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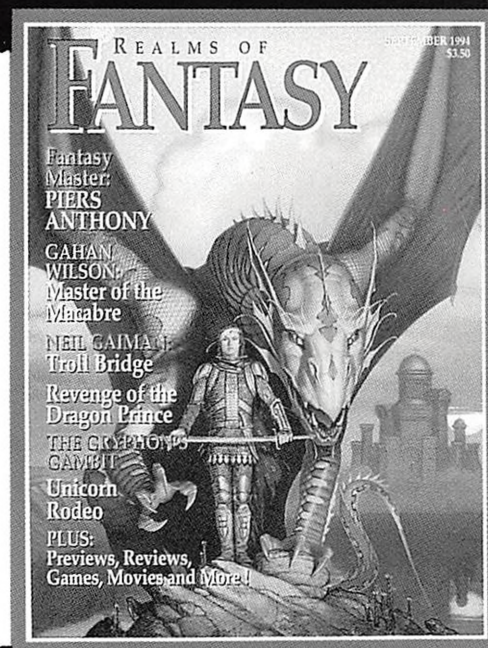
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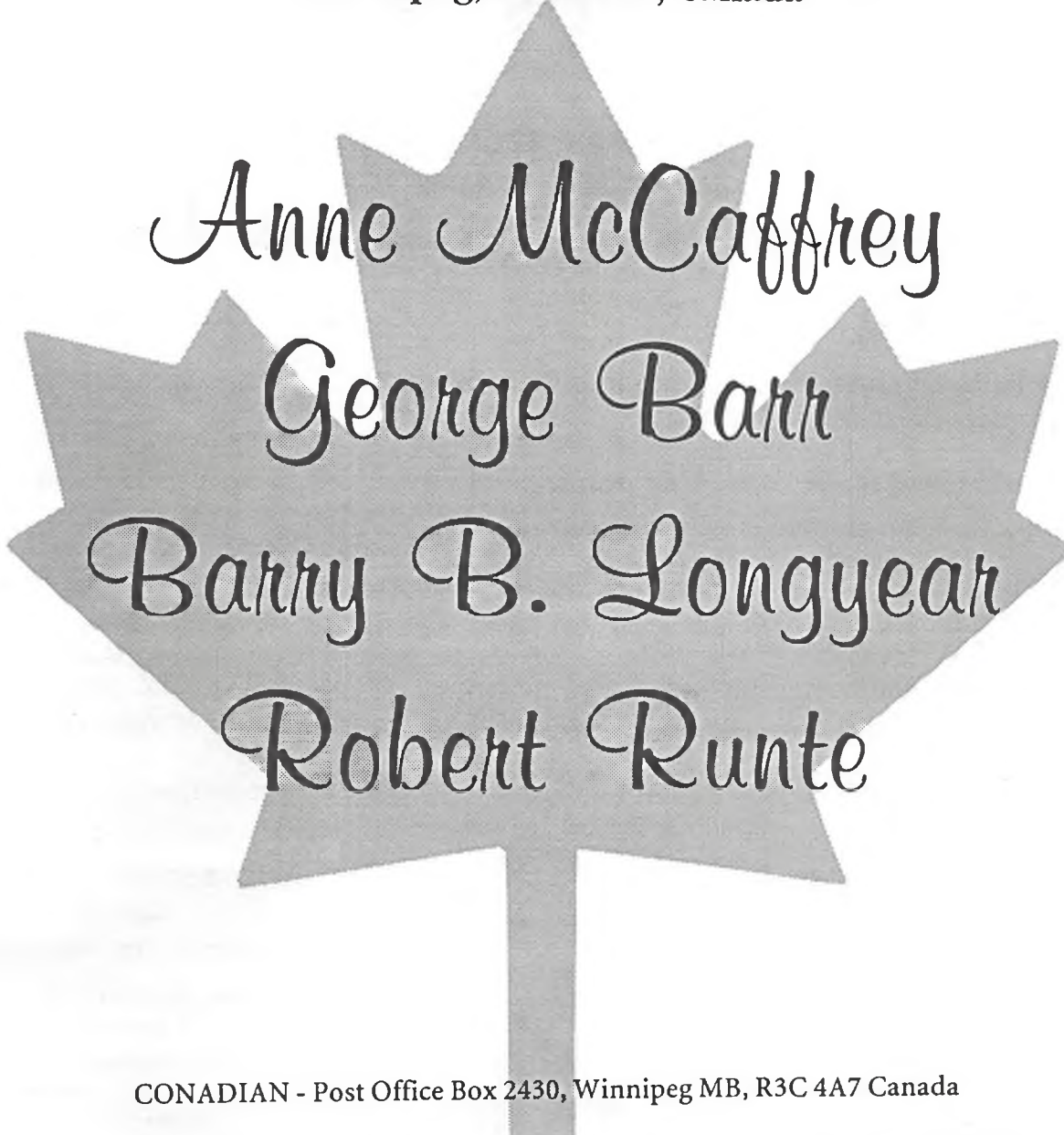
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The 52nd World Science Fiction Convention
September 1 - September 5, 1994
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada



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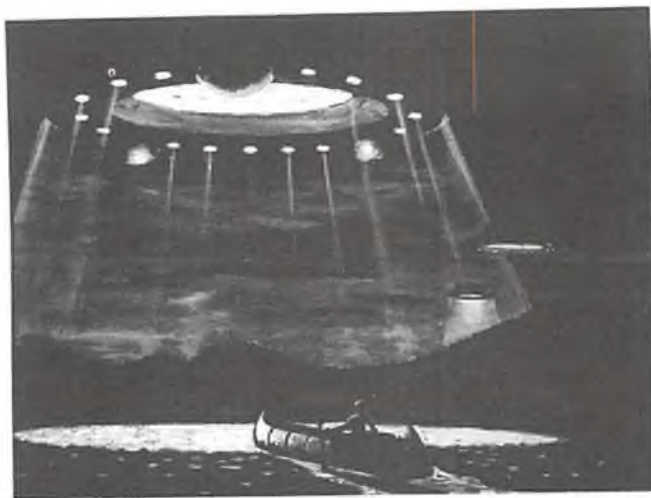
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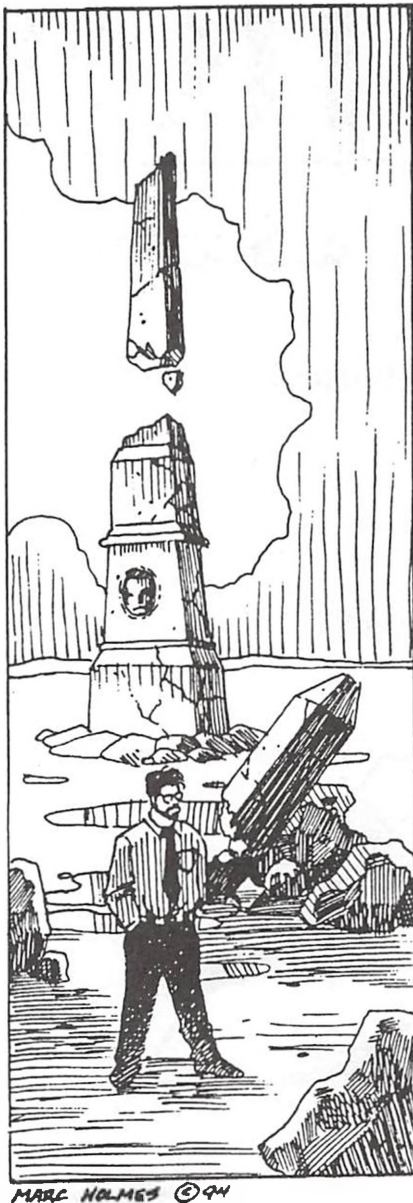
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FROM THE CHAIR

by John Mansfield



That which does not kill us shall make us stronger. Well, many of us are getting stronger...at the speed of light.

It all started half way through a four year separated posting from my wife and family. I was in Calgary, working and traveling throughout Western Canada. One night, when I had phoned home to see if it was still there, Linda started this all off by simply asking if Toronto and Winnipeg were in the same bid zone. I said why? She then pointed out that Canada had not hosted a World Con since 1973 and did that mean that Canadian Fandom did or did not exist???

The next six months was spent running the breadth of Canada trying to find a suitable location that could host a Worldcon in Canada. We started asking fellow fans for help and support, we started hosting "incredible simulation" bid parties at various conventions and a time and place began to form.

1994, which at first had appeared unclaimed, quickly became the year that everyone wanted. At one time or another we had fellow bidders from Perth, Australia; Berlin, West Germany (or Germany as its now called); Milwaukee,

Wisconsin; Cincinnati, Ohio; Nashville, Tennessee; Zagreb, Yugoslavia (or Herzegovina as its now called); and eventually, Louisville, Kentucky. As the new, unknown group, we had started bidding some five years before the actual vote in 1991 in Chicago.

After a remarkable and record-holding close vote, we won. (Ask Linda about being locked in a room with 8 guys counting the votes)

Now, three years later, twenty one years since TORCONII, we are hosting the Science Fiction Community once more in Canada.

The eight years past are an interesting look at a major slice of our lives, dreams and ideas. In 1987, when we started planning and dreaming of what we would make of the con, Computers and faxes were just becoming popular and we had no idea that they would combined and that the "nets" would become a lifeline for us.

We are glad they did. The members of our committee who have come together to put on

this convention actually live and work many miles apart. Yet thanks to fax/modems, while we have been apart in space, we have been together in time. Almost every night, GEnie & Compuserve and other nets have been alive with both committee and other fans questions/thoughts/observations/requests and more. Periodically, we have spent entire weekends working out the details and decisions for everything from the colours of ribbons to locations, size and content of program items.

Endless hours of unseen and unpaid work have filled the spare and not so spare time of the committee members, and we can not thank them enough for all their efforts to make this convention happen.

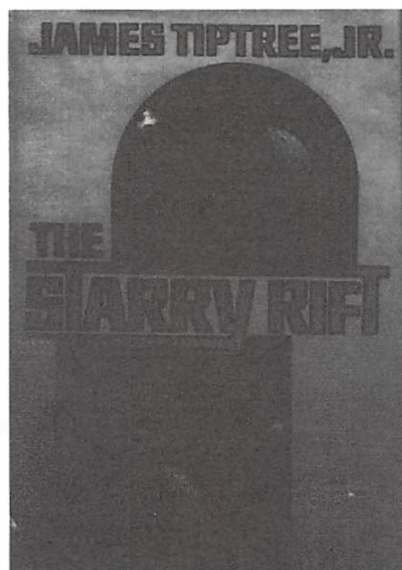
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Was it worth it? That you will tell us.

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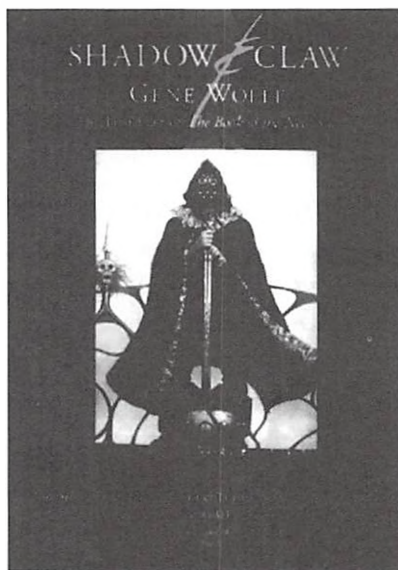
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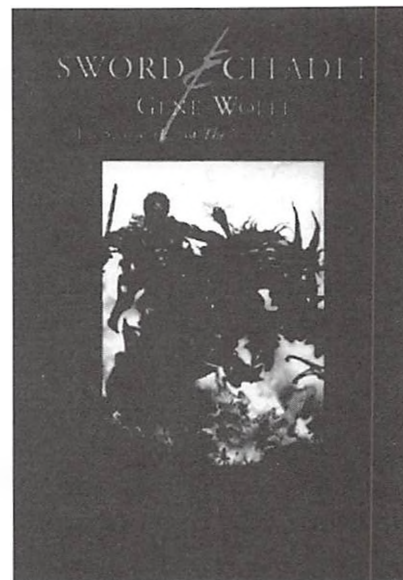
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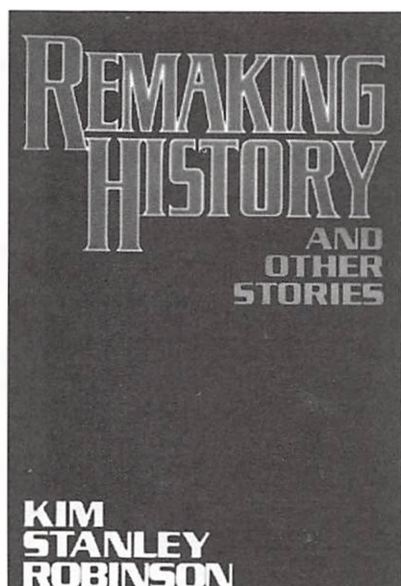
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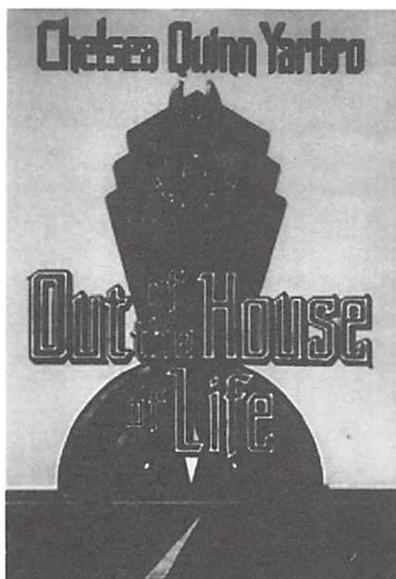


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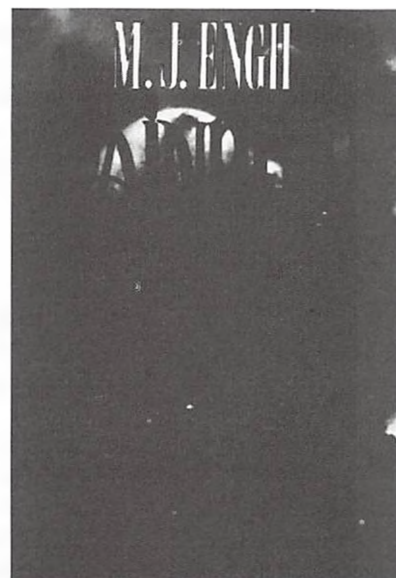


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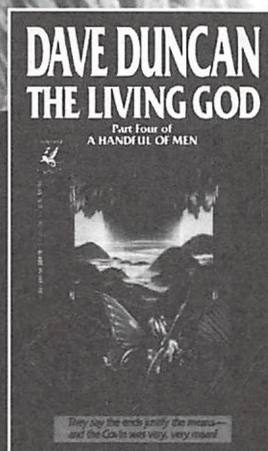


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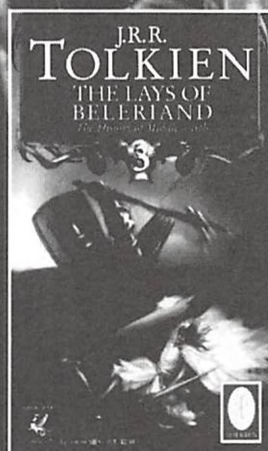
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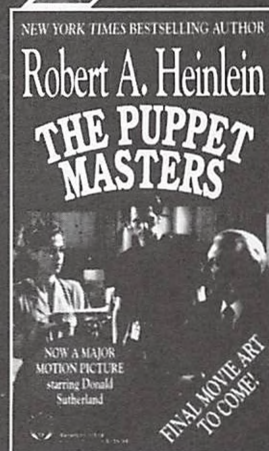


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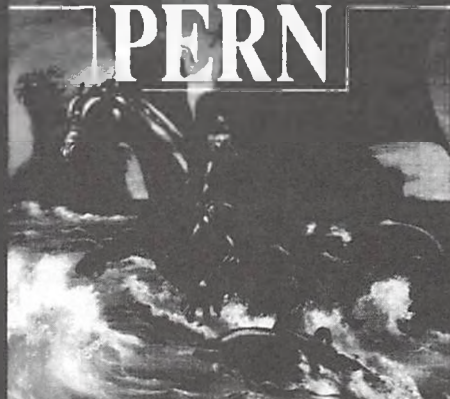
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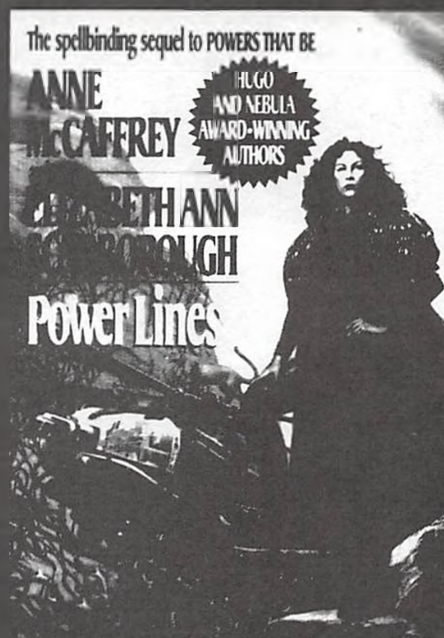


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ANNE INEZ McCaffrey: A Biography

by Matthew D. Hargreaves

Anne Inez McCaffrey was born April 1, 1926, to George McCaffrey, a U.S. Army Colonel, and Anne Dorothy McElroy McCaffrey, who had worked as an advertising copywriter in Boston. Anne had two brothers—Kevin, a retired insurance underwriter, and Hugh, a retired U.S. Army Major who died in 1987. Hugh wrote a novel posthumously published in July, 1988, titled *Khmer Gold*.

Anne graduated from Radcliffe College in 1947, *cum laude* with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Slavonic Languages and literatures. Her unpublished honors thesis was "Eugene Ivanovich Zamiatin, with Special Emphasis on His Utopian Novel, *We*", a copy of which can be found in the manuscript division of the George Arents Library in Syracuse, New York.

Anne held several jobs before and during her early writing years. She worked as a copywriter and layout artist for the Liberty Music Shops, for which she wrote advertisements based on lines from *Bartlett's Famous Quotations*. Anne also served as the Secretary to the Sales Manager of Helena Rubenstein, Inc.

In 1950 she married H. Wright Johnson. From her marriage came three children, Alec Anthony in 1952, Todd in 1956, and Georgeanne in 1959.

Music, singing, and drama have always been of interest to her. In the late forties she met Susanna

Foster and Wilbur Evans, who were involved with St. John Terrill's first musical circus in Lambertsville, New Jersey. Besides being their assistant on the weekends, she got the chance to play the part of Margo in *The Vagabond King* and a supporting role in *Bittersweet*. As much as she enjoyed the work, it taught her that she really wanted a regular paycheck.

Before Anne went to Germany she studied opera and opera stage direction with Frederic Robinson. Mr. Robinson was the model for Master Harper Robinton in the *Dragonriders of Pern* series and the Harper Hall trilogy.

Anne's training with Frederic Robinson was put to good use. She was stage director on several productions, such as *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, *Kiss Me Kate*, and the costume director for *Guys and Dolls*. She played the Queen in *Once upon a Mattress* and the Old Lady in Bernstein's *Candide* for sixty-five performances. Her biggest success was when she stage directed and played the part of a witch—Alter Hexa—in Carl Orff's Christmas play *Ludus De Nato Infante Miricus* for the American premiere. She also did *Babes in the Woods* at Seacliff, Long Island, but found she was fed up with the amateur personalities, temperaments, and backstage antics. She quit the stage, thus ending this part of her career.

Anne's writing career started with the publication of "Freedom of the Race" in *Science Fiction Plus* in

1953. The story dealt with human females being used as surrogate mothers, by aliens, to perpetuate their own dying species. The story was developed while Anne was pregnant with Alec. Her belief was "the ultimate freedom was being able to give birth to your own children, your own race."

Anne's second submitted story "Unto the Seventh Son" never did see print, and the manuscript is now lost. Anne's story idea was "The seventh son of the seventh son is the leader, and the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter usually has the second sight. I was using that and the seventh son was leading a successful rebellion against the aliens."

Her third story was written in 1955 while she was attempting to conceive her second child, Todd. Anne and her obstetrician did a lot of study on fertilization. "The Greatest Love" was shown to Judith Merrill at the third Milford Science Fiction Writer's Conference in 1958 at Milford Pennsylvania. Anne says "Judy felt it was too close to what was possible to be science fiction yet too far out to be modernly acceptable." The story dealt with a married couple who have not been able to bring a child to term. Knowing their desperation, the sister of the husband volunteers to have the child for them. The story is fairly accurate in the scientific description of a form of invitro-fertilization, given the time period written. The story did not see print until 1977, and

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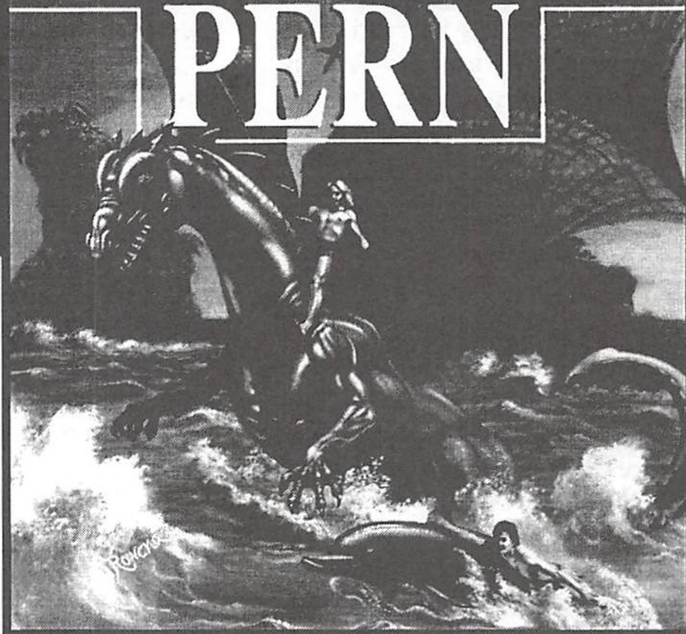
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ANNE McCAFFREY THE DOLPHINS OF **PERN**



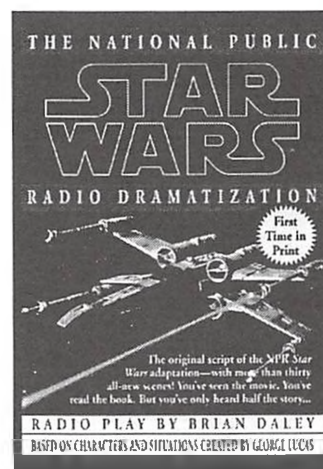
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reality had already overtaken the fiction. Although written twenty years prior, the story foreshadowed what would be happening in the press, social agencies, and religious bodies. Other seed material was being written that would later show up in finished stories like "The Ship Who Sang" and *Decision at Doona*.

Anne's second published story was "Lady in a Tower" in April, 1959. The five and one-half years between publications was not for the lack of written material, just that it was not selling. A sequel, "A Meeting of Minds", was published in 1969. The projected novel *The Bitter Tower* did not materialize when it was first announced. However a contract was signed for a trilogy of novels with Berkley Books in 1987. The first book was *The Rowan* published in the fall of 1990. *The Rowan* was an expansion of "Lady in a Tower". The sequel is *Damia* which was published in March, 1992, and is based on "A Meeting of Minds".

The third book is *Damia's Children*. A fourth book has now been added to the series to finish the storyline.

April, 1961, saw the publication of the first in a series of stories centered around Helva, a physically deformed female who is encased in the spaceship as the control brain. The story and its sequels show the emotional and mental development of Helva. More importantly, this story was a sort of safety valve for Anne to deal with her feelings at the death of her father, and the problems in her marriage, though she would not realize this for several years. The story was important to her, and to the science fiction field, for it provided Anne with her first major recognition. "The Ship Who Sang" went on to be collected in the 1962 year's best science fiction collection edited by Judith Merrill.

Writing was difficult the next few years. The family was in Germany

for a while. The demands of raising young children and sharing the remaining time with her husband left little time to write. In 1963 she attended Discon and had the chance to meet several more authors of note, including Isaac Asimov, Gordon Dickson, Keith Laumer, Randall Garrett, and even H. Beam Piper. James Blish provided needed encouragement to keep writing—without his encouragement Anne probably would have quit writing completely.

In 1965 Anne started writing full-time, saving funds to send her children to college. Although she was writing in the field she liked, her husband did not at all like the genre. He felt she should be writing something that would make a notable and lasting contribution to literature. She tried to tell him that she wasn't a literary writer. She preferred writing for the genre as it was providing the needed income and they were willing to buy more.

This view of her writing was a long term schism between Anne and her husband.

Her earlier published work had been short stories, but 1967 saw the publication of her first novel, *Restoree*, which was a product of the late 1950s. The reviewers attacked the book as having all the typical clichés of the science fiction field. But the opposite was true—Anne was tired of reading stories with weak females and supremely macho males. The book is a clever attack on these clichés, for the lead male character, Harlan, never quite has his act together, and the *Restoree*, Sara, is always there Johnny-on-the spot with help, information, or keen insight.

1967 also saw the publication of a novella that would catapult Anne to the notice of the science fiction field. “Weyr Search” was never meant to go beyond its novella length. John Campbell insisted she needed to write more on the subject. The first draft of “Dragonrider” had many problems, but Campbell pointed out ideas hinted at but not developed in the story to fill in the whole picture of the world. The stories were so popular that “Weyr Search” won the Hugo Award for Best Novella in 1968, making Anne the first woman to do so. But a double success would follow a year later. In 1969, the novella “Dragonrider” won the Nebula Award giving her the added satisfaction of being the first woman to win both awards. 1968 also saw the first publication of the novel *Dragonflight* which contained both novellas and added material to bridge them. While the book was a success, it would be eclipsed by her best seller status ten years later.

Anne’s life was to take a big upheaval in 1970. She divorced her husband, and wishing to change the family residence, Anne moved to Ireland, where she placed her children in schools so they could get a better education than what was offered in the states. It also gave her mother a comfortable place to live out the remaining years of her life. Life in Ireland was still not all that rosy—Anne’s income was far from what it had been. At least she had contracts for books to provide income that would allow the family to live decently.

When *Dragonquest*—the sequel to *Dragonflight*—was published, it became a bigger success than the first novel. Anne had a difficult time writing the book though. When Anne sent her agent the first manuscript for *Dragonquest*, Virginia Kidd told her to burn it. Anne claims she did. The success of *Dragonquest* came to haunt Anne. She became afraid to try writing the third volume in the series for “fear of falling on her face” in a literary way. This resulted in *The White Dragon* being delayed for several years. When the book was published in 1978, its sales put it into the best-seller status and eventually over 81,000 copies were sold in hardcover. The book was a trial effort the recently started Del Rey science fiction and fantasy line of books from Ballantine Books. Although other books had been published in hardcover by Del Rey, none had been given a big promotional push and none had been on the *New York Times* Best Seller list. Anne McCaffrey, as a big name author, had arrived.

Anne made two promotional tours when the paperback of *The White Dragon* was published. Her

ambitious schedule took her to 22 American cities in 32 days. The second tour, though, “burned her out.” She suffers from tinnitus, and because of this—and jetlag—she developed a strong dislike for transatlantic travel. But that has not stopped her from doing smaller tours for *The Crystalsinger*, *Moreta: Dragonlady of Pern*, *Killashandra*, and *Nerilka’s Story*.

Anne followed the smash success of *The White Dragon* with *Dragondrums* in 1979. This was her third book for Atheneum—the first two books were *Dragonsong* (1976) and *Dragonsinger* (1977). This series was known later as The Harper Hall Trilogy. *Dragondrums* concluded that storyline, and having written her fourth dragon book in a row, Anne took a break.

Anne has stated that she finds it difficult to create whole new worlds to write in. Since 1980 the bulk of her writing has been in exploring worlds she had created in the ’60s and ’70s. She took the character Killashandra, who had died in a short story series, and revived her for a three volume book series. The first two books are *Crystalsinger* and *Killashandra*. The third volume, *Crystal Line*, was published in late 1992. Anne continued the Dragonriders of Pern series and brought the storyline of characters begun in *Dragonflight* to its conclusion in *All the Weyrs of Pern* in 1991. The first novel about the Parapsychic Center, and sequel to the story collection *To Ride Pegasus*, was *Pegasus in Flight*. A second novel, presently untitled, will form the third book in that series.

There are a lot of novels Anne wants to write, but time is elusive.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

She chose to collaborate with newer beginning writers, allowing her to build around the universe of older characters and provide the newer writers a training ground with an established author. Anne plots the books out and the collaborating author writes the book. Anne then makes any changes where, or if, any are needed. The Planet Pirate trilogy was the first series undertaken with Elizabeth Moon and Jody Lynn Nye. The series expanded on characters and events created in the Dinosaur Planet duology. Work also started on continuing the story about the colonized world of Doona. The first sequel to *Decision at Doona* is *Crisis on Doona*. The third and final volume will be *Treaty Planet*. Both sequels will be collaborations with Jody Lynn Nye. Anne claimed only she would ever write about the character Helva, from *The Ship Who Sang* stories. While Helva is mentioned in passing, she never appears in the books.

Another area of writing that she has increased her productivity in is short fiction. In recent years she has written for several shared world anthologies. They are primarily interconnected short stories with bridging material to form a novel. There are several other stories sold including two that are fantasy—a first for her. One clear pattern is developing with her newer science fiction novels and short fiction. She appears to

be linking up the books into a unified author universe.

There has also been one large mainstream novel. The U.S. title (which she abominates) is *The Lady* and the British title is *The Carradyne Touch*. This novel, like the early '70s novel *Ring of Fear*, involves life around horses.

However, *The Lady* is a long novel showing the life and society centered around an Irish family that breeds and trains horses.

After Anne moved to Ireland in 1970 she purchased a big gray horse named Mr. Ed, or Horseface as she sometimes called him. She had his company until his death in September 1981.

Anne and her daughter Georgeanne started a horse business in 1977 which still operates today. Georgeanne was forced to resign due to illness, but Anne maintains a small active participation limited by the time her writing demands and the little travel she still does.

Anne has simple hobbies, but her vision is nearsighted and knitting and sewing are more difficult now. She also has bursitis, which makes signing books very difficult. Her favorite pastimes are reading, cooking, keeping cats, and raising Doberman puppies. She says "I have green eyes, silver hair, and freckles—the rest changes without notice."

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ARTIST GUEST OF HONOR: George Barr

by Jon Gustafson

George Barr is, without question, one of the finest artists to ever enter the field of science fiction. Being somewhat modest, he may shake his head and deny that, but it's my opinion and I'll stand by it. It also just happens to be the opinion of many other art aficionados, which is why he is the Artist Guest of Honor at this Winnipeg Worldcon.

George Barr was born in Tucson, Arizona, longer ago than he would like to think about—well, 1937, actually. He was raised in Salt Lake City, Utah, where he attended elementary, junior high, and high school. After graduating, he spent eighteen months in a commercial art school, learning many of the techniques he would later use in his art career. He moved to Los Angeles in 1968 where, for a while, he was a guest of the Trimbles (of “Star Trek” fame). In 1972, he moved to San Jose, where he still lives in a pleasant home in a relatively quiet neighborhood. While this biographical data may be of interest to some, George once said of it, “...to spend time on biographical data is to acknowledge that they are somehow important, and that anyone actually cares.” Again, some of George's modesty leaking through.

The rest of George's life, his accomplishments, his style as an artist — well, that's not nearly as

simple, but much more entertaining.

He officially became a professional science fiction illustrator in 1961, with a cover on the March issue of *Fantastic*. He had been doing professional-level art since 1957 (I know this for a fact because I own a piece of his from that year) and produced high-quality artwork for a number of fanzines during the late 1950s. The *Fantastic* cover led, inevitably, to other commissions from publishers for both cover and interior illustrations. I say inevitably because it was easy to see from that one cover that George Barr was an artist of the first water. The long list of magazines that have featured his art include *Amazing Stories*, *Galaxy*, *If*, *Dragon Magazine*, *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, *Forgotten Fantasy*, *Weird Tales*, *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Adventure Magazine*, and *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*.

His book cover accomplishments are numerous as well. He has produced exceptional covers for such publishers as DAW Books, Ace Books, Donald M. Grant, Alyson Press, Pulphouse Publishing, Cheap Street Press, Owlswick Press, and Arbor House.

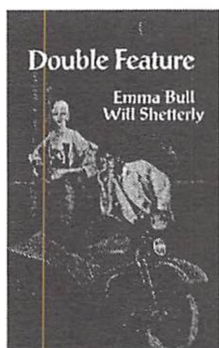
George Barr is perhaps one of the most creative and flexible artists

working today. Besides creating cover and interior illustrations for books and magazines, he has also produced artwork for game books and covers for computer games. Some of the game books include *Knight of the Living Dead*, *The Wrath of Olympus*, *The Kingdom of Sorcery*, *The Dungeon Master's Design Kit*, *Queen of the Spiders*, and *Dragon Lance Adventures*. The computer games for which he has done cover art include *Star Control II* (one of the hits from last year; from Accolade), *Archon Ultra*, and *Jorunne*. The last two should be released by the time you read this.

And is this all he's done? Not by a long shot; he's done lots of other fascinating work as well. One of his most famous paintings was the one he did for the movie poster for *Flesh Gordon*, which he did primarily to support the work of his friends in the special effects department. One other time he did the body paint (but not the prosthetics) for the “space hippies” on the “Star Trek” episode, “The Way to Eden.” (He was, as were many others, not particularly pleased with that episode.) Besides his work in the film and television industry, George is an excellent sculptor. Unfortunately, his work schedule does not leave him nearly enough time to indulge in this last artistic endeavor.

Double Feature

by Emma Bull & Will Shetterly



Double Feature by Will Shetterly and Emma Bull contains ten stories, two essays and a poem. Among the stories are six Liavek tales, a prequel to *War for the Oaks* and their collaborative *Borderlands* novelette. It also has full color cover art by Nicholas Jainschigg, an introduction by Patrick Nielsen Hayden & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, and brief biographies and bibliographies of both authors. Hardback, 280 acid-free pages. The price is \$17.95 plus sales tax for the trade edition, and \$30.00 plus sales tax for the autographed and numbered boxed edition.

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by Teresa Nielsen Hayden

Making Book is a collection of essays, reviews and stories by Teresa Nielsen Hayden, including writings from the Hugo-nominated fanzine *Izzard*, and from *Telos*. It is edited by Patrick Nielsen Hayden, with a cover designed by the author. Trade paperback, 160 acid-free pages. The price is \$9.95 plus sales tax.



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edited by Mike Resnick and Anthony R. Lewis

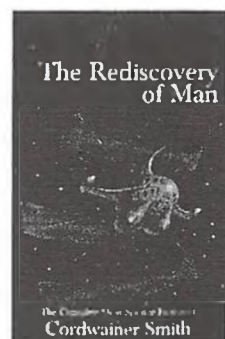
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All artists are influenced by other artists, whether they like it or not, and there are times when that influence appears in a painting or drawing. George's often delicate artwork is, as he sometimes says, influenced by "everything I see and like." Much of what he sees and likes is work by Arthur Rackham, Edmond Dulac, Hannes Bok, and Maxfield Parrish, as well as "innumerable comic book illustrators and newspaper cartoonists." But Rackham and Parrish are his most important influences: Rackham for his feel for line, and Parrish for his use of color.

George Barr is one of those rare and incredibly lucky people who have always been doing what they are now doing for a living. Painting and drawing have been, since he was very young, sources of pleasure and relaxation for him. He never thought about learning a living with these skills, though, until he was in high school; up until then, he always thought he was going to be a herpetologist. Fortunately for all of us who love his art, the amount of study that field would have required, combined with the limited opportunities in it, made him fall back on his artistic skills.

George is, as I might have intimated earlier, a man of many talents. In fact, he is talented in so many areas that it is difficult to rein back on the superlatives. As you will see in this Souvenir Book, he is also an author with considerable skill. He has sold and had published three stories in *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Maga-*

zine so far ("Talishanda's Familiar," "Brontharn," and "The Playhouse") and one in the new anthology, *Rat Tales* ("April 7th...of Whatever Year This Happens to Be"; Pulphouse Publishing). He has one novel making the rounds and will have a second one ready to submit shortly. If that weren't enough, he's an excellent musician as well.

A book of his artwork, *Upon the Winds of Yesterday*, was published in 1976; although out of print, it is well worth looking for in the Dealer's Room. It is a beautiful volume. He has been nominated five times for a Hugo Award for Best Fan Artist, winning the award in 1968. He has also been nominated for Best

Professional Artist; that he has never won this award is, I think, a travesty of justice. He did win a Lensman Award, though; the Lensman is voted on by his peers in the field and is, to my mind, a true reflection of what the professionals in science fiction and fantasy think about George's qualifications as an artist.

He has been the Guest of Honor at many conventions, including the 1976 Worldcon, MidAmeriCon, and the 1993 Westercon. He was the Artist Guest of Honor at MosCon and NonCon and, of course, the Artist Guest of Honor here. In fact, it appears that George was the only person to ever appear as both Fan Guest of Honor and as a pro

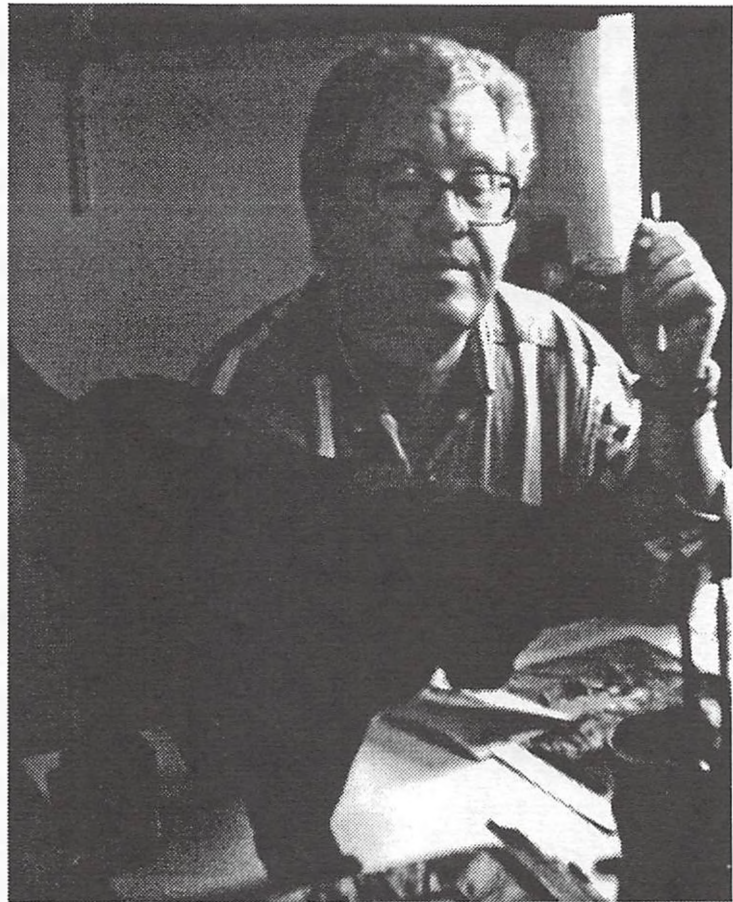


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Guest of Honor at both a Westercon (1973 and 1993) and a Worldcon (1976 and 1994).

George Barr is one of the most interesting people I've ever had the honor to know. He is knowledgeable on an amazingly wide variety of subjects and is quite happy to discuss any of them with fans...and while he does not suffer fools gladly, he is so polite that even if you *are* a fool, he will never make you *FEEL* like one.

Like all people, he is flawed...but in his case, his main flaw is too much modesty. He seems continually surprised that people like his artwork and spend money on it. He is surprised when he is nominated for awards and even more surprised when he wins one. Of course, he will also admit that the artist is probably the last one who you should look to for an opinion on his/her own work.

And, at the same time, George can be bluntly honest; if you ask him his opinion on something, don't be surprised if he says something that might pin your ears back. However, he has an easy, laid-back sort of attitude that makes him a great deal of fun to be around. Not that he's a saint, mind you, but he does seem to have many of

the better virtues. I am convinced that if there were more people like him around, the world would be a much better place. He is very intelligent and has a dry, rich wit that often expresses itself in private conversation. And while he is no beauty—he once described himself as having nose like a potato—he has a **presence** that makes being around him rather memorable.

All in all, I think this Worldcon is getting a helluva deal by having George Barr as their Artist Guest of Honor. Go to the Art Show and ogle his artwork; you will quickly see why he is so respected. Look for him, too. Listen to him on panels. Don't be shy, walk up and say "Hi." I rather doubt you'll regret it.



New York in '39

The Centennial Worldconsm

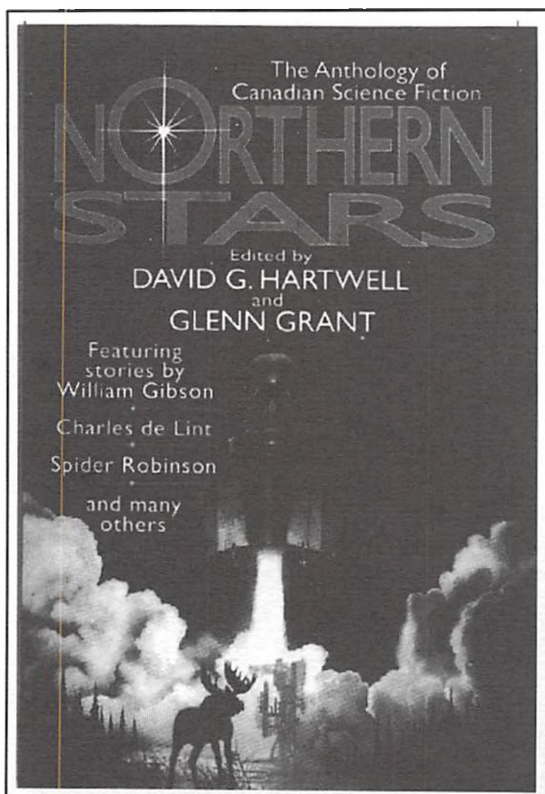
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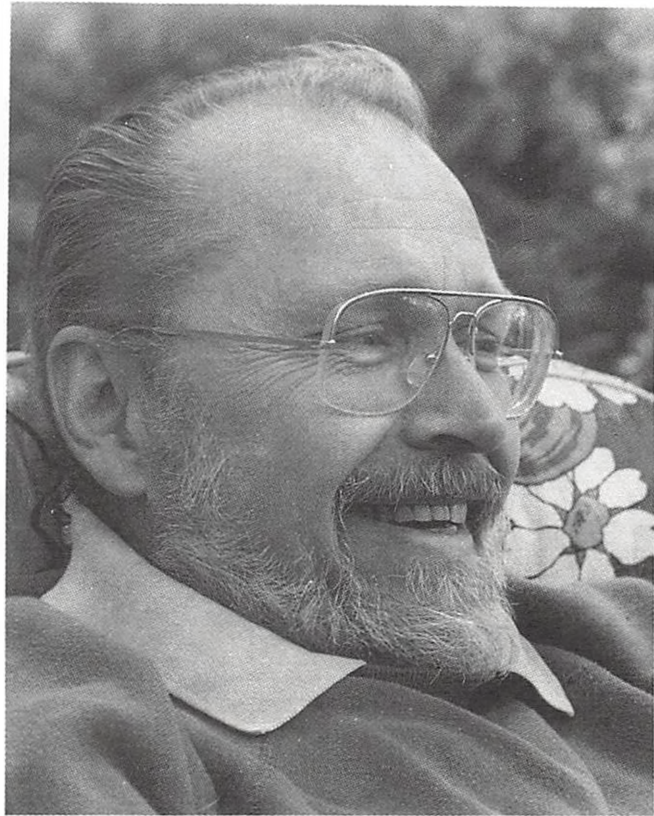
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BARRY B. LONGYEAR

In 1977, at the age of 35, Barry B. Longyear decided that, although he enjoyed being a printer, he hated customers. He then sold his printing company and went into writing full time, somewhat neglecting two areas: figuring out what to write, and figuring out how to write. He calls this the kamikaze school of career selection. Through an admittedly fortunate series of circumstances, he learned what he needed to learn and made his first sale, the short story "The Tryouts?" to *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* the next year. Following that he sold numerous short works of fiction, including the award winning novella "Enemy Mine," later made into a major motion picture by 20th Century Fox. In that same period he sold his first three books, *Manifest Destiny*, *Circus World*, and *City of Baraboo* and became the first writer to be awarded the Nebula Award, Hugo Award, and John W. Campbell Award for best new writer in the same year. In that same period he published his acclaimed how-to on writing, *Science Fiction Writer's Workshop-I*, as well as the sequel to "Enemy Mine," *The Tomorrow Testament*, and *Elephant Song*, the third work in his *Circus World* series.

In December of 1981 he entered St. Mary's Rehabilitation Center in Minneapolis for treatment for addiction to alcohol and prescription drugs. This formed the basis for his novel, *Saint Mary Blue*, the story of a group of patients



undergoing treatment at St. Mary's researched, as Barry says, "the hard way." He is very open about his recovery, and is always eager to share with anyone else who is doing it one day at a time, or cares to give it a try.

Since treatment he has published *Sea of Glass*, *Naked Came the Robot*, *The God Box*, *Infinity Hold*, *The Homecoming*, *It Came From Schenectady*, and his two recently released "Alien Nation" novels from Pocket, *The Change* and *Slag Like Me*. Through an arrangement with a new electronic publishing concern, Bibliobytes, most of Barry's out of print works will soon be available to computer users (and their friends). There will also be made available four never before published works. They are *The Greek Cross* (the true story of St. George), *Dementsion* (a collection of recent stories exploring the dark side of the

mind and those who live and work there), and the sequels to *Infinity Hold: Kill All The Lawyers*, and *We The Jury*.

In the works now are a number of things, including: *The Last Enemy* (the third work in his *Enemy Mine* trilogy), *Yesterday's Tomorrow* (daily meditations for hard cases), and *Alien Runes* (an oracle for the now universe). He is also preparing an expansion of his well known writer's workshop into an all-day writing seminar available to writing groups. A future work based on these materials is titled *The Write Stuff*.

Barry currently lives in New Sharon, Maine with his lovely wife Jean, a three-legged cat, and a used dog. His hobbies include wood carving, computer games, sailing, and downhill skiing, for which he will immediately drop whatever else it is that he is doing.



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ROBERT RUNTÉ: The New Canadian Fan

by Adam John Raye Charlesworth

Recently the Japanese government in a desperate effort to gain creditability chose a member from the Socialist opposition party to become their new Prime Minister. It seems in their world of big money politics everyone who had ever held any kind of government post or ministerial position was obviously on the take and not worth considering. When Robert Runté suggested that I could write his World Con biography I was at first surprised, then honoured, and finally...suspicious. Robert, like the Japanese, had to find someone with some creditability, who was in the field, and who would seem to represent him honestly and in a nonpartisan way. It was in me, an ex-SF radio show host, that Robert found his Prime Minister, and it was only after the hours of prodigious research when the point form list of Robert's accomplishments began to go past my word limit, that I realized I had been set up. How is anyone going to believe that I was not paid off when I report this astonishingly long list of accomplishments? Dr. Robert Alan Runté has managed to annoy, befriend, astonish, amaze, guide, assist and win the respect of more Canadians with his dogged promotion of, and dedication to, Canadian Speculative Fiction, than anyone I know. When upon the announcement of his being the World Con Fan Guest of Honour, I asked Lorna Toolis (chief librarian for Canada's largest SF Library) if she was surprised, and her response

"Can you think of anyone else?" made me realize that there could be no better choice.

Dr. Robert Alan Runté, was born in Edmonton, Alberta, at the University hospital on December 20, 1951. He has never married and has no criminal record with the exception of being seen at Scandals during a police raid. It would seem that Robert had occasion to visit the roughest, toughest Punk nightclub that Edmonton has ever produced. I grew up in Edmonton and tried to gain entry (under age) to Scandals on most Friday nights. The evening of March 28, 1985, I was not let in to the nightclub (again) because I was "too puny to survive" according to the bouncer. I was however sticking around to listen to the throbbing noise of Forty Foot Waves of Puke as it vibrated through the concrete walls, when the police raided. There I was dumbstruck to see twenty cops usher out hundreds of black clad, spiked and booted, very angry punks. There in the middle of the throng was Robert Runté in a dress shirt and suit pants talking to the lead singer. Robert bluffed his way through the cops, and out of any trouble, by telling them he was a sociologist doing field work. This was when I knew I had to get to know Robert better.

I attended the Edmonton Science Fiction and Comic Arts Society's weekly meetings for almost ten years. It was here that I had a chance to see

Robert on a weekly basis acting as President, Editor, convention organizer, morale and recruitment officer and every other position of responsibility possible from year to year. Unfortunately his not being a girl meant I paid very little attention to him until one night when I was in deep trouble. I knew that Robert was working for the Department of Education, writing exams. I myself was facing my first University level final the next day. My professor had provided a list of twenty questions five of which would constitute the exam. We were allowed to split into groups and provide answers for all twenty essay questions in the month of advance warning that she had given us. So, the night before the exam I sit down and do the reading, and prepare the work for question number two. (Everyone knows that the first question is never asked.) It is now 9:30 PM and I am having a bath and desperately trying not to panic, when I think of calling Robert. Robert answers the phone, and I explain my predicament to him, and he asks me to read a question out to him. I read him number fourteen, "According to Martin Diamond, why are great men no longer elected President of the United States." Robert then asks me if I know anything about Martin Diamond, and I respond negatively. Robert then says "Well, you must answer this question by saying "What Martin Diamond completely missed in his analysis of Presidential

The forest
thinned eventually,
fading away to whippy
saplings and high grasses
flattened where the deer and turfa
slept at night.... About a hundred meters from
where the path left the woods, Hrrunival's sharp
eyes spotted the first signs of Teddy's passage. A long
streamer of dark fur hung on the point of a broken twig...to the
left, the mud was churned up. Green-tinged water already filled
hoofprints that pointed arrow-straight into the heart of the marsh.

