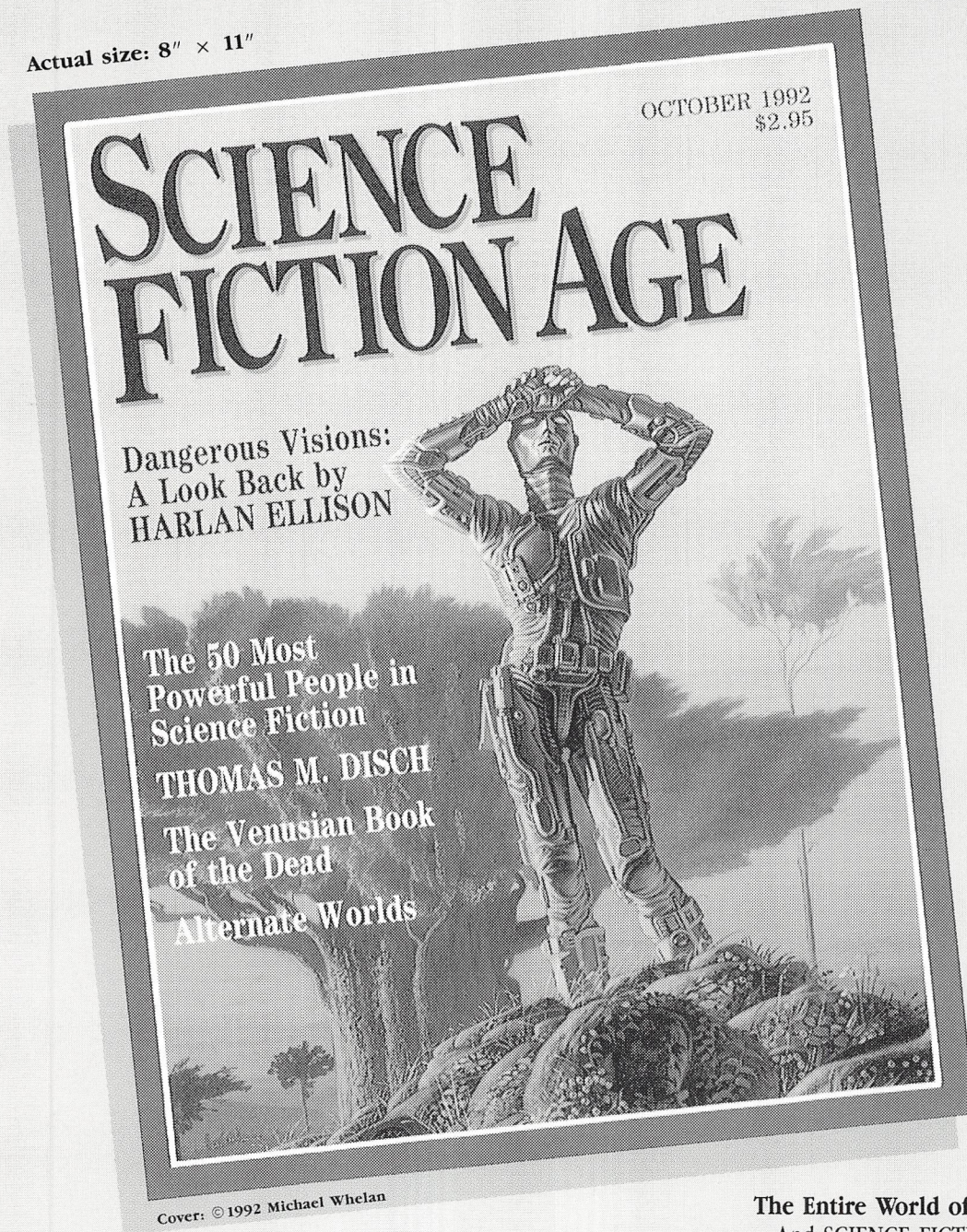


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The MagiCon Program/Souvenir Book was designed and produced by Jon Gustafson, with the able assistance of J.C. and Barb Hendee, and some invaluable help from V.E. (Vicki) Mitchell. Thanks also to Stuart C. Hellinger, for his work on ads and his general expertise. This Program/Souvenir Book was composed on a Gateway 2000 486-33 using Aldus Pagemaker and printed with a Hewlett-Packard LaserJet IIP laser printer. The typefaces used include Century Schoolbook, Arial, Monotype Corsiva, Book Antiqua, Times New Roman, and Eurostile-Bold. It was printed by Science Press, Ephrata, PA.

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MagiCon

Jack Vance, Vincent Di Fate, Walt Willis,
and Spider Robinson

September 3-7, 1992 — Orlando, Florida

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A Message from the Editor

Welcome to the MagiCon Program/Souvenir Book! This book will be a little different from most previous Worldcon Program Books, as you may have already gathered from the Table of Contents page.

I've been to several Worldcons since 1976 and generally had a great time, but the one big disappointment with each Worldcon—virtually every time—was the anemic Program Books. Here I'd laid out a hundred bucks or so and what did I get to take home? About 160 pages of fluff and ads. No *meat*. Nothing *substantial*. Nothing I could take home and enjoy

after the "show" was over and the con but a fading memory.

Well, I think I've fixed that little problem with this Program/Souvenir Book. (As an aside, don't you find it a little bit odd that this is still called a "Program Book," when all the programming is put in the Pocket Program?) In this book you will find—besides the usual bios, bibliographies, ads, and artwork—eight articles, six short stories, and one novелlette; roughly 35,000 words of *meat*. Articles by SF greats such as Poul Anderson, Spider and Jeanne Robinson, Hal Clement, and James Gunn. And fiction by A.E. van Vogt, Avram Davidson, James White and William Wu, among others. This Program/Souvenir Book is something you'll be able to take home with you and enjoy *long* after you've paid off your plastic for

the trip.

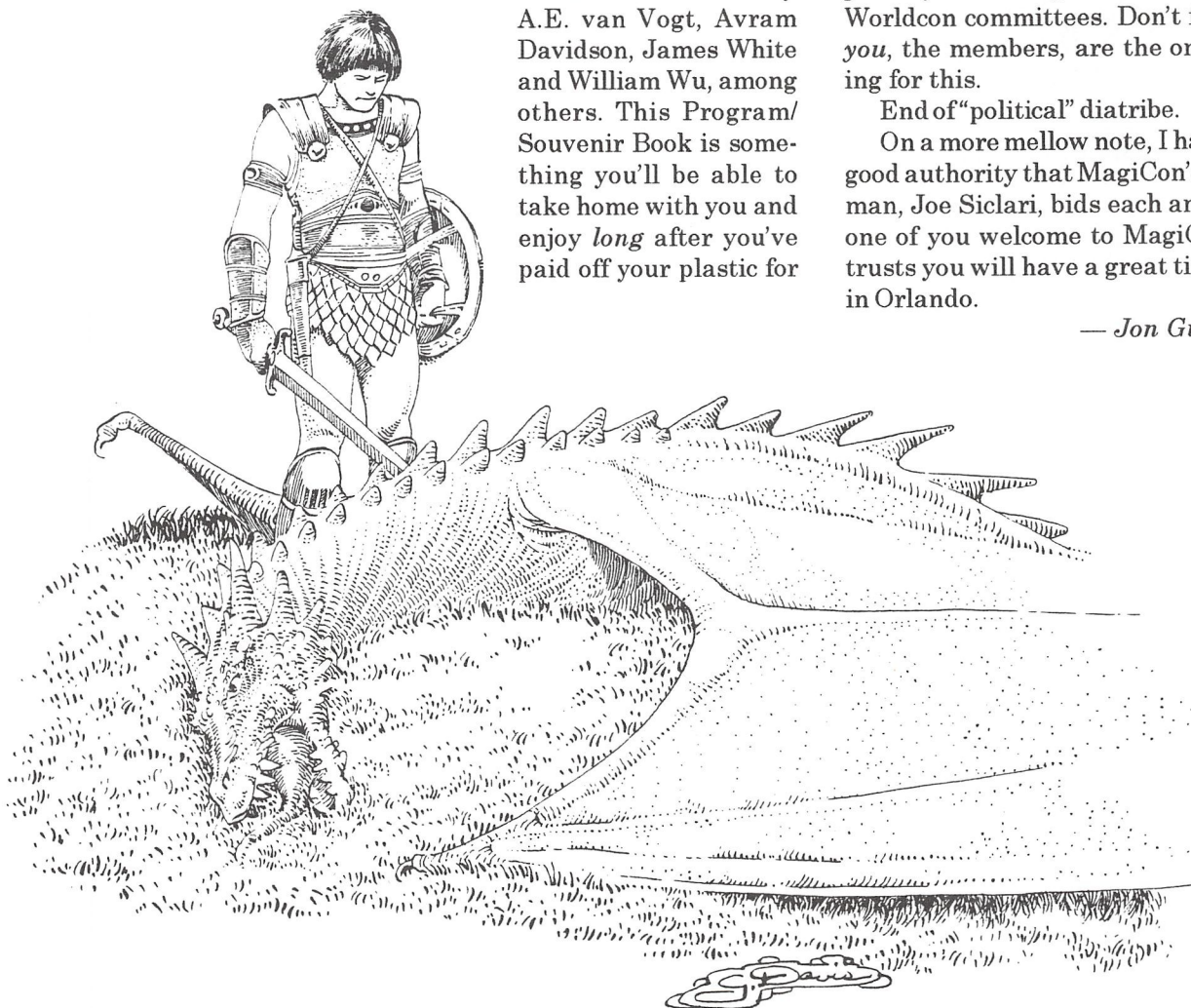
I trust this won't be the last Worldcon that does this, either. After all, if I can do this for MagiCon, any other Worldcon should be able to do the same—or much, much better. I've been talking to both ConFrancisco and Conadian about their Program Books and I hope to help convince them that the members of their conventions *also* deserve more than just fluff.

All this is, of course, my personal opinion. I think it's a good idea. If you also think this is a good idea, you might take a moment or two and express your thoughts to the future Worldcon committees. Don't forget—you, the members, are the ones paying for this.

End of "political" diatribe.

On a more mellow note, I have it on good authority that MagiCon's Chairman, Joe Siclari, bids each and every one of you welcome to MagiCon and trusts you will have a great time here in Orlando.

— Jon Gustafson



JACK VANCE

Author Guest of Honor

Tim Underwood

Jack Vance was born and spent his early childhood in the Pacific Heights area of San Francisco, the middle child of five children, four boys and a girl. He was a healthy youngster whose only weakness was poor eyesight. Despite that, he was a voracious reader. He grew up in Oakley, a small northern California town and he frequented the public library there. "By the age of fifteen," he said, "I had read ten times the books an average person might read in a lifetime."

He graduated from high school in Brentwood, California, during the Great Depression. He began Junior College in Porterville, near Death Valley, but soon ran out of money and returned to his maternal grandfather's Oakley ranch.

In 1933, he worked as a fruit-picker and haying, on farms near Oakley.

In 1935, he worked at the Olympic Club in San Francisco. In the late thirties he did surveying work and also labored with a company to bring water to hydraulic diggings in northern California.

In 1937, Jack enrolled in the University of California at Berkeley, with the intention of becoming a mining engineer. He was soon bored and falling asleep in classes. Changing to a physics major didn't help; he still felt alienated from his classmates. He then tried journalism and his first published writings were columns on early Jazz music in the college newspaper, the *Daily Cal*. He helped organize a Hot Music society at Cal. Then referred to as "hot jazz" (Bix Beiderbecke, The Lu Watters Band, Jelly Roll Morton), this music remains a

passion for Jack.

After taking a year off to work at a mine and on construction jobs near Bishop, Reading and Weaverville, California he returned to Cal for another year but left before graduating.

The summer of 1941 found Jack working inside ships at Pearl Harbor. He left there in October, six weeks before the Japanese invasion.

Soon after the war began he was a foreman rigger at the shipyards in Richmond, northeast of San Francisco, working for Kaiser on the wartime Liberty ships.

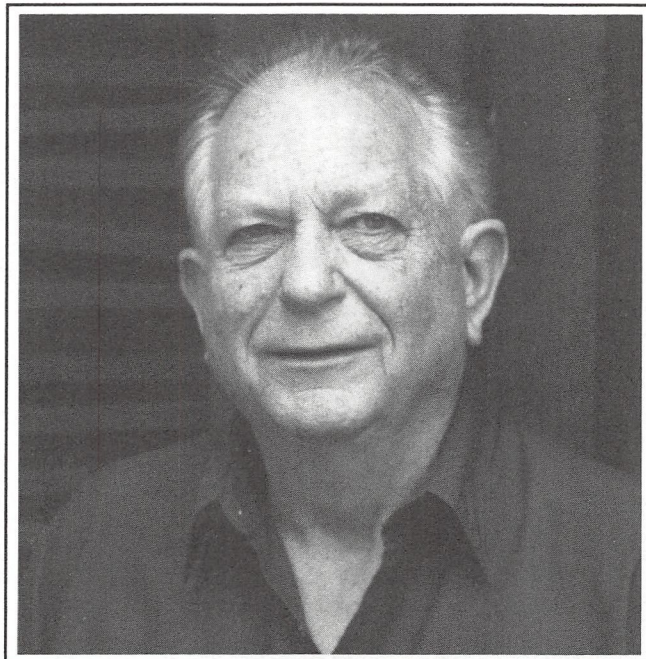
A few years later Jack was back at Cal, studying Japanese. When he lost his draft exemption, he joined the Merchant Marines and spent a few years at sea. After the war was over he made one last trip out and then returned to the Bay Area.

With little expertise he became a licensed carpenter, a job that normally requires a long apprenticeship. After several months of learning on the job, he had a way to survive while writing.

Jack Vance and Norma Ingold were married in 1947. In 1948 he sold a science fiction story to 20th Century Fox. "The worst story I ever wrote. I was churning out first drafts in those days, trying to write a million words a year." When Fox hired him to write a

treatment, he and Norma moved to Hollywood and lived there for a few months. The following year they travelled to Europe. When they returned to New York City, Jack was offered a job writing for *Captain Video and His Video Rangers*, a daily television series. He met Arthur C. Clarke there, who was also offered a job but turned it down.

In the winter of 1952 they returned to California and rented a house in Kenwood, a small town near Glen Ellen, west of Napa. One day a man from the Santa Rosa *Press Democrat*



Photograph © 1988 by John H. Vance II

came for an interview, a reporter who wanted to be a science fiction writer. His name was Frank Herbert. Frank and his wife Beverly and Jack and Norma were soon good friends.

The Herbert family and the Vances moved to Mexico together in 1953.

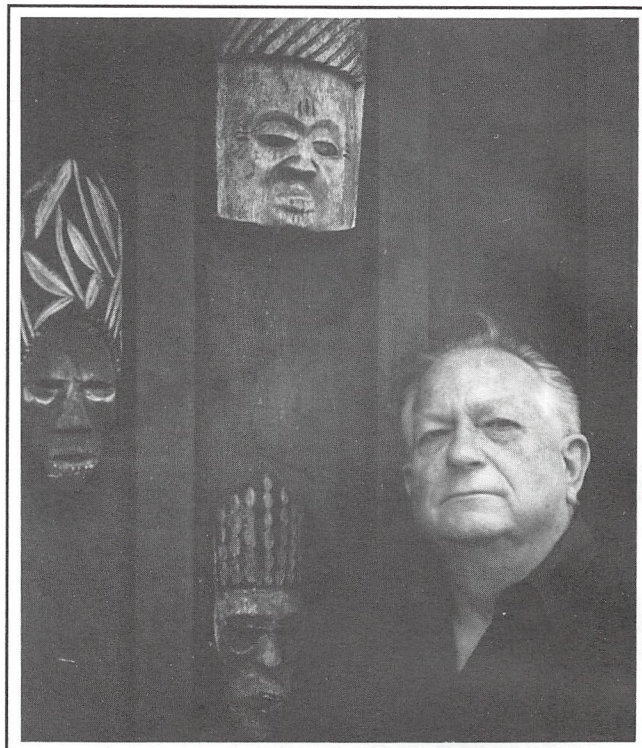
Hoping to live cheaply while they earned money writing, they established a writers' camp at Lake Chapalla, near Guadalajara. They were quite serious about it, for a while, and went so far as to set up house rules. A white flag hoisted above the main building meant serious writing was going on inside and the authors were not to be disturbed. Despite such earnest intentions, they didn't make much money

In the beginning, however, a lot of writing was accomplished. One night Frank and Jack tossed around an idea for a novel and afterward flipped a coin to see who would write it. Jack won the toss and the book became *To Live Forever*. A few months later, Jack and Norma left for southern California and then moved north to Glenwood, near Santa Cruz.

In 1954 they bought land in the Oakland hills and Jack began build-

ing a house there, where they live today. The following years they spent as much time travelling abroad as money allowed. Their son John was born in 1961. In 1965 they began a trip around the world which ended in Australia with a bout of hepatitis. Another time they spent some months in Africa, camping around the southern coasts.

Jack quit carpentry in the late '60s, to write full time. "I've had a lot of fun in my life," he says, "without too much hardship or tragedy."



Photograph © 1988 by John H. Vance II



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An Abbreviated Jack Vance Bibliography

The following bibliography of first editions is excerpted from *The Works of Jack Vance*, by Jerry Hewett and Daryl Mallett (The Borgo Press, September 1992). *The Works of Jack Vance* is the most comprehensive and complete Vance bibliography ever compiled, with detailed information on over 1400 novel and short story publications, 500 reviews and secondary references, media appearances, non-fiction publications, interviews, and much, much more. \$35.00 (hardcover), \$25.00 (softcover). Available from: The Borgo Press, P.O. Box 2845, San Bernardino, CA 92406. Many thanks, guys.

A Room To Die In (as Ellery Queen); Pocket, 1965

The Anome; Dell, 1973

Araminta Station; Underwood-Miller, 1987

The Asutra; Dell, 1974

The Augmented Agent; ed. by Steven Owen Godersky. Underwood-Miller 1986 [collection].

Bad Ronald (as John Holbrook Vance). Ballantine, 1973

The Bagful of Dreams; Underwood-Miller, 1979

The Best of Jack Vance; Pocket, 1976 [collection].

Big Planet; Avalon, 1957

Bird Isle (see: *Isle of Peril*)

The Blue World; Ballantine, 1966

The Book of Dreams; DAW, 1981

The Brains of Earth; Ace, 1966

The Brave Free Men; Dell, 1973

Chasch (see: *City of the Chasch*)

Chateau d'If; Underwood-Miller, 1990

City of the Chasch; Ace, 1968

The Complete Magnus Ridolph (see: *The Many Worlds of Magnus Ridolph*)

Cugel's Saga; Timescape, 1983

The Dark Ocean; Underwood-Miller, 1985

The Dark Side of the Moon; Underwood-Miller, 1986 [collection]

The Deadly Isles (as John Holbrook Vance); Bobbs-Merrill, 1969

The Dirdir; Ace, 1969

The Dragon Masters; Ace, 1963

Durdane; translated by Pon Ruiter, Meulenhoff, 1976 [Dutch omnibus]

Dust of Far Suns (see: *Future Tense*)

The Dying Earth; Hillman Periodicals, 1950 [collection]

Ecce and Old Earth; Underwood-Miller, 1991

Eight Fantasms and Magics; Macmillan 1969 [collection]

Emphyrio; Doubleday, 1969

The Eyes of the Overworld; Ace, 1966 [collection]

The Face (see: *Lens Larque*)

The Faceless Man (see: *The Anome*)

Fantasms and Magics (see: *Eight Fantasms and Magics*)

The Five Gold Bands (see: *The Space Pirate*)

The Four Johns (as Ellery Queen); Pocket, 1964

Four Men Called John (see: *The Four Johns*)

The Fox Valley Murders (as John Holbrook Vance); Bobbs-Merrill, 1966

Future Tense; Ballantine, 1964 [collection]

Galactic Effectuator; Underwood-Miller, 1980 [collection]

Gold and Iron (see: *Slaves of the Klau*)

The Gray Prince; Bobbs-Merrill, 1975

Green Magic; Underwood-Miller, 1979

Green Magic: The Fantasy Realms of Jack Vance; Underwood-Miller, 1979 [collection]

The Green Pearl (see: *Lyonesse: The Green Pearl*)

Het laatste kasteel (The Last Castle); translated by Marc Carpentier Alting, Warner Flamen, and Jaime Martijn, Meulenhoff, 1982 [Dutch collection]

Homo Telek; Utopia Zukunftsroman,

1967 [German collection]	<i>Stories</i>	<i>The Star King</i> ; Berkley Medallion, 1964
<i>The House on Lily Street</i> ; Underwood-Miller, 1979	<i>Morreion</i> ; translated by Jaime Martijn, Meulenhoff, 1978 [Dutch collection]	<i>Strange Notions</i> ; Underwood-Miller, 1985
<i>The Houses of Iszm</i> ; Ace, 1964	<i>Morreion: A Tale of The Dying Earth</i> ; Underwood-Miller, 1979	<i>Suldrun's Garden</i> (see: <i>Lyonesse: Suldrun's Garden</i>)
<i>Isle of Peril</i> (as Alan Wade); Mystery House, 1957	<i>The Narrow Land</i> ; DAW, 1982 [collection]	<i>Sulwen's Planet</i> ; translated by Warner Flamen, Meulenhoff, 1976 [Dutch collection]
<i>The Killing Machine</i> ; Berkley Medallion, 1964	<i>Nopalgarth</i> ; DAW, 1980 [omnibus]	<i>Take My Face</i> (as Peter Held); Mystery House, 1957
<i>The Languages of Pao</i> ; Avalon, 1958	<i>The Palace of Love</i> ; Berkley Medallion, 1967	<i>Telek</i> (see: <i>Homo Telek</i>)
<i>The Last Castle</i> ; Ace, 1967	<i>Planet of Adventure</i> (see: <i>Tschai de Waanzinnige Planet</i>)	<i>To Live Forever</i> ; Ballantine, 1956
<i>Lens Larque (The Face)</i> ; translated by Jaime Martijn, Meulenhoff, 1979	<i>The Pleasant Grove Murders</i> (as John H. Vance); Bobbs-Merrill, 1967	<i>Trullion: Alastor 2262</i> ; Ballantine, 1973
<i>Light From A Lone Star</i> ; NESFA Press, 1985 [collection]	<i>The Pnume</i> ; Ace, 1970	<i>Tschai de Waanzinnige Planet (Planet of Adventure)</i> ; Meulenhoff, 1973 [Dutch omnibus]
<i>Lost Moons</i> ; Underwood-Miller, 1982 [collection]	<i>Rhialto The Marvellous</i> ; Brandywyne, 1984 [collection]	<i>Vandals of the Void</i> ; The John C. Winston Company, 1953
<i>Lyonesse: Madouc</i> ; Underwood-Miller, 1989	<i>Servants of the Wankh</i> ; Ace, 1969	<i>The View from Chickweed's Window</i> ; Underwood-Miller, 1979
<i>Lyonesse: Suldrun's Garden</i> ; Berkley, 1983	<i>The Seventeen Virgins</i> ; Underwood-Miller, 1979	<i>Wankh</i> (see: <i>Servants of the Wankh</i>)
<i>Lyonesse: The Green Pearl</i> ; Underwood-Miller, 1985	<i>Showboat World</i> ; Pyramid, 1975	<i>The World Between and Other Stories</i> ; Ace, 1965 [collection]
<i>The Madman Theory</i> (as Ellery Queen); Pocket, 1966	<i>Slaves of the Klau</i> ; Ace, 1958	<i>The Worlds of Jack Vance</i> ; Ace, 1973 [collection]
<i>Madouc</i> (see: <i>Lyonesse: Madouc</i>)	<i>Son of the Tree</i> ; Ace, 1964	<i>Wyst: Alastor 1716</i> ; DAW, 1978
<i>The Man in the Cage</i> (as John Holbrook Vance); Random House, 1960	<i>Space Opera</i> ; Pyramid, 1965	
<i>The Many Worlds of Magnus Ridolph</i> ; Ace, 1966 [collection]	<i>The Space Pirate</i> ; Toby Press, 1953	
<i>Marune: Alastor 933</i> ; Ballantine, 1975		
<i>Maske: Thaery</i> ; Putnam, 1976		
<i>Monsters in Orbit</i> ; Ace, 1965 [collection]		
<i>The Moon Moth and Other Stories</i> (see: <i>The World Between and Other</i>		



VINCENT DI FATE

Artist Guest of Honor

J.C. Hendee

*with appreciations by Wayne Barlow
and Leo and Diane Dillon*

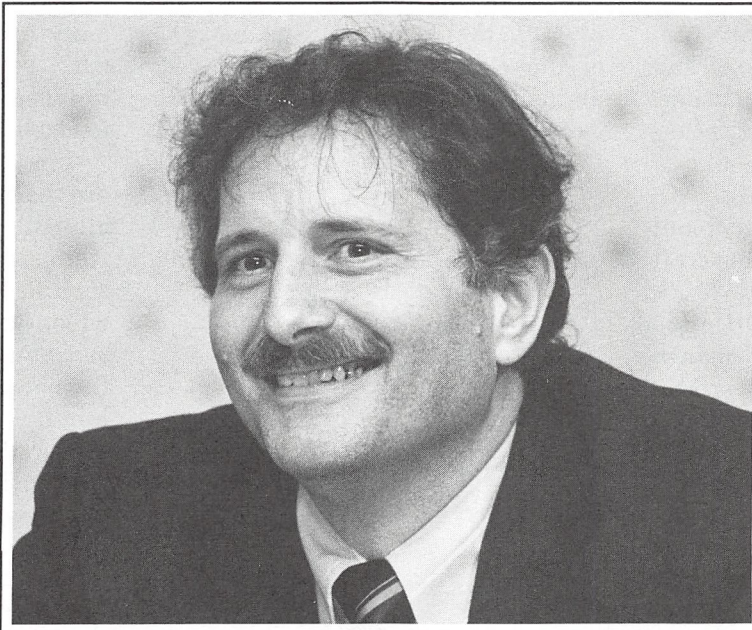
I don't know Vincent Di Fate... personally, that is. But it seems he knows many of us, at least in his love of his work. Because for many years now, he has given to us all something precious—a vision of our dreams.

In the early sixties, Vincent attended the Phoenix (now Pratt-Manhattan) Center where he majored in Illustration, and subsequently graduated in 1967. While engaged in developing his professional career as an artist/illustrator, he went on to additional classes at the Art Students League and the School of Visual Arts from 1968 to 1972. There he studied glaze technique with American fine artist Peter Paul Hopkins, who in turn had been a student of acclaimed depression era artist Reginald Marsh. (Marsh, a founding staff member of *The New Yorker*, and previous instructor at the Art Students League, was renowned for his vivid realistic and satiric depiction of New York life.)

Continuing the chain of knowledge to be passed on, Vincent went on to teach art for a year in Larchmont, New York, in elementary grades 3 to 8. I would be curious to know if he left an impression on any of those young minds, whether any of his students followed his footsteps. But who

knows? For his time in academia was over. And it was time for him to leave a lasting impression on our minds.

Vincent took a position with



Photograph © by Jay Kay Klein

Krantz Films, engaged by ABC-TV to produce the popular animated television series we all remember—*Spider-man*. But the show was eventually dropped due to moralistic pressure brought to bear by an editorial in the *New York Times* targeting the show's violence. But Vincent moved on to other things. Within a month of the show's cancellation, he began his freelancing career working for John W. Campbell at *Analog*. From there, he quickly made the jump into the paperback and hardcover book markets. And we all began to see the visions

that enticed us at the local bookstore. He became the Trickster, the Baiter, the Will o' the Wisp with brush in hand who hooked our attention and reeled us in each time we stepped into our bookstore.

He has since produced book covers for every major science fiction and fantasy book publisher you could think of. In nearly twenty years, Di Fate has produced more than *two thousand* published works of science fictional, astronomical, and aerospace subjects for such diverse clients as IBM, *The Reader's Digest*, the National Geographic Society, CBS, and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. He has worked in design for Ideal Toys and other toy manufacturers on science fiction toy products and model kits.

Every science fiction enthusiasts I have ever met has at one time or another looked at a night sky and dreamed of what might be. Some of those very dreams can be found in the work of Vincent Di Fate. His vision of future technology is so keen that over the years NASA has acquired three of his works (in 1975, 1987, and 1991) for their own collection at the National Air & Space Museum. He has also worked on two NASA missions: the Apollo-Soyuz project, and the STS-

37 *Atlantis* Shuttle mission. And he was selected to do the official portrait of space station *Freedom*. There is little more that could give credit to a science fiction artist than to be working for our own space program.

For his gifts of vision to all of us, his ability to capture our dreams in image has not gone unnoticed. He has garnered numerous "Best Cover Painting" awards from the *Analog* Readers' Poll, including a cover illustration for "The Smoke Ring" by Larry Niven (1987). He has been nominated for a Hugo as Best Artist thirteen times, and his book *Di Fate's Catalog of Science Fiction Hardware* was nominated for Best Non-Fiction Book in 1980. In 1979, he won both the Frank R. Paul Award for Outstanding Achievement in Science Fiction Illustration, and the Hugo for Best Professional Artist. He was presented the Skylark Award in 1987 and the Lensman Award for Lifetime Service to the Science Fiction & Fantasy Fields in 1990.

In addition to his art activities, Di Fate has lectured extensively about the methods and history of his craft and has been a consultant for MCS, 20th Century Fox and MGM/United Artists. He is the current chairman of the Permanent Collection for the Museum of American Illustration (Society of Illustrators) and is a past president of the Association of Science Fiction/Fantasy Artists.

So have we praised him enough, heaped him with honors aplenty? No, I think not. When we go to the bookstore to seek out a new tome of dreams, what is the first thing that captures our attention as we scan the shelves? The covers, of course. For two decades Vincent has been one of those artistic demiurges, a Coyote of visual ensorcellment, who tricked our eyes and diverted our hands in mid-reach to grasp one book over another. Even if we found the text not to our taste, still the image upon the cover would often lingered in our minds, and we invented our own internal tales on the impetus of Vincent's images. How much praise is such a gift as our dreams worth to us? More than

nominations and awards, I believe. But what else can we offer in exchange?

Some of us may have even had the chance to savor his works in purity, à la carte, as is proper for any fine dish of the imagination. He has had a number of shows at museums and galleries in North America, Europe and Japan, including one-person exhibitions at the Reading Museum in Pennsylvania, at the Hayden Planetarium, the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and at the Museum of Science and Natural History in St. Louis.

How do you thank someone—honor them—for your dreams? A suitable method is beyond me. Go to the art show. Look at his work. And when you are finished and find yourself lacking in words, go to him and simply say, "thank you." It isn't enough, of course, but as he is a most relaxed and amiable person, I'm sure he will be pleased.

VINCENT DI FATE: An Appreciation Wayne Barlow

When I was asked to write a few words about my dear friend Vin, I must admit that my first reaction was one of apprehension. What would I write? The usual biographical stuff that would make it look like I did a lot of research? I somehow didn't feel that would do. Vin's my friend, and he deserves more than a glorified bio. On the other hand, if I just threw together a bunch of anecdotes, and left out all the bio stuff, it might look as if I hadn't done my homework. Finally I realized that I simply had to tell the truth about him and let the chips fall where they may. So, after twelve years of friendship with Vin it is finally time for me to expose him for what he is—the kindest, most well-rounded, most generous artist in the field today.

First things first, though. Chances are that you do not know Vin personally. But that shouldn't stop you from feeling like you do. After all, you've seen his innumerable covers, covers which have spanned nearly twenty years and which speak volumes about his personality. Long before I knew him, I was drawn to his covers, with their brilliant-white careening spaceships, cinema-influenced humans and aliens, and above all, his wonderful color, crisp and vibrant and perfect for SF. Whether it's the enduring *Dune* series or the *Riverworld* series or the *Callisto* books, Vin's covers gleam like a beacon from the SF racks (sadly, most of you have probably never seen his brilliant NASA work or aerospace paintings).

And as long as we're talking spacecraft, one look at any of Vin's hardware pieces and you know that this man is committed to and has a deep and abiding love for SF. His machines are alive, moving with purpose, almost breathing. They are so true to the stories and so carefully thought out that I've often thought Vin had direct access to an author's mental blueprints.



© 1992 by Gary Davis

Vin is not, however, as he may have been "typed," exclusively a hardware painter. (Art directors love to do that—it's the safe way of assigning work. *If he/she can paint a horse can he/she paint a whale? Nope. Hand it to the whale guy...* Nothing saps a creative soul quicker than doing the same kind of painting *ad infinitum*.) But even while Vin always manages to find a new slant on hardware and spacecraft, it's even more fun to watch him perform when allowed out of his cubbyhole. With the human figure, for example. His knowledge of anatomy and gesture are complete, his people dramatic and utterly convincing. And he applies the same integrity and superlative brushwork throughout his work no matter what the subject. He is truly versatile.

Rendering and fidelity to manuscripts are only part of the game, however. The one quality that will always set Vin above any artist that I personally know is his thoroughness in composition (that most frequently abused discipline). Vin has the heart of a painter and the sensibilities of an illustrator—and because of this he knows that a good painting, be it narrative or symbolic, starts with a sound composition. Good picture-making is uppermost in his mind and good picture-making does not put any one of the artistic disciplines above another. Composition is just as important as brushwork, color considerations are as serious as spatial relationships. And no one knows this better than Vin. No one. I've learned more in five minutes talking to him about art theory than I could have in an hour of reading.

And that segues nicely into that other part of Vin's character, the generous part. Like Howard Pyle or any other great artist/teacher he is totally selfless when it comes to helping his fellow artist. I doubt that there are many artists reading this who haven't picked up the telephone at one time or another to ask Vin a technical question, a business question, or a grievance question. Vin's answers are always sage, always responsible, and never glib. I'm convinced that he

spends so much time on the phone (he's the only guy I know whose phone bill comes close to my own) because he feels so deeply for the business and the artist's plight. That's especially important today when the artist's plight is so apparent.

So there he is, revealed. To some degree, anyway. Further revelations await you in his brilliant one-man show. Look. Learn. Enjoy.

VINCENT DI FATE Leo and Diane Dillon

Have you ever noticed that when something is done well, it appears easy? When the end result is all done, we see we're totally unaware of all that went into that final effect. If someone takes responsibility, makes decisions, follows through without bitching, blaming, and depending on others, things just quietly get done. Later, we think, "that must have been easy." Or, when we see a painting that's fresh, flawless, and precise, we assume the artist knows what he wants and exactly how to get it with no sweat!

That's Vince. A quiet, soft-spoken man, sure of himself and strong enough to take command and follow his convictions. In a rare confrontation, when he knows what he wants, he's articulate, prepared, and fights like a pitbull.

We know Vince through the Society of Illustrators, as well as through his work. He's been chairman of the Society's permanent collection for several years. This collection of over 2,000 works of art is one of the largest of its kind, representing the best of American illustration. Under his care, it was catalogued, and pieces inappropriate for the collection were sold to fund much-needed restoration and for purchases of important works to fill in the historical gaps. He's responsible for the purchase of a Maxfield Parrish, for example. He has instituted a traveling exhibition which gave the collection new life. Anyone

stepping into his shoes will have the impression that it's "a piece of cake!" Only the insiders know what hurdles he had and the wonders he accomplished.

Looking at his paintings, one would have the impression that he places each stroke of the brush exactly where it belongs the first time and that he planned everything in his mind perfectly before starting. It's intimidating, to say the least. We couldn't resist asking if, in fact, that was how he worked. He was kind enough to reveal he sometimes scrapped off an area he wasn't satisfied with and re-painted it. Comforting to know... but the end result is still perfection and no less impressive.

Obviously, he does a lot of research and has a knowledge of how things work. His space ships and equipment may be an invention or a vision of his, but they're believable if, perhaps, not workable. Vince has dedicated his career to Science Fiction/Fantasy. His knowledge of the genre is vast. He probably knows about every artist who has worked in the field from the most famous to the most obscure. His appreciation for styles and techniques, experimental and totally different from his own work, reveals an understanding and an open mind able to appreciate a wide variety of visions.

It's amazing how much he does and how well he does it. He's on committees, chairs exhibitions, lectures, writes a column (actually, more than one), is knowledgeable about art-related legislation, and probably does a dozen other things we're unaware of.

Roger Reed, of Illustration House, works with Vince on one of his committees. He speaks most highly of him, and exposes yet another side: "He's got a great sense of humor and is a lot of fun to work with. He's a trivia buff and a storehouse of facts about movies as well as Science Fiction."

Worldcon, you couldn't honor a more deserving person for his knowledge, talent, and service to the world of Science Fiction and Fantasy.

THE ONCE AND FUTURE HARP

Walt Willis, Fan Guest of Honor

James White

The 24th day of August, 1947, was not marked by the appearance of any unusual signs or portents. When I called in for a half-pound of sausages to our butcher, he did not mention seeing anything odd in his, or more accurately, in his carcasses' entrails. No peal of thunder or flash of lightning rent the sky; not a single Heaven-to-surface missile or frog rained down, and no fiery comet blazed its incandescent path across the starry firmament—although this last might have been because the letter arrived by noon post. But that letter was to affect my life much more than any vulgarly ostentatious display of meteorological phenomena could ever have done.

It was from someone called Walter A. Willis, who was, so far as I knew at that time, the only other science fiction reader in Belfast. He had seen my first and only LoC to a pro-mag, and he wondered if I would be interested in visiting his place, maybe to lend and borrow magazines from each others' small collections, or talk about sf, or whatever. At the time I didn't realize that "whatever" could mean so much.

The man who smiled and greeted me shyly at the front door of 170 Upper Newtownards Road was a soft-spoken man of above-average height,

six-foot-one, who was a few years older than I was. He still is, but not so you would notice. Within minutes we were talking sf, trying to say everything we had ever wanted to say but there was nobody there who understood the language, and his wife Madeleine, faced with the culinary challenge of constructing supper for the first diabetic she had met socially, was joining in nevertheless.

From the first I realized that Walter had me culturally and intellectually out-classed. It was as if he was some gentle, easy-going member of a philosophically advanced civilization, but was not being pushy about it because he wanted to listen as much as he talked. Even so, we did not agree about everything. For example, he didn't think much of E. E. Smith and I did, but we quickly realized that the disagreement was based on faith rather than logic, like our religious differences, and went on from there. We did agree about Olaf Stapledon and

the other Smith, George O., and he was the only fan I ever met who understood all the technical bits in the *Venus Equilateral* stories because he built multi-valve radios and hi-fi's as a hobby. Our meetings continued and increased in frequency, as did the correspondence with UK and USA fans, until suddenly we were producing *Slant*, 170 was re-christened Oblique House, and Walter and the people who met there became Irish Fandom.

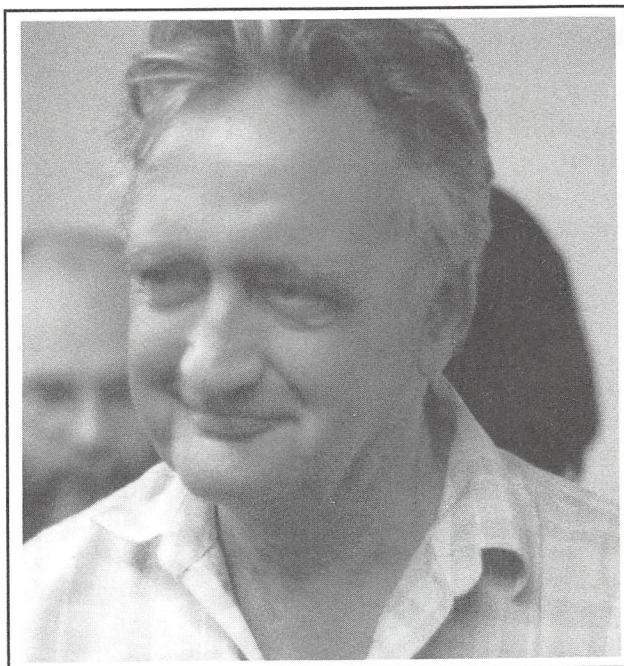


photo 1

Many fan historians have written at length of the unique contribution that Walter Willis has made to fandom on both sides of the Atlantic, and so many of you are already aware of the accomplishments of this fannish legend that anything I could say here would be both inadequate and redundant. But what you do not realize is that Walter did not and still does not believe that anything he said or did or wrote was legendary.

The long, hard, but somehow never boring work involved in setting type for *Slant*, turning out *Hyphen*, writing the steadily increasing number of articles and fan columns and con reports for them and many other zines, he did not consider all that unusual. The serious but more often hilarious discussions and bouts of horrendous punning that accompanied the process; the water-pistol fights on the front lawn; the clothes-line ignited by a misguided model rocket; the sightseeing tours for visiting fans, the games of ghoominton, everything—well, didn't all fan groups go in for that sort of thing? It was a long time before we realized what a perfectionist he was, and that the Willis brand of perfectionism was contagious.

It was not that he demanded only the highest standard of work from us; he was never that pushy. Rather he led quietly and with wit and gentleness from in front by example alone, and somehow there was never a fan article or illo or con report submitted which was not the very best that we could do. So much so that when Bob Shaw and I began pro-writing the habit stuck, and many years were to pass before either of us collected a rejection slip. And even when he had a mundane hobby to attend to, like a tennis tournament, he would dash in between matches, resplendent in his whites with a few words of encouragement like "It's supposed to be a surprise, James, but Madeleine is making you another diabetic apple

pie," and set a few lines of type before dashing out again looking like a Dalmatian.

There are many things that I remember about Walter Willis in the forty-five years that I have known him, not least his steadfastly fair-minded, liberal, and fannish reaction to the terrible, fugg-headed things

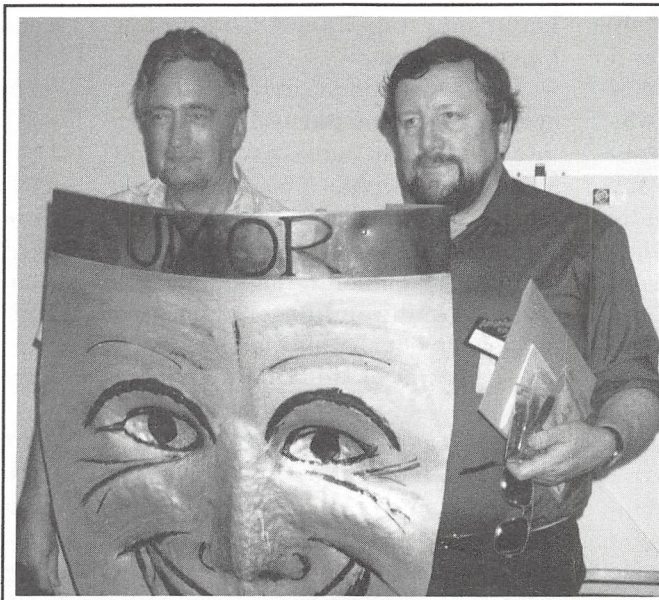


photo 2

that have been going on in Northern Ireland over the past two decades, but the one I cannot forget is the way that first meeting changed my life. From an indiscriminate hobbyist—amateur astronomer, stamp-collector, ballroom dancer, First Aider, model plane builder among other interests—he introduced and encouraged me into fandom and set me upon the professional writing career which otherwise would not have come about.

In addition to his unique and unparalleled writing ability, Walter possesses a rare, empathic faculty—a sort of benign schizophrenia—which enables him to view a letter or article he is sending out, or an event he is experiencing, in the way that it would affect the other person. Well do I remember the intensity of his delight and pride, at least the equal of my own, when I brought him word of a professional acceptance; or the news that Peggy and I were to be married, and the many other fannish or mundane events that were important to the members of Irish Fandom and his

friends far beyond it.

But now this soft-spoken fan genius has been prevailed upon, not without a great deal of difficulty because he remains a very shy man, to be Fan Guest of Honor at MagiCon. He is being honoured at a Worldcon the like and size of which we could not have dreamed of back in 1947, when

he was only venturing into the shallows of fandom with his first hesitant but obviously brilliant writings, and had yet to make the waves which would reach all over the fannish world.

The honour is truly deserved, but this time his pleasure and excitement and wonder at it all will be shared by me.

It will also be shared by the latest winner of the election for the Transatlantic Fan Fund. Walt's trip to the Chicago Worldcon in 1952, on a fund organized by Shelby Vick of Florida, was the precursor of the similar trips which have been taking place every year since. The success of the idea owes something to the report Walter wrote of his trip, "The Harp Stateside," from which the following piece of vintage Willis is an extract:

Meanwhile we set out for the Pacific Ocean. This ranked up with the Insurgents on my private list of the sights of the West Coast and, since as far as I knew it had never carried on a vendetta against Forry, I expressed a wish to see it. I had quite a clear picture of what it would be like. There would be this spectacular cliff road and beside it a beautiful golden strand, deserted except for an occasional beautiful film star committing suicide or playing immersion heaters with Burt Lancaster. You can imagine my surprise then when after a drive of about half an hour... I'd always thought Los Angeles was on the coast... we pulled up at a sort of fun-fair. Hot dog stands, ice cream vendors, shooting galleries, the lot. One of the side-shows turned out to be the Pacific Ocean. It had a concession

of a few square yards of rather dirty sand and looked depressingly like the Atlantic. I valiantly tried to feel like stout Cortez, silent upon a hotdog stand in Darien (I am now equally valiantly trying not to attempt a joke about a Peke) and sat down at the water's edge to take off my shoes and socks.

It was my intention to wade out a short distance, thinking appropriately solemn thoughts... such that now I had reached the furthestmost point of my journey westwards, and this was the turning point... and feeling as poetic as I could in bare feet with my trousers rolled up, I stalked rapidly into the Pacific Ocean. Only to slow down abruptly with an aching sense of injustice. It was COLD. My Ghod, the Pacific was cold! It was intolerable. However, I suppressed my indignation and continued on to where the water got deep. I paused, savouring the solemnity of the occasion. Here I was in the Pacific Ocean—My romantic reflections were shattered by a shout from Forry. I looked round. He pointed. I looked down. There, sailing past in line ahead at a good fifteen knots, were my only pair of shoes in 7000 miles. With a strangled cry I leaped after them, letting go my rolled-up trouser legs, which immediately fell down into the water. I overtook my shoes half-way to Hawaii and struggled back to dry land. I regret to have to tell you that Forrest J. Ackerman, a fine man in many ways, failed to show the quiet sympathy which would have been appropriate at this tragic moment. He was rolling on the sand, laughing. And as I trudged up to him he said, "A slow boot to China!"

I wrung out my trousers, put on my shoes and squelched back to the hotdog stand for a chocolate malt to restore my faith in life. Feeling hungry after the afternoon surf sports, I also ordered a hamburger. Then I took my shoes off again and began to drip quietly on the floor. I realized the hamburger man was speaking to me.

"What?" I asked.

"With?" asked the man.

"With," I said. Whatever it was, it

was evidently free and I wasn't going to pass it up.

"With onions?" asked the man.

"With everything," I said recklessly. Forry looked at me.

"Everything?" asked the man, with an air of incredulous hope.

"Everything," I said. I was beginning to have vague premonitions, but since I didn't know what he was going to put in, I didn't know what to tell him to leave out.

A wild gleam came into the fellow's eye, and he momentarily disappeared into a blur of motion. He was leaping about his booth like a mad thing, collecting samples of every organic substance within a radius of ten feet and piling them onto the foundation stone of my hamburger. I stared aghast. Obviously this man had dedicated his life to thinking up things which could be incorporated in a hamburger. I could see him waking in the middle of the night with a wild cry of glee and noting down the name of some edible Peruvian root he had overlooked. But then as the years went by his simple faith in his mission in life must have been disturbed: was it, he must have asked himself during the long frustrating years of preparing commonplace six-ply hamburgers, was it all worth while? Would his genius ever be recognized? And then at last I had come along, his soul mate, the Perfect Customer, the Man Who Wanted Everything. This was his destiny, the culmination of his career.

The hamburger rose to the sky like an edible Tower of Babel, an awesome monument to the ambition and ingenuity of Man. And still it grew, tier after tier, higher and higher. Until finally the human whirlwind subsided and looked around distractedly at his depleted shelves. I kicked my shoes out of his reach. After a few more moments of meditation he sighed and delicately added the roof to the hamburger, like a great artist signing his masterpiece. He stepped back and gazed up at it, tears of pride in his eyes.

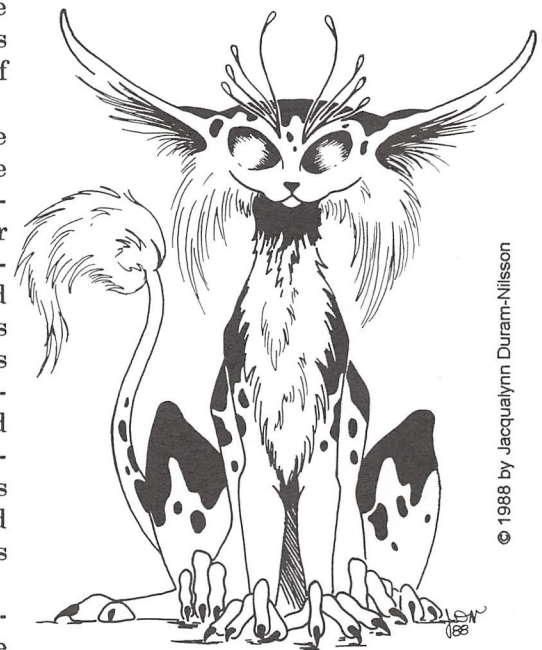
Cowering in the shade of the edifice, I looked helplessly at Forry. He

pretended he wasn't with me and went to make a phone call. Looking round the hamburger I could see the fierce eyes of its creator fixed in me. I nibbled guiltily at the fringes of the thing for a while and then desperately lifted it in both hands and began to gnaw at it. A shower of mustard, onions, beetroot, pickles, lettuce and countless other foodstuffs began to descend over me and the neighborhood. I hoped Forry was warning the Fortean Society.

After some time I had absorbed, either internally or externally, enough of The Hamburger to give me the courage to make a break for it. I stole guiltily away, resolving to make a will leaving the remains to the United Nations Famine Relief Fund.

Photo 1 of Walt Willis was taken at the Brighton Worldcon in 1987.

Photo 2 shows Walter Willis holding a reproduction of the Shield of Umor, which was produced in honour of the "The Enchanted Duplicator," an influential fable written by Walter and Bob Shaw in 1954 and subsequently reprinted ten times. Bob Shaw is also holding the Shield.



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SPIDER ROBINSON

Toastmaster

B.D. Wyatt

Spider Robinson was born six feet tall and weighing one hundred and thirty pounds, a physique he has maintained to this day through a daily regimen of rigorous neglect. The birth took place over three days, his parents having decided to handle him in sections, resulting in the confused horoscope which explains so much of his history and personality.

His parents moved frequently in his youth, but he always found them again. He learned about sex by trial and error, and in fact is currently on trial for one of those errors. In a moment of carelessness he lost his virginity in 1965, but it was returned to him nearly at once.

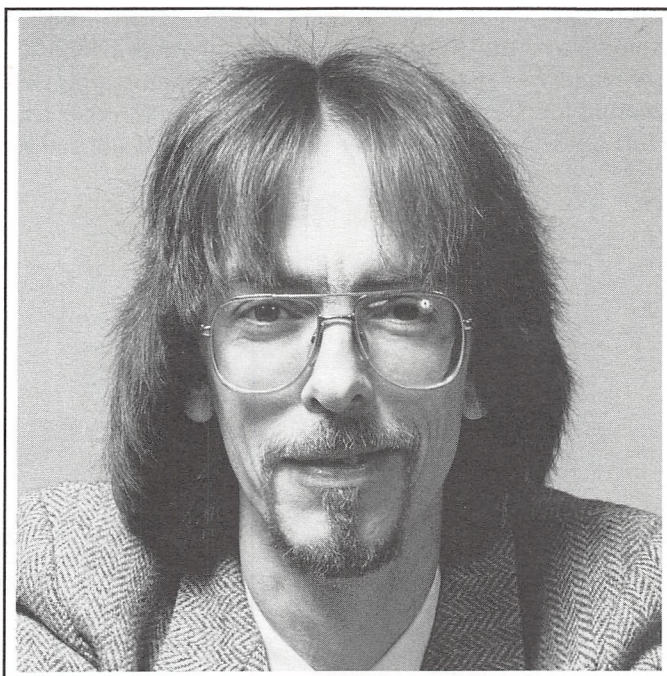
An English major, confessed folksinger and failed sewer guard, who once spent time in prison for something he didn't do (wear gloves), he became a starving writer in 1972, because he was attracted by the symmetry of spending his time between hot plate and plot hate—and the rest, as they say, is social studies. He has a rabid lifelong hatred of hatred, power cords, power chords, yum-yums who hang up on answering machines without leaving either message or apology, copy editors who believe in serial commas and people who spell adrenalin with an “e” on the end. His hobbies include paralogism, parataxis, paramnesia and uxorious parabiosis involving purberulence and ptyalism.¹

Some of his less successful early works appeared in *Galaxy* magazine under the name “B.D. Wyatt”—a house pseudonym coined by editor Jim Baen for feeble stories purchased out of charity: an anaphone for “Y.D. Buyit?”—and so when no one else

would volunteer to write this bio, he dusted off the name and started typing.

I alternate between writing hilarious books with stark themes that are very popular and lucrative (it is no accident that my name is an anagram for PRODS ONE IN RIBS), and serious novels sprinkled with puns that win Hugos and Nebulas (my name is also an anagram for BORN SO INSPIRED), a phenomenon which simultaneously amuses and depresses me... and thus reinforces the cycle. The funny stories take place in bars and whore-houses on Long Island (anagram: BONER DIPS? NO SIR!), and are set in the present or near past; the serious stories take place in New York, Halifax and High Earth Orbit, in the near future. It is harder to write a bio than I thought it would be.

Things I'm proudest of: Having been born to Charles and Evelyn in New York in 1948. My eighteen-year marriage to Jeanne (with whom I share, among other wonders and joys, a truly wonderful daughter named Terri, two novels called *Stardance* and *Starseed*—with a third novel in the oven we'll call *Starwind*—and a pair of Hugos and Nebulas). Having been associated with Jeanne's Nova Dance Theatre from 1981-1987, and



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assisted her work as a dancer until her retirement in '87, and her choreography right up to the present. Six compliments from Robert A. Heinlein, two of them public. Surviving for twenty years on science fiction writing alone—surely one of the longer running OOMEs (Out-Of-Mind Experiences) on record—with fourteen of my eighteen books still in print. Two other Hugos, a John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer, NESFA's Skylark Award, the Pat Terry Memorial Award for Humorous SF from the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation, and four grants from the Canada Council of the Arts. Outpunning Theodore Sturgeon once (and only once). Having a brother in Orlando and a sister in Smithtown, New York, that I genuinely like. Not having lost my hair yet. Being a slushpile discov-

ery, and subsequently friend, of Ben Bova. Being both the first, and possibly the last, Western writer *to be paid* for use of my work in the Soviet Union. Having been called "the new Robert Heinlein" by the *New York Times* Book Review (bullshit... but what fragrant bullshit, eh?) Owning a guitar that has been played and praised by Frank Zappa, "Spider" John Koerner, Amos Garrett and Donn Legge. Surviving thirteen Novia Scotia winters. Having been asked to write both the liner notes for Amos Garrett's R&B album *I Make My Home In My Shoes* and the introduction for Stephen Gaskin's memoir *Haight Ashbury Flashbacks* (formerly

titled *Amazing Dope Tales*).

I have never liked Elvis, seen the movies *Batman* or *Dick Tracy*, or used the word "Not" as a sentence, and it's too late to start now. I do not believe that we're all doomed and good riddance, or that nothing happened back in the Sixties, or that a housing development despoils nature any more than a beaver dam, or that anything of any sort should ever be censored for any reason whatsoever. Some of my favorite writers are Heinlein, Sturgeon, Pohl, Niven, Ellison, Varley, John D. MacDonald, William Goldman, and Donald Westlake. I own every recording Ray Charles ever released, and some he doesn't even know

about. I know a coffee almost as good as Blue Mountain at a third of the price, and I won't tell you what it is. I also know where the best coffee in Australia is located and I *will* tell you if you'll promise to score me a couple of hundred pounds when you go. (Geb won't go near a post office. Interesting man.)

The only other thing I can think of that you might like to know is that my next novel *Lady Slings The Booze* is due out in November in Ace hardcover. It opens with the words, "It was noon before they finished scraping Uncle Louie off the dining room table," and gets sillier from there.



SERENDIPITY: DO

Some Thoughts About Collaborative Writing

Spider and Jeanne Robinson

We didn't do it deliberately. It was serendipity.

So we're not sure our experience will be relevant to you. But using the imperial "we" makes us feel so much like royalty, we can't resist writing this essay on spousal collaboration.

Jeanne had never thought of herself as a writer, or had the faintest desire to be one. Spider, her partner of two years then, was the writer—and a superstitiously secretive one. He *never* showed *anyone* anything but the completed copy. (Oh, Jeanne always helped him fix the first draft, but no one else ever saw anything but final draft.) She was a modern dancer and choreographer, with a career considerably more demanding than his.

But then she had a baby.

So we went back to the Old Country to show off the baby to the family. And ran out of cash. Marooned at Jeanne's mom's house in Massachusetts, we knew our only hope of getting home to the blizzards of Nova Scotia before Summer was for Spider to sell something fast.

He reasoned as follows: when in a hurry, write about what you already know, to save time researching. What did he know? Well... a dancer. And thereby more than most laymen know about dance. Ah, but how to sell a dance story to *Analog*? Fairly obvious: set it in... my God, *in space*. Dance in *zero gee*! What a wonderful concept...

That night, he mentioned that he was working up a yarn about zero gravity dance, called "Stardance." Jeanne's ears grew points...

Her own career was on maternal hiatus, and our baby was a sweetie: for the first time in many years she had time and energy on her hands. And when you think about it (which we did not, until much later), what a choreographer does is make up stories—whether linear or abstract—even if they're usually told without words.

The next day Spider became aware, as he scribbled, of a vague presence behind his shoulder. He let it pass: he loved his wife, and she *was* being quiet. After a time, he heard her voice: "That's not the right term. A dancer would call that a jump, not a leap."

He was faintly irritated by the interruption—but after all, she *was* his resource person, and it would be well to spot errors *before* one became inoperably entwined in the story. He grunted and made the correction.

A while later, she did it again. "No: that's a ballet term. Modern dancers don't say that." Spider growled and again made the change.

Ten minutes later Jeanne clearly exceeded her mandate as technical consultant: she said, referring to the protagonist, "Shara would never do that. She's just not that kind of person."

Seriously annoyed now—this was exactly why he didn't show work-in-progress: well-meaning people were always fiddling with the confidence he needed to keep working—Spider began to explain why Jeanne was wrong. Assembling his arguments, he discovered that she was *right*. He

thought about this, and about Jeanne's uncanny ability to "read" people accurately on short acquaintance... and then about how badly he would have blundered if she had not just rescued him.

"Pull up a chair," he said, and added her name to the byline.

Jeanne was extremely reluctant—but he wouldn't let her off the hook no matter how much she squirmed. (Much the same way their marriage began, now he comes to think of it.)

Neither of us could tell you at gunpoint "who wrote what." Jeanne did not set a word to paper, nor did she often suggest major changes in style or grammar of specific sentences, nor argue details of space science, those being Spider's lines of evil. But she helped guide every scene, supplied dialogue and action and business and vital technical advice and crucial structural suggestions—and every time Spider paused to ask himself the age-old question, What Happens Next?, she would tell him. Her suggestion was nearly always better than anything he could have come up with. Most vital to the story, she invented and explored the art of zero gravity dance, Spider supplying only relevant scientific data about the behavior of objects in zero gee. How she did all this without making him defensive, neither can say.

Nonetheless, the process was so strange to Spider that it produced a story unlike anything he had ever written. As he typed the final draft of "Stardance," it seemed to him that it

was awful. Worse, unsalably long. He was in despair as he typed the last page: Jeanne had to literally seize the manuscript from his hands to keep him from destroying it. She pointed out that they were broke nearly to the point of being unrepairable, and that even a rotten story might well bring a check from some desperate editor: we might as well begin hunting for one, while trying to think of a better, shorter, more salable piece to write.

Spider sent the story to Ben Bova at *Analog*, then called to ask for a quick decision. Ben promised one, but pointed out that the manuscript was *much* too long; he advised us to work on ways of cutting it at least in half while he was reading it.

That night we studied it together, and despaired anew. We could not find a spare word. Reluctantly we called Ben and said so.

"Forget the cutting," he said. "I'm a little more than halfway through, and I'll probably buy it pretty much as is. Find a good place to break it, and I'll run it over two issues."

That night we went crazy again. There was just no way to bisect the damn thing effectively. Next day we called Ben again...

"Forget breaking it," he said. "I've finished it, and I'm going to run it in a single lump, fill half the magazine with it, and it's going to win a the Best Novella Hugo." (The Hugo is sf's top award, unique among art awards in that it is voted on by annually by anyone who wants to bother, rather than by an elite group of "experts.")

The check arrived: joyously we headed for home, ran into a major blizzard, and durn near died in New Brunswick.

So Jeanne became the first person ever to win a Hugo, a Nebula, an AnLab and Locus Poll awards for her first published work, and Spider got the second of his three Hugos.

Jeanne created a dance solo called "Higher Ground," about what she had learned in inventing and contemplating zero gee dance, and premiered it at the 1980 World Science Fiction Convention, Noreascon II, in the Grand Ballroom of the Boston Sheraton. It

incorporated brief simulated zero gee special effects, both live and on film. Over a thousand fans gave her a ten minute standing ovation, and Jeanne found herself, with no clear idea how it happened, on the short list of candidates for a seat on the Space Shuttle—to try out zero gee dance for real!—through NASA's Civilian In Space program (where she remained until the *Challenger* tragedy ended CIS for our lifetime). Spider found himself lecturing with Jeanne at the Canadian national dance conference on dance in free fall.

Over the next year, many colleagues urged us to "expand that sucker into a book and make some real bread." But we couldn't bear to pump our baby full of bad gas, just to make her marketable to a more affluent buyer. One day sf's most reknowned and skilled plot doctor, Gordy Dickson, called us up. "I've heard of your problem," he said, "and I wanted to suggest that the good way to turn a novella into a novel is not to pump it up bigger... but to *write the sequel*." That night we discussed how we might do that. To our shock, we realized all the clues were already in "Stardance," planted there without conscious intent! We contracted with Dial Press for a novel.

The remaining two thirds of *Stardance* were written differently than the original novella. Jeanne was now back in high gear as a dancer/choreographer in New York. So while she sweated in studios, Spider sat in a tiny apartment on the East Side and wrote, with the baby on his lap. Jeanne would read the copy when she came home and explain what was wrong. (Being careful to praise what he'd gotten right.) Then he'd fix it. It always came out better.

The second portion of the story, serialized in *Analog* as "Stardance II," won the AnLab again. The hardcover sold well, and the first paperback printing was set at 200,000 copies. *Stardance* has been in print ever since, currently in Baen Books paperback, and has been translated into six other languages.

In short, it worked so well that it

was thirteen years before we tried it again.

Well, we were busy. Jeanne founded and ran her own professional modern dance company, Nova Dance Theatre (which is very much like having a dozen retarded children, if you ask Spider) for eight years, and its school, DancExchange, and choreographing over twenty works for performance while wrestling with Boards of Directors and funding agencies and a hundred other things. Spider continued to show her work-in-progress, and her suggestions always improved it, but Jeanne was simply too busy too put in the hours necessary for a collaboration.

But a dancer's career is as short as an athlete's: in 1987 Jeanne retired.

Few make that transition comfortably, and being two and a half years younger than usual doesn't help a lot. For a while, moving the entire Robinson household all the way across the continent, from Halifax to Vancouver, soaked up a lot of energy. Jeanne taught dance for a time, as she had since age 16, but it no longer satisfied. Her growing commitment to Soto Zen Buddhism filled many hours, but you can't sit zazen forever. Well, you can, but your husband and teenager would look at you funny.

One day Spider came to her and asked for her help. "It's time to peddle the next book, and when I ask myself which one I'd like to write next, it keeps coming up that sequel to *Stardance* we've been talking about for ten years. You want to have another book?"

So we drew up a proposal together for a book called *Starseed*, sold it to Ace, and sat down to work.

This time we used a dual-mode of composition.

In the early evenings, we'd used the duel-mode: we sat side by side at the Mac and argued about every sentence Spider typed. (We're using the same method to write this essay). We agreed in advance that in the event of a deadlock disagreement, Spider would get final say—but it never came up. It did get just a bit stormier than it had with *Stardance*, because by

now Jeanne knew she was not just an intruding amateur—but equally often it was glorious telepathic symbiosis (the sort our characters were seeking), with each of us synergizing and heterodyning the other. High cotton...

Around two AM Jeanne would yawn, make some last minute suggestions, and fall over. Spider would slog on until dawn (his usual working hours). When Jeanne woke, she'd read the new copy and work on it until Spider woke in mid-afternoon. (Note: if you can't tolerate weird sleep-cycles in a mate, don't marry a writer.) That set things up for the early evening argument—or feast of harmony, as it might be.

Of course, we've described an ideal day that rarely took place. Parenting (and the rites that cause it), food and drink, One Damn Thing After Another kept revising the schedule.

And once, the method changed completely. We were sitting in a night club, digging Johnny Winter, and got to talking. Jeanne felt that we hadn't introduced our protagonist well enough, early enough, to make our readers empathize with her. We did, but we knew things about her that the events of the plot gave us no chance to wedge in for several chapters. "We just tell the readers that dance is real important to her," Jeanne said. "We have to show them why." And she grabbed Spider's pen, borrowed some paper, and proceeded to write an eight-page Prologue, while Spider watched and Mr. Winter wailed. It is Spider's particular favorite part of the book.

Starseed came out in Ace hardcover in October 1991; the paperback is due in September of 1992. (There is a special leatherbound signed edition from Easton Press, who also published a leather edition of *Stardance* earlier this year.) It is in one sense not a sequel to *Stardance*: it takes place twenty years later, the original characters get only cameos, and we worked to make prior knowledge of the earlier book unnecessary. Dean Wesley Smith, who bought it for serialization in *Pulphouse: Magazine*, had never read *Stardance*.

And we had enough fun writing it that, once Spider has completed a couple of other books that crept into his schedule while he wasn't looking, we plan to write a third book in the same fiction ("fiction": fictional universe, e.g. Oz, Barsoom; term coined by Robert A. Heinlein), titled *Star-mind*. We've already sketched the frame, and Jeanne is doing research.

We cannot advise anyone so bold and reckless as to *plan* to collaborate with a spouse—or indeed with anyone. But we recall the words of Larry Niven, paraphrased from a late-night discussion: "If you must collaborate, it should be with someone you're prepared to sleep with if necessary. Shar-

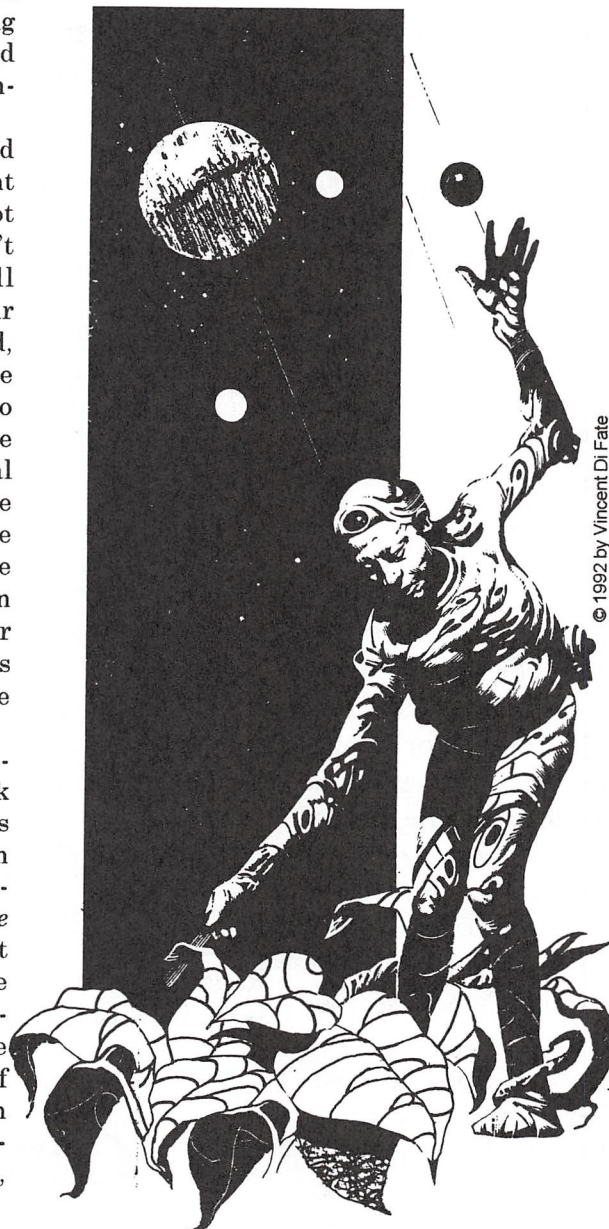
ing a typewriter is as intimate as sharing a toothbrush." (Insert your own jokes about Jerry Pournelle, Steve Barnes, David Gerrold, and other Niven collaborators. We did.) We do warn you that collaboration is a peachy way to test the stability of your relationship—possibly to destruction. If there is any ego struggle in your marriage, this will likely resolve it, one way or the other. It has helped us learn to transcend some of that stuff; but we may just have been lucky.

We do echo Larry's advice that you agree in advance who will prevail in case of showdown (flip a coin if you must), and stick to it.

Spider feels that collaboration spoils both the best and worst parts of being a writer. You're no longer the omnipotent God of your own universe... but you're no longer so goddam *lonely* either. He had not realized until then just how quiet it gets down there in his pit. To quote cartoonist Jeff MacNelly ("Shoe"), "Writing consists of simply staring at a blank page until beads of blood form on your forehead." That's something it can help to share...

