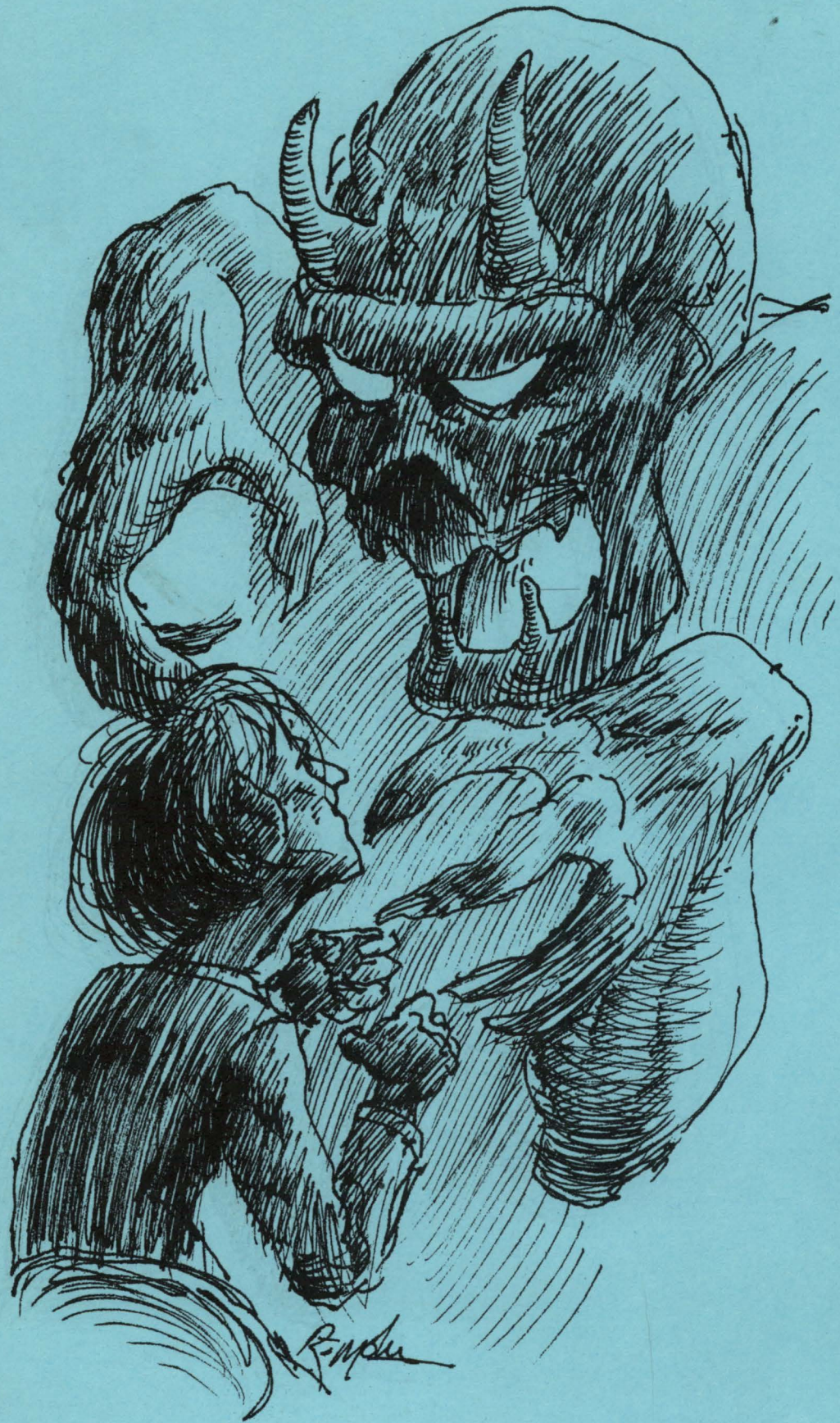


MOSCON V



September 23-25, 1983

Moscow, Idaho



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Guests of Honor: Algis Budrys, Kelly Freas, Georges Giguère, & Bert Van Den Boogaard

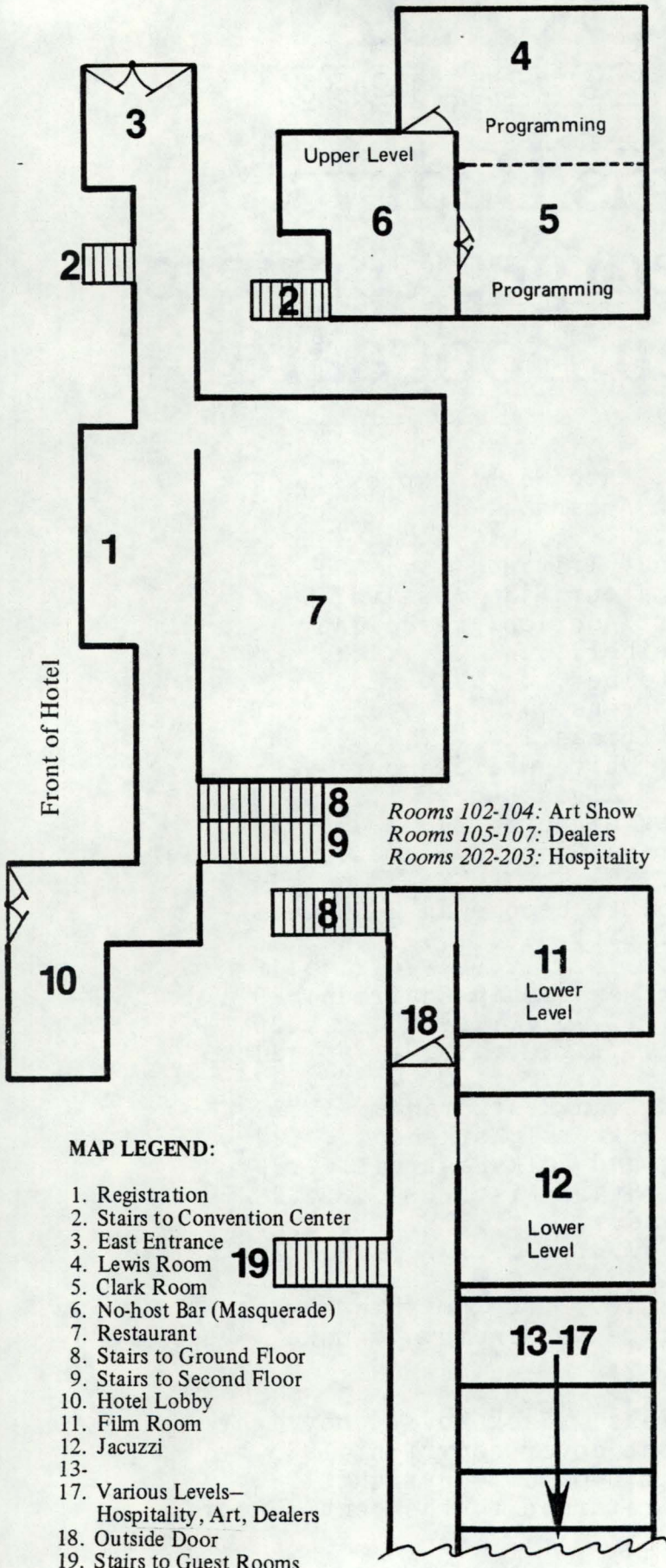
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This convention is dedicated to E.E. "Doc" Smith. We thank everybody who gave their time and energy to make MosCon a success.

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Hotel Map

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Welcome to Overload City - Chairman Beth Finkbiner

Enthusiastic greetings and welcome! If you have attended MosCons (or any other convention), you have a fairly good idea of what to expect. As a matter of fact, you are probably reading this several days, or months, after the fact. Who has time to read during a con?

If MosCon is your first convention, welcome to Overload City. This will be your last coherent action until you wake up Monday afternoon and say, "Gee, when's the next convention?"

You WILL have fun! This is an order!

To facilitate this, we will provide many fascinating and educational panels, jacuzzi parties, an art show, a hospitality suite, films, video, a masquerade, dealers' rooms, a dance, and opportunities to listen to and meet with some of your favorite authors and artists. If you are bored, it's your own fault. If you have nothing to do, sit around in Hospitality until someone else with a "what do I do now?" look walks by and talk to them. Better yet, volunteer. That is the best way to meet people and get involved.

If none of this appeals to you, you can always hang over the balcony and admire the farm equipment across the street.

Late Night Express

Cavanaugh's Landing Restaurant will be open special hours, 11:30 p.m. to 2:30 a.m., Friday and Saturday. The "late night express" menu will feature items like eggs, bacon, omelets, hamburgers, doughnuts and hotcakes, just waiting to satisfy your late-night munchies. Look into it.

The restaurant will also feature an expanded lunch menu, including dishes such as steamed clams and fettucini.

Thoughts About Vice - Vice-Chair Michael Finkbiner

I hear we're going to have a banquet again. Seems like a good idea to me, but then I like to eat; and Cavanaugh's has always put on a good one. The menu looks great this year, so I imagine we will all end up pleasantly stuffed. Afterwards we will be having the usual speeches and pat ourselves on the back for having made it through another year.

This year sees the fifth presentation of the Lensman Awards, which we give each year to an author and an artist for their lifetime achievements in promoting SF "In the spirit of 'Doc' Smith." We don't mean that these people write or draw space opera, but rather that they have large visions for the future, are generally interested in action rather than introspection, and are optimistic rather than depressed.

We don't just pick these people (the nominees) out of a hat. Each year we compose a list of living authors and artists who have been professionally active for quite a while and who fit our criteria. We send ballots to about one hundred people, prominent in the field, and generally get responses from seventy or more, which decides the matter. This is, I believe, the only lifetime achievement award which is voted on by the recipients' peers. That may not make it any more prestigious, but we feel it is something special. (Late-breaking news from your friendly typesetter—there is another *little* award given by pros to pros, which they call "The Nebula Grandmaster Award" or something like that, but our Lensman award is not subject to political, financial, or other types of pressure and is, we think, the only completely *unbiased* peer award in the field. Back to your Vice Person.)