—Excerpted from *Treaty at Doona*

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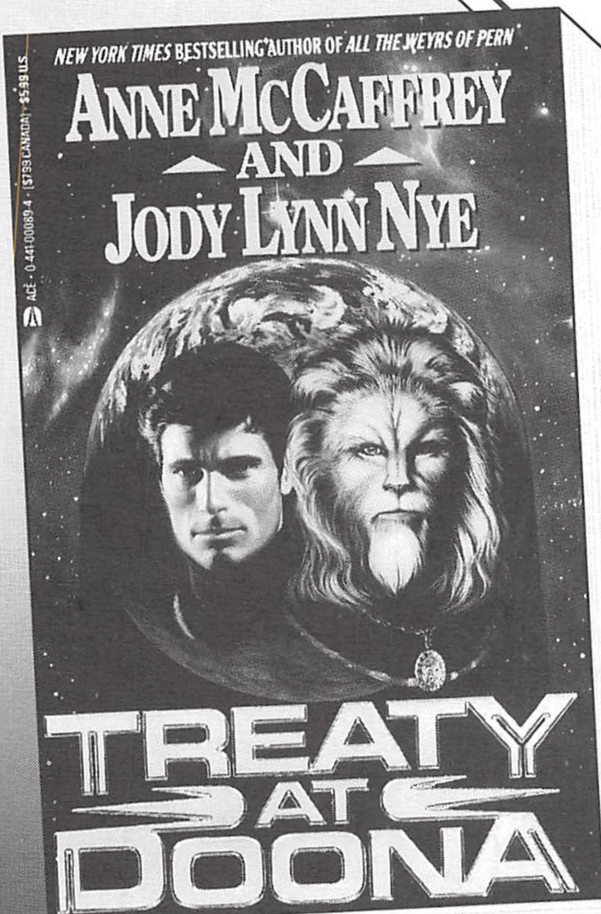
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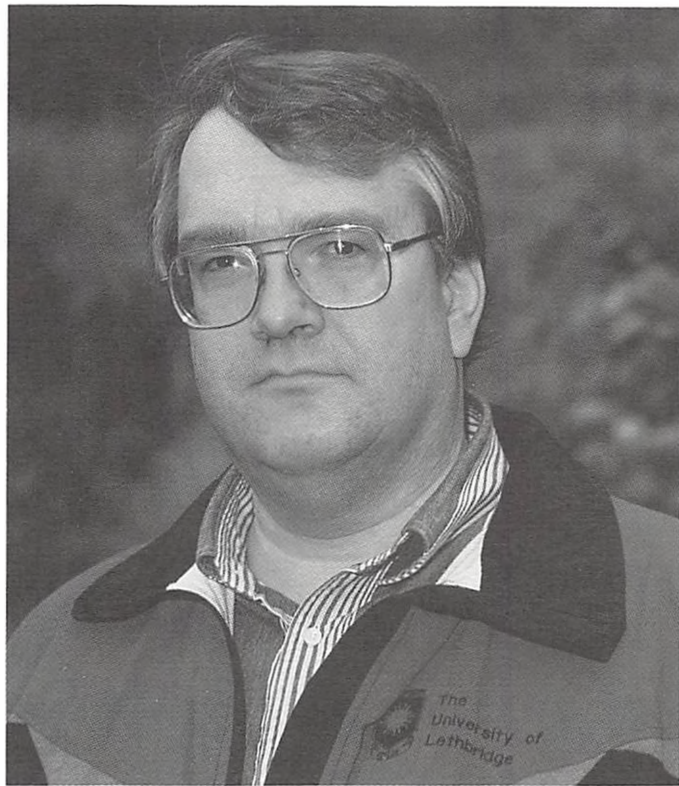
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Candidates...” Thanks to Robert I was the first to finish the exam the next day and my mark was in the top five of a class of seventy.

Besides being incredibly cool, friendly, and very good at saving my butt, Robert has a list of credentials ten miles long. In fact, the only problem with Robert is the fact that he is Canadian, and being so, he is very, very self effacing. Robert has published, at a rough guess, over two hundred and fifty issues of several different fan, semi-pro and perzines like; *Lied*, *The Monthly Monthly*, *The Bi-Monthly Monthly* (both with the Bang of Four), *Neology*, *I'm Not Boring You Am I?*, *The Nootka/Revethaw* (with David Vershagen), *Weird Whales*, *New Canadian Fandom* and *The NCF Guide to Canadian SF and Fandom*. He has been in ten different APAs over the years. He was also the founding secretary of The Alberta Speculative Fiction Association. He was a founding member of SF Canada. He ran and organized the Alberta wide high-school SF short story contests where each winner went on to be published. He founded the best damn convention I had ever been to, Context '89 (Like Readercon but niftier). He is on the Board of Directors for the Writers Guild of Alberta. He won the Canadian Science Fiction award for publishing the *NCF Guide to Canadian SF and Fandom*, 3rd Edition, in 1988. He won the award again in '89 for lifetime contribution. As a professional he published the teachers guide “Using SF in the Classroom” in 1976, “English Beyond the Classroom, Reading and Writing SF” in 1989 and for the Canadian



Council of Teachers of English “Canadian Speculative Fiction in the Classroom” in 1992. Most recently Robert has submitted his first book to be published “Thinking About Teaching: An Introduction” coauthored by Gerald Taylor. His first professional sale of an SF story was in the premiere edition of *On Spec: the Canadian Magazine of Speculative Writing*. He was also the first person I knew who purchased original artwork from the pages of Dave Sim’s *Cerebus the Aardvark*. I mean...he just does not stop going...oh ya, I almost forgot to mention that during all of the above, Robert received three university degrees, and held a full time position teaching at the University of Lethbridge.

What Robert is best known for however is not all the separate parts of his prodigious efforts in the SF

community, but their sum total effect on the role of Canadian SF writing. Expanding on Margaret Atwood’s notion of a Canadian literary identity, Robert, with the aide of Christine Kulyk, began to search out and isolate elements of Canadian SF writing. As his search wore on, Robert began to encounter frustrated Canadian writers who were themselves encountering difficulty breaking into the American market. One of the elements of Canadian SF described in the NCF Guide was the theme of the “Alienated Outsider”. Having begun to see Canadian writing as having distinct and different ideas, Robert identified the main problem Canadian writers faced. The American SF market (the only important market financially in the world) was subtly cut off from the Friends to the North by an almost invisible barrier. The rally for

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Canadian SF began when Robert (along with Candas Jane Dorsey and others) reached into N-Space and created a forum for Canadian writers, SF Canada. This network has produced both more writers and writing. It has also boosted morale and sales of SF from more new and dynamic Canadian writers than ever before.

Dr. Robert Alan Runté is not your usual fan guest of honour. He does not party hard, drink or dress in elaborate costumes. He is a soft spoken, gentle, generous person. His life does seem to provide unusual surprises (Remember the Punk

nightclub) and exciting moments (Ask him about the man with the dynamite in the elevator!), but I feel that it is best you discover these things yourself. Robert's many publications and political maneuvering on behalf of Canadian writers pale when measured against his efforts to encourage and support people on an individual level. He has been Canada's SF fans and writers' psychiatrist, friend and confidant for most of his adult life. My challenge in writing this bio is to somehow make you feel that there could be no other better choice for Fan Guest of Honour. What I hope I have not done is make you think that there are

no other crusaders for SF in this country. Robert's continued success relies on heroes like Rob Sawyer, Candas Jane Dorsey, Karl and Stephanie Johannson, John Wellington and others too numerous to name here. Robert has simply made us aware of ourselves and our capabilities. When looking back and thinking about Lorna's statement, I hope that you now will agree with her and see that Robert was really the best choice. I have no doubt that Robert will continue to excel at the thing he does best as his life continues, and that is, of course, promote his native countryman's work in a field we all love.

Greetings & Best Wishes To the Members of ConAdian from the International Society of Ex-Worldcon Fan Guests of Honor

which is delighted to induct our newest member,

Robert Runté

* * *

Membership (Active & Emeritus):

Forry Ackerman, George Barr, Harry Bell, John Berry, Bill Bowers, Ted Carnell, Terry Carr, Buck & Juanita Coulson, Walt Daugherty, Tom Digby, Dick Eney, Jan Howard Finder, Mike Glicksohn, Rusty Hevelin, Lee Hoffman, Jay Kay Klein, Dave Kyle, Dave Langford, Bob Madle, Bruce Pelz, Andrew Porter, Bill Rotsler, Elliot Shorter, Roger Sims, Joyce & Ken Slater, Jon & Joni Stopa, The Stranger Club, Bob Tucker, Harry Warner, Ted White, Walt Willis, Susan Wood

* * *

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* * *

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TIPPACANOE AND TORCON 2

by Mike Glicksohn

Twenty one years; that's not too many.

Time enough for a human to be born and reach maturity and time enough for a worldcon to fade away and pass into the history of the science fiction subculture. Time enough for numerous people to be born, grow up with science fiction on television and in films and attend ConAdian with no memory or awareness of the second Canadian Worldcon.

"So write about your memories of TORCON 2," John Mansfield said to me.

That shouldn't be too difficult, should it? I helped start the bid. I helped run the bid. Then I helped run the convention. The Thirty First World Science Fiction Convention, Labour Day weekend of 1973, Toronto, Canada. But...but...twenty one years...perhaps that is too many? The past tends to be a little hazy after almost half of one's life has slipped by, after relationships have come and gone and after some two hundred and thirty conventions have blurred together into one happy gestalt image of what fandom at its best can provide to those fortunate enough to know how to extract the gold from the gravel.

But why not pick up the glass paperweight of the past and shake it and watch the plastic snowflakes of one's memories swirl about and gradually descend...

Fandom and I discovered each other over the Labour Day weekend of 1966 in the much-abused city of Cleveland (a radio announcer on my way home this afternoon from a fannish party some two hundred and fifty miles from here said "There is no truth to the rumour that SKYLAB came down in Cleveland and caused fifty million dollars worth of improvements." I grinned but I will always think kindly of Cleveland because that is where I made my own personal and momentous First Contact with the frequently bizarre but always entertaining world of science fiction fandom) and a mere seven years later I stood up to acknowledge the cheers of a packed banquet hall at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, site of the successful running of what has often been described as the last truly fannish world convention.

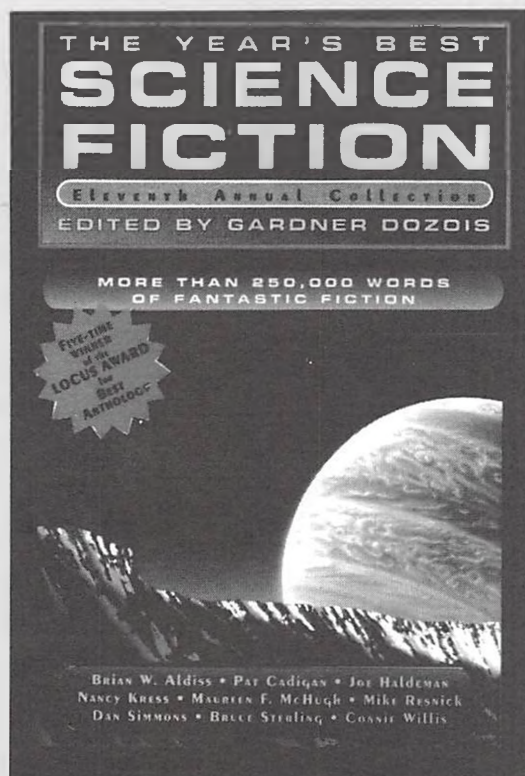
Seven years. And only the last three of those were spent developing, promoting and consolidating the 1973 Toronto Worldcon bid. That is most

certainly **not** too many! John and his fellow committee members have held this Winnipeg Worldcon bid together for over eight years. Whole generations of fans have come and gone since John and his associated masochists decided that Winnipeg might be a good place to hold the 1994 Worldcon. It just goes to show that fandom was a kinder, gentler place in 1973.

A cliché? Perhaps. But like all clichés, it is rooted in truth.

The 1973 TORCON 2 bid grew out of the success of a 1969 Toronto regional convention known as FAN FAIR. Flushed with their accomplishment, a handful of veritable neos gathered in an office in downtown Toronto and listened to the impassioned enthusiasm of ~~Mickey Rooney~~ Peter Gill proposing a Toronto Worldcon bid. After all, we'd just organized a pretty enjoyable two day gathering for a couple of hundred local science fiction enthusiasts so there shouldn't be any real problem in raising the whole thing an order and a half of magnitude and inviting the world to attend, eh? (It's a good thing youth has more enthusiasm than sense because otherwise many damn good things would never get attempted.)

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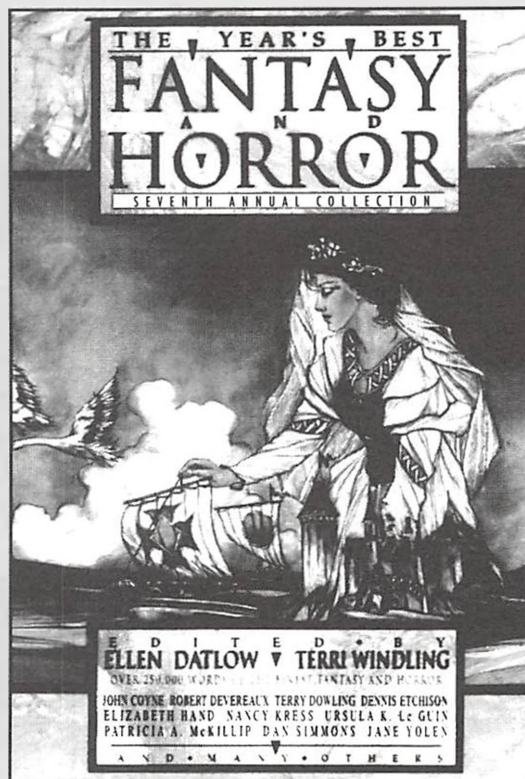


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We even had an advertising slogan: TORONTO: IS THERE ANYWHERE ELSE?

Three years later, the answer was, "Nope!"

A three way battle (Toronto-Minneapolis-Dallas) had become one of the very few acclaimed Worldcon bids in fannish history and the fact of TORCON 2 was carved into fanhistorical twiltone Rosetta Stones. (Of course, the very next year Minneapolis began their retroactive bidding for the '73 Worldcon and have been throwing dynamite parties in that quixotic lost cause ever since. If they throw a party here in Winnipeg try to attend and find out what this bizarre piece of fannish tradition is all about.)

So this handful of relative unknowns ran a brief but successful worldcon bid and suddenly found themselves faced with the prospect of hosting the science fiction community's annual family party. Black sheep and all. Were they daunted? Well, in all honesty, yes. Did that stop them? Of course not.

At the Hugo banquet at TORCON 2, Toastmaster Lester del Rey complimented the TORCON 2 Committee for running a delightful Worldcon and he invited the committee members to rise and accept the applause of a grateful membership. Perhaps a dozen of us were privileged to stand up and bask in the appreciation of our fannish peers. I have no idea

what the list of committee members for ConAdian will be like but I do have the Program Book for the 51st Worldcon in San Francisco and their list of committee members runs to **three pages** and probably includes two hundred and fifty names if not more. (If you wish to count them all and discount multiple listings and contradict me, look for me in the Green Room at ConAdian and I'll buy you a beer. I'll be the curmudgeon with the grey beard and the contented smile of someone **not** running the con.) The TORCON 2 Committee lists **thirteen** names. (Two are now well known professionals in the science fiction field, another is a legendary Big Name Fan although she was already that at

the time of TORCON 2 and two more are still occasionally seen on the fringes of today's fandom. And that's a very respectable survival rate for a Worldcon Committee.) It really **was** a kinder, gentler fandom back then.

So TORCON 2 took place and has long since slipped into the mists of fannish antiquity. It was perhaps the last world convention run by a tiny handful of fannish fans in a quintessentially fannish way (and if that phrase means nothing to you I trust you attend/attended some of the fannish track of programming at ConAdian because there's a truly wonderful world out there for you to discover if you



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happen to resonate on the same wavelengths as some of us) and it is a very special gathering for me to reminisce about.

On a personal level, it was the best of times and the worst of times. It was the convention at which I won my Hugo (for Best Fanzine) and the convention at which my Fan Guest of Honourship at the 1975 Worldcon in Australia was announced. It was also the last convention and the last days I ever spent with my wife of the time. For some of us, life and fandom are irrevocable intertwined.

The convention itself? Well, I like to think it was the last of the really fine fannish worldcons. (When Lester complimented the Royal York Hotel at the Hugo banquet the attendees gave the hotel a standing ovation: I believe that is unique in the history of science fiction Worldcons.) And yet, in a very human fashion, some of the things I remember most vividly are the things that didn't quite work...

Our Professional Guest of Honour was Bob Bloch. This wasn't the first time a pro had been Worldcon Guest of Honour more than once (it was the third time but there are no prizes for knowing who the first two were) but it was the first time a writer had been honoured twice by the same city and twice outside the United States. Since I happen to believe that Bloch is one of the finest

gentlemen ever to grace the professional or the fannish science fiction stage I was happy to vote for his selection.

I also pushed hard for the selection of our Fan Guest of Honour. In fact, as the highest profile fan on the committee, I probably had the most influence on selecting TORCON's Fan Guest, the incredibly talented, incredibly prolific, artist/writer/film-maker/Renaissance Man Bill Rotsler. So you can imagine my dismay when I opened up one of three thousand copies of the TORCON 2 Program Book one day before the convention was due to start and discovered that Robert Silverberg's eloquent and flattering introduction of TORCON 2's Fan Guest surrounded a picture that was, to me, **clearly not** our Fan Guest. TORCON 2 was thus responsible for performing a fannish first that will probably never be duplicated. *Sic gloria transit fandom!*

And yet the TORCON 2 program book, simple though it was compared to today's extravagant productions, established what I believe to be a significant fannish precedent: famous writers in the field, not necessarily directly involved with the convention, were encouraged to contribute original works to the convention program book and that has become something of a standard of conventions ever since. For the small slips backwards I like to think we made some giant leaps forward.

Not that the hotel did, of course. During a convention that remains one of the most significant of the nearly three hundred I've attended, a convention at which the hotel was uniformly greeted as one of the great convention hotels of all time, the Royal York, one of the classic hotels of the British Empire, completely blew their credibility, at least for this fan.

The Royal York Hotel, the hotel that routinely allows visiting westerners to ride their horses through the hotel lobby during Grey Cup Week, that very same hotel asked me to take my harmless seven foot boa constrictor out of the hotel because he was making some of their older female guests nervous. Nervous?! Good grief! Hadn't any of these blue-haired old ladies ever taken a good look at a stallion?

The convention itself? Well, if you've ever run one you'll know how hard it is to actually talk about what went on. But less than a year after the event I wrote a report about TORCON 2 and a comment seems relevant to the Canadian ConAdian you are about to experience/have recently experienced. Herewith an eight line trip down Memory Lane...

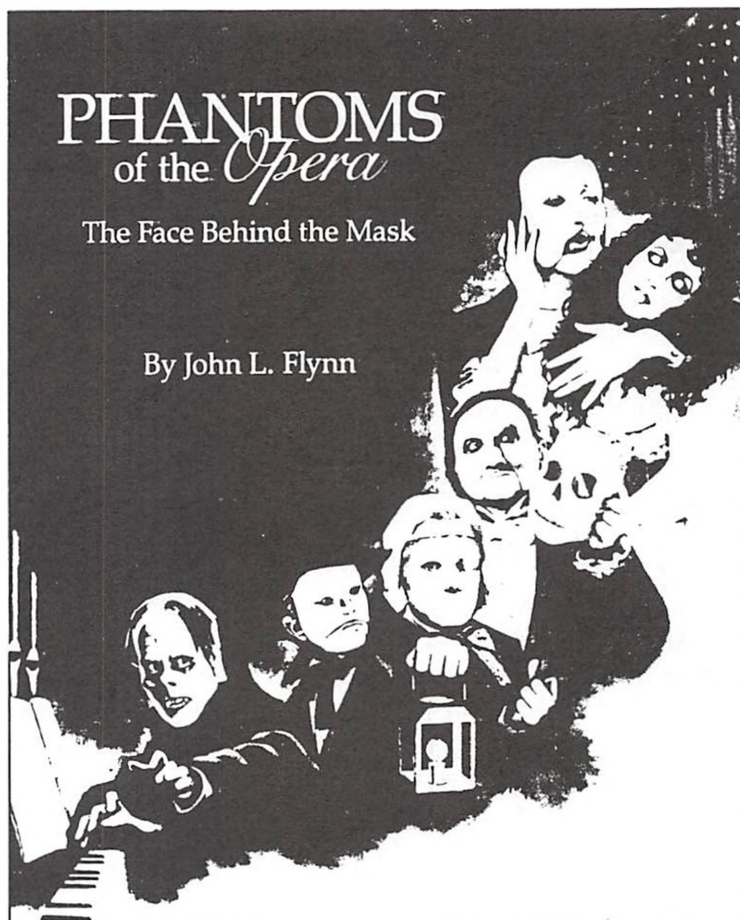
"TORCON 2 was a success. In fact, it may well have been one of the most successful Worldcons to date, if the comments that have appeared in the fan press in the last ten months are anything to go by.

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To those of us in that small group who attended the last few committee meetings, this is nothing short of a miracle! That all those loose and non-existent ends could so quickly and completely come together into something capable of pleasing a huge number of people ranging all the way from First Fandomites to SF readers at their first convention says a lot for the theory that it's people who make a convention, and all the committee can do is ice the cake. But it's nice to ice it properly."

I have no doubt that the ConAdian Committee will be feeling much as the TORCON 2 Committee was feeling more than two decades ago. If their icing made your weekend a little sweeter, tell them. Even if you write to them after the fact, I guarantee your compliments will be gratefully received.

TORCON 2 was a wonderful, frantic, beautiful, harried time in my life that I'm very glad I was a part of. I hope the hard-working members of the ConAdian Committee will be able to look back on their Worldcon experiences with as much pleasure and bewilderment as I view mine. (One line in my TORCON 2 report reads "Bruce Gillespie and I were interviewed by a Winnipeg radio station over the telephone" on the night that TORCON 2 officially ended. I have absolutely no recollection of this event and I expect each ConAdian committee member

will have similar blackouts twenty one years down the line. Hopefully, they'll also remember giving the assorted members of the science fiction community one hell of a good weekend celebration!)

Running a Worldcon is a very unusual experience. It takes years of planning, thousands of hours of worrying, the voluntary contributions of dozens if not hundreds of friends and fellow fans, and all of it mostly for the gripes and complaints of people who wish you'd done things differently.

Twenty one years after TORCON 2 I'm proud to have been a part of one of the best Worldcons ever and the most successful Canadian Worldcon to date. I'm equally proud to be a part of ConAdian.

Twenty one years ago someone might have typed "Twenty one years. That's not too many" and known that a reasonable fraction of the people reading that line would understand where it came from. I began this recollection with that line knowing that it would be meaningless to most of the people who would read it before, during or after ConAdian. But if I had read that line at my first Worldcon I wouldn't have realized it was more than just seven randomly chosen words either.

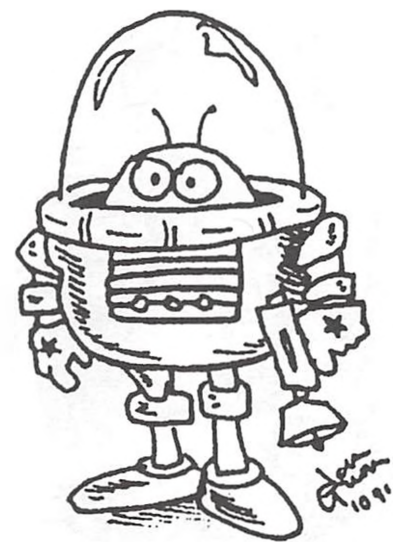
I learned, though, and in a fannish career spanning almost three decades, I came to understand the cant that ties the fannish subculture together and

makes its history an ongoing part of its present.

In '73 we threw a pretty fine convention. Perhaps at the 73rd World Science Fiction Convention some survivors of this weekend will get together and think fondly of the third Canadian Worldcon. And just possibly someone, a lot older and a little wiser than they were over the Labour Day weekend of 1994, might say that it's been a long time since ConAdian, but what the hell, three Canadian Worldcons isn't too many, Meyer.

And I'll nod and agree and raise my glass of Lagavulin to John and his committee and all who went before him. Because the 73rd Worldcon will be held in the year 2015. Precisely twenty one years from now.

Twenty one years, that's not too many.



THE WHOLE FANNISH SAN ANTONIO

Well, folks... This is it. Our last official appearance as a Worldcon Bid. We sure have had a blast over the past several years, meeting all of y'all that we could. And we really do appreciate all of the support (not just the money!) that we found in every nook and cranny that we visited.

During the last three years, we've met thousands of fans, cooked hundreds of gallons of chili and queso, and we're not even going to think about how much beer and how many Texas-shaped tortilla chips have gone by the way-side. We'd like to extend our thanks to everyone who ever came to one of our parties, and extra special thanks to anyone who's ever been foolish enough to lend a hand.



"THE PEACEABLE FANNISH KINGDOM"

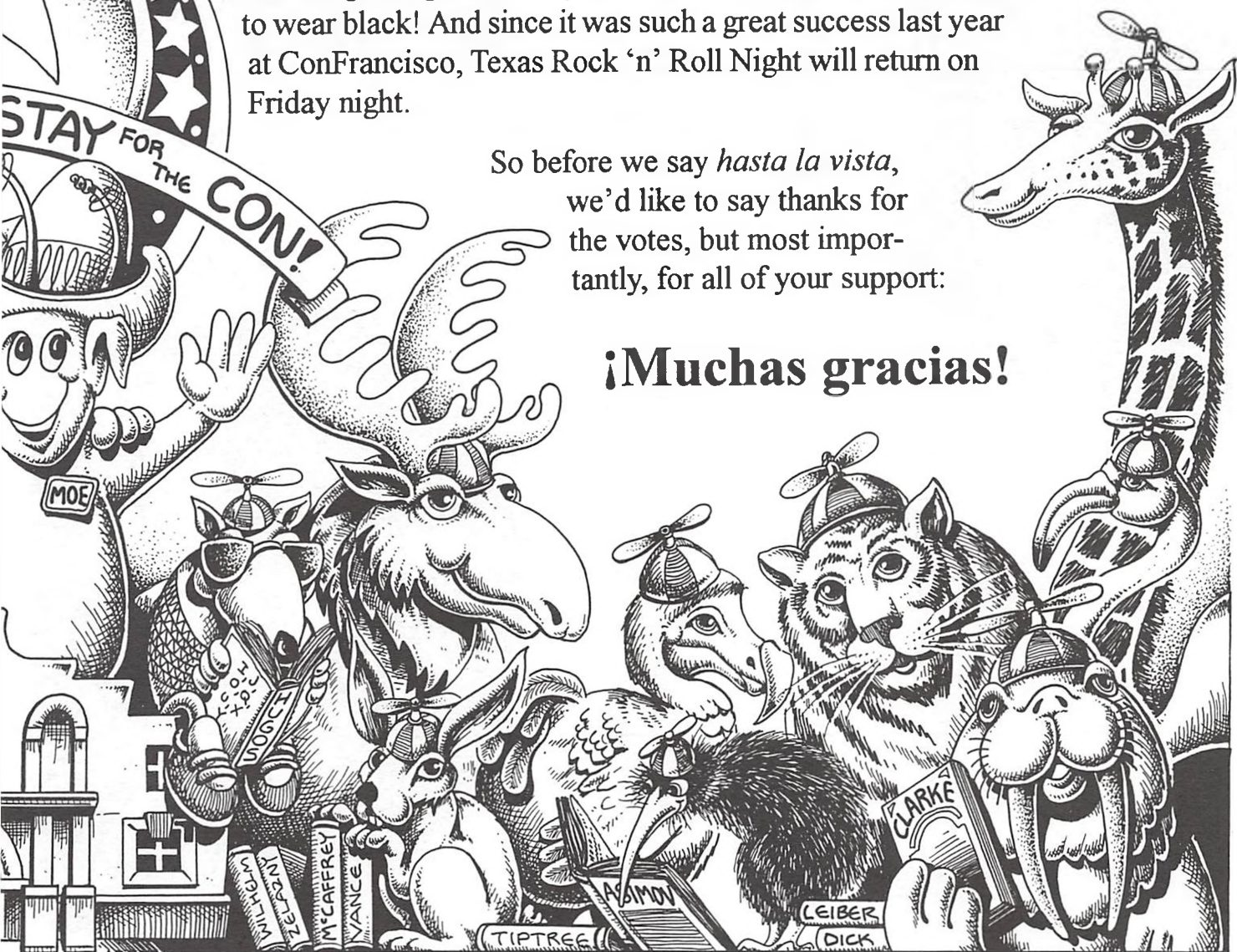
WORLD IS INVITED TO ANTONIO 97

Your names will be writ large in the Book of Good Deeds.

But before all the Bid parties come to an end this weekend, we've got some more Texas hospitality to show y'all. We especially would like y'all to join us Saturday night as we wait for the votes to be counted during our Candlelight Vigil. For all you fashion mavens, another excuse to wear black! And since it was such a great success last year at ConFrancisco, Texas Rock 'n' Roll Night will return on Friday night.

So before we say *hasta la vista*, we'd like to say thanks for the votes, but most importantly, for all of your support:

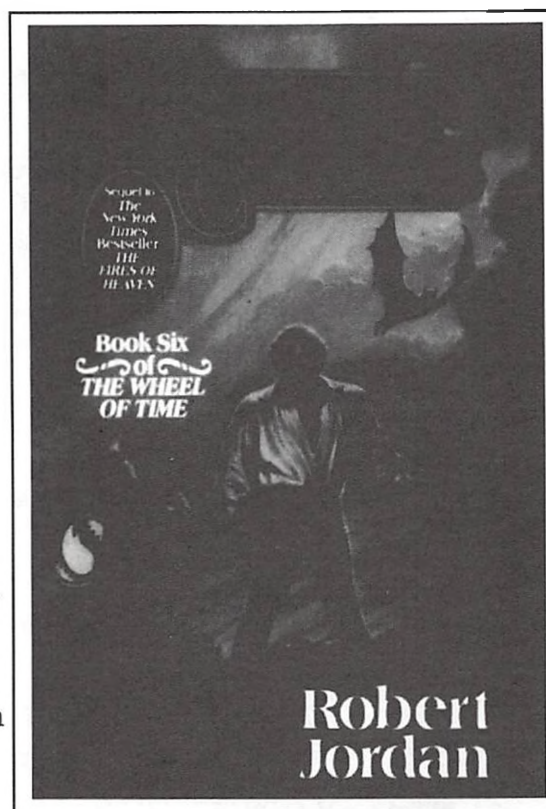
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—Orson Scott Card, author of *Xenocide*



"FAKING IT" A Much Longer and More Rambling Speech (verging now and again on TIRADE) by George Barr

I guess—being "Artist" guest of honor—I should say something about art. I wish I knew something about it.

Illustrating, now, I could tell you about.

Art is indefinable. It's done by special people touched by the muse ... whose goal is to show you something you've never seen before, or in a way you've never seen it ... to cause you to think about it in ways you've never thought before. If art doesn't shock you a little ... make you a little uncomfortable ... it hasn't done its job. So I've been told. By artists.

If everyone *likes* it, it isn't art, they say, merely **decoration**. Art isn't supposed to please, or even to communicate. It's simply supposed to exist ... to be.

A good friend told me that he heard an author of his acquaintance—a rather big name in our field—say ... and I quote, "The attempt to understand is the beginning of the death of art."

With all due respect to that noted writer, a bigger load of horse manure I've never heard. I hope he was misunderstood, or misquoted, but I suspect not. He was not by any means the first to voice such sentiments. In fact, I suspect *he* was quoting.

Is it even *possible* to be more elitist than that?

Basically that says: you either have it, or you don't. You're *born* with it, or you'll never get it. Because it can't be learned, and no attempt should be made either to teach, or to learn.

I'm taking it for granted he considered *himself* among the blessed; no one on the outside could have made such a pronouncement. I wonder at what point in his life he realized how special he was ... if, right from the cradle, he knew there was to know about art, or if it just descended on him like a ray from heaven when something he'd done had made him worthy.

How does one remain modest with that kind of assurance of one's specialness?

You can't *discuss* art with such a person. If you disagreed with anything he said, that fact alone would prove you wrong. You can't even sit at his feet just to listen ... because *your* attempt to comprehend would contribute just a bit to the *death* of art.

Art is obviously not supposed, nor created, to be understandable. In fact, the less you—the common, everyday, garden-variety human being—can see in it, the more obviously it must be **real art**. The best painting ever painted was probably really *liked* only by the artist himself ... and that divine muse who inspired it.

If you liked it enough to have actually paid *money* for it, it can't be art ...

... unless, of course, you're rich.

Rich people, you see, *do* acquire this incredible understanding and appreciation for the finer things automatically as they acquire more and more of the where-withal to purchase it. If they were lucky enough to be *born* into money, then their taste is beyond question. The *nouveau riche*—those who made the money themselves—well, they're never *quite* as tasteful as those who inherited their wealth. And it's a sad fact that those who don't have any money at all can **never** acquire taste ... nor ever adequately appreciate it.

If you or I saved up our pennies for a year or six to purchase a painting ... that's all it could be: a **painting**.

But if some multi-zillionaire citizen-of-the-world buys it, by damn that's **ART**. *I know*; I've read the critics. If it cost sixteen million dollars, it damned well *better* be art or somebody's an idiot. And who's going to call any man who has sixteen million dollars in spare change an *idiot*? I mean—*Jesus*—it has to be art; he spent **sixteen million dollars** on it! It's interesting that the sixteen million is never the posted *price* of the painting. That is arrived at by a bidding process. If that amount

FANTASTIC FINLAY

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Virgil Finlay painting for book cover to Andre Norton novel, circa 1950, 15 by 12 in. Auction estimate: \$4,000-5,000

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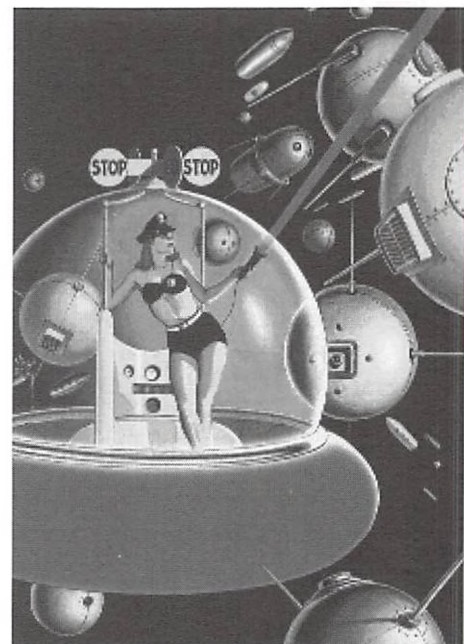
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- ★ The largest collection of artwork by Virgil Finlay to be sold at auction
- ★ Major paintings from the collection of Forrest J. Ackerman



ABOVE: Virgil Finlay painting for Fantastic Universe, circa 1958-59, Traffic Cop, 14 by 10 1/2 in. Auction estimate: \$4,000-5,000

LEFT: Virgil Finlay painting for Fantastic Universe, circa 1958-59, 14 by 10 1/2 in. Auction estimate: \$5,000-6,000

THE WORLD'S LEADING FINE ART AUCTION HOUSE

had been asked in the first place, *everyone* would have laughed ... including, probably, the one who ended up *paying* that amount.

But if you get *two* people who have more money than they know what to do with ... and *both* of them—for whatever reason—wanting the same piece of artwork ... then there's no telling how high the price will go.

It may actually *be* good. But it doesn't *have* to be. They only have to both want it badly enough not to be concerned with how much they have to pay to get it. And *that* has nothing *whatever* to do with the quality of the work in question ... unless we grant that these two individuals — *because* they're so ungodly rich — are also endowed with taste and understanding beyond the ken of normal humanity. They bid against each other, vying like stags rutting in the forest, not so much just to own the painting as to prove their strength and superiority ... the size of their ... bank accounts.

The final orgasmic climax of their masculine identity crisis of course makes international headlines, and the value and quality of that

painting is established for all time to come. The painter—now a proven “artist”—is a part of art history forever, and any gallery in the world will be more than happy to handle his work. Any museum will give him an honored spot. I don't understand art. I admit it. I have no money.

I know a little about illustration. It's so much easier to define. If it's *about* something, and it's been published in conjunction with the story or article it's about, pretty obviously it's illustration. The *quality* of it may be arguable; the definition isn't.

A person becomes an illustrator by illustrating.

A person becomes an *artist* by ... *artying*? (I think *to arty* should be considered a verb. Anyone who's been to a neighborhood exhibition put on by a group of Sunday painters, or attended a Grand Opening at a co-op gallery, has seen people *artying* like mad. I know people who could give lessons in it.)

An “artist” is pretty much self-proclaimed. He's an artist because he *says* he is. **He** knows,

whether you do or not. He also knows how *good* he is regardless of what anyone else might say or think.

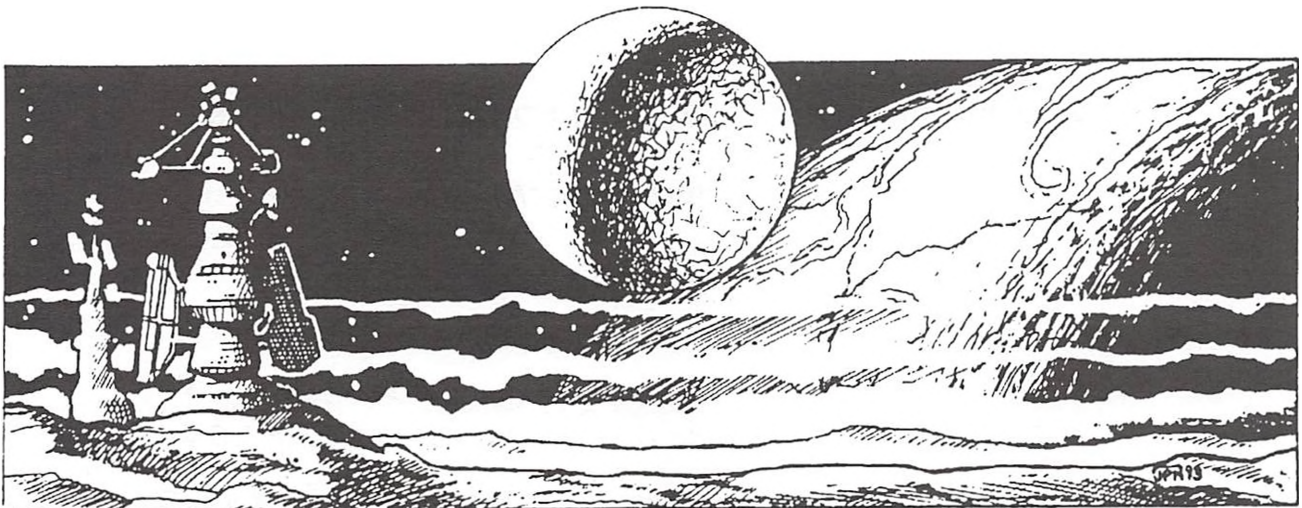
(He or *she*, I mean. Let's not be sexist. This is a field where women are allowed to be just as pretentious as men. In some ways they're often better at it. It's funny: somehow a supercilious sneer is far more devastating on a woman's face than a man's. I mean she's *untouchable*. A man, at least, you can belt if he gets too overbearing.)

§

I had absolutely the worst art instructor in the world. I was basically self-taught.

It's odd how some painters can say that with such a note of pride in their voices, as if that was somehow proof of how *great* they are. You wouldn't particularly admire a *brain surgeon* who claimed he was self-taught.

Being self-taught means having to discover fire and re-invent the wheel all on your own ... to make all the mistakes every painter in the history of the world has made,



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all over again. I did. It's nothing to be proud of, let me tell you.

For my very first oil painting I chose to use the *smooth* side of a piece of tempered masonite ... the slick, polished, kind of oily side.

My set of oil paints didn't come with a book of instructions. It was a box of materials which the sellers obviously figured would only be purchased by somebody who knew what they were for. Bad assumption.

Included in the box were small bottles containing turpentine and linseed oil.

Now I wasn't stupid; I knew turpentine was for cleaning brushes. And this was a set of *oil* paints, after all. So I did all of my thinning and mixing with linseed oil. (Yeah, you painters can see it coming.) And I painted my picture. Pretty good one, too, I thought. I set it up on a shelf, propped upright against a wall, and left it to dry.

Not only didn't it dry, but I came back after a weekend away to find that most of my painting had slid down the slick surface of the masonite and was little more than a variegated puddle on the shelf. It looked like month-old pizza. A lot of green in it.

For my second painting I was smarter: I learn fast. I used far less oil ... almost none, in fact. I'd discovered the virtues of turpentine. And no more silliness with this masonite crap. I painted on *canvas* like a *real* artist.

Nobody'd told me anything about *sizing* canvas. I didn't even know

the word in that context. The surface I painted on was raw, unsized cotton ... which is as thirsty as a sponge. It sucked the oil and turpentine from that paint so fast that, if I wasn't careful, my brush would bond to the canvas like superglue. You wouldn't believe how many tubes of paint it took to cover that two by three foot area. Spreading it was hard labor. *Blending* it was impossible.

Combining that with rather inexpensive, bargain basement paintbrushes, I ended up with a picture with more hair in it than your average Persian cat. It was a most richly textured surface. I spent hours with a pair of tweezers pulling out—or breaking off—stiff bristles from those brushes. I'd have done better using an electric razor. Or a hedge trimmer.

I actually did learn how to use the stuff, and turned out several paintings I wasn't exactly ashamed of. But the drying time for oils finally drove me to seek other media ... something I could finish painting with, and put the result into the mail that same day.

People have told me that's a real shame, saying things like: "Oils are really the only *true* artist's medium."

Needless to say, that was said by people who painted in oils. Of course.

Artistry is a lot like *masculinity* ... at least in the way it's defined. Ask a man to define *masculinity* ... to give you a description of what it takes to be a *real man* ... and he'll usually end up describing himself. Whatever softness or sensitivity

he has himself, regardless of how much he may have been put down for it, will work itself into his definition as something *essential* to "real" manhood. Each man, deep down inside, feels everyone else really ought to be a lot more like *him* ... that the world would be a much better place for it.

Art is like that. Ask artists to tell you the requirements for *true art* and they will probably give you a pretty good description of whatever they're currently working on. Whatever degree of realism or abstraction they're using will almost always correspond exactly to their definition of *true art*. That includes whatever medium they're working in. They won't always say that their tools and methods are the *only* acceptable ones, but theirs will certainly be high on the list.

Ask an art *lover* to define it, and he'll describe the latest addition to his collection. *Of course it's real art*; he wouldn't have bought it otherwise. People say: "Well, maybe I don't know exactly what art is ...," but they're lying. Deep down inside, most people are pretty sure, whether or not they're willing to risk ridicule or an argument by saying so out loud. Oh, they won't *agree* with each other, but that wouldn't lessen their confidence in their own opinions.

I like the field of *illustration* because it is so *inarguable* ... so very simple to define. The experts in *art* allow that ... occasionally ... illustration can *also* be art. But not often. Frankly, I don't care much what the experts think. Any code of values which can, with a straight face, rank someone like

Up speeds
 Scarsnout, up she
 flies, and, when the air
 grows so thin it can no
 longer support her and Elric
 shivers in spite of his clothing and his
 mouth gasps at the atmosphere, down she
 goes in a mighty, rushing plummet until she
 brings herself up as if to land upon the cloud, then
 veers slowly away to where the clouds now break to
 reveal a moon-lit tunnel in the surface, and down this
 Scarsnout plunges while behind her lightning flashes once and a
 thunderclap seems to seal the tunnel as they descend into an
 unnatural coldness which makes Elric's whole skin writhe and his bones feel
 as if they must split and crack within him and yet still the albino does not fear,
 because the dragon does not fear....

The dragon has carried him back to the ruins of his dreams, his past, his love, his
 ambitions, his hope.

She has brought him back to Melniboné. She has brought him home.

—Excerpted from *Revenge of the Rose*

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"Heroic...full of the shimmering imagery one expects from Moorcock."—Los Angeles Daily News

Deep in the catacombs of his ancestors, Elric hears the tortured voice of his dead father. Caught in
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Jackson Pollock or Willem De Kooning as having higher artistic value than someone with the skills, the insight ... and the artistry ... of, say, Norman Rockwell or N.C. Wyeth, is not a code with which I care to concern myself. I don't dispute it. What would be the point? Why should I tell a jellyfish that lasagna tastes better than plankton? It doesn't to him. We're of different species; we have different dietary needs. The *taste* has nothing to do with it.

True art—as defined by those who understand it—has no real rules ... and if it did, the first of those would be that it must *break* all of the rules. Being different is an end in itself. Being obscure is an essential.

Illustration, on the other hand, has one **primary** rule: it must communicate. Whatever the medium, the method, or the message, it must *say* something to the viewer ... in an intelligible language ... deliberately calculated to be understood at least by the group at which it's aimed. If it doesn't do that—however good it may be as a *painting*, technically—it is not a very good *illustration*.

The message may be only that: in order to understand what's going on here, you must *read* this book. If it creates in an individual sufficient desire to solve that puzzle, to impel him to actually buy the book, then it's an *excellent* illustration, regardless of how it may otherwise be judged as *art*.

Many illustrators—should they care to—would have little trouble adapting to the requirements of

“fine” art. They have the skills; all that's needed is a new *mind set*.

Very, **very** few gallery painters, on the other hand, could make the change to illustration successfully. And that's not at all a matter of mind set. Most of them, quite simply, just can't *draw* well enough.

I knew a woman, quite a number of years ago, who considered herself an excellent artist. With genuine modesty ... but definitely. She'd been in several prestigious, juried exhibits which gave her claim a certain credence. My own paintings would not have been acceptable in those shows. (That's not sour grapes; it's fact. My work was “too illustrative.” I'd been told so, many times.)

She proudly showed me a portrait she'd just finished. It had been painted, not from life, but from photographic reference. It wasn't bad ... not bad at all. But something in the eyes bothered me. They didn't match. Each—on its own—looked fine, but together they didn't quite work.

I held my tongue until she asked me what I thought. (She *asked*; I didn't jump in jealously with both feet to attack her work.) I pointed out that the highlights—coming from different directions—gave the impression that the curvatures of the eyeballs were different: the eyes were of two different sizes.

She looked at them, examined them, examined the photograph from which she'd been working, then said: “That's how they are. That's **reality**.”

I didn't doubt her. One highlight came from an overhead lamp, the



other from a window. It happens.

“But you don't have to *paint* them that way,” I said. That's the advantage an artist has over a photographer. **You** have the option of making things look however you want them to.”

“I paint what I see,” she announced—not defensively ... more as a tenet of faith: a creed.

“It would be very simple to change one eye,” I said. “A couple of brush strokes could do it.”

“I **wouldn't**,” she said.

But the truth of the matter was: she *couldn't*. She didn't know how. Something that any second-rate *illustrator* on earth could have done without hesitation, she didn't know how to do. Her knowledge of the human body—though she painted it readily enough, (with a sufficiently clear photo to work from)—was not enough to allow her the freedom to change the highlight in an eye.

She painted the folds in her model's shirt exactly as the photograph dictated. The light and shadow were unaltered.

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* ...BUT MAKE YOUR SECOND CHOICE COUNT! THEY MAY HAVE LOST THEIR LEASE, BUT WE HAVEN'T LOST OUR MINDS YET...mostly.

An illustrator could have changed not only the folds but the material itself: cotton to satin, to velvet, to fur. Those are the things a working illustrator deals with every day of his life.

"That would be **faking it**," she said.

She was right. And I guess "faking it" is the name of the game. No representational art is "the real thing." It's always a *representation* of the real thing, by definition. That's what **faking it** is. And how *well* you fake it determines how good an illustrator you are.

That's especially true in science fiction and fantasy illustration because you have to convince people—who know better—that what you paint really exists ... or at least *could* exist ... or *ought* to, perhaps.

My feeling is that if a person is trying to paint something with which *everyone* is familiar ... that everyone **knows** exists ... and still can't convince us of the reality of his subject, well ... maybe art is not his field. It's a certainty that *illustration* isn't his field. However sincere many of today's "artists" are in their *abstractions* of reality—and I recognize that they are, and some are very successful—I can't help the feeling that the *first* deviations from pure representationalism were very honest attempts by not-very-skilled painters.

Someone tried his best ... his best wasn't good enough ... so he stood back and said, in the hope he'd be believed: "I *meant* to do that."

Other would-be-artists, realizing that ... while maybe they couldn't

match the quality of, say, Franz Hals or Gainsborough ... they could certainly do *that* well, said: "Oh yes. I see what you were aiming at: a totally new way of looking at the world. Sheer genius. And so **daring**."

So they, too, dared. And became geniuses.

And if **you** didn't understand it ... well, how could you, really? **You** weren't touched by the muse. **You're** not an artist. You're probably not even a genius.

So, for heaven's sake, leave the understanding of art to the *qualified* people ... the people who *paint* it. And the *rich* people who pay enormous sums for it. If they say that's what art should be, don't doubt them. Your disapproval only supports their contention that true innovation is rarely understood by the generation in which it first appears, and that the rabble ... you ... never appreciates true art anyway.

Really, I'm not as bitter as I know this sounds. I'm frequently puzzled ... often amused ... but seldom bitter. I just get a little *TIRED* occasionally when people make the assumption—without *my* having made a claim—that I'm trying to be an "artist," and then proceed to point out why I'm not, never have been, and never really could be. Then—when I tell them I never *intended* to be—it comes out sounding like sour grapes. That's because they can't imagine *anyone* not wanting to be known as an artist.

And, you know, if I were in any other field of work, I would, too.

I've written about this before, but I think it bears repeating. When

you say, "He's not just a carpenter; he's an *artist*!" or, "She's not just a surgeon; *she's* an artist," you're talking about *quality* of workmanship. Carpentry and surgery are what they do. But if they do it considerably *better* than the average carpenter or surgeon, *then* they're called "artists." "Artist" means someone who lifts his or her craft above the ordinary.

That's true in absolutely every field **except** the arts, and that shouldn't be so. Every single person who can afford a set of paints—and can manage to work up the right *attitude*—can call himself an "artist." The word says nothing at all about how *well* he uses those paints. You might dispute his claims to being a *good* artist, but you can't deny him the title ... that title which, in any other context, denotes the highest order of skill. It's hardly the only word which has a certain flexibility in its application. But it bothers me that the flexibility is used so often, and so *deliberately*, to imply a specialness or quality which simply is not deserved.

I AM AN ILLUSTRATOR. I really am. Whether or not a *good* one, is hardly for me to say, but I *am* one. I have thirty-four years of published work to offer as proof.

That's what I mean about illustration being so unambiguous. I illustrate a story, and those illustrations get published along with the story, and I get *paid* for doing them. That makes me an illustrator. I don't have to develop an attitude. I don't have to depend upon some self-appointed critic to decide whether or not I'm worthy of the name. The ultimate critic of an illustrator is the person

PITFCS

Proceedings of the Institute for Twenty-First Century Studies

What, you never heard of *PITFCS*? Let the reviewers tell you about it:

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● Cogswell was one of science fiction's great and gifted eccentrics, and his small-press magazine drew letters and comments from most of that ilk, as well as from the occasional normal person who graced the science fiction scene in the 1950s and '60s. The result is a perfect treasure trove for anyone curious about the era that completed the foundations of modern science fiction, as well as about the early incarnations of some of today's household names. —Roland Green, in *The Chicago Sun-Times*

● Without question *PITFCS* is one of the most interesting, fun-to-read books to come out in an age. Every fan worthy of the name should own a copy. —Lloyd Arthur Eshbach

■ [*PITFCS* is] filled with spirited and fascinating discussions of everything from individual works to the role of the writer as artist to pay rates and how execrable they are. Contributors are an astounding who's who of the field—Vonnegut, Boucher, Anderson, Leiber, Clarke, Carnell, Merril, E. E. Smith, Blish, Davidson, Conklin, Wollheim, Ellison—and many many others. . . . Despite the high price, this is an absolute steal, one of the best insider books in the field. —*Science Fiction Chronicle*

● Long before the power elite in SF began to debate money and art over the online computer networks such as GEnie and CompuServe, they debated ethics, complained about advances, wrote silly limericks and threw brickbats in a mimeographed fanzine for pros edited by the late Theodore Cogswell. [*PITFCS*] collects 350,000 words from over 20 years of the in-print bull session that ran from 1959 through 1979. . . . Written nuggets like Poul Anderson's doggerel "Robert A. Heinlein/writes a very fine line./His views on sex are anything but inertial./Why is he so controversial?", and John Brunner's "SF writers don't turn out better material because they can't afford the time to do a first-class job," make reading *PITFCS* like eavesdropping on a cocktail party made up of the SF writers who turned you on when you were a kid. —Damian Kilby, in *Science Fiction Age*

■ [Advent has reprinted] in professional format the entire run of *PITFCS*, substituting handsome type in place of the hektographed, mimeographed and offset issues reproduced from typewriter face. Complete runs of *PITFCS* are rare, more is the pity, for its contents are made up of fascinating and provocative letters from the widely known and even the famous, arguing the seemingly stirring issues of science fiction of their period—late fifties, early sixties—in the most candid terms seen previously or afterward. . . . Letters and essays which [their authors] imagined would be figuratively lost forever have instead been preserved for posterity with all the wisdom and foolishness intact. —Sam Moskowitz, for *S.F. Writers of America Bulletin*

◆ [*PITFCS* was] a publication in which they could air their gripes against editors, pay rates, and occasionally each other, disseminate news, and write vast amounts of scurrilous verse. . . . A revealing look at some of the major authors of science fiction . . . when they were not being on their best behaviour for public consumption. —Robert Coulson, for *Comic Buyer's Guide*

● Behind that deliberately pretentious title lies a wealth of entertainment and enlightenment. Theodore Cogswell started *PITFCS* as a "fanzine for pros" in 1959, and everyone who was anyone in the SF field signed up. It printed mostly members' letters, sprinkled with essays and humorous poetry, and the discussions were wide-ranging and fascinating. Remarkably, most of the dialogue remains fresh (though those of us who came in late might wish for the occasional explanatory footnote). . . . If you can't scrape the \$50 together, at least get your local library or club to do it. *PITFCS* is not to be missed.