It goes beyond writing, really. Jeanne was once married to a man who discouraged her dance career. Spider has lived with people who thought writing wasn't real work. Whether we'd ever dabbled in each other's art-form or not (Spider has appeared in Jeanne's dances, as a musician), we are both rich in having a spouse who understands that when we're staring into space, we're working. And who will back us to do what we must, whatever that takes.

But having had an opportunity to mingle our work, to spend hours together creating something neither of us could have alone: that is more than riches. That's joy...



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ALIEN WORDS

Poul Anderson

To do a faithful translation of any writer, but especially a good writer, into a foreign language is hard and never quite succeeds. The nuances unique to a given tongue are intractable, not to mention grammatical structure and the very sound, vocables and rhythms. In the case of Jack Vance, the job must be damn near impossible. Among his virtues, he is the finest stylist that fantasy fiction has had since Dunsany and science fiction since—well, nobody really compares.

Nevertheless he is both popular and esteemed in many countries. Somebody must be doing something right. Of course, his inventiveness, sense of character, and sheer storytelling ability account for a great deal. Yet wording is integral to his work in a way that it is for few others. I would be interested to know how it comes across in those languages I can read or make a stab at.

Time for such a study is lacking. I don't even examine my own foreign editions except superficially. However, you may enjoy a few observations and anecdotes. After all, translation from English is a large and growing part of the world science fiction/fantasy scene. I wish there were more *into* English; we're doubtless missing out on some excellent stuff.

Years ago in Europe I met a man who supplemented his income by taking commissions to render Anglophone books into Danish. This moonlighting was not unusual. The demand being too large for the famous translators to handle, they farmed most of the work out to people like him—that is, ghost translators!

Though I'm sure he was personally conscientious, his case illustrates that haste and carelessness from which

popular fiction, such as our field, has for too often suffered. Of slopwork known to me, German has the most, probably because the largest volume has appeared in it, but I could name you two or three countries on which I felt, at the time, we should declare war.

I must immediately say that slipshodness was never universal, and that matters seem to have vastly improved. For example, the recent German translator of *The Boat of a Million Years* not only rendered the bits of skaldic verse correctly as to meaning, she reproduced their meter and alliteration. She was less successful with the *tanka*, but I don't see how she could have done better; German simply assays more syllables per word than English. And, wisely, she left the fragment of an American folk song in the original. As said, I seldom go through a whole text, just spot-check it, but I feel reasonably confident of the prose here.

To the best of my knowledge, all my French versions have been meticulously done. My late friend, the paleo-anthropologist François Bordes, liked one short story, set mainly in Ice Age Europe, well enough to translate it himself for the magazine *Fiction*. Being an honest scholar, he felt obliged to put in footnotes explaining where I'd gone wrong. At the mention of a saber-toothed tiger, he commented that while animals of this kind were alive in America then, they were extinct in Europe. "It seems," he added, "that long-toothed carnivores always survive later in America." Jack has had similarly pleasing experiences. Indeed, his principal French translator came over here largely to visit him, and was his and Norma's house guest for a while.

Aside from sporadically picking out words, I can't read Russian, but in the days of the unlamented Soviet Union occasional work of mine was published there, as it continues to be, and a pen pal said it was well handled. I did see that in one story somebody was hailed as "mister," same as the original, rather than "tovarishch" or "gospodin," and this was reassuring. (Not incidentally, the pent-up demand for foreign literature in every part of the former Empire is immense. Writers and their agents should pay close attention to developments yonder.)

Still less can I read Japanese, but a wonderful thing once happened in that connection. Takumi Shibano, who was to translate *The Avatar*, wrote to me, in flawless English, asking whether he had understood various colloquial passages rightly. He had. Thus I know full well that that text, for better or worse, conveys what I had in mind.

To be sure, Homer nods, and the best of us goof every now and then. Looking though an otherwise okay Danish version of *Guardians of Time*, I came on a passage involving some Mongol horsemen, which I had written as "The first sun saw his troop wind between scattered copses on a broad valley floor." The translator presumably took it for a misprint, and in his rendition they wind between scattered *corpses*, with a casualness somewhat startling even for soldiers of Kubilai Khan. Since then I have been very chary of using that word.

Besides carelessness, incompetence, and honest error, the copy editor syndrome plagues translations as much as it does originals. You probably know that a copy editor is the person generally not a publisher's employee but a free-lance, who prepares a

manuscript for the printer, in the process supposedly picking any nits that got by the author and the line editor. A good one is a jewel. Too often, though, the person is an odious little B.A. in creative writing who just *knows* that he, she, or it can write a story ever so much better than the author, and proceeds to do so. Writers learn the hard way to insist on seeing copy-edited manuscripts before they go to press.

Some translators are like that. I have reserved the politicians' suite in hell for a Norwegian who turned the climax of *Operation Chaos* into gibbering idiocy. Jerry Pournelle's worst horror story concerns a certain German. That character, a Communist, fixed a final scene to make the hero look approvingly on a massacre. Jerry met him later and taxed with it. "Of course," the Communist replied blithely. "You are a fascist; I made you seem like a fascist." International

laws of libel offered Jerry no help, and proving justifiable homicide in court would have been more trouble than it was worth. Let us hope the bastard is now in Cuba.

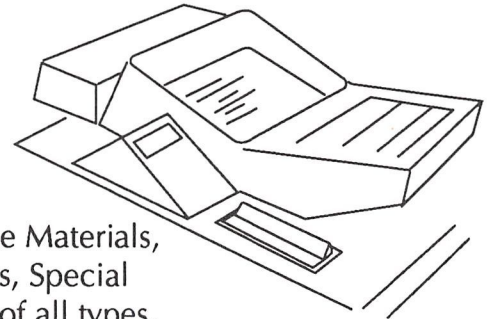
This is not to day that no legitimate changes can be made. Many are, indeed, unavoidable. Languages don't translate one-on-one, and we also have cultural differences. Consider dialects. How shall, say, a Dane render the Cockney, Scots, and Irish varieties of English? Respectively working-class Copenhagenish, Jutish, and... what? Nothing that s/he tries will be really equivalent. Similarly, a concept that is so common in a given country that a word or two conveys it may need explanation in another. For instance, a mention of the American electoral college could be important in a story, but I believe this curious institution is ours alone; a European reader would necessarily understand the significance of Whitsuntide, the

Lanterns of the Dead, or Torden-skjold. The translator may supply footnotes, but that is awkward in itself; or s/he may resort to a circumlocution; or s/he may find something short that does not mean quite the same bit has approximately the desired impact and doesn't hold up the story. Whatever, it's necessary but never satisfactory. Science fiction, with its special idioms, poses special problems.

In spite of them and all other difficulties, its lodge is fast growing internationally, both in members and in their closeness. This would go still quicker and better if we in the English area were less insular. Let me repeat my wish for more translations from foreign languages into ours. A lot of exciting things are happening over there, and we have a lot to discover—maybe even, though I don't know of any, a writer equal to Jack Vance.

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OUT OF THE VOID

"The Thing" and the Beginning of the 1950's Film Cycle

Vincent Di Fate

For those of us who lived through it, the decade of the 1950's was a very special time. It was a curious mixture of social passions, conformity and rebellion, optimism and anxiety. Emerging as we were from the ravages of the Second World War, it was a time of great hope as we applied the newly developed technologies of warfare to the peaceful enrichment of humankind. We had, after all, conquered the atom and found it to be not merely a source of destructive power, but also one of the inexhaustible energy with which to drive the machines which would pave the road to a better life.

The youth culture, perceived to be a growing source of income to the communications industry, was allowed to express its resistance to adult authority and this was reflected in the clothes we wore, the music we listened to, the way we combed our hair, the movies we went to see. Young people were—and have been ever since—the largest consumer group in America.

If the atomic bomb gave us the promise of nuclear energy (tempered though it was by the threat of global destruction) then the V-2 rocket, one of the most formidable weapons of the German arsenal, gave us the promise of space. Well, we do remember those times not long ago when we could look up to the vaulted heavens and the air would be clear enough to reveal the glimmering procession of the Milky Way. And, as we looked at the stars against the velvet night, we'd wonder about other worlds and other beings,

different from ourselves, and fantastic marvels which human eyes had never seen.

Some of us saw what we perceived to be the vanguard of invading armies from the void. Strange lights, sleek silvery ships without wings, saucers and cones that hovered in the skies, seemingly in defiance of the laws of gravity, these were frequently the subjects of conversation in those days. Although such things had been in the skies since the dawn of time, they were never so much a part of the public consciousness as they were then, nor have they been so much since.

As early as the Second World War, Allied Intelligence began keeping records of these events. At first there were the "foo" fighters, eerie balls of fire which danced on the wings of Allied bombers as they flew their missions over Europe since the Nazi occupation. Believed at the time to be psychological weapons developed by the Germans, the "foo" lights plagued military air traffic on both sides of the front during most of the war. Today the "foo" fighters are thought to have been manifestations of St. Elmo's fire, a coronal effect which can sometimes be caused by conditions accompanying a thunderstorm. Yet, in the stress of battle they must have seemed fearsome, coming as if from nowhere to dance on the wings and flanks of airplanes and then fading slowly into the ether or winking out abruptly without a trace.

But the "foo" lights were only the beginning of a far greater phenom-

enon which would capture the popular imagination. On June 24th, 1947, a businessman from Boise, Idaho, named Kenneth Arnold saw what he described as nine disc-like objects skittering along the peaks of Mt. Rainier, Washington, as he looked through the window of his private plane. It was the first such report to be given wide attention by the press and from this sighting came the infamous term "flying saucer."

To be sure, there were plenty of good reasons to be paranoid during the 1950's without the added fear that our world might be invaded by armies of malevolent beings from outer space. There was The Bomb and The Reds, The Yellow Peril, and The Asian Flu, and the insidious corrupter of the nation's youth, Rock'N'Roll. But of all the perils of the day, imagined or otherwise, the extraterrestrial invasion was by far the most intriguing.

It was virtually a foregone conclusion that if there really were extraterrestrials Out There, they were almost certainly hostile toward human life. Though there was precious little evidence one way or the other, this attitude was particularly evident in motion picture theaters and drive-ins and in that fledgling medium of television. Conflict is, after all, the essence of drama.

Occurring at the same time, but having only the most peripheral connection with what was going on in the skies, SF was nearing the end of its first Golden Age. One of the names most associated with that era was the

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author and editor John W. Campbell, Jr. In his brief but meteoric career as a writer, Campbell had established himself as a major literary talent in the genre, writing first under his own name and later under the pseudonym Don A. Stuart. As Stuart, Campbell created one of the most compelling stories of alien visitation ever written, a novella entitled "Who Goes There?" As the editor of *Astounding Science Fiction*, then the field's leading magazine, Campbell helped to nurture the literary talents of such note as Robert A. Heinlein, Issac Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke, Theodore Sturgeon and others.

That some of the writings of these authors would in time become the bases for motion pictures is no surprise, yet the differences between their ideas and the translation of those ideas to film are somewhat puzzling. For more than three decades now, science fiction as literature has differed significantly from science fiction as film. Beyond the obvious limitations imposed by the need to show what can be only vaguely suggested by the written word, there are great dissimilarities in viewpoint, particularly with respect to attitudes regarding science.

Generally, both SF films and SF literature recognize the perseverance of the human spirit as a principal ingredient in storytelling. Both SF films and literature use science as a means to provide the source of dramatic conflict. It is science gone haywire which awakens the beast from its sleep of centuries; it is the chain reaction raging out of control that only the clear thinking, level-headed protagonist can set right again. Yet from this common footing, the two go off on widely different paths.

The scientist of the SF film is often corrupted by ambition. They violate the laws of God and Nature and are therefore punished by madness. To be sure, the mad scientist is not unheard of in the books we read, but on the broader scale of SF literature, science and scientists are viewed in a more becoming light. The realm of the sci-

entist is largely abstract and, to most of us, it is difficult to understand. What we do not understand, we often fear. For many of us, science is magic made rational.

The scientist, with his analytical mind and obtuse language, is a being apart from the rest of us. As such, we see him as cold and calculating, given to heartless acts, wild ambitions and flights of madness—or so separated from the practical considerations of life that he perceives life itself to be secondary to the pursuit of knowledge. Since before the days of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* we have thought of scientists as madmen and dreamers, bent on violating the sacred laws of Nature and undoing all in the universe that is holy.

The past half century of SF literature has, however, painted a somewhat fairer picture of the scientist. While still at times obtuse, they are seldom mad and ambitious in only the most benign sense. The resourceful SF writer is wise to keep his scientist sane and rational so that he can explain those niggling details surrounding the central premise of the story and keep the narrative in motion.

Science, too, is often victimized by the SF film. Not only does it fail to make much sense, but we often hear such words as "there are things which Man is not meant to know," or, "there are things Man should not tamper with." Although these ideas may be apt in a dramatic sense, they are certainly anti-science. Not only does Man have every right to seek knowledge of his universe, but it seems to me that by virtue of his intelligence he has an obligation to do so. This is an idea which is central to most science fiction stories, yet the antithesis of it is common to the vast majority of science fiction films.

It would be an over-simplification to say that, in some general sense, SF films tend to be traditionally anti-science in viewpoint, while SF literature tends to be generally pro-science. This is not a point of criticism (for like many of my generation I find the SF film to be an object of unreasoned affection) but to point out a fundamental

difference in attitude as it applies to SF in different art forms. Indeed, for all their faults, there is no denying that there is magic in these films. To say otherwise would require the denial of a major motivating force of my career. What might I have become without the books and films of my youth? What might my dreams have been?

The science fiction films of the 1950's are unlike any other films before or since. They are a unique barometer of the social trends and anxieties of the era and some, though tainted by a naiveté which makes them at times laughable to a modern audiences, are still durable. Rock-'N'Roll is not a perfect art form, yet who could deny its influence or refuse its right to be cherished?

The SF film cycle began with the release in 1950 of two films which, though low on budget, were high on ambition. Kurt Neumann's *Rocketship XM* and George Pal's *Destination Moon* were essentially dramatic travelogues to Mars and the moon respectively and both were financially successful, thus signalling to filmmakers that there was money to be made from science fiction movies. Almost immediately the major studios began hunting through the rich body of science fiction literature in search of new story ideas. It is ironic how after three decades so many of these ideas have been untapped by the motion picture industry.

The noted film director Howard Winchester Hawks anticipated the commercial potential for science fiction cinema even before *Destination Moon* went into release. Basing his assessment of the genre's popularity on the growing number of SF magazines, Hawks acquired an option to film John Campbell's "Who Goes There?" from the pulp magazine publisher, Street and Smith. Street and Smith's *Astounding Stories* had run the Campbell novella in the August 1938 issue under the Don Stuart byline.

Unique among science fiction stories of the period for its marvelous blend of atmosphere and scientific

speculation, "Who Goes There?" tells of the discovery of an alien spacecraft trapped the Antarctic ice for nearly twenty million years. The craft, found by members of an expedition sent to study the South Magnetic Pole, is a huge submarine-shaped affair which the men suspect may have gone out of control when it came into the influence of the earth's magnetic field. Colliding with a granite ridge, the ship was frozen fast in the rapidly forming polar glacier, and a being, perhaps the only survivor of the crash, was entombed in the ice some ten paces from the vessel. After cutting a large block of ice containing the creature from the glacier, the men attempt to free the ship with a thermite bomb. The heat from the bomb is so intense that the ship's hull, composed primarily of magnesium, catches fire and the vessel is quickly consumed. Returning to camp with the frozen alien carcass wrapped in tarpaulin, the men meet with the other members of the expedition to discuss their find. As the tarpaulin is pulled back, we glimpse the creature for the first time:

"...The room stiffened abruptly, it was face-up there on the plain, greasy planks of the table. The broken haft of the bronze ice-axe was still buried in the queer skull. Three mad, hate-filled eyes blazed up with a living fire, bright as fresh-spilled blood from a face ringed with a writhing, loathsome nest of worms, blue, mobile worms that crawled where hair should grow—"

Not only is the thing's appearance utterly unearthly, but once liberated from the ice the creature is able to infiltrate the camp by means of its unique body chemistry. Speaking thru a character named Blair, the team biologist, Campbell describes this feature of the creature's make-up thus:

"...Every living thing is made up of jelly protoplasm and minute, submicroscopic things called nuclei, which control the bulk, the protoplasm. This thing was just a modification of that same world-wide plan of Nature; cells made up of protoplasm, controlled by infinitely tinier nuclei.

"...This isn't wildly beyond what we already know. It's just a modification we haven't seen before. It's as natural, as logical, as any other manifestation of life. It obeys exactly the same laws. The cells are made of protoplasm, their character determined by the nucleus. Only, in this creature, the cell-nuclei can control those cells at will. It digested Charnauk [a sled dog] and as it digested, studied every cell of his tissue, and shaped its own cell to imitate exactly...."

Blair quickly realizes that the creature's ability to change its shape poses a danger to all earthly life. Given access to the Antarctic Seas, it could make its way to the mainland taking the form of a seal or killer whale—or worse, a herd of such animals—infiltrating each individual which in turn could spread the menace geometrically. To make matters worse, it is learned that the creature can imitate higher forms such as man and that it has telepathic abilities which enable it to move about virtually undetected. Able to read the minds of the men and animals surrounding it, the thing can produce the anticipated responses of the individual it is imitation and thus continue the systematic take-over of all terrestrial life unhampered.

In telling us of the creature's body chemistry, Campbell provides us with a clue to its ultimate undoing. Each cell of the thing is an independent, self-contained organism; thus bullets alone cannot kill it. Only the total destruction of all body tissue can bring about its demise.

By taking samples of blood from each member of the team and subjecting the samples to a life threatening stimulus such as intense heat, the scientists are able to determine which among them have been invaded. Blair, apparently driven mad by the sheer horror of the thing and its insidious plan of conquest, is confined to his shed. It is through Blair, isolated from the others as he is, that at least one manifestation of the creature is able to avoid detection, but not before the *real* Blair has effectively destroyed all means of transportation to the out-

side world.

In desperation, the creature, using the isolation of the shed, begins to build an anti-gravity pack from discarded radio parts and scraps of metal and glass. Finally discovered, the alien is killed and its remains are burned to ashes with a blow-torch.

Although science provides the means by which the creature comes to earth and the potential means by which it intends to leave the Pole, science also provides the protagonists with a way of detecting and of ultimately destroying the alien in "Who Goes There?"

Through having elements of horror is very much a science fiction story and takes a positive view of science. It is the resourcefulness of the scientists under the most stressful of circumstances that allows the earth to be spared. And it is the selfless efforts of Blair in the final moments as a human being which help to thwart the creature's plan of conquest. These are unequivocally brave and noble deeds.

Campbell's concept of an alien who must invade the cells of other life forms in order to feed and replicate itself is a fascinating one. It is central to the theme of the story and the reason for its title, "Who Goes There?" It was also the product of one of Campbell's most terrifying childhood fears, for his mother, Dorothy Strahern Campbell and her sister were identical twins—so much so, that even John could not tell his real mother from his aunt.

Ironically, this aspect of the alien was the first item to be discarded during the early story conferences between screen writer Charles Lederer and producer Howard Hawks in preparation for their film adaptation entitled *The Thing from Another World*. Yet this 1951 film made for Hawks' Winchester Pictures Corporation and first released by RKO is an undisputed classic. Perhaps the shape-changer idea was dropped because of uncertainty about making the concept appear convincing on the screen, or perhaps the idea was thought too complex for movie audiences to follow. For whatever reasons,

The Thing, even in this less formidable rendition, seems not to have suffered from its translation to the screen. Indeed, more than thirty years later it remains unsurpassed in its ability to fascinate, to frighten, and to terrify.

The film begins with a team of Air Force flyers being summoned to the aid of scientific expedition in the Arctic which has recorded the crash of a large flying object. At the site of the crash the scientists and military men find a large area which has been melted and re-frozen and what appears to be a metal stabilizer protruding from the ice. The men spread out to determine the size and shape of the object by positioning themselves along its perimeter and in doing so they discover that the object is formed in an almost perfect circle. Deducing that they have stumbled upon a flying saucer, the men proceed to free it from the ice with thermite. The object explodes and is quickly consumed in flames, but not before a passenger has been thrown free and quickly re-frozen. The men separate the passenger from the ice in a large block and transport it back to camp.

Once at camp a conflict arises between the leader of the military men, a Captain Patrick Hendry (Kenneth Tobey) and the head of the expedition, Dr. Arthur Carrington (Robert Cornthwaite) over what steps should be taken in dealing with the creature. A decision is deferred pending orders from General Fogherty, the head of military operations for the region, but all radio communications are knocked out by a storm. To preserve conditions as they are, the men break the windows in the storage room to keep the block of ice from melting and a guard is posted round the clock.

That evening as the ice begins to clear, the men get their first glimpse of the creature trapped within. It is a large, hairless humanoid with oddly clawed hands and thorn-like protrusions at the knuckle joints. Corporal Barnes (William Self), intimidated by the thing's appearance, covers the ice with an electric blanket during his watch and inadvertently sets the

monster free. Fleeing out into the night, the creature encounters a pack of sled dogs and loses a hand and part of its forearm during a violent struggle.

From a careful examination of the severed hand the scientists are able to learn that the creature is plant-like in nature and from traces of dog blood on the claws, that it must ingest animal blood in order to feed itself. Furthermore, seed found in the palm, when planted in blood-saturated soil, grow at an alarming rate, thus threatening terrestrial life with a potentially rapidly expanding army of blood-drinking aliens.

The thing secretly gains access to the base greenhouse and there kills two of the scientists, draining their blood for food and also for the medium to nurture its seedlings. When this is discovered an attempt is made to kill the creature by dousing it in kerosene and setting it on fire, but the attempt fails when it breaks through a window and plunges its burning body into the snow.

The conflict between Carrington and Hendry grows. Carrington argues, "knowledge is more important than life. It doesn't matter what happens to us." Later when he learns of a plan to trap and electrocute the creature he states, "you are robbing sci-

ence of the greatest secrets ever to come to it... We owe it to the brain of our species to die rather than to destroy a source of wisdom." During the final confrontation in an electrical shed, Carrington temporarily sabotages the generator, proclaiming to the creature, "I'm not your enemy. I'm a scientist!" His efforts, however, are to no avail, for the creature strikes him down and is promptly dispatched when it is trapped between two electrodes and burned to ashes in an arc of electricity.

As the cold and calculating personification of an impersonal science, Carrington is suitably arrogant and aloof. His dialogue alludes often to the lofty goals of science and he makes it abundantly clear that personal survival is secondary to preservation of the alien specimen. Although the other scientists are not quite so dogged in their views, Carrington is clearly set up as a general indictment of science. "Nothing counts except our thinking," he says. "We've thought our way into nature. We've split the atom." To which Lieutenant Dykes (James Young) responds, "Yes, and that sure made the world happy, didn't it!" As if the development of the atomic bomb had been purely the product of scientific curiosity and not one of military need.

It is as a direct result of this deviation in attitude that many of SF's literary professionals have shunned the film despite its status as a motion picture classic. Of the best known professionals in the field, only Arthur C. Clarke has praised it, calling it the best science fiction film ever made, while at the other extreme, the noted author and biochemist Issac Asimov has called it the worst. Yet, regarded purely as entertainment, *The Thing* is most deserving of its status and is almost certainly the best horror film to have come out of the 1950s, or perhaps any decade since.

At a final cost of just under \$1,260,000, *The Thing* opened in New York on May 2, 1951. Prior to its release, Hollis Alpert commented in a review in the April 21st issue of *The Saturday Review*, "...I think Chris-



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tian Nyby, the director, is in for some high compliments for keeping the tension of the audience at a keen, awed pitch and for the convincing detail that keeps one's inclination to disbelief suspended until the lights go on... this one comes close to being a horror masterpiece for my money." Indeed, Nyby's brilliance is never more apparent than it is during the staging of the scene at the crash site when the men spread out across the ice to form the circle around the buried ship. One might be inclined to speculate that the scene was staged that way for purely economic reasons, thus sparing the expense of having to build a full-size replica of the ship. If so, it could not have been more effectively done, nor more ingenious.

The dialogue is crisp, intelligent and natural. Exposition is integrated convincingly into the normal flow of conversation and the frequent overlapping of dialogue is used to generate an aura of excitement and realism. Often regarded as an actor's film, the performances by a cast of virtual unknowns are truly excellent; a fact which even now, some thirty years later, is still unique to the annals of science fiction cinema. John McCarten writing in the May 22, 1951 issue of *The New Yorker* stated, "For the cast of *The Thing* I have nothing but admiration." Unlike the vast majority of SF films, the focus is on characters under conditions of stress and most of the tension is generated by the interaction of those characters.

In general evolution of science fiction cinema, *The Thing* was a trend setter, establishing as it did an intriguing blend of horror and science fiction. As a true measure of the film's critical and financial success, it received considerably favorable reviews at the time of its release and was reissued three times between 1951 and 1957 before being leased for television exhibition in the early 1960s. Despite the elements of horror and the traditional handling of costumes and atmosphere, *The Thing* is very clearly science fiction. Unlike the vampire which is ultimately the personification of human evil, the creature is the

off-spring of impersonal science—some mad perversion of a universe outside the influence of the human soul. His human counterpart is Carrrington, who is not a sinful man, just one whose brain is bigger than his heart. The majority of science fiction films to be made during the decade would deal with the *creatures* of science fiction, but none would equal the power, the brilliance, the human drama of *The Thing*, save, perhaps, Don Siegel's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*—and even that film is inferior to it on some levels.

Nyby does much to utilize the bare-bones settings, pitting men against not only the menace of an alien invader, but against the worst environmental conditions that life on earth can offer. The Arctic is as alien a place to us as the Martian deserts and the claustrophobic, shadow-shrouded interior sets of the camp could just as well be the darkest pits of hell. Regrettably, Lee Greenway's spartan make-up for the alien (played by James Arness) is the weakest link in an otherwise strong chain of dramatic trappings. Much of the time, the creature is seen lurking in darkness, giving us a clear view of it only at the film's conclusion. In the original release prints, even this scene was darkened, but in subsequent generations of the film and in most television prints the creature is plainly visible during the final confrontation.

In the summer of 1982, Universal Pictures released John Carpenter's remake of *The Thing*. Unlike its predecessor, the new version incorporates into its rendition of the alien the ability to infiltrate other life forms as John Campbell originally described it some forty-four years earlier in the pages of *Astounding Stories*. What this new attempt clearly demonstrates is that, given the contemporary state of the art in mechanical make-up effects, modern motion pictures can convincingly portray an alien being that can change form. Despite the efforts of fine cast, gone are the flawless ensemble performances which so distinguished the Hawks film. This new version fails to retain

much of the atmosphere and the breathless terror of either the original story or the earlier motion picture. For all of Rob Bottin's ingenious effects and Bill Lancaster's literate and compelling script, John Carpenter's film fails to differentiate between what is truly terrifying and what is merely disgusting.

Certainly many of the new film's gruesome details are present in John Campbell's novella, but I am reasonably certain that Campbell never intended those things to be seen anywhere but in the mind's eye.

When I first began illustrating in the late 1960s I had worked for Campbell during the last few years of his life. *Astounding*, as most of you know, had changed its name to *Analog Science Fiction / Science Fact*, and the magazine, though still the largest selling publication in its field, was no longer at the vanguard of SF literature. Still, Campbell seemed like a god to me—tall, austere, he'd done it all. He'd been one of the premier writers in the field during the most formative period in SF's long climb up to the light of respectability. He'd been a guiding force (some said *the* guiding force) in the development of modern science fiction. And although his role in the history of SF has come under criticism in recent years, it is difficult for me to look at him objectively. He *was* SF. His office in the Graybar Building had the unmistakable scent of pulp paper, as undeniably as the relics of Egypt reek of the dust of centuries. When I learned of his death, I thought that perhaps SF would die along with him. Thank God it hasn't.

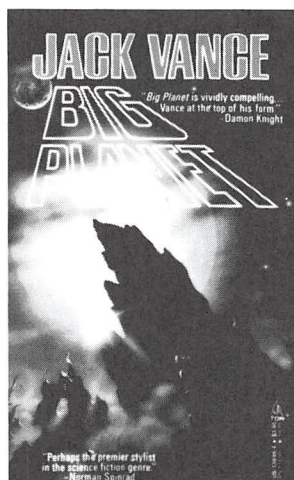
Among the first few assignments that John Campbell had given me was a story about a hideous alien who gets caught in a matter transmitter beam and is reintegrated on earth. I rather liked the challenges of visualizing the alien and I made that my choice for the opening illustration. When I arrived at the office and showed it to him, John sat me down for one of his famous editorial lectures. I was just a boy then and it was rather like having an audience with the Pope. John was kind, almost friendly. He mentioned

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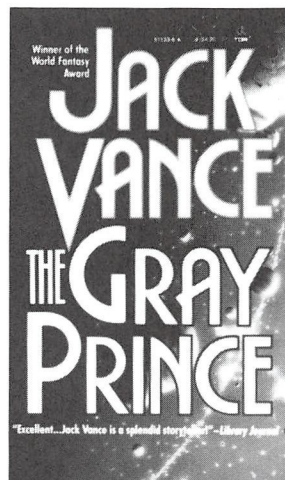
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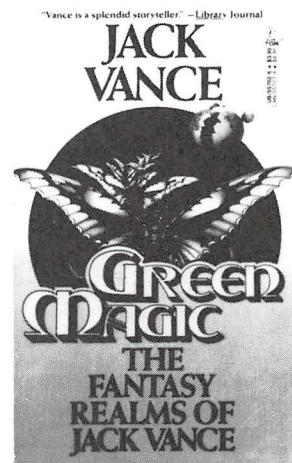
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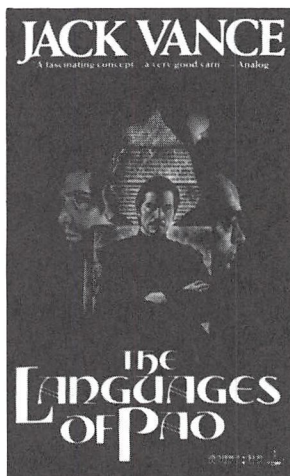
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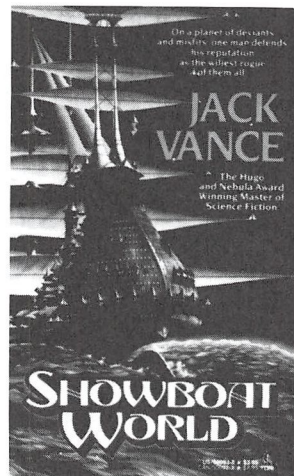
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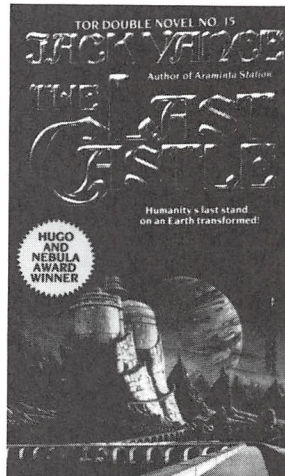
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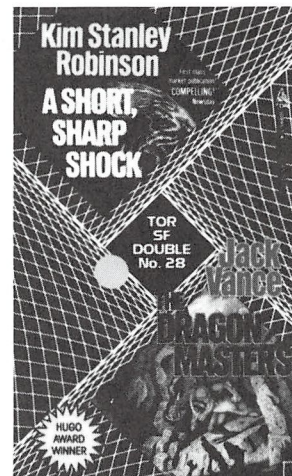
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"Who Goes There?" and asked if I ever read it, or even heard of it. He told me how he'd taken special pains not to describe the alien in too much detail. I thought to myself for a moment, trying to remember his words. Blue hair like snakes, the red hateful eyes, claws. Most of what was in the story had to do with the creature's body chemistry rather than its physical appearance. Despite the illusion of great detail, Campbell had given the reader little more than a sense of the creature's alienness. He told me that he's recognized early on in his writing career that each person has his own mental picture of the ultimate horror, just as each of us has our own individualized vision of the perfect woman, but is she a blond or is she a redhead?

All of us fear something—high places, close places, things that crawl, things with teeth. Campbell had given his monster a mane of outrageous blue hair. He'd given it the power to

look like anything; a spider, a snake, a sled dog. And it could look like anyone, a friend, a lover, someone we

trust, someone we take comfort from, someone who cares for us like a wife or a mother.



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The Backward Magician

James White

Chapter 1

In a time distant beyond the memory of memories there existed a great island Kingdom whose lands were as fabulously beautiful as its people were rich and powerful. Brave and resourceful in war were they, noble and forgiving in peace, and wise in the subtler arts of maintaining the peace they had won. And the wisest among them, an Adept most highly respected in a land where great wizards abounded, was their enlightened, well-beloved and truly Great but greatly unhappy King.

The Commander of a vast army and of a myriad ships of war and trade was he, and he felt neither pride nor pleasure in them. Gold and precious stones filled to overflowing the coffers of his Royal Treasury, and he thought himself poor. Countless wives were his, all of them chosen from among the fairest of the fair and of the dark, and they brought him no lasting pleasure. Many times had he exchanged his jewelled crown and silken raiment for the drab garments of a street vendor, and coarsened his speech to suit, in an attempt to find one person from among the lowly and untutored who might be able to help him, but in vain. It seemed that there was no man or woman in the Kingdom who could satisfy the terrible longing that was in him because, no matter how hard or often he tried, he himself could not describe his need in words that they could understand.

Nowhere was there another person who thought and dreamed as he did; nobody who could look up at the night sky without wondering if the stars and planets and changing moon were more than a needlessly complicated

clock for the farmers or guiding beacons for mariners at sea, or whose mind could share the other strange fancies that filled his own and talk with him about them.

Sorrowfully he assembled his family and principal advisors and announced that, there being nobody who could satisfy his need in the here and now, he must search elsewhere. Then, having first ordered his affairs lest the uncertain project resulted in his death, he began the weaving of a mighty but hitherto untried spell which was designed to hurl him far into the future to a time and place where there lived the kind of people he sought.

If such a time and place existed.

With the pronunciation of the final, many-syllabled word of the spell, the Throne Room around him vanished and he found himself seated instead in a small chair that was one of many hundreds laid out in rows within a vastly larger chamber. But there was a great fatigue and confusion afflicting his body and mind, as if he was recovering from an ague, and he felt surprise, fear, and great mystification because the hand he lifted to his brow was that of an old, old man and he was uncertain of who he was or his reason for being here. But for another reason that he could not understand he felt at ease among these strangers.

Beside him sat a person wearing faded blue, patched and frayed garments that a beggar would have scorned and with hair hidden under a peaked cap of the same harsh-textured material. Despite the condition of the apparel it had the smell of cleanliness about it. The delicacy of the features and the manner in which the

garments had shrunk to hug tightly the contours of the body and limbs made it plain that she was a comely young woman. She noticed his presence with evident surprise and spoke words that he could not understand.

Closing his eyes he searched through the confusion of his mind until he found that which was needed, a simple Spell of Translation used routinely by wizard officers on trading ships visiting far countries. It could be cast silently and did not require a supply of desiccated animal organs or odourous herbs, and would ensure that henceforth she and the other natives of this strange place would understand him and he them.

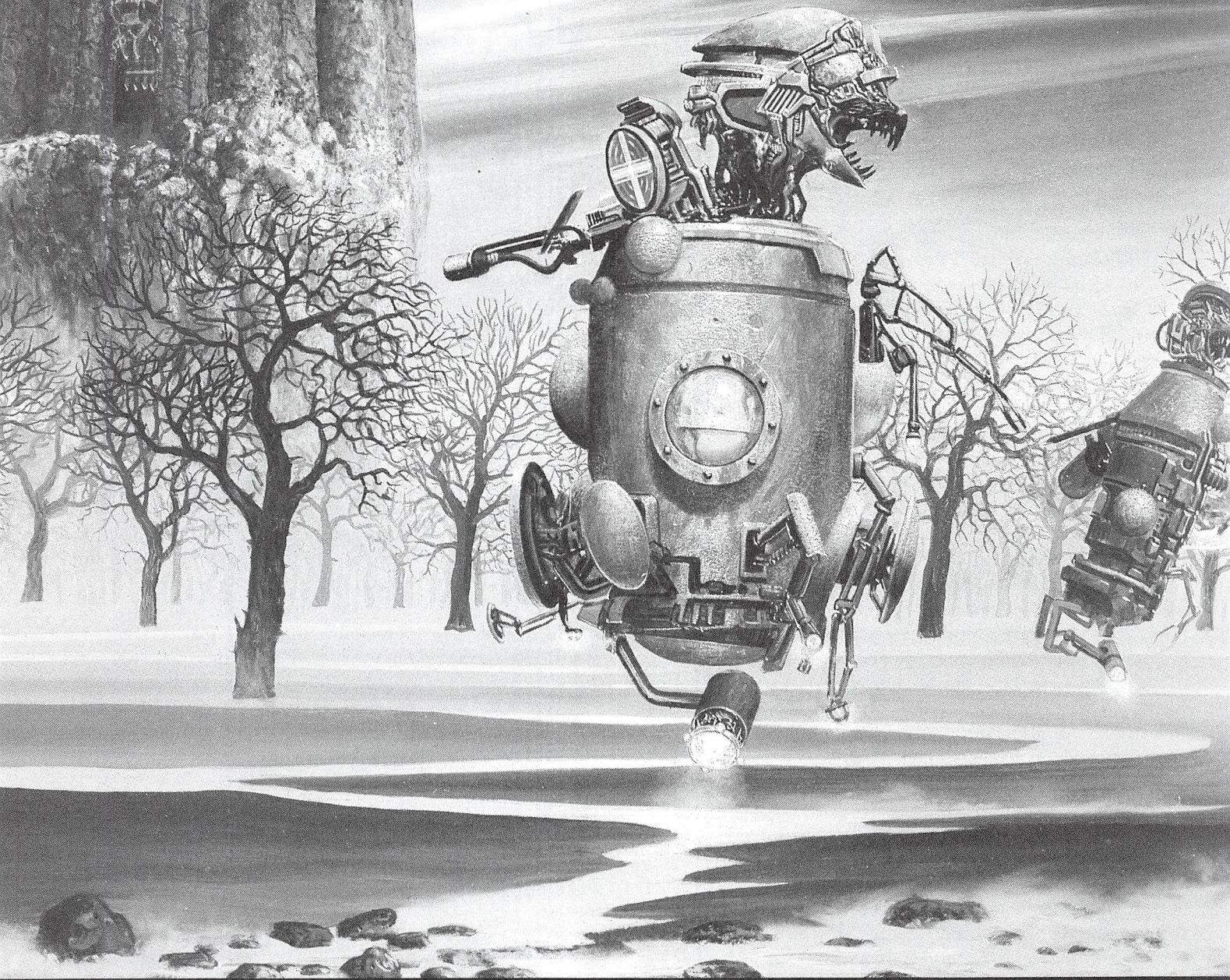
"Your pardon, my lady," he said, remembering that politeness was never wasted even upon a poorly-clad beggar, "I fear that your words reached my ears but did not gain entrance to my mind. Would it please you to speak them again?"

She laughed at him in a manner that was surprised and friendly rather than scornful and said, "Where the blazes did *you* come from? I could have sworn that chair was empty. Then I thought they were playing tricks on us by filling the empty seat with a holo. But you're solid enough if a bit, well, fragile. Are those wrinkles and that scar on your forehead real? Are you feeling well, old man? You don't look it."

"I must confess to feelings of fatigue and confusion of mind," he replied. "This place, these proceedings and many of your words are strange to me."

"Oh, you mean this is your first *con*!" she exclaimed, and her smile grew wider. "Well, you are a bit long in the tooth for it, but you certainly

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picked a good one. This next item is state of the art, the tri-di premiere of an education video to be issued next year, but why should school-kids have all the fun? Your costume is excellent and it sounds as if you have the period language down pat but, well, the fancy dress party isn't until this evening. Oh, you've forgotten your program book, too. See, there, at the bottom of page nine?"

In one hand she was holding out a large but very slim book the like of which he had never seen before. Reverently and with trembling hands he took it from her, marvelling at the look and feel of the smooth, polished parchment that was white as swan's down; at the lines of tiny, black marks that were surrendering their meaning to him, and at the miniature paintings scattered throughout which must surely have been the work of a master artist and magician, for so finely executed and delicately tinted were they that they had the aspect of tiny windows into reality. Before such elegant wizardry as this he felt like the lowliest of apprentices.

It was strange that he should feel thus, he thought, because the clearing fog in his mind had not yet revealed who or what he was.

He was still grasping the book tightly and trying in vain to guess at the cost of producing such a priceless and incredibly beautiful volume when the room around him darkened and a great fanfare pealed out. Suddenly there were gigantic words forming in the air above him, each character seeming to be made of solid gold. They hung suspended for a moment proclaiming the arcane legend "131st WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION MINNEAPOLIS 2073" before fading into nothingness. A mighty sound like the endless rolling of thunder, so deep that it seemed to shake his very bones, was all about him and he gasped in sudden terror.

Chapter 2

The walls of the room had disappeared to be replaced by a strange, continuous panorama of fields made of

flat stone and white, undecorated buildings rendered tiny by distance. Beyond them lay a glittering expanse of sea and, to landward, the uneven, dark-green line of distant trees. By some tremendous act of sorcery the ceiling had changed into the cloudless vault of a sky in which the mid-day sun blazed down with a complete absence of heat.

The people seated all about him were showing no signs of fear or even surprise, so he tried to compose his mind to the enjoyment and appreciation of this truly awesome spell.

At that moment the scene around him changed subtly. Distant buildings and trees that had been on the horizon were slipping slowly below it, and it was as if he were climbing faster than an eagle until he was higher than the tallest of mountain peaks. More and more of the land opened out around him, some of it obscured by great, billowing masses of whiteness that he realised were clouds seen from above. While he was still recovering from the wonderment of that, the whole room rotated slowly until the misted blue horizon was directly above him, dividing a great stretch of sunlit land and sea from a sky that had become so dark that the stars were coming out.

Every few moments the thunder was stilled so that he could hear the voices of the wizards who were maintaining this marvelous Spell of Visions reciting their strange litanies to each other. Powerful indeed were their words because the straight line between land and sky was changing into a curve and the curving land closed itself into a blue and brown and white-flecked globe that continued to shrink until it swung aside to be replaced by the rapidly expanding orb of the full moon. Many times had he gazed at the tiny, indistinct patches of grey on that shining face and imagined the indistinct shapes of strange beings there. But now there was no room for imagination because the smooth, bright surface that he knew was expanding into a landscape of a harshness that had its own terrible beauty, for suddenly there was rush-

ing past and around him a land of mighty mountains and ravines and of endless deserts on which nothing grew or lived. A vast multitude of craters ranging in size from the diameter of his outstretched arms to the size of a large kingdom covered the surface, so that it seemed as if the whole cracked and desiccated world was the long-dead victim of some monstrous pox. He was pleased when the moon shrank once again to the size and aspect he had known.

It continued to shrink until it was shown circling the world he had left, and the world and moon were shown moving in greater circles with the other planets around the Sun. Four of these worlds he had not known existed, one very close to the Sun and three too distant for resolution by his hitherto unaided eye. But the positions and circular motions of these heavenly bodies gave a simple and elegant answer to the question of why, from his earthly point of vantage, they had seemed to move in such inexplicable fashion. Then the room and its watchers swept in again to show the surfaces of each planet and its moons—worlds that were surrounded by unbelievably beautiful and far-reaching rings, or perpetually lashed by storms of unimaginable ferocity, and others that were still and beautiful and covered in ice. One was dark and cold and lit by a Sun so distant that it was naught but a bright star, one among a countless multitude of other suns that might hold their own planetary families about them.

Another voice had replaced those of the two great wizards, Houston and Probe Commander. It spoke in the quiet, sure tones of a learned tutor instructing adult minds, unlike his own mind which now seemed to him to be that of a backward child. But slowly he was beginning to understand that the wonderful images produced by this truly magnificent spell were illusion, but that they were designed to illuminate and explain an even more wonderful reality.

The sorcery reached its tremendous climax and ended with the confining walls and ceiling once again re-

placing the immensities of space and eternity between the stars. He closed his eyes so that he could examine those incredible images with the eye of his mind and bind them more tightly to his memory. Beside him the young woman rose to her feet and began to leave, murmuring quietly to her companion that he had fallen asleep. He did not speak to correct her error, and soon he returned his attention to the fabulous book.

Time passed without him noticing its passing until a small group of people entered the hall and began clearing the middle of the floor of its chairs. People were entering the hall again and walking among them were beasts that were scarcely human, creatures out of direst nightmare or the most fanciful of dreams. Fanged and clawed and scaled were they, with gigantic, misshapen heads or forked tails or with webbed feet and sea-fronds trailing from slimy green bodies. Some were helmed and armored and hung with weapons, or crowned and richly cloaked and one, who could have been a slim and delightfully-proportioned human female had not her face and body been covered by a thin coat of many-coloured fur and whose wide-spread arms supported a pair of enormous but delicately-structured iridescent wings. She was the most beautiful creature that he had ever seen or even imagined.

As every creature entered the hall they made their way along the aisle beside him towards the cleared area of floor to collect in a group at its center, but even those of the most fearsome aspect offered no violence to the audience and at times exchanged greetings with them. He was still feeling vastly relieved by this when one of the creatures stopped beside him, grasped his arm and lifted him to his feet.

It, she, had the body and head of a well-formed human female but with the features, spotted fur and tail of a jungle cat. A cloak flowed over her shoulders and back like a golden waterfall to the floor and she wore a golden coronet and sandals that were thickly encrusted with gems.

"You haven't moved an inch!" said

a well-remembered voice. "Don't magicians go out to eat where you come from?"

"My—my lady," he stammered, "is it you? And no, I was reading and thinking and... and to my shame I omitted to return your valuable book."

She made a dismissive gesture with one daintily clawed and furry hand and said, "No sweat. There wasn't room for pockets in this outfit, in fact there's hardly room for me, so you hang onto it for now. But let's go, old man, it's showtime."

She was supporting his arm and pushing him gently towards the group of creatures at the center of the room, and he could not resist without committing the impoliteness of striking her with his staff or using a spell that might have caused her physical inconvenience. She seemed to sense his reluctance.

"This is your first fancy dress competition," she said reassuringly, "but there's no reason to worry. Just give George your name when he arrives and don't be shy. After all, this is why you're here..."

When they joined the others on the floor he was greatly relieved to discover that they were not creatures but human beings like the friendly cat woman, and that they were wearing elaborate masks and constructs over their natural bodies. While he was helping to support one of the winged woman's arms—the continuing effort of holding her wings outstretched combined with the late arrival of George was causing distress to her arm muscles—he learned from her that she was, as were many of the other competitors around them, a representation of an unreal being who had life only in the books of great story-tellers some of whom were seated among the onlookers. He was still delighting in the strangeness of this practice when the tardy George arrived.

It soon became apparent that George's duties fell somewhere between those of jester and master of protocol, but the jests were difficult to understand and the introductions were so hurried that he did not excel

in either capacity. Try as he would to hold back and avoid the other's eye, his turn came to go forward and be introduced.

"Name?" George whispered and, when he hesitated, the whisper became more impatient. "The name of your character, old man. Come on, we haven't got all night."

The last wisps of the fog that had clouded his memory were dissipating and suddenly he knew who and what he was, and he remembered his reasons for casting the spell that had found this strange and exciting time and place for him. He took a deep breath and spoke with authority.

"I am Merlin."

Chapter 3

"In that get-up I should have guessed," George whispered, then turning to the audience he said in a declamatory voice, "Merlin the Magician."

"I have many other and more important titles than Magician...", Merlin began.

"Sure you have," said George quietly, "but the program is running late enough already. You've got two minutes, old man. Go out and do your thing."

The first thing that Merlin was tempted to do was to turn this impolite young man into a toad, but he stayed the spell unspoken. George had given offence through ignorance rather than by design. Further delay would be caused if he had to be captured and placed in a jar and another jester found to replace him and, besides, Merlin had always considered the spell to be a cruel one since it usually required a very long time and the presence of a maiden possessing the uncommon combination of attributes of great beauty, an overly affectionate nature, and gravely impaired vision to apply the counter-spell. He sighed with regret and moved out to stand in the cone of light that had its apex on the ceiling.

He did not speak because there was no need to explain visible magic. Instead he raised his staff high, re-

garded it gravely as it lengthened, thickened and the carved, brown handle became a large, white knob that changed into a white dove that cooed and fluttered its wings before flying out of the light and low over the audience. When it returned to its perch it had become a brown owl that swivelled its head in disdainful fashion before it and the staff resumed their original shape.

"Neat, oh, *neat*!" said George, slapping an open hand against his back with such force that he nearly overbalanced. "You didn't tell me you were a *professional* magician! That was really excellent work, and the off-hand way you... Oh, man! I'd give you first prize myself but, well, don't expect too much. The costumes are being judged, not the legerdemain. Who's on next? Name?"

He was pleased at the complimentary words, and even more pleased at his own forbearance in allowing George to remain in human form and in a condition to speak them. But the greatest pleasure came with the announcement that he had placed third in the competition after the beautiful winged woman and the character with four eyes whose body was seemingly composed of rancid seaweed. For the judges had said that his garments had a strange appearance of realism in spite of their differences from the wizard costumes they had all come to accept, and that his character possessed the bemused look of the legendary Merlin who had to travel backwards in time, and he had been given a small piece of stiff parchment that entitled him to attend a banquet on the morrow.

When the onlookers applauded him, he felt especially pleased and not a little perplexed because they seemed to know all about him and he was being rewarded for being himself.

Another reward was to follow. Tables had been brought into the hall and without being told all those present rearranged their chairs around them. Suddenly George appeared and placed before him a small platter containing long, meat-filled buns smelling strongly of condiments

on a bed of raw vegetables followed by four shiny, cylindrical objects.

"Freebies," said George obscurely. "Hot dogs and beer for the fancy dress contestants, compliments of the con committee. If you want more you'll have to pay at the bar like the rest of the peasants. Enjoy."

The hot dog was hot and appetizing but bore a closer resemblance to a thick, short eel while the beer, once he had been shown the strange method of opening it, was pleasantly cool in a mouth ravaged by the fiery mustard of the dog. There were no crystal goblets in evidence and the light, transparent beakers which could be dropped on the floor without shattering were being ignored because the most favoured way of consuming the beer was to throw the head back, open the mouth and direct a thin stream of the golden liquid straight down the gullet. As the night went on he became used to this unusual method of drinking although more than the four original cans were required before he became proficient.

People joined their table to stay or converse briefly before moving on. They talked of many things that were strange, serious, fanciful or completely ridiculous, and often the most ridiculous matters were debated with the utmost solemnity, and at all times it seemed that his imagination was being stretched to its limits.

The Time Spell had been successful, Merlin thought happily, because these were the kind of people he had always wanted to have around him.

"You're fading," said the man beside him suddenly. He was clad to the neck in leathery armour but had removed his frightful horned and tusked head-piece to facilitate the drinking of beer. "Look at him, you two. He is fuzzy 'round the edges."

At the other side of the table the friendly cat woman was sitting on the knee of her companion, trying to kiss him through her mask or deliberately tickling his ears with her cat's whiskers. She had introduced him as her spouse of a few days and it was fitting that they had attention only for each other.

"You, also, are becoming indistinct," said Merlin, tapping an empty beer can to emphasise his words, which seemed to be making a slow and difficult journey between his mind and his lips. "Our two enamoured friends, the table, the whole room, have become fuzzy 'round the edges. Could it be that this container with its proud blazon of arms and golden contents is so ensorcelling our minds that the reality of the world around us is altering as we watch? The sensation is not unpleasant, nor is it a matter for deep concern. Perhaps understanding will come with another beer."

"I'll drink to that," said the other man, He rapped the table top with one knuckle and gestured loosely around the room. Then speaking as slowly and carefully as had Merlin, he went on, "But your theory is untenable, friend. This table has sharp edges, the contours of our love-birds, one of them in particular, are rounder but distinct, and this whole party is, clearly, dying on its feet. Only you are becoming indistinct and the fault must therefore be yours."

"Your logic," said Merlin, "is unsailable."

"But you're still doing it," the other protested. "Don't disappear on us, dammit, it's your turn to buy the beer...!"

Chapter 4

He awoke with a hand gently but insistently shaking his shoulder. It belonged to a young man who was standing in the aisle beside a tall table which supported a complicated device of glittering metal and glass surmounted by two large wheels. He was saying, "Wake up, friend, you snore like a demented elephant. We're ready to start and I don't think the audience would appreciate the additional sound effects."

"I am awake," said Merlin. This was a much smaller hall, he saw at once, filled with people who appeared to be more prosperous than the previous crowd because the majority of them were dressed in long, brightly-

Continued on page 40

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colored gowns even though in most cases their feet were bare. They wore their hair long so that it was difficult, from where he was seated at the back, to tell the men and women apart. In this place his own long hair and robe would pass unnoticed. A large panel of glittering whiteness was mounted high on the wall facing him, but his curiosity about its purpose was tempered by feelings of uncertainty and disappointment.

It seemed that his time spell was seriously flawed in that its effects were temporary. Considering the laws of nature that he must be violating, was it returning him towards his time and place of origin? But this was not the time to worry about such matters. His first visit to the future had been all too brief so that he must not waste time during this one. Besides, he wanted to practice some of the strange new words he had learned then.

"Pray tell me," he said, "is that the tri-di projector for your holograph movies?"

"Geez, friend, what have *you* been smoking?" the young man replied obscurely. "Naw, we just dream about things like that. You're looking, as if you didn't know, at an antiquated thirty-five millimeter projector with a mind of its own. But this is the main event, a re-release showing of *Forbidden Planet*, no less, so keep your fingers crossed. Lights, somebody!"

As the lights dimmed into darkness the two wheels on top of the device began to turn at different speeds and it sent out a narrow, flickering cone of brightness to illuminate the white screen attached to the opposite wall. Loud music burst suddenly from a box beside the screen which was showing what seemed to be the names of the many wizards concerned with the spell.

It was interesting even though the beautifully proportioned circular spaceship was too simple of construction to be real, he was somehow aware, and the starfields were likewise unrealistic. The projectionist spoke obscurely about what he called the special effects, and said that the whole plot had been pinched from

Shakespeare. He discussed the original play in detail until suddenly the actors' voices were stilled and the images slipped off the screen to leave only a glaring whiteness.

"Bloody hell and damnation!" said the young man at the projector. "Lights!"

The audience was stamping its unshod feet and making noises that were scornful rather than appreciative, and it was evident that the embarrassment of the young man was increasing. Merlin rose from his seat to stand beside him.

"Is there aught that I can do to help you?" he asked.

"No!" said the other with great vehemence, then more quietly, "Well, maybe. Do you know anything about this model, I hope?"

He knew less than nothing about it, Merlin thought as he stared into the intricacies of the device and at the broken length of what the young man called film, but the operating principles were clear. Tiny pictures, each slightly different from the preceding one, had been painted onto that flexible transparent strip so that, when light was shone through it onto the distant screen and viewed in rapid succession, the pictures appeared to move. It was a most elegant piece of wizardry.

"No," he said, "but I may be able to advise."

"Right now," said the young man, using another strange word, "all I need is a kibbitzer."

"You have told me that the device is old and tired," said Merlin. "I, myself, have found that with mechanisms and people in that condition it is often possible to achieve good results by the application of methods immaterial. That is, a spell spoken in gentle tones comprising only words of praise, support and encouragement. The effect of such a spell would not be long-lasting, but in an emergency..."

"I would make mad, passionate love to the thing if I thought it would do any good," the young man broke in. "But look there, it broke and chewed up about two yards of film!"

"For that," said Merlin, bringing

up his staff, "a simple joining and restoration spell should suffice. Try it again now."

The film show resumed, accompanied by a monologue of encouraging words to the projector from the anxious projectionist that verged on outright flattery, and continued to its conclusion without further mishap. The young man did not speak to him until the enthusiastic applause had died away and the hall was emptying.

"I don't know what you did or how the hell you did it," he said with great feeling, "but you saved my life. I owe you, friend."

Merlin smiled and made a deprecating gesture, and the other said, "No, really. Surely there's something... Can I buy you a beer?"

"Thank you, yes," said Merlin. "But if I have truly saved your life it is the custom in my land that you grant me three wishes. Two beers and one hot dog would amply fulfill the obligation."

"The bar," said the young man, laughing, "is that way."

It was a different con than the one he had first attended, but that might have been because he was seeing more of this one. There were fewer of the people called "fans" and many who regarded the fans with disdain. Once he was accosted by a lovely young woman who gave him a flower, then gently grasped his beard and led him to a crowded, noisy room. When he had recovered from his surprise he was of a mind to remonstrate with her, but after his first experience of a room party, which seemed to contain the quintessence of everything his mind had been seeking, he proffered her his deepest thanks. One unpleasant difference to the previous con was the small number of fans who behaved like undisciplined children, and who sprang out of unexpected places to soak passers-by with devices which they called zapguns. The differences did little to spoil his enjoyment.

But there were a small number of unhappy people, the dark-liveried and ill-mannered servants of the hotel, who did not attend the room parties and the program items, nor did they

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show any sign of enjoying the company or anything else about the convention. He was curious about these unfortunates and resolved to ask the young projectionist about them when next they met.

Merlin found him alone in the main lounge, half-asleep in one of its deep, comfortable chairs, and when he replied the edges of his words were softened by beer.

"They don't approve of our bare feet," the young man said. "Or our clothing or way of thinking or anything else about us. They aren't bad people, it's just that they are very serious about everything and their minds are closed and... Well, they *are* a pretty stodgy lot."

"I like that word, 'stodgy'," said Merlin, smiling. "It describes well my own people at home."

"Home?" said the young man, his voice becoming agitated. "I live at the other side of the city, an eight-mile hike away, and the last bus has gone and it's raining. Usually Dermot let's me crash out on his floor, but this time he brought his wife and new baby. That was inconsiderate of him."

Merlin settled more deeply into the softness of his chair. He said, "It is comfortable here."

"Yes, but we're not residents," the other said. "When the night manager sees us here we'll be chucked out. In fact, this is him coming now."

Gently Merlin raised his staff and the approaching man, who wore his stodginess with an air of authority, stopped and looked all about him in the manner of one who is surveying an empty room before departing again.

"Rest your mind," said Merlin. "We will not be seen."

"How did you *do* that?" said the young man. "And how did you splice that film, and fix the projector, without even touching them? No, don't answer. In the morning I'll tell myself I was drunk and won't believe any of it. I *am* drunk, so that means..." His mouth opened suddenly in a yawn so wide that tears of tiredness were forced from his eyes "...Just ignore me, friend; I'll see you at breakfast."

But his face was becoming misty as was the chair and furniture of the room around them. It was happening again and he was leaving this place. Merlin sighed.

Softly and sadly he said, "I think not."

Chapter 5

The alehouse was low-ceilinged and lit by smoking oil lamps that cast an unsteady light upon the the hard-packed, earthen floor, the crudely fashioned tables and the quiet or loud-voiced people who sat around all but one of them. Since his arrival that one had been occupied only by Merlin.

He had to wait only a moment before five men entered and walked towards him. They were clad in waist-length, velvet jackets and very short trousers, with sleeves and trouser legs thickly pleated and puffed out before being fastened at the wrists and above the knees. Floppy caps of similar material covered their heads and their legs were encased in long, tight hose. Their cloaks were thrown back to reveal the daggers at their waists. The expressions they wore as they moved closer to surround the table showed a mixture of curiosity and displeasure, with the displeasure predominating.

One of them pulled off his cap and slapped it onto the table, revealing a head thickly covered at the sides and back but completely bald on top. He had the kind of voice that could carry clearly without being raised.

"Old man," he said, "has not our good landlord told you that this, the table you have joined uninvited, is the sole preserve for this evening of we, the Friday Street Club, or that you sit in the chair of Walter Raleigh? Fortune smiles on you for, had he not been presently on another voyage to the Americas, by now your backside would be smarting under the flat of his sword, for he has scant patience with trespassers be they old or young or as strangely appareled as thee. Thy name and business here, sirrah? Speak now, and suddenly, then be gone."

"Your pardon, gentle sirs," said

Merlin, looking at each face in turn and making no attempt to rise. "First I ask a boon, for my mind is weary and in some turmoil from my long journey and my curiosity is great. In what place do I find myself, who and what are you that I should be drawn to your company, and what times are these?"

"S wounds, he pretends not to know us," said the other man, shaking his head. "You pique the curiosity but sorely try our patience, but we will play thy game for the nonce. You find yourself in The Mermaid Tavern, on the corner of Bread Street and Friday Street. We are named..." He inclined his head towards the others in turn before placing a finger upon his own chest. "...Donne, Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, Shakespeare, playwrights or players all. It is the time of Good Queen Bess and, methinks, time that you took thyself hence."

"And I," he said simply, "am Merlin."

"Ah, Merlin!" said the man Fletcher, seating himself as within a moment did the others. "So you play the part of the fabled Magician to the Court of Arthur at Camelot? But you err in the costume and accoutrements. The robe is colourful and might pass, but a shapeless cap sits atop your head instead of the pointed hat speckled with moons and stars that we expect, and thy magic wand is but a walking stick thick-knobbed for the discouragement of thieves and cutthroats. You are ill-prepared for the part, Merlin."

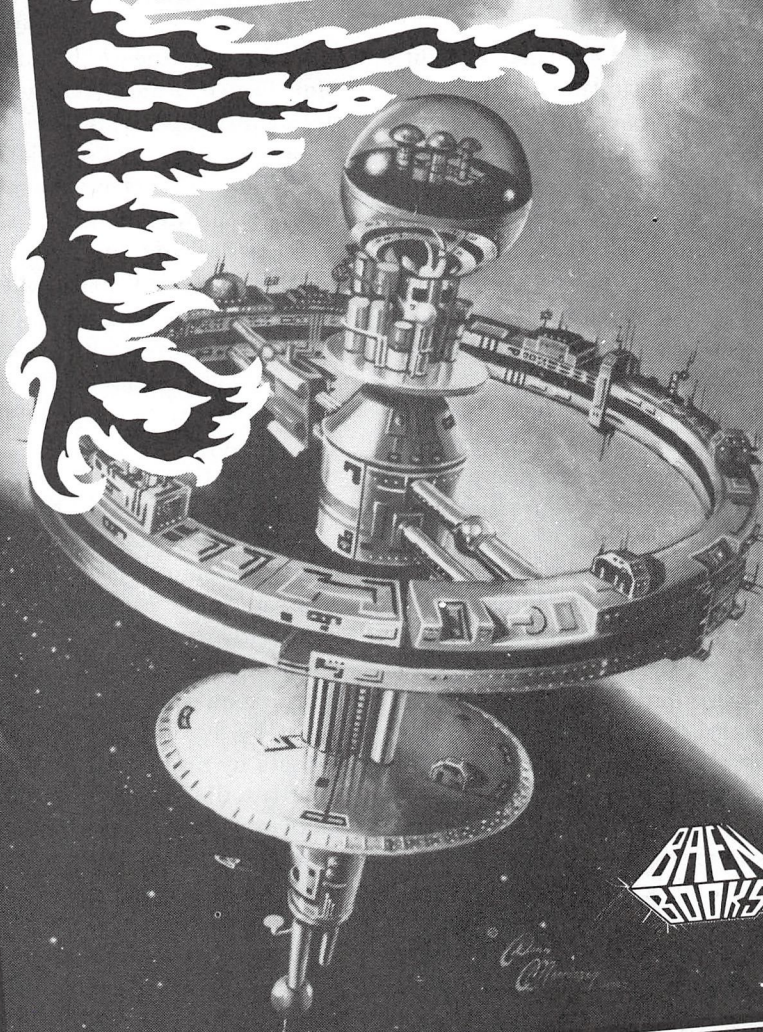
"In dress, indeed," said Shakespeare, joining in, "but what of your lines? Tell us of Camelot, Merlin. Flesh out the bare bones of fable. Speak of Arthur and of a time of chivalry and compassion, of his edict that right took precedence over might. Speak to us of Lancelot and the faithless Guinevere, whose ill-starred love brought down in bloody ruin the greatest King this turbulent isle has ever known..."

"Second only to our own dear Sovereign," said Donne loudly, with a furtive glance over his shoulder. "God's Wounds, Will, guard thy tongue."

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"...And turned his bright dreams of order and justice to dark and bloody chaos," Shakespeare went on, ignoring alike the interruption and the advice. "Recount to us, oh player of a mis-dressed Merlin, the how and why of this tragedy so steeped in blood and tears and dash'd hopes, and why it was that Arthur's great magician did naught to stop it?"

"Alas," said Merlin, bowing his head, "nothing do I know of this save a few words spoken in a distant future when these matters are but a sad and glorious legend misted o'er by time. I have yet to meet Arthur and needs must seek knowledge of him from your goodselves, for 'tis plain that in my future and your past I will and have met him."

The man Donne laughed and slapped the table with his open palm. "Let us think again about this ill-costumed and, methinks, not so ignorant player. He has presence and wears sincerity close-fitted and without seam, and be it remembered that the real or unreal Merlin was said to have wits addled by traveling backwards through time, from future to past. He must tell us only of the wonders he has seen in the future, for the part he plays allows of no knowledge of our past.

"It may be that this player is touched with the true madness," he ended, smiling, "because to the madness that afflicted Merlin he remains true."

They were all smiling and there was no longer any mention of him leaving their presence.

"We will strike a bargain, then," said Fletcher. "You will recount all the wonders of the future, we shall tell you of our past. But first we must occupy our mouths with food and drink. Landlord! Your pleasure, Merlin?"

A great wave of laughter burst from them when he tried to give his order, and it was Jonson who was first to recover his voice.

"The ale here is passable," he said, "and the pie of venison is well worth your attention. But, hah-hah-hah, surely the future holds more pleasures of the table for us than a diet of

dogs in heat, with or without mustard?"

"Ben," said Shakespeare, "cannot you see that he wears the sad face of the true clown? Merlin, enough of this buffoonery. Tell us more pleasing tales of our future times. Are we still remembered there? Do they hold our works in disfavour or high regard? Speak. Let your praise be unstinting, if praise there be, for we are not modest men."

Merlin smiled and said, "You are all well-remembered, and the inner thoughts and feelings of the characters to whom you gave substance are still debated with much heat. 'Twas only a few hours ago, as time flows for me, that I watched one of your plays. It was called *Forbidden Planet* and in it —"

"I penned no play of that name," Shakespeare broke in.

"Your idea was stolen by another," said Merlin, "and changed in subtle ways so that the untutored among the audience would not know of it."

"Alas," said Beaumont. "Little has changed."

"The play," Merlin went on, "was called by you *The Tempest*, and concerned a great magician who —"

"I did not write the play," said Shakespeare. "Damme, who better than I should know it?"

"The play," said Merlin again, "was written by you, and held by many to be your greatest work, for 'tis said that you put much of yourself into the principal character, Prospero, so write it you will, Shakespeare."

"Thy flattery overwhelms me," the other replied with a smile, "and the play upon words deserves only pity. But for this night alone, good Merlin, we will cast doubting aside and believe thy every word. So speak more of this *Tempest* that I must write... Landlord, a quill and paper!... and of the other wonders that await us."

Long and seriously did they talk but more often laugh uproariously at some future marvel misunderstood. Around them the alehouse emptied, and at the windows a grey morning tapped with wet and angry fingers and made the lamplight pale to the

threat of day. In a corner the dozing landlord awaited their pleasure in vain, for drunk they were already on a great, continuing flow of conversation, both sublime and ridiculous, that opened and stretched and filled their minds as no dulling wine could ever do. But even that glorious, insubstantial structure of ideas began to weaken and collapse slowly into reality...

"'Tis untrue that I first titled it the *Idiots of March*," they said, and "I like your plan for exploring the stars in moments of leisure" and "If you cannot understand me, how can I?" and "Should you forget knowledge once learned you are twice as ignorant" and "In the morning we will not remember where we were, only that it was somewhere wonderful and... Damme, it is morning. Good Beaumont, what verses dost thou pen with such zeal?"

"A few words only," said Beaumont without looking up, "that place us, perchance, among those lofty and lively intellects who Merlin names so strangely as fans. I speak them now:

"What things have we seen done at the Mermaid!

Heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle
flame,

As if that everyone from whence
they came

Had meant to put his whole wit in
a jest

And had resolved to live a fool
The rest of his dull life."

There followed the special silence that was more than applause, then Jonson said, "Merlin, what is't that you truly want of us? A part? Some gainful, thespian employ so that you may tread the boards, and fill your belly by day and cover it with warm sheets by night? 'Tis thine, and right gladly will we arrange it, for with thy arts you have so tricked and tickled our jaded minds, aye, and caused us to debate with lively wit and imagination untrammelled matters so wild, so fanciful and so irreverent that were they to be o'rheard by the holy spies of the Church, our farewell performances as warlocks cooking atop an ecclesiastical bonfire would be assured.