The Jacuzzi party at MosCon has always been one of my favorite events. Some of you have been there before, and some of you have heard rumors. They're all true, I'm sure, but it depends on your interpretation. Ambiguity aside, the party begins at 8:00 PM and officially closes at 11:00 PM. We think we have the chlorine problem licked this year, so there shouldn't be as many smarting eye-

balls. As in the past, we require showers before entering the tub and, as there are no facilities in the Jacuzzi room, those of you who are not staying in the hotel would be wise to make friends with those of us who are.

As stated before, the basic rules are: a clean body, no massage oil, no glass, but bring a swimsuit, a towel, and a friendly disposition.

We strongly suggest you be careful about alcoholic intake before and while tubbing; and we will not allow people to tub alone. Booze hits harder in hot water, as several of us can testify.

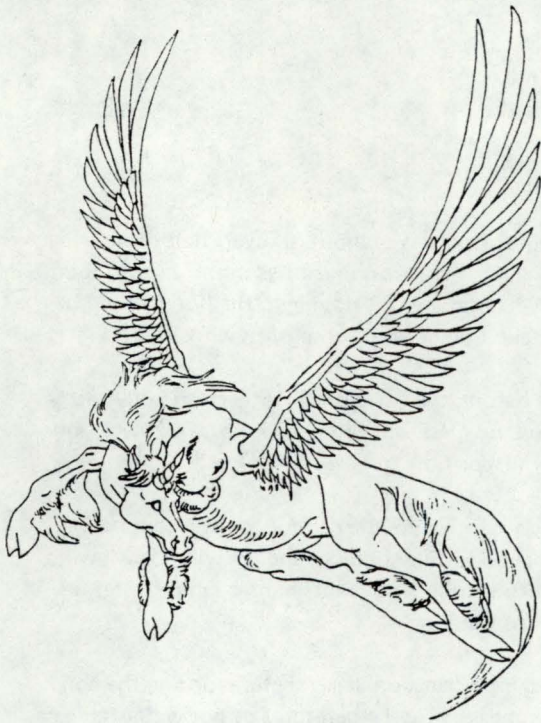
We are having a panel on Jacuzzi ethics during the con, to discuss the whys and wherefores of hot water fandom, but the basic rule is pretty obvious: don't let your fun ruin someone else's!

The Fanⁿish Armada

We are going to have a new event at MosCon this year which will, no doubt, be wildly popular. The Fanⁿish Armada will assemble at the Jacuzzi, where we will determine who has the best trans-Jacuzzi racing boat in all of Fandom.

Some materials will be available in the con suite if you want to build a boat at the con, or modify (i.e., rebuild after you sat on it in the car) the one you brought.

All boats must be wind-powered only; any hidden batteries or bottles of Nitrous will be grounds for disqualification and/or sinking (and, possibly, drowning). We will be providing fans (both types) so you won't need to depend on lung power. Specifications are: MAXIMUM length 12", including all protrusions, rudders, bowsprits, etc.; all construction must be such that the boat will be safe for the people who will be using the Jacuzzi later. For example, no metal parts with sharp points or edges. There are no other restrictions. Feel free to build something as minimalist or as complicated as you like. If it falls apart in the water, you are responsible for picking all of the pieces out. We will be offering some, no doubt, munificent reward for the lucky winner, but we'll let it be a surprise for now.



Masquerade Rules by Shannasea

1. Pick up form at registration desk. Bring to Clark Room (the smaller of the two connected program rooms). The contest consists of a walkthrough with MC reading from your form. (Your presentation must be two minutes or less.) There will be a second walkthrough for the finalists.
2. Arrive one hour early for placement and prejudging.
3. **Costume rules:**
 - a. *No pyrotechnics!*
 - b. All parts of costume should be compatible (it's unlikely to see Darth Vader in sneakers).
 - c. Edged weapons should not be drawn until you reach the stage. Please spare the MC. He is reliable.
 - d. No shooting of projectiles or liquids.
 - e. Think twice before going in skintights or semi/mostly-nude. Check in a full-length mirror to see if the style is flattering to you.
 - f. People will be at the stage steps to help you—let them, it's safer.

g. Stay in character!

4. **FOR SPECTATORS:** *No flash photography during the contest!* Your flash can blind the contestants and the MC, and cause trouble. There will be a photography session after the judging.

The winners of the masquerade will receive prizes.

Addenda

This is your MC speaking. Well, writing, okay? Don't be so picky. I have a few comments on the above rules; my remarks will be short, but to the point, so LISTEN UP!

1. When you fill out your form, don't assume I speak fluent Gobbledegook, or whatever language you write in. **PRINT LEGIBLY!** If your character name is not English-based, write it phonetically, or you may not be pleased with the way I pronounce it. *For your presentation:* If you have no stage or voice training, take the mike. Give the judges and audience a chance to hear you. Keep it short and punchy. Just in case you get tapped for the finals, have a *different* one ready for the second walkthrough.
3. Violations of (a) and (c) will be dealt with severely, probably fatally. Although I am a kindly, peace-loving person, I grew up in Mundania, and am not at all nice when aroused. **You wouldn't like me when I'm angry!**
Violations of (d) same as above.
(e)—think twice, thrice, and fice! Have another person, preferably an enemy, tell you you look good in "skintights/semi/mostly-nude". You might *believe* a friend, and that could be embarrassing.
4. **SPECTATORS VIOLATING RULE 4 ARE SUBJECT TO IMMEDIATE EJECTION FROM THE MASQUERADE!**

If all concerned will use a little (or in some cases, an inordinately large amount, considering) common sense, we will all enjoy the masquerade more. Be kind to your MC; it's not as easy looking foolish up there for a couple of hours as it appears (I have a lot of practice. **DO NOT DO THIS AT HOME—OR IN A PUBLIC PLACE, FOR THAT MATTER—IT COULD BE DANGEROUS!** Remember, your MC is a professional, and this brand of foolishness should not be attempted by amateurs). Buy me a drink when my voice wears out. Thank you.



Moscon (in the person of Bill Johns, its membership chairman) makes it to the Great Wall of China.

Trivia by Steve Fahnstalk

This year's trivia quiz will be standard College Bowl format. There will be (depending on number of teams entered) either one or two preliminary rounds on Saturday, and one or more final rounds on Sunday.

Questions may be on any aspect of science fiction or fantasy, and there will undoubtedly be, given the odd character of your Quizmaster, a number of questions on subjects of only peripheral relationship to the above categories. There may even be questions which bear no relationship at all to sf/fantasy; that's all right, though, because "the Quizmaster is Ghod." And no, Randy R., there will not be any sports (or, ghu forbid, *hockey*) questions.

TRIVIA RULES: College Bowl format will apply. A tossup question will be asked first, which will be open to all contestants; then the team which answered the tossup correctly will be given a bonus question. There will be *no* consultation on tossup questions; if the Quizmaster determines that consultation has taken place, the question will be disallowed. Consultation is allowed on bonus questions only. Only the person who answered the toss-

up question will answer the bonus question.

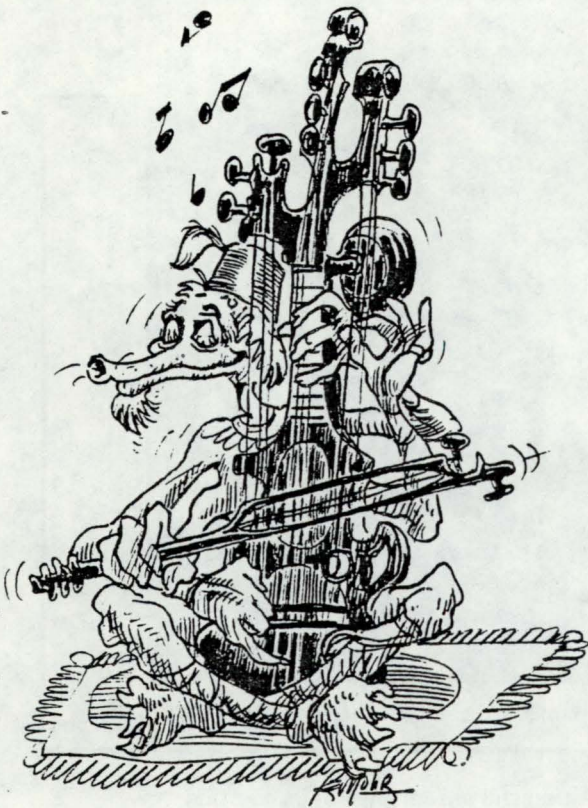
If a buzzer is pushed before the question is completed, that person must attempt to answer the question using only the information given before the buzzer went off. If his/her answer is incorrect, that team will be penalized and the whole question will be repeated for the other team's benefit. If the answer is correct, but incomplete, partial points may be given, at the Quizmaster's discretion, and the whole question will be repeated for the other team, which may attempt to score the remaining points.

There is a time limit for answering. On a tossup question *only*, if the time expires before a correct answer is given, the other team will be given an opportunity to answer.

No penalties will be awarded for incorrect answers except as noted under "interruptions."

In case of *any* disputes, the Quizmaster's decision will be final. Remember: **The Quizmaster Is Ghod!**

Prizes will be awarded for first place; possibly for second place, although that has not been decided at this point. Sign up at the registration desk at any time *before* the preliminary rounds on Saturday.



Gophers - Lori White

Anyone and everyone who wishes to donate a little time and effort to the cause of gophering (all-purpose errand running) will be welcomed with open arms this year, and will also get an official button pinned to his or her chest.

Don't desert the ship. Add your weight as a gopher and make it sink that much faster.

Sign-up sheets will be available at the registration desk.

(Note from handy-dandy typesetter: Hmmm. Open arms, hey? Pin to chest, huh? Sounds like fun!)

MosCon Amateur Film Festival - Robert Lane

Anything goes in this film festival: sci-fi, fantasy, drama, porno, Smurf burnings, even scab farming on Mars. Three movie connoisseurs will judge for plot, editing, and overall quality, depending on what sorts of entries are received.