—Janice M. Eisen,
in *Aboriginal Science Fiction*

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who is willing to fork over hard-earned cash for a book or magazine which that illustrator's work has called to his attention.

§

I'm not the most self-confident person in the world. I told Charles N. Brown many years ago, (when he asked why I never let him know for the pages of *LOCUS* what I had in the works) "Until I see it on the stands, I'm never that sure it's really going to make it."

I've had work turned down. I've had it accepted—even paid for—and then never used. There could be an entire volume of *The Lost Works of G. Barr* consisting of the illustrations which, for one reason or another, never saw publication.

I'm not a superstitious person, but I've never been able to shake the feeling that if I tell people too soon that something's coming out, it'll never make it to the stands.

I've kept quiet, mostly, and—though there's probably no connection at all—I've kept working.

I haven't had a lot of high-profile jobs over the years—which is a good part of why it seems so strange to be attending a worldcon to be honored for work I wasn't sure was even being noticed.

That is not a lot of false modesty I'm dishing out. I've had very reliable friends report to me that, when my name has been mentioned at conventions they've attended, someone usually asks: "Is he still alive?"

It's not surprising they'd wonder, I guess, when it seems so many

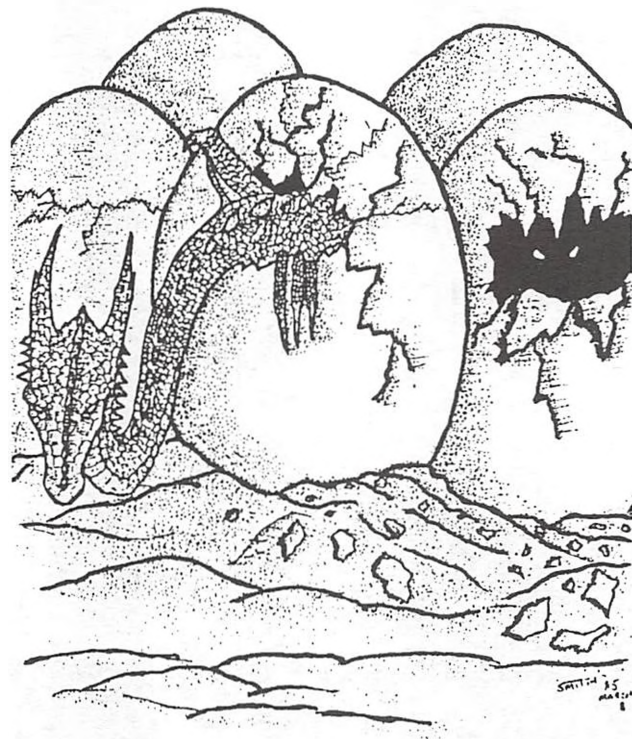
people think I'm even older than I am. My friends have told me that some people actually claim to remember my work in the old Golden Age pulps. Someone said that the reason I did the entire first issue of the revived *Weird Tales* was because I was one of the few surviving illustrators who'd worked in it originally, so many years ago.

Don't I wish! I did *read* the pulps. Avidly. I bought an awful lot of them new off the stands, and turned through them dreaming of someday being a part of that world. But the pulps disappeared while I was still in school. That door toward which I was toiling was bricked up solid by the time I got there. The closest I came, I guess, was being published in an issue of *Fantastic* which also contained a story illustrated by Virgil Finlay. So far as I was concerned, that was like playing The Palace with Jack Benny... one of the major thrills of my life.

This convention qualifies as another.

I'm sure a goodly number of this con's attendees see me as a charming antique, brought out of retirement for one last hurrah. I hope that isn't prophetic.

During these years when so many believed I'd died, I was busily churning out a fairly staggering number of illustrations for *Dungeons and Dragons*. For nearly ten years, under two different editors, there weren't more than two or three issues of *Amazing Stories* in which I didn't have something. I managed to do Pulphouse's entire Author's Choice Monthly series, a dozen of their short story paperbacks, and covers for several of their novellas. *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine* published a number of my covers, a ream or so of story illustrations, and even a few short stories I wrote for them.



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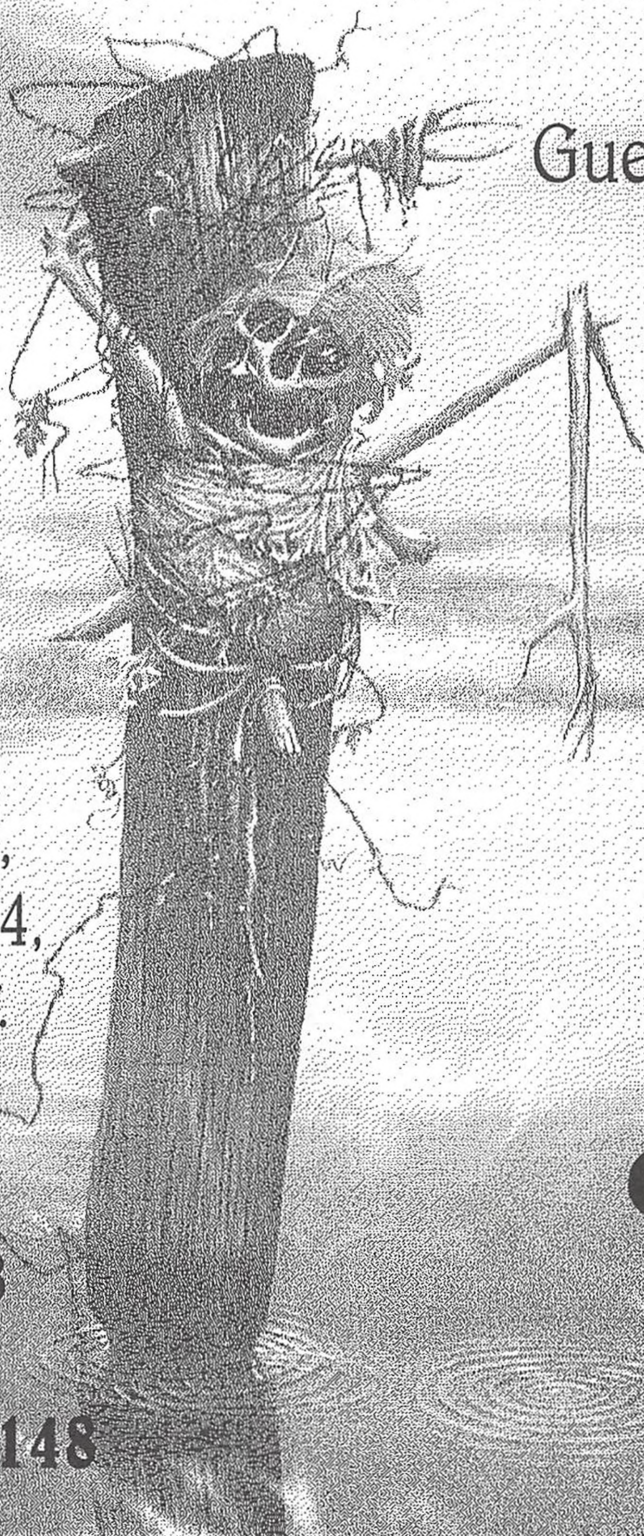
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I never retired. I just got kind of edged out of the area where the spotlight shines brightest. Though, come to think of it, I don't believe I was ever actually *in* that area. If I was, I sure never stayed there long enough to work up a tan.

A major change hit the field of science fiction illustration about fifteen or so years ago. That change owes its impetus, I think, to an event several years farther back: the release of the film *2001: a Space Odyssey*.

That film almost single-handedly altered the entire look of science fiction. From sleek, streamlined, too gorgeous-for-words spaceships, things in the movies took on overnight a look of nuts-and-bolts, cobbled-together *functionality* ... if there is such a word. (If there wasn't, there is now.) Gone were the smooth, aerodynamic surfaces, the polished silver rockets I grew up believing would fill our future.

2001 was big box office. The "general public," who'd always ignored science fiction as part of the lunatic fringe, discovered it *en masse*. The science fiction shelf in the bookstore suddenly grew to a whole case ... an entire section. It seemed *every* publisher had its line of science fiction.

At first it seemed like those of us who'd devoted our lives to illustrating it had hit a bonanza. But that misconception didn't last long.

Previous to this, when it had been so difficult to eke out a living on the small amounts being paid for science fiction art, it was being

done for the most part by a group of illustrators who were dyed-in-the-wool fans of the genre ... who illustrated it because they *loved* it. They had to love it; there sure wasn't much money in it.

Suddenly there was money ... enough to attract the kind of art-school-trained illustrators who'd previously gone into the more lucrative fields of advertising, romance or historical novels, westerns, sports magazines ... the "legitimate" genres. In a very short time the *look* of the science fiction paperback had undergone a tremendous change.

During the years when I was reading science fiction—loving it—and dreaming of being a part of it—each illustrator had his own "look." Kelly Freas, Ed Emsch, Richard Powers, Paul Lehr, Ed Valigursky, Virgil Finlay, Paul Orban ... each approached an assignment from a distinctly different point of view. You *never* mistook the work of one of them for that of any other. Earle Bergey and H.W. McCauley were as different as Salvador Dali and Pablo Picasso.

Each had had his own amount of education in the technical aspects of painting, but—since science fiction illustration was hardly recognized by art schools as something a young artist would aspire to do—each had figured out ... developed ... his own methods and styles.

I liked that. It was, in fact, the major attraction the field had for me: its utter *lack* of standardization, a freedom that was unknown in any other genre.

Suddenly the science fiction/fantasy field was *full* of incredibly talented, professionally trained illustrators—all within a few years of the same age—all eager to prove themselves. And the look of the science fiction paperback became, very quickly, *their* look. That look was bright, sleek, hard-edged, unbelievably precise, detailed ... utterly unlike anything the field had seen before.

I don't know about the others of the *old* guard—whom I found myself abruptly numbered among, (a has-been without ever really having been)—but I was asked by several editors: "Can't you be a little more like ... " and they named one or two of the bright young boys in the field. My response was: "You mean stop being me, and start being an *imitation* ... " whoever they'd named.

Basically that's what it boiled down to. All that had made my work individually mine—whatever that was—was supposed to be suppressed in favor of trying hard to look exactly like someone who was about half my age, with training I'd never had, and knowledge I never *will* have.

With the burgeoning popularity of science fiction, with people buying it who'd never before in their lives read a single story, whose sole knowledge of the genre was limited to a popular, must-see movie, the editors and art directors, themselves, were too often of the same type. *They* had no ties to the history of the field. Their sole concern was **selling the book**. To hell with whether or not the customer actually enjoyed it

after he'd purchased it. To hell with whether or not the cover illustration was an accurate promise of what the book contained. Their thinking seemed to be: if such-and-such a cover sold lots of books, then let's put that cover—or one as close to it as we can get—on every book we put out.

I'd never thought of myself as a curmudgeon, but I found myself grumping and harrumphing like a codger.

I sincerely doubt I *could* have matched the look of the new young artists. I'd like very much to have been *able* to, but I didn't really *want* to. When the individuality and freedom of the

genre was what had attracted me in the first place, I had no desire to become a generic: something as close as possible to the *real* thing ... but not quite the same ... not quite as good ... nor as *expensive*.

It's odd: during so much of the history of science fiction, as I said, the illustrating was done by people loyal to the genre. Suddenly, those left over from the old days were getting jobs from editors and publishers loyal to **them** ... because of long-standing relationships, and ... sometimes ... out of a sense of nostalgia.

I'm sure the wheel will turn; the look will change again. Some of today's successful illustrators will adapt; some won't want to; some

won't be able to. I don't really expect it to go full circle ... certainly not within my lifetime. So perhaps, in a sense, this is my last hurrah.

I don't intend to stop working ... until people stop asking. But I expect that in the history of science fiction I'll be a footnote ... a name on a list ... an illustrator of little note, who worked in that transition period between the Golden Age and the New Age of Master Painters. The list of worldcons will mention that in 1994 one of the guests of honor was an illustrator by the name of George Barr. I hope somewhere there will be a mention of how much he loved the genre, and how grateful he was for that honor.

In memory of the late Isaac Asimov, to honor his contributions to science and science fiction, *the Lunarians* established our

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Baltimore in 1998 Fannish Briefing



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A successful Worldcon has two key components: A good committee and an appropriate setting.

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The Baltimore Worldcon bid committee was created by members of the *Baltimore Science Fiction Society*, which has hosted Balticons for the past 28 years, and the *Washington Science Fiction Association*, which has hosted Disclaves for over 30 years.



We believe that practical convention experience is vital. Members of our committee have been involved in the management of the past several Worldcons and are part of the staff for *ConAdian*. And we are helping to organize the future Worldcons.

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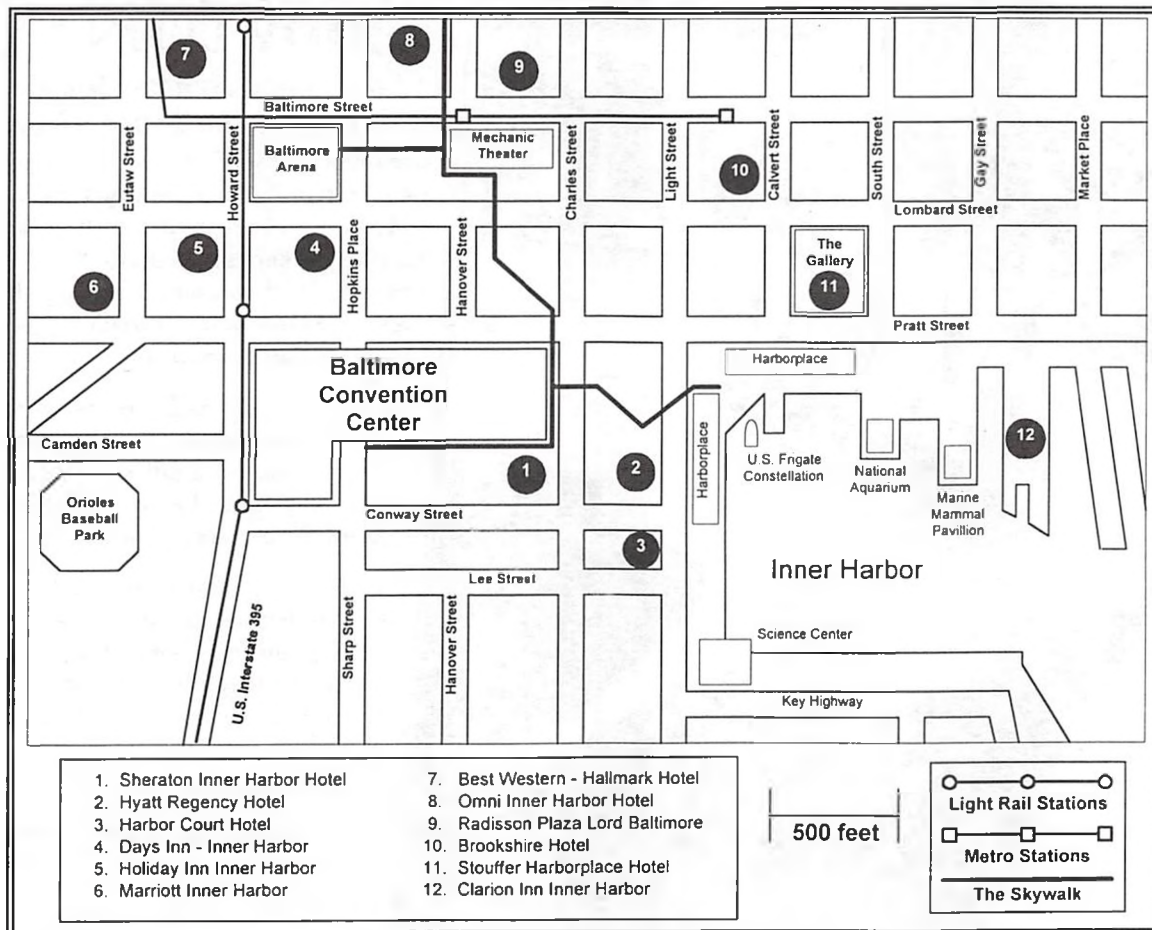
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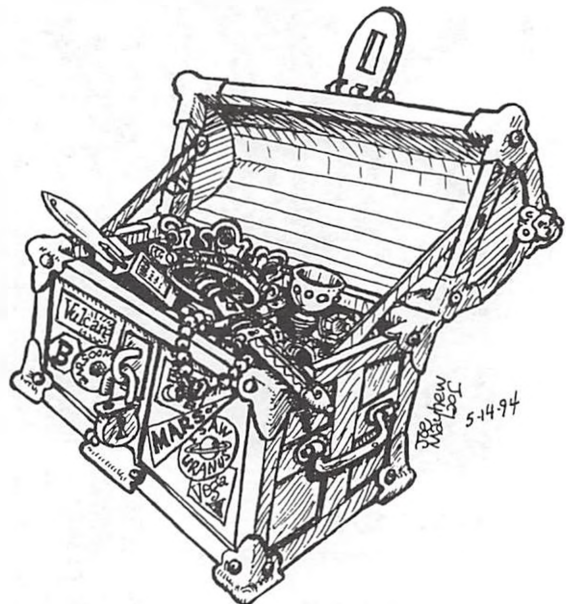


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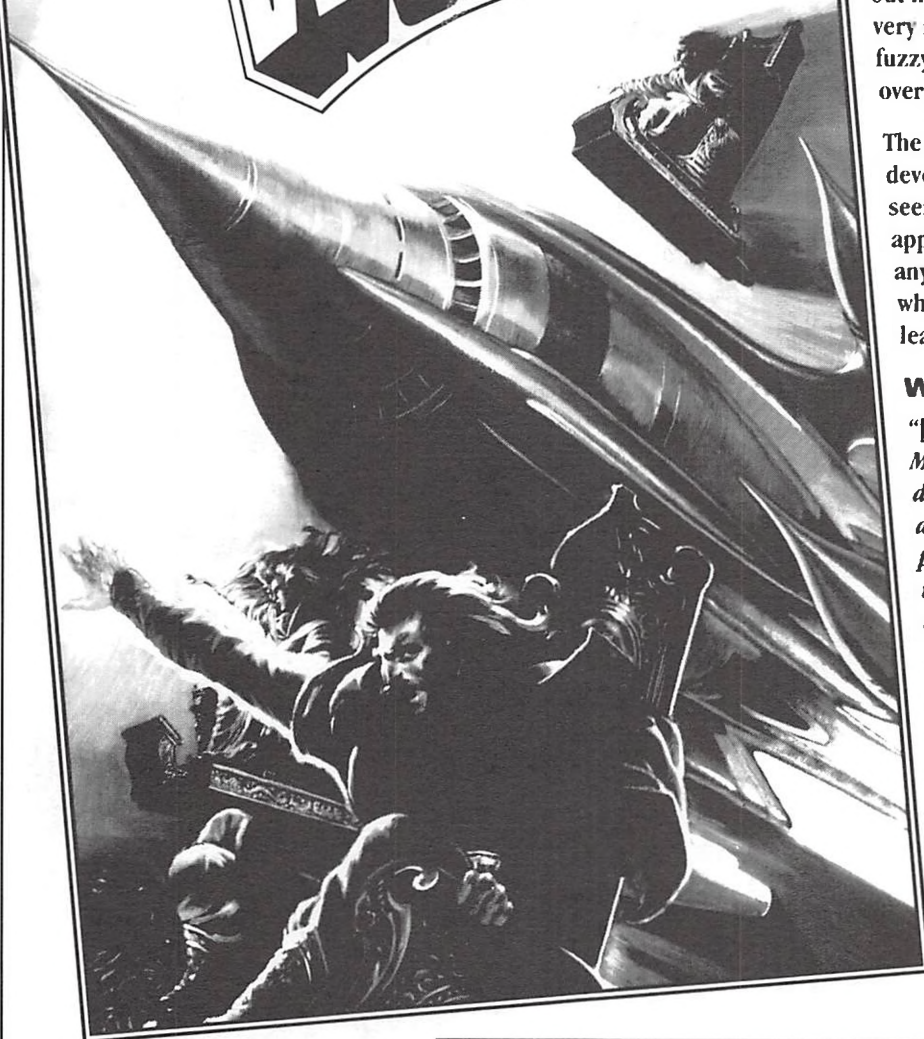


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The ConAdian Program

Bruce Farr, Program Development

ConAdian is the first Canadian worldcon since Toronto in 1973, so we felt it appropriate to emphasize Canadian contributions to the fields of science fiction, fantasy, and horror. Throughout the Program you will find questions of special concern to Canadians and the presence of many Canadian participants. We hope that you enjoy this slightly different emphasis from north (or perhaps east or west) of the border.

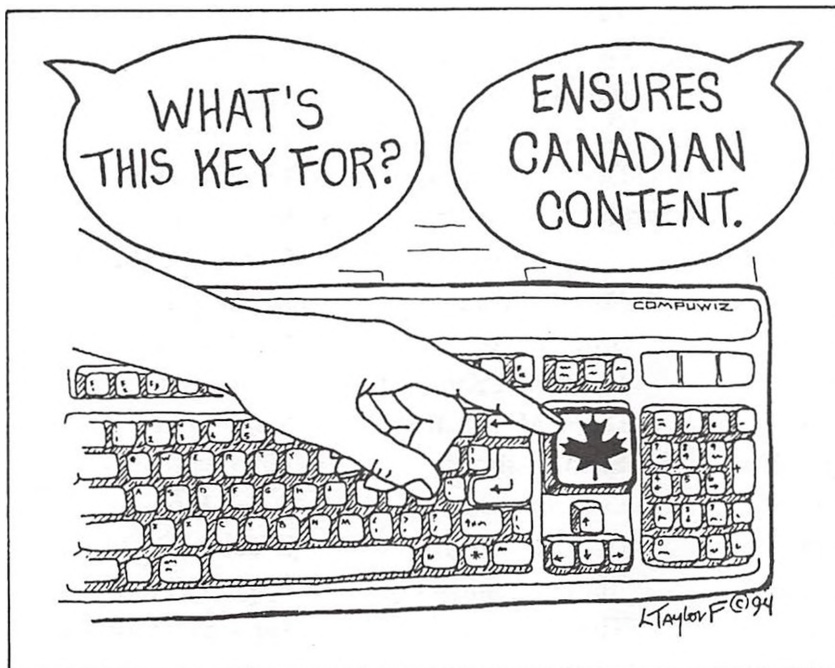
Our method of gathering topics this year was oriented to ask for contributions from the participants who will be doing the actual panels and presentations. We wish to thank everyone who assisted with panel ideas and consented to being involved in the Program.

The Committee and Staff list printed in the Program Book is our way of recognizing those without whom we could not have done the convention. But there are those who helped beyond the call of duty: Margaret Grady and Matthew Frederick, who designed and produced the Program publications; Eileen Phillips and Vanessa Anderson who assisted with database design and output; Lea Farr who did most of the database input and reports; and Gary Swaty who assisted with database input. Thank you!

We hope that you enjoy the Program. The details are in the Pocket Program/Program Guide.

Please note that this list is up-to-date as of July 6, 1994, for those who have confirmed participation. We are still receiving confirmations, so there will be additional participants not listed here. An updated list will be in the Program Guide/Pocket Program.

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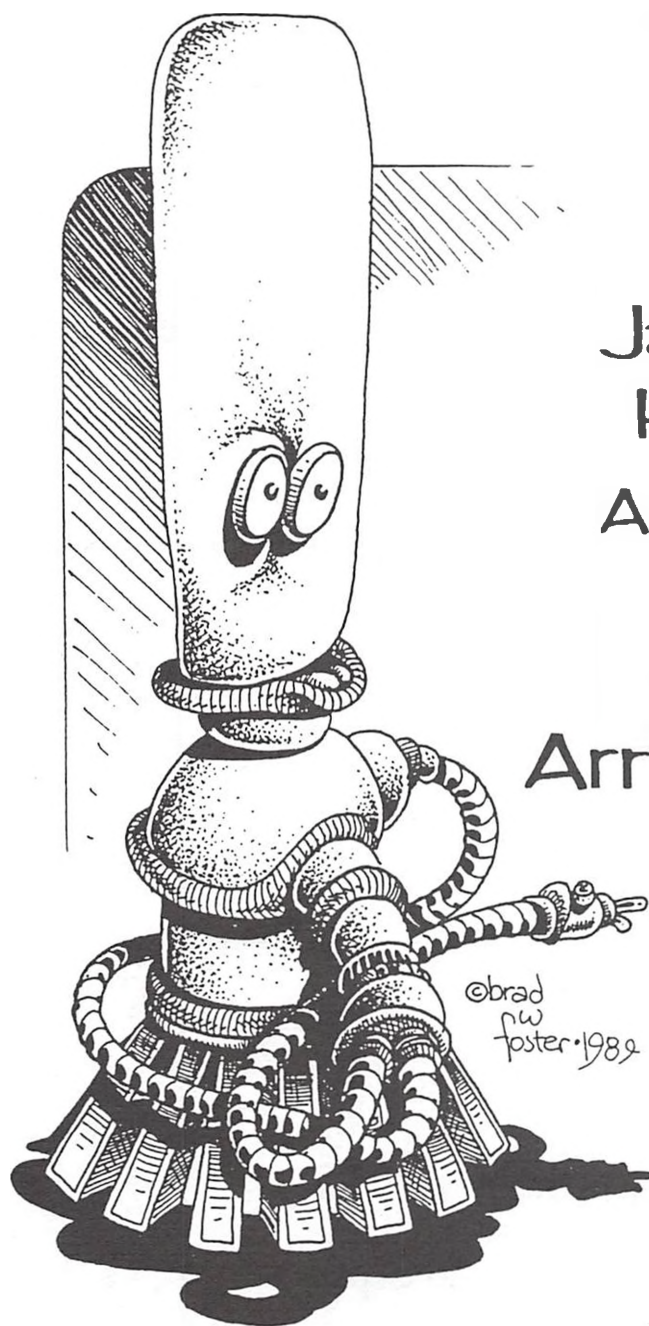


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The ConAdian Writers Workshop

Many published authors are besieged with requests by aspiring writers to evaluate their manuscripts. Some of these authors see this request as flattering, while others might view the aspirants as having a lot of unmitigated gall for being so presumptuous. The ConAdian Writers Workshop gives these aspirants the opportunity to have their manuscripts evaluated without running the risk of the latter reaction. (Never ask such a favor of a professional yourself unless you

know him or her well.)

Many published writers are regular members of on-going workshops (those that meet on a regular basis) and already thus involved frequently enjoy exercising their critique skills and b.s.ing with others about the craft and business. We would like to thank the following writers for their availability to this project:

Roger MacBride Allen, Gerri Balter, Alan Barclay, M. Shane Bell, Kent Brewster, David Brin,

Anthony J. Bryant, Ginjer Buchanan, Richard Chwedyk, Greg Costikyan, Jack Dann, L. Warren Douglas, Dave Duncan, Scott Edelman, Leslie Gadallah, P.C. Hodgell, Donald Kingsbury, Geoffrey A. Landis, John M. Landsberg, Rema M. Leith, PhD, Barry Longyear, Jean Lorrach, PhD, Shawna McCarthy, Wil McCarthy, Maureen McHugh, Bridget McKenna, Sasha Miller, Sandra C. Morrese, John Nimersheim, Larry Niven, Gerald David Nordley, John Park, Mary Rosenblum, Stanley Schmidt, Dean Wesley Smith, S.M. Stirling, Kathy Tyers, and Sheila Williams



Unfortunately, writers workshop participation has to be planned for in advance and is closed to everyone who is not directly involved. During the last few weeks the participants have been reading their assigned manuscripts to spend three hours at ConAdian citing their good and bad points. There is no on-the-spot reading for critiques. Those interesting in participating next year should contact Intersection, the 53rd annual World Science Fiction Convention (a.k.a. Worldcon 53). Buying your membership several months ahead of time keeps you up-to-date on the latest developments of the convention and the entry deadline for the writers workshop.

Bantam Spectra
congratulates this year's finalists for the Hugo Award:

Best Novel

Glory Season

David Brin

Virtual Light

William Gibson

Green Mars

Kim Stanley Robinson

Best Non-Fiction Book

The Art of Michael Whelan: Scenes/Visions

Michael Whelan

Best Short Story

"The Story So Far"

(Full Spectrum 4)

Martha Soukup

And to all the nominees:
the very best of luck!



The Canadian 'Zines; F/SF/H Magazines in Canada

by D. G. Valdrón

There are currently a handful of genre magazines publishing out of Canada. It's a diverse lot, focusing on fantasy, horror, or science fiction. Typically for Canada, they have little in common. Some are personal projects or crusades, others are almost institutional. Some pride themselves on their international content, others are strongly oriented towards Canadian content or regional identity. Together, they represent the diverse outlooks of a diverse land.

The Bardic Runes is the Canadian fantasy magazine published out of Ottawa. This one is a labour of love for Michael McKenny, editor, publisher and all around nice guy. And possibly a labour for Cathy Woodgold, his wife, who puts up with him.

The Bardic Runes publishes a couple of times a year and has since around 1989-90. It's digest sized, with green and black cardboard covers and an average of forty to sixty pages. The lower page count is made up for

with a smaller typeface that adds more words to a page, and allows for an unexpectedly high number of stories and poems, but occasionally makes it a little harder to read.

The focus in *The Bardic Runes* is on traditional fantasy which may include medieval tales, arabian nights, viking stories, or journeys with elves and fairies. Surprisingly, given the popularity of the genre, there are almost no magazines focusing on fantasy.

"I started the magazine because there was no place for the kinds of stories I liked to write and read," said McKenny. *The Bardic Runes* is one of the very few small press magazines in North America to specialize in fantasy.

Overall, the stories have a gentle, lyrical feel to them, attempting to convey a sense of the otherworldly. Subject matter ranges from low comedy to poignant tragedy. Not surprisingly, *The Bardic Runes* also publishes poetry, some of it epic in length, and also gives exposure to a variety of artists. Take special note of the wraparound cover artworks.

Contributors are strongly oriented towards Ottawa and its environs, but come from across

the country, including two Manitoba writers, and even from the United States and England.



Horizons is a digest-sized magazine published by the Science Fiction Society of the University of British Columbia.

Probably because it's the "child" of an organization, rather than an individual, it's had a longer and more consistent history than many other small-press magazines. The constant infusion of fresh blood as a campus publication also means that there's a pretty steady turnover of people who think publishing is new and exciting. It's the grand old man of Canadian SF Magazines, going on to its fifteenth volume this year.

The Society tries to publish twice a year, each year, averaging seventy to eighty pages. It runs short stories and novelllettes, book reviews, interviews and features, and is mainly oriented towards science fiction. It only uses art to supplement the stories, but allows for one nice full page (5" x 8") per story. All art is in black and white, including the cardboard cover which is coloured. It contains no poetry.



'93 Hugo Award Winner

'91 WorldCon, '92 British Fantasy Con Special Awards

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Mike Gunderloy, *The World of Zines*: "...The essential magazine of record for the SF community. Books and magazines are paramount here, with guides to currently published fiction and cover photographs in every issue and lots of short reviews. But they also track the people of this community, reporting on births and deaths, sales and radio broadcasts, conventions and other events. Even lists of fan and pro birthdays and photos of faces to go with familiar names appear here, helping provide the social glue necessary to hold the subculture together. No serious reader of the genre can afford to pass this one up."

Mickey Zucker Reichert: "I love *SFC*, especially the Market Reports. I recommend it to all my writing classes and workshop students."

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Each monthly issue of Andrew Porter's Hugo Award winning *Science Fiction Chronicle* brings you all the news of what's happening in SF, fantasy and horror: who's just written what, what editors are buying, where artists are showing their work, awards, a convention calendar, fan news, and lots of book reviews — 550+ a year, some before publication.

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The stories on the whole are pretty good, with a nice mix and an intriguing play of ideas and styles.

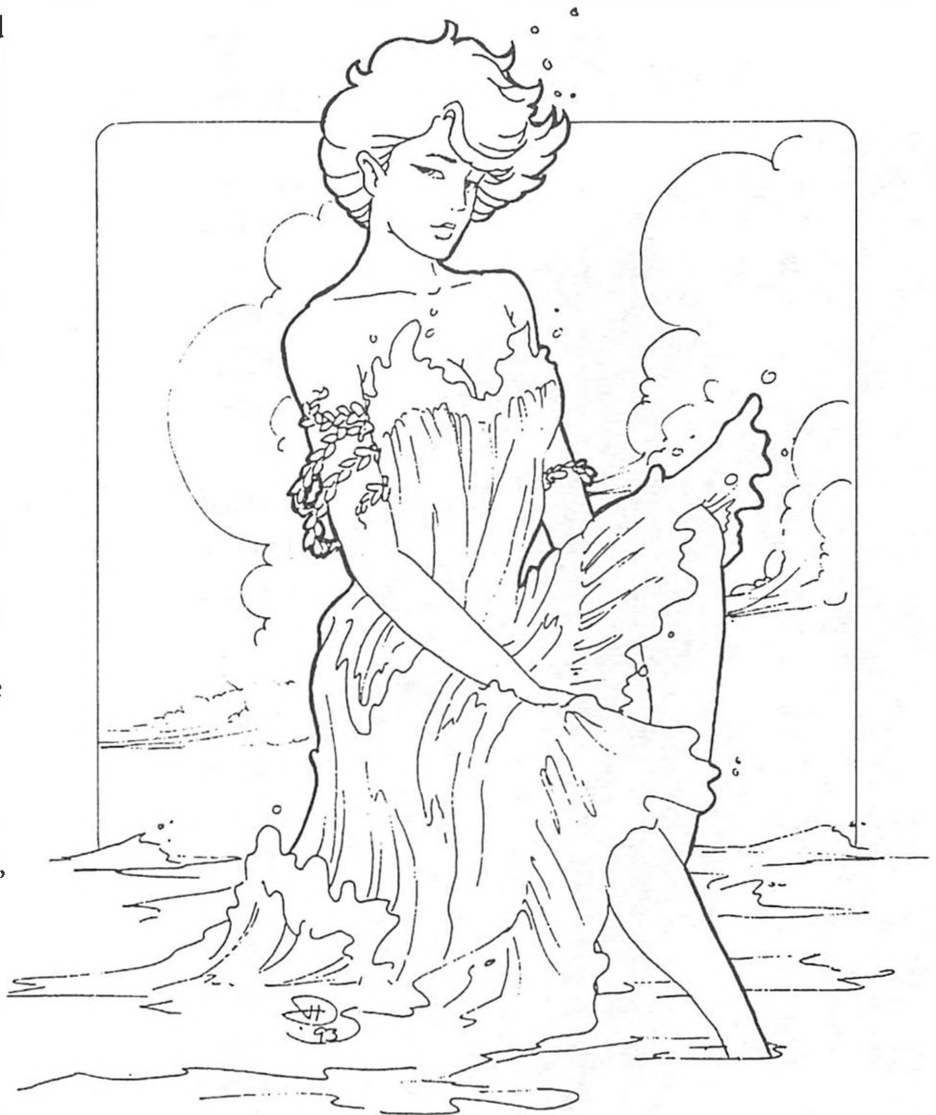
It is a strongly regional magazine, with a small circulation of about 250, a third of which are subscriptions. Many of the writers and artists, and indeed much of the advertising, is from the West Coast, primarily Vancouver, but also Victoria and Seattle.

This regional background is the magazine's strength, giving it strong grass roots in a loyal and receptive community. Local bookstores both advertise in the magazine and carry it.

The current editor is Philip Ledwith. The most recent issue was published in March of 1994, and the next one is due out in September or October of 1994.

Champagne Horror, published from Regina, Saskatchewan, in 1990, is the prairie's contribution to the scene. It is a full-sized magazine, printed on high-grade paper, and is about sixty pages thick. This is arguably the most ambitious of the lot, as much an arts periodical as genre magazine in look and format.

This impression is borne out as we open the pages. The layout, in the larger magazine format, is clean and roomy. Artworks appear for art's sake; poems are as common as short stories.



Contributors hail from across Canada, the United States, and Europe. The international contents are a point of pride for the publishers.

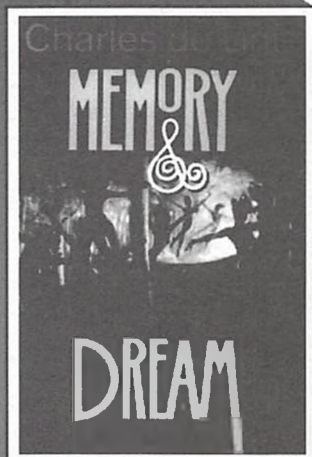
The dominant theme, of course, is horror. Often horror of a quiet and understated nature. Dark looks into the human heart, rather than the monster in the closet (though that beast appears too). Humour also appears in the form of de-

mented nursery rhymes, horoscopes, and classifieds from the *Transylvania Times*.

All in all, a slick beautiful magazine which has, unfortunately received all too little recognition in Canada.

Champagne Horror is the brainchild of Cathy Buburuz, well known and internationally published in the small press as a writer, poet, artist and journalist

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who serves as Fiction and Poetry Editor; and Randy Nakoneshny, who serves as Art Editor.

Unfortunately, *Champagne Horror* won't be publishing this year, however, back issues are available. Copies of the premier issue can still be obtained.

On-Spec magazine from ~ Edmonton, Alberta, is the flagship of the Canadian SF publishing community. Easily the most professional looking of all the magazines, with colour covers and extensive artwork and excellent short stories. It is, in form and content, a rival for such American publications as *Asimov's*, *Analog*, and *Fantasy & Science Fiction*.

It is a group product, run by the Copper Pig Writer's Society, and supported by donations, grants, advertising, sales, and a dedicated team. Unlike almost any other magazine, it selects its stories by means of blind competitions. The writers' names are left off, and stories are judged on their own merits. The judges are a panel of distinguished writers and editors themselves.

On-Spec calls itself "The Canadian Magazine of Speculative Writing" and publishes accordingly:

science fiction, fantasy, ghost stories, horror, magic realism, all appear in its pages. The only consistent feature is that they are all very, very well written. I would, however, note a tendency to try to be literary. In addition to fiction, it publishes poetry, one or two poems per issue, and also commissions artwork to supplement the stories.

On-Spec publishes four issues a year, and has been doing so since 1989. They have repeatedly won the Aurora Award for "Best Canadian SF Magazine", and their quality makes you think they would have won even

if they hadn't been the only nominee (joke). They sometimes do theme issues; their humour issue was hilarious. Their next special is Horror and Dark Fantasy, scheduled for Spring, 1995.

There are a handful of other publications which have made some contribution to the Canadian publishing scene.

Solaris is a French language SF magazine published out of Quebec. We don't know much about it, save that it is French and preceded *On-Spec*. In the spirit of multi-culturalism they

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are exchanging and translating a couple of stories with *On-Spec*.

The Writers Block is published out of Edmonton, Alberta, or will be. Their primary market is Alberta, particularly Calgary and Edmonton. The first issue hasn't come out yet, but it may be out around by the time of this worldcon. They are looking at reader-oriented adventure; science fiction, fantasy, horror, mystery and western stories. They apparently got a government grant, so preference for the first issue goes to Canadian writers. After that the field is wide open. I look forward to seeing it.

Standing Stone, on the other hand, seems to have its future behind it. A strong fantasy magazine, it also supported a roleplaying game and a short story contest. Unfortunately, the publisher had a baby, bought a house, and didn't have time for the magazine. Still, avid collectors may be able to write away for old issues.

Tesseract isn't a magazine but an anthology, published from Victoria, B.C. It is a semi-annual book of SF short stories written by some of Canada's finest writers, both in and out of the genre. Where else will you find Margaret Atwood and William Gibson shoulder to shoulder? It's hard to find, but well worth looking for.

Input like *Tesseract* is also from Victoria, but is quite different. It is a "Blake's 7" fanzine with a half dozen issues so far, and is published by Rebecca Reeves. It describes itself as an "international fanzine" with contributors coming from all parts of the world. It is currently on hiatus.

There are also a handful of fanzines as well as amateur magazines devoted to "fan fiction," generally running stories about established or copyrighted characters—although illegal to market commercially, some achieve a wide circulation on a nonprofit and informal basis.

Nightmare in Reading was a "Doctor Who" fanzine published out of New Brunswick and is currently history.

Still ongoing is *Tytanima Press* run by Tanya Chung of Nepean, Ontario, who publishes "Star Trek" fanzines focusing on individual crew members.

It's hard to know what to make of this collection. The temptation is to see the Canadian efforts as a northern extension of the American small press community. Certainly, there seems to be little brooding over national identity within these covers. But then, that isn't exactly fair. After all, science fiction, fantasy, and horror all, to a greater or lesser extent,

focus on the "otherworldly."

Canada, as a nation, is composed of a series of regional fragments, all straining outwards, trying to find their voice and identity. In that sense, these magazines, and the radical differences in their origins, operations and attitudes reflect that isolated and straining diversity.

Perhaps the most impressive thing about these magazines, considering the size and emptiness of this country, is that they exist.

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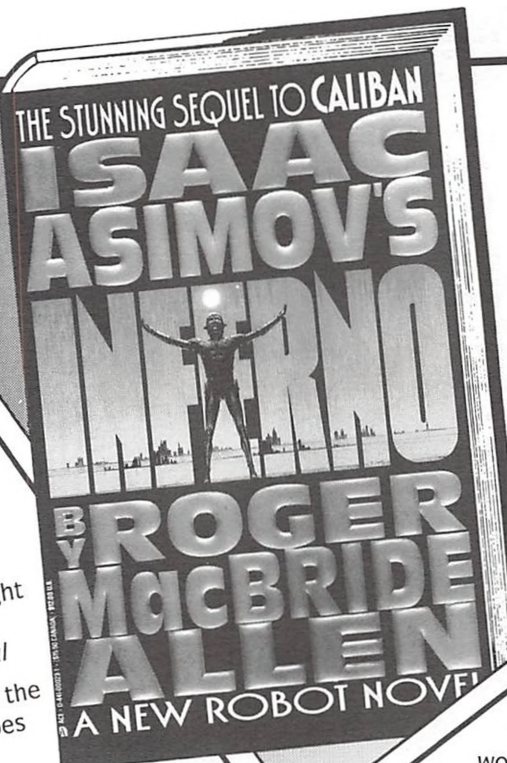
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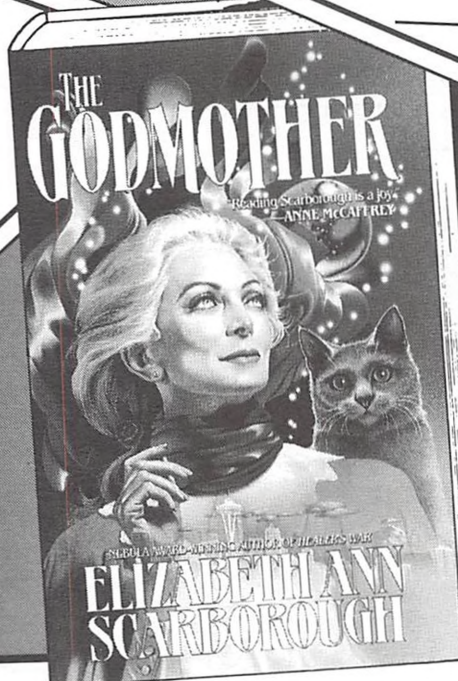
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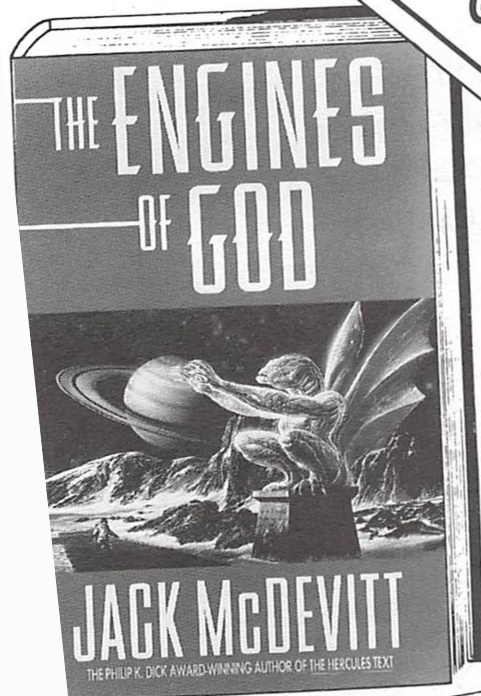
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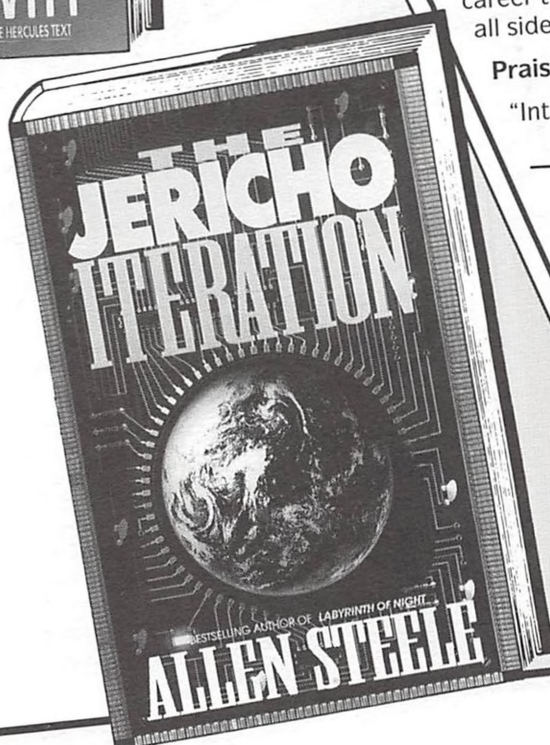
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Galaxy thanks Catherine Oxenberg (star of Dynasty, Acapulco Heat, Lair of the White Worm) for her invaluable help in launching the Galaxy Audio Project.



TIME AND THE EXILE

by Steve Rasníc Tem

David hadn't thought about the war in years, but then the car reached the top of the hill, a bruised gray sky filling the windshield so that he was thinking he'd better be ready for the worst kind of storm, and then suddenly he was dropping down the other side as if he were descending out of that strange sky, and there was the apple orchard down below, spread out along both sides of Autoroute des Cantons-de-l'Est, Highway 10. And he was thinking of the war, and wondering how he had ever managed to keep it out of his mind all these years.

"*Parlez-vous anglais?* Do you speak English?" he asked the old man walking along the side of the road. After all these years in Canada, and a number of sales trips through Quebec, David still knew only a few useful French phrases.

But the man paid him no attention, even when David stopped the car and shook his map out the window at him. The map unraveled, its colorful veins reaching for that awful sky, and tore in a sudden gust of wind, pieces of it flapping away. David figured he should have stayed on the Autoroute Transcanadienne along the St. Lawrence. But he'd never been good with maps or directions, despite the travel his job required and his almost twenty years here.

"*Bonjour!*" he called out. A broad piece of his map flew down again and adhered, fluttering, to the back of the old man's leg, but the fellow walked on, taking no notice. David tried to stifle a laugh. "*Je desire le carte routier!*" he cried with strained cheerfulness. "I want the road map."

The old man turned and looked at David, and the sun, momentarily breaking out of blue gray, created a

yellow sheen on his skin, so that David was sure the man was Vietnamese. The man seemed to be wearing black pajamas, as if he'd just gotten out of bed and walked away, perhaps from some nursing home somewhere. Traumatized by the war? David immediately wanted to assure the old man that he'd never been there. He'd come here, to Canada, to become a salesman of farm chemicals rather than be a killer in Southeast Asia.

But then the approaching storm swallowed up the yellow light, and it was an elderly pale Quebecer in a dark wool suit he was looking at, and not some other exile from the war.

The old man stared at him with a look of apprehension. He said something in French David couldn't quite understand. Then he said, "*Je ne comprends pas.*"

I don't understand. "*Je ne comprends pas,*" David replied.

The old man's face twisted in pain. He reached up with a trembling hand and rubbed the side of his neck. Another momentary glimmer of yellow light illuminated a raw, angry wound there, some sort of skin cancer crusted with dry, dark blood. David looked away from the man, then, toward the apple orchard. Everywhere he looked the trees hung heavy with perfect spheres of bright red blood. Some dropped with the wind into piles of bloody meat beneath the trees.

"*Je desire consulter un medecin!*" the old man cried out. David stared at the man as he cried and gestured toward his wound. "*Je desire consulter un medecin!*" he said again, sobbing, a look of torment in his eyes.

"You want a doctor?" David asked.

The man nodded, his eyes glazed, stuporous. He pulled out a long machete from behind his black pajamas and advanced on the car, his mouth a bleeding rictus.

"*Je regrette! Au revoir!*" David shouted, and drove away. In his rear-view mirror he saw the man staring after him, looking puzzled.

The apple orchards stretched on for several kilometers. Then there were dairy farms. A sign for the Chateauguay River. *Route barree*. Road closed. *Entree interdite*. Access prohibited. He was diverted through a series of detours, and it seemed he passed through the same intersections a number of times.

Once again he found himself thinking of the war. It made no sense, really. He'd put all that behind him a long time ago. When he'd first come to Canada he'd already determined he would never be going back, whatever happened politically in the States. He'd avoided the various Canadian committees set up to aid the resisters, because these were programs for Americans, and he had decided he was Canadian from his very first day. He paid no attention when the Americans announced their Amnesty program. It had nothing to do with him—by that time he'd felt as if he'd always been Canadian. David had no friends among the resisters—from the beginning he made sure all his friends were Canadian.

