperg near Stuttgart. After Primary and High School he finished an apprenticeship as tool maker, then went back to High School. He dreamt of becoming an aircraft designer and a NASA career. After graduating from High School however, his interests had shifted - his love for literature turned out to be stronger. He went to Munich to study Philosophy and German Language and Literature. A few years later he dropped out of University when offered a job as assistant editor with Kindlers Literaturlexikon - the largest encyclopedia of literature in Germany. He began working for the Literaturlexikon, and once again science fiction changed his life. Kindler's willingness to publish a new line and Jeschke's expertise on sf resulted in the quality paperback line "Science Fiction für Kenner". This brought him to the attention of Heyne Verlag, who were publishing sf in paperback since 1960, and had become the leading publisher of science fiction in Germany. They reprinted Jeschke's Lichtenberg line and as they were looking for a new editor at the time, Jeschke got an offer he couldn't refuse. He took over the post in 1973 under two premises: 1) Novels were to be published uncut no matter how long 2) Establishment of original



anthologies introducing new international authors. As a matter of fact sf novels were regularly abridged if they didn't fit a certain length established in distribution and book trade. This practice sometimes led to lengthy disputes with authors. Barbaric as it was, some even more barbaric novels actually gained by it: some South American editions of John Norman's *Cor* series for instance, were based on the abridged Heyne version. Some of those sheer endless fantasy series by newer authors seem to be crying out for the same treatment... In his attempt to publish long unabridged novels, Jeschke had to overcome a general unwillingness of the market to accept higher prices for paperbacks. As a result the German publication of important but overlong novels like John Brunner's *Stand on Zanzibar* were delayed considerably. Once the opposition was overcome however, the market boomed. Publication schedules continuously increased from 4 titles a month in 1973 to 12 a month in 1984, making Heyne Verlag a leading publisher of science fiction titles in the world. Wolfgang edited over a hundred anthologies, but found some time to write two novels and dozens of stories. His first novel, *Der letzte Tag der Schöpfung* was translated into Polish, Czech, Hungarian, Bulgarian, French and English, and won the Kurd Lasswitz Preis, a German equivalent of the Nebula Award. The same award went to Jeschke another five times. Best known is probably his novella *Osiris Land* which was a title story in Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine and nominated in 1985 for the Nebula Award - to our knowledge the only non anglo-saxon short fiction ever to be nominated for Hugo or Nebula. His new novel, *Midas*, a harsh scenario of the near future, was published by Fantasy Productions, a German sf and role playing publisher, in 1989. The British edition by NEL came out this year. Jeschke also garnered praise for his radio plays, among them "Sibyllen im Herkules oder Instant Biester" (1986) and "Jona im Feuerofen" (1988). His achievements in the international science fiction scene were honoured by World SF 1987 with the Harrison Award. ■

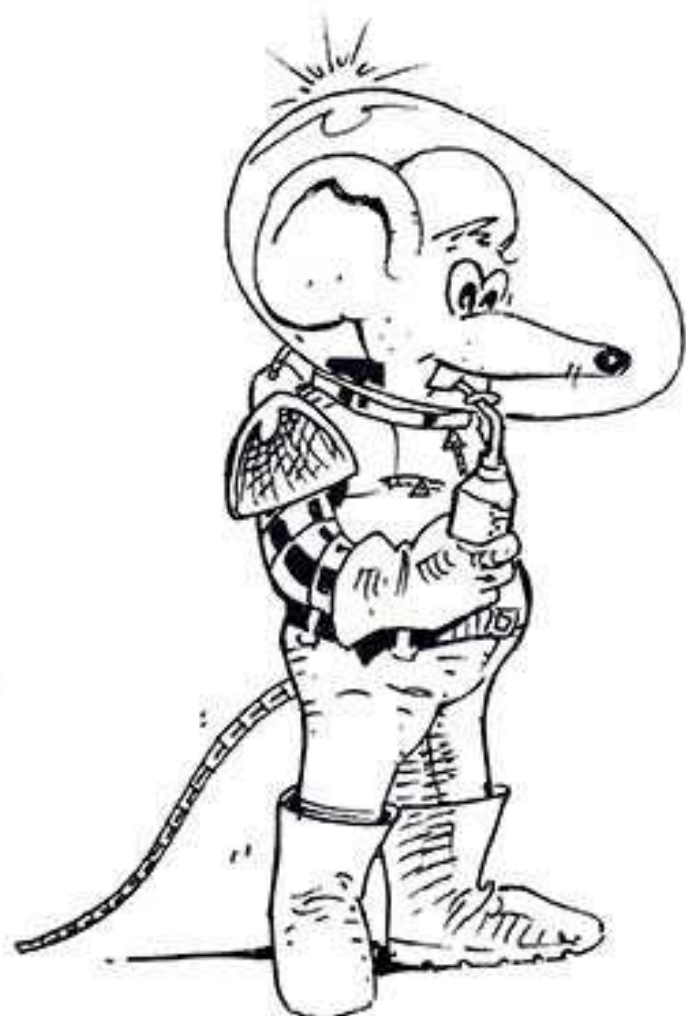
A Short Bibliography of Joe Haldeman

Novels, series

Attar's Revenge; 1975 (as Graham Robert)
 War of Nerves; 1975 (as Graham Robert)
 Worlds; 1981
 Worlds Apart; 1983

Novels

All My Sins Remembered; 1977
 Buying Time; 1989 (retitled to: The Long Habit of Living
 The Forever War; 1975
 The Hemingway Hoax: a Short Comic Novel of
 Existential Terror; 1990
 Mindbridge; 1976
 Planet of Judgment; 1977 (Star Trek novel)
 There Is No Darkness; 1983 (with Jack Haldeman II)
 Tool of the Trade; 1987
 War Year; 1972 (short novel)
 World Without End; 1979 (Star Trek novel)



Stories

26 Days On Earth; 1972
 All The Universe In A Mason Jar; 1977
 Anniversary Project; 1975
 Armaja Das; 1976
 Benny's Song (poem); 1986
 The Big Bang Theory Explained (in Light Verse); 1983
 Blood Brothers; 1979
 Blood Sisters; 1979
 cold rust grit: end of dreams; 1987 (poem)
 Construct; 1983 (with Jack Haldeman II)
 Counterpoint; 1972
 Curves in Space; 1984 (poem)
 DX; 1986 (poem)
 End Came; 1975
 From Competition 8: Near-Miss SF Titles; 1974
 The Gift; 1985 (poem)
 Hero; 1972 (novella)
 Houston, Can You Read?; 1983 (poem)
 I of Newton; 1970
 John's Other Life; 1973
 Juryrigged; 1974
 Lindsay and the Red City Blues; 1980
 Machines of Loving Grace; 1986 (poem)
 Manifest Destiny; 1983
 The Mazel Tov Revolution; 1974
 A Mind of His Own; 1974
 The Monster; 1986
 More Than the Sums of His Partys; 1985
 No Future In It; 1979
 The Only War We've Got; 1974
 Out of Phase; 1969
 Passages; 1990
 The Pilot; 1979
 Power Complex; 1972
 The Private War of Private Jacob; 1974
 Production Values; 1986
 Saul's Death; 1983 (poem)
 Seasons; 1985
 Seven and the Stars; 1981
 The Star; 1989 (poem)
 Starschool; 1979 (with Jack Haldeman II)
 Starschool on Hell; 1979 (with Jack Haldeman II)
 Summer's Lease; 1974
 A Tangled Web; 1981
 This Best of All Possible Worlds; 1974
 Time Lapse; 1988 (poem)
 Time Piece; 1970
 A Time to Live; 1977
 To Fit the Crime; 1971
 To Howard Hughes; a Modest Proposal; 1974
 Tricentennial; 1976
 Triolet; Lupa; 1988 (poem)
 Truth To Tell; 1974
 Two Men and a Rock; 1973
 We Are Very Happy Here; 1973
 What Johnny Did On His Summer Vacation; 1978
 (with Robert Thurston)

A Short Bibliography of Harry Harrison

Novels

Deathworld 1; 1960
 Deathworld 2; 1964
 Deathworld 3; 1968
 The Stainless Steel Rat; 1961
 The Stainless Steel Rat's Revenge; 1971
 The Stainless Steel Rat Saves the World; 1971
 The Stainless Steel Rat Wants You; 1978
 The Stainless Steel Rat For President; 1982
 A Stainless Steel Rat Is Born; 1985
 The Stainless Steel Rat Gets Drafted; 1987
 Planet of the Damned [Sense of Obligation]; 1962
 Bill, the Galactic Hero; 1965
 The Technicolor Time Machine; 1966
 Make Room! Make Room!; 1966
 Plague From Space; 1966
 Captive Universe; 1968
 In Our Hands, the Stars [The Daleth Effect]; 1969
 A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah!; 1972
 Starsmashers of the Galaxy Rangers; 1973
 The Lifeship (with Gordon R. Dickson); 1976
 Montezuma's Revenge; 1974
 Queen Victoria's Revenge; 1974
 Skyfall; 1976
 The QE2 Is Missing; 1980
 Homeworld; 1980
 Wheelworld; 1980
 Starworld; 1981
 Invasion: Earth; 1980
 Planet of No Return; 1980
 Rebel in Time; 1983
 Stonehenge: Where Atlantis Died; 1983 (with L.E. Stover)
 West of Eden; 1984
 Winter in Eden; 1986
 Return to Eden; 1988

Short Stories (collections)

War with the Robots; 1962
 Two Tales and 8 Tomorrows; 1965
 Prime Number; 1969
 One Step From Earth; 1970
 The Best of Harry Harrison; 1976

Juveniles

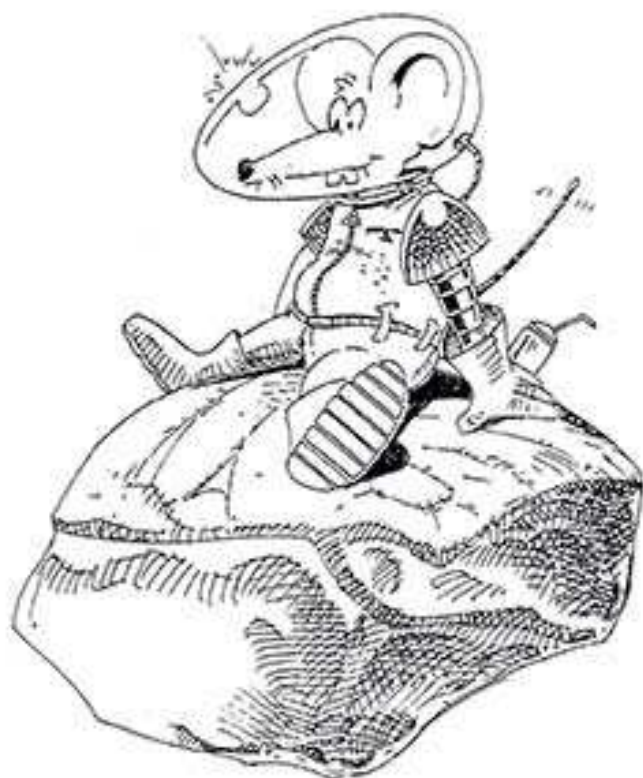
Spaceship Medic; 1969
 The Men from P.L.G. and R.O.B.O.T.; 1974
 The Californian Iceberg; 1975

Illustrated Novel

Planet Story; 1979

Non-fiction

Great Balls of Fire; 1977
 Mechanismo; 1978



Spacecraft in Fact & Fiction (with Malcolm Edwards); 1978

A Short Bibliography of Wolfgang Jeschke

Novels

Der letzte Tag der Schöpfung; 1981
 tr.: The Last Day of Creation; 1982
 Midas oder: die Auferstehung des Fleisches; 1989
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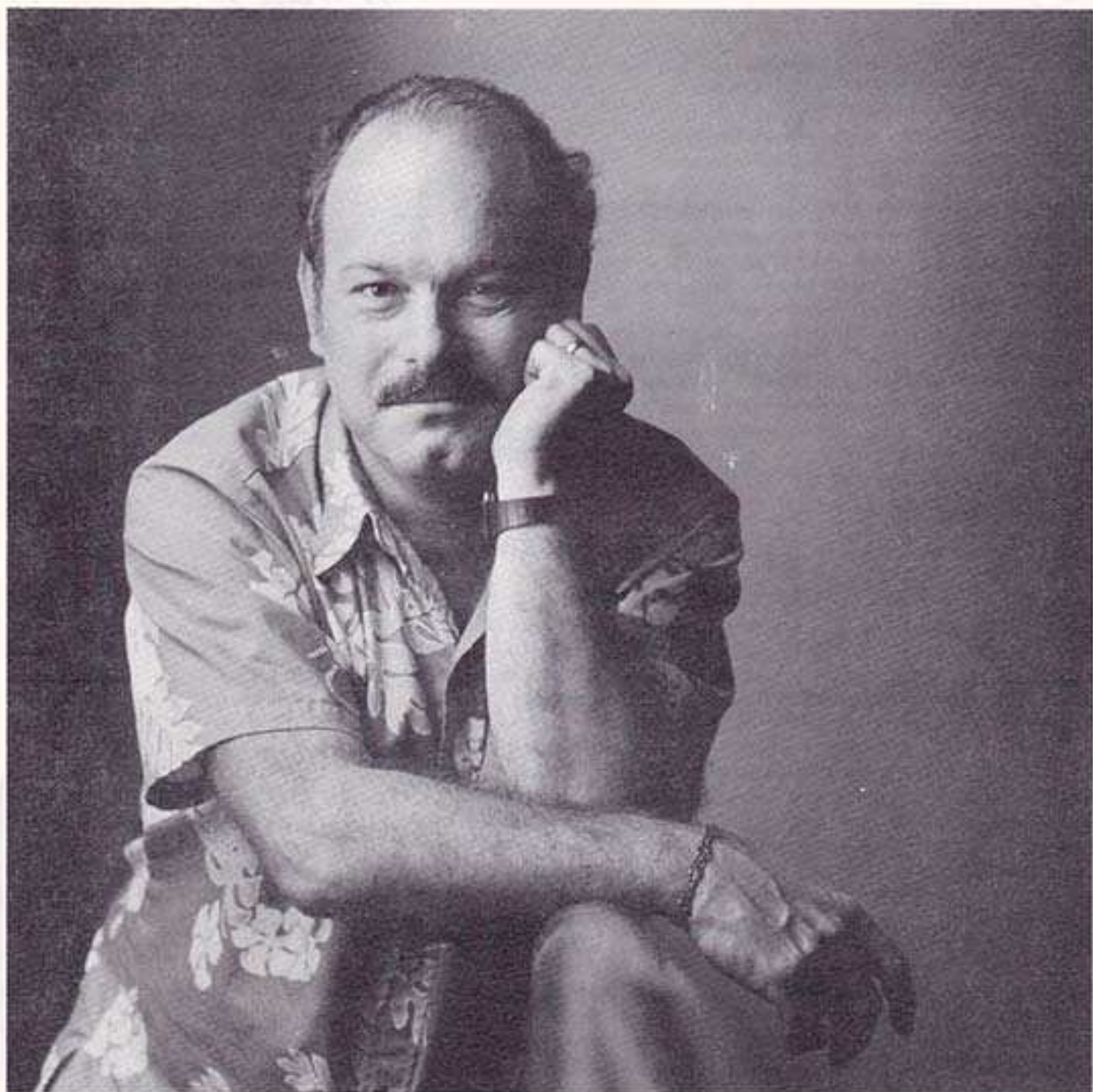
Short Stories

Die Anderen; 1959
 Begegnung; 1960
 Dokumente über den Zustand des Landes vor der Verheerung; 1981
 Der König oder der Puppenmacher; 1961 (novella)
 tr.: The King and the Dollmaker; 1975
 Nackt zum Gipfel; 1981
 tr.: Yeti; 1990
 Nekyomanteion; 1985 (novella)
 tr.: Loitering at Death's Door (in prep.)
 Osiris Land; 1982 (novella)
 tr.: The Land of Osiris; 1985
 Pater Ramseys Totenmessen; 1961
 Der Riss im Berg; 1969 (also: Supernova)
 Sirenen an Ufern; 1960
 Tore zur Nacht; 1960 (also: Unweit Toulouse)
 Der Türmer; 1957
 Welt Ohne Horizont; 1957
 Wir kommen auf Sie zu, Mr. Smith; 1983
 Der Zeiter; 1959
 tr.: A Little More than Twelve Minutes; 1975 ■

GUEST OF HONOUR

A short biography of
Harry Harrison

by
Gordon Korman
and
Garry Harrison



Harry Harrison was born in 1929 in New York City. He is a well-known science fiction author, best known for his novel *Earthman*. He has also written several other novels and short stories. He is a member of the Science Fiction Writers of America and the International Association of Science Fiction and Fantasy Authors.

Harry Harrison is a member of the Science Fiction Writers of America and the International Association of Science Fiction and Fantasy Authors. He has won several awards for his work, including the Hugo Award and the Nebula Award.

Three Poems

by JOE HALDEMAN

Homecoming

His home town was space, and he never left:
The boy who watched the Russian beeper drift
through the twilight is the old man who camped
outside the Cape to watch huge dumbos lift
their loads of metal, oxygen, water...
Living in the back of an ancient Ford,
showing children, at night, the starry sky
through a telescope his young hands had built,
seventy years before.

He died the week before
they came back from Mars. But every story
ends the same way. Some extra irony
for the Space Junky. His life had twists, turns,
wives, deaths, jail, a rock. One story that he loved:

The time he gave the army back exactly
what the army gave to him. "Bend over,
Westmoreland," he'd shout in his cracky voice,
and only other oldsters would get it.

In college in Floria, just because
he would watch the rockets; the Geminis,
the Apollos... roaring, flaring, straining
around the moon...

but then he was drafted.
Sent to 'Nam months after Tet. Bad timing
more ways than one. The fighting was awful,
the worst yet... but worse than that, the timing!
The year! When men first stepped down on the Moon
he was not going to be on his belly
in the jungle. He was going to be *there*.

The Space Junky was a poker player
without peer. Saved his somewhat porky ass,
this skill, just knowing when to push your cards,
and when to pass... the others always stayed
in every hand; it was like harvesting
dandelions. Almost embarrassing,
the way the money piled up... play money,
'Military Payment Certificates.'
but a shylock in Saigon would give you
five for six, in crisp hundred-dollar bills.

Kept them in a Baggie in his flak vest,
those C-notes, until he came up for 'Rest
and Recreation', an euphemism,
trading the jungle for a whore's soft bed
for a week. He went to Bangkok, where girls

were lined up on the tarmac as you left
the plane. He chose a fat and kindly one,
and explained what it was he had in mind.

She took him home for two bills, made some calls.
Gave him a rapid bit of sixty-nine
(not in the deal), and put him in a cab.
A man with a printing press signed him up
in the Canadian Merchant Marine.
Seven seasick weeks later he jumped ship
in San Francisco, in July of sixty-nine,

to stand with a million others and cheer
the flame and the roar, the boom that finally broke
the sullen surly bonds of gravity.

And then in a bar in Cape Kennedy,
a large silent crowd held its beery breath,
watching a flickering screen, were craters
swelled and bobbed and disappeared in sprayed dust
and Armstrong said "The Eagle has landed."

(put that in your pipe and smoke it, Westy!)

and it was tears and back-slaps and free drinks,
but the next day the Space Junky was where
he'd be for the next seven years, the night
sky hidden by layers of federal
penitentiary.

But iron bars do not
a prison make to a man whose mind is
elsewhere. He was just a little crazy
when he went in... and when he came out

he was the Space Junky, and not much else.

He never missed a launch. When the Shuttle
first flew, he pushed that old Ford from the Cape
to California, to watch a space ship -
a real space ship - come in for a landing.

He watched the silent robot probes go by
every planet save one (well, you can't have
everything), and an asteroid, comets,
countless rings and moons.

In the winter cold
he watched ill-fated Challenger explode.
Less surprised than most, shook his head dry-eyed;
he cried years later when it flew again.

The Space Junky saw them lift the Station
piece by piece; saw us go back to the Moon,
from the back of a succession of Ford
station wagons, always old and beat up.
He made enough with cards to get along;
lived pretty well, cooking of a Coleman,
sipping cola, waiting for the next launch.

After some years, they all knew who he was,
engineers, P.I. men, the astronauts

themselves. It was a Russian cosmonaut
who bent over the rusty sands of Mars,
and picked up a pebble for the Space Junky.

They were all sad to find he hadn't lived.
They put the rock in a box with his ashes.
They put the box in low orbit, falling.
It went around the Earth just seven times,

and sketched one bright line in the starry sky
that was his home town

where he'd not been born
and where he'd never visited, alive,
but never left.

Last Laught

When Fundamentalists perish
nothing special happens.
It's just like turning off a switch.

When atheists go
they find themselves
In Dante's Inferno!

The Moslem Ayatollah
expecting an eternity of hours
has nothing but boys.

The rationalists get LSD for all time.

The transcendentalists get chained to a desk.

The godless communists,
locked in a Baptist prayer meeting
until the heat death of the universe.

The only ones with no surprises in store
are those agnostics

who refuse to believe this is happening

(and so it doesn't)

28 January 1986

Daytona Beach:
tropic morning, winter cold.
Frigid splash of icy breakers.

Freezing seabirds
stalk no prey on cold sand.

Morbid memory now,
the grumbling.

Harsh words echoing
sting of windblown sand.

Get that damned
rocket up
so we can go inside.

The three holds exhausted patience. Coffee cold and bitter, gritty,
The waiting and the cold were all we talked about,

Talking to keep warm...

To everyone's surprise,
it finally went up.

Riding a white column of hot steam...

then a solid, terrible flower of smoke
as they died on the edge of space

(The tourists cheering madly,
thinking it was part of the show:
booster separation or
whatever they call it.)

The rest
of us
In shock

Knowing it had to happen
sooner or later

but

not with the schoolteacher
not this time

this was bad timing

So many other dreams
going stale or dying

we'd grown to think
we could count on space
for a lift

bad timing

bad luck

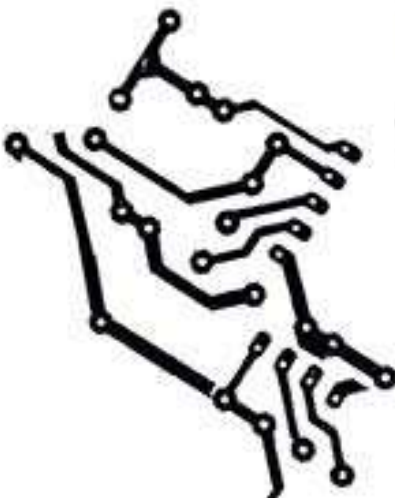
But when the astronauts go out on the talk circuit
eating school food for the greater glory of NASA
they find

it's only the adults
in the audience
who are bummed out or angry
still in grief for seven pros
who died on the job

The children
first want to know how you
go to the bathroom
in zero gravity

and then

When can I go up?



★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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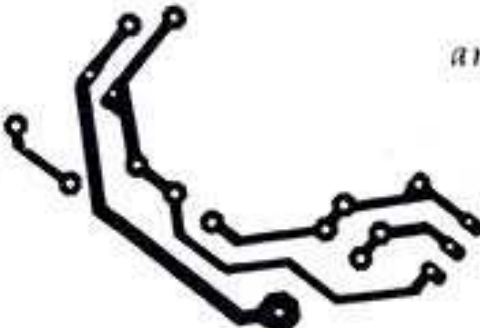
The Dutch Publishers of

Greg Bear
Orson Scott Card
William Gibson
Frank Herbert
Tanith Lee
Fritz Leiber
Larry Niven
Bruce Sterling
Jack Vance
John Varley
Gene Wolfe



Wim Gijsen and Peter Schaap

Brian Aldiss Poul Anderson Isaac Asimov
J.G. Ballard
Gregory Benford Alfred Bester Philip K. Dick
Harry Harrison Ursula Le Guin Robert A. Heinlein
Keith Laumer Pohl & Kornbluth Olaf Stapledon
A.E. van Vogt
and many, many more



Meulenhoff

Science Fiction & Fantasy



★
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Science Fiction in Holland and Flanders

A survey of the SF scene in the Dutch-speaking countries has to start with some considerations about the cultural and literary circumstances in both countries. The Dutch-speaking northern part of Belgium (commonly but incorrectly called Flanders, hence "Flemish") has not only been discriminated against by the ruling French-speaking south for many years, but also by the Dutch proper, who consider Flanders as a sort of comic appendage to the Netherlands. A symptom of this attitude obtrudes itself in the numerous nasty jokes which invariably present the Flemish as very stupid folk who cannot even speak normal Dutch. (The Flemish in turn tell jokes about the baffling stinginess of the Dutch.) There are indeed some differences - mostly idiomatic - between Dutch and Flemish, but they are so small that Flemish is experienced by Dutchmen not as a linguistic variety of their own language, but as a wrong version of it. This false opinion is reinforced by the fact that nearly all serious Flemish literature is either written in pure Dutch or "translated" by a Dutch editor. In the 1950s and '60s this was a commercial necessity, for then nearly all Flemish literature was published in the Netherlands and then distributed in Belgium. Today this has changed somewhat, but the commercial need is still there, for there are only some six million Flemings as against some 15 million Dutch. This of course leads to a certain cultural preponderance by Holland, exemplified in the field of literature by the fact that Dutch publishers are active on the Belgian market, while Flemish books can seldom be found in any bookshop in the Netherlands.

As a result of these commercial circumstances and of the strong historical and cultural ties between Holland and Belgium, the two domains are one in the field of literature. This is not the case with the Dutch and French-speaking parts of Belgium: although they form one political unity, their literatures are different. Just as Flemish literature

Let's face it: not many Worldcons are held in Holland. So we thought it an excellent opportunity to dip into our history of science fiction & fandom. J.A. Dautzenberg wrote some lengthy articles on this subject for Barron's *Anatomy of Wonder* and *Science Fiction Studies*. This is a shortened and updated version of the latter, for which the publisher kindly gave permission to reprint. We hope you'll enjoy this peek into the makings of sf in these "Flatlands".

forms a whole with Dutch, so French Belgian ("Walloon") literature is part of French letters. For that reason, the SF situation in southern Belgium has been left out completely in this overview (as has consideration of juvenile SF and SF comic strips).

1. FANDOM

Dutch and Flemish fandom really started in the 1960s, but before those years there had been several short-lived efforts at establishing a fandom in both countries. Perhaps the first sign of it in Holland was the eight-page magazine *Space Fiction* (1952), which

by J.A. DAUTZENBERG

lasted but one issue. A year later *Planeeet* was launched, which also saw only one issue. In Flanders the "Club Alpha" was established in 1953, and in the same year a sort of mini-convention was held in Antwerp.

For some time thereafter, SF fandom seemed to disappear completely. It reappeared in 1965, when in Holland the NCSF (Dutch Contact Centre for SF) was founded, thanks to a visit by Forrest Ackerman to Amsterdam in August of that year and the subsequent efforts of P. Hans Frankfurter, Albert Taal and Leo Kindt. A year later these three founders of the NCSF organized the first SF convention, in Amsterdam, for which occasion the clubzine *Holland SF* was launched. The second issue did not appear until 1968, but later on it became a very

regular bi-monthly. In 1970 the editorship was taken over by Annemarie van Ewijk, who made the magazine into the leading Dutch fanzine with a rather wide circulation of more than 400 (including a subscription from an Moscow library!). In 1990 the editorship was taken over by Nico Poppelier.

In Flanders there were several short-lived fanzines in the mid-1960s [e.g. *SF Nieuws*, *Kosmos*, *Toekomst*, *Galax*, *Sfantoom*, and *Sfan*] but it took some years before the sort of national organization akin to NCSF was established. This came about in 1969, when, among others, Danny de Laet and Julian C. Raesveld, the editors of *Kosmos* and *Sfan* respectively, founded SFAN, with Raesveld's fanzine as official clubzine. Like the Dutch, they organized their first convention the following year. Since 1973 the two clubs organized the annual Beneluxcon together, which is held alternately in Holland and Flanders.

The most successful convention took place in Rotterdam in 1981 - the first that received national publicity because it was officially opened by the Dutch Minister of Culture.

The history of Flemish fandom is much more intricate than in Holland, because of numerous feuds. After a bout of quarrels, SFAN got a new leadership and a new clubzine, *Info-Sfan* (1970), edited by Simon Joukes. In 1974 the title changed to *SF Magazine* and the editorship was taken over by Robert Smets. From the beginning the magazine was poorly produced and, unlike *Holland SF*, remained so. However, it was also more international in scope than its Dutch equivalent: it featured more reviews of American works and paid attention to French SF as well (logically enough, as many Flemings can read French easily). Around 1980 the SFAN organization fell into decay; *SF Magazine* disappeared in 1982 after several title changes. The most important Flemish fanzine at present is Eddy Bertin's *SF Gids* (SF Guide) which was founded in 1973.

2. TRANSLATED SF

As in most countries, Jules Verne was almost immediately translated in Holland and became very popular. In the 1890s, the large Dutch publisher Elsevier produced a famous complete edition in 65 volumes, the so-called "blue booklets". The renditions, however, were - again as in most countries - desperately bad (and still are today, for nearly all recent editions are based upon the original translations). In those years, translations of the then world famous utopias by Bellamy, Morris, and - a bit later - Wells came out soon after publication in their original language. One can say that a fair number of the important (anti)utopias of the late-19th and 20th centuries have been translated, and often quite soon after their original appearance. But this is not the

case with SF proper. Although there have been some SF books which quickly appeared in translation - e.g. E.R. Burrough's *Martian Saga* - one cannot say that before the mid-1960s the Dutch market gave a real reflection of international SF production.

In 1957 five anthologies were published: two of them edited by the prominent Dutch poet and novelist Sybren Polet, one by playwright, novelist, and occasional SF writer Manuel van Loggem, and two others by A. de Bruyn and A. van de Hoek. It is worthy of note that the publishers of Polet's and Van Loggem's books were Bakker-Daamen and De Bezige Bij, two of the foremost Dutch literary publishers. Their high reputation gave some status to SF, but unfortunately they never again ventured into the field of SF.

Two years later another important publisher became interested: Spectrum. Since World War II, this firm had been publishing an ambitious paperback series called "Prisma". In its early years this was a series of high literary quality (the complete works of Dickens were published in it), but gradually its character changed to become the most important outlet for detective fiction and for first-rate popular science. Before 1959, Prisma had already published a few SF novels, but now a more or less regular SF program was undertaken, beginning with two books a year, and later expanding to between four and eight. Between 1959 and 1964 Spectrum published some 15 books by authors of high reputation: Wyndham, Asimov, Bradbury, Clarke, etc. From the beginning all books were labelled "SF", if not on the cover, then in the blurb. The translations were very good; some were done by the notable poet C. Buddingh'.

In 1964 another publisher, Bruna, started an SF program within its paperback series "Zwarte Beertjes" (Black Bears); the first book was one of Edmund Crispin's *Best SF* anthologies, soon followed by works by Simak, Brown, Asimov, and Dick.

In 1967 the first genuine series with uniform covers and a separate numbering was started by the large publishing house Meulenhoff. This was to become the most important and most ambitious SF series in the country. It started with 10 books a year, and up to now 275 volumes have appeared. The series consists of all sorts of SF: pulp, high brow, classics, "promising" new authors, and so on. As in most SF series the editors do not seem to have much interest in generic questions, for a lot of fantasy is published under the SF label.

After the commercial success of Spectrum, Meulenhoff, and Bruna (which in 1971 also started a uniform series under the "Black Bears" imprint), about ten other publishers tried to get in on the act.

Up to 1980 all these publishers together produced more than 750 SF books, among them some 60 anthologies and 120 collections.

In the 1980s, however, the SF boom was over: the market declined to figures of the early sixties and at this moment only Meulenhoff still has a regular SF line. For the rest, SF (and fantasy and horror) consists of isolated works scattered over the whole literary field.

All that has been said so far concerns publishing in book form. There have also been a few efforts to establish a market for SF magazines. Between 1967 and 1968, the reprint magazine *Galaxis* appeared, but it was poorly produced and very badly translated, and came to an end after five issues. A new effort was undertaken in 1971 by Manuel van Loggem with *Morgen* (Tomorrow), a handsomely printed and illustrated slick magazine which, however, also lasted only five issues. In 1977 Kees van Toorn launched his *Orbit*, a slick quarterly that relied on translations from US or occasionally from German SF; original Dutch or Flemish material was very seldom used. *Orbit* temporarily discontinued in 1988, due to the forthcoming Worldcon in 1990.

3. ORIGINAL SF

Dutch literature is essentially realistic. Even in such literary eras the Romantic period or the Fin-de-Siècle, when the fantastic era was in vogue every where, the quantity of Dutch fantastic fiction was very small. Consequently, no coherent or even continuous tradition of fantastic fiction exists, let alone a tradition of SF. There are only some individual books belonging of course to the great European tradition of fantasy, but not to any native tradition of this kind of fiction. It is therefore impossible to give a real historical account of the development of Dutch and Flemish SF and fantasy; one can only give a chronology of some more or less important individual novels and stories.

During the Romantic era, when the influence of the Enlightenment was still very strong, several writers produced, mostly in the form of imaginary voyages, descriptions of a future Holland. This genre of utopian literature continued to exist during the 19th century, but all examples of it retain no more than a historical interest, and the vast majority have been totally forgotten (even the most comprehensive histories of Dutch literature do not mention them).

Besides utopian fictions, there is only one other proto-SF work which deserves some attention: the planetary voyage *Kort verhaal van eene aanmerkelijke luchtreis en nieuwe planeetontdekking* (Short Narrative of a Remarkable Air-voyage and the Discovery of a New Planet, 1813) by the once famous poet and

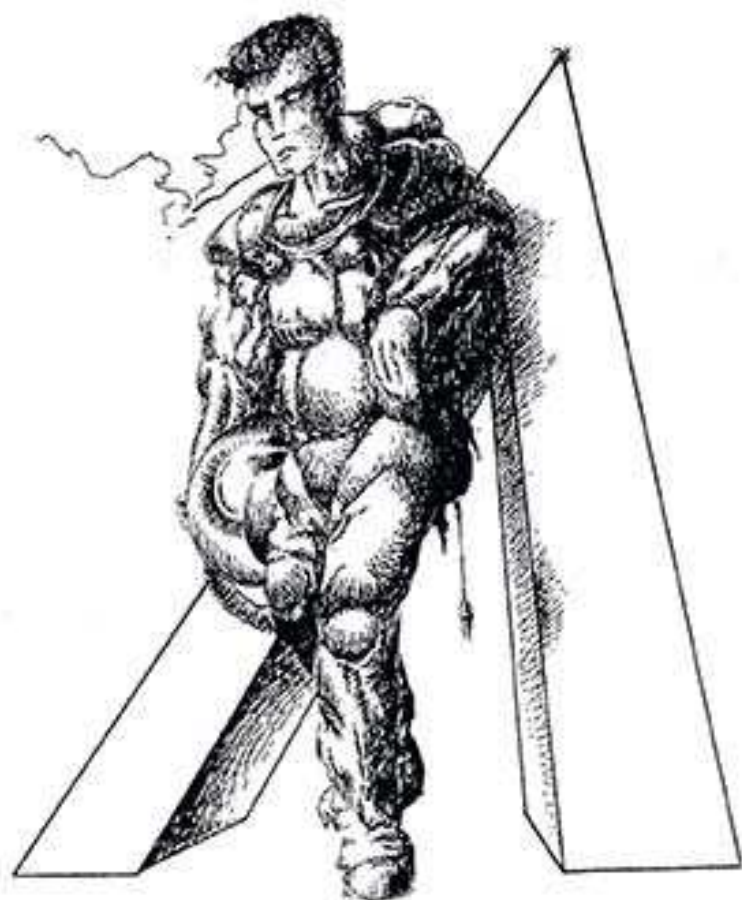
scholar, Willem Bilderdijk. This charming novella is typical old-fashioned SF because of its extensive reflections on the solar system and the pseudo-scientific explanations of wonderful events. Moreover, it can be very funny at times and still remains readable.

This type of fiction is extremely scarce in Holland, where most proto-SF consists of utopias, imaginary voyages, descriptions of the future, lost world novels, and so on. This literary state of affairs has carried on into the mid-1960s, when signs of the beginnings of a native SF tradition started appearing. In the earlier half of this century, one can only point at such isolated instances as *Geveugelde daden* (Winged Deeds, 1905), written by the noted playwright Herman Heijermans under the pseudonym "Samuel Falkland", or *Het verstoorde mierennest* (The Disturbed Ant-hill, 1916) by the minor novelist Kees van Bruggen. The first is a humorous account of "the adventures of the first Dutch air-skippers" (according to the novel's subtitle); the second is a gloomy end-of-the-world novel, written under the influence of the horrors of the First World War.

More important are some anti-utopian novels. In Flanders, Jef Scheirs wrote *Het einde der wereld* (The End of the World, 1929), an attack on communism from an orthodox religious point of view. A man with extreme right-wing opinions, Scheirs attacks not so much the totalitarianism of communism as its tendency to make the whole of society uniform. A plea for the restoration of the old hierarchical social order, the novel ends with God, as the supreme representative of hierarchy, destroying the communist world state.

A contrary point of view is taken by the Dutch writer Maurits Dekker in his *C.R. 133*, (1926), a description of a fascist "United States of Europe" in the year 3100. The novel is a typical 20th-century dystopia in so far as it shows all the characteristics which are common to that subgenre: the "machine" as a threat to human nature, the division of society into a small ruling elite and a mass of obedient workers, the replacement of names by numbers, the control of the masses by audiovisual means, the total absence of any legal security.

By far the most important work written in this vein is the famous novella *Blokken* (Blocks, 1931) by Ferdinand Bordewijk. Bordewijk's is in part a purely descriptive account of a totalitarian state, and in part a story about an unsuccessful revolt against it. From the literary standpoint, it is a very interesting work because of certain ambiguities. Internal evidence makes it clear that the state it describes must be located somewhere in Russia. One is thus tempted to



regard the book as an attack on communism - which it surely is in that it details many phenomena commonly associated with communism: red flags, uniformity, the absence of social differences based on sex, a certain prudishness, no private property, etc. But at the same time, the state shows many characteristics which are usually associated with fascism: a strong emphasis on body culture and militarism, the use of an eagle as state mascot, stiff marches in free nature, chauvinistic songs, and especially a "scientific" racism. The end of the book is also ambiguous: the revolt is indeed unsuccessful, but it is suggested that the state is already so much affected that sooner or later it will collapse.

What is especially ambiguous is the author's stance toward all this. Bordewijk's fiction belongs to the literary movement which is perhaps best known under its German label *Neue Sachlichkeit* (New Functionalism): it is written as objectively as possible and in a cold, detached style conveyed by very short, biting sentences which are at times syntactically strange. Nevertheless, there are some passages in which the author shows his contempt for the society he describes; interspersed in the text are such remarks as "Some [among the ruling class] had in their faces the reflection of madness" or "in the prisons there was more personal freedom than outside".

An extremely important Dutch novelist, Bordewijk became famous for his psychological novels, but he also wrote very fine fantastic short stories, some of which can be considered SF. Most of these are to be found in the collection *Vertellingen van generzijds* (Tales from the Other Side, 1951); not included in that volume is the remarkable "Einde der mensheid" (End of Mankind, 1959), which is not so much a story as a fictional essay, in the style of Borges, about the structure of the universe, seen as consisting of layers of "positiva, neutra, and negativa" in an infinite continuation. This late work presents mankind as but an unimportant phenomenon in one of the endless layers of the cosmos; he will eventually disappear, leaving no traces at all.

Another writer of short fantasies who also published some SF is 'Belcampo' (H. Schonfeld Wichers). His clever and witty stories are widely read, and some of them have become classics of Dutch literature. His best SF stories are perhaps the robot tale "Voorland" (Foreland, 1935) and "Het verhaal van Oosterhuis" (The Story of Oosterhuis, 1946), a curious blend of imaginary voyage, utopia, dystopia, and lost world.

All the sometime authors of SF between the two world wars are mainstream writers who but seldom ventured into the SF field. The same applies to the period immediately after the Second World War. It was only in the mid-'60s that some authors came to the fore who could be considered as real SF writers. The SF from the mainstream writers, however, is by far more important, because its literary quality is considerably higher and it has a much wider readership. Some of its authors are considered as outstanding figures of modern Dutch and Flemish literature; and although on the whole they have written only a few works that can be labelled SF (but never is, because the term SF has an even more negative connotation in Holland and Belgium than elsewhere), they deserve wider attention here.

The two most important Flemish writers in this regard are Ward Ruyslinck and Hugo Raes. In 1964, Ruyslinck published the dystopian novel *Het reservaat* (The Reservation) ⁽¹⁾, a bitter attack on a near-future Belgium that is totally corrupted by the cultural and political imperialism of the US. In the mid-'60s anti-American sentiment in Europe was very strong, as everyone knows, and the novel has to be seen in that light. Its anti-Americanism seems a bit dated now, but that does not make the novel as a whole outdated, for essentially it is an attack on any modern repressive society, either right-wing or left-wing; the habit of putting dissenters in psychiatric clinics, for instance, reminds one more of repression in the former USSR than of near-future America.

Hugo Raes wrote two remarkable imaginary voyages: *De lotgevallen* (Adventures, 1968) and its

sequel, *Reizigers in de Anti-tijd* (Travellers in Anti-Time, 1970). Four people, father, mother, daughter and son, travelling in an unknown land, go through all kinds of adventures, some of them very horrible, and in the end they lose one another in utter darkness. Their journey has neither starting point nor destination; sometimes they are called "fugitives", but it remains unclear what they are fleeing from. In the sequel they find one another again and try to fly out of "Peace City". Now they have a starting point but again no destination. Clearly, the first journey as such must be interpreted as a symbolic one, but a journey where: to utopia? to death? home? At the end of the second novel, the four are travelling faster than light and become time travellers who land at the beginning of the first book. So their journey is cyclic, suggesting that man's life is a pointless voyage through incomprehensible events, the end of which is at once the beginning. There is no such thing as man's destination; there is only a destiny which signifies nothing.

Besides these two books, Raes wrote another SF novel, more traditional and less interesting: *De verwoesting van Hyperion* (The Destruction of Hyperion, 1978), a post-catastrophe fiction about the immortal descendants of mankind and their fight with evolved rats. He also published several very fine SF short stories, most of which can be found in *Bankroet van een charmeur* (Bankruptcy of a Charmer, 1967).

In Holland five writers deserve attention. A very strange book is *Het carnaarium* (The Carnary, with a pun on "laboratory", 1973) by the poet Leo Vroman. It describes how, in the course of a successful attempt to create meat in a biological laboratory, the meat in three test tubes takes shape and grows into three green babies who mature unbelievable quickly and then start travelling all over the world (in fact, to the various countries in which the author has lived). The book is sometimes very funny, but also very difficult at times because of its idiosyncratic language and intricate composition (which is far too complicated to explain here).

De toekomst van gisteren (The Future of Yesterday, 1972) by Harry Mulisch is not a novel but a long essay in which the author explains why he has not written a projected novel by that title. The novel would have presented an alternative world in which the Germans had won the Second World War. Within that alternative world the protagonist is writing a novel about a world, alternative to his, in which the Germans had lost the war. So far the concept shows a remarkable resemblance to Dick's *The Man in the High Castle*, but - unlike Dick's - the second novel had to be fully reproduced within the text of the

first. What interested Mulisch was the difference between the real world in which the Germans had lost the war and the imaginary world in which the same thing happens. So the book as a whole had to become at the same time an alternative world novel and what is called in German literary theory a "Doppelroma" (double novel). Mulisch demonstrates in his essay that this combination is theoretically impossible. I cannot explain the arguments here, since they have to do with rather difficult questions of narrative, but they are very convincing. And even if they were not, the book would still make obligatory reading for any writer of alternative world novels.

Mulisch, like Raes in Flanders, is considered to be one of the most important modern novelists, and has written several fantastic novels and stories. Some of the latter can perhaps be considered SF - e.g. "Wat gebeurde er met Sergeant Massuro?" (What Happened to Sergeant Massuro?), which appears in his most important collection of fantastic stories *De versierde mens* (Ornamented Man, 1957)⁽²⁾.

Another reputed novelist is computer expert Gerrit Krol. *De man achter het raam* (The Man behind the Window, 1982) is the rather difficult story of Adam, a thinking computer, who contemplates about the problem of what a human being really is. When he has developed into a full human being, he undergoes the fate of all mankind and dies.

Two more Dutch authors have yet to be mentioned: Rein Blijstra and Manuel van Loggem, both short story writers at heart. Blijstra's best known SF collection is *Het planetarium van Otze Otzinga* (The Orrery of Otze Otzinga, 1962), ten humorous stories about all kinds of SF clichés. Van Loggem writes interesting fantasy with slight SF leanings; his best collection is *Het liefdesleven der Priargen* (The Love-Life of the Priargs, 1968).

As I have already noted, in these years there were a few authors who can be regarded as SF writers. The most remarkable is the Dutch physicist Dionijs Burger, the writer of *Bolland* (Sphereland, 1957), a sort of sequel to Abbott's classic *Flatland*. The book is subtitled "a novel of curved space and an expanding universe". Just as the Englishman Edmund Abbott used a fictional guise to try to demonstrate, in *Flatland*, the existence of the fourth dimension, Burger does so using modern post-Einsteinian physics. His short novel is a sort of minor classic in the SF world (Burger is the only Dutchman who has an entry in Tuck's *Encyclopedia*)⁽³⁾. In 1977, Burger published the collection *De vreemde zeemeermin* (The Strange Mermaid), comprising for the most part stories written in the 1920s and '30s but never published at that time. They are the only instances of the Amazing/Wonder Stories type of SF story that I

know of in Holland - which is, unfortunately, just another way of saying that they are virtually unreadable today.

The two most prolific SF writers are Felix Thijssen and Eddy C. Bertin. The first, originally a writer of adventure fiction for the juvenile market, started to write SF in 1971 when the first volume of the so-called "Mark Stevens cycle" appeared. This is a run-of-the-mill space-opera series, the first volumes of which seemed to be aiming at young adults, but which gradually became more mature. The series ended with a good eight volume, *De poorten van het paradijs* (The Gates of Paradise) in 1974. Later Thijssen wrote several more serious novels, the best of which is *Emmarg* (1976), a sad story about a female alien abandoned on Earth.

Eddy C. Bertin is the only modern Belgian author who has some reputation in the English-speaking world, thanks to his own English translations of several of his stories. "Membrane Universe Cycle" can be called his best work, which was collected in three volumes (1976-1983). The stories are interspersed with lyrics, fake documents, editorial comments, timetables, and so on. Not connected is the collection *De achtjaarlijkse god* (The Eight Year God, 1971). Bertin is an active fan who edits his own fanzine, *SF Gids*, and is an ardent bibliographer as well. In addition to SF, he has written numerous horror stories, which are perhaps the better part of his opus (he has a rather large entry in Ashley's *Who is Who in Horror and Fantasy Fiction*)⁽⁴⁾.

Two other writers deserve mentioning in this survey. One is the Fleming Paul van Herck, who came on the scene in 1965 with a collection of ingenious short stories, *De cirkels* (The Circles). His first and most important novel was *Sam of de pluterdag* (Sam or the Pluterday, 1968), a very funny satire which won the first Europa Award⁽⁵⁾. A similar, but nastier, Dutch work is *Duivels en oranjemoeren* (Demons and Orange Dams, 1968) by "Grovis", the pseudonym of two former editors of the Meulenhoff SF series, Ruurd Groot and Eduard Visser. This attack on hypocritical puritan prudishness has been heavily influenced by the "flower power" movement of the '60s.

A remarkable Dutch debut was *De eersten van Rissan* (The First of Rissan, 1980) by Wim Gijzen, a lost colony novel about the descendants of mankind on the planet Rissan. In 1981 the sequel *De koningen van weder* (The Kings of Old) appeared. Both novels hold their own with the better American novels of this type. Later books by Gijzen are all young adult fantasy.

Dutch and Belgian SF writers are faced with a particular difficulty: the unwillingness of publishers to use original material. There are two reasons for

this. One is commercial: translated SF sells much better than original SF. For example, because the novels of Van Herck and "Grovis" were not commercial successes at Meulenhoff's, that publisher did not print original material again until 1980 (the Gijzen novel). Secondly, publishers often complained about the very poor quality of the manuscripts they get, a result of the fact that beginning writers have no chance to learn their trade, mainly because there are not pulps in Holland and Belgium (and never have been). The only avenue open to them is the fanzines, and their critical standards are pretty low.

The gap was filled for some time by the original anthology series *Ganymedes* (1976), edited by Vincent van der Linden. However, the series never sold very well and consequently it was stopped in 1986 until its rebirth in 1989 by a Flemish publisher, still edited by Van der Linden.

4. CRITICISM

Concerning Dutch and Flemish SF criticism one may be brief: there is hardly any. This lack is not so much the result of a general contempt of SF by literary scholars as of their general neglect of all kinds of popular literature. Very few serious studies exist on say, thrillers, comic books, and so on.

Yet there are some examples of serious SF criticism. Aside from a few general introductory books and articles in the 1950s and '60s, the first really important work was a dissertation by Riemer Reinsma on the history of Dutch and Flemish utopian literature: *Van hoop naar waarschuwing* (From Hope to Warning, 1970). The book suffered from the absence of any other studies on its subject (it is, in fact, the first book in this field!), and as a result, the author had to confine himself to some very basic remarks, which need to be broadened and deepened and corrected in future studies (yet to be undertaken).