Continued on page 47

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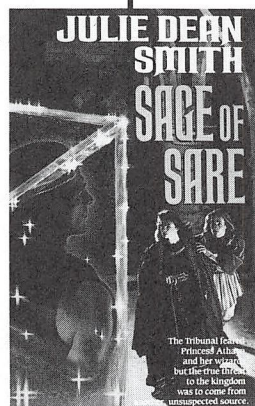
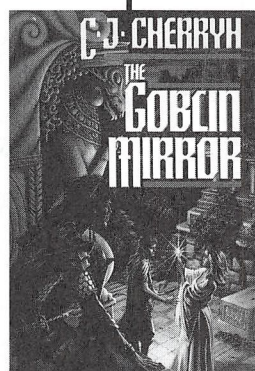
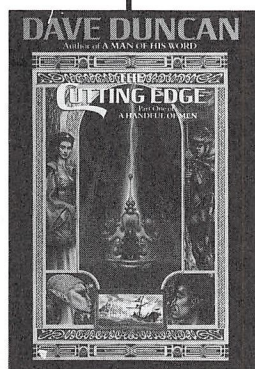
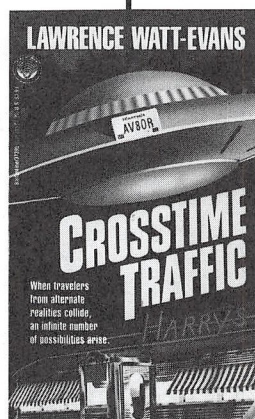
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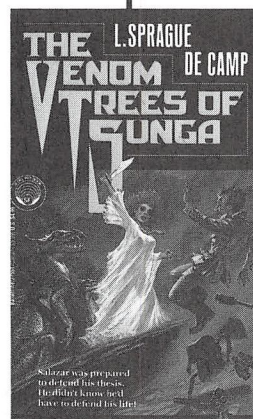
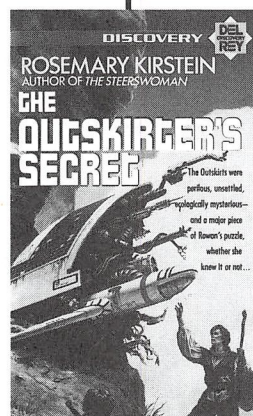
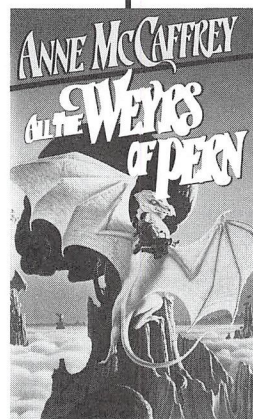
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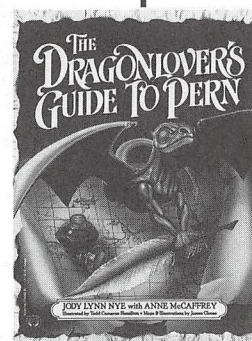
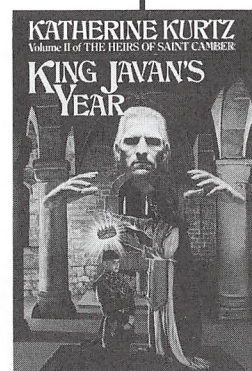
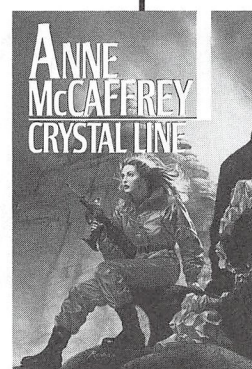
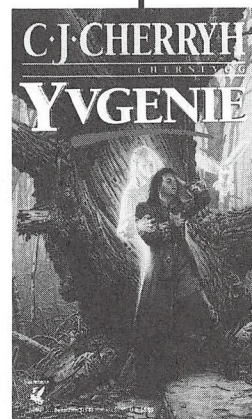
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But you, good Merlin, remain a mystery. Truly, what brought you here?"

"Truly," said Merlin sadly, "I want no player's part, for I cannot tarry long among you. And again truly, 'twas to this company I was drawn, by a great and powerful spell that first cast me far into the future, and now drags me back, in search of minds and spirits the like of those I find here and will, perchance, find anon in my future that is past to you..."

They listened grave and silent, and nothing did he hide from them, for in wit and understanding their minds were truly akin to his.

"...And so 'twas a combination of discontent and pride in my own magical powers that drove me to attempt this sorcerous venture," said Merlin, coming to his sad conclusion. "I succeeded in finding, in the far future and here presently, the minds I sought. But now I must devise a way to take control of this powerful but flawed spell, to drop anchor on this backwards-flowing river of time so that I may stay among these special people I have found, and most surely lose—"

"Merlin, are you leaving us?" said Shakespeare in an unsteady voice. "In truth, you are! The burnished pewter of thy tankard shows through fingers that are without substance, and you grow wraith-like o'er all. In time we will forget you or remember you only as a figment made of the fumes of strong ale. But for the moment pray tarry, for we have words of comfort for thy journey."

Quickly he went on, "You will gain, have gained, some mastery over your errant time-spell, for 'tis said that you spent many years with Arthur, boy and man. Knowing now of thine own past and royal lineage, methinks that history is in error and it is you who are the true King of past and future... But you fade, you fade..."

"Merlin, true Magi, fare thee well."

Around the table the tankards were raised high to the empty chair, and all said, "Fare well."

Chapter 6

It was not as the other arrivals had

been. Instead of another crowded room he found himself in the open and surrounded by a thick mist, red-stained by a setting sun, through which trees and folds of grassy earth loomed dark and indistinct as in a landscape made for ghosts. Lying under the trees like some dreadful windfall were the tumbled shapes of dead and dying men. This was not the kind of place nor these the manner of company he sought, and he wondered fearfully if his hurried tinkering with the time-spell while The Mermaid tavern had been fading around him had destroyed it utterly and he had been marooned forever in a time of savagery.

"Merlin."

One of the still figures lying with back propped against a tree-trunk had raised a gauntleted hand in recognition. Where it was not burst open by sharp-edged or bludgeoning weapons or stained with thick, congealing blood, the man's armour shone brighter and seemed better crafted than that worn by the others who lay about. The man knew his name and appearance, Merlin thought as he knelt beside him, so this must be the Great King he had come to find.

"Arthur," he said softly, half in question.

"Never did you call me Arthur, 'til now," said the other in a voice that barely carried the few short inches to his ears. "You called me Wart as a boy and, as a man, Sire. Do not concern yourself, old friend, for I feel neither the pain of wounds nor anger at an unmeant lapse in protocol, and your familiarity warms my heart when all else grows cold. But pray tell me, Merlin, why did you leave us when I most needed the advice of my wisest counsellor, when the great tapestry of peace and justice and chivalry we had woven together began to fray and unravel?"

"It was time, Sire," said Merlin.

"And now all is undone," the King went on, not understanding and perhaps not hearing his reply. "Bright Excalibur that I drew from the stone lies now in the lake, a shining fish amid the mud and weeds, to await a hand more worthy than mine to wield

power..."

"You are worthy, Sire," said Merlin quickly, "for that which you wrought shines across time like a beacon for a thousand years, aye, and farther. You are greatly loved, Your Majesty, and forgotten never."

The dying King shook his head, but so gentle was the motion that his broken helm did not move. He said, "Always you have spoken in riddles, Merlin, but never have you flattered me nor told aught but the truth, and so I take comfort from your words. But I remember the mud of another lake bottom, and the air under my wings when you changed me into a lowly creature, first a fish and then—"

"I changed you?" said Merlin. "Had you gravely offended me, Sire?"

"They were lessons," said the King, "to teach young Wart how animals, a fish and a bird and a squirrel, saw and felt and thought, and why we as men should see farther and feel and think more deeply than animals. 'Twas an exciting, fearful and happy time that remains fresh in my memory. Surely you have not forgotten, Merlin?"

"I must remember to do that for you," he replied, but too softly for the other to hear.

He had not forgotten because to him those events had not yet happened. In changing the time spell so that it would allow him to spend many months or years with a single person rather than take part briefly in a meeting among pleasant company, he had succeeded. But rare indeed was the person whose life had a pleasant end. Travelling backwards in time as he was, it was the end that he was encountering first.

A strange sadness filled his mind at the imminent death of this long-time friend who was still a stranger to him, and a grief over the loss of he knew not what. Gently he removed a gauntlet and took the cold hand in his. The King smiled.

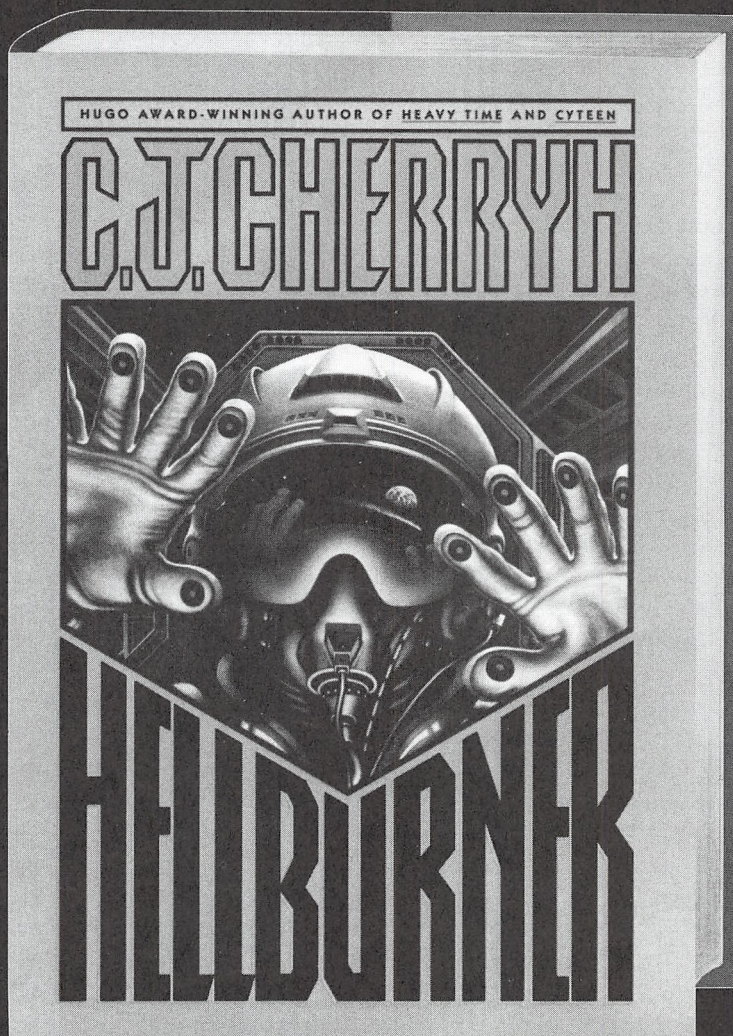
"It grows darker, Merlin," he said in a whisper. "You are fading away. Don't leave me..."

The cold, damp ground, the tree-trunk against which Arthur lay and the blood-stained metal of the armor

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retained their solidity, and Merlin knew that it was not himself who was leaving.

Chapter 7

The great banquet hall of Camelot was bathed in the warm unsteady light that shone from the massive candelabrae set about its high, stone walls and from the logs in the great fireplace whose smoke, blown down the chimney by a gusting wind, softened the blazons of arms that decorated the hanging banners of the visiting nobility and knights of the household. Arthur and his young Queen, separated by many places from each other, sat among them. There was much eating and drinking and voices raised in laughter that was loud and long where Guinevere was sat but, as had happened more often in recent months, the talk from those around the King was more subdued.

Even in those wonderful conventions of the far future, Merlin remembered, there had been periods of serious discussion. But nowadays there was little else.

As the days marched past and formed themselves into columns of months and an army of years the times of laughter grew fewer, but it was the procession of nights that brought a strange and growing confusion to Merlin's mind. It was confusion caused by dreams that all too often had the hard-textured feel of reality. He was sure that he had not experienced the events, at times pleasant and exciting and at others terrifying and full of pain, that came to him in these dreams, and he wondered if the great time spell which he was constantly modifying so as to hold him to this place was beginning to destroy his mind.

Or might it be that the mental confusion and memory loss that had troubled him after every time-journey was clearing, as now, because he was anchored in the present for an extended period? But if that were so then the clearing fog was revealing an even greater confusion.

He knew with certainty that the

spell had taken him briefly to two gatherings in the far future, to the Mermaid Tavern in Elizabethan times, and it was now allowing him to remain for several years at Camelot. But he did not know why his sleeping mind should surprise him with brief, bright pictures and sounds of places, conversations and conventions that he was certain he had never seen, heard or attended.

There were clear, brief glimpses of the Court of the Sixth Ptolemy, and of a vast library of scrolls in a place called Alexandria, and of one scholar there named Hero who had demonstrated a strange device that hissed and turned and covered itself in steam. Another brief and pleasant dream-memory was of time spent in Athens, and of learned and lively debates among men wiser by far than Merlin himself; and another talking and drinking with young students of the Sorbonne in a place called the Left Bank.

Yet another strange and baseless memory was of a land both barbaric and cultured, where bards and druids played harps and sang and told stories with wit and imagination of their present or of times long past. One of these tales, more fanciful and tragic than the others, had been of an enlightened Kingdom called variously the Westland, or Tir na nOg, or Atlantis, that had suffered a great cataclysm and been swallowed up in its entirety by the western ocean.

By questioning Arthur and some of the more well-travelled knights, Merlin discovered that many of these memories were of periods in Camelot's far past, which he had yet to visit, and others that were still in its future which he should have remembered visiting.

Otherwise the situation was exactly as Will Shakespeare had recounted. Slowly the glory that had been Camelot was fading and growing tarnished. It began with the arrival from a far land of Lancelot, a knight brave and chivalrous in battle, gentle and witty at Court, and loyal beyond question to his King. To Guinevere's delight he was appointed Queen's

Champion and Arthur, who loved her with all the strength possible to a simple and faithful man, was too burdened with affairs of state to pay her the attentions she deserved or to realise what was happening. And so the irresistible alchemy that worked between man and woman left too long in each other's company took its course, with everyone knowing of the betrayal save the King.

But more and more often he was being awakened sweating and shaking by dreams of pain and terror. One of them was of a fall sustained during a night pursuit on horseback, with himself the pursued, and of a long, remembered stay among kindly people who bound up his broken arm and cared for him as best they could. In another he was lying alone on a heap of straw moaning and tossing in fever while great, suppurating sores covered his body. But worst was the dream about the attempt on his life at the many-splendoured Florentine Court of the Medicis in Renaissance Italy, where the intrigues and assassinations seemed so stupid and wasteful of the lives of the great artists and thinkers it contained. It was an attack that his protective magic had been unable to ward off because it had come from a man he had considered a trusted friend. Many times that dream awakened him screaming and with deeply-scarred, empty hands clenched around the blade of a dream sword that was trying to sever his head.

But the terror did not cease with his awakening, for while bathing he could clearly see a left arm that had been crookedly mended, and a chest and belly still marked by the dried-up eruptions of a long-dead pox. And the long, deep scar that lay across his forehead and cheek was plain for all to see.

He grew more confused and fearful by the day, and sought comfort by recalling the pleasures and excitement of his many other dreams.

They were dreams of conventions small and large, with fans numbering scarcely a hundred and those thronged by many thousands, all of

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them different but with people whose minds were uniquely the same. Strange indeed were the names they bore, Coroncon, Seacon, Lunacon, Chicon, Octocon, Novacon, Nicon and many, many others. One dream that he liked to recall often was the one called MagiCon where, as well as enjoying the events and conversations and company of the convention itself, he had been given the opportunity to visit, and actually lay his trembling hands upon, one of the great, white, man-made birds that flew in the space beyond the sky.

But he could not spend his every waking moment remembering dreams, no matter how pleasurable and exciting some of them had been, because the increasingly King and the knights and ladies of the Court were making remarks about his obvious confusion and absences of mind.

Gone from the hunts and joustings and banquetings in the great hall was all the wit and friendliness that enabled the time spell to hold him to this place. From his own experience with the dying Arthur, he knew how bloodily it must end. Soon fabled Camelot would fade from around him and he would be gone again into a time long past.

But first there would be the short journey and pleasant interlude with the boy nicknamed Wart, to teach and counsel and turn him for a time into a bird and a fish and a squirrel, and to watch him draw the sword that had been driven into a great stone, and see him crowned King of England. After that Merlin knew not what pleasures or terrors the past would hold for him.

Chapter 8

The throne room where he arrived seemed familiar to him, but he had learned to wait until his mind had cleared before trusting his memory. It seemed that only the most important counsellors, wizards and Court functionaries were present, and one who he recognised at once as his eldest son. It was the Heir Apparent, an expression composed of concern, affection and irritation on his young face, who was first to speak.

"Father," he said, "you have aged another ten years! Have you suffered

further sickness or injury? We implore you, cease these continual journeyings through time. You have done more than enough for your people. Now you must rest your aging body, and your mind."

When Merlin did not respond, one of the counsellors went on in sympathetic tones, "Sire, always your memory and mentality have been clouded each time you return to us. On previous occasions we have discovered that these clouds are quickly dissipated by a short explanation which, if you will allow it, I shall now give.

"Many times," he continued before Merlin could speak, "you have left us to return within the instant of departure, but having yourself lived for many months or years in the future. On your return you spend weeks or months telling of your adventures in the distant future and during your return backwards through time to our present. When you recover your wits you remember every single journey in its entirety, but the events of previous journeys which you have already recounted to us in full, return only to pleasure or trouble your dreams. Sometimes you arrive ill or wounded, but always you grow restless to resume your time-travels. Again and again you return to your strange and wonderful gatherings of philosophers, or fans or tellers of stories of things that have never happened, but to a different one each time because you cannot go to places where you already have existence. And the tales you have told us fire the imagination of our young and old alike so that throughout the Kingdom our minds have grown to think as does your own and those of the future fans.

"You tell," he went on, "of great ships of metal that sail the skies above us and the airless spaces beyond, and of many other marvels both of substance and of the advancements of the mind. You also gave dire warnings of a great doom that will overtake us tomorrow, or a decade or perhaps a century hence, so that the young have begun moving with their families to safer lands leaving a Kingdom peopled more and more by the old. But already we are becoming a land of legend, a bright paradise of the mentality that will never age or die because the

young take with them the tales of your bright future, and they will keep these dreams alive through the dark ages that lie ahead until in the far future they come true.

"Sire," he continued, "you have garnered or seeded, we know not which, much of future history with these ideas you have gathered, for it may be that the seeds of the future which you have planted among us here and now are those which will grow and ripen to glorious maturity there and then. Many years of your life have you spent travelling the future and a great good have you done, not least in ensuring the survival of your people, but now it is time to rest and enjoy the fruit of your labors. In the state banqueting hall another convention is even now in progress, and your loyal fan subjects are anxious to welcome you... Sire! Your eyes are bright, the fog in your mind is clearing, and again you are remembering us!

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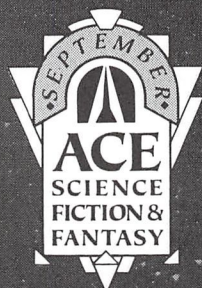
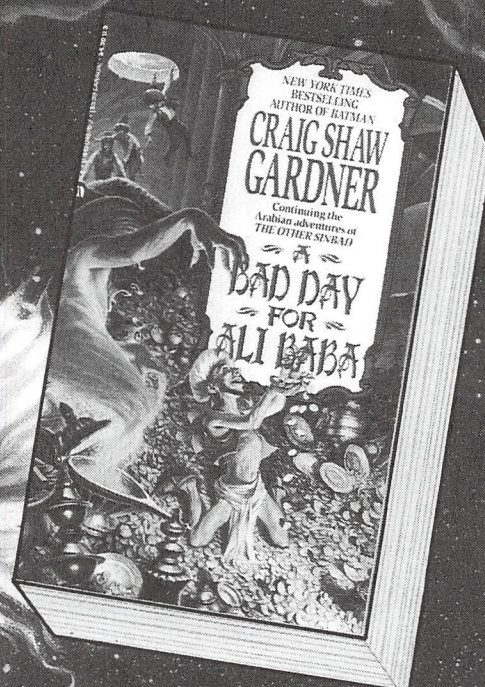
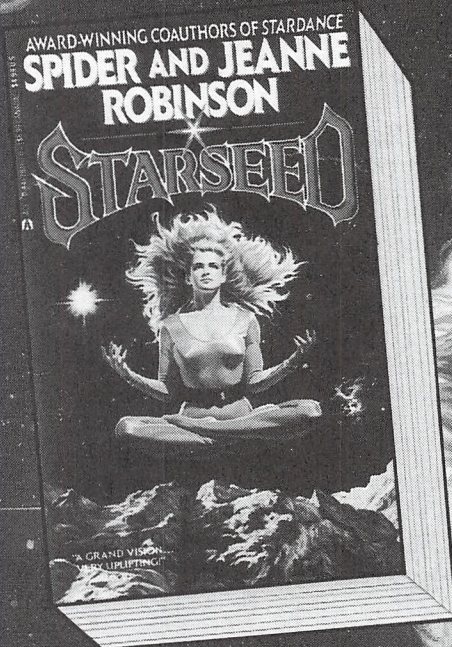
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RATROPY

M.J. Engh

There were rats in the soufflé again. My hands trembled in their quilted kitchen mitts as I set the hot bowl on its trivet and stepped back. It's not as if a soufflé were something you throw together at a moment's notice out of whatever you find at the back of the refrigerator shelf. A soufflé has dignity. It takes planning. It requires a special bowl and a structured environment. Jeremy was already picking up the silver serving spoon, a smile of keen anticipation on his really very handsome lips. "Don't touch it," I said despairingly.

"Come sit down," he said. He has this way of not quite noticing what I say sometimes. "You know these things go flop if you don't serve them right away."

"Don't touch it," I squeaked. I'd give anything if I could keep from going squeaky in moments of crisis. Well, almost anything. "Look!" I tilted one of the candles nearer to the soufflé. A thin naked tail, like a live whipcord, arched above the rim of the bowl, switched wickedly, and disappeared with a flick into the cream-white interior.

Jeremy was on his feet, flinging down the serving spoon with a clatter. "Get that damn thing out of here!"

"There's more than one," I said. "I saw two pairs of eyes on the way in from the kitchen. I would have dropped it, if the bowl weren't a wedding present. Only how could we tell you Aunt Katherine, 'I broke your beautiful soufflé bowl because I was surprised to see rats in it'? I mean, I just took it out of the oven; you'd think they'd be cooked."

"I don't bloody care how bleeding many rats there are in the fornicating filthy soufflé," Jeremy said, enunciating very clearly. "Just get the damn

thing off the table. It, them, whatever. Off!"

I sighed. There are times, when his lips get thin like that, that I imagine I would like Jeremy better if he were just a trifle closer to pudgy. Much as I love him. There are lots of times that I find myself thinking *much as I love him* at the beginning or end of a longer observation. I gritted my teeth, picked up the soufflé bowl—after all, I had the quilted mitts to protect me from rat bites—and headed for the kitchen.

When I came back, barehanded, Jeremy was refilling his wine glass and looking very calm and severe. "What did you do with it?" he asked. Apparently it was always going to be *it*, not *them*. *It* was a phenomenon, and could be classified and filed. *Them* was rats to be dealt with eyeball to eyeball.

"I set it on the back steps," I said.

"What?" That must have been the wrong answer.

"I set it on the back steps so they can finish their meal and run away. I didn't want to pull them out by the tails and whack them with kitchen shears."

"You might as well have invited all the rats in the neighborhood. 'Free meals at 311 North Elm!'"

"Or maybe a cat or dog will come along and eat them. I mean, this is the second time, and I'm getting very tired of it already."

"Ann," he said sternly. We had been through this before. "Rats don't just magically appear inside a freshly baked soufflé when you take it out of the oven."

"Bubbles," I said.

"What?"

"Bubbles just sort of magically appear in champagne when you uncork

it." I looked at his lips and added hastily, "That's just an analogy. Anyway, there *were* rats in the soufflé. If that's not an objective fact, then what is?"

"I *saw* the damned rats," he agreed disagreeably, and took a drink of wine. I sat down and did the same. Lovely candlelight dinner. Well, we still had salad, and the baby hadn't waked up; things could be worse. And *baba au rhum* for dessert. "But," Jeremy said, "they didn't just materialize in the middle of a hot soufflé. They crawled in, or jumped in, or whatever rats do, somewhere between the oven door and the table." He looked at me accusingly. Me and my objective rats—we were shaking his faith in something. "Last time, you agreed that they must have jumped in from the top of the kitchen cabinet."

"My trouble is," I said sadly, "I'll agree to anything for domestic tranquillity and to keep the universe functioning. But it's not true." He looked at me, evidently preparing an explosion, and seemed to decide against it. I refilled both our glasses, trying to remember if there was another bottle in the kitchen. I didn't want to go check just now. "If it were just the soufflés," I said, "I'd break the damn lovely soufflé bowl, and to hell with Aunt Katherine. I mean, a soufflé bowl with some sort of curse on it would be good news, comparatively."

He gave me a very tight-lipped look indeed. "Compared to what?"

"Oh, you know. Compared with the universe falling apart."

"The universe," Jeremy said with great care, "is not falling apart."

"Whatever it's doing, then. They're turning up everywhere."

This time he exploded. "Don't start about the damned rats again!"

"I thought that's what we were

talking about. Like when you opened that new box of diapers—”

“Damn the diapers! I still think we should sue Procter and Gamble.”

“You know why I think the store gave us a refund without any argument?” I asked. “I mean, they didn’t even *question* our story. ‘There were rats in this box of Pampers.’ ‘That’s fine, here’s a new box. Open it here and make sure it’s all right.’” I finished my last glass of wine. “I think it happens all the time. People keep coming in with rats in their Pampers. And the ones in the car, when we were driving to Richland—”

“They’re very good at crawling into tight places. They breed like—like rats. It’s not unnatural to find them everywhere, Ann, just damned unpleasant. I wish you’d get that straight.”

Much as I love him. “Listen,” I said urgently, “would you see if there’s another bottle of wine in the kitchen? We haven’t had dinner yet.”

“Are we *going* to have dinner?” he asked bitterly. Jeremy can be very bitter. But he stood up and stalked off to the kitchen. In a minute I heard him rummaging in the drawer where we keep the corkscrew and all that sort of rattly thing. Then there was a kind of generalized crash, followed by a very

clear and decisive “Shit!” from Jeremy, and some little skittering noises on the tile floor. No sound from the baby’s room; she can sleep like an angel sometimes. I hooked my heels firmly over the chair rung and thought about soufflés. A soufflé is a lot like the Venus de Milo, except less permanent; the ingredients may be simple, but the result is really rather fine. A soufflé is the exaltation of a spinless froth into a temporary cathedral, an assertion of form and good taste—and oh, it does taste good!—against the general confusion that slops around the edges of everything. A soufflé is good and true and beautiful.

Jeremy’s face was flushed. He set the opened bottle of Chardonnay on the table with something like an over-controlled swagger. “Dropped a few things in the kitchen,” he said. “Sorry.”

“You know,” I said, “rats have always been around.”

“Exactly!” he said, very pleased. I must have accidentally sounded reasonable.

“But they didn’t start making trouble until sometime in the Middle Ages. You remember the Pied Pier of Wherever.”

“No,” Jeremy said firmly. He filled

our glasses.

“And the Black Death. Rats busting out all over. Or bursting. Like bubbles. I mean, that was the beginning. Don’t these things tend to increase exponentially, or expostfactorily, or extraterritorially, or something?”

“What things?”

“Oh... trends. Vectors. Whatever makes the world go round.” I clutched my sides. I had remembered a line from “The Pied Piper of Hamelin”: *They bit the babies in their cradles. They licked the soup from the cook’s own ladles.* I got up.

“It’s too late to fix dinner now,” Jeremy said. “Why don’t we just send out for a pizza?”

“I’m just going to check on the baby.” I paused. “I mean, the world isn’t just going round any more; it’s either running down or screwing up. Look at the news.”

“Not now,” Jeremy said.

“Suppose it’s like entropy—suppose there are just more and more of them all the time, coming out like bubbles.” I had my hand on the door of the baby’s room. If there were anything wrong, we’d have heard something. “Never mind the pizza,” I said. “It won’t take me too long to make another soufflé.”



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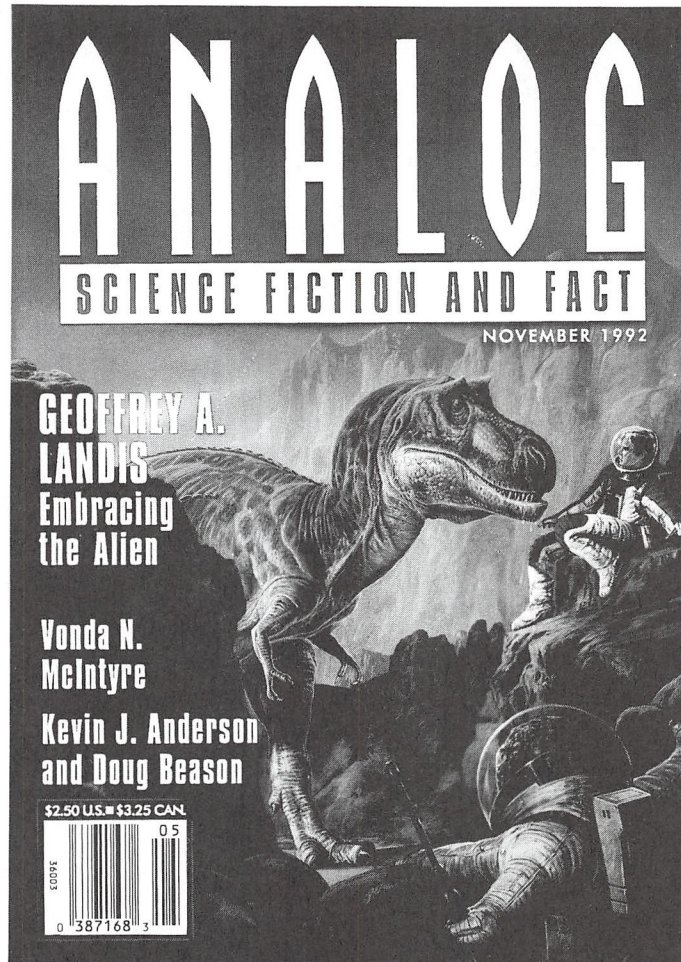
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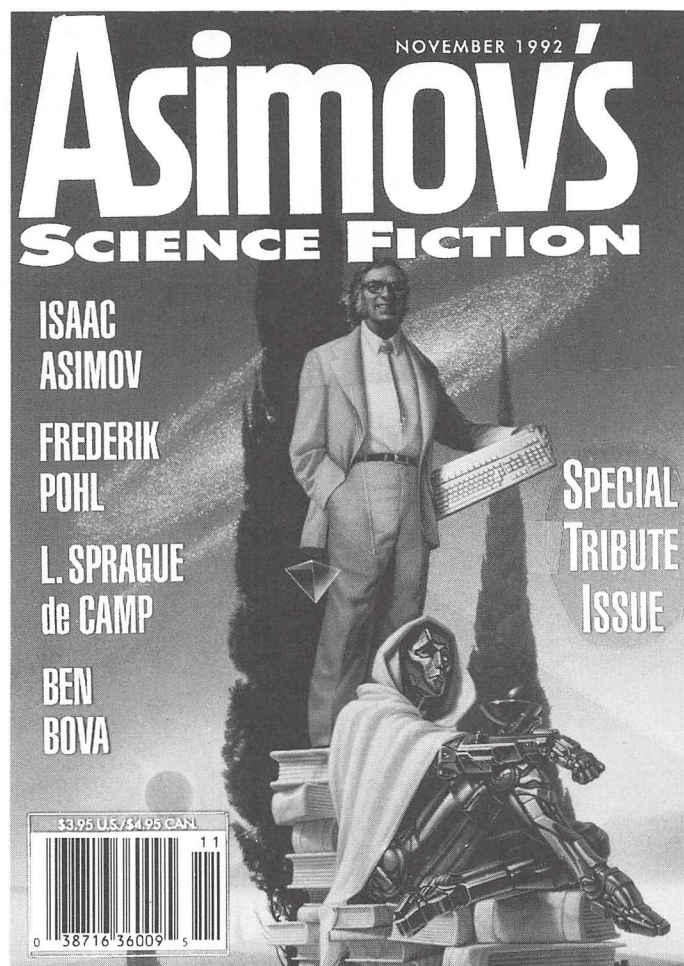
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Analog Science Fiction & Fact and Asimov's Science Fiction salute our 1991 Hugo nominees:

BEST NOVEL

Barrayar by Lois McMaster Bujold (*Analog*, July-October 1991)
Xenocide by Orson Scott Card (part of this novel was published as
Gloriously Bright in (*Analog*, January 1991)
Stations of the Tide by Michael Swanwick (*Asimov's*, Mid-December
1990-January 1991)

BEST NOVELLA

"Beggars in Spain" by Nancy Kress (*Asimov's*, April 1991)
"And Wild for to Hold" by Nancy Kress (*Asimov's*, July 1991)
"The Gallery of His Dreams" by Kristine Kathryn Rusch
(*Asimov's*, September 1991)
"Griffin's Egg" by Michael Swanwick (*Asimov's*, May 1992)
"Jack" by Connie Willis (*Asimov's*, October 1991)

BEST NOVELETTE

"Gold" by Isaac Asimov (*Analog*, September 1991)
"Dispatches from the Revolution" by Pat Cadigan (*Asimov's*, July 1991)
"Understand" by Ted Chiang (*Asimov's*, August 1991)
"Fin de Cyclé" by Howard Waldrop (*Asimov's*, Mid-December 1991)
"Miracle" by Connie Willis (*Asimov's*, December 1991)

BEST SHORT STORY

"Press Ann" by Terry Bisson (*Asimov's*, August 1991)
"A Walk in the Sun" by Geoffrey A. Landis (*Asimov's*, October 1991)
"One Perfect Morning, with Jackals" by Mike Resnick (*Asimov's*, March 1991)
"In the Late Cretaceous" by Connie Willis (*Asimov's*, Mid-December 1991)

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR

Gardner Dozois
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CHESLEY AWARD FOR BEST ART DIRECTOR

Terri Czeczko

BEST ORIGINAL ARTWORK

Bob Eggleton for *Stations of the Tide* (*Asimov's*, January 1991)

THE GIFT

George Barr

"Will study do it?" Peter asked.

"It can't hurt," Avery replied, trying to walk that delicate line between being so serious that the advice might be taken as a guarantee, and so flip-pant that it might be disregarded altogether.

"I mean," Peter persisted, his eighteen-year-old face wearing an expression to intense for its age, "if I do go on to college... if I take all of the classes they offer... if I really *work* at it... will I ever really be the kind of artist you are?"

Avery Deane put down his brush and turned away from his drawing table to study the boy's earnest eyes. Peter Janssen was everything he himself had been at eighteen: shy, introverted, intelligent, talented, utterly inept socially.

He was of average build and looks... not ugly by any means, but he'd never be considered good-looking. Age would treat him well. Lines in his face and grey in his hair would be assets in years to come, turning bland youth into distinguished maturity.

He had genuine talent... no denying it. As a long-time friend of the family, Avery had watched the boy develop skills that usually took years to attain. He had a good eye for proportion, perspective, detail, and color. By second grade he had been drawing better than most sixth graders. By sixth grade he was turning out work that any high school Art teacher would delight in. Some little bit of it might possibly have been instinctive, but most of it was the result of plain hard work. Lacking social skills, the boy had used artwork to bolster his self image... to gain attention and approval he didn't seem able to get any other way.

Beyond question he had everything it would take to become a good, all-

around, all-purpose commercial illustrator. In any advertising agency he'd be a genuine asset. His work was already solid, dependable, accurate, and attractive. He'd never be without a job.

However, that was very obviously not what Peter Janssen wanted out of life. The work-a-day world of advertising was *plodding*. He wanted to *fly*... to soar with the eagles... to illustrate prize-winning books... to have his work seen by *millions* as they browsed the news stands and book racks. He could never be happy in an art shop, painting department store fashion ads, toy box designs, and cookbook covers.

It was sad to see him so hopeful. His ability was not equal to his dream. Technique, style, composition, color... they could all be taught. There were rules for all of them and one only had to learn those rules. *Skill* was the result of practice. And Peter was already skillful. He'd undoubtedly become *more* skilled as time went on. But what he wanted so desperately took *flair*... imagination, daring, and a sense of wonder that could never be learned.

He didn't have the gift. It wasn't there.

"Peter," the man said seriously, "I am not an artist. *Artists* do pictures intended for frames... for displaying on walls in homes, galleries, and museums. I don't do that. I'm an illustrator; that's all. My work is designed for publication. It sells a product. It's ephemeral. It doesn't have to stand the test of time. No one has to *live* with it. It's seen; it delivers its punch; and it either works or it doesn't. When the book or the magazine has been taken off the stands, the impact of what I've done is over. I'm an *illustra-*

tor."

The boy nodded, his expression skeptical. "N.C. Wyerth was an illustrator. Howard Pyle was an illustrator. Maxfield Parrish, Arthur Rackham, and Norman Rockwell were illustrators. *They* haven't stopped having impact just because the books and magazines went off the stands. They'll be remembered just as long as Jackson Pollock and Pablo Picasso... and a hell of a lot longer than Leroy Nie-man. So will you. And you know it."

One of Avery Deane's shaggy eyebrows lifted, but the boy's challenging expression remained. "I was told that false modesty is as much a sin as conceit," Peter said. "You are the biggest name in your field today. There's a whole raft of illustrators whose careers are made up of nothing but the jobs you've turned down. Your work is in collections all over the world. Hanging on walls. *In frames!* You're as much of an artist as any man who's ever held a brush. If you deny it, you're a *liar*."

"Is that what *you* want, Pete?" Avery asked.

The boy walked across the cluttered studio and stood with his back to the artist, his hands caressing an articulated, poseable, wooden model of a horse.

"More than anything on earth," he replied with quiet intensity. "It's all I've ever wanted. I don't care about marriage, or kids. I don't care if I have to live in the traditional garret. I want to paint a picture and *know* that it's good... to have it published *because* it's good, and be able to know that the book it's on will sell because of *my* cover painting."

"You've got your ambitions a little mixed up," Avery smiled. "It's hopeful *gallery* artists who starve in garrets

to prove their worth. An illustrator's proof is on his livelihood. If you're good enough to help the sales of a book, you don't *have* to starve. You'll live rather well, in fact."

Peter glanced back over his shoulder at his idol, a grin twitching at the corners of his mouth. "I know," he admitted. "I wanted to sound sincere." He turned to face the man again. "I *am* sincere! Sure, I want to make money and live in a nice house and be respected. But I want it as a result of being *good... really good*."

"I see these guys in galleries and it seems like they're trying to have it both ways. They want people to buy their work. It wouldn't be there if they didn't. They want to make money. But at the same time they seem to take such pride in the fact that they're *not* popular... that only a special few really understand what they do. They put down popularity like there was something shameful about it... like it was somehow proof of how mundane *your* work is. And then they try to use their... exclusivity?... to convince *everybody* that they should buy their work. To become popular."

"I don't want all of that bull-crap. I want to paint for *people*... like you do... and to know by the sales of the books and magazines that I've succeeded at what I've painted."

"Does that make sense?"

It made sense to Avery. Clearly he remembered feeling those feelings, thinking those exact same thoughts.

He had grown up in the years before some wise publisher decided that it would be "charming" to illustrate books for kids as if the kids themselves had done it... as though children drew the way they did because that was the kind of pictures they preferred seeing. Instead of having to look at amateurish, deliberately childish crayon scrawls and paint splashes, Avery had had a library filled with the illustrations of the masters: Edmund Dulac, Joseph Clement Cole, John R. Neil, Jessie Wilcox Smith, Milo Winter, Arthur Szyk, Kay Nielson... people who'd painted—not like children—but the way children

dreamed of painting. They had created worlds of wonder and beauty in pictures which were as memorable and magic as the books they illustrated.

All through his school years Avery had been the darling of his Art teachers. The work he'd done... the pictures he'd drawn... had always been years beyond those of his classmates. Often he was better than the teachers themselves... and they knew it. So did he. But instead of basking in their approval and glorying in his talent, he'd always felt frustration and disappointment.

The teachers compared him with the other kids; he compared himself with the giants of illustrating. And he was only too miserably aware of how far short of his goal he constantly fell.

He'd begun a correspondence course in illustrating while still in high school and continued it while he attended college. He wasted little time with the basic education courses the university offered. In most of the academics, he'd tested out at college level while in the twelfth grade. He knew that—however many doors a degree might open—only talent could *keep* them open. It was what he could do as an *illustrator* that would determine whether or not he was acceptable on a job.

He took practically every Art and Art-related course the school offered, dropping out of only one: Applied Design. The instructor, a laid-back, scruffy individual who was either a Bohemian hold-out or an advanced scout for the Beat Generation, sauntered in on the first day... twenty minutes late. Without even looking at the class, he'd examined his fingernails for a long moment, then announced as though having to do so was a tremendous imposition: "I'm Wilmer Haycock—as you know—and this is Applied Design. What you do is: design something. Then apply it. When you've finished, I'll look at it." Then he'd turned and ambled back out.

Avery had ambled out also and registered for a different course. He'd gone to college for instruction, not just a table and an hour each day in which

to use it.

As in high school he was usually the best in his class... but not always. Occasionally he'd see in one of the other students' works flashes of brilliance that dazzled and frustrated him.

He knew all of the laws of linear and aerial perspective, all they could teach him of design, composition, and color theory. He knew human anatomy, and a good deal about horse, dog, and cat. He could render scenery, architecture, and the intricacies of reflections in water, glass, and metal.

But he'd look at someone else's work and think: *I have all of those colors. I've used them hundreds of times. Why hasn't it ever occurred to me to put them together in that combination?*

Once he'd seen it done, he could go back to his easel and imitate it, but he knew it was imitation. The *inspiration* had belonged to someone else.

And that's the way it had continued.

Avery had gone to work for an advertising agency and quickly became one of its most valued employees. He handled all assignments competently, and his work was unflaggingly satisfactory. He even got a few free-lance illustrating jobs with small publishers and limited-circulation magazines.

He met many of the big names in the field, was treated well by them, and was considered by everyone to be an eminently successful commercial artist... by everyone but himself.

To one of the truly great illustrators of the day, with whom he'd become good friends, Avery asked: "Where did you get it? Was it always in you? Was there a point in your life when suddenly you knew you *had* it?"

The artist, an elderly man who—unaccountably—had retained his humility despite the honors his work constantly brought to him, sighed. "Whatever *it* is... yes, I suddenly realized it was there when people's reactions told me. It's hard to say what I was doing differently. It didn't *feel* any different. I still made my own decisions of how to handle things; I just

decided *better*, I guess."

"Is it what *you* want, Avery?"

"More than anything on earth," the young commercial artist had replied.

"It won't be what you really want... if you get it," the old man said quietly. "Maybe once or twice in your life something will turn out exactly as you envisioned it. But *you* are the only one who'll know it, and you'll never be able to explain why those pieces are your only real satisfaction. No one else will be able to see the difference, because you can't show them what's in your mind. You'll please people... excite them... delight them... even *thrill* them occasionally... and you'll never know why.

"You can't step back from a painting and see it *new*, for the first time, like they will. You'll see a picture that has elements in it that please you... things of which you're rightly proud. But mostly you'll see the things that didn't *quite* work... the problems you didn't *quite* solve... the areas where your brush wasn't *quite* equal to your inspiration. You'll never be able to see what your audience sees, nor react to it the way they do. You'll be glad they're pleased, but you'll wish so often that you'd been able to show them what you were really trying to paint."

"Not if I could paint like you do," Avery had insisted.

The man smiled sadly. "I feel that lack constantly. The only way you can escape it is to lower your standards and your expectations. Artists who are satisfied with their work are people who have no vision. Those who feel they *deserve* their accolades are painters whose standards are so low that they can't see the difference between being good and being brilliant. Their happiness is at the expense of their understanding. It *depends* upon the narrow limits of their discernment.

"To have the gift is to give up any hope of satisfaction."

Avery had walked back to gaze at the nearly finished painting on the man's easel. It was exquisite: a composition which grabbed the eye and imprisoned it in the thick of action and color, emotion and tension,

beauty, detail, and subtle suggestion. His reaction to it wasn't at all on an academic level. He wasn't appreciating it because of the skill with which it had been painted. His response was visceral... emotional... primal.

Without taking his eyes from it, he backed up a few steps and squinted, as though the brilliance of it was hurting his eyes. "This makes me *ache* inside," he said quietly. "It makes me want to *be* there... to be part of it. I don't know if the hurt is because I can't *be* there, because I want to *own* it, or because *I* didn't paint it. If you honestly can't see how incredible it is, then I pity you. I haven't even the faintest hope of ever painting anything half as beautiful."

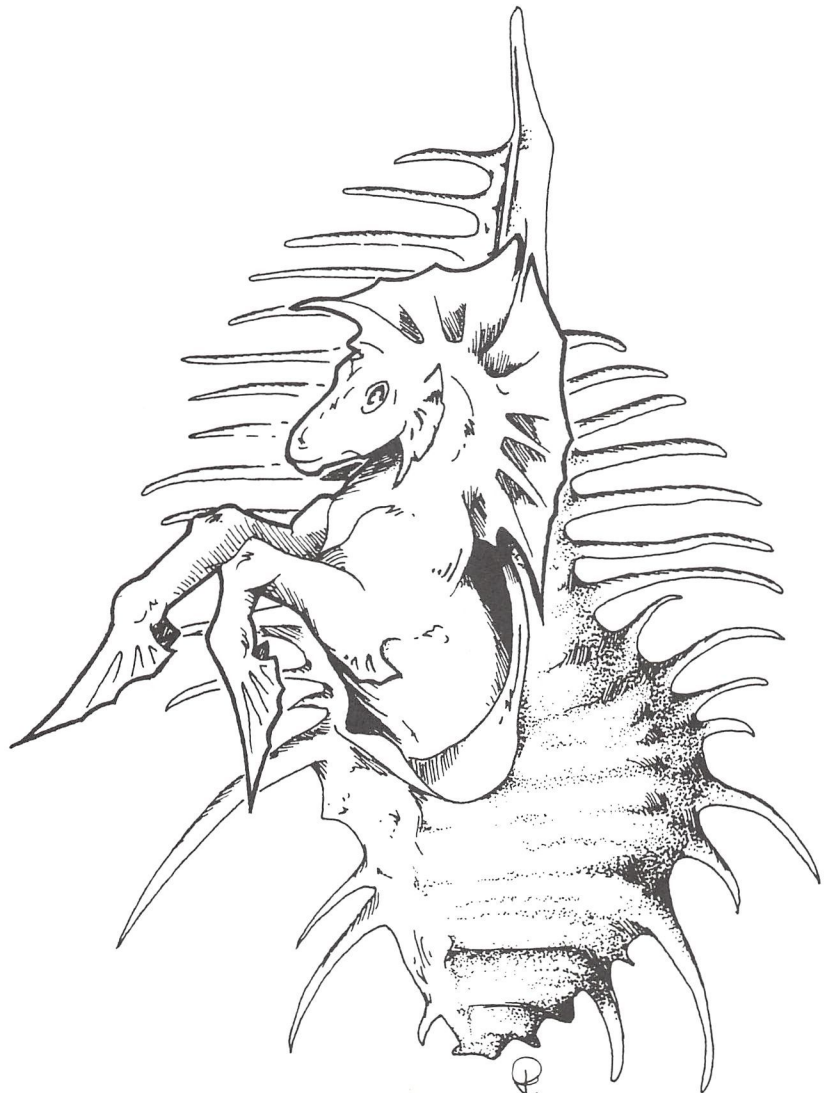
The old illustrator's eyes twinkled. "I'm nearing the end. I'm about through with the gift. If it's what you really want, I'll bequeath it to you."

Avery had smiled... somewhat wryly. "Okay. I accept. Leave your money to charity. Leave your talent to me."

For twenty years Avery Deane watched the career of Peter Janssen. In so many ways it was a re-run of his own life. Peter was good. He was fast, accurate, and prolific. Had agency artists been allowed to sign their work, people would have been astonished at how many different things were done by that same competent painter: greeting cards, automobile ads, catalog drawings, fashion illustrations, record jackets, movie posters... all of them excellent...

...all of them eminently forgettable.

They did their job, but caused no excitement. They were slick, textbook examples of solid commercial art... of



what was current... nothing innovative nor *avant-garde*. Just good.

Peter wasn't wealthy, but he was quite comfortably well-off. He had what most people were working for... what most considered the ingredients for happiness. But he was not happy.

He and Avery were good friends despite the difference in their years. For the younger man, it seemed the aging illustrator's studio was a bi-polar magnet which both attracted and repelled. Peter was drawn to it to see what new, marvelous things were in the works... to learn from the man's unflinching example. But at the same time it was obviously painful for him to see so graphically displayed the results of a talent he did not share.

There was no doubt that Avery Deane would ultimately take his place on the list of the great illustrators of the ages. His work was the leading edge of the art, representative of his time, yet utterly timeless in its beauty and appeal. It was no exaggeration to say that—more often than not—his work would be remembered long after the books and stories it illustrated had been forgotten. Some books would be remembered for no other reason than that he had illustrated them. Like Parrish's paintings for *The Knave of Hearts*, Avery's illustrations were often more important works by far than the stories which had inspired them.

Avery saw both the appreciation and the pain in Peter's eyes. He remembered them well from his youth, and sympathized.

Late one afternoon he said: "Pete, how good do you want to be?"

The young illustrator's eyes widened, and he gestured with both arms to encompass the entire studio with its treasure trove of finished works. "As good as this. As good as *you*. I have the technique. I have the patience. For God's sake, I have more than enough opportunity. What I don't have is the spark... the imagination... the *gift*! And I want it so badly that I cry myself to sleep sometimes when I leave here."

Avery walked to a closet, opened the door, and removed an old, battered portfolio from an upper shelf. Opening

it, he spread out a selection of illustrations, then stood back and invited his guest to look them over.

Peter scanned them briefly and looked up, puzzled. "Why do you have these?"

"I'm a collector," Avery shrugged. "I've had them for a lot of years."

"But why do you have them at all?" Peter insisted. "On your worst day, you were better than this."

"You don't think they're any good?" Avery asked.

The younger man took a second, cursory look. "They're fine. Nothing wrong with them. Good art. Very professional. But, Jesus, Avery, *I'm* this good. There's nothing here that any competent illustrator couldn't have done. Whose work is it?"

"Mine," Avery replied.

"I don't believe it," Peter said simply. "As little as I think of it, it isn't the work of a school kid. It's good, strong advertising art by an experienced illustrator, not the first dabbings of a beginner. You were *always* better than this."

Avery turned over one of the old pieces of art to the date stamped on the back. "I wasn't too awfully many years younger than you are now when I painted this. I *was* an experienced illustrator, and I *did* turn out good, strong advertising art. This is all mine, and it's as good as I was. Not one bit better than you."

Peter's eyes narrowed in disbelief. "So when did the miracle occur? Where did you go to get an injection of genius?"

His host returned to the closet and removed one painting from another portfolio.

Peter gasped. "I know this piece. God, I have loved this picture for so many years. It's been printed and reprinted I don't know how many times. I can't even *imagine* how much you'd get for this painting on the open market. It's worth more than everything I've done lumped together. And you have it stowed in a closet, for God's sake."

"The date," Avery said quietly, turning it over and tapping the stamp with a gnarled, arthritic finger.

Peter looked. He held it at an angle, examining the stamp. Then he re-examined the one on the previous piece of art.

There'd been only five days between the two paintings.

He shook his head. "I know this one is yours. I've watched you turn out this kind of work for years. I just cannot accept that there could be that much growth in five days... unless all the time previously you'd been held in check by some tyrannical Art Director. But nobody could have suppressed your ability that much."

He examined the later work with the loving recognition of years of familiarity. "I've known you for so long, I can't believe you'd lie to me. So I have to accept that this commercial cliché crap is yours. What happened? Did you sell your soul?"

Avery raised one eyebrow. "What would you be willing to sell... to give ... to give up for that spark?"

Peter snorted. "My life? Haven't I given it? It's all I've worked for for nearly forty years. My soul? I think I've already given that, too. If not, it's not because I've been unwilling. My sex life? That's not asking for much; it's never been anything special. What could I give that I haven't already?"

The old man shook his head. "The one thing you *haven't* given up: hope. All your life you've studied and worked in hope of developing that spark that sets illustrator and artist apart. It's been the whole focus of your existence. Could you give up that?"

Peter's face showed puzzlement. "When you've achieved what you've been hoping for, what is *that* to give up? Isn't it automatic?"

"No, it isn't," Avery replied. "If you don't *always* hope to get better, you're not worthy of your talent. Satisfaction is the death of endeavor. And if you don't believe you *can* get better, there's little purpose left in existence. I wouldn't ask you to give up hope, no matter how good you are."

"Then what?" Peter asked. "What *can* I give?"

"What you *won't* give," Avery said sadly. "You'll never lose it. Not you. And that's the tragedy. For someone

like you, there's no real achieving of the dream unless all you really want is fame. You can get that. What you *can't* get is satisfaction... not if you've got the gift. And what you'll never give up is the hope of achieving satisfaction.

"The question is basically the difference between 'fine' art and illustration: who you paint for. Is your joy in personal achievement, or in giving enjoyment to others? Do you paint for *yourself*... to express *yourself*? Or do you paint for your audience... to give *them* all you're capable of giving?"

Peter didn't hesitate. "You know the answer to that. I get no pleasure from a picture until I see a viewer's reaction to it. That's the source of my frustration: that I can't elicit the kind of reactions you do. I want the kind of pleasure you must get when you finish a piece and say to yourself, 'My god, did I really paint that?' Just to *know* that everyone who sees it is going to be thrilled by it must be won-

derful. I want that."

"That won't happen," Avery almost whispered. "You'll still have to get your pleasure second-hand. Can that be enough?"

"Oh, yes," the younger man assured him.

Avery Deane went back to his drawing table, studied the painting he'd been working on, and with a small brush added two tiny highlights. He blew on the paint to dry it, studied it again... nodded, and carefully placed his well-known monogram in the lower left-hand corner.

"There are only a few people in each generation who have the gift," he said. "It isn't the only source of ability. Some is inborn; some of it is developed. Some people have the potential for incredible talent but never have the *impetus* to develop it.

"But some few have the need of it and work endlessly for it... like I did, and like you have... without that random spark of genius they want so

badly. To those few is the gift given... after their endeavor has proven they deserve it."

"Who gives it to them?" Peter asked in awe, believing in spite of himself.

"Someone who has it," Avery replied. His hands shook as he resumed his seat. His face was pale, his eyes cloudy. He suddenly looked very, very old. "There's no other way to get it. And that's why there are only a few in each generation."

"But..." Peter said, "who, having it, would ever give it up?" He was very much afraid he knew the answer.

Avery nodded, seeing the understanding dawning in his friend's eyes. "Someone whose work is over... who no longer has the time to use it." He waved a shrunk, liver-spotted hand in dismissal. "Goodbye, Peter. Go home. Get a good night's sleep. Wake up tomorrow, and paint. I hope you'll not come to regret the gift. I know you'll use it well."

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THE GOLEM

Avram Davidson

The gray-faced person came along the street where old Mr. and Mrs. Gumbeiner live. It was afternoon, it was autumn, the sun was warm and soothing to their ancient bones. Any one who attended the movies in the twenties or the early thirties has seen that street a thousand times. Past these bungalows with their half-double roofs, Edmund Lowe walked arm-in-arm with Leatrice Joy and Harold Lloyd was chased by Chinamen waving hatchets. Under these squamous palm trees Laurel kicked Hardy and Woolsey beat Wheeler up on the head with codfish. Across these pocket-handkerchief-sized lawns the juveniles of the Our Gang Comedies pursued one another and were pursued by angry fat men in one of five hundred streets exactly like it.

Mrs. Gumbeiner indicated the gray-faced person to her husband.

"You think maybe he's got something the matter?" she asked. "He walks kind of funny, to me."

"Walks like a *golem*," Mr. Gumbeiner said indifferently.

The old woman was nettled.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I think he walks like your cousin Mendel."

The old man persed his mouth angrily and chewed on his pipestem. The gray-faced person turned up the concrete path, walked up the steps to the porch, sat down in a chair. Old Mr. Gumbeiner ignored him. His wife stared at the stranger.

"Man comes in without a hello, good-bye, or howareyou, sits himself down and right away he's at home.... The chair is comfortable?" she asked. "Would you like maybe a glass of tea?"

She turned to her husband.

"Say something, Gumbeiner!" she

demanded. "What are you, made of wood?"

The old man smiled a slow, wicked, triumphant smile.

"Why should *I* say anything?" he asked the air. "Who am I? Nothing, that's who."

The stranger spoke. His voice was harsh and monotonous.

"When you learn who—or, rather, what—I am, the flesh will melt from your bones in terror." He bared porcelain teeth.

"Never mind about my bones!" the old woman cried. "You've got a lot of nerve talking about my bones!"

"You will quake with fear," said the stranger. Old Mrs. Gumbeiner said that she hoped he would live so long. She turned to her husband once again.

"Gumbeiner, when are you going to mow the lawn?"

"All mankind—" the stranger began.

"*Shah!* I'm talking to my husband.... He talks *eppis* kind of funny, Gumbeiner, no?"

"Probably a foreigner," Mr. Gumbeiner said, complacently.

"You think so?" Mrs. Gumbeiner glanced fleetingly at the stranger. "He's got a very bad color in his face, *nebbich*. I suppose he came to California for his health."

"Disease, pain, sorrow, love, grief—all are naught to—"

Mr. Gumbeiner cut in on the stranger's statement.

"Gall bladder," the old man said. "Guinzburg down at the *shule* looked exactly the same before his operation. Two professors they had in for him, and a private nurse day and night."

"I am not a human being!" the stranger said loudly.

"Three thousand seven hundred fifty dollars it cost his son, Guinzburg told me. 'For you, Poppa, nothing is too expensive—only get well,' the son told him."

"*I am not a human being!*"

"Ai, is that a son for you!" the old woman said, rocking her head. "A heart of gold, pure gold." She looked at the stranger. "All right, all right. I heard you the first time. Gumbeiner! I asked you a question. When are you going to cut the lawn?"

"On Wednesday, *odder* maybe Thursday, comes the Japaneser to the neighborhood. To cut lawns is *his* profession. *My* profession is to be a glazier—retired."

"Between me and all mankind is an inevitable hatred," the stranger said. "When I tell you what I am, the flesh will melt—"

"You said, you said already," Mr. Gumbeiner interrupted.

"In Chicago where the winters were as cold and bitter as the Czar of Russia's heart," the old woman intoned, "you had strength to carry the frames with the glass together day in and day out. But in California with the golden sun to mow the lawn when your wife asks, for this you have no strength. Do I call in the Japaneser to cook for you supper?"

"Thirty years Professor Allardyce spent perfecting his theories. Electronics, neuronics—"

"Listen, how educated he talks," Mr. Gumbeiner said, admiringly. "Maybe he goes to the University here?"

"If he goes to the University, maybe he knows Bud?" his wife suggested.

"Probably they're in the same class and he came to see him about home-

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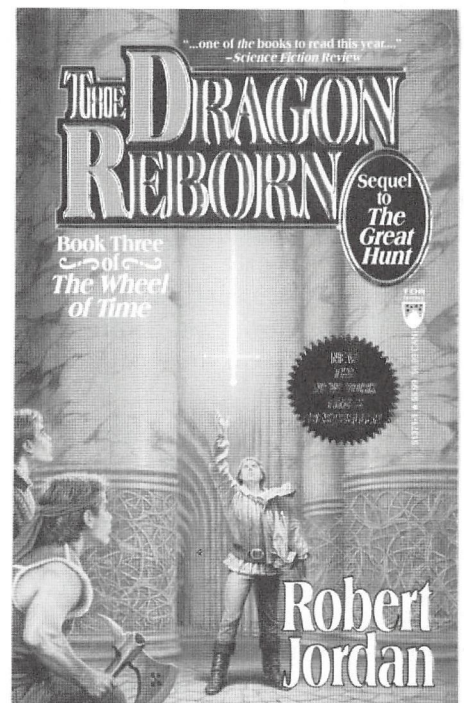
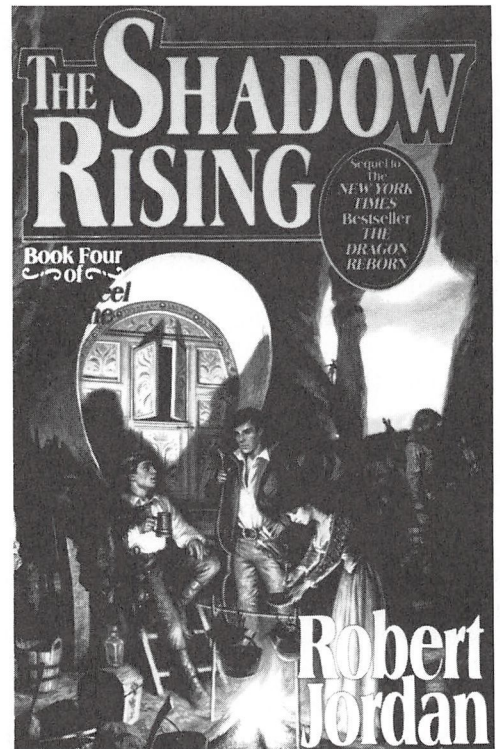
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TOR BOOKS



work, no?"

"Certainly he must be in the same class. How many classes are there? Five in *ganzen*: Bud showed me on his program card." She counted off on her fingers. "Television Appreciation and Criticism, Small Boat Building, Social Adjustment, The American Dance... The American Dance—nu, Gumbeiner—"

"Contemporary Ceramics," her husband said, relishing the syllables. "A fine boy, Bud. A pleasure to have him for a boardner."

"After thirty years spent in these studies," the stranger, who had continued to speak unnoticed, went on, "he turned from the theoretical to the pragmatic. In ten years' time he had made the most titanic discovery in history: he made mankind, *all* mankind, superfluous: he made *me*."

"What did Tillie write in her last letter?" asked the old man.

The old woman shrugged.

"What would she write? The same thing. Sidney was home from the Army, Naomi has a new boy friend—"

"*He made ME!*"

"Listen, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is," the old woman said, "maybe where you came from is different, but in *this* country you don't interrupt people the while they're talking.... Hey. Listen—what do you mean, he *made* you? What kind of talk is that?"

The stranger bared all his teeth again, exposing the too-pink gums.

"In his library, to which I had a more complete access after his sudden and as yet undiscovered death from entirely natural causes, I found a complete collection of stories about androids, from Shelley's *Frankenstein* through Capeks' *R.U.R.* to Asimov's—"

"Frankenstein?" said the old man, with interest. "There used to be Frankenstein who had the soda-*wasser* place on Halstead Street: a Litvack, *nebbich*."

"What are you talking?" Mrs. Gumbeiner demanded. His name was Frankenthal, and it wasn't on Halstead, it was on Roosevelt."

"—clearly shown that all mankind has an instinctive antipathy towards

androids, and there will be an inevitable struggle between them—"

"Of course, of course!" Old Mr. Gumbeiner clicked his teeth against his pipe. "I am always wrong, you are always right. How could you stand to be married to such a stupid person all this time?"

"I don't know," the old woman said. "Sometimes I wonder, myself. I think it must be his good looks." She began to laugh. Old Mr. Gumbeiner blinked, then began to smile, then took his wife's hand.

"Foolish old woman," the stranger said; "why do you laugh? Do you know I have come to destroy you?"

"What!" old Mr. Gumbeiner shouted. "Close your mouth, you!" He darted from his chair and struck the stranger with the flat of his hand. The stranger's head struck against the porch pillar and bounced back.

"When you talk to my wife, talk respectable, you hear?"

Old Mrs. Gumbeiner, cheeks very pink, pushed her husband back in his chair. Then she leaned forward and examined the stranger's head. She clicked her tongue as she pulled aside a flap of gray, skin-like material.

"Gumbeiner, look! He's all springs and wires inside!"

"I *told* you he was a *golem*, but no, you wouldn't listen," the old man said.

"You said he *walked* like a *golem*."

"How could he walk like a *golem* unless he *was* one?"

"All right, all right.... You broke him, so now fix him."

"My grandfather, his light shines from Paradise, told me that when MoHaRaL—Moreynu Ha-Rav Lw — his memory for a blessing, made the *golem* in Prague, three hundred? four hundred years ago? he wrote on his forehead the Holy Name."

Smiling reminiscently, the old woman continued, "And the *golem* cut the rabbi's wood and brought his water and guarded the ghetto."

"And one time only he disobeyed the Rabbi Lw, and Rabbi Lw erased the *Shem Ha-Mephorash* from the *golem's* forehead and the *golem* fell down like a dead one. And they put him up in the attic of the *shule* and

he's still there today if the Communisten haven't sent him to Moscow.... This is not just a story," he said.

"*Avadda* not!" said the old woman.

"I myself have seen both the *shule* and the rabbi's grave," her husband said, conclusively.

"But I think this must be a different kind *golem*, Gumbeiner. See, on his forehead: nothing written."

"What's the matter, there's a law I can't write something there? Where is that lump of clay Bud brought us from his class?"

The old man washed his hands, adjusted his little black skullcap, and slowly and carefully wrote four Hebrew letters on the gray forehead.

"Ezra the Scribe himself couldn't do better," the old woman said, admiringly. "Nothing happens," she observed, looking at the lifeless figure sprawled in the chair.

"Well, after all, am I Rabbi Lw?" her husband asked, deprecatingly. "No," he answered. He leaned over and examined the exposed mechanism. "This spring goes here... this wire comes with this one..." The figure moved. "But this one goes where? And this one?"

"Let be," said his wife. The figure sat up slowly and rolled its eyes loosely.

"Listen, Reb *Golem*," the old man said, wagging his finger. "Pay attention to what I say—you understand?"

"Understand..."

"If you want to stay here, you got to do like Mr. Gumbeiner says."

"Do-like-Mr.-Gumbeiner-says..."

"*That's* the way I like to hear a *golem* talk. Malka, give here the mirror from the pocketbook. Look, you see your face? You see on the forehead, what's written? If you don't do like Mr. Gumbeiner says, he'll wipe out what's written and you'll be no more alive."

"No-more-alive..."

"*That's* right. Now, listen. Under the porch you'll find a lawnmower. Take it. And cut the lawn. Then come back. Go."

"Go..." The figure shambled down the stairs. Presently the sound of the

lawnmower whirred through the quiet air in the street just like the street where Jackie Cooper shed huge tears on Wallace Beery's shirt and Chester Conklin rolled his eyes at Marie Dressler.

"So what will you write to Tillie?" old Mr. Gumbeiner asked.

"What should I write?" old Mrs. Gumbeiner shrugged. "I'll write that the weather is lovely out here and that we are both, Blessed be the Name, in good health."

The old man nodded his head slowly, and they sat together in the front porch in the warm afternoon sun.



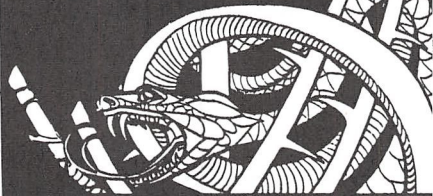
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OUT OF SURFEIT COMES SPECIALIZATION

Sam Moskowitz

The 1991 summary of books taken by *Locus* (February, 1992) listed 1,246 *new* hardcover and paperbacks science fiction and fantasy books and 744 *reprint* titles, not counting foreign books. Additionally, there were 64 issues of magazine science fiction that could be considered professional, and numerous semi-professional magazines. Not counted were the numerous science fiction *fan* magazines, which come and go at a rate hard to keep track of.

It obviously has become impossible for one individual to read them all and nearly as difficult to obtain them all. It should also be noted that some titles were undoubtedly missed by *Locus*. This is by way of contrast with the decade of the thirties, when the more active fans and proto-scholars bought and read all the magazines and a chance meeting with fellow acolyte could entail a discussion which would encompass the entire field. Among the inner circle this "field" would include hardcover books and fan magazines, foreign and domestic.

The number of magazines, hardcover books, and paperbacks proliferated in the decades that followed, but due to the fact that a large percentage of the books and paperbacks were reprints from the magazines, it was still possible for the more vigorous to at least accumulate most of the titles, even though it was already becoming prohibitively time consuming to read them all.

If one at least *collected* all the titles, they would be personally available for references, even though the reading schedule was years behind.

Those of us who attempted to assemble the entire production were known as "generalists." We could speak with familiarity on *all* aspects of fantasy and, when the occasion required, could backtrack and read important titles that had been overlooked.

A generalist might also collect *past* books and magazines, including those from foreign countries and the adventure pulps which, from time to time, published science fiction and fantasy. I was most certainly one of those generalists and, up until January, 1986, had on standing order a copy of every *new* work of science fiction and fantasy. At that time, a serious life-threatening bout with cancer and retirement from my position the previous year made it advisable to become *selective*. It was time to become selective because four large rooms in my home were crammed, multi-layered, with the assemblage of 60 years' reading and collecting, redeemed only by the fact that it was so well organized that it was a highly functional collection. I diplomatically omit the precise location of material my wife hasn't discovered yet, and yearn for another room to luxuriate in a few years before I pass on to my great reward beyond Social Security.

I buy the magazines, selectively the hardcover and paperback books, most of the references (in this regard it should be stated that a reference is more valuable to me than it would be to most other collectors or even specialist libraries, because I have most of the material they reference, and this becomes an invaluable locator re-

source), one amateur press association, and have subscriptions to about 40 selective fan magazines (including semi-pros). I have not collected comics, though I realized back in the late thirties when I was buying them (all of them) that they would someday be valuable, and disposed of copies then, for two for one cent, that today would be worth six figures even if I had never bought another one. I have collected references on the comics—all the comics, not just fantasy.

There are some others like me still around, but they are a dying breed, literally and figuratively. Literally, because from the standpoint of time, money, and space it is becoming impossible to sustain the category and most of us are in our final decades; figuratively, because absorption of the material is quite impossible even if one bought it all.

A few of the younger members maintain the *illusion* of being a generalist by concentrating on the references, reading what others have said about science fiction past and present. But it should be obvious that the advantage goes to those generalists who have the references *and* the materials.

Another factor that contributes to the diminution of the value of those who are generalists is that most of those who have the materials are not engaged in research and writing. Through their cooperation, a few of the younger set of researchers have been able to do literary exploration. In a sense the result has become collective, frequently with all the credit except some introductory acknowledg-

ment taken by the man who arranged for the publication. I am familiar with anthologies that were assembled by men who had read the stories and simply gave the titles and sources to someone who had arranged for a contract. During one period I did a lot of it myself, actually putting together entire anthologies with introductions for Alden H. Norton, Leo Margulies and Roger Elwood, with no credit outside of an introductory acknowledgment. Because I had read the stories for many years past, had all the materials, knew the authors and rights involved, what would have been months of work for any of the individuals mentioned represented a couple of weekends for me, with a better product and more satisfactory business arrangements than they could have managed.