For more up-to-date information on the film festival, check the bulletin board at registration.

(Typesetter here, again: Neither MosCon nor I am responsible for the use of *that* word in paragraph one above. You know . . . si . . . er, ski . . . sci . . . *You* know. The opinions expressed herein are the sole responsibility of the perpetrator.)

The MosCon Dance - Craig Steed

Well, we are going to do this again, dance until we run out of music or energy, or the management of the hotel tells everybody to stop the nonsense and go to bed. (They don't know us very well, do they?)

Since the perpetrator of this craziness is a chronic music nut and fans never run out of energy until *after* the con, we will probably be shut down by the management. The music will range from so-new-it's-still-steaming to ancient fossils from your past (or somebody's, at least).

The costumes will probably be as outrageous as the Masquerade so be careful where you step. Especially when around the sound system (all those silly wires, you know). Requests will be honored according to availability and the mood of the Disco Jock (bribes can perform miracles).



The Great Kelly Freas Portrait Auction & Lizard Squeeze

As one of the special events that we've planned for this year's MosCon, the Great Kelly Freas Portrait Auction promises to stand out as something special . . . Lizard Squeeze or no.

What will happen is simply this: at a time and place to be found on your Pocket Program (most likely sometime Saturday) there will be a special auction (*bring money*). The bidding will start at \$150 and will escalate until one person, one very lucky and determined person, will squeak out his/her winning bid and collapse onto the floor from nervous exhaustion (or sheer delight . . . sometimes it's hard to tell the difference). This lucky individual will then have his/her portrait painted. . . not sketched or drawn, but *painted*. . . by Kelly Freas later that afternoon. We will have a "studio" set up in the area just outside the Lewis and Clark rooms where this will happen, and the rest of you are quite welcome—nay, encouraged—to stand around and watch genius at work.

Art Auction - Jerry Eveland

Bidding rules—we will auction pieces with bids in order of bidding activity. The pieces with the most bids will be auctioned first. Time permitting, all pieces with at least one bid will be auctioned.

Requests—if you want a particular piece to go up at a certain time, please ask us. We will do our best to accommodate you.

Credit cards—thanks to the wonderful people here at Cavanaugh's, we will again be able to take certain charge cards. Check with us *before* the auction begins to make sure we can take yours. No credit cards will be accepted without prior authorization.

Checks—checks will be taken with proper identification. Again, check with us *before* the auction begins.

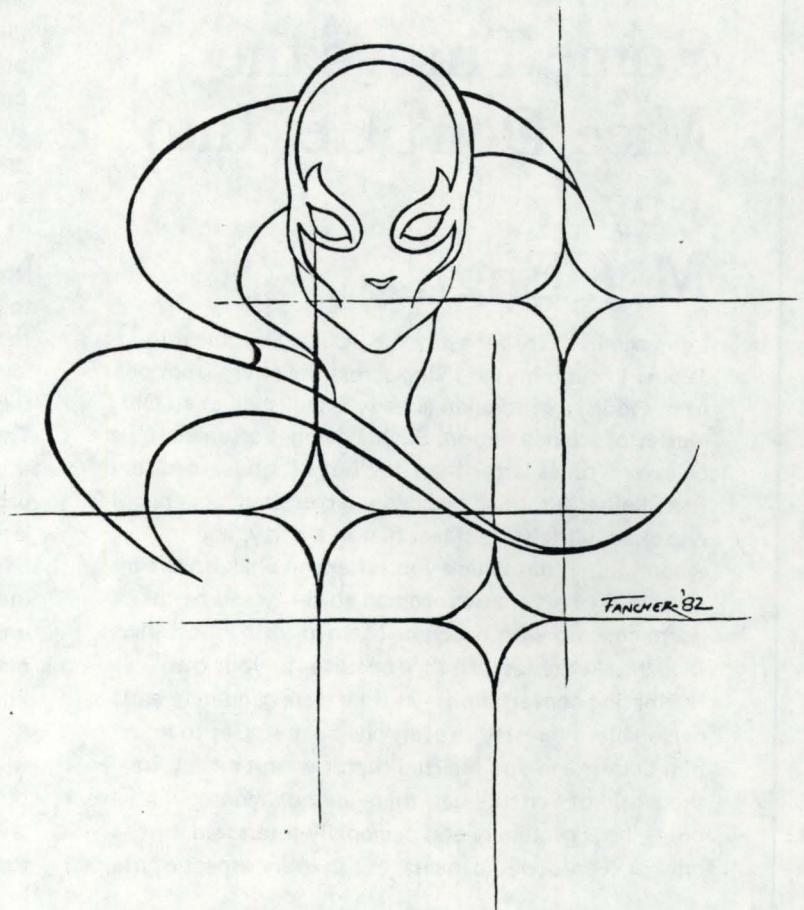
Cash—always welcome, of course. Unfortunately we

must charge a premium on Canadian and Dutch money. Are you listening, Bert?

Miscellanea

We will have a limited number of towels and t-shirts available at the registration desk or in hospitality. We hope you like them and, if you do, bear in mind that they disappeared real fast last year. The art is, of course, by the incomparable Bill Warren, , and if any of you clowns steal his towel this year we will throw the guilty party from the third floor!

Would you like to make MosCon a better place to be? Sure you would! All you have to do is grab one of the concom (they're the dissipated-looking ones) and offer to help. We need people to move things, guard doors, Go-Fer things, ad-nauseating-cetera. Will we be grateful? You bet! We'll even give you a snazzy button so people will know we suckered you in! After all, if you don't pitch in we can't do it. See also under "Gophers."





Some Things the Mice Don't Get Into

by
M. J. Engh

Long ago in a city far away (i.e., Chicago in the mid-1950s) I found myself living across the street from one of my idols, a gentleman already established as an Old Master of science fiction. Such a being, I assumed, must be several times larger than life; but I soon learned that Fritz Leiber, although decidedly larger than most people, was exactly life's size. Meet him at a party, and the second thing that struck you (after the Shakespearean grandeur of his appearance and voice) would be the warm concern with which he listened to the most inconsequential bore (as well as, of course, to your own fascinating conversation)—as if he were genuinely and personally interested in everyone he met. Get to know him better, and you realized that it wasn't an act. In the world of Fritz Leiber, there are no inconsequential bores; he *is* genuinely and personally interested, not only in everybody he meets, but in every aspect of life,

human and otherwise. It would be an inconceivably dull cosmos that contained anything that would bore Fritz Leiber.

This being the case, it's small wonder that Fritz has been often and rightly praised for his versatility as a writer. Instead of finding a comfortable groove and sliding along in it year after year, he stubbornly persists in doing what science fiction is supposed to do—trying out new ideas and new approaches. (This tends to confuse critics and other people who like to label things and put them in neat stacks.) Still and all, Fritz's marvellously diverse stories do have certain characteristics in common (not to be confused with common characteristics). I can't remember ever reading one that didn't have at least a touch both of horror and of humor; and after you've read enough of them, a definite Leiberian universe takes shape—a cloudy, dangerous universe, where enormous powers struggle obscurely, and there are no innocent bystanders. Willy, nilly, knowingly or unknowingly, everybody has to take sides in the cosmic melee; and if anybody has a prayer of understanding what it's all about, it certainly isn't Fritz's characters. There's nothing left for them to do—short of giving up, a most un-Leiberian concept—but shrug their shoulders (or whatever they have to shrug with), grin, and plunge in. Clumsy, frightened, and mixed-up they may be, but they conduct themselves with humor and good humor. If the world is a grisly place—which it clearly is—all the more reason to cherish its beauties, enjoy its fun, and do what little you can to temporarily protect its snug pockets of what you hope is goodness.

Not being very quick-witted, it took me several years to notice that this uneasy world-view is strikingly similar to those of almost all the mainstream writers I especially love—like Herman Melville, Isak Dinesen, Joyce Cary, John Barth, to say nothing of Shakespeare in his darker moods. The *Change War* series is outstandingly Melvillian. All the thumping action in the foreground takes place against a backdrop scribbled over with unanswerable questions in letters of flame. Who are the good guys and who are the bad guys and are they in cahoots? Do they exist at all as independent actors? And does it matter?—To which the unsettling answer is strongly implied: Yes, it probably matters a whole hell of a lot; too bad it's impossible to know.

In short, Fritz is one of those rare souls who can combine a cordial affection for life and all its quirks with a respectful but unintimidated knowledge of life and all its horrors. I can testify that this makes him a particularly valuable friend to have in quirky and horrible times—

more so, perhaps, than he realizes. For the first six or eight years after we both moved away from the old neighborhood, I composed a letter to Fritz fairly often—say about five or six days out of every seven. Every couple of years I even got one down on paper and mailed it. After that the frequency began to fall off a little; but Fritz is still one of the primary standards against which I measure myself and my ideas.

Long ago and far away, on the occasion of I don't quite remember what, Fritz presented me with a lovely edition of Dunsany's *Time and the Gods*, with illustrations by S. H. Sime, and inscribed it "To a poet, from a writer." That book has put up with a good deal of hardship, being lugged hither and thither, read aloud to my children, read aloud to myself, packed, unpacked, repacked; but its roughest ordeal came recently, when it had to do time in a friend's attic. When at last I was able to retrieve it, I found that the mice had been into it, and a considerable portion of Fritz's autograph, Dunsany's prose, and Sime's delicate line had gone to cushion the dreams of a generation of mouselings. I was very sorry, but I really wasn't heartbroken. There are some things that the mice don't get into.

Black Suit and Tennis Shoes

by
Steve Perry

Fritz Leiber. Ah, now there's a name to—pardon the literary joke—conjure with. While he hardly needs an introduction to anybody with a remote background in science fiction and fantasy, he certainly deserves one. The problem is, of course, there's entirely too much to tell in the space I have.

Um. Where to begin? Fritz Reuter Leiber, born in 1910. A student of physiology, psychology and theology as a young man, an actor, son of an actor; a fair hand with a sword, an astronomer on the rooftops of San Francisco. A writer. Yes, let's do put that part in.