The second important work of criticism did not appear until 1977: *Science fiction: status or status quo?*, a collection of scholarly articles, edited by the Belgian university teacher Luk de Vos. In 1984-1985 he edited three connected volumes: *Waar helden sterven* (Where Heroes Die), *Laatst nog* (Of Late) and *Just the Other Day*. The first is a collection of stories by Dutch and Flemish fans, the second contains 14 articles, mainly by Flemish scholars, the huge third volume bears an English title and contains 40 articles by European scholars, written in Dutch, French, German and English.

In 1979 *Fantasfeer* (Fantasphere), the first serious bibliography, appeared: a listing by A. Spaink et al. of all fantasy and SF that had been published through 1978. This book, too, was hampered by the near-total absence of previous checklists and indices

that could have served as its foundation. Still it is a very important catalogue, the only one that compares favourably with the many bibliographic works produced by British and American fans.

Besides these three books there are some others, but they are all very short and sometimes not very reliable. Moreover, most of them are purely introductory texts which are pretty much superfluous, given the number of foreign introductions to SF that have been translated since 1974⁽⁶⁾. Of the more scholarly works on SF, however, not a single one has been translated so far (and I have the impression that they are not widely read in their original language by Dutch and Flemish students of SF). Nor is there a single Dutch library that subscribes to *Extrapolation*, *Foundation*, or *Science Fiction Studies*. It can therefore be said - without much exaggeration, I'm afraid - that the vast body of SF scholarship is virtually unknown in Holland and Belgium.

My own "SF en literatuurwetenschap" (SF and Literary Science) in the scholarly literary quarterly *Forum der Letteren*, (1980) was an attempt to change that situation somewhat. In the essay I provided the Dutch scholar with a survey of modern SF literary science, centred on the problems of SF as a genre, the history of SF and its evaluation. This was the first article about SF in such a journal, and now, ten years later, it remains the only one. ■

Notes

1. Translated into English as *The Reservation*, London: Owen, 1978.
2. The English translation of this famous story as "What happened to Sergeant Masuro?" (sic) has been printed several times in the *Hudson Review*, 14 (1961) no.1; in *The Modern Image: Outstanding Stories from the Hudson Review*, ed. F. Morgan, NY: Norton, 1965; in *World's Best SF*, 1965, ed. D.A. Wollheim, NY: Ace, 1965; and in *Short Stories International*, ed. E.W. Johnson, Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1969.
3. There is an allusion to Burger's novel in Zelazny's *Doorways in the Sand*, Chapter 7. It has appeared in English under the title *Sphereland* (NY: Crowell, 1965).
4. Stories by Bertin have appeared in such anthologies as *New Writings in SF* 13, *The 1972 Annual World's Best SF*, the 9th *Pan Book of Horror Stories*, *The Year's Best Horror Stories* 1 and 2, and so on.
5. Translated into English as *Where Were You Last Plutoday*, NY: DAW, 1973.
6. The following secondary works have been translated: B.W. Aldiss, *The Billion Year Spree*; B. Ash, *The Visual Encyclopedia of SF*; H. Harrison, *Great Balls of Fire and Mechanismo*; S. Lundwall, *SF: What It's All About*; P. Nicholls, *The Science in SF*; F. Rottensteiner, *The SF Book*; and D.A. Wollheim, *The Universe Masters*.



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The Friends of Foundation has been set-up to support the Science Fiction Foundation, an SF research library based at the Polytechnic of East London, England which publishes the critically acclaimed journal *Foundation: the review of science fiction*.



The Foundation, which was established in 1970, has been in decline for the last ten years due to a lack of funding, and has only survived through the dedicated work of Joyce Day, part time secretary at the Foundation, and Ted Chapman, the honorary administrator. In order to see out this century and retain its status as *the* British centre of excellence in SF, it needs coordinated help from volunteers with a love for SF and a desire to see the survival of its only national resource.

Membership of Friends of Foundation covers the publication of a regular Friends newsletter with details of activities and a subscription to *Foundation* itself. If you would like to join, please send £12.50 if you live within the UK, £17.50 overseas, to:

Rob Meades, Coordinator FoF, 75 Hecham
Close, Walthamstow, LONDON, E17 5QT,
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Cheques should be made payable to 'Friends of Foundation'.

Committee: David Barrett, John Clute, Nic Farey, Judith Hanna, Rob Meades, Greg Pickersgill, Roger Robinson, John Stewart and Bridget Wilkinson.

This was it. The year 2000 in Tibet. The Worldcon to end all Worldcons. Unhappily it did.

It was going to be the best con, the perfect con. The rented lamasary had been repainted, refurbished, with toilets in every monastery occupied by the Americans. The grass was the best, pure Dalai lama gold. The drink the worst, fermented yak's milk. But, what the hell, that's what fandom is all about. Unhappily, at the height of the celebrations there was a distant rumble as of a freight train going over a metal bridge. Or maybe it sounded like an avalanche. Which it was.

The fen were safe, for there is a power above that looks down on every fan, from pimply comic fan to geriatric First Trekkie Fandom fan. They were safe. The avalanche missed the main halls and struck at the East Wing where all the pros were having a very exclusive party; no fen admitted. Which was perhaps a good thing for fandom. And even better for the poor SF hacks too broke to come to the con, couldn't afford the trip, who now had rich new markets opened up for them.

For the pros were gone. Every one of them. Buried, crushed, snuffed under tons of snow in the valley far below.

'Gone!' a femfan groupie wailed, memories of many an illicit kinky encounter bringing tears to her eyes.

'Gone!' an avid collector wailed, thinking of all his books never to be autographed.

'Gone!' the con chairman shrieked thinking of the gigantic bar bills now never to be paid.

'What has happened to them?' a neofan queried.

You might very well ask.

'Where did all this damned fog come from,' Harry Harrison grumbled. 'I can't find my drink.'

'Me neither,' Joe Haldeman said. 'Or see my hand in front of my face. Worse than Florida.'

'Like a bad movie from the Thirties,' Wolfgang Jeschke said. 'You remember there was a car crash or something and they all die suddenly, but don't know it, and wake up in heaven.'

The fog suddenly cleared - and that's where they were. There was a great Golden Gate before them and an old guy in a bathrobe of some kind writing in a big book. But more important were the glad cries of recognition.

'Harry!' Brian Aldiss called out. 'Sam Lundwall and I have been looking for you behind all the clouds.'

'Is this what I think it is?' Joe asked suspiciously.

'Either that or a damn good illusion,' Sam said with a solid Swedish phlegm. 'Wasn't Isaac Asimov here just a moment ago?'

'I was - and am. Just doing a quick test on the clouds with my pocket atomic analyser. Very interesting.'

'What are they made of?' the massed voices intoned.

Tragedy in Tibet

There is no need to introduce Harry Harrison beyond the fact that he is Harry Harrison. And because he is Harry Harrison ("Mr. Chair, is three times enough in two lines?") he wrote a brand-new story for this Souvenir Book, which will please his fans no end, not to mention the editor of this book, and those patient biographers, who may add yet another story to their bibliographies. The rest of us are, of course, sensible enough just to read on...

'Water vapor. What did you expect - malted milk?'

'Silence!' the man with the book ordered. 'Don't you know where you are?'

'On a cheap movie set?' Harry suggested.

'Or, if I read the props right,' Isaac said, 'and being a student of the Old Testament as well as everything else, we are in heaven, the pearly gates are there, so you might be Peter known also as the fisherman, a fisher of souls, San Pietro in Italian...'

'Enough!' Peter cried. 'I have been warned about you lot. And boy!, have we been waiting for you!'

'And we are all here? En masse?' Brian observed.

'Quite a coincidence all of us here at once. Timely timed avalanche.'

'Any of you guys set the timer?' Joe asked with heartfelt suspicion.

'Not my department,' Peter mumbled, flipping the strained pages of the book before him. 'And that is

by HARRY HARRISON

old news as well. The new news and good news is that you are not my responsibility. You scruffy and undeserving lot - for reasons I cannot fathom - have the unbearable pleasure of being interviewed by someone whose name I cannot mention.'

'Let me see,' Isaac said, finger didactically raised. 'Elohim, or JHVH, or even JHVH Elohim, 7000 times in the Old Testament you'll find JHVH probably pronounced Yahveh...'

'Beware, mortal,' a thunderous voice rumbled through the clouds, which instantly parted to reveal, mistily seen, what appeared to be a gray-bearded man reclining on a golden dais. 'Beware!' he

thundered again. 'My name is not be-spoken.'
'Of course not,' Frederik Polh said, strolling over. 'Because we haven't been introduced. My name is Fred...'

'Silence!' This time the voice was so powerful that eardrums cracked and heads rang like bells.

'What did he say?' Poul Anderson asked, hand cupped to ear.

Instead of silence there was some quick conversation, opinions exchanged and plots confabulated as to what was happening, going to happen, should or might happen. It was Philip José Farmer who noticed that the old man's face was turning redder and redder and out of concern, and not really wanting to watch a heavenly coronary, changed the subject.

'Pleased to meet you, Mr. Riverboat Captain, Sir. I sincerely hope you won't mind a few questions...'

'Not from you, Farmer!' Thunder rolled and lightning crashed. 'You who have usurped my plotting privileges, doubted my word...'

'Not so much doubt as query,' Isaac said. 'There are so many conflicting statements in the bible. This is a wonderful opportunity to straighten them out since if anyone knows I guess you should.'

'That's enough from you - who even doubt the validity of my Heavenly Inspired astrological forecasts. You join Farmer...'

'Ridiculous,' Harry said. 'Phoney, astrological self-serving crap for weepy widows. You can't expect us to believe...'

'I expect that I expect you to join those other unbelievers,' Thunder, rumble.

'You do seem to be projecting the rather unattractive face of theism,' Brian observed. 'I would have hoped for a little more breadth of mind...'

'Over with the others, Aldiss. You who first published that anti-religious drivel *The Streets of Ashkelon*. That alone gets you a couple of million millenia on the cooker. Wait, where are you all going. I haven't spoken to the rest of you yet, ordered you! You just can't walk away from me.'

'Watch,' Robert Silverberg said. 'At about 2000 BC we invented you and now we don't like what we see. So, in the name of the Jews, I turn my back on you.'

'The goyim as well,' Sam said. 'Did I pronounce it right?'

'For a goy, not too bad,' Barry Malzberg said, taking Sam by the arm as they turned their backs on Old Thunderthighs and strolled over to join the others. 'This gives me an idea for a story...'

'Enough!' This time the thunderous words were so immensely loud that the ground stirred as in an earthquake and everyone was thrown down. 'That's better,' JHVH said, mistaking collapse for supineness, or at least faking it to save face. He rushed on before anyone could speak again, wishing that instead of this alcoholic bunch of freethinkers he

could have a Pope and a lot of syncophantic cardinals.

'Tremble in fear! Do you not realize what is in store for you?'

'An elevator ride?' Wolfgang asked, just as a smoking, redhot elevator burst up through the ground thereby stealing JHVH's punchline.

'Listen guys,' Joe said. 'This penthouse party is really pooping out. Let's go see if there is any action in the basement.'

Strolling, chatting, plotting, lying, cursing - just like always - the massed science fiction writers of the world walked into the red elevator. The gate crashed shut behind the last heel and the floor fell away beneath them.

'Neat,' Isaac said. 'Free fall. Must be a long way down. I estimate our acceleration to be...'

'Save it for your column,' Bob said. 'Shouldn't we be talking about this?'

'Why?' asked Fred.

'Good question' Brian said. 'Though I do have a certain interest in what we'll see when that door opens.'

They crashed to a stop and the door opened.

'Still no surprises,' Poul said. 'Looks like a bad Doré illustration.'

'Silence!' The red man on the smoking throne ordered. Lighting flashed from between his teeth while sparks oozed from his pores.

'Good effects,' Harry said. 'Better than computer animation.'

Unlike his associate on the top floor this guy did not listen very much, was too carried away with the sound of his own voice.

'Woe unto thee! Shiver and quake and beg for mercy which shall be denied for eternity. Boiling oil, charcoal, grilled flesh...'

'Sounds like a barbecue,' Philip Klass whispered.

'... molten lava, oh, how you shall suffer and scream while I laugh, ha-ha, for all eternity and after.'

'Mutually exclusive terms. You can't do anything after eternity,' John Campbell said, opening the door in the rock wall and waving them over. 'You don't have to listen if you don't want to. I did, in the beginning, but after I pointed out all the errors of logic, even wrote an editorial for him to straighten him out, he gave us this room and would not talk to us anymore.'

John looked over his shoulder and called out. 'Move some of the chairs back, Hugo. Robert will help you. Ted S. and Ted C. push that table on one side.'

John turned back to the waiting authors. 'Come on now, you are just in time for the editorial lunch. I have some ideas I want to kick around.' ■

Phoenix in '93 Worldcon Bid

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Experience

Phoenix is one of the most experienced convention running fandoms in the West. We have run 2 WesterCons, a NASFiC, and a World Fantasy Convention during the 1980's. In addition to the two annual local conventions, and three annual relaxacons. With all this activity, our volunteer staff of over 200 local fan with a wide range of interests. We are also experienced at drawing on the fan community from other localities for expertise.

Our Bid Chairs, Terry Gish, Doreen Webbert and Eric Hanson all have Worldcon level experience. Terry has worked at either committee or senior staff level for several Worldcons and WesterCons including chairing WesterCon 41. She has been active in conventions for 10 years and can't remember a convention in the over 60 that she's attended that she hasn't worked. Doreen Webbert's Worldcon level experience dates back as far as the 1961 Worldcon and includes a wide variety of positions including programming, programming operations, auctions, and information. Eric Hanson, the baby of the group, has worked operations and treasury on the Worldcon level. In fact he ran C&C for the Phoenix NASFiC. In addition, Eric has chaired two local conventions. The rest of our board also worked NASFiC in various staff and committee capacities. Doug Cosper was in charge of food logistics, Ray Gish co-directed the art show (with Terry) and Dave Hiatt ran the dealers room. Ray has chaired a LepreCon, Doug has chaired a CopperCon and Dave is currently running for chair of the 1991 LepreCon. All of our board members know the work and co-ordination that it takes to put together a well run Worldcon.

They all feel that the convention is the important part of Worldcon. Most of you come to Worldcon to attend the events, meet friends and have a great time. When the local committee has laid a solid foundation for the convention, you can do that. That's what we of the Phoenix in '93 Worldcon Bid want to do for you in 1993. Please remember that you and all the other members of ConFiction have the opportunity to make a difference in the future of the Worldcon. Please vote! We, of the Phoenix Worldcon Committee, hope that you vote for us. After all we are the BEST in the WEST. (Then again, you could say that we're prejudiced.)

Even though we've concentrated on the convention in our advertising (That is what it's all about, you know), Arizona offers visitors some of the most awe inspiring and interesting places in the world to visit. From the Grand Canyon and Lake Powell in the north to the Desert Sonora Museum and Tombstone in the south with the West Most Western Town, Scottsdale and a great Worldcon site in the middle, the state is packed with interesting things to see and do. Who knows, maybe one of our Dutch friend will even find the Lost Dutchman. So if you plan your vacation around the Worldcon you can be sure to find something new and exciting in Arizona. We're looking forward to seeing you in 1990 and 1993.



Hugos and Critical Mass

There is no end to Dave Langford's own critical mass, which is no surprise for those amongst us who can distinguish White Dwarfs from Red Giants. Since Noreascon III he may also replace the legs of his coffee-table with four Hugo's. His own article reflects this thoughtful mode very well, though he would never go for that table. Instead he waits patiently for enough Hugos to line his garden path...

The first time I ever received an award from the wonderful world of SF was an occasion of slight embarrassment for me. There had been a now mercifully forgotten fuss about the secret machinations behind the Nova Award, traditionally presented to the wrong British fanzine at the

by **DAVE LANGFORD**

Birmingham (England) SF Group's annual Novacon. Plied with beer, I had volunteered to reform the selection procedure, and after earth-shattering consultations published the three-volume set of revised Nova voting rules (with the seven appendices) which was supposed to end controversy forever. What was a little embarrassing was the fact that in 1977, the first year of my new, enlightened voting system, I won the bloody award...

It took mere seconds to come to terms with glory and brace myself to receive a tasteful certificate, suitable for framing. Little had I realized the infinite artistic resource and sagacity of fandom. The

architect of the 1977 trophy was Birmingham's - as opposed to America's - Ray Bradbury, and he really went to town. What still stands seventeen inches tall on my library mantelpiece has to be seen to be disbelieved.

First comes a marble base, and then a squat gilt cylinder, and on top of that a second marble slab, from which rises a proud column of purple and gold anodized aluminium with holes in it through which golden starbursts may be seen, and this is topped with a sort of platform chequered in glittery orange and turquoise plastic, supporting a chess-knight crafted from the same turquoise glitter, having in the side of its head an ingenious trapdoor which discloses strange cogwheels and watchsprings within, this whole crowning section of the artifact being enclosed in gilded wire loops carrying little balls to represent the planets in their orbits or (possibly) electrons caught in the act of defying the uncertainty principle. It is difficult to dust.

Some say that all this was intended to symbolize the works of the 1977 Novacon Guest of Honour, John Brunner, who nevertheless did not sue. Certainly the guest in the following year was Anne McCaffrey, and I distinctly remember the Nova winner leaving a thick trail of plastic wings and claws as he proudly carried off the 1978 award, modelled on the sort of dissolute dragon favoured by Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever.

These wondrous trophies of a bygone age (before the Novas settled down to being tasteful glass paperweights on midget plinths) came rather forcibly to mind when I read some bitchings by a British visitor to a recent US Worldcon. There had been a display of Hugos from times past, and the writer waxed rude about how shabby and unimaginative the Conspiracy '87 Hugo bases had been. They were, in other words, small and wooded, and you could get one into your suitcase. In fact (I will remark, preening smugly) you could get two into a suitcase. Compare the glory of the 1988 Nolacon base, rising in a transplendent epoxy cone resembling giant inverted broccoli, towering above smaller recipients and generally looking not so much like an award as something which, if God noticed, would provoke a repetition of that distressing and undemocratic police action at Babel. My own representatives at Nolacon wept tears of relief and opened champagne with a liberal hand when I failed to win one of the things. "It would have given us," they said, "the freight of our lives".

Came Noreascon III in 1989, and my luck was in. Since for closely guarded financial reasons I wasn't there, my old pal Martin Hoare picked up the Hugo for me and subsequently forwarded the bill for his medical expenses. His slow progress back to Britain

was charted by postcards of skyscrapers with captions like "Hugo Award, south elevation", and involved numerous sceptical Customs searches. While awaiting his arrival I asked a returned British editor, John Jarrold, what the 1989 Hugo actually looked like. He thought for a bit. "A green toilet seat, covered with a load of balls."

In due course I found that this was a shade unfair and that the Noreascon trophy possessed an artistry somewhat beyond the level of the 1977 Nova Award. It also possessed a high-pressure grease nipple and no instructions on its use, but that's another story. What had reduced Martin to a shattered wreck was that it was exceedingly heavy (ten pounds or so; a hefty marble dais was involved in the construction), exceedingly if not Nolaconnishly large (about sixteen inches high and ten across the base), and exceedingly fragile (one was documented as disintegrating in a crash of lost marbles within ten minutes of its presentation).

"I had to take it completely apart, and glue and screw it together again in England", apologized my faithful courier. "And even then, Customs gave me a hell of a time. All those suspicious ball bearings and metal parts..." I didn't question him too closely about whether the high-pressure grease nipple was original or a later interpolation from his workshop. He had suffered enough.

But his tales of hissed warnings at the 1989 Hugo ceremony ("Careful, it's a heavy bastard!") inevitably suggest the bad taste scenario in which some frail and elderly author, beloved by us all, accepts the Hugo and is at once felled to the ground by the weight of our adulation....

Let's point no querulous fingers at past award designers, but make a note for the future. Most Hugos are likely to travel by air immediately after the convention, and what looks great at presentation (not to mention terrific on the mantelpiece at home) can still be a nightmare to transport. Perhaps coming Worldcons should either refrain from trying to go beyond recent years' physical pinnacles of award grandeur, or should budget for the crating and shipping of things like the gigantic black slab planned as the Hugo base for 2001.

Having now ruined my chances of any future award,

I'll close by reporting a conversation with an imaginary member of the ConFiction Committee. I asked: "About your own Hugos... have I provided you with a base for discussion?" "We have been thinking," he said, "of an enormous, traditional



clog." "But," I protested, "would not the Hugo itself, being a chrome-plated rocket thirteen and a half inches (or 35 of your Terran centimetres) high, seem incongruous in the context of a clog?" "Aha! You have never seen our high-fashion, stiletto-heeled clogs? Our winners - not one of them from Holland - shall wear their Hugos home, and hop in stately procession from the ceremony". He smiled, and vanished as mysteriously as he had come. ■

Upcoming Worldcon Addresses

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'It's gonna cost you!'

An interview with Wolfgang Jeschke

Just a few short questions to shed a light on your personality Mr. Jeschke. Okay? Our readership is interested in your likes and dislikes, such as "What's your favourite colour?" and "Do you like Broccoli?" Well, eh, not really. Let's become serious: For the better part of the last 20 years your name has appeared in the credits of more than a thousand sf books. That seems more than one man can take. Be honest now, do you really exist, or is Wolfgang Jeschke a bunch of Heyne simulacra courtesy of Philip K. Dick?

My birth certificate got lost after a bombing raid on Dresden in 1945. But my dad

by WERNER FUCHS

repeatedly assured me of my existence. By now my name shows up in more than 20 million Heyne books. Is that reality, or what? Even if it appeared 20 billion times in print it would not have made it one bit easier to pronounce... at least not for our American friends. Could you lend them a helping tongue?

Jeschke is pronounced Yashkay.

Very well...eh... Mr. Yashkay. Please name your favourite authors now and then.

As a youngster I was fond of Bradbury and Heinlein. Now I like Aderca, Adlard, Aldani, Aldiss, Alexander, Allhoff, Amery, Amis, Anderson, Andrevon, Anthony, Asimov... Come on, give us a break! That sounds like the opening pages of an sf encyclopedia. You must be joking.

Oh no, I'm not. My name appears in most of their German books...

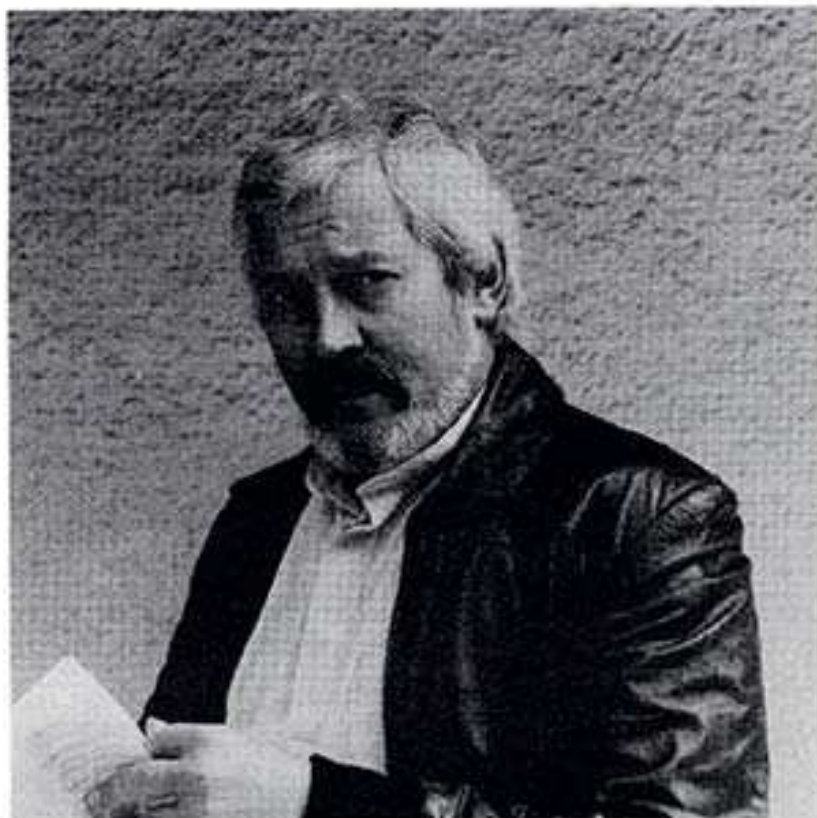
I see. We've noticed that you like books. So then, what's your favourite book?

Gravity's Rainbow, by Thomas Pynchon.

Why is that?

I feel quite at home in this book. I have been reading it for 10 years now. Nobody offers intercultural multi-media cash & carry like Pynchon

Mr. Jeschke... euh... Yashkay, why are there so few books of your own? And most of them seem to revolve around the concept of time travel. Don't



you like our times?

Why, certainly, my good man. I love this day and age, but... I prefer to publish in the future. How come? Have you seen the development of advance payments just these last few years? Publishing ten years from now I've got it made. But, for God's sake, don't tell anybody. Otherwise Asimov, Clarke et al. will have put their manuscripts in suspended animation. And don't breathe a word to the IRS, or else...

Agreed, but it's gonna cost you at least a round in the bar.

What are you talkin about? I already bought you all a beer tomorrow. Don't you remember? ■

LAURIN (formerly: Citadel Verlag) is the leading German publisher and distributor of Fantasy- & Science Fiction-games; we have also recently started publishing books, and we will expand this range considerably over the next two years.

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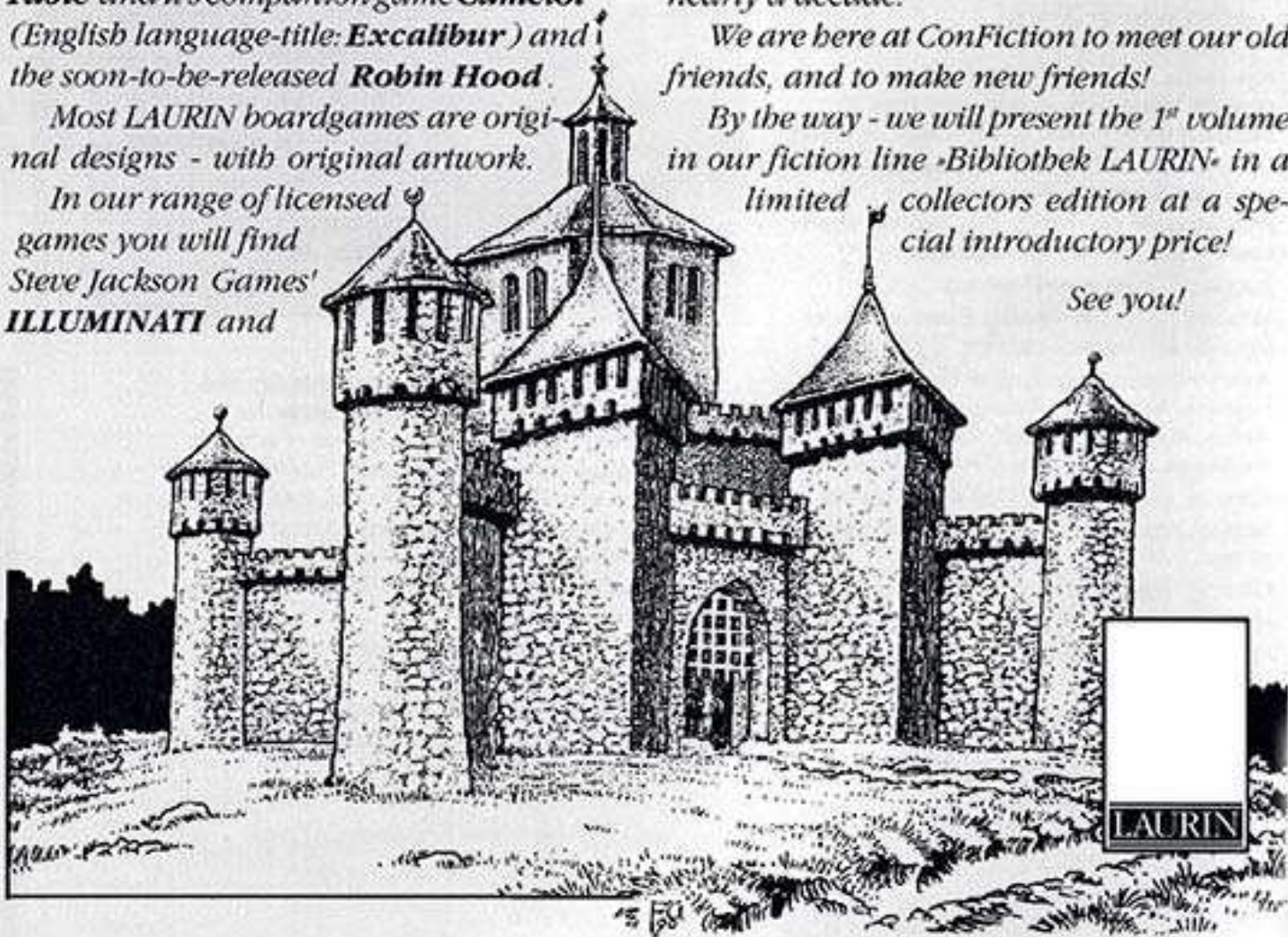
ZauberZeit, the leading German magazine for F&SF books & games. Since August 1986 **ZauberZeit** has delighted readers with numerous game-adventures, an average of more than seventy book- and game reviews each per year (many of them pre-publication!), stories by Robert Asprin, Ian Watson, John Brunner, Robert Silverberg, Rudyard Kipling, Terry Pratchett and others.

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Events which are destined to become milestones in history do not always stand out immediately. Anyway, neither Bob nor I had any idea what we were in for when Rich Wosley from *Mountain* cooked up his weird plan and came with it to us ... But I'm getting ahead of myself.

It was a rainy November evening when we met in the club to celebrate Lipps' 60th birthday. *The Hook and The Rope* had never seen so many of us: even some mountaineers from the continent had come to London to tender their congrats; Henry Mudden from Seattle too.

Rich Wosley was standing in the foyer, distributing hot-off-the-press copies of *Mountain*, a special issue on Lipps. On the title page was a picture of him that had made the rounds of the world press in the days of his fame: Lipps straddling the summit of the K2 after successfully climbing it alone. Wosley made a beeline for me, as always dressed in a dark blue blazer, his well-groomed red moustache hiding his impeccably crowned teeth.

'You and Bob have received the permit for Mount Eve, eh?' he greeted me triumphantly and shook my hand.

I nodded and fumbled involuntarily in the pocket of my jacket for the official letter. It had the splendid coat-of-arms of the Nepal Government and an imposing list of government officials, secretaries of state, civil servants in charge of international mountaineering. All this took up so much room that there was only enough space left for two words: "see enclosed". The enclosed was a crumpled computer printout, ripped off and hardly legible, on which the date and time of the authorized climb was registered.

'You can count me in on it!' Rich assured us and scrutinized me with a meaningful look over his rimless glasses. 'I've got a brilliant idea,' he said, and put his hands with the thumbs-up signal under my nose. 'Mountaineering is gaining in importance! I've got to talk it over with you and Bob.' He grabbed me by the shoulder and pushed me into the back room. Things were pretty lively there and a lot of empty bottles were already lying around.

'Zere are some, who after a fight with zere vater, vere drifen up zose stone tits and at ze top, zey could survey ze whole valley and say, "Look here, Vater, I'm bigger zan you and Mami belongs to me," Seifeneder said philosophically to a fellow countryman. Dr. Alois Seifeneder, an experienced mountaineering medical specialist from Meran had already accompanied many British expeditions. However, he still strove to combine English with his

Yeti

native dialect. A lot of unsuspected Englishmen pitied him because of what they thought was a chronic throat ailment.

Lipps was sitting in a large, shabby red leather armchair in the place of honour under Hilary's portrait. An imposing row of gift-wrapped bottles were lined up in front of him and he was sucking on a huge cigar, his eyes slightly glassy. I cordially shook his hand and drank to his health.

Mountain had spared no expenses and had interviewed mountaineering veterans the world

by WOLFGANG JESCHKE

over for this special edition. Harry Findlay, who had drunk at last half a dozen glasses of champagne, read parts of the text out loud and crowed with delight.

'Those old boys,' he cried. 'Not only were they excellent mountaineers, their hearts were in the right place. Listen to this: "The mountains are such a primeval force that it is neither man's duty nor right to conquer them with the trappings of technology. Only those who approach mountaineering with humble and modest means can experience the

For many of us Wolfgang Jeschke is the editor of Heyne Verlag, producing a staggering library of the best science fiction. Editing seems to be his lust for life - he is doing it more than 20 years - but then you're dead wrong. For under that beard and behind those glasses (whether on table or on top of his nose) lurks an author as well, with two novels and dozens of stories under his belt. As this one, for the first time translated.

harmony of the world..."

'Hey, that kills me!' Seifeneder cried and slapped his knee. Tears ran down Bobby Crook's cheeks. 'Reinhold Messner!' he tittered again and again. 'The greatest living mountaineer in the world!'

'The oxygen mask is like a wall between man and nature,' Harry continued reading aloud. 'It is a filter which prevents visionary experiences.'

'Ho, strictly speaking, Long Johns are, too,' shouted Tim Cerrington.

'You're killink me! Seifeneder cried.

'The critics were right, after all, eh?' Henry Mudden said excitedly. 'The real sportsman is the one who succeeds without any artificial aid. By fair means,' he continued mischievously. 'The trend is perfectly logical: the final ascent without oxygen equipment, then without ladder, without rucksack, without a rope, without snow goggles, without headgear, without gloves, without shoes, without undershirt, without underpants, without pants... Where does it all lead to?'

'Aha,' Rich Wosley said and nodded meaningfully in my direction. 'We are living...,' he assured me and emptied my glass, 'in the era of biotewchnology, fashion mutants and hormone corrections.'

'What's all that supposed to mean...?' Mudden said grumpily.

'Just a minute,' Rich interrupted him. 'Biotechnology is the absolute science of the future. It is already capable of manipulating congenital factors at will. Think of the Sphinx, of dwarf elephants, of poodles with their individual scents and multi-colored ruffs, or think about the endless number of diminutive Pegasuses lolling about in the editorial staff quarters, the mini-sharks for the weekly bloodbath in the living-room aquarium. Endless possibilities. Scientists now build their creatures according to specifications. Of course, such experiments are not allowed on humans, but the use of hormones can also do wonders. There are unfathomed possibilities. They just have to be brought to surface.'

'Dopching,' Seifeneder interrupted contemptuously.

'All that has nothing to do with doping,' Rich said, and drank from Henry Mudden's glass. 'It's simply adapting the human body to specific circumstances. Resources are tapped using natural means, those not available to traditional medicine.'

'They're supposed to be able to swim, not to sing,' Bobby Crook insisted with a voice that sounded as if he had just risen from his grave.

'Those swimmers from East-Germany in the seventies were just the beginning,' Rich dismissed the subject. 'Today, Bob, one could make seals out of them in just a few months with webbed fingers and toes. No problem.'

'Dopching,' Seifeneder grumbled again and stared at his glass in disgust.

'And what's all that got to do with us?' Bob wanted to know. 'I mean, with Chris and myself and the permit for Mount Eve?'

'Listen! We'll make a great story out of this, the greatest story ever told in the history of mountaineering. You'll be millionaires overnight! If you give me the exclusive rights to the story, I'll take care of the rest and make a real big splash.'

'Yes...' I said. 'And what does that mean for us? Energy pills or something?'

Seifeneder cleared his throat with a disparaging sound. 'Don't you guys understand? Dey are making mountain goats out of you!'

Rich Wosley held out the bait until we swallowed it. What finally convinced us was the fact that he agreed to completely foot the bill for the whole expedition. We had no idea at the time just how little it would cost.

Our Everest permit was not valid until next July. However, it was already before Christmas when Rich dragged us to Professor Brian McKillipson at the London Hospital who, according to Rich, was 'absolutely top in his field, and a candidate for the Nobel Prize.' McKillipson, a fat little man with a hunted look and nervous movements carried out the preliminary examinations, assisted personally by Dr. George Dearsley jr., an elderly quiet man almost six feet tall in a stained laboratory coat, that completely buttoned down. McKillipson and Rich waved aside all our arguments and convinced us that any objections to doping were unfounded and ridiculous.

Medical treatment was to begin at once and was to be completed by the start of the expedition.

'And what kind of treatment will that be?' Bob demanded to know. He still hadn't fully understood. Rich folded his hands and explained his idea in



©1979 GARCIA

detail. 'We'll succeed without any artificial aid,' he said. 'Without silk underwear, a flannel suit, down jacket or sleeping-bag. Without special footwear, tent, pitons or any mechanical tricks, without anything... only by fair means! This time round really and genuinely honest. Only man himself with his natural resources. But these must, nevertheless, certainly be stimulated during the next six months.'

'And you're sure this will work, Rich?' Bob asked. Rich dismissed the question scornfully. 'One hundred percent sure. You'll be prepared biologically and ideally adapted to the requirements.'

'And afterwards?' I asked, with the disastrously pregnant words of Seifeneder still ringing in my ears. 'Will it be possible to reverse the process completely?'

'Of course! This is just a temporary modification. It's recessive the moment the hormone shots are stopped. Absolutely no problem. Dr. Dearsley and Prof. McKillipson get their Nobel prize, you'll become world famous and I have my story. No more money worries for the rest of our lives! I have already made some important contacts. As the industry is not involved in these matters at all, we'll really need the help of the advertising world. This will be the biggest sensation ever - a complete success!' He clapped his hands in excitement.

'Oh, and another thing,' he said. 'We're starting earlier. We are not going to let any swaggering mountaineer say that we flew to Pangboche and just had a seven-thousander in front of us. Mount Everest - by fair means! Our ascent starts at the Bay of Bengali, at sea level and at low tide.'

The evening before the beginning of our climb we celebrated on the beach at Digba, a tiny village near Balasore. Bob and I had been flown in by helicopter from Calcutta. It was a pleasant May evening, warm and humid like all pleasant May evenings on the Bay of Bengali. The natives, who had been standing around inquisitively all afternoon, had been driven off to make way for the hundreds of cameras. Rich Wesley directed them as an admiral would his fleet. 'Don't fool around!' he shouted, waving his arms. 'You must get them with the sea behind. That's the whole point! That's why we're here. And get the sunset in the picture at the same time. It doesn't cost you a penny extra.'

Bob and I stood obediently at the water's edge, wearing our tracksuits in spite of the heat. Wesley was making a great secret of our physical condition and would have torn apart anyone who'd try to touch us.

Lipps had come with Henry Mudden and Findlay, who had buried several bottles of champagne in the sand and, after digging out the second one, had trouble in finding the others. And Professor

McKillipson was there, of course, inspecting us affectionately as a researcher does with his prize guinea pigs, continually wiping the sweat from his brow. On the other hand, Dr. Dearsley Jr. didn't seem to mind the heat. He was buttoned up as ever.

The two doctors kept a check on our health. We had been having our injections twice a week for the last five months, but not a great deal had changed. The first thing I noticed was an increase in appetite and I put on weight at an alarming rate. So did Bob. Soon I had to shave twice a day, and the hair on my chest grew thicker. On my back and shoulders and places where I previously had a lighter down, I discovered dark clumps of hair beginning to sprout. I sometimes woke up at night with muscular pains and a slight feeling of dizziness, as if I was running a fever. And after three months I could only cut the nails of my fingers and toes with a pair of metal scissors.

McKillipson noted these symptoms with obvious satisfaction and prescribed a program of physical training for us that became more and more strenuous. These efforts soon bore fruit - I got in the habit of asking the barman to open cans of beer for me because I was always breaking the ring off the tab, and I constantly had to remind myself to pick up glasses more carefully. But, externally at least, the change was no more than that of a woman in her fifth month of pregnancy. We just looked - well - a little bit plumper. The seams had burst on my jackets, but Wesley assured us that soon we wouldn't need to wear them anymore.

We meandered along the holy river and mingled with the crowds of pilgrims making their way to Benaras. They inspected us with interest because white men - even hippies - rarely travel on foot in India. Rich and his cohorts took care of us solicitously. Wherever we stopped to rest, his van was there with food and a fridge full of drinks.

In Panna we left the Ganges and turned North. After Motihari and Sagauli, the country became gradually hillier. We were climbing slowly, and one day we had actually accomplished our first thousand meter climb.

We were thankful to be on higher ground at last, because we were now able to do without most of our clothes. Even so, the heat in the fur sprouting all over us became unbearable. Bob and I began to resemble a pair of shaggy gorillas. The natives fled with shrieks of terror whenever they caught sight of us. I thanked God that in the high valleys of darjeeling there were no more of those short-sighted English colonial officers with loaded firearms out for a day's hunting.

In Kathmandu, the journalists and TV crews discovered us again. We gave interviews and let ourselves be photographed. The cameramen showed

particular interest in our thick beards and facial hair, and zoomed in without any inhibitions at all on our great clawed, pawlike hands which would have done credit to the abominable snowman.

After a short rest we continued to the Dudh Kosi valley and along the trail taken by international trekkers, past Lukla and Namche Bazar to Pangboche, where we had to wait our turn. On July 10 we were allowed to move into our base camp quarters. The valley below the Khumbu Ice Fall is a hideous polace. For the past hundred years it has been the starting point for expeditions, and it looks like an international rubbish heap.

A group of mountaineers from Togo and a female team from the Fiji Islands were just returning from the summit. They resented the fact that the swarms of pressmen took no notice whatsoever from them, and that we'd stolen the whole show. Professor McKillipson gave us a final checkup and Dr. Dearsley jr. assisted. They both appeared to be satisfied and we were put on a diet consisting solely of concentrated food. The thick fur on my rear mercifully hid the needle marks of their last injections. Then, on the morning of July 13th - it promised to be a day of brilliant sunshine - we were finally ready. We discarded the last of our clothes (Wosley made shure that the cameras only saw our furry backs), breathed in the cool, fragrant mountain air and when our names appeared on the board we sett off for our assault on the summit.

Mount Everest is not a beautiful mountain - it's



I DON'T SEE WHAT'S SO FUNNY.

rather unsightly in fact. But it's the highest in town. We hadn't chosen any special route (that would have been too much for the Nepalese mountain authorities), but decided to use the traditional route up through the Ice Fall into the Valley of Silence and then along the Geneva Spur to the South Col. We had no problems. We surmounted steep, icy slopes easily by melting hand and footholds into them. McKillipson had raised our body temperature so much that we were impervious to the harsh mountain climate. It only had one disadvantage - we couldn't rest too long in one place and often had to move and sleep elsewhere during the night. Bob ignored this warning during our night on the South

Col. This almost proved to be fatal. When I awoke at dawn, he had disappeared without a trace. I looked for him desperately, but without success. Then I heard a familiar noise nearby and found him snoring peacefully at the bottom of an eight-meter shaft that he had melted down into the ice in his carelessness. If several hundred thousand pound's worth of rope, camping equipment, tin cans, oxygen flasks, canvas covers, dirty silk underwear and aluminium ladders of the last four decades had not been lying around there to prevent him from sinking even further, he would have melted through the rocks and perhaps never seen the living day-light again.

I woke him with a couple of snowballs and he clambered out in a daze.

Three hours later we had conquered the South Summit. While climbing the last three hundred meters below the Main Summit, we had overtaken a mountaineer from Zimbabwe going for it alone. In the tradition of the Great Messner, he was without oxygen equipment. When he saw us he rolled his eyes and obviously took us to be a hallucination. 'Yeti!' he croaked, and his dark face was grey with horror and exhaustion. Mercifully, driving snow then hid us from view.

Admittedly, we were a little breathless when we reached the summit. It was then that I understood what the veteran mountaineer had meant when he said that a person must get to know his own limitations before he can know himself.

Here we were, standing in the diffuse light like two hairy old apes gasping their lungs out. We'd made it, we'd managed the entire eight thousand eight hundred forty and eight meters by virtue of our own strenght - by fair means! Our full inner potential had been mobilized after all.

We enjoyed the isolation of the summit before our mountain comrade from Zimbabwe would arrive. The clouds opened and the sun broke through. We brushed the snow off each other's fur.

We had to wait until the cameramen arrived in the helicopters to film us. Rich Wosley waved through the window and made a V-sign. We unrolled the Union Jack and flourished it energetically before packing it into the special container on the summit. We then entered our names in the summit book as succesful climbers, the nos. 3763 and 3764, while a Chinese helicopter hovered above us to document sovereign rights. The Zimbabwean mountaineer did not appear. Later we heard that he had turned back after seeing us.

Then we made our descent.

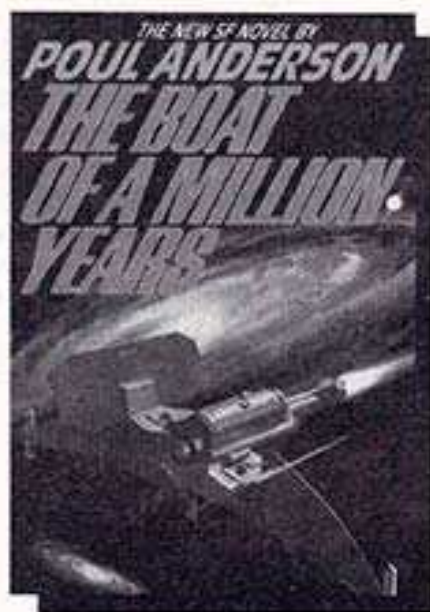
We've been in Darjeeling ever since. The moonson has begun. Water gurgles through the eaves, a curtain of clouds hangs over the mountains.

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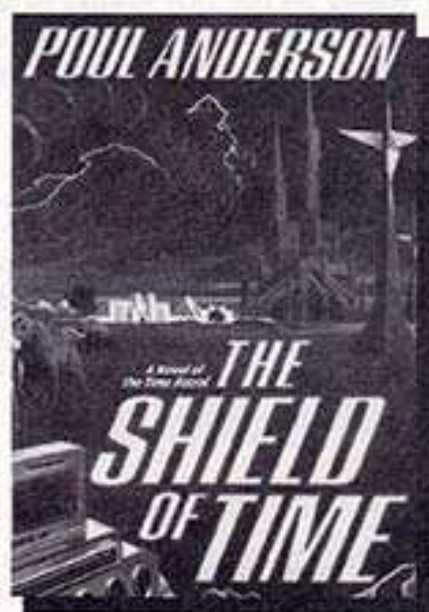
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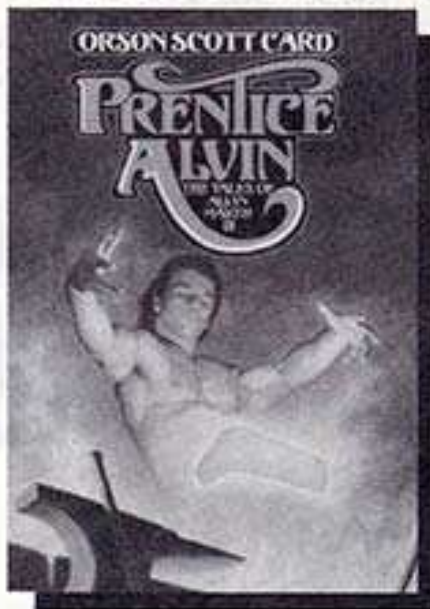
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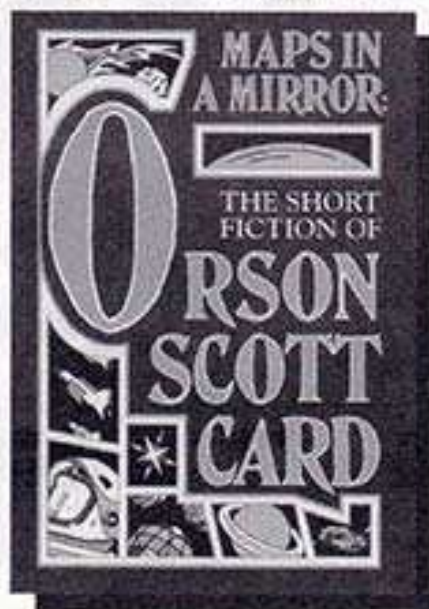
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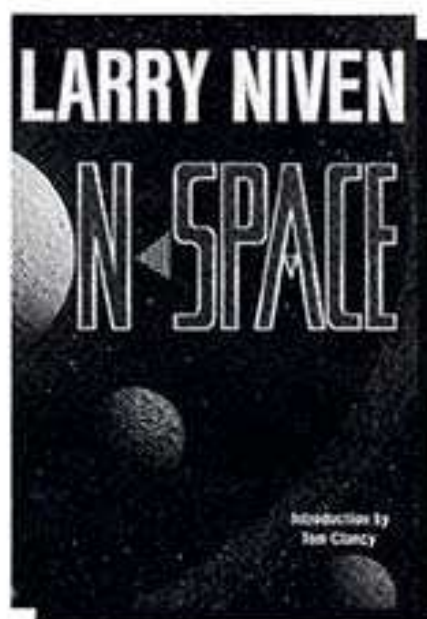
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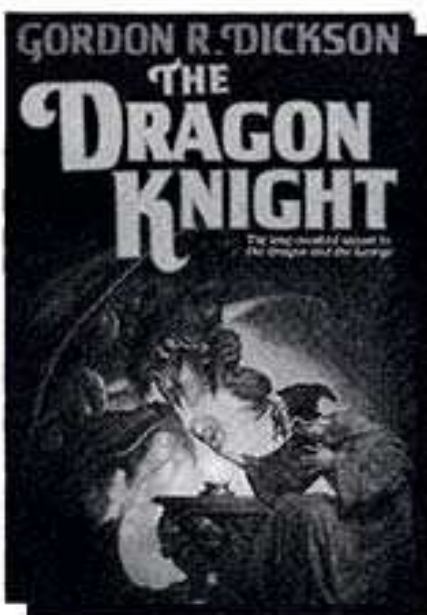
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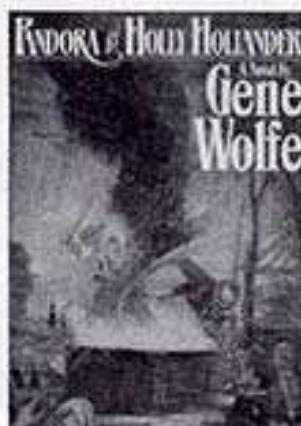
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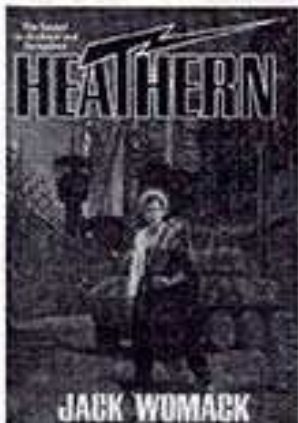
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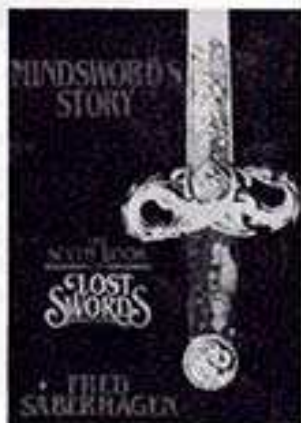
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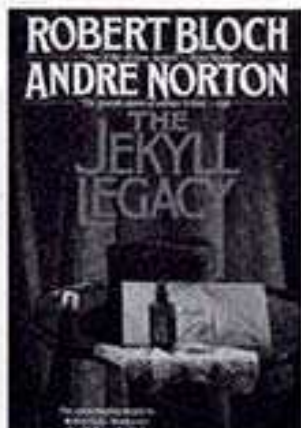
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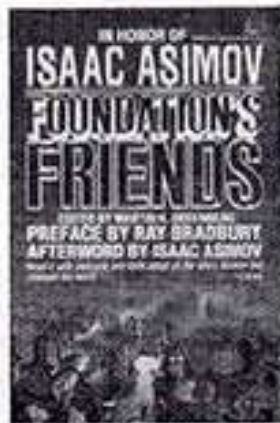
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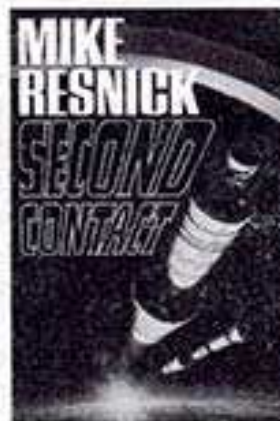
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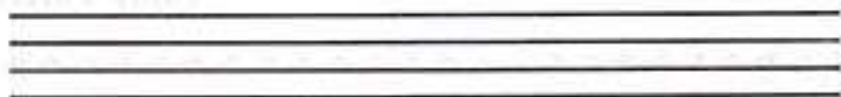
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Science Fiction Chronicle

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## A Message from Fan Guest of Honor Andrew Porter:

It's often been the custom of the Worldcon to recognize Fan Guests of Honor for past achievements. Old and tired fans have been dragged from the woodwork, quietly kicking and screaming. They're dusted off, bathed, shaved and dressed and in general made presentable. Then they're placed under a lot of bright lights, saluted briefly, then shoved back in the drawer, to molder away.