Because these anthologies sold well and the editors (technically) kept coming back for others, I later insisted on a collaboration. Actually, whenever one of them selected a story, it inevitably weakened the collection. I was well paid for the time I put in, but I know several generalists that, in the spirit of amateur enthusiasm, gave would-be editors line-ups for nothing.

The situation on reference and research information was different. I frequently gave background information to others that they would not have obtained accurately themselves, in a spirit of helpfulness, to individuals that sometimes were in competition with me. This could have been out of professional courtesy or friendship, but also because I didn't want them spreading disinformation. Wrong interpretations, once in print, are picked up by others and repeated. Eventually, repetition is substituted for accuracy. I have frequently had my carefully researched information (with impeccable sources) challenged because so much erroneous material was prevalent "that it didn't look right."

There is also a tendency on the part of the academics to select a subject for a special project without establishing whether there is any source for the subject in question. Frequently they have suggested such an esoteric

approach and have so little to work with that one would have to literally do the project *for* them in order to be helpful. With little embarrassment, they want to know if you will ship them magazines and books (worth \$300 to \$1,000 *each*) for their perusal and to make photocopies of. Payment is rarely offered, except for the cost of photocopying if I want to do it myself.

My incredulity at their approach is only surpassed by my opinions of the editors who were willing to give them a contract, or the department head who had approved their subject, without determining if they were equipped to accomplish it.

I worked for Hugo Gernsback on *Science-Fiction Plus* from late 1952 to early 1954 and, while the man had some admittedly grievous faults, he insisted on examining my credentials for the job and I had to bring in verification for all my claims.

What all this leads up to parallels what has happened in the medical profession. The healing art has grown so vast and complex that the general practitioner has given way to the specialist. If you live in any large city, open the yellow pages to "Physicians" and, in alphabetical order, you will find scores of specialties. Every condition, medical or surgical, is subdivided; in some cases by individual diseases. One of the *smaller* categories is "Family Practice."

The same thing, to a degree, has begun to happen in science fiction and fantasy, as observe the H.P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Ray Bradbury, or pulp magazine enthusiasts... and so on. In those categories you have devotees who have entire libraries solely on their speciality. Beyond those named, there are scores of individual authors that have been selected, or even periods of time. Even an individual subject may be too vast for one person. Take the case of Marjorie Nicholson, who produced that outstanding work of scholarship *Voyages to the Moon* (Macmillan, 1948). She had done many individual papers on "cosmic voyages," so she decided to expand them into a book. To limit the size,

she selected voyages to the moon. She never really got through the 19th century and only mentioned Edgar Allen Poe and C.S. Lewis in an epilogue. She realized that to try to detail the voyages to the moon in the 20th Century was beyond her ability and certainly beyond her resources.

L. Sprague de Camp devoted a substantial book, *Lost Continents* (Gnome Press, 1954) to Atlantis, and the theme was also an obsession with Henry M. Eichner, whose lifelong research on the subject appeared as *Atlantean Chronicles* (Fantasy Publishing Company, Inc., 1971). De Camp did the best book on H.P. Lovecraft to date, *H.P. Lovecraft* (Doubleday, 1975) and also wrote *Literary Swordsmen and Sorcerers: The Makers of Heroic Fantasy* (Arkham House, 1976), which presaged *Dark Valley Destiny: The Life of Robert E. Howard* (Bluejay, 1983). Despite all this, he has never been given The Pilgrim Award of the Science Fiction Research Association, though his scholarly format, as well as content, is impeccable.

Specialization is the direction to take, but it should be a combination of specialization and collecting. Writing and doing research when the necessary materials are scattered through distant libraries and private collections is a tiresome and frustrating task. Additionally, some of the materials are so valuable, in themselves, that excessive handling of them for research purposes is undesirable. When you have a book or magazine that is selling for \$1,000 on the open market, it is not only stupid to let someone handle it for a term paper or a book of essays, but unwise to keep handling it for others even as a favor. The replacement cost for damaged or lost rarities, even when they can be found again, is absolutely prohibitive.

There was a time when collectors were a fraternity who would literally hand a duplicate rarity to a fellow because of a shared love of the subject. Today, they are ringed by dealers listing pamphlets at prices that were formerly asked for first editions of Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner.

It is not uncommon for old-time fans to emerge from the silence of the decades and attempt to wean a choice item from a former friend for "nostalgia" reasons. Then they resell it to a dealer at a substantial profit.

If one would blaze a trail of new research that requires outside resources, the direction to take is to catalogue fantasy in old general magazines which have only been fragmentarily examined. There, the libraries have retained files that are underutilized. Again and again, runs of bound volumes of old magazines appear on the market at reasonable prices and are ignored because no one has referenced the fantasy to be found in them. This sort of research is fruitful even in old newspapers, many of which have been preserved on microfilm, which can be adapted to making copies of the desirable pages. Sure it's painstaking and tough, but a lot more creative than raiding the collection and reference work of a collector who has already done the job for himself.

There is a tendency to select a half-dozen works by a writer, and on that basis try to establish some psychological point, political direction, or eccentricity. It is very early to be doing much of that in a time when the basic research has not been done.

I remember one "scholar" taking two Verne novels and demonstrating that their content displayed a strong socialistic bent by Jules Verne. He was technically correct about the novels but absolutely wrong about Jules Verne, because the two novels in question were purchased from Paschal Grousset (who published under the pen name Andre Laurie), who was a notorious communist, and rewritten by and published under Jules Verne's name. That critic could have taken to heart Ambrose Bierce's admonition in the first chapter heading of his classic tale, "The Damned Thing," which read: "One Does Not Always Eat What is On the Table." In this case, there was a cadaver on the table.

There is a weakness in specialization. That weakness rests in detecting where the *speciality* meshes with the *whole*. The value of a generalist, such

as myself, is that because of the wide spectrum of my interests, I can see the whole picture much clearer. An ideal example is my just-concluded novel-length thesis in *Fantasy Commentator*, titled *Bernarr Macfadden's Obsession With Science Fiction*.

Bernarr Macfadden was a muscle man and health faddist who got his start in publishing *Physical Culture* magazine and later made his fortune with *True Story* magazine. I investigated him because he was the owner of *Amazing Stories* and *Amazing Stories Quarterly* in 1931 and had been instrumental in forcing Hugo Gernsback's Experimenter Publishing Company into involuntary bankruptcy in 1929. His interests, superficially, seemed so antipodal to science fiction that no one would momentarily consider his connection with it. Research revealed that he had serialized science fiction novels in *Physical Culture* continually since 1904 (starting before Gernsback) and, as early as 1919, had launched *True Story* magazine with two science fiction novels simultaneously, written especially for him by house writers. It was also revealed that his top man, Fulton Oursler, was an avid advocate of strange and supernatural stories; and that he had given F. Orlin Tremaine—later the editor of *Astounding Stories*—his first big editorial break.

The story is more complicated than reviewed in the foregoing, but more than chance was involved in his altercation with Hugo Gernsback and *Amazing Stories*. As a generalist I was able to assemble all the factors into a coherent picture. Macfadden continued publishing science fiction in *Liberty Magazine*—including Edgar Rice Burroughs and Sax Rohmer—until he left the company in 1940.

As we can see in this case, there was no specialist dealing with Bernarr Macfadden. I had to do the research work on a speciality to fit it into the framework of the total picture. An example of both the significant and subtle differences when an overview of the field is given by a generalist like myself may be found in my essay "The Growth of Science Fiction

From 1900 to the Early 1950's" (*Blueprint for Space: Science Fiction to Science Fact*, Smithsonian Institution Press, 1992, Edited by Frederick I. Ordway III and Ron Leiberman).

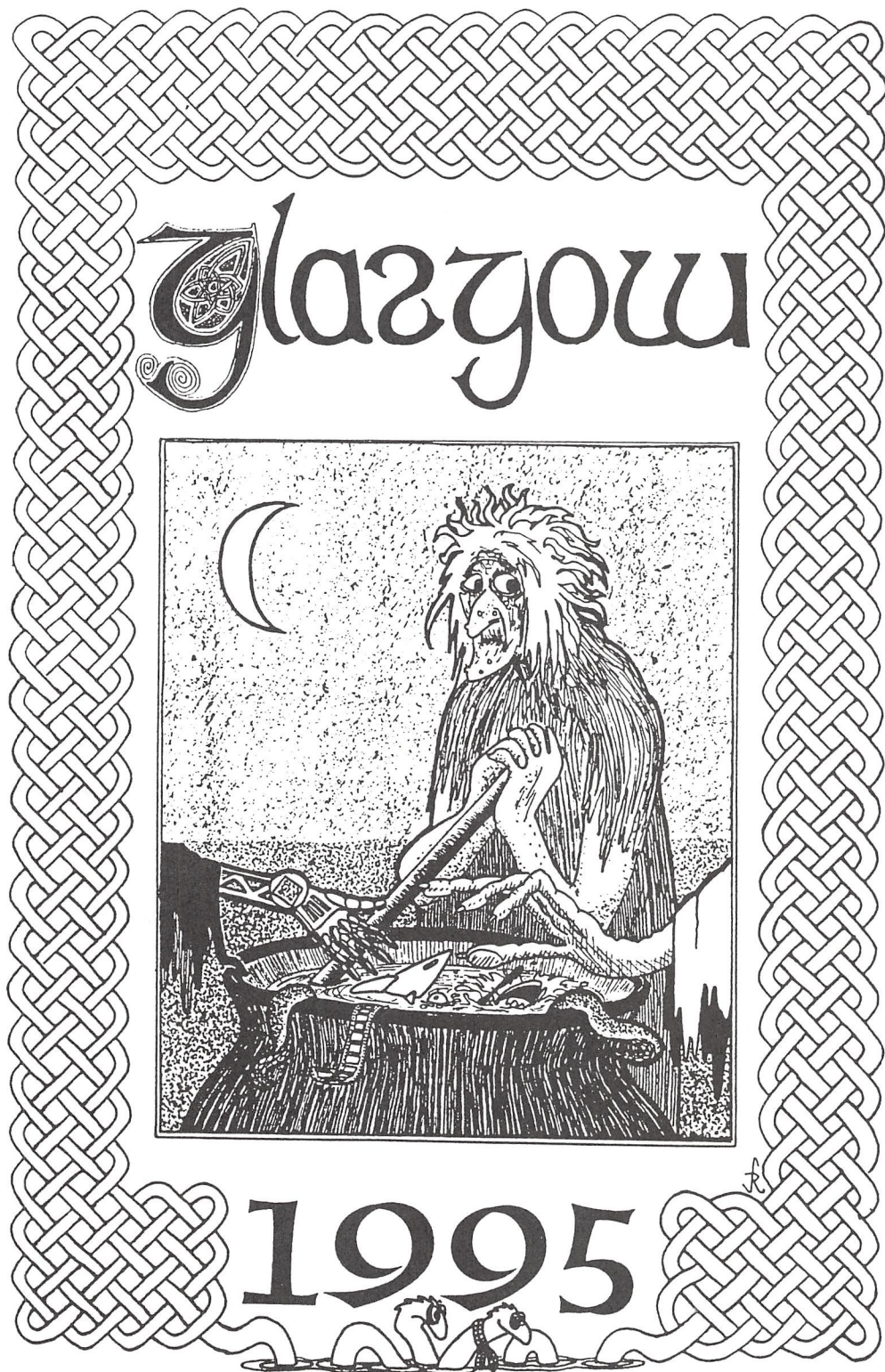
To offer true perspective, peripheral magazine categories such as the adventure and detective pulps should be studied. For example, two major pulps, *Detective Story* and *Western Story*, both published by Street and Smith, evolved from the *Nick Carter* and *Buffalo Bill* dime novels, *Detective Story* being launched with Part II of a novel which began in *Nick Carter*. The legendary *Thrill Book* magazine published its first eight issues in saddle-stitched dime novel format, then converted the next eight into pulp magazines.

There is a danger in specialization. Take the case of Sam Lundwell, who purported to be an expert on European science fiction in general and Swedish science fiction in particular. He announced that he had discovered a Swedish science fiction magazine titled *Hugin* which, beginning publication in 1916, preceded Gernsback's *Amazing Stories*. Taking his word for it, several other references picked it up, none more enthusiastically than Brian W. Aldiss in *Trillion Year Spree* (Atheneum, 1986). In fact, so enthusiastic was Aldiss about this information that he dedicated the book to Sam Lundwell and devoted an entire segment of the text as to how this discovery proved that he had always been right in calling Hugo Gernsback one of the "worst disasters" to ever hit the science fiction field.

I sent away to Sweden and got several copies of *Hugin*. I gave them to Hans Stefan Santesson who was proficient in the language. The magazines I had contained *no fiction at all*. They were elementary science fiction magazines for pre-teenage children. Lundwell had also mentioned another German pre-Gernsback "science fiction" magazine *Der Orchideenarten*. Here he was in real trouble. I owned a complete set of the magazine, which was one of supernatural horror containing only 6,000 words of science fiction in its nearly three-year run.

Continued on page 75

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The New York Science Fiction Society – the Lunarians, Inc., a non-profit educational organization, in addition to being the sponsor of *Lunacon*, is one of the New York area's oldest science fiction and fantasy clubs. Formed in 1956, the membership of the *Lunarians* has included such luminaries of Science Fiction as Dave Kyle, Sam Moskowitz (two of our founding members), Donald A. Wollheim, Art Saha, Charles N. Brown, Jack L. Chalker and Andrew Porter.

In 1989, the Society established a scholarship fund to help new science fiction and fantasy writers from the New York Metropolitan Area attend the Clarion or Clarion West writers workshops. This scholarship was renamed **The Donald A. Wollheim Memorial Scholarship Fund** in 1991, in memory of the well-known fan, writer, editor, publisher, and Honorary Member of *the Lunarians*. Also, the Society has recently established an award in memory of another Honorary Member, the late Dr. Isaac Asimov.

The Lunarians currently meet in the conference facilities of TRS, Inc., in midtown Manhattan, usually on the third weekend of each month. Some meetings feature special programming, such as readings or talks by writers, editors and scientists, or presentations by artists. In addition, we have a Summer Picnic in August and a Holiday Party in December, both of which have become fixtures on the New York fannish scene.

There are several categories of *Lunarians* membership. *Subscribing Membership* entitles you to receive all of our mailings and notices, and is open to anyone upon payment of dues (currently \$10 per year, to cover printing and mailing costs). *General Membership* and *Regular Membership* allow fuller participation in *Lunarians* meetings, events and activities.

If you are interested in learning more about our activities, please write to:

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Post Office Box 338
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Aldiss hailed this magnificent discovery.

When I exposed this matter in an article in England's scholarly *Foundation*, neither Lundwell or Aldiss bothered to reply. Aldiss got an *award* for his book. But how much can one credit a "history" that picks up major false information without bothering to ask for verification for its accuracy? How much is the rest of the material worth, when its author is so eager to carry on a personal vendetta against Hugo Gernsback that he will feature blatantly false material and keep quiet after it has been proved so? Where were the other Swedish fans who should have been able to locate a copy or two if I was able to do so from the United States thousands of miles away?

That is why one needs a good generalist.

Despite the dangers of specialization, including the two major ones I have expounded (the inability to see the greater picture and the spreading of false information) specialization is the direction the field will have to go simply because of its vast size. Already we have three major categories displayed together: science fiction, fantasy, and supernatural horror. Specialized fan magazines have sprung up for each of these categories, and there has long been fan magazines built around specific authors.

It will help that marvelous reference works have appeared and more are appearing annually. At least the serious searcher after truth will know where to start. But already much is unrecorded or unindexed. There are at least 150 science fiction and fantasy conventions in the United States annually. These are—and I speak particularly of the major ones—loaded with talks and panels, frequently as many as ten sessions going on *simultaneously*. Rarely is an effort made to record, or even take notes, on these sessions. Often, material is given that is not repeated elsewhere. I am an experienced professional reporter and I have notebooks full of information I have taken down from such sessions. Inevitably, much of it exists nowhere

else on this planet. Should I transcribe these and turn them over to anyone who frivolously asks me for them? When would I have time for my *own* work?

Despite massive new references, most of the material in the major fan magazines of the past 62 years is unindexed. I frequently study these old magazines and continually find information that I forgot I had. One must constantly examine them like an ecclesiastical scholar perpetually reviews the Bible.

What of the millions of letters of correspondence that have passed between authors, publishers, fans, and interested parties? Occasionally I run across a sheaf of letters that some author or his family have kept. They are always immensely revealing. There have been tentative efforts to save some of this correspondence as authors donate it to archives. But, more often, the rare magazines, books, pamphlets, and letters have become prey to the dealers who price them individually so high that no one can assemble a meaningful accumulation.

All the professions have fine publications recording new developments and improvements. Most of the information they present becomes outdated. But an overwhelming quantity of the information on fantasy is not superseded or dated. Not even literary criticism. That is why I will continue to produce material from my unique vantage while I am able and have the materials at hand. Because there is otherwise so much unauthenticated nonsense out there which is accepted as gospel.

I remember when Alexei Panshin came up to me at the World Convention in Washington, D.C. He had just read *Before the Golden Age* (Double-day, 1974), edited by Issac Asimov, which contained close to 1,000 pages of stories that Asimov remembered as exceptional from his early reading. He had given me the titles and I found tear sheets of them for him. "I always believed that everything published before Campbell became editor was trash," Alexei said, "but after reading this volume I'm amazed at how very

good some of the stories actually were." It had been conventional wisdom, which concept was amply encouraged by John W. Campbell, that there had been no good stories before he became editor. One time in his office he challenged me "to name one!", forgetting his own Don A. Stuart pieces. This interpretation of science fiction history was encouraged by Anthony Boucher and H.L. Gold, who were favoring the Campbell type material. It was embraced by many of the authors who were writing for those editors.

That is why researching and presenting accurate interpretations of science fiction history, current as well as past, will always remain a perpetual task.

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HIM

A.E. Van Vogt

As all knew, everything came from Him.

Josiah Him, dictator of Earth—except for a few areas of resistance, consisting of a total of about eight hundred million scientific savages, a portion of whom were located in the western half of North America and the rest in the great mountain regions of Asia and elsewhere.

These barbaric remnants had, in their madness, declared a state of war on Him. As it developed, the counter-attack from Him had included an initial surprise invasion—which was repelled. After the defeat, the word from Him was that every means of humanitarian warfare would be employed to defeat the savages, including—in severe emergencies—the planarian education plan.

This particular word from Him had come that morning to Edgar Maybank: "...Your assistants, herein-after to be called students, have been selected for planarian accelerated education... Report July 12..."

The was the *next* day!

The man who had climbed onto the bar stool next to Edgar, and who had somehow drawn the anguished truth out of Edgar, was singularly unsympathetic. He was a big, gentle fellow, who jiggled a little to the music, but had all the correct attitudes instantly at the tip of his tongue.

"...The word from Him," he said with quiet certainty, "is that the planarian system should be used only in extreme emergencies. All truly patriotic educators should therefore be prepared for the supreme sacrifice. You are to be congratulated on this rare opportunity to serve Him, but, uh, don't you that's rather an unusual getup for an expert?"

He thereupon eyed Edgar's corduroys and formless shirt.

Edgar said, "I came straight from work."

"Oh, straight from the laboratory."

"I guess you could call it that," said Edgar hesitantly.

He was admitting to himself, gloomily, that he had been very remiss in the past, when other people had been selected for the planarian program. In fact, his indignation against the plan had started belatedly that morning. What bothered him the most was feeling that he was the victim of a scheme.

"After all," he said, "we know that these decisions are not made by Him, but by administrators and subadministrators—"

The older man interjected quickly: "But always from the highest motives, solely in the name of Him, responsible to Him—"

No question, that was the theory; and Edgar had given lip service to it for so long that he was now briefly silenced.

While the dancers writhed around him, and his barmate kept time by moving one portion or another of his body, Edgar sipped his drink and grimly contemplated the entire planarian idea.

Long ago, it had been discovered that planarian worms could be trained in simple condition responses. When these trained worms were ground up and fed to other planarian worms, these latter learned the same responses faster than the worms that were not so fed.

During the great rebellion, at the command of Him, the truths thus scientifically established were applied to human beings. University professors,

scientists, and other experts were ground up and fed to their students in the accelerated education program.

Edgar's lean face took on a bitter expression. "There's a certain subadministrator who's been trying to make time with my girl," he said darkly, "and it's significant to me that it's a sub who has now selected me."

He added hastily, "Don't get me wrong. I'll be the first to admit that I've always been proud of my special ability to brew beer. It's a rare talent I have, attested to by the undoubted fact that my company are the official beer brewers for Him. As a result, I am the highest-paid employee in the beer business. Still, there are other beers. So where's the emergency?"

He became aware that his companion had stopped wiggling and was blinking at him. Something seemed to have sobered him.

"Beer!" said the man. He sipped from his glass, his heavy face oddly twisted. Then: "It's an unusual emergency, as you say. What did you say was the name of this subadministrator?"

Edgar told him it was Ancil Moody.

The man took out his card and handed it to Edgar with a decisive thrust. It read: Stacy Pangborn, Chief of Administration, PalGlomHim, Government Center.

Edgar gulped and almost dropped the card. Everybody knew that PalGlomHim was—well, it was tops.

"You're a VIP?" asked Edgar.

"Extremely so," acknowledged the man quietly. He added, "Write your name on the back of that card and do not—repeat, do not—report to the Segmentation Plant tomorrow."

Edgar was weaving a little from the way something inside him was

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singing. "W-what do you think will happen?"

"Read the papers!" was the enigmatic reply.

Edgar was more than a little disturbed the next day when there was no report in the papers that seemed relevant. He began to feel unpatriotic. His conscience began to tug him toward his duty.

But before he could decide, the secret police roared down on him. "...Your failure to report... gross section... special hearing."

At the hearing, held in a chamber deep in the bowels of the earth, Edgar was shown photographs. One was of the VIP.

"That's him," he said.

Great excitement among his interrogators. "...The enemy leader himself... come down from the mountain... in a bar."

It was decided that the people in the bar must have been involved. Therefore... extermination program. But first, anything to do with the oppositional leader required a personal interview with Him.

And so there was Edgar in the Presence, surrounded by the private guards of the great man, and with one top official. All others were barred. Edgar lay face down on the glossy floor; a voice from above asked questions, and he answered from the corner of the mouth as best he could.

Presently the voice said, startled: "Beer?" he was asked querulously, "My brand?"

'Apparently.'

Silence; then: "Bring that subadministrator!"

The secret service had already embraced Ancil Moody in steel handcuffs, and he was brought in, pale, fleshy, anxious, and laid down on the floor at the feet of Him.

There was a pause; Edgar ventured a quick glance and saw that the eyes of Him were gazing at the cringing subadministrator. Abruptly, the voice of Him came: "Is there any shortage of subadministrators of his class?"

The voice of the chief of protocol

could not seem to say fast enough that the shortage was unquestionably acute.

Again, silence; but presently the judgement of Him was delivered: "First obtain a confession, then segmentation under the planarian plan."

They were about to subject the unfortunate Ancil Moody to a special type of humanitarian torture—instant, extreme pain—when he said hastily, "I'm willing to confess. But first remove my disguise."

That caused a murmur of wonderment and some tension. The disguise—a flesh mask—came off in its gooey way, quickly.

The chief of protocol, who had knelt beside the prisoner's body while it was being unmasked, said in astonishment, "Your Excellency, this creature's face bears a striking resemblance to you..."

Something of the truth of this situation must have penetrated to the dictator's side at that instant. He surged to his feet from beside the bound man and looked around him, eyes wide and wild. He yelled hoarsely, "Guards, get your guns!"

Blasters glinted in response, in half a dozen hands. At that point, the head guard said, "All right—Dickenson—Gray!"

Two blasters flashed their purple flame and the chief of protocol went down, skin blackened, clothes burned furiously.

A moment later—while Edgar, still not daring to move, watched from the top of his eyes—six blasters pointed at Him. The dictator had started to run, but now he stopped and slowly put up his hands.

The head guard walked over and removed the handcuffs from the subadministrator. That young man climbed to his feet and said in a voice of command. "That was good work. All right, disguise Him."

Rough hands grabbed the tense Him. Handcuffs clicked. A makeup box appeared, and an Ancil Moody mask was produced from it. In a few minutes, one of the guards made up Him to resemble the subadministrator as he had been when he was

brought into the room. The dead aide was dragged into a closet.

The voice of the new Him said to the old Him, "We got our men in to be your guards long ago, but of course they couldn't just kill you. That would simply have started a struggle for power among your military and political commanders, with no real change. So our problem was to figure out how we could maneuver the man who resemble you superficially—myself—into your presence, wary as you have always been. It took wild figuring—as you can see—including making sure that our bait"—he indicated Edgar, who was beginning to stir—"did not become suspicious—and of course, taking it for granted that the planarian program was, on the one hand, a method of controlling the scientific community and, on the other, a way of getting rid of any important recalcitrant—"

He broke off, finished grimly, "Since the method has such enormous propaganda acceptance, I order that the original sentence on Ancil Moody be carried out."

The new power group did not really believe that planarianism worked on human beings. But—involved as its members were in a careful reintroduction of democratic procedures—no one among them wanted to take the chance that the peculiar abilities possessed by Him might be passed on to any group of bright young executives.

As a substitute, these latter were given an ample ration from the private beer stock of Him. They were served by the brewmaster himself—Edgar Maybank—whose charming new bride assisted him in waiting on tables.

A real festive occasion, everyone agreed afterward.



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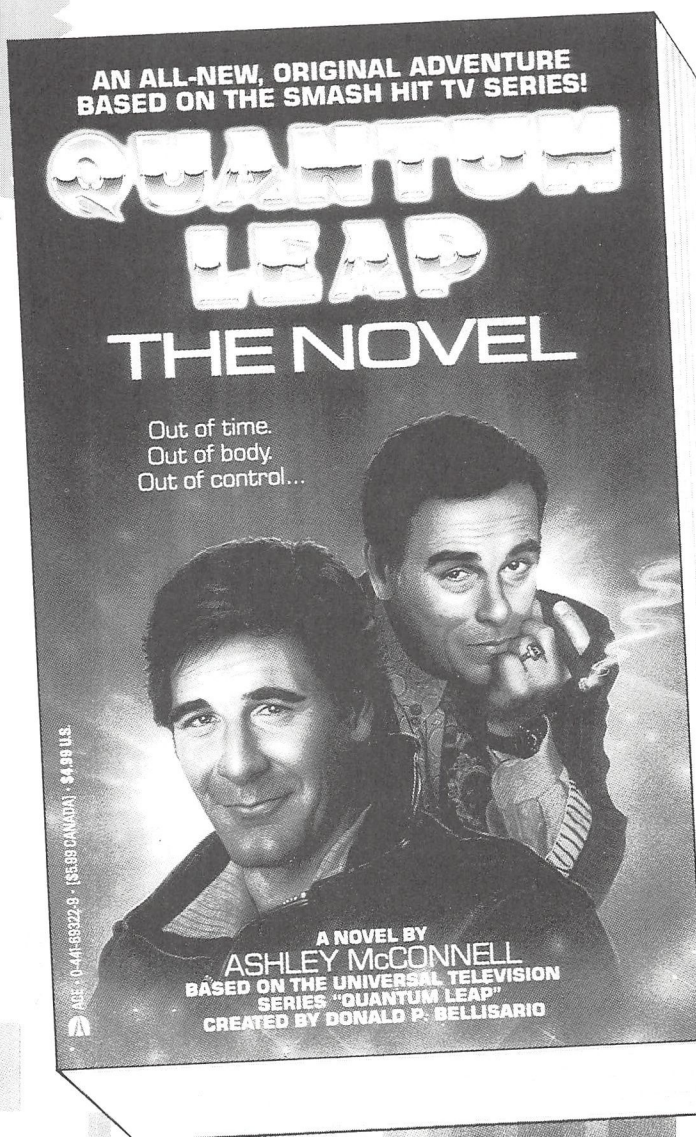
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INTERLUDE

Geoffrey A. Landis

The plaza was a bewildering babble of noise: voices, animal noises, and the clatter of chariot wheels on stone. Jill barely caught the faint voice calling from the opposite side. "Hello? Does anybody here understand me? Hello? Hello?"

She swiveled, trying to locate the speaker. "Over here!" she shouted. She waved her hands like crazy. "Hey! Over here!"

"Hello? Does *anybody* speak English? Hello!"

She spotted him across the crowd, a short man peculiarly dressed—at least, peculiarly dressed for first-century Rome: he wore a button-down shirt and pants. She pressed her way through the crowd. "Hey! Over here!"

"Thank God!" he said. He rushed over and embraced her, then, before she could react, kissed her on both cheeks. "At least I found *somebody*. For a while I thought that *nobody* here spoke English." He looked at her.

She was an unremarkable woman, of medium height and with short brown hair, but with a disconcerting way of focusing her attention so totally that it seemed that nothing else in the world mattered. She wore a loose brown garment cut from coarse cloth. Beneath it could be seen a finely-woven filigree of silver. "I know. I've been searching for ages, literally ages. Perhaps we should introduce ourselves? I'm Jill Andress."

"Ciam Jardes. Pleased to meet you. God, I am so pleased to meet you."

They stood in front of the Colosseum, a Colosseum somewhat smaller and quite different from the one familiar from calendars and picture postcards. It gleamed with fresh lime, and was adorned with gaudy paintings of gladiators and exotic beasts. Vendors with charcoal grills on little wheeled

carts—likewise adorned with fanciful beasts rendered in bright primary colors—pushed through the crowd selling wine, meat-pies, roasted nuts, grilled sausages, fried cakes and skewers of greasy black meat. They called out their wares in a language barely recognizable as Latin. The air was pungent with the smells of fried onions, garlic, burnt meat, and charcoal. "So," said Jill, dodging slightly to avoid a horse carrying a patrician followed by his retinue and slaves, "just how did you get lost?"

"Lost? I'm not lost. I know just where I am. And *when*. It's home that's not where it's supposed to be. It got lost when I went to visit the battle of Upper Tutlingen."

"Oh... Was that an important battle? I never heard of it."

"Important?" he said, widening his eyes incredulously. "Don't you know any history? That's the battle when Alar Khan died, hit by an unlucky spear thrust, and so the Mongol horde turned back, thus saving all of western civilization."

"Oh. Funny I never heard of it. I never was good at medieval history, though. Was it pretty much like the records said?"

"Yes, just like the description, except that none of the histories mentioned the mud. After the battle it was sticky red mud. And Khan wasn't hit in the chest at all, he was hit in the arm. He didn't die, either. The history books badly distorted the facts, I can say that. When I get back there will be some changes made, I can tell you that right now."

"Yes," said Jill. "I can see that."

"But when I went back home to report nobody knew me! Nobody spoke English! The whole city of Londonium was gone!"

"Londonium?"

"There were just *mud huts*! The people painted themselves *blue* and spoke in awful guttural *grunts*! It was *awful*!"

"*Londinium*?"

"They tried to catch me—I think they wanted to eat me! So I ran away, back into the past. I tried to find people who spoke English, but nobody did. It was like the whole world had gone daft while I was gone. It was awful, just awful." He stopped abruptly, as if he'd suddenly run out of things to say.

"I see." Jill looked at him. "I think I understand now. It was similar for me. I invented the time machine—"

"You lie," he said, confidently. "Darius Aquila invented it, even I know that. It was written up in all the broadsides."

"Maybe he did." She laughed. "But in my time, it was me. They all said it was impossible, but I did it. I did! I did all the cautious little experiments. Hamsters, rabbits, yesterday's headlines and tomorrow's stock market quotations. It all went perfectly. So I figured, what the hell, and went to see the crowning of Charlemagne. Just a spur of the moment thing. Well, it was not quite the spectacle you read about in the history books. For one thing, the crown wasn't gold at all, it was brass. Even I could see that. And he was a short, ugly man, and he stank like a dead pig. Everybody in the whole land stank."

"The coronation of who?"

"It doesn't matter. With the amount of jumps we've made between us, he never existed anyway. And when I got home, everybody spoke French."

"French? Hmmp. Whoever this prince was, I never heard of him, so he

couldn't have been very im—"

Ciam stopped in mid-sentence. A nearly naked man, hairless across his entire body, walked with a long-legged stride through the crowd. He was half a head taller than the tallest person in the crowd, and his skin was tinged faintly greenish. Jardes gasped. "What—"

"Another time traveller!"

"But—"

She grabbed his arm. "Come on!" She dragged him across the plaza. "Hello? Hey, you! Hello?"

The man stopped, tuning to stare coldly down at her. "Glozrnitz yr-rebszal?"

Jardes pulled her back. "Jill, do you see the gills? He's not human!"

As the green man paused, a centurion caught up with him and pulled at his arms, gibbering in Vulgate. The creature picked him up with one hand and tossed him easily across the plaza.

She shook her head. "He must be from the far future. The *far* future. More evolution. Maybe bioengineered to live on another planet! Ciam, maybe they've found the solution to our problem!" She looked up at him. "*Sprekken zee Doitsh? Vann fone sint zee?*" She paused. No response. "*Parly voo Fran-say? Ah-bley Espanyol?*"

The creature made a gesture with his hand. The crowd stayed back, cautious. In the distance a group of centurions began to press their way through, swords drawn. "Gzingnot korr! Korr!"

She took a deep breath, and, speaking very slowly, said, "When. Are. You. From? Can. You. Help. Us? Please."

The being spat on the ground. "Korr! Gzirlnorl korr!" He gestured again, this time with an almost human shrug. Half a dozen centurions arrived, pushing the two back and warily forming a rough circle around the giant. The being shrugged again and touched a medallion hanging around its neck.

The circle was empty.

After the centurions had dispersed, muttering about the rude, barbarian ways of foreigners, Jill turned back to

Ciam. He was still staring, open-mouthed, at the spot where the giant had stood. She spoke calmly, as if nothing had interrupted them.

"I take it you're a historian?"

"Huh? Oh." He focused his eyes back on her. "A histographer? Of course I'm a histographer. Clearly, no? Who else would wish to visit the past? Are you not also?"

"No," she said. "I'm a physicist."

"A physician?"

"No, a physicist."

"A physicist?" said Ciam. "On Earth, what is that?"

"A person who studies physics. Matter, energy, spacetime, and the relationships between them."

"So, you mean a philosopher of nature."

"I guess so." As they spoke, a short, balding man wheeled a yellow cart up between them. In a sing-song voice (Jill could barely follow one word in four), he extolled the qualities and cheapness of his wares. Inside his black-iron kettle, linguine simmered in a garlic and cream sauce. So much for the belief that the Italians hadn't heard of pasta until Marco Polo brought it from China, she thought. "Looks like our languages have diverged a little. I suppose you don't know much about physics—I mean, natural philosophy, do you?"

"No, of course not. Should a histographer study of unsubtle, lifeless things? Clearly no. Just the Aristotle that they make all study in the Collegium."

"I thought so." The street vendor tried to get her to taste a sample, pushing a wooden spoonful right under her nose, all the while continuously talking. She gestured that she had no money, and finally succeeded in convincing him. He left with a cheerful shrug, to accost the next couple with undiminished enthusiasm. "Have you ever heard about Wheeler's alternate worlds?"

"Who?"

Jill shrugged. "I suppose it would hardly have been Wheeler where you're from, anyway. Well, it doesn't matter. You figured you'd pick a place where other time travelers would

show up, and just hoped somebody else would find you, didn't you?"

"Precisely. Rome, New Year's day, Zero A.D. Only they don't think of it like that here, of course. But you did. God, I'm getting so damn tired of trying to speak this bastardized, garbage tongue they talk here. You'd think that here of all places they'd speak good Latin, wouldn't you? But I can barely even *understand* them. For a while I thought I might have to live here. I certainly haven't the least intention of going back to those blue savages."

"Well," she said. "You have to realize that we're from different universes."

He laughed. "You're daft, my lady. For how can there be but one universe? The very notion is a self-contradiction."

"Best sit down." She indicated a marble bench off to the side of the plaza. "Every instant, the universe changes. It branches off into all the infinite possible futures. Many of these aren't very different from each other. Two grains of sand are arranged differently, perhaps. But infinitely many *are* different. By going back in time, we reach the past common to all the possible presents. When you go forward, you can reach any of the possible futures. I bet you went further back than anyone from your time ever had, right?"

"Correct you are. Indeed, mine was the very first jump of more than a month." His voice was proud. "I, the first-time histographer."

"Right. So nobody could have figured it out, because even if they returned to a changed present it could have only changed in the most minor ways. But you jumped back far enough that the world had time to make many, many variations."

"Like the blue people," he said, slowly.

"Right." A bedraggled peacock nudged against her feet, pecking between the cobblestones for dropped bits of bread. The Romans supposed it good luck to feed them, and often dropped bits of bread on purpose. She moved slightly to avoid it. "Something

happened differently, and the English language never evolved."

"So you're saying it's not my fault. It's not something I did that accidentally changed the past."

"No. The worlds divide, and thus multiply, by themselves."

"And so the real present is still there? Then I just have to find it. If we keep searching..."

Jill laughed. "Your present, you mean. No. If you searched a billion universes every second of your life, and lived a billion years, you would not even begin to traverse the infinitude of possible nows."

"You sound so confident. Can you be sure of this?"

She chuckled bitterly. "Oh, it's quite obvious, now. I wish it had been so obvious when I decided to go sight-seeing."

"So how do we get back?"

"We can't."

"Don't say that. *Please* don't say that."

"We can't get back to the exact universe we came from. There are an infinite number, and it would take forever to find the right one."

"No. No, no, *no*."

"Afraid so, old man. But we probably *can* find one where English is spoken. We both do, so such worlds as ours could not be so totally improbable."

"You mean, to go back and back again: to keep searching until we find one that we can fit in."

"That's the best we can hope for." She paused. "Where is your machine? Is it big enough for two?"

He shook his head. "Barely big enough for one. I hid it in a grape arbor out past the hills. We must take yours."

She grimaced, and opened the neck of her shirt slightly to expose the network of silvery mesh sheathing her body. "I wear mine. It can only take one."

"Can we modify it?" She shook her head. "Or mine?"

She shook her head again. "I couldn't; and you clearly don't know enough to. We must search separately."

"And if we find not what we seek? Shall we meet again? Perhaps, by the fountain with the marble dolphins? An hour hence?" She shook her head. "But why not? Though we may search for years, still we can return here but an hour hence."

"No. Because there is no such thing as the past. In another interpretation of Wheeler's hypothesis, not only do multiply futures radiate from each point in spacetime, but multiple pasts as well. Every possible past that leads to a given observable present is equally real."

"So?"

"So, once we jump to the future, we return to different pasts. No, once we leave, we will never see each other again."

"I see." He paused. "So this chance meeting is just a brief interlude, never to be repeated." The plaza was almost empty now, except for the peacocks squabbling with the pigeons for the right to scratch the refuse for scraps. Vendors folded up their tents as the distant horns of the arena echoed from the walls with the roar of the crowd. "And we search, with no hope of finding, endlessly. Or until we tire and settle for what we can find." He was silent for a moment, looking at her. "We could end the search now. We could make a home here, together."

With him? Here? "Stay if you will. For myself, I will journey onward. Even if I never find a time to call home, I have yet to tire of the journey."

"We could..." He sighed. "No, I see it could never be. Still, I am glad we have met, though briefly, and never again. And so we say farewell."

She looked at him, seeing him dressed as he was, then imagining him in a lab coat, in a tunic, in a kilt, in a skin-tight jumpsuit, in a thousand million different incarnations. Never repeated? She knew their meeting would be repeated a billion billion times, in all the possible variations, in all the possible Romes.

"*Au revoir*," she said.

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SCIENCE FICTION

James Gunn

Before we can talk about science fiction, we need to establish what we are talking about. SF, as I will call it from now on, has had many definitions, none of them truly satisfactory, and even the name itself has detractors. But perhaps I can justify its appropriateness, since the name seems to stick better than any other. Science fiction is the fictional exploration of the unknown. The "science" part refers to the nature of the exploration. "Science," you see, means "knowledge." The fictional exploration is into ways of "knowing."

Humanity has tried many strategies for "knowing": transcendence, mysticism, revelation, psychic powers of all kinds, drugs, prayer.... Science is the strategy invented by Western Civilization beginning about the time of the Renaissance and accelerated by the Industrial Revolution and the Age of Enlightenment. The science strategy involves rational investigation and the development of theories supported by reproduction results. This is the strategy incorporated in SF, and the others are excluded.

But we need definition a bit more precise. The one I have been using for SF lately is "the literature of discontinuity." Traditional fiction, you see, is the literature of continuity: it deals with people we know in the world we are familiar with by rules we understand.

A distinguished writer and critic of SF, Algis Budrys, tells a story about the second person on Earth. As he rises to look at the wonders lying all about him, he feels a tap on his shoulder, and a voice from the first person on Earth says, "Let me just acquaint you with my rules." The third person on Earth gets a similar tap, but the

voice says, "Let me acquaint you with *the* rules."

Traditional fiction is concerned with the attempt by the characters to discover what the rules are and the story describes how they learn about them and how to live with them. SF, on the other hand, begins with the assumption that the rules may not make sense, are incomplete, or are inappropriate for this new situation. SF is about new situations, which is why I call it "the literature of discontinuity." Fantasy also is the literature of discontinuity, however. Although SF and Fantasy have some basic similarities, we need to distinguish between them because we read them differently.

Fantasy presents its readers with a world in which one of the "rules" has been altered arbitrarily: let us assume, the writer of fantasy says, that little girls can fall down a rabbit hole into wonderland, or that some people can transform themselves into bats and drink blood and live forever, or that a fairy world where magic works lies just next door or all around us unperceived. Just discard your skepticism for a bit and let the fantasy weave its spell around a world where our wishes or our fears can come true.

The premise of SF is not the same; it asks the reader only to assume that the world has been changed by an unusual but natural event. The reader must suspend her disbelief only to the extent of granting the writer a plausible assumption. I distinguish between the literatures of discontinuity, therefore, by calling fantasy "the literature of difference" and SF "the literature of change."

Fantasy has been around since the beginnings of storytelling; SF, only

since the early to mid 19th century. That is because humanity has long believed in the possibility of unseen powers and mysterious forces, but it has only believed in the existence of manmade change since the industrial and Scientific Revolutions. Up to that point the only changes humanity experienced were the changes of the seasons and the disasters of drought, flood, disease, revolution, and war.

Wind power and water power brought about a kind of mini-Industrial Revolution as early as the 12th and 13th centuries, but it was aborted by years of bad weather, the Black Plague, and the Hundred Years War. Chemical power—the burning of coal to produce steam and the harnessing of that steam to perform useful work—launched a process that has not ended yet: scientific discovery and technological application have combined to produce continuing change not only in the way people live but the way they think about themselves and their relationship to the universe.

In the Middle Ages, for instance, people, what ever their station, considered themselves a part of creation. To understand it, they had only to consult revelation or its interpreters; once they discovered the divine plan their responsibility was to accommodate themselves to it. In the Age of Science, people consider themselves a part of nature, but the part capable of understanding the rest. That becomes their responsibility: to understand the universe and their place in it. To understand it, they must discover how it works and develop theories to explain why it works in that fashion and not in some other; in comparison with the universe, they have become miniscule, but the power to understand

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gives them the power to go anywhere and to do anything.

The realization that life was changing, that cities were growing as people walked off the farms and into the factories, that distances were shrinking as railroad engines and steamships took the place of wagons and sailing craft, that scientists were unveiling the mysteries of the human body, the movements of the planets and the stars, new forms of energy, and the properties of matter in various combinations—all these led certain writers in the 19th century to consider how change had affected humanity in the past and might be a continuing force in human affairs. Those speculations, when turned into stories, created what we have since come to call science fiction: the literature of change.

Some scholars consider Mary Shelley's 1818 *Frankenstein* the first SF novel; others believe that Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote stories in this tradition in the 1830s and 1840s. Certainly these were the first attempts to cope with the idea of human change, but the writers, and their immediate successors, did not establish the new genre; that was left for the French master, Jules Verne, whose first SF *voyage extraordinaire*, *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, was published in 1864, and whose novels of technological improvement and fabulous journeys would transport his readers twice a year until his death in 1905.

A decade before Verne's death, H. G. Wells began publishing his *scientific romances*, beginning with a series of stories in 1894 and continuing with a succession of brilliant novels—from *The Time Machine* in 1895 to *The First Men in the Moon* in 1901. Between those two were published *The War of the Worlds*, *The Invisible Man*, *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, and *When the Sleeper Awakes*. To the Vernian tradition of exploration and adventure they added the Wellsian tradition of ideas and social comment; they continue as the twin sources of almost all SF since then.

Society's increasing dependence on

machines demanded new and better-educated workers, and all across the industrialized world primary education became compulsory and secondary education, a growing option. That educational revolution, in turn, created a new class of readers, and new magazines were published to occupy the increasing leisure hours of workers and their sons (women's minds were considered too fragile for such reading): first dime novels, then boys' magazines, then the new pulp magazines that started with the creation of *Argosy* in 1896, 192 pages of fiction for a dime. *Argosy* and its companions and competitors offered adventure stories of all kinds, but readers soon began expressing a preference for one variety of story over another, and the category magazines got going with *Detective Story Monthly* in 1915, followed by *Western Story Magazine* in 1919.

The twin traditions of Verne and Wells merged in 1926 with the creation of the first science-fiction magazine, *Amazing Stories*. Publisher Hugo Gernsback, an emigré from Luxemburg fascinated by invention, an inventor himself and a publisher of such popular-science magazines as *Modern Electrics* and *Science and Invention*, said that he was going to publish "a charming romance of science intermingled with scientific fact and prophetic vision." He called it "scientifiction," and he reprinted most of Verne and Wells and a good deal of Poe as well.

In 1929, Gernsback lost control of *Amazing Stories* and founded several other magazines that eventually were combined into *Wonder Stories*. In the first of these he coined the word "science fiction," a word that has stuck better than any of the alternatives that have been suggested, such as "speculative fiction" or "science fantasy." Another competitor sprang up in 1930, *Astounding Stories of Super Science*. The Clayton chain of pulp magazines decided to add it to the 13 magazines it was publishing in part because they were printing the covers on a sheet big enough for 16, and the added SF cover was virtually free.

Such were the reasons that controlled the destinies of magazines, of authors, and of genres. But when the Clayton chain failed in 1933, the third year of the depression, *Astounding* was taken over by Street & Smith, and came under the editorship of John W. Campbell in 1937.

True to his popular-science background, Gernsback believed that SF should promote understanding of science and technology through fiction, that SF should be a sort of candy-coating for a pill of information; one reader even suggested that the scientific information in the story should be marked so that the reader could identify it more easily. The original *Astounding Stories* editor, Harry Bates, wanted a pulp-adventure story set against a pseudo-scientific background instead of battlefields or exotic far-off lands. Campbell asked for well-written stories placed in science-important settings—a story, he said, that "could be published in a magazine in the 25th century."

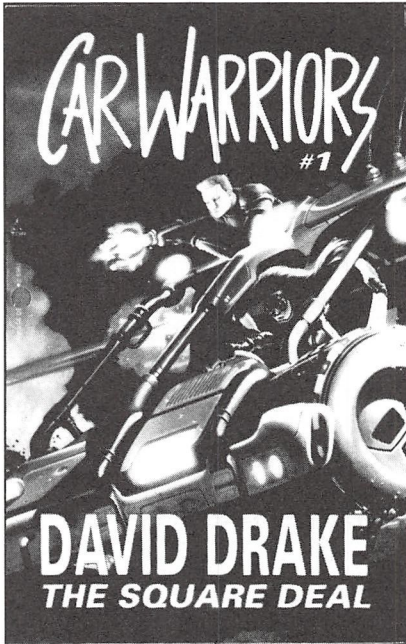
In these magazines of the 1920s and 1930s the readers and writers of SF interacted to develop ideas and conventions and images. Isolated in large part from the rest of literature, the genre went through an intense growth, nurtured by what has been called the SF "ghetto," creating fandom, breeding new writers out of fans, building stories on top of stories. Out of this hothouse atmosphere sprang such authors as Isaac Asimov, Robert A. Heinlein, Theodore Sturgeon, A.E. van Vogt, and what has come to be called "the golden age of science fiction."

World War II changed SF as well. Not only was it the first major conflict whose course was determined by science and technology, it validated those persistent, and often ridiculed SF symbols, the rocketship and the atom bomb. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, as a consequence, SF proliferated in new magazines, in anthologies, and in hardcover and softcover novels. One of those magazines, *The Magazine Fantasy and Science Fiction*, emphasized literary quality; another, *Galaxy*, sophisticated narra-

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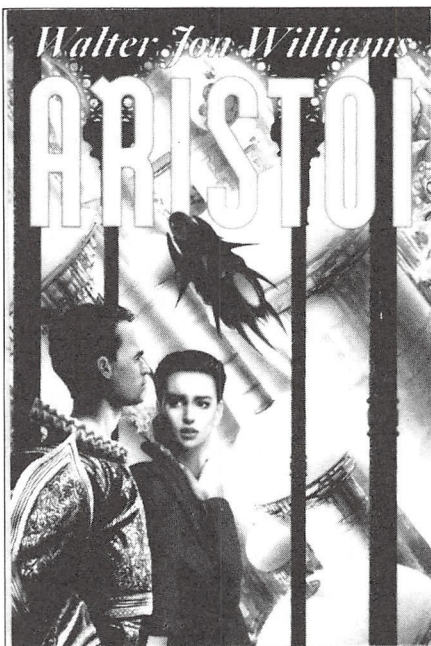
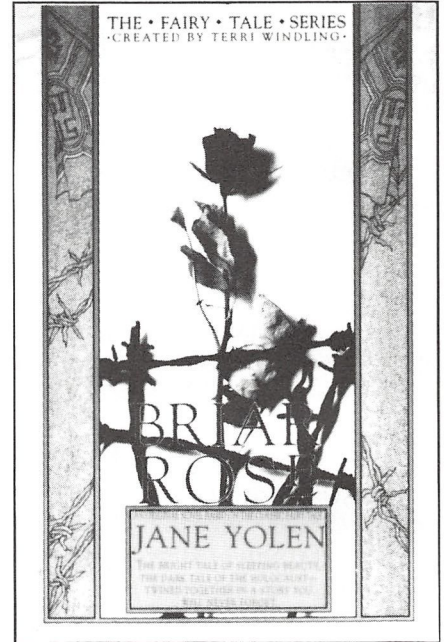


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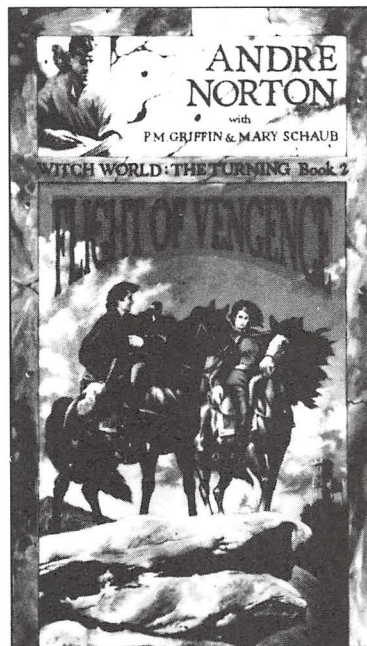


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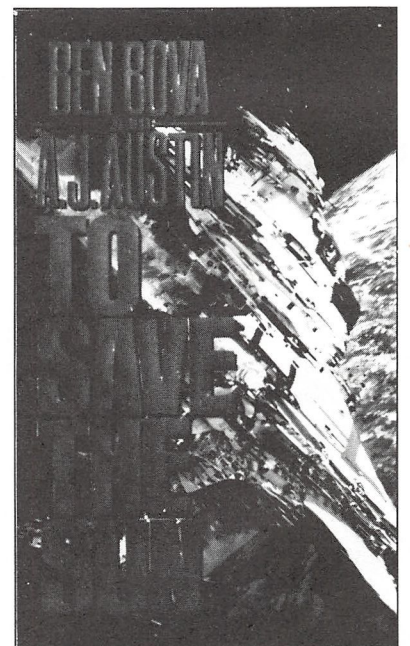
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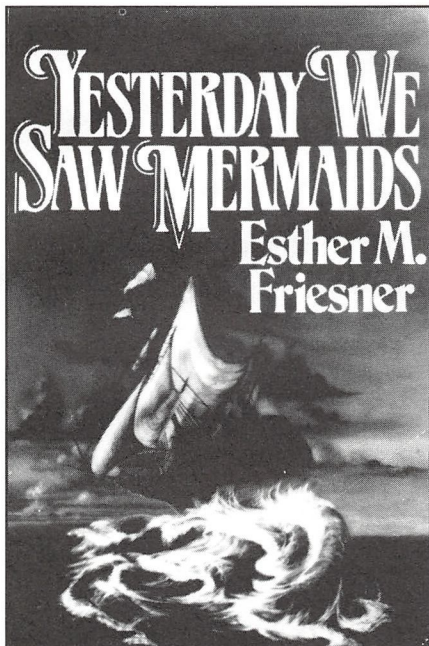


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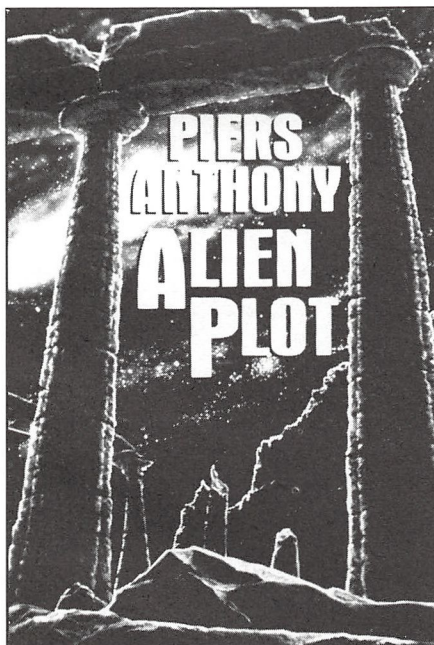
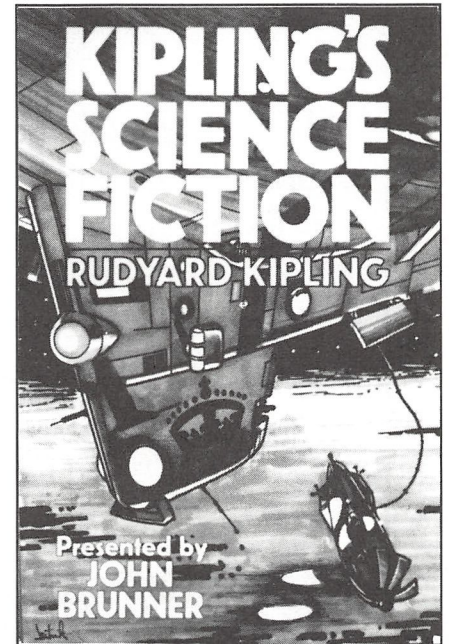
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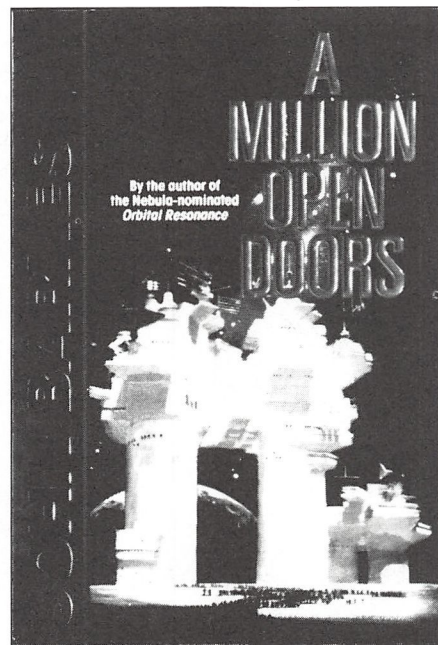


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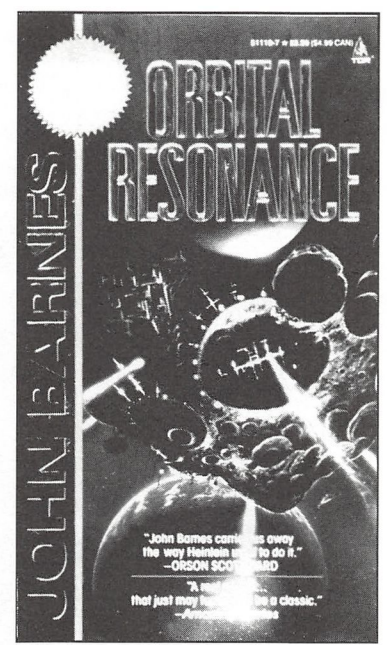
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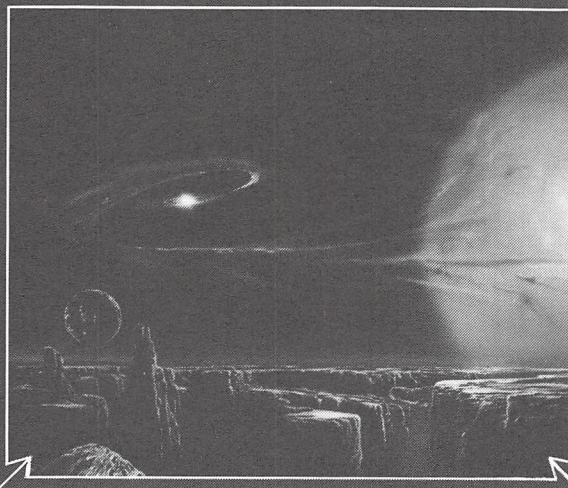
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tive, including satire, and focused on social response to change. Later, in the 1960s, the English magazine, *New Worlds*, would produce an avant-garde fiction, utilizing the stylistic innovations of the mainstream, focusing on the helpless victims of change and sometimes displaying attitudes that were anti-science and even anti-science fiction.

All of these traditions still are displayed in SF, and all have been integrated into the genre, even the most recent, called "cyberpunk," which looks toward a gritty near-future world of vast new powers produced by drugs, computers, and international corporations, from the perspectives of a rebellious underclass struggling to survive.

Today the walls of the SF ghetto have fallen. The magazines that once encompassed the entire territory have lost much of their influence. They still exist—unlike the other pulp magazines—but the SF book has become more important. Immediately after World War II, a handful of books were published each year; by the mid-1950s this had climbed to 100; by the early 1970s, after a decline in the late 1950s and early 1960s, to a couple of hundred; and by 1987, to 1500 SF and fantasy books a year. In the late 1980s, SF and Fantasy is the leading genre with the possible exception of the romance; one of every four or five books of fiction published is SF or fantasy; eight of the ten most popular films of all time, and thirteen of the top twenty, are science fiction or fantasy; and SF and fantasy books appear regularly on *The New York Times* bestseller lists.

What was once a minority literature, mostly consumed by the isolated adolescent male, has become a majority literature read occasionally by almost everybody, at least almost everybody born since 1950, and intensely by a substantial body of male and female high school and college students. Why they should be young may not be a surprise: the young have more time for reading, and more appetite for adventure, even for romantic escape; but even more important may be the fact

that they have not yet clearly established for themselves the nature of the consensus that makes up the adult reality, and they have not accepted it as the only possible consensus, nor have they completed the series of compromises that integrates the self with the community.

In other words, they represent the state of mind with which readers must approach science fiction. A few readers carry this skeptical, questioning attitude into their adult lives and remain SF readers; their numbers seem to be growing along with the baby-boom generation: the isolated adolescent boy has become the average adolescent, and some of the adolescents who grew up after SF reading became acceptable have kept their speculative turns of mind after most of their contemporaries have given them up. Even the SF writers themselves are getting older.

The late Dr. Asimov has identified a further, and perhaps more important, reason for the increasing readership of science fiction. "We live," he has said, "in a science-fiction world. It is the world we were writing about in the 1930s and 1940s." It is a world of space shuttles, planetary probes, intercontinental ballistic missiles, nuclear power, supersonic air travel, robots, computers, post-industrial societies, and unrelenting change. It is a high-tech world created by scientific research in which the losers of World War II have become the winners in the post-war technological competition, and in which scientific breakthroughs—thermonuclear fusion, say, or room-temperature superconductivity—will determine the future of the world, and the development of space habitats or extraterrestrial colonies may determine the future of the human species.

In a science-fiction world, if you don't read SF not only are you not with it, you may not be behaving rationally. Traditional fiction may concern itself with a variety of adjustments to things-as-they-are, but it refuses, it *must* refuse if it is not to become SF, to incorporate one basic truth about the world: things-as-they-

are is *not* things-as-they-will-be. Science fiction, which long has been accused of being escapist literature, is the only fiction that is realistic; any fiction that does not include in its basic description of the world that it is in the process of changing to something else is fantasy.

Perhaps we should be glad, then, that young people are reading SF. They are not simply indulging in wild flights of escapist adventure. There may be some of this in their SF reading, to be sure, but why not? Adolescence is the time for dreams of swash-buckling and derring-do. But SF has a serious side; even at its most adventurous, it involves an assumption of change and of adjustment to that change, and many of the changes to which SF characters must adjust are the changes that humanity must face today or tomorrow. When Asimov was a boy, people criticized him for reading escapist literature, but he points out he was escaping into pollution, overpopulation, war, plague, aliens, and worlds driven by science and technology.

Today we can see these problems looming ahead of us much more clearly, and we can deal with them much more realistically. If young people are reading about them, they may be able to deal with them more rationally. SF, John Campbell once said, allows us to practice in a no-practice area. Moreover, people who have grown up reading about conditions different from those in which they live and about characters who have interacted with those conditions and coped with them are less likely to feel helpless when the world changes around them. "Future shock," Alvin Toffler wrote in his book with that title, is the disease brought about by the premature arrival of the future. But for the SF reader, the future doesn't arrive soon enough. Science fiction, Toffler wrote, is the sovereign remedy for future shock, and he urged the teaching of science-fiction courses in primary school.

Finally, youngsters who read SF are learning in the most painless—and therefore the most effective

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—way that the future will be different. They are learning, as the best universities try to teach them, that there is no use mastering a body of skills or a body of knowledge and expecting it to last them for a lifetime; much more important is mastering the art of learning and the habit of flexibility. George Santayana has said that those who ignore history are destined to repeat it; we might paraphrase this to state that those who ignore the future are destined to be its victims.

We cannot stop the future from happening, but sometimes we can choose among futures by understanding the consequences of action and inaction, by the extrapolative thinking that science fiction encourages, and we can make the future more palatable by building into ourselves the ability to adjust. So the future will be

different? Then there is opportunity for improvement. If things are not as good as they can be, the existence of change means that we can make them better.

I'm not saying that science fiction will give us the future, only that it gives us glimpses of *possible* futures. It could only be created when manmade change became a fact of everyday life, and it could only come to full flower in a world like today.

The motto of the Mystery Writers of America is that "crime does not pay —enough." The motto of the Science Fiction & Fantasy Writers of America is that "the future isn't what it used to be." If we think about it in as many ways as possible—including the speculative fiction that allows the author to show people coping with change—we can make the future as good as the past, or even better.

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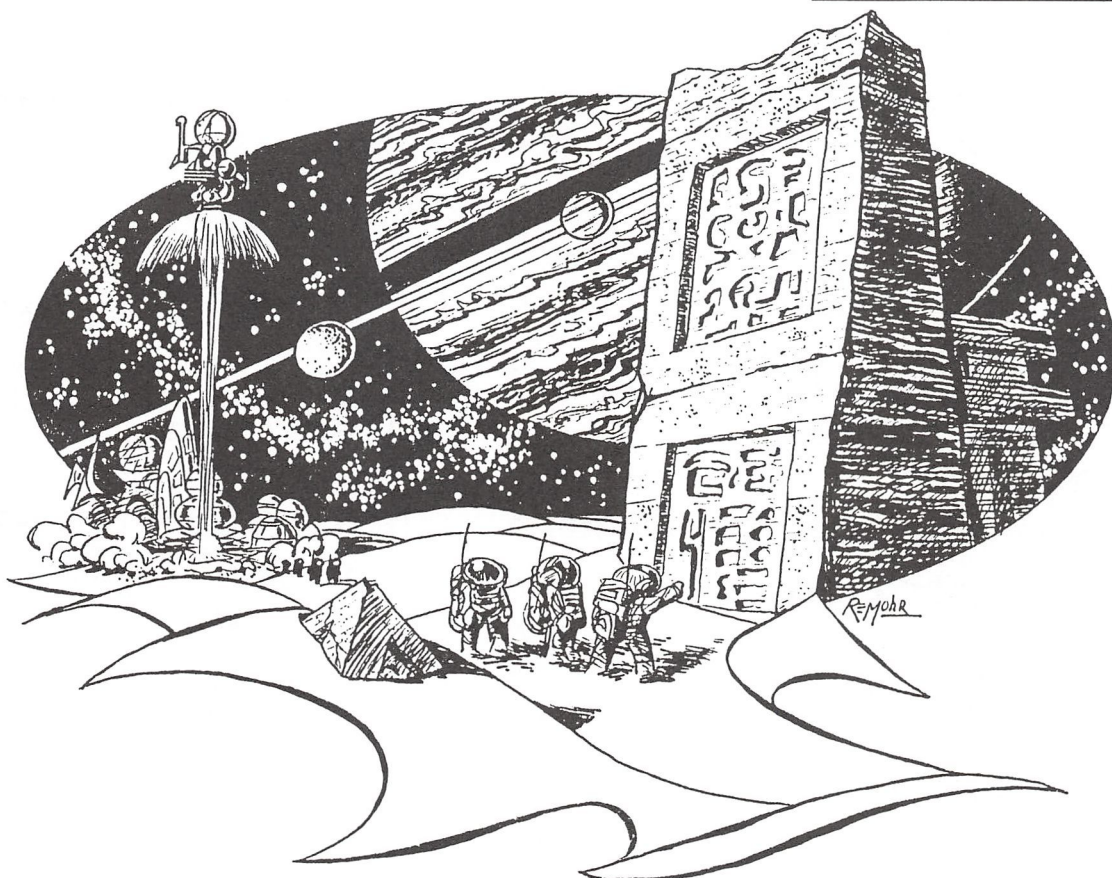
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FANDOM'S NEW HOPE FOR MARS:

The Report of the Synthesis Group

Doug Beason

The age of space exploration is *not* dead. No matter how many dismal reports you've read, articles decrying the budget, "failures" in the space program, a fresh approach to getting Mankind on its way to the stars has recently been unveiled. And what differentiates this report from the other studies pushing space are the *options* available to government leaders: depending on national policy goals, an entire spectrum of opportunities is presented that impacts the economy, education, social needs, the commercial sector, and national security.

For all intents and purposes, our nation had pulled out of exploring space at the end of the Apollo era. Human presence was limited to a mere few hundred kilometers from the surface of the Earth.

However, if properly instituted, the *Space Exploration Initiative*—SEI—can define a renaissance for exploring the universe.

In 1990, an Outreach Program was initiated as a nation-wide hunt for the best ideas on how to send humans to Mars, cheaper, faster and smarter.

Astronaut Tom Stafford—Gemini pilot, Apollo X commander (where he brought the lunar module to within kilometers of the lunar surface) and pilot of the Apollo/Soyuz mission—was asked by the Vice President to establish a *Synthesis Group*, responsible for pulling the Outreach Program together. Specifically, the Synthesis Group was tasked to achieve three

goals: to analyze and synthesize the thousands of Outreach responses, to recommend two or more significantly different architectures for the Space Exploration Initiative, and to identify technological priorities and early milestones to land humans on Mars.

The Synthesis Group report has been widely distributed, briefed to Congress, and its ramifications are being debated throughout government, academia, and industry. The report provides a vision of America's future in the exploration of space.

The crux of the Space Exploration Initiative is to pursue the peaceful application of high technology. With a goal of reaching Mars, this will inspire and invigorate generations to come. And when combined with technical spin-offs, the increase in scientific knowledge will add to re-establishing national leadership. There are certainly *dozens* of ways to actually reach Mars; however, the Synthesis Group has assembled more than just a mission to the red planet. They've drawn up the blueprints for invigorating the nation, just as Apollo did in the Sixties.

But before the results of the Synthesis Group are addressed, two questions brought by critics are of concern: why even bother with exploring space, and why now?

The obvious answer is the SEI provides a focus for not only our space efforts, but for the nation as a whole. It allows a means to invest in our nation's scientific and technological

base, creating new job opportunities and markets. The worn-out arguments of going to space for "teflon and Tang" simply won't hack it. More directly, SEI provides for the chance to reorient our GNP from being fueled by the military-industrial complex to being based on that of a space-faring nation. This is especially critical during these post-Cold War days, where America needs a stimulating national goal on which to base its economy.

SEI has the opportunity to facilitate the commercialization of space, promote space-based industries, products and services. In fact, one of the architectures developed by the Synthesis Group concentrates on utilizing space resources for just these purposes.

Further, SEI allows for advancing technological innovation. This means spurring new technologies and processes with terrestrial and commercial applications. And, as a direct result, this will inspire interest in science and engineering.

The consequence is to radically increase our knowledge of the universe. This will help us better understand the origin of the universe, planets and perhaps life itself.

These are all good reasons for establishing a space exploration policy. But still the question remains, why should America do this now? Why can't we wait until times are "better," economically as well as socially? After all, it's pretty hard to justify sending a few people all the way to Mars when

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there are plenty of people hurting right here at home.