1939 was a good year for new writers in the science fiction and fantasy field. Asimov's first story appeared in *Amazing*; van Vogt's first story showed up in *Astounding*; and something called "Two Sought Adventure"

appeared in the August issue of *Unknown*. Hard-core Leiber fans know all about the two characters who first appeared in that story. (For the rest of you who might not, they were Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser, who went on to bigger and better things, including a piece called "Ill met in Lankmar", which snared both the Hugo and Nebula awards.)

Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser weren't the only stories, though. There have been too many other stories and books and articles to list here. And awards? Next to the shelf of Hugo and Nebula awards you might find Lovecraft and the August Derleth awards, the Gandalf and the Lovecraft Life Achievement award. Six Hugos, three Nebulas, four major fantasy awards; nobody else except Harlan even comes close. And I think it was Harlan who said that most science fiction and fantasy writers weren't fit to carry Fritz's pencil box.

Amen. If you don't think so, read "Gonna Roll The Bones" or *Our Lady of Darkness*. The man can write.

In a perfect world, artists of such caliber would be rich, famous and respected widely. Unfortunately, ours is not that world; in the words of Malcolm J. Edwards, writing in *The Science Fiction Encyclopedia*, Fritz's "work is sometimes undervalued." Edwards says it's because Fritz somehow never managed to quite establish his identity as a science fiction writer as well as he did as a fantasy writer. I, for one, think it's a damned shame. When I get to be god-in-charge, I'm gonna fix that early on.

I had the privilege a few years ago of exchanging a few letters and then interviewing Mr. Leiber at Orycon, in Portland. He was dressed as I had seen him before, a tall, thin man in a dark suit, wearing tennis shoes. Size fourteen shoes, I think he said. I had a list of questions I thought the audience would be interested in hearing the answers to, and I put them to Fritz. It was a delight for me to hear him answer. He had a way of leading us off on a tangent, poking into dusty rooms among the stacks of his memory, then looping back to the point neatly. He gave us a tour of the Leiber mind, a mind full of chess and cats and astronomy and the early days of television. Ask him about those days. Ask him about his observatory on the roof of his apartment building in the city glow of San Francisco. He writes a column for LOCUS, "Moons & Stars & Stuff," signed Fritz Leiber, Ph.B., G.M. Ask him about that, too. Here is a man who so well knows the Hammett novel, *The Maltese Falcon*, that he used to take people on tours of the city, pointing out each location mentioned in the book.

Somebody ought to sit down with this man and a tape recorder and a box of cassettes and get it all. And then package it and write it. I'd buy the result. I suspect there are others who would. People like Fritz Leiber ought to be declared national treasures; they have been there and they have seen it and sometimes, they have written about it.

He has a son who writes, Fritz does, and he seems proud of that. He isn't a young man and that slows him some; the eyes behind the thick glasses may be myopic, but the intelligence and wit still sparkle there. He smokes Kools, or did when I met him. He is a complex person, is Fritz Leiber, and one you are most lucky to have a chance to see and hear.



Kelly Freas by Algis Budrys

Kelly Freas is my best man. He is also full of years and honors, and years to come, but I can't do much about discussing the public Frank Kelly Freas. If you will look on the edifices of speculative fiction in the latter half of the twentieth century, you will find Kelly's signature in

the lower right corner, and that ought to take care of that. Meanwhile, Frank Kelly Freas is also my best man.

I first met Kelly, and Polly, at the Worldcon in 1953, and have seen no cause to regret it. At the time, I had sold a few stories to *Astounding*, and coincidentally *Astounding* was about to publish its first Freas cover. John Campbell brought us together, as he was wont to do with people, and over the next few years Kelly and I did an appreciable amount of work together. Many writers worked closely with Kelly, because putting the marks on the paper or the canvas was the last thing he did. First, he thought. In fact, often he thought before we did, and was still thinking when we thought we were all done.

Kelly did my first *Astounding* cover, for a novelette I had felt was pretty good. Then I saw the black-and-white interiors, and my opinion of it improved. Apparently, so did Campbell's, because *then* he commissioned a cover painting. (Which is still on the wall of my office.)

Sometimes I wrote things around Freas paintings. I did one for *Future*, which was in the business of buying covers and then having stories written around them; it grew into a pretty good series that included another *Astounding* novelette for which Kelly did the cover and black-and-whites. Then, one day, I turned a corner in the offices of *Fantastic Universe* and found myself face-to-face with a Freas painting of a man with a metal skull. That turned into a novel called *Who?*, which has helped put my kids through college.

I had always wanted to write a story for *Planet*. Kelly took me along to their editorial offices one day, and did such a job of introducing me that the editor—who admittedly didn't know beans about SF—gave me a credit line on Kelly's cover painting for the next issue. A couple of issues after that, though, they did run my only sale to *Planet*, with Kelly's cover. (They made him paint more feathers on the bird-woman. Times were different.)

That's how it was in Frank Kelly Freas's salad days, when the Earth was young and all you needed was talent, brains, and energy. Editors and writers fought like tigers to get Kelly interested in them, and when Kelly got interested, they got a lot for their trouble.

For one thing, they got Polly, too; sitting behind the scenes, reading the manuscripts and noting key moments for Kelly to look at; filling filing cabinets full of

reference material, keeping the accounts straight, keeping the cats out of the tempera, posing. They had come in from Pittsburgh together, he fresh out of the Art Institute, she a bright young girl from the Pennsylvania Dutch country, and they had tackled New York together, via science fiction, in the days when people looked at you strange for going that route. Whatever, it wasn't long before the SF world began awarding them its fond appreciation, and it's not a major surprise that it hasn't stopped doing so yet.

A fair lot of fine draftsmen and good renderers has come down the road into SF work over the years, before and since Kelly's debut. We have a tradition of harboring better illustrators than we deserve—as well as of enduring some of the world's most awful hacks. But around about the middle of this century, the hacks began dropping off. We still get them, but they aren't as numerous and they don't stay as long.

Meanwhile, the population of thoughtful, effective, talented illustrators keeps increasing. It may be that good drives out bad and attracts good. It may be that when a good illustrator is also articulate, versed in the field and able to discuss it, able to find the proper nuances in stories and highlight them with a notable depth of understanding and perception, he sets a standard, and opens a door into a new standpoint. That will scare a hack off, and challenge good people to do good things.

I don't think it's a coincidence that we got better illustrators after Frank Kelly Freas came bouncing out of Canada and Pittsburgh with a certain tilt to his head and a certain look in his eye. I've worked with the man, and I've felt the spark jump.

So when Edna and I got married, she got her wedding ring from Polly, and Kelly was our best man, and *that* has lasted thirty years too.

Kelly Freas: Quasi-Formally - Jon Gustafson

MosCon V's artist Guest of Honor, Frank Kelly Freas (who answers most readily to "Kelly") is one of the true

giants of the field, a gentleman and a scholar, and a legend in his own time.

I doubt that I can speak of Kelly as eloquently as has A. J. Budrys, but I can fill you in on some of the facts of Kelly's stellar performance in science fiction and fantasy illustration. He has won not one, but *ten* Hugo awards for Best Illustrator. And he has been on the final ballot more than 20 times; in fact, he is up for another Hugo this year.

His first cover was "The Piper" for *Weird Tales*; it appeared on the November, 1950 issue (he did two other covers for that venerable magazine, both extremely inventive). Shortly thereafter, Kelly sent off a portfolio of art to The Man himself, John W. Campbell, Jr.

And was rejected.

Today, that seems almost incredible In the early 1950s, Kelly moved to New York to be closer to the publishing industry, and again took some work in to Campbell. This time, he came away with an assignment and the rest is history. (The fact that this time he came recommended by Ed Valigursky, one of the finest illustrators to ever hold a brush, may have had some small part in helping change Campbell's mind, but it was Kelly's consummate skill that kept him on.)

Kelly's first *Astounding* cover was for the October, 1953, issue and illustrated Tom Goodwin's "The Gulf Between"; it remains one of his most famous works. It shows a giant, yet obviously young, robot holding the broken and bleeding body of a man in one immense hand, looking beseechingly up at his unseen father with a look that says, "It's broken, Daddy; can you fix it?" Many years later, Kelly redid the painting for the cover of a Queen record album, with one of the group members as the broken toy.

Kelly has done posters for NASA, promoting the space program, and he designed the shoulder patch for the first Skylab mission.

There's more, but you'll have to ask Kelly yourself, which is not at all hard to do, since he is one of the most approachable of all living legends. So welcome Kelly and welcome, Kelly.



Impromptu Guest of Honor Algis Budrys

Mr. Budrys has done strange and amazing things to advance the cause of pickles. He can croon a Lithuanian lullaby in a voice that puts birds to shame. He is presently a slim and elegant shadow of his former self; offer him a glass of tomato juice rather than a drink. His wife is a mermaid, and his four sons are geniuses.

Mr. Budrys has taught at the Clarion Science Fiction Workshop for the past six years, emerging from the wilds of Evanston, Illinois, to do so. He gives young writers advice such as, "It don't matter a damn what color you paint the ambulance if the engine's missing." He also traditionally returns during the third week of the six-week ordeal to rescue Clarion participants from 'near-death by dorm food,' offering them instead mountains of delicious spaghetti cooked by his own hand. At first sight of this provender, many scream "Meat!" and faint dead away in shock.

In addition to teaching, Mr. Budrys writes a regular re-

view column for *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*. This column is notorious for its intelligence, erudition, and occasional esoterica. His novels include *Who?*, *Rogue Moon*, *Michaelmas*, *Some Will Not Die*, and *The Amsirs and the Iron Thorn* (among others). He has also edited two lines of books, written magazine pieces about cars and bicycles, brainstormed advertising campaigns, and committed other unlikely acts. He is master of the anecdote. Ask him to relate one.