*I'm not like that.* My glory days are not yet over. I've been furiously fannish, involved with conventions, publishing fanzines and semi-prozines, working for prozines and paperback houses almost since the day I discovered fandom back in 1960. After getting into fandom at the tender age of 15, I've been active nearly 30 years now—sometimes to the detriment of my activities in the Real World—in so many ways that it even begins to boggle my mind.

So no one will be pulling me from the woodwork. If anything, ConFiction will be tearing me away from my newly acquired Macintosh computer and laser printer, to get me to the con on time.

This year, I'm in a unique position of being a part of the convention and at the same time covering it for my *Science Fiction Chronicle* (once again a Hugo Award nominee). For instance, not only will I be in many photos, I'll be thinking all the time about the best shots and angles for my own use. It's a unique position for someone who quite frequently acts as a journalist.

I particularly want you to make yourself part of my perception of ConFiction. Please don't hang back: talk to me, visit my dealer's table—being presided over by Ethel Lindsay, 1962 TAFF winner and noted fan publisher, an embodiment of all that's fine and historic in British fandom—look at my *Science Fiction Chronicle* (and older copies of *Algol* and *Starship*, if they're on display), and perhaps, subscribe.

If you're only familiar with my competitor, *Locus*, I want you to realize that an SF/fantasy/horror news magazine can have beautiful covers, and attractively designed contents, and be well written, informative and interesting, all at the same time. My publishing philosophy has always held that the news can and should be interesting, informative, and fun to read. I hope you'll find that my enthusiasm for covering this genre is communicated to you in SFC's pages.

If you miss me and/or SFC here at the con, send \$24 (\$30 First Class & Canada), \$38 outside North America for a year of SFC, to **Science Fiction Chronicle, Box 2730, Brooklyn NY 11202, usa**. That's \$3 off regular prices, good only through the end of September. It'll also prove you've actually read this page!

I hope you have as good a time here at ConFiction as I hope to have. Please come and listen to my Fan Guest of Honor Speech, which I hope will be interesting listening, with some material worth thinking about. *FLAWOL!*