Part of the reason has all ready been given—SEI is a fundamental way to ensure that those better times *will* come. It's more than just sending people to another planet. Rather than simply dumping money into the hands of bureaucrats, "experts" in redistributing wealth, it provides for a systematic way to rebuild America's infrastructure. In the 1940s, after World War II, America invested in the future of its past adversaries, Germany and Japan, through vehicles such as the Marshall Plan and the McArthur accords. Some may say that, looking back, this was not such a bright idea, but there is no doubt at the success these programs had in rebuilding those nations' infrastructures.

America is in a similar situation today. But this time we have the chance to invest in *ourselves*, to rebuild the very fiber that defines our nation's economic strength.

And there are other compelling reasons.

The SEI is more than an exploration program; it embodies the essence of a new social paradigm. As such, it is purposely constructed without limits. This is different from saying that "no end is in sight." Rather than having a closed goal of only getting humans to Mars and ending the program there, SEI uses education as a basic priority to bring out the very best in our nation, and to hold the future open for our children. It is forward-looking and will focus technologies to allow this social effort to succeed. (Compare this to what happened to the Apollo program: once we got to the Moon, the public lost interest and the space program went downhill.)

The SEI provides a focus to the entire space program. Just as Apollo succeeded in the 1960s, SEI can unify our strategic goals in space.

The Moon and Mars are the first elements of an exploration program. The Moon provides a natural platform for research—observation, planetary science, and even as a resource for materials and energy. Since it is only

240,000 miles away from the Earth, it makes a logical first step in getting to Mars. With a surface area of 14.6 million square miles—roughly that of Africa—the Moon provides a unique testbed for testing our equipment and procedures that is only three days away.

In addition to the fact that Mars might someday be a habitable colony, the opportunities to explore this pristine planet can reveal myriad facts about Earth—through geologic evolution, how the atmosphere and climate has changed through our time, and even a search for fossil life. In fact, this is perhaps the most far-reaching discovery of all: if true life is found to have existed on Mars, the societal implication back on Earth will have enormous ramifications.

The mere task of getting to Mars is much harder than simply fielding a testbed on the Moon and then rocketing out to the fourth planet. The differences between the Moon and Mars are vast—everything from the presence of an atmosphere to radio light-delay times of up to 40 minutes will bring unique challenges.

The Synthesis Group constructed four architectures to fulfill their charge. The architectures satisfy the requirements for establishing and exploration program and were purposely made different so that policy makers would have the leverage to invoke any one of them, depending on the major goals they wish to accomplish. Fur-

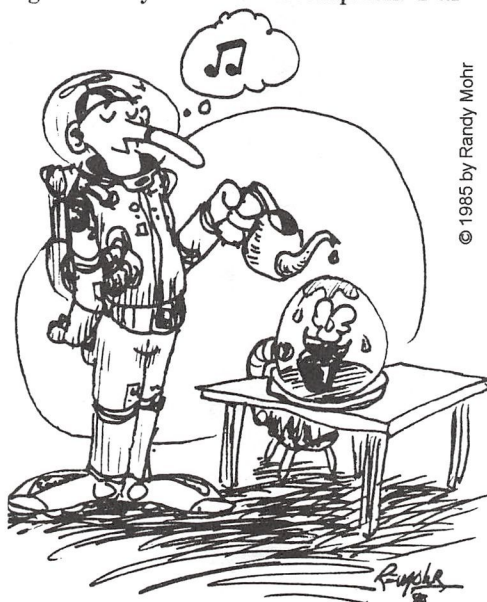
ther, once an architecture is chosen, then a cost can be calculated for invoking that path.

The Synthesis Group was attuned to the wishes of myriad organizations that either sent briefing material, or had teams of experts come and present their ideas to the group. Some organizations had a clear cut agenda: get to Mars as soon as possible (sometimes even bypassing the Moon). Every one of the fifteen hundred suggestions received by the Synthesis Group was reviewed by a team and taken into consideration.

Architecture 1: Mars Exploration

The Mars exploration architecture is the classic "flags and footprints" mission. It achieves the basic SEI goal of landing humans on Mars by 2014 with both the exploration of Mars and a good science return as its main strengths. In all architectures, the human missions are preceded by a cargo mission—in this case, in 2012. This philosophy of splitting up the cargo and human missions is called a "split sprint" concept. That is, the cargo is sent on an energy efficient (minimum energy) Hohmann transfer orbit, taking as long as 1,000 days to reach Mars. Since there are no humans on board, there is no reason to minimize the transit time. Once the cargo ship has successfully been inserted into an orbit around Mars, then a fast, or "sprint" mission with humans may be launched to rendezvous with the cargo ship. The human mission is thus relieved from carrying the enormous amount of fuel and supplies needed for a Martian descent.

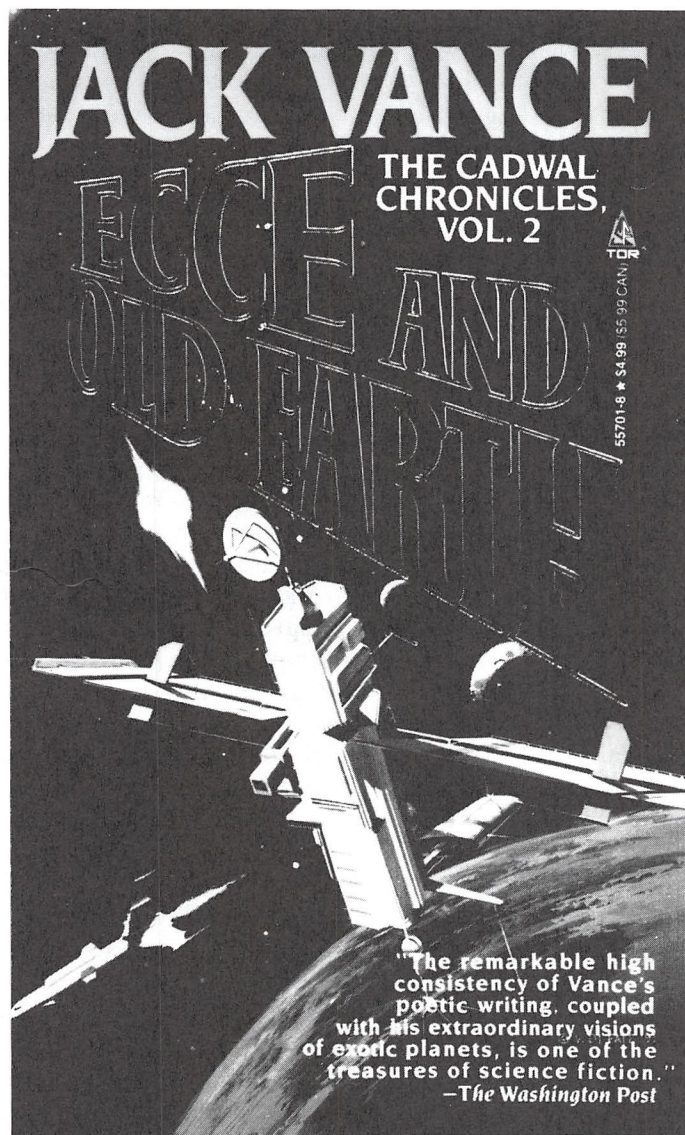
The piloted craft is sent to Mars in a "free return" trajectory—if for any reason the engine in the Mars Transfer Vehicle (MTV) does not ignite as the spacecraft approaches Mars, the MTV will use Mars in a gravity assist to return to Earth. (It goes without saying that the MTV carries enough supplies for this scenario.) The obvious "drawback" to this trajectory is that if the spacecraft approaches Mars too fast, it will have too much energy to allow the free return. This sets a



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lower limit on the transit time, an important parameter in the priority hierarchy discussed later in this article.

The initial Mars mission will involve a thirty-day stay, with a 600-day stay planned for a subsequent mission. Prior to the first Mars trip, all architectures use the Moon as a testbed for Mars, to check out the critical components in a full "dress rehearsal." The primary emphasis remains focused on getting to Mars.

This architecture will use common systems and operational techniques between the Moon and Mars missions to the maximum degree possible. The reasoning is two-fold: first, this ensures that everything is fully tested in an environment "not too far from home." The unusual success of the Apollo program was found in the philosophy that new techniques should be simulated as accurately as possible—surprises are not to be tolerated. A good analogy exists when buying scuba equipment: it's wise to test out your tanks in a swimming pool before heading out to the ocean.

The second reason for using common systems is cost: it's cheaper *not* to develop separate systems for the Moon and Mars if the same system can be used. So in many ways, this is a minimum criteria mission the will satisfy the President's goal. However, a drawback to this architecture is that since a minimum investment is made, there is a possibility that long-term support may dwindle.

Expeditionary missions will precede any permanent outpost on Mars. Time-lines for this architecture are to land the first 5-person mission on the Moon in 2005, for a stay of 14 Earth days. (The sixth crewmember stays in the lunar orbiter.) Three additional lunar missions are planned with increasingly long stays, until a training mission for Mars flight occurs in 2009. Two additional flights are held in reserve if additional validation of equipment is needed.

Architecture 2: Science Emphasis for Moon and Mars

This architecture takes full advantage of using the Moon and Mars to in-

crease our knowledge of the universe. It consists of a balanced science program, emphasizing exploration on both the Moon and Mars.

Pressurized lunar rovers, especially fitted for long duration missions of up to two weeks, can roam up to a radius of 50 kilometers from base, increasing to 100 kilometers on later missions. Mini-telerobotic prospectors, perhaps piloted with virtual-presence technology, can greatly add to the exploration. On the lunar surface, these prospectors may even be commanded from Earth. The two and a half second round trip light delay is not significant enough to preclude direct interaction with Earth researchers. On the other hand, on Mars the light delay will run from ten to forty minutes *each way*, depending on the relative positions of the planets. This will result in a radical change of command and control philosophy. No longer will the astronauts be required to clear every activity with the omnipresent Mission Control. Emergencies won't wait for time delays.

As an example of a non-exploration program, an optical interferometer on the Moon with arms kilometers in length may be able to achieve resolutions on the order of a microarc-second—over a hundred thousand times greater than what the Hubble telescope was designed to resolve. With resolutions this small it is not only possible to detect Earth-sized planets orbiting near-by star systems, but interferometric studies of those planet's atmospheres would be possible (for example, we can tell if the atmosphere holds oxygen and other life-bearing constituents).

There is a million times less seismic activity on the Moon compared to the Earth. The Moon is thus a near perfect place to put sensitive astronomical equipment such as the optical interferometer.

An entire part of the electromagnetic spectrum is forever shielded from observation on Earth because of the ionosphere's plasma frequency. A submillimeter interferometer on the Moon would open up an incredible opportunity for observations in this fre-

quency region. In an even lower part of the spectrum (megahertz), a very low frequency array on the lunar farside would be shielded from the interference of electromagnetic noise from the Earth.

As another example, low energy charged cosmic rays are prevented from being directly observed on Earth because of the Earth's magnetic field. This is called the "geomagnetic cut-off": low-energy particles follow helical paths around the Earth's magnetospheric field lines and are "funnelled" into the poles. The absence of a magnetic field on the Moon allows for a "pure" measurement of both the direction and energy of these particles, thus giving insight into their origin.

There are a plethora of instruments that benefit from being based on the Moon, even when compared to stationing them in Earth orbit. For example, thermal stresses on the instruments, gaseous impact ionization, debris, obscuring multi-spectral radiation, and atmospheric drag are all serious drawbacks for basing astronomical instruments in low Earth orbit when compared to the lunar surface. Higher orbits have problems as well, including Earth blockage, stability, pointing and tracking, and ease of access. All in all, if SEI develops as an ongoing program, the science returns could be (sorry) astronomical.

Timelines for this architecture are to land the first 5-person mission on the Moon in 2003, for a stay of 14 Earth days. Several additional lunar missions with increasingly complex astronomical equipment are planned with longer stays, until a training mission for the Mars flight occurs in 2008. A 600-day Mars mission, the first of several, is placed for 2014.

Architecture 3: Moon to Stay and Mars Exploration

Along with sending humans to Mars, this architecture fulfills the President's goal of establishing a permanent, albeit initially small, human presence on the Moon. More importantly, this is the architecture that will expand mankind's presence in the universe. It's the first step in setting

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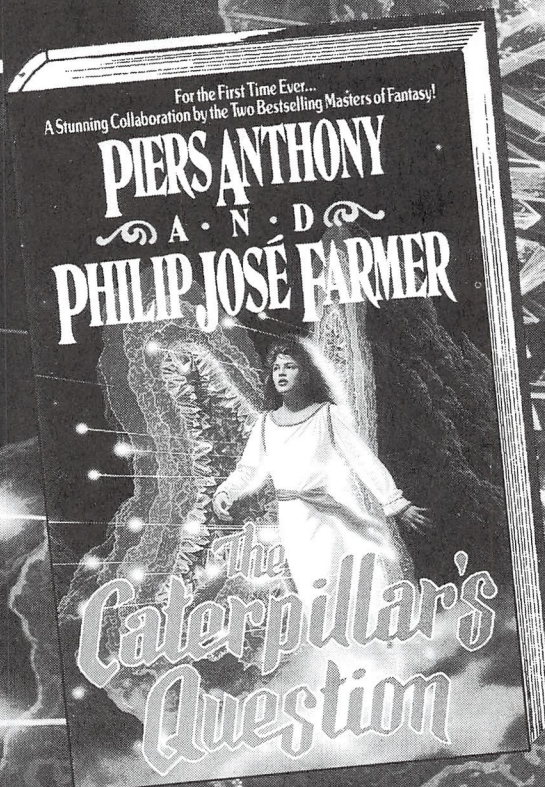
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up a self-sufficient colony.

As with the other architectures, the lunar colony will use the Moon as a testbed for Mars exploration, putting into operation as many Mars systems as possible. In addition, it will perform a small amount of science and exploration on the lunar surface.

The main thrust is still to explore Mars by making a concerted effort to study geological features, search for fossil life, and to make a detailed study of Mars. But the most exciting aspect of this architecture is that if humans are ever going to go to the stars, if they are ever going to take that first step in colonizing the planets, *this* is the way to go. This doesn't mean that the other architectures won't result in colonies—rather, this is the architecture that explicitly states that as a goal.

Timelines for this architecture are to land the first 5-person mission on the Moon in 2003 and set up a man-tended site for a stay of 14 Earth days. Additional lunar missions are planned, increasing the number of inhabitants to 18 with a yearly rotation of 6 crew members. As in the other architectures, a training mission for the Mars flight is planned with a 600-day Mars mission in 2014.

Architecture 4: Space Resource Utilization

This architecture emphasizes the maximum early use of extraterrestrial resources to support exploration. The ultimate goal is to explore the Moon and Mars while solving such problems on Earth as the greenhouse effect, depletion of the ozone layer, and the dwindling of finite (and "dirty") energy sources. This is the architecture that will allow us to meet our energy problems head on.

The Moon could provide energy for the Earth in the form of Helium-3—a fusion energy source created in the Sun, swept away by the solar wind and absorbed into the lunar regolith (dirt). Helium-3 is an especially attractive form of fuel, since it produces no neutrons as a by-product of the fusion process. The charged particles that are created may be easily di-

rected away by magnetic fields. Thus, Helium-3 can serve as a "true" non-radioactive energy source.

There is very little Helium-3 on Earth, so with the relative abundance found on the Moon—over 1 part per billion—it makes sense to extract it from the regolith once mining technology has matured. An estimated 25 metric tons of Helium-3 per year would be needed to supply the entire world's energy demand.

In addition to Helium-3, solar cells manufactured on the lunar surface for use in space would be cheaper than lifting the cells off Earth. This rises directly from the expense needed to overcome Earth's gravity well and lift the solar cells into low Earth orbit. Also, processing regolith could provide volatiles for propellant, oxygen, water and even building material for use on the Moon or in space.

The initial plan for this architecture is to demonstrate that it is feasible for regolith to be processed and volatiles to be extracted. Commercializing these products would be thrown open to the free market once the demonstration has been made. For example, allowing the public to take part in mining the lunar surface via an interactive tele-present link is possible using today's high-definition TV. How many people would stand in line for more than an hour at an amusement park if the telepresent "ride" on a lunar vehicle included accelerometers to simulate motion—such as the popular "Star Tours" ride in service today at DisneyWorld?

As before, timelines for this architecture are to land the first 5-person mission on the Moon in 2003, for a stay of 14 days. Additional lunar missions are planned, increasing to 180-day stays in which a demonstration mining plant is working on the lunar surface. A 600-day Mars mission is planned for 2016, allowing time to accomplish the lunar mining goals.

Since the Synthesis Group report has been released, NASA has appointed Dr. Mike Griffin, formally Deputy Director for Technology of the Strategic Defense Initiative and a long-respected space researcher, to

head up the Exploration Office. Dr. Griffin has assembled an impressive team of space experts and is aggressively pursuing the recommendations of the Synthesis Group. Further, the President is in the process of establishing a multi-agency organization to accomplish the SEI. The Departments of Energy and Defense will soon join NASA in pursuing this national goal.

The President has stated that the long-term goals for space exploration is the Space Exploration Initiative. As such, the nation is truly at a threshold—and not a crossroads. A crossroads implies that there exist more than one choice that the nation can make if it is going to flourish; a *threshold* correctly portrays that *there is no other choice*.

The Synthesis Group's vision for the 21st century includes a strong relation between science, technology, and manned and unmanned exploration. This vision compliments NASA's current Mission to Planet Earth and bases its success upon excellence in education. The Synthesis Group believes this initiative should be the centerpiece of the nation's space program. As a fan, your active participation *can* help.

The Synthesis Group believes that the nation can't afford *not* to do SEI. As the group so often stated during their year-long tenure: "We must make the decision to either lead, follow, or get out of the way."

The bottom line is that if we're going to survive, we *must* go down this path.

The majority of this article was taken from "America at the Threshold," the report of the Synthesis Group, available from the Superintendent of Documents, US Government Printing Office, Washington DC 20402.

Dr. Doug Beason was a member of the Synthesis Group and is on the White House Science Office staff. The views and opinions expressed herein are solely those of the author and should not be construed to be those of the US Government.

CHOICES

F.M. Busby

The present state of the universe may be said to derive from an innumerable series of choices dating back to the Big Bang or the advent of First Fandom, whichever is earlier. For practical purposes, however, the possibility of choice did not arise prior to the advent of molecules capable of reproducing themselves, as noted in the Book of Genesis.

Behold two primordial, proto-organic molecules. Such examples may drift together to form larger and truly organic molecules, or they may not. Since the two now under scrutiny did not in fact meet, we are not descended from them.

Scanning right ahead, consider the dinosaurs, from whom we are not descended either. Scientists still debate which wrong choice *they* made, but they certainly must have done.

Early Man had many options. The results of his decisions are plain to see. The question which must concern us all to some degree is: why?

Later Man presents a picture not much prettier but considerably more explicit.

But enough of bemoaning spilt milk. The result of all past choices exists in present reality. Like the Postal Service, it is just something we got to live with.

Time has two aspects: Back There is fixed in place like your car with the towing company's boot on it, but Up Ahead our possibilities lie open, their developments yet to be determined.

It is not merely that we can choose among these in reality; the fact is, we can't *not* do so. Also, we may elect options in a near infinite variety of speculative versions.

Of course you knew I was going to get around to science fiction sooner or later....

Choices are generally dictated by the chooser's best self interest. Notable exceptions are mainstream protagonists and those portrayed by Woody Allen, all of whom punish themselves as severely as possible because the writers tell them to.

Writers tend to resemble people. So we might expect science fiction writers, for instance, to depict futures they enjoy writing about. Were this to hold true in all cases, however, I would indeed worry about the states of mind of a number of our esteemed colleagues.

In particular would I fear for the well-being of those who write of futures in which everything is going to hell in a bucket and no one seems to give a damn. Of course, after a certain point, it strikes me that if they don't care, then neither do I, so I stop reading the book. If the character doesn't want to keep trying, why should the reader?

It's not that I'd wish all stories to be upbeat, all endings happy; if they were, where would be the suspense that keeps us interested? But if a protagonist and his or her symbiotes sink or swim at the ending, they had better be giving it the good old college try most of the time, or forget it.

And as the characters, so too the overall setting. A world on its way down the flush and with no insurance is a world I find devoid of interest. Ragnarok is a magnificent concept but Snorri Sturluson pretty well covered it once and for all, just as Hemingway in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* got most of the juice out of killing off his main character on the last page for no particular reason. Like many jokes, some story twists don't bear using more than once. Twice, tops. The trouble with Doom is that it offers little in the

way of variety; dead is dead, whereas survival has multitudinous options, some of which can be quite interesting.

I realize my personal tastes are not everyone's. Obviously many readers enjoy sordid surrealistic scenarios set in seedy slime-strewn slums serviced by scabby, smelly sexpots with suspiciously septic software sutured to slots sewn in their scaly skulls and how did the letter "s" get on such a roll here? Well, a little of that setup is tolerable, but a whole book full and I keep needing to wash my hands *before* I go to the bathroom.

And what of cyberpunk in general? Nothing wrong with cyber, if the author bothers to set up some rules for the particular story game rather than pulling unforeshadowed eletrorabbits out of the matrix every time the plot hits a snag. But I never did like punks and why start now?

Rules, I mentioned. A story should have internal logic, so that the reader has a chance to guess, to predict what can and can't be done to get Joe's fanny out of the bear trap, or not. If it's set up that humans can't go through the Ghastly Gate because they tend to emerge with all the insides on the outside, it is not cricket for Our Hero to grit his teeth and come through unscathed by sheer will power or on account of he got a strange mutant strain which makes him different.

Fantasy is more vulnerable to this offense but science fiction is not immune. Unfortunately. "Grunge," as Gregory Benford dubs it, lurks in many guises.

So: writers may choose between doing stories that come to dead ends and those that leave the reader wondering what might happen next, between

works that carry the action on a logical structure and those in which literally anything can happen—so that after a time, what does occur hardly matters. (Story logic is much less essential if the reader is eight years old or less. Kids at that stage love surprises and are fascinated to see what might possibly come out next, before reaching the mandatory, inevitable, totally predictable ending. So now we know who reads some of those trilogies.)

What kinds of future prospects, then, might we wish to write, read, or merely imagine? And if working from

situational views distinctly other than our own, what sort of vantage points might we choose to look from?

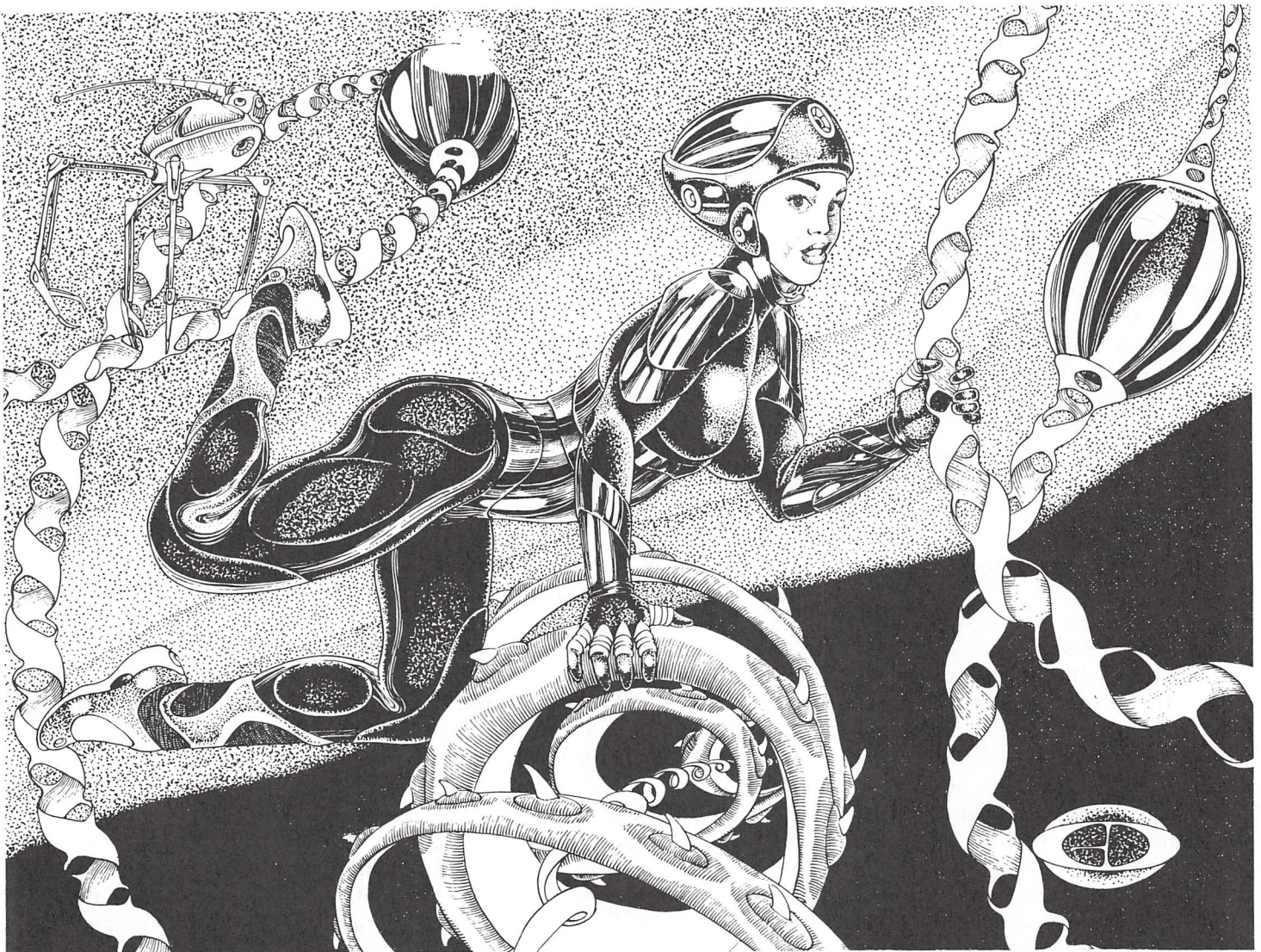
And what's it like, there? For instance, how stale is it, how safe and how dangerous? Our situations do need to be a bit rough, somewhat dicey: a fair amount of conflict, or we don't have a grabber. Yet with reasonable hopes, usually stretched to painful extent in the interest of avoiding blandness at all costs. But whose hopes? Who's our focus? A winner, a loser—Robert Heinlein's scapable man, or Woody Allen?

Or someone not so readily classifi-

able, someone the reader can't tag by Chapter Two as Mr. Fixit or Mr. Lostit. It can be fun to take rather unlikely heroes and see what they can do when it comes down to cases. Even if they do screw up sometimes.

If I would set any general rule in hopes of guiding a writer's choices it would be this: build something your reader will feel glad to have read. Or more aptly, perhaps (to avoid a purely feelgood connotation), something the reader will feel very glad not to have *missed*.

But hey—it's your choice.



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MIDNIGHT PEARLS BLUE

William F. Wu

Dr. Lew peers closely at me, having just hit a power switch. It bothers him to have me observe too much of the time. Then he walks away, back to his desk, where he falls into his swivel chair. It rolls backward slightly on little wheels, squeaking.

"How did I do?" I ask him.

Dr. Lew leans back and smiles at me. His hair is black, but thinning on top, over a full, friendly face with a long jaw line. He tends to be chubby, but I think I see the grace of a former athlete in his decisive movements. I don't know why he wears seaters all the time. If given the chance, I would want to say I look like him, except for the sweaters.

"How did I do?" I ask him again.

Dr. Lew smiles and shakes his head in mild annoyance. "I keep telling you over and over—I'm not testing you. I'm testing my one work. You're smart enough to understand that; if anyone knows that, I do."

"Will you play it for me now? I still get to observe them after I do them, don't I?"

"Yes, of course." Dr. Lew presses a couple of buttons on his desk and I...

...stood on the rough broken asphalt of the road, which was shiny and slick with moisture. The night was nearly black, except for the two small lights on the cabin in front of me. They burned fuzzy white spheres of illumination into the fog, obscuring the door between them.

I walked forward, bundled in my scarf and heavy coat, inhaling the chilly sea air. The small wooden building rested solidly on a cliff. As I stepped forward, I could hear the

waves breaking rhythmically below, though the fog hid the expanse of dark ocean and the distant sky above it.

When I looked upward, the light from the little porch simple reflected off the swirling mist above me. I knew I was at the edge of the Pacific, on a quiet shore-cliff road, but all I could actually see was the surrounding fog, and lights at the front door.

The door did not beckon. It was merely the only choice. I grasped the cold handle and opened the door.

She was there, of course. I closed the door behind me. The coarse, clear interior of the cabin was warm. I pulled the scarf from my neck and unbuttoned my coat. Then I shrugged it off my shoulders and let it drop with my scarf to the floor.

"Hi, how are you?" She smiled pleasantly, speaking as though we had been no more than co-workers, or maybe distant cousins—as though we had last seen each other yesterday, instead of years ago.

"Fine, Ah Yen." I remembered that she had quit using her English name. I liked that.

Ah Yen was sitting on the other side of the unfinished plank table, facing me. An old-fashioned kerosene lamp was the only object on the table. Its light revealed her in the darkened cabin.

Ah Yen's black hair fell straight on both sides of her face, before curving inward just above her shoulders. The flickering flame shone on the smooth amber skin of her full cheeks and on her casual smile. Her nose was straight, short, and perfect. She looked up with dark, slanted eyes.

"And how have you been?" she asked. "Would you like to sit down?" She waved one hand daintily toward the bench on my side of the table, several steps in front of me.

I shrugged and walked forward uncomfortably. "I've been all right."

Her formality stung. It had no enthusiasm. She had acted this way from the moment we had separated.

Her New York accent was stronger than ever, but it was cultured and precise. She had been a child when her family had moved out of Chinatown, where she was born. I doubted she would ever move out of New York. She had stopped here during a trip.

"So, what are you doing now? In your career, I mean. Let's see, you finished grad school when, around..." As she continued to speak, she shifted slightly on the bench, drawing my attention downward.

Ah Yen wore a very snug light blue dress of thin fabric, with a low rounded neckline. It was a simple short-sleeved shift, and matched the string of graduated blue pearls around her neck. Her large, rounded breasts pushed against it and I recalled her wistful comment from years ago, that she just wasn't built like most Asian women. She was short, though, and soft without being fat.

"...time ago. How about you?"

I had no patience for small talk. "What happened?" I asked in as neutral a tone as I could manage. "Why did you end it the way you did? Why couldn't you even talk to me about it afterward?"

Ah Yen wrinkled her nose and cocked her head to one side. It was the

Continued on page 109

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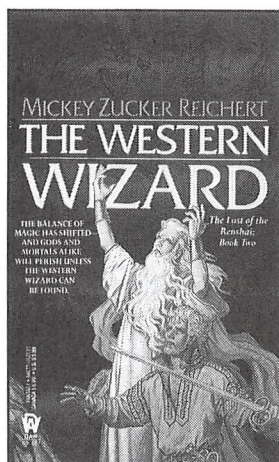


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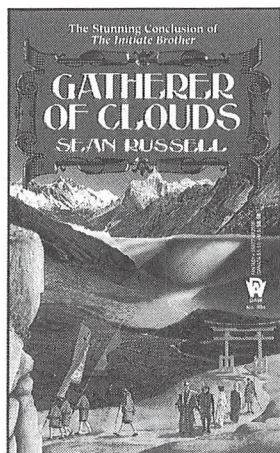
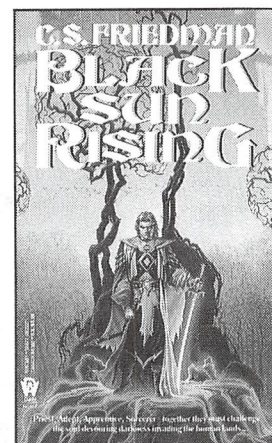
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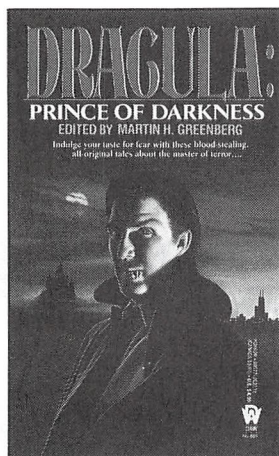
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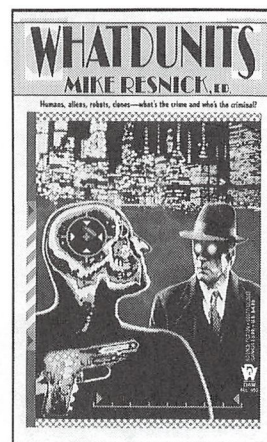
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WHATDUNITS

Edited by Mike Resnick



CHRISTMAS BESTIARY

Edited by Rosalind M. Greenberg and Martin H. Greenberg

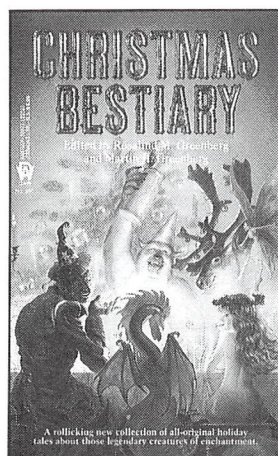
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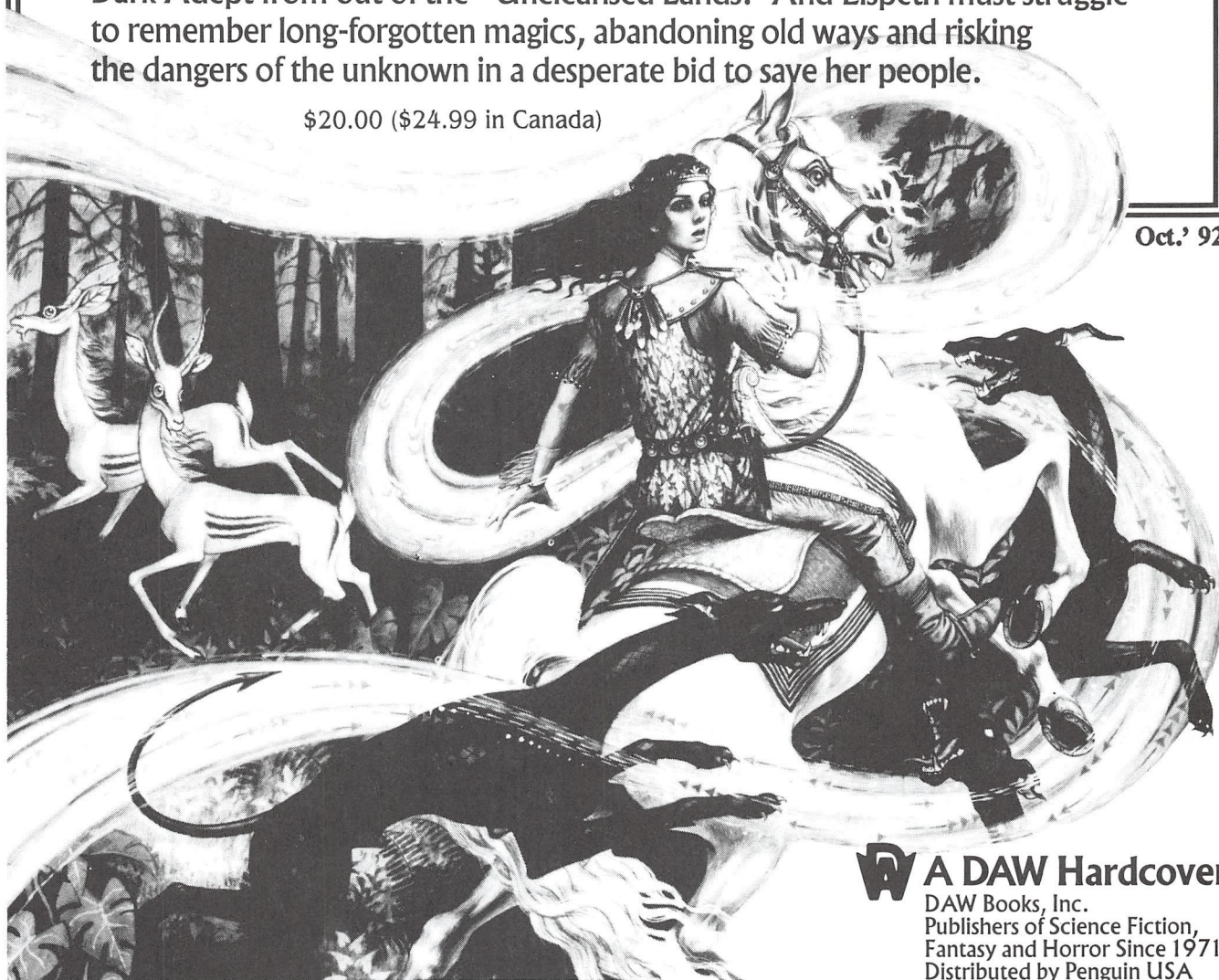
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Oct. '92



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INTERACTIVE

Hal Clement

Since I have never written a movie or TV script or even a stage play, unless the emergency effort I put out a couple of decades ago at summer school when my science department was informed on Thursday that we were responsible for the next Wednesday's assembly counts as the last, maybe I shouldn't be giving advice here on something which is obviously not story or article writing.

However, to my way of thinking the key distinction is not that books and magazines are for people who can read and the other presentations for those who can't or don't want to. A talk to an audience, even a slide talk, differs from both book and TV in that it is interactive. The speaker can and should be constantly aware how the message is getting across (whether or not he or she has encouraged audience questions and comments from the beginning), and should be ready to make changes as events may demand. With a straight speech or lecture, given by one thoroughly familiar with the subject, this is not much of a problem, but with a slide talk there is a restriction on the amount of change possible after things get under way. There does exist equipment which will let you skip to the slide you want without showing the ones in between, but if you're depending on the con committee to furnish the projection gear, don't count on its being that sort. You have to plan in advance.

But not too solidly. Sprague de Camp's character, Jorian of Ardamai, during the crash course he gave his young brother Kerin on being an adventurer, said something like, "The only thing worse than going into action with no plan at all is going in with one you're so fond of you can't bear to change it even when it obvi-

ously isn't working." This applies to any talk, whether with slides or merely hand-waving.

I *am*, incidentally, qualified to discuss this subject; forty years of school teaching will qualify anyone they don't drive over the hill. Lesson plans shouldn't be carved in stone, either.

The specific example I plan to build around for this body of advice is a proposed slide talk on the history of our ideas about Jupiter, "our" including both professional astronomers and the readers and writers of science fiction. At the time I wrote this, early April of 1992, I had only the most general ideas and, while I may find myself using a few slides already on hand, I can expect to have to plan, design, and produce most of the ones I'll need. I will also have to decide on precise scope and details.

One point which *must* be kept in mind in any unwritten presentation: the audience can't flip back to an earlier page to check something which wasn't digested the first time. It doesn't matter whether the indigestion was due to your poor presentation or their shaky background. It's a factual part of the talk environment, and "It wasn't my fault" carries no weight. The audience also, especially if it's SF in nature, is apt to feel insulted if you repeat anything too many times. This leaves a rather narrow road to tread, with the edges not very clearly marked; it's one of the places where having the room bright enough to see your listeners' faces, even though you are using slides or an overhead projector, is quite important.

My own technique, for what it's worth, is to have a different familiar analogy to use each of the first few times a particular item comes up. For example, somewhere in the Jupiter

talk I will certainly have to go into the phase diagram, giving the pressure and temperature situations when various substances can be expected to be solid, liquid, or gaseous. I have a slide showing this graph in its simplest, most basic form; ordinarily the first time it appears I either tell immediately why it applies to the talk (e.g. why there's no liquid water on Mars) or provide some more homely example, such as why ice is slippery but glass isn't. The next time, if there is a next, I might be focussing on, say, the critical part of the curve where anything is a gas at any pressure; I usually tie this in to the idea of escape velocity—the molecules are now "hot" enough, moving fast enough, to exceed each other's escape velocity even if they're touching each other. This concept is usually familiar to SF audiences; with a bunch of sixth graders I'd have to come up with another analogy, like a grounder that's too hot for the shortstop.

I'll be planning the whole thing chronologically. At first, Jupiter was just another world, a solid scenario where characters could have adventures. If I can find them, I'll make slides of Buck Rogers walking around in his shirtsleeves, talking to flat-bodied humanoids from the high-pressure depths of Jupiter who had, if I remember aright after fifty years or more, a liquid helium environment.

Later John Campbell's article appeared—where in *Blazes* did my Day Index go? I know I didn't sell it or give it away—I'll have to check the date, since it's a safe bet someone will ask. The article was on ammonia as a substitute for water in life forms, and its presence on Jupiter. This was followed by a rash of stories in which Jupiter still had a solid surface but

wherein ammonia rain, snow, rivers, lakes and oceans played a major part, with liquid ammonia duly taking the place of water in the indigenous life forms: Dow Elstar's "Something from Jupiter," Poul Anderson's "Call Him Joe," Isaac's robot sequel to "Not Final!" (please note that I don't remember the title. This not only means I need my Day Index, but is relevant to a point I stress near the end of this article. I'm circumlocuting, and not worrying about it) and so on. I will make slides of illos from these, especially some which were covers. The legality is perhaps a little shaky, but no one has complained yet; after all, I'm providing publicity and getting no money for it.

Eventually the Equations of State—the more general description of the phase law—made it clear that Jupiter could have no solid surface, and the present picture filtered down to the writers. Arthur Clarke's "Meeting With Medusa" was about at this point. The explorer's radar did suggest a surface some tens of kilometers below the balloon, but maybe the atmosphere was getting too charged for the waves to penetrate. I'll give Arthur the benefit of any such doubt, certainly, and it's a long time since I read the story.

Which raises a moral question: Should I reread every one of the stories I mention in the talk? I doubt that I'll have time, especially if I can't find my Day Index, which I haven't seen for several years. Any of you who look forward to a retirement in which there is *more* time to do things have, I fear, a rude awakening coming up; life doesn't work that way (you wouldn't really want it to. I strongly suspect that it's these characters who find lots of available time after they retire who die before the first year of it is out. I'm not sure I know what boredom is, but I've been given to understand it's pretty frightful). So I think I'll have to

trust my memory about the stories for the most part, and if this slide talk is really ready and really scheduled on this Worldcon program any First Fandom listeners may stand by with sharpened claws.

There are other things than story illustration which will be needed for slides—I've already implied that with the remarks about the phase law. What we really think we know about Jupiter will have to be explained in some detail; so will what we thought we knew, and why, for the earliest stages. Naturally, a

few actual pictures of the planet will be needed, but that will be no difficulty. They're available, and I have plenty on hand. They can come early, with perhaps an occasional reminder here and there during the talk, with the best one I can find for the climax.

Photos, however, with all their advantage of ease of acquisition, aren't always the best way to explain things. If I should have to discuss why Io remains hot enough to keep its volcanos going without having circularized its orbit eons ago, diagrams are in order. I'll have to make these. If I want to discuss some kind of apparatus, line drawings are better than photos, as a rule; the drawings abstract what you want to show very much more effectively. I'll have to make those. If I want to mention in passing why Io, Europa, and Ganymede never line up together on the same side of Jupiter, I'll have to make a diagram for at least some listeners (mentioning a 1:2:4 orbit lock will presumably be enough for some others).

I'll have to decide how many slides will be needed, and how long each will show. Presumably the talk will be timed at forty-five or fifty minutes to leave time for questions at the close, but I'm not all that good at such timing. The first few talks will no doubt run over; I'm a wordy character, as some of you know. My experience has

been that twenty-five slides is about enough for this purpose, but whether I can restrain myself to this is an interesting question.

Finally, a little about verbal presentation itself. Most of you probably know already what I'll say here, or will consider it obvious once said, but whether you can practice it is another matter.

The phrase "you know" is poison when used to cover the fact that you can't think of the word just now. Ers, Ahs, and Uhs, those meaningless sounds designed to hold the floor for the speaker while he or she is looking for the right word, are understandable and even excusable in conversation but almost as bad as "you know" from the rostrum. If you can't think of the word, then say or describe the object or concept, or do anything to get *your* idea across—don't buck it over to the listener as a responsibility. Maybe he or she *does* know when you say "you know," but you certainly hope not. Otherwise why are you talking? A brief, silent pause to gather your thoughts or search for just the right phrase is understandable and usually quite forgivable; the audience is probably willing enough for the most part to use the gap to straighten out some of the new stuff you've just handed them.

You *will* forget words. Believe me. You do it now, and it won't get any better as you grow older. Even if you try to memorize your talk verbatim, which I most emphatically do *not* recommend, you'll forget words; but there are always others. I showed you a perfectly workable bit of circumlocution early in this presentation.

If you suddenly come up with a really wonderful word or phrase, the absolutely perfect thing for one or another of your slides, by all means write it down (you *do* carry 3 x 5 cards, don't you?) and spend time associating it later with that particular slide; but don't let it bother you if the item still plays Lost Chord at the key moment when you are in front of an audience. This is the way the universe was made. *Not* for our comfort or convenience.

Photos, however, with all their advantage of ease of acquisition, aren't always the best way to describe things.

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The listing below includes the Hugos and three other types of awards: the Campbell Award, Special Awards, and the Gandalf Award.

The John W. Campbell Memorial Award for the Best New Writer is administered by the same nomination and voting mechanism as the Hugo, but was originally sponsored by Condé Nast Publications. In 1979, sponsorship of the Campbell Award was assumed by Davis Publications, who currently sponsor it.

Special Awards are determined directly by a Worldcon Committee, without any popular nominations or vote.

The Gandalf Award was an award which, like the Campbell Award, was administered by the Worldcon Committee and determined by the Hugo nomination and voting mechanism. It was sponsored by Lin Carter and S.A.G.A.

Present WSFS rules allow the Hugo nomination and voting mechanisms to be used only for the Hugo Award and the Campbell Award.

1953

Novel: *The Demolished Man* by Alfred Bester

Professional Magazine: *Galaxy* and *Astounding* (tie)

Excellence in Fact Articles: Willy Ley

Cover Artist: Ed Emshwiller and Hannes Bok (tie)

Interior Illustrator: Virgil Finlay

New SF Author or Artist: Philip José Farmer

Number 1 Fan Personality: Forrest J Ackerman

1954

(No Awards Given)

1955

Novel: *They'd Rather Be Right* by Mark Clifton and Frank Riley

Novelette: "The Darfsteller" by Walter M. Miller, Jr.

Short Story: "Allamagoosa" by Eric Frank Russell

Magazine: *Astounding*

Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Fan Magazine: *Fantasy Times* (James V. Taurasi, Sr. and Ray Van Houten,

eds.)

Special Award: Sam Moskowitz as "Mystery Guest" and for his work on past conventions

1956

Novel: *Double Star* by Robert A. Heinlein

Novelette: "Exploration Team" by Murray Leinster

Short Story: "The Star" by Arthur C. Clarke

Feature Writer: Willy Ley

Magazine: *Astounding*

Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Fan Magazine: *Inside & Science Fiction Advertiser* (Ron Smith, ed.)

Most Promising New Author: Robert Silverberg

Book Reviewer: Damon Knight

1957

American Professional Magazine: *Astounding*

British Professional Magazine: *New Worlds*

Fan Magazine: *Science-Fiction Times* (James V. Taurasi, Sr., Ray Van

Houten, and Frank Prieto, eds.)

1958

Novel or Novelette: *The Big Time* by Fritz Leiber

Short Story: "Or All the Seas With Oysters" by Avram Davidson

Outstanding Movie: *The Incredible Shrinking Man*

Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

Outstanding Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Outstanding Actifan: Walter A. Willis

1959

Novel: *A Case of Conscience* by James Blish

Novelette: "The Big Front Yard" by Clifford D. Simak

Short Story: "That Hell-Bound Train" by Robert Bloch

SF or Fantasy Movie: (No Award)

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

Amateur Magazine: *Fanac* (Ron Ellik and Terry Carr, eds.)

New Author of 1958: (No Award, but Brian W. Aldiss received a plaque as

runner-up)

1960

Novel: *Starship Troopers* by Robert A. Heinlein

Short Fiction: "Flowers for Algernon" by Daniel Keyes

Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller

Fanzine: *Cry of the Nameless* (F.M. and Elinor Busby, Burnett Toskey, and Wally Weber, eds.)

Special Award: Hugo Gernsback as "The Father of Magazine Science Fiction"

1961

Novel: *A Canticle for Leibowitz* by Walter M. Miller, Jr.

Short Fiction: "The Longest Voyage" by Poul Anderson

Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*

Professional Magazine: *Astounding/Analog*

Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller

Fanzine: *Who Killed Science Fiction?* (Earl Kemp, ed.)

1962

Novel: *Stranger in a Strange Land* by Robert A. Heinlein

Short Fiction: the "Hothouse" series by Brian W. Aldiss

Dramatic Presentation: *The Twilight Zone*

Professional Magazine: *Analog*

Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller

Fanzine: *Warhoon* (Richard Bergeron, ed.)

Special Award: Cele Goldsmith for editing *Amazing* and *Fantastic*

Special Award: Donald H. Tuck for *The Handbook of Science Fiction and Fantasy*

Special Award: Fritz Leiber and the Hoffman Electric Corp. for the use of science fiction in advertisements

1963

Novel: *The Man in the High Castle* by Philip K. Dick

Short Fiction: "The Dragon Masters" by Jack Vance

Dramatic Presentation: (No Award)

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Roy G. Krenkel

Amateur Magazine: *Xero* (Richard and Pat Lupoff, eds.)

Special Award: P. Schuyler Miller for

book reviews in *Analog*

Special Award: Isaac Asimov for science articles in *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

1964

Novel: *Way Station* by Clifford D. Simak

Short Fiction: "No Truce with Kings" by Poul Anderson

Professional Magazine: *Analog*

Professional Artist: Ed Emshwiller

SF Book Publisher: Ace Books

Amateur Magazine: *Amra* (George Scithers, ed.)

1965

Novel: *The Wanderer* by Fritz Leiber

Short Story: "Soldier, Ask Not" by Gordon R. Dickson

Special Drama: *Dr. Strangelove*

Magazine: *Analog*

Artist: John Schoenherr

Publisher: Ballantine

Fanzine: *Yandro* (Robert and Juanita Coulson, eds.)

1966

Novel: ...*And Call Me Conrad* by Roger Zelazny and *Dune* by Frank Herbert (tie)

Short Fiction: "Repent, Harlequin!" Said the Ticktockman" by Harlan Ellison

Professional Magazine: *If*

Professional Artist: Frank Frazetta

Amateur Magazine: *ERB-dom* (Camille Cazedessus, Jr., ed.)

Best All-Time Series: the "Foundation" series by Isaac Asimov

1967

Novel: *The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress* by Robert A. Heinlein

Novelette: "The Last Castle" by Jack Vance

Short Story: "Neutron Star" by Larry Niven

Dramatic Presentation: "The Menagerie" (*Star Trek*)

Professional Magazine: *If*

Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan

Fanzine: *Niekas* (Ed Meskys and Felice Rolfe, eds.)

Fan Writer: Alexei Panshin

Fan Artist: Jack Gaughan

Special Award: CBS Television for *21st Century*

1968

Novel: *Lord of Light* by Roger Zelazny

Novella: "Weyr Search" by Anne McCaffrey and "Riders of the Purple Wage" by Philip José Farmer (tie)

Novelette: "Gonna Roll Them Bones"

by Fritz Leiber

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

Dramatic Presentation: "City on the Edge of Forever" (*Star Trek*; by Harlan Ellison)

Professional Magazine: *If*

Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan

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

Fan Writer: Ted White

Fan Artist: George Barr

Special Award: Harlan Ellison for

Dangerous Visions

Special Award: Gene Roddenberry for *Star Trek*

1969

Novel: *Stand on Zanzibar* by John Brunner

Novella: "Nightwings" by Robert Silverberg

Novelette: "The Sharing of Flesh" by Poul Anderson

Short Story: "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World" by Harlan Ellison

Dramatic Presentation: *2001: A Space Odyssey*

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Jack Gaughan

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

Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr.

Fan Artist: Vaughn Bodé

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*

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*

Professional Artist: Leo and Diane Dillon

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

Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis

Fan Artist: Alicia Austin

1972

Novel: *To Your Scattered Bodies Goby* Philip José Farmer

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

Short Story: "Inconstant Moon" by Larry Niven

Dramatic Presentation: *A Clockwork Orange*

Professional Magazine: *Fantasy & Science Fiction*

Professional Artist: Frank Kelly Freas

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

Fan Writer: Harry Warner, Jr.

Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

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

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

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

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

Fan Writer: Susan Wood

Fan Artist: Tim Kirk

Campbell Award: Spider Robinson and Lisa Tuttle (tie)

Special Award: Chesley Bonestell for his illustrations

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

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 Halde-
man

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

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)

Novellette: "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

Novellette: "Eyes of Amber" by Joan D. Vinge

Short Story: "Jeffty Is Five" by Harlan Ellison

Dramatic Presentation: *Star Wars*

Professional Editor: George H.

Scithers

Professional Artist: Rick Sternbach

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

Fan Writer: Richard E. Geis

Fan Artist: Phil Foglio

Campbell Award: Orson Scott Card

Gandalf Award (Grand Master): Poul Anderson

Gandalf Award (Book-Length Fantasy): *The Silmarillion* by J.R.R. Tolkien (ed. by Christopher Tolkien)

1979

Novel: *Dreamsnake* by Vonda McIntyre

Novella: "The Persistence of Vision" by John Varley

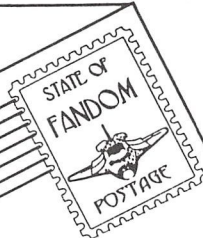
Novellette: "Hunter's Moon" by Poul Anderson

Short Story: "Cassandra" by C.J. Cherryh

Dramatic Presentation: *Superman*

Professional Editor: Ben Bova

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ORLANDO, FLORIDA

*You are cordially invited to attend the
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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
Novellette: "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
Novellette: "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
Novellette: "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
Novellette: "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
Novellette: "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 Mc-
 Carthy
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 profes-
 sional

1985

Novel: *Neuromancer* by William Gibson
Novella: "Press Enter ■" by John
 Varley
Novellette: "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
Novellette: "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 Las-
 kowski, ed.)
Fan Writer: Mike Glyer
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
Novellette: "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

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Conference

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Austin, Texas

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Artist Guest **Darrell K. Sweet**

Fan Guest **Al Jackson**

Editor Guest **Gardner Dozois**

Toastmaster **Kim Stanley Robinson**

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Steve Gould, Thorarinn Gunnarsson, Barbara Hambly, John J. Kessel,
Katharine Eliska Kimbriel, Tappan King, Joe Lansdale, Beth Meacham, Elizabeth Moon,
Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Chad Oliver, Carrie Richerson, Michaela Roessner, Nina Romberg,
Melinda Snodgrass, Bruce Sterling, Mark L. Van Name, Howard Waldrop,
Walter Jon Williams,
and many more!

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or call 512/453-2199 (before 10 p.m. Central).

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ArmadilloCon 14

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

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.)
Fanzine: *The Mad 3 Party* (Leslie Turek, ed.)
Fan Writer: Dave Langford
Fan Artist: Stu Shiffman
 Campbell Award: Kristine Kathryn Rusch

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 Las-kowski, 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

1991

Novel: *The Vor Game* by Lois McMaster Bujold
Novella: "The Hemingway Hoax" by Joe Haldeman
Novelette: "The Manamouki" by Mike

1989

Novel: *Cyteen* by C.J. Cherryh
Novella: "The Last of the Winnebagoes" by Connie Willis
Novelette: "Schrödinger's Kitten" by George Alec Effinger
Short Story: "Kirinyaga" by Mike Resnick
Non-Fiction Book: *The Motion of Light in Water* by Samuel R. Delany
Dramatic Presentation: *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*
Professional Editor: Gardner Dozois
Professional Artist: Michael Whelan
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

BECAUSE IT'S TIME

CALLAHAN'S PLACE
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1992 HUGO AWARD NOMINEES

BEST NOVEL

Lois McMaster Bujold, *Barrayer*, *Analog*, July-October 1991, Baen
Emma Bull, *Bone Dance*, Ace
Orson Scott Card, *Xenocide*, Tor
Anne McCaffrey, *All the Weyrs of Pern*, Bantam U.K., Del Rey
Michael Swanwick, *Stations of the Tide*, *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, Mid-December 1990-January 1991, Morrow
Joan D. Vinge, *The Summer Queen*, Warner Questar

BEST NOVELLA

Nancy Kress, "And Wild For To Hold," *What Might Have Been*, vol. 3: *Alternate Wars* (Bantam Spectra), *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, July 1991
Nancy Kress, *Beggars in Spain*, Axolotl Press, *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, April 1991
Kristine Kathryn Rusch, *The Gallery of His Dreams*, Axolotl Press, *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, September 1991
Michael Swanwick, *Griffin's Egg*, Legend U.K., St. Martin's
Connie Willis, "Jack," *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, October 1991

BEST NOVELETTE

Isaac Asimov, "Gold," *Analog*, September 1991
Pat Cadigan, "Dispatches from the Revolution," *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, July 1991
Ted Chiang, "Understand," *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, August 1991
Howard Waldrop, "Fin de Cycle," *Night of the Cooters* (Ursus Press), *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, Mid-December 1991
Connie Willis, "Miracle," *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, December 1991

BEST SHORT STORY

Terry Bisson, "Press Ann," *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, August 1991
John Kessel, "Buffalo," *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, January 1991, *Fires of the Past* (St. Martin's)
Geoffrey A. Landis, "A Walk in the Sun," *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, October 1991

Mike Resnick, "One Perfect Morning, With Jackals," *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, March 1991
Mike Resnick, "Winter Solstice," *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, October/November 1991
Martha Soukup, "Dog's Life," *Amazing*, March 1991
Connie Willis, "In the Late Cretaceous," *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, Mid-December 1991

BEST NON-FICTION BOOK

Charles Addams, *The World of Charles Addams*, Knopf
Everett Bleiler, *Science Fiction: The Early Years*, Kent State University Press
Jack L. Chalker and Mark Owings, *The Science-Fantasy Publishers: A Critical and Bibliographic History*, 3rd ed., Mirage Press
Jeanne Gomoll, Diane Martin et al., *The Bakery Men Don't See*, SF³
Stephen Jones, ed., *Clive Barker's Shadows in Eden*, Underwood-Miller

BEST ORIGINAL ARTWORK

Thomas Canty, cover of *White Mists of Power* (Roc Fantasy)
Bob Eggleton, cover of *Lunar Descent* (Ace)
Bob Eggleton, cover of *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, January 1991 (illustrating *Stations of the Tide*)
Don Maitz, cover of *Heavy Time* (Warner Questar)
Michael Whelan, cover of *The Summer Queen* (Warner Questar)

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

The Addams Family (Paramount)
Beauty and the Beast (Disney)
The Rocketeer (Disney)
Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country (Paramount)
Terminator 2 (Carolco)

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR

Ellen Datlow
Gardner Dozois
Edward L. Ferman
Kristine Kathryn Rusch
Stanley Schmidt

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

Thomas Canty
David Cherry
Bob Eggleton
Don Maitz
Michael Whelan

BEST SEMIPROZINE

Interzone, David Pringle (124 Osborne Road, Brighton
BN1 6LU, United Kingdom)
Locus, Charles N. Brown (P.O. Box 13305, Oakland,
California 94661)
New York Review of Science Fiction, David G. Hartwell,
Kathryn Kramer, Gordon van Gelder, Robert K.J.
Killheffer (P.O. Box 78, Pleasantville, New York
10570)
Pulphouse, Dean Wesley Smith (P.O. Box 1227, Eugene,
Oregon 97440)
Science Fiction Chronicle, Andrew I. Porter (P.O. Box
2730, Brooklyn, New York 11202)

BEST FANZINE

File 770, Mike Glycer (5828 Woodman Avenue, Apt. 2, Van
Nuys, California 91401)
FOSFAX, Timothy Lane and Janice Moore (c/o FOSFA,
P.O. Box 37281, Louisville, Kentucky 40233)
Lan's Lantern, George ("Lan") Laskowski (55 Valley
Way, Bloomfield Hills, Minnesota 48013)

Mimosa, Dick and Nicki Lynch (P.O. Box 1350, German-
town, Maryland 20875)
Trap Door, Robert Lichtman (P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen,
California 95442)

BEST FAN WRITER

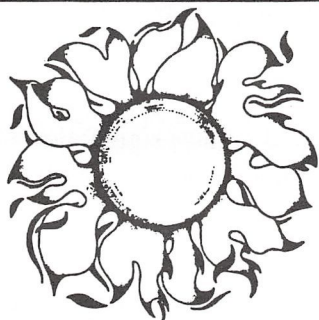
Avedon Carol
Mike Glycer
Andrew Hooper
Dave Langford
Evelyn Leeper
Harry Warner, Jr.

BEST FAN ARTIST

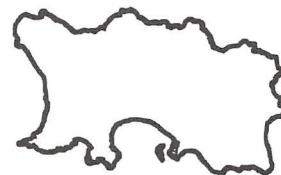
Brad Foster
Diana Harlan Stein
Teddy Harvia
Peggy Ranson
Stu Shiffman

**John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer (Not
a Hugo Award)**

Ted Chiang
Barbara Delaplace Greer
Ilene Gilman
Laura Resnick
Michelle Sagara



Helicon Jersey in '93



Helicon is the 1993 British National Science Fiction Convention and also the 1993 European SF Convention. It will take place over the Easter weekend of 8th to 12th April 1993 at the Hotel de France in St Helier, Jersey, Channel Islands, Great Britain. Our Guests of Honour are John Brunner and George R.R. Martin, with Fan Guest Larry van der Putte.

The British National SF Convention or "Eastercon" has been held every year since 1948. It normally attracts about 850 people, though as Helicon is the Eurocon we are expecting to get about 1250 people in 1993. Currently we are planning to have a play, masquerade, films, filking, games, banquet, book room, panels, debates, parties and much more. We are also hosting Smofcon 10 the week after Helicon. Attending membership is \$50 until December 1992 (we can accept dollar checks). Our postal address is: HELICON, 63 Drake Road, Chessington, Surrey, KT9 1LQ, UK

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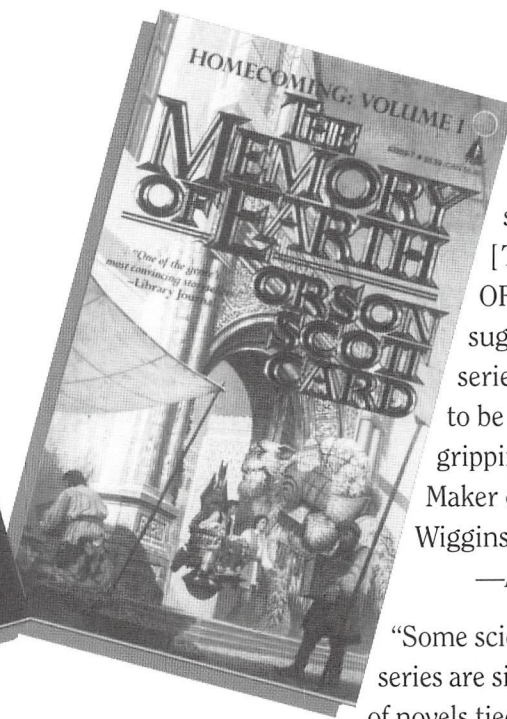
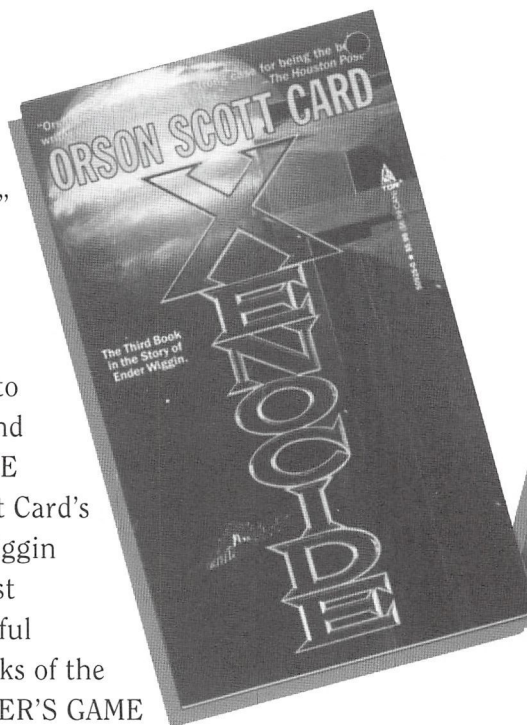
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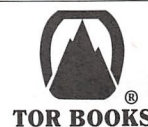
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WORLDCON HISTORY

The World Science Fiction Conventions from 1939 to 1994

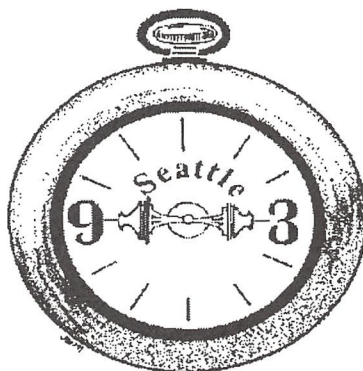
YEAR	NAME	CITY	SITE	GUESTS	CHAIR	ATTENDING
1939	Nycon I	New York	Caravan Hall	Frank R. Paul	Sam Moskowitz	200
1940	Chicon I	Chicago	Hotel Chicagoan	E.E. "Doc" Smith	Mark Reinsberg	128
1941	Denvention I	Denver	Shirley-Savoy Hotel	Robert A. Heinlein	Olon F. Wiggins	90
1946	Pacificon I	Los Angeles	Park View Manor	A.E. Van Vogt E. Mayne Hull	Walter J. Daugherty	130
1947	Philcon I	Philadelphia	Penn-Sheraton Hotel	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Milton Rothman	200
1948	Torcon I	Toronto	RAI 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	Nolacon I	New Orleans	St. Charles Hotel	Fritz Leiber	Harry B. Moore	190
1952	TASFI ²	Chicago	Hotel Morrison	Hugo Gernsback	Julian C. May	870
1953	11th Worldcon ³	Philadelphia	Bellevue-Stratford 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	Cleveland	Cleveland	Manger Hotel	Isaac Asimov (pro) Sam Moskowitz (mystery GoH)	Nick Falasca Noreen Falasca	380
1956	NEWYORCON ⁵	New York	Biltmore Hotel	Arthur C. Clarke	David A. Kyle	850
1957	Loncon I	London	King's Court Hotel	John W. Campbell, Jr.	Ted Carnell	268
1958	Solacon	South Gate ⁶	Alexandria Hotel	Richard Matheson	Anna S. 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	Chicon III	Chicago	Pick-Congress Hotel	Theodore Sturgeon	Earl Kemp	550
1963	Discon I	Washington D.C.	Statler-Hilton Hotel	Murray Leinster	George Scithers	600
1964	Pacificon II	Oakland	Hotel Leamington	Leigh Brackett (pro) Edmond Hamilton (pro) Forrest J. Ackerman (fan)	J. Ben Stark Al haLevy	523
1965	Loncon II	London	Mount Royal Hotel	Brian W. Aldiss	Ella Parker	350
1966	Tricon	Cleveland ⁷	Sheraton-Cleveland	L. Sprague de Camp	Ben Jason ⁷	850
1967	Nycon 3	New York	Statler-Hilton Hotel	Lester del Rey (pro) Bob Tucker (fan)	Ted White Dave Van Arnam	1500

WESTERCON

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MagiCon -- The 50th World Science Fiction Convention

1968	Baycon	Oakland	Hotel Claremont	Philip José 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 (Ger.) Elliot K. Shorter (fan)	Manfred Kage	620
1971	Noreascon I	Boston	Sheraton-Boston Hotel	Clifford D. Simak (pro) Harry Warner, Jr. (fan)	Tony Lewis	1600
1972	L.A.Con	Los Angeles	International Hotel	Frederik Pohl (pro) Buck & Juanita Coulson (fan)	Charles Crayne Bruce Pelz	2007
1973	Torcon 2	Toronto	Royal York Hotel	Robert Bloch (pro) William rotsler (fan)	John Millard	2900
1974	Discon II	Washington D.C.	Sheraton Park Hotel	Roger Zelazny (pro) Jay Kay Klein (fan)	Jay Haldeman Ron Bounds	3587
1975	Aussiecon One	Melbourne	Southern Cross Hotel	Ursula K. Le Guin (pro) Susan Wood (fan) Michael Glicksohn (fan) Donald Tuck (Australian)	Robin Johnson	606
1976	MidAmeriCon	Kansas City (MO)	Radisson Muehlebach 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	IguanaCon II⁹	Phoenix	Hyatt Regency & Adams Hotels, Phoenix Convention Center and Symphony Hall	Harlan Ellison (pro) Bill Bowers (fan)	Tim Kyger Gary Farber ¹⁰	4700
1979	Seacon '79	Brighton	Metropole Hotel	Brian Aldiss (UK) Fritz Leiber (US) Harry Bell (fan)	Peter Weston	3114
1980	Noreascon II	Boston	Sheraton-Boston Hotel and Hynes Civic Auditorium	Damon Knight (pro) Kate Wilhelm (pro) Bruce Pelz (fan)	Leslie Turek	5850
1981	Denvention Two	Denver	Denver Hilton Hotel	Clifford D. Simak (pro) C.L. moore (pro) Rusty Hevelin (fan)	Suzanne Carnival Don C. Thompson	3792
1982	Chicon IV	Chicago	Hyatt Regency Chicago	A. Bertram Chandler (pro) Frank Kelly Freas (pro) Lee Hoffman (fan)	Ross Pavlac Larry Propp	4275
1983	ConStellation	Baltimore	Baltimore Convention Centre	John Brunner (pro) David A. Kyle (fan)	Michael Walsh	6400
1984	L.A.con	Anaheim ¹¹	Anaheim Hilton & Towers & Convention Center	Gordon R. Dickson (pro) Dick Eney (fan)	Craig Miller Milt Stevens	8365
1985	Aussiecon Two	Melbourne	Southern Cross, Victoria and Sheraton Hotels	Gene Wolfe (pro) Ted White (fan)	David Grigg 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 Harryhusen (Film) Joyce & Ken Slater (fan) David Langford (special fan)	Malcolm Edwards	5300
1988	Nolacon II	New Orleans	Marriott, Sheraton and International Hotels	Donald A. Wollheim (pro) Roger Sims (fan)	John H. Guidry	5300



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MagiCon -- The 50th World Science Fiction Convention

1989	Noreascon III	Boston	Sheraton-Boston Hotel and Hynes Convention Center	Andre Norton (pro) Ian & Betty Ballantine (pro) The Stranger Club (fan)	Mark Olson	7700
1990	ConFiction	The Hague	Netherlands Congress Centre	Harry Harrison (pro) Wolfgang Jeschke (pro) Joe Haldeman (pro) Andrew Porter (fan)	Kees van Toorn	3582 ¹³
1991	Chicon V	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 Di Fate (pro) Walter A. Willis (fan)	Joe Siclari	???
1993	ConFrancisco	San Francisco	Moscone Convention Center, ANA Hotel, The Nikko	Larry Niven Alicia Austin Tom Digby Wombat (jan howard finder) Mark Twain (dead GoH)	David W. Clark ¹⁴	???
1994	Conadian	Winnipeg	Winnipeg Convention Centre	Anne McCaffrey (pro) George Barr (artist) Robert Runte (fan)	John Mansfield	???