--Nina Kiriki Hoffman

One of the hardest experiences for a new writer is meeting one of his idols. Living with them for a week in a Clarion experience can be downright soul-changing for the beginner and, I would imagine, quite annoying to the pro. AJ Budrys was my first idol. I read *Rogue Moon* before I picked up a Heinlein. I reread *Who?* before ever hearing of Asimov. To this day, the first thing I read in every issue of *F & SF* is AJ's column.

After having the privilege of getting to know AJ a little better, my admiration for him has grown. His contributions to the field of writing run through multi levels, at most only glimpsed by the normal fan. On the surface, most everyone recognizes his better-known works, such as *Michaelmas*, *Rogue Moon* and *Who?*. Others, willing to dig a little deeper, will find a mass of stories from the fifties and sixties such as the novelette, "Cage of a Thousand Wings," in *Planet Stories*. Those interested in the state-of-the-art Budrys need only wait a short time for *F & SF's* release of the Budrys issue.

But AJ's biggest contribution to the field has been behind the pages of the books and magazines. It has been his complete support and willingness to give of himself to teach others. From writing articles for *Empire* to teaching every year at Clarion to spending his time without pay reading new writers' work, AJ strengthens the field by passing on the knowledge he learned the hard way.

I've been one of the lucky ones. Not only have I admired Algis Budrys' work, I've had the opportunity to meet the man and have been one of the many he's helped. That's an experience I'll never forget. Hero worship is fun. It's even more fun when your hero has never let you down.

--Dean Wesley Smith

The first week of Clarion can be a harrowing experience, especially to a terrified just-turned-twenty-one year-old who had never

before been so far from home. After AJ's opening remarks the first night, I was still terrified. But with the help of AJ and his wonderful wife, Edna, we all made it through the various crises he had assured us would arise. He knew what would happen, not because of precognition, but because of his past experience helping young writers. And he helped us because he cared.

In between singing Lithuanian folk songs and fixing bikes, AJ read our stories, gave us valuable advice, taught us about the reality of the unreal world of writing, and earned the love and respect of nineteen neophyte writers.

--Lori Ann White



Georges Giguère - Lorna Toolis

Introductions are so often either unsatisfactory (when you have finished reading this will you know Georges any better?) or unnecessary (if most of you don't know Georges already he wouldn't have been invited to appear as Fan GoH. Shazam!). Nonetheless,
 "Audience, meet Georges Giguere."
 "Georges, meet the membership."



Georges, you will note; he is proud to be a Frog. Those of you who know Georges will know this. In addition you are probably aware that he has published two issues of his own fanzine, *Compound Fracture* (so named because he was on Workmen's Compensation during the production of both issues). He is or has been a member of numerous apas, among them *LASFAPA*, *Fewmets*, *Apatainment* and *Dadapa*. He was the vice-president of the Edmonton Science Fiction and Comic Arts Society and co-editor of its clubzine *Neology* for a strenuous year, and has produced the program books for several of the Edmonton-based NonCons (I, II, V). Many of the fanzines coming out of Edmonton from *Stir Wars* to *Idriel Rising* were produced on Georges' *Wired Wires Press*. There are two Gestetners in the basement of Frog Manor. One is used for black and blue inks, one is used for red and green.

C
 NONCON I, II, V
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 LASFAPA

The picture appearing in your minds could be any autistic fan hunched over his smoking Gestetners. There is more here than you will discover through the printed word. Georges is most famous for going to conventions and partying his brains out. Georges was the energetic

person murmuring, "Jamtart!" at you last night as you crawled away from the party at 5 A.M. He probably took a picture of the horrid evidence before he went out to breakfast. Georges' name commands respect amongst food fandom in the Pacific Northwest, both for quantity and quality—those fans privileged to eat Georges' deep dish pizza gloat a lot.

Last, but not least amongst Georges' many excellences (did I mention the charm, the wide range of interests?) is his verbal adroitness; this is not a man who will thank you for having invited him and then subside into his strudel. Brace yourselves, smile at Georges, and join the party.

Georges Giguère - Beth Finkbiner

Georges Giguere looks like he's been on the "Sex, Drugs and Rock'n Roll diet" just a little too long. You'll probably find him at a party, or just looking out from behind a camera.

Georges is fun. It's easy to make friends with him—but don't pretend to be the resident expert on interstellar life forms unless you really are. He'll find you out. Talk to him about music, photography, fanzines and fandom, food (especially Chinese), or cars—after ten minutes you'll know why we chose him for our fan GoH.



Letter from Fritz Leiber to MosCon

It grieves me greatly that I have to tell you that, for crucial medical reasons, I will not be able to be physically present at MosCon V.

After ten years' pretty thorough sobriety I had a drinking interlude in late July and early August, which I've only escaped from by entering upon a long detoxification and rehabilitation program at Garder Sullivan Hospital here (where I am writing this now) which will demand my day-by-day presence here in San Francisco for the next two months.

Garden Sullivan is the same hospital that returned me to the world of writing in 1973 after a longer period of heavy drinking. They work closely with Alcoholics Anonymous and *one* of the features of my recovery will be daily attendance at A.A. meetings for 90 days, etc., etc.—and there are other aspects of the treatment which require my continuous presence here. The doctors and psychotherapists tell me so and I believe them; and I do want to live and go on writing.

By a singular synchronicity the August *Fantasy Newsletter* carries my article about a still earlier episode in my life of alcoholism and recovery therefrom chiefly through A.A.

... I'll participate, if you want, in any phone or other long-distance communication with the con you might care to set up ...

In any case, I'll be present at the con in spirit, recalling the great honor it did me earlier. Surely my Lens is one of my dearest treasures.

Most regretfully,
Fritz Leiber

P.S. You may . . . publish (this letter) if you want, I'm not being secretive about my alcoholism these days, as you'll see in my *Fantasy Newsletter* article.

How To Become A European G.O.H.

by
Berthold-Bernard
Joseph Alexander
Gijsbertus Adrianus
Van Den Boogaard

I should like to start this off with a gracious statement telling one and all what an honour it is to be chosen E.G.O.H. of this con.

However, honour and dignity, and a desire to maintain some shroud of decorum, demand that I state now and most emphatically that at no time did I get down on my knees in that restaurant . . . that came later.

In an attempt at journalistic fairness, Beth has allowed me to tell you my side of the story. If you take notes, you too may one day be an E.G.O.H.

First ask yourself one important question: Do you really want to be an E.G.O.H.? If yes, then why? I suppose I wanted the honour because my childhood was deprivation city. We only had two servants; I can remember seeing my mother wear the same Dior original at social function after social function for an entire season. Even though my parents loved me and endeavored to give me everything, I was always missing out on important things like polo ponies, Cartier watches, Faberge eggs. Ah, woe is me. So when the opportunity arose to be surrounded by adoring crowds, I had second thoughts. But since I did so want it, I carried on in the best British tradition.

The first thing a prospective E.G.O.H. must do is find out who the chairperson is. Second, throw yourself at his/her feet (usually a tiny target, but with practice you should be able to hit four out of five times) and beg to be an E.G.O.H.

Timing is essential. DO NOT ask just after the chair has told you to "beat it, fish face!" Wait for a more opportune moment. If that moment should simply not appear,

you may have to throw yourself at him/her one more time. If it should arrive, then casually mention that at next year's con you would like to see something really interesting, like maybe the Columbia, or a computer as Guest of Honour, etc., and finally, in *sotto voce*, maybe a European Guest of Honour. Now the first items they will toss out as being irrelevant and/or too expensive, but the concept of a foreign Guest of Honour will make them pause for just a second, then toss it out as being too expensive.

Now in the blink of an eye, start speaking some foreign language (Americans need only speak proper English to convince other Americans they are foreigners), and offer them your services. Et voila, vous etes d'V.H.E.!! Childs-play, n'est-ce pas?

Throughout this and the followup you must never, repeat never, grovel! Europeans do not grovel; they may on occasion pretend to grovel, but they never do actually grovel.

P.S. A set of good quality kneepads may come in handy.

(Typesetter's note to MosCon patrons who might be overawed by our E.G.O.H. Calm yourselves, then pronounce the initials "EGOH" aloud; that should tell you the reason Bert is our E.G.O.H.)



PROGRAMMING

FRIDAY Sept. 23, 1983

a.m.

9:00 ART SHOW opens for delivery only.

p.m.

noon REGISTRATION DESK opens. Gophers and security can sign up now, so hurry. We need all the help we can get. (Besides, we're giving out FREE buttons to volunteers--and they look great!).

ART SHOW closes for lunch.

1:00 HOSPITALITY SUITE opens. This is the place to go if you're looking for a drink or a little pleasant conversation--or a lot of pleasant conversation--or a few interesting people--or a lot of interesting people--or. . .

DEALERS' ROOMS open.

3:00 AUTOGRAPH SESSION (Lewis & Clark rooms) This is your chance to meet Kelly Freas, AJ Budrys, and F.M. Busby (possibly Richard Adams and Mike Grell). Should spontaneously degenerate into our---

4:00 OPENING CEREMONIES (Lewis & Clark rooms) The official opening of MosCon V. Beth Finkbiner welcomes our co-guests of honor Algis Budrys and Frank Kelly Freas, and our fan guest of honor, Georges Giguère.

5:00 CARE AND FEEDING OF A FANZINE (Lewis room) OK, now that you've got one, how do you keep it happy and make sure it doesn't mess up your rug? Elinor Busby, Georges Giguère, Frank Denton, and others discuss proper diet and grooming techniques.

JACUZZI ETHICS (subtitle: Bride of Hedonism meets Abbott and Costello). (Clark Room) Is there such an animal as jacuzzi ethics? What is the proper response when someone you don't even know drops their ~~XXXXXX~~?

What would Miss Manners say? Help Mike and Beth Finkbiner, Joyce Rubin, and others explore this somewhat bizarre subject.

6:00 REGISTRATION DESK, ART SHOW, and DEALERS close.

6:30 FILMS start. Appaloosa room.

8:00 JACUZZI PARTY. The infamous MosCon Jacuzzi Party, once again featuring our infamous MosCon cast! Bring your towel and a spirit of adventure and prepare for a lot of good clean fun (all definitions being relative). If you are among the lucky number who bought a MosCon towel, this is your chance to show it off!