—Andy Porter

~~~~~

A Fannish Excavation

Andrew Porter Brought to Light

It is clear that had Andrew Porter never existed, it would have been necessary to invent him. Some consider his exploits in fan and semi-pro publishing merely the stuff of fable. Yet facts brought to light by fannish excavation, deep in the towering stacks of decaying paper covering what was once North America, lead to the necessary conclusion that Porter's existence was real.

More to the point, the fact of his life and exploits is now undeniable. But what led Porter to the invention of the full colour semi-prozine, which, in its endless permutations and variations, has utterly changed our fannish lives - for the better or worse is unclear - is shrouded in the mists of fannish prehistory. The following gives the first tentative facts about his place in the primeval history of fandom. They establish a background against which his later exploits can be seen in a clearer context. And they explain why his final years ended as they did, with the destruction of all that he held dear and the deaths of so many fans.

Porter was born in Detroit, Michigan in 1946, the second son of a high school phys. ed. teacher and coach. His early years were more uneventful. That all changed in 1955, when his father died. The family - a 5 years older brother and his widowed mother - moved to New York City, where his roots were. The move occurred on Labor Day weekend of 1956 - the date of NYCon II, the 1956 Worldcon. Porter adjusted poorly to life in New York City. He had problems in school, hated sports, and spent his time reading and playing alone: all activities of the typical proto-SF reader. Introduced to SF by his older brother and to the SF magazines by an 8th-grade teacher, he became an active SF collector, first of Ace Double novels, then SF magazines including F&SF and Analog.

For many fans and professionals the name of Andrew I. Porter, the editor of Science Fiction Chronicles, is well-enough known in the field, though perhaps a bit less in Europe. An excellent reason to ask one of his friends to provide us with some background material. Ian Andrews, a good friend of Andy, was kind enough to excavate some facts. The results are here. Now you know Andrew Porter.

His first contact with SF fandom wasn't particularly memorable: around 1960, at the age of 14, Porter started calling fans and professionals in the New York City area, earning the nickname "phone fan". Calling Donald A. Wollheim in early 1961, his life was changed forever. "What you need is fandom",

by IAN ANDREWS

Wollheim told the proto-fan, putting him in touch with the New York SF Society, the Lunarians, and with Ted White of the New York Fanoclasts.

It was all downhill from there. Porter, judged too neoish for the Fanoclasts, was welcomed by the Lunarians. He went to his first fan meetings in late 1961, his first convention in early 1962. Going away to school slowed his fanac during 1962 and 1963, but he resumed in full force in 1964.

His first Worldcon was Discon I in 1963. The convention, held just a week after Martin Luther King's March on Washington, was memorable because his mother didn't want him to pay \$6 for a hotel room. Instead he stayed at the YMCA, in an un-airconditioned room next to the elevator shaft. He ate peanut butter sandwiches in the N3F room, and greasy little hamburgers bought en route to and from the convention.

Late in 1963, after seeing other people's fanzines, he



started publishing what at first was a two-page double spaced fanzine with little going for it called *Algol*. No one could have foreseen that this would grow, change, evolve into one of the first semi-prozines, become a Hugo award winner, later change its name to *Starship*, and die in 1984.

In 1964, lots changed. Porter graduated from high school and began attending bi-weekly meetings of the New York Fanoclats, which soon alternated with the bi-weekly meetings of the Fannish Informal Scientifiction Association (FISIFA). The idea of a



weekly amateur press association, modeled after the quarterly mailings of such as the Spectator Amateur Press Society (SAPS) and the Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) soon attracted the attention of

the leading Fanoclats. Porter began publication of a spirit duplicated fanzine, *Degler!*, for the weekly apa.

Publishing *Degler!* taught Porter how to write. Not the formal writing of the college academician, but the lively writing that can communicate ideas with seemingly effortless ease, make writing an easy, informal way of presenting feelings, ideas, information. The lessons learned groping his way toward clear communication were to stand Porter in good stead through the years, first with *Degler!* and Apa F's weekly mailings, later when *Degler!* became a weekly newszine, then with other work, and finally with *Science Fiction Chronicle*.

Things happened quickly after that. The years from 1964 to 1970 were Porter's most active fannish time. He published *Degler!* first for New York fans, then over an 18-month period in Apa I., the weekly apa conducted by the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS). In 1966, a careless idea tossed at him by Jerry Kaufman gave Porter the idea to turn *Degler!* into a weekly newszine. Eventually, with a name change, it became *S.F. Weekly*, a newszine covering pro and fannish events. SFW finally faltered and ceased publication early in 1968, just before the first issue of *Locus* appeared.

Porter was also active on many other fronts. *Algol* came out frequently during this period, growing ever larger, carving a niche for itself as a leading serious fanzine, one with firm fannish roots. Porter's use of a combination of spirit duplication, mimeography and offset has not since been equalled. From 1966 to 1974, Porter was assistant editor at *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, mostly engaged in reading unsolicited manuscripts. Among writers he discovered were Vonda McIntyre and Suzette Haden Elgin. Porter was also associate director at Lancer Books in 1968, working under editor Larry Shaw. In 1967 and again from 1968 to 1973, he worked with Sam Moskowitz and a wide variety of other fans on *Quick Frozen Foods*, a trade magazine. And during all this, Porter was Secretary of the bid for New York in '67, which became the 1967 World SF Convention, NYCon 3. Porter travelled to a lot of conventions promoting the bid, and met a lot of wonderful fans. He got to see lots of fandom and many parts of America in two car trips out to the West coast, as well as trips by car and air to many conventions.

Around this time Porter was involved in international fandom, supporting the work of people like Jean Muggoch and others, at a time when fandom concentrated almost exclusively on US and UK events. The idea was that there are other voices, other fandoms, that deserved the opportunity to grow and be recognized in the light of world fannish recognition. The idea extended to the professional

side of SF, with *International SF*, edited by Frederik Pohl, and Donald A. Wollheim's series of international paperbacks.

For about ten years, Porter's fanac declined. He continued to bring out *Algol*, which slowly evolved into a large circulation semi-prozine, with color covers, typeset interiors and wide advertising and bookstore support. His memberships in various apa's declined, his fannish output eventually limited to FAPA, which he joined in 1970. And, finally, with the birth of *Science Fiction Chronicle* in 1979, Porter came back to the idea of a regular SF/Fantasy newszine, this time as competition for *Locus*, which for ten years was nearly the sole source of SF news.

This overview of Porter's career in fandom leaves out his later years, the worldwide fannish hegemony, the idea of "Fandom over the World", patterned on the earlier technocrat-run "Wings over the World", Porter's rule of the One Big Fandom Council, and his later defeat at the hands of the Fandom Forward movement and exile to the island of Elba (or possibly Algol; the name is not certain). Porter's return from exile, his final moments in the light of world fandom and the discovery of the graveyard of lost mimeographs: all these must be topics for further articles.

For much of the above information, I am indebted to the Siclari Institute for Florida Fans, the Pelz Library at the University of New California, and all our friends on Procyon IV. ■



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The World of Andrew I. Porter

Andrew I. Porter is the editor and publisher of *Science Fiction Chronicle*, a monthly magazine devoted to the Science Fiction and Fantasy field. From his New York apartment he keeps the world informed about what happens in the publishing field, tells his readers about people behind the scenes and keeps the fans up to date with new books, events and conventions around the world. Most of the contents of the magazine are set by what is made available to him by either the publishers, the writers of the books or the fans in general. There is one part of *Science Fiction Chronicle*, though, that is Andy Porter. In each and every issue of the magazine there is an editorial. Here he writes what comes to mind, what bothers him and pleases him... in short, an echo of his thoughts. In four selected editorials from the many that he wrote over the past years, we'd like to introduce you to the World of Andrew I. Porter, our Fan Guest of Honour.

Industry's Way of Telling us We're Obsolete

Soon you will find articles in the Fan Press about the growing sparsity of mimeograph paper. That fact is that mimeos and mimeo paper have been around for about a century, and in the modern scheme of things aren't important very important any more. In fact, they're damned unimportant. The result is that market forces are in play, and mills everywhere are phasing out the production of mimeo paper, just as other companies have discontinued the manufacture of mimeographs in favor of small offset presses and office copiers.

Unfortunately for us, there are still a lot of people in Fandom who depend on the production of mimeo paper in order to publish their fanzines. They're going to have to adjust to using paper they're not happy with, paper that doesn't absorb ink very well, compensating for the fact in subtle ways; underinking, perhaps using fewer pieces of artwork with solid blacks, even junking their tried and true mimeographs in favor of personal publishing using computers and laser printers, machines which are happy to use offset and copier papers.

I strongly suspect that this is what happened — and how it felt — when the tradition of using small flatbed printing presses and hand set type passed away in the face of the invention of the mimeograph and the typewriter.

But we're losing traditions. Looking at modern fanzines, even those done using a daisy wheel or dot matrix printer, we forget the incredible amount of effort that went into producing attractive fanzines

even a dozen years ago. To produce a fanzine with justified type — that is, like the articles in this programme book, type that's flush with both the left and right edges of the column — it used to be that

by ANDREW I. PORTER

you'd type up a page of copy, making note of where spaces had to be added between words in order for every line of type to be exactly the same width as the lines above and below.

Then you'd have to retype each page, directly onto your mimeo stencil or spirit master, being careful to add the spaces where indicated. And making sure that you used just the right amount of typing pressure so you didn't punch the out the insides of the "o's" and "e's". Think of the care, the tedium, the effort involved. Incredible!

Nowadays, you format the material, give a few commands to your computer and it all comes out incredibly neat, incredibly easy.

Listen, in my day we had to walk five miles to school, through snow drifts higher than your head. None of this just hitching up the horse to the buggy, hand cranking the starter on the Model T., standing there waiting for the schoolbus, kicking the starter on the snowmobile, setting the teleporter to the school's coordinates. In my day, doing a legible fanzine was Real Work!

I'm not even going to mention sticky quarters, another dead tradition, undone by inflation.

Okay, I think the point of this editorial, touched off by writing about the death of mimeo paper (and another small piece of Fandom as I knew it) is that in

a world where it's so easy to do a good looking fanzine, more than ever it's got to be the content that matters. The editorial personality, as well as the content of all that attractively presented type. The medium is no longer, if it ever was, the message, if a world of fanzines produced by personal publishing.

Finally, I sadly note that the mighty Doom Duplicator, the electric Hoyer spirit duplicator used to produce so many issues of *Algol*, *Degler!*, *20th Century Unltd*, *Quiescently Frozen*, *South Norwalk* and many more fanzines, has passed from my hands and closet into the (younger) hands of Mark Richards, Paul Birnbaum and Velma Bowen. Did I really have that machine for 24 years? Yes, and I feel it's loss a lot.

editorial SFC, April 1988

If Terrorists Read SF, We'd All Be Dead

One of the curious things about Salman Rushdie's *Satanic Verses* is that the book is really borderline fantasy. If it had been published as fantasy, not only would Rushdie still be walking among us, rather than hiding somewhere in England, but the book itself would very likely have simply been ignored by Moslems everywhere.

The western world has been amazed by the anger aroused by the words of a single author, the publishing of one book. The sight of books being burned brings up images of Nazi Germany, of the burning of the Library of Alexandria. The reasoning behind that act, also performed by Khomeini's co-religionists, was that all knowledge is contained in the Koran, and that if it's not in the Koran, it's not worth knowing.

We're reminded, too, that fiction is a western concept. From gothics to mysteries to SF, all such literature constructs are alien to the Moslem civilization. This fiction is confused with truth; fiction is treated as a lie, a deliberate falsehood meant to deceive and confuse the reader, and thus the antithesis of truth, again contained in the Koran.

Interestingly, while the SF community has despaired for years because we've been in a ghetto, not taken seriously — SF has never been "serious literature", but rather always viewed by mainstream critics as ephemeral, a "popular" form of entertainment — that very fact has, incredibly enough, saved us, readers, authors and fans, from being suppressed, arrested and, yes, killed.

In the early 1950's, when Joe McCarthy was at the height of his power and the House UnAmerican Activities Committee struck fear into the hearts of intellectuals, with Hollywood writers being blacklisted left and right, and authors and screenwriters forced to use pseudonyms or flee to Europe, Ray Bradbury could write *The Pedestrian* and *Fahrenheit 451* and be ignored by politicians.

Nearer to current concerns, L. Sprague de Camp and Alfred Bester wrote stories that Khomeini would have apoplexy over. Fifty years ago, de Camp wrote in *Lest Darkness Fall*, "... in about 30 years there will be born in Arabia a man named Mohammed who, preaching a heretical religion, will, unless stopped, instigate a great wave of barbarian conquest... We respectfully urge... that this calamity shall be stopped at the source."

And some 30 years ago, Alfred Bester wrote the classic time travel story *"The Men Who Murdered Mohammed"*. How would Khomeini react to these words:

"Mohammed did not change things too much — I expected more from him."

"I know. I got him too."

"What do you mean, you got him too?" Hassel demanded.

"I killed him September 16, 599. Old Style."

"Why, I got Mohammed January 5, 598."

This is fiction. Yes, lies written by westerners about a religion with a billion adherents around the world.

I'll barely mention works which have taken and twisted common Christian teachings and practices. How would Lester del Rey's *The 11th Commandment* or Anthony Boucher's *"The Quest of St. Aquin"* be taken by a Church Militant? Would James White, living in Northern Ireland, long ago have been murdered in revenge for what some SF author had to say about some tenet of the Catholic or Protestant faiths?

So which would you rather have: the world ignoring us, relegating SF and its readers to the minor role of interesting but basically irrelevant writing, a commercial fiction of little interest to the wider world?

Or, a collection of writings with much to say relevant to modern conditions, to the real world? A world which gives us honor, and which takes notice of — and possibly offense at — the writings of a bunch of people who simply want to practice their craft and be moderately successful while doing so?

The difference between commercial success in our ghetto, unknown to the wider world, or a literary role which could lead to the hounding of authors and readers by political forces, religious extremists and even terrorists, who would see in the deaths of our best writers their chance to strike back against a world dedicated to demanding and belittling what they fervently believe in.

Fortunately for us, the choice has never been in our hands. We are ignored by the great and the powerful. And so we live, perhaps not as richly, but certainly longer than we would with the spotlight upon us.

editorial SFC, May 1989

Science Fiction missed The Boat Again

Those of you who have been reading Science Fiction for a long time of have read Science Fiction stories from the late 1940's or 1950's should remember the Problem Stories that appeared back then. Frequently the story problem was to fix the starship drive while the ship was about to fall into the heart of a star. Yes, the expedition would be lost, the ship lost, and the last hero — all for want of the right vacuum tube.

Of course, SF missed the mark by thinking that then current technology — mechanical switches, vacuum tubes, mile square computers etc. — would continue to be used for centuries to come. The best stories, those that have survived to be anthologized again and again, are the one's where technology is glossed over in favor of greater problems, whether intellectual or emotional.

Now there's a major crisis facing the world, and once again SF has missed the boat, not written about it, and dismissed it as a transient crisis that, with gas lines, water shortages, why Johnny can't read and the missile gap, will be forgotten in the longer history of the latter 20th century.

But, perhaps not. Perhaps the biggest thing to come along since the Black Death is among us now, gathering strength to strike down millions, change society in startling ways, make the threat of nuclear war a transitory problem, and change the course of history.

I'm talking, of course, about Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, which has been increasingly in the news of late. One surgeon, wife of a well-known SF editor, told me several years ago that she felt this could be the biggest public health crisis of this century. We're already starting to see behaviour that a year ago would have seemed bizarre. Actors making kissing in movies an option to be avoided. Changes in the social actions of both homo- and hetero-sexual people. Evidence that the most widely population isn't in North America but rather in Africa, where many diseases, thought to be controlled or declining, are increasing again, not because the war against them is failing but because AIDS-infected victims are losing their ability to fight off disease. Efforts to ban AIDS-infected children from schools and AIDS-infected people from society in general.

Okay, there are some trends to be considered; the end of the population explosion, resulting from a combination of changing social mores and epidemics in infected populations. A decline in technological fabric of society. Severe changes in social and sexual patterns. The crumbling of some societies, especially in the Third World, brought on by the death of much of the managing classes. Greater use of robots and computers, and a general automating of all manufacturing around the world.

Cottage industry and the decentralization of cities and people due to fear of contagion. A push for space industrialization, space colonies and interplanetary colonization to decentralize human civilization. The closing of international borders, the end of tourism, general rise in xenophobia. Concentration camps for AIDS victims, especially in the totalitarian societies. Massive genetic research, possibly getting out of hand, resulting in even worse things than AIDS. Major medical breakthroughs to put an end to the AIDS crisis. Etcetera.

I could be wrong, and I hope I am. But remember that 500 years after the Black Death, long after most of the intellectual life of the time is long forgotten, a children's rhyme, "Ring Around The Rosey" still survives to remind us what befell the people who lived then.

editorial SFC, december 1985

The End of Life As We Know It - Again?

A major SF editor I know whose name will never pass my lips (but I can be persuaded to write to down for you!) has taken pleasure lately in predicting the decline and fall of the current Science Fiction Empire. I don't know why he's doing this. He's already a Secret Master of Fantasy Fandom, people who rule the World Fantasy Convention with an iron will, dispensing the right to hold future WFC's to grovelling committees. He's currently deep in planning an SF convention on the same basis, which will make him a Secret Master of yet another aspect of the genre. He holds an advanced degree in Doo-wop, which he exercises after midnight, when he relinquishes his color sense. Okay, everyone knows now who I'm talking about.

I, and a lot of people I know, am not so lucky. I make a very tenuous living from SF, for which I know many people truly envy me (the living, not the tenuousness). And I perfectly understand why; it's every young SF fan's dream to do what I do.

So rumors of collapse, real or imagined, are more than unsettling to those of us in our small and fragile world. The major editor seems to think that when a whole bunch of authors get a whole bunch of major contracts for lots of money, that means the roof is about to collapse. I suspect that if he talks about this loudly enough to enough influential people, his prophecies may actually come about.

I don't believe the end is near. I think there are ripples in the surface of reality and the surface of publishing. It's Spring, the time for baby ducks, for editors to spend money and to justify their trips to the ABA, for editors to start talking like Chicken Little. If this guy could predict the end of life as we

know it, what's he doing is SF? Why isn't he writing a Wall Street market newsletter? Why isn't he getting out of SF and into something safe, like mysteries, which are booming now? Where does he buy his pants, anyway? This has been a not-very-serious editorial about a serious subject. I've been reading SF for a long time, now, and I've seen ripples - and tidal waves - come and go. I'm still here, people are still publishing SF, and someone,

somewhere, is still reading the stuff. Now if you want to ask me why Science Fiction Fandom will be extinct in another 40 years, I'll be glad to devote an editorial to my reasoned answers. But that's another topic...

editorial SFC, May 1986



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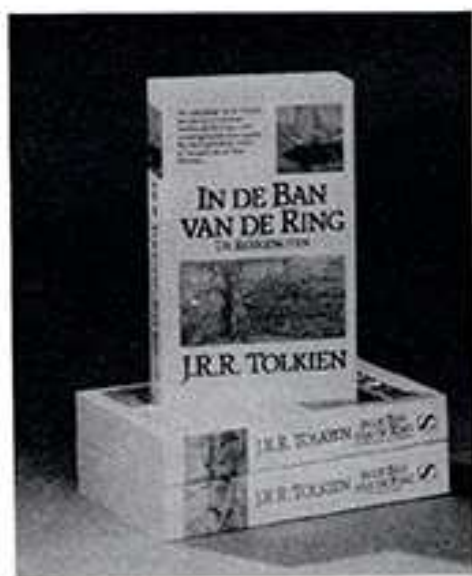
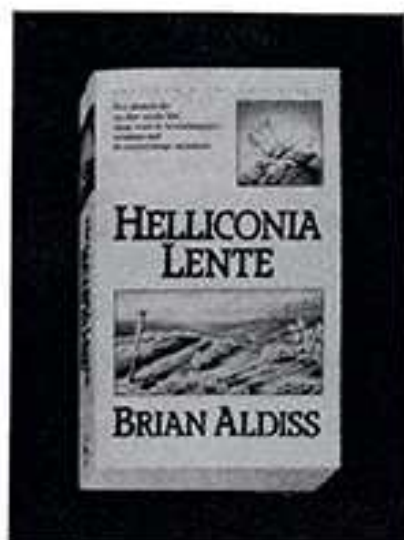
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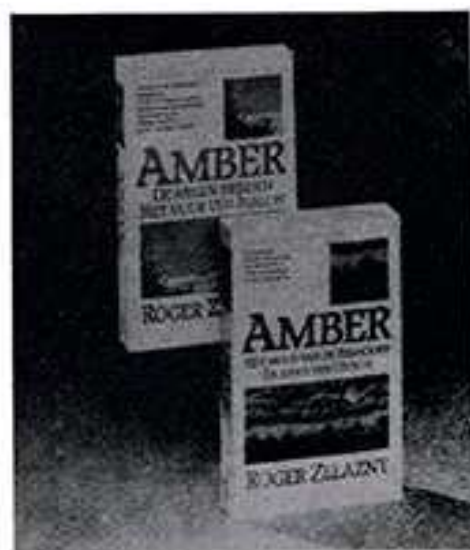
Ursula Le Guin

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A Short Biography of Chelsea Quinn Yarbro



Chelsea Quinn Yarbro was born in Berkeley, California in 1942. She attended the San Francisco State University and worked with mentally disturbed children, and later on as a playwright for a children's theatre company. From 1963 on she had a job as a demographic cartographer, but in 1970 she became a full-time writer. Her interests range from grand opera, symphonic music and composing, to history and occult studies, from food and wine to her horse Magick and her cat The Pimpernel.

Chelsea won The Elves', Gnomers, and Littlemen's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society's Invisible Little Man in 1987, and her story 'Frog Pond' was nominated for a Nebula. She was Toastmaster of the World Fantasy Convention in 1985.

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 Ogilvie, Tallant & Moon; 1976

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 A Baroque Fable; 1986
 Beastnight; 1989
 False Dawn; 1979
 Fire Code; 1987
 Floating Illusions; 1986
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 Do I Dare to Eat a Peach?; 1985 (novelette)
 Do Not Forsake Me, O My Darlin'; 1984
 Durga Hajit; 1988 (novelette)
 The End of the Carnival; 1986 (novelette)
 Everything that Begins with an "M"; 1972
 False Dawn; 1972
 The Fellini Beggar; 1976
 Frog Pond; 1971
 Fugitive Colors; 1976
 The Generalissimo's Butterfly; 1978
 The Ghost at Iron River; 1973 (novelette)
 Into My Own; 1975 (novelette)
 Investigating Jericho; 1990 (novella)
 Lammas Night; 1977
 Lapses; 1986
 Night Catch; 1986 (novelette)
 Night Mare; 1988 (novelette)
 On Saint Hubert's Thing; 1982 (novelette)
 Postures of Prophecy; 1969
 Renewal; 1985 (Saint-Germain novella)
 Savoury, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme; 1979; (novelette)
 Seat Partner; 1979 (Saint-Germain story)
 Space/Time Arabesque; 1978 (vignettes)
 The Spider Glass; 1989 (Saint-Germain novella)
 Such Nice Neighbors; 1990 (novelette)
 Swan Song; 1979
 Time of the Fourth Horseman; 1972 (novelette)
 Training Twofoots; 1974
 Un Bel Di; 1979
 Who Is Sylvia?; 1973 (with Thomas N. Scortia) ■

Cold Supper

Gouts
He had never seen gout of blood before, not that squirted and pumped out hot and steaming, so high there were broad spatters on the ceiling. No wonder people worried about high blood pressure. It was very hard not to giggle; he had to force himself to silence by biting his tongue.

There were people rushing toward him, though they seemed to move languidly, like bits of flowers on the air. There were sounds too, but right now they were distant. John could not take his eyes off Brad.

The welding arm had come around without warning, that much was certain. It had caught Brad at the top of the shoulder and taken off his head.

As John at last tried to make himself go to Brad's aid - though that was useless, certainly - his legs gave way beneath him, and if Bill Fowler had not reached him just then, he would have fallen forward onto Brad's body. All the jokes they had made while the new equipment was being installed, all the hilariously obscene things they had practiced putting into the robotic program came back to him. Suddenly his thoughts were jumbled, disordered, and his eyes did not focus properly.

'Christ on a crutch!' Bill said as he strove to hold John on his feet. His tan skin was pale now, the yellowish color of Danish cheese. 'What the fuck happened?'

There was a babbled answer as the other assembly line came up to the body; a claxon was sounding now, and the warning buzzer that the machines were about to shut down.

Brad was no longer bleeding so ferociously. His body had become strange, an alien thing, misshapen; around him was the enormous, cooling halo of his blood. The smell of Brad's death penetrated all the more familiar ones, a scream amid smalltalk. One of the workers was standing by Brad's head, twelve feet away, not looking what lay at his feet.

A voice barked over the p.a. system. 'What went wrong?'

Fowler, who was propping John up with his shoulder, was first to answer. 'The welder arm. It went wild. It... got Brad. We need an ambulance.'

There were other men shouting now, adding their suggestions and curses. The p.a. overrode them. The

As the Toast Mistress told us cheerfully, she had to light a fire under somebody to settle the right for this new story, her latest one, for use in this Programme Souvenir Book. It was, so to speak, a symbolic fire, and the same speaks for this story itself. We thank her and the person on fire none the less for it.

ambulance is on the way. Better secure your stations and equipment. We have to shut down until there's been an investigation. Put your stations in order, sign off your robotics and report to the central assignments room.'

'What about... Catlin?' the man standing by his head asked.

'He is not going anywhere,' the p.a. system told him. Get out of there now. We have to secure the floor as quickly as possible. You know the drill.'

The men complied slowly, with less unity than they often displayed. Brad Catlin had not been popular,

by *CHELSEA QUINN YARBRO*

but his death gave him a regard he had not achieved in life. All the men who walked past him took off their headgear and did their best not to walk in the blood. Bill Fowler and John were almost the last to leave.

'Hey, John, I'll shut down your station for you, if you like,' Bill offered, his frown saying more than the tone of his voice about his concern.

'No, I'd better do it. Let me,' John said, having trouble making the words clear. 'Brad's too.'

Bill shook his head. 'That stays as it is. You know the procedure.' He patted John on the shoulder. 'Go on. Get your station down, and we can get the hell out of here.'

'Sure,' said John, reaching out for his tools with hands clumsy as catpaws' mitts. His shoes squished as he walked, and left a faint ruddy outline behind.

Matt Norden was the supervisor for their shift and their team; he looked more harried than usual as he faced the men in the central assignments room, an impersonal box with tan walls, three tan couches, a

few folding chairs, and a number of vending machines. Most of the seats were occupied, though the room was uncharacteristically quiet.

'They're going to have an insurance investigation, of course,' said Matt in his hectic way. 'Probably cops too. The guy's dead. They got to.'

One of the men gave a derisive snort.

'We've been told that they'll want statements from all of you. Every one of you. They said that they need to know exactly what happened.' Matt sighed and folded his arms. 'You, Royston. They want to talk with you most of all.'

John stared at his shoes where the blood was drying. 'I didn't see very much.' It was the truth as far as it went.

'They want to know what you did see,' Matt said heavily. 'We've never had a... an injury on the automated-assist stations before. Never. We were told that it couldn't happen. That's why they gave us those programming classes so we could be able to stop... things from happening. Now that this has happened...' He shrugged.

'I didn't see very much,' John repeated, more forcefully.

'Tell them,' said Matt.

John bit his lower lip. The last thing in the world he wanted to do was remember the sight of that welding arm striking Brad's neck. 'I can't tell them...'

Bill Fowler cleared his throat. 'I think we'd better get to it, don't you, Matt?'

Again Matt shrugged, but this time his eyes were hard and resentful; it was no secret that Matt disliked and distrusted Bill Fowler. 'The insurance people say they'll accept the statements you give the cops. They've been assigned Powell's, O'Ryan's, Cooper's, and Wollinsky's offices. So Royston, Milligan, Smithers and Hazeltine, you guys are first.' He pointed to the men in question. 'We got to clear this up. We can't have it hanging over the plant this way. It's got to be settled. You suckers understand that?' He looked around with sudden belligerence. 'Christ. If only it hadn't been Catlin.'

The four men had got to their feet. All but one of them nodded, and when they moved, it was without vitality or enthusiasm. The other men in the room avoided their eyes.

John Royston put his hand out to the lean man waiting for him. He did not bother to look around at the walls of Henry Powell's office.

'I'm Inspector Spence,' said the lean man, making a point of looking John squarely in the eyes. 'You're...? Who?'

'John Royston. Brad Catlin's my... was my partner. We work together on the welding line.' He tightened his throat, afraid he might be sick if he said any more. As the Inspector indicated the chair on the other side of the desk, John hesitated.

'Please,' said Spence as if the word were a curse.

John sat down, his legs feeling weak.

'We have a few things to straighten out here,' Spence said, rubbing one long hand through his short, early greying hair. 'I'll make this as brief as possible. I can see you're upset.'

'Yeah,' John agreed. He closed his eyes, but that only made it worse: he saw the welding arm swing at Brad again. He sat up straight and stared at the top of the Inspector's tie.

'The accident. You saw it.' He had a notepad in his hand and he was taking his pen from his jacket pocket.

'I suppose so,' John said, feeling suddenly cold. 'In a way.' He tried not to hold onto the arms of the chair, but his hands strained and flexed in spite of himself. 'You suppose so? In a way?' repeated the Inspector with a cynical smile. 'Great.'

'I wasn't watching him,' John explained. 'I had my job to do. So did he.'

'Okay.' Inspector Spence cleared his throat. 'But something happened. Something went wrong, didn't it?'

John nodded, unable to speak. He took a deep breath. 'It was the welding arm.'

'The automated one,' Inspector Spence prompted.

'That one,' said John. 'It... went out of control. It swung around real fast. It... hit Brad... from the back at the neck. It... just cut it off.' He had to lower his head, the horrible vision filling his mind. 'Oh, God.'

'Yeah,' said Inspector Spence with a little less abrasiveness. 'How close were you?'

John blinked, surprised by the question. 'I... was at my station. Six, maybe eight feet away. We work... worked side by side. There's the feed cannister between us, and the rest of the equipment. Brad was on his side, I was on mine. And the welder came around...' He put one hand to his mouth.

'Any reason for that to happen?' The Inspector had gone back to his remote manner.

'Reason? What reason? Machines don't have reasons. It's a robot. It's supposed to do the seam welds, like we do the joins. Ask Matt Norden. He's in charge of...'

'That's being taken care of,' Inspector Spence interrupted.

'Yeah,' John said.

'There been any trouble before?' He had his pen ready for notes this time.

'No.' John wiped his face. 'Not with the welder. Six months ago there was a malfunction of the paint spraying system, but they fixed it. We took care of it, right here. It had a clogged line, nothing like the welder.' He coughed once.

'Tell me about the accident.'

'What's there to tell?' John asked, looking toward a faded picture of Henry Powell shaking hands with the Lieutenant Governor. 'We were on the job, the

arm went out of control and... that was it.'

'Are you sure it was out of control?' Inspector Spence looked sharply at John.

'Sure I'm sure. How else could it happen? It's programmed. It's not supposed to do work that way. It was out of control.' He heard his voice rise.

'Okay, okay. Just curious. Is there any way someone could make it malfunction?' His voice lost his bite, becoming deceptively mild.

'I don't know,' said John. 'I guess. They said the programs have overrides to protect us. The guys who program the automated parts, they might be able to do it, probably.'

'How about someone at the job? I was told you all had a class in programming.' Again, the Inspector's tone was reasonable, conversational.

'Who?' John asked before he could think about it.

'You tell me,' the Inspector invited.

John shook his head. 'Even if someone wanted to do it, how could he? Take a look at the way we're set up. We're nowhere near the computer room, and that's where the programming gets done.' He stared down at his shoes.

'Could someone on your crew get in and change the program?' He sounded deceptively innocent.

'Maybe,' said John. 'But we had, what, ten weeks of two-hour classes after work, and that's it. The guys who do the programming have degrees in computers. Those are sophisticated machines. Hey, my boy's got a Macintosh at home, and he knows how to use it, but, hell, I can't make sense of the instruction book. I don't think anyone else in the shift is any different.'

'Uh-huh,' said the Inspector to urge John to keep talking.

'Brad was in the way of that arm, that's all. It just happened.' He hesitated. 'It makes me not want to go back on the job, not at that station, I can tell you that.' He tried to smile so that he wouldn't feel quite so cowardly.

'You think it could happen again.' The Inspector gave him a single hard look, then went back to make notes.

'I don't know,' said John. 'That's enough to make me not want to do it.'

'Think you could be at risk?' Again his voice was soft.

'I don't know,' John repeated. 'Maybe there's something really wrong with the welder. Maybe it could go out of control again some time. Maybe one of the other robots might. If there is any chance of that, I don't want to get near it.'

'Makes sense,' said Inspector Spence. 'You say that the welder came around and hit Catlin in the neck.'

'Yeah. Like I said,' John said, becoming testy again.

'Must've been going pretty fast.'

'Yeah.' John shivered.

'Not easy to build up that much speed.' The Inspector was scribbling in his notebook.

'Those robots are pretty fast.' It took a short time for John to gather his thoughts. 'But I've never seen it happen that fast before. You're right about that.'

'How fast is fast?' The question was sharp now.

'Fast,' John said, then brought up his arm and swung it abruptly. 'Like that, but more.'

'Twice normal speed?'

John thought this over. 'I don't know. Maybe. Maybe not quite.' He swung his arm again, faster and harder. It hit. There was a sound. The splintering thud, and a gasp that never had the chance to be a scream. John knew he would never forget.

From somewhere in the plant, a siren whooped.

'Too bad,' Inspector Spence said, cocking his head toward the sound.

'Yeah,' John whispered.

'When did you realize something was wrong,' the Inspector went on when they could no longer hear the siren.

'I guess when I heard the welder swing. It was loud, you know, and it came too fast. Just 'wham' and it was there. I told you that.' John cleared his throat, wishing he did not feel so sick.

'Tell me again. Did Catlin say anything?' His pen was poised for the answer.

'There wasn't time,' said John. 'It swung and hit, that was all.' He got up. 'Can I go now?'

Inspector Spence pursed his mouth to show he was thinking about his answer. 'How did you and Catlin get along?'

John tensed. 'We weren't real friendly, if that's what you wanted to know. Not many guys liked him.'

'Any particular reason why?' He did not look at John this time, but stared at the pages of his notebook.

'He had a thing for underage girls,' John mumbled.

'And you knew about it?' Inspector Spence asked.

This time John sighed. 'Brad Catlin thought it was fun to talk about what he could get them to do. Everyone heard about it.' He waited. 'Can I go now?'

'You say everyone knew?' Inspector Spence asked.

'Everyone on our shift. Ask around. Hell, he was tried for statutory rape six, seven years ago, but nothing came of it.' John paused. 'Look, he did his job and he was reliable. The other... well, he was the one who wanted to talk about it.'

'To everyone on the shift,' the Inspector said, finally staring at John once again.

To everyone on the shift, John agreed. 'Can you let me go now?'

'Why not. I'll stay in touch.' Inspector Spence made the last a dire promise.

By the time he got home, John was shaking. The last two blocks it was all he could do to hold his car on the road. He felt sweat on his face, cold sweat, and there was a tightness in his gut that made him dread his coming supper. As he pulled into the driveway,

he bounced over the curb and almost clipped the post of the mailbox. His eyes felt gritty and his teeth were starting to ache for being clenched.

Wendy opened the door as he set the hand brake. Her face was strained, her expression haunted. 'John? They called from the plant.'

John shut and locked the car. 'Yeah,' He came up to her and patted her shoulder.

'They said... they said that Brad Catlin was hurt.' Her features held a question which he ignored.

'Brad Catlin had his head knocked off,' he said, his body responding to the harsh words by tensing even more. John wondered if he were going to have a stroke because of it. Didn't tension and stress cause strokes? And high blood pressure? He had to struggle not to giggle, remembering the way the blood pumped from Brad's neck.

'Oh, no.' She stepped back and closed the front door. 'They only said he was hurt.'

'About as hurt as he could be,' agreed John as he reached to touch her again.

Wendy clasped, then loosened her hands. 'When it happened, were you there?'

'Right beside him,' said John grimly.

'Oh, John.' She took a few uncertain steps toward him. 'Was it...? Did you...? How... did it happen?'

'The automated welder went out of control,' John said as he dropped into the ugly recliner that was his treasured personal chair. For once it did not feel comfortable.

'Lord,' she mumbled, bringing one hand to her lips as if to shut more words in.

'Lord,' John echoed. He was not trembling anymore, but his whole body felt icy. He folded his arms across his chest. 'I think I need a bath. I have to get clean. Do I have time before supper?'

'Yes,' said Wendy, looking a trifle distracted. The odd look was in her eyes again, the one she had worn for months and had only recently begun to fade. It was horrible to see it again. 'There's time.'

'Good.' He made no move to get up.

'Was it awful?' Wendy was by the door.

'Yeah' said John tugging himself out of his recliner. 'It's over now. All of it.'

'You take your bath.' She made a gesture that was half a wave, half a blown kiss, glancing skittishly toward the door as if she expected to be reprimanded for what she had done.

John sighed. As he trudged toward the bathroom, he wondered when he would hear from the police again. It would depend on how much the cops found out, he decided. He thought Inspector Spence was the man who would hang onto a case until he had answers that satisfied him. He had to consider Spence when dealing with Brad's death. What would he say to Spence if there were more questions? He was convinced now that there were bound to be more questions, that they would be increasingly difficult to answer.

He stood in the cramped bathroom and undressed methodically, looking for bloodstains before he tossed his clothes into the hamper. He turned the water on and let the steam fill up the room, hazing the mirrors and windows. The tub was partially enclosed and neither the windows nor the overhead fixture did much to alleviate the darkness: getting into the tub was like entering a foggy tomb. As the hot water rose around him, John took satisfaction in the sting it gave him.

Suppose, he said as he let the heat carry him, suppose the worst, suppose the cops look into things? Suppose they find out about Brad. It seemed a pretty safe bet. Things like that can't be kept hidden forever. Everyone at the plant knew about Brad - a good guy, as far as it went, but there were things you had to remember. Everyone of the men working at the plant knew about his exploits, and several of them carried grudges. Once in a while there would be harsh words, or a tussle, or a fistfight; most of the time there was silence and hard looks. John was pretty sure that the cops would find out about that.

'John?' Wendy's voice came through the door with a high edge to it.

'What is it, honey?' He wanted to sound calm, even sleepy, but he heard the grating of his words.

'Will half an hour be okay, or do you want to... soak or do you want to stay in there longer?'

He could tell she had been crying; that was the worst thing. He could not admit he knew it, to her or to himself. His chest felt tight. 'I'll be out in a while.'

'Half an hour?' She sounded so urgent now, so troubled, that he wanted to climb out of the hot water, to bring her into the steamy room and hold her, to tell her he knew all about it, and that it would not matter, that it did not matter, though it was a lie. 'Fine. Diner'll be ready then.' Her step was usually very light, but now she went heavily, as if she were wrapped in weights and chains.

John leaned back in the tub and sucked in steam, letting himself cough experimentally once. He had no idea why he had expected some release, some catharsis when Brad was dead. Here was no exultation, only emptiness; no passion, only the steel-cold gratification of revenge.

He moved, reaching for the soap and began in an abstracted way to wash his hands and arms, ignoring the herbal scent that suddenly mixed with the steam. It would not work to lie if he were found out, that would only make things worse.

But why would they find out? John asked himself, sitting up in the bath. Why should anyone know? He had not talked to anyone about what had happened, not even to Brad, which was the most difficult part. He had not been able to tell Wendy anything. His son knew that he had used his computer to work out a program, but did not know what the purpose was. They might suspect him but there was no way