¹ Officially only Secretary-Treasurer; Charles R. Tanner had the honorary title of Chairman.

² For "Tenth Anniversary Science Fiction Convention"; popularly known as Chicon II.

³ Popularly known as Philcon II.

⁴ Replaced James A. Williams as Chairman upon Williams' death.

⁵ Popularly known as Nycon II.

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 Iguanacon II because of a previous hoax.

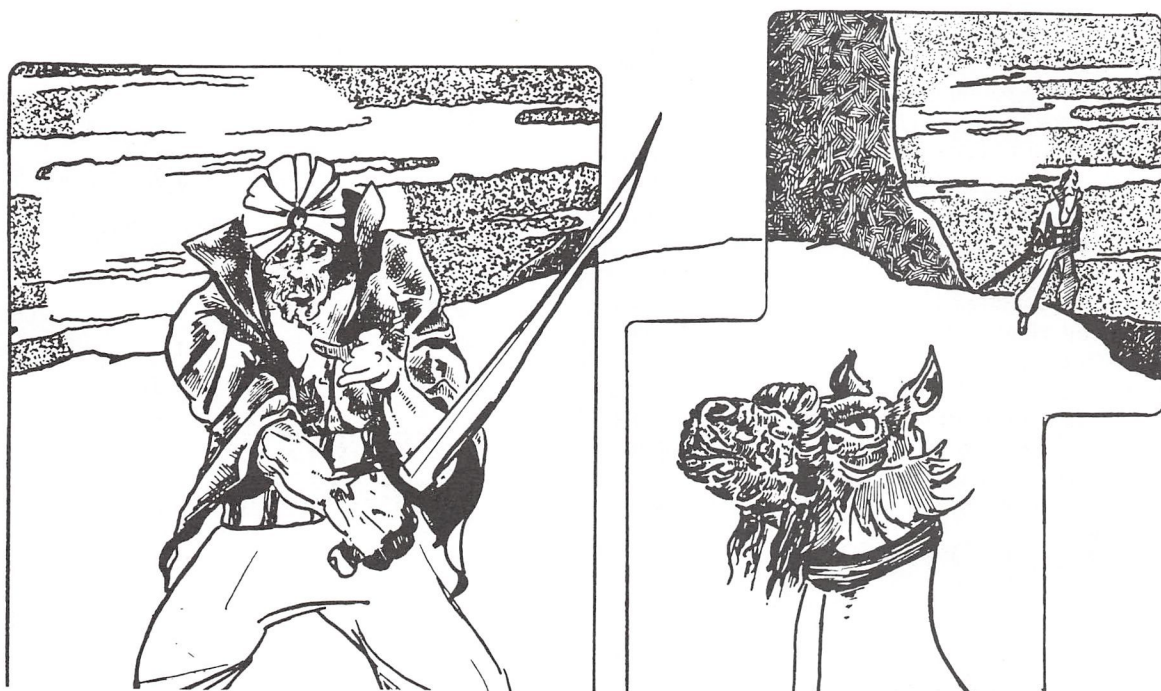
¹⁰ Belatedly recognized as Vice-Chair.

¹¹ Like South Gate, part of the greater Los Angeles area.

¹² Replaced John Foyster, who resigned for family reasons.

¹³ There is some question about this number, as some members were apparently counted twice. Source: Locus, Nov. 1990

¹⁴ Replaced Terry Bissel as Chairman upon Bissel's death.



Just what is this "Anime" stuff anyway?

Anime (pronounced "Annie-may") is simply the Japanese word for Animation. Unlike the United States, where Animation is mainly produced and watched by children, in Japan, Anime is created not just for children, but for adults as well. Walk into any Japanese video shop and you can find Animated examples of just about every genre you might be interested in; Science Fiction, Fantasy, Action-Adventure, Comedy, Horror, Sports, Martial Arts, and so on.

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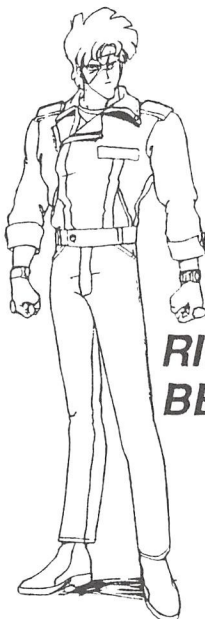


BUBBLEGUM
CRASH

Vampire Princess Miyu



KIMAGURE
ORANGE ROAD



**RIDING
BEAN**

**URUSEI
YATSURA**



Organization Of MagiCon, The 50th Worldcon

MagiCon's parent body, the Florida Association for Nucleation and Conventions, Inc. (FANAC), is a Florida not-for-profit corporation founded in early 1987. It continues as the policy-making body for MagiCon, though responsibility for day-to-day operations falls to the MagiCon Operational Board.

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Covert Beach

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Melva Bennett

James M. Dickey

Richard Wright

Mascot - Alexander Bennett

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Assistant - James M. Dickey

Ballot Design - Covert Beach

Tellers

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Roger Tener

Mascot - Sean Thomson

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Pre-Production Assistant - Ed Council

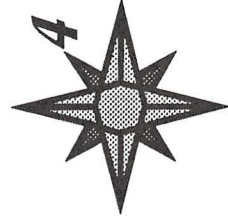
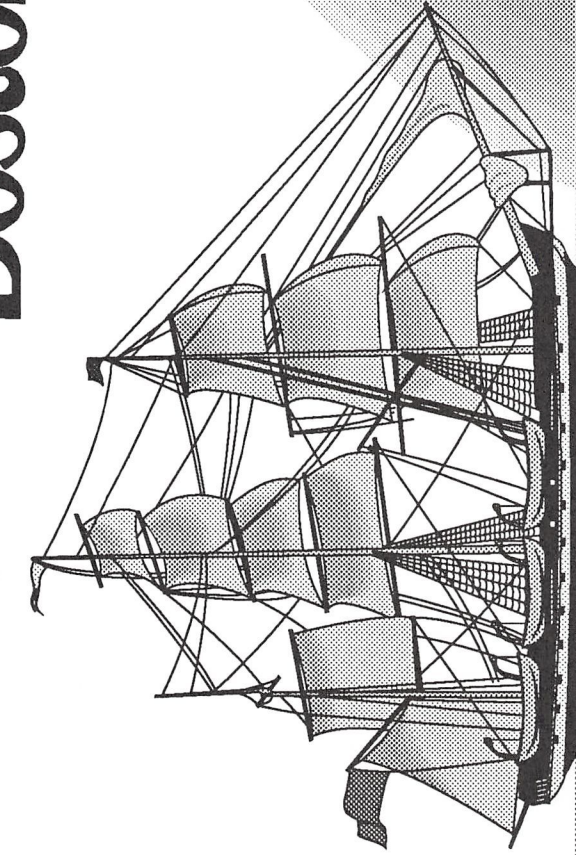
Hugo Ceremonies Department Head - Jill Eastlake

Deputy - Peggy Thokar

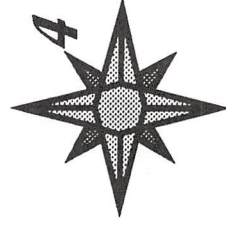
Slide Show - Scott Robinson, Sally Martin

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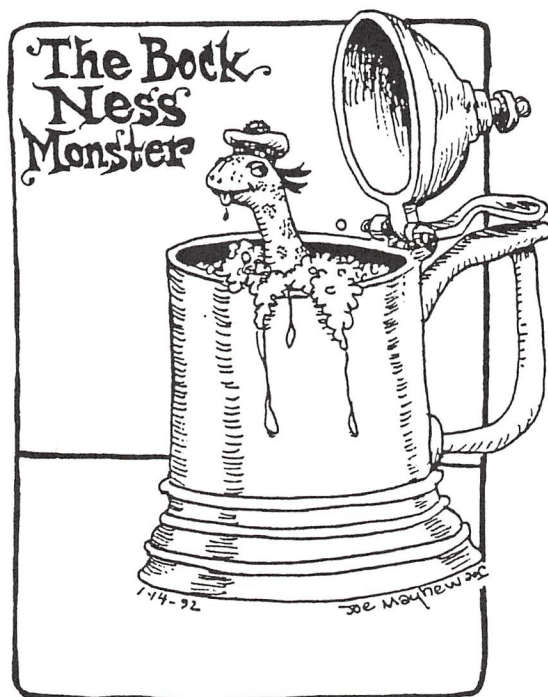
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Mary Ann Blanchard

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As with any staff listing, there will be people who give of their valuable time without receiving any recognition in return. The staff and members of MagiCon would therefore like to express their heartfelt thanks to those unsung volunteers for their contributions to MagiCon. Without their help, it would have been a poorer convention. Thank you all!

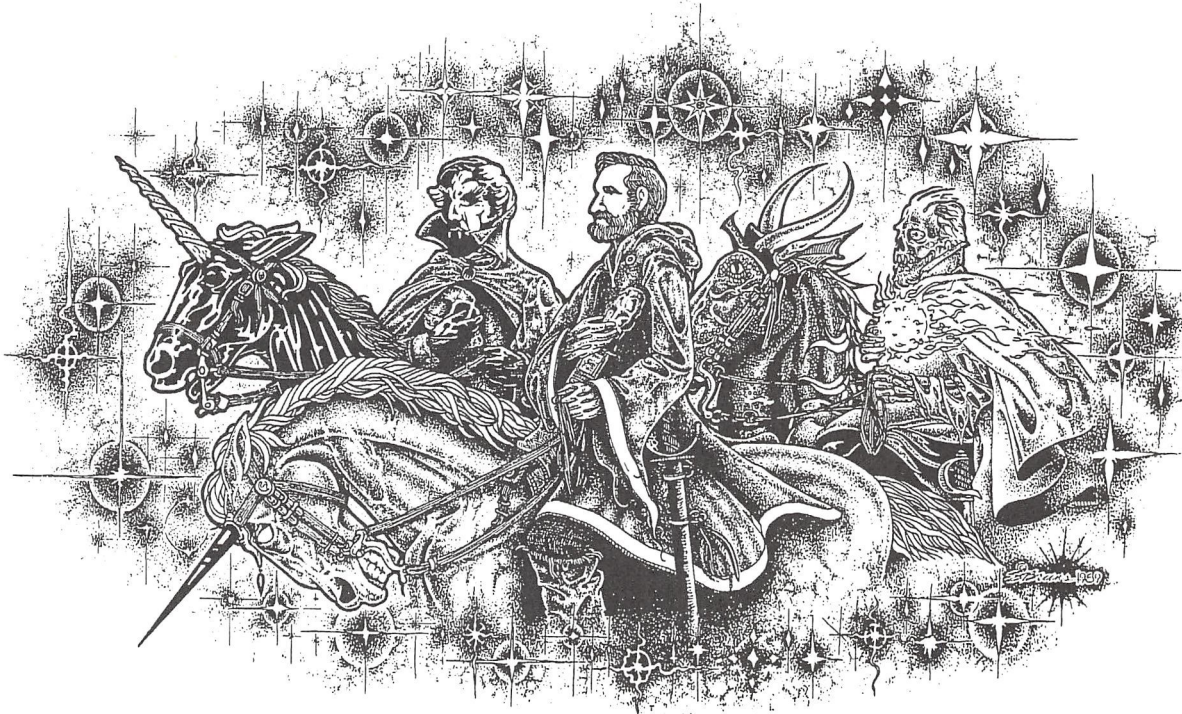


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All memberships for the 1992 World Fantasy Convention are \$100, and may be reserved by mailing a check payable to World Fantasy Convention '92 with the form below to P.O. Box 148, Clarkston, GA 30021-0148. Memberships will not be available at the convention.

DISCOUNT TRAVEL

Near historic Columbus, Georgia, Callaway Gardens is located only 60 miles from Atlanta's Hartsfield International Airport, providing direct air routes available to every major city in North America, Europe, and beyond. Delta Airlines, in cooperation with the 1992 World Fantasy Convention, is offering special rates which afford a 5% discount of Delta's published round-trip fares or a 40% discount off Delta's unrestricted round-trip coach rates. Call United Travel at 1-800-476-5574 and ask for the 1992 World Fantasy Convention Travel Coordinator.

Discount transportation to Callaway Gardens has been arranged through Gray Line Luxury Coaches, Peach State Limousine, and Hertz Car Rental. Or, fly in a private chartered jet from Atlanta's Hartsfield Airport to Callaway Gardens' own Harris County Airport through Dash Air Charter. Additional transportation info and rates will be listed in upcoming Progress Reports.

World Fantasy Convention 1992 Registration

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_____ Supporting Memberships: \$50 each

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DEALERS ROOM

Our Dealer's Room will feature approximately 65 six-foot tables of the best and foremost high and dark fantasy merchandise (books, magazines, and printed art). Load-in will be available both Thursday evening and Friday morning. Dealer tables are \$125 each, and must be reserved with at least one 1992 World Fantasy Convention Membership. Our Dealer's Room Director is Pat Henry. He can be reached at (404) 996-9129 during normal business hours (EST). Checks (made payable to World Fantasy Convention 1992) for Dealer Tables and Dealer Memberships should be sent to: Pat Henry, Titan Games and Comics, 5436 Riverdale Rd., College Park, GA 30349.

ART SHOW and PRINT SHOP

The Art Show and Print Shop areas encompass a total of nearly 5,000 sq. ft. of convention space. The ceilings are 9' to 15' in height with good, diffused lighting. There will be approximately 175 4' x 4' panels available for hanging 2-D art with additional tables for 3-D art. No mail-in artwork will be accepted. A Print Shop will also be available to those artists participating in the Art Show. Our Art Show Directors are Stan and Nancy Bruns.

The 1992 World Fantasy Convention Art Show is juried; all interested artists must submit a minimum of 3 slides (or other representative samples) of their work. The deadline for all jury submissions is August 15th, 1992. However, since jurying will be done as submissions are received, artists are encouraged to send their samples as early as possible. Due to limited space, panels and tables are reserved first come, first served based on receipt of Art Show fees and Artist Memberships. Send an SASE for complete Art Show rules; be sure to include an SASE with jury submissions.

A 5% commission is taken for Art Show sales; a 15% commission is taken for Print Shop sales. 4' x 4' pegboard panels are \$35; each additional panel is \$20 (limit 3 total). 30" x 6' tables are \$35; each additional table is \$20 (limit 2 total). Checks (made payable to World Fantasy Convention 1992) for Art Show fees and Artist Memberships should be sent to: Stan and Nancy Bruns, 4944 Lower Roswell Road, Suite 185, Marietta, GA 30068.

ADVERTISING RATES

Ad Rates for all Progress Reports will be \$75 for a full page (5" x 8"). Ad Rates for the Convention Program will be \$195 for a full page (7.5" x 10"), \$125 for a half-page ad (7.5" x 5"), and \$75 for a quarter-page ad (3.5" x 5"); an additional hardbound and slipcased 1992 Souvenir Book given to all World Fantasy Convention members will include no advertising. These dimensions include borders, and all ads must be camera-ready; half-tones should be produced using an 85-line screen. Inquire for color full and spot color ads, and inside front and back cover availability for the Convention Program.

	Cutoff	Run Size	Published
PR #3	8/1/92	2,000	8/15/92
Program	8/15/92	1,200	9/29/92

WORLD FANTASY CONTACTS

Richard Gilliam and Ed Kramer will chair the 1992 World Fantasy Convention. Write to us at: World Fantasy Convention 1992, Box 148, Clarkston, Georgia, 30021-0148.

Richard Gilliam can be reached at 813-441-1360 [voice], 813-447-1368 [FAX], or on GENie as R.GILLIAM3. Ed Kramer can be reached at 404-921-7148 [voice], 404-925-2813 [FAX], or on GENie as E.KRAMER5.

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CONSTITUTION

of the World Science Fiction Society

January 1992

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 Science Fiction Achievement Awards (the Hugo 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. 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," "Science Fiction Achievement Award," 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 regard 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 — Science Fiction Achievement Awards (the Hugo Awards)

Section 2.1: Selection of the Science Fiction Achievement Awards, known as the Hugo Awards, shall be made as follows in the subsequent Sections of this Article.

Section 2.2.1: 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 in the year in which it is first issued in English translation. A story, once it has appeared in English, may thus be eligible only once. Publication date, or cover date in the case of a dated periodical, takes precedence over copyright date. A serial takes its appearance to be the date of the last installment. Individual stories appearing as a series are eligible only as individual stories and are not eligible taken together under the title of the series. An author may withdraw a version of a work from consideration if the author feels that the version is not representative of what said author wrote. The Worldcon Committee may relocate a story into a more appropriate category if it feels that it is necessary, provided that the story is within five thousand (5,000) words of the new category limits.

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 or 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.

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 Science Fiction Achievement Awards, or 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 is less than twenty-five percent (25%) of the total number of final Award ballots (excluding those cast for No Award) 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 31st of the current calendar year shall be allowed to make five (5) equally weighted nominations in every category. Nominations shall be solicited for, and the final Award ballot shall list, only the Hugo Awards and the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for Best New Writer. Assignment to the proper category of nominees nominated in more than one category, and eligibility of nominees, shall be determined by the Worldcon Committee. No nominee shall appear on the final Award ballot if it received fewer nominations than the lesser of either: five percent (5%) of the number of nomination ballots cast in that category, or the number of nominations received by the third-place nominee in that category.

Section 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.

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: 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 ballot ing, 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. Only natural persons shall be allowed to cast site-selection ballots for other than "No Preference," and no individual shall cast more than one such ballot. (This shall not be interpreted to prohibit delivery of ballots cast by other eligible voters.) "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. 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. The aforementioned rules and agreements, along with an announcement of intent to bid, must be filed with the Committee that will administer the voting no later than the close of the previous Worldcon for a Worldcon bid, and as set by the administering convention but no earlier than the close of the corresponding Worldcon voting for a prospective NASFiC bid.

Section 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 and provinces 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 and provinces 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 and provinces 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 then-current Worldcon, if there is no NASFiC following the Worldcon that year, or by the NASFiC, if there is one following the Worldcon, with ballots cast at the administering convention and

with only members of the administering convention allowed to vote.

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: 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 member ships 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 4.4.1: The Mark Protection Committee shall be responsible for registration and protection of the marks used by or under the authority of WSFS.

4.4.2: 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.

4.4.3: There will be a meeting of the Mark Protection Committee at each Worldcon, at a time and place announced at the Business Meeting.

4.4.4: The Mark Protection Committee shall determine and elect its own officers.

Section 4.5: 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.

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: 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 5.3: 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 5.4: The Constitution of WSFS, together with an explanation of proposed changes approved but not yet ratified, and the Standing Rules shall be printed by the current Worldcon Committee, distributed with the Hugo nomination ballots, and distributed to all WSFS members in attendance at the Worldcon upon registration.

[Note: Sections of the Constitution were extensively renumbered by the Secretary of the 1991 Business Meeting under the authority of Standing Rule 16.]

Standing Rules for the Governance of the World Science Fiction Society Business Meeting

Rule 1: Business of the Annual Meeting of the World Science Fiction Society shall be transacted in one or more sessions called Preliminary Business Meetings and one or more Main Business Meetings. The first session shall be designated as a Preliminary Business Meeting. At least eighteen (18) hours shall elapse between the final Preliminary Business Meeting and the one or more Main Business Meetings. One Business Meeting session shall also be designated the Site-Selection Meeting where site-selection business shall be the special order of business.

Rule 2: The Preliminary Business Meetings may not pass, reject, or ratify amendments to the Constitution, but the motions to "object to consideration," to "table," to "divide the question," to "postpone" to a later part of the Preliminary Business Meetings, and to "refer" to a committee to report later in the same Annual Business Meeting are in order when allowed by *Robert's Rules*. The Preliminary Business Meetings may alter or suspend any of the rules of debate included in these Standing Rules. Motions may be amended or consolidated at these Meetings with the consent of the original maker. Absence from these Meetings of the original maker shall constitute consent to amendment and to such interpretations of the intent of the motion as the Presiding Officer or the Parliamentarian may in good faith attempt.

Rule 3: 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, a nominee must, before the end of the last Preliminary Business Meeting, submit to the Presiding Officer, in writing, their consent and place of residence.

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 place of residence before the ballots are collected shall be ignored. The ballot shall list, with each nominee, their place of residence and shall omit all nominees who can not be elected due to the 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 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 his opinion of the effect of a motion or for his guidance as to the correct procedure to follow. Attempts to circumvent the rules of debate under the guise of "points of information" or "points of order" will be dealt with as "dilatory motions" as specified in *Robert's Rules of Order, Newly Revised*.

Rule 16: Citations to Articles, Sections, or specific sentences of the Society Constitution or Standing Rules are for the sake of easy reference only. They do not form a part of the substantive area of a motion. Correct enumeration of Articles, Sections, and Rules and correct insertions and deletions will be provided by the Secretary of the Business Meeting when the Constitution and Standing Rules are certified to the next Worldcon. Therefore, motions from the floor to renumber or correct citations will not be in order. 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

MidAtlanticon

Many people seem to have given up on a N.Y. Worldcon. After past disappointments, many N.Y. fans feel all "bid out." And the result is that it's been a quarter of a century since fandom experienced a N.Y. Worldcon.

It's time to change all that--just look at the '98 candidates:



NEW YORK

With the Hilton and Sheraton Centre, 2,500 blockable rooms on two adjacent city blocks--hundreds more on immediately surrounding blocks.

Radio City Music Hall--a convenient possibility for Hugos and Masquerade.

The city that INVENTED Worldcon and for which it was invented. Center of the publishing industry and art world.

BALTIMORE

Lots of bridges to walk--think of the exercise!

You can't tour McCormick/Sp ...
no, it got torn down.

Blah, blah, blah, fiscal responsibility.



NIAGARA FALLS

Look at the pretty waterfall!

BOSTON

Got your T-token?

Has SMOF's famous for their nine-year itch!

We couldn't list all of New York's attractions on a single page. There may never be another Nycon--but for the best 1998 Worldcon--let it be MidAtlanticon!

(First we got it UPSIDE DOWN, then we got it BACKWARDS, this time we got it RIGHT . . .)

New York in '98!

487 East Main Street, Suite 285
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Presupporting membership: \$6.00

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 a motion from the floor of any Business Meeting made by any WSFS member and adopted by 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.

Business Passed On to MagiCon

Items 1 through 9 below have been given first passage, and will become part of the Constitution if ratified at MagiCon.

Item 1: Short Title: Counting of "No Award"

MOVED, to amend the WSFS Constitution by (1) adding the following paragraph to Section 2.9:

'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 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) adding the following to the end of the fifth sentence of Section 3.4:

'and shall be the equivalent of "No Award" with respect to Section 2.9.'

The above ignores ballots which list neither the tentative winner nor "No Award" and treats those who vote for only one of those two as voting for the other below the one they voted for. It then gives the award to "No Award" if more people vote "No Award" higher than the tentative winner.

Item 2: Short Title: Splitting Distribution of the Hugo Rules from Pending Business

MOVED, to amend the WSFS Constitution by (1) replacing Section 5.4 with the following:

'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.'

(2) adding the following after the first sentence in Section 2.6:

'The Committee shall include with each nomination ballot a copy of Article 2 of the WSFS Constitution.'

A timely distribution of the Hugo nominations ballot at the beginning of the year should increase participation in the nomination process. The Constitution currently requires that the entire Constitution be distributed with the nomination ballot. If a Progress Report happens to be scheduled at the beginning of the year, this is no problem, but if the Worldcon committee wants to do a first-class mailing of the ballot, this requirement may add significant cost, since the inclusion of the entire Constitution can push the weight of

the mailing above an ounce. Also, printing and collating loose sheets is often more expensive than including them in a PR. This motion retains the requirement that both the Constitution and the Hugo nomination ballot be mailed to all members, but permits the Worldcon committee to server their distribution when appropriate.

Item 3: Short Title: Calling the Hugo Award the Hugo Award

MOVED, to amend the WSFS Constitution as follows:

(1) change Paragraph 1.2.1 to read: 'To choose the recipients of the annual Hugo Awards.'

(2) in Section 1.7, omit the words: 'Science Fiction Achievement Award.'

(3) change the title of Article 2 to: 'Hugo Award'

(4) change Section 2.1 to read: 'Selection of the Hugo Awards shall be made as provided in this Article.'

(5) change the last sentence of Paragraph 2.2.14 to read: 'Awards created under this paragraph shall be considered to be Hugo Awards.'

This motion would replace the remainder of the usages of "Science Fiction Achievement Award" in the WSFS Constitution with "Hugo Award". WSFS's awards are known universally by the name "Hugo Awards" except in about half of the WSFS Constitution, where the term "Science Fiction Achievement Award" is used. (The rest of the WSFS Constitution also calls them simply the "Hugo Awards".) The term "Science Fiction Achievement Award" has neither current nor historical significance, nor have we been able to gain service mark protection for the term, as it is deemed to be merely descriptive.

Item 4: Short Title: Electronic Fanwriting Hugo Eligibility

MOVED, to amend Paragraph 2.2.12 of the WSFS Constitution by adding the words "or in generally available electronic media."

This would make eligible fanwriters whose work appeared not only in fanzines or semiprozines, but would expand it to include fanwriting that had appeared in the electronic media, including the Internet, USENET, and pay services such as CompuServe, GENie, and Prodigy.

Item 5: Short Title: Constitution Passalong Requirement

MOVED, to amend Section 5.4 of the WSFS Constitution by adding the following sentence:

'Within two (2) months after the end of each Worldcon, the Committee shall send a copy of all changes to the Constitution and Standing Rules, and all items awaiting ratification, to the next Worldcon Committee.'

This gives a deadline for the information that the next committee needs if they are to follow the rest of the requirements in this Section.

Item 6: Short Title: Anti-Lame Duck Amendment

MOVED, to amend Paragraph 4.4.3 of the WSFS Constitution by inserting the following words after "Worldcon": 'after the end of the Business Meeting'.

It is desired to have a Mark Protection Committee meeting shortly after the new members are elected and a representative from the newly chosen Worldcon (and NASFiC, if any) committees are named, when all or most are likely to be present.

Item 7: Short Title: Clarifying "No Award" Tallying

MOVED, to amend Section 2.5 of the WSFS Constitution by deleting the words "(excluding those cast for No Award)" and inserting after the word "category" in the last sentence the following words: '(excluding those cast for No Award in first

place)'.

Ensures that no award will be given if no real candidate exceeds 25% but first-place votes for No Award do exceed 25%.

Item 8: Short Title: Natural Person Amendment

MOVED, to amend the WSFS Constitution as follows:

- (1) delete the second and third sentences in Section 3.2 (the second of the two deleted sentences is parenthesized);
- (2) add the following section to Article 4:

'In 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.'

An amendment ratified in 1991 restricts site-selection balloting, in general, to natural persons. This amendment would extend the same requirement to the Hugo Awards and WSFS Business Meeting as well. A general rules should be stated in a general manner, rather than as a series of exceptions to a specific rule. This proposal would restrict all WSFS business (not merely items on an enumerate list) to natural persons, but would allow exceptions if listed in the Constitution. It would preserve the exception already adopted for "No Preference" site-selection balloting.

Item 9: Short Title: Bid Notification Deadline

MOVED, to amend Section 3.5 of the WSFS Constitution by substituting "180 days prior to the official opening of the administering Worldcon" for "the close of the previous Worldcon"

Allows about half a year of additional time for a prospective Worldcon bidding committee to register its bid with the administering convention.

Item 10: Report of the WSFS Mark Protection Committee

See the World Science Fiction Society Constitution Sections 4.3 and 4.4.

Officers: Donald Eastlake (Chairman), Scott Dennis (Treasurer), George Flynn (Secretary)

Membership: elected until MagiCon: Tim Illingworth, Fran Skene, Bruce Pelz; elected until ConFrancisco: Kent Bloom, Stephen Boucher, Sue Francis; elected until Conadian: Scott Dennis, Donald Eastlake, Ben Yalow; Worldcon appointees: Morris Keesan (ConFiction), Ross Pavlac (Chicon V), Tom Veal (MagiCon), vacant (ConFrancisco), vacant (Conadian); NASFiC appointees: Sean McCoy (ConDiego).

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 11: 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 Meetings 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.

Email: dee@ranger.enet.dec.com

Item 12: Worldcon Reports

Items 12.A through 12.E can occur at any session of the Business Meeting.

Items 12.F through 12.I will be at the Site Selection session.

12.A Financial report by ConFiction.

12.B Financial report by Chicon V.

12.C Financial report by MagiCon.

12.D Financial report by ConFrancisco (may be combined with 12.G).

12.E Financial report by Conadian (may be combined with 12.H).

12.F Report of the 1995 site selection and presentation by the winner.

12.G Presentation by, and Question Time for, ConFrancisco.

12.H Presentation by, and Question Time for, Conadian.

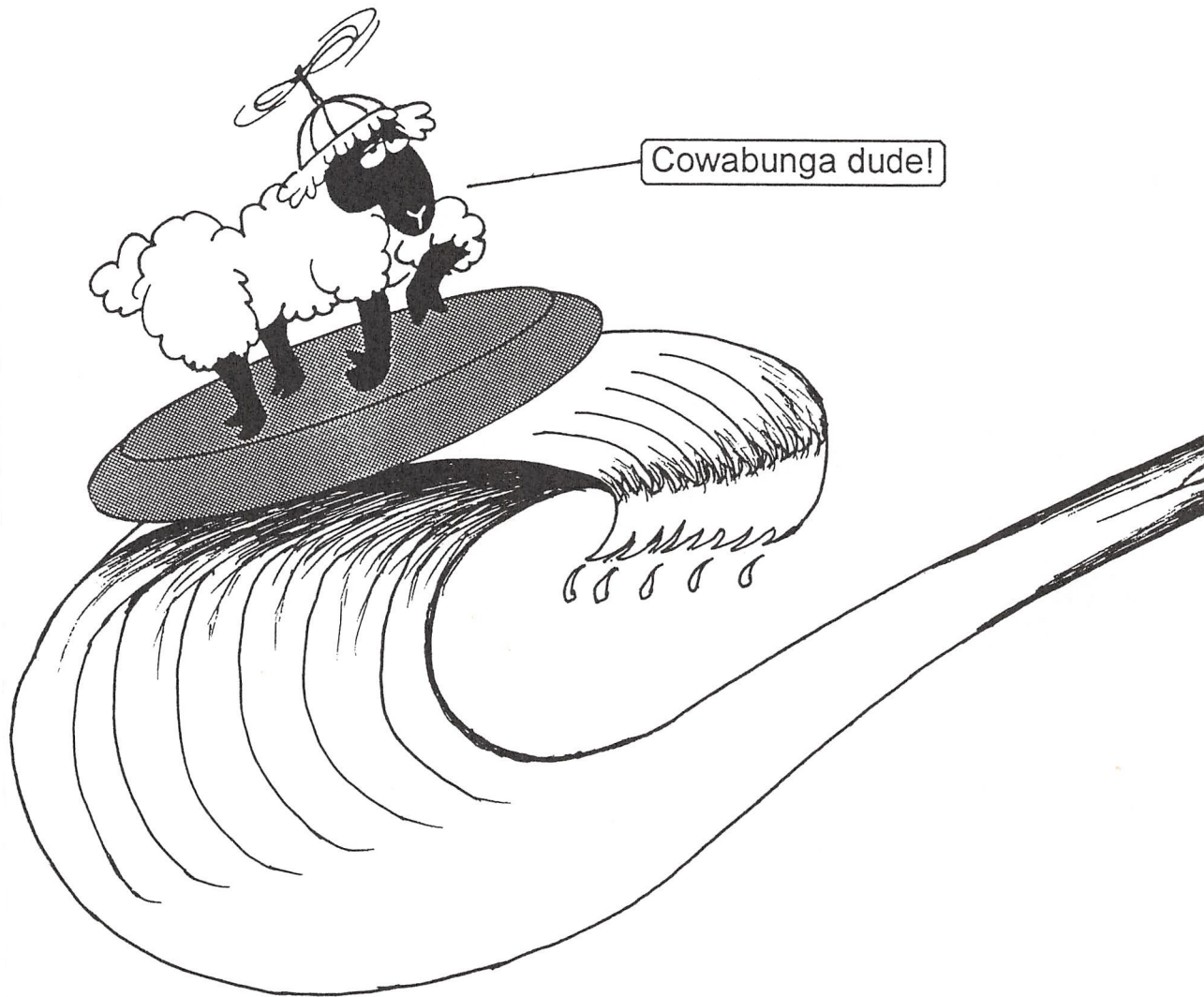
12.I Presentation by 1996 candidates (time permitting).



Members of MagiCon, the 50th Worldcon

- 4076 A Aaron Katherine M
1401 A Aaron Sally
4521 A Abaris Cezarjia
3156 A Abbe John
5849 A Abbott Deborah Ann
3850 A Abbott Michael
2378 A Abelkis Paul K
462 A Abend Gail S
3165 A Ableman Alice
1916 A Abraham Saul D
3223 A Abrahams Fern R
5538 A Abram Steven R
2106 A Abramowitz Alyson L
5325 C Absous Kyle
5326 A Absous Lorenda L
5327 A Absous Mark A
4942 A Achenbach Florence
5880 A Ackerman Charles
844 A Ackerman Eve
2379 S Ackroyd Justin
5492 A Acord Mike
5493 A Acord Sue
5437 A Adachi Hirofumi
5552 A Adamic Catherine
5553 A Adamic Margaret
4682 A Adams Bruce
2380 A Adams Carol
440 A Adams Frank
4603 A Adams Jeff
4822 A Adams 3rd Roe R
1625 A Adams Winalee
3857 A Addicks Betty
4841 A Addicks Patricia
3858 A Addicks Peter
3859 A Addicks Jr Peter
1045 A Adler Adina
487 A Agin Gary P
5667 A Ahlers John
2369 A Ahlers Michael
630 A Ahsh F L
4710 A Aiken Crystal
4484 A Aiken Fred A
4483 A Aiken Nanette Ann
373 A Aines Steve R
4159 A Aiola Josephine
5055 A Akutsu Toru
3394 A Albasi Gloria Lucia
645 A Alderson Julie
5801 A Aldridge Ray
5969 A Alexander David M
5503 A Alexander Wendy
5962 A Alford Lynn J
5486 A Allen Carolyn
3245 A Allen Melissa
4854 A Allen Michael
1962 A Allen Robert
5860 A Allen Roger MacBride
5485 A Allen Sarah
3246 A Allen Shawn
1779 A Allen Wendy
4165 A Allison Susan
810 A Almand Pamela Forrester
566 A Alschuler Matthew B
5881 A Altholz Rochel
348 A Alves Carol Ann Owings
347 A Alves James W
188 A Alvord J Clinton
4708 A Ambos Marilyn
5383 S Ameen Jr William O
- 4671 A Ameringen Brian
5313 A Amick Dianne
3796 A Amitrano Andrea
5722 A Anakin Darina
2353 A Anda A A
2382 A Anderson Betty
2383 A Anderson Claire
2384 A Anderson Dave
5752 A Anderson David Lee
2385 A Anderson Gary
2107 A Anderson Howard
2386 A Anderson Janet Wilson
5251 A Anderson Kevin J
2387 A Anderson Lynn C
3610 S Anderson Patricia
5252 A Anderson Rebecca M
2388 A Anderson Sandra
1902 A Anderson Sue
5743 A Andrade Sergio J
5064 A Andreu-Custodio Jose Raul
2389 S Andrew Douglas S
5444 A Andrew Jacky
1261 A Andrews Arlan
2390 A Andrews Craig K
1226 A Andrews John C
1260 A Andrews Joyce S
6028 A Andricopulos Paul
3261 A Andruktis Ronald
1308 S Andruschak Harry
3875 A Angulo Karen
5091 A Annamanthadoo Valmiki
3777 A Annas John
2448 A Antczak Steve
5168 A Anthony Mary Ann
5744 A Anthony Patricia
231 A Anthony Piers
3434 A Anthony Piers g1
3435 A Anthony Piers g2
4003 A Anway-Wiese Carol
5601 A Apeit Ted
4619 A Appel Chris
2391 S Appelbaum Jan
4830 A Appelboom Letty
6042 A Appleton Joan
5805 A Ard John
4585 A Argabright David
3811 A Arias Richard
3812 A Arias Rose
2392 S Armstrong Robert C
5895 A Arnold Jr Byrle R
1931 A Arnold Paul
5104 A Arnould Douglas
5842 A Aronica Lou
2393 A Aronovitz David
2394 A Aronovitz Nancy
1146 A Aronson Casceil Medlin
5344 C Aronson Jenny
2395 A Aronson Lynne
2396 A Aronson Mark J
2354 A Aronson Peter
4207 A Arquilla Mike
4859 A Arteaga Donna M
4740 A Arthur Bobbi
5459 A Ashby Elaine A
3561 K Asher Carol
2397 A Asher Jana Lynn
3558 A Asher II Phillip G
3560 K Asher III Phillip
- 3559 A Asher Shawn P
5184 C Ashton Celia
4560 A Ashton Lisa A
4561 A Ashton Robert
5185 C Ashton Thomas
4735 A Askew Rick
2398 A Aspler Joseph
2293 A Asplund-Faith Melody
2301 A Asplund-Faith Randy
2206 A Asscherick Agnes Marie
2207 A Asscherick Odie
5352 A Asselstine Gary
5398 A Atchison William M
165 A Atherton Nancy T
3727 A Attiya Barbara Cook
3726 A Attiya Yoel
3206 A Atwood Bonnie
3207 A Atwood Deb
3205 A Atwood Ted
5844 A Aubrecht Gordon
588 A Audin Judy
3452 A Audin Rodney
5660 A Auditore Pam
2371 A Auerbach Roy
3848 S Augustynowicz Jan Soederberg
2399 S Aul Billie
2400 C Ault Blair
2401 A Ault Russell
5754 A Austin A J
2402 A Austin Alicia
3773 A Austin Kevin
4694 A Austin Margaret
4539 A Avary Beth
1047 A Avery B Shirley
4808 A Aviva
1543 A Axler David M
4834 A Ay John M
3395 A Aylott Chris
5489 A Azar Rosana
6004 A Azaroff Richard G
3501 A Babcock Kelly
5925 S Babich Karen
2362 A Bacharach William H
4323 A Bacharach William H g1
4662 A Backman Charles
4861 A Bacon Phyrne
3303 A Baddorf Debra
5488 A Badini L James
3536 A Baen Jim
3135 C Bailey Aubrey
3136 C Bailey Baby Boy
3134 C Bailey Bryn
3137 C Bailey Devin
5638 A Bailey Glen
1215 A Bailey Kathleen
1395 A Bailey Kevin
5905 A Bailey Malinda L
1860 A Bailey Mark W
1574 A Bailey Vanessa
1861 A Bailey-Mathews Alexander I
4061 A Bak Doug
5791 A Baker Amanda
3358 A Baker Irwin
4745 A Baker Larry H
4357 A Baker Millie
1907 A Balazs Frank
- 4977 A Balcom Cynthia A
2357 A Balderston Betsy
577 S Baldwin John Thomas
5202 A Balen Henry
3782 A Ballard Nikki
2246 A Balter Gerri
391 A Bambrough Brian
4508 A Banbury Michael A
2403 A Bane John R
3947 C Bane Pallas Alexandra
2404 A Bane Rene P S
1141 A Bangs Mari
5214 A Bantam Books Guest of gl
3273 A Bantz Bruce
2405 A Bantz Jonni
2406 A Bara David E
2228 A Barber Tara Edwards
2229 A Barber Thomas
4384 A Barbera George C
2407 A Barbour Garth
2408 S Barcelo Miquel
3705 A Bard Barry L
4596 A Bard Stephen
255 A Baric Walter H
5953 A Bark John
5852 A Barkley C M
5995 A Barkocy Muffy
1865 A Barnard Jean Lynn
5018 S Barnardi Michael
2409 A Barnea Eyal
5610 A Barnes Clifford
1389 A Barnes Jeffrey C
1638 A Barnes Pamela
3182 A Barnett Bruce B
4064 A Barnett Kim
5680 A Barnett Lisa A
6056 A Barnett Noralie C
1366 A Barnhard Gary
1367 A Barnhard Judy
3516 C Barnhard Katherine
6008 A Barnum Susan
5113 A Barranco Aurelio
1338 A Barrett Sean D
3506 A Barrett Stephanie C
2410 A Barrett Susan T
4171 A Barrows-Kukalis Allison
4642 A Barta Barry D
4643 A Barta Carolyn R
4086 A Bartlett Jena L
2411 A Bartlett Richard E
5589 A Bartlett Steven
1134 A Bartlett-Sloan Kirby
1135 A Bartlett-Sloan Marie L
5451 A Bartley Doug
2247 A Barton Adrain
5377 A Barton Andrew
2412 A Barton Janora Lee
2413 A Barton Keith Eric
2414 A Bartter Martha A
2415 A Bartucci Catherine
2416 A Bartucci Richard
2417 A Barwood Lee
1462 A Baskins Marg
2418 A Bastien Jean-Pierre
2212 A Batdorff Karl F
1042 A Bateman Gary
1839 A Bateman James A
731 A Bates Michael
- 2248 A Batho Graeme
5745 A Batson Allen
5746 A Batson Barbara
299 A Baty Kurt
3793 A Baugh Michael
3794 A Baugh Susan
4837 A Bautista Dr Dimas
2359 A Baxter James
5019 S Baynes Stephen
2109 A Bazemore Robert
2046 A Beach Covert
6029 A Beall Bonny L
2420 A Bean Paul
5718 S Beare Stephen
3454 C Beasley Evan Luckett
2421 A Beasley Sally
5318 C Beason Amanda
5319 A Beason Cindy
5320 A Beason Doug
2422 A Beathan Howard G
207 A Beauregard Edward
4715 A Beck Christine
4716 A Beck Patricia
4531 A Becker Tom
3921 A Beckley Laurel
3621 A Beckmann Frank
2208 A Beckwith George J
3478 C Beckwith George R
2209 A Beckwith Tammy
2159 A Bedard Valerie
5984 A Beeler Elaine
2423 A Beers Jinx
5095 A Beese John R
797 A Beese P J
798 A Beese Robert
1917 A Behl-Abraham Jo Ann
1594 A Behnke Jim
5517 S Behrend Arno
4931 S Behrnes Jeffrey
4914 A Bein Janet
1798 A Beirne Michael G
4796 A Belfiore Jr James S
5854 S Belknap Jim D
4045 A Bell Bernard James
5067 A Bell Christopher T
3480 C Bell Helen Kathleen
1641 A Bell J D
3479 C Bell Kelby Diane
3481 C Bell Mary Elizabeth
3210 A Bell Richard
1642 A Bell Yvonne
1254 A Bellmore Brett
1572 A Belton Joanne
24 A Bemis Judy
1163 A Bender Jan
3227 A Benedict Matthew
4546 A Bengels Barbara
4547 A Bengels Dennis A
4548 C Bengels Jessica
2425 A Benitz Chris
990 C Bennett Alexander
175 A Bennett Gail S
991 A Bennett Greg
2013 A Bennett J David
2014 A Bennett Linda Lee
992 A Bennett Melva
3393 A Bennett Scott J
4879 A Bennett Tim
789 A Bentley Alice

ATLANTA in '95 - To boldly go



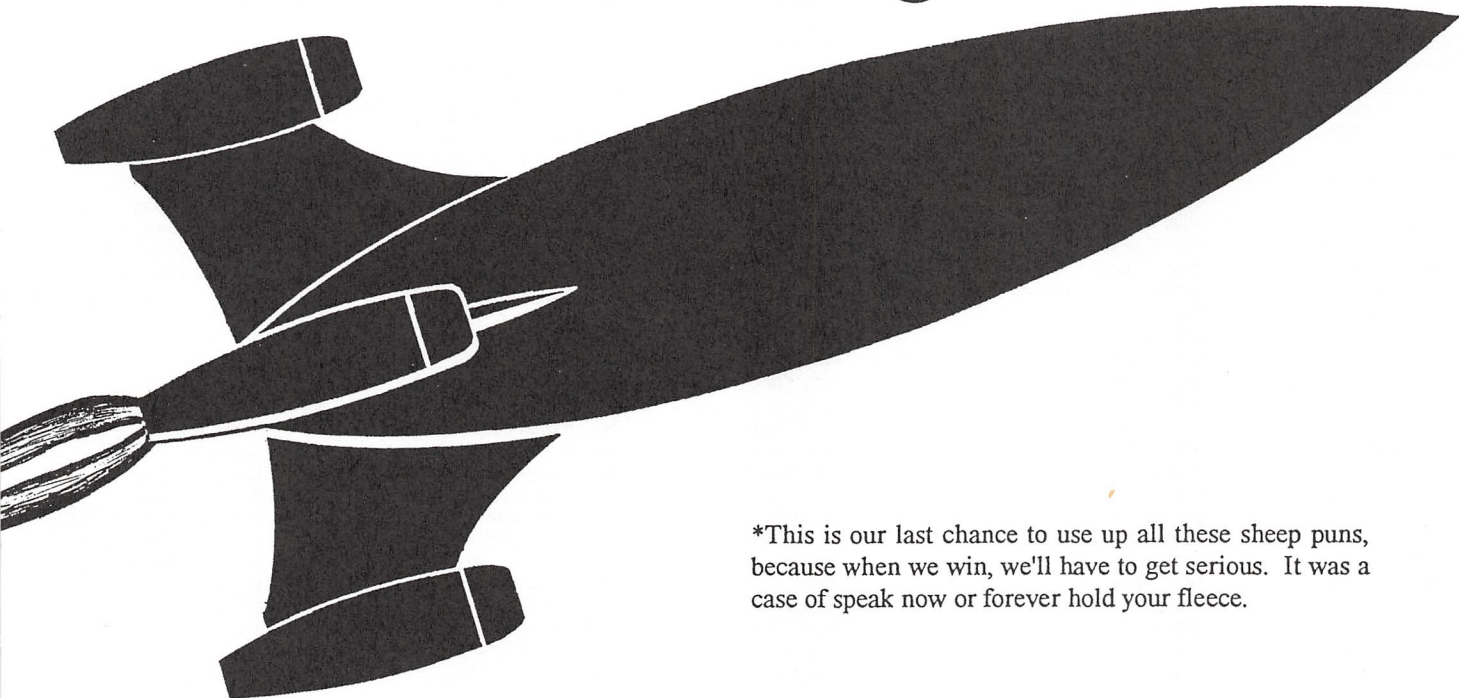
THANK YOU!

Since its inception, Atlanta in '95 has been blessed with an enormous number of hard-working, dedicated fans who have helped us give parties, sell memberships and T-shirts, and get our bidzine to our supporters. And rather than subject ewe to the 'shear' pun-ishment of a lengthy list of names and achievements, this is our all-encompassing, all-inclusive note of heartfelt appreciation to those fine individuals who have worked to win ewe over to vote for Atlanta in '95.

To all these terrific people, for volunteering, for giving, for caring about Atlanta in '95, "that's what we like about ewe."

WE THANK YOU!!

where no lamb has gone before*



*This is our last chance to use up all these sheep puns, because when we win, we'll have to get serious. It was a case of speak now or forever hold your fleece.

Another reason we wanted to use this space to express our thanks is that in all likelihood, you're reading this after MagiCon is over (OK, maybe not). (So there isn't much point in telling you about Atlanta's unsurpassed facilities, with over 320,000 sq. ft. (30,000 sq. meters) of function space, and nearly 4300 sleeping rooms within one block. Or the twenty restaurants and lounges in the same area (dozens more within half a mile). And it's probably too late to tell you that you won't need a taxi or shuttle bus to get from your hotel to our Worldcon, or to the restaurants, shopping, or other Atlanta attractions. Therefore we also won't mention our committee's 150+ years of experience, including chairing Worldcons and major regional conventions.)

But if you do read this during MagiCon, be sure to come to the Republic of Atlanta's fabulous parties on the 15th floor of the Peabody (haven't ewe herd?). And if you haven't voted yet, get your sheep together! Shape up or sheep out! (Voting closes Saturday at 6:00) Then party with us on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday night! (We won't pull the wool over your eyes)

Orange you glad you came all the way to Orlando to read this?

Atlanta in '95, Suite 1995, 3277 Roswell Road, Atlanta GA 30305

MagiCon -- The 50th World Science Fiction Convention

790 A Bentley Michael Brian	4490 A Billings Tom	5132 A Bobbit Jodi	5673 A Boudreau Cathy	5893 A Brennen Walter J
4135 A Bentley Mike	2427 A Bilmes Joshua	3344 A Bobo Scott	554 A Boudreau Raymond	4029 A Brenner Laura
5068 A Benway Cathy	5877 A Bilodeau Ann	4327 S Bodden Bill	2438 A Bouska Amy	420 A Breslau Esther
5546 A Bergeron Jeff	754 A Bird Holly	5505 A Boekestein Jaap	6059 A Bouza Jose	421 A Breslau Michael
4766 A Bergeron Joe	2030 A Birkhead Sheryl	1716 A Boettcher Glen A	4980 A Bova Ben	1397 A Bretney Richard D
837 A Berlant Joseph T	2356 A Bisenieks Dainis	4388 A Bogstad Janice	6036 A Bovenmyer John A	4037 A Brett-Surman M K
5906 A Berlowitz Paul J	4579 A Bishop Ben	4940 A Bohnhoff Maya Kaathryn	4793 A Bowers Bill	5195 A Brewis Jon
4309 C Berman Adam	1285 A Bishop James Daniel	4631 A Bojert Jean B	3562 A Bowles Beth	5887 A Brewster Kent
4310 A Berman Alex	4580 A Bishop Katy	482 A Bolgeo Richard T	5991 S Bowley Dawn	4948 A Brey Steven Phillip
4311 A Berman Danny	4414 A Bishop Leonard R	2434 A Bolgeo Robert L	2439 S Bowling Barton L	1911 A Brickner George S
5058 A Berman Eileen	4496 A Bishop William J	4125 A Bollinger Kevin	1679 A Bowman Dean	4801 A Bridge James
4312 A Berman Vicki	5203 A Blaber Neil	898 A Bolton E Jean	3468 C Bowman Jessica	4591 A Bridge Steve
3636 S Bernardi Michael	2428 A Black Mederick	6026 S Bolton Gwendolyn	1680 A Bowman Julie	5741 S Bridges Angela
3391 A Berns Ira	297 A Blackman Mark	3775 A Bolton Ruth N	3469 C Bowman Michelle	1632 S Bridges Gregory
3392 A Berns Victoria	3849 A Blair Robert G	5149 A Bond John A	4115 A Boyd Chris	4567 A Bridges Toika
396 A Bernson Mike	1107 S Blake Doug	2435 A Bonder Seth	2440 A Boyd Francis J	3666 A Brigham Cheryl
397 A Bernson Myra	2358 A Blake E Michael	5651 A Bondi Gail	454 A Boyd Stephen	4575 A Brigham Deanna
2360 A Berouzi Tracy J G	3918 C Blake Lawrence Vaclav	2436 S Bone Vicki	5304 A Boyd Tamara E	4576 A Brigham Duane
1611 A Berry David W	2429 A Blake Mike	1685 A Boneno Jr Frank A	2441 A Boyle Andy	2443 A Brin David
4864 A Berry Mary Martha	2430 A Blanc Lisa	5145 A Booher Steve	1541 A Bradley Charles K	4529 S Brin M David
1612 A Berry Terry	5164 A Blanchard N Taylor	5914 S Booth Fran	2705 A Bradley Lee	4528 S Brin Marsha
4018 A Berven Leroy F	3682 A Blattl Mark	6038 A Booth Terry J	3473 A Bradley Patrick E	3528 A Bringardner Diana
4019 A Berven Susan J	3683 A Blattl Mark g1	4833 A Boren Terry	4487 A Bradt Greg	3529 A Bringardner Harold
2426 A Besner Haley R	5315 A Blazic Dana	5681 A Borgen Norma I	4488 A Bradt Joan	4290 A Brizzi Jack
445 A Best Janice	4760 A Bledsoe James R	3384 A Boros Leigh	4057 A Bragdon Frederick C	3840 A Broadbent David C
446 A Best Joyce	5448 S Bleiler Everett F	3381 A Boros Melvin	2442 A Brand Bill	5228 A Brockway Christine
3937 A Best Monika	3576 A Bliss David	3382 A Boros Phyllis	3624 A Brandshaft Richard	4895 A Broderick Kevin
3586 A Betterman Ulrich	2431 S Bloch Lisa	3383 A Boros Robb	1157 A Brandt Richard	3374 A Brodrick Sean
3956 A Beychok Tina	5640 A Block Joe	946 A Bosky Bernadette	4128 A Brang William J	5697 A Broitman Jeff
5811 A Bibbins Charles	4257 A Blog Gary S	2437 A Boster Alex	1423 A Brannan Michael	4538 A Bromet Samuel
4425 A Bielawski Stephanie	1454 A Blom Sue A	4810 A Boswell Peter	2150 A Brantley Cync	5902 A Brooker Sandra A
5661 C Bieniewicz-Valada Michael	507 S Blonk Erwin F	278 A Botwin Mitchell	2149 A Brantley John	2444 A Brooks Jr C W
3886 A Bigglestone Clint	2432 A Bloom Elaine	288 C Botwin Seth	5369 A Braverman Cheryl L	3574 A Brooks Jack
4400 A Billings Lee S	194 A Bloom Kent	4617 A Bouchard Alexander J L	4811 A Bray John	5612 A Brooks James
	2433 A Blute M R		190 A Breidbart Seth	1765 A Brooks Joanne E

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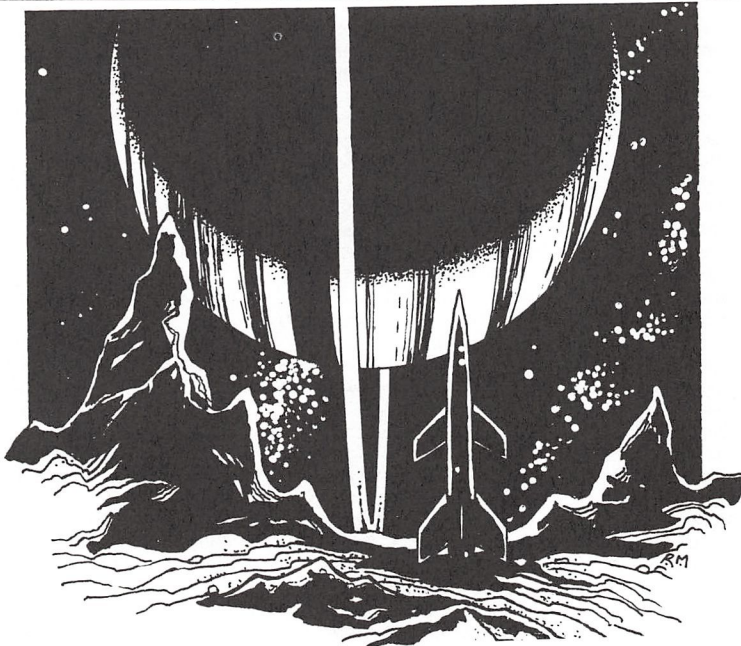
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965 S Brothers Laurence R
5209 A Brown Ben
2446 A Brown Bill
3347 A Brown Denise
5020 A Brown Doug
1775 A Brown Jr James H
437 A Brown Jordan
5175 A Brown Ken
5167 A Brown Michael
6033 A Brown Michael
5227 A Brown Peter J
57 A Brown Phylis S
5287 A Brown Richard W
1516 A Brown Steve Wesley
4110 A Browne Dawn C
2447 A Browne Michael
5240 A Brudy John
4868 A Brunet Jim
4124 A Bryant Ed
3538 A Buchalter Carol C
3539 A Buchalter Daniel D
4166 A Buchanan Ginjer
4097 A Buckley Jr John
5052 A Buckner Brent
5108 A Buckner Wendy
5870 A Budge George
5684 A Budz Mark
5152 A Buhl Christian
5166 A Buickel Pamela
1390 A Buickel Richard
4581 A Bujold Lois McMaster
2112 A Bunce Anna
2450 A Bunt Christine
3445 A Bunt Christine g1
3446 A Bunt Christine g2
3447 A Bunt Christine g3
3448 A Bunt Christine g4
1846 A Burden D L
3642 A Burdick Bruce S
1618 A Burdick Debbie
1619 A Burdick Mark P
5122 A Burgard Sue
2451 S Burger Joanne
2123 A Burgess Michael Lee
5282 A Burke Anne M
5283 A Burke Peggy
3542 A Burkert Thomas
210 A Burley Brian
265 A Burley Brian g1

3142 A Burns Bill
465 A Burns Mary J
416 A Burrows Allan D
5756 S Burstein Michael A
5707 S Bursztynski Sue
4348 A Burton Gerald
1359 A Bush Bud
1360 A Bush Yvonne
294 A Bushyager Linda
295 A Bushyager Ron
2452 A Buss Mary Aileen
1604 A Butler Bruce
1704 A Butler Charles W
4220 K Butler Colin Anthony
2138 A Butler Lin
280 A Butler Mary
4221 K Butler Neil Logan
3450 A Butler Pat
4754 A Butler Paula
2139 A Butler Ron
2453 A Butler Samuel
1754 A Byers Richard Lee
321 A Bynum Frank
5868 A Byorick Judith L
3997 S Byrd Brent A
4297 A Byrd Tandi
2053 A Cabrera Armand
4005 A Caccavo Daniel
4921 C Caccavo Juliana
2454 A Cadigan Pat
2455 C Cady Chet
342 A Cady Chuck
2456 C Cady Sam
343 A Cady Tasha
2086 S Cagle Kurt
5065 A Cain Vanessa
4557 A Cairnes Jr John W
5357 A Cajka Janis L
5358 C Cajka Jennifer
5359 C Cajka II P Anthony
5360 A Cajka Paul A
3843 A Cakan Myra
4765 A Caldart Cheryl
5506 A Caldwell Elizabeth
5507 A Caldwell Peter
2457 A Callahan Chris
2458 S Callas Jon
4317 A Camp Donna L
4232 A Campaign Headquarters
g1
4233 A Campaign Headquarters
g2
5869 A Campbell III A T

3845 A Campbell Kim
5008 A Campbell Kim M
4144 A Campbell Lance
1109 A Campney Walter R
3483 A Canaday Deborah
5076 A Canchola Manuel
5302 A Candage Raymond L
2361 A Canfield Jeff
864 A Cannon Helen C
5946 A Cannon Kristina
2459 A Cannoy Tamzen
5281 A Canter Mark
547 A Cantor David A
3684 A Cantor Robbie C
2078 A Cantrell Mark
4342 A Cantrell Stephanie
5810 A Cauty Thomas
3272 S Cauty DDS Timothy C
948 A Caplan Jack
5165 A Card Peter
4787 A Carey Dorothy
4673 A Carey Dorthy
2460 A Carey Douglas Scott
4743 A Carey Jane Anne
2461 A Carey Mary Piero
4429 A Carey Stephen A
4664 A Carlberg Stven
3998 A Carleton Gordon
4397 A Carlin Loretta
5401 A Carlson Cathy
6012 A Carlson Debara
3530 A Carlson Nancy V
1288 A Carlson Vivian
893 A Carmichael John
4696 S Carmichael Mary
3797 A Carpenter Ruth
3795 A Carpenter Susan
4269 A Carr Beth Anne
4270 A Carr David
3813 A Carr Robert
3725 A Carrick Robert
5775 A Carrier Amy
5776 A Carrier Charles
3799 A Carrier Lawren A
2462 A Carrington Grant
3183 S Carroll Cathy
3976 A Carroll Elizabeth
5963 A Carroll Michael
5381 A Carroll Sharon
1656 A Carron Ben
1655 A Carron Cathy
5158 A Carruthers Johnny
2464 A Carson Dana

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2465 C Carson Gwendolyn
5006 A Carson Mac
2466 A Carson Melinda
4200 A Cart Colleen
2067 A Cart Vincent
4885 A Carter David T
5498 A Carter Shawn
5395 A Carter Tammy O
1559 A Carter-Sheahan Amanda
5827 A Cartwright Janis
433 A Carty Sharon
3665 S Caruthers-Montgomery
P L
1306 A Casale Jeanne
4675 A Casamento A J
3765 A Case Debbie
4734 A Casement Suzanne
2467 S Casey Coreen
1027 A Cassano Renita
2468 A Caswell Dennis
2469 A Caswell Rob
5322 A Catelli Ann
3722 C Cauley Cynthia
4704 A Cauley Robert F
3723 C Cauley Rosemary
4731 A Cauthen Alex
1216 A Cavin Bill
5944 A Cavitt Alice
552 A Cavitt Ann
867 A Cavitt Bill
816 A Cawi Tina
2470 A Cazedessus II Camille E
5303 A Cazedessus Judi H
2471 A Cebulka Jim
1818 A Cecil Ann
2472 C Chalker Davy
2164 A Chalker Jack L

2088 A Chambers Glenn H
2473 A Chambers Ron
3352 A Champetier Joel
3151 A Chancellor Ann L
4101 A Chang Philip
3999 A Chapek-Carleton Lori
2474 A Chapman John P
2475 A Chapman Judith Ann
2476 A Chapman Ralph E
2477 A Charney Kat
2249 A Charrette Robert
6021 A Chase-laliberte Amysue
4012 A Chayka Katy
5186 A Chayka Margaret
4598 A Chee Bridget
4599 A Chee Philip
3935 A Chen Elsa
4253 A Cheng Susanna
1056 A Chernoff Anton
1057 A Chernoff Peggy
197 A Cherry David A
2105 A Cherry Stephen L
2478 A Cherryh C J
5012 S Cheslin Ken
2077 A Chewning Maryanne
2250 A Child William L
5424 A Childers Daniel
3893 A Chilson Rob
2251 A Chinsen Tsulian
1880 A Chisholm Paul
4812 S Cholewa Piotr
2479 A Chong Tina
2480 A Chong Tony
4313 C Christensen Corey
3338 A Christensen Emily
4478 A Christian Bill
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5021 A Chrystal Ewan	4847 A Cobb Nancy L	2495 A Coleman Franklin C	4933 K Cooper Miranda	1858 A Cowan Maia
1870 A Chu Alina	2486 A Cobb Stewart	2253 A Coleman Howard	4284 A Cooper Pamela	3595 A Cox Cardinal
6069 A Chumley George	6065 A Coburn Guy P	2254 A Coleman Janet	2501 C Cooper Paula	5087 A Cox Gary L
2481 A Chwedyk Richard	3283 A Cochran Donald E	4738 A Coleman Tim	213 A Cooper Rawley	1953 A Cox Greg
4609 A Ciagala Mike	3291 A Cochran Joe	661 A Collier Earlynn	2502 A Cooper Stephen	5747 A Cox Greg
3798 C Ciano Torey	5970 A Cochran John	1111 A Collier James R	2503 A Cooper Topher	5086 A Cox Rickey L
5261 A Ciencin Scott	3292 A Cochran Lin Nielsen	1267 A Collingwood Susan	1676 A Copping Michael A	1352 A Coy Chip
5590 C Cirone Katic	3635 A Cochrane David	2496 A Collins Donald P	2504 A Corbett Tim	4435 A Coy Eleanor
5321 A Cirone Patricia B	2487 A Cogon Zachary J	633 A Collinson Jack	2167 A Corcoran Dan	779 A Crabb Terri
834 A Citrak Michael	4193 A Cohen Andres A M	4932 A Colson Lars	5030 S Cordray Otto J	4361 S Craig Charlotte I
4553 A Ciuffreda Pat	2488 A Cohen Beth F	5677 A Coltrain Darlene P	137 A Cordsmeyer Paul	5690 A Crain Charles
1010 A Clagett Mark	4413 A Cohen Earl T	1774 A Colwell Carol L	5662 S Corkum Stanley	5691 A Crain Leah
2140 A Clanton Kevin	2489 S Cohen Eli	634 A Combs Donald D	2505 A Cormack Barbara W	3652 A Cramer John G
4472 A Clark Beverley	2490 S Cohen Jeremy	5555 A Conat Kathleen R	3913 A Cormier Diana	3651 A Cramer Kathryn
1025 A Clark David W	5275 A Cohen Lyle	2497 A Conder Cary Anne	3914 A Cormier Linda	3667 A Cramer Pauline B
592 A Clark Ivan	5370 A Cohen Mitch	5199 A Condon Kathryn	3917 A Cormier-Rowsey R	2508 S Cranston Carol Ann
593 A Clark Susan	5276 A Cohen Nancy	3169 A Conly Judith R	Caitlin	2509 C Craven Bethany Jean
3761 S Clarke A Vincent	2491 S Cohen Penney	5817 A Conncil David M	3511 A Cornetto John	3405 A Crawford C A
3596 A Clarke Brian	5277 K Cohen Richard	1912 A Connell Byron P	2255 A Cornwell Sue	5578 A Crawford Jean
4701 A Clarke Dana R	2108 A Cohen Sandy	1913 A Connell Christine V	6040 A Corwin Scott L	4624 A Crick Geoffrey J
4702 A Clarke Roger J	4016 A Cohen Sheri B	381 S Conner Debra L	5591 A Corwith Jay	2168 A Crighton Douglas
1181 A Claypool Gavin	2492 A Cohen Susan	5943 A Conner Susan	4621 A Corzine Donald g1	5385 A Crim Meredith
1959 A Claypoole Chris	5519 K Cohn Anna Rose	1586 A Connolly John C	4620 A Corzine Donald	4983 A Cripps Althea
1219 A Cleaver Fred	5520 A Cohn Daniel	4070 A Consolazio C B	4376 A Cosh Tina B	4984 A Cripps Dennis
5356 A Clemens Sarah L	5521 K Cohn Sarah Anne	2498 A Coogler Carolyn	2506 A Cossens Vincent	5772 A Crisci Donna
4524 A Clement David	6067 A Coker III John L	2135 S Cook C A	4873 A Cosslett Keith g1	3671 A Croft Andy
5792 A Clements Dave	6068 A Coker Linda P	1209 A Cook Jr Donald R	3842 A Cosslett Keith	4935 A Crofts Catherine A
5767 A Clemons Jack	2252 A Coker Rindie	1782 A Cook Glen	4956 A Costello Lisa	4936 A Crofts George H
4774 A Cleveland Scott	2166 A Colby Robert	4283 A Cook Norman L	4957 A Costello Mark	4199 A Cron Thomas
2482 A Clifford Robert J	163 A Cole Anita L	6006 A Cook Robert	4251 A Costello Walter J	2510 A Cronau Greg
2483 A Clifford Ruie Lue	1151 A Cole Corey	4995 A Cook Tom	4056 A Costikyan Greg	2511 A Cronin Elizabeth J
2484 S Cliff Paul Stuart	2493 A Cole Larry	2499 A Cookson Robin	5656 A Council Edward	
3565 A Clink Carolyn	692 A Cole Lori Ann	4625 A Coombs Lawrence	2507 A Council Wendy L	
1112 A Clinton Paul W	2494 C Cole Michael	4681 A Coon Heather M	4091 A Court John	
5179 A Clithero Paul	28 A Cole Steve P	848 A Cooper Cathy	4092 A Court Marge	
5193 A Clough Paul	15 A Cole Susan A	2500 A Cooper Chris	4973 A Court Richard F	

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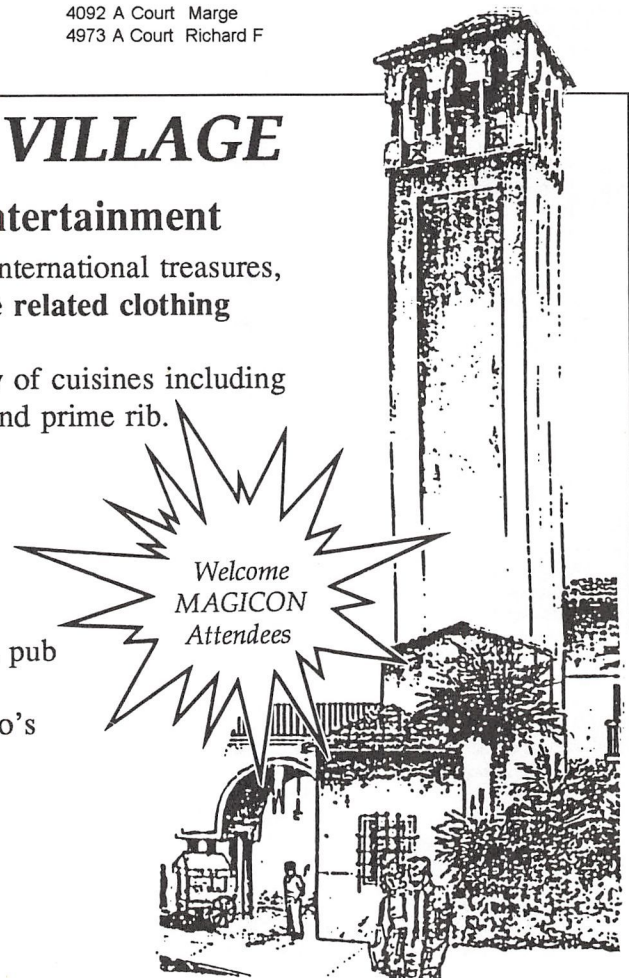