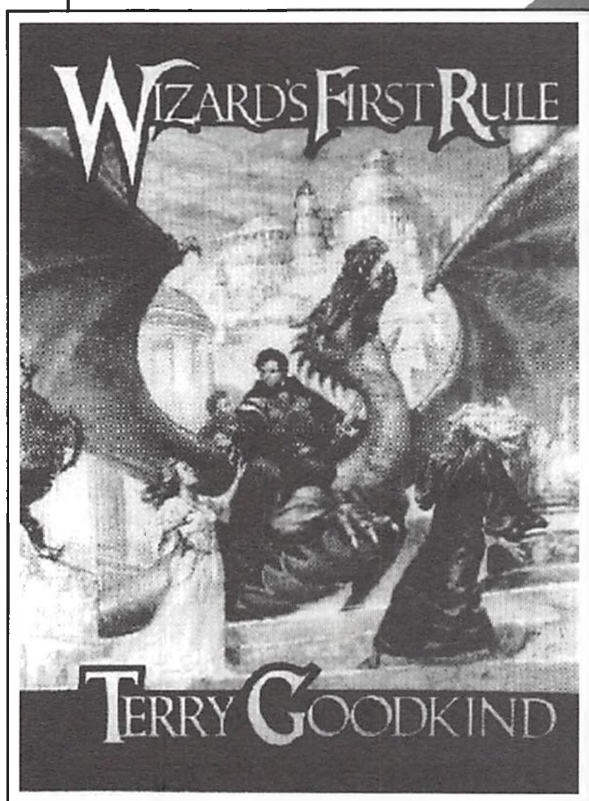
The first place he'd lived in Canada had been Toronto, which had seemed remarkably clean compared to American cities, with a relatively low crime rate, a well-run community, friendly, beautiful. What American cities should have been, what they had always promised but never delivered.

In those early years he had read newspaper pieces about the new exiles, read them as if they were dispatches about some strange new breed of person he could never understand, a people very different from himself. He remembered reading that many young radicals left the U.S. because they were convinced they would have become violent revolutionaries if they'd stayed. Did they really want young men capable of such violence in their beloved Canada?

After a few years in the country David was telling people at the office that he'd been born in Manitoba, his wife's native province. Their daughter Amy—one hundred percent Canadian—celebrated her twelfth birthday just this past week. That's where he belonged now, with

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them. He had no business in sales. He'd never been that good at it. But at the time he left the States he'd been a chemistry major. So he'd fallen into a series of chemical and agricultural-related sales jobs in Canada—whatever he could find—all inevitably leading to his current position.

The road twisted through a heavily-wooded area. He couldn't quite identify the colors and smells; they reminded him of his childhood, and he knew he'd never associated them with Canada. Then he saw the first small frame houses, so much like his native Massachusetts. This back road quiet as a New England lane.

Pont, the sign said. Bridge. But it was a covered bridge, just like one of those which had led into his own home town so long ago, in that other lifetime, with that other David.

Arret. Stop. Across the intersection was a country inn. He recognized it. Simpson's Inn. He just couldn't make out the sign. It seemed to be in some sort of foreign language. *Libre service*, the sign at the small gas station said, the station his cousin Billy had owned. *Huile*, above a picture of a can of oil. *Vide. Plein. Sans plomb. Essence*. Somehow he knew he could not park in front of his small hometown courthouse, where the sign said *Zone de Remorquage*.

Then the familiar village green, and the white church steeple. It was the town he had left twenty-five years ago. The place he had once called home.

No one was out on the streets or sidewalks. He climbed out of his car to confront a blue-gray storm filling the sky, isolating him, making him feel he was the only one alive.

He walked across the street and stepped up onto a startlingly clean sidewalk fronting a small store. He could not read the signs. He knew they weren't in English. But he didn't think they were in French either.

A man stepped out of the shadows at the back of the store and approached the

large front window from the other side. He had a yellowish face like the old man David had encountered out by the apple orchard. But as the man neared the glass he came into sharper focus, and David knew then this man was his father. Older, but very much recognizable.

David pressed his own face against the glass, so firmly he was aware of his features distorting. He didn't much mind the sensation—perhaps if his face changed enough he would feel right at home. On the other side of the window his father was talking to him. *Why'd you kill the dog, Davy? Especially that way? What's wrong with you, Davy?*

His father's face grew older, paler, until it wasn't his father's face at all anymore. "What is this place, father?" David asked the face.

"*L'Estrie*," the face replied, but in David's head it sounded strange. It sounded like "home."

His father had wanted him to go to war just as he had gone, just as his uncles and grandfather had gone. But David knew that would have been the wrong thing. His family had been poor, however, just a bunch of small-time apple and dairy farmers. And back then they didn't give out CO status to poor boys. Poor boys were supposed to go over and fight, kill or die.

David backed out into the street. Suddenly there were people all around. Farmer types. Salt of the earth. New Englanders. Suddenly he was thinking of his wife, of his daughter Amy, wishing he were at home with them, hoping there was a wife, a daughter, that other home.

"Why'd you torture that little cat, Davy?" an elderly woman asked him. She looked like Miss Mays, the woman who lived across the street when he was a little boy. He looked away when she started wrinkling up, shrinking, becoming Oriental.

"What did you do to your cousin, Davy?" Officer Parks asked him. The town policeman had pulled him out of class to ask him this and now everybody knew, and all David could think about

was how he could get even. "We can't find her, and we've looked everywhere!" But Officer Parks was wearing black pajamas instead of his uniform, and David would have laughed in his face if the man hadn't been carrying that machine gun.

"Why, Davy, why?" his little cousin said, her dress torn, her bare shoulders covered with dozens of light brown freckles.

"Don't go, Davy," his father said, raising the machete with his thin yellow arm. "You'll go bad there, Davy," he said, as he lurched toward him, swinging it at his face.

"Already bad," Miss Mays said, grinning with no teeth in her small, mama-san face.

David turned, wanting to get back to the car, to get away from this town where everybody knew him. Where everybody knew he hadn't gone to Canada because of some noble principle, or because of fear of what might happen to him.

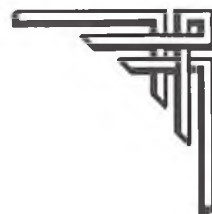
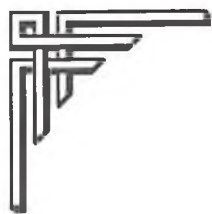
He had gone to Canada because of fear of what he might do, because of what he knew he had the power to become.

But the diminutive people with their black pajamas and their weapons had completely surrounded him, and looking around he could see the huts and the fields and could smell the burning petroleum smell that was nothing like autumn in New England, and nothing like Canada at all. For this was the true landscape of his childhood, the land he had dreamed of long before he'd even heard the name Viet Nam.

"*Y atil quelqu'un qui parle anglais?*" he asked the crowd, giggling. "Can anyone here speak English?"

And they all laughed in return, their ancient, foreign laugh. And handed their fellow exile the guns and knives so that he might change their flesh in his secret frenzy.

David accepted these gifts gladly and, weeping, went to work. ✱

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ELVINON'S WISH

by Gary Raham

"Erase!" Elvinon shouted.

"Should I copy the file first?" his machine asked.

"No. Erase it. All of it."

Elvinon's labors of the last several hours blinked out of existence. In its place a field of neutral blue shimmered before his eyes. The last chords of *Terreverte* echoed in his ears. "I'll get you right if I have to live another seven centuries." Elvinon balled his fist and aimed it at the field terminal, but retained just enough control to realize he couldn't afford to wreck that. He kicked his work table instead, watching with determined satisfaction as his box of record chips arced like a fountain of water and sprayed its contents in a shower of fluttering chaff around the terminal.

Elvinon limped in a small circle in front of the terminal and glared at the empty, blue workfield. "Initiate: Great Seaway, one dash A."

He appeared to be on a high, sandstone cliff overlooking an ocean that stretched to and merged with an eggshell blue sky. He breathed deeply. The view never ceased to calm him. He waited for the pterodactyls to approach the shore, reveling in the casual grace of their glides and the deadly accuracy of their dives as they speared meals from beneath the waves. A large male settled on a sandstone outcropping to the south, folded his wings with an emperor's dignity and swung his head from side to side, shaking water from beak and bony crest in a fine spray. He screeched his desire at a passing female and the sound echoed among the rocks momentarily before being swallowed by the rhythmic murmurs of the sea.

"I need to capture more of *that*," Elvinon declared, in what he intended to be tones of rhetorical defiance. Instead, his voice cracked and was at least an octave too high for proper dramatic

effect. He rubbed his toe, and sighed. "Perhaps tomorrow."

"Terminate," Elvinon said and the simulation vanished into the machine's magnetic-bubble reveries. In its place, Williams Lake glittered in the mid-morning sun while the familiar blue peaks of the Gore Range serrated the western horizon. Elvinon activated the shield field of his terminal to protect it from weather and animals and strode off toward the lake through reed grass and yarrow flecked here and there with the red spikes of indian paintbrush. By the time he reached the lake shore, his state of mind had improved greatly.

Elvinon sat down in a patch of warm sand, kicked off his shoes and buried his feet to the ankles. He looked off across the lake and concentrated on the billowy clouds above it until he could see them twist and merge in soundless white collisions. The flash of red on a blackbird's wing as it launched itself from a cattail drew his attention from sky to shore. Something glittered near twisted fingers of an aspen branch poking out of the sand. Elvinon rose to investigate.

The artifact lay mostly buried in wet sand. The portion winking to him in the bright sunlight was decorated with intricate, intertwined floral shapes. Elvinon carefully scooped sand away from the object, hoping that the rest of it was intact and of equal beauty. He was not disappointed. He soon cradled a bottle of some kind that surely deserved a spot in the art data nets.

"Ahhh..." Elvinon murmured, brushing damp sand from its surface. He polished a portion with his sleeve and held it at arm's length for critical examination. It was then, of course, that the Jinni appeared.

A diaphanous vapor twisted from the bottle, expanded, and took on form and opacity. Within seconds a young woman stood solidly on the beach. "Ahhh..." Elvinon repeated, as he examined the trim, semi-nude figure from tress-covered breasts to purple satin pants.

"Oh, thank you, Master," she said "for releasing me from the bottle. As a reward I can grant you one wish. Your single greatest desire can be yours."

Elvinon laughed. "How did you get in that bottle? Triggered embryo development with transdimensional temporal displacement?" Elvinon scratched his chin. "No," his eyes widened, "I know! Molecular dispersion coupled with holographic storage keyed to a tactile releaser mechanism..."

"What year is this?" she asked, frowning. Elvinon rather liked the petulant, little-girl look the frown produced.

"875 A.R.," Elvinon said.

"A.R.?"

"After Raymer." When her blank stare was followed by silence Elvinon continued. "You know... *Raymer*."

"Well, I *don't* know," she said, "but it doesn't make much difference." She sighed. "It's been a long time."

"You're trying to tell me you've been in stasis in this bottle since—before Raymer sometime?" Elvinon looked down the neck of the bottle, then at the girl. "I didn't just get sucked off the embryo trays, you know."

The girl plumped herself down cross-legged on the sand and stared out across Williams Lake. "Believe what you will," she said, "but I am grateful. You have one wish coming, if you want it."

"Look, ah...say, what is your name, anyway?"

"Call me Corlana," she said.

"Look, Corlana, how *did* you get in this bottle?" Elvinon sat down beside her and carefully placed the bottle between them.

"Jordicon, one of my mates, is terminally jealous. At least it *will* be terminal when I find him." She pounded a fist into the sand, startling another blackbird from the cattails. "He put me inside."

"His sense of humor does seem a bit prehistoric."

"He has no humor and very little sense, Master..." she gave him that frown again. "What's your given name?"

"Elvinon."

"Yes, well... Master Elvinon, I do have places to go and a person to flay. Would you like that wish or not?"

"No offense, Corlana, but with my matter converter and all there's not a great deal I really need..."

"Don't underestimate me, Master Elvinon. I'm not human, you know, and I'm virtually immortal. I've learned a few tricks in the last several millennia."

"Not human?" Elvinon said. He took the opportunity to look at her carefully—and a bit wistfully—again.

"My species are great shape changers. We fine-tuned what nature gave us and can replicate nearly any life form in fine detail—as long its body mass is roughly comparable with ours. Humans are easy. I saw a big cat one time with these enormous long teeth. I've always wanted to try one of those. Do you want to see?"

Elvinon shook his head. "That's O.K. I know you're in a hurry." He coughed, stood up and stretched, then casually put a little distance between himself and Corlana.

"Oh, don't be afraid."

"Afraid?" Elvinon laughed. "Not at all. Humans have learned a few things, too, since you've been... bottled up, I guess you'd say. The immortality thing, for example. We figured that out. Space travel. All sorts of things."

Corlana smiled politely, then stretched and shook her long hair. "It feels so good to be out." Abruptly, she rose to her feet and faced Elvinon, who was still giving her a careful examination.

"I can't believe you're not human," he mumbled.

"Well, if there's nothing you want, I'm not obligated any further..."

Elvinon's eyes widened. "There is one thing very important to me..." he

absently circumnavigated a small pile of sand that he had structured with his toes. "Perhaps you could help. I'm an artist, you see, and I have this sense-o-drama thing I've been working on for—let's see, now—well, its been many decades, anyway, stretched across several centuries. I get some nice segments, you know, but I keep dithering away here and there and can't get the composition perfect." Elvinon looked into Corlana's eyes, jade green, flecked with brown, trying to see past the illusion. "How are you at artistic inspiration?"

"I've worked a lot with the e-m spectrum. UV to infrared—you name it. Why don't you show me something you've done?"

Elvinon hesitated only a moment. He hadn't had a receptive audience in quite some time. And, alien or not, Corlana reminded him just a bit of his seventeenth wife. "O.K.," he said, "my terminal is only about a mile east of here. Shall we walk?"

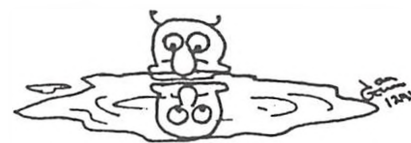
"I'd like that," she said, and held out her hand.

Elvinon took it automatically. If he had second thoughts, they didn't show. Corlana's hand felt quite warm and human indeed.

Elvinon hesitated to give his first command. *What should I show her?* he thought. *A segment from the very beginning or something from "The Journey of Dinosaurs"? I wonder if aliens are as fascinated by dinosaurs as most humans are?*

"What does this do?" Corlana ran her slender fingers over a segment of the terminal console. "It certainly looks impressive."

"It's a NIRS-V—A Neuromorphic-Imitating Reality Simulator. There's a model VI out now, but I like this one. It creates images and sensory experiences I conceive and broadcasts the result for others to see. Why don't you sit here," he pulled a bench from a recess in the terminal,



"and you'll get the full effect." Corlana smiled and took the seat offered her. Elvinon sat in his programming chair.

"Now," Elvinon said, "I suppose I should describe a little of what this composition is about, since I'm going to show you a segment from the middle." Elvinon's eyes focused at infinity as he collected his thoughts and held his right index finger poised in the air.

"*Terreverte*, the name of my work, literally means 'green earth'. Earth is one of those few planets blessed with conditions that allow life to flourish and I've always been fascinated by the long-term association and evolution of a planet and the living things that help to mold it." Elvinon looked at Corlana, who was stifling a yawn. "Perhaps it would be best if I just showed you, after all." He took a deep breath, wiped his sweaty hands briefly on the fabric of his body suit, commanded the NIRS-V to play...

And they were in space.

Floating. Blackness enveloped them, glittering with hard chips of starlight. Silence was broken only by the harmonies of subtle hums and buzzes that might have been the sounds of raw energy in their ears.

One chip of light grew larger. It became a defined shape: an irregular shard of rock, miles long, trimmed with ragged mountains and pocked with empty craters whose recesses were mostly buried in ink-black shadows. The asteroid, turning slowly, its contours flickering weakly in the starlight, passed their position in space as if it had a destination and a purpose, like a shark drawn toward the blood-scent of a meal. Ahead of it lay what seemed to be a marble—a sky-blue marble, frosted with white.

The marble swelled in size until it was

recognizable as planet Earth, but an Earth with the continents distorted and disturbingly out of place. South America was recognizable, but Africa lay too close to its eastern shore and North Africa was sectioned from its south end by a great channel. Antarctica was too far north and Australia too far south. North America was split east from west by a Great Seaway that lapped the feet of ragged mountains on the west and vast plains to the east.

They descended. They could hear different music now, louder and more varied. Living things were speaking to each other with threats and calls and beckonings. The many sounds distilled to one: the plaintive wails of Pterodactyls over the Great Seaway. The blues, browns and whites of Earth as seen from space transformed to a blue ocean crashing against sandstone cliffs and white-feathered dragons circling up into wispy decks of clouds. They watched the big-crested male pterosaur land on his high perch and call for his mate.

The pterosaur's call faded and transformed to the plaintive bugling of a vast herd of hadrosaurs milling near a stand of gaunt conifers, filtering the smells of the carnivores who preyed on them through their elaborate helmets of bone. In the darkening sky, a single light grew steadily larger until it began to glow like some ember blown to life...

And it continued to glow, and glowed some more...

"Ow," Elvinon's disembodied voice protested. The hadrosaurs flickered a few times, superimposed over the view of Williams Lake, then Williams Lake prevailed. Elvinon rubbed his toe. "Just a minor programming glitch," he said to Corlana, "I'll find it here in just a second."

"A very nice segment," Corlana said, "I'm impressed."

"Really?" Elvinon said, looking up from his repairs at the terminal. "You wouldn't just say that?"

"Of course not," Corlana replied, "I wouldn't say it if I didn't mean it."

Elvinon turned back to the terminal, his face frozen into an idiotic grin as he made final adjustments. "That should do it." He turned to Corlana. "Would you like to see the rest now?"

Corlana curled up in the chair and smiled. "Please. Why don't you start from the beginning?"

For the next several hours Elvinon had an admiring audience for *Terreverte*. The Grand Sagas of life on planet Earth unfolded with no more glitches, the Cretaceous asteroid finally struck Earth to help end the dinosaur's great reign, and the music which faded out at the end was full of hope for the future.

The late afternoon sunlight glittered in the tear on Corlana's cheek. She brushed it away.

Elvinon paced. "You know, that last part is not quite right. I must do something with it. Too melodramatic. Too... something. Then, the Cambrian section where the sea shelf breaks away and..."

"I liked it," Corlana said. "Don't fuss with it much at all."

"No," Elvinon continued pacing on the little dirt path that went nowhere, except around in a circle. "Not quite right. I've got the time? I might as well do it right."

"I think I see what your wish is going to be," Corlana said.

Elvinon stopped in front of Corlana and looked again into her calm, green eyes. "I wish I could finish this thing." He turned and looked at the lake, an orange mirror of the setting sun. "It's an obsession, you know. Lovers come and go. I travel a lot. I have my community services, which are rewarding, of course, but I always come back to this. I have something I have to say here..."

"Oh, yes, you do," Corlana said. She uncoiled from the chair and walked over to Elvinon. She pressed her body close to his and loosely encircled his waist with her arms. "The thing you have to be sure of is that *Terreverte* is truly your life's work—that nothing else is more important."

Elvinon was silent only a moment. There was a sweet smell from Corlana's hair that was very distracting. He swallowed. "It is," he said. "My life's work, I mean."

"Very well," Corlana said as she drew away, "your wish is granted."

Elvinon laughed. "That was easy. If I play this composition through again will it be perfect now?"

"Don't be silly," Corlana put her hands on her hips and tossed her dark hair. "You have to create your own vision. I've simply made it possible for your wish to come true."

"And how do I know that?" Elvinon said. "Perhaps you should stay a while, Corlana, and see how I progress."

"I'll be back," she said, "after Jordicon and I work a few things out. You interest me, Elvinon. I always have liked folk art. I'll be back in twenty years or so and see how you're doing."

"Twenty years will never be long enough," Elvinon sighed.

"I'm sure it will now," Corlana said, "since I've given you the gift of mortality."

"Mortality? Now wait a minute, Corlana..."

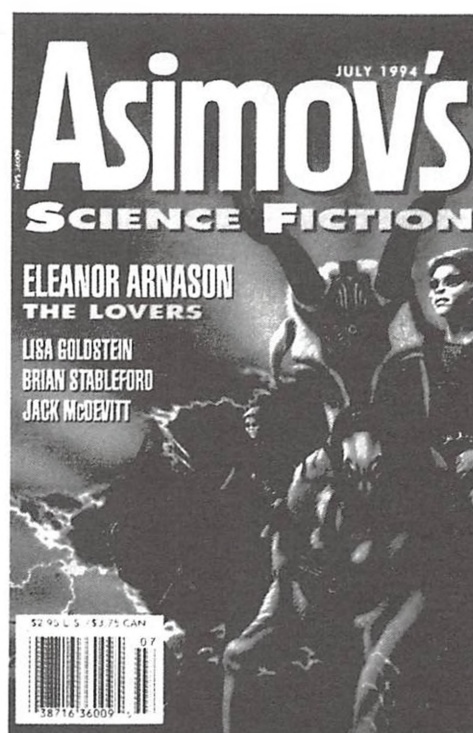
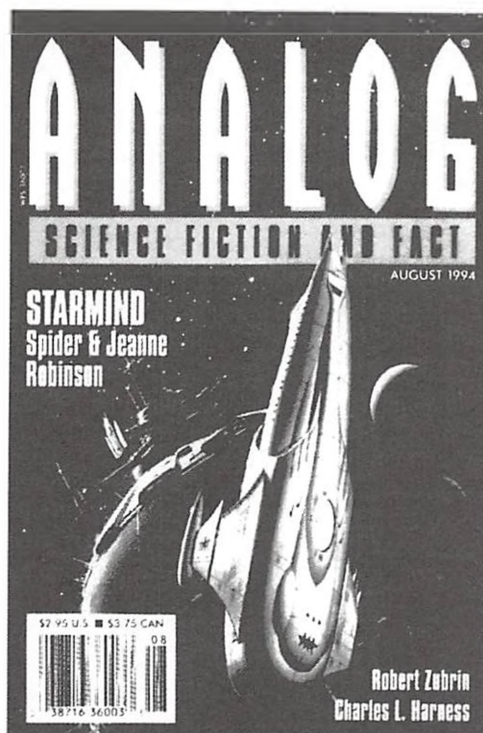
"Oh, no need to thank me. It was quite simple, really. When we touched I analyzed your physiology. It was a simple matter to rearrange a few nucleotides here, a few histocompatibility complexes there. And I've done my best to make the changes irreversible, so you can't be tempted."

"We need to talk about this." The veins stood out on Elvinon's neck.

Corlana's body began to fade and grow transparent. "Immortals make terrible artists, Elvinon. They never know when to put something down and call it finished. All you need is a firm deadline to meet." Corlana smiled, but the fading afternoon light could barely define her now. She was as insubstantial as a wraith. "*Terreverte* will be beautiful," she whispered, "I just know it will." ✨

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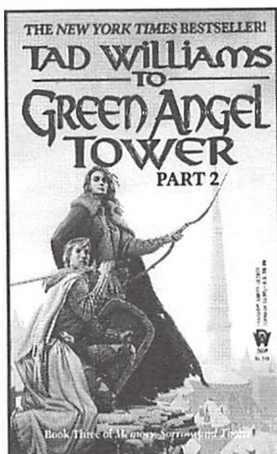
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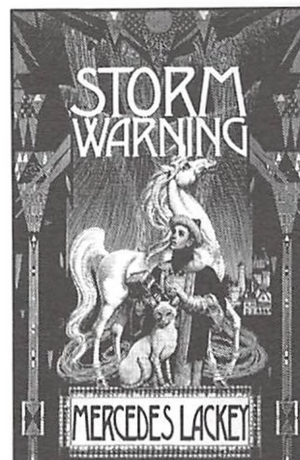
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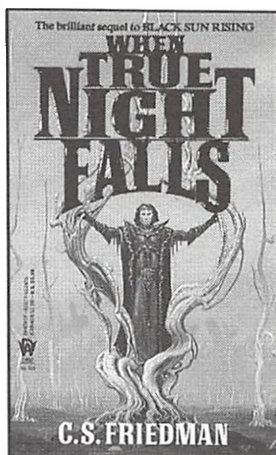
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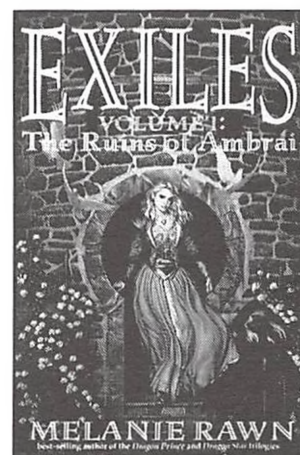
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DAW FANTASY

VR

by Norm Hartman

The sunlit meadows called to him, the land of eternal springtime where he and his friends laughed, and played, and made endless, gentle love. The moonlit glades where they ate, and drank, and sang. On the velvet-soft grass by a sparkling stream, Evelyn sat waiting for him, her perfect body barely draped in something vaguely Greek. Tall and slender, with flowing blond hair, she only faintly resembled the stocky child who had been one member of his Underground cell. An embroidered cloth at her feet was spread with appetizing picnic foods, and by their side a magnum of pink champagne fizzed invitingly.

"Pink champagne?" Hal lifted a quizzical eyebrow.

"A bit too much, is it?" She waved her hand languidly, and the champagne was transformed into a delicately fragrant Zinfandel blush. "Better?"

"I suppose so." He flopped down on the grass at her feet. "And yesterday it was Chablis, and the day before... who remembers what it was."

"Still remembering what life used to be like?" Her gaze somehow conveyed resignation, combined with a distant fondness. They had been lovers once, and probably would be again and again, down through the countless years. Right now, they were something less than lovers, yet still more than just friends.

"Used to be, and can be again!" He sprang to his feet with legs apart, hands on hips as though poised to resist an attack that never came.

"Poor Hal," Evelyn's smile was wistful. "Forget the past," she coaxed. "Live for today. They thought that they were punishing us, but they did their work

too well and sent us to Heaven, instead."

"No, this is Hell, and I *will* find a way to escape!" He focused his attention on a single detail of the scene that surrounded him, probing at it until he could resolve it into its individual pixels. The rest of his surroundings wavered, breaking down into millions of fractal components.

"Hal! Come back!" Her voice was fuzzy, lacking in resonance as his mind rejected its reality. Somewhere, off in the infinite reaches of cyberspace, she still sat by the stream, with a shadowy figure of Hal across the picnic cloth from her.

Hal Jantzen resisted her appeal, striving to mesh with the machine where they all existed. The machine that was their paradise, their prison.

"You are hereby sentenced to imprisonment for the crime of fomenting unrest, trying to change what is best for all," the electronic judge had proclaimed at the conclusion of his farce of a trial. "The term of your imprisonment is life, the rest of your natural life, with no provision for parole or early release."

White-clad attendants had taken him away, quickly sedating him before his screams of fear and rage could offend the delicate sensibilities of the spectators who peered languidly at the scene relayed to their Tri-D screens across the length and breadth of the solar system. His anger had failed as darkness swallowed him, and he'd known nothing more until he'd wakened in this electronic fantasy-land, the only input to his senses the trickle of electrons that so perfectly mimicked the real world.

The other rebellious ones had been waiting here to greet him, cell by cell. They had thought that their organization was failure-proof, three to a cell, each person knowing only the cell above them and two cells below. Frank and Eloise and Laura, Charles and

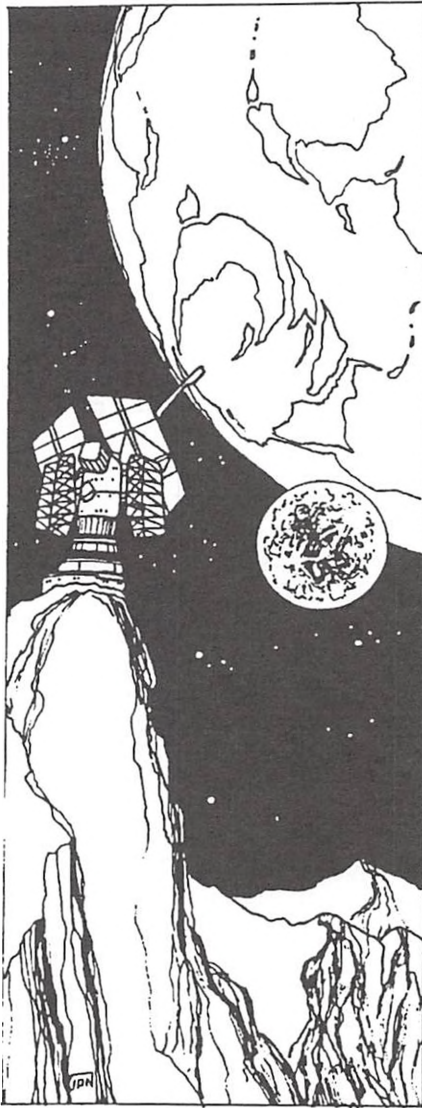
Herb and Katherine, and all the other members of the Resistance. Like his new image of himself, they'd all been young. Young and beautiful. Their unlined faces had reflected only pleasant emotions, the only ones allowed them by the tyranny of the machine.

Time and time again he'd tried to raise the anger that had sustained him over the unending months of his trial, the sense of righteous wrath that had made him fight so desperately against the confining strictures of law and custom. It had been no use. For uncounted eons the only emotions he had felt were the pallid, pastel ones that the machines permitted him, and his companions fared no better. Only very rarely had he caught fleeting glimpses in their eyes of the agony of their defeat, and gradually even those had faded and died.

Oh, his friends were real enough, at least most of them. Hardly any of them were electronic constructs, he was sure of that. He had talked to them enough hours, learning from their tales just what twisted circumstances had brought them to this non-place. They, too, had fought to remain true to their own selves. Tried, and failed as the juggernaut of conformity had rolled over them.

He alone hadn't failed. He'd continued to fight until at last—he had no idea how long it had been—he had finally succeeded in cracking the electronic codes that fettered his being. It had been a small enough victory that had finally given him the key to victory, the ability to smear a tiny corner of his environment to the point where he could see the falsity of the structure that upheld it.

Even after that, it hadn't been easy. He'd had to fight for every inch of progress, but at last he was in full command of his surroundings. He was subliminally aware of the metal shell that contained his motionless body,



even if he wasn't able to do anything about it.

Now for the next step, actually taking control of the machines that fettered him. With a mental twist that converted its structure to a form his mind could handle, he dove deep into the electronic corridors of his prison. Around him, the circuits of the machine mind resembled nothing so much as dusty corridors beneath an abandoned castle. Testing *this* turn, forcing his way through *that* portal, he explored his new environment until at last he was fully at home within it.

One long-unused passage led to an external port, a transponder making

contact with one of the ambulatory mechanical servants that took care of the needs of the great machine itself. Learning by trial and error to manipulate its controls, he at last opened mechanical eyes to his real environment.

The shocking flood of incoming data nearly hurled him back to the sunlit meadows where the others played. Color! Motion! Sounds! Somehow he hung onto reality, subduing the torrent until at last he was comfortable with it. The servant machine was apparently parked in an out-of-the-way nook, plugged into a recharging socket that kept it in readiness to answer its master's call. It was tiny, its controls merely crude servos, and he soon mastered the skill of making this simple robot obey his commands.

For hours, perhaps days, he moved about the structure that housed his prison.

Time moved differently inside the circuits of the machine that bound him, and he had plenty of time to think as the robot's treads whirled down empty corridors. His robot was even smaller than he'd realized, its eyes only a foot or so above the floor, and to its sensors the building seemed enormous. He found not one window to the outside, and he could gain no idea of where, or even on what planet, his prison lay. In his robot body, he could only tell that there was gravity holding it to the floor, but with no clock to tell the passage of time he could devise no experiment to determine how strong it was. He could have been on one of the system's larger moons or even on Mars for all he could tell. Nobody was about; he suddenly realized that in all of his wanderings he'd met not one living soul. No living guards or attendants, and only a very few mechanical ones going stolidly about their arcane duties. The only offices he found were empty shells, long since abandoned.

Hal at last stumbled across the wing where he and his fellow prisoners were

warehoused. Twelve floors, one hundred rooms to a floor. One room, one 'receptacle'. That was what the mealy-mouthed authorities called the body capsules, as though the flaccid terminology somehow excused the heinous use to which they were put. He searched out familiar names that were inscribed on bronze plates affixed to the door of each room, until at last he found his own.

"Harold Milford Jantzen!"

Hal didn't shout it aloud, the robot's simple fittings did not give it the power of speech, but within his mind the words resounded their affirmation of his own existence. He pushed the ponderous door open and moved into the room, peering up at the massive capsule that housed his mortal body. Studying the control panels and boards of dials, he crouched motionless until he'd puzzled out what each one was for.

It was simple enough to initiate the sequence that would revive his sleeping body. Machines hummed and squeaked, while dials swung their needles wildly. He waited for the rush of sensation that would tell him that his own body had awakened, but nothing happened. The lid of the capsule had opened automatically, and Hal jacked up the chassis of his robot until he could peer inside.

What he saw made no sense, not at first. When at last he had absorbed the meaning of what the little robot's sensors relayed back to him, he abandoned it to find its own way back to its recharging station. Fleeing through the electronic corridors of the master machine, he searched until he found the warmth of sunlit meadow where his erstwhile companions still laughed, and sang, and played.

He joined their revels, desperately striving to bury in the depths of his mind what he had seen in the body capsule; the decayed remnants of his own long dead, desiccated corpse. ✕

BOSTON IN 1998



A new group of Boston fans is bidding for the 1998 WorldCon. The committee covers the spectrum of experience from a former WorldCon chair and several WorldCon division heads to fans who have been staff at a few local conventions. With this wealth of talent, a great city, and excellent facilities, we can put on the WorldCon you want!

THE
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Facilities:

All of our facilities are in the Back Bay area of Boston. This is a living neighborhood with many restaurants and stores. It combines the old and the new.



Hynes Convention Center

The Hynes was used by the last two WorldCons in Boston. It now has over 190,000 square feet of exhibit space plus 41 meeting rooms. We have a written price quote for rental of all of its facilities for 1998 at less than the rental quote for part of its facilities for the 1989 Worldcon! The Hynes will be have the Art Show, Hucksters Room, and the programming and major events of the convention.

Boston Park Plaza Hotel

Site of many Boksones and now home of the ARISIA SF convention the Boston Park Plaza has 36 function rooms with over 40,000 sq ft of meeting space. As the headquarters hotel for 1998, they have promised room rates much lower than their rates for the 1989 WorldCon.

Park Plaza Castle

Boston in 1998 is the only 1998 bid whose facilities include a Castle. It's just across the street from the Park Plaza hotel, air conditioned, has about 20,000 sq ft of space, and no catering restrictions!

"57" Park Plaza Hotel. Tremont House

The Boston Park Plaza, "57" Park Plaza and Tremont House form a tight cluster of hotels with over 1,600 sleeping rooms. This cluster will be the center of all the evening social activities of the convention.



Back Bay Hilton

Another fan friendly hotel. It has 335 rooms and is just across the street from the Hynes.



and many more.

A bid for the 56th World Science Fiction Convention

BOSTON

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Win Five Free Room Nights for Two

We are holding several drawings from our pre-supporters to select people to win five free double room nights at the 1998 WorldCon when the Boston in 1998 Committee is selected. There will be a drawing from among those who pre-support at ConFrancisco, ConAdian, and Intersection, a drawing from among all pre-supporters at the end of calendar 1993, calendar 1994, and at the end of Intersection. There may be additional drawings from those who join at selected regional conventions.

Winners Thus Far:

At ConFrancisco:	Andre Schiff
For 1993:	James Nichols
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Pre-supporting membership in Boston in 1998 us \$8.00, For \$25.00 you can be a special pre-supporter and choose any reasonable or perhaps even not so reasonable title for your membership ("pre-opposing", "double plus good supporter", etc.).

Boston in 1998

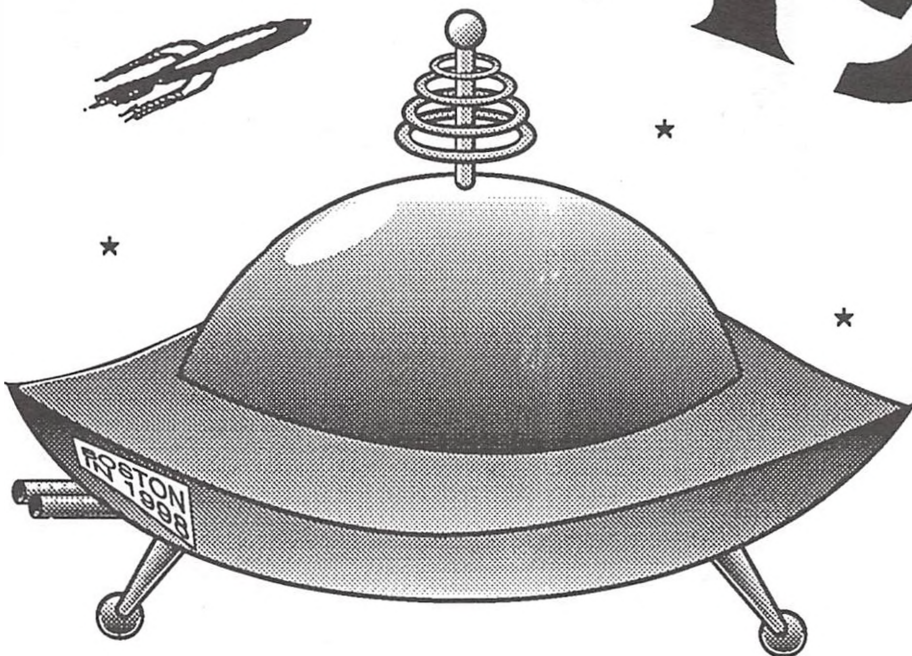
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BidCon

Boston In 1998 runs its annual meetings as a one day mini-convention and optional banquet.

BidCon 1 was held April 16th, 1994, at the Sheraton Tara at Ferncroft Village, Danvers, Massachusetts.

Guest of Honor was

Covert Beach

and Official Artist was

Mike Symes

BidCon 2 will be held Saturday, April 22, 1995, at the Boston Park Plaza Hotel and Towers. Guest(s) of Honor to be announced.

Registration is \$12 in advance, \$15 at the door.

BOSTON IN 1998



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THE RUNNING OF LI'L VIXEN

by Gerald Perkins

"You can hound me now you've found me..." The words of the song ran through Janel's mind.

The Li'l Vixen's tires hissed against the pavement, the electric motors of the light racing motorcycle humming faintly. "Undersized and overpowered," Jackie said, but Janel fell in love with the two wheel-driven bike the first time she saw one. "Quick as a fox!" the advertising claimed. And as tricky to control, but it suited her. Besides, the faintly orange red of the standard paint job matched her coat so well.

Janel glanced in the rearview band of her helmet. The hounds were following, keeping a cautious distance in the light evening traffic. The tan electric Nissan and propane-modified Ford minivan popped in and out of view as suburbanites drove to town for a night of pleasure or business.

I wonder how many are going to one of Louie's places?

The road changed to concrete briefly, the thump of the joints matching the beat of the song.

"...but I'm far more cunning than you."

She'd better be. Louie had a fortune invested in her, first for the illegal gene splice that made her the most valued of Fur Friends, a modified human, then to pay Ula and Lars to bear and raise her in a normal family. Normal, hah! Who would raise their only daughter to be a whore; "a courtesan" they called her?

Warm spring air ruffled her fur and tugged at her tail. The gentle pull at the base of her spine sent little electric shivers through her. She'd bloomed

early into five foot two of understated voluptuousness, or so Blaise next door had said to Lars. It was all Lars could do to keep his hands off her. To hell with him! And Ula, too, for being so enthusiastic about her training. Louie would make them pay dearly for losing her. The thought of Ula swelling with one of the corporate security monsters made Janel grin fiercely.

Where were the damned hounds? She couldn't lose them, she had a point to make. There they were, well back in the thickening traffic, looking nervous as they approached town. She and the bike were small and they didn't have the advantage of a cyber-modified helmet. How to make herself visible without getting caught?

Louie's hounds had come earlier than she'd expected and she'd had to slip out the rear window while they talked with Ula. Translucent black spider silk lounging pajamas and house boots on her figure were guaranteed to grab the attention of any man. Stretched out on the Li'l Vixen, the bare butt design of her trousers that provided freedom for her tail left most of her cheeks exposed. She thumped her brush on what passed for a passenger seat as a traffic light turned red and the car two vehicles in front of her braked instead of running it.

Stopped, the Li'l Vixen made no noise at all, but light spilling from a strip mall showed her clearly to a group of teenagers loitering there. Wolf whistles filled the air. "Hey there, foxy lady, let's be Friends." The largest boy emphasized "friends" just enough to make it clear what he meant. He posed so that the overhead light gleamed on his buffed torso.

Janel checked the rearview band. The hounds hadn't noticed the action. She sat up, letting her breasts show through the pajama blouse, and caught the eye of the body builder. He grinned and strutted. Janel smiled, licking her lips slowly. No muzzle on this vixen! A courtesan needed lips to be able to talk, sing, play a musical instrument—and do other things.

The light changed. Janel turned her smile into a sneer of contempt as she wheeled right onto Hawthorne. She flicked her tail so the white tip waved through the headlights of a truck on her left. That got the hounds' attention.

Hawthorne lay wide and empty at this hour of the night, the only really dangerous part of her plan. The Nissan eased close behind. Suddenly the van pulled out. Engine roaring, it passed the Nissan and swerved toward her. Janel gauged distance and time as she let herself be forced toward the curb. The van's side door opened. Janel nearly lost control before she realized that the face framed by wild black hair belonged to a man, not a guard creature. She squeezed the throttle as he reached for her with one hand while hanging onto the door frame with the other. The Li'l Vixen squirted away from pursuit like a melon seed from between thumb and finger. The van swayed wildly as Hairy yanked himself back inside; the driver barely avoided hitting the curb.

The Nissan's tires squealed, then it came around the van, accelerating for all it was worth. Janel laughed to herself. Louie or no, even these poor hounds would follow her now.

"Call Jackie." The phone in her helmet picked up the words and dialed a number. At the beep she said, "I'm coming in by the scenic route." The slight hiss of the phone cut off. She expected that.

Janel wove down Hawthorne just ahead of the Nissan. Whenever the van tried to pass, she speeded up. *Good thing there's never a cop around when you need one!* Three minutes out from the Peoples' Park with no reply from Jackie, Janel felt the first touch of uncertainty.

"Come straight in." Janel relaxed slightly as the phone came to life. "Use the second entrance."

Janel didn't like the old industrial section of town he'd specified. "I have hounds," she said. The phone went

dead. She couldn't blame Jackie. And she couldn't be choosy about her rendezvous on short notice.

She'd thought she would get a high school education, but Louie had other ideas. Probably wanted her to spend her sweet sixteenth birthday with some Plague ridden old man. What else was a Fur Friend of her caliber for if not to give pleasure without fear of catching or transmitting any of the Plagues? That argument had almost convinced her of her calling. Then, at thirteen, she'd learned to fool the house alarms and see the real world. Uh, oh, did Louie *know*? The wind pulled harder at her fur as the Li'l Vixen accelerated. Lose the hounds in the park and she could get through the disputed territory around the warehouses quickly enough to avoid trouble.

Hawthorne Park smelled of fresh dirt, greenery, and too many people. Close pressing thorn bushes hampered Janel as she tugged a black duster out of the tiny luggage compartment under the Li'l Vixen's seat. She struggled to straighten the sleeves, stiffened with two of her best knitting needles. Why anyone would need graphite composite knitting needles was a mystery, but Ula hadn't balked when she bought them. And hadn't noticed when she "lost" them.

Her left ear swiveled as she heard a familiar motor pass. Yes, there went the van, looking for a parking place. The Nissan must have pulled in through a different entrance. She tucked her ears under a fedora. In the harsh shadows of night she could pass for a large child.

Janel stepped onto the path through the decorative hedge, prepared to lead Louie's hounds into her trap.

"Chrrr!"

Janel jumped back, hands going to her coat cuffs. She relaxed when she saw the raccoon Fur Friend.

"Hi, Rocky," she said, surprised to hear how shaky her voice sounded. Maybe she shouldn't have waited,

shouldn't try for revenge. She took a calming breath. Too late now.

"Rocky Three!" the raccoon signed. When he sat upright his head came level with her breasts. Some Fur Friends were merely highly intelligent pets. Others took the place of children for couples who couldn't have any because of the sex plagues. And some people weren't too fussy about how human their partners were. Janel didn't know which role or roles Rocky Three played, but he was one of her first real friends. "Rocky *Three*!" he signed.

"Rocky Three," Janel said with a grin as she made a sign of apology.

Rocky suddenly looked past her. His tail bottled and he hissed.

Janel pulled the knitting needles from her sleeves as she whirled. Hairly, off balance, arms spread wide, reached for her. His mouth opened for a shout. She waited for him, let his own momentum help drive the needles through the underside of his jaw and into his brain. His dead weight almost knocked her into Rocky Three as he fell. The body hit the path with a dull thud.

Janel stood blinking in the light filtering in from the parking lot. Suddenly the smell of feces overwhelmed the copper scent of blood. Janel grabbed a bush, shaking, forcing herself not to vomit. *Oh God, I didn't mean it to go this far!* She made herself count breaths, ignore the stench as the dead man voided from all orifices.

"*Some day.*" Sensei Fred said in her memory as he helped her up from the park grass, "*a customer won't take no for an answer and the safe words won't bring help fast enough. You're going to have to save yourself.*" She could almost see his battered black face. "*And you're going to have to live with that afterwards.*"

Thank you, Sensei, for teaching me how to stay alive. Janel shuddered. And for hinting there might be a life for me outside a whore's bed—even if you didn't believe it.

Janel swallowed, gagged, and swallowed again. This wasn't a game any longer, but she didn't have any other plan. She started toward the end of the park where Mother Urth held sway.

Small hands pulled at her tail, her coat. "Chrkr!" Rocky Three bounded in front of her holding up a taser dart. "Janel OK?" he signed. "Janel OK?"

"Yes, Rocky," she whispered, "I'm OK."

"Bad man. Make him go away." Rocky Three scampered off. Children and pets were safe in the care of the homeless who lived in Hawthorne Park, but after dark nothing else was. She resolved never to ask how many people Rocky Three had seen die.

Mother Urth sat in her favorite place, a bench at the edge of the Kinder Green where the youngest children played. A slender woman of mixed race, with gray hair tight braided about her head, she looked ordinary until you met her eyes. Then you knew that she ruled the third of the park and half of the botanical gardens that marked the boundary between Louie and Chang's territories by force of personality and utter ruthlessness.

"Hello, Janel," she said as Janel stepped onto the brightly lighted lawn. The few children still in her care this late slept in blankets at the edge of the grass, each with guard.

Janel felt hostile eyes on her as she walked across the empty space. Let Louie's hounds shred themselves on *these* thorns. She looked for Sensei Fred, but didn't see him.

"Mother Urth," she said, sketching a curtsy, "I need help." She waited while the old woman studied her.

"Too late."

Two men and a woman stepped from the shadows behind Mother Urth.

"What?" The night turned cold around Janel. No, Mother Urth *couldn't* have betrayed her!

"I take care of children and pets." One of the men grabbed Janel by the

elbows from behind. "You aren't either one, now." Mother Urth looked directly at Janel. "You're Louie's." She looked away.

Janel's strength bled into the grass. She sagged in her captor's grip as the woman hound drew an air hypo from her purse. *Jackie. I should have listened, shouldn't have waited.*

Jackie was her Robin Hood, her proof that a Fur Friend could be a real person, could take life on her own terms. But he wouldn't push, wouldn't insist—and wouldn't take a fifteen-year-old vixen enamored of the excitement of living on the edge fully into his confidence. She didn't know whether that was because he respected her or because he feared she would eventually go to the brothel and tell his secrets. She hadn't dared to ask.

The woman hound approached Janel cautiously.

I'd take your eyes out if I could, bitch. Oh, what's the use?

Rocky Three darted out of the bushes, hissing and growling. The hound in front of Janel reached under his coat.

"No guns." Mother Urth spoke without inflection, but the hound flicked his gaze from Janel to Rocky to the homeless men and women now standing around the edge of the green.

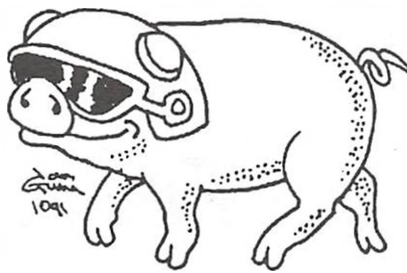
Janel stamped, hard, bruising her right heel through the soft boot, but she felt bones break in the foot of the hound holding her. He yelled. She let him pull her down and take her coat with him as he staggered back. She put all her dance and martial arts training into leap that brought her high as the facing hound's chest. She snapped his collar bone with her left heel.

The woman dropped the hypo, reaching into her purse.

"No guns," Mother Urth said again.

The woman hesitated.

"Run, fox." Mother Urth's voice held no compassion; Janel's presence threatened her domain.



Her hat flew off as she sprinted for the hedges around the park. Rocky Three galloped with her as far as the edge of the green, then vanished. Thorns tore at her loose pajamas as she plunged into the narrow gap. The artificial spider silk slid off them, unharmed.

"Run!" Her pulse throbbed as she skidded into her bike. The body was gone. *I won't give in!* She could guess what would happen to a courtesan-in-training who cost Louie as much as she had tonight. She crammed on her helmet, then had to take it off again to get her ears set in their special cavities. The Li'l Vixen threw short rooster tails of dirt, the onboard brain trying to compensate as she erupted from the bushes, dodged between two parked cars, and headed out of the lot against the directional arrows.

Two motors coughed to life as Janel reentered Hawthorne traffic. They followed with a deep-throated rumbling that meant big bikes. She checked the rearview band. Two black leather-clad figures followed on sinister looking, gas-powered motorcycles. Janel giggled. *Hounds on hogs.* She shook herself mentally.

"Run, run—I'll never give in."
Damned right!

Wind rippled her silks and ran cool fingers through her fur. Janel ignored it. Forget Ula and Lars, her tail really was on the line now. How to lose the hounds and meet Jackie safely?

"Call Jackie." When the phone beeped, she said, "Jackie, I have problems, but don't worry; I'll bring you flowers." She didn't expect an answer.

The Flower Market was her best hope now. Chang the Untouchable controlled the drug trade on the west side of town and one of his open air markets operated at the west end of Hawthorne Park in open challenge to Louie. Horns blared as Janel, then the cycle hounds, cut a yellow-turning-red left turn light.

Traffic crawled on Thirty-first as rich users cruised, looking for the best deal, or double-parked while they struck bargains. The hounds' lives depended on good behavior here.

"Hey, Fokie, stop a while! Got stuff here to cool you down."

Janel eased close to the seller. She made a negative sign with her left hand and quickly slipped around him. A BMW driver swore at the hounds as they cut in front of him.

"Good shit, Baby. Make you go faster than your bike!"

Janel glanced at the rearview band. The hounds were almost on top of her! She cut behind the speed demon and shoved him into the path of the big bikes. Around a van, over a low-slung sports car, through a knot of gesticulating buyers and sellers, spilling their precious powders—Janel ran for the south side of the park. An animal growl went up behind her. The gap between herself and the hounds widened as she approached Grove. Ten seconds, fifteen, that's all she needed. Janel looked left, looked right. She began to hope.

Motors roared. The bikers knocked people aside as they saw she might get away. Someone—one of Louie's men?—pulled a gun. A dealer coldcocked him. Janel ducked around another deal, jumped the curb, and headed into the park. The bike brain beeped in her helmet as she swerved to avoid buyers who couldn't wait to poison themselves. Only two-wheel drive and her skill kept her upright as she crossed damp grass and gravel. A naked couple scrambled out of her way. Their curses turned to shouts as the first biker knocked them aside.

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Janel cut across a lawn, fishtailed onto a paved walk. The Li'l Vixen surged forward as she squeezed the throttle. The hounds burned rubber when they hit concrete. The walk made a broad sweep around a western ironwood tree before passing through another hedge. Janel cut the curve at sixty.