anything could be proved. There would only be doubts and suspicions.

John let the soap go, his head dropping forward so that his forehead almost brushed the water. Oh, God, God, God, what had he done?

Slowly he stood up, water running from his body, his breath coming in hard gasps. His throat tightened and he had to steady himself against the wall until his vertigo passed. Then he sat at the edge of the tub, his feet in the water, and silently, wretchedly wept.

Some little while later, Wendy once again knocked on the door. 'I'm going to put supper out,' she said, just above a whisper.

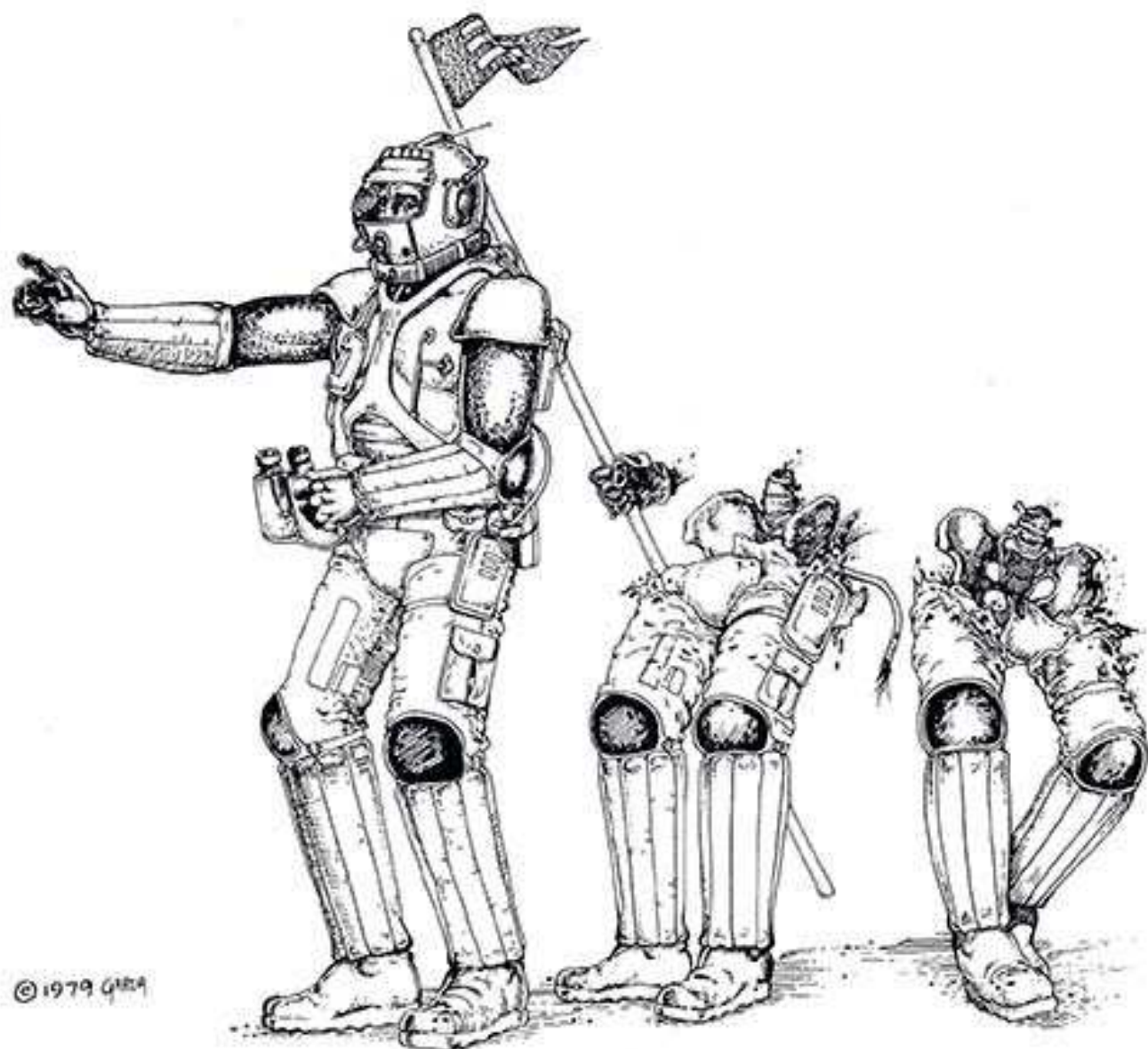
'I'll be along.' It was an effort to speak; John pressed

his nails into the palms of his hands.

'Don't worry. It's cold. Take your time.' Her voice was low and soft, more relaxed than it had been before. John listened to her walk away, hearing the unevenness of her tread.

So it had been for nothing, he said to himself. Nothing had changed. Nothing. Wendy was no better. And now there would always be suspicion hanging over him, over all of them. Sighing, he got out of the tub and wrapped a towel around his middle.

Then he reached for his old-fashioned straight razor.



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In February 1986 in Boston, the Gaylaxian Science Fiction Society, incorporated, better known as "The Gaylaxians", began. An organization for gay people and their friends who were interested in science fiction and fantasy, I co-founded the club along with an acquaintance, John Dumas. The name was a word-play on "galaxy" and also reflected the names of some of the earliest science fiction groups like the Lunarians and the Futurians.

The Gaylaxians was not the first gay-oriented science fiction group to exist. Others had been started in the past; one called "Wavelengths" was begun at the 1980 Worldcon, Noreascon Two, but lasted only a short time. These groups did not have much success. The Gaylaxians did; within six months it had a membership of over 60 people, gay, bisexual, and straight, men and women.

Why does the science fiction and fantasy genre offer a special interest to gay people?

One characteristic of science fiction is open-mindedness. Science Fiction does "boldly go where no one was gone before". More than questioning authority, science fiction questions everything. The new and the different, the strange and the alien are what excites, what interests, what appeals to the lover of science fiction. The unknown is not feared; it is welcomed, whether it appears as an idea or a person.

This openness applies also to homosexuality in science fiction. In 1983, *Uranian Worlds: a reader's guide to alternative sexuality in science fiction and fantasy* by Eric Garber and Lyn Paleo was published. Listing 568 entries of books, stories, and articles dealing with gay and bisexual characters and themes in the genre, it is ample proof this has been a topic science fiction authors were not afraid to discuss. Some stories are negative; many more are positive, even ones published in the early 1900s.

The most famous of these, *The World Well Lost* by Theodore Sturgeon, was published in 1953 and concerns a pair of gay male alien lovers and the human man who helps them; it is not particularly about gay sexuality, but about love. (A revised, second edition of *Uranian Worlds*, which will include over 100 new entries as well as a filmography will be published in August 1990, helped in part by a letter-writing campaign by Gaylaxians).

Another aspect of gay themes in SF is called "slash" fiction, not because of violence, but after the punctuation mark "/". The term comes from the abbreviation "K/S" meaning "Kirk/Spock". This literature, written and published by and for fans, many straight women, originally dealt with Star Trek's Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock as lovers, but now refers to an entire range of SF media-related

Gay Science Fiction Fans and the Gaylactic Network

Only the sky has no limits

stories where both male and female characters have gay relationships. Many gay fans have found their SF-related personality traits are stronger than their gayness. Some are subtle, some more obvious, but all influence the qualities we desire in our friends and

by FRANK HUMMEL

our community. One example, seemingly unrelated, is most fans don't smoke. During a gathering of science fiction fans it is usually unnecessary to ask

The science fiction community all over the world is as diverse as the world itself, notwithstanding the various efforts of people to determinate and label - from trekkie to mediafan and all shades in between. But gay fandom (and the Gaylactic Network) touches - and tackles - this subject in quite another way, hence this article from Frank Hummel, the founder of the Network.

those attending not to smoke, because no one does. The same cannot be said with a group of gay people. A more relevant characteristic was demonstrated at Noreascon when one panelist asked her audience how many there had a library card and were using it before they were eight years old. Everyone raised hands.

Another fannish trait, which cannot always be found in the gay community, is a sense of humor and, more importantly, the ability to laugh at one's self and what one does. Fans appreciate silliness, the sense of innocent and good-natured fun. (Punning is one example). The character The Doctor from the now 26 year-old British television series Doctor Who once asked, "What's the fun of being grown-up if you can't act

childish?" It is

a question many science fiction fans have answered.

Gay fans often choose fandom as their primary social community because they've found they have much more in common with other SF fans than with other gay people. With gay people they

share a sexual orientation. With science

fiction fans, they share the universe. With The Gaylaxians, gay SF fans found both. The idea grew.

In September 1986 I went to Atlanta, Georgia, to attend

that year's Worldcon called ConFederation. From the

interest in and excitement for The Gaylaxians I found there, I realize another group, an international one, could be started. In January 1987 I founded the Gaylactic Network.

The Gaylactic Network was created for those gay science fiction and fantasy fans who were beyond the range of the Gaylaxians in Massachusetts. Its members receive a quarterly, usually 20-paged newsletter, *Gaylactic Gazette*, featuring articles, stories, reviews, artwork, and even crossword puzzles. Members also receive a directory listing the names and mailing addresses of every member along with their particular science fiction and fantasy interests.

In the spring of 1987, a Network member started a

third group, the second local one, in Albany, New York. It didn't stop there. The international Gaylactic Network is now associated with seven local groups: the original group covering central New England, the one in Albany, New York, another serving the metropolitan New York City and New Jersey area, a fourth in Washington, D.C., one in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, another in Detroit, Michigan, and the seventh in Minneapolis, Minnesota. There are also Network members interested in starting in the states of Alabama and Ohio, and in the cities of Detroit, Michigan and London, England.

The Gaylaxian idea has grown in other ways. Slightly more than two years after the Gaylaxians started in Boston, its members organized the first science fiction and fantasy convention for gay people and their friends, Gaylaxicon '88. Held in Provincetown, Massachusetts, the convention was attended by over 100 fans from the United States and Canada. The Guest of Honor was author J. F. Rifkin, author of *Silverglass* and *Witch of Rhodshyl*, with Ellen Kshner, author of *Swordspoint*, also a guest.

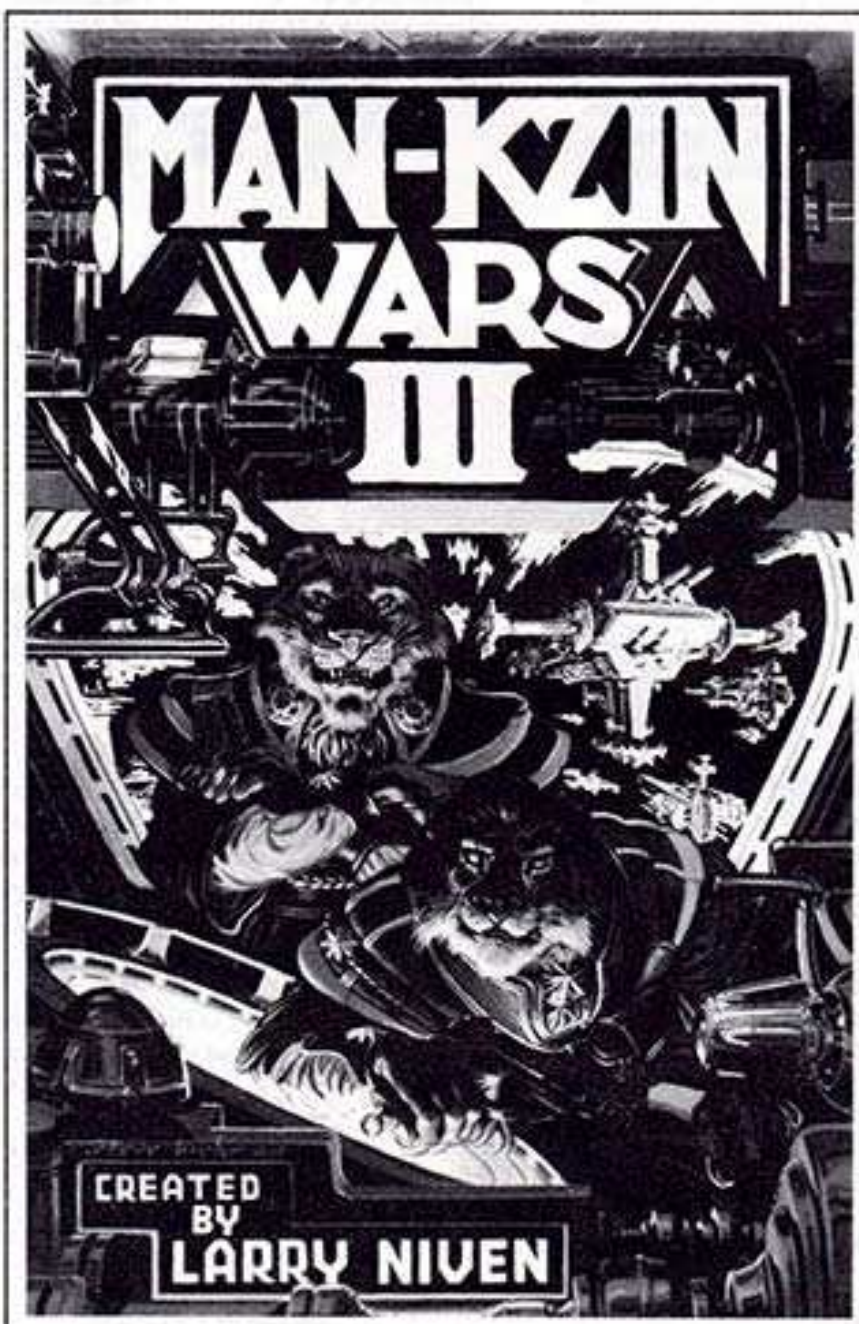
The second Gaylaxicon '90 has been planned for 20-22 July 1990 in Tewksbury, Massachusetts. Its Guest of Honor will be Melissa Scott, author of *The Kindly Ones*, *Five-Twelfths of Heaven*, and, with Lisa A. Barnett, *The Armor of Light*.

The 1989 World Science Fiction Convention, Noreascon Three, saw a strong involvement by the Gaylactic Network and its affiliated local groups. Noreascon's committee was extremely supportive of

Gaylaxian involvement in this Worldcon; among other things, I was asked by the committee to be a staff member as well as a program participant. I worked on planning gay-related programming for this 50th anniversary Worldcon.

As the Network's director, I organized (with all the Gaylaxian organization's help) our participation in the convention. Money was raised for a full-page Gaylactic Network ad in the Noreascon Three souvenir book. Donations were collected to pay for a hotel suite where gay fans and anyone else attending the convention could come and relax, talk, drink a soda, and find free condoms available. Volunteers staffed an information table where clubs' flyers were available and buttons and T-shirts sold. Some of the buttons and T-shirts featured the Gaylaxian logo, a spiral galaxy on a star-filled triangle, or our motto: "Out of the Closet and into the Universe". Another button which sold well was related to this Worldcon's special "Alice in Wonderland" theme; it showed Tweedledee and Tweedledum with arms

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around each other's shoulders. These shirts and buttons were worn by many fans during Noreascon Three. The Gaylaxians were out.

What was especially exciting for me, what I had worked for, was the amount of gay-related programming at Noreascon. There had been panels on gay themes at science fiction and fantasy conventions, including Worldcons, in the past decade, but never many. Here were eight panels, creating for the first time a "gay track" of programming at a Worldcon.

Topics included "Homophobia in Science Fiction and Fantasy", "Gay People in Comics", "Pair-bonding Your Characters", "Bisexuality in Science Fiction and Fantasy", and "AIDS & SF". Authors such as Don Sakers, Lisa Barnett, Melissa Scott, Kurt Erichsen, E. M. Stirling, Diane DUane, J. F. Rivkin, Ellen Kushner, and Delia Sherman appeared as the panelists.

I was the moderator on three other programs: "The Future of Gay People", "Vampires and Homo-eroticism", and an informal Gaylactic business meeting. All went well with some special delights with each. I met for the first time Samuel R. Delany who asked if he could be on the "Future" panel 10 seconds before it began; I, of course, said yes. (Two days later, Mr. Delany won the



non-fiction Hugo Award for his biography *The Motion of Light in Water*). The "Vampires" panel, which I had done previous at another convention, proved as popular as the first time. The business meeting brought together for the first time all the leaders of the Gaylaxian organizations and members of those groups to discuss the future of the Gaylactic Network.

What is the future for gay science fiction and its fans? To quote Mr. Spock: "There are always possibilities". If you are interested in the possibilities, feel welcomed to contact the Network. Please write to:

Gaylactic Network,
P.O. Box 1051,
Back Bay Annex,
Boston, Massachusetts,
United States. ■

Gay Science Fiction And Fantasy Fans



The GAYLACTIC NETWORK is an international organization for gay people and their friends who are interested in science fiction and fantasy.

Its purposes are to promote science fiction in all its forms, especially material which deals with, and is of interest to gay people; to provide gay fans and their friends a way to contact and meet each other and to share their interests; to help them start local gay fandom organizations; and to serve as a central organization for these local Gaylaxian groups.

For more information, please write to:

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**ROGER ZELAZNY
FRED SABERHAGEN**

**THE BLACK
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Where did you say you'd been?

A thing or two about ConFiction's hometown

In the count's cabbage garden, that's where. In Den Haag, Haga Comitis, the hedged-around bit of woodland that Count Floris IV of Holland converted into a vegetable plot, when he set up his hunting lodge in 1230 AD, the nigh-impenetrable woods near the sandy Dutch coast.

A modest settlement soon sprang up, and when the court semi-permanently took up residence in Die Hage, merchants, craftsmen clergy and above all lawyers soon followed suit. The Flemish cloth merchants gave their name to one of the oldest streets in Den Haag, the Vlamingstraat. Their houses aren't there anymore, of course. Many a time the lowly buildings around the stone-build Court were ransacked and burned by bandits, because the

meantime towards the south and east, on the sandy ribs of the old dunes, leaving the low ground in between for roads. This has given Den Haag an unusual rectangular lay-out. You won't find the narrow curving streets, common in medieval walled towns. Later parts still follow a grid of long roads running generally northeast to southwest following the shallow marshy vales, with short connecting roads cutting through the former dunescape. But the town did not grow very much larger for two hundred years after the Golden 17th Century.

Den Haag, like the Netherlands in general, more or less went to sleep, only to wake up in the 19th century, when Napoleon had been chased away, and the country acquired a string of Kings. Kings who spent at least some of their time in Den Haag. Their palaces seem modest in style and size. They were often inherited from thrifty Orange forebears - the William & Mary palace of Noordeinde, or the delightful 17th century Huis Ten Bosch in what remains of the old woods of Den Haag.

Den Haag became the Residence and the Seat of the Government, but not the nation's capital. That was Amsterdam, and still is. And although there have been plans to move the whole body politic to Amsterdam this was never realised. Possibly the antagonism between proud mercantile Amsterdam and lowly political Den Haag has always been too strong...

In the 19th century factories came to Den Haag, and lowed suit. In many respects, most of was an all time low for our gangling, citified village. There was not enough housing, canals were

by ANNEMARIE VAN EWIJCK

counts (and later the Habsburgs) did not give Den Haag a town charter and the right to erect defensive walls. The last raid was somewhere in the 16th century, by a ruffian called Maarten van Rossum. A contemporary poetess, who disapproved of the Reformation, immortalized him in a poem, very kindly declaring him a lot less evil than Martin Luther. She obviously did not live in Den Haag.

The Habsburgs did not either, but when their reign was thrown off, at the end of the 16th century, the parliament of the Dutch Republic, the Staten Generaal, moved into Den Haag to stay, with only a few interruptions. The village-never-to-be-a-town had spread in the



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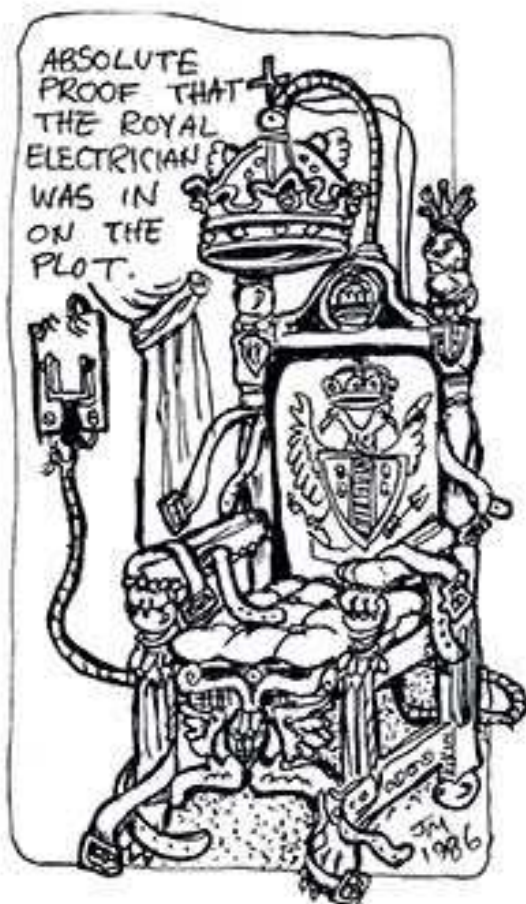
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not fit to take on the huge amounts of sewage. From all the towns in the Netherlands, Den Haag had the very worst housing and the fiercest epidemics. To relieve the housing problem, "hofjes" were built. In largeish open tracts between blocks of houses small courts were hastily constructed. They had the advantage of offering housing, certainly, but also of not being subjected to newfangled housing regulations, because they were off the street, often reached by an inconspicuous front door. Today, the hofjes of Den Haag have been renovated and offer charming oases of quiet, right in the middle of busy districts.

The situation being so bad, town planning and building for the growing population suddenly went ahead at a furious rate towards the end of the century. A lot of building, private and public, was going on at this time anyway, and a lot of the appeal of Den Haag stems from this period. Neo-styles and somewhat later Art Nouveau abounded. Speaking of the architecture from this period, one of our great poets wrote, likening Den Haag to a crystal globelet,

"The Hague; you strike it and it sings"

The impressionist painters from the Haagse School, who worked in Den Haag at the turn of the century, present a graceful picture of this fin-de-siecle, in gentle, muted greys and mauves.

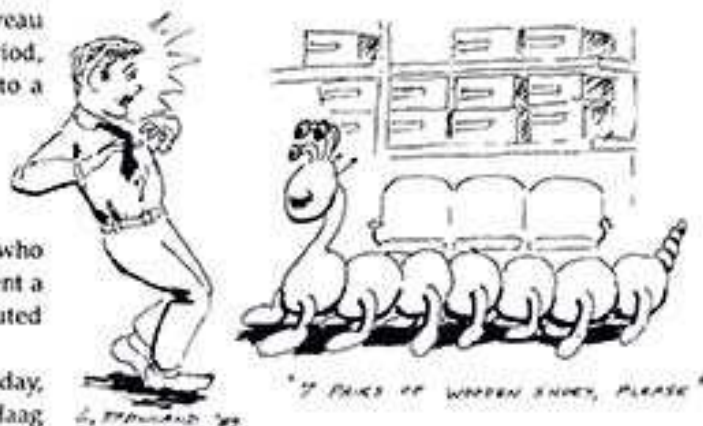
Well into the 20th century, art deco had it's brief heyday, but then the so-called Architectural School of Den Haag

developed, deriving elements from art deco, but with a vision. At the western edge of the town lowroofed, intimate houses were built, grouped around cozy squares. For the very first time attention was given to attractive as well as efficient architecture for ordinary people.

And those people, like their town, are different from anyone else. The Amsterdammer is outgoing and jocular, the Rotterdammer is practical and friendly, but Hagenaars are sharp like ferrets and their accent is absolutely incredible. The way they mangle their vowels and diphthongs... every sound is flattened. In addition, they roll the 'r' way back in their throat so that it effectively becomes a ch, the hard sound you hear in Scottish "loch".

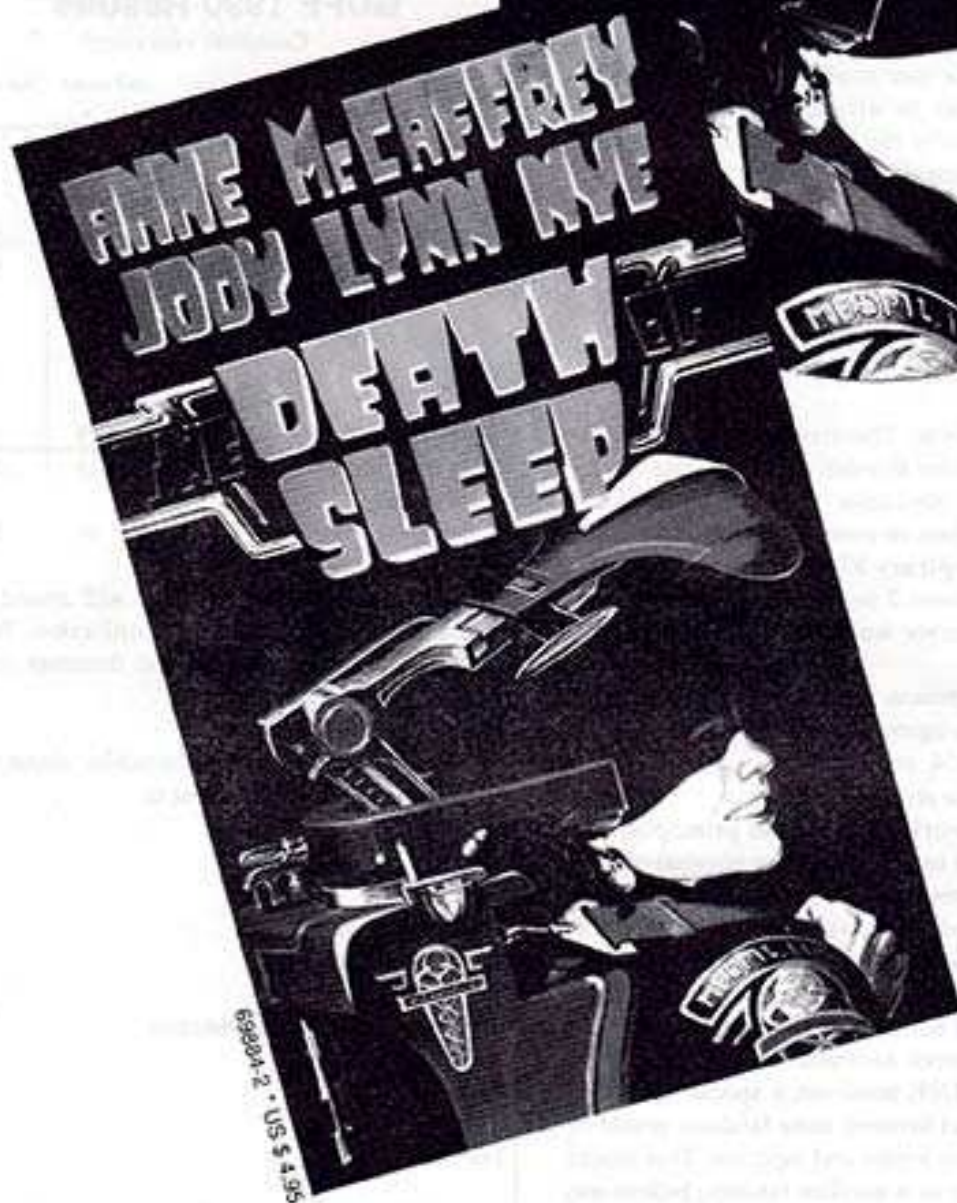
But there used to be yet another type of Hagenaar... The government people, the clerks, the secretaries. The ones who, on a modest salary, had to keep up appearances. They gave Den Haag it's widely known and undeserved reputation of hollow pretense. Real Hagenaars maintain, that these nipcheeses were all imported from the provinces anyway... They may well be right. Many people came and still come to Den Haag, because it is the seat of our government. And some remain. Den Haag has, interestingly, the largest percentage of elderly ladies in it's population make-up. Government widows from elsewhere, clinging to the town they lived most of their adult lives.

And it is easy to understand why. Haga Comitit, 's-Gravenhage, Die Hage, Den Haag, and to all you foreigners The Hague, La Haye, or L'Aya has a charm all of it's own. Lively, yet intimate and never really boisterous, graceful (barring some post war planning mistakes), with sleepy, meditative hofjes, and wild modern design, it's small town atmosphere can, at the turn of a corner, blossom into big city chic. A lovely place to live. And a lovely place to have been. Even if only for a World Convention. ■



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Guff (1)

Aside from lots of good tennis players, beer and Mel Gibson, Australia has always had its own unique brand of fans and authors in the field of science fiction. The thing is: tennis players have their own Grand Slam, beer can be exported, you meet writers through their books, and you can 'ave Mel on film or video. But how about the fans? Enter GUFF, one of those heartwarming fan fund initiatives.

GUFF, the Get Up-and-over Fan Fund, (or Get Under-and-over Fan Fund, depending on the point of departure), is a way to allow notable Australian fans to attend a large European convention, usually the British Eastercon, and to give European fans the opportunity to meet fans in the southern hemisphere, usually at the national Australian convention. GUFF was started in 1977 by the British fans Chris Priest and Dave Langford to establish further contact between Australasian and

by **ROELOF GOUDRIAAN**

European fandom. The first delegate was the Australian fan John Foyster, who attended Seacon '79, the British Worldcon. Since then GUFF has managed to get fans to every Worldcon since: Irwin Hirsch at Conspiracy '87 in Brighton, and Eve Harvey at Aussiecon 2 in Melbourne. ConFiction is no exception, thus we welcome Roman Orszanski.

GUFF is by no means the only existing fan fund. TAFF has sent delegates between Europe and North America since 1954, and DUFF did the same for fans between Australia and North America.

All fan funds work on the same principles: the delegates are put up for election by nominators, and voted on by interested fans who donate a small sum. The selected candidate makes the trip, administers the fan fund and - eventually - publishes a trip report (some of those belong to the best fan publications ever written).

The distance between Australasia and the rest of the world makes GUFF, however, a special fan fund. Without it, contact between these fandoms would be entirely limited to letters and fanzines. That would do gross injustice to Australian fandom; believe me, the living thing is the best stuff!

If you want more information about any aspect of these funds, please talk to either of the GUFF administrators at ConFiction: Roman Orszanski or Roelof Goudriaan. You can also write to them: see the addresses in next column. ■

GUFF 1990 Results

Complete vote count:

1st count 2nd count 3rd count

	Aus.	Eur.	Total		
Larry Dunning	27	6	33	34	
Mark Loney & Michelle Muisert	36	4	40	40	58
Roman Orszanski	40	6	46	46	59
Hold Over Funds	2		2		
Write-in:					
Wilson da Silva	1		1		
No preference	1		1	3	6
	107	16	123	123	123

Votes needed to win 62 61 59

Congratulations to Roman, who will attend this year's Worldcon in Holland: ConFiction. To all candidates, their nominators and donors: thank you for your support.

From ConFiction onwards, enquiries about, and donations to GUFF can be sent to:

Roman Orszanski
P.O. Box 131
Marden, SA 5070
Australia

or to the European administrator:

Roelof Goudriaan
Caan van Necklaan 63
2281 BB Rijswijk
The Netherlands.

Meanwhile, be sure to stop a few minutes at the ConFiction food fight and GUFF auction with jewels of classic fanzines, semi-edibles and genuine memorabilia, to spend some money for a worthy cause.

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The two great settings for a fantasy story are the olde curiosity shop, with a wizened shopkeeper guarding a wondrous assortment of treasures, and the musty old bookshop with forgotten, dust-covered tomes full of arcane knowledge.

My fannish soul was nurtured in an old, tumble-down public library which was a mixture of both. It was two stories high, with a railing to provide access to the second level, and alcoves chock-full of musty books. The public wasn't allowed upstairs, because the timbers were rotten. They had to rely on some old librarian to fetch the books we wanted. The building itself was built of stone, and - to a child - incredibly old. I found myself in the old volumes of Greek, Norse and Celtic myths and legends. It wasn't long before I graduated to the wonders of Jules Verne and the curious adventures of Professor Challenger and Sherlock Holmes. At high school, I raided the library, gulping down all the f & sf I could find, up to and including a copy of *Alice in Wonderland*. In Latin!

The other major influence was the weekly broadcast by the Australian Broadcasting Commission of *The Goon Show*. Imagine my delight, years later, to find fans in Western Australia producing fannish versions of the same!

I was discovered by 'organized' fandom in my first week at University, where the uni SF club pounced upon me. They had not only a great book library, but also a wide assortment of fanzines. Later that same year, I attended my first convention: *Aussiecon*, 700 kilometers away in a strange city, Melbourne. (This was the beginning of a love affair with trams that continues this day.) The next year saw my involvement in Dalck races, organizing conventions and juggling finances to pay for bulk orders of sf from the US.

Also in that year, the publishing bug had well and truly struck: not only had I published the first issue of *NIBWIN* (Nothing Is, But What Is Not), but I was also co-editing the weekly uni news-sheet (ah, the wonders of offset printing). Yes, *NIBWIN* betrays my interest in theatre, especially Shakespeare. I've been known to spend the last dollar in my bank account to see a series of plays; most recently, the *War of the Roses* sequence by the English Shakespeare Company.

Over the next few years I put in my time as an apahack, at one stage being a member of *Applesauce* (a Sydney apa), *ANZAPA* and *APES* (the Adelaide Publishing and Editing Society).

By the early eighties, the influence of the Goons was felt, and a passion for public (community) radio was entrenched. I produced a few SF radio shows, and even published an audio-fanzine: *The Steam Driven Flugelhorn*. Planned as 'audio samizdat', where

Guff (2)

recipients would be encouraged to copy and pass on the fanzine, it never really took off. After the first issue I swore I'd never spend so many hours duplicating tapes again. (For all their cost, printed magazines are still incredibly cheap. In the end, it's

by ROMAN ORSZANSKI

easier to broadcast an audio-fanzine, and let the listeners tape it of the air. There may yet be an ASFD # 2...) The craving printer's ink was satisfied by editing the radio station newsletters, and a local SF news-sheet: *The Bionic Armadillo*.

Somewhere in the eighties, a desire to save the world turned me into a greenie, and I worked on a weekly 90-minute Environment Show on local public radio, *5 Triple M*, as well as campaigning with Friends Of The Earth. In 1987 I worked for The Wilderness Society as Forest Campaign Officer, to try and protect the Tasmanian and Daintree rain forests. It was the best job I'd ever had, despite the long hours and frustration, probably it seems a job worth doing, unlike many other jobs.

My greatest achievement was to learn to ride a bicycle in my early twenties, and I've resisted the temptation to get a car ever since. Currently, I publish a modest (allegedly) fortnight fanzine, *doxa!* and attend the monthly *Critical Mass* meetings in Adelaide. I'm 32, 175 cm tall, 83 kg (overweight). I enjoy folk, rock, jazz & blues, and I absolutely detest country music.

My current ambitions are:

- to be a Zeppelin pilot;
- to produce a fanzine of John Bangsund standard;
- to keep my potted plant alive until 1991 (*sigh*).

So, what more can I say? ■

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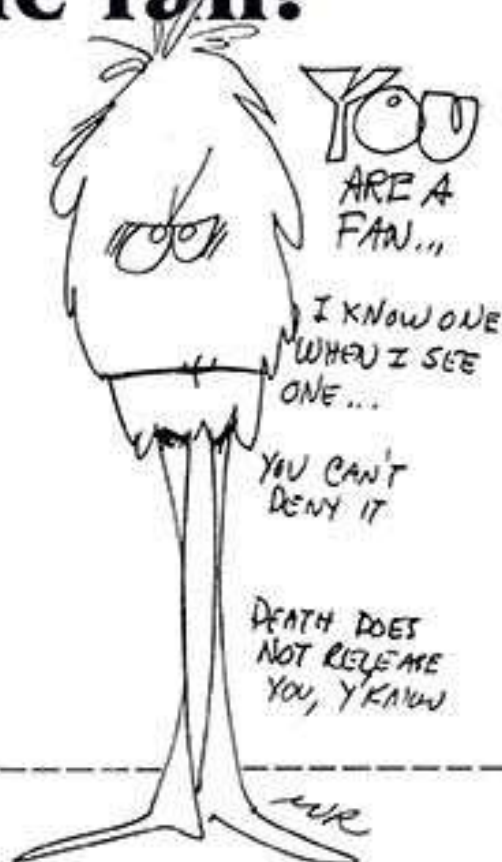
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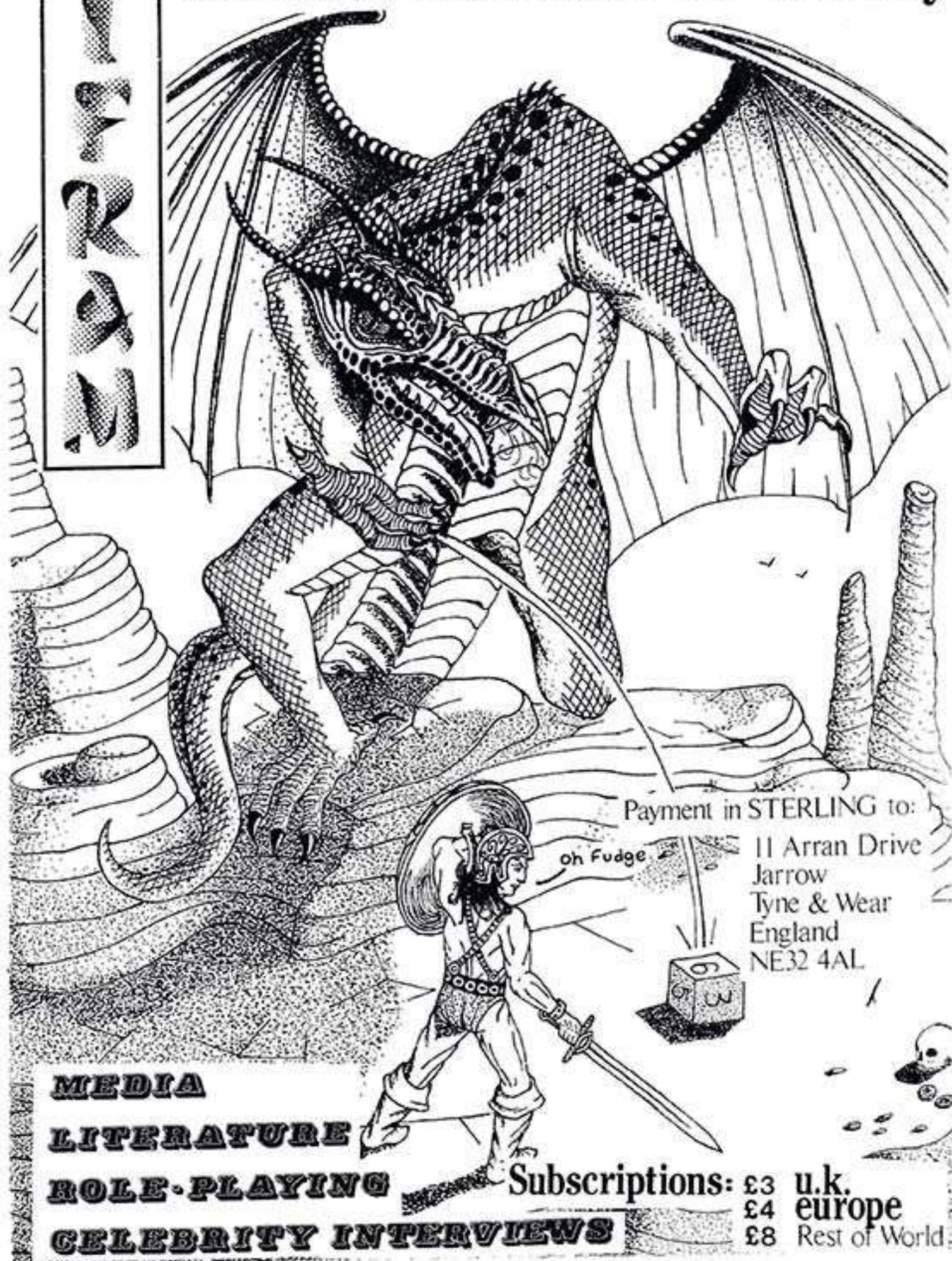
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My Helmet Empty, Hoarfrost-lined

Of the Inanimatons shall now be the tale, they have had the upper hand for so long. And in fact these soul-devoids are eminently suited to the management of the affairs of our sorely compressed world. The others - Humans, Ghosts and Improved Animals - are usually completely taken up by self-seeking strivings, a habit Inanimatons can only speak of with deepest concern and regret.

But how may we distinguish between the countless variety of Inanimatons on the one hand, and on the other the slowly depleting stock of Humans, Ghosts and Improved Animals? By their hands, if at all available. Working hands go with Inanimatons. Yes, they possess honest, basic hands, with patches of callouse or rust, while we Humans pride ourselves on our Conical or Artistic Hands, totally unsuited to physical or mechanical activity, or even Pointed Hands that perform insecure flutterings every which way hotbeds of free energy are divined.

There are still other means to distinguish between them. If you spy a person bolting a wing nut or a handful of gravel, you may be sure you are dealing with an Inanimaton. Humans and Improved Animals with their finicky metabolism are dependent on the food depots, while Ghosts subsist entirely on faded glory.

The Inanimatons, with their alleged ancestry of cybo., homunculi and biotrons, robots and calculators, Human body parts and precision chronometers, always strive to live up to their fancied status. Inanimatons persevere. But so do some Humans.

The I that stepped out of the Mile Gate as if called for, remembered almost instantly his name and thus his identity. Unity of Being: a necessary condition when entering a new level of the world matrix. Did not the name of this I, Seminole Fortunatus, wonderfully suit his thick braid of blue-black hair, his plastic shouldercape, his apron of pliant, improved-dear leather and the Manypointed Missile, inlaid with jet and lapis lazuli, that dangled from his belt? All this was one and undivided, and ready to proceed over the battlefield of shape and time.

Seminole glanced upward, then turned to the Ghost of Past Seminole, an adumbration of himself, pale

Jan Kuipers is just your average Dutch fan, who visits a convention whenever convenient, who writes nasty letters and even reads some sf. But the more you get to know him, the more you get convinced that Kuipers is bearing his own particular brand of universum with him. And when it comes to stories, we simply think he's one of the best. So, in fact he's not your average fan. But then, this is not your average story either.

but voluminous (for Seminole had come a long way), that had dutifully taken up position beside him.

'Algol, the stony sun, sits higher than ever, and it's light is even more wan. Am I right?'

'Naturally. As one advances through the levels, the

by JAN KUIPERS

stone sun retreats irrevocably; or you do, whatever. That is a law of Nature,' sougled Seminole Past in that listless manner that imbues all those who are no longer interested in actuality.

'Right,' Seminole Fortunatus said, with pretended cheerfulness.

'And in both cases it automatically grows colder. Not to worry, then.'

He eyed the landscape across the bridge, further ignoring the level's inclement temperatures. Between the place where he stood and the bridge leading to the next Mile Gate, a broad valley of reddish brown sand stretched between it's level-barriers under the faint shine of Algol, that thrifty rock of a sun, the only heavenly body fixed in place in the opal sky. Somewhat to the left a settlement lay in the valley: a street with wooden sidewalks running between huddled huts with high false fronts. The postulated West! A few Humans were slowly shuffling along the one street, some tagged by their Ghosts. To the right of the bridge, in the postulated East, lay a gently undulating bleak plain, and at it's border, a narrow row of woody fotosynthesizers docilely raised their foliage heavenward.

Cutting winds coursed through the valley, driving barren clouds of dust before them.

All the levels Seminole had travelled before this, had

been more densely populated and much more attractive. It seemed that every passage to a new level on the long road to the Objective World, was punished by the Inanimatons with a progressive dereliction of the scenery. But things were in truth otherwise, as some Humans knew.

Seminole strode across the bridge with dignity. On the other side, popping up from nowhere as if by hazard, a finely apparelled guard appeared, furnished with a gently spluttering force field that was supposed to represent it's Ghost.

'Greetings, soul-devoid,' Seminole haughtily spoke upon reaching the entirely black-and-gold armoured figure. 'Where are the local food depots?'

The Inanimaton placed a heavy mail-clad hand on his arm.

'May I first be allowed to introduce myself?' he intoned. 'He That Is Loth To Raise The Sword is both my name and my title. The privilege to shorten this to HTILTRTS is uniquely reserved to wandering souls such as you.'

'Just call me SF then,' Seminole snarled, roughly shaking off it's hand.

Ghost Past Seminole, linked to Seminole's spine by a firm cord of ectoplasm, had in the meantime slowly floated toward HTILTRTS' force field and was now trying to exchange nostalgic communications with the artificial Ghost. Not surprisingly it's efforts were fruitless and only led to a dull frustration; Ghosts have very little practical sense.

'I am deeply sorry!' cried HTILTRTS from behind his hundsgugel visor, the eye slits of which narrowed in shame. 'Keeping up a simulated Ghost field is a representative obligation resulting from my elevated status.'

Seminole dealt the Inanimaton a resounding blow on the side of it's headgear. 'Take me to a depot, you fool!' he hissed.

Food distribution seemed to be fraught with discomfort in this place. The Inanimaton led Seminole and his Ghost on an hours' long tramp along a rudimentary trail through the Eastern plain. The way was long and it was cold and desolate, with scourging gusts of wind. Moreover, the Inanimaton had lapsed into a resentful silence after Seminole's correcting slap. The latter was only too relieved to discover a number of figures resting beside the trail, in the lee of a sandy hill. The travellers, a Human with a rather undistinguished-looking Ghost, accompanied by a stocky well-muscled Inanimaton hung with empty sacks and barrels, and an Improved Ape, wrapped from head to toe in a burnous, as a matter of course fell in with Seminole's party.

Seminole turned to the Human to obtain more information.

'Are you also on your way to the Objective World, like so many before us?' he enquired in his most

melodious voice.

The Human pulled down the corners of her mouth deprecatingly.

'The Objective World is the image of a dreamed past, projected on a hoped-for future,' she gave as her opinion. 'It is a myth of a myth. No, I am not on my way to nothing, relative. I am on my way to the food depot, that is all.'

Did Seminole catch a scornful chuckle issuing from the armour of HTILTRTS, marching all alone at the head of the caravan? He decided to ignore it.

With great passion he said, 'You are erroneously informed. There once was a perfect spherical world, unique and Objective. But it's Human inhabitants confused their subjective observations with her imperishable truth, so that Variations and Alternates appeared as realities within the visible spectrum. The Objective spherical World became an exponentially expanding lump of worldfacts, that of necessity was finally compressed into a collection of levels within a world matrix, by our servants the Inanimatons. But at it's very base we can still find that first level, woman! The original Objective World, reserved only for those most nobly souled! And that level is spherical, there is a proper firmament with eternal stars, and it gives no employ to aberrations like Inanimatons or Improved Animals. My experiences on the road prove the correctness of this surmise. On my descent through the levels, the surroundings gain ever in frugality. That points to an increasing removedness from subjective world components, woman. The Objective World cannot be very far away.'

'Well, that's regrettable, I think,' the woman said. 'I'd love all the subjective components I could get. Did you think I was toiling around in this place for pleasure? Exiled am I, hankering after the joys of my home level.'

'How do you come to be here, then?'

'Greediness. Discontent. At random I entered a Mile Gate. And so here I am, damn it! There is no way back. I live over there, in the town, and pass my time grinding my teeth and brooding.'

Seminole kept a meaningful silence and immediately created some distance between himself and the woman. He pushed her pack Inanimaton aside and went to walk beside the Ape, that didn't seem to like his company, however. It bared it's teeth aggressively and took vicious jabs at the tenous shape of Past Seminole. Fortunatus left the obscene creature behind as well and silently joined HTILTRTS. The armoured Inanimaton was feeding on sand while it walked. It swept the sand from the cracks of it's metal suit and then stuck it's fingers in it's helmet. The pointed visor was pushed back. Seminole peeked inside but could discern nothing but a void of darkness.

'Shameless!' a reproachful voice intoned from somewhere inside the armour. In a flurry, HTILTRTS



clicked the visor down again, and sped on.

The depot turned out to be a ponderous Cornucopia, rising from the sand several hundred meters inside the metallic gleaming sky-high Eastern level-barrier. HTILTRTS put its hand in a slit on the side. A subterranean something was put into grinding motion, and the depot's flared mouth started to vomit forth a broad stream of brown mud. The Improved Ape at once fell to its knees and started bolting the stuff. The woman followed its example while her Inanimaton started to fill its bags and barrels, scooping the stuff up with its many hands. Seminole Fortunatus threw HTILTRTS a baffled look but that one had already discreetly turned away. With its armoured back towards them it sat staring off into the vibrating barrier.

There was nothing for it. Seminole sank gracefully down and buried his beautiful hands in musty mud. Essential minutes followed, during which as a matter of course no person paid any attention to the two Ghosts who were shyly touching each other with ethereal tentacles.

Unasked the woman seated herself beside Seminole, who lay on his back on the sand, felled by the weight of the mush in his stomach.

'Foul grub, eh?' she said. 'But there's nothing else to be had on this frugal level.'

'This is pure basic food,' Seminole groaned bravely. 'It must therefore possess objective merits; it would not surprise me at all if its constituent monads were to prove spherical.'

'I don't know about that,' the other confessed. 'But shall I whisper my name in your ear?'

A blush darkened Seminole's bronzed cheeks when she started to whisper a very, very long name, accompanied by rhythmic movements of her hand under his improved-dear leather apron.

And what strange conduct of their two Ghosts! These Pastis, who should only take pleasure in by-gones, had started to expand. They were holding each other over the bodies of their owners in a transparent ectoderm, and were swelling visibly.

Seminole paid them no attention at all.

Suddenly the woman fell silent and pulled back her hand. She half raised herself. Seminole looked at her with disappointment.

'Come back with me to the town,' she said breathlessly. 'You have had a taste of what I have to offer. You have things to offer as well. Don't leave me here. Be sensible. I have a warm house.'

As if stung by an asp Fortunatus heaved himself upright. 'Now I understand,' he cried. 'This is another of those Inanimatons' traps to keep me back! What is HTILTRTS paying you for your services? A pouch of salt, perhaps, to season this tasteless mush?'

'He wanted to repay me with yourself!' cried the woman of the long name. 'You were very amiably received here, Seminole Fortunatus! And what's here

is more than you may expect to meet further on. Come with us, I tell you.'

But Seminole did not wish to come. He turned his back on them; his Ghost laboriously tore itself away from the other, and took up its position behind him, pulsing grudgingly.

HTILTRTS spread his black-and-gold arms resignedly when the wanderer continued on his way to the next Mile Gate, in the postulated North. And the Improved Ape? It threw lumps of mud after the departing Human. For these Apes are in fact incorrigible. Their origins must be very far removed from the perfect spherical world of the beginning.

II

WE, INANIMATONS, SHALL NOW VENTURE SOME EXPLANATION OF HUMANS.

It may not be sufficiently clear that these ought to be protected. For are they not the ancestors that shaped the first of us?

Humans are our vulnerable Ghosts. We try to conserve them on the levels that stretch between the Mile Gates, those nontopographic closely-meshed strainers that serve to curdle time. Yes, all that centrifugal mass of time must be compressed and coagulated and petrified just a little, to save what we can.

How all this came about? Oh, well, maybe the origin of all is to be found in a first worldfact: the Primordial Bang. We Inanimatons do not concern ourselves overmuch with the how and wherefore of the birth of Time. We are matter-of-fact and practical and we persevere as best we can. Unfortunately some Humans do, too. And obviously against their own interest, as if they were obeying something that will forever remain outside our range of sight.

He That Is Loth To was waiting for Seminole Fortunatus at the end of the pier outside the vaguely shimmering Mile Gate. HTILT sat in the rocking rowboat beside its laboriously maintained Ghostfield, inside its dull black armour, covered with rusty spots, and listened with some concern to the hollow clickings and tickings of his inside connections.

Fornatus had arrived! With a thick plait of grey hair, a shabby shoulder cape of photosynfiber, an unwieldy Twopointed Missile dangling from his worn modesty belt, and accompanied by an enormous, nearly oval Ghost, he came staggering out of the Gate and looked up at Algol, gleaming marble of a sun in a sky that was grey as lead.

'Food-depot,' Seminal Fornatus commanded hoarsely as he let himself down in the boat, blue-lipped with cold. His Ghost ignored HTILT's simulated Ghost-field, and choose a spot over its owner's head where it bobbed gently like a balloon, tethered by its cord of ectoplasm.

HTILT's armour gave off a dejected crunching sound

as the Inanimaton shrugged. 'I do not believe a depot has been established on this level,' he said, cautiously.

Fornatus gazed myopically across the wide watery main, dotted with small ice floes.

'Lies,' he mumbled. 'This sea ought to be full of Improved Fish.'

'No, no,' HTILT replied. 'Even I have only just arrived. Till quite recently there were no Humans, Improved Animals or Inanimatons here, Seminol. We are the only ones.'

'Do we know each other from some former level?' Seminol enquired with suspicion. 'You seem familiar to me.'

'That is because these last outer levels have very few components as yet. Each previous Mile Gate has sifted them out, so to speak. Variegated service is no longer feasible.'

'Sifted? Yes, I do believe I had to leave a lot of myself along the way,' Seminol mumbled. 'But that would seem to indicate that we are not nearing the last level, but the first; the pure Objective World, the relevant data of which I am probably carrying around stored in my Ghost, for my head seems somewhat old and tired now.'

'First or last, that's a matter of perspective, after all,' HTILT said soothingly. 'We are here and that's the main thing. We cannot go back and to remain in this spot will prove fatal too, souled one, in the long run.'

'On to the next Gate, then?' Seminol cried in agony. He huddled down on the bench while HTILT in quiet desperation cast off and pushed the boat out to sea.

Yes, it was bitterly cold and there was a sluggish long swell to that dead sea. During his long voyage, Seminol Fornatus fought against the advancing emptiness in his brain, bravely trying to persuade himself that he was nearly at his goal. But what was this goal again? Why had he ever set out? Had he laid down so much of himself in the course of his shadowy quest, that his motivations had worn down as well?

Also, Fornatus had to battle his sea-sickness. His hands clutched the steadily rising and falling gunwales of HTILT's boat.

Liquid memories rose and fell in his mind too.

'I knew a woman once!' he bravely threw at the Inanimaton. 'That is more than you can lay claim to; it was a couple of levels ago, or earlier still, I don't know...'

'There are no more than a couple of levels now,' HTILT said. 'From our point of view, that is. We just do not have enough facts and components at our disposal to believe in more. The world simplifies enormously when one grows old, Fornatus. I too am cut off from all possibility of recharge and revision. What a simple and sluggish world this has become!'

Seminol remembered the zeal and the urge upon him, that had driven him through the Mile Gates; all this now seemed to him a gigantic but elusive fraud, the lifelong victim of which he had been. The memory of the woman surfaced again, or was it the memory of a memory? There had been mention of a warm house; of generous forthpourings of mush as long as one lived - which had been a long, long time in that place, if he were not mistaken. Absentmindedly he looked down at his modesty belt to see if a wet spot would appear, but no. Fornatus slowly slid down from the bench; he wanted so much to be warm again.

'Why do you not row on? Would you prevent me from reaching the next Gate?'

'I am not rowing because my neglected hinges are blocked and the inside of my helmet is now lined with hoarfrost. Have I ever told you before, how desirable your warm blood is?'

'It is so cold in this place! If I could just have some of your ammonia flowing in my veins.'

'Besides, we will eventually arrive at the Gate without any effort - if there is another Gate, that is. It is all so simple and unanimous here, that there is only one direction left to us. Your heart is warm too, you know; a powerful organ, souled one. Share some of it!'

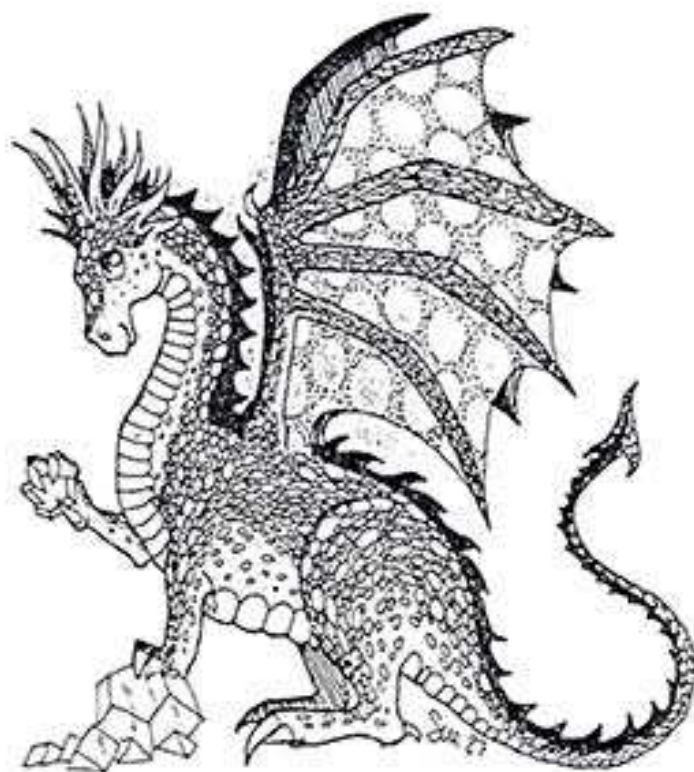
'Why don't you abandon your idle status-display then, Inanimaton. Pull in your Ghost-field, that it's energy may be of use to us.'

'Should we fuse, then?'

'Yes, I think we should fuse.'

'This is a tremendous honour for me, Seminol Fornatus.'

'Hurry, before it's too late!'



Branching colourful threads crept up out of his intestines. Seminol Fornatus awoke with a shock and gazed at the dull black snake that led from the broad truss across HTILT's armour to his own navel, where it was attached with some rough stitches.

'Whose idea was this?' He forced out.

'Yours, I think,' the Inanimaton replied. 'But tell me, does the heartbeat always resound so, inside?' Amazed he shook his head and listened again.

'This was not my idea!' Seminol cried. 'Undo it at once!' But it sounded so bombastic that neither of them took it seriously.