SATURDAY Sept. 24, 1983

a.m.

6:00 HIGHLIGHTS OF FUTURE ASTRAL PROJECTION PANELS (Room 413) Join us as we take a tour through what we'll be doing at MosCons VI-X. Honorary chairman: E. E. "Doc" Smith. Actual chairman, Motivating Force, and Generally wiggled-out and Neat Guy (he paid me to say that, folks) Zaphod Beeblebrox.

9:00 REGISTRATION DESK, HOSPITALITY SUITE, and ART SHOW open.

10:00 NOT YOUR TRADITIONAL NEOFAN PANEL (Lewis Room) Is this your first convention? Do you know what a neofan is? If you said yes to the first or no to the second question, then this is the panel for you. Show up and get an overview of fandom and what convention-going is all about. DEALERS ROOMS open.

11:00 TRENDS IN HORROR (Lewis Room) Are the movies of today showing more gratuitous gore than the films of yesteryear? What does Stephen King know that the rest of us don't? Frank Denton, Dean Smith, and Steve Fahnstalk share their opinions.

THE COST OF OUTER SPACE (Clark Room) Art Bozlee and others discuss, debate, and generally harangue the financial aspects (pro and con) of the space program and various possible projects.

p.m.

noon CLARION PANEL (Lewis Room)
Participants from past Clarions (science fiction's most respected writers' workshop) will talk about what it was like, advantages, disadvantages. Trying to decide whether or not to apply? Come talk to us. An audience-participation panel. Dean Smith ('82), Lori White ('83), Nancy Etchemendy ('82), F.M. Busby (Clarion West), Nina Hoffman ('82), Algis Budrys (instructor since 1977) and anybody else we can find.

ARMAGEDDON AND OTHER INCONVENIENCES (Clark Room) What do you do when the end of the world has inconsiderately closed your favorite pizza parlor? Mike Finkbiner and Art Bozlee discuss this aspect of science fiction.

1:00 GUEST AUTHOR READING (Lewis room)
Algis Budrys reads an excerpt, to be announced.

COMPETITION CHARADES (Clark Room)
What do you get when you take two teams of people as creative as fans are, give them an *interesting* phrase, and let them act it out in total silence? You've got it--chaos! Join in the fun as Georges Giguère, Amy Thomson, Lisa Satterlund, and whomever else we volunteer goes a little crazy for MosCon.

2:00 MANNED MARS EXPEDITION (Lewis Room)
Sound interesting? Art Bozlee and others discuss the possibility and various aspects of a manned expedition to Mars.

THE CARE AND MATTING OF ART (Clark Room) Now that you've got your art finished, what do you do to prepare it for display so the ~~the~~ collectors will buy it? Or if you've just bought a piece, how do you protect it so it will give you years of pleasure? Jon Gustafson and Terri White have a few good ideas.

3:00 THE SPACE SHUTTLE PROGRAM (Lewis Room) Bill Warren and Art Bozlee discuss the shuttle program in an audience-participation panel that promises to be *very* interesting. Photographs from various stages of the shuttle

development, as well as artifacts from the program, will be on hand.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP (Clark Room) A session open only to those who submitted stories; the first of two workshops where people who submitted stories meet with published authors to critique and discuss.

4:00 FRANK KELLY FREAS SLIDE SHOW (Lewis & Clark Rooms) An excellent selection of art by Frank Kelly Freas, guaranteed to impress even the most finicky among us. Directly following the slide show, there will be the FREAS PORTRAIT AUCTION--portrait to be painted on the spot. Show up and enjoy the show!

5:00 THE FAMILY OF FANDOM (Lewis Room)
We all know that there are those among us who seem to be at every convention, the modern gypsies of fandom. Our distinguished panel of notorious fans, including Georges Giguère, Elinor Busby, and F. M. Busby, discuss this phenomenon and what it means for fandom. This is an audience participation panel; everyone is invited to join in!

TRIVIA QUIZ (Clark Room) Yes, the infamous crew of trivial experts has returned! Join us for this first of two sessions where we will answer that oft-asked question: just how many tribbles *does* it take to fill a phone booth?

6:00 REGISTRATION DESK, ART SHOW, and DEALERS close.

Pre-cancelled Panel: CULINARY USES OF SMURFS Drop in and enjoy the show as Stomper Smurfs' Bane shares such marvelous recipes as "Cordon Blue," "Spaghetti and Smurf Balls," and "Strawberry Smurfcake."

7:00 PARTICIPATION INSTANT COSTUME AND MAKE-UP PANEL (Hospitality Suite)
Need a costume for the dance? Ever wonder how to make a costume out of virtually nothing (or how to make virtually nothing into a costume)? Bring anything handy and join Mary McAteer, Betty Bigelow, Mary Karen Reid, and Betty Smith, and see what happens.

8:00 THE MOSCON MASQUERADE (Lewis Room)
The annual costume contest. We've got something special for halftime this year, folks.

TIME APPROXIMATE AFTER FOOTBALL CONTEST
The MOSCON DANCE, with VJ Craig Steed. Come and BE the video!

SUNDAY Sept. 25, 1983

a.m.

9:00 ART SHOW and HOSPITALITY open

10:00 DEALERS open.

10:30 ART SHOW closes to prepare for the auction.

10:45 SUNDAY BRUNCH (Lewis & Clark Rooms)
Our sumptuous buffet this year will support scrambled eggs, ham, bacon, sausage, assorted fresh fruit, crepes, country fried potatoes, muffins, Danish rolls, juice, and beverages. Tickets cost \$8 at the registration desk.

11:30 LENS MEN AWARDS (Lewis and Clark Rooms) Speeches and kudos to the author and artist selected this year by a group of their peers for a lifetime dedication to science fiction in the tradition of E.E. "Doc" Smith.

p.m.

1:00 THE FAMOUS MOSCON ART AUCTION (Lewis & Clark Rooms) We've got a lot of good art this year, and it looks like it will be the best auction ever. So gather together your remaining dollars, hock your extra Saurian joy buzzers, and come join the fun!

2:00 WRITERS' WORKSHOP (Clark Room)
Second closed session.

FANISH ARMADA (Hospitality Suite)
We had to come up with something different this year, and we sure did! Gather around and build a boat for the first official MosCon sail-powered jacuzzi race. Rules will be posted.

ART AUCTION continues in the Lewis Room.

3:00 TRIVIA QUIZ FINALS (Lewis Room)
The last round for those trivial people who have recovered from Saturday's parties.

3:30 MOSCON V AMATEUR FILM FESTIVAL (Clark Room) Our first amateur film festival, showing anything that's fit to show--followed closely by anything that isn't. Almost anything goes and three judges will be on hand to award first, second, and third place prizes.

4:00 WHAT IS PESFA? (Lewis Room) If you're a local who really enjoyed the convention, and you're interested in the Palouse Empire Science Fiction Association, this is the panel for you. Members of PESFA (also known as them darn anarchists) will be on hand to explain the local group and answer any questions.

5:00 DEALERS close.

7:00 DEAD COW PARTY (Hospitality Suite)
Drop in and wind down after the con with the crazy people who put it on. Bring Your Own Cow.



ART CREDITS: Maaike Brown, p.4;
Randy Mohr, p.6, 21; Dan Willems,
p. 6; Jane Fancher, p. 7; N.K.
Hoffman, p.8, 10, 12, 13, 15, 18;
Diana Vicks, p. 14. Debi D'Amico, p. 13.

Greetings from the Membership Chair - William Johns

We are computerizing the membership list for MosCon. It should make for better handling of the approximately 1,000 names, addresses, etc., that are a part of MosCon.

The disadvantages are two: one, that the mailings will come with a cold computer-printed mailing label. None of that homey handwritten stuff that few can read. The other disadvantage is that we will be revising the membership application forms to provide more information so that a good membership list can be easily maintained. We have had problems, particularly when one person fills out a membership application for more than one person and does not supply the names of these extra people.

There are advantages. Some of them you don't see directly. The most obvious is that we at MosCon will make

fewer ~~mistakes~~ ~~mistakes~~ ~~mistakes~~ boo-boos in getting out the mailing lists. Another advantage is based on a great idea provided by Mike Finkbiner. With computerized listing we can identify areas of special interest. You will find on future MosCon announcements a list of special-interest categories, such as Dungeons & Dragons, Fanzines, Dr. Who, etc. By identifying those areas that you are particularly interested in, we will be able to develop future programs based on more directed appeal—at least that's the theory. So here's the list of suggested topics of interest:

- AP Amateur Press Association
- AF Amateur film-making
- CO Comics
- CP Computers
- CT Costumes
- DD Dungeons & Dragons
- DK Darkover
- DW Doctor Who
- ER Edgar Rice Burroughs
- FI Films
- FT Fantasy
- FZ Fanzines
- HO Horror
- HU Humor
- L5 The L5 Society
- OA Original Art
- OC Occult
- PB Paperbacks
- PI The Prisoner
- SC Science (general)
- SP Space science
- SS Sword & sorcery
- ST Star Trek (general)
- SW Star Wars
- SX Special effects (*not* in the Jacuzzi!)
- TK Tolkien
- WG War games
- ** Other (identify)

The idea is for each person to check with the registration desk for the membership master list. Check to make sure that your name and address are correctly spelled, and then add the code letters for the topics that interest you. Don't list too many items. That will just reduce the value of the system. Try to list the most important first.

PLEASE, whenever you fill out any forms for MosCon, use plain block letters. Our typist is a functional illiterate and cannot read all that lovely script that many MosCon members use.

(That's the typist, *not* the typesetter, folks!)