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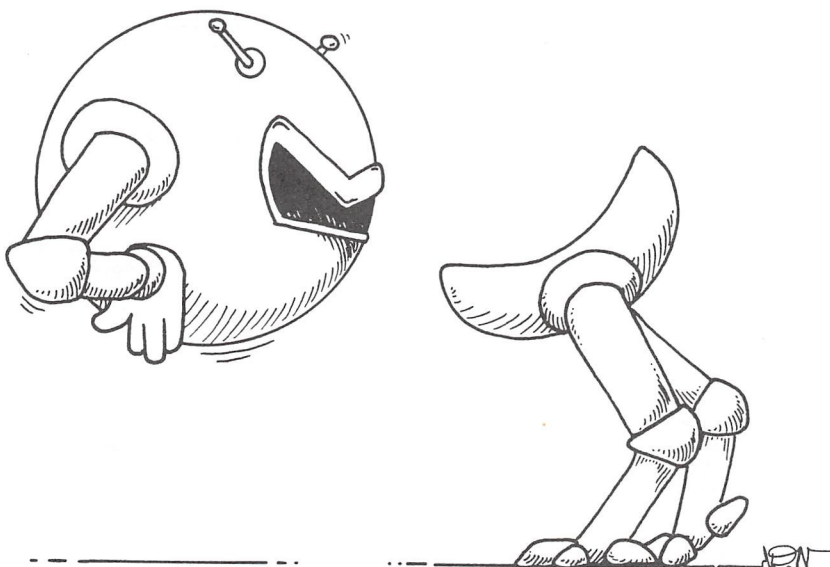
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4532 A Cumming Robert W
4597 A Cummings Julie
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3336 A Cunningham A E
5114 A Cunningham Dana
3289 A Cunningham Lowell
1930 A Cunningham-Hill Laurel
1362 A Curry Ginger
5415 A Czezko Terri
1893 A D'Alessio Angelo
2169 A D'Alessio Connie
5526 A Dachowitz Emily
5420 A Dahl Therese B
2513 A Dakins Mark
4804 A Dale Johnson
1193 A Dalton James H
4563 A Daly Candace
4564 A Daly James
3647 A Daly Julia Anne
5289 A Dancer Jr James E
5290 A Dancer Lynne L
2058 A Daniel James S
2059 A Daniel Linda A
5477 A Daniels Beverly J
3419 A Daniels Richard E
5478 A Daniels Richard K
4972 A Daniels Walter
1563 A Dann Michael B
3339 A Dannenelfelser Randy
4194 A Daremus Jack
4195 A Daremus Lacy
3616 C Dashoff Alan
3617 C Dashoff Jared
417 A Dashoff Joni Brill
418 A Dashoff Todd
5127 A Datlow Ellen
1453 A Daugherty James
412 A Daugherty Kathryn
4468 A Davidson Howard
4276 A Davidson Kelly M
447 A Davies Steve
1968 A Davis Avery
2515 A Davis Bonnie
3178 A Davis Brian A
616 A Davis Daniel A
4175 A Davis Dwight E
372 A Davis E Leta
5084 A Davis Hank
3878 A Davis Jerome W
721 A Davis Kevin
5759 A Davis Patricia
2141 A Davis Phoebe Anne
1156 A Davis Robert W
4445 A Davis Robin Lee
4066 A Davis Rosana
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4586 A Davis Wendy
5594 A Davison Genevieve
1238 A Davison Jaque
3214 A Davy Ronald
2516 A Day Joy
5672 A Daye Richard
305 A Dazzo Genny
1368 A de Bruijn Martin
5110 A de Camp Catherine
Crook
5111 A de Camp L Sprague
3643 A De Cesare Siulia
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2518 A de Guardiola Susan
4471 A de Longpre' John
5350 A Deans Lillie
4608 A DeBard Dr Mark L
4839 A DeBrandt Don H
4299 A Deck Linda T
1560 A Decker Elorie
5573 K Deckert Alana
2520 A Deckert Dan
2521 A Deckert Danise
5574 K Deckert Ian
5909 A Dedman Stephen
2256 A Deem Martha
2365 A Deem Martha g1
2366 A Deem Martha g2
2367 A Deem Martha g3
5263 A Deerfield Mica S
5264 A Deerfield Mica S g1
2517 S DeFord April
5150 A Deininger Jeanne E
5138 A Deitrick David R
986 A Deitz Tom
883 A Dela Cruz Dawne J
2522 A Delaney Dan
1330 A Delano Pat
5582 A Delano Randy
4216 A Delaplace Barbara
2523 A Delaurentis Linda
2524 A Dell'Aquila Lori
4555 A Delorme Debbie
4556 A Delorme Ted
3426 A DeMarco Carolyn
1329 A DeMarco Tom
3427 C DeMarco Wendy
3706 A DeMarrais Jay
6016 A Demetri Patt
4002 A Dempsey Michael W
5436 A Den Beste Steven C
2525 A Denebeim Jay
2526 A Denebeim Jay g1
2527 A Deneroff Linda
470 A Dennett Gay Ellen
1012 A Dennis Jane
1013 A Dennis Scott C
5279 A Denny Charle
2528 S Derkum Phil
4645 A desJardins Steven
4314 A Deskins C J
4308 A Deskins Ron
2519 A DeSouza Marc
2529 A Dethlefsen Rae
5828 A Detry Jim
1046 A Deutsch Martin
5278 A Devereaux Cat
6 G Di Fate Rosanne
2 G Di Fate Vincent
5495 A Di Giorgio John
2530 A Diaz Brian
5927 A DiChario Nicholas A
2044 A Dick Karen
3990 A Dick Ricky
5368 A Dickey Arthur R T
1014 A Dickey Jim
3438 C Dickgrafe Zach
5609 A Dickinson Cynthia
3150 A Dickson Gordon R
450 S Dickson Iain
5539 A Dieleman Virginia
2170 A Dietz Ann
2171 A Dietz Frank
2172 A Dietz Karl
2173 A Dietz Loren
2531 S Digby Tom
2532 A Digenio Michael A
3437 C Diggs Amanda
3436 A Diggs Marsha
2533 A Diggs Mike
4402 S Diggs Patricia A
5599 A Dillon Doug
5600 A Dillon Susan
5047 C Dionne Amber J
5048 C Dionne Andrew W
5049 A Dionne Joanna M
5050 A Dionne Wayne F
2534 S Diruocco Tena
2535 A Dittmann Ann-Marie
2536 A Dittmann John
300 A Divine Charles J
2257 A Dobratz Any
1398 A Dobson Dermont
1399 A Dobson Perdy
3942 A Docherty Vince
4504 A Doherty Robert E
3989 A Doherty Susie
5267 A Doherty Tom
4730 A Dohn II Kenneth R
580 A Doig-Colls Robin
162 A Dolan Peggy
3251 A Dolan Peggy g1
3884 A Dominy Carol T
3885 A Dominy Robert E
3963 A Doms Carol
3964 A Doms Dennis
5818 A Donabedian Greg
2538 S Donahue Michael
831 A Donat John
832 A Donat Michelle
3628 A Donath Oktavius
3175 A Donato Lou
3176 A Donato Myrna
952 A Donewitz Ira
2258 A Doran Barbara
4433 A Doran Kathy
3902 S Dorethy Paul
2174 A Dormer Paul
3662 A Dormire Alan
2539 A Doroschenko Leo
5956 S Dorsey Shawn
2259 A Dorsky Lenny
2540 A Doty Michelle
2541 S Doucette Douglas
4991 A Douglas Dwight R
3184 S Douglas John R
5896 A Douglas L Warren
1035 A Douglas-Rubado Robyn
2542 A Douglass Cheri
2543 A Douglass John
4911 A Dovell Catherine
4059 A Dowdle-Head Margaret
16 A Dowler Frank
5314 A Downs Bill
5411 A Dozois Gardner
3371 A Drake Lee
3370 A Drake Valerie
3879 A Drawdy Eric
3880 A Drawdy Lonnie
31 S Drawdy Michael
3675 A Dreamer Kirylyn
3712 A Dreamer Kirylyn g1
4117 A Drexler Marc A g1
4118 A Drexler Marc A g2
2020 A Drexler Marc A
6060 A Dreyfus Jeanne P
3188 A Dridge Austin R
937 A Drummond Doug
5937 A Drummond Michael C
2544 A Drysdale David Kennedy
2545 A Duarte Jr Fred
5675 A DuCharme Michael
2546 A Duck Darien
5022 S Duckworth Tim
3730 A Duensing III Clyde
2547 A Duester Al
1382 A Duff John
1383 A Duff Lynn Ellen
1672 A Duffield Billie
2548 A Duffy Bill
2549 A Duffy Karen
5734 A Duffy Patricia P
5121 A Dugan M Sean
2550 A Dulberg Joan
2551 A Dulcey Mark
4615 A Dulle Kevin
4616 A Dulle Kevin g1
1640 A Dumond Lisa
2552 A Duncan Brenda
4955 A Duncan Kyle
2553 A Duncan Larry
2260 A Dunlop Kathryn
2261 A Dunlop Robert
2262 A Dunlop Shirlee
4665 A Dunn Dawn P
5378 A Dunn Greg
5305 A Dunn Linda J
4321 A Dunster J R
3996 A Dunston Martha A
456 A Dupree Tom
4894 A Duray Jeff
5945 A Durgin Doranna
2554 A Durgin Nancy
2175 A Durrell Bryant
3203 A Duryea Kim A
1266 A Dyar Allyson M W
2555 A Dyar Dafydd Neal
2556 A Dyas Kris
1639 A Dyer Andrew
186 A Dyer Curtis J
187 A Dyer Robbi E
4536 A Dyshuk Jr Nicholas
5023 S Earnshaw Roger
4695 A Easterbrook Martin
3171 A Eastlake III Donald E
277 A Eastlake IV Donald
276 A Eastlake Jill
5331 A Eccarius Hilda B
1570 A Echternacht Gary
5923 A Economos Clara E
5273 A Eddy Claire
5688 A Edelman Scott
4892 A Edgell Elise
4893 A Edgell Ross
1003 A Edison Laurie Gottlieb
1800 A Edsall Thomas H
3489 A Edsall Thomas H g1
1376 A Edwards Brent E
2557 A Edwards Chris Logan
5898 A Edwards June M
5210 A Edwards Sue
4826 A Edwards-Hewitt Jim
4827 A Edwards-Hewitt Terilee
2558 A Effinger George Alec
3572 A Eggleton Bob
1425 A Ehall Toshiyuki B
5569 A Eibel Patrick H
1391 A Eichelberger Jay
5430 A Eichelman Carolyn H
5431 A Eichelman Fred R
4022 A Eierman Rosemarie
4739 A Eilers Dana D
3334 A Eisen Janice M
2559 A Eisenberg Lise
2560 A Eisenman Jr Richard
2562 A Eisenman Wanda
2561 A Eisenstein Alex
2563 A Eisenstein Phyllis
3825 A Eivins Thomas D
3826 A Eivins Thomas D g1
4993 A Ek Adam
1473 A Eklund John
1474 A Eklund Mary Ann
4183 A Elder Marie C
2564 A Eilers Marjii
3517 A Eilers Marjii g1
1321 A Ellerton Katherine G
1513 A Ellington Michele
4030 A Elliot Daniel
4031 C Elliot Gregory
5480 A Elliott Craig
1706 A Elliott Russell
5872 A Ellis Michael
5080 A Ellis Sean
2565 A Ellis Steve
2566 A Elms Duane
3335 A Ely Virginia
3717 A Emanuel John C



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Where have you been?

3718 A Emanuel John L
1032 A Emanuel Valerie
1218 S Emanuel John
3607 S Emmerich Udo
4828 A Emmons Cindy
4829 A Emmons Gabe
2029 A Endrey Thomas A
5961 A Ener Susan Baesch
1017 A Eney Richard
1938 A Engfer Bill
4411 S English John
3814 A Ensling Jean
3305 A Epperson John
3464 A Epstein Karen
2567 A Epstein Louis
5936 A Epstein Norman
3789 A Epstein Emily
3685 A Erdmann Jean
3213 A Erichsen Kurt
4610 A Erickson Jean
2568 A Erickson Jen
2569 A Erickson Judy
5652 A Ernoehazy Jr William S
4201 C Ervin John c1
157 A Ervin John F
3676 A Erwin James
2152 A Eslinger Joan
2176 A Estes Wilma
1966 A Eudaly Judith Ann
4652 S Evans Bernie
4798 S Evans Emrys
3597 A Evans Jane
1309 A Evans Linda E
5980 A Evans Lonnie L
4653 S Evans Mick
4654 S Evans Vicky
6013 A Even Robert
1502 A Everling Mike B
6017 A Ewart Jeff
1115 A Ewart Robert
3954 A Ewell Dave
5157 S Ewin John O
5709 A Ewing Allison J
5972 A Exline Darrel Loren
2570 A Fabish Martha J
2571 A Fabish Robert P
964 A Faigman Erica L
2102 A Fairman Laura J
2572 A Fairman W Russell
5813 S Falcon Rosemary
2573 A Falk Mark
2574 S Faller Nick
4149 S Falsing Charlotte
4150 S Falsing Marie Louise
4151 S Falsing Susanne
5964 A Falstein Noah
2575 A Fancher Jane S
116 A Fancher Rebecca A
4943 A Fansher Steve
3868 A Farber Bernard
3869 A Farber Mary Lee
4626 A Farber Sharon N
3870 C Farber Zachary
441 A Farina Bill
2576 A Farinelli Cindy
1130 A Farinelli Mike
886 A Farmer Dale
1337 A Farmer Dana
5996 A Farmer Dan
5224 A Farmer David C
351 A Farr Bruce
3231 A Farr Kim
5470 A Farrington Jane E
2577 A Farwell Janet
2578 A Farwell Troy
4552 A Faske David
463 A Faunt Doug
1923 A Fawcett Bill
5855 A Feber Mark C
298 A Feder Moshe
5572 A Feeham Ellen
46 A Fehrman Gary

6052 A Feierberg Susan
4530 S Feingold MD Daniel
4302 A Feld Becky
494 A Feld Harold
5117 A Feldbaum Gary g1
56 A Feldbaum Gary Keith
5655 A Feldman Bruce
2263 A Feldman Gary
3248 A Feller Tom
4227 A Fellowship Foundry
4017 A Fenster Robbyn
5593 A Fenton Jeff
3567 A Ferer Susan
3568 A Ferer Susan g1
1552 A Ferguson Bryan W
2579 S Ferguson Roy
4292 A Ferrara Jason
2264 A Ferree Rich
3508 A Ferree Susan
2580 A Fetheroff Steven
5237 A Field Rosa
3860 A Fields Carl C
521 A Filipowicz Katie
4136 A Finch Doris
918 A Finder Jan Howard
2581 A Fine Bayla
479 A Fine Colin
4964 A Finkel Herbert L
4965 A Finkel Kelly A
2582 S Finkelstein Ed
3458 C Finkle James
3456 A Finkle Joel
3951 C Finkle Kevin
3457 A Finkle Susan
2151 A Finneran Edward
4054 A Finney Glen
3614 A Fischer Birgit
5803 A Fish Leslie
1055 A Fisher Charles H
4403 A Fisher Leah
3900 A Fisher Melanie
3402 A Fisher Naomi C
3270 A Fister-Liltz Barbara
4069 A Fitch Don
5685 A Fitch Marina
2113 A Fitzsimmons Catherine M
3615 S Fitzsimmons Michael
1983 A Flanagan Sally
5504 A Flaton Johan Martijn
5823 A Fleischer MD Eric J
302 A Fleischmann II Joseph
3852 A Fleming Robert A
4450 A Flentke George R
3212 A Flockhart Dina
3211 A Flockhart Ian C
4129 A Flowers Helena
1373 A Flynn George
2583 A Flynn John L
3360 A Fogarty Bill
6034 A Foley Beatrice
1248 A Fong Kandy
1466 A Fontecchio Ozzie
4278 A Fontenay Charles L
308 A Ford Gordon
4883 A Forehand Melissa
3377 A Forman Jerome F
3732 A Forshee Mary Jo
1449 A Forsten David
5366 A Fortin Rob
4869 A Fortner DR Michael R
3670 A Forward Robert L
2063 C Foss Connor William
359 A Foss H Richard
2064 A Foss Janice
3260 A Foster Brad
4831 A Foster Cindy
1914 A Foster Sharon M
3766 A Fountas James
1537 A Fourrier Clay
1538 A Fourrier Marine
5932 A Foushee Cindy



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5933 A Foushee Richard
4295 A Fowler Nancy
3888 A Fowler Terry
917 A Fox Mary Ellen
4082 A Fozard Colette
449 A Frambach John H
3224 A Francavillo John S
2035 A Francis Bill
2036 A Francis Carolyn
1213 A Francis David R
1122 A Francis Steve
1070 A Francis Sue
2240 A Frank Brad
3790 A Frank David
3569 A Frank Howard
3570 A Frank Jane
3791 A Frank Laura
2584 A Franklin Daniel
3503 A Franklin Ellen
4467 S Franks Michael
2585 S Franson Donald
5883 A Frantz Shirley J
3302 S Fratz D Douglas
2586 A Frazier Todd
377 A Freas Frank Kelly
999 A Freas Laura Brodian
2587 A Frech James R
5400 A Freed Jeff

2265 A Freeman Barry C
3155 A Freeman Elly
2588 A Freeman H Denise
631 A Freeman Linda
4324 A Freeman Rosemarie
4025 A Freifeit IV Frederick E
1194 A Freitag Lisa C
5830 A Fremo Joan
469 A Fremont Pam
5024 A French Dave
5025 A French Shirley
281 A Frenkel James R
5298 C Frenkel Jessica
5299 C Frenkel Joshua
2589 A Freyer John
2590 A Friauf Douglas
3322 A Friberg Nils
4407 A Friedman David
4280 C Friedman Isaac I
4281 A Friedman Judith H
4282 A Friedman Richard A
58 A Frierson Penny
3475 A Frierson Penny g1
3476 A Frierson Penny g2
3477 A Frierson Penny g3
2266 A Frierson Tim
2591 A Friesner Esther
3590 S Frisch Wolfgang

5153 A Fritzsche Albrecht
5254 A Frohlich Rommy
5255 A Frohlich Thomas
5535 A Fry Debra A
1700 A Fuller Blane
1142 S Fuller Frederic E
1701 A Fuller Pat
3686 A Fulton Cindy
2593 A Fulton Kathy
4240 S Funnell Gwen
2594 A Furnace Pamela
4568 A Furqueron Teresa
5428 A Fuster Jr Robert M
2595 S Futoran Gail C
2267 A Gabriel Mike
375 A Gagne Benita Kasten
3548 A Gagne Roland W
3545 A Gagwin Claudine
3544 A Gagwin Thomas
2268 A Gahlon Dean C
4877 A Gaines Judith J P
4473 A Gallacci Steve A
4794 A Gallaheer David
5417 A Galloway Joedy
3711 A Gangwere
1403 A Gann Robert W
5265 A Garcia Bert
1320 A Gardner Stan
4065 A Garey Terry A
2242 S Gargill Catherine
2243 S Gargill Jonathan
3294 A Garrett Holly
2596 A Garrett Susan M
2597 A Garrison Ken
5876 S Garrott Elizabeth
2598 A Gaskins Judith Ann
6022 A Gates Robert J
415 A Gauthier Marybeth
2118 A Gavelis Maria
5043 A Gavelis Rita
4915 A Gayer Gayle
4916 A Gayer Steven
4917 K Gayer Steven c1
4918 K Gayer Steven c2
938 A Gbala Helen
835 A Gear Bobby
4178 A Gear Marty
5545 A Geigel Joe
4747 A Geiser Maggie McVay
4748 A Geiser Robert
5296 A Gekier Deborah M
1171 A Gelb Janice
3547 A Gelbert Marianne
2269 A Gelfand Larry
5425 A Geller Arleen
4153 A Gellings Beate
41 A Gemignani Margaret R
3369 A Gendron Denise A
4415 A Genovaldi Fran
4416 A Genovaldi Joe
2599 A Genovese Mike
4849 A Genteman Paul
1371 A Gentili Karl S
2600 A George Marjorie
3219 A Gephardt Jan Sherrell
1227 A Gerdes Catherine Carey
1228 A Gerdes Michael
665 A Gerds Eric
2177 A Gerst Deborah K
1609 A Gerst Jay L
2601 S Gerstein Linda
5454 A Gesler Chris
3497 A Giadrosich Bob
3209 A Gibbons John K
4814 S Gibbons Joseph
3488 A Gibson Caroline
43 A Gibson Carol
3815 A Gibson Curtis S
3487 A Gibson Pamela
2602 A Giese Tom
4510 A Giguere Paul
4635 A Gilbert Sheila

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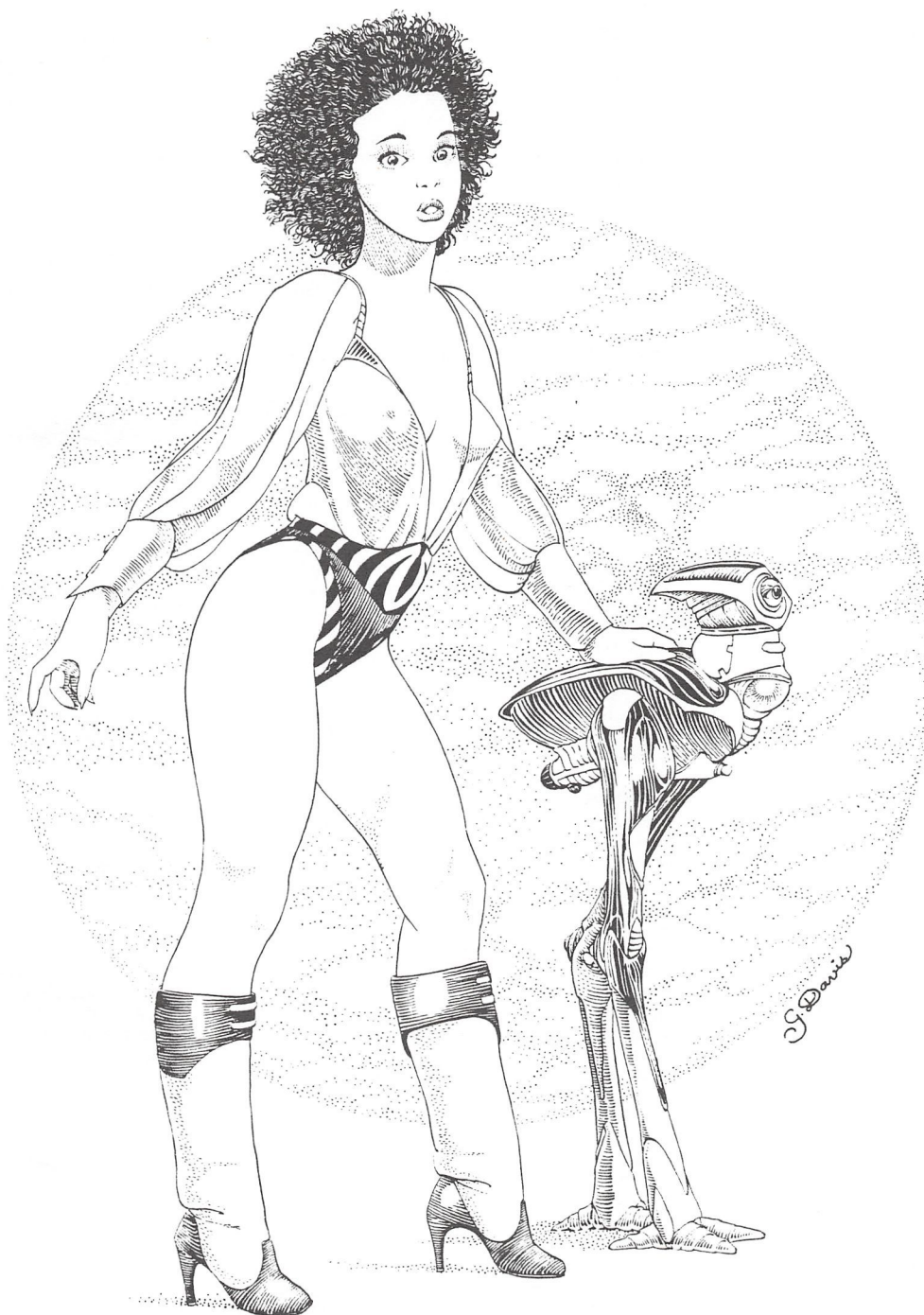
4492 A Gilbert Zelda
5632 A Gilbrook Michael J
3633 S Gilham Karen
3634 S Gilham Steven
4783 A Gilio Elizabeth
4784 A Gilio Jerry
5704 A Gillen Bob
4549 A Gilley Kerry
845 A Gilley Ronnie
776 A Gilliam Richard
4203 S Gillies Ron
2603 A Gilliland Alexis A
3373 A Gilliland Charles D
2604 A Gilliland Dolly
4446 A Gillmore Benjamin
4447 A Gillmore Corby
717 A Gillmore William
902 A Gilman Laura Anne

1265 A Gilpatrick Jim
3162 A Gilpatrick Lydia
475 A Gimblet Janet R
290 A Ginter Karl
5285 A Giorgianni Geraldine
5286 A Giorgianni Nunzio O
4562 A Girard Benoit
1179 A Gish Ray
3846 S Glasgow in '95 g2
1058 A Glasser Marc S
4318 C Glasser-Camp Ethan A
4391 A Glaub Robert
2605 A Glazer Glenn
5270 A Gleason Robert
4713 A Glennon Stephen
2606 A Glicksohn Mike
2103 A Glindeman John
3995 A Gloege Sven-Olaf

5878 A Glover Don
5879 A Glover Vicki
59 A Glyer Mike
666 A Goddin Jean
5941 A Goetz Ann
5928 A Goff James
3131 A Gold Barry
3132 A Gold Lee
4800 A Gold Mitchell
1900 S Gold Steven
2607 S Goldenberg Simon S
4177 A Goldfrank Jim
1418 A Goldhammer M E
2178 A Golding David
386 A Goldman Diane
4387 S Goldstein Deborah Kay
2270 A Golladay Lisa
4213 A Gornbert Richard W

2608 A Gomes Ron
4477 A Gomoll Jeanne
3465 A Gonder Rodger
3315 A Gonzales Jack
3314 A Gonzales Jean
1945 A Gonzalez Henry
4119 A Gooch Deborah A
5733 A Goode Edward
5755 A Goode Paul
3887 A Goodman Sarah
1529 A Goodman Sheila Groves
3440 A Goodwin Lynne
2271 A Goodwin Michael C
3439 C Goodwin Robert C
5472 A Goonan Kathleen Ann
2609 A Gopin Alan
2610 A Gopin Joan M
3919 C Gopin Josephine

2611 C Gopin Stephen
944 A Gordon David
4678 A Gordon George
1078 A Gordon Mark
945 A Gordon Susie
5735 A Gorny Kathleen I
2612 A Gorton Charlie
2381 A Gorton Mary Ann
2613 S Gosik Vincent Scott
5577 A Goss A L
2614 S Gottesman Regina E
4197 S Goudriaan Roelof
4095 A Gowdy Richard
448 A Grace Peter C
2615 A Gracie-Rogers Lynn
2616 A Grady Daphne Gay
5309 A Grady John
1413 A Graham Jr Edward A
5687 A Gram Carl
2617 S Grant Bill
4074 A Grasso Elyse M
2618 S Grau Ray W
5799 A Gravel Geary
2619 A Gravelle Debbie
2620 A Gray Deborah E
3985 A Gray Dennis B
2623 A Gray Jr Donald G
1498 A Gray Kara
2621 A Gray Larry Alan
2622 S Gray Laurence
3124 A Gray Mary Ruth
4048 A Gray Jr Michael H
5989 A Grayson Ashley
5990 A Grayson Carolyn
770 A Green Debbie
2624 A Green Eleanor
3168 A Green Elvena
1749 A Green Joseph
2625 S Green Lori A
1750 A Green Melissa
765 A Green Patrice
1287 A Green Sarreta
2272 A Green Thomas W
209 A Greenbaum Gary
1723 A Greenberg Alan G
2626 A Greenberger Deborah
2627 A Greenberger Robert
2628 A Greene Edward
1252 A Greene Lisa
2629 A Greene Robert
4286 A Gregio Shonna
4889 A Grenzke Jonathan
2630 A Grenzke Jr Norman F
2144 A Griffin Donna J
2632 C Griffin Erin
2633 C Griffin Jamie
5364 A Griffin Kathy D
5821 A Griffin Patrick
5822 A Griffin Patrick g1
5093 A Griffin Pauline
1441 A Griffith Brooks
2902 A Griffith Sandra G
3463 A Griffiths Dusty
4959 A Grilla David
656 A Grillot Jr Joseph G
246 A Grimes Kennard A
5562 A Groank Charles M
620 A Groat Jim
2273 A Groff Dana
1243 A Grosko Jr Stephen J
2274 A Gross Beth Tavel
354 A Gross Elizabeth
196 A Gross Eric
2634 A Gross Merryl
4693 A Gross R J
4945 A Grosser Ralf
4815 S Grover Steve
2179 A Grubbs David G
4108 A Grubka Kathleen
769 A Gudmundsen Susan
5057 A Guglielmo Gerald
2635 A Guidry John H



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4945 A GROSSER Ralf	5088 A Hansen Beth N	2658 A Heaton Caroline Jane	3198 A Himmelsbach Robert M	2693 S Howard Denys
4815 S Grover Steve	5832 A Hansen Beverly	216 A Hebel Alexia	2184 A Hina Holly	4272 A Howard Diane
2179 A Grubbs David G	2081 A Hansen Chris	217 A Hebel Bill	940 A Hindman Peter	2280 A Howard Geri
4108 A Grubka Kathleen	5826 A Hansen Jerry	3467 C Hebel Helen	2677 A Hinds Deidre M	4273 C Howard Jay
769 A Gudmundsen Susan	1214 A Hansen Marcie	5625 A Hecht Harvey	4459 A Hiney Stella	4274 A Howard John
5057 A Guglielmo Gerald	2082 A Hansen P J	4167 A Heck Peter	5686 A Hintz Mark	5090 A Howard Kimble
2635 A Guidry John H	145 S Hanson Dorothy	114 A Heckl Tom	2678 A Hipp Scott	4275 C Howard Matt
6051 A Guillory Crystal	29 S Hanson-Roberts Mary	4928 S Hedenlund Anders A	5069 A Hiramoto Miho	3957 A Hranek Catherine M
5820 A Guin Chris	659 A Harbaugh Chris	978 A Heidbrink James R	5527 A Hirsch Constance	3958 A Hranek Robert J
1195 A Gulati Arun	2004 A Harben Chris	5899 S Heim Richard	3249 S Hirsh Irwin	2694 A Huber Charles
5070 A Gunderson Eleanor	5062 A Harding Halina K	3351 A Heisler Daniel	4325 A Hishida Tsuguhisa	5011 A Hubschman Betty
5635 A Gunn Eileen	1387 A Hardison Dian L	2660 A Heitlager - Ten Voorde E	4422 A Hisle Debra	169 A Hubschman Michael
5078 A Gunnarsson Thorarinn	4838 A Harman Dr M J	2659 A Heitlager M	4423 C Hisle Debra c1	4298 A Huckelbery Timothy L
4246 A Gunnarsson Urban	3533 S Hardy Andrew	4946 S Heitlager Martijn	4424 A Hisle Matt	4305 A Huckenpolder J G
3631 S Gunther Peter	3550 A Hargrove Brenda	4441 A Helba Michael J	880 A Hitchcock Chip	2695 A Huckle Cynthia
5161 A Gurney James	3549 A Hargrove Donald Lee	5002 A Heleski Steven	947 A Hlavaty Arthur D	782 A Huddlestun Joy E
5160 A Gurney Jeanette	5483 A Harmon Cynthia	3349 A Helfrich Gary	1646 A Hoare Martin	1668 A Hudes Dana
4966 S Gustafson Jon M.	5239 A Harmon Jay	3350 A Helfrich Pamela	4660 A Hodgell Patricia	3504 C Hudson Ariel Sara
5447 A Guthridge George	5727 A Harms Eric	2661 A Helgesen Marty	2279 A Hodgkinson Debbie	Franklin
2275 A Guthrie Julie	3924 A Harms Rhonda	495 A Hellinger Stuart C	301 A Hoey Dan	876 A Hudson Jim
4926 A Gutkes Richard	3925 A Harms Rhonda g1	4867 A Helms Bettina	3927 A Hoff Gary	2696 A Hudson Kevin M
706 A Guy Eric	4241 A Harold J	2662 A Helmstetter Kristine	5861 C Hoffing Edgar	4154 A Hudson Sheila S
2636 A Haag Hal	3274 A Harper James S	988 A Hendee Leon	1467 A Hoffing Janis	1388 A Hudson Timothy L
957 A Haas Paul	1587 A Harper John	1756 A Hendee Susan	2679 A Hoffman James A	4077 A Huebner Kenneth
5416 A Haas-Heye Chris	2649 A Harrigan Harold	2663 A Henderson Arthur L	1061 A Hoffman Lee	2235 A Huff Tom
2637 A Hagel Crystal S	2651 A Harrigan III Harold	2664 A Henderson Rebecca R	4217 S Hoffmann Anthony	3170 A Hughes Alva
5596 A Hagen Vanora	2650 A Harrigan Jenevieve	2665 A Hendrick Lyndia	4823 A Hoffpauir Willis L	4026 A Hughes C
1301 A Hager Dana	626 A Harrigan Lisa Deutsch	2666 A Hendrick Woody	3160 A Hofmann Armin	480 A Hughes Debbie
1291 A Hager Jerry J	2278 A Harrington Bryant	2667 A Hendricks Dia	1561 A Hofmann Matthias	4703 A Hughes Scott
1433 A Hager Kevin S	1334 A Harris Barbara	2021 A Heneghan Jack	1444 S Hofstetter Joan	2697 A Hull Elizabeth Ann
1303 A Hager Shawn	3763 A Harris Chuch	800 A Henricksen Keith T	5858 A Hoie Tore Audun	2281 A Hull Matthew
2638 A Haggerty Patricia	4677 A Harris Clay	4602 A Henry Brian Dean	4479 A Holanik Suan	5310 A Huller Jerry
17 A Haight Cindy	1333 A Harris Craig Allen	1607 A Henry Carla	2680 A Holden Elizabeth	4341 A Hulse Charles R
3894 A Hail Elizabeth	611 A Harris George E	3575 A Henry Jr Michael F	4901 A Holder Nancy	3767 A Hummel Franklin
3895 A Hail Guy	4320 A Harris George E g1	1605 A Henry Michael	2681 A Holik Ron	6071 A Humphrey Jeff
5674 A Hailman Karl	6018 A Harris Jr James B	2183 A Henry Tracy L	5994 A Holland John E	5143 A Humphrey Rita
5003 A Haines Henry B	1293 A Harris Jonathan N	5329 A Hensley Elizabeth	1211 A Hollis John A R	2698 A Hunger Jamie
4832 A Hairston B	4899 A Harris Matthew G	5723 S Hensley Teresa M	5497 A Holloway Cynthia	4049 A Hunt Jonathan
4909 A Haisley Anne	5280 A Harris Sue	5710 A Hepburn Alasdair K	4266 A Holly Robin F	4050 A Hunt Lisa B
4910 A Haisley Phil	1294 A Harris Susan E	1526 A Hepperle Robert	3579 A Holmberg John-Henri	2158 A Hurley Brian
637 A Haldeman Cynthia	4501 A Harris Tom	3992 A Heramia Ernest	5683 A Holmen Rachel	3400 A Hurst Jeffery
285 A Haldeman Gay	2652 A Harris Zonker	3993 A Heramia Martha	2682 A Holmes Jr James L	4138 A Hurt Robert
841 A Haldeman II Jack C	6045 A Harrison Ben L	1313 A Herbert Dr M Linton	4690 A Holmes Jean M	5034 A Huskey Alan
286 A Haldeman Joe	2653 A Harrison Irene	663 A Herman Felicia G	4055 A Holsinger Jr Walter W	5035 A Huskey Lisa F
2639 A Haldeman Lori	4770 A Harrison Jill	2668 S Herman Jack R	2683 A Holt Melissa L	5481 A Huskey Mike
2640 A Haldeman Vol	2654 S Harrison Joy Carole	2134 A Hermann Katharine	5323 A Holt Tyrone E	2699 A Huston Jon
5173 A Hale Beverly A	2370 A Harsh Claudia	5947 A Herndon Allison C	1189 A Holtman David L	3449 A Huston Karen
3764 A Hall Anna Mary	5339 A Hart Cynthia	5340 A Herrington Patricia J	5073 A Holton Lael	4419 S Huszcza Andy
2276 A Hall Cheryl	5864 A Hart Gregory	613 A Herron Shawn M	5176 A Holzrichter Andy	4420 S Huszcza Anthony
1461 A Hall Joanne	5865 A Hart Roberta	2669 A Herrup Mark	5575 A Homan Jr Arthur S	4421 S Huszcza Charles
4559 A Hall John	590 A Hartling John	1905 A Herscher Philip	5576 A Homan Melissa M	2700 A Hutnik Edward G
3197 A Hall Kristina A	3620 A Hartman Eef	5308 A Hertz John F	316 A Honeck Francis J	4661 A Hutson Melinda
4870 A Hall Rebecca C	3177 A Hartman Enyan	4349 A Hertzoff Hilary L	317 A Honeck Susan L	1628 A Hutter Richard W
5170 A Hallgren Lance	4352 S Harto Patricia	1416 A Herz Andrea	4051 A Hong Clifford R	1129 A Huttner Jim
653 A Hallock Richard	3650 A Hartwell David G	26 A Herz Melanie	5780 A Honigsberg Alexandra E	5586 C Huyck Rhea
4052 A Halloran Jr Garner	4938 A Hartzell Suzy	37 A Herz Ray	5781 A Honigsberg David M	1843 A Hyde Richard
4953 A Halloran Kate	5499 A Harvel Lonnie	1415 A Herz Roberta	371 A Hood Norman L	1396 A Hykes-Bailey Muriel
3746 A Halpern Joel	1528 A Harvey Jr David	2670 A Herzing Laura B K	5407 A Hoog Tim	3578 A Hyman Anita
3824 A Halsey Jr Wayne F	1527 A Harvey Nancy	5695 S Heuer Alan	5266 A Hoog Tom	3577 A Hyman Sara
4758 A Halter Mayra	2655 A Hasbrouck Paul M	3380 A Heuston Zack	4951 S Hoogeland Mw J J	4967 A Hypher Louise
4759 A Halter Stephen K	5376 S Hashimoto Hiroki	2671 A Hewitt Marylou	5666 A Hooper Andrew P	2701 A Iannaccone David A
5307 A Hambly Barbara	2180 A Hastie David John	5353 A Heymann Carol	2684 A Hoover Raymond A	5508 A Ibbs Justin
2641 A Hamel Marsha	3406 A Hasty Chris	3443 A Hickmott Andrew	1610 A Hopfner John	5509 A Ibbs Tony J
1487 A Hamilton Casey	4922 A Hasty Rob	2675 A Hicks Debra	5028 A Hopkins Lisa	3300 C Ichniowski Jennifer
4137 A Hamilton Kathryn A	1332 A Hasty Rocky D	5935 A Hicks Suzanne	4340 A Hopkins Priscilla A	3301 K Ichniowski Michelle
2642 A Hamilton Nora	5192 A Hatakeyama Chikako	2463 A Higgins Barbara	2685 A Horgan Jacqueline J	2074 A Iennaco Lisa
1725 A Hamilton Todd Cameron	4218 A Hatcher Matthew E	3239 A Higgins Bill	2117 A Hornyak Janice	2075 A Iennaco Mark
5109 A Hammill Donald	1202 A Haven Les	4840 A Hildebrandt Evelyn	4554 A Horseman Marian	2702 S Ihinge Peg Kerr
2643 A Hammond Michael	2181 A Hawkins Andrew B	1663 S Hildebrandt Kathleen	3167 A Horton Paul	2703 S Ihinge Rob
2644 A Hammond S Elektra	1791 A Hawkins Jane E	1877 A Hildreth Peter C	2686 S Horton Richard R	3619 A Illingworth Tim
4113 A Hanchar Janice	4721 A Hayashida Shigeru	2672 A Hilgartner Andy	4527 A Horvitz Tom	4871 A Illovsky Kathy
4114 A Hanchar Steve	3759 A Hayden Teresa Nielsen	2673 A Hill Betsy	4326 A Hoshi Akio	3611 S in't Uelp Robert
2645 A Hancock Jody	2656 A Hayes Bobbi	3318 A Hill Damon	2687 A Hosto Douglas	2704 A Indelicato Lois
2646 A Hancock Larry	2657 A Hayes Duane	44 A Hill Linda	4360 S Hottin Robert A	5181 A Inman Linda T
2647 S Handfield C	1445 A Hayes Gary Kim	1929 A Hill Richard A	2688 S Houghton Ken	5053 A Inoue Hiroaki
2277 A Hanger Nancy C	5859 A Hayes Mark	5102 A Hill Theresa	3585 A Housden Valerie	5054 A Inoue Tamie
2648 A Hanley Cynthia S	5071 A Hayes Nancy	2674 A Hill Wesley	4315 A Housman Mordecai	4378 A Inove Junko
4880 A Hanlon Peter	2182 A Hayes Reilly	2089 A Hilliard Kelly Scott	3903 A Houston MD Birgit	4999 S Insinga Aron K
4881 A Hanlon Thomas g1	1273 A Haynie Jr Robert S	355 A Hillis Robert L	2689 A Houwerzyl E	5000 S Insinga Merle S
780 A Hanlon Thomas R	5106 A Hazen Montie	2676 A Hillyard Kenneth	2690 A Houwerzyl Robert E	4582 A Insley Sheila
4375 A Hannon Kathleen	4060 A Head Gilbert	262 A Himber Julian E	2691 A Houwerzyl Robert E g1	3505 C Isaacs Child of Fred &
4969 S Hanou Th J M	4168 A Heath MD Pamela Rae	5901 A Himes Kathy L	2692 A Houwerzyl-Wasseur G	Susan

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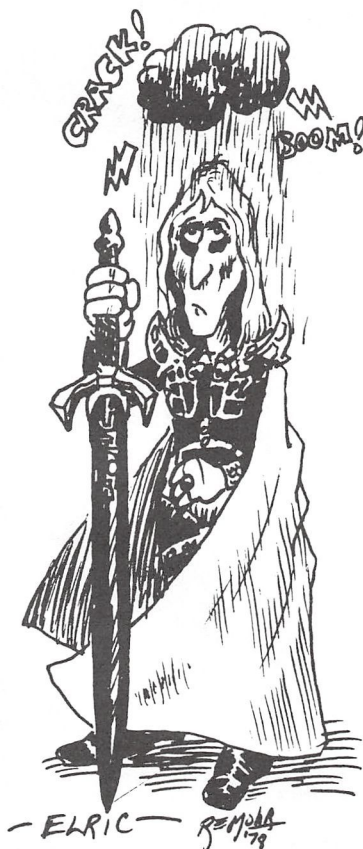
Christina
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5602 A Jackson Alice E
3515 A Jackson Barbara
3751 A Jackson Catherine
4970 A Jackson Flynn
4383 A Jackson Janet
5229 A Jackson Julia L
5649 A Jackson Kathryn
2706 A Jackson Mary Kay
5403 A Jackson Pete
5404 A Jackson Pete g1
5603 A Jackson R Parker
1567 A Jackson Steve
5604 A Jackson W Tinsley
232 A Jacob Carol M
233 A Jacob Cheryl
234 A Jacob Penelope
2707 A Jaffe Saul
4100 A Jagot Marlene
5136 A Jainschigg Monica
5137 A Jainschigg Nicholas
1954 A Jakubaitis Ardis
4674 A Jakubaitis Connie
3474 A Jakubaitis Joy
3571 A Jakubisin Gayle
4816 A James Rhodri
3632 S James Theresa
2708 A Jamison Paul E
5711 A Jane Barbara
5642 A Janssens Scott
171 A Jarema-Chyzy Sabrina P
2709 A Jarog Dennis
1799 A Jarrell Ron

2122 A Jarvi Aino L
4699 A Jarvis Athena
4700 A Jarvis Peter
2710 S Jasen Olivia A
799 A Jencevice Linda
60 A Jencevice Michael
1199 A Jennemann Leslie
1274 A Jensen Bill
3554 A Jensen Bruce A
4775 A Jensen Kitty
5009 S Jerman Toni
1210 A Jude Samanda B
2285 A Jewell Mary Jane
4379 A Jitsuzaki Yoko
4121 S Johns Alina C
1707 A Johns Jay
1005 S Johnson Jr Audrai'
James
4389 A Johnson Barbara N
623 A Johnson Carol
314 S Johnson Cullen
2093 A Johnson Dale
2711 A Johnson Eleanor
2286 A Johnson Elizabeth
1431 A Johnson Erma C
2712 A Johnson Karen L
1809 A Johnson Keith
3466 A Johnson Rachel
3613 S Johnson Robin
1361 A Johnson Ryan K
5295 A Johnson Steven Vincent
4470 S Johnson Todd
712 A Johnson Tom
1432 A Johnson William C
1079 A Johnston LaDona
5525 A Johnston Leslie
4072 A Jones Bonnie K
2713 S Jones Deborah K
5189 A Jones Eva B

6014 A Jones Howard
1008 A Jones Jeff
1007 A Jones Judy
1816 A Jones Karen L
3327 A Jones Laura
2714 A Jones Lenore Jean
3817 A Jones Lynne
1994 A Jones Mark
2715 A Jones Marsha Elkin
4981 A Jones Mattie
3329 C Jones Nate
5501 A Jones P Quinnatt
4656 A Jones Patricia A
3328 A Jones Patrick
1675 A Jones R D
3330 C Jones Rachel
3816 A Jones Raymond
3201 A Jones Stefan
6015 A Jones Terry
2716 S Jones Thomas W
3471 A Jones Vernon
2717 S Jones Wayne H
6027 S Jones Yolanda
4434 A Jordan Chris
1392 A Jordan David
5664 A Jordan Debra A
1581 A Jordan Jean
1582 A Jordan Ken
524 A Jordan Roberta
5391 A Jordan Veronica
4571 A Jordon Karen
755 A Jorgensen Maryann
2718 A Josenhans Ken
3313 S Josserand Earl
3623 A Joukes Simon
4046 A Joyce Joyce M
4047 A Joyce Susan K
5029 A Joynt Steve
5063 A Judkowitz Ruth
4303 A Juhase Cheryl
5241 A Julian Hannelore
5242 A Julian Hubert
5243 A Julian Theresia
4658 A Julin Laila
4493 A Juozenas Joan G1
2719 A Juozenas Joan
5587 A Jutting Susan
2287 A Kabakjian Carol E
2288 A Kabakjian Richard
5438 A Kabutogi Reigo
1221 A Kachmar Diane C
1222 A Kachmar John
4497 A Kaden Cris Palomo
4498 A Kaden Neal
2289 A Kafka Anita
5335 S Kagan Eric
5336 S Kagan Janet
3153 A Kahles Rose M
4322 A Kahn Walter
1850 A Kalisz Frank
5682 A Kaminski Heiko
3792 A Kandel Jeri
5634 A Kandel Michael
4355 A Kane LeAnn
2720 A Kanefsky Bob
3747 A Kaneko Akiko
4825 A Kapera Raymond E
3876 A Kaplowitz Ira A
3877 A Kaplowitz Rebecca G
2721 S Kappesser Peter J
5588 A Kaprinski Mark
2722 A Kare Jordin
2185 A Karpierz Joe
2190 A Karpierz Sharon
4363 A Kashiwaya Nozomi
4669 A Kasman Ron
3979 A Kasmar Gene
3739 A Kasprzak James
5288 A Kastan Thomas
3324 A Kasten-Lowerre Lorinda
3589 S Kasvi Jyrki Jouko Juhani
621 A Kattelman David

2723 A Kato Keith G
2724 A Kato Keith G g1
5072 A Katobos Melody L
4749 A Katz Arnie
3415 C Katz David
4750 A Katz Joyce
2725 A Katz Kenneth
3414 A Katz Marisa
3413 A Katz Roger
5706 A Katz Susan L
198 A Katze Rick
2726 A Katzoff Mark
1579 A Kaufman Barbara
1028 A Kaufman Jerry
722 A Kaveny Philip
5445 A Kawamura Hitoshi
4505 A Kawamura Mika Aoi
1897 A Kay Alex
4236 A Kaye Jo
5730 A Kaye Marvin
4386 A Kaylor Cheri
398 A Kearins Rod
390 A Keating Marta
2727 A Keck Melissa M
526 A Keesan Morris
843 A Keith Gregory R
774 A Keith Lorna
4494 A Keller Mark M
5490 A Keller Michael S
5491 A Keller Ruby C
5518 A Kelly Gail
4485 C Kelly Gerard
5633 A Kelly James Patrick
3802 C Kelly Laurel Lee
5912 A Kelly Mark R
4486 C Kelly Maura
3801 A Kelly Jr Patrick Joseph
2290 A Kelly Richard J
4515 A Kemper Bart
4516 A Kemper Cause
189 A Kenderdine Bonnie J
2728 A Kenin Millea
2729 A Kennedy Jim
1096 A Kennedy Mike
1097 A Kennedy Nelda Kathleen
531 A Kennedy Patrick M
532 A Kennedy Peggy
2730 A Kenniff Lisa A
1591 A Kent Allan
3238 A Kenworthy Deborah
5174 A Kenyon Kay W
2731 A Kerich John T
1075 A Kern William
1424 A Kernes Mark
2291 A Kerrigan Michael J
5611 A Kerrigan Theresa
819 A Ketter Greg
5564 A Kidd Andrea Montague
5839 A Kidd Christine
5840 A Kidd Paul
5807 A Kidd Thomas
2732 S Kidd Virginia
3899 A Kidwell Jean
3254 A Kidwell Scudder
5094 A Kiefer Hope
4996 A Kiger Katherine
4353 A Kihara Hirotake
4214 A Kilpatrick Lois
4131 A Kilpatrick Lori
4215 A Kilpatrick Richard
1233 A Kim Mabel K
2733 A Kimbriel Katherine Eliska
4344 A Kimecak Paul
4345 A Kimecak Virginia
2186 A Kindell Judith E
715 A King Candis
5274 A King David
392 A King Deborah A
4565 S King Michael R
2734 A King Robert C
5766 A King Tappan
3341 A King Trina E

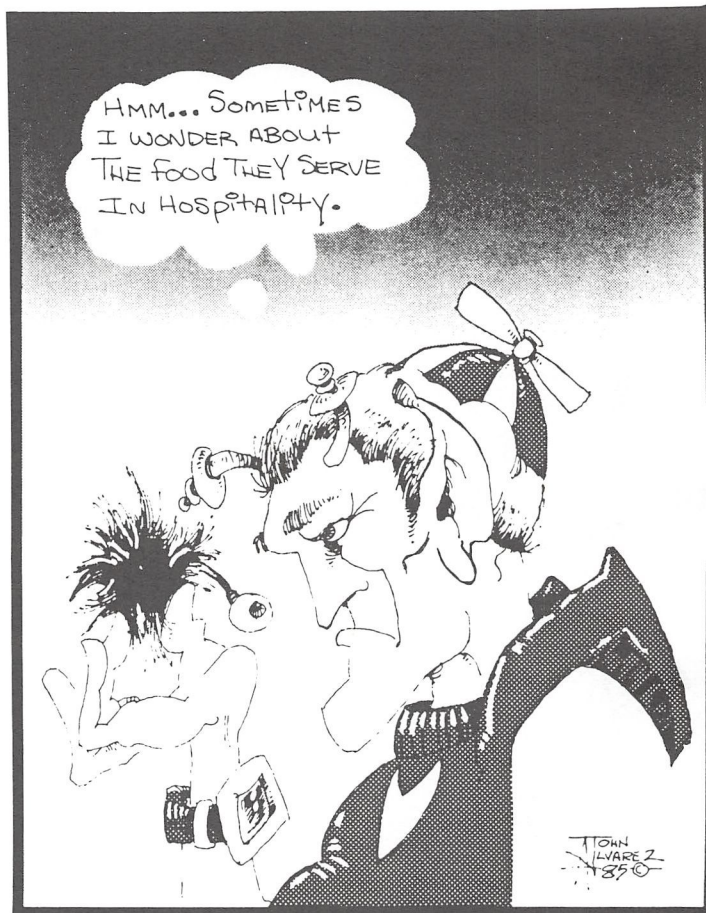
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3277 A Kirby William
3280 A Kirby William g1
4187 A Kirk Carol T
4188 A Kirk Geoffrey B
1569 A Kirk James T
713 A Kirstein R Rosemary
714 A Kirstein Sabine
4988 A Kiser Robert
5016 A Kissenger Tess
3780 A Kitay Michele A
3984 A Kitik J S
5328 A Kittler Christine A
5453 A Kitzmann Rosemary
1232 A Kleba Louise M
5040 A Klein James F
2735 A Klein Jay Kay
1255 A Kliman Lincoln W
3844 A Kluge Klaus
4797 A Klukas Johnna Y
1881 A Klus Jason
1882 A Klus Michael
1883 A Klus Sherry
3680 A Knaak Richard
885 A Knabbe Kenneth
3818 A Knapp Brian Keith
3856 A Knapp Mary Catherine
3827 A Knapp Peter
4293 A Knauer Mike
1071 A Knight Margo L
1072 A Knight Steven P
1869 A Knopf Arnold
1868 A Knopf Maryann
3147 A Knowles Martha
4779 A Knox Andrew J
3674 C Kobayashi Mana
3673 A Kobayashi Mika
3672 A Kobayashi Yoshio
2736 A Kobe Elizabeth E
820 A Koebe Sally
325 A Koch Irvin M
2737 A Kocsis Jennifer
3740 A Kocsis Steve
5919 A Koehler Lynn E Cohen
5920 A Koehler III William F
4181 A Kofoed Janet
4182 A Kofoed Karl B
5918 C Kogelman Benjamin
5434 A Kohn William
5197 A Kohne Michael
688 A Kokinis Barbara
2738 S Kolar Nancy
5565 A Kolojeski Gregory
126 A Kone David
4041 A Konecny Andy
264 A Konkin III Samuel Edward
2739 A Konkol Kenneth R
2740 A Konoya Hiroshi
5156 A Kopp Ellen
4729 A Kornbluth Mark
4848 A Korsgaard Andy
5542 A Kosiba Deb
4179 A Kosmann Connie
2741 A Kotani Mari
422 A Kotkiewicz Ronald A
738 A Kott Mike
1464 A Kovalcik Rick
4646 A Kovalcin Diane S
4647 A Kovalcin James J
4648 C Kovalcin Laura E
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315 A Kramer Ed
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5543 A Krask Paul
3428 A Krauland Herman J



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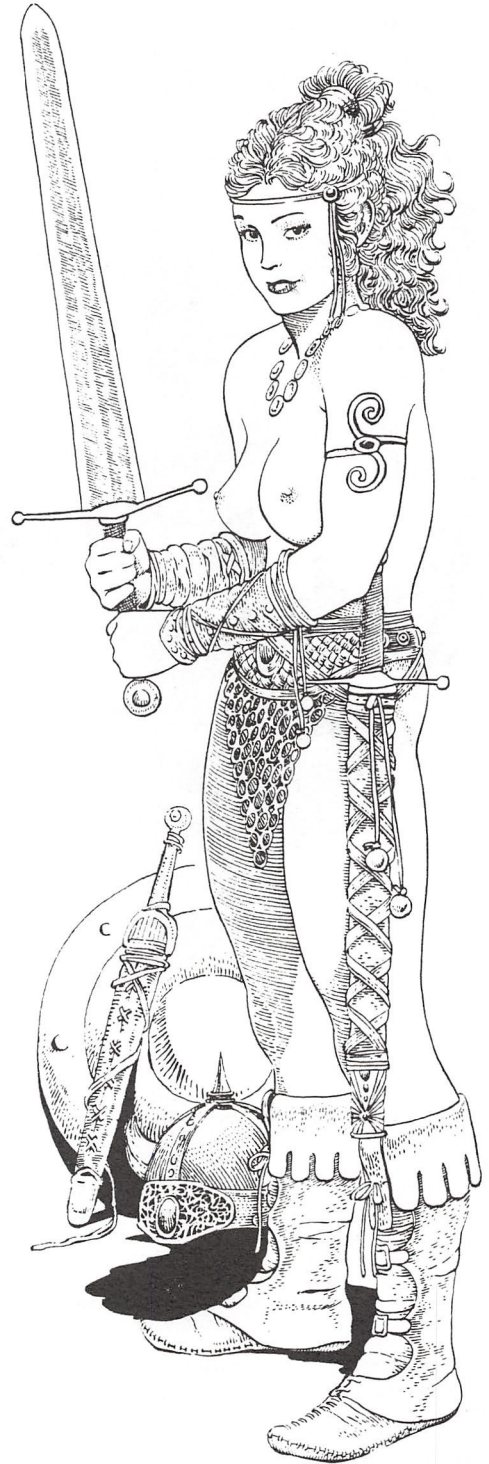
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1370 A Krause George	3218 A Laska Alan	4451 A Levin Charlotte	5235 A Lindsay Becky	172 A Longendorfer John
2743 C Krause Sydnie	1859 A Laskowski George J	5882 A Levin Debra J	5250 A Lindsay David S	4961 A Longo Andrea
676 A Kravitz Marian	3774 A Lasley Stephanie	868 A Levin J S	1080 A Lindsay Lisa	5636 A Longyear Barry B
4209 A Krebs Christine	2090 A Lasne Francois-Xavier	4691 A Levin Michael A	2773 A Lindsay Tamar	5637 A Longyear Regina B
5133 A Krebs Kathy	2754 A Lasne Genevieve	2766 S Levin Robert	5236 A Lindsay Ted	4884 A Lonkani Krishna
2294 A Krentz Laura	2297 A Lassman David	3141 S Levin Rozalyn	3981 A Lineaweaver Linda Anne	3923 A Looker Elizabeth
5838 A Kress Nancy	5037 A Latner Alexis Glynn	5014 A Levine David	3689 A Linnenman Mark	4971 A Looker Judith
3144 A Krieg Ed	3225 A Latzko Alex	5848 A Levine Mark	3332 A Lipman Penny	1595 A Loomis Anne
3734 A Kristiansen Ralph	2376 A Laundry Karl	5598 A Levine Rennie	2774 S Lipton Robert	2780 A Loomis Austin
4134 A Krolak Jack P	5397 A Laundry Kathy	5939 A Levitin Ninn	5819 A Lisle Holly	2781 A Loomis Nancy
3418 A Krumins Arvids	5977 A Laurence Debra	4111 A Levy Lillian	2775 A Lister Mark H	1596 A Loomis P Burr
6055 A Krumme Chris	5978 A Laurence George	2767 A Lewis Alice N S	5773 A Lister Mark H	2782 A Loose H K
3423 A Krupp Judith E	442 A Laurent Bob	40 S Lewis Andrea Rosenberg	644 A Litt Elan Jane	3784 A Lopez Edward
3424 A Krupp Louisa A	4116 A LaValley Nancy	909 A Lewis Anthony	643 A Litt Elan Jane g1	2783 A Lorentz John
2744 A Krupp Roy S	3974 A Laviana Donna L	1984 A Lewis Page Eileen	4767 A Little Bonnie	502 A Lorrain Jean
2745 S Kucera T G	2755 A Lavore-Vaughan Nanette	2300 A Lewis Robert	4768 A Little Mike	5982 A Lotts Chris
5257 A Kuch Lutz	3161 A Lawler Joann	492 A Lewis Suford	3304 A Livingston Brian J	5374 A Loubet Denis
5929 A Kuehl William Aksel	1034 A Lawrence Ann L	815 A Liberman Ben	4514 A Llewellyn Mary Macleod	3331 A Louie Daniel Y
4958 S Kuismannen Mw E L I	3531 A Lawrence Daniel W	5692 A Librandi Bryan	5512 A Llewellyn Mike	1137 A Louie Gary
4172 A Kukalis Romas	1315 A Lawrence Matt	2769 S Lichtenberg Debbie	5595 A Lloyd Steven	3494 A Love Holly
2746 A Kulinyi Sue	2055 A Lawrence Richard	1960 A Lichtenberg Jacqueline	2049 A Lockhart L R	895 A Love J Spencer
5007 A Kummung Waldemar	2057 A Lawrence Richard g1	2771 A Lichtenberg Salomon	2050 A Lockhart M L	4328 A Low Danny
3748 A Kunio Aoi	2056 A Lawrence Victora	1622 A Lichtler Gary	1702 A Lockridge Jeff	2784 S Lowe Brian K
6044 A Kunsman Tom	1033 A Lawrence-Williams Betty L	1489 A Lidral Bob	1703 A Lockridge Kimberly	4736 A Lowe Carmen
4109 A Kurilecz Diane	2756 A Lawson David	464 A Lieberman Paula	3988 A Loftis Janet L	4737 A Lowe Chris
3853 A Kushner Cherie E	1757 A Lay Toni	2187 A Lien Anton	3612 S Logan WR	5375 A Lowe Lori E
2124 A Kushner David M	897 A Layton Alexis	2772 A Lieven Andre	5712 A Logger Oscar	3323 A Lowerre Jim
2120 A Kyle Arthur C	3230 A Lazar Judy Tockman	3600 A Ligtendag Eric	896 A Logue Kathei	2785 A Lowman Richard G
1692 A Kyle David	3240 A Lazzaro Joseph	3601 A Ligtendag Maarten	2776 A Lokier Maggie	3975 A Lowmy Sherrie
2114 A Kyles Ruth	1385 A Leach Zanny	180 A Lillian III Guy H	5720 A Lomas Tammy	3690 A Lucas James
3943 A Labonville Suzanne N	5851 A Leacock Dina	5777 A Lillie Scott C	2777 A London Carol A	3691 A Lucas Sia
1617 A LaChute Jim	3896 A Leavell Jane A	3271 A Liltz Frank V	2778 A London Ken	4267 A Luce Charlie
1616 A LaChute Terry B	2757 A Lebowitz Steven	3282 A Lindboe Wendy	683 A Lonehawk Brendan	4268 A Luce Nicole
2747 A Laczko Valerie	6061 A Ledbetter Thomas H	4622 A Lindgren John S	788 A Lonehawk Patti	3453 A Luckett Dave
3867 A Lafferty Raphael A	2298 A Lee Alan R	3258 A Lindow Ellen	2779 S Long Katherine C	846 A Lucyshyn P Alex
5548 A Lake Chester H	4500 A Lee April			
5550 A Lake Katherine T	5833 A Lee Gentry			
2748 A Lake Lissanne	746 S Lee Johnny M			
5549 A Lake Virginia T	5998 S Lee Karen			
3757 A Lake-Shaw Kate	3527 A Lee Melvin F			
4540 S Lally David J	887 A Lee Michelle			
1123 A Lalor Mike	888 A Lee Peter E			
3412 A Lamb Colin	2299 A Lee Peter L K			
3410 A Lamb Jerry	2758 A Lee Steven			
3411 A Lamb Maggie	5413 A Lee Tina			
3694 A Lampe Michael	2759 A Leeper Evelyn C			
5510 A Lampen Dave	2760 A Leeper Mark			
5511 A Lampen Linda	2761 A Leeper Sue			
337 A Lampert Doug	5182 A Leftwich Inda Susan			
1328 A Landan Joshua	3451 A Leghorn Stanley			
2749 A Landan Mrs Stephen	3720 A Lehman Donald			
558 A Landan Stephen	3721 A Lehman Nina			
2295 A Landau Eric	2762 A Lehrman Barry			
4644 A Landis PhD Geoffrey A	2763 A Lehrman Julie			
1472 A Landis Henry John	1110 A Leibowitz Hope			
2750 A Landis Jr Jim M	3687 A Leichel John			
5103 A Landis Kate	3688 A Leichel Karen			
3977 A Landman Elaine	5749 A Leigh Stephen			
3978 A Landman Larry	2764 A Leininger William			
572 A Landry Paul	4535 A Leisti Teemu			
2024 A Lane Charles	615 S Leith Rena			
2025 A Lane Joyce	4960 A Lemay Ann			
4126 A Lane Timothy	3221 A Lemmons F Thomas			
5913 A Lang Charles	4013 A Lenard Linda			
1481 S Lang David T	6039 A Lenkman Sheila Mary			
5663 A Lang Karen	4941 S Lenove Paul A			
5301 S Langford David	5494 A Lent Maureen			
1762 A Langsam Devra M	2225 A Leonard Alton			
5343 A Langston Deborah	3420 A Leonard Ellen			
4605 A Lanier Donna Shain	2226 A Leonard Fiona			
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2752 S Larsen David	3804 A Lerner Fred			
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4679 A Larson Aaron B	4919 A Lesesne Henry Hilton			
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5036 A Larson Eric	3316 A Lester Robert			
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2753 A Larue Candace				



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847 A Lucyshyn Teri N	361 A Mallory Sara Fuller	4088 A Matheson Laura	970 A McGregor Charles	279 A McIntyre Michael
4448 S Luftig Warren N	4761 A Mamayek Kim	4023 A Mathews Lois	4507 S McGregor Alayne	4085 A McIntyre Vonda N
3855 S Lukas Vicki A	1384 A Mami Carl	4024 A Mathews Neil	4523 A McGregor Colin A	4578 A McKannan Ann
5116 A Luke-Roman Donna	408 A Mami Elaine	1862 A Mathews-Bailey Gail E	4520 A McGuire Monte	4676 A McKay Phyllis
5432 A Lund Deanna	3346 A Manchester Susan	3608 S Mathiesen Lars Henrik	4401 A McGuire Patrick	1162 A McKee Erin
3980 A Lund Kerry	3157 A Mand Mary L	2816 A Matlock Devin	4757 A McHugh Maureen F	3553 A McKee Maureen
4781 S Lund Nancy J	927 A Mangan Lois H	2817 A Matlock Trevin	3376 A McInnis Linda	2826 A McKenna Majorie A
4782 A Lund William R	2244 A Mangan Paul J	3186 A Matsumoto Tomoko	4506 A McIntosh Greg	2827 A McKenna Maureen T
962 A Lundgren Carl	2800 A Manley Sean P	904 A Matteotti Mary E	5351 A McIntyre Karen L	3965 A McKenna Michael F
963 A Lundgren Michele	4464 A Mann Elise	2818 A Matthews Bob		
2786 S Lundry Alex	5045 A Mann Frank	5566 A Matthews Patrick		
966 A Lundry Donald	875 A Mann Jim	195 A Matthews Jr Winton E		
967 A Lundry Grace	4465 A Mann Ken	2306 A Matthews-Simmons Mark		
3750 A Lunney Frank	225 A Mann Laurie D T	5159 A Mattingly David		
3973 A Lunquist Tracy	1714 C Mann Leslie	5816 A Mattingly David B		
3955 A Luoma Robert	2801 A Mannes Michael H	5119 S Mattingly Gary S		
3829 A Lurie Gordon	723 A Manning Mark	4412 A Maughan Robert		
3828 A Lurie Maria Elena	2802 A Manning Sandra	2819 A Maulucci Mary K		
2787 A Lurie Perianne	3306 A Manning-Schwartz Lynda	3256 A Maurer Karl		
2788 A Lussmyer John G	5475 A Mansfield Eric	5719 A Maxfield C B		
3308 A Luther Marcus	2803 A Mansfield John	5466 A Maxon Darrell		
5955 A Luuk Stella	2804 A Mansfield Marie-Noelle	5306 A Maxon Juraj		
3179 A Lyau Bradford	5414 A Manson Cynthia	5500 A Maxwell Robert A		
2789 A Lyle Stephen R	2805 A Manzo Jon C	4986 A May Laurie		
3409 A Lyle Vivian	3692 A Marble Beth	1471 A May Marlin D		
158 A Lyman Alex	2062 A Marble Chris	5671 A Mayberry Howard		
159 A Lyman Dave	4595 A Marcotte Claude	5957 A Mayer Kathryn		
160 A Lyman Deanna	4975 A Marhay Jo Ann	193 A Mayer Sally		
4068 C Lyman Elizabeth	4976 A Marhay Vincent	3217 A Mayer Warren		
1785 A Lyn-Waitsman Barry	3693 A Markel Christine	192 A Mayhew Joe		
1786 A Lyn-Waitsman Marcy	2806 A Marks Betsy R	1458 A Maynard Jay		
3485 C Lyn-Waitsman Paul	3551 A Marlan Cheryl	872 A Maynard Jeff		
3486 C Lyn-Waitsman Shaina	4649 A Marlow William C	1873 A Maynard Jeff g1		
3378 A Lynch Dan	2304 A Marmor Mark	2032 A Maynard Jeffrey D		
2790 A Lynch Keith	4285 A Marolda Michael J	1459 A Maynard Judy		
239 A Lynch Nickilyn	4860 A Marquess Jennie	1049 A Maynard Rich		
1599 A Lurich Norman	2807 A Marr Leon	1279 A Mays Steve		
240 A Lynch Richard W	2808 A Marschak Beth	1278 A Mays Susan		
3379 A Lynch Ruth	1026 A Marston Bonnie Alexandra	1496 A Mazuranic Krsto A		
2052 A Lysaught Joan	1647 A Martin Anya	5418 A McAbee Kyle		
2791 A Lyte Judith E	3871 A Martin Carl L	2820 A McArthur Jeannine		
4432 A Lyzohub Jr Walter A	4329 A Martin Carolyn	2821 A McArthur Jeffrey Scott		
5965 A Maass Donald	3806 A Martin Cathy	6035 A McCarthy Wil		
2302 A MacDonald James D	4330 A Martin Charles	5834 A McCaslin Shawn		
4380 A MacFarlane Letitia	2809 A Martin Cheryl B	6072 C McCaulla Amanda		
4381 A MacFarlane Stephen R	2810 A Martin Diane M	2822 A McCaulla Herb		
4950 S MacGregor Duncan	2811 A Martin George E	2307 A McCaulla Melody		
1995 S Maciejewski Audrey	2812 A Martin George R R	5959 A McCloud Timothy John		
2792 A MacIntosh Robert J	5605 C Martin Gregory W	2308 A McClune Keith		
2060 A Mackey Susan	1437 A Martin Jeff	2309 A McClune Sheila		
2793 A MacLaney Thomas	3805 A Martin John	3484 A McCombie Patrick g1		
3421 A Maclean Kevin	859 A Martin Judith L	2031 A McCombie Patrick J		
2303 A MacLellan Elizabeth A	5783 A Martin Larry W	1140 A McCombs Cheryl		
4442 A MacMurdo Sandy	3192 A Martin Liz	4666 A McConnell Ashley		
2794 A Madden James R	2813 A Martin Scott A	2310 A McConville Rita J		
3189 C Madden Paul Grady	4058 A Martin Scott	5757 A McCorkle Mary		
4162 A Madle Robert	3872 C Martin Teresa S	2823 S McCormick Grant C		
4163 A Madle Robert g1	5831 S Martin Wayne	673 A McCoy Sean M		
5529 A Madonia John	4289 A Martin Wendy	3502 A McCrone Frances		
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2795 A Mahady Rich	3873 C Martin William C	2311 A McCroskey Douglas W		
1588 A Mahoney Russell H	376 A Martine Victor	4431 A McCue Karen E B		
5824 A Maier Claire L	3702 A Martinez-Byrne Dawn	5973 A McCuean Theresa		
2796 A Mainhardt Ricia	5993 S Marwitz Eckhard	1573 A McCurry Sharane		
1562 A Mainz Frank	3656 A Marzi Jurgen	3948 S McCutcheon Kay E		
2797 S Maire Nyasia A	5362 A Mascetti Hugh	2017 A McDaniel Lloyd A		
3285 A Maitz Don	4898 A Maskell Marnie	4878 A McDaniel Robert		
2798 S Major Joseph T	436 A Mason Michael	5774 A McDonald Ken		
5886 A Mak Christine	5233 A Mason Patience H C	3668 A McDonell Christopher		
5885 A Mak Derwin	6002 A Mason Phil P K	2824 A McDonough Craig R		
4368 A Maki Kumiko	2815 S Mason Richard	605 A McDowell Charles I		
4369 C Maki Kyouko	5234 A Mason Robert C	5446 A McDowell Lisa		
4306 S Maki Shinji	1138 A Massoglia Alice	5092 A McEwen Pat		
4370 A Maki Shunkichi	1139 A Massoglia Marty	4896 A McGarry Lee		
4371 C Maki Yusuke	6058 A Masters April	3968 A McGarry Terry A		
4723 A Makita Kazuhiko	22 A Masters Gerald	5089 A McGeachin Bill		
4502 A Malberg Norwin	1687 A Masters Mark T	3755 A McGillem Barbara M		
4452 A Malcolm Edward	5728 A Mathers Drew	3754 A McGillem L Robert		
4453 A Malcolm Susan Marie	2305 A Mathery Charles	4132 A McGowen Bruce		
4204 A Malinowycz Marci	4087 A Matheson Dennis	2825 A McGrain Tim		
2799 A Mallon Jr Fred W		5557 A McGrath Danny		
1989 A Mallory Benny W				