She heard the sickening *smack!* and the brief roar of an unloaded engine as one of the hounds ran into the low branch she'd ducked under. The other hound laid his bike over and skidded safely through, making a shower of sparks when his foot guard hit concrete again. She heard him rev up as she aimed for the gap that would let her back onto Hawthorne.

"Run, run, run, I won't give in." Janel swerved around a Dodge two-seater and cut off a delivery van. She heard the rumble of the big bike over the blare of the truck horn. Traffic thinned as she counted down the streets; Twenty-second, Fifteenth, Twelfth. The hound didn't try to catch her. She had range and maneuverability on him, but not enough speed to lose pursuit. If he was on the air to someone in Louie's organization... Shit!

"Call Jackie!" *Beep!* "I got a hound I can't shake!" *Jackie, be there with your clever tricks. Please, be there!*

Janel almost passed Tenth. She cut so hard the brain screamed at her. She tongued it off without giving an inch to centrifugal force. The hound hung back far enough to see her make the turn. He blew sparks from his other footrest, but kept on her tail.

Blank warehouses fled past. The smell of hot metal, stale food, and old garbage made their way inside Janel's helmet. The cold taste of fear filled her mouth. No one, least of all the law, owned these streets at night. If some psycho wanted her or took a dislike to one of Louie's men, it was all over. *Why here, Jackie?*

The hound knew where they were. The sound of his engine jumped from deep rumble to a scream. Janel felt more

than saw him coming. She goosed the Vixen, but the big bike already had momentum. She dodged; he followed. What kind of engine did he have? She swung back toward the middle of the street. The hound pulled along her left side, moving closer, using the mass of his machine to force her over. Janel looked ahead. T-junction! No way to make it if she sped up.

Janel jinked toward the hound. He didn't budge. She pulled right and squeezed hard on the front brake. The rear end of the Li'l Vixen lifted, swung, sent the hound flying across the street and into a wall.

Then she tongued the brain back on. The Li'l Vixen almost jerked out from under her as the brain poured power into the front motor, matching speeds with inhuman precision as the rear wheel hit ground. Janel slowed, made a U-turn, and headed for the alley where Jackie waited.

The roar of a motorcycle engine missing one set of mufflers filled the street.

Janel swerved into an alley. She cried out as she skidded in a puddle of filth. She narrowly missed a garbage bin, then yanked her leg free as the brain screamed and she felt the Li'l Vixen going over. The bike slid diagonally across the alley into a pile of garbage bags. Janel tucked, bounced off a bag that burst with a foul smell, and rolled into the center of the narrow way. The hound stopped at the entrance, the sound of his motor nearly as loud as her heart.

Wrong alley! Why doesn't he come after me? Janel felt for breaks or dislocations as she rose. She had bruises that would show through her fur, but the incredibly tough spider silk let her keep that fur.

As Janel pulled off her now useless helmet, two huge figures loomed in front of her. Just enough light filtered in to show the nearest as a hunched-over man with a vaguely feline head. The other, though smaller, looked to be a bear splice.

Rogues! There were jokes about illegal joy toys like Jackie and herself. People spoke in whispers about military and private police experiments gone wrong and escaped or dumped.

The motorcycle engine died. "She's Louie's," the hound called. Janel had to admire his control.

"Tew fad." The cat pointed his arm. Something went *hum-thump!* Janel heard the motorcycle fall, then the hound's body hit ground across the street. The catman holstered his weapon. Orange streetlight reflected from his eyes as he studied Janel.

A tiny figure moved on the rooftop behind the two rogues. Janel saw a bushy tail, then the figure vanished. *Jackie*, she cried silently, but there was no way he could get to her in time.

"You can hound me now you've found me," she sang, voice faint in her ears.

She stepped back as the catman reached for her. *Make it look like part of a dance. BUY time!* She ignored her aches as she put a little sway into her hips.

"I'm a brown fox, I'm a town fox..."

A tail flicked against the sky glow. Janel nearly fell as she backed into the Li'l Vixen. Pain shot up her leg as her bruised heel landed on a protrusion when she caught her balance. What the hell? The Vixen was *smooth*. She felt around with her toe.

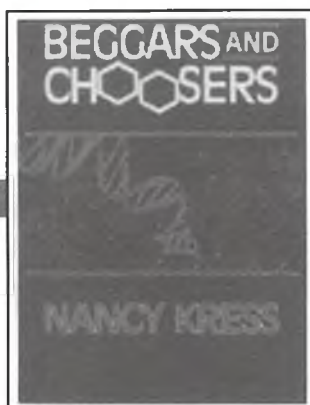
The cat stopped. Janel wasn't acting like a victim should. He looked around, sniffing the air.

The door to the Vixen's power pack opened under her urging. Janel switched her tail, trying to distract him as she stepped off the far side of the motorcycle. The rogue reached for his pistol again as she swayed, nearly fell to the pavement. She braced her hands on the body of the Li'l Vixen.

Janel leaped toward the catman.

She let one charging cable fall to the damp ground, using her body to hide the other in shadow. The Li'l Vixen

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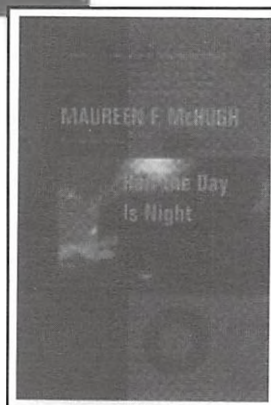
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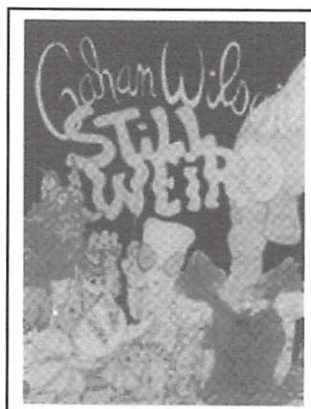


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scraped as she hit the end of the cable, but the cat was already swinging at her. She thrust out her arm and he grabbed the exposed end of the cable.

The rogue grunted as five hundred volts and God knew how much current surged through him, sending his muscles into tearing contractions even as it burned out his organs.

Janel ignored the faint sizzle and smell of cooking meat, singed fur. She ran for the clear space between his companion and the alley wall. He wouldn't expect that. The bearlike figure moved with surprising speed and un-bearlike suppleness to block her. She skidded, nearly falling, as she tried to reverse direction.

"Don't, Mark," Jackie called from halfway down a drainpipe. "Abe's dead. You don't owe him anything any more. You can't protect him any more."

Jackie grunted as he dropped to the pavement. Janel kept her eyes on Mark.

"Go home," Jackie said gently. "Susan needs you." Never having spoken, Mark faded into the shadows.

"What..."

"Mark's a friend," Jackie said. "Abe was his sergeant. How you doing, kit?"

The alley started to spin. Janel had to hold onto Jackie to keep her feet. She pressed against him, unmindful of the hard bulges in his work vest. He held her until the shakes passed and she could control her breathing.

"Am—are we safe?" she asked.

"Safe?" Jackie barked. Janel flinched. He pushed her away until he held her at arm's length. Hot wetness soaked her cheeks.

"Safe?" He shook her. "You want safe, go to Louie." Shake. "He'll take you back if you ask nice. You'll be safe as long as you turn tricks for him." Shake. "Safe until some customer flips."

Why was he treating her this way? Hadn't he promised to protect her if she came to him?

"Safe until you cross him again, or he thinks you might. Then he'll put you on a permanent poison and when it wears you down too much, he'll stop the antidote and let some sick bastards watch while you scream yourself to death!"

Suddenly he pulled her close, holding her tight.

"Janel," he said, choking, "you're bright, you're beautiful, but oh, still so innocent! I don't want you to ever change, but you must if you're going to stay alive."

He pushed her away again, gently this time, looking her squarely in the face. "We're foxes, Janel, foxes, and foxes always live on the edge. Men like Louie hunt us and the law is even worse since legally we don't exist. Speed and cunning, that's how we stay alive. Are

you fast? Are you clever?"

Janel nodded solemnly, then shivered.

Jackie looked at her as though seeing her outfit for the first time. He laughed. "I'm surprised you didn't bring every man in the city panting after you." Janel stuck out her tongue.

The Li'l Vixen was unharmed, ultra rigid metal and composites shrugging off abuse. It still had half an hour worth of charge in the power pack. Jackie mounted behind her.

"Watch the tail," she said, flicking it aside when he nearly sat on it.

"Love to," he said, patting her butt.

Janel accelerated *almost* hard enough to dump him. She felt the song in her as she headed up Tenth, back toward Hawthorne and Jackie's hiding place.

"Run, run, I won't give in. Run, run, I'll never give in."

Damned right!



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THE BLUE PATH

by Susan L. Williams

Blood stained Blue Hawk's moccasin, seeping through the buckskin along the side of his foot. His shirt was soaked with it, and the waistband of his Levi's, but the flow had stopped and he had begun to think he would not bleed to death after all. He had slowed Ghost to a walk, but he felt the jarring more now that flight was no longer uppermost in his mind. He had to stop. He had to tend the wound or it would become poisoned and he *would* die. It would not be a good death. No death was good now, his grandfather said. The Tse-tsehésē-stâhase were too few.

Blue Hawk looked around him at towering rocks of red, orange, and yellow. They were not mountains or hills. Mountains and hills were covered with earth and with green, growing things and animals. These were bare rock, rising straight from mounds of broken stone. Age had smoothed the sharpness from the rocks, rounding their angles to curves, wearing the stone into shapes that resembled animals or men to his eyes. Boulders balanced atop the thinnest spires; wind and water bored holes mouse small or wide enough for his horse to pass through; arches looped and fingers of rock thrust up at the sky. There was beauty in this land, but it was not the land of his people.

He twisted to look behind, knowing he would see nothing. The whites were far behind; far enough, he hoped, that they would give up the pursuit. The man he had stabbed was not well-liked among them. Still, they had chased him for more than half a day. They might consider catching him a matter of honor. If such men had honor.

When MacKenzie offered to take him on to handle the horses, he should have spat in the man's face. But his grandfather had sent him to study the ways of the ve'hó?e, and how the People might learn to live with them. He did not know why; he had already lived long enough among the whites to know their ways and despise them. If he chose, he could pass for a ve'hó?e himself. He did not choose. He wore their clothes, but he wore also moccasins and breechclout, and his black hair hung down his back almost to his waist. Even the most stupid ve'hó?e would not mistake him for one of them, and that was as he wanted it. But he would not go against his grandfather's wishes in this. So he had accepted the job, and the advance MacKenzie gave him, half what the others received because he was only half white. And he had gone on his first, and last, cattle drive.

He had lasted ten days. Ten days before the taunts about his half-blood and his people, the "accidental" shoves and the dirt in his food had pushed him into rage. If there had not been three of them, he would not have used the knife. They had not expected it. They had expected him to take the beating, as though he were one of their animals. He had shown them that he was not an animal, that he was a warrior of the Tse-tsehésē-stâhase, who the whites called Cheyenne. They would have killed him for it. But Ghost was fast, faster than any of their horses, and the bullet had not killed him when it entered his side. If the ve'hó?e did not catch him, and the wound did not become poisoned, he would live.

Walls of rock rose on either side, the same dull yellow as the dust underfoot. Fifty feet ahead, a reddish rock stood alone, tapering into a cone, then growing wide again at the top. As he rode toward it, Blue Hawk saw lighter markings on the stone. He urged Ghost closer, until he could reach out and touch the stone with his hand. There were pictures on the stone,

white against the red, drawings of men and animals, handprints, and strange, spiraling symbols. He could not read their meaning. Though they were not far different from the drawings his people might make on a shield or a buffalo robe, the markings were not Tse-tsehésē-stâhase. The People had never been here.

Pain stabbed him. Blue Hawk clutched his side, clenching his jaw to keep from groaning aloud. His hand came away covered in blood, and he stared at it in gruesome fascination. A strange, floating sensation filled him, as though his spirit had freed itself from his body. Numb, he watched himself lean toward the pillar and press his own hand to one of the white prints. He drew back, leaving a new, red print that exactly fit the old. He gazed at it, satisfied with its rightness, though he did not know why.

Blue Hawk urged Ghost on, moving past the pillar deeper into the canyon. It seemed to go on forever, the rock walls towering endlessly. The floating sensation did not go away; the pain had become a distant thing, felt only on the edge of his awareness. Part of him knew it was dangerous, that he might after all have lost enough blood to kill him. But part of him was glad.

He did not notice when first Ghost began to angle toward the canyon wall. He was not aware of it until his leg brushed the stone and Ghost stopped, refusing to move again. Neither the pressure of his knee nor his voice could persuade the horse to take a single step. He should dismount, and lead Ghost on.

Blue Hawk looked up at the yellow wall beside him. He laid his hand to the stone, feeling the warmth of the sun on its surface. Without conscious effort, he found himself standing on Ghost's back, his hands reaching for holds, his feet sliding into hollows, climbing the wall steadily, without hesitation, as though he knew the way. Fear touched him, but did not slow his climb. Below, he heard Ghost's



hoofbeats, but he did not stop to look. He simply climbed, the part of him that could feel and think wondering where his body was taking him, and why. His grandfather would tell him to trust in the spirits, for it must be they who moved his limbs, but he did not like to relinquish control of himself to any. Anger mixed with the fear, both so far removed that they could not affect what he did.

The passage of time had no measuring. In a minute, or an hour, or a day, Blue Hawk pulled himself up onto a ledge. At that moment, his spirit returned, slamming into his body. Dizzy and sick with the pain of his wound, Blue Hawk collapsed. Blackness whirled about him, drawing him down, and he clutched at the rock, fighting to keep the blackness from swallowing him. At last the blackness dissolved, leaving him with his pain and his anger.

Pushing himself up, Blue Hawk staggered to the rim of the ledge, looking down. The floor of the canyon was very far away, too far for him to climb down now. He did not have the strength, and even if he had, the sun was setting. He would not make such a descent in the dark. There was no sign of Ghost, though he peered as far as he could up and down the length of the canyon. Blue Hawk cursed under his breath in a mixture of French and

English. Without a horse, he would not last long in this country.

Blue Hawk turned away from the edge and froze, staring. His hand gripped the medicine bag that hung inside his shirt.

Houses. There were *houses* built into the wall of a shallow cave that arched a hundred feet over his head. There were not many, no more than ten: flat-roofed, they seemed made of the same yellow stone as the walls—dry, dusty, and ancient. The stone had once been coated with smooth clay, most of it long since worn away. There were windows cut high on the walls, and doors, but he saw no way to reach them. What kind of people had built such houses? How did they get in and out? Did they have wings, to fly through the doors? Or magic, to lift them up? Whatever they had been, they were gone now. No one lived in these houses, or had for a time he could not imagine.

Drawn by curiosity, and a need to have this done, Blue Hawk went to the closest of the houses and set his hand to the stone wall. He closed his eyes, feeling the warm, dry stone beneath his fingers, breathing deeply and evenly, clearing his mind of thoughts. A tingling began in his palm and swiftly spread.

Cold engulfed him. He shook with it,

unable to control the trembling. There was death here, many deaths. And sorrow, grief for those who had died, were dying. He cried out, giving voice to the grief and to a terrible longing that could not be ended. Weariness weighed on him, pushing him to the stone, pulling him down into despair.

Blue Hawk twisted away from the house, bewilderment threading through the grief that filled him. Why had he been brought here? He could do nothing to dispel this ancient sorrow. He clenched his fists, shaking his head to clear it of the stone's memories. If there was something he must do, the spirits would have to tell him. He had no time for such riddles.

Blue Hawk cast a careful eye around the ledge and the surrounding rock. There was enough dead vegetation to make a small fire, all he would need. Gathering the dried plants into a pile, he sat down before it and held his hands out as though warming himself, gazing into the tangle of stems. He could not do this among the *ve?h6?e*; they would be afraid, and kill him for it. A thin tendril of smoke rose from the twigs. Blue Hawk focused on it, envisioning red sparks, and yellow flame dancing, feeling warmth on his skin, smelling the mingled scents of burning woods. Twigs glowed orange, and popped into flames, catching larger stems and narrow, curling leaves.

Murmuring thanks, Blue Hawk took his hands away. He removed his shirt, laying it aside, and inspected the wound in his side. The bullet had entered at an angle; he could feel it beneath his skin. Its force almost spent, it had not gone deep, but he would have to dig it out. He had no water to wash the wound, and no way to get any while he remained here. He could only pray that the wound would not become poisoned.

Drawing his knife, Blue Hawk set the blade in the flames. He closed his eyes, breathing deeply, and began to sing. His voice was soft, rising and falling in cadence, combining ancient prayers

with his own words to express his need. He had no sense of time passing. As before, he felt himself drifting, his spirit detaching itself to float free. Though his spirit did not leave his body, the pain of his wound no longer touched him.

Still singing, Blue Hawk opened his eyes to darkness. Beyond the fire, he could see nothing. The fire itself was changed, burning with colors that most men's eyes could not see. He lifted the knife from the flames, the blade surrounded by fire of its own, gold and green and blue. His movements slow and dreamlike, he brought the knife to his side and inserted the tip of the blade in the wound. Blood hissed on the heated metal; he noted the sound and dismissed it, working the knife into the wound. The tip scraped against the bullet. Maneuvering the blade past it, Blue Hawk drew his hand back, watching with distant fascination as the bullet was pulled along with the blade, bulging beneath his skin. The bullet slid out of the wound, falling to the stone, drops of blood spattering in a circle around it. The wound itself bled freely, bright red against the dried brown on his skin. Taking up the shirt, Blue Hawk cut strips of fabric. Wadding up the rest, he pressed it to the wound and bound it with the strips.

Blue Hawk ended his song. He fixed his gaze once more on the fire, watching as the colors faded from his sight, leaving only gold and orange. His spirit settled again into its place. Pain returned to him, and sickness at the thought of what he had just done. The night sky spun, stars become fire, whirling white flames around him.

He was the blue spirit hawk of his name, soaring higher than any. Only the eagle surpassed him, but the eagle was not faster. Above him were sun and sky, and white clouds. Below him was the land, red and yellow, with streaks of dusty green and sometimes the blue sparkle of water. Cloud shadows made moving patches of

darkness. On the ground and among the rocks, hidden from eyes less sharp than his, were scurrying rodents, rabbits, and brown deer.

A river snaked across the dun-colored earth. He banked to follow its course, weaving back and forth for the sheer joy of flying. Through a canyon the river wound, yellow cliffs rising on either side. The water split in the canyon's center to pass around a tapering tower of red stone that grew wide again at its top. As he winged past, symbols carved into the red stone flashed white to his eyes. He flew on, drawn toward the cliffs, and the movement he saw there.

In a hollow of the cliffside, houses had been built. People moved among them, climbing in and out on wooden ladders, their movements slow and languid, without real purpose. They were not a big people. Among the Tse-tsehese-stahase, Blue Hawk was considered small, and the tallest of these men were not above his own height. Their hair was long and dark, their bodies ornamented with beads and feathers. One spied him in his flight and cried out to the others. Soon a crowd gathered, watching him as he watched them.

A man stepped out from the others. Shells were bound around his arms and threaded through a lock of his hair. His chest was painted in symbols of red and white and yellow, the colors of the land. Toward him the hawk flew, sensing the power within him even from this distance. The others moved back, clearing a space, and he knew they did this out of courtesy. There was no fear on their faces; there was only the beginning of hope.

The blue hawk landed before the shaman, folding his wings. He looked up, and was once more himself, Ota-tave-aenohe, Blue Hawk, a warrior of sixteen winters, with a feather given him by the spirit hawk tied into his hair. The shaman spoke to him in a tongue he did not know. He answered in sign, but there was no understanding in the shaman's gaze.

These were a people older than the signs, older than the tongue of the Tse-tsehese-stahase.

The shaman beckoned to him, and Blue Hawk followed. The people dispersed, going back to their former occupations, as listless as they had been before. Through the village the shaman took him, showing him the people and how they lived, not so different from the ways of the Tse-tsehese-stahase. They climbed ladders and went into houses, watching people at their work. Not one of them looked at Blue Hawk, or seemed even to be aware of his presence. He might have been a ghost in this place.

The shaman took him at last to his own house, the walls hung with pouches containing various powders and plants used in his medicine, the feathers of a hundred different birds, and strings of shells from the far ocean. A fire burned redly in a pit in the center of the room. Positioning Blue Hawk before the fire, the shaman gestured at the pouches and then to Blue Hawk's side.

Blue Hawk looked down and saw the wound the bullet had made. The flesh was swollen and red, burning to the touch, the bullet-hole oozing pus, and Blue Hawk knew the wound was poisoned. He could feel the poison eating his life, but he could not feel any pain.

The shaman did not sing. He did not take any of the pouches from the wall, or make use of the feathers and shells. He made no appeal to the spirits. He simply reached out and laid his hand over the wound. A coolness spread through the wound, quenching the red fire in Blue Hawk's flesh. The poison dwindled and died.

The shaman took his hand away, and Blue Hawk looked down once more. The wound was gone, his flesh whole and unscarred. He met the shaman's eyes and tried to express his gratitude without words. Shaking his head, the shaman drew him to a ladder. They climbed, emerging on the roof of the shaman's house, the highest point in

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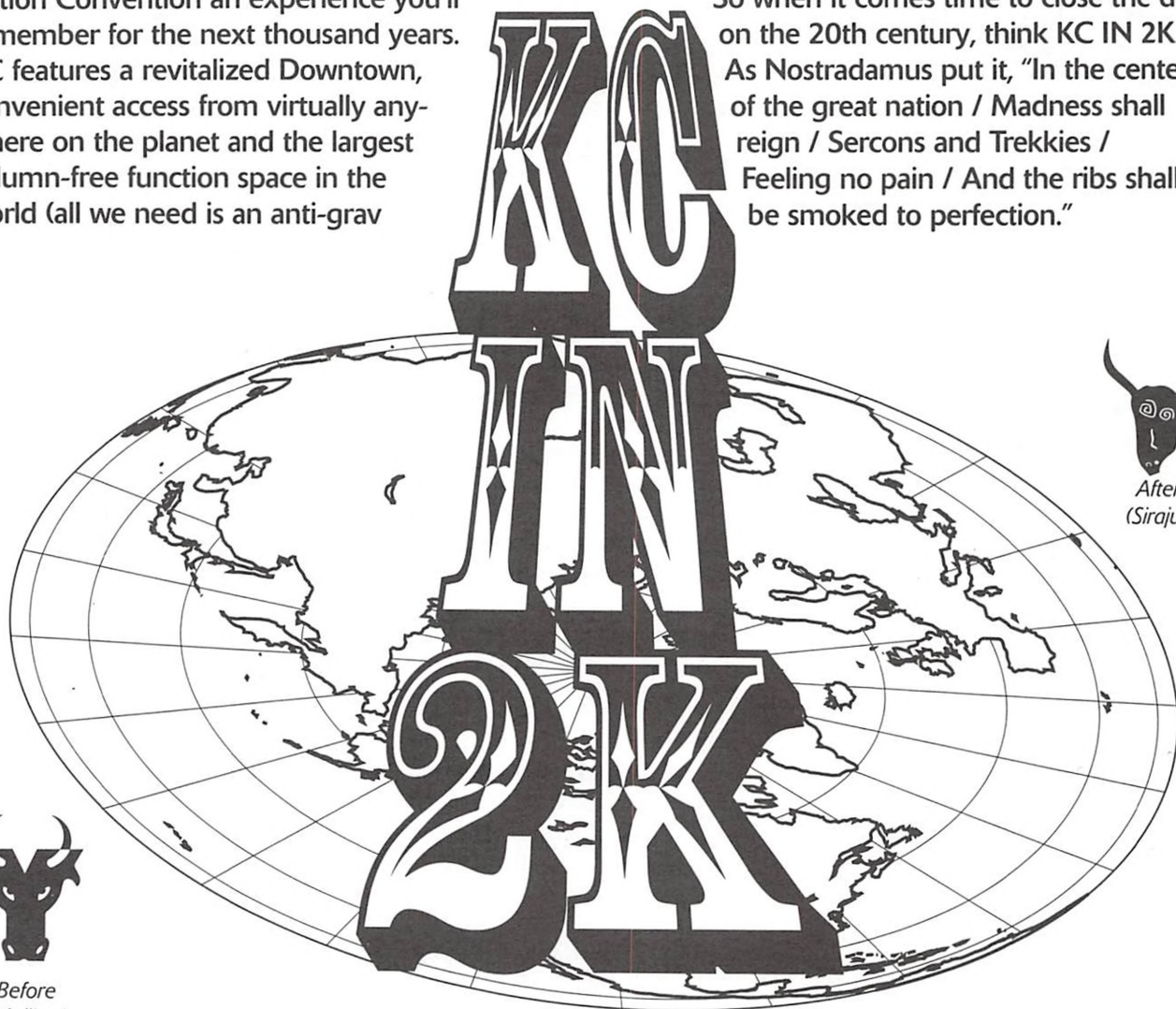
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the village. From the roof's edge, they looked down, and Blue Hawk found that he could see through the roofs and walls into the houses. What he saw paralyzed him.

People lay on pallets or on the ground. The limbs of some were swollen and twisted; others shivered uncontrollably, clutching skins around them; still others writhed and tossed, their faces and bodies running with sweat. But most did not move at all, and Blue Hawk knew they were dead. More died as he watched, and more, but he could not look away. Soon, there was no one left alive. Only then could Blue Hawk tear his gaze away. He turned to the shaman, to ask why he had been shown this horror, but the shaman too lay dead, his empty eyes staring. Blue Hawk backed away from the body, wanting with all that was in him to be the blue hawk once more, to fly from this place of death, but the magic was gone from him and he could not change.

The shaman's eyes closed, and snapped open again. Alive once more, he got to his feet and faced Blue Hawk, a plea he could not speak in his eyes. Blue Hawk turned from him, looking down on the village. The people were working as they had before, their movements slow, weary, a bleak longing in their eyes he understood only now. These people had died here long ago. Their spirits were tied to this place, unable to escape. He looked to the shaman, knowing what he wanted, and shook his head. He did not know how to help them.

The shaman traced the symbols painted on his chest. Removing the shells tied into his hair, he held them out. Blue Hawk took them, shaking his head again, trying to make the shaman understand that he was willing, but he did not know what to do. A second time the shaman touched the symbols, then reached out to lay his hand flat against Blue Hawk's chest. Spirit fire outlined his fingers, burning red and yellow and white. He took his hand away, leaving an imprint of white fire on Blue Hawk's chest. Eyes locked

with Blue Hawk's, the shaman stepped back and vanished. Blue Hawk whirled, scanning the village. The people were gone: he was alone.



Blue Hawk woke to the dawn, pale yellow light eating the shadows in the canyon. He lay still for a moment, thinking about his dream, gradually becoming aware of something tangled in the fingers of his left hand. He raised his hand, staring at a strip of leather hung with shells. Sitting up, he removed the makeshift bandage from his side. There was no trace of the wound, not even a scar to mark the bullet's entry. Blue Hawk looked at the shells in his hand. It was a true vision, then. He was meant to help the people who had lived in this place. But he did not know how.

Blue Hawk closed the shells in his fist. He must do what he knew to do, and hope the spirits would help him. Kneeling before the ashes of the fire, he opened the medicine pouch that hung from a thong around his neck and took out the blue feather he had worn in his dream. The feather was his strongest medicine. Two years ago, he had gone to the mountains in search of a vision. After five days without food, the spirit hawk had come to him, leaving him the feather from its wings. Since that day, he had been Blue Hawk. The spirit hawk was with him always, the feather a sign of its protection.

Putting feather and shells together, Blue Hawk tied them into his hair. The shaman's image came clear to his mind, the symbols painted on his chest in the colors of the land. Gathering ashes into his hand, Blue Hawk mixed them with saliva and traced the white symbols on his own chest. He did the same with yellow dust from the stone beneath him, leaving only the red. That was easily done. Drawing his knife, Blue Hawk made a shallow cut in his forearm. Blood welled instantly in the wound. Catching it on his fingers, he drew the red symbols on his chest.

Thus prepared, he began to sing, asking the help of Maheo'o, and the spirits of the four directions. While he sang, he held his vision of the people who had died here in his mind. How long he sang, he did not know. His voice grew hoarse, his throat dry, but he did not stop, *would* not stop until the spirits of the people were free.

His voice was nearly gone when the spirit of the shaman appeared before him. He ended his song, watching as the shaman approached him. Kneeling before him, the shaman lifted his arm and pressed his hand over Blue Hawk's heart. Fear quickened Blue Hawk's breath, but he did not pull away. The shaman's touch passed through his skin into his body, entering his heart. It was not painful, it was just "other", a presence that was not himself. The shaman faded away before his eyes. Blue Hawk no longer needed to see him. The shaman's spirit was within him, spreading to all the parts of his body and mind. There was no threat, no shutting away or smothering of his own spirit, as he had feared. The shaman asked only to share his body for the time it took to free his people. Blue Hawk did not refuse.

With Blue Hawk's voice and Blue Hawk's hands, the shaman sang to the spirits his people had known and made the gestures they would recognize. They sang in the shaman's own tongue, and Blue Hawk understood the words. They were not so different from the words of the songs Blue Hawk knew, though the spirits were none he had encountered. The shaman asked that his people be shown the path to take, that they might be free of the place where their bodies had died, for they had forgotten the way. A guide they asked, a way to sever themselves from the ties of flesh long gone to dust.

They felt a change around them, an energy gathering. In the air before the ledge, a shimmering appeared, crystalline blue, growing outward in a broad, straight line that vanished in the setting sun. This was the path of



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the spirits. They had heard, and answered.

Blue Hawk and the shaman turned toward the village, seeing the people once more as they had been. Leaving the tasks they had performed for so long, the people came together on the ledge, gathering where the blue path began. The first of them stepped onto the shimmering light, and the weariness vanished from their faces. They walked the path toward the sun, Blue Hawk and the shaman watching until they could no longer be seen against the light. More of the people followed, and more. Finally, the last of them had set their feet upon the blue path, and only Blue Hawk and the shaman remained.

Blue Hawk felt a draining, an outpouring from himself that centered in his heart. The shaman materialized before him. He mouthed words that Blue Hawk knew to be thanks. In reply, Blue Hawk touched his side, where the wound had been. The shaman nodded once, and smiled. Turning away, he

crossed the ledge and stepped out upon the light, the last of his people to take the blue path.

Blue Hawk watched him until the light of the sun made his eyes water and blink. He rubbed the water away. When he looked again, the blue path and the shaman were gone. Sitting back on his heels, he began a song of thanks, but he had no voice. His body began to shake. His eyes closed, and he collapsed on the stone.



Blue Hawk slept through the night, waking only when sunlight filled the canyon, though the ledge was still in shadow. His throat was dry, his stomach demanding food, but there was no food or water in this place. He must leave here. He stood up, facing the village. It was empty now, the spirits of its people gone. A light wind swept across the ledge, catching Blue Hawk's hair. The music of shells sounded in his ear. Reaching up, he untied the shells and

feather from his hair. He removed the blue feather, tucking it back into his medicine pouch. Bending down, he laid the shells on the stone before the houses. They were not his to keep.

Blue Hawk moved to the rim of the ledge, looking for a way down. Ghost stood placidly below, waiting for him. Thanking whatever spirits had brought the horse back, Blue Hawk made his way down to the canyon floor. Ghost nickered and nosed him, looking for the sugar he had come to know among the whites. The horse showed no sign of hunger or thirst. He must have found water and grass. If he had found it once, he could find it again.

A shadow passed over him. Blue Hawk looked up, caught a flash of blue as a hawk sailed overhead. Mounting, he nudged Ghost into a walk, giving the horse his head. They left the canyon at a leisurely pace. Blue Hawk had no fear that the ve?hó?e would catch him now. The spirit hawk would not allow it.

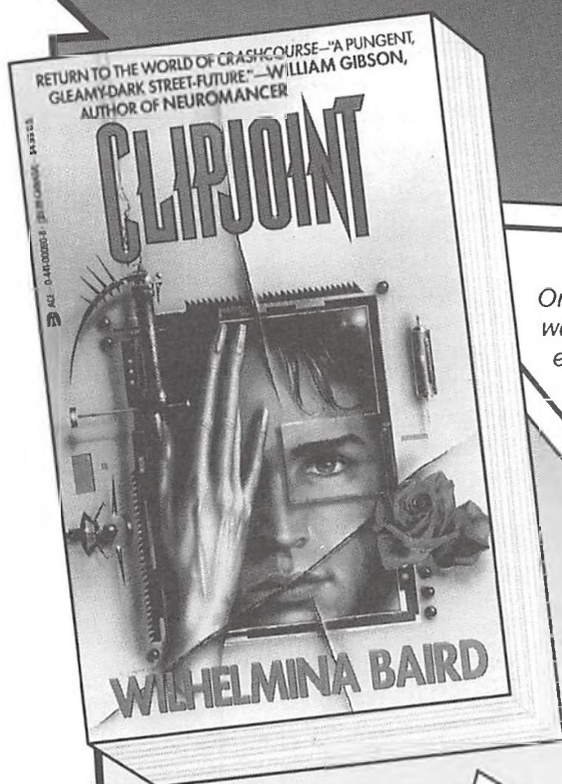


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Once there were three of us and we lived in a clapped-out loft over an abandoned warehouse in the Ashton district of the North-East Strip back on Earth. Where everybody's unemployed who isn't aristocratic, which is just about all of us. We thieved, whored and, in Mokey's case, sculpted our lives so as to have the right to clear out and come someplace like Virginity.—Excerpted from *Clipjoint*

It's been two years since Dosh, Cass's lover, ended up dead. Now living in the asteroid colonies, Cass receives a vidclip starring an actor named Dein—who's a dead ringer for Dosh. Cass and Mokey return to their dangerous hometown to confront the studio, vowing to stop at nothing until they avenge the death of their friend....

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That was the point at which both droids stepped back, shoved a teenage girl in my direction, and headed down-corridor. People scattered. A zonie looked, dropped his injector, and ran. The girl gave me the look most people do, amazed, and somewhat alarmed. There was something else in her expression too. Something that didn't make sense. Compassion? Pity? Awe? I wasn't sure.

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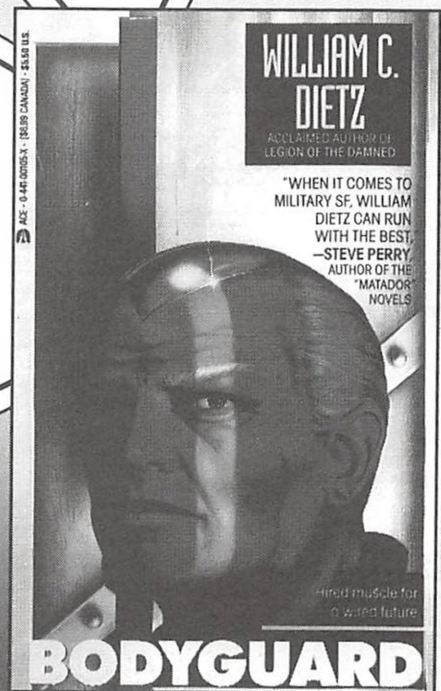
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ACE



PLANETARY LOVES

by Bruce Taylor

(A Solar System of the many Ways and Means of Love. Not all good. Described by beings who might be Spirits or Gods, but then again, maybe not.)

We stand on Mercury and have our argument, there, in the 800 degree heat, with shattered crater walls and dried pools of once molten rock and I say, with the sunlight blinding, brilliant in my eyes, "That's horsepucky. Yes, I like Linda but we've known each other for years and she's just a friend—I knew her before I met you. Why would I stop going out for coffee with her?"

You stand there, your black hair frizzed by the heat, the sun and solar wind, with hands on your hips and your blue shirt looking a bit charred. "Well, it wouldn't be so bad if it weren't three times a week and if you didn't call her 'honey'. How'd you like it if I had Fred over all the time and he called me 'honey'—"

I look down and kick at the scorched rock. "Wouldn't bother me a bit."

"Look me in the eye."

I do. But the massive sun is behind you and I have to squint.

"I said, 'It wouldn't bother me a bit.'"

You stare at me. "I don't believe you," you say. "I think the only reason it doesn't bother you is that it isn't a reality. Linda is a reality and, yes, it bugs me and I am sure it would bug you."

"Why?" I say. "Why does it bug you? She's just a friend—"

"Is her friendship more important than our relationship—?"

"No." God, the sunlight is hot and bright. "I mean, yes—I mean—"

You sigh. "Yeah," you say. "I guess I know what you mean."

"Would you please listen—"

You walk away.

"—it's sick to put friends out of your life just because you have a relationship."

You walk to a rise of a crater, turn, and say, "Priorities, dipshit. Priorities." You walk to the top of the crater wall, then down the other side. I stand, angry, hot, and smelling the odor of burning cotton and then leather and looking down I notice my shoes have burst into flame—I do a tap dance to try to put out the fire. "Shit," I mutter, "if it isn't my God damn love life, then it's my fucking shoes..."

...but on Venus, planet of love, we walk, sweltering, as the corrosive sulfuric acid rain nibbles and chews through our shirts and the 90 atmospheres of atmospheric pressure makes the humidity of Kentucky feel like a spring day on an asteroid. We slog along and I say, "Jesus, why the hell are you so jealous?"

You wipe your hand across your forehead. "Jesus, why are you so insensitive?"

"Insensitive? How am I insensitive? Christ, don't I have needs? You can't meet them all. Two people end up drowning each other—"

"Not asking that," you say. "but you sure have a fuck of a time putting yourself in my shoes."

"Look, I'm trying to understand..."

You sigh. We come to a cliff and look out through the yellow light and look to the cracked and rock strewn landscape below. In the distance, we can see the upsweep of Ishtar Terra and watch as brilliant blasts of lightening explode around the higher slopes. A sulfuric acid rain squall dims the slopes of the immense, yellow-grey upwell of cliffs and mountain.

"If you'd just be more reasonable," you say. You pull your hair back with your

hand and I see sweat trickling down your temple, your cheeks. Your shirt is soaked by sweat, by rain and I am much the same—I feel the sweat down my neck, my shirt. It's sticky and itches and it's damn hard to breathe. I let out a sigh. "I thought I was being reasonable."

"Hardly."

"Well, suppose you define 'reasonable' for me—"

You don't say anything. Right now, we're too much on the edge of corrosive comments for us to say anything that feels like an opening and, for right now, we skip Earth, put that aside for later—to either return to it or dismiss it depending on the outcome of our differences. And...

...on Mars, we sit on the top of the great volcano, Olympus Mons, eighty-nine thousand feet up and, on this planet, the great, pink (actually), God of War, you say, "God, it's cold here."

"I know." I say. "But on the Goddess of love, we weren't getting too far."

"Heat and humidity makes me a lot more irritable," you say.

"Does me, too. But it's a little windy up here. Let's go down in the caldera so we can get a windbreak."

You don't say anything. So we slide down those ancient, blackened cinders, and we can faintly, faintly, hear them clink as we walk. Grey dust rises when we slide and there's a musty, vaguely burned smell as we drop down into the caldera. We find, before long, a large, reddish-brown, angular boulder to sit on and I finally say, "Okay. Define reasonable."

"I don't mind that you have friends," you say. "But I feel crowded out."

"I'm not crowding you out."

You look at me with those brown eyes, your thin lips in a line and you almost look pouty. You sigh. "I didn't say you crowded me out—I said that's what it feels like."

I look to the caldera, to the opposite rim 43 miles away, to the varying colors and depths of layers of deposit of volcanic stuff and I say, "... uh... don't mean to do that but... uh... is there something else going on?"

You look surprised. "What?"

I point. "Look."

In the late, pink tainted blue of the sky, Jupiter rises...



...and we sail on the turbulent winds; in the brilliant blasts of lightening, the colors of yellow, red, and white explode around us and I yell to be heard over the winds and crash of thunder, "Hold on to my hand!"

The wind rips at your shirt and your jeans flap around your legs and you say, "Why'd we have to come here? This place smells like a sewer! We were doing fine on Mars."

"No," I say, "there's something else—"

"JULIA!" A voice booms out from the clouds. You look around. "JULIA!"

I point. Before us a huge face appears in Jupiter's clouds.

"Father!" you mouth, but I can't hear the words.

"I told you I can't be at your play tonight—No, I can't come to your meeting either!"

"Father," you cry, "please! I'm not asking that much—"

"I'm sorry! Can't do it! My schedule's filled for the next three weeks!"

"Jesus Christ, daddy—" and you shake your fist. "Don't I account for anything in your life?"

"Why, you ungrateful—I sent you to school—I worked my tail-end off for you—I've got these bills to pay—"

"But I want to see *you*! It's been this way all of our lives!"

"I know. It's sad. But that's the way it is. Don't call me at the office anymore! I'll

be in Detroit all next week. Good-bye and take care!" And the face vanishes and a particularly strong updraft lands us on Io, plopping us in a warm pool of fresh sulphur from a bubbling geyser not far way. In the distance, a volcanic eruption throws a pizza-colored umbrella of material thirty thousand feet into the black sky. We sit in the pool and you look at me and say, "Oh."

I nod. I say, "Oh."

You nod and say, "Uh—guess I see where some of my issues come from. Oh."

I sigh. "Guess I see how I fit into some of your stuff. Oh."

We scoot down into the bath of warm sulfur, ignoring the rotten-egg odor, and lay in the pool for a long time, then we sit on an outcrop of pepperoni-colored rock and watch the volcano fountain out the guts of this moon. Our clothes, though tattered, somehow stay remarkably serviceable and rather clean in spite of it all. I shake my head. "Ahem. Well, what's fair is fair."

"Your turn?" you say.

"Guess so," I reply.

We take a deep breath and dive into the sky and...



...glide past the rings and to Saturn we go, into the orange and yellow atmosphere, way down deep in it, we go. "Well," you say, "it's a little better than that Jovian crap,"

"For you," I reply, and I want to say more but, oh, my God, from the Saturnian depths, the pale face of my mother appears.

"Oh, you're so sickly; are you all right?"

I sigh. "I'm fine, mother, really I am."

"You don't sound like it. Do you have a cold?"

"No, mother, just a case of hay fever, is all."

Her face lords over me like a vast moon. "You better stay here tonight. I'll fix you

your lunch."

"No, that's OK."

"You should move out of that apartment and move back with me."

"No, mother, I have a girlfriend—"

The vast moon face doesn't acknowledge that you even exist; she just stares at me. "I know that you're not taking good care of yourself."

"Mother, I'm fine." I grab your hand. "I have to go now."

"Oh, you just got here—" And her face now fills the entire sky.

"It's been a nice visit." I say.

"You can sleep in your own bed..."

"Mother!"

"You don't look well. I need to take care of you."

"Oh, no, no you don't. Oh, *no way* in hell!"

"You need me—"

"Oh, holy *God*!"

"Come back. It's so terribly lonely here without you—"

"*Agh*!" And with that, we leap...

...and land in the cool and dark and quiet regions, the bottom depths of the planet Uranus. I hear my mother calling down through the murk of the atmosphere, "Where are you? Your dinner's getting cold! I'll pack a lunch for you—do you like turkey?" "Whoa", you say.

"I just bought you some new underwear!" I hear my mother distantly call.

"Yeah," I say.

"Where are yoooooooooooo?"

"Lonely old lady—" You shake your head.

"Mik-ieeeeeeeee."

"Treats me like I'm five years old. I was her only purpose in life. Felt guilty as hell when I left. She even had me climbing in bed with her till I was

twelve. Oh, it was sick, oh, man, it was *bad*. I hate it how she always tries to track me down. Jesus Christ!" We sit in the darkness for a long time, then it is quiet. And you finally say, "So when I start wanting more time—"

"Yeah."

"Ooh."

"Uh-huh."

When the coast is clear, we don't say much. We go and...

...raft on the gentle warm currents of the Neptunian sea and watch pale blue pastel clouds drift over head. We drift on rafts of organic matter blasted up by the violence far below and we drift and we float, both contemplating, where, where, where do we go from here?

"Lots of problems between us," you say at last.

"Yeah," I respond. "Funny how we found each other."

"Is it?" you say, "Is it really so strange?"

We float a while longer and after a few minutes, a mighty current surges from below and we are spun high, high above and the next thing we know...

...we shiver and stamp our feet. "Pluto's cold," you say.

"Not too neat," I reply.

"So is this then the way it is for us? Lifeless and bleak like this dirty ice ball?"

"We sure got our problems," I say. I look to the snow drifts, to distant mountains etched in ice, of an atmosphere frozen out or perhaps never formed and the sun a bright marble in the cold black of space. "Maybe we'd better go our separate ways—even though we understand—could it possibly work?"

"Well," I say, "guess the test is: do each of us feel better or worse without the other?"

You flap your arms around you to stay warm and you stare at the snow. "I don't know."

"Well. "I say, "shall we say good-bye and see how it goes?"

You sigh. "I suppose."

We shake each others' hands and then turn away and begin to walk that frozen white waste and I walk around a snow drift—and there you are.

"Couldn't resist. It was rotten without you."

"I know," I said. "I turned so I could double back. Really felt bad." And we take each others hands, admiring each for the work that love is and smiling, I say, "I think it's time to celebrate our decision, this revision, this willingness to try it again."

You smile. "To Earth?"

I laugh. "Oh, yes, to Earth. Place of simultaneous calm and storms, beauty and fear, the grand and the strange—all rolled into one."

"Just like our love," you reply.

"No better place to honor the difficulties and the triumph of love, of life. No better place to know the day and the night, or the essence of life to fight for the light."

We both laugh, embrace, gently kiss and then, joining hands, we leap, leap, leap to the sky, and we fly...

...ah, to walk 'neath the snowy crowns of mountains high, to splash in the oceans, feeling surge of surf, to celebrate love— 'neath the blue skies of Earth. ✨



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The Hyatt Regency Chicago, located close to many of the city's leading restaurants and attractions, has been the site of two previous World Science Fiction Conventions. Its management and staff know fandom and are eager to have us back in the year 2000.

A Worldcon at the Hyatt Regency means never having to go out into the Sun or rain unless you want to. The Hyatt's 210,000 square feet of function rooms and exhibit hall space can house all major programming, plus the art show and dealers' room. Overflow facilities are connected via the Pedway, Chicago's vast underground shopping mall.

Just to make a good thing better, the Hyatt is investing over \$20 million to improve its already first-class accommodations. Yet all of this luxury won't break your bank account. While it's much too early to get firm commitments on room rates, history is encouraging: Room rates at the 1991 Worldcon at the Hyatt were the lowest of any U.S. Worldcon headquarters hotel in the past decade. We anticipate that the rates in 2000 will also be relative bargains.

◆ Our Committee: Wide-Ranging Experience!

The Chicago Worldcon Bid Committee includes fans who have held responsible positions in every one of the last six North American Worldcons, plus many before that. We have also played key roles in local and regional conventions in virtually every part of the country, from the Pacific Northwest to the Boswash corridor to Georgia and Florida.

We range widely not just in geography but in fannish interests. We have dealers, artists, fanzine and APA publishers, costumers, filkers and maybe (gasp! hack!) a couple of SMOF's. So we're in a good position to take the interests of the entire Worldcon to heart.

A great World Science Fiction Convention needs a strong local base of fans who attend and work on cons. Chicagoland has four annual SF conventions (Windycon, Capricon, DuckKon and Congenial), two of them among the largest in the Midwest. And that doesn't count not-quite-SF activity, such as the 20,000-plus Chicago Comicon. Thus a Chicago Worldcon can draw on a larger group of experienced, capable volunteers than is available anywhere else in the Midwest.

◆ Our Premise (and Promise): The Best of Both Millennia!

For science fiction fans, "the Year 2000" is the future, the new worlds of Heinlein and Asimov and Clarke. At the 2000 Worldcon, we will look forward into the millennium to come, contemplating where humanity is going and how we will get there.

You can help bring the Millennial Worldcon to Chicago. Presupporting memberships are only \$10.00. If you would like to do more, write to us about joining our bid committee.

Bid Committee officers: Tom Veal, chairman; Becky Thomson, vice chairman; Dina Krause, treasurer; Jim Rittenhouse, APA editor

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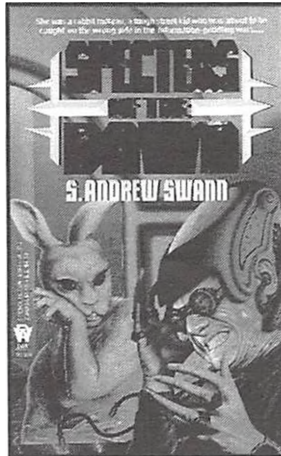
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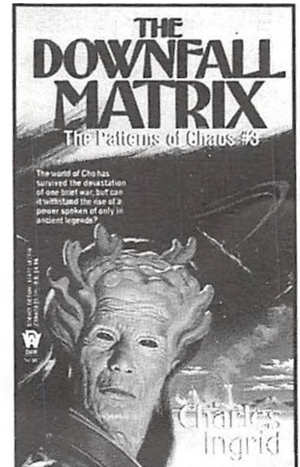
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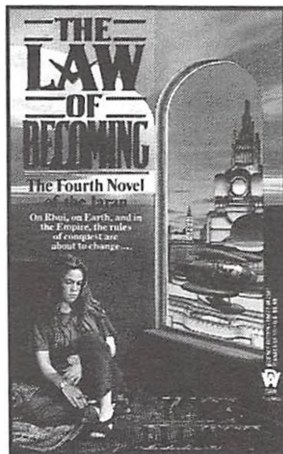
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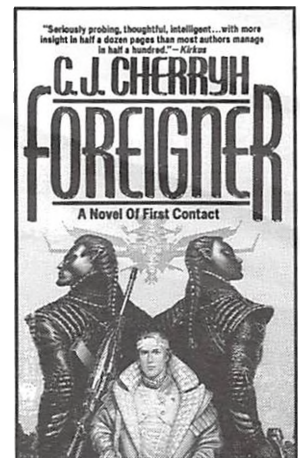
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HANGING VINES

By James S. Dorr

The ship was like a mother to him. A mother to all of them. Even in this, he thought as he swung just out of the way of another volley of bullet-fast seeds from the planet's surface. He watched as two of the seeds adhered to a bare patch of hull, then glanced up again to the top of the ship with its optical sensor turning almost immeasurably slowly to track the sun. Even in this, despite the fact it was trying to kill him.

Another volley—far enough away from him this time that he had no need to try to avoid it. Another *click* as the sensor moved one more minute of arc, as the sun's light advanced a tiny bit farther down the slope below, waking a new set of dormant pods into a frenzy of firing their seeds off. A *thump* as another seed stuck to the ship's side, immediately sprouting, burning its substance into a new, downward growing vine.

And him, afraid of heights...

"Ship?" he called out from his position twenty-five meters up its side, clinging to one of the earliest, most mature of the vines that grew in the morning sun. "This is Roger again. Planetologist Roger Borski. Are you sure you won't reconsider?"

He heard a metallic-sounding sigh—the ship, if nothing else, was compassionate—then a voice very much like a woman's.

"You know I'd like to, Roger. Really. Except that the captain told me you'd be outside all day. And he makes the rules, not me, Roger. We have to obey them."

"I understand, Ship. But the captain's dying—if you don't let me in, right

now, the whole crew will die. Can you understand *that*?"

"If you could just have *him* tell me that, Roger..."