'Well, whose idea WAS it?' HTILT shouted back, very bravely.

They fell silent, then looked up as one. There floated Past Seminol, gently fosforescing thanks to the energy from HTILT's sacrificed Ghost-field. It seemed the Ghost was swollen with thought, and generally having a very good time.

The two travellers lowered their eyes and did not venture any remarks. They rested their heads on their hands and were reanimated only when, with a loud creaking, the boat ran ashore on the forerunners of a gigantic icy shelf, that seemed to stretch all the way between the level-barriers. And there, some way above them, flanked by two heavy pylons of ice, lay the narrow, vaguely reflective rectangle of another Mile Gate.

III

THE LAMENT OF THE IMPROVED ANIMALS.

Have you seen any young, whelps or cubs this last era? No? Neither have we. The price for individual durability is barrenness. And as to the perpetrators of this durability, the Inanimatons, they have for obvious reasons never felt the attraction of traditional procreation. Our old joys and ways remain a mystery to these artificials. Every bird sings as is it's wont, after all. We Animals understand this better than anyone else.

You see we prefer to omit the adjective "Improved". True, we now walk upright, we wrap ourselves around with drapes and ornaments and the need of procreation has been lifted from us. But our opinion was never asked, when these "improvements" were instated. This people never used to do anyway. For we possess no Ghosts, as it is said. A Human Ghostologist from the level of Switzerland once proclaimed that the world of the beginning, at that time still named African Savannah, complete with it's swarming life of animals and photosynthesizers, was not born until Humans first set conscious eyes on it. We exist therefore, because we are being observed. So be it. But do not hold our sayings against us, then, for we do not only lack Ghosts but also Voices of our own, and it is others who put words into our beaks and muzzles.

The figure that came hobbling out of the Time Gate

was indeed one and undivided, but unity of being was not in evidence. Two souls lived in the same breast - and one of those not even a true soul. The breast was, like the rest of it, covered in delapidated armour, a prey to rust and metal fatigue.

The Human named Semol Fatus tried to set out his identity clearly and sharply before his mind's eye, but became too tangled in the binary emotions of the Inanimated creature that shared it's iron housing with him. That is Loth, the creature was named. It stank of oil and ozone and wished to be familiarly addressed as TL.

The figure lifted it's head with loud creaks.

'Algol has grown large and mighty again!' Semol cried, not a little shocked by the dulled and hollow quality of his voice. Oppressed he reached for the lowered hundsbugel visor, but rust had fixed it in place for all eternity.

'That is not Algol, companion,' TL replied. 'It is our shining Ghost, obstructing our view of the roomy skies.'

Indeed it was, floating on a filament-thin cord overhead was the brightly shining, rather spherical shape of Ghost Past-SemolThat is-Loth; a force field-powered Ghost brimming with ideas, information and initiative, calmly sucking the dual personality below dry through his ectoplasmic thread, and expressing it's desire to set off by little tugs.

Mechanically, Semol and TL tried to obey these impulses. They were up to their ankles in a treacly, steamy mass, that festered on northward as far as the eye could see, under an empty, black sky. Neither was the metallic gleam of level-barriers discernible in the postulated East or West.

There was not a breath of air. It was neither cold nor hot. The silence of the ether reigned supreme.

'Timidity hinders progress,' Semol muttered to TL, though in fact the remark was intended for the impatient Ghost.

'Progress is mainly being hindered by the pitiful condition of our body and the state of this surface,' TL said. 'Don't you notice that we are slowly sinking away in the marshes of this very last level? But what am I saying? There is only one level! We have not enough anchorage to conclude the existence of other places. Looking back is to no avail, by the way. Come on, let's walk, walk!'

With great effort they pulled themselves free and set off, lamenting.

Semol had to admit that they must have passed the very last Mile Gate, although the whole concept of Mile Gates was a mystery to him now; he remembered very little from any previous episode whatever. Where were they going? Didn't it have something to do with the Object of all striving? No, no, they were just engaged in keeping alive. Each step meant a temporary escape from the sucking

substance around their feet.

Sluggishly they proceeded, pulled onward, as it were, by the Ghost. The heavy suit of armour squeaked and grated. The milky mass spread all around them, lapping up at each step in silent protest, while the underground unsettled more and more as they went.

'Now we're over our calfs into this mire,' Semol stated. 'How are we to go on? Don't you have any energy stored away somewhere, for emergency situations like these? I am so old and tired, help me!'

'In the arithmetical model, the theorem of Archimedes obtains as a matter of course,' TL gurgled after some thought. 'While fluoris prepared through electrolysis of a fluoride. But heating by means of steam has the advantage of a very uniform rise in temperature.'

'What! What are you saying? We are slowly drowning in this dirty-white bog!'

'Where accuracy is not a first requisite, mechanical or electrical time-pieces may be used. Camphor is a great fungicide, yes sir! The stars look down, yeah!' TL's voice grew unsteady and was swallowed. The whirr of millions of circuits and the clacking of runaway cogwheels rose to a hellish din that boiled forth from the visors eye-slits to fan out across the plain. A heavy shuddering shook Semol and TL's shared body. Leaking oil and acids it worked itself into the surface like an electric drill, till the stuff reached past its knees. Then it settled.

The exhausted Inanimator had virtually lost all command over it's data banks and control mechanisms. Semol Fatus was inseparably linked to a senile machine. In despair he looked up at Past Semol-TL that was lighting the plain like a gigantic ceiling-lamp.

'Do you know more of this?' he asked it in a toneless voice.

'This utter place is only suited to Ghosts, questioning offshoot,' Past Semol-TL announced in it's habitual soughing manner. 'And since the Human is the Ghost of the Inanimator, natural circumstances have done for our friend.'

'That's all very well, but can I still use it's facilities to dig myself out?' Semol wanted to know. 'And don't call me an offshoot; you're still the offshoot, oh, Ghost!'

Past Semol-TL extinguished it's light by way of reply. The plain lay in a pale shimmer under a shroud of massive darkness.

'Let's say we are both offshoots of each other and settle for that!' Fatus cried in a panic.

The light calmly increased it's glow.

As if nothing had happened the Ghost proceeded to instruct the Human. 'Digging yourself out is asking too much,' he said. 'You'll have to wade, Semol Fatus. Come, trust me blindly, command your arms and legs and I guarantee the Inanimator's limbs will obey you. They're your limbs now, after all.'

The humiliation of these last words! But the Human set to with a will. Warily he waded on through the nebulous world, his Ghost lighting his way.

'Tell me, Ghost. If Humans are the Ghosts of the Inanimatons, are Humans then equally the Inanimatons of their own Ghosts?'

'Yes.'

'That is a painful revelation.'

'Oh, well, only linguistically. You might also put it like this: an actual, living human is the subject of his own ghost, for that contains all information the human possesses regarding his past, all neatly ranged and safeguarded from decay through all time.'

'That description fails to please me as well.'

'Who said you should be pleased?'

The plain now branched into broad lanes that lost themselves in the black ether like fantastic tentacles. Past Semol-TL led his companion ever more passionately on, along the main stream - a broad skypath leading to a steamy horizon somewhere before them, higher-up.

'I remember something about levels and a matrix, Ghost. Were these artefacts wrought by Inanimatons? How could servants achieve something so great?'

'Because it went before, dreaming and manufacturing the Inanimatons (a purely Human achievement), was much more difficult than dreaming and installing sieves in time, Semol Fatus. And dreaming Humans was the most difficult.'

'Oh? But who dreams the dreamers? Who imagined the Ghosts?'

'Hush now! To your job. Or do you want me to extinguish my light once more?'

'No, please, Master Ghost!'

Ever it went on towards the retreating horizon, behind which a wan glow began to dawn. And soon at the end of the skypath an enormous rounded body appeared, a perfect sphere of pure light! Heat crept into the cracks of Semol's armour.

He was by now plodding up to his waist through the syrupy substance of the skypath, but a swelling song in his iron skull awoke memories.

'That must be the Objective World! I have found the Objective World! I was right! It was worth it!' he cried hoarsely up to his Ghost.

'You might call it that,' Past Semol-TL replied somewhat vaguely. 'Forward! Forward! Just a little bit further!' And the Ghost over Semol's head pulled boisterously on it's cord, that had grown dangerously thin by now.

And once more Semol Fatus threw himself into it. He fought the sucking skypath and slowly, slowly edged forwards, until he stepped into the glorious

halo of the Objective World, and saw that the marshy way he was travelling disappeared, further on, into the gigantic sphere of light, like an ectoplasmic cord linking the spherical body to the world that lay behind Semol.

Then, within the shining of that splendorous light, Semol's Inanimaton limbs abruptly stopped working. The heat he had experienced had not come from the light source, but had been ascending in his own body, from limbs that were now collapsing, amongst much scorching and hissing. The parts belonging to Thatis Loth had given notice. TL was dead, dead as a wingnut!

Semol looked up to his Ghost. 'Help,' he begged in a soft mumble. 'There - the Objective World - I've got to reach it!'

'That? Well, actually that is not a world. It is the primary likeness of the World ghost. And the world is it's Inanimaton!' Past Semol-TL exulted. 'We should have leafed through Hegel and Fichte more than we have, Fatus. But now your little cycle has come to it's conclusion and so has mine. I am going to turn myself in. Thanks for services rendered and take all the time you need for dying. To those who have come this far, time is of no account, don't you agree? For all the inhalations and exhalations of yonder World Dreamer are simultaneous.'

Having tendered this consolation, Past Semol-TL jerked himself free from Semol Fatus, struggling in his agony, and as if drawn by a magnet sailed along the steaming skypath towards the World Ghost.

No, time was of no account here. Semol Fatus, the unsouled, slowly sank down in the plasma of the world. Devoid of understanding, the one who was being inhaled kept his eyes on that perfect, eternal globe of light, where his Ghost had ascended to it's marriage-feast. With a great gnashing and creaking,

sinking Semol brought up his arms. His rusty hands, lifted high in a last supreme effort, made vague grasping movements and were the last things visible of him, above the milky mass of the skypath.

IV

THE WORLD GHOST ADDRESSES HIS SUBJECTS.

Some of you are asking why I, who am the source of all that is, often call up gruesome contradictions from myself, only to conciliate and obviate them again within myself.

This is an inner necessity, and the reason is this; without dividing myself into components (Ghosts, Improved Animals, Humans and Inanimatons for example), my own existence would synchronize with Nothing. Because nothing can exist outside of me, I am no distinct I, unless I divide myself into myriads of temporary I's, some of which conclude time and again, that behind Time, there must be an original I-entity. And that is I. Thus I accord myself objective validity.

I assert myself.

See that madly rotating gas nebula? I expelled it, "just recently". And "now" I am turning it into a sun. Call .. Algol, call it Sol, Amalablang or Gold Medallion. All suns are but the one sun, if you look closely. And see that disc of dust and gas shooting out of my sun? I'll condense it and make it into habitable worlds. But in truth all worlds are just the one world, that exists through me - and I exist through you. Let us thank each other time and again. Some of you may even want to love me, I think. Don't you? Say, is there anyone out there who would love me? Hello! Is there anybody out there? ■

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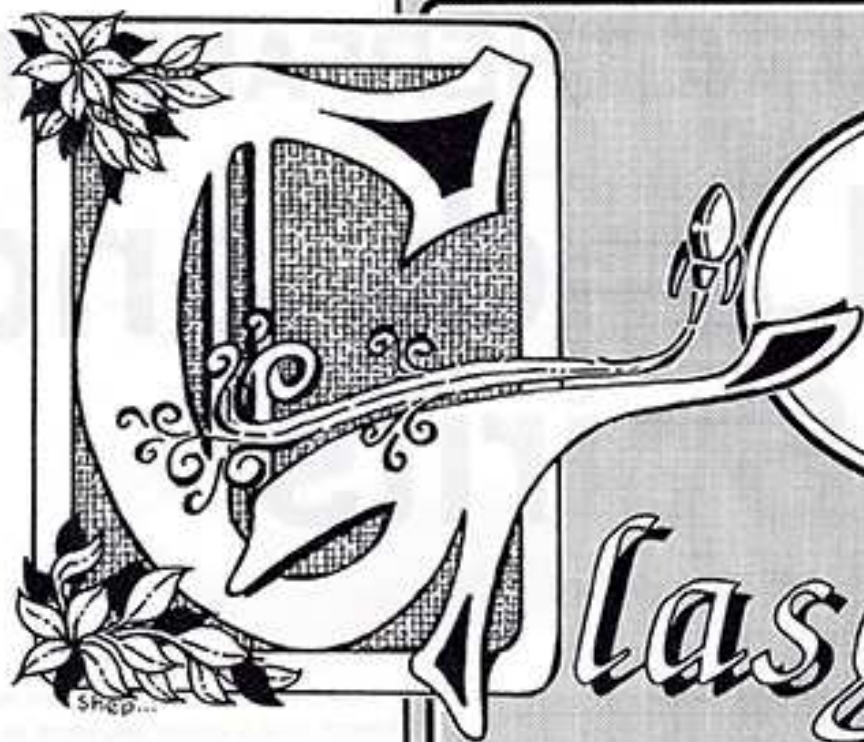
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A LOOK AT NETHERFANDOM

Low Lands and High Spirits

The story of fandom all over the world reads as a fascinating history, where main events sometimes reflect curiously on the fandom itself. The Netherlands is no exception, as Annmarie van Ewijk, herself a fan from the first hour, will show you with her history of of Dutch fandom.

If you want to claim a lifetime in Dutch fandom, you'd better be, say, under 30 years of age and an early reader, otherwise we'll have you up for fraud. The first stirrings of Netherfandom can't be observed till the fifties, when a small group of people around Nico Oosterbaan got up the energy to produce an SF-magazine, that sadly enough folded after the first issue. There were fans, to be sure, but these were lonely isles in a sea of serious postwar constructivism and it is very hard to propagate fandom working from a gene pool of one, you will agree.

But the times they were a-changing (this is the sixties I'm talking about). Elsewhere you may read the saga, of how Forry Ackerman in 1965 sailed into uncharted seas, braved a brace of brawling monsters

by ANNEMARIE VAN EWIJCK

at his arrival and held forth at length and with zeal about SF, and fandom in particular, to a spellbound audience of some 30 natives, who instantly converted to the new ways. (Actually, the monsters were Amsterdam students in furry suits, and the natives had been secret lovers of SF from way back when, but it makes for a nicer story).

Netherfandom was off to a proper start: a first club, NCSE, and soon a first club-fanzine, Holland-SF and

a first convention. Although... it wasn't, not really. It was a conference, with scientists and poets, and very serious authors who had dabbled in the fantastic at some time. It was no doubt very exiting for all concerned, but as yet hardly fannish. Correspondence was still conducted on the lines of Dear Sir (and verrrry occasionally Dear Madam) Ah, these people... looking at the old photographs, one gets the impression of a meeting of church elders. Who would have dared to turn up in shirt sleeves? Even the poet wore a tie!

And this was the sixties, remember! People were slipping into kaftans and beads, Amsterdam became the hippy capital of Europe. A great culture clash was bound to occur. I observed some of it in 1968 at my very first one day micro-con, in Paradiso - the hippy temple of Amsterdam. Being something of a country bumpkin, I first wandered into an all-day girties bar called Paradise, got my directions from a fatherly doorman and wound up in something out of a horror story. A freezing building, with the filthiest washrooms I've ever seen, smeary wall paintings with lots of green in them, a continuous fluid-slide show, and weird characters wandering dazedly right through the proceedings of this very sober and uplifting cultural society for the propagation of Science Fiction As Literature.

But there! Love and friendship must somehow have permeated these serious and constructive characters, for before my eyes these people seemed to change, to become a warm, friendly fan family that drew me in. And despite some spirited internecine warfare, that is what Netherfandom has remained to me ever since.

Was it Paradiso that made the change, or was it just the seventies drawing near? Fannishness was on the rise and more people started to do their own thing.

Within a few years a real personal fanzine had come out and a new club had made its appearance, the Perry Rhodan Society, with its own magazine, Terra. Holland-SF got up steam and went for greater liveliness. And Netherfans started to visit foreign cons. Most influential, of course, was Heicon, the 1970 Worldcon in Heidelberg. Dutch eyes got opened to fandom in the raw, fandom rampant, fandom as a way of life, and to a whole catalogue of puzzling fannish traditions.

Some of those we adopted right away, others still keep us guessing after all these years. And although we can be fannish with the best of you, Netherfandom has its own flavour. For instance, for the home market we tend more to clubzines than to pure fannish personalzines. There are a few of those around, but always by subscription, and not available for the usual loc or exchange. Also, readers seem to like their magazines glossy, well printed, with photographs and everything. In this country, the duplicator never found much favour and was soon abandoned for more elegant repro methods.

Our cons have their own flavour too. For a long time most cons were one-day events only, even those with a large attendance, like Terra's Perry Rhodancons. The annual Beneluxcon, instituted in 1973 by our Belgian friends and alternating between Belgium and Holland, is indeed a weekend con, but until recently favoured student homes and conference centres over convention hotels. The room



...Like a meeting of church elders. (1966)

rate, of course, was a powerful argument. You should see the places we have held our conventions in, though... A Church hall, a nursery school, a hall run by the Teetotalers' society, a conference centre run by the Trade Unions and a posh centre where the Roman Catholic bishops of Holland invariably



... Even the poet wore a tie. (1966)

hold their deliberations. And when we went for hotels... do some of you remember Hillcon, Rotterdam in 1981? A perfect trial run, as it turned out, for the 1987 Brighton Worldcon Metropole-disaster. They missed out on renovating the hotel during the convention, but they managed to put CoH's in the pokiest of their rooms, giving the best suite to some gopher, the art show proved to be smack in the middle of the overflow dining area for busloads, they closed their doors in a panic when attendance swelled beyond their expectations, and they had a manager who must have been understudy to the Scourge of the Metropole. What fun we had, to be sure.

One tradition that has been with us since 1975 is the King Kong Award Ceremony. King Kong is a best short story award, consisting of a trophy accompanied by a money prize. This is fortunate in more than one respect since the trophy used to be a specially commissioned work of art that in time varied greatly in beauty and appeal. Also, one of the contributing artists used to be a contestant author as well, and sure enough was at one time presented with his own award.

Fannish Traditions that have not really caught on in the low lands are the banquet and the masquerade. Belgian Beneluxcons did indeed put on some Masquerades - I remember one with some 10 entrants, all of which were Martin Hoare - and toward the end of the Belgian active phase these seemed to become more popular. The staid Dutch however, seem to prefer make-up. A stage make up artist has been a fixed event at recent Dutch conventions.



Room tucked away on a stair case landing. (1966)

Banquets were tried in the early beginnings though it was really more of a communal meal with dish-of-the-day. Two memorable banquets stick in my mind however. One was a fondue bourguignonne at Hagacon II, which we had prepared with our own lily whites and where we ran out of sauce. Scouts were sent out to a neighbourhood snackbar for mayonaise. Then one of the fondue sets caught fire and was thrown through the door on to the sidewalk where one of our authors proceeded to jump on it. It has never been the same again. The weirdest banquet in Netherfandom must have been at Amstelcon. When 125 Chinese take-away meals arrived we found there was not enough room to eat, not even when the Hall's staff pressed a committee room into service. So we sat and ate in relays, some people even ate standing up to have a mouthful before it had all congealed. Banquets never really got going, though. Maybe ConFiction will set a new trend, who knows.

With all the differences, there are two fannish pursuits that the Dutch have embraced wholeheartedly - silly games and room-partying. Charades especially have been very popular at Hagacons. In 1987 a group of fans played charades all night to great confusion of the hotel staff, renewed their game in the morning and played all day, finally being chased from the function rooms to the art show that was boisterously being dismantled all around them. And still they played on... And about room parties, I remember... But maybe I'd better not. You will have noticed that I have generally refrained from name-dropping. With intent. If you haven't met us Netherfans by now, all those names would read like somebody's telephone directory. If you have got to know us, I couldn't tell you anything you haven't found out for yourself about us Flatlanders.

So, let's have one more little anecdote. It's about worldcons. About translations. And about us, of course. Travelling back from Heicon in 1970 a group of Netherfans started dreaming aloud about a Dutch Worldcon. A slogan was soon found:

"Herejezusvóén In Tweeduizendéén (2001)!"

The rhyming syllable had also determined the date, all in one go. But for more international appeal we needed a slogan in English. What we came up with, however, was:

"Our-Lord-On-The-Moor In 2004".

Oh, well, what's a little difference of three years to a fan? We thought it a great gag. We shouldn't have laughed quite so loud. But of course I'd never have believed *then*, that I would be writing a piece like this *now*. The start of Netherfandom changed all our lives to some extent. Heicon changed Netherfandom in its turn. I just wonder what ConFiction will do to us. Maybe we should start looking out for a suitable hall for 2001? Or would you prefer 2004, perhaps? ■

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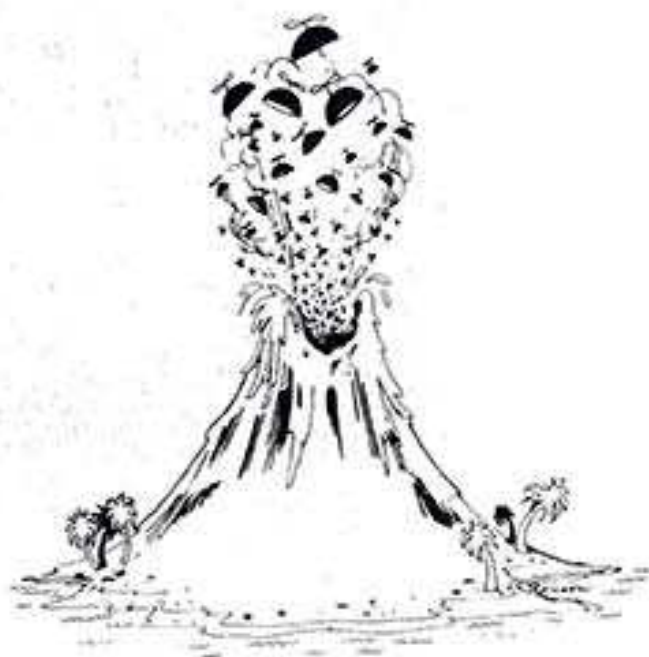
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Write In Hawaii in 1993

Are you tired of coming home from a Worldcon, feeling like you need a vacation? Now, relax on your favorite comfy chair and imagine this:

A convention with miles of sandy beaches.
Fannish activities with a tropical bent.
A RelaxaWorldcon with a view of mountains.
All this, and all the tradition of a Worldcon!



We are the Committee for Hawaii in 1993. We want to throw a convention that takes full advantage of the exotic locale and relaxing nature of Hawaii, while emphasizing all the features of a Worldcon that make it such a unique event. We want to create a more intimate Worldcon, where everyone can find everyone else, and where everyone has the opportunity to see all the events and exhibits they want. So, vote for the Worldcon with a difference, sponsored by the most experienced Worldcon committee ever assembled—vote for Hawaii in 1993.

Note: While all the bid papers have been filed with ConFiction, Hawaii is a write-in bid. You will not see it on the 1993 Site Selection Ballot. You must write it in if you want to vote for it. Remember, ballots can be handed in until 6pm on Saturday.

The Committee for Hawaii in 1993

1111 West El Camino Real, Suite 109-236

Sunnyvale, CA 94087, USA

Sun * Sand * Surf * SF

Sun * Sand * Surf * SF

A Hawaiian Worldcon will be a Worldcon on a human scale. It will be smaller than the recent North American Worldcons. We expect about 3000-4000 people, making it comparable in size to the recent European Worldcons. The pace will be less frenetic, and it will be easier to schmooze with your friends and meet new ones. We expect more Japanese and Australian fans will be able to attend, which means the Hawaiian Worldcon will be a gathering place for diverse fans.

The convention site is across the street from Waikiki Beach, the inspiration for our slogan "Sun * Sand * Surf * SF." Waikiki is a sun worshipper's/swimmer's/surfer's dream. But there's lots more to Hawaii than the beach.

Honolulu is a clean, safe city. It boasts a huge array of restaurants, including seafood, Japanese, Polynesian, Greek and Kosher restaurants. There's something for everyone. Honolulu has shops, museums, bookstores—all the standard big-city attractions. Located on the south coast of the island of Oahu, Honolulu has the Pacific Ocean on one side and mountains covered by tropical jungles on the other.

Hawaii in 1993 was started by Lex Nakashima. Joining Lex, our bid chairman, in convening the bid are Elayne Pelz (our treasurer), John Lorentz, Patty Wells, Mark Olson, and Ben Yalow. The conveners are our Board of Directors. This group makes policy for the bid. They have worked on at least 200 conventions, in positions ranging from gofer to chairman, and on cons ranging in size from relaxacons to Worldcons, both in and out of North America.

A larger group, the Parliament, provides advice about policy decisions. This bidding committee includes over 30 people from all over North America. We are the most widely-experienced committee to ever bid for a Worldcon. Many of us are heavily involved in the operation of the bid. The Parliament includes people from around North America, and the list is still growing:

Donna McMahon (Calgary); Gordon Garb, Fred Patten, David Schlosser, and Jon Singer (California); Judy Bemis, Tony Parker, Joe Siclari and Edie Stern (Florida); Jon Gufstason (Idaho); Ross Pavlac, Neil Rest, Jon and Joni Stopa (Illinois); Steve and Sue Francis (Kentucky); Jill Eastlake, Pam Fremon, Rick Katze, Morris Keesan, Laurie Mann, Lori Meltzer and Sharon Sbarsky (Massachusetts); L. Ruth Sachter (New York); Debbie Cross and Paul Wrigley (Oregon); Jane Hawkins and Suzle Tompkins (Seattle); Fred Duarte, Karen Meschke and Willie Siros (Texas); and Spike Parsons (Wisconsin).

This talented group brings substantial additional experience to the bid—we really *aren't* kidding when we say that we are the most experienced committee to ever bid for a Worldcon.

We have reserved space in two hotels across the street from Waikiki Beach. The hotels are just down Kalakaua Ave. from each other, making it easy to get from one hotel to another. Because of the initial positive response to the Hawaii bid, we are negotiating with other hotels for additional space. There are dozens of restaurants and shops within walking distance of the hotels.

One of our hotels is the Hawaiian Regent. It boasts ocean-view rooms, two pools, and five restaurants. The hotel was built in 1972, and underwent major renovations in 1987. Our other hotel is the Pacific Beach Hotel. This hotel also has ocean-view rooms, a pool, three restaurants, and a three-story oceanarium! The hotel was built in 1969, a new wing was added in 1979, and was renovated in 1989.

So if this sounds like your kind of Worldcon, get a pen and a site selection ballot (both of which will be in great supply at the Hawaii parties) and write in Hawaii in 1993!

Aloha!

Write In Hawaii in 1993

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Remember us in Winter...

One lives not by science fiction alone; that would be a poor diet. Put aside the latest Haldeman or Yarbro - did you know that they simply *love* cooking? - hop over to the kitchen and prepare yourself to a real Dutch Treat... eh... Meal. For those of you who came in Summer, let the taste be a fond remembrance. For those who had to miss ConFiction, now you know what you missed! 'Eet smakelijk!' That's Dutch for 'Bon appetite!' and that's...oh, never mind; get yourself to the kitchen!

When you read this, ConFiction and Summer will probably be over. Sleet, ice and chilling rains call for something to warm your heart and insides. As a very special souvenir,

here are some recipes of traditional Dutch winter dishes to remember us by.

The Dutch are a bit shy about their cuisine. When they take a foreign visitor out to dinner they likely as not end up at a Rijst-tafel in an Indonesian restaurant. Yet the Dutch can set a varied table, making use of a great choice of fresh vegetables, which they used to grow long before anyone in Europe did. In the Middle Ages the King of Denmark even begged some Dutch vegetable-growers to settle in his country and teach the Danes to prepare meals from vegetables, warmoes or "warm mush of greens". The Dutch did settle on Amager near Copenhagen and grew greens, and the King even got himself a Dutch mistress. But that's beside the point. Nowadays vegetables still rate high

in Dutch kitchens. Ask a German what's for dinner, and he'll tell you what meat dish will be served. In a Dutch household you'll be told the main vegetable. Which will be accompanied by potatoes as a matter of course.

Boiled, dried and shaken till they're fluffy and floury on the outside, they are the staple of Dutch home cooking. There is one worldfamous painting by Van Gogh called *The Potato Eaters* - a poor farmers family eating boiled potatoes steeped in

by ANNEMARIE VAN EWIJCK

bacon fat. It certainly kept them going even if it wasn't a very exciting diet.

But there's more to the cuisine of the Low Countries. Winter dishes are our speciality, dishes that put heart into you when you have come home after facing a day of storm and cold. We think they'll taste just as good when there's sleet in New York, storm over Glasgow or ice on the Alps. Try them. (All recipes serve 4.)

HUTSPOT

A traditional Dutch "stampot"

Stampot is the winter item, consisting of potatoes and rough winter vegetables mashed together. Hard cabbages become easier to digest this way. Stampot or *kale, boerekool-stampot*, is very popular, especially served with the traditional smoked pork sausage, rookworst. Another fine stampot, that figures in the Dutch 80-years' war of liberation, is hutspot. When the Spanish lifted the siege of Leiden in a hurry, history has it

that they left their hutspot on the fire. Hutspot was the first proper food the citizens tasted after months of hunger. After that came salted herrings and white bread. All three are festively consumed each year at the Leiden Liberation festival.

TO MAKE HUTSPOT

400 g/12 oz fatty beef suitable for boiling
250 g/8 oz onions
1 kg/2 lb potatoes
750 g/1.5 lb large winter carrots
5 g/half a teaspoon salt
some pepper and grated nutmeg

1 cup of milk

1 pat of butter

Boil the beef in salted water for 90 minutes. Then add sliced potatoes, diced carrots and sliced onions. Cook for another half hour. Lift out the meat and slice it for serving. Pour off the water, add the milk and butter, and stir the ingredients to a lumpy mash with a large wooden spoon, adding pepper, a little nutmeg and salt to taste.

Tastes equally good if prepared without the boiled beef, or served without any meat at all.

ERWTENSOEP OR SNERT
Dutch pea soup

A sturdy peasant's dish that in its original form is very high in cholesterol-building fat. It used to be made from pig's trotters, garnished with fat belly pork and smoked pork sausage. Afficionado's still claim that ERWTENSOEP should be thick enough to

leaves. Best use a pressure cooker for making the stock, then finish your soup in an ordinary stew pot. You can't over-cook this soup, it only tastes better, the longer it has stood simmering.

450-500 g/1 lb slightly fatty leg of pork, sliced
400 g/ 13 oz dried split green peas
1 celery root
1 bunch of celery leaves
3-4 leeks
2 potatoes
some sprigs of parsley
1 Dutch smoked sausage: rookworst (alt. 4 fresh pork sausages)

Soak the split peas for 12 hours with some salt. Prepare a stock from the slices of pork leg, some chopped celery leaves, half a sliced leek and not too much salt. Lift out the meat and reserve the lean bits.

Bring the peas to the boil in the water in which they were soaked, and simmer for 3 hours. Stir well to help the cooked peas disintegrate. Add the diced celery, the sliced leeks and potatoes, the stock and the lean meat. Bring to the boil and stew for half an hour. Towards the end, add chopped parsley and celery leaves. Add salt to taste, (no pepper!).

Warm the smoked sausage in near-to-boiling water for 10 minutes. Be careful when you slice it, the juice may spurt out! Put some slices on each plate and spoon on the soup. If you cannot get "rookworst", cook some fresh pork sausages and add them at the last moment.

Serve as a main meal, with coarse rye bread, spread with mustard and a thin slice of lean bacon. Add a little water to serve erwtensoep as a first course.

HACHEE

Dutch onion stew

Hache is a peppery stew that warms inside and out. Great for when you come off the ski slopes or the skating rink, or just in out of the chilling drizzle.

TO MAKE HACHE

We use slightly fatty beef because it stews better and does not get stringy, but keep only the lean for eating. If you let the meat simmer for 3 hours, and use only half of the tomato paste, you get the Dutch stewed beef that is an all time favourite with stewed pears or red cabbage, accompanied by nice floury boiled potatoes.

350-400 g/10-12 oz stewing beef in a flat slice, with some fatty streaks
8-10 large onions
2 cloves of garlic
4 bay leaves
1 tablespoon black peppercorns
4 cloves
salt
2 dessertspoons tomato paste
butter, margarine, or vegetable or diet cooking fat
1 small glass of red wine
1 dessertspoon cornflour

Heat the fat in a stewpot (equal amounts of butter and vegetable fat are ideal for taste, but may be too fatty!), stir in some onion rings, and quickly fry the lightly salted beef on all sides. Add a bay leave, some water and the tomato paste. Stir, then turn down the fire and let the meat simmer for 2 hours, turning it and adding water at intervals.

Lift out the meat and pour the liquid into a bowl for the moment. Discard all the fatty bits and cut the meat into cubes. Peel and slice the garlic and all the onions (wearing diving goggles). Heat a little fat in the stewpot, braise the onions and garlic, add cloves, bay leaves and not too finely crushed peppercorns, then pour on most of the beef liquid



hold a spoon upright! Nowadays we cook a leaner version that is just as satisfying. In the last stages of preparation, be ready to defend your kitchen against invaders, helplessly attracted by the seductive smells. And make LOTS of it. Warmed over next day it tastes even better!

TO MAKE ERWTENSOEP

Celery is the secret of this dish. We use the type that is not grown for its crunchy stalks, but for its bulbous root and its flavouring

and the wine. Add the meat and bring to the boil fast, then let it simmer for 20-30 minutes, till the onions are succulent but not quite melting away. Salt to taste. Beat the cornflour into 1 cup of beef liquid, add this to the stew and stir and cook for a few more minutes.

Serve with boiled or mashed potatoes or boiled rice.

KAPUCIJNERS MET SPEK Garnished marrowfat peas

A heavy dish that "stands up in the stomach" as we say but that offers an interesting combination of flavours. For a lighter meal use lightly fried ham cubes. If you cannot get dried marrowfat peas, dried green peas will do very well.

TO MAKE KAPUCIJNERS MET SPEK
400 g/12 oz dried peas
3 medium-sized onions
2 small spring onions
some parsley
1/2 green bell pepper

1/2 red bell pepper
200 g/6 oz streaky or fat belly pork

A few leaves of lettuce
vinegar, mustard, piccalilly and chutneys to taste

Soak the dried peas for 24 hours in enough water to cover them, with 10 g/1 teaspoon salt per 1000 ml/32 fl oz. Bring them to the boil in fresh unsalted water and cook them gently for 1 hour.

In the meantime, heat a frying pan, put in the diced pork and let the meaty part fry to a light crisp while the fat becomes completely liquid. Slice the onions and braise them gently in a little butter or pork fat. Finely chop the spring onions and parsley. Dice the bell peppers. Cut the lettuce into fine strips.

Surround your peas by bowls of crispy pork, cooked onions, the raw cut vegetables and chutneys, mustard and piccalilly (ketchup and mayonaise go down well too) and let everybody serve themselves. You can pour on the

liquid fat as a sauce, with some vinegar on the side.

KARNEMELKSE GRUTTEN A lean after

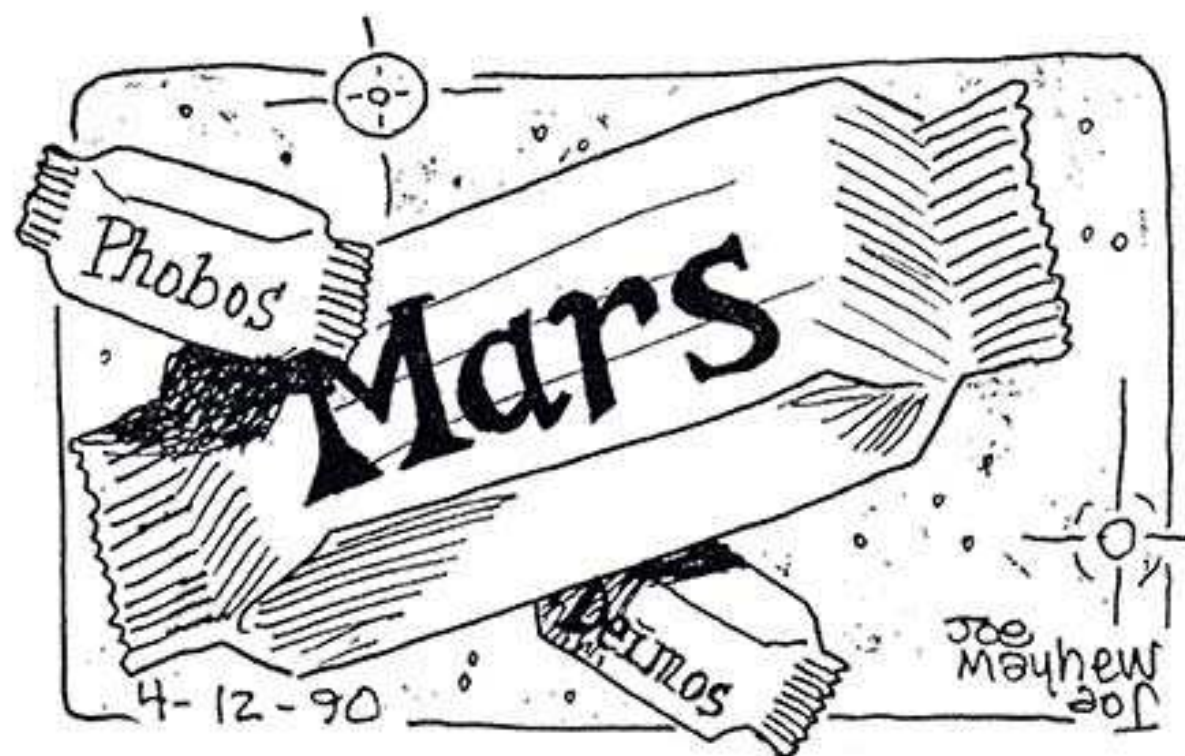
Buttermilk is the basis of numerous Dutch rural dishes, mostly porridges and puddings. If you can abstain from sugar or syrup they make nice diet foods.

TO MAKE KARNEMELKSE GRUTTEN

1000 ml/32 fl oz buttermilk
200 g/6-7 oz buckwheat groats

Boil the milk (looks and smells awful, but never mind), then stir in the groats. Let simmer for 15 minutes, while stirring regularly. Serve hot with brown sugar or golden syrup. OR: leave the porridge to cool and settle, then fry the pieces quickly in hot butter. Serve with golden syrup.

As the Dutch say: Have an appetizing meal!
Eet smakelijk! ■



The World Science Fiction Conventions from 1939 to 1992

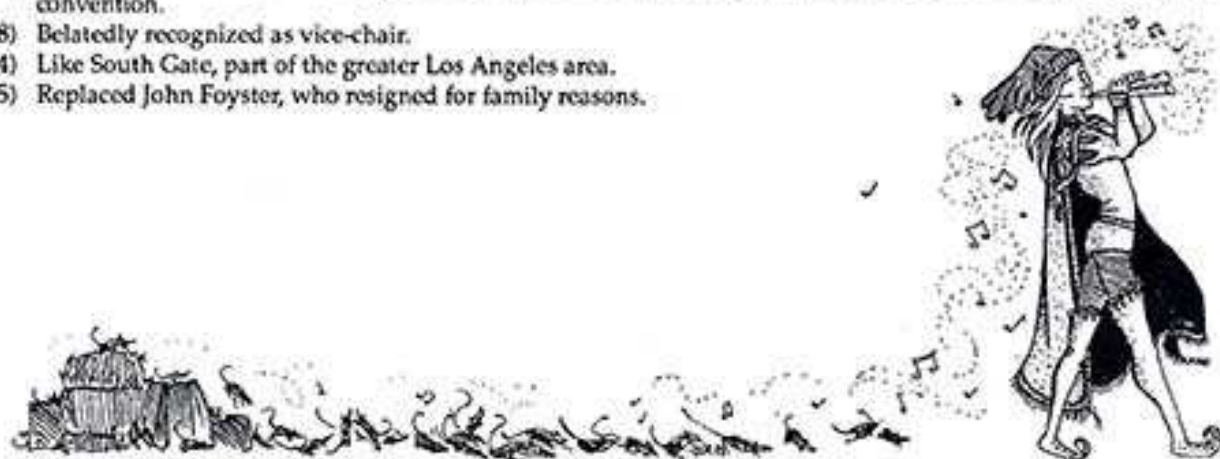
Year	Name	City	Site	Guests of Honour	Chairwo/man	Attendance*
1939	Nycon I	New York	Caravan Hall	Frank R. Paul	Sam Moskowitz	200
1940	Chicon I	Chicago	Hotel Chicagoan	Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.	Mark Reinsberg	128
1941	Devention I	Denver	Shirley-Savoy Hotel	Robert A. Heinlein	Olon F. Wiggins	90
1946	Pacificon I	Los Angeles	Park View Manor	A.E. van Vogt, E. Mayne Hull	Walter J. Daugherty	130
1947	Philcon I	Philadelphia	Penn-Sheraton Hotel	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Milton Rothman	200
1948	Torcon I	Toronto	RAI Purdey Studios	Robert Bloch (pro), Bob Tucker (fan)	Ned McKeown	200
1949	Convention I	Cincinnati	Hotel Metropole	Lloyd A. Eshbach (pro), Tod Carnell (fan)	Don Ford (1)	190
1950	NORWESCON	Portland	Multnomah Hotel	Anthony Boucher	Donald B. Day	400
1951	Nolacon I	New Orleans	St. Charles Hotel	Fritz Leiber	Harry B. Moore	190
1952	TASPIC (2)	Chicago	Hotel Morrison	Hugo Gernsback	Julian C. May	870
1953	11th Worldcon (3)	Philadelphia	Bellevue-Stratford	Willy Ley	Milton Rothman (4)	750
1954	SFCon	San Francisco	Sir Francis Drake Hotel	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Lester Cole, Gary Nelson	700
1955	Cleveland	Cleveland	Manger Hotel	Isaac Asimov (pro), Sam Moskowitz (Mystery Goff)	Nick Falasca, Norcen Falasca	380
1956	NEWYORCON (5)	New York	Biltmore Hotel	Arthur C. Clarke	David A. Kyle	850
1957	Loncon I	London	King's Court Hotel	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Ted Carnell	268
1958	Solacon	South Gate (6)	Alexandria Hotel	Richard Matheson	Anna S. Moffat	322
1959	Detention	Detroit	Pick-Fort Shelby Hotel	Poul Anderson (fan), John Berry (fan)	Roger Sims, Fred Prophet	371
1960	Pittcon	Pittsburg	Penn-Sheraton Hotel	James Blish	Dirce Archer	568
1961	Seacon	Seattle	Hyatt House	Robert A. Heinlein	Wally Weber	300
1962	Chicon III	Chicago	Pick-Congress Hotel	Theodore Sturgeon	Earl Kemp	550
1963	Discon I	Washington, D.C.	Statler-Hilton Hotel	Murray Leinster	George Scithers	600
1964	Pacificon II	Oakland	Hotel Leamington	Leigh Brackett (pro), Edmond Hamilton (pro), Forrest J. Ackerman (fan)	J. Ben Stark, Al haLevy	523
1965	Loncon II	London	Mount Royal Hotel	Brian W. Aldiss	Ella Parker	350
1966	Tricon	Cleveland (7)	Sheraton-Cleveland	L. Sprague de Camp	Ben Jason (7)	850
1967	Nycon 3	New York	Statler-Hilton Hotel	Lester del Rey (pro), Bob Tucker (fan)	Ted White, Dave Van Arnam	1500
1968	Baycon	Oakland	Hotel Claremont	Philip Jose Farmer (pro), Walter J. Daugherty (fan)	Bill Donaho, Alva Rogers, J. Ben Stark	1430
1969	St. Louiscon	St. Louis	Chase-Park Plaza	Jack Gaughan (pro), Eddie Jones (TAFF) (8)	Ray Fisher, Joyce Fisher	1534
1970	Helcon '70 International	Heidelberg	Heidelberg Stadthalle	Robert Silverberg (US), E.C. Tubb (UK), Herbert W. Franke (Ger.), Elliot K. Shorter (fan)	Manfred Kage	620
1971	Noreascon I	Boston	Sheraton-Boston Hotel	Clifford D. Simak (pro), Harry Warner, Jr. (fan)	Tony Lewis	1600
1972	L.A. Con I	Los Angeles	International Hotel	Frederik Pohl (pro), Robert and Juanita Coulson (fan)	Charles Crayne, Bruce Peltz	2007
1973	Torcon 2	Toronto	Royal York Hotel	Robert Bloch (pro), William Rotsler (fan)	John Millard	2900
1974	Discon II	Washington, D.C.	Sheraton Park Hotel	Roger Zelazny (pro), Jay Kay Klein (fan)	Jay Haldeman, Ron Bounds	3587
1975	Aussiecon One	Melbourne	Southern Cross Hotel	Ursula K. Le Guin (pro), Susan Wood (fan), Michael Glicksohn (fan)	Robin Johnson	606
1976	MidAmeriCon	Kansas City, Mo.	Radisson Muehlebach Hotel	Donald Tuck (Australian)	Ken Keller	2800
1977	SunCon	Miami Beach	and Philip House Hotel Fontainebleau	Robert A. Heinlein (pro), George Barr (fan)	Don Lundry	2050
1978	IguanaCon II (9)	Phoenix	Hyatt Regency and Adams Hotels, Phoenix Convention Center and Symphony Hall	Jack Williamson (pro), Robert A. Madle (fan), Harlan Ellison (pro), Bill Bowers (fan)	Tim Kyger, Gary Farber (10)	4700

The World Science Fiction Conventions from 1939 to 1992

Year	Name	City	Site	Guests of Honour	Chairwo/man	Attendance*
1979	Seacon '79	Brighton	Metropole Hotel	Brian Aldiss (UK), Fritz Leiber (US), Harry Bell (fan)	Peter Weston	3114
1980	Noreascon II	Boston	Sheraton-Boston Hotel and Hynes Civic Auditorium	Damon Knight (pro), Kate Wilhelm (pro), Bruce Pelz (fan)	Leslie Turek	5850
1981	Denvention Two	Denver	Denver Hilton Hotel	Clifford D. Simak (pro), C.L. Moore (pro), Rusty Hevelin (fan)	Suzanne Carnival, Don C. Thompson	3792
1982	Chicon IV	Chicago	Hyatt Regency Chicago	A. Bertram Chandler (pro), Frank Kelly Freas (pro), Lee Hoffman (fan)	Ross Pavlac, Larry Propp	4275
1983	ConStellation	Baltimore	Baltimore Convention Centre	John Brunner (pro), David A. Kyle (fan)	Michael Walsh	6400
1984	L.A. Con II	Anaheim (11)	Anaheim Hilton & Towers & Convention Center	Gordon R. Dickson (pro), Dick Eney (fan)	Craig Miller, Milt Stevens	8365
1985	Aussiecon Two	Melbourne	Souther Cross, Victoria and Sheraton Hotels	Gene Wolfe (pro), Ted White (fan)	David Cripp (12)	1599
1986	ConFederation	Atlanta	Marriott Marquis and Atlanta Hilton & Towers	Ray Bradbury (pro), Terry Carr (fan)	Penny Frierson, Ron Zukowski	5811
1987	Conspiracy '87	Brighton	Metropole Hotel and Brighton Conference Centre	Doris Lessing (UK), Alfred Bester (US), Arkady and Boris Strugatsky (USSR), Jim Burns (Artist GOLF), Ray Harryhausen (Film GOLF), Joyce and Ken Slater (fan), David Langford (special fan)	Malcolm Edwards	5300
1988	Nolacon II	New Orleans	Marriott, Sheraton, and International Hotels	Donald A. Wollheim (pro), Roger Sims (fan)	John H. Guidry	5300
1989	Noreascon III	Boston	Sheraton-Boston Hotel and Hynes Convention Center	Andre Norton (pro), Ian and Betty Ballantine (pro), The Stranger Club (fan)	Mark Olson	7700
1990	ConFiction	The Hague	Netherlands Congress Centre	Harry Harrison (pro), Wolfgang Jeschke (pro), Joe Haldeman (pro), Andrew Porter (fan)	Kees van Toorn	???
1991	Chicon V	Chicago	Hyatt Regency Chicago	Hal Clement (pro), Martin H. Greenberg (pro), Richard Powers (pro), Jon & Joni Stopa (fan)	Kathleen Meyer	???
1992	MagiCon	Orlando	Orange County Convention and Civic Centre and The Peabody Hotel	Jack Vance (pro), Vincent Di Fate (pro), Walter A. Willis	Joe Siclari	???

* This is the number of people attending the convention, not the total membership.

- 1 (1949) Officially only Secretary-Treasurer; Charles R. Tanner had the honorary title of Chairman.
- 2 (1952) For "Tenth Anniversary Science Fiction Convention"; popularly known as Chicon II.
- 3 (1953) Popularly known as Philcon II.
- 4 (1953) Replaced James A. Williams as Chairman upon Williams' death.
- 5 (1956) popularly known as Nycon II.
- 6 (1958) Physically in Los Angeles, but (by mayoral proclamation) technically in South Gate.
- 7 (1966) Officially jointly hosted by Cleveland, Detroit, and Cincinnati (hence "tricon"), with Detroit's Howard DeVore and Cincinnati's Lou Tabakow as Associate Chairmen.
- 8 (1969) replaced Ted White, who withdrew as fan Guest of Honor to dramatize the TAFF winner.
- 9 (1978) This Worldcon was the first IguanaCon, but was labeled IguanaCon II because of a previous hoax convention.
- 10 (1978) Belatedly recognized as vice-chair.
- 11 (1984) Like South Gate, part of the greater Los Angeles area.
- 12 (1985) Replaced John Foyster, who resigned for family reasons.



The Science Fiction Achievement Nominees



Best Novel

- *The Boat of a Million Years*, by Paul Anderson (Tor)
- *Prentice Alvin*, by Orson Scott Card (Tor)
- *A Fire in the Sun*, by George Alec Effinger (Doubleday/Foundation)
- *Hyperion*, by Tan Simmons (Doubleday/Foundation)
- *Grass*, by Sheri S. Tepper (Doubleday/Foundation)

Best Novella

- "The Mountains of Mourning," by Lois McMaster (Analog, May 89; *Borders of Infinity*, Baen)
- "A Touch of Lavender," by Megan Lindholm (IASFM, Nov 89)
- "Tiny Tango," by Judith Moffett (IASFM, Feb 89)
- "The Fathers of Stones," by Lucius Shephard (IASFM, Sep 89; *The Father of Stones*, WSFA Press)
- "Time-Out," by Connie Willis (IASFM, July 89)

Best Novelette

- "Dogwalker," by Orson Scott Card (IASFM, Nov 89)
- "Everything But Honor," by George Alec Effinger (IASFM, Feb 89; *What Might Have Been*, Vol. 1, Bantam Spectra)
- "The Prince of Oranges," by Nancy Kress (IASFM, April 89)