Rustycon

January 20-22
at the Seattle Hyatt

Guests of Honor:

Writer **Robert Lynn Asprin**
Artist **William R. Warren, Jr.**
Fan **Jerry Kaufman**

PO Box 47132
Seattle, WA 98146

\$16 until December 31 \$18 at the door

PRE-REGISTERED MEMBERS

000	Smith, E.E. "Doc"	051	Brown, Tim	101	Harfst, Sue Ann
001	Leiber, Fritz	052	Moore, Diana	102	Thisted, Ellen
002	Freas, Frank Kelly	053	Crawford, Bonnie Jean	103	Sheldon, Robert
003	Giguere, Georges	054	Reid, Mary-Karen	104	Spiker, Cathy
004	Gustafson, Jon	055	Reid, Larry	105	Foy, Melora
005	Fahnestalk, Steve	056	Hysmith, Scott	106	Johnson, Joanne
006	Finkbiner, Beth	057	Gordon, Barbara	107	Johnson, Lynnn
007	Finkbiner, Mik	058	Freeland, Joyce (adult + child)	108	Tourtellot, Dixieanne
008	Taylor, Bea	058A	Freeland, Aaron	109	Taflinger, Ancel G.
009	Mitchell, Vicki	059	Bezold, Bob	110	Ogden, Frank
010	Johns, Bill	060	Mazur, Lynn	111	Lindholm, Megan
011	Budrys, Algis	061	Hackmann, Alden	112	Reichardt, Randy
012	Miller, Debbie	062	Brown, Lance	113D	Heberer, Dan
013	Bennett, Dave	063	Trestrail, Al	114	Peterson, David
014	Fancher, Jane	064	Krauel, Kathryn	115	Peterson, Philip
015	White, Lori	065	Stratton, Marj.	116	Burdwell, Julie
016	Leaphart, Charles	066	Bygland, Brian	117	Spurgeon, Gail
017	Johnston, Linda	067	Delaney, Cathy	118	Majewski, Susan
018	Hoffman, Nina	068	Delaney, Michael	119	Majewski, Pete
019	Leaphart, Brenda	069	Halbhuber, Jeff	119A	Whelchel, Aaron
020	Whelchel, Dave	070	Gordon, Barbara	120	Whelchel, Jill
021	Sprague, Roderick	071	McAteer, Mary	121	D'Amico, Debi
022	Cook, Annette	072	Vetter, Heidi	121A	Johns, Gretchen L.
023	Eveland, Jerry	073	Hunter, Geof.	122	Johns, Susan Jean
024	Wood, Jeanne	074	Gallacci, Steven	123	Hammell, Tim
025	Sciamanda, Phrannque T.	075	Penrosa, Carmine	124	Walton, Diane
026	Steed, Craig	076	Chavez, Andrea	125	LeBlanc, Rick
027	Satterlund, Lisa	077	Cuta, Judith	126	Rammon, Rick
028	Lane, Robert	078	Cuta, Frank	127	Connolly, Loralee
029	Bailly, Donna	079	Swanson, Judy	128	Connolly, Loralee
030	Walls, Thom	080	Walden, Bryce	129	LaFoe, Cassandra
031	Fallis, Becky	081	Walden, Bryce	130	Molnau, Michael
032	Satterlund, Nels	082	Rupe, Robert	131A?	Molnau, Myron
033	Steever, Ed	083	Harwood, Tom	132	White, Frank
034	Steever, Becky	084	McMahon, Donna	133	Holliday, Phyllis
035	Forty, Steve	085D	Elmer, Michael	134	Christenson, Charles
036	Wright, Richard	086	Dezotell, David A.	135	Draper, Kenneth G.
037	Rubin, Joyce	087	Dalmas, John	136	Harbour, Mike
038	Kingsley, Lynn	088*	Nielsen, Marianne	137	Wong, Ken
039	Brown, Shannasea	089	Ferris, Jim	138	Faires, April V.
040	Hutton, Jeanne	090	Hourston, Wendy	139	Fancher, Lynn
041	Sanneman, Martha	091	Toolis, Lorna	140	Curry, Bill
042	Graham, David	092	Burrows, Pat	141	Hart, Mary
043	Wells, Roger	093	George, David	142	SiJohn, Cynthia B.
044	Warren, William R.	094	Smythe, Steve	143	McDermott, Rita J.
045	Tomko, Bruce	095	Smith, Betty M.	144	Brians, Paul
046	Wade, Glenn	096	Donovan, Marc	145	Pettit, Kevin
047	Pouliot, Dave	097	Spero, Mike	146*	Watanabe, Shari Lynn
048	Netzer, Gayle	098	Terry, Peter	147	Carey, Susan
049	Wesby, Connie	099	Terry, Darlene	148	Jury, Art
050	Mazur, Andy	100	Hadden, Kathy	149	Evans, Emrys

- | | | | |
|------|-------------------------------|------|------------------------------------|
| 150 | Richardson, Yvonne | 200 | Skene, Fran |
| 151 | **not assigned?* | 200A | Russell, Jeremy |
| 152 | Freas, Polly | 201 | Tilbrook, Eric |
| 153 | Waddell, Tom | 202 | Knapp, Sandy |
| 154 | Engh, Mary Jane | 203 | Knapp, Darrell |
| 155 | Trestrail, Verna Smith | 204* | Martin, |
| 156 | Busby, F.M. | 205 | Brocha, Matrix |
| 157 | Busby, Elinor | 205A | Knapp, Fawn |
| 158 | Denton, Frank | 206 | Brocha, Michael |
| 159 | Denton, Anna Jo | 207 | Andrus, Reed |
| 160 | Juve, Henrik Dahl | 208 | Bratman, David |
| 161 | Juve, Donna | 209 | Smith, George R. |
| 162 | Shomburg, Alex | 210 | Markely, Steve |
| 163 | Davidson, Avram | 211D | Whitehouse, Patty (Island Fantasy) |
| 164 | Harper, George W. | 212 | Liesemer, Bonnie |
| 165 | Salmonson, Jessica A. | 213 | Dewar, Alan |
| 166 | Schultz, Wendy | 214 | Tilbrook, Jacky |
| 167 | Gregory, Brian D. | | |
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BE KIND TO THE HOTEL

This year, like last year, the staff of Cavanaugh's Motor Inn has done everything in their power to help us with the convention, to make this con even more fun than last year's con, so the least we can do is work with them. Here are some "rules of the road."

First, PLEASE DON'T bring your own liquor into the lounge or the convention room areas. This is *really* important, not only for individuals but for the convention and the hotel (which could lose its liquor license). So please, *please*, PLEASE drink all you want in your rooms and on the balconies (but don't fall off em, okay?), but BUY the liquor from the bar when you're in the center itself. At the masquerade and dance there will be mixed drinks, beer, wine, and a special punch provided by the hotel.

Second, the Jacuzzi needs to REST for about 8 hours out of every 24--so the Jacuzzi room will be closed from 2 a.m. to 10 a.m. each day for cleaning, etc. Feel free to use it any other time; the room will be open. But PLEASE don't take any liquor into that room. On Friday, we have reserved the room for our jacuzzi party.

Third, as noted above, Friday night's activities include MosCon's own, world-famous Jacuzzi Party--our very own brand of ice-breaker (or melter?),

and there are a few special rules:

1. Since there will be a large crowd, don't ask the impossible of the jacuzzi's filter system. Please take a shower *before* you take the plunge. There are NO shower facilities in the jacuzzi lounge.
2. Abandon all glasses and glass bottles, all ye who enter here. Plastic or paper cups only.
3. Bring a towel--unless you enjoy drip-drying.
4. Enjoy.

There will be drinks and several kinds of snacks in the hospitality suite (for a small donation), which will be open most of the day and almost all night. Drinks will include a variety of beer and wine and some hard liquor. The room numbers are 102-103.

The hotel is not all that large, so chances are that everyone will be able to find everything quite easily, but just in case, we've included a map of the hotel (particularly the convention areas) so you can locate everything.

MOSCON MENU

This year, Cavanaugh's Landing Restaurant has made up a special MosCon Menu, available to Members only. Flash your badge at the waitress and she'll show you the menu, which includes low-priced breakfasts, lunches, and dinners. Good deal, eh?

A Guide to Moscow Pullman Restaurants

We have only listed the locally-owned and operated restaurants that we think are particularly good and/or unusual. There are several good chain restaurants in the area as well. Any of the concomb or other locals (yes, the natives are friendly) can tell you about them.

Liquor and grocery stores—walk out of your hotel room, look across the street and to the left. Voila! A liquor store. Buy early, as they do not stay open late. Next door is Modern Way Groceries. If they are closed, there is a Rosauer's on North Main, another on the Pullman

Highway near the state line, a Safeway at the Moscow Mall on the other end of town, and Clyde's IGA at 221 East 3rd. You can buy beer and wine in the grocery stores.

MOSCOW RESTAURANTS:

Biscuitroot Park (415 S. Main)—This is a favorite restaurant in Moscow. In addition to their excellent brunch, lunch, and dinner menus, Biscuitroot's 12-page menu also contains crepes, salad, Mexican, and omelet menus. Biscuitroot is a bit more expensive than most of our restaurants, but you can still get an excellent dinner there for less than \$10.00 per person. A 5- to 10-minute walk from the hotel, Biscuitroot is located on Main Street between 3rd and 6th, with an entrance onto the Jackson Street parking lot.

Cafe Libre (510 S. Main)—The Cafe is a marvelous coffeehouse located in the alley behind the Bookpeople bookstore. They have excellent soups, salads, sandwiches, pastries, and desserts (especially their brownies). They really excel in their selection of gourmet coffees, teas, beers, ales, and wines. Everything is made fresh daily, with the finest ingredients available. The Cafe is a nice place for a quiet snack, and they also have live entertainment on most evenings. You can get there either through the bookstore (during the day) or from the alley between 5th and 6th streets off Main. Watch out for the brownies, though; they're habit-forming.

Gambino's (308 W. 3rd)—This is our only local Italian restaurant. It's run by very nice folks, who are as wonderful cooks as they are people. We especially like the manicotti, but they also make good submarine sandwiches. To get there, go down 3rd to Asbury, turn right and then left onto 6th St., and it will be on your left next to J. W. Oyster's.