He sighed himself, then laboriously climbed another five meters up the vine, hearing the hiss as clean air fed itself into his helmet. The planet had air too, but air that included caustic gases that could kill him if he breathed too much of it. That was part of the problem he had—he had just one air tank attached to his spacesuit, good for four Earth hours, but the planet's daytime would last for more than thirty. And both Captain Merrick and Linda had been hurt when he'd crashed the rover—no, when the planet's damn plant life had caused the crash—rupturing both of the vehicle's reservoirs, smashing its radio, leaving them just with emergency tanks.

He counted the hours. He had already used one-and-a-half crossing the distance back on foot to beg the ship to let him in. Once inside, he could take the second rover, knowing this time what to avoid, or, better still, send it out on automatic to where he had crashed, guiding it from the ship's control room. But, when he had asked the ship to unroll its gangplank for him, the ship had said no.

"The captain ordered me to stay buttoned up until sundown," the ship had told him. "You know the routine, Roger. Even though I've detected no signs of hostile life forms, I have to stay closed for security's sake. You *depend* on this, Roger—my following orders. Suppose something happened?"

"But something *has* happened," Roger had shouted. "And, as for life forms, what about these stinking vines?"

"Well... one can hardly call plant life hostile"—the ship had sounded miffed when it said that—"and, anyway, when we approached the planet, there weren't any signs of life at all."

Because it was still night, Roger had added under his breath. And the

plants, apparently, died at sundown, leaving their seed pods to burst the next morning. To stick to the highest thing they could find and then grow like lightning, taking nourishment from the thick air, until they, in turn, could bury their tips in the ground below to deposit new seed pods.

One-and-a-half hours. He'd looked at his watch, confirming the time. One-and-three-quarters. If he had a rover, it would take only a half hour to get back. Plenty of time to rescue the others except, before he could get a rover, he had, somehow, to get the ship to let him inside.

That's when he'd looked up and seen how the vines trailed down the spaceship's sun-facing side, from the optical sensors way at the top, past the forward view-ports, down past the main hatch, still halfway up.

Like the tree he remembered when he had been young. The tree in the garden, covered with some kind of weed-like vine that made it easy for a boy like him to climb. Till his mother forbade him...

He'd found out later how much he'd feared heights since, when he had *had* to climb the tree. Now, though, he looked up—a vine-covered spaceship. A hatch, halfway up, like the tree-houses some of his braver friends had continued to play in. And, fear or not, he had started to climb.

Ten meters more—be sure not to look down—then rest again. Fifteen minutes more taken. But now he was at the hatchway's level. He eased to his left, toward the ship's shadow-side where the hatch and its lip were still free of obstruction, inching his way from vine to vine. Trying his best not to think of falling.

Two hours taken. Two-and-a-quarter. The hatch had a manual override lever, used for emergencies in space when one or more crew members had to go outside.

He reached—the vines here were thin and slippery, but more were already growing down toward him as the sun

continued to rise in the planet's sky. His fingertips touched... now he had the lever. Bracing one foot on the lip of the hatchway, he pulled it downward.

"Roger!" the ship said. "Let go of that lever."

The hatch remained shut tight.

"What?" Roger shouted. "Look, Ship, I *have* to get inside. I'm overriding your orders—you understand? That's what this goddamn lever is *for*."

"Only in space, Roger," the ship said. Its voice took on a tone of scolding. "You know the manual. Once we're on planetside, captain's orders take precedence. Always."

"The captain is *dying*!"

"He has to tell me that. You know that, Roger. Or else he has to personally appoint you the new captain. If you can have him tell me *that*, Roger..."

He thought of the rover—the captain hurt badly. Linda, their astrogator, hurt too. The seeds smashing into it, just as he'd climbed up a ridge into sunlight, spewing their tendrils over the windscreen, jamming its treads, and then, when they'd rolled, the radio's external antenna snapping...

Damn cheap equipment.

He looked up the ship's side—looking up somehow wasn't frightening. The ship had been cheap, too. As well as its central controlling computer, a model no longer in manufacture, and now he had a good idea why. But then the whole setup had been on the cheap, as three-member, independent exploring trips so often were. Land on the planet, without even taking time to orbit first. Time was money for an exploring team. Get out the rover, drive in an outward extending spiral to cover as much as you could in a planet-day, with all hands working to set detectors. Then let the ship's calculator crunch numbers while you blasted off to a new star system—if anything showed up, minerals, artifacts, you could come back—to cover your sector before supplies ran out.

"Roger?" the ship said. "I want you to move away from the hatch now. Since you're not the captain, you have no business there. And anyway, since you're not *supposed* to be back until nightfall, I have to warn you I'm starting to find your behavior suspicious."

"Suspicious of *what*?" he started to ask. He thought of the manual that it had cited—he hadn't read it. No one read manuals, especially for obsolete equipment, but now he wondered. He tried to remember. The ship *had* been military surplus...

"Roger, I'm warning you — if you *are* Roger. If you don't move away from that hatch, I *will* be suspicious. Can you hear me, Roger?"

"Yes, Ship," he muttered, then said it again in a louder voice, making sure it could hear him. "Just give me a moment." He looked above him, then grasped the largest vine he could find, using it to steady himself as he eased himself back to the vine he'd been climbing. He inched farther upward, afraid to look down. Afraid to look sideways, even, for fear the ship might have some way to back up its warning.

Suspicious of what? he wondered as he continued to climb. That he was an enemy boarding party? Or maybe a saboteur? That was just what he needed—a paranoid spaceship.

But...

He looked up, seeing the curve where the ship's side sloped in toward its nose cone. The forward view-ports. He had an idea.

Ten, fifteen meters more, he thought. Fifteen more minutes—an hour-and-a-half left. He thought again of the tree in the garden. The one time, no matter what his mother told him, he'd *had* to climb it. He'd had a pet then, a cat-like lizard his father had brought back from one of his voyages. Needless to say, his mother had not approved of the creature, but he had loved it.

Then one morning, cat like, it had climbed the tree and couldn't get back

down. It had been raining, he remembered. His mother was not at home—he *had* to save it.

Like now. With Linda. And Captain Merrick. He'd gripped the vines that hung down the tree's trunk, slippery with rain, and, in desperation, he'd climbed higher than he'd ever climbed before to reach it.

Like now, he thought, though where he was now at least it was sunny. A little *too* sunny. He'd frozen once on the slippery tree—one time, when he'd looked down—but he'd cleared his head and continued upward, learning the trick of always looking up, never around him. In desperation.

He reached the nearest of the view-ports and looked inside, then checked his watch—not much more than an hour left. But, if the ship were going to be suspicious, by God, perhaps he could give it a *reason*.

He tapped the plexiglass of the port, then, gripping vines with both of his hands to steady himself, he raised himself to a half standing position. Planting one foot on the ship's metal hull, he lifted the other — the glass was tough, sure, but, even in slightly less than Earth gravity, his steel-soled boot should at least be able to make a crack in it. And then the ship would *have* to open up, if only to repair the damage.

He brought his foot down. Hard. In desperation. He thought of his pet—how in daytime it stayed out, but then, at night, it had been his job to let it back inside. He laughed as he kicked again. Like Captain Merrick had made it the ship's job not to let *him* in until it was nighttime.

"Roger!" the ship screamed. He just laughed louder.

"Stop it, Roger!"

He raised his foot to kick a third time—then nearly fell as a jolt of electricity crackled through him.

"I'm warning you, Roger," the ship said, more calmly. "I don't mind you climbing all over my hull, if that's what



your captain wants you to do. But, if you make one more attempt to damage me..."

"I—I understand, Ship," Roger whispered. His feet dangled free, the left one, which had been clamped to the ship's hull, only now starting to lose its numbness. The vines—thank God he had gripped them so tightly. At least they, apparently, hadn't been hurt.

He looked up—he thought of the tree and his lizard. How he had reached it, always looking up, but then discovered *he* had no way of getting down either. Above him, twenty meters higher, where the ship's nose curved to almost level, the optical sensor clicked another beat.

One more minute of arc. How many more would it be until nightfall? How many more Earth-standard hours and minutes?

He checked his watch again — how much more air in his tank? In the tanks of the others?

Less than an hour left.

"I'm warning you, Roger. Considering what you tried to do, I don't want you hanging so close to my windows."

"Yes, mother," he muttered, under his breath, then planted his feet—*away* from the view-port—and went back to climbing.

Another click. The sun had advanced another minute of arc above him.

Another thump as another seed pod fired.

He reached the near-level of the ship's nose cone—not even noon by the time the planet kept.

This time he *did* look down, down to main hatch directly below him. The curve, starting gently, then getting steeper, the vines trailing down it past the stub of the ship's rolled-up gangplank.

His mother had come back just before noon with him still in the tree, clutching his pet. She'd screamed and yelled at him until he was crying for her to stop, then she'd run inside to call men with ladders to help get him down. He'd waited until he'd seen the red trucks come, humiliated, soaked in the rain.

Huddling the lizard-cat to him as the sky darkened...

But it was still morning.

The optical sensor clicked. It had been morning but, because of the clouds and the rain, it had *seemed* as dark to him as the darkest night.

He looked above him—the optical sensor on its round platform, maybe as thick as a man's head and shoulders. He didn't dare touch it—the ship had warned him what would happen if it thought he was trying to damage it further—but...

If he could trick it. So it couldn't see the sun.

He checked his watch. Maybe forty minutes more. Then, with his air gone, he was dead anyway. Maybe five or ten minutes more than that in the planet's air, breathing shallowly, if he opened his helmet to it.

But, if he could somehow convince the ship it was night already, then when Linda and the captain didn't come in like they were supposed to, it might at least send the second rover out to search for them.

He turned his head and looked at the sun, squinting his eyes for the moment

it took for his visor to darken—to keep its direct rays from burning his eyes. Then looked back at where the sensor continued its own slow turning, noting again that the sensor was head-sized.

The tree. He remembered. When the trucks came, he'd refused to depend on his mother to save him. *He'd thrust the lizard into his jacket and, closing his eyes, clutched the thickest vine, launched himself into space, letting himself slide...*

He took the deepest breath he could, then unshipped his helmet. He lifted it, carefully, over the sensor, making sure it touched only the platform... heard clicking and whirring. A thump beneath him, but louder than those the seeds made on the ship's side...

...and, shutting his eyes tight, he gripped the vine he knew trailed to the hatchway, launched himself downward, shinnying, sliding, until—another thump. His feet struck hardness. The gangplank was rolled out, the main hatch open as he scrambled inside, into the airlock, slapping the **CLOSE** lever, hearing the outer door hiss shut behind him.

And breathed. Gasping. Choking. But filling his lungs back up with ship's air.

He rolled to his feet, running, to the control room, ignoring whatever the ship was saying until he'd punched the computer sequence to send out the rover with extra air tanks. With splints and medicines and a new radio.

Looked at his watch.

Exactly a half hour.

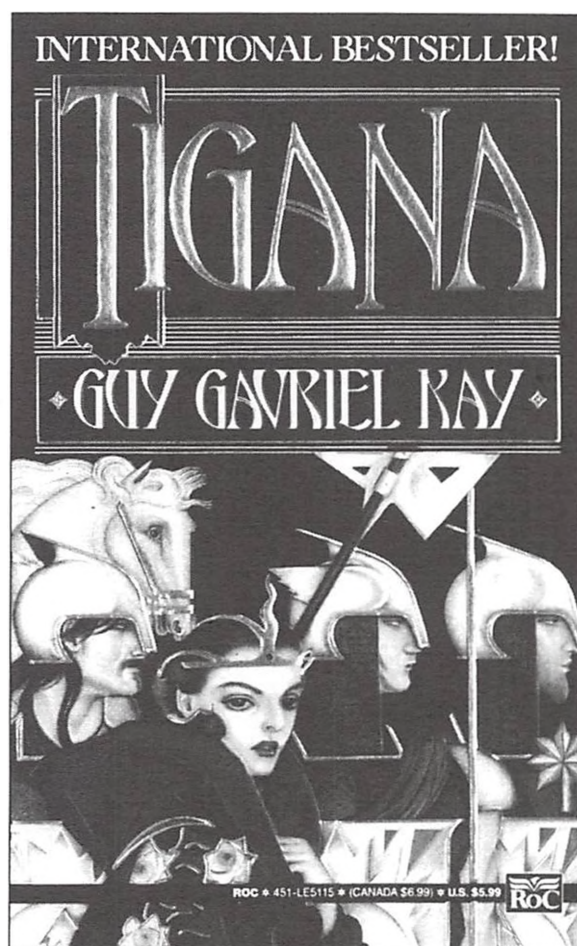
And sank, exhausted, into the big control-room chair, only now hearing as the ship's voice continued on in its gentle chiding.

"... rules are rules, Roger. I hope you've learned by now—after all, that's what we depend on. But now that it's evening, I want to welcome you back again, and express my sincere hope that you and your friends had a very *nice* outing."

GUY GAVRIEL KAY

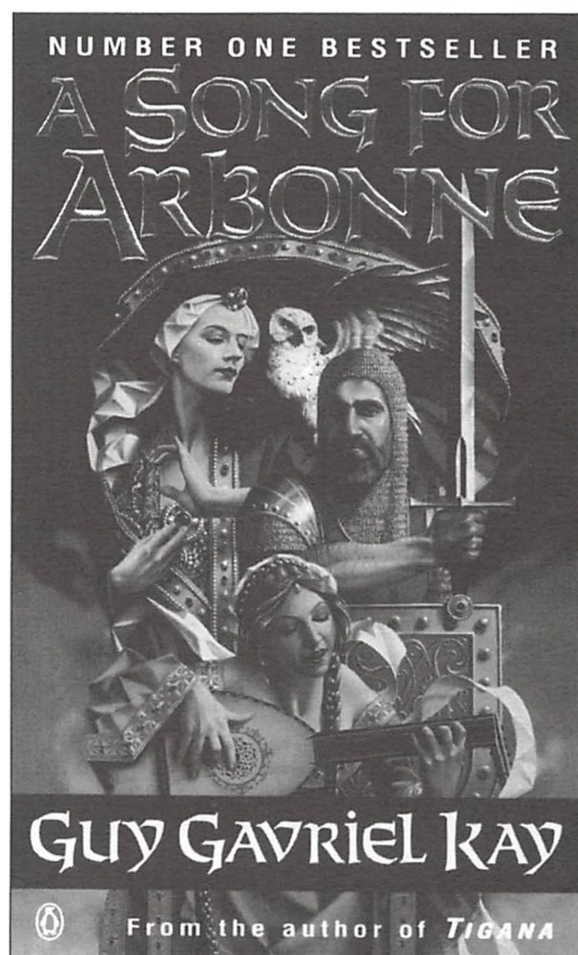
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by Roberto de Sousa Causo

"The bear in the mirror is me, more than are manners and poses. The bear is there, the bear is me, the bear is never at peace. We are the stories of the war, the chance in the mirror. We hear each other and we must go on."

—from *Dead Voices*:

Natural Agonies in the New World
Gerald Vizenor

Marcus Mantuk was an Alaskan Eskimo, a bear-like young man serving in a remote outpost of the Army in his native eastern Alaska. He had struggled for a whole year to be transferred from the 101st Air Assault Division to this isolated place, but it didn't work against his nightmares, as he has planned.

Mantuk had tattooed on his large right arm the "Desert Shield" and "Desert Storm" patches, and had a more startling sort of insignia in his left flank—a huge scar, made by a small 7.62 Soviet bullet.

But worst of all were the dreams. Dreams of his dream-beast—a twelve-foot grizzly with its chin dropping human blood—running like a locomotive on a pavement of dead bodies. Its claws toss away broken weapons, equipment and body parts. And it runs towards Mantuks, who stands naked and soaked in sweat, waiting under the Sahara sun. Just these images, but day after day, until he could not take that waiting anymore. At some moment the grizzly would catch him, Mantuk knew. Yet he couldn't wait any more.

He wanted to rush the things up. He wanted to run away, and maybe find a place—somewhere, somehow—to

hide and live like a beast himself and forget all the human things. All the hierarchies and wars.

Tomorrow night he would make it. It would be easy to evade the post, and plunge deeply into the wilderness, and then hide and walk and run about forty miles to the Canadian border, to freedom.



The blizzard blew continuously through the morning after his evasion. That would favor him—he knew how to live in this weather, but the pursuers would be delayed for sure.

Mantuk ran and walked all night and morning, wearing a white-camouflaged winter dress with a furry hood. He had a hunkpack full of high-caloric food he took a week to steal and an M-21—the selected-parts M-14 version with a scope. He could make it through the ice to Canada.

He had grown up around here until he was 16, when his family moved to Seattle, and then to Fort Campbell, Kentucky, where he enlisted in the Screaming Eagles. He had nourished this wish to come back and live as he was raised, free in the wild, but he was afraid of how it would be when he was back. He felt that some essential part of him was destroyed at the very instant he stopped touching the land with his feet. Anyway, Mantuk knew the tricks to survive. But then the blizzard died away and the air cleared. Suddenly he was under a bright blue sky he scanned with his small, deepsocketed brown eyes. He saw above the horizon behind him a black spot. An aircraft of some sort—they were after him.

Mantuk started to run as fast as he could until he reached a small hill with a bunch of tiny dry trees on its top. He hid himself among them in the hope the pursuers had not seen him yet.

It seemed the aircraft did not get any closer. Mantuk breathed freely, but then he saw a pack of wolves coming from the north. Five of them, trotting

gaily across the ice plain, sniffing the frozen soil, darting their ears around. They halted next to the hill, and Mantuk thought they had noticed him. But he knew the wolves would not be dangerous to him. Mantuk and the wolves had different paths to walk, he going east, to Canada; they going south, running from the northern cold, perhaps following the migratory caribou.

However, a second later Mantuk realized the wolves had noticed something else—the distant roar of a helicopter.

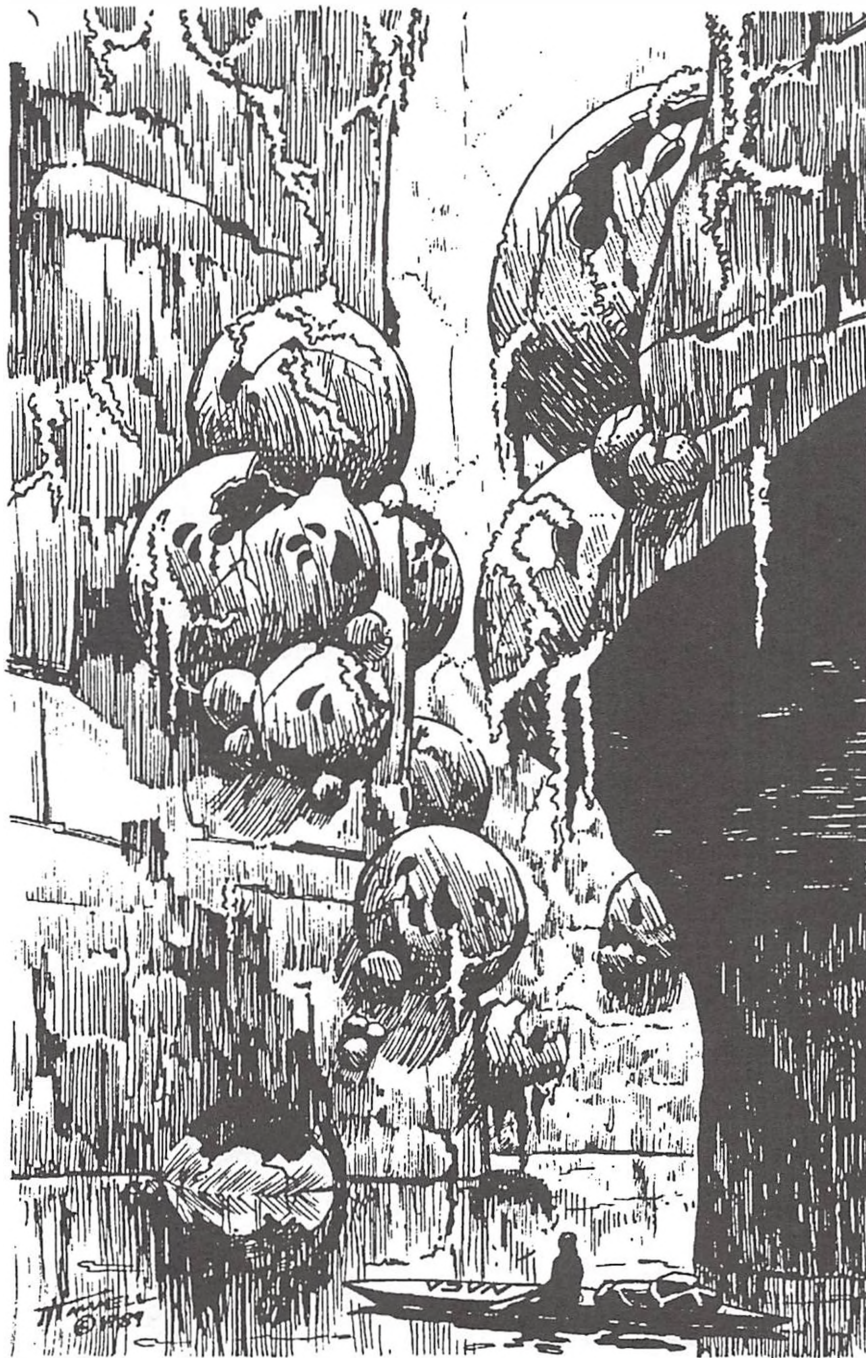
He turned to the aircraft. It still was far away, but getting closer. He raised the rifle and looked through the scope. It was an old civilian JetRanger. *Oilmen?* He thought. Not so far up north. What then?

He remembered the wolves and understood. Wolf hunters.. They would kill the animals to sell them to the fur trade—for 200 dollars each. The government was saying the wolves were slaughtering the moose population. It could be, but for some odd reason Mantuk didn't like the idea of shooting wolves from a helicopter.

Why?

Mantuk was around Highway 6 to Iraq and saw the carnage when retreating Iraqi troops were almost annihilated by the Allied fighters and tanks. They thought it was all of the armored Iraqi





force fleeing for safety, but instead it was an army of desperate men who had taken every working vehicle available to escape from a much stronger foe. Those men were shot as ducks in a pond. The war was stopped right there, when President Bush feared headlines claiming a massacre in the desert. Yet to Mantuk the war went on in his mind, in his recurrent nightmare of the dream-beast running on a body-covered soil.

The JetRanger was close enough now to scare away the wolves. They fled quickly. The helicopter crew spotted them and the aircraft increased its velocity.

All of a sudden Mantuk heard a shot. The bullet hit the snow at the shadow of the tail-end wolf.

The helicopter got close enough for a better aiming. Another shot and the tail-end wolf was hit. It rolled many yards in the snow, leaving behind a track of blood.

The JetRanger started a curve that would give the shooter better angle to fire.

Mantuk wasn't thinking when he raised the rifle and loaded it.

"You give me a better angle, Paul!" Judd yelled above the rotor's noise.

Paul Waller made the helicopter draw a close curve in the air. The pack with the remaining four wolves was reached by the JetRanger, which stood twenty-five feet high to the left of them.

Waller saw his partner Judd Turque aim his Winchester.

Paul was upset because these five animals were the very first ones they had seen in the operation. A thousand dollars would barely cover the cost of fuel. And Paul had a wife and two kids to feed. His real job was to carry bear and moose hunters during the seasons—he had planned to make extra money while waiting for the next

season, but until now the enterprise have not been profitable. Where were the raging wolfpacks the government was telling of?

He heard a sharp sound in the back of the helicopter, and turned his head to see what was going on.

He gazed at the body of Judd dangling at the end of his safety belt. Also saw his buddy's blood dripping down to the snow.

And then a second bullet went through the back of his seat, and Paul Waller forgot everything but his wife and kids. For just a second.

Mantuk observed the helicopter crashing with a thunderous bang against the ice plain, and the wolves galloping away without any harm.

He also saw that one of the men was alive. The one he had shot first, lying under the flank of the helicopter, his smashed legs held as in a trap. The man moved a hand, reaching his face. Mantuk put a full metal jacket bullet through his head. He then put the rifle on safety and stood.

He went down the hill, and as he passed the smoking debris of the JetRanger he felt no pity for those two men. Mantuk also felt he was far from human judgment now. From now on, he was to be judged by a different sort of being.

And as he walked away, looking back, there was the dream-beast sitting beside the JetRanger, its dumb gaze locked on Mantuk. The giant grizzly then dove his huge head into the open side door of the crashed helicopter, and drew its chin back once again dropping the blood of men.

Mantuk realized he would never get rid of it—the beast would follow him wherever he went, forever.

But weirdly he felt a strong sense of relief. For the wolves, at least, were running their way free now.



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NOT WITH A BANG

by David H. Bigelow

"With the advent of weapons and explosives that are undetectable by any scanning means, the task of public protection has to rest on the new brain-wave scanning technology. But the job of interpreting the readings is almost insurmountable. If the scanners merely detect hidden anger, or a capacity for violence, half the travelers in airports would be cut out of the lines for special searches..."

Janson's Trends (Lyttle & Bogue, 2005)

Outside the sound-insulated plate glass windows, huge passenger jets took off at the rate of one every, ten seconds. The echoing, crowded concourse was divided by a line of security gates; at one of them, a guard motioned the next in line to step through. At nineteen other gates, nineteen other guards were engaged in the same activity.

A young man, clean-shaven, deferential, began to walk through the empty, door-sized frame. His carry-on bag was slung over his shoulder.

At the guard's console a red light labeled "Activated" blinked on. Inside the frame of the gate, brain wave scanners began to hum like a faraway choir and a tiny, but very advanced computer initiated its program...

Gahr stood on the edge of the cliff; red light from the sunrise shone into the cave behind him, illuminating his mate Ara, their two children, and his father as they stirred in their grass beds. The morning was chilly, and he drew the rough animal hide closer around his scrawny body.

He frowned as he turned to gaze at the rocky, green-tufted valley below. Abruptly, and quietly, something had changed. The breeze now had a bite, the sunrise was now beautiful. What was happening? He closed his eyes, and underlying his thoughts was a hum like distant chanting, so faint he wondered if he imagined it. It faded into inaudibility.

Breathing raggedly, he backed toward the cave. With a yell that was half joy, half panic, he ran to wake his family. But they were awake, and looking around with wonder.



The great general Atta stood on the balcony of the royal castle in the city of Mesh. Next to him stood the high priest Kano, towering over the squat form of the general. It was early evening, and the sunset cast a red hue on the city. A cool breeze stirred the general's gray hair and the Holy One's robe. They listened to the subdued sounds of the city laid out below them: clattering of armor of the returned soldiers, boisterous bar songs, cries of the wounded, weeping of the widows.

The general cupped a gold goblet in his hands and sipped the fine wine as he leaned both elbows on the railing. A cut on his cheek was barely beginning to heal. "Tell me, Kano," he said, staring into the night, "Why do we have so many wars?"

The priest's mouth turned up slightly. "That's the last question I would have expected from you, old friend."

"There comes a time for everything," Atta sighed. "I am tired."

Neither spoke for a few moments, then Kano spoke softly: "There are things we priests do not dare tell the populace—not until we understand them." He waited for a response, and got an inquiring glance. He went on: "The priesthood has studied this for centuries, and the answer seems clearer, but we don't know what it means. Please don't mention this to anyone." Atta nodded, still staring out

over the city. "Very well, here it is: The gods are angry."

"Angry? Angry at what?"

"We don't know. Just—angry."

"Are they angry at us?"

"We don't think so. We believe that we are created in the image of the gods, because—well, why should they bother to make anyone different? And—"

"And we are angry."

"Yes."

"But why?" asked Atta. "We build an empire, we make life better for the common people."

"Do not misunderstand. We are not consumed by it. Yet there is an element of anger beyond any explanation."

Atta grimaced, lost in thought. "Now that I think of it—I knew this. Don't I practice it as a general? After all, rage wins wars. Rage at our neighbors for rejecting our gods—and for occupying land that we covet." He raised his goblet, drank long, and rested his hand on Kano's shoulder. "And I, my friend, am deeply sick of it. I'm going to get more wine."

Kano studied his friend intently. The two men went in out of the night.



As the neatly dressed young man stepped through the gate, a quick glance at the gate frame betrayed his nervousness. The guard noticed, and smiled inwardly. These machines made just about everybody nervous. How many times he'd stood there, thinking: *What a name for the machine—mental detector. The people who invented it must have been one bunch of sick puppies. But, hand it to them—the machines work. Since these undetectable explosives came along, only a couple of terrorists have slipped through, out of millions of people.*

The guard rested his hand lightly on his gun.

Toltos alternately spun the three-foot world globe with one hand and slowed it with the other. "It's interesting, Your Highness" he announced, "that this twenty-year world war acted like a much smaller mechanical system. Its battles spread out from us, here," —he pointed at a spot on the globe—"and, travelling in almost all directions, met on the other side of the world, and reflected," —he used both hands to demonstrate—"just like waves of water in a tank, or sound waves—and, of course, allowing the discovery of the New World in the process."

Emperor Pregalle straightened his jewel-encrusted robe and replied tartly, "The war isn't behind us yet, Toltos. Not for another five minutes." He stood facing the Grand Entrance, at the far end of the Throne Room.

The great doors creaked open to trumpet fanfares, and half a dozen chained figures stumbled in, hemmed in by two columns of guards armed with halberds. One walked erect, despite the weight of the chains over his torn robe, and, in a voice belying his small stature, thundered, "We are not beaten! We do not surrender! God, the God of Wrath, of Retribution, will punish you!"

The Emperor said quietly. "The outcome of this war settles the question: God may be wrathful, but that wrath can be contained, turned to useful purposes. That is the basis for Rational Thought in government, and the underpinnings of the military operations that conquered you."

"You are wrong! The Wrath cannot be contained—only delayed! You fools will be destroyed! You can only avoid the full Wrath—"

"Yes?" said the Emperor sharply. He stepped forward. "How do you avoid..." —he paused dramatically, sarcastically—"The Wrath?"



"By—" said the chained figure softly, "by—acknowledging it."

After a moment of silence, the Emperor snorted. "Can the truth sound so weak?" He turned to Toltos, who still stood by the world globe. "And what do you think, Rational Thought Advisor?"

The High Advisor gave the globe one more spin, then stood thoughtfully with hands behind his back. "After a twenty-year war, Your Highness, time only answer I can give is that, of course, you are right" ...

"And my enemies are wrong, yes? Well, answer me!"

"I can tell you but one more thing," said Toltos, staring at the globe. "The Wrath is not the only thing contained."

"What?" asked the Emperor, through a disbelieving smile. "What is contained? Us?" He watched as Toltos put a hand on the globe. "By who? God? Has he put us as tiny creatures on a globe like that under your hand and made us think we rule a vast empire?"

Toltos gave the Emperor a startled glance. He became lost in thought. "Well? Can you prove that we are contained, man?"

Toltos spun the globe slowly. "That's what bothers me," he said. "I can't."



Ted poked his head in the door. "Are you still here, Stella? I was about to turn off the lights."

Across the cavernous mission control center, with its rows of tables containing computer monitors, Stella slumped in her chair. Ted walked over to her, footsteps echoing.

"The tenth failure in a row—the last five should have worked. They should have worked, grumbled Stella, pounding her fist on the table. "Why can't we get a satellite into orbit? The theory is sound—I know it is! Yet something always goes wrong. Next time—next time, I swear, we'll get it

right or know the reason why."

Ted fidgeted. "I just got word. The President has cut off funding."

Stella's hands balled into fists. Then she sighed and, with a visible effort, relaxed. "I guess there never has been overwhelming support from the public. But how are we going to study the emanations?"

"Maybe they're not out there. Maybe it's just as the traditional religions teach us, that they're only inside ourselves."

Again, Stella pounded the table. "No! They permeate the universe! We get hints of them in every branch of science! Ghosts of readings on meters. They come out most strongly in statistical studies. Why can't we get them out of the realm of superstitious folklore and cross the border into science? Why, does something stop us each time?" She stared into space, absorbed in thought. "They're associated with that ominous man of myth, the Man About To Do Something. That's what I feel like—that we're about to do something, and never really get there." "Patience, Stella," said Ted, heading for the door.

"Patience? Your little piece of news just upped the meaning of the word—by an order of magnitude."

The door clicked shut behind Ted. Stella looked up at the huge, darkened mission control screen and, slowly and deliberately, pounded the table.



"The Man is about to do what?" said Delus in a sing-song voice.

"Something violent," chorused the half-dozen workers.

"How violent?" He waved his arms like a musical conductor.

"Pretty violent," came the dutiful reply.

"What's he going to do?"

"We don't know."

"When's he gonna do it?"

"Pretty quick."

"Go—od," he crooned. "Now, people have asked these questions for centuries. And it seems the only way to find out more is to ask people. That's why we'll get on the phones and ask a lot of people what they think, and enter it all in our little bitty computer wands—has everybody got one?" He held his up. "Good. Frankly, this has all been done to death. We might add one statistics on what little we know."

A hand went up. "Sir? Then why are we doing it?"

Delus stepped forward. "Ooh, I like the way you ask questions, you little puppy." He pinched the young man's cheek. "Because the government is paying us."

Unperturbed, the young man went on: "Then, Mister Delus, why are they paying us?"

Delus grew uncharacteristically serious, "Because," he said, "in some weird way we find we know more and more about the subject. And they want to know why."

The young man looked puzzled. "Mister Delus, how do we know we know it?"

"Ah! You're a smart one." He addressed the whole group. "That's what we're really studying. For right now, for funding purposes, we're just calling it a folk phenomenon." Then, to the young man; "I'll go over it with you later."



"My god," said Jackson, "it's true. World War Five." He stood on the one hundred and seventieth floor of the skyscraper, the top floor, looking out the window at the darkened city. He panted from the exertion of climbing stairs.

On the horizon, a rectangular slab of a war machine floated on anti-grav beams, slowly advancing, unleashing

deadly blast beams. The distant thunder of explosions echoed over the city.

A man stood in the dim light beside him, also gasping for breath, a stick figure compared to Jackson's girth. The man said, "And with a thousand times as many people on the planet as there were during the First World War. Excuse me; my name's Menerie." He shook Jackson's hand distractedly. "I came up forty-one floors to see this."

"I came up twenty-nine. I started up as soon as the lights and communications went out," replied Jackson. "I'm not even sure I understand it. Something about the Folk Man."

"Yes. He's the archetype. He's us in the aggregate," replied Menerie. "The Man Who Would Destroy. Furious, but icy calm. I'm surprised it took so long to reach this point."

"I thought He was just a man with—you know, some vague intentions. Maybe bad—"

"That's changed! We know now that He is the Annihilator, and that He is part of us!"

"No, no. That can't be it," Jackson protested. "We can fight it. That's how we got this far. After all, the calmness is supposed to represent special, even heroic effort, doesn't it?" He breathed on the window, fogging it. "What triggered this war? That religious group, the one that preaches the Coming of the Folk Man? It was the turn of the millennium that set them off, wasn't it? The year three thousand. And they rioted, and the anti-technology groups supported them—I think the fact that there are twenty billion people crammed onto Earth has much to do with it—"

"Only by acknowledging the archetype will we be free," said Menerie. "Embracing it—"

"You're crazy!" said Jackson. "If we let ourselves be led by the nose by an ancient, destructive superstition—" He reeled from a shove by Menerie.

He struck back with a clumsy swipe of his fist.

The implacable war machine moved closer, with a sound like a faraway choir, that grew until it sounded like the droning of bees.

The two men were still fighting when that section of the city was destroyed.



Jotter willed weight ~into his molecules, and his willowy frame settled into the cushions of his office chair. Amabel floated by above him, then settled into a chair facing him. They both wore clinging jumpsuits; around them, trees rustled in the breeze, a waterfall roared in the distance, birds sang. A force field glowed, defining a room around them. Jotter waved his hand and the scene was replaced by ocean on all sides, five-foot swells, moon and stars shining through sparse clouds. The office bobbed gently.

"I forget," said Jotter, scratching his head. "Were the birds really there or were they simulated? We teleported out onto the ocean, didn't we? Or were we here in the first place?"

"I can't keep track of your settings," said Amabel.

"Sometimes it seems that all we are is information," sighed Jotter. "Sets of facts enfolding our personages. If we can't keep track of the facts, we don't know who we are. No wonder humanity is running down."

"Only about a thousand people left in the world and fewer each year," observed Amabel. "Not that that's all that bad. I think it gives us a little perspective, don't you think?"

"Have we got anything else to do before we go home?" asked Jotter. "I promised Jania we'd go golfing. Do you know how expensive it is to long-distance ourselves to the west coast?"

"Oh, darn," said Amabel, staring into space, reading the printing flashing by on her contact lenses. "There's one more item. Where did that come

from?" She studied it a moment. "It's some kind of report And in an old-fashioned format," she said, puzzled. "I'll need an old machine." She reached down to her omni. By the time she picked it up, it had shaped itself into an ancient lap-top computer. Jotter studied the screen over her shoulder.

"This asks for stuff we've known for most of our history," Jotter grumbled. "Define The Man. World War Twelve settled that, a thousand years ago. The Man Who Would Destroy. Who goes to great lengths to deceive. We also know now that he wants to destroy machinery and many people's lives. Yet we can fight it, live our own lives. I don't know what people's fascination with that was. I thought we'd gotten away from it."

"Hold on," said Amabel, typing furiously. "I should have chosen oral input."

"Wait a minute," said Jotter. "Look there. I don't believe this! They want all that information rolled into one number!" He turned away in disgust. "Just slap a number on it and let's get out of here."

"All right," she said. "It doesn't quite rate a one hundred, according to criteria, but it's pretty close."

"Wait," he said softly. "We did conquer it, didn't we? Whatever it was, a test, a trial—we came out okay. Why don't we take a few points off?"

She nodded. "Okay. How about going down to seventy?"

"Put your signature on it, and let's go." A few keystrokes later, she was ready.

"I'm trying to remember..." he said, and concentrated, causing lines to scroll by on his contacts. "There it is. A quote from a medieval philosopher named Tolto. 'The flow of aeons will be reversed, and humanity will make a judgment, and thereby be freed. And the shout over untold millions of miles shall be as three feet.'" Jotter paused appreciatively, then went on: "He was

a brilliant man. I wonder what he was talking about."

Amabel paused for a moment with her finger in the air, then hit return.

Jotter stared out at the smooth ocean swells and frowned. What was suddenly different? He closed his eyes. Something was gone, the sort of thing that you don't know is there until it disappears. He expected it back at any moment, because it had always been there; a buzzing at the base of his brain, like the humming of a distant choir.

Gone.

.And something else had changed. For the first time in his life, he felt at peace. Without understanding why, he heaved a sigh of relief, settled back in his chair, and relaxed.

They all lived happily and peacefully ever after. In the computer in the airport gate, the last thousand years took about two milliseconds. The last person in the civilization inside the computer, taking her last breath in the year seven thousand and four, allowed to herself that it all hadn't been so bad, after all, although it would have been better if they had spread to the stars.

The "Activated" light went out as the computer completed its program.

The young man, finished with stepping through the gate, stood there, looking inquiringly at the guard. Three feet from the gate, the guard watched the meter on the console in front of him. The needle went up to a score of seventy, which was in the yellow, but not quite far enough to go into the red. He tapped the meter

impatiently. *Damn bureaucrats*, he thought. *They give us super-modern equipment and a dinky little meter for a readout.*

"Uh, sir..." said the guard to the young man. Two other guards from other gates took an interest and sauntered over. The young man's eyes glittered coldly for a second, then went back to innocent dullness.

"Uh, sir. It seems that the reading is inconclusive. Would you mind stepping back and walking through the

gate again?"

The man hesitated, clenching his fists, then retraced his steps.

The guard blinked. *We may have a live one here*, he thought. *One thing's for sure. Whatever feelings he has bottled up, they're now built up even more. I'll bet the reading goes off the scale this time.* He alerted the two other guards with a meaningful glance.

On the guard's console, the red light labeled "Activated" blinked on... 



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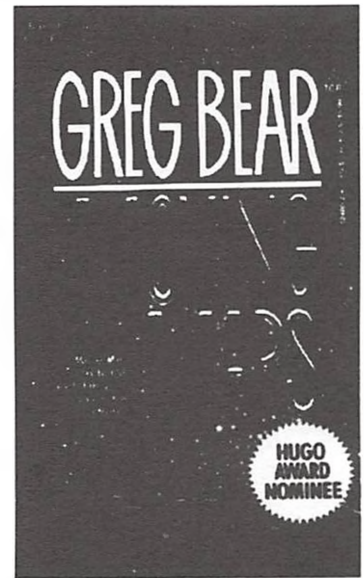
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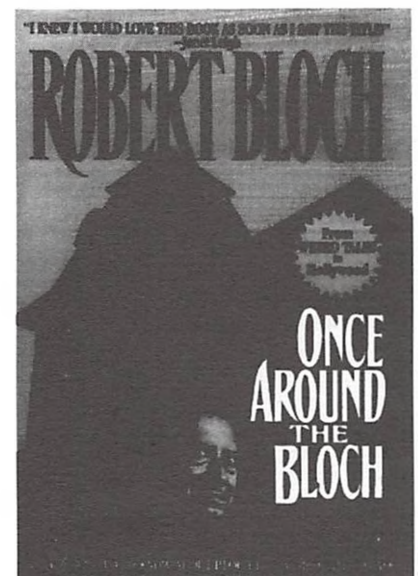
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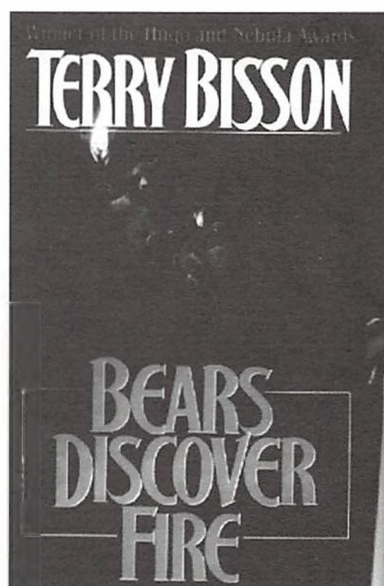
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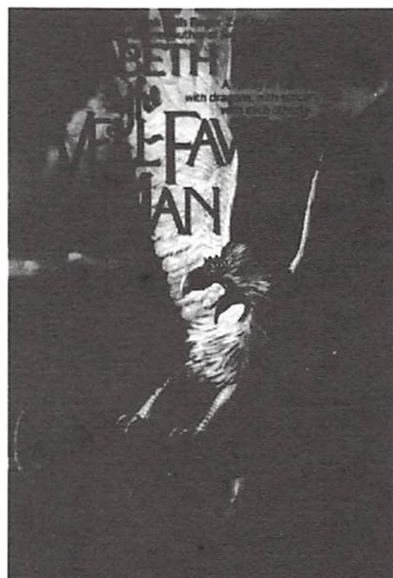
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Worldcon History

The World Science Fiction Conventions from 1993 to 1996

YEAR	NAME	CITY	SITE	GUESTS	CHAIR	ATTENDING*
1939	NyconI	New York	Caravan Hall	Frank R. Paul	Sam Moskowitz	200
1940	ChiconI	Chicago	Hotel Chicagoan	E.E. "Doc" Smith	Mark Reinsberg	128
1941	DenventionI	Denver	Shirley-Savoy Hotel	Robert A. Heinlein	Olon F. Wiggins	90
1946	PacificonI	Los Angeles	Park View Manor	A. E. VanVogt E. Mayne Hull	Walter J. Daugherty	130
1947	PhilconI	Philadelphia	Penn-Sheraton Hotel	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Milton Rothman	200
1948	Torcon I	Toronto	RAI Purdy Studios	Robert Bloch (pro) Bob Tucker (fan)	Ned McKeown	200
1949	Cinvention	Cincinnati	Hotel Metropole	Lloyd A. Eshbach (pro) Ted Carnell (fan)	Don Ford ¹	190
1950	Norwescon	Portland	Multnomah Hotel	Anthony Boucher	Donald B. Day	400
1951	NolaconI	New Orleans	St. Charles Hotel	Fritz Leiber	Harry B. Moore	190
1952	TASFiC ²	Chicago	Hotel Morrison	Hugo Gernsback	Julian C. May	870
1953	11thWorldcon ³	Philadelphia	Bellevue-Strafford Hotel	Willy Ley	Milton Rothman ⁴	750
1954	SFCon	San Francisco	Sir Francis Drake Hotel	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Lester Cole Gary Nelson	700
1955	Clevelandon	Cleveland	Manger Hotel	Isaac Asimov (pro) Sam Moskowitz (mysteryGoH)	Nick Falasca Noreen Falasca	380
1956	NewYorCon ⁵	New York	Biltmore Hotel	Arthur C. Clarke	David A. Kyle	850
1957	LonconI	London	King's Court Hotel	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Ted Carnell	268
1958	Solacon	South Gate ⁶	Alexandria Hotel	Richard Matheson	Anna S. Moffatt	322
1959	Detention	Detroit	Pick-Fort Shelby Hotel	Poul Anderson (pro) John Berry (fan)	Roger Sims Fred Prophet	371
1960	Pittcon	Pittsburgh	Penn-Sheraton Hotel	James Blish	Dirce Archer	568
1961	Seacon	Seattle	Hyatt House	Robert A. Heinlein	Wally Weber	300
1962	ChiconIII	Chicago	Pick-Congress Hotel	Theodore Sturgeon	Earl Kemp	550
1963	DisconI	Washington D.C.	Statler-Hilton Hotel	Murray Leinster	George Scithers	600

1964	PacificonII	Oakland	Hotel Leamington	Leigh Brackett (pro) Edmond Hamilton (pro) Forrest J. Ackemman (fan)	J. Ben Stark Al haLevy	523
1965	LonconII	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	Nycon3	New York	Statler-Hilton Hotel	Lester del Rey (pro) Bob Tucker (fan)	Ted White Dave VanArnam	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	Heicon'70	Heidelberg	Heidelberg Stadthalle	E. C. Tubb (UK) Robert Silverberg (US) Herbert W. Franke (Germany) Elliot K. Shorter (fan)	Manfred Kage	620
1971	NoreasconI	Boston	Sheraton-Boston Hotel	Clifford D. Simak (pro) Harry Wamer, Jr. (fan)	Tony Lewis	1600
1972	L.A.ConI	Los Angeles	International Hotel	Frederik Pohl (pro) Buck & Juanita Coulson (fan)	Charles Crayne Bruce Pelz	2007
1973	Torcon2	Toronto	Royal York Hotel	Robert Bloch (pro) William Rotsler (fan)	John Millard	2900
1974	DisconII	WashingtonD.C.	Sheraton Park Hotel	Roger Zelazny (pro) Jay Kay Klein (fan)	Jay Haldeman Ron Bounds	3587
1975	AussieconOne	Melbourne	Southern Cross Hotel	Ursula K. LeGuin (pro) Susan Wood (fan) Michael Glicksohn (fan) Donald Tuck (Australian)	Robin Johnson	606
1976	MidAmeriCon	KansasCity(MO)	RadissonMuehlebach Hotel & Phillips House	Robert A. Heinlein (pro) George Barr (fan)	Ken Keller	2800
1977	SunCon	Miami Beach	Hotel Fontainebleau	Jack Williamson (pro) Robert A. Madle (fan)	Don Lundry	2050
1978	IguanaConII ⁹	Phoenix	Hyatt Regency & Adams Phoenix Convention Center and Symphony Hall	Harlan Ellison (pro) Bill Bowers (fan)	Tim Kyger GaryFarber ⁸	4700
1979	Seacon'79	Brighton	Metropole Hotel	Brian Aldiss(UK) Fritz Leiber (US) Harry Bell (fan)	Peter Weston	3114

1980	NoreasconII	Boston	Sheraton-Boston Hotel and Hynes Civic Auditorium	Damon Knight(pro) Kate Wilhelm (pro) Bruce Pelz (fan)	Leslie Turek	5850
1981	DenventionTwo	Denver	Denver Hilton Hotel	Clifford D. Simak (pro) C. L. Moore (pro) Rusty Hevelin (fan)	Suzanne Camival Don C. Thompson	3792
1982	ChiconIV	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	LAconII	Anaheim ¹¹	Anaheim Hilton & Towers & Convention Center	Gordon R. Dickson (pro) Dick Eney (fan)	Craig Miller Milt Stevens	8365
1985	AussieconTwo	Melbourne	Southern Cross, Victoria and Sheraton Hotels	Gene Wolfe (pro) Ted White (fan)	David Grig 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 Strugatsky (USSR) Boris Strugatsky (USSR) Jim Burns (Artist) Ray Harryhausen (Film) Joyce & Ken Slater (fan) David Langford (special fan)	Malcolm Edwards	5300
1988	NolaconII	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 & Betty Ballantine (pro) The Stranger Club (fan)	Mark Olson	7631/6956*
1990	ConFiction	The Hague	Netherlands Congress Centre	Harry Harrison(pro) Wolfgang Jeschke (pro) Joe Haldeman (pro) Andrew Porter(fan)	Kees vanToorn	3580
1991	ChiconV	Chicago	Hyatt Regency Chicago	Hal Clement(pro) Martin H. Greenberg (pro) Richard Powers (pro) Jon & Joni Stopa (fan)	Kathleen Meyer	5661
1992	MagiCon	Orlando	Orange County Convention and Civic Centre and The Peabody Hotel	Jack Vance(pro) Vincent DiFate (artist) Walter A. Willis (fan)	Joe Siclari ¹³	6238/5452*

1993	ConFrancisco	San Francisco	Moscone Convention Center, ANA Hotel, The Parc Fifty Five, Nikko Hotel	Larry Niven Alicia Austin Tom Digby Wombat (jan howard finder) Guy Gavriel Kay Mark Twain (dead GoH)	David W. Clark ¹⁴	7629/7120*
1994	ConAdian¹⁵	Winnipeg	Winnipeg Convention Centre	Anne McCaffrey(pro) George Barr (artist) Robert Runte (fan) Barry B. Longyear (toastmaster)	John Mansfield	???
1995	Intersection	Glasgow	Scottish Exhibition and Conference Center, Moat House Interational Hotel	Samuel R. Delany Gerry Anderson	Tim Illingworth Martin Easterbrook	???
1996	L.A.conIII	Anaheim	Anaheim Convention Center, Anaheim Hilton, and Anaheim Marriott	James White (writer) Roger Corman (media) Elsie Wollheim (special) Takumi & Sachiko Shibano (fan) Connie Willis (toastmaster)	Mike Glyer	???

¹ Officially only Secretary-Treasurer; Charles R. Tanner had the honorary title of Chairman.

² For "Tenth Anniversary Science Fiction Convention; popularly known as ChiconII.

³ Popularly known as PhilconII.

⁴ Replaced James A. Williams as Chairman upon Williams' death.

⁵ Popularly known as NyconII.

⁶ Physically in Los Angeles, but (by mayoral proclamation) technically in South Gate.

⁷ Officially jointly hosted by Cleveland, Detroit, and Cincinnati (hence "Tricon"), with Detroit's Howard DeVore and Cincinnati's Lou Tabakow as Associate Chairmen.

⁸ Replaced Ted White, who withdrew as Fan Guest to dramatize the TAFF winner.

⁹ This was the first IguanaCon, but was called IguanaconII because of a previous hoax.

¹⁰ Belatedly recognized as Vice-Chair.

¹¹ Like South Gate, part of the greater Los Angeles area.