- "For I Have Touched the Sky," by Mike Resnick (F&SF, Dec 89)
- *Enter a Soldier. Later: Enter Another*, by Robert Silverberg, (IASFM, June 89; *Time Gate*, Baen)
- "At the Rialto," by Connie Willis (Omni, Oct 89; *The Microverse*, Bantam Spectra)

Best Short Story

- "Lost Boys," by Orson Scott Card (F&SF, Oct 89)
- "Boobs," by Suzy McKee Charnas (IASFM, July 89)
- "Computer Friendly," by Eileen Gunn (IASFM, June 89)
- "The Return of William Proxmire," by Larry Niven (*What Might Have Been*, Vol. 1, Bantam Spectra)
- "Dori Bangs," by Bruce Sterling (IASFM, Sep 89)
- "The Edge of the World," by Michael Swanwick (*Full Spectrum II*, Doubleday/Foundation)

Best Non-Fiction Book

- *Astounding Days*, by Arthur C. Clarke (Gollancz, Bantam Spectra)
- *Harlan Ellison's Watching*, by Harlan Ellison (Underwood Miller)
- *Crumbles from the Grave*, by Robert A. Heinlein, edited by Virginia Heinlein (Del Rey)
- *Dancing at the Edge of the World*, by Ursula K. Le Guin (Grove)
- *The World Beyond the Hill*, by Alexei and Cory Panshin (Tarcher)
- *Noreascon Three Souvenir Book*, edited by Greg Thokar (MCFI Press)

Best Professional Editor

- Ellen Datlow
- Gardner Dozois
- Edward L. Ferman
- David G. Hartwell
- Beth Meacham
- Charles C. Ryan
- Stanley Schmidt



Award (the Hugo)

1990

Best Dramatic Presentation

- *The Abyss*
- *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*
- *Batman*
- *Field of Dreams*
- *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*

Best Semiprozine

- *Locus* (ed. Charles N. Brown)
- *The New York Review of Science Fiction* (ed. Kathryn Cramer, David G. Hartwell & Gordon Van Gelder)
- *Thrust* (ed. D. Douglas Fratz)
- *Science Fiction Chronicle* (ed. Andrew I. Porter)
- *Interzone* (ed. David Pringle)

Best Fanzine

- *File 770* (ed. Mike Glyer)
- *FOSFAX* (ed. Timothy Lane)
- *Lan's Lantern* (ed. George "Lan" Laskowski)
- *Pirate Jenny* (edited Pat Mueller)
- *The Mad 3 Party* (ed. Leslie Turek)

John W. Campbell Award (not a Hugo)

- John Cramer¹
- Nancy Collins¹
- Katherine Neville¹
- Kristine Kathryn Rusch²
- Allen Steele²

¹first year of eligibility ²second and final year of eligibility

Best Professional Artist

- Jim Burns
- Thomas Canty
- David Cherry
- James Gurney
- Tom Kidd
- Don Maitz
- Michael Whelan

Best Fan Writer

- Mike Glyer
- Arthur D. Hlavaty
- Dave Langford
- Evelyn Leeper
- Leslie Turek

Best Fan Artist

- Steve Fox
- Teddy Harvia
- Merle Insinga
- Joe Mayhew
- Stu Shiffman
- Taral Wayne

Best Original Artwork (not a Hugo)

- *Quozl*, cover by James Gurney (Ace)
- *The Stress of Her Regard*, cover by James Gurney (Ace)
- *Rimrunners*, cover by Don Maitz (Warner/Questar)
- *Hyperion*, cover by Gary Ruddell (Doubleday/Foundation, Bantam Spectra)
- *Paradise*, cover by Michael Whelan (Tor)
- *The Renegades of Pern*, cover by Michael Whelan (Del Rey)

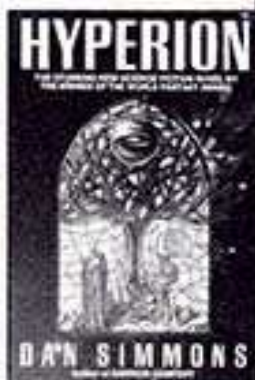




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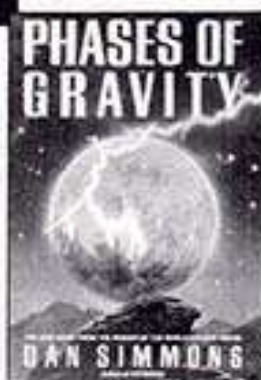
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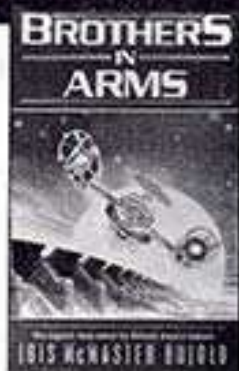


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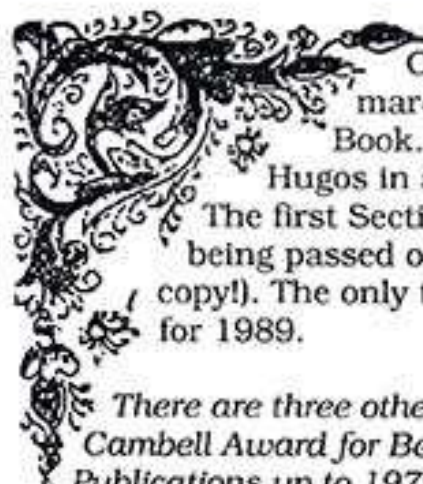
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HEADLINE

The Science Fiction Achievement Awards (the Hugos) in the Past



On the following pages the glories of the past marches by, as is done by every Programme Souvenir Book. This time, however, we also wanted to show the Hugos in a different form as well.

The first Section shows you the official Hugo listing, as it is being passed on by Noreascon III (many, many thanks for the copy!). The only thing we added was, of course, the Hugo Awards for 1989.

There are three other awards included in the list, being the John F. Cambell Award for Best New Writer (sponsored by Condé Nast Publications up to 1979, and then taken over by Davis Publications), and the Gandalf Awards in fantasy (sponsored by Lin Carter † and S.A.G.A.; discontinued in 1981). They are not Hugos, but they were voted on by each convention's membership. The third award is the Special Award. They are determined directly by a Worldcon Committee without any popular nominations or vote.

After the customary 1990 Hugo Award Nominees we've included a second section, but this time by category. Now you can see in a glance all the novels, novellas, novelettes, short stories, etc.: all categories together.

The last section is an alphabetic index of all people who have won a Hugo, together with the year in which they won. See for your favorite fan, author, artist or editor (and how many Osc...euh... Hugos they won. We have, however, excluded the Hugos for Dramatic Presentation, Professional Magazine or Publisher, those being rather awarded to categories than to persons. The editors of Fanzines are included, of course, as well as editors of Prozines. For the sake of brevity we also left out the Campbell and Gandalf Award, and the Special Awards (you'll find them in the official listing.



Have fun!

1. Official listing of Past Hugo and Other Award Winners

- 1989: Novel: *Cyteen*, by C.J. Cherryh
 Novella: "The Last of the Winnebagoes" by Orson Scott Card
 Novelette: "Schrödinger's Kitten" by George Alec Effinger
 Short Story: "Kirinyaga" by Mike Resnick
 Non-Fiction Book: *The Motion of Light in Water*, by Samuel R. Delany
 Dramatic Presentation: *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*
 Professional Editor: Gardner Dozois
 Professional Artist: Michael Whelan
 Semi-prozine: *Locus* (Charles N. Brown, ed.)
 Fanzine: *File 770* (Mike Glyer, ed.)
 Fan Writer: David Langford
 Fan Artist: Brad Foster, Diana Gallagher Wu (tie)
 Campbell Award: Michaela Roessner
- 1988: Novel: *The Uplift War* by David Brin
 Novella: "Eye for Eye" by Orson Scott Card
 Novelette: "Buffalo Gals, Won't You Come Out Tonight" by Ursula K. Le Guin
 Short Story: "Why I Left Harry's All-Night Hamburgers" by Lawrence Watt-Evans
 Non-Fiction Book: *Michael Whelan's Works of Wonder* by Michael Whelan
 Dramatic Presentation: *The Princess Bride*
 Professional Editor: Gardner Dozois
 Professional Artist: Michael Whelan
 Semi-prozine: *Locus* (Charles N. Brown, ed.)
 Fanzine: *Texas SF Inquirer* (Pat Mueller, ed.)
 Fan Writer: Mike Glyer
 Fan Artist: Brad Foster
 Campbell Award: Judith Moffett
 Special Award: The SF Oral History Association
- 1987: Novel: *Speaker for the Dead* by Orson Scott Card
 Novella: "Galgamesh in the Outback" by Robert Silverberg
 Novelette: "Permafrost" by Roger Zelazny
 Short Story: "Tangents" by Greg Bear
 Non-Fiction Book: *Trillion Year Spree* by Brian 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
- 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 Glyer
 Fan Artist: Joan Hanke-Woods
 Campbell Award: Melissa Scott
- 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 Glyer, ed.)
 Fan Writer: Dave Langford
 Fan Artist: Alexis Gilliland
 Campbell Award: Lucius Shepard
- 1984: Novel: *Starline 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 Glyer, ed.)
 Fan Writer: Mike Glyer
 Fan Artist: Alexis Gilliland
 Campbell Award: R. A. MacAvoy
- 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: *Blade Runner*
 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
- 1982: Novel: *Downbelow Station* by C. J. Cherryh
 Novella: "The Saturn Game" by Paul Anderson
 Novelette: "Unicorn Variation" by Roger Zelazny
 Short Story: "The Pusher" by John Varley
 Non-Fiction Book: *Dance Machine* 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"
- 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
- 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
- 1979: Novel: *Dreamsnake* by Vonda McIntyre
 Novella: "The Persistence of Vision" by John Varley
 Novelette: "Hunter's Moon" by Paul 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

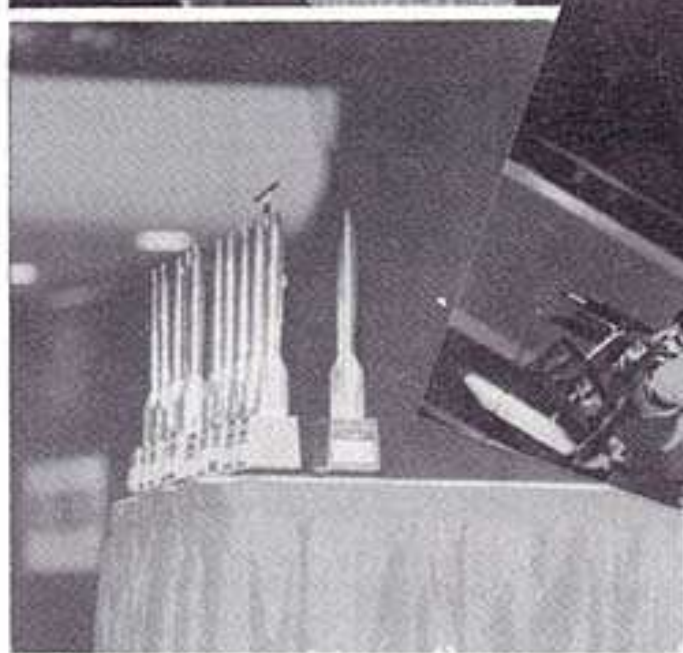
- 1978: Novel: *Gateway* by Frederik Pohl
 Novella: "Stardance" by Spider and Jeanne Robinson
 Novelette: "Eyes of Amber" by Joan D. Vinge
 Short Story: "Jeffy Is Five" by Harlan Ellison
 Dramatic Presentation: *Star Wars*
 Professional Editor: George H. Scithers
 Professional Artist: Rick Sternbach
 Amateur Magazine: *Locus* (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
- 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
- 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
- 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
- 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

- 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: *Emergence* (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'Encyclopédie de l'Utopie et de la science fiction*
- 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
- 1971: Novel: *Ringworld* by Larry Niven
 Novella: "I'll 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
- 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
- 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 Caughan
 Fanzine: *Science Fiction Review* (Richard E. Geis, ed.)
 Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr.
 Fan Artist: George Barr
 Special Award: Neil Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin, and Michael Collins for
 "The Best Moon Landing Ever"

- 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*
- 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: *Nictus* (Ed Meskys and Felice Roife, eds.)
 Fan Writer: Alexei Panshin
 Fan Artist: Jack Gaughan
 Special Award: CBS Television for 21st Century
- 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 Cazadesmus,
 Jr., ed.)
 Best All-Time Series: the "Foundation" series by
 Isaac Asimov
- 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: *Yondro* (Robert and Juanita Coulson, eds.)
- 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.)
- 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 fiction
 articles in *Fantasy & Science Fiction*
- 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
- 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: *Asiomatics/Analog*
 Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller
 Fanzine: *Who Killed Science Fiction?* (Earl Kemp, ed.)
- 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"
- 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 Ellick and Terry Carr,
 eds.)
 New Author of 1958: (No Award, but Brian W.
 Aldiss received a plaque as runner-up)
- 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 Actfan: Walter A. Willis
- 1957: American Professional Magazine: *Asiomatics*
 British Professional Magazine: *New Worlds*
 Fan Magazine: *Science-Fiction Times* (James V.
 Taurasi, Sr., Ray Van Houten, and
 Frank Prieto, eds.)
- 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: *Asiomatics*
 Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
 Fan Magazine: *Inside & Science Fiction Advertiser*
 (Ron Smith ed.)
 Most Promising New Author: Robert Silverberg
 Book Reviewer: Damon Knight
- 1955: Novel: *They'd Rather Be Right* by Mark Clifton and
 Frank Riley
 Novelette: "The Dorfsteller" by Walter M. Miller, Jr.
 Short Story: "Allamagoosa" by Eric Frank Russell
 Magazine: *Asiomatics*
 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
- 1954: (No awards given)
- 1953: Novel: *The Demolished Man* by Alfred Bester
 Professional Magazine: *Galaxy* and
Asiomatics (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

■ ■ ■



Hugo Awards

2. Listing of Past Hugo Winners By Category

year	Best Novel	Best Novella	Best Novelette	Best Short Story
1953	Alfred Bester <i>The Demolished Man</i>			
1954	No Awards Given	No Awards Given	No Awards Given	No Awards Given
1955	Mark Clifton & Frank Riley <i>They'd Rather Be Right</i>		Walter M. Miller, Jr. <i>The Darksteller</i>	Eric Frank Russell <i>Allamagoosa</i>
1956	Robert A. Heinlein <i>Double Star</i>		Murray Leinster <i>The Exploration Team</i>	Arthur C. Clarke <i>The Star</i>
1957	No Award			
1958	Fritz Leiber <i>The Big Time</i>		See: Novel	Avram Davidson <i>Or All the Seas with Oysters</i>
1959	James Blish <i>A Case of Conscience</i>		Clifford D. Simak <i>The Big Front Yard</i>	Robert Bloch <i>That Hell-Bound Train</i>
1960	Robert A. Heinlein <i>Starship Troopers</i>			Daniel Keys <i>Flowers for Algernon</i>
1961	Walter M. Miller <i>A Canticle for Leibowitz</i>			Poul Anderson <i>The Longest Voyage</i>
1962	Robert A. Heinlein <i>Stranger in a Strange Land</i>			Brian Aldiss The "Hothouse" series
1963	Philip K. Dick <i>The Man in the High Castle</i>			Jack Vance <i>The Dragon Masters</i>
1964	Clifford D. Simak <i>Way Station</i>			Poul Anderson <i>No Truce with Kings</i>
1965	Fritz Leiber <i>The Wanderer</i>			Gordon R. Dickson <i>Soldier Ask Not</i>
1966	Frank Herbert <i>Dune</i> Roger Zelazny (tie) <i>And Call Me Conrad</i>			Harlan Ellison <i>'Repent, Harlequin' Said the Ticktockman</i>
1967	Robert A. Heinlein <i>The Moon is a Harsh Mistress</i>		Jack Vance <i>The Last Castle</i>	Larry Niven <i>Neutron Star</i>
1968	Roger Zelazny <i>Lord of Light</i>	Anne McCaffrey <i>Weyr Search</i> Philip Jos Farmer (tie) <i>Riders of the Purple Wage</i>	Fritz Leiber <i>Gonna Roll the Bones</i>	Harlan Ellison <i>I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream</i>
1969	John Brunner <i>Stand on Zanzibar</i>	Robert Silverberg <i>Nightwings</i>	Poul Anderson <i>The Sharing of Flesh</i>	Harlan Ellison <i>The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World</i>
1970	Ursula K. LeGuin <i>The Left Hand of Darkness</i>	Fritz Leiber <i>Ship of Shadows</i>		Samuel R. Delany <i>Time, Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones</i>
1971	Larry Niven <i>Ringworld</i>	Fritz Leiber <i>Ill Met in Lankmar</i>		Theodore Sturgeon <i>Slow Sculpture</i>
1972	Philip José Farmer <i>To You Scattered Bodies Go</i>	Poul Anderson <i>The Queen of Air and Darkness</i>		Larry Niven <i>Inconstant Moon</i>

Best Non-Fiction Book	Best Professional Editor	Best Professional Artist	Best Drama or Dramatic Presentation	year
		Ed Emshwiller and Hannes Bok (tie)		1953
No Awards Given	No Award Given	No Awards Given	No Awards Given	1954
		Frank Kelly Freas		1955
		Frank Kelly Freas		1956
				1957
		Frank Kelly Freas	Outstanding Movie: <i>The Incredible Shrinking Man</i>	1958
		Frank Kelly Freas		1959
		Ed Emshwiller	<i>The Twilight Zone</i>	1960
		Ed Emshwiller	<i>The Twilight Zone</i>	1961
		Ed Emshwiller	<i>The Twilight Zone</i>	1962
		Roy C. Krenkel		1963
		Ed Emshwiller		1964
		John Schoenherr	Special Drama <i>Dr. Strangelove</i>	1965
		Frank Frazetta		1966
		Jack Gaughan	Star Trek: <i>The Menagerie</i>	1967
		Jack Gaughan	Star Trek, Harlan Ellison: <i>City on the Edge of Forever</i>	1968
		Jack Gaughan	<i>2001, A Space Odyssey</i>	1969
		Frank Kelly Freas	<i>News coverage of Apollo XI</i>	1970
		Leo and Diane Dillon		1971
		Frank Kelly Freas	<i>A Clockwork Orange</i>	1972

Year	Best Novel	Best Novella	Best Novelette	Best Short Story
1973	Isaac Asimov <i>The Gods Themselves</i>	Ursula K. LeGuin <i>The Word for the World is Forest</i>	Poul Anderson <i>Goat Song</i>	R.A. Lafferty <i>Eurema's Dam</i> Frederik Pohl & C.M. Kornbluth (tie) <i>The Meeting</i>
1974	Arthur C. Clarke <i>Rendezvous with Rama</i>	James Tiptree, Jr. <i>The Girl Who Was Plugged In</i>	Harlan Ellison <i>The Deathbird</i>	Ursula LeGuin <i>The Ones Who Walk Away From Omelas</i>
1975	Ursula LeGuin <i>The Dispossessed</i>	George R.R. Martin <i>A Song for Lya</i>	Harlan Ellison <i>Adrift Just Off the Islets of Langerhans</i>	Larry Niven <i>The Hole Man</i>
1976	Joe Haldeman <i>The Forever War</i>	Roger Zelazny <i>Home Is the Hangman</i>	Larry Niven <i>The Borderland of Sol</i>	Fritz Leiber <i>Catch That Zeppelin!</i>
1977	Kate Wilhelm <i>Were Late the Sweet Birds Sang</i>	Spider Robinson <i>By Any Other Name</i> James Tiptree, Jr. (tie) <i>Houston, Houston, Do You Read?</i>	Isaac Asimov <i>The Bicentennial Man</i>	Joe Haldeman <i>Tricentennial</i>
1978	Frederik Pohl <i>Gateway</i>	Spider & Jeanne Robinson <i>Stardance</i>	Joan D. Vinge <i>Eyes of Amber</i>	Harlan Ellison <i>Jeffy is Five</i>
1979	Vonda McIntyre <i>Dreamsnake</i>	John Varley <i>The Persistence of Vision</i>	Poul Anderson <i>Hunter's Moon</i>	C.J. Cherryh <i>Cassandra</i>
1980	Arthur C. Clarke <i>The Fountains of Paradise</i>	Barry B. Longyear <i>Enemy Mine</i>	George R.R. Martin <i>Sandkings</i>	George R.R. Martin <i>The Way of Cross and Dragon</i>
1981	Joan D. Vinge <i>The Snow Queen</i>	Gordon Dickson <i>Lost Dorsai</i>	Gordon J. Dickson <i>The Cloak and the Staff</i>	Clifford D. Simak <i>Grotto of the Dancing Bear</i>
1982	C.J. Cherryh <i>Downdelkoto Station</i>	Poul Anderson <i>The Saturn Game</i>	Roger Zelazny <i>Unicorn Variation</i>	John Varley <i>The Pusher</i>
1983	Isaac Asimov <i>Foundations's Edge</i>	Joanna Russ <i>Souls</i>	Connie Willis <i>Fire Watch</i>	Spider Robinson <i>Melancholy Elephants</i>
1984	David Brin <i>Startide Rising</i>	Timothy Zahn <i>Cascade Point</i>	Greg Bear <i>Blood Music</i>	Octavia Butler <i>Speech Sounds</i>
1985	William Gibson <i>Neuromancer</i>	John Varley <i>PRESS ENTER ■</i>	Octavia Butler <i>Bloodchild</i>	David Brin <i>The Crystal Spheres</i>
1986	Orson Scott Card <i>Ender's game</i>	Roger Zelazny <i>Twenty-four Views of Mount Fuji, by Hokusai</i>	Harlan Ellison <i>Paladin of the Lost Hour</i>	Frederik Pohl <i>Fermi and Frost</i>
1987	Orson Scott Card <i>Speakers for the Dead</i>	Robert Silverberg <i>Gilgamesh in the Outback</i>	Roger Zelazny <i>Permafrost</i>	Greg Bear <i>Tangents</i>
1988	David Brin <i>The Uplift War</i>	Orson Scott Card <i>Eye for Eye</i>	Ursula LeGuin <i>Buffalo Gals, Won't You Come Out Tonight</i>	Lawrence Watt-Evans <i>Why I Left Harry's All-Night Hamburgers</i>
1989	C.J. Cherryh <i>Cyteen</i>	Connie Willis <i>The Last of the Winnebagoes</i>	George Alec Effinger <i>Schrödinger's Kitten</i>	Mike Resnick <i>Kirinyaga</i>

Best Non-Fiction	Best Professional Editor	Best Professional Artist	Best Dramatic Presentation	Year
	Ben Bova	Frank Kelly Freas	<i>Slaughterhouse Five</i>	1973
	Ben Bova	Frank Kelly Freas	<i>Sleeper</i>	1974
	Ben Bova	Frank Kelly Freas	<i>Young Frankenstein</i>	1975
	Ben Bova	Frank Kelly Freas	<i>A Boy and His Dog</i>	1976
	Ben Bova	Rick Sternbach		1977
	George H. Scithers	Rick Sternbach	<i>Star Wars</i>	1978
	Ben Bova	Vincent Di Fate	<i>Superman</i>	1979
Peter Nichols, ed. <i>The Science Fiction Encyclopedia</i>	George H. Scithers	Michael Whelan	<i>Alien</i>	1980
Carl Sagan <i>Cosmos</i>	Edward L. Ferman	Michael Whelan	<i>The Empire Strikes Back</i>	1981
Stephen King <i>Danse Macabre</i>	Edward L. Ferman	Michael Whelan	<i>Raiders of the Lost Ark</i>	1982
James Gunn <i>Isaac Asimov: The Foundations of Science Fiction</i>	Edward L. Ferman	Michael Whelan	<i>Bladerunner</i>	1983
Donald Tuck <i>Encyclopedia of Science Fiction & Fantasy, vol. III</i>	Shawna McCarthy	Michael Whelan	<i>Return of the Jedi</i>	1984
Jack Williamson <i>Wonder's Child: My Life in Science Fiction</i>	Terry Carr	Michael Whelan	<i>2010</i>	1985
Tom Weller <i>Science Made Stupid</i>	Judy-Lynn del Rey (declined by Lester del Rey)	Michael Whelan	<i>Back to the Future</i>	1986
Brian Aldiss, with David Wingrove <i>Trillion Year Spree</i>	Terry Carr	Jim Burns	<i>Aliens</i>	1987
Michael Whelan <i>Michael Whelan's Works of Wonder</i>	Gardner Dozois	Michael Whelan	<i>The Princess Bride</i>	1988
Samuel R. Delany <i>The Motion of Light in Water</i>	Gardner Dozois	Michael Whelan	<i>Who Framed Roger Rabbit</i>	1989

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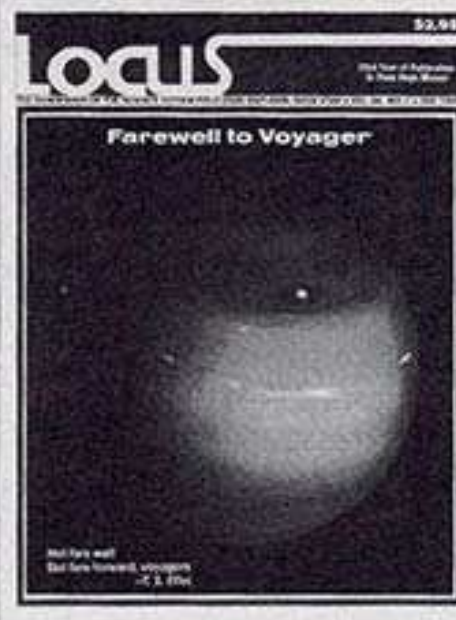
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ADDRESS _____

year	Best Professional magazine	Best Fanzine	Best Fan Writer	Best Fan
1953	<i>Galaxy</i> <i>Astounding</i> (tie)		Willy Ley	
1954	No Awards Given	<i>No Awards Given</i>	No Awards Given	No Awards Given
1955	<i>Astounding</i>			
1956	<i>Astounding</i>	<i>Inside & Science Fiction</i> <i>Advertiser</i> Ron Smith	Willy Ley	
1957	<i>Astounding</i> (US) <i>New Worlds</i> (UK)	<i>Science-Fiction Times</i> James V. Taurasi, Ray van Houten, Frank Prieto		
1958	<i>Fantasy & Science Fiction</i>			
1959	<i>Fantasy & Science Fiction</i>	<i>Fanac</i> Ron Ellick, Terry Carr		
1960	<i>Fantasy & Science Fiction</i>	<i>Cry of the Nameless</i> F.M. & Elinor Busby, Burnett Toskey, Walter Weber		
1961	<i>Astounding/Analog</i>	<i>Who Killed Science Fiction?</i> Earl Kemp		
1962	<i>Analog</i>	<i>Warhoon</i> Richard Bergeron		
1963	<i>Fantasy & Science Fiction</i>	<i>Xero</i> Richard & Pat Lupoff		
1964	<i>Analog</i>	<i>Amra</i> George Scitters		
1965	<i>Analog</i>	<i>Yandro</i> Robert & Juanita Coulson		
1966	<i>If</i>	<i>ERB-dom</i> Camille Cazedessus		
1967	<i>If</i>	<i>Nickas</i> Ed Meskys and Felix Rolfe	Alexei Panshin	Jack Gaughan
1968	<i>If</i>	<i>Amra</i> George Scitters	Ted White	George Bar
1969	<i>Fantasy & Science Fiction</i>	<i>Science Fiction Review</i> Richard E. Geis		Vaughn Bo
1970	<i>Fantasy & Science Fiction</i>	<i>Science Fiction Review</i> Richard E. Geis	Bob Tucker	Tim Kirk
1971	<i>Fantasy & Science Fiction</i>	<i>Locus</i> Charlie and Dena Brown	Richard E. Geis	Alicia Aust
1972	<i>Fantasy & Science Fiction</i>	<i>Locus</i> Charlie and Dena Brown	Harry Warner, Jr.	Tim Kirk
1973	From 1973 and onwards this category was dropped; in the future the Hugo would be awarded to Best Professional Editor.	<i>Energumen</i> Mike Glickson and Susan Wood Glickson	Terry Carr	Tim Kirk
1974	In 1984 the category <i>Semiprozine</i> was being introduced (see facing page).	<i>Algol</i> Andy Porter <i>The Alien Critic</i> Richard E. Geis (tie)	Susan Wood	Tim Kirk

Best Semiprozine	Best Fanzine	Best Fan Writer.....	Best Fan Artist	year
	<i>The Alien Critic</i> Richard E. Geis (tie)	Richard E. Geis	Bill Rotsler	1975
	<i>Locus</i> Charlie and Dena Brown	Richard E. Geis	Tim Kirk	1976
	<i>Science Fiction Review</i> Richard E. Geis	Susan Wood, Richard Geis (tie)	Phil Foglio	1977
	<i>Locus</i> Charlie and Dena Brown	Richard Geis	Phil Foglio	1978
	<i>Science Fiction Review</i> Richard E. Geis	Bob Shaw	Bill Rotsler	1979
	<i>Locus</i> Charlie and Dena Brown	Bob Shaw	Alexis Gilliland	1980
	<i>Locus</i> Charlie and Dena Brown	Susan Wood	Victoria Poyser	1981
	<i>Locus</i> Charlie and Dena Brown	Richard E. Geis	Victoria Poyser	1982
	<i>Locus</i> Charlie and Dena Brown	Richard E. Geis	Alexis Gilliland	1983
<i>Locus</i> Charles N. Brown	<i>File 770</i> Mike Glyer	Myke Glyer	Alexis Gilliland	1984
<i>Locus</i> Charles N. Brown	<i>File 770</i> Mike Glyer	Dave Langford	Alexis Gilliland	1985
<i>Locus</i> Charles N. Brown	<i>Lan's Lantern</i> George Laskowski	Mike Glyer	joan hanke-woods	1986
<i>Locus</i> Charles N. Brown	<i>Ansible</i> David Langford	Dave Langford	Brad Foster	1987
<i>Locus</i> Charles N. Brown	<i>Texas SF Enquirer</i> Pat Mueller	Mike Glyer	Brad Foster	1988
<i>Locus</i> Charles N. Brown	<i>File 770</i> Mike Glyer	Dave Langford	Brad Foster Diana Gallagher Wu (tie)	1989



Panda

Khan

3. An Index of Hugo Winners and How Many Times They Did It.

The List of Rockets states the names of the recipients in alphabetical order, followed by the year(s) in which they won a Hugo. You can easily cross-reference with List 1. to find out the categories.

We can't help it, but it seems appropriate somehow, that the list is opened with Mr. Science Fiction himself. Such is the fate of the letter A...

Ackerman, Forrest J.	1953	Glyer, Mike	1989, 1988, 1986, 1985, 1984, 1984
Aldiss, Brian	1987, 1962	Gunn, James	1983
Anderson, Poul	1982, 1979, 1973, 1972, 1969, 1964, 1961	Haldeman, Joe	1977, 1976
Asimov, Isaac	1983, 1977, 1973, 1966	hanke-woods, joan	1986
Austin, Alicia	1971	Heinlein, Robert A.	1967, 1962, 1960, 1956
Barr, George	1969, 1968	Herbert, Frank	1966
Bear, Greg	1987, 1984	Kemp, Earl	1961
Bergeron, Richard	1962	Keyes, Daniel	1960
Bester, Alfred	1953	King, Stephen	1982
Blish, James	1959	Kirk, Tim	1976, 1974, 1973, 1972, 1970
Bloch, Robert	1959	Knight, Damon	1956
Bok, Hannes	1953	Kornbluth, C. M.	1973
Bova, Ben	1979, 1977, 1976, 1975, 1974, 1973	Krenkel, Roy G.	1963
Brin, David	1988, 1985, 1984	Lafferty, R. A.	1973
Brown, Charles N.	1989, 1988, 1987, 1986, 1985, 1984, 1983, 1982, 1981, 1980, 1978, 1976, 1972, 1971	Langford, David	1989, 1987, 1987, 1985
Brown, Dena	1978, 1976, 1972, 1971	Laskowski, George	1986
Brunner, John	1969	Leiber, Fritz	1976, 1971, 1970, 1968, 1965, 1958
Burns, Jim	1987	Leinster, Murray	1956
Busby, F. M.	1960	Ley, Willy	1956, 1953
Busby, Elinor	1960	Le Guin, Ursula K.	1988, 1975, 1974, 1973, 1970
Butler, Octavia	1985, 1984	Longyear, Barry B.	1980
Card, Orson Scott	1989, 1988, 1987, 1986	Lupoff, Richard	1963
Carr, Terry	1987, 1985, 1973, 1959	Lupoff, Pat	1963
Cazedessus, Jr., Camille	1966	Martin, George R. R.	1980, 1980, 1975
Cherryh, C.J.	1989, 1982, 1979	McCaffrey, Anne	1968
Clarke, Arthur C.	1980, 1974, 1956	McCarthy, Shawna	1984
Clifton, Mark	1955	McIntyre, Vonda	1979
Coulson, Robert	1965	Meskys, Ed	1967
Coulson, Juanita	1965	Miller, Jr., Walter M.	1961, 1955
Davidson, Avram	1958	Mueller, Pat	1988
Delany, Samuel R.	1989, 1970	Nicholls, Peter	1980
Dickson, Gordon R.	1981, 1981, 1965	Niven, Larry	1976, 1975, 1972, 1971, 1967
Dick, Philip K.	1963	Panshin, Alexei	1967
DiFate, Vincent	1979	Pohl, Frederik	1986, 1978, 1973
Dillon, Leo	1971	Porter, Andrew	1974
Dillon, Diane	1971	Poyser, Victoria	1982, 1981
Dozois, Gardner	1989, 1988	Prieto, Frank	1957
Effinger, George Alec	1989	Resnick, Mike	1989
Ellik, Ron	1959	Rey, Judy Lynn del	1986 *
Ellison, Harlan	1966, 1978, 1974, 1969, 1968, 1966	Riley, Frank	1955
Emshwiller, Ed	1964, 1962, 1961, 1960, 1953	Robinson, Spider	1983, 1978, 1977
Farmer, Philip José	1972, 1968, 1953	Robinson, Jeanne	1978
Ferman, Edward L.	1983, 1982, 1981	Rolfe, Felice	1967
Finlay, Virgil	1953	Rotsler, Bill	1979, 1975
Foglio, Phil	1978, 1977	Russ, Joanna	1983
Foster, Brad	1989, 1988, 1987	Russell, Eric Frank	1955
Frazetta, Frank	1966	Sagan, Carl	1981
Freas, Frank Kelly	1976, 1975, 1974, 1973, 1972, 1970, 1959, 1958, 1956, 1955	Schoenherr, John	1965
Gallagher Wu, Diana	1989	Scithers, George H.	1980, 1978, 1968, 1964
Gaughan, Jack	1969, 1968, 1967, 1967	Shaw, Bob	1980, 1979
Geis, Richard E.	1983, 1982, 1979, 1978, 1977, 1977, 1976, 1975, 1975, 1974, 1971, 1970, 1969	Silverberg, Robert	1987, 1969, 1956
Gibson, William	1985	Simak, Clifford D.	1981, 1964, 1959
Gilliland, Alexis	1985, 1984, 1983, 1980	Smith, Ron	1956
Glicksohn, Mike	1973	Sternbach, Rick	1978, 1977
Glicksohn, Susan Wood	1973	Sturgeon, Theodore	1971
		Taurasi, Sr., James V.	1957, 1955
		Tiptree, Jr., James	1977, 1974
		Toskey, Burnett	1960
		Tuck, Donald	1984
		Tucker, Bob	1970

* Declined by Lester del Rey

Vance, Jack	1967, 1963
Van Houten, Ray	1957, 1955
Varley, John	1985, 1982, 1979
Vinge, Joan D.	1981, 1978
Warner, Jr., Harry	1972, 1969
Watt-Evans, Lawrence	1988
Weber, Wally	1960
Weller, Tom	1986
Whelan, Michael	1989, 1988, 1988, 1986, 1985, 1984, 1983, 1982, 1981, 1980
White, Ted	1968
Wilhelm, Kate	1977
Williamson, Jack	1985
Willis, Connie	1983
Willis, Walter A.	1958
Wingrove, David	1987
Wood, Susan	1981, 1977, 1974
Zahn, Timothy	1984
Zelazny, Roger	1987, 1986, 1982, 1976, 1968, 1966 ■

Ties and other tidbits

The first tie appeared already in 1953, the year when it all started, when Hannes Bok and Ed Emshwiller dragged their Hugos home for Best Cover Artist.

1960 was the only year in which no less than 4 winners in 1 category were announced: the editors of the fanzine *Cry of the Nameless*.

In 1966 Frank Herbert and Roger Zelazny walked up the dais, tied for their novels, and in 1968 Anne McCaffrey and Philip José Farmer did the same in the category Novellas. It was, by all means, a special year for Harlan Ellison too, who not only won the Hugo for Short Story, but also a Special Award for *Dangerous Visions*, while the Star Trek episode *City on the Edge of Forever* also got a Hugo. Guess who smiled.

Harlan was also the only one to receive two Special Awards, when he got his second one for *Again Dangerous Visions*. 'Again' indeed.

1973 was the only year where the Hugo for Short Story was split between three: R.A. Lafferty got one Hugo, and Fred Pohl and Cyril Kornbluth the other two, for Short Story.

The Campbell Award is not a Hugo, but a tie is a tie, and Lisa Tuttle and Spider Robinson didn't mind at all when they split the Award in 1974. It was a busy year for ties anyhow, for Andy Porter and Richard Geis tied for the Fanzine Hugo.

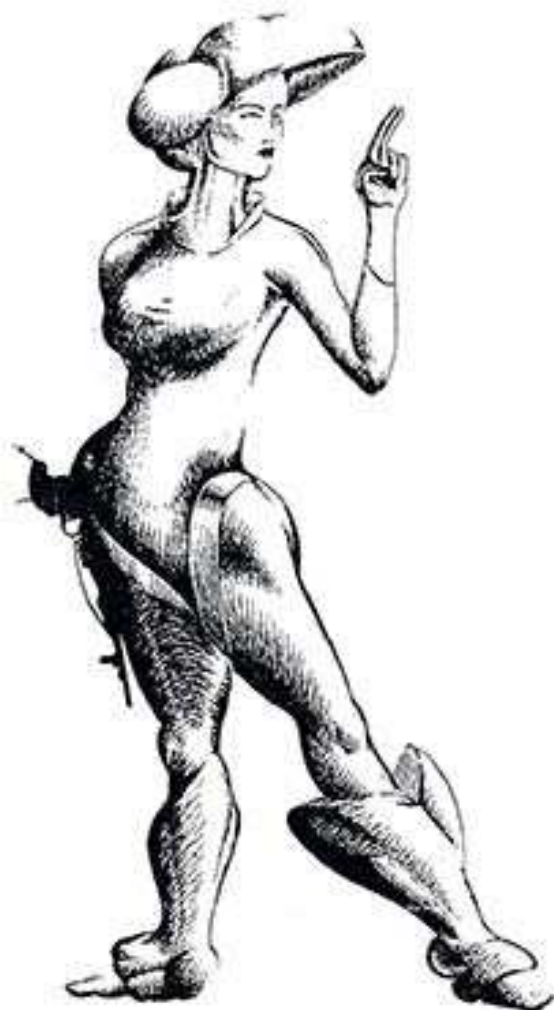
Next year Richard did even better by grabbing two Hugos for Fanzine and Fan Writer, the first time that this happened. He did it again in 1977. In 1984 Myke Glyer pulled the same stunt (for the same categories), and in 1987 Dave Langford repeated this feat.

In 1977 Spider Robinson and James Tiptree tied for the Novella. It was the only year with two ties.

In 1980 George R.R. Martin also made the two trips to the dais to receive a Hugo for Novelette and one for Short Story. Evidently Gordon Dickson liked what he saw: he did it next year with the Novella and the Novelette. And so did Michael Whelan, in 1988, when he collected his Hugos for Professional Artist and for Non-Fiction. ■

Finally... who won more than 1 Hugo?

Aldiss, Brian W.	2	Robinson, Spider	3
Barr, George	2	Silverberg, Robert	3
Bear, Greg	2	Simak, Clifford D.	3
Butler, Octavia	2	Varley, John	3
Delany, Samuel R.	2	Wood, Susan	4
Dozois, Gardner	2	Asimov, Isaac	4
Haldeman, Joe	2	Brown, Dena	4
Ley, Willy	2	Card, Orson Scott	4
Miller, Jr., Walter M.	2	Carr, Terry	4
Poyser, Victoria	2	Gaughan, Jack	4
Rotsler, Bill	2	Gilliland, Alexis	4
Shaw, Bob	2	Heinlein, Robert A.	4
Sternbach, Rick	2	Langford, Dave	4
Taurasi, Sr., James V.	2	Seithers, George H.	4
Tiptree, Jr., James	2	Emshwiller, Ed	5
Vance, Jack	2	Kirk, Tim	5
Van Houten, Ray	2	Le Guin, Ursula K.	5
Vinge, Joan D.	2	Niven, Larry	5
Warner, Jr., Harry	2	Bova, Ben	6
Brin, David	3	Glyer, Mike	6
Cherryh, C.J.	3	Leiber, Fritz	6
Clarke, Arthur C.	3	Zelazny, Roger	6
Dickson, Gordon R.	3	Anderson, Poul	7
Farmer, Philip José	3	Ellison, Harlan	7
Ferman, Edward L.	3	Freas, Frank Kelly	10
Foster, Brad	3	Whelan, Michael	10
Martin, George R. R.	3	Geis, Richard E.	13
Pohl, Frederik	3	Brown, Charles N.	14





CONSTITUTION

of the World Science Fiction Society, September 1989

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. 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.
- 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 for a limited fee shall affect only Worldcons after 1991.
- 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 member of either the administering or the immediately preceding Worldcon 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 as set by the administering convention but no earlier than the close of the corresponding Worldcon voting for a prospective NASFiC bid.
- Section 5:** To ensure equitable distribution of sites, North America is divided into three (3) regions as follows: *Western:* Baja California, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Saskatchewan, and all states and provinces westward 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 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.
- 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. The quorum for the Business Meeting shall be twelve members of the Society physically present.
- Section 5:** Each future selected Worldcon Committee shall designate an official representative to the Business Meeting to answer questions about their Worldcon.
- Section 6:** 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. Newly elected members take their seats, and the term of office ends for elected and appointed members whose terms expire that year, at the end of the Business Meeting. 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 7:** 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 8:** 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 9:** 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 10:** 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:



Donald E. Eastlake, III
Chairman 1989 WSFS Business Meeting



Kent Bloom
Secretary



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Donald E. Eastlake, III
Chairman 1989 WSFS Business Meeting



Kent Bloom
Secretary



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:** (a) Nominations from the floor for election to the Mark Registration and Protection Committee shall be allowed at each Preliminary Business Meeting. To be listed on the ballot, a nominee must, before the end of the last Preliminary Business Meeting, submit to the Presiding Officer, in writing, their consent and place of residence.
(b) 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. Write-in candidates who do not submit their written consent and place of residence before the ballots are collected shall be ignored. The ballot shall list, with each nominee, their place of residence and shall omit all nominees who can not be elected due to the zonal residence restrictions in the Constitution. In interpreting said zonal residence restrictions, members of the Committee shall represent their zone of residence at the time of their election for their entire 3-year term, i.e., the phrase "at the time of election" in the Constitution means "at the time at which they were elected."
(c) The first seat filled will be filled by normal preferential ballot procedures. That person's votes, as well as votes for any other nominee who has now become ineligible (because a zone's quota is filled), will be eliminated, and the procedures will be restarted from the beginning. This continues until all places are filled.
- 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 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:** At the Site-Selection Meeting fifteen (15) minutes shall be allotted to each of the 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 a first question. Questions are limited to fifteen (15) seconds and answers to two (2) minutes. Any of these time limits may be adjusted for any presentation or question by majority vote. 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:



Donald E. Eastlake, III

Chairman

1989 WSFS Business Meeting

Kent Bloom

Secretary

WSFS Standing Rules — continued —

WSFS Constitution — continued —

WSFS Constitution — continued —

Business Passed on to *ConFiction* — continued —

WSFS Constitution, Standing Rules, & Business Passed on to *ConFiction*
typeset by Donald E. Eastlake, III, proofread by George P. Flynn.

■ ■ ■

Business Passed On to ConFiction

Items 1 through 4 below have been given first passage, and will become part of the Constitution if ratified at ConFiction.

- Item 1:** **Short Title: NASFiC Skipping**
MOVED, to amend the WSFS Constitution by adding the following at the end of Article III, Section 6:
“(4) If ‘None of the Above’ wins on the first ballot, then no NASFiC shall be held and all voting fees shall be refunded.”

Under the present provisions, if “None of the Above” beats all the candidates for NASFiC, then the Business Meeting gets to choose the NASFiC site and committee. If this amendment is ratified, there would, instead, be no NASFiC.

- Item 2:** **Short Title: Additional Financial Reports**
MOVED, to amend the WSFS Constitution by replacing the last sentence of Article I, Section 8, with the following:
“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. Each Worldcon Committee shall submit a report on its cumulative surplus/loss at the next Business Meeting after its Worldcon. In the event of a surplus, subsequent annual financial reports regarding the disbursement of said Worldcon surplus shall be filed at each year’s Business Meeting by the Worldcon committee, or any alternative organizational entity established to oversee and disburse that surplus, until the surplus is totally expended or an amount equal to the original surplus has been disbursed.

This would require reports from a Worldcon committee until it has disposed of an amount of money equal to its surplus coming out of its convention.

- Item 3:** **Short Title: Membership Cut-Off for Hugo Nominating**
MOVED, to amend Article II, Section 18, first sentence, of the WSFS Constitution by inserting after the words “each member of the administering or the immediately preceding Worldcon” the words “as of December 31st of the previous calendar year”.

This motion provides a definite cut-off date for eligibility to nominate for the Hugos. It will make administering the Hugo awards easier and give members notice of how early they need to join to be sure they can nominate. In addition, given the usual timing of nomination ballot distribution, it would make casual nomination by those sending in a supporting membership fee with their nomination ballot impossible. They would have to already be a member of the administering or previous Worldcon when they nominate.

- Item 4:** **Short Title: Membership Fees**
MOVED to amend Article I, Section 5, of the WSFS Constitution by striking the words “This fee must not exceed the minimum voting fee” at the beginning of sentence number 4 and inserting in place thereof “This fee must not exceed 2 (two) times the voting fee”.

This motion changes the ratio between the usual initial conversion fee and the site selection voting fee. It will tend to increase the initial attending fee, reduce the current sharp rises in attendance fees, and reduce the upward pressure on the voting fee.

- Item 5:** **Report of the WSFS Mark Registration and Protection Committee**
See the World Science Fiction Society Constitution, Article IV, Sections 6, 7, and 8.
Current membership: elected until ConFiction: Liz Gross, Bob Hillis (Chairman), Leslie Turek; elected until Chicon V: Kees van Toorn, Scott Dennis (Treasurer), Donald Eastlake (Secretary); elected until MagiCon: Tim Illingworth, Fran Skene, Bruce Pelz; Worldcon Committee appointees: vacant (1988), Ben Yalow (1989), Morris Keesan (1990), Catherine FitzSimmons (1991), vacant (1992); NASFiC appointees: Sean M. McCoy (1990).
Mailing address: P. O. Box 1270, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142, USA.
If you 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 reports to the 1987, 1988, and 1989 Business Meetings and was in each case

continued to report to the next Business Meeting.

Chairman: Donald E. Eastlake, III.

Mailing address: P. O. Box N, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, MA 02139, USA.

Item 8: Report of the Worldcon Runner's Guide Editorial Committee

The 1989 Business Meeting voted to create an Editorial Committee to work on a Worldcon Runner's Guide. The committee consists of Robert E. Sacks (Chairman), Jim Gilpatrick, Mike Glyer, Ross Pavlac, and Kees van Toorn.

Mailing address: c/o Robert E. Sacks, 4861 Broadway, #5-V, New York, NY 10034, USA.

Item 9: Worldcon Reports

Items 9.A through 9.E can occur at any session of the Business Meeting.
Items 9.F through 9.I will be at the Site Selection session.

- 9.A Final financial report by Nolacon.
- 9.B Financial report by Noreascon Three.
- 9.C Financial report by ConFiction.
- 9.D Financial report by Chicon V (may be combined with 9.G).
- 9.E Financial report by MagiCon (may be combined with 9.H).
- 9.F Report of the 1993 site selection and presentation by the winner.
- 9.G Presentation by, and Question Time for, Chicon V.
- 9.H Presentation by, and Question Time for, MagiCon.
- 9.I Presentation by 1994 candidates (time permitting).



The above copy of the Business Passed On to the 1990 WSFS Business Meeting is hereby
Certified to be True, Correct, and Complete:

Donald E. Eastlake, III
Chairman

1989 WSFS Business Meeting

Kent Bloom
Secretary



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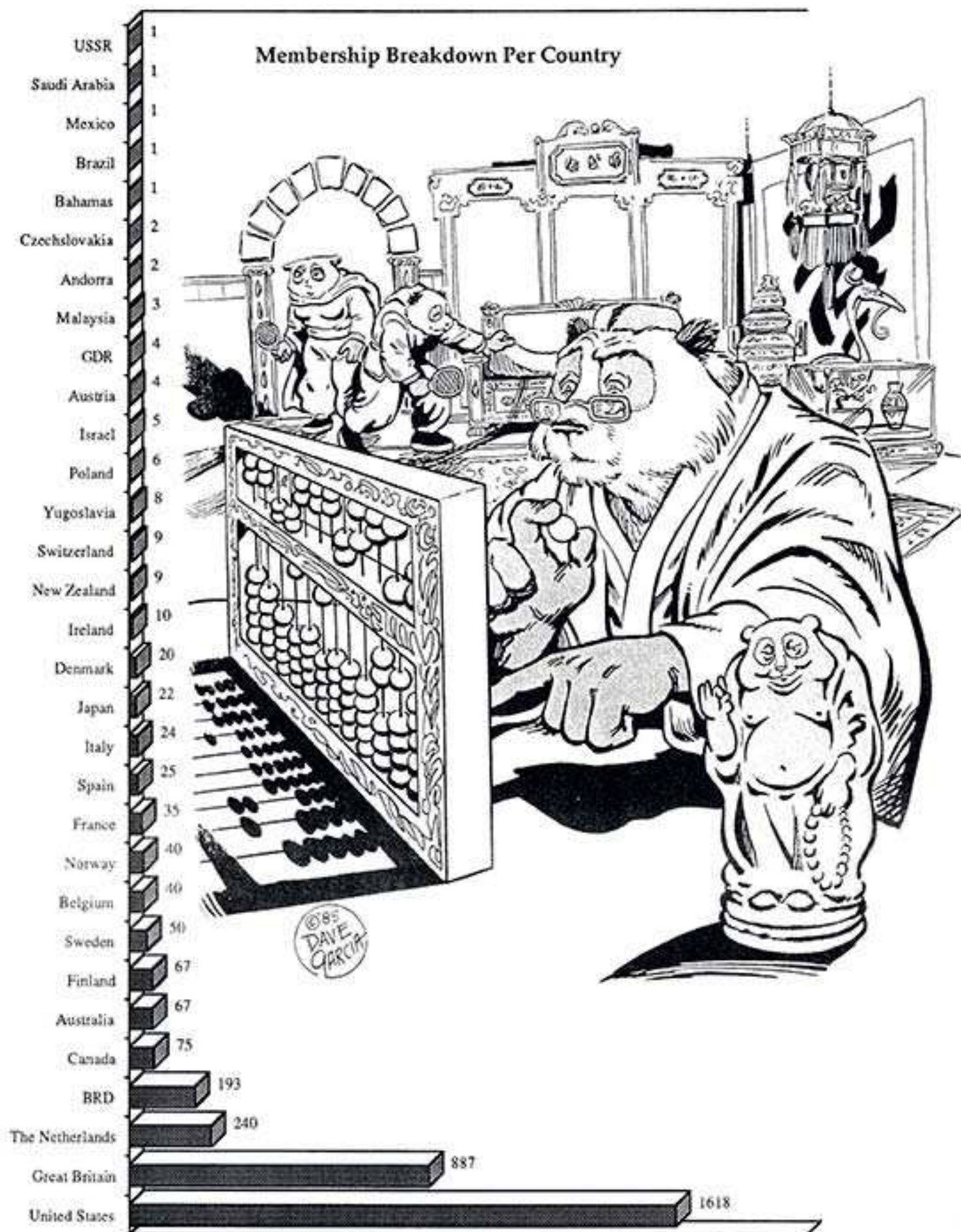
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Membership Breakdown Per Country



ConFiction Membership List

as of July 24th, 1990

AT = Attending | AC = Attending Child | AB = Attending Baby | SU = Supporting | GoH = Guest of Honour

01021 AT Aamio, Mari
01182 SU Aashid, Geir
03288 AC Abadir, Richard
00140 AT Abbe, Bart van
00927 AT Abbott, Michael
01368 AT Abelkix, Paul K
00770 AT Abend, Gail S.
00013 AT Abrahamowitz,
Alyson L.
03780 AT Achilleos, Chris
01285 AT Ackerman, Forrest
01286 AT Ackerman,
Wendy
01500 AT Ackroyd, Jenny
00014 AT Ackroyd, Justin
00655 AT Adams Jr, Denver I
03609 AT Adams, Carol
00825 AT Adams, Frank
02372 AT Adams, Gail
00535 SU Adyn, Tim
00625 AT Affleck-Ash-
Lowe, William C.S.
01380 SU Agin, Gary P
02751 SU Agrawal, Bobby
03540 AT Ahern, Bob
01387 AT Ahlstrom, Jeffrey
A
01369 SU Ains, Steven R
02380 AT Ainsworth, Helen
03592 AT Akahori, Keiko
01377 AT Albani, Gloria L.
03450 AT Alderman, Gill
03451 AT Alderman, Quon of
Gill
02575 AT Alderson, Julia
02332 AT Aldham-Breary,
Miranda
02205 AT Aldis, Brian
02177 AT Aldis, Margaret
03286 AT Aldis, Tim
02283 AT Alex, Manfred
03129 AT Alexander, Ian
01293 AT Alivoydico,
Robert
03650 AT Allen, Pam
01109 AT Allen, Kay
00532 AT Allcock, Philip
03184 AT Allwooden, Hans
00693 AT Alchuler, Matthew B
01298 AT Alkimo, Joseph
00015 AT Alkimo, Roger
01373 SU Alves, James W
03707 AT Ambrosial
Dimension,
Member 1
03708 AT Ambrosial
Dimension,
Member 2
03709 AT Ambrosial
Dimension,
Member 3
03601 AT American Discount
Book C.
02319 AT Ameringer, Brian
02758 AT Amies, Christopher
00355 AT Ansell, Michael
02977 AT Anderson, Lois
01209 AT Anderson, Roif
03498 AT Anderson Bear,
Aristid
01144 AT Anderson, Andrew
01376 AT Anderson, Claire
01375 AT Anderson, Dave
01131 AT Anderson, Fiona
01388 SU Anderson, Gary L.
02480 AT Anderson, Karen
02802 SU Anderson, Michael
01306 AT Anderson, Patricia
Ann
02479 AT Anderson, Poul
02707 AT Andreasson, Martin
01231 AT Andren, Ellen T
02291 AT Andrew, Stefan
03605 AT Andrews, Agnes
03604 AT Andrews, Graham
01379 SU Andrews, John C
01232 AT Andrews, Neil
Pear
01128 AT Andrews, Stuart
01190 SU Andronico,
Anthony
01615 SU Andruschak, Harry
03768 AT Anglemack, Johan
00929 AT Angus, David
03382 AT Annas, John
01370 SU Anaslin, Jo
03823 SU Anon, Jeff
03593 AT Aoki, Shinob
03668 AT Aoyama, Tomoki
01383 SU Apke, Birnst J
01382 SU Apke, Edward M
00569 AT Aramian, Tammy
00382 AT Aranda, R.P.
03834 AT Arima, Keitaro
01371 SU Armitage, Bobbi
03096 AT Armstrong,
Andrew
03097 AT Armstrong, Helen
01189 AT Arnesgaard, Truls
03883 AT Aronica, Lou
01374 SU Aronovitz, David
01384 SU Aronovitz, Nancy
02881 AT Asquith, Mike
00385 AT Asa, P.K.J.
00432 AT Arweiler, Walter
02254 AT Aschenbrenner,
Cora
02253 AT Aschenbrenner,
Klaus
00965 AT Aubby, Heather
01372 SU Auplex, Joseph
00994 AT Auseldeck, Benie
Van
00105 AT Athens, Nancy T.
01385 SU Atkinson, Chris
01367 AT Atkins, Thomas G
02581 SU Atwood, Tod
02306 AT Audernand,
Raymond
00760 SU Augustynowicz/
Soderberg, Jan
03599 SU Aul, Billie
02739 AT Aulbach, Karl E
01378 AT Austin, Alicia
00369 AT Austin, Margaret
01386 AT Avery, B Shirley
01181 AT Axelson, Jenny
01381 AT Axler, David M
01129 AT Axell, Jon
01428 SU Back, Darla
01187 AT Bachrach,
William H
01937 AT Bacheller, J.P.
03198 AT Baddley, Sue
03348 AT Badia, Jaime
01398 SU Bailey-Mathews,
Alexander Ivan
01867 SU Bailey-Mathews,
Gail E
01403 SU Bailey, Mack W
01214 AT Baid, Mary
03401 AT Baker, Amanda
03342 AT Baker, Coost of Jill
03341 AT Baker, Jill
03339 AT Baker, Scott
03340 AT Baker, Suzi
01404 SU Balazs, Frank
01414 SU Balderson, Betay
00546 AT Baldwin, John T
00361 AT Balen, Henry
03807 AT Ball, James
02871 AT Ball, Ted
00853 AT Balter, Gerri
01423 SU Banbury, Michael
03172 SU Bane, John
03171 SU Bane, Rose P.S.
02546 SU Bangs, Mari
03575 AT Banks, Iain
02893 AT Banks, Michael
01361 AT Barana,
01442 SU Barbot, Pierre
01392 SU Barbour, Garth
03820 AC Barcelo Jr, Miguel
03243 SU Barcelo, Elia
02400 AT Barcelo, Miguel
00529 AT Barck, John
01229 AT Barker, Trevor
00622 AT Barnard, Joan Lynn
01430 AT Barnard, Phil
02952 AT Barnes, John
02904 AT Barnes, Pamela
00156 AT Barnes, Rob
03783 AT Barnes, Trevor
00548 AT Barnett, Lisa A.
01400 AT Barnard, Gary
01399 AT Barnard, Judy
03647 AB Barnard,
Katherine
03474 AT Barnsley, Julia
03475 AT Barnsley, Simon
03302 AT Barr, Greg
03249 AT Barragosa-Rios,
Juan Manuel
00406 AT Barrett, Bryan
03104 AT Barrett, David V.
00412 SU Barron, Gregory J
00397 AT Barry, Mike
01420 SU Barry, Mike
01191 SU Bartolucci, Vinnie
00614 AT Bartlett-Sloan,
Kirby A.
00613 AT Bartlett-Sloan,
Marie
01425 AT Barton, Andrew
03510 SU Bartter, Martha A.
03345 AT Barton, Jean-
Pierre
01429 AT Bates, David I
00734 AT Bateman, Gary
02895 AT Bates, Graham
00832 AT Baty, Kurt
01438 SU Baum, Allen
00396 AT Baumann, Kurt
01271 AT Bauman, Luca
02631 AT Baynes, Stephen
03910 SU Beach, Covert
03716 AT Beale, Deborah
03497 AT Bear, Greg
02243 SU Beare, Stephen G
01450 AT Beasley, David
00016 AT Beasley, Sally
01408 SU Beazley, Allan
03872 SU Beckers, Frank
03268 AT Beckmann, Frank
01169 AT Bedard, Valerie
01422 AT Beers, Jinx
01350 SU Bekkesloten, Guss
Karin
01142 AT Bell, David
03395 AT Bell, Ian
03626 AT Bell, Peter B.
01419 AT Bell, Stephanie
01303 AT Bellingham, Alan
00928 SU Bellis, Anders



03772 SU Belov, Chas
00914 AT Belpaume, Wally
00109 AT Belky, Neil
02520 AT Belton, Joanne
01427 SU Belyea, Robin L.
00633 AT Belmans, Paul
00885 AT Benis, Judy
01421 SU Bender, Jan
02419 AT Benford, Alyson
02416 AT Benford, Gregory
02417 AT Benford, Joan
02418 AT Benford, Mark
01155 AT Benjamin, S
01437 SU Bennett, Andrew K
00706 SU Bennett, Gail
00593 SU Bennett, J David
03040 AT Bennett, Samantha
01411 SU Bentley, Alice
01405 SU Bentley, Michael
Brian
00926 AT Bentler, Mike
01426 SU Beranich, Doris
00262 AT Beranich, Simon
00608 AT Berg, Johannes H
01409 SU Berg, David
02346 AT Berg, J.G.M. op ten
01592 SU Berg, Katie
03867 AT Bergh, Nao van den
03430 AT Berghofen, Peter
02571 AT Berghon, Susan
03462 AT Bertram, Jean
03245 AT Bernardo, Salvador
00373 AT Bernardi, Michael
01444 SU Bernson, Mike
01445 SU Bernson, Myra
02586 AT Berry, David W.
01393 SU Berry, John D
00462 AT Berry, Tony
01248 AT Berensson, Richard
01449 SU Best, Joyce