3966 A McKenna Van T	1879 A Meier Wilma	1508 A Meskys Edmund R	5238 A Mienk James	306 A Miller Craig
3944 A McKinnon Michael	5271 A Melilli Maria	2312 A Meskys Sandra	4543 A Miesel Anne Louise	2116 A Miller Georgia
2828 A McMahan John A	434 A Melle Sue	2419 A Meskys Stanley	4544 A Miesel Marie Louise	3736 A Miller Herb
2829 C McMahan Johnna	884 A Melle II William	4491 A Metz Claire D	2834 A Miesko Judy	2838 A Miller John
2830 C McMahan Lillie	903 A Mellott Constance M	4343 A Metz Paul C	4364 A Miki Mari	3363 A Miller Kathy
497 A McMenamin Mark	266 A Melnick Linda	5617 A Metzger April S	1770 A Mildebrandt Nancy	6047 S Miller Keith
804 A McMullen Anne K	3333 A Meltner Ken	5618 A Metzger Robert A	2835 A Miles Janet	3366 A Miller Kevin
1939 A McMunn Rosemary	527 A Meltzer Lori	939 A Metzger Stephen K	1463 A Millard Grant	4089 A Miller Larry
2831 A McMurrian Althea	4196 A Melvin Stephen M	61 A Meyer Kathleen	5467 A Millard Martha	4499 A Miller Laura S
5558 A McNary Lucinda L	304 A Merckle Nancy	3164 A Meyer Kathyann	2836 A Miller Alan F	3365 A Miller Lee Ann
5559 A McNary Mark	4593 A Mergenhagen Janice A	3163 A Meyer Ruth Ana	4156 A Miller Arlen	3737 A Miller Lisa
5061 A McQuinn James A	5658 A Mergner Jr Henry E	3660 S Meys Paulus	4157 A Miller Arlen g1	4963 A Miller Martin
5269 A Meacham Beth	2188 A Merkel Phillip	4574 A Michaels Linda L J	3425 A Miller Arthur	1283 A Miller Pamela
312 A Meacham Samuel A	367 A Merlino Mark	2833 S Michals Paul	3772 A Miller B J	5194 A Miller Rob
674 A Mealy Jeanne	1629 A Merrill Chris	2042 A Michel II Gustave A	2115 A Miller Ben	4148 A Miller Rosemary
4245 A Meenan Mark	1630 A Merrill James	3543 S Michel M Feron	5373 A Miller Beth	3540 A Miller Sherlene
5479 A Meganck Glenn Eric	1084 A Merritt Scott	5341 A Michie Barbara T	4093 A Miller Billy	6048 S Miller Sue
3287 A Meier Hans P	2832 A Meschke Karen	5342 A Michie Jeffrey T	2837 A Miller Bruce M	3724 A Miller Susan
1878 A Meier Wes	667 A Meserole Thomas A	641 A Midford Peter	3364 A Miller Chuck	3429 A Miller Theodore

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1283 A Miller Pamela	2851 A Morman Mary	1682 A Nalle Ann	6070 A Obermeyer Rick	882 A Parente Lois E
5194 A Miller Rob	3697 A Morman Melissa	1709 A Nathanson David B	4456 A Obringer Denis	4073 A Paris Sam
4148 A Miller Rosemary	3654 C Morman Susan	913 A Nathanson Phillip M	4366 A Ochiai Tetsuya	4989 A Parker Beverly
3540 A Miller Sherlene	2852 C Morningstar Cameron	3348 A Nave John	4346 A Ode Hideaki	858 A Parker Bill
6048 S Miller Sue	2853 A Morningstar Chip	553 A Neagle Robert L	5815 S Odom Jr James Carl	3455 A Parker Helen
3724 A Miller Susan	2854 A Morningstar Janice	5405 A Neal William E	5124 A Ogus L Robert	5513 A Parker Martin
3429 A Miller Theodore	130 A Morris Ann	3891 A Neff Julaine H	3658 S Oikarinen Antti	4301 A Parker Nicole
4623 A Milleren Nancy A	5924 A Morris Bernice	3892 A Neff Randall B	4099 A Okonske Marlene	538 A Parker Rembert N
4920 A Mills Andrea D	2855 A Morris Hilarie A	4589 A Neilson Cindy	4443 A Okuto Hiroshi	3190 A Parker Steve
4120 A Mills Cory	131 A Morris Kendall	36 A Neilson Ingrid	956 A Olanich Catherine	38 A Parker Tony
3648 A Mills Nick	5392 C Morris Noah	4590 A Neilson Wayne	3172 A Olbris Frank C	5804 A Parkinson Keith
3908 S Mina George L	2856 A Morris Phillip	2867 A Neitzke Paul	5300 S Oldham Barbara	6005 A Parkinson Mary
2313 A Minambres D.I. Teresa	5393 A Morris Rebecca	4466 S Neilson Carl	4533 A Olijnyk Martha S	4463 A Parmentier Gregg
Carmen	199 A Morris Skip	5449 A Nelson John T	4824 A Oliver Jude	2887 A Parris Susan P
5190 A Minamikawa Tomoko	3284 A Morris Wayne	4791 A Nelson John	2877 A Olivera Mabel	2886 S Parry Arwel
5958 S Minch Ronald W	4788 A Morrison Andrew B	4792 A Nelson Laralee	1224 A Olmsted Gene	5863 A Parson Eric K
5738 A Minkoff Rick	4279 A Morrison Donald	910 A Nelson Michael R	719 A Olsen Karl M	5665 A Parsons JoAnn
5739 A Minkoff Ruth	1530 A Morrison Elizabeth	3268 A Nerat Kathy	5380 A Olsen Kirk	4573 A Parsons Marie
3319 A Minneman Lynn I	1531 A Morrison Renee	2865 S NESFA	6062 S Olsen Lin K	5408 A Parsons Marion
822 A Minnis Diane Wright	5629 A Morrison Sheena	2868 A Neubaner Sandra	1019 A Olson Keith	3785 S Parsons Nigel
4147 C Minnis Jennifer	1311 A Morrison IV W J	1231 A Newell John R	2878 A Olson Louise	5409 A Parsons Robert
823 A Minnis Roger	6000 A Morrissey Dean	2315 A Newlin Thomas J	63 A Olson Mark L	4534 A Parsons Spike
4014 A Mischke Debra	6001 A Morrissey Shan	563 A Newmark Craig A	1188 A Olson Priscilla	2888 A Parthum Jeanne
4015 A Mischke Jeff	5753 A Morrow James	2869 A Newrock Bruce	2879 S Olson Shirley J	2889 A Partridge Mark E
5843 A Mitchell Betsy	259 A Morrow Rod	2870 A Newrock Flo	4924 A Olson Virginia	5268 A Paschina Tatiana
5926 A Mitchell Carol	4198 S Morse Lynne Ann	2871 A Newrock Marshal	5979 A Olsson Craig	2890 A Passman Shirley
4862 A Mitchell John	2857 S Mortensen Liz	1771 S Newsom Robert A	471 A Olynky Frank	2891 A Passman Wendy
3325 A Mitchell Karen	2314 A Morton Keith H	5394 A Newstrom Louis	3699 A Ong Marisa	694 A Passmore IV Ben
4503 A Mitchell Karen L	4231 A Moseley III Ernest Hirst	1050 A Newton Barry L	1043 A Ontell Ron	3915 A Passy Marc
5721 A Mitchell Linda	3731 A Mosely Judith	3835 A Newton Cherry	1044 A Ontell Val Sussman	4385 A Pastor Valerie
602 A Mitchell Matthew G	4742 A Mosley Cathy S	3837 A Newton David	509 A Orlandella Tony	5514 A Paterson Joan
5769 A Mitchell Mike	3362 A Mottern Richard A	3834 A Newton Henry	3646 A Orlando Lee A	5835 A Patrouch Joe
5796 A Mitchell Mike	3638 A Mouton Etienne	2872 A Newton Judith J	4192 S Ortiz Joan Manel	2892 A Patten Frederick
2839 A Mitchell Robert	5151 S Mouton Jeanine David	2873 C Newton Meridel H	2880 A Osako Masamichi	5123 A Patterson Vicki R
4863 A Mitchell Sherry	5026 S Moxey Simon	3836 A Newton Penny	2881 A Osako Michiko	2893 A Patterson William J
5200 A Mitchell Syne	2858 S Moylan K A	3678 A Ney Jr Francis A	1745 A Osborne Elizabeth Ann	3735 A Patton Elizabeth Ann
5770 A Mitchell Tina	2859 A Mozzicato Susan	3679 A Ney Jr Francis A g1	907 A Osbourne John	2894 A Patton Virginia
4334 A Mix Marilyn	4480 A Mrozinski Philip	4707 A Nichol Kathy	3663 A Osterman Larry	1365 A Paul Patrick S
4495 A Miyagi Hiroshi	1985 A Mueller Pat	2316 A Nicholas Beverly L	4659 A Osterman Per	1223 A Paul Sara M
2007 A Mize Michael	5954 S Mueller Jr Wilko	4133 A Nichols-Gangwere Celeste	3664 A Osterman Valerie	3768 A Paulk Kathy Davidson
2840 A Modell Celia	1499 A Mule James	1117 A Nickerson Kevin	768 A Oswald Glen	505 A Paulk Mark
2841 C Modell Elizabeth	1500 A Mule Jan Luke	2874 S Nicklas Dave	3140 C Oswald Julie	2193 A Pavlac Ross
2842 A Modell Howard	3552 A Mulholland Mauren B	3242 A Nickols Kris	2882 A Oswald Ruth	923 A Pavlat Eric K
5172 A Moe Michael B	3819 A Mull Kayla	4405 A Nicol Barbara	2883 A Oszko Lance	922 A Pavlat Peggy Rae
4762 A Moeller Kimberly M	3820 A Mull Kayla g1	564 A Niebuhr W David	2220 A Otten Mary A	2895 A Payne Alan Jay
2843 A Moertl Daniel F	4672 A Mullan Caroline	5272 A Nielsen Hayden Patrick	972 A Outcalt F John	2317 A Pearce J W
5736 A Moffitt Charlie	5616 A Mullen Eric	274 A Niemczyk Lisa	4882 S Ouwehand Ruurd F	2318 A Pearce J W
5737 A Moffitt Charlie g1	242 A Mullen Fran	5782 A Niezink Jan Willem	5650 A Overbey Robert G	2319 A Pearce M A
4122 A Mogster Rolf	1978 A Mullen Latisha L	2875 A Nikkel K K	1212 A Overmyer Jim	2320 A Pearce M A
5809 A Mohan Kim	5046 A Mullikin John	2241 A Nikkel Shelagh	2884 A Overton Kathi D	2896 A Pearlman Cid
426 A Mohapel Charles C	2860 A Muman Donnalyn	3462 A Nikkel Shelagh	4080 A Owens Bea	332 A Pearlman Dina
3584 A Moir Debby	2861 A Muman Lorraine A	4462 A Nisenoff Jeffrey	874 A Owens Steve	4634 A Pearson George T
2844 A Moir Lillian E	5974 A Muncy Lee	4440 A Nishikiori Masanori	5907 A Owing Julianne	4222 C Peck Alan
3583 A Moir Mike	2770 A Munoz Cherri L	3496 A Niven Larry	5908 A Owing Mark	4223 A Peck Asa
1086 A Molloy G Patrick	636 A Muraskin Elaine	2191 A Niven Marilyn	3403 A Pace Susan R	4224 A Peck Roberta
3359 A Mominnee Donna	1465 A Murphree M Gail	3945 A Nolan Louise	3459 A Packer Roseanne	4139 A Pederson Sally
1090 A Monk Jonathan D	5051 A Murphy Deirdre	2876 A Nolan Pat	124 A Packlick Jay	718 A Peel Susan
5668 A Moore Clayburn	23 A Murphy Lynn K	4992 A Noles Pam	3340 A Padol Lisa V	5141 A Peirce Douchka
2160 A Moore David	4071 A Murphy M J	4799 A Nordley Gerald D	5440 A Pajunen Hannu	5142 A Peirce Hayford
5790 A Moore Diane M	4994 A Murphy Mary T	4997 A Nordquist L Christian	638 A Palacios Alice J	5825 A Pekar Bonnie V
599 A Moore Janice L	1740 C Murphy Melissa	2022 A Normandy Elaine	640 A Palacios Steven	2897 A Pekowsky Larne
4542 A Moore John F	4526 A Murphy Regis J	45 A Norton Andre	3461 A Palfi Fern	5484 A Pelletier Ed
2034 A Moore Ken	550 A Murphy Rose	4160 A Norton Andre g1	3460 A Palfi Joan	3408 A Pelley Lynda
2845 A Moore Marion D	4155 A Murphy Jr T O	4161 A Norton Andre g2	5748 A Palinko Karen	238 A Pelz Bruce
5653 A Moore N B	2862 A Murray Doug	230 A Norton Anne M	3372 A Palmberg Laura F	517 A Pelz Elayne
600 A Moore Norman L	905 A Murray Pam	4650 A Novak John J	3898 A Palmer Gregg W	379 A Penney Lloyd
2846 S Moore Perry Glen	4382 A Murray-White Sarah	5075 A Novak Kelly	4469 A Palmer Martha James	380 A Penney Yvonne
3861 A Moore Stuart	5731 A Musgrave Muff	3808 A Novin Andrea B	2192 A Palmer Susan K	4890 A Penz Donna
2847 S Moore-Kyle Franny	5732 A Musgrave Real	5645 A Nutman Philip	2885 A Paltin Josephine	4158 A Perkerson Peggy
2189 A Moorhead Larry	4663 A Myers Aria	1924 A Nye Jody Lynn	5085 A Pancamo Thomas A	3193 A Perkins Bill
2848 A Morales Myra	2863 A Myers Diane L	6020 A Nyhen George	3262 A Pangan Lindy	3194 A Perkins Chris
5180 A Morales Phebe	5647 A Myers Jay Paul	4949 A O'Brien Kevin S	291 A Panitz Aliza	2899 A Perkins Jr Frank
1021 A Moran Sean	2864 A Myers Michael	1857 A O'Brien Terry	429 A Paolurci Carol	3195 A Perkins Mike
2849 S Morea Keith	4604 A Mylynnne Cyndi	4001 A O'Donoghue Karen	4075 A Papadatos Tasia	2898 S Perkins Phillip
5639 A Morford Chuck	2866 A Nachman Heather E	5583 A O'Hare Tim	5554 A Papagermanos Mike	1764 A Perlmutter Caren
3881 A Morgan Lyn	5841 A Nagayasu Kazuyoshi	5702 A O'Keefe Moira	2631 A Papendick Laura	4962 S Person Lawrence
3882 A Morgan Richard L	4519 A Nagel Michelle	1503 A O'Shea II Christopher F	191 A Papendick Mark	2900 A Persons Kelly S
2850 A Moriarty Richard	4790 A Nagle Pati	2136 A Oakes Deborah A	4027 A Papineau W B	5423 A Pesavento Robert J
2157 A Morita Yoshia	5220 A Nakagawa Daniel	4396 A Oakes Mary Ann	5875 A Pappas Eugene T	47 A Peters Becky D
3698 A Morman Brian	4365 A Nakamura Takashi	2111 A Oberg Gerda K	2145 A Pappas James J	5992 A Peters Helva
3655 C Morman Jeffrey	425 A Nakashima Lex O	5163 A Oberg Mike	2047 A Pappas Paul	5120 S Peters Patricia A
3653 A Morman Judith C	5845 A Nakkula Robin J		401 A Paragamian Lynn	5764 A Peters Rise J

4404 A Peterson Polly Jo
 4584 A Peterson Robert C
 6010 A Peterson Sandra
 3317 A Petrassi James
 559 A Pettinger Jr Pierre E
 560 A Pettinger Sandra G
 2321 A Pettis Jr Roy C
 4836 A Petty Mark
 4865 A Phelps Charlotte
 4866 A Phelps David
 2903 A Philipp Barbara
 1643 A Philley Angela
 1644 A Philley Randy
 2322 A Phillips Andrew V
 1979 A Phillips C L
 618 A Phillips Daryl
 3639 A Phillips Deborah Lleyn
 4633 A Phillips Evan G
 5056 A Phillips Laura Nell
 878 A Phillips Sue
 4846 A Phoenix
 3521 A Pickering Annabel
 514 A Pickering Fran
 4180 A Pierce Sam
 622 A Pierce Sharon
 6064 A Pillson Michael
 2904 A Pilvinis James
 2323 A Pincus Michelle
 284 A Pinsker Laurie
 4333 A Pinto William
 1937 A Pinzow Anne Phyllis
 921 A Piorkowski Tracy
 4511 A Pitzak Roberta
 3295 A Pizzini Ken
 5942 A Pizzini Sylvia
 2905 A Platt III John J
 5384 A Plotz Trudy
 3779 A Plourde Capucine
 4952 S Plug A J H
 3593 A Plumbly Phil
 1131 A Plumlee Gary
 4853 A Pockrandt Mitchell S
 1807 A Podolak-Lobue Lauren
 1686 A Poe Stephen D
 3220 A Poehein Greg
 4874 A Poffley Richard
 5951 A Pohl Fredrick
 4190 A Polley Gerald
 4191 A Polley Linda
 270 A Pomeranz John
 2906 A Pomerleau Luc
 4566 A Pontiac Vena
 2907 S Pontillo Anita M
 1271 A Pope Doyle
 2908 S Pope Elizabeth
 3518 A Poretsky Jeff
 5866 A Porris Maurine
 5096 A Porter Amy
 520 A Porter Andy
 48 A Porter Carol
 5097 K Porter Corin
 5098 A Porter George
 5099 K Porter Katie
 649 A Porter Ken
 2909 S Porter Mariane C
 424 A Porter Mary
 4252 A Porter Patrick
 4776 A Poss Brian
 5367 A Post Drew
 2324 A Pott Kate
 1426 A Potter D
 2910 A Pourp Florence A
 4613 A Pournelle Jerry
 4614 A Pournelle Roberta
 3729 A Powell David Lee
 1419 A Powell James E
 4518 A Powell Ron
 5579 A Pransky Joanne
 5614 A Prasinos Judi
 1229 A Pratchett Lyn
 2911 A Pratchett Rhianna
 1230 A Pratchett Terry



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5208 A Pratt Lynne
 2912 A Pratt Jr Robert B
 200 A Preston Janice D

201 A Preston Sr Richard K
 3909 A Price Audrey
 3952 C Price Cameron

4612 A Price Connie
 4394 A Price David T
 4053 A Price George W

318 A Price Karlene R
 319 A Price Lester K
 1520 A Price Sara F

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3952 C Price Cameron	3215 A Redmond Linda	3145 A Roberts John	890 A Ross-Mansfield Linda	4007 A Sanet Dr Joel S
4612 A Price Connie	5900 A Reed Debra S	5952 A Roberts John Maddox	5528 A Rossi Stephanie K	2966 A Santara Sandra
4394 A Price David T	1348 A Reed Dennis	3416 A Roberts Marjorie	3599 A Roth Jeannette	891 A Santarelli Mary-Beth
4053 A Price George W	4234 A Reed Liz	2147 A Roberts Teri	3598 A Roth Leslie	924 A Sapienza Jr John T
318 A Price Karlene R	4235 A Reed Martin	4096 A Roberts Trey	691 A Roth Mark	395 A Sargent Gene
319 A Price Lester K	3883 A Reed Virginia R	4746 A Robillard Duke	567 A Roth Stefan	2194 A Satterfield Dale
1520 A Price Sara F	1349 A Reed Wanda	642 A Robinett Linda Louise	2329 A Rothman Daniel Colb	4427 A Satterfield Jim
3910 A Price-Whelan Adrian	762 A Reeds E Wayne	4006 A Robins Madeleine E	2952 A Rothman Hesch	4428 A Satterfield Susan
3911 C Price-Whelan Alexa	5379 A Rees John Campbell	55 A Robinson Andy	4572 S Rothman S D	4683 A Saul Alan
4990 A Prichard Keith	2927 A Reeves Victoria	1475 A Robinson Crista L	1524 A Rowan Debbie	4684 A Saul Janet
2913 A Priestner William E	4651 A Regan Sheila	3904 A Robinson Douglas	1525 A Rowan Gary	4728 A Saul Preston
5399 A Prima Anneth	5256 A Reichardt Evelyn	3905 C Robinson Eric	2953 S Roy David J	2967 A Saunders Gordon R
1394 A Prima Dan	5581 A Reimers Eva	5476 A Robinson Frank M	3148 A Roy Ken	2968 A Saunders Lyn
3669 A Prince Mary S	3407 A Reischl Bernard	2939 A Robinson Fred	4417 A Royl John Vick	5890 A Saunders Stephen
1915 A Prince Sarah S	2928 A Reiss Phillip	3512 A Robinson Jr Jack	575 A Rubasky Mary A	5101 A Saunders Suzanne
5871 A Proctor MD Brian D	2929 A Reiss Russel M	8 G Robinson Jeanne	576 A Rubasky Thomas R	1108 A Sauve Michelle
3532 A Proctor Charlotte	2930 S Reist II L Fitzgerald	3513 A Robinson Kathryn Ann	3196 A Rubin Michael	3741 A Savage Lorraine
720 A Proksch Lawrence R	2328 A Reitan Margart	1476 A Robinson Laura J	1555 A Rubinstein Peter	3742 A Savage Lynn
3749 A Proni Amy	2931 A Reitz Susan M	3514 A Robinson Linda Ann	4875 A Rudyk Barbara	4751 A Savitsky-Ulowetz Mary
690 A Proni Tullio	5465 A Rendino Steph	3906 C Robinson Marc	4876 A Rudyk Simon	4351 A Sawides Anna
1577 A Prophet Fred	1550 A Renihan Lynne M	6057 A Robinson Paul	873 A Ruh Larry	4127 S Sawicki Debra
3216 A Provenzano Lenny	64 A Renner Theresa A	5348 A Robinson Richard	1180 A Ruhle Kristin	2969 S Sawicki Steven
5676 A Ptacek Kathryn	4937 A Repper Patrick M	3235 A Robinson Roger	968 A Rule Teny	3564 A Sawyer Robert J
5154 S Pulla Stefanie	1519 A Resnick Carol L	4 G Robinson Spider	5473 A Romain Gary	3537 A Sayer Mary
1711 A Puller Martin	4458 A Resnick Laura	5349 A Robinson Susan	4409 A Rundle Anne	4254 A Sayer Ron W
3946 A Purcell Karen	1133 A Resnick Mike	3907 C Robinson Tara	4968 A Ruppert Conrad H	227 A Sbasky Sharon
5248 A Purdy Irene	791 A Rest Neil	914 S Robison Mary	5758 A Rusch Kristine K	3390 A Schaad Gerri
5249 A Purdy Irene g1	2932 A Restivo Thomas F	5204 A Robson Nigel	5788 A Rusch Scott M	2970 A Schaad Tom
4541 A Purtell Ann	4717 S Reuterswaerd Ander	5031 A Rodgers Thomas	2061 A Rush Ed	3472 A Schaffer Jr Ray P
3485 A Puskas Tina	1016 A Reynolds James	4390 A Roehm Robert A	468 A Russell Richard S	4987 A Schaivitz Eileen
2239 A Putman-White Lisa P	5474 A Reynolds Michael A	1412 A Roelker Stephanie J	5312 A Russo Richard Paul	5597 A Schaleen Kenneth R
3733 A Pyles Jenny	2933 A Reynolds Rebecca J	4807 A Roen Gary S	5487 A Rutherford Carol	4558 A Schalles Jeff
4242 A Quaadgras Ruud	2003 A Rhodes Karen	1048 A Roepeke Richard	2954 A Rutkowski Edward	3609 S Scheffers J M
1450 A Quirk Nathalia	1460 A Rhodes Mark D	5201 A Roper Allan	2955 A Rutkowski Marguerite	5986 A Scheffler Klaus
5787 A Quirk Scott	3490 A Rhodes Mark D g1	6049 A Rogers Bruce Holland	983 A Rutledge Amy E	5041 A Scheiffer Dave
5291 A Quirt Alan	5464 A Rhodes Scott	3243 A Rogers Clarence	982 A Rutledge Charles	3602 A Schekkerman Maurice
5293 C Quirt Alan c1	185 A Rice Lori	2940 A Rogers Dennis F	4210 A Ruwe Terry	2971 A Scherer Steve
5294 C Quirt Alan c2	535 A Rice Stephen	5421 A Rogers James C	2956 A Ryan Charles C	208 A Schilling Ben
5292 A Quirt Alan g1	5460 A Rich Denise	5118 S Rogers Jayne	2957 A Ryan Charles E	849 A Schisler Dora
3700 A Quiterio Carlos	1192 S Rich Lloyd	5537 A Rogers Joanne	5544 S Ryan Chris	344 S Schlofner Mike
3701 A Quiterio Deanna	4817 A Richards Andy	4629 A Rogers John	2958 A Ryan Mary C	3949 S Schlosser David
2325 A Rabinowitz Stanley	3833 A Richards John	2941 A Rogge Rebekah	2959 A Ryan Thomas S	4228 A Schmeidler Avraham
1874 A Rachlin Alan	2934 A Richards Mark E	2942 A Rogow Roberta	5246 A Ryder Brendan J	4229 A Schmeidler Lucy
5643 A Radelt Joann L	5345 A Richardson Amanda	4102 A Rohrbach Gail	5247 A Ryder Helen	4230 A Schmeidler Sara
5644 A Radelt Mitchell P	5346 A Richardson D Coleman	2943 A Rollan Mike	3252 A Sabin Elenora R	3275 A Schmeidler Yonah
2326 A Radigan Lee	5044 A Richardson Darrell C	795 A Roller Jennie	5606 A Sabotho Alexandra	5198 A Schmidt Joyce
1690 A Ragan Jr Lewis C	5347 A Richardson Katherine	5225 A Rollins Matthew C	271 A Sachter Ruth L	3158 A Schmidt Juergen
3199 C Rahm Aragorn	5547 A Richardson Stephanie	5226 A Rollins Wendall	1064 A Sackett Karl R	2972 A Schmidt Melvin
5262 A Raisen Joshua	3557 A Richardson Yvonne V	5115 A Roman Pete	3541 A Sackis Carl	5412 A Schmidt Stanley
3645 A Raj Anita	4090 A Richbourg Claude	2944 A Romano Raymond	5703 A Sackmary Mike	3604 A Schnabel Uwe
3422 A Ramage Blair	3991 A Richerson Carrie	2945 S Romans Phillip	287 A Sacks Robert E	221 A Schnee Marc
2914 A Ramey Timothy	4777 A Richter Donna	4692 A Ronayne Thomas	6041 A Sadler J Wayne	3229 A Schneider Gene
5419 A Ramoundos Gregory	4851 A Richter Dr Georg	1041 A Ronis Naomi R	5873 A Sadow Holly S	4010 A Schneider Ira
5183 A Ranaldi Vince	5354 A Rickard Barbara	3432 C Ronsicki Chris	2330 A Saffel Stephen W	5940 A Schneider Kevin
1435 A Ranson Peggy	3202 A Rico Joseph	3431 A Ronsicki Jayne	5139 A Sagara Michelle	4011 A Schneider Lorraine
2915 S Rapkin Ariana	4744 A Riddick John	3430 A Ronsicki Walt	4845 A Sagrillo Von	2973 A Schneider Marie
2916 S Rapkin Joan	3821 A Riddle Harcourt J	2946 A Roper Bill	5439 A Sakai Keiko	3922 A Schneiderman Jerry
2917 S Rapkin Liorah	4140 A Riedel Barabra P	2947 A Roper Carol	4722 A Sakamoto Masaya	2974 A Schneiderman Lily
2918 S Rapkin Myron	4141 A Riedel Dave E	511 A Rose-Turner Clarinda	4640 A Sakara Eric	4583 A Schnitzer Jeff
4780 A Rapoport Barnaby	4142 C Riedel Jennifer D	6054 A Rosenbaum Arwen	4332 A Salewsky Peter	3890 A Schofield James Dean
1694 A Rasmussen Geraldine	4143 C Riedel Kathleen A	5536 A Rosenberg Joel	4174 A Salicrup Juanita	2449 A Schofield Barb
4455 K Rasmussen Jessica N	2935 A Riel Roberta	573 A Rosenberg Robert A	4939 A Saltzberg Melinda	2331 A Schouten Herman
455 A Rasmussen Karl S	2936 S Rifkin Howard	836 A Rosenberg Ross G	3581 A Samuel Jim	3226 A Schreiber Kara Anne
18 A Ratti Dave	603 A Rightor Michael	3345 A Rosenberg Howard M	5713 A Samuel Jim	2026 A Schroeder Larry
2327 A Ravitch Alan L	943 A Riley Constance L	4457 A Rosenblum Mary	4104 C Sanders Crystal	2027 A Schroeder Sue
2919 A Ray Kathy	4718 C Riley Drew	3546 A Rosenberg Diane	2960 A Sanders Debra F	5402 A Schroyer Vance
2373 A Raybin Robert A	4719 A Riley Jackik	2948 S Rosenberg Diane	2961 A Sanders Drew	4008 A Schuck Bill
2920 A Raymo Mark	3296 A Riley Linda L	1908 A Rosenfeld Sue-Rae	4105 A Sanders Gail	4356 A Schuck Ellen
2921 A Raymo Mary	4720 A Riley M D	4525 A Rosenshein Ilana	2962 A Sanders Kathy	4009 A Schuck Susan
2922 S Raymond Dorothy	1237 A Rion Frank J	2121 A Rosenstein Jack	4106 C Sanders Kimberly	5867 A Schulze Gary T
3534 A Raymond Eric	125 A Ritch Bill	224 A Rosenthal Andrew R	4107 A Sanders Vincent	4934 A Schuster Dennis M
2923 A Ream David K	4265 A Ritchey Jamie C	1220 A Rosenthal Leah	5522 K Sanderson Morgan	6025 A Schuster Laurie
4835 A Reamy Diane	4173 A Ritter Pat	226 A Rosenzweig Vicki	5523 A Sanderson Ruth	3307 A Schwartz Charles
3606 A Reap Collette	2937 A Rivers David	3498 A Rospach Chuq Von	2963 A Sanderson Sue E	1973 A Schwartz Julius
1289 A Reaser Mike	3588 S Rix Karen Marie	214 A Ross Bradley	5524 C Sanderson Whitney	5580 A Schwartz Robert
1172 A Rebholz Jeff	5471 A Robbins Pam	3138 C Ross Charles	1544 A Sandler Richard	5948 A Schweitzer Darrell
5622 A Rebholz Maura	2938 A Robe Corlis Finley	3847 A Ross Connor	4062 C Sands Cara	2375 A Schweppe Edmund L
1564 A Recktenwald Thomas	320 A Robe Gary	5960 A Ross Hollis	2964 A Sands Katherine	289 A Schweppe Jane
2924 A Rector Gretchen V	5797 A Roberson Jennifer	3139 C Ross Judith	2965 A Sands Leo	5230 A Scian Amy
2925 A Rector Wayne T	3146 A Roberts Carol A	2949 A Ross Patricia Ann	4474 A Sands Leo g1	5231 A Scian Suzanne B
2926 C Redden Ben	2148 A Roberts Elizabeth S	2950 A Ross Susan	4063 C Sands Matthew	3592 A Score David
403 A Redden John T	3936 A Roberts Jim	2951 A Ross Wally	3967 A Sands Mildred	853 A Scott Curtis M

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Best Novel Nomination for
STATIONS OF THE TIDE

Best Novella Nomination for
GRIFFIN'S EGG
.....

NANCY KRESS

Best Novella Nomination for
BEGGARS IN SPAIN

Best Novella Nomination for
AND WILD FOR TO HOLD
.....

TERRY BISSON

Best Short Story Nomination for
"Press Ann"
.....

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3971 A Sears Lindy
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3321 A Sedell Kenneth
5125 A Seeley Gordon
5689 A Seelig Charles
4489 A Sefcovic Fabian E
3499 A Sefton Laurie
2976 A Segal Richard
2514 A Seigel Kurt
370 S Seil William J
3778 A Seim Dale R
3442 K Sekula Alex
976 A Sekula Lee
3441 C Sekula Luke
977 A Sekula Paula
2977 A Seligman Bill
657 A Selinger Gail
5482 A Senese Rebecca
2978 A Serfino Mary
1988 A Sessoms Lee
3580 A Sestak Michael
117 A Setlow John C
4923 A Setser Marlene
5363 A Severance Carol
3769 A Shacter Carolyn P
2332 A Shaine Joseph P
5074 A Shannon Marcia
4460 S Shannon Michael
4461 S Shannon Tracy
4036 A Shapero Hannah M G
3293 A Sharpe Elizabeth C
2979 S Shattan Ariel
751 A Shaub Karen
5219 A Shaub Kris
5390 A Shavor Cindy
3756 A Shaw Barclay
4733 A Shaw Becci
3758 C Shaw Clay
4169 A Shaw Gerald W
2980 A Shawcross William E
4186 A Shea David M
6024 A Shears Don
6023 A Shears Lisa
2981 A Shechter Andi
2982 A Sheligo Beth
2983 A Shellenbarger Lauren
2984 A Shellenbarger Shane
4587 A Shelor Robert
1551 A Shelton Gregory M
4592 A Shepherd Angalee
2333 A Shepherd Randall L
1705 A Shepherd Stu
3143 A Sheppard Rickey
2985 A Shere Howard
2986 A Sherman Josepha
2987 A Sherman Keith
5615 A Sherwood Ian R
519 A Shetler Carol
1438 A Shetron Richard
1439 A Shetron Richard g1
4517 A Shewehun Dave
2988 A Shibano Sachiko
2989 A Shibano Takumi
1160 A Shibley James
2040 A Shields Rickey D
2041 A Shields Ruth M
2990 A Shiffman Stu
2991 A Shilling Layne
5794 A Shimada Kimiko
5793 A Shimada Yoichi
4347 A Shimjo Sadaaki
537 A Shipman Linda
3253 A Shippey Jim
5433 A Shock Richard
5221 A Shockley Dave
2334 A Shoemaker Andrew
3357 A Shoji Joey
2992 A Short Michiko
4668 A Shorter Alexis
1830 A Shorter Elliot Kay
3770 A Shorter Sandra R
4081 A Shread Darlene
3728 A Shriver Alexandra M
2018 S Shriver Elizabeth N
881 A Shuman Geri
5698 A Shure Allan R
5699 A Shure Mary R
2993 A Shwartz Susan
961 A Sibley Jane T
2335 A Sibley Lance A
928 A Siclari Dan
13 A Siclari Joe
2195 A Siders Ellen
1336 A Sieber Renee
3265 A Siegel Kurt C
2994 A Siegling Carol Elaine
5592 C Siegling Eric
2995 A Siegling Evan Mills
6031 A Sieland-Peterson Lynn A
6032 A Sieland-Peterson Todd
A
2996 A Sieler Stan
4476 A Siemer Clem J
3605 A Siewert Sabine
1510 A Sigel Andrew
5619 A Sillifant Jeff
5620 A Sillifant Marlene
4685 A Silva Dave
4686 A Silva Marcia
3237 A Silverberg Karen Haber
3236 A Silverberg Robert
39 A Silverman Mitch
1925 A Silverstein Janna
522 A Simicich Debra
523 A Simicich Nicholas
1351 A Simmonds David
5452 A Simmons Debra
5862 A Simmons Frances
3822 A Simon Carl
5107 A Simon Marge
5177 A Simon-Holzrichter Lisa
M
3874 A Simone Peggy A
5985 A Sims Matt
490 A Sims Pat
5389 A Sims Rebecca A
491 A Sims Roger
4818 S Sims Cyril
4294 A Sin Paul
387 A Singer David
5648 A Sirekis Robert A
2336 A Sisk Terry Steiner
4040 A Sit John
2997 A Sitton Nancy J
2337 A Skaff Madona
2998 A Skelton Suzie
363 A Skene Fran
5332 A Skinner Cortney
3000 A Skran Dale
5531 A Skutell Laurie Ann
4891 S Slade Martin
5450 A Slate Laurel P
3001 A Slater Mandy
369 A Sleight Peter C
4611 A Sliwinski Annette
808 A Sloan John L
809 A Sloan Kathleen A
1671 A Sloan Robert A
4577 A Sloman Iris
3625 A Smit Jannelies
1477 A Smith Alexis D
5426 A Smith Alice N
2338 A Smith Angela M
5205 A Smith Anna
1535 A Smith Betty L
3830 A Smith Brian T
3002 A Smith Brooke
1673 A Smith Cheryl
4000 A Smith Cheryl L
4078 A Smith Claude
4444 A Smith Cynthia L
5812 A Smith Dean Wesley
4307 A Smith Dennis
5910 S Smith Dick
4418 A Smith Donna M
3630 S Smith Frank R
4726 A Smith Gary
3744 A Smith Kathryn A
3003 A Smith Kathryn L
3004 S Smith Keith
5427 A Smith Ken A
1512 A Smith Kenneth G
4392 A Smith Kimberly
821 A Smith Laurence C
5911 S Smith Leah
3005 A Smith Leslie
3627 A Smith Lisa
3743 A Smith Michael F
3745 A Smith Michael F g1
530 A Smith Michael T
4944 A Smith Missouri
4079 A Smith Nick
758 A Smith Paula
3831 A Smith Penny K
3006 A Smith Ralph
3007 S Smith Randy
863 A Smith Rebecca A C
1119 A Smith Rodford E
4886 A Smith Rosie
1295 A Smith Samuel A
4727 A Smith Sandi
4145 A Smith Sharon Jane
3200 A Smith Sherwood
4083 A Smith Steven J
4454 A Smith Susan M
5218 A Smith Terrie Lee
1052 A Smith Tevis G
3008 S Smith Timothy L
5134 S Smith Tom
1153 A Smith Vicki
1763 A Smith Victoria A
5997 A Smith Wayne R
3714 A Smith Wes
4393 A Smith William
3009 A Smith-Moore Michele
3495 A Smith-Webber Dawn C
513 A Smookler Kenneth
4978 A Smuckler Yonina A
5223 A Smullen George William
5222 A Smullen Russell Edwin
3591 A Sneedon Robert
1891 A Sneed T Linda
4430 A Snodgrass Melinda M
393 A Snyder Deborah M
4021 A Snyder John F
1089 A Snyder Jonathan
3010 A Snyder Jr Raymond E
4436 A Soden Bob
4437 A Soden Richard E
5442 A Soediono XGS Herman
5443 A Soediono Prajitno O
3011 S Sokola Joseph A
453 A Soley Catherine Freda
1712 A Solomon Faithrowena
2355 A Solomon Howard
5771 A Solomon Judith
1713 A Solomon Michele Jaye
5330 A Soltall Rudy
1076 A Sommers Rob
5253 S Soto Jr Orlando
1198 A Soukup Martha
5628 A Sousa Albert
5455 A Soutar Sammi
1654 A Southworth Mary A
5570 A Spangler Bill
5571 A Spangler Joyce
4570 A Spangler Karen
4042 A Speck Doug
1093 A Speer Tony
50 A Spelman Dick
3012 A Spence Marty
1501 A Spence Rob
5846 A Spencer Bill
1292 A Spencer Henry
1217 A Spencer Jeanette
5847 A Spencer Raine
1683 A Sperling Allan
3013 A Spiess Laura
5903 A Spigel Frank
3234 A Spitzak Bill
206 S Spitzer Sheldon
235 A Spivey Alice M
3014 A Spivey Kathi
5853 A Spivey Ken
5155 A Spix Claudia
3934 A Spooner Sr LeRoy C
5162 S Spork Heinrich
3015 A Sprague Susan
2028 A Springs Carol
3016 A Sprinkle G K
3017 S Spruell Donald R
5659 A Srestchinsky Serge
3573 A Srock Georgann R
5311 A Stadler Kim
555 A Stadler Mark
4753 A Stadter Jon
1200 A Stahlman Linda Lee
1067 A Staley Dale M
4778 C Staley Jennifer R
1068 A Staley Sheryl
2095 A Staloff David
3018 A Staloff Michelle
2339 A Stamley Joan C
4636 A Stampfel Peter
4637 K Stampfel Zoe Wollheim

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362 A Standlee Kevin
25 A Stanfill Mark
1990 A Stanley John L
3470 A Stanley John L g1
368 A Stansfield Rodney
5196 S Starr Gary
4258 A Stasheff Christopher
4259 S Stasheff E Leaneore
4260 S Stasheff Edward
4261 S Stasheff Genevieve
4262 S Stasheff Isobel-Marie
4263 A Stasheff Mary
1495 A Staszak Stephanie M
1684 A Stearns Adrienne
1082 A Stearns Freda
1083 A Stearns Robert
3159 A Steck Nicole
3019 A Steel James
5337 A Steele Allen
5338 A Steele Linda
4858 A Steele Lisa
258 A Steele Mariann S
5258 A Steffee Chris
5259 A Steffee Elan
5260 A Steffee Jessica
3020 S Steffey Cherry
1576 A Stegall Helen J
933 A Stein David M
934 A Stein Diana Harlan
4819 S Stein Fiona
4820 A Stein Gabriel
4256 A Stein Jeffrey
3021 A Stein Michael P

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1576 A Stegall Helen J	3031 S Stroop Vikki	3629 A Taylor Kathy	3232 A Toker Susan g1	5560 A Urban Michael
933 A Stein David M	3032 S Strother-Vien Leigh	4337 C Taylor Megan	3233 A Toker Susan	5561 A Urban Michael g1
934 A Stein Diana Harlan	3953 S Strout Margie	3046 A Taylor Michael J	4296 A Tollett James A	5891 A Urbanek Charlene
4819 S Stein Fiona	997 A Strub Bernard	3337 A Taylor Pam	5191 A Toma Mitsuhiro	5892 A Urbanek David
4820 A Stein Gabriel	1790 A Strub Deborah	2197 A Taylor Patricia E	1020 A Tomaino Samuel J	3916 A Urquhart Garth
4256 A Stein Jeffrey	689 A Struwe Donna	6030 A Taylor Jr Robert S	3783 A Toman Michael D	4449 A Uttke Susan
3021 A Stein Michael P	3404 A Strycker Dennis	4607 A Taylor Ron T	5456 A Tomizawa Jun	6009 A Vail Johnathan
4406 A Steinberg Sandra C	995 A Stubbs Harry C	5857 A Taylor Sarah	3049 S Tomoko Matsumoto	4043 A Vail Marie
4408 A Steinberg Thomas	3033 A Stuck Duane	3361 A Taylor Shannon J	5515 S Tompkin Dave	4044 A Vail Paul
5627 A Stelnicki John A g1	5188 A Stuck H L	725 A Teague Marilyn White	3288 A Tompkins Dorothy Guin	3065 A Valada M Christine
4164 A Stelnicki John Anthony	3034 A Stuckey Lindalee	138 A Teague Robert	4146 A Toney Brad	925 S Valcour W Paul
3810 A Stembol Karl	4316 S Stump Donna L	4475 A Teevan Joan	2015 A Toomi Juri	5678 A Valdez Dee
3022 A Stembol Leif	3587 A Sturm Elke	5568 A Temianka MD Daniel	2199 A Toop Geoffrey	4771 A Valentine David
5938 C Stembol William	4152 S Sturup Jens	3417 A Tener Cathy	2019 A Topkis Peter	756 A Valentine Glenn
6053 A Stemper Michael	5042 A Stuttle James W	5496 A Tennaro Michael	3659 S Tormanen Terhi	4772 A Valentine Lou Anna
4399 A Stephan Alan R	3507 C Stutzman Anne E	1152 A Tepper Matthew B	349 A Torres Dineh	3067 A van Asseldonk Bertie
4569 A Stephens Claire	1919 A Stutzman Michael J	6007 A Terhorst John	3050 A Torrico John	5468 C Van Cleef Jane
4211 A Stephens Lynne	1920 A Stutzman Walter J	2010 A Terry Alan	3385 A Tortorici Barbara	5469 C Van Cleef Lucy
4250 A Stephens Mark	4395 A Sugden Mathew G	562 A Terry Cece	3386 C Tortorici Nickolas	3068 A van de Bospoort Wim
6046 S Stephenson Martha	5717 S Sullivan Andrew	561 S Terry Frank	127 A Tortorici Phil	4123 A van der Linden Chuck
5700 A Sterling Bruce	3035 S Sullivan Cathy	303 A Tesser Gary	557 A Townsend Michael T	3069 A van der Putte Larry
21 A Stern Edie	3760 A Sullivan Geri	705 A Testa Emily Jo	3051 A Tracy J L	3637 S van der Zee Hans
614 A Stern Tom	4112 A Sullivan Paul	704 A Testa John P	6043 A Tramel Judy	2537 A Van Dommelen Erica
1452 A Stevens Jeffery L	1262 A Sullivan Tara L	4594 A Tetewskygen Lawrence	3281 C Trautman Bryan	3070 A Van Dorn Gretchen
3023 A Stevens Krystina	3641 A Summerfield Ceil	3263 A Tetramariner Eleassar M	42 A Trautman Sue	3618 A Van Duppen Arold
1277 A Stevens Peggy	164 A Summerlin Herb	334 A Tetre Richard J	1667 A Travis David L	3066 A Van Eric M
4537 A Stevens-Arce James	5461 A Summers R D	3738 A Tetrick Byron R	5516 A Trease Steve	5371 A Van Hekken Clark
3932 A Stewart Barbara E	3036 A Summerside Nate	5626 A Thacker Joanne	3052 A Trebing Margaret	5372 A Van Hekken Diane
3343 A Stewart Barbara	1225 A Supple Joe	1964 A Thayer David	894 A Trebing Mark	3071 A Van Name Diane L
4947 S Stewart David	4805 A Susan Johnson	3519 A Therou Philip R	3649 A Tregenza Chris	3072 A Van Name Mary Anne
3342 A Stewart Jim	435 A Sutherland James L	3520 A Therou Sharon L	3053 A Trei Peter	4929 S van Rossenberg R J
3933 A Stewart John	5693 A Sutherland William	223 A Thokar Greg	3054 A Trei Robin	1420 A van Toorn Kees
5761 A Stewart Risa	3037 A Sutton Bill	4930 C Thokar Kathleen Marie	5750 A Treichel Lisa	3073 A van Weenen Paul de Leeuw
5762 A Stewart Sandy	3038 A Sutton Brenda Sinclair	1468 A Thokar Peggy	5751 A Treichel Todd	3074 S van Zonnevelo J M
3024 A Stewart Valerie J	5641 A Sutton Liana	3622 A Thomann Jurgen	3055 A Trembley Sharon	3264 A van't Ent Jan
5742 S Stewart William	4367 A Suzuki Mizuaki	5607 A Thomas Bernadette	3056 A Trend Gregg T	1 G Vance Jack
3025 A Stiles Elaine	855 A Swafford Ida M	1339 C Thomas Jayle	2008 A Trimble Jacques	5 G Vance Norma
3026 A Stiles Steve	2196 A Swain Alan	5608 K Thomas Jonathan	3433 A Trimble Mark	3075 A Vande Bunt Mike
5874 A Stillman Patricia R A	2146 A Swanson Anders	3047 A Thomas Joseph J	3986 A Tripp Cheri	1592 A Vandenberg Patricia Ann
4618 A Stirlen Bouchard Megan J	3039 S Swanwick Michael	4888 A Thomas Kyle Y	3057 S Tripp Galen A	3839 A Vanderbeek Susan
3027 A Stirling Janet	4550 A Swartz Steve	2198 A Thomas Michael J	409 A Trocchia Gregory	4426 A VanDeusen David J
3028 A Stirling S M	5789 A Swartzendruber Dan	5814 S Thomas Peter	3058 A Trojan Bill	3657 S Vanhala Harri
3029 A Stith John E	3040 A Swasey Robert L	2051 S Thome Diane	5551 A Trokey Fred	3191 A VanTilburg Barbara
5206 A Stocks Chris	4354 A Sweeney Peggy	3048 A Thompson Caryl Anne	5128 A Trout Ron	1493 A VanTilburg Raymond
4264 A Stogner Chery L	3563 A Sweet James W	5921 A Thompson Jr David J	5786 A Trowbridge Dee	360 A Vargo Anna
5696 A Stohler Anne	3809 A Sykes Michelle	466 S Thompson Donald C	5532 A Truant Lisa R	865 A Varner Steven C
4657 A Stokaylo Annmarie T	1272 A Sylvester Geraldine	3704 A Thompson Haven	3059 A Trumpler Mark	3076 A Varney Allen P
4763 C Stoker Barbara	4170 A Sylvia Linda D	5904 A Thompson John	4374 A Tsukada Seishi	3603 A Vartanoff Ellen
1817 A Stokes Lynn	3041 A Symms John	4628 A Thompson Rebecca	5333 A Tuchman Adam	569 A Vaughan Bill
292 S Stoller Ira	2340 A Symms Laura Paskman	4795 A Thompson Richard Allen	3920 A Tucker Kate	3077 A Vaughan Donald S
4843 A Stoltze Jonathan D	3987 A Szczepaniak Ethel	3703 A Thompson Rik	1342 A Tucker Nancy J	570 A Vaughan Mary
4438 A Stolz Constance	3042 A Szczepaniak III Jogeoph B	504 A Thomson Amy	4655 S Tudor Martin	3276 A Vaughn Sharon
4439 A Stolz George	2341 A Szczesuil Tim	11 A Thomson Becky	3241 A Tumilty-Lazzaro Cynthia	3078 A Vaver Edward J
3375 A Stone Barbara A	3753 A Tachibana Manami	27 A Thomson John	3060 A Tunnickliff Stephen	12 A Veal E Thomas
5334 A Stone Jr Del	5216 K Tachibana Rie	1191 C Thomson Sean	3061 A Turek Leslie	3079 A Vecchio Franchesca
5714 A Stone Mike	5217 K Tachibana Taku	5999 S Thorley Paul	212 A Turner James M	5010 S Veintie Ari
346 A Stone Susan	3752 A Tachibana Yoshiaki	5889 S Thorne Melanie	2045 A Turner Kelly	3493 A Veldhoen Jan
3030 S Stoodt Michael A	4226 A Tacouni Lorraine	5144 S Thornhill Denise	1583 A Turner Sharon	4632 A Veltkamp Sherry
3269 A Stopa Joni	3043 A Taeker Richard	1440 S Thornhill Mike	3062 C Turner Tanya	2200 A Venezia Charles
4697 A Storck Betsy	4630 A Tait Janet	5001 A Thornley Diann	3063 C Turner Tracy	2205 C Venezia Diana
4698 A Storck Brian	5884 A Takahashi Chika	3788 A Thorp David	1584 A Turner III Trubie	2201 A Venezia Myra
5032 A Storment Kim	5949 A Takekawa Kimiyoshi	3786 A Thorp Katy	625 A Turner Trubie L	5382 A Ventura Greg
5584 C Stortz Karen M	4372 A Takeuchi Shinsuke	3787 A Thorp Stephen	3526 C Turtledove Alison	3681 S Verba Joan Marie
5585 C Stortz Michael H	1889 A Tallan Michael	877 A Thorsen John A	3522 A Turtledove Harry	5897 A Veresano Angelamarie
4705 A Stout Douglas R	4377 A Tani Koushu	5715 A Thurston Peter	3523 A Turtledove Laura	607 A Vermeire Pat
4545 A Straf Samantha Star	3044 A Tarot Kai A A	5716 A Thurston Susan	3524 C Turtledove Rachel	3080 A Vernon Greg
730 A Strain John Daniel	1887 A Tarr Judith	2342 A Thyme Justin	3525 C Turtledove Rebecca	4900 A Veronda Jill
4887 A Strang Will	1888 A Tarr Meredith A	5806 S Tibbetts James	4291 A Turzillo Mary	5981 A Vicinanza Ralph
3401 A Strange Judith	4035 A Tatarek Deborah A	1941 A Tibbetts Jennifer R	3064 A Tutihasi R Laurraine	710 A Vick Diana
488 A Strauss Erwin S	153 A Tate James	5533 A Tiedemann Eric S	4277 A Tyers Peter	5457 A Vick Shelby
5654 A Streeter Leslie	3045 A Tatsumi Takayuki	3149 A Tihor Stephen W	4724 A Uchida Hideo	5458 A Vick Suzanne
4785 A Strickland Amy	4358 A Tattan Michael	4094 A Tillman Britt	5950 A Ueno Tatsuya	3832 A Vincent Debbie
984 A Strickland Barbara	4359 C Tattan Sarah	525 A Timm Don A	4752 A Ulowetz Joe	282 A Vinge Joan D
985 A Strickland Brad	3154 A Tavares Mario G	3250 A Timpko Denise	5705 S Ulrey Larry R	5888 S Vinge Vernor
3677 A Strickland Edwin L	4350 A Tawzer Irene	2236 A Timson Katrina	3259 A Ulrich Stuart	1986 A Virzi Dennis
3823 A Strickland Jr John K	4606 A Taylor Barbara	5657 A Tinkham Rebecca	3994 A Umberger Helen	5987 S Vockenberg Sandra
4786 A Strickland Jonathan	485 A Taylor Beatrice	2343 A Tinkley Alice	4373 A Umemoto Yoshihiro	3185 A Vogel Allyn K
1455 A Strickland Sheila	484 A Taylor Charlene	5694 A Tippet Steve	3368 A Underwood Deborah	3081 S Vogl Thomas P
1414 A Stringer Jeffery L	4335 A Taylor Dave	309 A Tipton Kimiye	3367 A Underwood Tim	3082 A Volkmann Winfried
1633 A Stringer Susan F	4336 C Taylor Devin	2104 C Tiptonford Benjamin	3556 A Ungerman Mike	3244 A von Orlow Melanie
664 A Strohm John R	5856 K Taylor Drew	2344 A Tober Suzanne	5284 A Upton John William	3083 A von Thorn Alexander
	414 A Taylor Ian		3771 A Urany Nora	

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3087 A Wagtskjold Peder D	3866 A Wayne Bob g4	3715 A White Phyllis	5829 A Wilson Dave	4319 A Wunder Deb
4247 A Wahl Lauren S	5934 A Weaver Evan	4706 A White Robert G	1942 A Wilson David	1890 A Wurst Karl R
4248 A Wahl Yale Sam	399 A Webb Gary Lee	5624 A White Robin P	5187 A Wilson Deborah M	3286 A Wurts Janny
4249 C Wahl Yale Sam c1	3299 C Webb Gwendalyn	2143 A White Jr Royal	4741 A Wilson Jennifer	1275 A Wyatt Linda G
5105 A Wainscott Valerie	4764 A Webb Jim	1831 A White Ted	5388 A Wilson Joy W	5213 A Wyche Elisabeth
4925 A Waite Keith	3298 C Webb Linda	5701 A White Teri	3889 A Wilson Loretta A	4300 S Wygand Lee
218 A Waitsman Lanny	400 A Webb Sharon	3105 S Whitley Deal	4872 A Wilson Mary Alice	5621 A Wysocki Michael
2345 A Waks Jane Brewster	3297 A Webb Yve	222 A Whitley Eva Chalker	3961 A Wilson Mary	62 A Yalow Ben
2346 A Waks Mark	1355 A Webbert Doreen	5778 A Whitlock Bette L	4398 A Wilson Paul	4339 A Yamakoa Ken g1
3266 A Wald Bette	658 A Webbert Jim	5784 A Whitlock John	3962 A Wilson Rolf	4725 A Yamamoto Ken
2202 A Wald David	3208 A Weber Chris	2352 A Whitman Marc	1943 A Wilson Rose	402 A Yamaoka Ken
3267 A Wald Dick	3098 S Weber Jason	3106 A Whitman Michael	272 A Wilson Scott	3500 A Yarsawich Jeanie
3088 A Waldman Jacob M	4287 A Weddle Carmen	5768 A Whitmore Denise	3959 C Wilson Torsten	3120 A Yaskowich John
5795 A Walke Dot	3099 A Wedell David	53 A Whitmore Jackie	474 A Winberry Margaret	1443 A Yasutake Corliss K
3854 A Walke Marion	3100 A Weidner Charles	54 A Whitmore Stephen	473 A Winberry Ruth Ann	3121 A Yaworski Veronica P
5422 A Wald Edmund	4641 A Weidner Steven	4103 A Whittier Terry	3800 A Winder-Kelly Miriam	3122 A Yeager Kathryn A
1121 A Walker Gail A	2351 A Wein Len	5131 A Whitworth Clair	5725 A Wingeier Alan	1885 A Yelle Janet
2347 A Walker S	5975 A Weinman Lynn Michael	617 A Whitworth Kathryn D	5726 A Wingeier Cathy	5630 A Yerger Cyndy A
2368 A Wall Julie L	5059 A Weinstein Diana	1480 A Wicker Guy	5765 A Wingenfeld Mark	5631 A Yerger Earle
4714 A Wall Jr Kenneth	476 A Weinstein MD Elliot	4773 A Wickham Malinda	3594 A Winship Paul	3180 A Yoas Daniel
2348 A Wallace David Vinayale	5060 A Weinstein Lee	4206 A Widner Art	6037 A Winters Ken	3181 A Yoas Helen
5966 S Wallace Jamie	5922 A Weinstein Lois	3938 A Wiener Robert K	929 A Winters Lisa M A	4288 A Yonce Tongi L
5967 S Wallace Richard	3101 A Weiss Gail Bg1	3939 A Wiener Robert K g1	3116 S Wintler-Cox Lisa	4331 A York Donald
5232 A Wallace Salustra	912 A Weiss Gail B	3940 A Wiener Robert K g2	1154 S Wintler-Cox Rob	5171 A Youll Stephen
5968 S Wallace Suzanne	5760 A Weiss Richard	3941 A Wiener Robert K g3	5563 S Winz Kim	5541 A Young Amy
1299 A Wallbank Mary	4205 A Weiss Rick	4004 A Wiese Robert	3174 A Wise Joanne	5785 A Young Brian J
1197 A Wallbank Tom	932 A Weissinger Robert	6011 A Wiik Michael	5033 A Wise Mark	5441 A Young Cecil L
1256 A Waller Kristin	2048 A Weisskopf Toni	4927 A Wike Cynthia	5126 A Wiseman Lizzie	1124 A Young Jack C
5396 S Wallner Martin	4687 A Welch Henry L	1322 A Wilbanks Caran	556 A Wismer Mary R	1099 A Young II James D
4897 A Walotsky Ron	4688 A Welch Henry L G1	5850 A Wilber Dennis	3950 A Wittig Robert J	3123 A Young Jim
3089 A Walrath David	4689 A Welch Letha R	5779 A Wilber Rick	5146 A Wittmeyer James F	1098 A Young Linda M
3090 S Walsh Michael J	3166 A Weldon Linda	3107 S Wilbur Faye	5147 A Wittmeyer Patricia A	5079 A Young Mark
3091 A Walsh Michael R	3387 A Welling Bob	1456 A Wilcox Capt Elizabeth M	3152 A Wixon David W	1125 A Young Susan
3092 A Walsh Ray	3389 A Welling Chase	3312 A Wilcoxon Jason Kary	5916 A Wiz Chris	5679 A Youngstrom Virginia
2349 A Walsh Robert	3388 A Welling Chris	839 A Wilcoxon Joseph	5917 A Wiz Marc	1963 A Yudenitsch Alexander
5017 A Walters Bob	3566 A Wells Bill	3311 A Wilcoxon Kelli Robyn	2238 A Wojtowicz Hania	5081 A Yudkowsky Moshe
3807 A Walther Charles J	1379 A Wells Janet	5462 A Wild John	959 A Wolansky Taras	5082 A Yudkowsky Ruchy
478 A Walton Evelyn	4032 A Wells Mark	4974 A Wildstein Robin	3228 A Woldow Kitty	5015 A Yule Kate
3093 A Ward Anthony	4033 A Wells Patty	4176 S Wiley Charles L	4852 A Wolf Jr E Glenn	4189 A Zacarola JoAnna M
568 A Ward Charles Douglas	4034 C Wells Sean	1553 A Wiley Lucy	5077 A Wolf Joyce	4732 A Zach Chris
1235 A Ward Dalroy M	253 A Wells Terri	4855 A Wilkins Adrian	3776 A Wolf Katherine M	322 A Zahn Anna L
3094 A Ward Jacqueline M	3713 A Wells Tom	1922 A Wilkins Allen Charles	4709 A Wolf Lori	1781 A Zahn Timothy
5406 A Ward Jean P	5724 A Wendell Howard M	4856 A Wilkins Constance	5800 A Wolf Milton T	2245 S Zak Gwen
3535 S Ward Sr Jerry Dean	685 A Wenshe Lenny	4857 A Wilkins Peter	3117 A Wolfe Gene	1136 A Zakem Joel D
3851 A Ward Jim	838 A Wentworth Jo-anne	4244 S Wilkinson Bridget	4600 A Wolff David	3125 A Zang Linda C
3841 A Ward Marsha Lee	5556 A Wenzel Donald T	3108 S Willauer Marlene	4601 A Wolff Judy	3983 A Zaretsky Graham
3095 A Ward Michael J	1470 A Werner Elliott	4184 A Willers Allen S	3696 A Wolfman Marv	4020 A Zarlow Willow Jirik
5004 S Ward Murray R	4588 A Wessing Erik	122 A Williams Andrew	2132 A Wolkoff Lew	6003 A Zecher Joel
4821 A Ward V J	5740 S Wesson Joseph	3109 A Williams C S	2133 A Wolkoff Rosanne	4304 A Zegliz Albion
2350 A Wardwell Jeanne C	920 A West Amy	2592 A Williams Charlotte	4638 A Wollheim Betsy	273 A Zeiger Barry
4243 S Wareham Peter	5148 A West Gregory M	3110 A Williams David J	4639 A Wollheim Elsie B	3126 A Zeigler Deb
5429 A Warmuth Cindy	4551 A West John L	3926 A Williams Deborah A	5534 A Wolowkik Rozalie	5763 A Zelazny Roger
4954 S Warner Jr Harry	5140 A West Tom	4670 A Williams Debra E	4038 A Wong Ada	4512 A Zelin David A
4084 A Warner Larry R	3555 A Westbrook Victor	3111 A Williams Edith T	5324 S Wong Henry K	4513 A Zelin David A g1
5435 A Warnock Kathy	3102 A Westervelt Brad	3112 A Williams Joe Bob	4039 A Wong Kent	1490 A Zellich Michelle
1114 A Warren David	5930 A Westfield Bill	458 A Williams Perry	5983 A Wood Jr Bell	796 A Zellich Rich
1810 A Warren Elizabeth	5931 A Westfield Mary Ann	311 A Williams Randy L	4067 A Woodard Richard K	3982 A Zelmanovics Gary
3096 A Warren Kenneth T	3928 C Westhead Karen	459 A Williams Rondinella	5211 A Woodford Alan	404 A Zenk Margo
3097 A Warren Victoria	3929 A Westhead Kathy	5410 A Williams Sheila	5212 A Woodford Anne	5038 A Zepka Bonnie
2016 A Warren Wade A	3930 A Westhead Mike	3781 A Williams Susan L	5894 A Woodhead Robert J	5039 A Zepka David J
5027 A Warrington Freda	3931 C Westhead Peter	3626 A Williams Walter Jon	3707 A Woodin Mike	3310 A Zettel A Christopher
5365 A Washek James C	5207 A Weston Alison	4711 A Williamson Doug	5567 A Woodin Mike g1	3309 A Zettel Mary S
4362 A Washington Julie E	407 A Weston Peter	4982 A Williamson Jack	6019 A Woodings Lisa	3127 A Zetterberg Julie A
5215 A Wasiliew Alex	4769 A Wetzel Keith	4712 A Williamson Katherine	4481 A Woods Brent L	3972 A Zeve Steven Joel
4912 K Wasserman David	3173 A Wetzels Les	3396 A Willinger B J	5708 A Woods Delphyne Joan	1319 A Zielke William H
3897 A Wasserman Lewis	3103 S Wexford Marye Lynn	716 A Willinger Beth	4130 A Wool Alan J	49 A Zierhut Ingrid
4913 A Wasserman Linda	1598 A Whalen Jim C	3397 A Willinger Danielle	728 A Wooley Charles	5729 A Ziesing Mark V
1268 A Waterman Deborah	6050 A Whalen Mike	3398 A Willinger Kip	3290 A Wooley Sheri	2215 A Zimmerman Daniel C
1772 A Waterson Joy	3444 C Wheeler Cheryl	3399 A Willinger Nick	3118 A Wooster Martin Morse	4667 A Zimny Joe
1773 A Waterson Rick	1614 A Wheeler Steven R	5837 A Willis Connie	4627 A Worley Janet R	5808 A Zindell David
4850 A Wathne Ming	1615 A Wheeler Vickie	3113 A Willis Dorothy A	2203 A Worrell Mark O	4225 A Zink David S
1239 S Watkins Jackie	4680 A Wheelock Terry	540 A Willis John	4255 A Worth Anne E	5297 S Zipser Beth
3695 A Watkins Noel	3912 A Whelan Michael	2101 A Willis John g1	767 A Wortham Ann	5646 A Zucker Mike
4219 S Watson Carmen Souza	5244 A Whiskin Gail	7 G Willis Madeline	4998 A Wright Athena Sunnir	4028 A Zygowicz Diane
1186 A Watson Kennita Lane	5245 A Whiskin Jim	3114 A Willis Steven	Katlin	1442 A Zygowicz Karin L
6063 A Watters Suzanne	4410 A Whitaker Mike	3 G Willis Walt	6066 A Wright David G	
1522 A Watts Eric L	5623 A White Arielle B	1310 A Willmoth Mike	2221 A Wright Deborah Anne	
1298 A Wauford Melissa	3838 A White Chris	3115 A Willner Marc	5066 A Wright Linda R	
3862 A Wayne Bob	3762 A White James	3204 A Willson Karen	612 A Wright Richard	
3863 A Wayne Bob g1	3104 A White Laurine	3960 C Wilson Anders	5802 A Wu William	
3864 A Wayne Bob g2	5971 A White Mel	5387 A Wilson Andrew L	5915 C Wulff Joshua	
3865 A Wayne Bob g3	5976 A White Philip	33 A Wilson Bill	5100 A Wulff Robin	



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