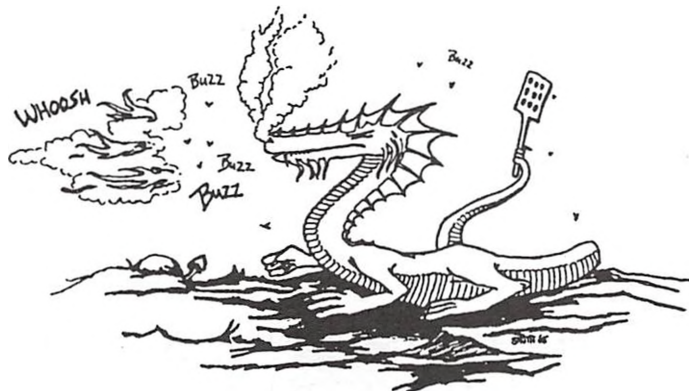
¹² Replaced John Foyster, who resigned for family reasons.

¹³ Becky Thomson was co-chair for the first two years after the site was selected, then vice-chair thereafter and at the convention.

¹⁴ Replaced Terry Biffel as Chairman upon Biffel's death.

¹⁵ Combined with Canadian National Science Fiction Convention (Canvention).

* When two figures are shown, the first, larger number is the total number of members (not all of whom actually attended), while the second is the number of individuals who actually attended the convention (the "warm bodies on site" count).



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The New Republic, 1965

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The Hugo Awards, also known as the Science Fiction Achievement Awards, were named in honor of Hugo Gernsback, "The Father of Magazine Science Fiction," as he was described in a special award given him in 1960.

The Hugos are given annually under the sponsorship of the World Science Fiction Society (WSFS) and administered by the committee of the World Science Fiction Convention (Worldcon) held each year. Both the nominees and the winners are chosen by a popular vote of the membership of WSFS. This wide franchise and the awards' long history—Hugos are forty-one years old this year, the oldest continuing awards in the science fiction field—are the distinguishing characteristics of the Hugos. In general, a Hugo Award given in a particular year is for work that appeared in the previous calendar year.

The listing below includes the Hugos and three other related awards: the Campbell Award, the Gandalf Award, and Special Awards.

The John W. Campbell Award for Best New Science Fiction Writer has the same nomination and voting mechanism as the Hugos, but is not officially a Hugo. It is sponsored by Dell Magazines. Past sponsors have been Conde Nast Publications (1973-1978) and Davis Publications (1979-1992).

The Gandalf Awards for Grand Master of Fantasy (1974-1980) and Best Booklength Fantasy (1978-1979) were, like the Campbells, administered by the Worldcon committee and determined by the Hugo nomination and voting mechanism. They were sponsored by Lin Carter and S.A.G.A. (The Swordsmen and Sorcerers' Guild of America, Ltd.)

Special Awards are those given directly by a Worldcon committee, without any popular nominations or vote. Other awards presented at the Hugo ceremonies are not listed here.

Magazine: *Astounding* (John W. Campbell, Jr., ed.)

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.

Special Award: Lou Tabakow for "Best Unpublished Story"

1956

Novel: *Double Star* by Robert A. Heinlein

Novelette: "Exploration Team" by Murray Leinster

Short Story: "The Star" by Arthur Clarke

Feature Writer: Willy Ley

Magazine: *Astounding* (John W. Campbell, Jr., ed.)

Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Fan Magazine: *Inside & Science Fiction Advertiser* (Ron Smith, ed.)

Most Promising New Author: Robert Silverberg

Book Reviewer: Damon Knight

1957

American Professional

Magazine: *Astounding* (John W. Campbell, Jr., ed.)

British Professional Magazine: *New Worlds* (E.J. Carnell, ed.)

Fan Magazine: *Science-Fiction Times* (James V. Taurasi, Sr., Ray Van Houten, and Frank Prieto, eds.)

1958

Novel or Novelette: *The Big Time* by Fritz Leiber

1953

Novel: *The Demolished Man* by Alfred Bester

Professional Magazine: *Galaxy* (H. L. Gold, ed.) and *Astounding* (John W. Campbell, Jr., ed.) (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 Jose Farmer

Number 1 Fan Personality: Forrest J Ackerman

1954

(No Awards Given)

1955

Novel: *They'd Rather Be Right* by Mark Clifton and Frank Riley

Novelette: "The Darfsteller" by Walter M. Miller, Jr.

Short Story: "Allamagoosa" by Eric Frank Russell

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A NASFiC IN ATLANTA

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From Six Flags Over Georgia, Stone Mountain Park, and the High Museum of Art to Underground Atlanta, Hard Rock Cafe, and Gold Club, Atlanta's many amusements, parks, historical sites, and museums are just moments away from NASFiC / Dragon*Con '95.

HOTELS AND FACILITIES

We've reserved nearly a half-million square feet of function space including the 5,000 seat Atlanta Civic Center (for our Costume Contest) in preparation for NASFiC / Dragon*Con '95.

Our host hotel, the downtown Atlanta Hilton and Towers is ranked as one of the top convention facilities in the US (you may remember it from Confederation in '86). Our overflow hotels include the downtown Ramada Inn, located one block away from the Hilton, and the Westin Peachtree Plaza, Days Inn, Clarion Hotel, and the Inn at Peachtrees, just two blocks away from the Hilton.

Room rates begin at the flat rate (single through quad) of under \$75 per night. Many of our hotels offer free parking. A complete hotel guide is available in our latest Progress Report. Stop by the NASFiC / Dragon*Con '95 booth to pick one up.

In addition, complimentary chartered bus transportation (including a wheelchair accessible van) will be provided should you not wish to walk between our hotels and facilities.

NASFiC is a service mark of the World Science Fiction Society, an unincorporated literary society.

DISCOUNT TRAVEL

Our official travel agency is World Travel Advisors; they can guarantee you the lowest rates in getting to Atlanta. Call World Travel Advisors at 1-800-545-3210 and ask for the NASFiC / Dragon*Con '95 Travel Coordinator.

Our convention hotels are easily accessible from Atlanta's Hartsfield International Airport via taxicab (approximately \$22), Atlanta Airport Shuttle Service (currently \$14 for a round trip), or the MARTA Rapid Rail System (currently \$1.25).

GUEST OF HONOR BANQUET

Join the NASFiC / Dragon*Con '95 Guests of Honor in a Friday evening dinner with all the fixings. *Locus Magazine's Annual Science Fiction Awards* and the *Georgia Fandom Award* will also be presented at this function. Banquet Tickets may be reserved through the Advance Membership Registration Form.

DEALER'S ROOM

NASFiC / Dragon*Con '95 offers a grand assortment of hardbound and paperback books, original crafts, medieval arms and artifacts, posters, models, Silver and Golden Age comics and pulps, games, Japanese animation merchandise, and more.

ART SHOW AND PRINT SHOP

The NASFiC / Dragon*Con '95 Art Show will feature some of the best professional and amateur Science Fiction, Fantasy, Gaming, and Comic artists in the U.S. A fee of \$25 per 4x4 foot pegboard panel will be assessed for Art Show space. Table space for three-dimensional work is \$15 per 1/2 table. A 5% commission will be charged on Art Show sales. No hanging fee is charged for the Print Shop; a 20% commission will be charged for Print Shop sales. A limited number of Art Show Dealer Tables are available for purchase at \$75 each (limit 1 per artist). *Membership is not included in Panel or Tables prices.*

Roseanne Stutts directs our Art Show and consignment Print Shop. For rules and additional info, write to Roseanne at 2322 Creekview Drive, Martinez, Georgia 30907. Include a SASE.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Mail your NASFiC '95 Membership to P.O. Box 47696, Atlanta, GA 30362-0696. Or, just send us .52 postage to receive our next 24-page Progress Report by first-class mail.

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Short Story: "Or All the Seas With Oysters" by Avram Davidson

Outstanding Movie: *The Incredible Shrinking Man*

Magazine: *Fantasy and Science Fiction* (Anthony Boucher/Robert P. Mills, successively ed.)

Outstanding Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Outstanding Actifan: Walter A. Willis

1959

Novel: *A Case of Conscience* by James Blish

Novelette: "The Big Front Yard" by Clifford D. Simak

Short Story: "That Hell-Bound Train" by Robert Bloch

SF or Fantasy Movie: (No Award)

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy and Science Fiction* (Anthony Boucher/Robert P. Mills, successively ed.)

Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Amateur Magazine: *Fanac* (Ron Ellik and Terry Carr, eds.)

New Author of 1958: (No Award, Brian W. Aldiss received a plaque as runner-up)

1960

Novel: *Starship Troopers* by Robert A. Heinlein

Short Fiction: "Flowers for Algernon" by Daniel Keyes

Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy and Science Fiction* (Robert P. Mills, ed.)

Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller

Fanzine: *Cry of the Nameless* (F.M. and Elinor Busby, Burnett Toskey, and Wally Weber, eds.)

Special Award: Hugo Gernsback as "The Father of Magazine Science Fiction"

1961

Novel: *A Canticle for Leibowitz* by Walter M. Miller, Jr.

Short Fiction: "The Longest Voyage" by Poul Anderson

Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*

Professional Magazine: *Astounding/Analog* (John W. Campbell, Jr., ed.)

Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller

Fanzine: *Who Killed Science Fiction?* (Earl Kemp, ed.)

1962

Novel: *Stranger in a Strange Land* by Robert A. Heinlein

Short Fiction: the "Hothouse" series by Brian W. Aldiss

Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*

Professional Magazine: *Analog* (John W. Campbell, Jr., ed.)

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

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* (Robert P. Mills/Avram Davidson, successively ed.)

Professional Artist: Roy G. Krenkel

Amateur Magazine: *Xero* (Richard and Pat Lupoff, eds.)

Special Award: P. Schuyler Miller for book reviews in *Analog*

Special Award: Isaac Asimov for science articles in *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

1964

Novel: *Here Gather the Stars* (also titled *Way Station*) by Clifford D. Simak

Short Fiction: "No Truce with Kings" by Poul Anderson

Professional Magazine: *Analog* (John W. Campbell, Jr., ed.)

Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller

SF Book Publisher: Ace Books (Donald A. Wollheilm, ed.)

Amateur Magazine: *Amra* (George Scithers, ed.)

1965

Novel: *The Wanderer* by Fritz Leiber

Short Story: "Soldier, Ask Not" by Gordon R. Dickson

Special Drama: *Dr. Strangelove*
Magazine: *Analog* (John W. Campbell, Jr., ed.)

Artist: John Schoenherr
Publisher: Ballantine (Ian and Betty Ballantine, eds.)
Fanzine: *Yandro* (Robert and Juanita Coulson, eds.)

1966

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

1967

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

1968

Novel: *Lord of Light* by Roger Zelazny
Novella: "Weyr Search" by Anne McCaffrey and "Riders of the Purple Wage" by Philip Jose Farmer (tie)
Novelette: "Gonna Roll the Bones" by Fritz Leiber
Short Story: "I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream" by Harlan Ellison
Dramatic Presentation: "City on the Edge of Forever" by Harlan Ellison (*Star Trek*)
Professional Magazine: *If* (Frederik Pohl, ed.)
Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan
Fanzine: *Amra* (George Scithers, ed.)
Fan Writer: Ted White
Fan Artist: George Barr
Special Award: Harlan Ellison for *Dangerous Visions*
Special Award: Gene Roddenberry for *Star Trek*

1969

Novel: *Stand on Zanzibar* by John Brunner
Novella: "Nightwings" by Robert Silverberg
Novelette: "The Sharing of Flesh" by Poul Anderson
Short Story: "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World" by Harlan Ellison
Dramatic Presentation: *2001: A Space Odyssey*
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction* (Edward L. Ferman, ed.)
Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan
Fanzine: *Science Fiction Review* (Richard E. Geis, ed.)

Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr.
Fan Artist: Vaughn Bode
Special Award: Neil Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin, and Michael Collins for "The Best Moon Landing Ever"

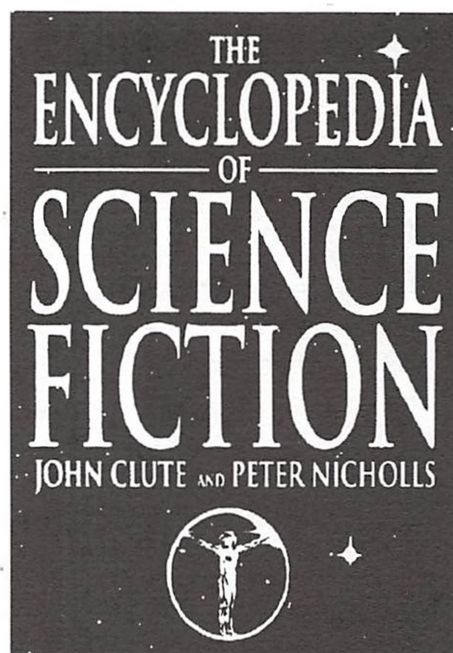
1970

Novel: *The Left Hand of Darkness* by Ursula K. Le Guin
Novella: "Ship of Shadows" by Fritz Leiber
Short Story: "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones" by Samuel R. Delany
Dramatic Presentation: News coverage of Apollo XI
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction* (Edward L. Ferman, ed.)
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
Fanzine: *Science Fiction Review* (Richard E. Geis, ed.)
Fan Writer: Bob Tucker
Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

1971

Novel: *Ringworld* by Larry Niven
Novella: "Ill Met in Lankhmar" by Fritz Leiber
Short Story: "Slow Sculpture" by Theodore Sturgeon
Dramatic Presentation: (No Award)
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction* (Edward L. Ferman, ed.)
Professional Artist: Leo and Diane Dillon
Fanzine: *Locus* (Charles and Dena Brown, eds.)
Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis
Fan Artist: Alicia Austin

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—*Bookworld*

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—*Locus*

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1972

Novel: *To Your Scattered Bodies Go* by Philip Jose Farmer
Novella: "The Queen of Air and Darkness" by Poul Anderson
Short Story: "Inconstant Moon" by Larry Niven
Dramatic Presentation: *A Clockwork Orange*
Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction* (Edward L. Ferman, ed.)
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

1973

Novel: *The Gods Themselves* by Isaac Asimov
Novella: "The Word for World is Forest" by Ursula K. Le Guin
Novellette: "Goat Song" by Poul Anderson
Short Story: "Eurema's Dam" by R. A. Lafferty and "The Meeting" by Frederik Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth (tie)
Dramatic Presentation: *Slaughterhouse-Five*
Professional Editor: Ben Bova
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Amateur Magazine: *Energumen* (Mike Glicksohn and Susan Wood Glicksohn, eds.)
Fan Writer: Terry Carr
Fan Artist: Tim Kirk
Campbell Award: Jerry Pournelle
Special Award: Pierre Versins for *L'Encyclopedie de l'Utopie et de la science fiction*

1974

Novel: *Rendezvous with Rama* by Arthur C. Clarke
Novella: "The Girl Who Was Plugged In" by James Tiptree, Jr.
Novellette: "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* (Andrew 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

1975

Novel: *The Dispossessed* by Ursula K. Le Guin
Novella: "A Song for Lya" by George R.R. Martin

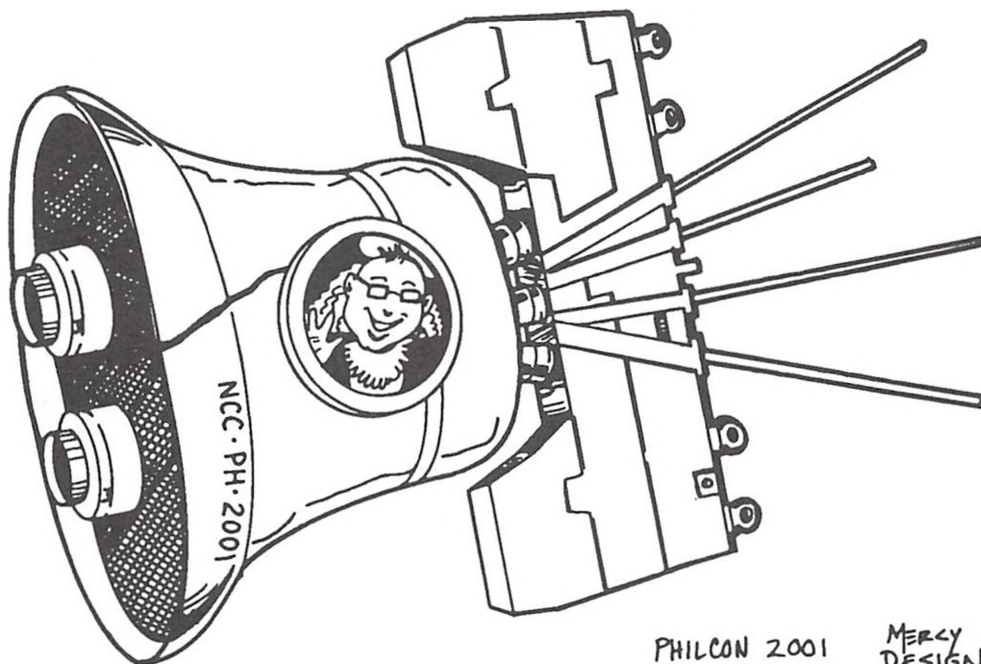
Novellette: "Adrift Just Off the Islets of Langerhans" by Harlan Ellison
Short Story: "The Hole Man" by Larry Niven
Dramatic Presentation: *Young Frankenstein*
Professional Editor: Ben Bova
Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas
Amateur Magazine: *The Alien Critic* (Richard E. Geis, ed.)
Fan Writer: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

1976

Novel: *The Forever War* by Joe Haldeman
Novella: "Home is the Hangman" by Roger Zelazny
Novellette: "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

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Special Award: James E. Gunn
for *Alternate Worlds, The
Illustrated History of Science
Fiction*

**Gandalf Award (Grand
Master):** L. Sprague de
Camp

1977

Novel: *Where Late the Sweet
Birds Sang* by Kate Wilhelm

Novella: "By Any Other Name"
by Spider Robinson and
"Houston, Houston, Do
You Read?" by James
Tiptree, Jr. (tie)

Novelette: "The Bicentennial
Man" by Isaac Asimov

Short Story: "Tricentennial" by
Joe Haldeman

Dramatic Presentation:
(No Award)

Professional Editor: Ben Bova

Professional Artist: Rick
Sternbach

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

Fan Writer: Susan Wood and
Richard E. Geis (tie)

Fan Artist: Phil Foglio

Campbell Award: C.J. Cherryh

Special Award: George Lucas
for *Star Wars*

**Gandalf Award (Grand
Master):** Andre Norton

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 (Christopher
Tolkien, ed.)

1979

Novel: *Dreamsnake* by Vonda
McIntyre

Novella: "The Persistence of
Vision" by John Varley

Novelette: "Hunter's Moon" by
Poul Anderson

Short Story: "Cassandra" by
C.J. Cherryh

Dramatic Presentation:
Superman

Professional Editor: Ben Bova

Professional Artist:
Vincent Di Fate

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

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

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

Special Award: Edward L. Ferman for his effort to expand and improve the field

1982

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

Novella: "The Saturn Game" by Poul Anderson

Novelette: "Unicorn Variation" by Roger Zelazny

Short Story: "The Pusher" by John Varley

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

Dramatic Presentation: *Raiders of the Lost Ark*

Professional Editor: Edward L. Ferman

Professional Artist: Michael Whelan

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

Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis

Fan Artist: Victoria Poyser

Campbell Award: Alexis Gilliland

Special Award: Mike Glyer for 'keeping the fan in fanzine publishing'

1983

Novel: *Foundation's Edge* by Isaac Asimov

Novella: "Souls" by Joanna Russ

Novelette: "Fire Watch" by Connie Willis

Short Story: "Melancholy Elephants" by Spider Robinson

Non-Fiction Book: *Isaac Asimov: The Foundations of Science Fiction* by James E. 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

1984

Novel: *Startide Rising* by David Brin

Novella: "Cascade Point" by Timothy Zahn

Novelette: "Blood Music" by Greg Bear

Short Story: "Speech Sounds" by Octavia Butler

Non-Fiction Book: *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Fantasy*, vol. III, by Donald Tuck

Dramatic Presentation: *Return of the Jedi*

Professional Editor: Shawna McCarthy

Professional Artist: Michael Whelan

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

Fanzine: *File 770* (Mike Glyer, ed.)

Fan Writer: Mike Glyer

Fan Artist: Alexis Gilliland

Campbell Award: R.A. MacAvoy

Special Award: Larry T. Shaw for lifetime achievement as a science fiction editor

Special Award: Robert Bloch for fifty years as a science fiction professional

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

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

Fanzine: *File 770* (Mike Glyer, ed.)

Fan Writer: Dave Langford

Fan Artist: Alexis Gilliland

Campbell Award: Lucius Shepard

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 (declined by Lester del Rey)

Professional Artist: Michael Whelan

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

Fanzine: *Lan's Lantern* (George Laskowski, ed.)

Fan Writer: Mike Glycer

Fan Artist: Joan Hanke-Woods

Campbell Award: Melissa Scott

1987

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

Novella: "Gilgamesh in the Outback" by Robert Silverberg

Novelette: "Permafrost" by Roger Zelazny

Short Story: "Tangents" by Greg Bear

Non-Fiction Book: *Trillion Year Spree* by Brian Aldiss and David Wingrove

Dramatic Presentation: *Aliens*

Professional Editor: Terry Carr

Professional Artist: Jim Burns

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

Fanzine: *Ansible* (Dave Langford, ed.)

Fan Writer: Dave Langford

Fan Artist: Brad Foster

Campbell Award: Karen Joy Fowler

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

Other Forms: *Watchmen* by Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons

Dramatic Presentation: *The Princess Bride*

Professional Editor: Gardner Dozois

Professional Artist: Michael Whelan

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

Fanzine: *Texas SF Inquirer* (Pat Mueller, ed.)

Fan Writer: Mike Glycer

Fan Artist: Brad Foster

Campbell Award: Judith Moffett

Special Award: The SF Oral History Association

1989

Novel: *Cyteen* by C.J. Cherryh

Novella: "The Last of the Winnebagos" by Connie Willis

Novelette: "Schrodinger'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

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

Fanzine: *File 770* (Mike Glycer, ed.)

Fan Writer: Dave Langford

Fan Artist: Brad Foster and Diana Gallagher Wu (tie)

Campbell Award: Michaela Roessner

Special Award: *SF-Lovers Digest* for pioneering the use of computer bulletin boards in fandom

Special Award: Alex Schomburg for lifetime achievement in science fiction art

1990

Novel: *Hyperion* by Dan Simmons

Novella: "The Mountains of Mourning" by Lois McMaster Bujold

Novelette: "Enter a Soldier. Later: Enter Another" by Robert Silverberg

Short Story: "Boobs" by Susy McKee Charnas

Non-Fiction Book: *The World Beyond the Hill* by Alexei and Cory Panshin

Dramatic Presentation: *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*

Professional Editor: Gardner Dozois

Professional Artist: Don Maitz

Original Artwork: cover of *Rimrunners* by Don Maitz

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

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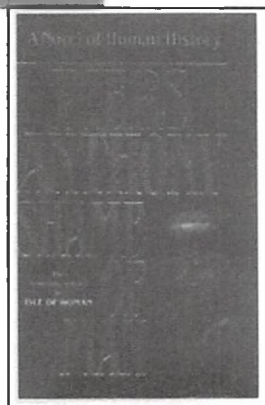
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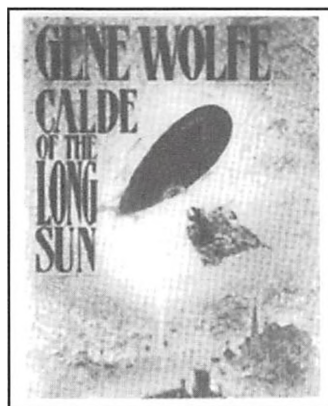
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Fanzine: *The Mad 3 Party*
(Leslie Turek, ed.)
Fan Writer: Dave Langford
Fan Artist: Stu Shiffman
Campbell Award: Kristine
Kathryn Rusch

1991

Novel: *The Vor Game* by Lois
McMaster Bujold
Novella: "The Hemingway
Hoax" by Joe Haldeman
Novelette: "The Manamouki"
by Mike Resnick
Short Story: "Bears Discover
Fire" by Terry Bisson
Non-Fiction Book: *How to
Write Science Fiction and
Fantasy* by Orson Scott
Card
Dramatic Presentation:
Edward Scissorhands
Professional Editor: Gardner
Dozois
Professional Artist: Michael
Whelan
Semiprozine: *Locus* (Charles N.
Brown, ed.)
Fanzine: *Lan's Lantern* (George
Laskowski, ed.)
Fan Writer: Dave Langford
Fan Artist: Teddy Harvia
Campbell Award: Julia Ecklar
Special Award: Andrew I.
Porter for many years of
excellence in editing *SF
Chronicle*
Special Award: Elst Weinstein
for starting up and
continuing the Hogus

1992

Novel: *Barrayar* by Lois
McMaster Bujold
Novella: "Beggars in Spain" by
Nancy Kress

Novelette: "Gold" by Isaac
Asimov
Short Story: "A Walk in the
Sun" by Geoffrey A. Landis
Non-Fiction Book: *The World
of Charles Addams* by
Charles Addams
Dramatic Presentation:
Terminator 2
Professional Editor: Gardner
Dozois
Professional Artist: Michael
Whelan
Original Artwork: cover of *The
Summer Queen* by Michael
Whelan
Semiprozine: *Locus* (Charles N.
Brown, ed.)
Fanzine: *Mimosa* (Dick and
Nicki Lynch, eds.)
Fan Writer: Dave Langford
Fan Artist: Brad W. Foster
Campbell Award: Ted Chiang

1993

Novel: *A Fire Upon the Deep* by
Vernor Vinge and
Doomsday Book by Connie
Willis (tie)
Novella: "Barnacle Bill the
Spacer" by Lucius Shepard

Novelette: "The Nutcracker
Coup" by Janet Kagan
Short Story: "Even the Queen"
by Connie Willis
Non-Fiction Book: *A Wealth of
Fable: An informal history of
science fiction fandom in the
1950s* by Harry Warner, Jr.
Dramatic Presentation: "The
Inner Light" (*Star Trek: The
Next Generation*)
Professional Editor: Gardner
Dozois
Professional Artist: Don Maitz
Original Artwork: *Dinotopia*
by James Gurney
Semiprozine: *Science Fiction
Chronicle* (Andrew Porter, ed.)
Fanzine: *Mimosa* (Dick and
Nicki Lynch, eds.)
Fan Writer: Dave Langford
Fan Artist: Peggy Ranson
Campbell Award: Laura
Resnick
Special Committee Award:
Takumi Shibano for building
bridges between cultures and
nations to advance science
fiction and fantasy.





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CONSTITUTION

of the World Science Fiction Society, September 1993

Article I - Name, Objectives, Membership, and Organization

Section 1.1: The name of this organization shall be the World Science Fiction Society, hereinafter referred to as WSFS or the Society.

Section 1.2: WSFS is an unincorporated literary society whose functions are:

- 1.2.1. To choose the recipients of the annual Hugo Awards (Science Fiction Achievement Awards).
- 1.2.2. To choose the locations and Committees for the annual World Science Fiction Conventions (hereinafter referred to as Worldcons).
- 1.2.3. To attend those Worldcons.
- 1.2.4. To choose the locations and Committees for the occasional North American Science Fiction Conventions (hereinafter referred to as NASFiCs).
- 1.2.5. To perform such other activities as may be necessary or incidental to the above purposes.

Section 1.3: 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 Protection Committee and all other agencies of the Society but not convention bidding or operating committees.

Section 1.4: 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 1.5:

- 1.5.1. 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.
- 1.5.2. 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 two (2) times the voting fee and not exceed the difference between the voting fee and the fee for new attending members.
- 1.5.3. 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.
- 1.5.4. 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.
- 1.5.5. Any member of the Society shall have the right, under reasonable conditions, to examine the financial records and books of account of the current Worldcon Committee, all future selected Worldcon Committees, and the two immediately preceding Worldcon Committees.

Section 1.6: 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 1.7: Every Worldcon Committee shall include the following notice in each of its publications:

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

Section 1.8: 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. 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.

Article II - Hugo Awards

Section 2.1: Introduction. Selection of the Hugo Awards shall be made as provided in this Article.

Section 2.2: Categories.

2.2.1: 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 for 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.

2.2.2: 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.

2.2.3: 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.

2.2.4: 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.

2.2.5: Best Non-Fiction Book. Any non-fictional work whose subject is the field of science fiction, fantasy, or fandom appearing for the first time in book form during the previous calendar year.

2.2.6: 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).

2.2.7: 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.

2.2.8: 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.

2.2.9: Best Original Artwork. Any original piece of science fiction or fantasy artwork first published during the previous calendar year.

2.2.10: 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.

2.2.11: 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.

2.2.12: Best Fan Writer. Any person whose writing has appeared in semiprozines or fanzines or in generally available electronic media during the previous calendar year.

2.2.13: 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.

2.2.14: 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 paragraph shall be considered to be Hugo Awards.

Section 2.3: 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 2.4: 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 2.5: "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 (excluding those cast for "No Award" in first place) is less than twenty-five percent (25%) of the total number of final Award ballots received.

Section 2.6: 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 as of January 31 of the current calendar year shall be allowed to make five (5) equally weighted nominations in every category. The Committee shall include with each nomination ballot a copy of Article 2 of the WSFS Constitution. 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 2.7: 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 2.8: 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.

GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS!!!

**A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away...
No, wait, that's been done to death.**

For the past few years the valiant fen from St. Louis (and the surrounding counties) have trekked across the Northern Hemisphere drumming up support for our bid for the Worldcon - StLouiscon II. We've told you about our facilities, our city, our attractions, fiscal responsibility, and our local cons. We've mapped the city's restaurants (from the 5-star Tony's to the 5-Tums White Castle), we've plied you with chocolate and other edibles (and chocolate) and beverages (and chocolate). Now, all we're asking is for your ultimate support - your vote.

Obviously, we've worked long and hard to bring the bid to you, and plan to work even harder to bring you the meaty, beefy, big, and bouncy convention you want a Worldcon to be. The New Spirit of St. Louis lives. So meet us in St. Louie, Louie.

Your Bid Committee

Michelle Zellich

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

Rich Zellich

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

Les Haven

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

VOTE - ST. LOUIS IN '97

St. Louis in '97 Worldcon Bid Committee

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

(314) FAN-3026

Worldcon is a service mark of the World Science Fiction Society, an unincorporated literary society, the State of Missouri says "St. Louis" belongs to the City of St. Louis, and most of the rest of the preceding words were plagiarized from Webster's II New Riverside University Dictionary by Michelle Zellich. Artwork by Jon "Mr. Wonderful" Stadter.

$$E=MC^2$$

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

SAINT LOUIS CON 2

IT ALL
ADDS UP!

$$E = mc^2$$

E = Everything under
one roof

m = Midwestern hospit-
ality

c = Convention exper-
ience

c = Centrally located

It's ONLY SMART
TO VOTE

St Louis in '97!

I POUNDED
CHOCOLATE
IN
ST. LOUIS

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

CAPTAIN
KANGAROO
HAS A NOBEL
PRIZE?

STADLER '94

Section 2.9: Tallying.

2.9.1: Counting of all votes shall be the responsibility of the Worldcon Committee, which is responsible for all matters concerning the Awards.

2.9.2: 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.

2.9.3: After a tentative winner is determined, then unless "No Award" shall be the winner, the following additional test shall be made. If the number of ballots containing votes listing "No Award" higher than the tentative winner plus the number of ballots listing "No Award" but not the tentative winner is greater than the number of ballots listing the tentative winner higher than "No Award" plus the number of ballots listing the tentative winner but not "No Award", then "No Award" shall be declared the winner of the election.

2.9.4: 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 2.10: 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 3.1: 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 Section 2.9. 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 3.2: Voting 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. "No Preference" ballots may be cast by corporations, associations, and other non-human or artificial entities. "Guest of" memberships must be transferred to individual natural persons before being cast for other than "No Preference", with such transfers accepted by the administering convention.

Section 3.3: 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 3.4: 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 and shall be the equivalent of "No Award" with respect to Section 2.9. 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 3.5: 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. For both Worldcon and NASFiC bids, 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 180 days prior to the official opening of the administering convention.

Section 3.6: To ensure equitable distribution of sites, North America is divided into three (3) regions as follows:

3.6.1: Western. Baja California, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Saskatchewan, and all states, provinces, and territories westward including Hawaii, Alaska, the Yukon, and the Northwest Territories.

3.6.2: Central. Central America, the islands of the Caribbean, Mexico (except as above), and all states, provinces, and territories between the Western and Eastern regions.

3.6.3: Eastern. Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Quebec, and all states, provinces, and territories eastward including the District of Columbia, St. Pierre et Miquelon, Bermuda, and the Bahamas.

Section 3.7: 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 3.8: 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:

3.8.1: Voting shall be by written ballot administered by the following year's Worldcon, if there is no NASFiC in that year, or by the following year's NASFiC, if there is one, with ballots cast at the administering convention or by mail, and with only members of the administering convention allowed to vote.

3.8.2: Bids are restricted to sites in the appropriate region.

3.8.3: The proposed NASFiC voting fee can be set by unanimous agreement of the prospective candidates that file with the administering Committee.

3.8.4: If "None of the Above" wins on the first ballot, then no NASFiC shall be held and all voting fees shall be refunded.

Section 3.9: Each Worldcon Committee shall provide a reasonable opportunity for *bonafide* bidding committees for the Worldcon to be selected one year hence to make presentations.

Section 3.10: 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 - Powers of the Business Meeting

Section 4.1: 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.

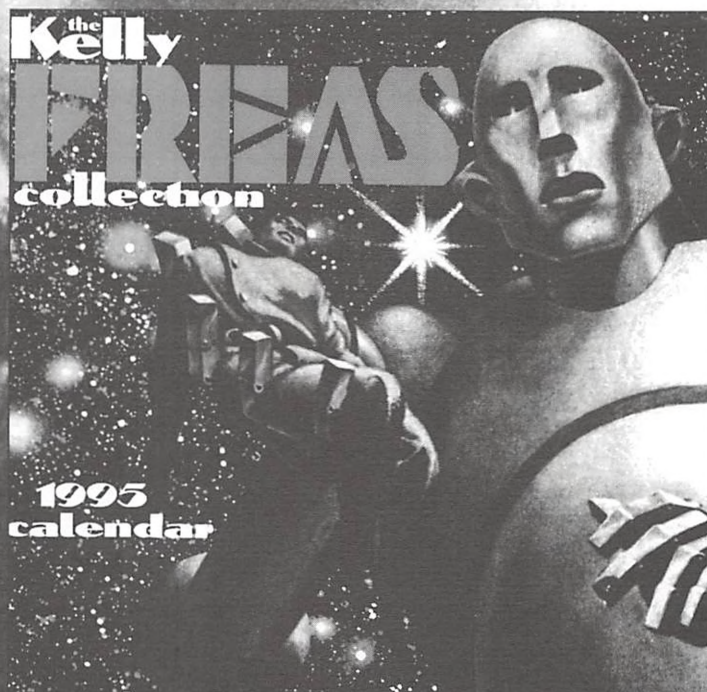
Section 4.2: Each future selected Worldcon Committee shall designate an official representative to the Business Meeting to answer questions about their Worldcon.

Section 4.3: 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.

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LONGMEADOW
P R E S S

Section 4.4: There shall be a Mark Protection Committee of WSFS. The Mark 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 Section 3.6. 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.

Section 4.5:

4.5.1: The Mark Protection Committee shall be responsible for registration and protection of the marks used by or under the authority of WSFS.

4.5.2: The Mark 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.

4.5.3: There will be a meeting of the Mark Protection Committee at each Worldcon after the end of the Business Meeting, at a time and place announced at the Business Meeting.

4.5.4: The Mark Protection Committee shall determine and elect its own officers.

Article V - Constitution

Section 5.1: 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 5.2: In all matters arising under this Constitution, only natural persons may introduce business, nominate, or vote, except as specifically provided otherwise in this Constitution. No person may cast more than one vote on any issue or more than one ballot in any election. This shall not be interpreted to prohibit delivery of ballots cast by other eligible voters.

Section 5.3: The WSFS Constitution may be amended by a motion passed by a simple majority at any Business Meeting but only to the extent that such motion is ratified by a simple majority at the Business Meeting of the subsequent Worldcon.

Section 5.4: 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 5.5: Within two (2) months after the end of each Worldcon, the Business Meeting staff shall send a copy of all changes to the Constitution and Standing Rules, and all items awaiting ratification, to the next Worldcon Committee.

Section 5.6: 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 to all WSFS members at a point between nine and three months prior to the Worldcon, 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:**

John R. Lorentz
Chairman

1993 WSFS Business Meeting

David D. Levine
Secretary

You thought we were kidding, didn't you?
 You read our ad in the ConFrancisco book and you thought it was a joke!
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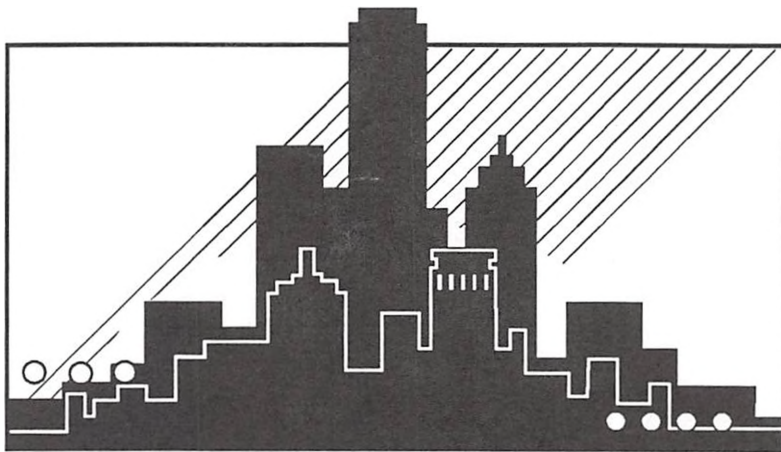
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 and KEVIN STANDLEE as the Beaver



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 “lay on the 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:**
- 3.1:** Nominations from the floor for election to the Mark Protection Committee shall be allowed at each Preliminary Business Meeting. To be listed on the ballot, nominees must, before the end of the last Preliminary Business Meeting or such later deadline as the Secretary may specify, submit to the Presiding Officer, in writing, their consent and regions of residence.
- 3.2:** Elections to the Mark 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 regions of residence before the ballots are collected shall be ignored. The ballot shall list, with the nominees, their regions of residence and shall omit all nominees who can not be elected due to the regional residence restrictions in the Constitution. In interpreting said regional residence restrictions, members of the Committee shall represent their region 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.”
- 3.3:** 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 region’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:** Two hundred (200) 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 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, to any positive whole number of minutes, 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 under Rule 7.
- 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 an opinion of the effect of a motion or for 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 other parts of the Constitution or Standing Rules, in amendments thereto, are for the sake of easy reference only. Changes in the enumeration of Articles, Sections, Rules, and parts thereof and correct insertions, deletions, renumbering, and changes to internal cross references, when required by adopted amendments, will be provided by the Secretary of the Business Meeting in the Constitution, Standing Rules, and Business Passed On certified to the next Worldcon. Therefore, motions from the floor to renumber or correct citations, because of an adopted amendment, will not be in order. Unless otherwise ordered by the Business Meeting, the Secretary will adjust any other provision of the Constitution and Standing Rules equally affected by an amendment to the Constitution, and will adjust any other provision 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 or rescinded by a motion from the floor of any Business Meeting made by any WSFS member and adopted by majority vote of the Business Meeting. An amendment to the Standing Rules shall be effective immediately after the end of the Business Meeting at which it was passed.

Rule 21: Before voting on a motion to call the question, the presiding officer shall, without debate, ask for a show of hands of those persons wishing to speak on the matter under consideration.

Rule 22: All committees are authorized to organize themselves in any lawful manner and to adopt rules for the conduct of their business, which may include mail ballots, subject to any contrary provisions of the Constitution, the Standing Rules, or the instructions of the Society.

The above copy of the Standing Rules for the Governance of the WSFS Business Meeting is hereby Certified to be True, Correct, and Complete:

John R. Lorentz
Chairman

1993 WSFS Business Meeting

David D. Levine
Secretary



Business Passed On to ConAdian

Items 1 through 3 below have been given first passage, and will become part of the Constitution if ratified at ConAdian.

Item 1: Short Title: Retro-Hugos

MOVED, to amend Article II, Hugo Awards, of the WSFS Constitution, by adding:

"Section 2.11: Retrospective Hugos. A Worldcon held 50, 75, or 100 years after a Worldcon at which no Hugos were presented may conduct nominations and elections for Hugos which would have been presented at that previous Worldcon.

"Procedures shall be as for the current Hugos. Categories receiving insignificant numbers of nominations may be dropped.

"Once retrospective Hugos have been awarded for a Worldcon, no other Worldcon shall present retrospective Hugos for that Worldcon."

This motion would allow a Worldcon held 50, 75, or 100 years after 1939, 1940, 1941, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, or 1954 to award retrospective Hugos for that earlier year, provided that no previous Worldcon has awarded retrospective Hugos for that year.

Item 2: Short Title: Modify NASFiC Provisions

MOVED, to change section 3.8.4 of the WSFS Constitution to:

"3.8.4: If "None of the Above" wins, or if no eligible bid files by the deadline, then no NASFiC shall be held and any voting fees collected for the NASFiC shall be refunded by the administering convention without undue delay."

Broken Moon Press congratulates

Jack Cady

author of

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(World Fantasy Award winner)

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on his

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CADY

INAGEHI



Jack Cady

This motion is in line with recent changes to make it easier for No Award to win the Hugos. If the majority of the voters don't like any of the NASFiC bidders or there are no eligible bids, it would not be necessary for the Business Meeting to pick a NASFiC site.

Item 3: Short Title: Modification of Campbell Award

MOVED, to amend section 2.6 of the WSFS Constitution by striking out "John W. Campbell Memorial Award for Best New Writer" and inserting "John W. Campbell Award for Best New Science Fiction Writer."

This change reflects the wishes of the sponsor of the Campbell Award, Dell Publications. It has no impact on the eligibility rules.

Item 4: Report of the WSFS Mark Protection Committee

See the World Science Fiction Society Constitution, Sections 4.4 and 4.5.

Officers: Donald Eastlake (Chairman), Scott Dennis (Treasurer), George Flynn (Secretary)

Membership: elected until ConAdian: Scott Dennis, Donald Eastlake, Ben Yalow; elected until Intersection: Tim Illingworth, John Lorentz, Bruce Pelz; elected until L.A.con III: Gary Feldbaum, Stephen Boucher, Sue Francis. Worldcon appointees: Tom Veal (MagiCon), Kevin Standlee (ConFrancisco), Linda Ross-Mansfield (ConAdian), Paul Dorman (Intersection), TBA (L.A.con III); NASFiC appointees: Don Cook (DragonCon).

Postal address: P. O. Box 1270, Kendall Square Station, Cambridge, MA 02142, USA.

Email: dee@ranger.enet.dec.com

If you would like to report an apparent infringement on WSFS marks, please write to the committee.

Item 5: 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 has submitted reports to each Business Meeting since and was in each case continued to report to the next Business Meeting.

Chairman: Donald E. Eastlake, III.

Postal address: P. O. Box N, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, MA 02139, USA.

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Item 6: Report of the Worldcon Runner's Guide Editorial Committee

This committee was established by the 1989 WSFS Business Meeting, and has been continued ever since. A new edition was submitted at the 1993 Business Meeting; copies are available for \$12.00 from Ross Pavlac, P.O. Box 816, Evanston, IL 60204.

Item 7: Worldcon Reports

Items 7.A through 7.E can occur at any session of the Business Meeting.

Items 7.F through 7.I will be at the Site Selection session.

7.A Financial report by MagiCon.

7.B Financial report by ConFrancisco.

7.C Financial report by ConAdian.

7.D Financial report by Intersection (may be combined with 7.G).

7.E Financial report by L.A.con III (may be combined with 7.H).

7.F Report of the 1997 site selection and presentation by the winner.

7.G Presentation by, and Question Time for, Intersection.

7.H Presentation by, and Question Time for, L.A.con III.

7.I Presentation by 1998 candidates (time permitting).