03222 AT Best, Monika
00420 AT Bestorvid, Ely
03573 AT Betancourt, John
03674 AT Betancourt, Kim
01440 AT Beukers, Manella
02414 AT Biancamano,
Nancy J
01434 AT Biddle, Brian
02850 AT Biffel, Terry
02716 AT Bickhead, Sheryl L.
01415 SU Bicknick, Dennis
01397 SU Bishop, James
Daniel
02513 AT Bishop, Matt
02935 AT Bishop, William
03373 AT Bissel, Frank T.
02434 AT Bjorklund, Andreas
03576 AT Blackburn, Ann
03570 AT Blackburn, Lisa
00018 AT Blackford, Jenny
00019 AT Blackford, Russell
00273 AT Blackman, Mark L.
02550 AT Blain, Dot
02548 AT Blain, Jim
02551 AC Blain, Mandy
02090 SU Blanchard, N
Taylor
02387 AT Blackner, Jan
Joel
01184 SU Blum, Bruno
03545 AT Blochman,
Graham
01436 SU Bliss, David
01432 AT Bliss, Sue A
02302 AT Blood, Marise
00540 AT Block, Erwin
01431 SU Bloom, Elaine
01024 AT Bloom, Kent
02207 AT Blum, Mary-Rita
00487 AT Bobnar, Beti

00997 AT Bobo, Scott L.
00022 SU Bocan, Maria
00479 AT Boe, Karen
00680 AT Boe, Mike
02410 AT Boekenstein, J.L.
01407 SU Boettcher Jr, Glen
00107 AT Boettcher, Glen A.
01439 AT Boettcher, Hans-
Ulrich
03299 AT Bolton, Simon
03073 AT Bonavoglia,
Annmaria
01446 AT Bone, Vicki L.
00137 AT Bonin, Dirk
02475 AT Boon, J.H.E.
00509 AT Boorn, Hermann
00274 AT Boosten, M.
02214 AT Booth, Duncan
02193 AT Booth, Judy
00335 AT Borgstrom, Kjell
03784 SU Bosch, Frank
02629 AT Boys, Ryszard
02617 AT Bos, R.
00844 AT Bospoort, Winvande
02328 AT Bosse, J.F.
01391 AT Boster, Alex
00466 AT Bostner, Per
03929 AT Botner, Lorne D.
00020 AT Boucher, Stephen
03921 AT Boumans, Lam
03085 AT Boumans, Paul
03229 AT Bouwmeester,
M.J.T.
02275 AT Bova, Ben
01387 AT Bowden, Ken
02396 AT Bowland, Linda
03476 AT Bowley, Dawn
02790 AT Boxall, Terence
Alan
02788 AT Boxboro Fandom,
03564 AT Boyce, Ian
01433 AT Boyce, Steve
03009 AT Boyd, Stephen
03018 SU Boyle, Andy
02509 AT Boyle, Bill
02842 AT Bradbrook,
Andrew
03463 AT Bradley, James F.
02218 AT Bradley, Jill
02839 AT Bradley, Marion
Zimmer
02219 AT Bradley, Phil
03603 AT Bradley, Wendy
03562 AT Bradshaw, Simon
03645 AT Bragg, Jonas
00341 AT Braddon, Jim
03765 AT Brain, Alan E.
03766 AT Brain, Carmel
02668 AT Braiter, Paulina
02845 AT Braithwaite,
Michael
02605 AT Brammer, Cecilia
02604 AT Brammer, Fred
01416 SU Brandhaft,
Richard
01435 SU Brandt, Richard
03459 AT Bray, Bruce
03189 AT Bray, John
03460 AT Bray, Laura
03461 AC Bray, Sean
02318 AT Brazier, Paul
02688 AT Brechtman, Leo
00108 AT Breidbart, Seth
00988 AT Breilau, Esther
01036 AT Breilau, Michael
02367 AT Brisley, Claire
01396 SU Briskner, George S.
02929 AT Brigham, Cheryl
03563 AT Brignall, Gordon W.
01412 AT Brin, David
02501 AT Brinen, Lois
03033 AT Brock, Matthew
01046 AT Brooke, Kerian
03758 AT Brooker, Faith
Lanley
02296 AT Brooks, Allison
01401 AT Broenhead, Ann A.
03372 AT Brown-Belsky, Lee
03298 AB Brown, Abigail
01358 SU Brown, Andrew
02436 AT Brown, Barry
01174 AT Brown, Ben
01410 SU Brown, Bill
02182 AT Brown, Charles N.
02250 AT Brown, Edmund
02437 AT Brown, Jayne
00726 AT Brown, Jordan
03296 AT Brown, Ken
02438 AT Brown, Mariana
02776 AT Brown, Pat
03144 AT Brown, Patricia
03043 AT Brown, Philip
03509 AT Brown, Stephen P.
02208 AT Brown, Vernon
03818 AT Browne, Mike
03060 AT Brown, David
03724 AT Bruce, David
01402 SU Bruce, Lynn
00498 AT Brunjes, Lotte
01417 SU Brunet, James
02203 AT Brunner, John
00237 AT Brusa, Erik
02404 AT Bryant, G.A.
00676 AT Buajini, Keith
01406 SU Buajini, Ken
00357 AT Buckley, Ed
02271 AT Buckmaster,
Pamela
03219 AT Budge, George
03637 AT Budrys, Algis
03638 AT Budrys, Edna
03526 SU Buder, Robert Mark
03589 AT Buellmann, Olaf
01424 AT Bukato, Wäner
00358 AT Bull, Steve
02220 SU Bulmer, Chastone
02799 AT Bunk, Liz
01418 AT Bunkick, Bruce S.
03756 SU Buons, W.
03731 AT Burgess, Brian
03801 AT Burkhardt, Michael
00517 AT Burley, Brian
01441 AT Burren, James H.
01394 AT Burns, Bill
03477 AT Burns, Jim
01395 AT Burns, Mary J.
00023 AT Burns, Peter
02340 SU Burrows, Allan
03143 AT Burrows, Julian B.
02317 AT Burrey,
Christopher
01360 AT Bushy, Kevin
00794 AT Bushyager, Linda
00795 AT Bushyager, Ron
03041 SU Busby, Alain le
02186 AT Butcher, Andrew
01443 AT Butterfield, Adrian
01448 AT Butterfield, David
00197 AT Butten, J.H. van
02674 AT Buyt, Gwendolyn
02467 AT Byrnest, I.
02180 AT Cable, Amanda
02717 AT Cadigan, Pat
01481 SU Cady, Keith
03153 AT Cain, Steven
03900 AT Cakan, Myra
00024 SU Callahan, Chris
02733 AT Camp, Donna
02381 AT Campbell, Jenny
01118 AT Campbell, Kim
02383 AC Campbell, Matty
01486 AT Campbell, Ramsey
02382 AC Campbell, Tamara
02847 AT Canfield, Jeff
01473 AT Canney, Tamara
01506 SU Cantor, David A.
01495 SU Canos, Mary
01490 AT Canos, Robbie
02572 SU Caplan, Jack
02222 AT Carl, Peter
02441 AT Cardinali, Mario
02719 SU Carey, Douglas S.
01472 AT Carleton-Chapel,
Lois
01479 AT Carleton, Gordon
03384 AT Carlin, Lorena
00668 AT Carlson, Ann
01208 AT Carlson, Anders
01004 AT Carmichael, John
03621 AT Carothers Siskman,
Linda
03254 AT Camero Garcia,
Jesus
02173 AT Carrigan, Chris
03702 AT Carroll, Barry
02564 AT Carroll, Cathy
01476 SU Carroll, Joyce L.
01502 SU Carroll, Liz
03714 AT Carroll, Michael
03805 AT Carter, Damien
03806 AT Carter, Guest Of
Damien
03665 AT Carter, Keith
01471 SU Cary, Sharon
03246 AT Casa, Ricard de la
01464 SU Cassano, Ronita
03349 AT Castillo Algahe,
Dolores
03350 AB Castillo Algahe,
Son of Dolores
02908 AT Caswell, Donna
02932 SU Caswell, Rob
03710 AT Catelli, Ann
02368 AT Caughey, Carolyn
01452 SU Cavitt, Ann
02970 AT Caxodassus II,
Camille
01152 SU Cazzulani, Livio
01493 AT Cecil, Ann
03072 AT Cerrino,
Mariangela
02257 AC Chalke, David
00027 AT Chalke, Jack L.
01170 AT Champetier, Joel
02470 SU Chandler, H.A.
03837 SU Chanoch, David
01465 AT Chapman, Cheryl
Lynn
03600 AT Chapman, David
00669 AT Chapman, Glenn
01458 AT Chapman, John P.
01457 AT Chapman, Judith
Ann
02184 AT Chamas, Sony
02270 SU Chauvin, Cy
00367 AT Chatter, Mike
03541 AT Chee, Bridget
02820 AT Chee, Philip
03686 AT Cheebam, Mic
01454 SU Chernoff, Anton
03121 SU Cherryh, C.J.
03234 AT Chester, Tony
02825 AT Chiappella,
Giuseppe
02826 AT Chiappella, Isabella
02824 AT Chiappella, Romano
01467 SU Childs, Gill
02627 AT Cholewa, Piotr W.
01487 SU Chong, Dorinda W.
01474 SU Chong, Tina
01475 SU Chong, Tony
00123 AT Christie, Mike
03778 AT Christoforou, Chris
03102 AT Christopher,
Rosemarie
01489 AT Chu, Alina
00922 AT Chumson, Matt
01460 SU Clark, David W.
02503 AT Clark, Fiona
00398 AT Clark, George
James
00745 SU Clark, Ivan O.
03031 AT Clark, Jaynee



03632 AT Clark, Jonathan Y.
02260 AT Clark, Karen
03032 AT Clark, Stephen
02632 AT Clark, Stuart
00746 SU Clark, Susan M.
03476 AT Clarke, Brian M.
02811 AT Clarke, James
Arthur
01484 AT Clarke, Paul
00510 AT Classen, Hans
01494 AT Claypool, Gavin
01456 SU Clayton-Carroll,
Aline
00405 AT Cleaver, Fred
00579 AT Clement, Sarah
03400 AT Clements, Dave
02365 AT Clendon, Heiko
02366 AT Clendon, Maud
03351 AT Clendon, Ping
00590 AT Clifford, Robert J.
00589 AT Clifford, Rufe Lee
03162 AT Clough, Paul
01453 SU Cochran, Lin
03076 AT Cochran, David
03757 AT Cohen, Daniel
03561 AT Cohen, Jack
02809 AT Cohen, Malcolm
02655 SU Cohen, Mark
00247 AT Cohen, Peter
01470 AT Cohen, Sandy
03830 SU Cohen, Susan
01080 AT Coklin, Demir
00391 AT Colby, Robert
03888 AT Coldsmith, Sherry
02852 SU Cole, Corey
01483 AT Cole, Larry M.
02853 SU Cole, Lori Ann
03355 AT Coleman, Arthur W.
01493 AT Coleman, Diana
01469 AT Coleman, Michele
01501 AT Coleman, Sidney
03199 AT Collier, Lesley
01451 SU Collett, Mark
02726 AT Colliander, Thomas
02651 AT Collingwood,
Susan
03841 AT Colman, Bob
00919 AT Colyer, Noel
03074 AT Comaschi, Adriana
01488 SU Coney, Chae
01463 SU Conn, Janet Lee
03811 AT Connolly, Thomas
Berkley
01492 SU Connell, Byron P.
01491 SU Connell, Christine
01225 AT Connor, Debra L.
03209 AT Con, Gary
02462 SU Cook, Norman L.
01459 SU Cook, Patricia
00464 AT Cool, Thomas
02459 AT Cooling, Bridget
03145 AT Cooper, Barbara
Elizabeth
00444 AT Cooper, Chris
03560 AT Cooper, David T.
03825 AT Cooper, Dennis
01477 AT Cooper, Stephen
Richard
01279 SU Coote, Suzie-Lee
01466 SU Copeland, Jeff
01468 AT Cordemeyer, Paul
01504 AT Cornwell, Sue
01478 SU Correns, Vincent G.
01480 AT Corbett, Keith D.
03266 AT Corbelli, John H.
03500 SU Corbelli, E.M.
03501 SU Corbelli, Guest of
E.M.
02705 AT Cora, Jacqueline
03574 AT Corer, Del
00907 AT Council, Wendy
01081 AT Courie, Georges
Courer
02481 AT Courtney, Gail
00877 AT Cowan, Maia
01485 AT Cowie, Jonathan
01262 SU Cowperthwait,
Richard
02514 AT Cox, Adrian

00524 AT Cox, Cardinal
01105 AT Cox, Dave
03133 AT Cox, Gregory, L.
02764 AT Coxhead, Jonathan
03385 AT Crafs-Lighty,
Anita
02607 SU Cragg, Edward H.
01497 AT Craig, Victoria
02953 AT Cramer, John
02534 AT Cramer, Kathryn
02954 AT Cramer, Pauline
02515 AT Cramp, Nicolas
02188 AT Craze, Mark
01496 SU Crawford, Cheryl A.
01322 AT Crawford, Claudia
01461 SU Crawford, Lindsay G.
02694 AT Cray, Paul Michael
03241 AT Crew, Jim
03242 AT Crew, Kiana
02766 AT Crick, Simon
00477 AT Crispin, Mark
03064 AT Croft, Andy
03546 AT Croft, Thomas
03179 AT Crook, Richard
01499 AT Crooks, Debbie
01462 AT Crooks, Richard E.
01505 AT Crooks, Simon
02258 AT Crook, Mark A.
02543 AT Crookshank, Jean R.
03839 SU Crull Jr., Tom
00660 AT Crutcher, Wm E.
00261 AT Crutcher, 1/2 R.
00604 AT Cruz, Denise J. Dela
03444 AT Cuervo, Alejo
03666 AT Cule, Mike
01223 AT Cullen, Sharon
01222 AT Cullen, Tony
03402 AT Culpin, Rafe
00781 SU Cummer, David
Charles
01455 SU Cunningham, Jon
02868 AT Curry, Ford
00570 AT Curry, Wendy
02689 AT Curtis, Ian
00453 AT Cutton, Patrick
03439 AT Cuyper, Frank R.F. de
01503 AT Cuyper, Peter
03816 AT Czeczko, Terri
01533 AT D'Allesio, Angelo
02883 AT D'Allesio, Corrin
00304 AT D'Antonio, David
00849 AT Duggan, Heigi
Terrell
03499 AT Dahl, Christopher C.
03859 SU Dekins, Mark
01317 AT Delgaud, Nils
00334 AT Dellman, John
02386 AT Daly, Frances
02385 AT Daly, Julia
02511 AT Dam, A.A. ten
02684 AT Dam, H.F. ten
00923 AT Damerick, Mike
03343 AT Dammings, M.A.
02552 AT Daniel, Diane
01537 SU Daniel, James S.
01538 SU Daniel, Linda A.
02311 AT Daniels, Graham
02304 AT Dandiner, Bernard
02204 AT Darnoch, Jim
00736 AT Dashoff-Brill, Joni
01922 AB Dashoff, Jared
00735 AT Dashoff, Todd
03126 AT Dastow, Ellen
01534 SU Daugherty, James
01535 SU Daugherty, Kathryn
02272 AT David, Jeanine
03687 AT Davidson,
Penelope
03308 AT Davidson, Sandra
02894 AT Davidson,
Stephanie
03161 AT Davies, Gareth
03100 AT Davies, John E.
00263 AT Davies, Malcolm
02682 AT Davies, Robert Lyn
00344 AT Davies, Steve
00763 AT Davis, Avery
01536 SU Davis, Daniel
03893 AT Davis, Gracia

03911 SU Davis, Joe
01540 SU Davis, Kevin
03598 AT Davis, Meg
00764 AT Davis, Robin
03892 AT Davis, Stephen
01542 AT Dawe, Dianne
02759 AT Dawe, Martyn
Leslie
01541 AT Dawe, Russell B.
02179 AT Day, Caroline
01037 SU Day, David
01159 AT Day, Donald L.
00192 AT Day, Peter J.
01559 SU Dazzo, Ginny
03081 AT De Camp,
Catherine Cook
03080 AT De Camp, L.
Sprague
03730 AT De Cesare, Giulia
01508 SU De Gaudinola,
Susan
02530 AT De Longpre, John
01526 SU De Vos, Kees
03337 AT DeMaris-Finley,
Loretta G.
00523 AT Dean, Lawrence
02753 SU Deamaley, Roger
01529 SU Decker, Daniel G.
01528 SU Decker, Denise
01532 SU Dedman, Stephen
02498 SU Delaurentis, Linda
03082 AT Delissent, Chantal
02211 AT Dell, Matt
03193 AT Delvaux, M.A.
00852 AT Delvaux, T.T.
02774 SU Demario, Julie
01336 AT Demey, Patrick
01527 SU Demoss, Bradford
02968 AT Den Beste, Steven
01031 SU Denenoff, Linda
03458 AT Denis, Sylvie
00830 AT Denkema, Kurt S.
02773 AT Denman,
Christopher John
00553 AT Dennett, Gay Ellen
03225 AT Dennewill, Karin
00029 AT Dennis, Jane
00030 AT Dennis, Scott C.
01531 AT Denison, Phil
03110 SU Desmarais, A.J.
00916 AT Desmijer, Rik
01122 AT Desmiring, Zoe
01543 AT Deutsch Jr, Martin E.
01530 AT Dew, Warren J.
01524 SU Dewoskin, James
01525 SU Dewoskin, Jeanne M.
02560 SU Dezanak, Tony
03891 SU Di Genio, Michael
02559 AT DiModica,
Genevieve
03251 AT Diaz, Lorenzo
02239 AT Dickinson, Rosemary
00318 AT Dickinson, Iain
01523 AT Diez Jr, Franklin
01522 AT Diez, Ann F.
01518 AT Diez, Karl
01521 AT Diez, Loren
03259 AT Diez Gonzalez,
Julian
01519 SU Digby, Tom
02389 AT Diggs, Martha
01520 AT Diggs, Mike
03925 AT Dijk, E.A. van
03231 AT Dijkstra, D.J.W.
02579 SU Dimaggio, Joe
01245 AT Dion, Paul
01547 SU Divino, Charles J.
03208 AT Dix, Shane
03020 AT Dixon, Bruce
02967 AT Dobetz, Amy
00940 AT Dobson, Dennis
02274 AT Dobson, Ian
02596 AT Dobson, Perdy
01108 AT Docherty, Vince
03216 AT Dobson, Tom
00371 AT Donald, Elsie
00031 AT Donaldson, Chris
00413 AT Doonah, Ottaviano
01517 SU Doonah, Adrian

01546 AT Donato, Lou
01545 AT Donato, Myrna M.
02330 AT Donland, H.M.
00032 AT Donner, Paul
02363 SU Doonchukko, Lou
03776 SU Doucet, Douglas P.
02834 AT Dougherty, Charles
01515 AT Douglas, John R.
01516 SU Douglass, John
01510 AT Dowd, John
03861 AT Doyle, Barbara
02324 AT Drago, Tonke
02487 AT Drayton, Michelle
02702 AT Drexler, Marc A.
03856 AT Dreyfus, Jeanne
01514 SU Dridgen, Austin R.
03447 SU Droll, Gabriele
02907 AT Drysdale, David
03830 AT Du Sautoy, Nann
03507 AT Duane, Diane
03786 SU Duane, Fred
01544 AT Duck, Darion
02869 AT Duckworth, Tim
02303 AT Ducommun, Pascal
02521 AT Duff, John
02525 AT Duff, Lynn Ellen
03671 AT Dufren, Jenny
03577 AT Dukenloot, M.
03136 AB Duin, Etienne van
00141 AT Duin, John van
01057 SU Dulberg, Joan
03854 SU Dulcey, Mark
02527 AT Dunlop, Kathryn
01167 AT Duppen, Ali Van
03112 SU Dupree, Tom
03205 AT Durkin, N.M.
01513 SU Duicher, Richard F.
00198 AT Durevoort, Adif
01511 SU Dwyer, Jo Ann
01509 SU Dyer, Alison M.W.
03110 SU Dyer, Dafydd Neal
03015 AT Dye, Kris
01507 SU Dyer, Andrew R.
03300 AT Dyer, Curtis
03301 AT Dyer, Robbs

03913 AT Dyson, Frank T.
02293 AT Ealey, David
02292 AT Ealey, Stephen
00248 AT Eastbrook,
Martin
00796 AT Eastlake III,
Donald E.
00797 AT Eastlake IV,
Donald E.
00678 AT Eastlake, Jill
00682 AT Edgworth-
Bismesset,
Dorothea A.
01564 SU Edison, Laurie
03610 SU Edmonson, Marnik
00381 AT Edwards, Barbara
00758 AT Edwards, Chris
Logan
02241 AT Edwards, Lillian
00034 AT Edwards, Malcolm
00530 AT Edwards, Robert C.
01565 AT Edwards, Sue
00910 AT Eckhaus, Guido
03788 SU Elfinger, George
Alex
03731 AT Eghenik, Marcel
01103 AT Eggen, H.
03023 SU Eichberger, Jay
03677 AT Eikamp, Rhonda
02734 AT Eilhart, Peter
01061 AT Eisen, Janice M.
01560 AT Eisenberg, Lisa T.
01561 AT Eisenman, Richard
01562 AT Eisenman, Wade
03464 SU Eisenstein, Alex
03465 SU Eisenstein, Phyllis
01563 SU Elvins, Thomas D.
01559 AT Ekberg, Tom
02500 AT Elder, Marie C.
02091 SU Elderkin,
Jacqueline Tatro
02553 AT Elend, Mark
01555 AT Eliason, Holger
00158 AT Eling, Helen
00188 AT Eling, Stan



Men! All they
ever seem to think
of is SEX!...

...thank
God!



02741 AT Ellermeier, Martin
01557 SU Ellen, William B
00211 AT Ellen, Marj
01558 AT Ellen, Frank H
03715 AT Ellen, Robert
00651 SU Elliott, Ruth
00536 AT Ellis, Dave
03722 AT Ellis, Sean T
01556 SU Elmore, Kim
01554 AT Elpi, Lucia P
00938 AT Elworthy, David
00981 AT Ely, Virginia
00514 AT Emmert, Udo
03083 AT Emmerton, Lynne
01553 AT Eney, Dick
03056 AT Engelenburg,
Hansika
00224 SU Engholm, Ahvid
01739 AT England-Koch,
Graham
02342 AT England, A.G.
02839 AT Engle, Ian A
02508 AT English, John
00861 AT Ent, Jan van 't
01003 AT Enzmann, Heidi
03514 SU Epperson, John M.
02249 AT Epstein, Amanda L.
01552 AT Epstein, Louis
02686 AT Eshardt, Ernst
02687 AT Eshardt, Evelyn
01551 SU Erickson, David
01550 SU Erickson, Linda
00226 AT Eriksson, Magnus
03543 SU Eason, Guido
03356 SU Eudaly, Judith Ann
00249 AT Evans, Bernie
03357 SU Evans, Emrys
03477 AT Evans, Jane
00110 SU Evans, Mark
01549 AT Evans, Mick
03478 AT Evans, Richard
02476 AT Evenbly, Paul J.
01548 AT Everling, Michael
00159 AT Ewrick, Annemarie
Van
02696 AT Ewing, Allison
00264 AT Eyrems, Juliet
03578 AT Eyley, David
01127 AT Fabian,
02958 SU Fabish, Martha
02957 SU Fabish, Robert
02197 AT Fairry, John
03832 SU Fairgrove, Rowan
00417 AT Falkenstein,
Michael
03323 SU Falkowitz, Amy R.
02942 AT Faller, Nick
01344 AT Faling, Susanna

03160 SU Fancher, Jane S.
03519 SU Farber, Bernard J.
00215 AT Farina, Bill
01601 AT Farinelli, Cindy
01600 AT Farinelli, Mike
00976 AT Farmer, Andrew D
01602 SU Farmer, Dale A.
01603 AT Farmer, Nancy R
01598 SU Farwell-Lynch,
Janet
01599 SU Farwell, Troy
00038 AT Faun, Doug
01033 AT Fawcett, Bill
03496 AT Fayed, Colene
00650 AT Feder, Moshe
02989 AT Fein, Adrienne
02633 AT Feinson, A.C.
03600 SU Feist, Raymond H.
03548 AT Feiber, Paul
01217 SU Feld, Harold
01015 AT Feldman, Gary
Keith
02931 SU Feldman, Allison
02930 SU Feldman, Michael
03157 AT Feldman, Gary
01595 SU Fennin, Elizabeth E.
01593 SU Fennor, Robbyn H.
03791 AT Fennor, Sara L.
01594 AT Ferguson, Bryan
00039 SU Ferguson, Roy
02608 AT Feri,
02704 AT Ferman, Audrey
02703 AT Ferman, Edward L.
01596 SU Feron, Michel
01597 AT Ferres, Richard N.
02808 AT Feruglio Dal Dan,
Anna
03591 AT Ferri, Giuseppe
02779 AT Figg, Mike
01587 SU Filios, Denise K.
01586 SU Filios, William G.
01589 AT Filipowicz, Katie
02597 AT Filmon, Thomas
01588 AT Finch, Sheila
00134 AT FINDER, Jan Howard
00040 AT Fine, Colin
01591 SU Finkelstein, Ed
01590 AT Finley, John C.
02738 AT Fischer, Birgit
02457 SU Fitz-Patrick,
Johanna
00730 AT Fitzsimmons,
Catherine
02667 AT Fitzsimmons, Jan-
Michel
02666 AT Fitzsimmons,
Michael
01585 SU Flanagan, Sally

00160 SU Flaton, Johan-
Martin
02261 AT Flatt, Brian
03185 AT Flaister, Peter
03061 SU Fleming, Alan
03727 AT Fleming, R.G.
02917 SU Fleming, Robert A.
01329 SU Fletcher, J.
Franklin
01583 AT Fletcher, Jo
02297 AT Flin, David
03865 AT Flinn, Margaret
02840 AT Flinn, Jonathan
03204 AT Floor, Gus
02497 AT Flaegge, Frank
01008 AT Flynn, George
01584 SU Flynn, Kevin
03425 AT Foerster, Thomas
03034 AT Forbidden Planet I,
03035 AT Forbidden Planet
II,
03319 AT Ford, John M.
02234 SU Ford, Mike
03214 AT Forberg, Jorgen
01582 SU Forward, Robert L.
03005 AT Foss, Rick
02353 AT Foster, Syd
03327 AT Fotheringham,
Lynn
01581 SU Fowler, Wayne
01114 AT Fox, Rich
01580 SU Foyster, John
01573 AT Frambach, John H.
02230 AT Frame, Nola
03000 SU Francis, Bill
02999 SU Francis, Carolyn
00558 AT Francis, Steven
02885 AT Francis, Sue
00265 AT Francis, Susan
02365 SU Francis, Vicky
03315 AT Frank, Howard
03314 AT Frank, Jane
00665 AT Franklin, Ellen F.
01579 SU Franklin, John O.
01576 SU Franson, Donald
01572 AT Fraser, Jenny
03304 SU Fratz, D. Douglas
02959 SU Fraetz, James
01574 AT Freeman, Barry C.
01342 AT Freeman, Graham
01578 SU Freeman, H. Denise
01571 AT Freeman, Pam
02315 AT French, Dave
03278 AT French, Ruth
02316 AT French, Shirley
02492 AT French, Gunther
01570 AT Fried, Douglas
03287 AT Fried, Helene
Douglas J.
00437 AT Frick, Klaus N.
02522 AT Friedman, Deborah A.
03612 AT Frierson, Bill
03613 SU Frierson, Meade
03611 AT Frierson, Penny
02695 AT Frisvold, Anders
02844 AT Frisman, Marja-
Leena
01577 SU Frisbie, Alan E.
01281 AT Frisch, Wolfgang
03641 AT Frost, Abi
02962 AT Frost, Jack
01569 AT Frostberg, Jim
01568 AT Fulkerson, James E.
01566 SU Fuller, Frederic E.
00124 AT Fullin, Gwen
01228 AT Furlong, Nigel
03629 AT Furrer, Hans D.
00619 AT Fusch, John S.
01636 SU Gadd, Michael
Francis
00824 AT Gahlin, Dean C.
03039 AT Gailand, Roger
03895 AT Gainsburg, Roy
03190 AT Gale, Kathy
03607 AT Gale, Monica
00364 AT Gallagher, Jane
03620 SU Gallagher, Chelsea
03619 SU Gallagher, Dana G.
03446 AT Gallaher, Mitchell

03348 AT Gallardo-Torres,
Pete
02388 AT Galloway, Thomas
01635 SU Galt, John David
00701 AT Gann, Robert W.
01633 SU Gath, Gordon
03393 AT Gatten, David
01634 AT Gattis, Peter T.
01632 SU Garrison, Ken
03606 AT Gaudin, Andrew
03218 AT Gaudin, Ted
02987 SU Gaudin, Judith
01227 AT Gauthier, Marybeth
03732 AT Gedeon, Tom
00834 AT Geiger, Roland
01629 AT Gelb, Janice
00552 AT Gelfand, Larry
00250 AT Gemmell, Ron
02532 AT Gentili, Karl S.
02630 AT Gephart, Elzbieta
00125 AT Geshik, Ye
01630 SU Gents, Eric
01631 SU Gemmell, Geoffrey K.
02347 AT Gemmell, J.
00820 AT Gem, Deborah K.
00819 AT Gem, Jay L.
03169 AT Gesler, Chris
01622 SU Gibbons, John K.
03479 AT Gibbons, Joseph
02872 AT Gibson, Dave
03438 AT Gibson, Gary M.
02399 AT Giese, Tom
00161 SU Giesen, Wim
00142 AT Gijzen, Henk
03656 AT Gilbert, Anna Belle
03657 AT Gilbert, Paul
01625 AT Gilbert, Zella B.
02349 AT Gilham, Karen
02350 AT Gilham, Steve
00786 SU Gilman, Bill
00902 AT Gilley, Ronnie
02652 SU Gilliam, Richard
01618 AT Gillies, Ron
01620 AT Gilliland, Alexis A.
03305 AT Gilliland, Charles D.
01621 AT Gilliland, Dolly
00043 AT Gilpatrick, Jim
01623 AT Gimbles, Janet
01624 AT Ginter, Karl
01628 AT Gish, Ray
01627 AT Gish, Terry
01619 SU Gistel, Julia
00947 AT Giusfrida, Sergio
03636 AT Glabcke, Frank
Van
03197 AT Gladys, Rainer
01616 SU Glas, Bill
03761 SU Glascock, Megan
00289 AT Glasser, Marc S.
01617 SU Glaser, Glenn
00605 AT Glucksman, Mike
03182 AT Glinkas, Wolfgang
03427 AT Glodner, Manfred
03137 AT Glover, Jenny
03146 AC Glover, Robert
00442 AT Glover, Steven
03147 AC Glover, Tara
00519 AT Glycer, Mike
03002 AT Goddin, Jean
00290 AT Gold, Barry
00291 AT Gold, Leo
00482 SU Gold, Lynn
01612 SU Goldberg, Seth
01613 SU Goldenberg, Simon S.
00559 AT Goldman, Diane
03581 AT Goldenrich, Dr.
Carole
01263 AT Goldstein, Deborah
Kay
01611 SU Goldstein, L.J.
03491 SU Gonzalez, Sheila M.
03253 AT Gonzalez Alvarez,
Jose Luis
03810 AT Goodal, Clare
03110 AT Goodier, Tim
03456 SU Goodin, Joy
02251 AT Goodway, Nicolas
00242 AT Goosten, Willem
Jan

02185 AT Gordon, Alan
01614 SU Gordon, Hammett
00251 AT Gordon, Howard
03567 AT Gordon, Lore
02780 AT Gordon, Magnus CP
03681 AT Goring, John
02923 AT Goutlieb, Sherry
00001 AT Goudreau, Roelof
00443 AT Gould, Mike
00642 AT Grace, Peter C.
00689 AT Grady, Daphne G.
00045 AT Grady, Susan
01607 AT Grates, Bill
03904 AT Grau, Francis A.
03014 AT Grau, Ray W.
03920 AT Grauwels, An
03084 AT Grauwels, Lou
01150 AT Gravels, Lisa
01151 SU Gravellini, Angela
03524 SU Gray Cook, Debra
02910 SU Gray, Dennis
01609 SU Gray, Kara
02229 AT Gray, Louis
03027 AT Grayson, Ashley
03026 AT Grayson, Carolyn
03480 AT Green, Ann
03151 AT Green, Carl
01359 AT Green, Jon
02886 AT Green, Jon B.
03481 AT Green, Steve
02538 AT Greenbaum, Gary
00964 AT Greenberg, Alan
01133 AT Green, Peter
00393 AT Green, Martin v.d.
02281 AC Green, Ben
02278 AT Green, John
02280 AT Green, Jon
02279 AT Green, Mary
02769 AT Green, Hendrik A.M.
02675 AT Green, Brian
01608 SU Griffiths, Don
03917 AT Griffiths, Martyn
02745 AT Greeneweg,
Com
01610 AT Greenend,
Catherine B.
03931 AT Green, Joaquin
02796 AT Green, J.C.M.J. de
00562 AT Green, Stephen J.
00963 AT Green, Liz
00426 AT Green, Eric
00425 AT Green, Ronald
03547 AT Greenman,
Guenther
03396 AT Greenman, Julie
02391 AT Greenman, Harry
02658 AT Green, Steve
01055 AT Green, David
03630 AT Green, Anja
00561 AT Green, Richard
Rev
00835 AT Greter, Oliver
02657 SU Grady, Cate
01605 SU Guarino, Betty Ann A.
03975 AT Guarnieri, Annalisa
01606 SU Guider, John H.
02746 AT Guillot, Eddie
01604 AT Gunn, Ellen
00377 AT Gunnarsson, Urban
00162 AT Gunther, Peter
02139 AT Gunter, Jonathan
02887 AT Gunter, Rich
03759 AT Haas, Marian L.A.
02025 AT Haber-Silverberg,
Karen
01850 SU Hagan, Mary
02507 AT Hagberg, James
02599 SU Hager, Dana
02482 AT Hahn, Dora
Aurora
01699 AT Hahn, Robert R.
03582 AT Haigh, Thomas
01682 AT Haldeman II, Jack C.
02574 AT Haldeman, Cynthia
00306 AT Haldeman, Gay
02215 AT Haldeman, Jane
00181 AT Haldeman, Joe
03012 AT Haldeman, Lori
01683 AT Haldeman, Vol

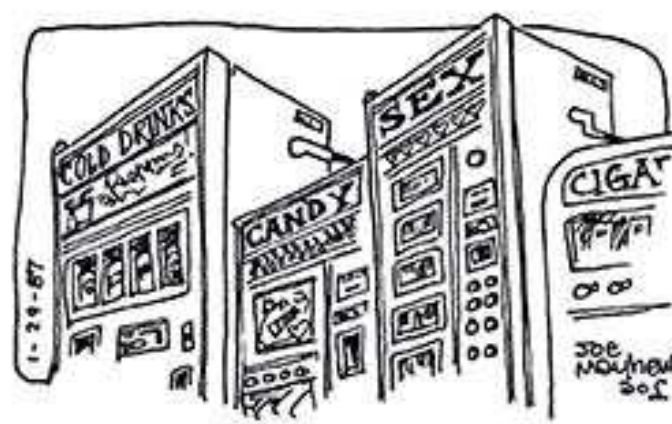
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01052 AT Hall, Kristina
03421 AT Hallenbach, Kristina
00430 AT Haller, Ralf
03635 SU Haller, Michelle
01307 AT Haller, Eleanor
01705 SU Haller, Richard M.
02644 AT Hamalainen, Timo-Jussi
01696 SU Hamblly, Barbara
00531 AT Hamilton, Maria
01695 AT Hamilton, Nora
01689 SU Hammond, Susan
02221 AT Hammon, Tony
03848 AT Hampel, Alex
01693 AT Hancock, Jody M.
01694 AT Hancock, Larry D.
02777 AT Hancock, Kay
00046 AT Handfield, Carey
03092 SU Handrich, Wm. Ceter
01687 SU Hanger, Nancy C.
01076 SU Hanke-Woods, Joan
00252 AT Hanna, Judith
00814 AT Hannaford, Gary G.
00005 AT Harco, Theo
02743 AT Harco, L.
02744 AT Harco, L.
02567 AT Harco, Mark
01686 SU Harco, Rob
01704 SU Harco, Rebecca D.
02268 AT Harding, Susan E.
00454 AT Hardy, David A.
01142 AT Harlow, Martin
01269 AT Harlow, John
03210 AT Harper, Philip
01703 SU Harrigan, Chris
01702 SU Harrigan, Harold
01700 SU Harrigan, Jonny
01701 SU Harrigan, Lisa
02810 AT Harris, Colin
00556 AT Harris, George E.
00659 AT Harris, Jonathan
01691 SU Harris, Pat
00660 AT Harris, Susan
02235 AT Harrison, Andy
GOH02AT Harrison, Harry
01706 AT Harrison, Joan M.
03528 AT Harrison, M. John
01685 AT Harrison, Moira
02767 AT Harrison, Susan
01680 AT Harrison, Todd
02665 AT Hart, M.R.
00139 AT Hartman, Ed
01698 AT Hartman, Elyan
01697 AT Hartman, Stephen G.
02533 AT Hartwell, David G.
00047 SU Harvey, Eve
00048 SU Harvey, John
01692 SU Haselme, Sue
00943 AT Haselme, Mrs. Kamal
02485 AB Hasselberg, Dita
02531 AT Hasle, David
03815 SU Hatcher, Matthew E.
01684 AT Hatten, Christopher
01813 AT Hauck, Waltraud
01679 AT Haughton, Jeff
01708 AT Hawcock, John
01690 AT Hawkins, Jackie
01681 SU Hay, Alys
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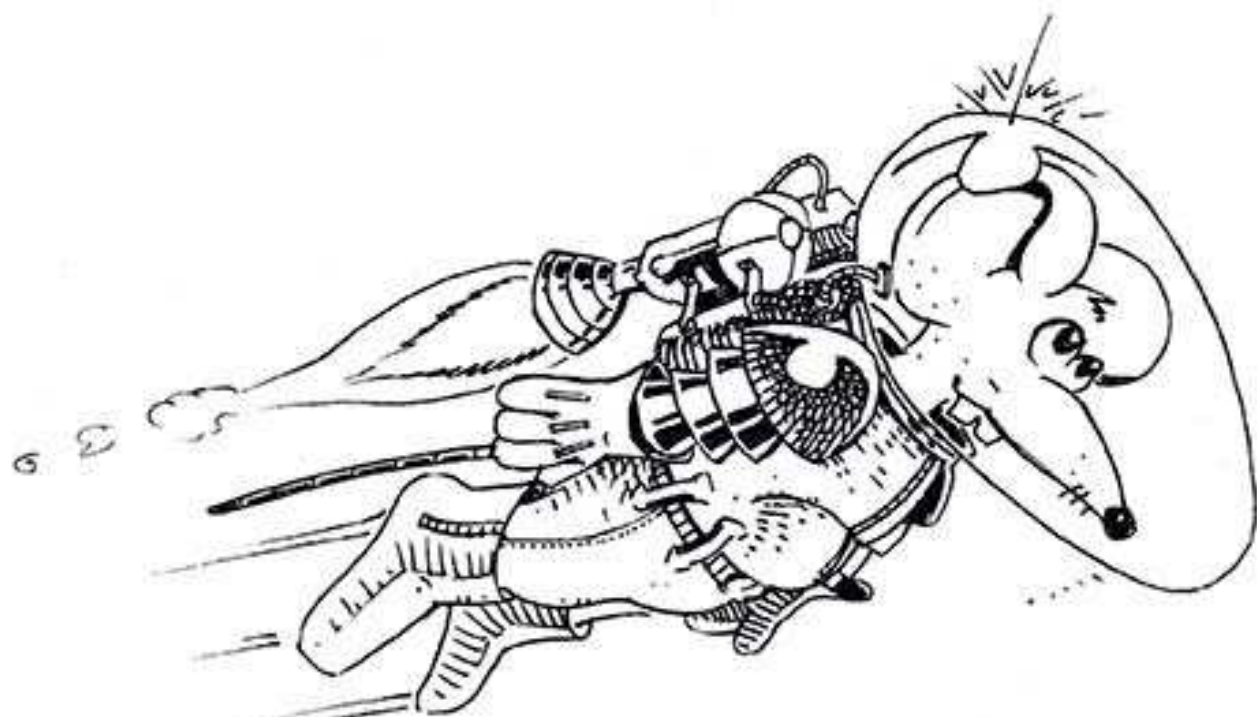
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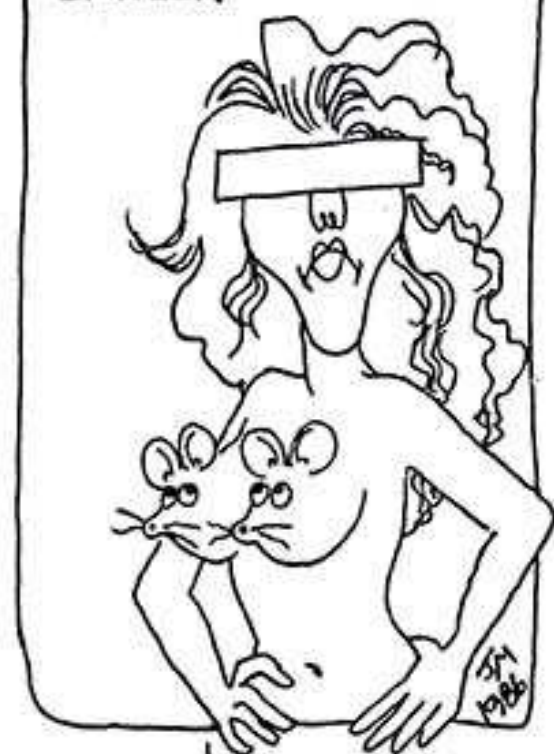
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Marie

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D.
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Nade Oenid
03639 AT Miyagi, Hiroshi
01813 SU Modell, Celia
01811 SU Modell, Howard
03057 AT Monk, Th. A.M.
01814 SU Moffat, Jane
01815 SU Moffat, Len
01341 AT Mogens, Klaus
Aegidius
00751 AT Mohapel Jr.,
Charles C.

TITMICE CAN BE FATAL TO A STARLET'S CAREER



03431 AT Mohanty,
Kishan, Dhan
01808 AT Moir, Debby
01805 AT Moir, Lillian E.
00172 AT Moir, Mike
03267 AT Mojica, Igor V.
00223 AT Molchenbrock, Lea
01804 SU Molchenbrock, Paola
01812 SU Molich, Caroline
01816 SU Molloy, Patrick
02174 AT Monk, Tina
03763 SU Monson, Michelle S.
02172 AT Montgomery, Dave
02650 AT Moore, David
03329 AT Moore, K.C.T.
01637 SU Moore, Perry Glen
02985 SU Morales, Myra
03360 AT Moran, Lou
00547 AT Moran, Sean
03494 AT Morera, Charles
01818 SU Morell, Pat
03025 AT Morita, Jayo
00456 AT Morgan, Chris
02934 AT Morgan, David
01131 AT Morgan, H.R.
02539 AC Morgan, Jason
01291 AT Morgan, Jeremy
02540 AT Morgan, Karen
01130 AT Morgan, M.J.
00457 AT Morgan, Pauline
00802 AT Moriarty, Richard
02899 AT Morita, Yochia
01810 AT Morrison, Brian
01807 AT Morrison, Mary
01809 SU Morse, Anne C.
02233 AT Morris, Andy
02264 SU Morris, Bill
03262 AT Morris, Mary
01819 AT Morris, Roger
02304 AT Morris, Simon
00872 AT Morris, Skip Wm
01806 AT Morrison IV,
William T.
01283 AT Morrison,
Elizabeth
01284 AT Morrison, Ronco

01324 AT Morrison, Wm
01817 AT Morrissey, Rich
00002 AT Morse, Lynne Ann
02375 AT Mortimer, Stephen
01163 AT Morton, Ann
03227 AT Morton, Catho
01164 AT Morton, Ivan
03508 AT Morwood, Peter
03897 AT Most, Anthony
02301 AT Mouton, Jean-
Pierre
00915 AT Mouton, Etienne
00245 AT Mowbray, Steve
02224 AT Moxey, Simon
01803 SU Moylan, Ken
02422 SU Mokoci, Igor
03306 AT Mueller, Jens
03824 SU Mueller, Mary
Anne
01801 AT Mueller, Pat
03923 AT Mueller, Uta

02941 SU Nalle, Ann
02775 AT Nanson, Philip
02626 AT Napier, Lorna
02231 SU Nash, Darren
03516 SU Nash, Joan A.
00307 AT Nathanson, Philip M
02456 AT Naylor, Karen
03334 AT Neale, Pete
01881 AT Nee, Dave
01880 SU Neff, Julie
01879 SU Neff, Randy
01253 AT Neil, Rhona F
02845 SU Nelson, Carl
00842 AT Nelson, Rosalind
01877 SU Neofa
01199 SU Neofa, Mona Maria
01882 SU Newall, Cr
02757 AT Newman, Joan
02756 AT Newman, John
00752 AT Newton, Barry L.D
01111 AT Newton, Cheryl

03366 AT Nock, Kerry T.
03565 AT Nock, Susan L.
03444 SU Nolan, Pat
01044 AT Nolin, Jody
00235 AT Nolte, H.T.F.
03847 AT Noordenmoet,
Andre
00657 AT Nooyens, C.A.J.
03181 AT Nordick, Andreas
03397 AT Noman, Lisette
03037 AT Noman, Mick
02226 AT Noman, Elaine
03652 AT Norn, John
00195 AT North, Gylha
02892 AT North, Heather
02337 AT Noutboom, R.F.
01872 SU Novak, Cathryn
01873 AT Novak, John J.
02891 AT Novin, Andrea B.
00491 SU Nuhia, Samet
01871 SU Null, Merlin R

01891 SU Off Centaur
Publications,
03916 AT Oguchi, Kyoko
03053 AT Ohman, Petri
01894 AT Oikarinen, Antti
02471 AT Olander, Tom
00654 AT Olanich, Catherine C
00298 SU Oliva, Frank C
03752 AT Oldfield, Ben
03753 AT Oldfield, Rachael
05695 SU Oldham, Barbara
00068 AT Oldroyd, Paul
02290 AT Olie, Koen
02589 AT Olipnyk, Martha
00667 AT Olmsted, Gene
02791 AT Ols, Jaroslav
00704 AT Olson, Karl M
01895 AT Olson, Dolores
02793 AT Olson, Keith
01886 SU Olson, Louise J
00821 AT Olson, Mark L.
01902 AT Olson, Priscilla
01885 SU Olson, Shirley J
00069 AT Olshyk, Frank
02331 AT Onderwater, R
02922 SU Ong, Marisa
01884 AT Onnell, Ron
01354 AT Onnell, Val
01019 AT Orlandella, Anthony
03661 AT Orlando, Lee
03678 AT Orszanski, Roman
03223 AT Orth, Ilona
03195 AT Ortiz, Joan Manel
00070 SU Ortlieb, Catherine
00554 AT Osaka, Masamichi
00555 AT Osaka, Michiko
01095 AT Osborn, Elizabeth
Ann
03387 AT Osborn, Mandy
03817 AT Osio, Chie
03840 AT Oster, Andrew
00332 AT Osterman, Per
01889 SU Oswald, Glen
01888 SU Oswald, Ruth
02392 AT Otzema, Henk
02242 SU Ousley, Simon
03849 AT Ouweland, Rudi F.
01880 AT Owens, Paul
01890 SU Owings, Carol Ann
03403 AT Packwood, Dave
00534 AT Page, Anne
03367 AT Pajunen, Divona K.
03417 AT Pajunen, Hanna
03111 SU Palmer, Corrie
03662 AT Palmer, Dennis E.
03408 AT Palmer, Jessica
02269 AT Palmer, Phil
02272 AT Palin, Josephine A.
00616 AT Palucci, Carol
01927 AT Pappas, James J.
00173 AT Pardoel, Nellie
00999 AT Parone, Louis E.
00903 AT Pargman, Michael
02656 SU Parol, John
03597 AT Parker, J.R.L.
01312 AT Parker, Lucy
01276 AT Parker, Margaret
03114 AT Parker, Martin A.
01059 AT Parker, Sandy
00857 AT Parker, Tony E.
02623 AT Parkin, Linda
00936 AT Parkins, David
02634 AT Parkins, Richard E.L.
03410 SU Parkinson, Boyd
00692 AT Parra,
02178 AT Parry, Arwel
01928 AT Parsons, Nigel
Gunter
01924 AT Parsons, Spike
01923 AT Partridge, Mark E.
00317 AT Paterson, Joan S.
01925 AT Paton, Frederick
03862 AT Paterson, John
00484 AT Paterson, R.L.
02914 SU Paterson, Walt
00339 AT Paton, Eamonn
02972 SU Paton, Virginia
03422 AT Pau, Maniela
03423 AT Pau, Nick

02978 SU Paul, Paul
02590 SU Paul, Patrick S.
00666 AT Paul, Sam
01926 SU Paulsen, Anne T.
03633 AT Pavoni, Mike
01920 SU Pavlos, Diana
Lynne
01919 SU Pavlat, Ross
02384 AT Pavlat, Eric
00820 AT Pavlat, Peggy Rae
02421 AT Payne, Alan
02818 AT Payne, Harry
01921 SU Payne, Katherine
03909 SU Payne, Kathryn G.
01915 SU Pearlman, Cld
00584 AT Pearlman, Dina
02778 AT Pearson, Nigel
02405 AT Peasley, Jeff
01316 AT Pedersen, Ellen M
01913 AT Peck, Bernie
01918 SU Peck, Susan
02613 AT Peckert, Caron
03653 AT Peckola, Tuomo
01206 AT Peltonen, Loma
00719 AT Pelz, Bruce
00992 AT Pelz, Elaine
03896 AT Penick, Katya
00200 AT Penney, Lloyd
00201 AT Penney, Yvonne
03297 AT Pennington, Ruth
00629 AT Penrose, James
02654 AT Pentland, Allison E.
03441 AB Percival, Lawrence
02805 AT Percival, Maggie
02804 AT Percival, Mike
03258 AT Perez Navarro,
Francisco
02678 SU Perkins Jr, Frank
02861 SU Perkins, Gerald R.
02568 SU Perkins, Philip
00196 AT Perkins, Roger
02863 AT Perry, Diane
00076 AT Perry, Kevin
03174 SU Persson, Lawrence
03216 AT Persson, Tommy
00495 AT Pesch, Helmut
01912 SU Peters, Volker
03676 SU Peterson, Anne
03106 AT Peterson, Glenn
00881 AT Peterson, Harry
02709 AT Peterson, Michael
03675 AT Peterson, Michael
03299 AT Peterson, Scott
01914 SU Peterson, Linda
03282 AT Peterson, Robert C.
03158 AT Peterson, Robert D.
03918 AT Petoud, Willy
01917 SU Pettinger Jr, Peter E.
01916 SU Pettinger, Sandra G.
03688 AT Petty, Matthew
01911 AT Petty, Nick
02313 AT Petty, Phil
01290 AT Petty, Wendy
02619 AT Peyton, Arline
02621 AT Peyton, Roger
01910 SU Phillips, Andrew v.
02483 SU Phillips, Carl
Maxey
02344 AC Pickering, Annabel
00336 AT Pickering, Frances
00337 AT Pickering, John
00460 AT Pickering, John
Gregory
00459 AT Pickering, Linda K.
02718 SU Piero Carey, Mary
03706 AT Pihla, George
02557 SU Pihliva, James
00878 AT Pihney, Spencer
01323 AT Pihonen, Lauri
00937 AT Pisto, Peter
02806 AT Pizer, Anton C.
01236 AT Pihnen, Aneta
01237 AT Pihnen, Pekka
02276 AT Platt, Charles
01907 SU Platt, John
01906 AT Pleasant, Mel
00043 AT Pless, Arjan
00628 AT Plumby, Phil
01908 AT Plumlee, Gary L.

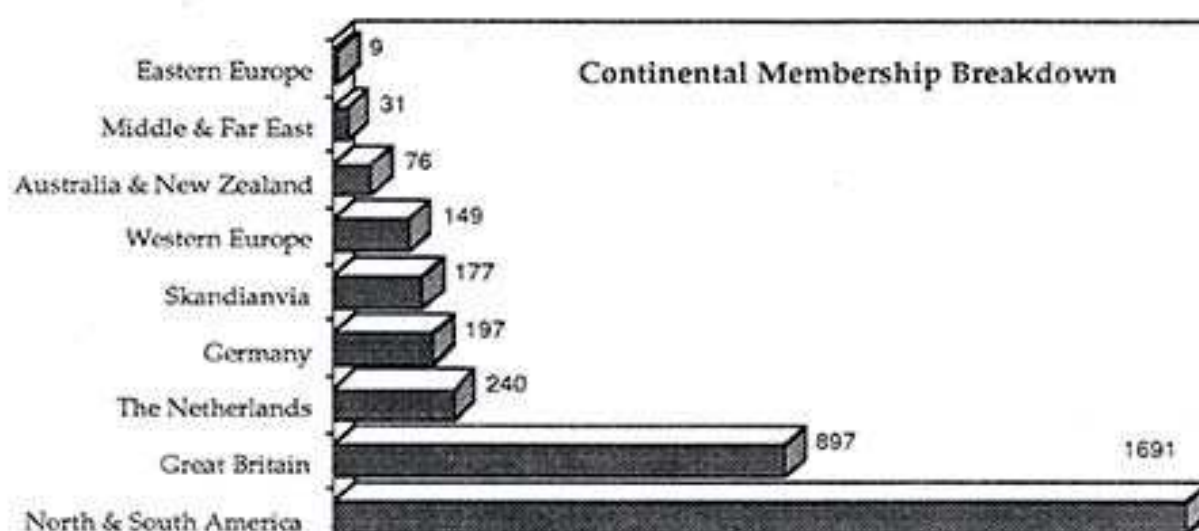


03764 AT Muljaert, Michelle
00256 AT Mullan, Caroline
03127 SU Muller, Richard
02354 AT Mulligan, Stephen B.
01094 AT Mullin, Dennis
01273 AT Mumaw, Donalyn
01278 AT Mumaw, Lorraine A.
00479 SU Murphy, Daniel A.
01188 AT Murphy, Debbie
01802 SU Murphy, Rose B.
03279 AT Murray, Colin
03534 AT Murray, Paul
03914 AT Mussard, Pierre
03874 AT Muter, T.
02636 AT Muyser-v.
Buisson, Carla
03455 AB Muyser, Marco
02635 AT Muyser, Rob
01230 AT Mylon, Gyvend
01800 AT Myrvold, Jon Uno
01883 AT Nakashima, Lex L.

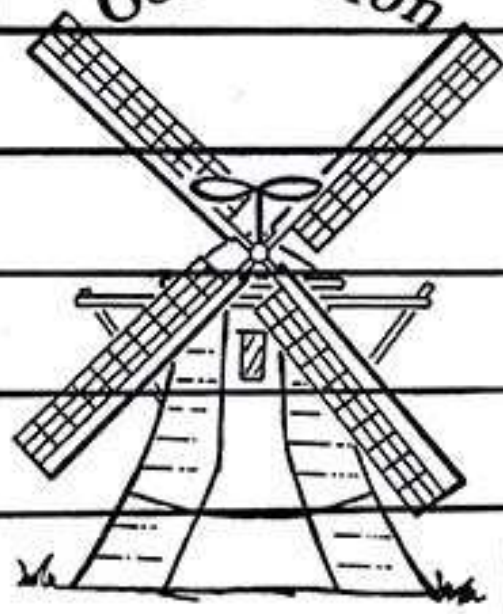
00363 AT Newton, Henry
00677 AT Newton, Judith
01878 SU Newton, Marilyn
02725 AC Newton, Meridel H.
03569 AC Newton, Penelope
Jane
03726 AT Ngai, Victor
00257 AT Nicholas, Joseph
03852 AT Nichols, Peter
02870 SU Nichols, Stan
03700 AT Nick, Gary
02377 AT Nickols, Kristine
03704 AT Nicot, Stephanie
00718 AT Niebuhr, W David
00859 AT Nizinski, Jwc
00009 AT Nijenhuis, Jeroen
02737 AT Nijenhuis, Paul P.
01875 AT Niven, Puzzy Pink
01876 AT Niven, Larry
01874 SU Nock, William R.
02822 AT Noad, Charles

01102 AT Noringa, Zacharias
01032 AT Nye, Jody Lynn
03415 AT Nyholm, Mica
01887 SU O'Brien, Terry
01112 AT O'Donnell,
Andrew
02625 AT O'Kane, Chris
02424 AT O'Neil, Patricia
Mary
01117 AT O'Shea II,
Christopher
03926 AT Oakley, Caroline
01893 SU Obeng, Genda K.
03775 AB Obom, Jonathan
00451 AT Obom, Keith
00452 AT Obom, Kristyna
03928 AT Odel, Catherine
00380 AT Odon, Roger
03512 SU Oestreicher, Joy
01892 SU Off Centaur
Publications,

02817 AT Plummer, Mark	00386 AT Pullard, R.J.	01967 SU Reiser, Midge	01948 SU Rogow, Roberta	02996 AT Ryan, Charles C.
02789 AT Plummer, Norman	01234 AT Purlow, Allen	03851 SU Ronken, Joseph D.	03881 AT Rohan, Debbie	03696 SU Ryan, Elizabeth C.
02787 AT Poe, Stephen D.	00006 AT Puzio, Larry v.d.	00299 AT Rensen, Theresa	03882 AT Rohan, Mike	02841 AT Ryan, Karen
00174 AT Poel, Wilbald Te	02545 AT Pye, Nancy	01966 SU Renson Jr, Neil H.	02472 AT Roinsla, Ben	02997 AT Ryan, Mary
03233 AT Poffley, Richard	02323 AT Quadras, R.	01962 AT Rosnick, Carol	03713 AT Rom, Edward E.	02794 AT Ryder, Brendan J.
01903 SU Pogitsch, Carol	00486 SU Quarsten-Viviani, Lillana	01961 AT Rosnick, Mike	01202 SU Root, Carol	01177 AT Ryder, Helen
02477 AT Pohl, Fredrik	01932 SU Quarsten, John S.	00116 AT Ros, Neil	02329 AT Rooy, T van	03586 AT Ryman, Geoff
02833 AT Pol, Harry	03794 AT Quinton, Cynthia A.	01238 AT Rutenward, Anders	02232 AT Rose-Turner, Clarinda	02055 AT Sachs, Marjorie
00282 AT Porensz, John	01971 AT Rabson, John	03779 AT Reynolds, Chris	01938 AT Rosenbaum, Stephanie	03325 AT Sachs, Dieter
03495 AT Porensz, Bruno	01968 AT Racklin, Alan	00727 AT Reynolds, James	02516 SU Rosenberg, Robert	00283 AT Seichter, L. Ruth
02364 AT Porsen, J.L.	01196 AT Ragnor, Torbjorn	03281 SU Reynolds, Robert	00941 AT Rosenblum, Howard	00284 AT Seichter, Robert E.
01900 AT Poppelier, Nico	01861 AT Raj, Anita	03006 SU Reynolds, William	00942 AT Rosenblum, June	02541 AT Sadder, William
GOIB3AT Porter, Andrew	03141 AT Rak, Peter	00841 AT Ribben, C.	01953 AT Rosenberg, Diane	03536 AT Sado, Jacques
02447 SU Portet, Carol	03295 SU Ramon, Hector	01224 AT Rice, Stephen	01951 SU Rosenfeld, Sue-ene	03537 AT Sado, Joanne
02760 AT Portet, Jean	01363 AT Randall, David	00270 AT Richards, Anthony D.	01954 SU Rosenfeld, Elyse S.	02054 SU Sagillo, Von
02761 AT Portet, Jim	02310 AT Raper, Stuart	01960 SU Richards, Frank	02176 AT Rosenfeld, Jack	01166 AT Salla, Terhi
01905 SU Portet, Ken	02167 SU Rapkin, Ariana	00833 AT Richards, Mark	02535 SU Rosenthal, Andrew	02057 AT Sakera, Don
03616 SU Portet, Marianne	02169 SU Rapkin, Joan M.	02945 AT Richards, Russell J.	01944 AT Ross-Mansfield, Linda	02046 AT Salhus, Inger Lise
01901 AT Portet, Maureen	02168 SU Rapkin, Liorah	01959 SU Richardson, Kathy A.	01941 SU Ross, Bradley A.	03627 SU Salisbury, Deborah J.
02854 AT Post, Jonathan	02166 SU Rapkin, Myron	02407 AT Richardson, Mike	00952 AT Ross, Jan	02647 AT Salminen, Harri
02430 AT Post, Katherine	03839 AT Rasmussen, Fari	01955 SU Rico, Joe	02615 AT Ross, Michael	02731 AT Salminen, Juha
01904 SU Potter, D.	01969 SU Rasmussen, Dawn	01957 AT Ridenour, Victoria	00176 AT Rothenberg, Rene van	03164 AT Salminen, Kaisa
01899 SU Poutmelle, Alex	02588 AT Rasmussen, Geraldine	03052 AT Riley, Toni	00865 AT Rostron, Richard	02053 AT Salomon, Ron
03448 AT Poutmelle, Jerry	01970 AT Rasmussen, Karl S.	01958 AT Riley, Connie	02537 AT Roth, Jeanette	03255 AT Salvador, Luis
03449 AT Poutmelle, Roberta	00890 AT Razi, David	03412 AT Rishworth, R.D.J.	02536 AT Roth, Leslie	02049 AT Samig, Paul Dan
02580 AT Powell, James	00513 AT Rauber, Reinhard	01956 AT Ritch, Bill	03663 SU Roth, Stefan	02880 AT Samuel, Jim
00447 AT Power, Da	02902 SU Rawns, Laurie	00117 SU Ritterhouse, Jim	00362 AT Rothman, Stephen	02048 AT Sandberg, M.
02813 AT Prachet, Lynn	00607 AT Raybin, Robert	03186 AT Ritter, H.	01942 SU Rothstein, Allan	00081 AT Sanden, Jeffrey
02814 AC Prachet, Rhilana	02309 AT Raymond, S.	03010 AT Rivers, David	02692 AT Rostenstock, Gerd	03906 SU Sanders, Crystal
02812 AT Prachet, Terry	03381 AT Ream, Allen K.	02601 AT Roach, Kharis	02512 AT Row, David	02050 SU Sanders, Dew
03453 SU Price, Robert W.	00630 AT Ream, David K.	02600 AT Roach, Russell	01946 SU Rowe, Eric L.	03907 SU Sanders, Gail
03844 AT Price, Claudia	01390 AT Reap, Colene	00573 AT Robb, Gary R.	00438 AT Rowland, Marcus L.	02051 SU Sanders, Kathryn
00767 AT Preston, Dick	00652 SU Reaser, Mike	03140 AT Roberts, Dave	00130 AT Rowley, Dave	03908 SU Sanders, Kimberly
00768 AT Preston, Janice D.	01963 SU Rebbola, Jeffrey J.	01945 AT Roberts, Gramey	02973 SU Roy, David	03905 SU Sanders, Vincent G.
02595 AC Price-Whelan, Alex	00435 AT Rockenwald, Thomas	01940 AT Roberts, Jafery	01943 SU Roy, Kenneth	02047 AT Sanderson, Sue E.
02594 AT Price, Audrey	01965 SU Rector, Gretchen V.	02236 AT Roberts, Lindsay	01931 SU Rubasky, Mary	02289 AT Sandor, Richard
02213 AT Price, Doug	01964 SU Rector, Wayne T.	03331 AT Roberts, Marjorie	01930 SU Rubasky, Thomas R.	00082 AT Sands, Kathy
02829 SU Price, George W.	00269 AT Redburn, Stephen	00550 AT Roberts, Peter	00210 SU Rubin, Arthur L.	02052 AT Sands, Kevin
00782 SU Prince, Sarah S.	01296 AT Redden, Tim	02458 SU Robertson, Andy	01347 SU Rubins, John	00083 AT Sands, Leo
03069 AT Pringle, Ann	02190 AC Redden, Ben	01947 SU Robin, Denis	00905 AT Rudyk, Barbara	02361 AT Sands, Lindsay
03068 AT Pringle, David	02189 AT Redden, John	02468 AT Robinson, Linda Louise	00904 AT Rudyk, Simon	00384 AT Sante, J van
03070 AT Pringle, James	02415 AT Redding, Marjorie	01950 SU Robinson, Andrew	03693 AT Ruediger, Fahje	03257 AT Santiago, Juan Manuel
02282 AT Pritchard, Ceri H.	01936 SU Reed, Dennis A.	02237 AT Robinson, Ann	01934 SU Ruffa, Gregory	02916 AT Sanyil, Claire F.
02370 AT Pritchard, Lorraine	02798 AT Reed, Martin	02772 AT Robinson, Guy	00892 AT Ruk, Lawrence A.	00518 AT Sapienta, John T.
02369 AT Pritchard, Marion Naomi	02223 AT Rees, Nicky	00258 AT Robinson, Roger	00499 AT Ruhnar, Hans-Joergen	02199 AT Sarah, Lena
02371 AT Pritchard, Steve	01126 AT Rees, Gareth	01939 SU Robinson, Ron	00500 AT Ruhnar, Roland	02056 SU Sardo, Gregory V.
00078 SU Proctor, Charlotte	03733 AT Rees, Gareth	02873 AT Robinson, T R.	03544 AT Runniman, Katie	02732 AT Saron, Ari-Matti
03912 AT Prokop, Gen	03093 AT Rees, John Campbell	00729 AT Robison, Mary	01933 SU Ruppinger, Herbert C.	00766 AT Sargent, Gene
03089 AT Prokash, Lawrence R.	02683 AT Rees, Mandy Louise	00455 AT Robison, Nigel	03523 SU Rusch, Kristine Kathryn	02911 SU Satterfield, Dale
00862 AT Prok, J.J.	02964 AT Reeves, Victoria	01952 SU Roche, Kevin P.	00653 AT Roah, Ed	03375 AT Saville, Bruce
00817 AT Prophet, Fred	02489 AT Reid, Alistair	01949 SU Roensch, Chris	00118 AT Russell, Richard S.	03504 AT Sawaki, Yohji
01897 SU Prou, Raiza	01140 AT Reid, Malcolm	00079 SU Roepkin, Richard	02658 AT Russell, Simon	03503 AT Sawaki, Yoko
01896 SU Provencano, Leonard J.	03207 AT Reimers, Eva	00481 SU Rogers, Mike	02882 AT Ruwe, Terri	02420 AT Saxby, Andrew
00606 AT Psalt, Timothy A.	01088 AT Reine, Herbert Van	00920 AT Rogers, Phil		02373 AT Saxton, Angie
00882 AT Pukallus, Hent	02960 SU Reiss, Phillip	00980 AT Rogge, Rebekah L.		03260 AT Sayon, Nick
03594 AT Pulido, Cristina				00285 AT Schacky, Sharon
03180 AT Pulla, Stefanie				00979 AT Schaad, Tom
				00178 AT Schaap, Peter



ConFiction



01177 AT Schaap, Theo
03868 AT Schaefer, Bodo
02198 AT Schaezel, Kai Cio
Morgewelt
02602 AT Schaefer, David
01356 AT Scharadin, Meurs
00843 AT Schaefer, Tom
00276 AT Scheffers, J.M.
03845 AT Schekkerman,
Maunice
03864 AT Schendel, Guen of
Roland
03863 AT Schendel, Roland
02040 AT Schiffer, Ralf
02044 AT Schilling, Ben
02044 AT Schimanski, Johan
02493 AT Schindler Jr.,
Ludwig
03028 SU Schindler, Dora
00564 SU Schindler, Mike
00147 AT Schindler, David
00897 AT Schindler, H.J.
01204 AT Schindler, Thomas
01257 AT Schmidt, Dieter
03368 AT Schmidt, Joyce
02495 AT Schmidt, Jürgen
03470 AT Schmidt, Stanley
03220 AT Schmidt, Martin
02742 AT Schinkel, Uwe
03429 AT Schinkelberg,
Michael
01289 AT Schneider, Gene
03831 AT Schoeffel, Kim M.
03802 AT Schoongart, Hark-
Olaf
02043 SU Scholl, Oliver
02362 AT Schouten, Herman
00119 AT Schroeder, Larry
01247 AT Schroeder, Sue
Who
03107 AT Schube Nordhok, G.C.
03767 AT Schulte, Colleen
03244 AT Schutte, Stoffen
02039 SU Schwartz, Julius
02042 SU Schwarz, Liz
03285 AT Schwegman, Hoo G.
03284 AT Schwegman,
Marlin D.

03369 AT Schweitzer, Darrell
02693 AT Schweizer, Hubert
03122 SU Schwegge,
Edmund L.
02549 AT Soose, David
01104 AT Soos-Brown,
Angie H.C.
00323 AT Soos, Alison
03321 AT Soos, Anne
03206 AT Soos, Janet
03322 AT Soos, Jill
03655 AT Soos, Lesley
00320 AT Soos, Mike
02041 SU Sooville, Bobbi L.
02045 AT Soovier, Joyce K.
03890 SU Soog, Charles
02201 SU Soof, Laurie
02037 SU Soofy, Eva
02038 AT Soofing, Gail
03520 SU Soofen, Andrew J.
01063 AT Soofen, Steven C.
03446 AT Soof, Michael
03328 AT Soofen,
Charmaine D.
00807 AT Soof, Randall H.
02030 SU Soofan, Ariel
01482 SU Soofhart, James
02455 AT Soofman, Meira
03887 SU Soofner, Andrea
02412 AT Soofen, Ozo
02032 AT Soofen, Patricia
02413 AT Soofen, Ruth
03809 AT Soofen, Anthony
John
03213 AT Soofen, Darren
02031 SU Soofen, Riskey
Steven
03194 AT Soofen, Della
03614 AT Soofen, Joseph
02034 SU Soofen, Keith
02956 AT Soofen, Carol
00714 AT Soofen, Guen of
Richard
00713 AT Soofen, Richard
02036 AT Soofen, Sachiko
02035 AT Soofen, Takumi
01863 SU Soofen, James
02940 SU Soofen, Ruth

00696 AT Shiffman, Stu
02029 SU Shiffman, John
02701 AT Shiba, Kibe
02526 AT Shipman, Linda
03261 AT Shippey, Tom
02033 SU Shipton, Robert
00379 AT Shipton, Norman
00780 AT Shipton, K. Michiko
02851 AC Shipton, Daniel
01319 AT Shipton, Joe
02637 AT Shipton, Edward
01219 AT Shipton, Karen O.S.
00805 AT Shipton, Renee
03135 AT Shipton, Ronald
02024 SU Shipton, Dana B.
03442 SU Shipton, Kurt C.
03270 AT Shipton, Monica
02023 SU Shipton, Andrew
02026 AT Shipton, Robert
00788 AT Shipton,
Ephraim
00787 AT Shipton, Yonnie
03886 SU Shipton, Janne
02028 AT Shipton, Dora
02027 AT Shipton, Nick
02021 SU Shipton, Barbara
03781 AT Shipton, Barbara
03640 AT Shipton, Erik
01216 AT Shipton, Lester
00945 AT Shipton, M.J.
01334 AT Shipton, Patricia
01333 AT Shipton, Roger
03399 SU Shipton, Cyril
00560 AT Shipton, David
02506 AT Shipton, Ivan
02022 AT Shipton, Johanna
03192 AT Shipton, Marja
01207 SU Shipton, Mikael
03165 AT Shipton, Pukka
01986 AT Shipton, Theresa
"Terry"
01294 AT Shipton, Madona
00626 AT Shipton, Fran
02164 AT Shipton, Sylvia W.
01240 AT Shipton, James H.
03271 AT Shipton, Dale L.
02435 AT Shipton, Carina
02019 SU Shipton, Martin A.

01309 AT Slater, Joyce
00179 AT Slater, Ken
03101 AT Slater, B.M.
02018 SU Sloan, Kathleen A.
02009 SU Sloan, Wally
00149 AT Sloan, Ad
02183 AT Sloan, Christian
03835 AT Sloan, Stephen
00169 AT Sloan, Janelle
00091 AT Sloan, John Paul
02017 SU Sloan-Moore,
Michelle
02374 AT Sloan, Allison
01065 AT Sloan, Bobbie
02013 SU Sloan, Christopher P.
00153 AT Sloan, Dick
01352 AT Sloan, Donna
02012 AT Sloan, Frank R.
02014 SU Sloan, Gerald
03762 SU Sloan, James L.
02244 AT Sloan, Jim
02245 AT Sloan, Judith
03777 SU Sloan, Keith
02171 AT Sloan, Laurence C.
00122 AT Sloan, Leah Zeldes
03573 SU Sloan, Lucie
03571 AT Sloan, Lisa
03152 AT Sloan, Martin
02011 SU Sloan, Michael T.
03670 AB Sloan, Nathan
03930 AT Sloan, Nicolas
02938 AT Sloan, Patricia
00615 AT Sloan, Peter Jr.
02585 SU Sloan, Randal
02015 AT Sloan, Roger
Jonathan
03691 AT Sloan, Sarah
03318 AT Sloan, Valerio
02016 SU Sloan, Victoria
02007 AT Sloan, Victoria A.
02008 AT Sloan, Jane
00793 AT Sloan, Lee
02006 SU Sloan, Karen M.
02010 SU Sloan, W.R.
01162 AT Sloan, Robert
03077 AT Sloan, Melinda M.
02307 AT Sloan, Adrian
03624 AT Sloan, Dan
00711 AT Sloan, Deborah M.
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03785 AT Sloan, Nat
02570 AT Sloan, Herman
02569 AT Sloan, Prjitoo
02606 SU Sloan, Joseph A.
03247 AT Sloan, Santiago G.
01218 AT Sloan, Jan
Frederik Anker
03071 AT Sloan, Kate
01349 SU Sloan, Bjorn Jarle
01351 SU Sloan, Dag
01259 SU Sloan, Stein
03138 AT Sloan, Kate
01016 AT Sloan, Tom
03030 AT Sloan, Els
03289 AT Sloan, Morten
00260 AT Sloan, Ian
03808 AT Sloan, Rob
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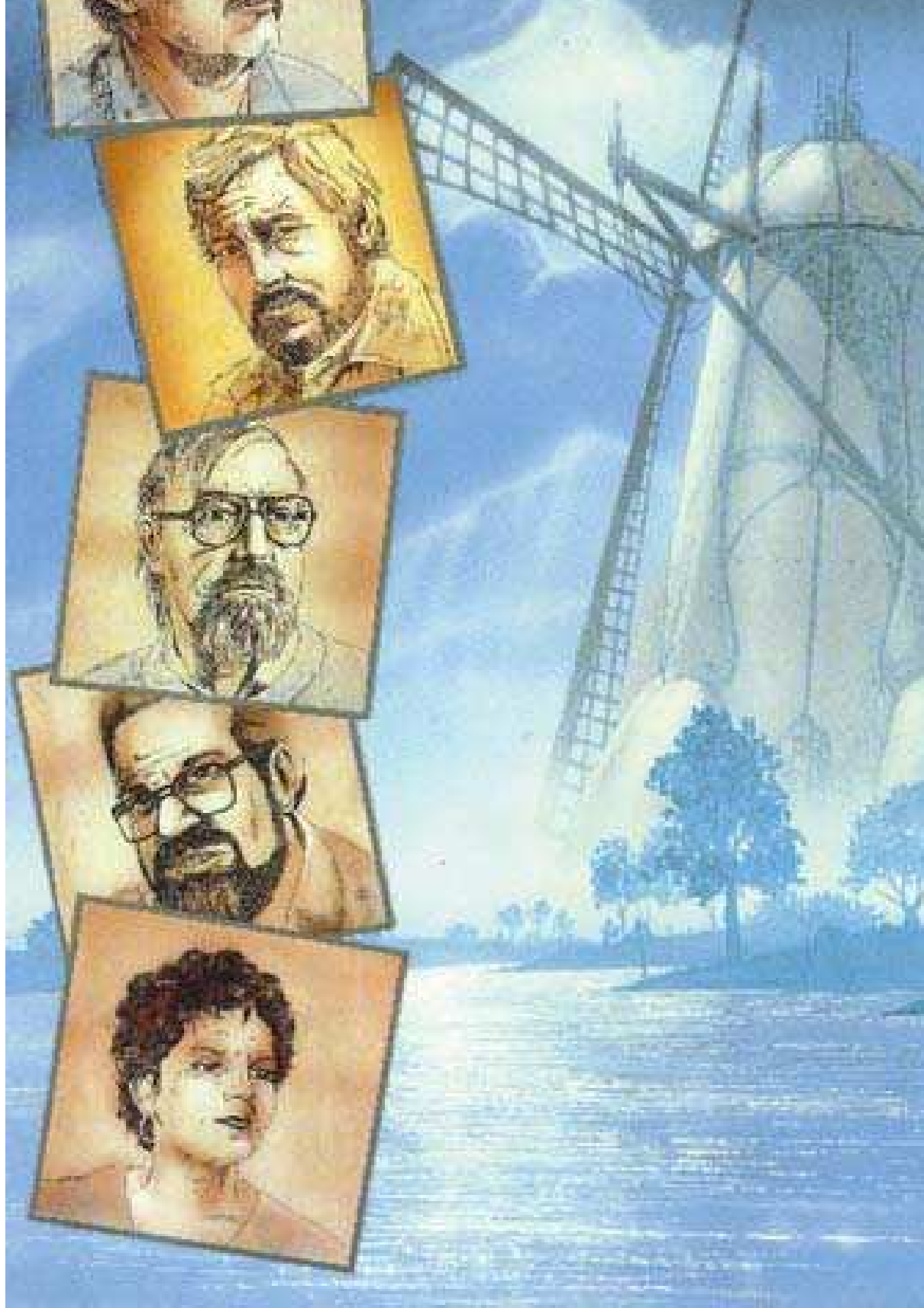
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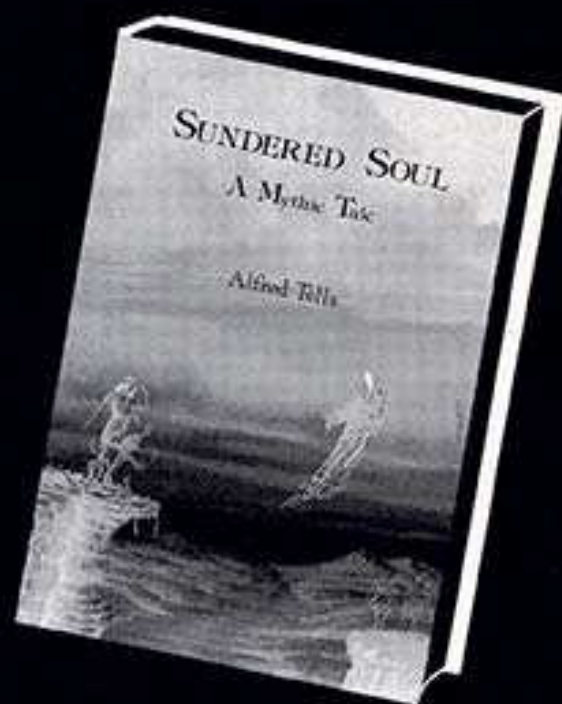
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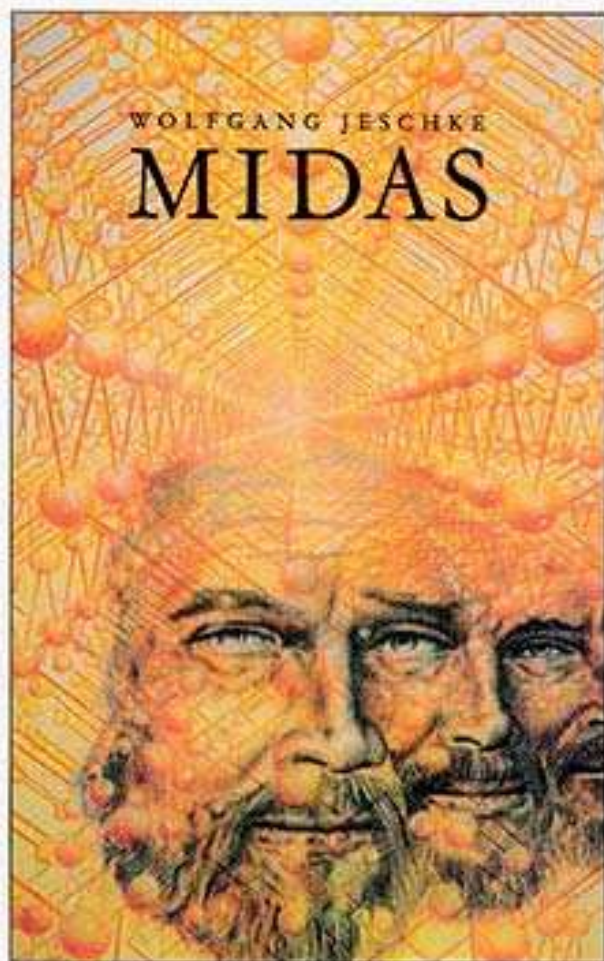
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Locus, May 1990



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