**The above copy of the Business Passed On to ConAdian
is hereby Certified to be True, Correct, and Complete:**

John R. Lorentz
Chairman

1993 WSFS Business Meeting

David D. Levine
Secretary

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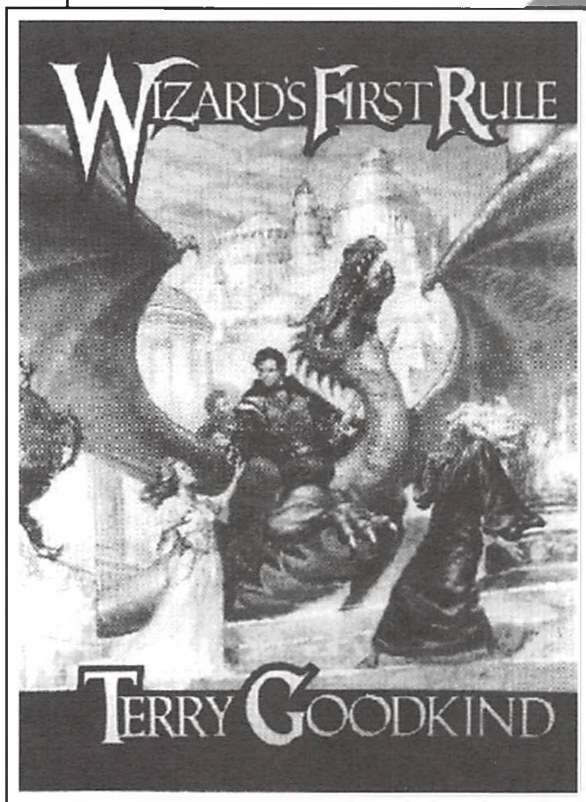
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A01762	Abram, Steven	A02765	Anderson, Janice Linnea	A01842	Baddorf, Debra	A01878	Bartrop, Richard
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A01778	Aiken, Fred	A03892	Arnold, Thomas	A02865	Ball, Teresa	S01891	Beasley, Sally
A01779	Aiken, Nanette Ann	A02981	Arnush, Craig	A02475	Ballan, Beverlee	A01892	Beatman, Howard G.
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A03439	Akers, Brian	A01815	Aronovitz, Nancy	A01859	Bandit Gangwere, Don	A00021	Beaulieu, Suzanne
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A01784	Allen, Duncan W.	A01821	Asplund-Faith, Randy	A01865	Barbour, Garth	A01899	Beers, Jinx
A01785	Allen, Kurt A	A01822	Asscherick, Agnes	S01866	Barcelo, Miguel	A02847	Beesley-Hawkins, Marie-Louise
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A01787	Allen, Zoanne	N04044	Astrophe, Trevor	A01867	Bard, Barry	S01901	Behrs, Lynn P.
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A01915	Berry, David	A03928	Bowler, Richard	S01991	Bruton, Heather	A03522	Carpentier, Paul M.
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A03009	Bishop, William J	A01969	Bretney, Richard D.	A02006	Bynum, Frank	N03843	Cassanos, Felicia
A02762	Bitney, Katharine	N04094	Brewer-Fedun, Brenda	S02007	Byrd, Brent A.	S02798	Cassano, Renita
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A02068	Chapman, Ralph E	A02815	Cohen, Jack	S02144	Coulson, Juanita R.	S02182	Davis, Avery
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S02071	Chernoff, Anton	A02111	Cole, Anita L.	S02150	Cox, Sylvia	S03754	Davis, Randy
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A02077	Christmas, Robert	A03368	Collett, Jackie	S03848	Croft, Andy	A04109	Debusschere, Brian
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A02082	Cibulskis, Walter D.	A03257	Collins, Chuck	A01422	Ctein,	A02793	Dela Cruz, Dawne
A02083	Cipra, Carl L.	A02121	Collins, Gerald L.	S02160	Cummins, Carl	A02194	Delaplace, Barbara M.
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A04235	Clarke, Charles	A02930	Connor, Susan	A03964	Cutler, Bill	A03087	Denebeim, Jay
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A03356	Greene, Wendy	A02501	Hall, Cris	A03063	Hartwell, David G	A00313	Hensley, Teresa
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A00201	Grillot, Joseph	A00240	Hamilton, Nora	A02727	Hawkner, Thraicie	A00197	Herrick, W.J.
S00202	Grimes-Tenner, Thea	A02874	Hamman, Roswitha	A04205	Hay, James	A04067	Herring, Douglas
S00203	Grimm, Michael	A02450	Hammell, Tim	A02938	Hayashida, Shigeru	A03919	Herrinton, David
A03463	Grineau, Joel	A03746	Hammond, Barry R	A00287	Hayden, Peter	A00317	Herrup, Mark
A00204	Groat, Jim	A00241	Hanchar, Janice	A00288	Hayes, Barbara	A00318	Herschler, Philip
A00205	Grosko, Jr, Stephen J.	A00242	Hanchar, Steve	A00289	Hayes, Duane	S03628	Hertel, Elisa
A00206	Gross, Merryll	A00025	Hanchuk, Michael	A00290	Hayes, Lisa	S03627	Hertel, Mark
A00207	Gross, Randal	A00243	Hancock, D. Larry	A03432	Hayes, Nancy	S00319	Hertz, John F.
A00208	Gross, PhD, Elizabeth L.	A00244	Hancock, Jody Dix M	A00757	Hayman, Dave	S00320	Hertzoff, Hilary
A03029	Grubb, Michael L	S00245	Hanlon, Thomas Lee	S00291	Hayman, Donald Morell	A00321	Herz, Melanie
A00209	Gruen, Richard	S00246	Hanlon, Thomas R.	A00755	Hayman, Judith	A00322	Herz, Roberta
S00977	Grumer, Avram	A03205	Hanna, Michael	A03486	Hayward, Amber	A00323	Hetherington, Janet
S00210	Grummett, Dawn	A00247	Hannas, James R.	A02832	Hayward, David	S03714	Heuer, Alan D
A04266	Grundy, Shelley	A00248	Hansen, Marcie	A02831	Hayward, Gina	A00324	Hewitt, Marylou
S00211	Grueter, Oliver	S00249	Hanson-Roberts, Mary	S00292	Headley-Moriarty, Beverly	S00325	Hickman, Carolyn
A03981	Gueck, Lance	S00250	Haracz, Geraldine			A00326	Hickman, Gene
A00212	Gugler, Jeanette	A00251	Harbaugh, Christina B.	A00293	Heaton, Caroline J.	S00327	Hickman, Lynn
A00213	Guidry, John H.	A03991	Harborne, David	S00294	Heazlitt, Jack	A02982	Hicks, Suzanne
A03383	Guilford, Susan	S03850	Harding, Ms SE	S00295	Hebel, Mike	A03133	Hideshima, Mikiko

A03730	Hiebert, Eugene	N03786	Honigsberg, Alexandra	A02556	Huff, Tom	A03342	Hyde, Katie
A00328	Higgins, Barbara	A01161	Honigsberg, David	S00380	Huffman, Elizabeth A.	A03341	Hyde, Stan G
A02669	Higginson, Frances	S00361	Hood, Norman	A00381	Hughes, C.	A02778	Hyltun, Joey-Jayne
S00329	Higgins, William	S03189	Hooper, Ken	S00382	Hughes, Diane	A02770	Hyman, Anita
A03758	Higuchi, Raku	S00362	Hoover, Charlotte	A02817	Hughes, Marian	A00396	Hyman, Sara
A00330	Hildebrandt, Kathleen	S00363	Hoover, Joel	A02688	Hughes, Monica	A03265	Hypher, Louise C
A02477	Hildebrand, Patricia	A00364	Hopfner, John	A03290	Hughes, Rachel	S02512	Ibbs, T
A03970	Hildebrand-Burns, Stephen	A02936	Hopkins, Priscilla	A03591	Hull, Dr. James P	S00397	Igasaki, David K.
A03971	Hildebrand-Burns, Sue-Ryn	A03984	Horne, Eugina	A00383	Hull, Elizabeth Anne	A00398	Illingworth, Tim
A04027	Hilderbrand, Myles	A03130	Hortman, Jean E	S00384	Hull, Mathew G.	A02444	Imes, Scott
A00331	Hilgartner, MD, C. Andrew	N03687	Horvath, Gillian	A02935	Hulse, Charles	S00399	in't Veld, Robert
A02611	Hill, Betsy	A00365	Horvitz, Tom	A00385	Hummel, Franklin	A03555	Ing, Annette
A02731	Hill, Christina	S00366	Hosea, Glenn	A03276	Humphrey, Aaron	A00400	Inkpen, Carol Ann
A00332	Hill, Richard	A00367	Hosea, Glenn	A03277	Humphrey, Nicole	A01801	Innes, Kim Ann
A02610	Hill, Wesley	A00369	Houseman, Doug	A00386	Humphrey, Thomas	A03077	Inoue, Hiroaki
A00333	Hillis, Robert	A00368	Hovde, Signe	S01313	Humphries, Julie	A03078	Inoue, Tamie
A00026	Hillstrom, Dan	A03453	Howard, A. Kimble	S00387	Humphries, William E.	S03630	Insinga, Aron K
A03415	Himelstein, Marli	S00370	Howard, Catherine E.	S00388	Hunger, Jamie R.	S03629	Insinga, Merle S
A00334	Himmelsbach, Robert M.	A02542	Howard, Dennis D	A00389	Hunger, Martin	A00401	Insley, Peter W.
S00335	Hina, Holly	A00371	Howard, Geri	S00390	Hunt, Deborah L.	S00402	Inzer, George
S00336	Hinchliffe, C. KAY	A03092	Howlett, Craig	A02748	Hurdis, Lynda	S03002	Isaac, Julie
A00337	Hinds, Deidre	S03370	Howlett, Winston	A00391	Hurley, Brian X.	S00403	Isaacs, Fred P.
S00338	Hines, Julia	S03308	Hoynowski, Charles	A00392	Hurst, David	A00404	Iwatake, Roy
A00339	Hinz, Colin	A00372	Huber, Charles	A00393	Hurst, David	A00405	Iyama, Tina
S03659	HIP, SAMUEL S.	A00373	Huckelbery, Timothy L.	N04154	Huston, John	C00546	Iyama-Kurtycz, David
A00340	Hipp, Scott	A00374	Huckle, Cynthia	A04010	Hutchings, L	C00547	Iyama-Kurtycz, Jonathan
A03354	Hiramoto, Miho	A00375	Hudes, Dana	A00394	Hutnik, Edward	A00406	Jackel, Cath
S00341	Hirsh, Irwin	A00376	Hudson, Jim	A00395	Hutson, Melinda	A00407	Jackowski, Annmarie
A00342	Hisle, Debra	A03842	Hudson, Sheila	A04186	Hutter, Richard	A00408	Jackowski, Walter
A00343	Hisle Jr, James M	S00377	Hudson, Steven	A03409	Hutton, Don	A02959	Jackson, Kathryn
A00344	Hitchcock, Charles J.	A00378	Hudson, Timothy L.	A03534	Huych, Michael J.	A02673	Jackson, Lorette
C03898	Hitchings, Kalvin	A00379	Huebner, Kenneth	A03887	Huyghebaert, Tom		
A03176	Hoare, Jean						
A00345	Hoare, Martin						
A03134	Hodgell, P C						
A00346	Hodgkinson, Debbie						
A00347	Hoey, Daniel J.						
A00348	Hoffman, James A.						
A02796	Hoffman, Linda						
A03199	Hoffman, W Randy						
A00349	Hofmann, Matthias						
S00350	Hofstetter, Betty Joan						
A04220	Hogan, Eileen						
S00688	Hohnadel, Guest of Steve						
A02694	Hohnadel, Laurie						
A03036	Hoie, Tore Audun						
S00351	Hoka, Sherlock						
A00352	Holanik, Suan						
A03622	Holbrook, Bernard						
A00353	Holden, Elizabeth						
A00354	Holik, Ronald F.						
A04077	Holland, Debbie						
A03870	Holland, John E						
A00355	Hollis, John A. R.						
A03155	Holly, Robin F						
A02551	Holmes, Annabelle						
A02550	Holmes, Chris						
A03291	Holmes, Jean M						
A00356	Holt, Melissa						
A03914	Holt, Tyrone						
A00357	Holtman, David						
A00358	Honeck, Butch						
A00359	Honeck, Susan						
S00360	Hong, Mary Ann						

VALLEYCON 19

Science Fiction & Fantasy Convention

October 28-30, 1994

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A00413	Jaffe, Saul	A02479	Jones, Terry J		Brodian	A02461	Knabbe, Kenneth
S00414	Jahr, Ruby J.	S00444	Jones, Wayne H.	A02682	Kemp, Douglas	A03107	Knapp, Susan
A03889	James, Maureen	A03520	Jones, William	A02970	Kemper, Bart	A02677	Knaver, Mike
S00415	James, Patricia	A04131	Jones, William	S00483	Kemper, Dale L.	A03891	Knight, David
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A00418	Jarog, Dennis S.	A00447	Josenhans, Ken	A04019	Kennedy, Georgeanne	A02729	Kobe, Elizabeth "A"
A00419	Jarrell, Ronald	S00448	Joyner, Rex	A04020	Kennedy, Geoffrey	A03208	Kobe, Elizabeth E
A00420	Jarvis, Athena Louise	A00449	Juhase, Cheryl	S00485	Kennedy, Michael D.	A00516	Kobee, Richard
A02823	Jarvis, June A.	A04117	Julian, Astrid	S00486	Kennedy, Nelda	A00517	Kobee, Sally
A03966	Jarvis, Noel	A00450	Julian, Caroline		Kathleen	A00515	Kobie, Raymond
A00421	Jarvis, Peter Robert	A03515	Julian, Hubert	S00487	Kennedy, Patrick M.	S00518	Koch, Irvin M.
A03965	Jarvis, Robert	A04123	Julian, Josef	A00488	Kennedy, Peggy	A04198	Kohan, Angela
A03757	Jasany, Susan	C04124	Julian, Max	A03245	Kennedy, Peggie	A04199	Kohan, Guest of angela
A03238	Jason, Ben	A03249	Junkala, Julia	A00489	Kensley, Leamber	A03875	Kohler, Alice
A03442	Jeffers, Tom	A00451	Juozenas, Guest Of Joan		Raven	A02676	Kohne, Mike
S00422	Jencevice, Linda F.	A00452	Juozenas, Joan G.	A00490	Kent, Allan	A02685	Kohut, Arron
S00423	Jencevice, Michael A.	S02560	Kabutogei, Reigo	A03537	Kent, Bryon	S00519	Koja, Kathe
A03605	Jensen, Barb	A00453	Kaden, Cris	S03369	Kent jr., Jack	A03904	Konkin, Samuel
S00424	Jensen, Bruce A.	A00454	Kaden, Neil E.	A00491	Kerr, Jon S.	A00520	Konkol, Kenneth R.
S03084	Jensen, Jeff	A02969	Kadlecek, Dave	S00492	Kerrigan, Michael	A00521	Konoya, Hiroshi
S00425	Jensen, Kitty	A00455	Kafka, Anita	A03760	Keslering, Timothy S	A03285	Kontak, Douglas A
S03083	Jensen, Rebekah	A03347	Kahn, Laurie	S00028	Ketter, Greg	S00522	Koon, Craig D.
A00426	Jensen, William J.	S00456	Kahn, Meryl	S02827	Khalidi, Nadim	A03261	Kopinsky, Friend of
A03056	Jepson, Katherine	A00457	Kahn, Walter	A04004	Khattab, Debra Grace		Kathrine
A03055	Jepson, Kevin	A00458	Kaiser, Donald A.	S00493	Kidd, Virginia	A03260	Kopinsky, Katherine
A02919	Jepson, Laurel	A00459	Kalisz, Frank D.	A00159	Kiefer, Hope	A00523	Kordus, Louise J.
A02918	Jepson, Ross	A03693	Kallio, Koko	A03179	Kilpatrick, Nancy	A03298	Korn, Daniel M
S03023	Jeter, Geri	S00460	Kane, Le Ann	A00494	Kimbriel, Katharine	A03645	Kosiba, Deb
S03024	Jeter, K.W.	A00461	Kangas, Kevin		Eliska	N04098	Kosneluk, Gwenda
A00427	Jeude, Samantha B.	A00462	Kanter, Muriel W.	S00495	Kimbrough, Charles	N04097	Kosneluk, Ron
A00428	Jewel, Mary Jane	A02455	Kaplan, Gayle A	S00496	Kimpel, Joei	S03022	Kosta, Christopher
A03996	Jewell, Jane	S00463	Kappesser, Peter J.	S00497	Kindell, Judith	A00524	Kotkiewicz, Ronald A.
A03185	Johansen, Gordon	S00464	Kapustka, Jeff	S00498	Kindell, Robert	A02889	Kovac, Chris
A03269	Johanson, Karl	A00465	Kare, Jordin T.	A03405	Kindregan, Brian	A00526	Kovalcik, Jr, Richard
N03701	Johanson, Stephanie Ann	A00466	Kare (was Jackson),	A03404	Kindregan, Chiyo	A03593	Kowalski, Anna M
A03030	Johns, Jay		Mary Kay	A02674	Kindzierski, Jessica	A03621	Koziel, Susan
S03021	Johnson, Barbara N	A03495	Karp, Jeffery M.	C02505	King, Alex	A03597	Kozinski, Timothy
A00429	Johnson, Bill	C03571	Karp, Rachel	S00499	King, Anthony Scott	S00527	Kozora, Kathryn
A00027	Johnson, Carol	A03496	Karp, Sherry L.	A00500	King, Candis Gibbard	A02698	Kracik, Robert
S00430	Johnson, Connie	A00467	Karpierz, Joseph	A00501	King, Deborah A.	S00528	Kral, Douglas
A04267	Johnson, David A	A03468	Karpierz, Sharon	A04278	King, Julia	A03952	Kramer, David
A03393	Johnson, Diana	A03755	Karpierz, Stella	S00502	King, Robert C.	A00529	Kramer, Edward
S00431	Johnson, Donald Lloyd	S02950	Kashiwayi, Nozomi	A02541	King, Terry	A03951	Kramer, Susan
A00432	Johnson, Elizabeth N.	A02606	Kasmar, Gene	A00503	King, Trina E.	A03180	Krangle, Jodi
A04052	Johnson, Eliza	A02418	Kasprzak, James E	A00504	Kingsbury, Donald	S00530	Krause, Dina E. S.
S00433	Johnson, Frank	S00469	Katleman, David	A00505	Kinnard, Sandra L.	S00531	Krause, George
S00434	Johnson-Tate, Julee	A00470	Kato, Keith G.	A04277	Kirby, Douglas	A03797	Krauter, George
A03112	Johnson, Julie	A02791	Katz, Ken	A00824	Kirby, Regina	A03809	Krawetz, Bruce
A03614	Johnson, Karen	A03431	Katz, Sunshine	A03915	Kirby, Steve	A02891	Krebs, Kathryn
A03267	Johnson, Kathy	A00471	Katze, Rick	A04276	Kirby, Susan	A00532	Krentz, Bradley
A02558	Johnson, Robin G R	A00472	Kaveny, Philip	A03563	Kirchhoff, Evan	A00533	Krentz, Laura
A00435	Johnson, Todd	A03129	Kawai, Sayuri	A03266	Kirkpatrick, David	S00534	Krolak, Jack P.
S00436	Johnston, Eloise	A03128	Kawai, Yasuo	A03216	Kirkwood, Valerie	A00535	Krupp, Judith E.
A03624	Johnston, W.B.	A02939	Kawulok, Marion	A02637	Kirstein, Sabine	A00536	Krupp, Roy
A03992	Jonasson, Candace	A00473	Kaylor, Cheri	A03211	Kiser, Robert	C00537	Kruszynski, Dixon
A03521	Jones, guest of William	S00474	Keck, Melissa M.	A00506	Kitay, Michele A.	A00538	Kruszynski, Richard
A00437	Jones, Bonnie	A00475	Keesan, Morris M.	N04099	Klassen, Ed	A00539	Kucera, Thomas G.
C02481	Jones, Bryan C	S00476	Keith, Lorna	N04100	Klassen, Lana	A03756	Kucharik, Kay
N04092	Jones, D	S00477	Kelley, Karen	A02734	Klein, James F	A00746	Kugler, Karen
A00438	Jones, Deborah K.	A03137	Kelly, James Patrick	A00507	Klein, Jay Kay	A00540	Kullman, Fredda
S00439	Jones, Heather Rose	A03806	Kelly, Mark	A02926	Klein, Robert	A00541	Kullman, Thomas
A02852	Jones, Lance	A00478	Kelly, Miriam Winder	S00508	Klein-Lebbiuk, E.	A00542	Kulyk, Christine L
A00440	Jones, Lenore Jean	A00479	Kelly, Richard	A00509	Kliman, Lincoln	A02920	Kumming, Waldemar
A00441	Jones, Mark	A03529	Kelly, Susan M.	A03642	Kloempken, David	A00543	Kuns, Eddie

GAS WORLD



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A00544 Kunsman, Tom	A00564 Landan, DMD, Stephen R.	S02948 Laska, Alan David	A02706 Lee, Karen Dianne
A03057 Kurilecz, Diane	A02986 Lander, Cliff	A00578 Laskowski, Jr, George	A04008 Lee, Linda
A00545 Kurtycz, Daniel	A02987 Lander, Jean	A03162 Lasley, Stephanie	S00596 Lee, Michelle D.
A02665 Kurtz, Dorothy	A03198 Landis, Geoffrey	A00579 Lasne, Francois-Xavier	S00597 Lee, Peter E.
A03644 Kushner, Cherie E	A00565 Landis, Jim	A02536 Latone, Stephen	A00598 Lee, Steven
A00548 Kushner, David	A03650 Landis, Kathryn T	A00580 Lau, William	A03799 Lee, Tina
A03316 Kweeder, Jim	A02783 Landry, Paul	A03328 Lauderback, Dorothy Ann	A00599 Leeper, Evelyn C.
S00549 Kyle, Arthur	N03698 Landsberg, John	A03647 Lauderback, Laura A	A00600 Leeper, Mark
S00550 Kyle, David	A00566 Lane, Charles	A03294 Lauderback, Veronica	A00601 Leeson, Catherine
A02755 Kyle, David	A00567 Lane, Joyce	S00581 Laurent, Bob	A00602 Legrand, Alan
A03324 Kyoichiro Oki, Charlie	A00568 Lane, Timothy B.	S00582 Laviana, Donna L.	A00603 Leibowitz, Hope
A03566 La Rue, Keith D.	A00569 Langsam, Devra	S02689 Laviana, Donna	A00604 Leichel, John
A00551 Labelle, Philippe	Michele	A00583 Lawrence, Daniel	A02680 Leichel, Karey
A00552 Labonville, Suzanne	A03419 Langstaff, Jeffrey	A00584 Lawrence, Matt	A04275 Leifheit, Sharon
A00553 Laczko, Valerie A.	A03420 Langstaff, Lydia	A01957 Lawrence, Richard	S00605 Leigh, Denise Parsley
S00554 Laidlaw, Angus	A03776 LaPointe, Jean Paul	A01958 Lawrence, Victoria	S00606 Leigh, Stephen
C03372 Lake, Alison	A00570 Largent, Anthony	S00585 Lawson, Barbara	A02753 Leis, Sharyl
A02601 Lake, Chester H	A03972 Larkins, Leslie	A00586 Lay, Toni	A04149 Leith, Rena
A03382 Lake, Debby	S00571 Larsen, David R.	S00587 Layton, Alexis	A02696 Lenahan, Wayne
A00555 Lake, Lissanne	S04237 Larsen, Greg	A00588 Lazar, Judith Tockman	S00607 Leonard, Harry F.
C03371 Lake, Rebecca	S04189 Larsen, Linda	A00589 Lazzaro, Cynthia	A03178 Leong, Herbert
A02602 Lake, Virginia T	S00572 Larsen, Peter J.	A00590 Lazzaro, Joseph	A00608 Lepine, Ray
A03667 Laking, Victor	A00573 Larson, Aaron B.	S00591 Leach, Zanny	A00609 Lerner, Frederick
A02522 Lakomy, Gordon	C03743 Larson, Adam	A02822 Leavell, Jane A.	Andrew
A04013 LaLonde, Ken	A03174 Larson, Arlene	A00592 Leavy-Watts, Elizabeth	A02534 Lerner, Michael
S00556 Lalar, R. Michael	C03742 Larson, Audra	A00593 Leavy-Watts, Michael	A02445 Lessinger, Magie
S00557 Lamb, Colin	A00574 Larson, Carrie	A00594 Leblanc, Gail	A00610 Letson, Russell
S00558 Lamb, Gerald S.	A03414 Larson, Ronald A	A03278 LeBlanc, Rick	A02779 Lettau, Mike
S00559 Lamb, Margaret	A03292 Larson, Sheryl	A03473 Leblond, Roch	A03402 Letteney, Gerry
A00560 Lancaster, Richard E.	A00575 Larue, Candace	N04091 Lebovitz, Nancy	A03394 Letterman, Heather
S00561 Lance, Daniel R.	A03767 Larue, Justin	S00595 Lebowitz, Steven	A00611 Leung, Patsy
A00562 Landan, Joshua	A00576 Larue, Stephen	A02829 Lee, Dylan	A03783 Levia, Donna Lyn
A00563 Landan, Mrs. Stephen	S00577 Laska, Alan D.	S03707 Lee, Henry A	S03235 Levin, Debra

A00612	Levin, Jennifer Suzanne	A00650	Lorentz, John	A03168	MacKenna, Craig	A02850	Marquez, David S
S00613	Levin, Rebecca	A00651	Lorrah, Jean	A03169	MacKenna, Merikay	A02490	Marr, Leon T
A00614	Lewis, Alice	A00029	Lotz, Annette	A02754	MacKinnon, Michael	S00716	Marschak, Beth
A00615	Lewis, Anthony	A02572	Louie, Daniel Y	A02867	MacPherson, Robert A	A02482	Marschak, Beth
A00616	Lewis, Joanna L	A00652	Louie, Gary K.	A00683	MacRae, Laura	A00717	Marshall, Katharine E.
A02906	Lewis, Martin	S00653	Love, Spencer	A00684	Madden, James R.	A03247	Marshall, Keith
A03064	Lewis, Page	A02902	Lovely, Kim	C02437	Madden, Paul	A04182	Martens, Lisa
N04096	Lewis, Paul	A00654	Low, Danny	S00685	Madle, Billie	S00718	Martin, Darrell
A00617	Lewis, Suford	A03410	Lowachee, Karin	S00686	Madle, Robert A.	A00719	Martin, Diane M.
A03586	Li, Robert	A03181	Lowachee, Sharon	A00687	Mahaffey, Corinne	A00720	Martin, George E.
A03587	Li, Sylvia	S00655	Lowrey, Michael J.	A00092	Mahaffey, Corinne	A00721	Martin, George R. R.
A03296	Liang, Kuo-Yu	A03243	Lowrey, W Lee	A00093	Mahaffey, Corinne	A00722	Martin, Suzanne
A03490	Libby, John	A04244	Lowry, Geoff	A02903	Mahaffy, Laurie	A03638	Martin, Wendy
A02456	Liberman, Guest Of Ben	A03477	Lowry, Robert	A03516	Maheu, Vera	S00723	Martine, Victor C.
A00618	Liberman, Ben T.	A03478	Lowry, Rosa	A00689	Mahoney, MD, Russell	S00724	Martyn, Pascal P.
A00619	Lichtenberg, Jacqueline	A03585	Lucas, Brian	A03373	Mai, Bruce	A03518	Martz, Samia Raye
A00620	Lichtenberg, Salomon	A02420	Lucas, Dawn	A03374	Mai, Nora	A04134	Marusek, David
A00621	Lidral, Bob	A02980	Lucas, Eric	A00690	Mainhardt, Ricia	A03256	Marvig, Crystal
A02463	Lieberman, Daniel	A02419	Lucas, Jeff	S00691	Mainz, Frank	A02804	Marzi, Jurgen
S00622	Lieberman, Paula	A00656	Lucas, Kent	A03318	Maizels, John	A00725	Maslen, Shirley
S00623	Lieder, Rick	A02904	Lucas, Kim	A00692	Majerus, Laura	A02985	Mason, Kit
A00624	Lien, Anton	A02905	Lucas, Mike	A01504	Major, Fran	A00726	Mason, Michael
A02212	Liesemer, Phillip	A02434	Luce, Charlie	S00693	Major, Joseph T.	A04050	Mason, Phil
A00625	Lieven, Andre	A02435	Luce, Nicole	A00694	Mak, Christine	A03141	Massoglia, Alice
A03611	Lighon, Brenda M	S00829	Lucyshyn, P. Alex	A00695	Mak, Derwin	A03140	Massoglia, Marty
A03172	Lightsey, Ramal Micky	A00657	Lucyshyn, P. Alex	A02470	Maker, Ross W	S02684	Masters, April
S00626	Lillian, III, Guy H.	A03019	Ludwig, Gaye	S00696	Maki, Shinji	A03416	Matas, Carol
A00627	Lindboe, Wendy	N03879	Lum, Leslie	A03127	Malcolm, Edward	S03191	Mate, Greg
S00628	Lindow, Ellen C.	N03878	Lum, Trent	A03081	Malcolm, Susan M	A00727	Matheny, Charles
S00629	Lindow, Michael W.	A02607	Lund, Kerry	S00697	Malik, J.	A00728	Matheson, Dennis
S04204	Lindsay, Eric	S02895	Lund, Rod	A03403	Malinowycz, Marci	A00729	Matheson, Laura
A00630	Lindsay, Tamar	A00659	Lund, William	A03271	Malinski, David	A00730	Mathieson, Marcia
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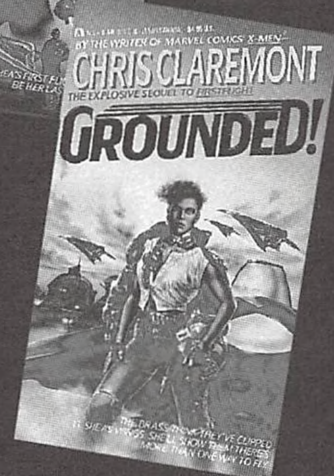
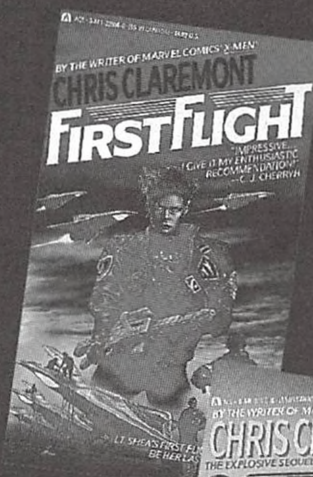
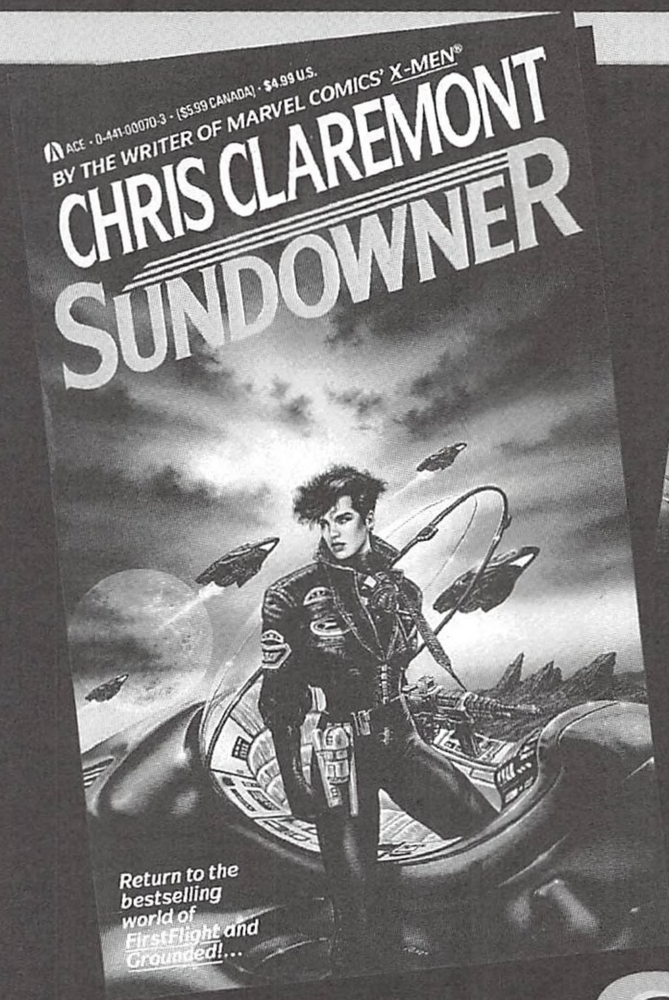
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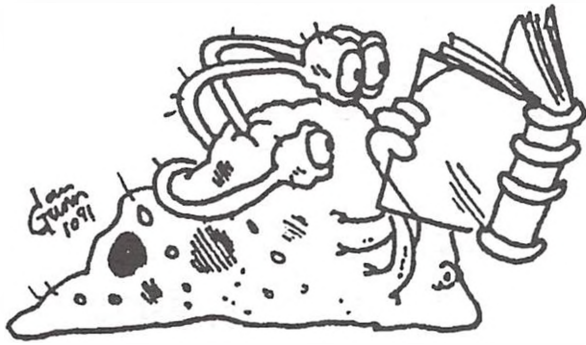
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A03888	Pasternak, Robert	A01046	Pettinger, Sandy	A03574	Prather, Joseph	A01126	Raybin, Guest2 of Garry
A01006	Patrouch, Joseph	A03319	Pettis, Roy	A01087	Pratt Jr., Robert	A01124	Raybin, Garry
A01007	Patrouch, Ruth	A02666	Pezzuto, Larry	S01088	Preston, Janice D.	N04016	Raycroft, Ruthann
A01008	Patten, Frederick	S01047	Pfeifer, John	S01089	Preston, Richard	A01127	Raymond, Eric S.
A03461	Patterson, Daniel	A01048	Phelps, Charlotte	A03474	Prevost, Michel	S03396	Read, A.N.B.
A01009	Patterson, John	A01049	Phelps, David	A04006	Price, Audrey	A03387	Reamy, Diane
A02713	Patterson, Richard	C03750	Phelps, Monica	A02991	Price, David	A01128	Recktenwald, Thomas
A01010	Patterson, Susan	A00032	Philippon, Debra	S01090	Price, Elizabeth	A01129	Redden, Ben
A03739	Patterson, Teresa Dawn	A01050	Philippon, Randy	A02845	Price, George W.	A03584	Redden, Heather
A01011	Patton, Elizabeth	A00033	Philippon, Stan	S01091	Price, Kevin	A01130	Redden, John
S01012	Patton, Virginia Lee	S01051	Phille, Angela	S01092	Price, Margaret	A01131	Reed, Dennis A.
A02830	Paul, Paige	S01052	Phille, Randy	S01093	Price, Mary	S03192	Reed, Tina
A01013	Paul, Patrick E.	A02784	Phillips, C.L. Chuck	S01094	Price, Richard	A01132	Reed, Virginia R.
A01014	Paul, Sara M.	A01053	Phillips, Daryl	A01095	Price, Sara F.	A01133	Reed, Wanda
A01015	Pauli, Karen	A01054	Phillips, Evan	A01096	Priester, William	S02777	Reedy, Robert R
S01016	Paulk, Mark	A01055	Phillips, Susan	A03929	Prima, Anne	C03684	Rees, Colin
S01017	Pavlac, Ross R.	A02962	Pierce, Samuel	A03930	Prima, Dan	A03958	Rees, John Campbell
S01018	Pavlat, Eric C.	A01056	Pierce, Sharon	A04025	Procter, Brenda	A03364	Reeves-Shull, Christina
A01019	Pavlat, Peggy Rae	A03588	Pikov, Steve	A02608	Proctor MD, Brian D	A00096	Reevie, Lawrence
A04040	Pawlicki, Elizabeth	S01057	Pilvinis, James	A04158	Proechel, GF	A02473	Reichardt, Randall P
S01020	Payne, Alan Jay	A03264	Pineau, Michele	A01097	Prokupek, Roger	S01134	Reichert, Mark
S03190	Payne, Lisa	A02838	Pinkerton, Renee	A01098	Proni, Amy	N04095	Reid, Krista
S02843	Payne, Michael	A02837	Pinkerton, Thomas	A01099	Proni, Tullio	A03121	Reid, Malcolm
		A01058	Pinkney, Thomas	S01100	Prophet, Frederick	A00525	Reid, Sandy

A02854	Reid, Sian	A01168	Roberts, Carol A.	A01211	Rubinstein, Peter	A01246	Satterfield, Susan
A04152	Reid-Tiffen, Garth	S01169	Roberts, Frank	A02886	Rudolf, Eva	A01247	Saunders, Gordon R.
A04153	Reid-Tiffen, Roberta	A01170	Roberts, James F.	N04151	Rudow, W	A01248	Saunders, Lyn M.
A03088	Reinhard, Louise Chapman	A02788	Roberts, Jim	A01212	Ruh, Lawrence A.	A01249	Sauve, Michelle
A03358	Reisch, Bernard	A01171	Roberts, John P.	A03177	Ruhle, Kristin	A02598	Savage, Lorraine
S01135	Reitan, Margaret (Midge)	S01172	Robertson, June Drexler	A01213	Rule, Teny	A02595	Savage, Lynn
S01136	Reitz, Susan M.	A02535	Roberts, Peter	S01214	Runkle, Laura	A02695	Savage, Robin
A03258	Remnant, James	S01173	Robertson, Stewart	S01215	Runte, Robert	A03863	Savchenko, Yuri
A01137	Renner, Theresa A.	A03943	Roberts, Steven	N00004	Runte, Robert	A02743	Savitsky-Ulowetz, Mary
N04057	Reschke, Shannon	A01174	Robinett, Linda Louise	N04053	Runyan, Mark	S01250	Savvides, Anna
A01138	Resnick, Carol L.	S01175	Robinson, Andrew	A01216	Rush, J. Edmund	A01251	Sawaki, Yohei
S01139	Resnick, Laura	S01176	Robinson, Frank M.	A03418	Russell, Craig	A01252	Sawaki, Yoko
A01140	Resnick, Michael D.	N03880	Robinson, Jeanne	A04031	Russell, Kevin	A01253	Sawyer, Robert J
S01141	Rest, Neil	S01177	Robinson, Paula	A01217	Russell, Richard S.	A03669	Say, Cem
A01142	Restivo, Thomas	S02998	Robinson, Paul	A03344	Ruthowski, Chris	A01254	Sbarsky, Sharon
S03212	Reuterswaerd, Anders	A02690	Robinson, Richard	A01218	Rutkowski, Edward	A04021	Scarborough, Elizabeth Ann
A01143	Reynolds, Jim	A01178	Robinson, Roger	A01219	Rutkowski, Marguerite	S01255	Schaad, Thomas E.
A01144	Reynolds, Lee	N03881	Robinson, Spider	S00826	Rutledge, Amy	A03119	Schalles, Jeff
A03641	Reynolds, Linda	A02691	Robinson, Susan	S00828	Rutledge, Charles	A01256	Scharadin, Maura
A03824	Reynolds, Mike	A03899	Rocan, Claudette	A01290	Rutledge, R	A02547	Schartzman, Victor
S01145	Reynolds, Robert	A04055	Rocan, Susan	A02863	Ruzecki, Tom	A04054	Scheffler, Gerald
N03741	Reynolds, Ted	A01179	Rodriguez, Sonia	A02614	Ryan, Charles C	A01257	Scherer, Steve
A03865	Rezmerski, John	A03333	Rodwell, Keith Alan	A01220	Ryan, Elizabeth	A01258	Schild, Jon
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A01147	Rhodes, Steven G.	S01180	Roehm, Robert	A02615	Ryan, Mary C	A04011	Schlecht, Andrea
S03015	Rice, Finni	A01181	Roelker, Stephanie J.	S01221	Saalmann, Linda C.	S01260	Schlofner, Mike
A02511	Rice, Stephen	A02807	Rogan, Alanna	A01222	Sachter, Ruth	A01261	Schmeidler, Lucy
A03091	Rich, Dr. Teresa Jean	A01182	Rogan, Carole	A01223	Sackett, Karl R.	A02756	Schmidt, Jenny E
S01148	Rich, Lloyd T.	S01183	Rogan, David R.	A01224	Sacks, Robert E.	A02757	Schmidt, Jeremy D
A02579	Richards, Andy	A01184	Rogers, Joanne	S01225	Saffel, Steve	A03576	Schmidt, Joyce
A02580	Richards, Angela	A01185	Rogge, Rebekah	A03661	Sahay, Mira	A01262	Schmidt, Melvin C.
A02739	Richardson, Beverly	A01186	Rogow, Roberta	A01226	Saint-Pierre, Sylvain	A03651	Schmidt, Stanley A
S01149	Richards, Jane Elaine	S01187	Rohrssen, Alice	A03484	Sakara, Eric	A01263	Schneider, Gene
A01150	Richards, Mark	A01188	Roller, Jennie A.	A01227	Sakers, Donald P.	A03061	Schneider, James
A03895	Richards, Paul	A01189	Roper, Bill	A01228	Salewsky, Peter	A01264	Schneider, Marie
A00034	Richard, Pierre L.	A01190	Roper, Carol I.	S03018	Salter, David Ian	A03060	Schneider, Marlys
S01151	Richards, Stephen W.	A02578	Rosenbaum, Arwen	A02859	Samuel, Stephen	A03144	Schnitzer, Jeffrey
A03454	Richard, Suzanne H.	A01191	Rosenbaum, Stephanie Lee	A01229	Samuels, Clifford	A00036	Schofield, Barbara
A01152	Richerson, Caroline C.	A01192	Rosenberg, Robert A.	A01230	Sanden, Jr, Robert V.	S01265	Schofield, Reg
A01154	Rickart, Rebecca	C04160	Rosenblum, Jake	C02704	Sanders, Crystal	S01266	Schofield, Winnifred
A01155	Riddle, Liz	A03240	Rosenblum, Mary	A01231	Sanders, Drew	A01267	Schouten, Herman
A01156	Riel, Roberta	A01193	Rosenburg, Diane	A01232	Sanders, Gail	I01268	Schouten, Herman (Stuffed)
S01157	Rifkin, Howard S.	S01194	Rosenfeld, Sue-Rae	A01233	Sanders, Kathy	N03694	Schroeder, Karl
A03945	Rigby, Linda	A01195	Rosenstein, Jack E.	C02703	Sanders, Kimberly	S01269	Schroeder, Larry
A04138	Riggall, Cathy	S01196	Rosenthal, Andrew R.	A01234	Sanderson, Sue E.	A01270	Schroeder, Sue 'Who'
S04039	Riley, Connie	A01197	Rosenthal, Louise	A01235	Sanders, Vincent	S01271	Schrott, Dagon
S01158	Riley, Linda L.	S01198	Ross, Connor	A01236	Sandler, Richard	S01272	Schuck, Ellen
A03610	Riley, Timothy	A04245	Ross, Leslie	S01237	Sands, Katherine	S01273	Schwartz-Goodwin, Jennifer A.
A03804	Ringel, Richard	A03065	Ross, Patricia Ann	S01238	Sands, Leo	S01274	Schwartz, Stacia A.
C03961	Risover, child of Jay	A03175	Ross, Scott	A02749	Sands, Mildred	S01275	Schwartz, Stephen P.
A03960	Risover, guest of Jay	A03066	Ross, Wally	S01239	Sandstrom, John	A02537	Schwarz, Richard
A03959	Risover, Jay	S01199	Ross Moore, Susan	A03916	Sandvig, Marie	A03013	Schweers, Morgan
A02933	Ristock, Jason	A00035	Ross-Mansfield, Linda	A03579	Sanet, Joel S	S01276	Schweppe, Jane
A01159	Ritch, William	A01200	Roth, Jeanette	A01240	Sanford, Barb	A01277	Schwingel, Eve
S01160	Rittenhouse, Jim	A03389	Roth, Jennifer	A02914	Sankey, Diane	A01278	Score, David
A02979	Ritter, Bruce	A01201	Roth, Leslie	A02915	Sankey, Jim	S01279	Scott, C. T.
A02978	Ritter, Judith	A01202	Roth, Stefan	A04035	Sanmiguel, Juan Jose	A04071	Scott, Eric
A03811	Ritter, Steve	S04072	Rouse, Sean	N03839	Santa, Sue	S03031	Scott, Jenna
A01162	Rivers, David	A03445	Rowder, Louise	A01241	Sapienza, Jr, John T.	S01280	Scott, Jerome D.
A02660	Rivers, Jerre	S01203	Rowe, Eric L.	A01242	Sargent, Gene	A02655	Scrimgeour, Howard
S01163	Rivoli-Paley, Bridget M.	A01204	Roy, Ken	N03731	Sarjeint, William A.S.	A01281	Scrivner, Joyce Kay
S01164	Roach, Kharis	A01205	Roy, Jr., Donald J.	A03288	Sarkisian, Michael	S01282	Scroggins, Phillip
S01165	Roach, Russell	S01206	Rubasky, Mary	A04136	Sarti, Ron	A00658	Sears, Teri N.
A01166	Roche, Corlis	S01207	Rubasky, Thomas R.	A03681	Sato, Kazuki	S01283	Sefcovic, Fabian E.
A01167	Robe, Gary R.	A01208	Rubin, Arthur L.	A01243	Satter, Marlene	S01284	Seider, Julie
A04221	Roberg, Sharon	A03699	Rubin, Beth	A01244	Satterfield, Dale D.		
		A01209	Rubin, Michael	A01245	Satterfield, Jim		
		A01210	Rubin, Ronni				



S01285 Seidl Jr., Robert
A03493 Seim, Dale R.
A03146 Selby, Blaise
S01286 Seligman, William
A01353 Senese, Rebecca
A02884 Seney, William F
A01287 Senzig, Don
A04034 Sero, Zev
S01288 Sessoms, Lee S.
A01289 Sestak, Michael
A02773 Setser, Marline
A03014 Severance, Carol
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A03954 Sexton, Don
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A03210 Shaivitz, Eileen
A04148 Shanks, Jeff
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A01291 Shannon, Michael J.
A01292 Shannon, Tracy L.
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A01293 Shattan, Ariel
A02622 Shaver, Cindy
C03567 Shea, Kelly
A02875 Shea, Robert K
A01294 Shears, Don
A01565 Shears, Lisa
A01295 Sheaves, Richard
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A03289 Sheehy, Maya
N03708 Sheffield, Charles
A02940 Sheffield, Vivian
A01296 Sheller, Anne J.
A02423 Sheller, Otto
A02422 Sheller, Patricia
A02424 Sheller, Ruth
A02966 Shelor, Robert
A03377 Shelor, Wendy
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A01297 Shephard, Angalee
A01298 Shepherd, Randall L.
A01299 Shere, Howard
A03998 Sherman, Christopher
A03558 Sherman, H. Arnold
A03999 Sherman, Joan
A01300 Sherman, Josepha
A01301 Sherman, Keith
A01302 Shetron, Richard
A01303 Shetron, Richard
A01304 Shewfelt, Douglas

A01305 Shibano, Sachiko
A01306 Shibano, Takumi
A01307 Shibley, James
S01308 Shields, Rickey D.
S01309 Shields, Ruth M.
A01310 Shilling, Layne M.
A02662 Shimada, Charles
A03448 Shimizu, David
A01311 Shipman, Linda
A01312 Shippey, James
S01314 Shjefte, Annette J
S01315 Shjefte, Scott E
A01316 Shoemaker, Andrew
A01317 Shoji, Joseph
A02472 Short, Guest Of
Michiko
A01318 Short, K. Michiko
A03363 Shull, Robert
N04115 Shum, Guest of Wanda
N04114 Shum, Wanda
A01319 Sibley, Jane
A02001 Sibley, Lance
A01320 Siclari, Daniel
A01321 Siclari, Joseph D.
A01322 Siders, Ellen
A04282 Sidloski, Jim
A01323 Sieber, Renee E.
S01324 Siegel, Dana B.
C04007 Siegel, Jeremy
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A01325 Siegel, Kurt C.
S01326 Siegling, Carol Elaine
S01327 Siegling, Evan Mills
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S01328 Sies, John L.
A01329 Sigel, Andrew
A03299 Silber, Rachel
A03184 Silver, William
A01332 Silverberg, Karen Haber
A01333 Silverberg, Robert
S01334 Silverman, Rami
S01335 Silverman, Yossie
S01336 Simicich, Nicholas
A03263 Simmonds, Darlene
A01337 Simmonds, David
A03126 Simmons, David
A03135 Simmons, Donald
A04132 Simon, Barbara Frances
A01338 Simon, Kenneth Carl
S01339 Simon, Ron Mead
A01340 Simons, Rhea

A01341 Sims, Patricia
A01342 Sims, Roger
A02591 Simsa, Cyril
A01343 Simser, Glenn
S01344 Sinclair, Christine
S01345 Sinclair, Michael
A02800 Singleton, Bram
A02801 Singleton, Chris
A02799 Singleton, Jon
C03049 Sirka, Helen
S01347 Siros, Nina
S01346 Siros, William W.
A03338 Sisson, Amy
A04030 Sitter, Denise
A03883 Sitter, Linda
A02668 Sitter, Louise
C03884 Sitter, Morgan
A03882 Sitter, Wayne
A02675 Siv, Paul
A01348 Skaff, Modona
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A01349 Skene, Fran
A03322 Skraags, David
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A02692 Slack, Evelyn
A03778 Slack, Ken
A03997 Slade, Charlene
S01351 Slate, Alexander
S01352 Slate, Laurel
A02776 Sliwinski, Annette M
A01354 Sloan, John L.
A01355 Sloan, Kathleen
A04162 Slotnikov, Gary
A03305 Slutsky, Art
A03304 Slutsky, Lubov
S01356 Smit, Jannelies
A02860 Smit, Simone
A03259 Smith, Blake
S01357 Smith, Bonna
A02641 Smith, Brooke E
A04000 Smith, Bruce
A03791 Smith, Carolyn
S01358 Smith, Cheryl
A04001 Smith, Denise
A01359 Smith, Dick
A01360 Smith, Donna M.
A03035 Smith, Henry Allen
A01361 Smith, Joe
S01362 Smith, Kenneth G.
A01363 Smith, Kimberly
A01364 Smith, Laurence
A02797 Smith, Laurie
A01365 Smith, Leah Zeldes
A01366 Smith, Leslie H.
A01367 Smith, Lisa
A02812 Smith, Lisa
A01368 Smith, Michael T.
A01369 Smith, Missouri
S02989 Smith, Nick
A01370 Smith, P.H.
A01371 Smith, Ralph F.
A01372 Smith, Randy
S01383 Smith, Reyner
S01373 Smith, Rodford E.
A01374 Smith, Sally
S01375 Smith, Samuel A.
A03507 Smith, Sandra K.
A02984 Smith, Steve

A01376 Smith, Susan
S01377 Smith, Sybil Marie
S01378 Smith, Tevis G.
A01379 Smith, Timothy L.
A01380 Smith, Vicki
A01381 Smith, Victoria A
S03025 Smith, Wes
A01382 Smith, William
A01384 Smith-Moore, Michele
A02809 Smithers, Jane
A03625 Smookler, Kenneth M
A03138 Smoot, Steve
A02995 Smuder, Gordon
A03796 Smullen, Russ
A03979 Smyth, James
A03753 Sneddon, Cheryl
A03340 Snell, Susan
S01385 Snider, Louis B.
A04232 Snyder, C
A01386 Snyder, Deborah
A01387 Snyder, John
A04231 Snyder, Terry
A01388 Snyder, Jr, Raymond E.
A01389 So, Richard
A03122 Soden, Richard
A03076 Soediono, Herman
A03075 Soediono, P.Ormin
A01390 Sokola, Joseph A.
A03115 Soles, Caro
N04169 Soley, Kate
A01391 Solomon, Michele Jaye
A02873 Sommers, Tony
A03104 Somtow, S P
S01392 Sora, Dwight
A03196 Sotomayor, Sylvia
A01393 Soukup, Cally
A00037 Sousa, Albert
A01394 Sousa, John
A01395 Southcombe, James
S01396 Southworth, Mary A.
A02898 Spears, H
A01397 Speelman, John
A01398 Speer, Tony
A01399 Speirs, Dale
A01400 Spelman, Richard C.
A01401 Spencer, Henry
A01402 Sperling, Allan
A01403 Spiess, Laura
S01404 Spitzer, Sheldon
A03293 Spitzer, Sheldon
A02636 Spivey, Kathi
A01405 Springs, Carol C.
S01406 Sprinkle, G. K.
A02896 Sproule, Dale
S01407 Spruell, Donald R.
A01408 Squires, Carol
S01409 Stadler, Mark
S03016 Stadter, Jonathon
N04103 Stadter, Jon
A02701 Staehlin, B.J.
A01410 Stahlman, Linda Lee
A01411 Staley, Dale
C01412 Staley, Jennifer R.
A01413 Staley, Sheryl
S03978 Stallard, Sondra
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A02862 Stansfield, Rodney D.	A01445 Strauss, Erwin S.	S03719 Taylor, Barbara	A01515 Tracy, Jamie
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A01415 Staton, Lee	S01448 Strickland, Sheila G.	C04144 Taylor, Julia R	A03464 Tremblay, Raymond
A04259 Steadman, Christopher	S01449 Striker, Christian	A01479 Taylor, Patricia E.	A01518 Trend, Gregg T.
A01416 Stearns, Adrienne	S01450 Stringfellow, Steve	A04143 Taylor, Richard P	A01519 Tressel, Pat
A01417 Stearns, Freda E.	S03634 Strock, Ian Randal	S03718 Taylor, Ronald	A03041 Trezza, Richard
A01418 Stearns, Jr, Robert E.	A02594 Strong, Susan	A01480 Taylor, Sandra M.	A02543 Trick, Bruce
A02613 Steel, James	A03764 Stuart, Ruth	A01481 Taylor, Tommy	S01520 Tripp, Galen A.
A01419 Steele, Allen M.	A03164 Stubbs, Harry	A01482 Terry, Cece	A01521 Trobec, Ken
A03154 Steele, Jim	S01451 Stuber, Chris	A01483 Terry, Jr, Frank A.	A01522 Trocchia, Gregory
A03195 Steele, Julie	S01452 Stuck, Duane	A03101 Tetrick, Bryon	A01523 Trojan, Bill
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A01421 Stegall, Helen	S00931 Studer, Joyce	A01485 Thayer, David	A01524 Trudel, Jean-Louis
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A01424 Stein, Diana Harlan	A03819 Sturgeon, John	A01487 Therou, Sharon Lu	A02633 Truelove, Thom
A01425 Stein, Michael P.	A02725 Sturm, Achim	S03867 Theroux, Robert	A01525 Trumble, Ken
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A03203 Stelzig, Sandy	A03124 Sugden, Mathew	A01488 Thokar, Gregory A.	A02937 Tsuzawa, Hiroko
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S01430 Stembol, Leif	A03120 Sullivan, Geri	A01490 Thomas, Joan M.	A03153 Tucker, Jason
A03353 Stephenson, David G	A04196 Sullivan, Mark	A04122 Thomas, Ken	S01530 Tucker, Nancy J.
A03059 Stephens, Mark	A03244 Summers, Charles	S01491 Thomas, Kyle Y	A01531 Tucker, Patrick J.
A01431 Stephens, Monica	A01456 Sutherland, James L.	A02819 Thomassen, Gudrun	S01532 Tucker, Wilson
A00039 Stern, Debbie	S02929 Sutter, Amy	A01492 Thomasson, William A.	A01533 Tucker-Judd, Susan
A00040 Stern, Donald	A03378 Sutton, David	A03603 Thompson, Christine	A03782 Tumminello, jr, Charles
A01432 Stern, Edie	A02711 Swain, Alan	A03602 Thompson, Donald	A01534 Turek, Leslie J.
A01433 Stern, Thomas	A01457 Swanson, Anders	A01493 Thompson, John	A03360 Turner, Andrew
A04208 Stevens, Joy	A01458 Swanson, Gary	N04112 Thompson, John	A03209 Turner, Jim
S01434 Stevens, Peggy A.	S01459 Swanwick, Michael John	A01494 Thomson, Amy	S04066 Turner, Pat
A02921 Stevens, RWC	S01460 Swartzmiller, Lee	A01495 Thomson, Becky	S01535 Turner, Sharon L.
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N04119 Stewart, Alan	A01462 Swienie, Joan	A01497 Thomson, John G. B.	S01537 Turner II, Trubie
A02516 Stewart, Barbara	A01463 Swietek, Scott	C03572 Thomson, Sean	S01538 Turner III, Trubie
A03469 Stewart, Fletcher J.	A03524 Swope, Steven C.	S03853 Thorley, Dawn	A02454 Turner, Tyler J
A02517 Stewart, John	A01464 Sykes, Michelle	S03852 Thorley, Paul	C02457 Turtledove, Alison
A03923 Stewart, Risa	S03311 Symns, Diane	S01498 Thorne, Scott	A01539 Turtledove, Harry
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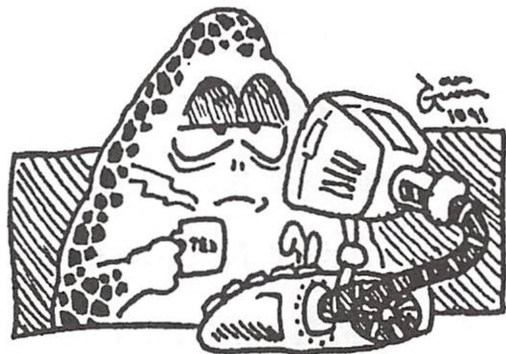
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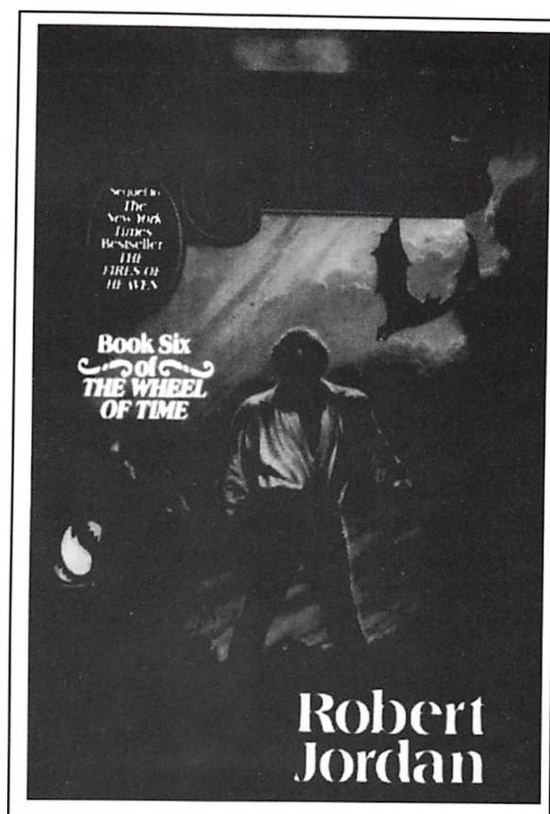
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