The Nobby Inn (501 S. Main)—The Nobby is a good, solid, all-American restaurant with a good, solid, all-American menu. While the food isn't fancy, it *is* good. It's a good place for breakfast, especially on Saturday, when Biscuitroot isn't open for brunch.

Roger's Ice Cream (in the David's Center building at 3rd and Main)—Roger's makes its own ice cream, and it is *fantastic!*

Karl Marks Pizza (1330 Pullman Road)—Head for Pullman again, and it's on the right about a mile from Cavanaugh's, right next to (gasp!) McDonald's. They *do* deliver.

TJ's Pantry (1516 Pullman Road)—The only 24-hour restaurant in town, TJ's serves breakfast at any hour of the day or night. (Their big cinnamon rolls are great in the wee sma' hours!) They're located on the Pullman Highway in the University Inn/Best Western. Just head for Pullman; it's on the right about a mile from Cavanaugh's just before the last traffic light in Moscow. Veterans of MosCon I might recall that this is where we held our first convention.

The Broiler (1516 Pullman Road)—hidden in the depths of the University Inn/Best Western, the Broiler has a very elegant lunch menu and truly good service. They even hide your bill in a leather cover and give you mints after you eat. They are reputed to be the only steak house in Moscow. We haven't seen their dinner menu, but their lunch is delicious, and costs around \$5.

Mikey's Greek Gyros (527 S. Main)—You have to go into the Armstrong Brookfield Circadian "mall" to find Mikey's, but their gyros are good, and they have a Catalina yogurt bar too.

Corner Pocket (102 S. Main)—one of several good places to go for video games (others include Games Etc. in the Palouse Empire Mall on the Moscow-Pullman Highway, and Mr. Bill's Video, 610 South Main), Corner Pocket also serves good, inexpensive pizza and sandwiches. They also have a raft of pool tables and a large-screen TV. Bound to be full of college students during the evening, though.

Main Street Deli (311 S. Main)—In the Moscow Hotel, along with the Garden Lounge (notorious hang-out for local journalists) and the Neon Bar (?) (which sometimes features local jazz musicians—check the bulletin board outside the Moscow Hotel), the Main Street Deli has a varied sandwich menu including the build-your-own. They have dill wheat rolls, french rolls, rye and pumpernickel, and an assortment of fresh desserts. Sandwich prices range from less than \$2- up. If the weather's still warm, they might have sidewalk seating under an awning.

There are three Chinese restaurants in Moscow and, if you are from Seattle, Vancouver, or Edmonton, you might not be too impressed with them. But if you have a yen (sorry) for Chinese cooking, they are:

Chang Sing (512 S. Washington)—Turn right on 3rd, right again on Main, then left on 6th and left again on Washington.

Chinese Village (1/2 mile south of Moscow on Highway 95 South)—turn right on 3rd, right again on Main, then straight for about a mile and a half. It will be on the left. Our best Chinese restaurant.

Hong Kong Cafe (on Main)—Turn right on 3rd and then left on Main. It's near Army/Navy Surplus.

PULLMAN RESTAURANTS:

Pelican Pete & Toucan Sam's (1100 Johnson Road)—Exceptional hamburgers and some good munchies. Menu changes fairly frequently (so does ownership), but their kitchen comes through. Hard to find for out-of-towners, but if you like specialty burgers, this is a good place.

The Seasons (SE 215 Paradise)—Small but good (Pullman's four-star), it's located in a converted house. Chef John Bonnier prepares two main meals each evening. A reservation call might be in order. Prices moderate to expensive (but consider the quality!).

The Hilltop (Colfax Highway, top of the hill across from the Pullman sign)—You passed this place if you drove in from the west. Good steak and seafood, with prices in the high- to expensive range.

Misfit Limited (S. 170 Grand)—Features prime rib and a good salad bar. Prices moderate to expensive.

Alex's Restaurante (N. 139 Grand)—Excellent Mexican food and a nice lounge. Moderate prices.

The Outlaw Cantina (Main St. at Stadium Way)—This is your last chance to enjoy their excellent and inexpensive Mexican food—next year it'll be Gambino's Italian. A few people (yr. typesetter included) like this better than Alex's.

The Oriental Restaurant (S. 300 Grand)—Americanized Chinese food, but fairly good. Prices are moderate.

The Hong Kong Restaurant (Main St. near Stadium Way)—Szechuan & Mandarin food advertized; food is a little better than the Oriental; prices are reasonable.

Jerry's (S. 400 Grand)—Pullman's other specialty burger place. Prices are more moderate than Pelican Pete's, but the food is comparable. They also sell Washington Lottery tickets, which is unusual for a restaurant. Who knows, maybe you'll win a free meal!

Idaho's New Drunk Driving Laws

Idaho and Washington have both instituted tough new DUI (or DWI, if you're from California) laws. Idaho's works like this:

If you are suspected of driving under the influence of alcohol or other drugs, the police officer will ask you to take a blood or breath test for alcohol concentration. If you refuse, the police will take your license or permit (on the spot!) and forward it to the court. All driving privileges will be suspended for 120 days—and that's just for refusing to take the test!

Upon conviction, for a *first* offense, you may be: sent to jail for up to six months; fined as much as \$1,000; and/or prevented from driving for 180 days. Further offenses are treated more seriously.

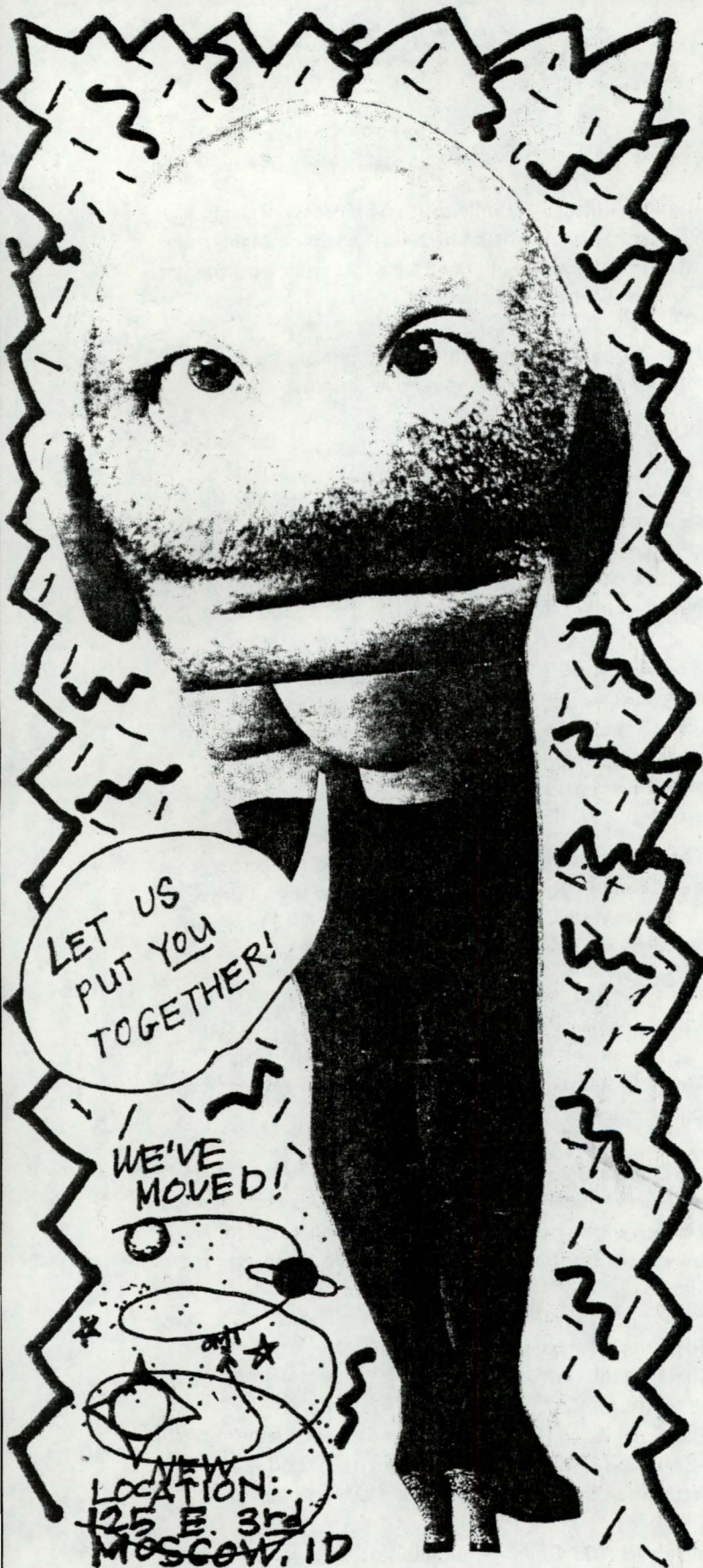
As of July, 1983, a blood alcohol concentration of .10% (that's *point one oh*) is proof of DUI.

In Washington state, you will serve a one-day mandatory jail sentence (with 179 days suspended) on a first conviction. plus all that other stuff. Penalties are much stiffer for repeat offenses.

This stuff shouldn't be a problem for us. A convention is full of friends. If you're somewhere besides the hotel and you think you've had a few too many, call the hotel; ask for somebody on the concom (they'll know who we are, even if you don't). We'll send someone to pick you up.

Writer's Workshop - Lori White

Thanks to the dedication and hard work of all those writers who sent in manuscripts we are once more able to offer a writers' workshop. Those who submitted manuscripts will be able to have their stories critiqued by distinguished pros, as well as by their fellow workshopers. A good (and educational) time is anticipated by all.



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Calling All Vegetables

One More Time, the local used- and punk-clothing store, is sponsoring Moscow's annual International Food Fair and Folk Festival on Saturday from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. If you get tired of programming, this is a good place to go. The fair combines our local Food Fair and Harvest Festival, which means there will be booths featuring food from all over the world (the sushi was good last year) and lots of dancing, music, and strolling musicians.

The Fair takes place on Main Street, which will be closed to auto traffic from Third to Sixth. To get there, just go out to Third street and turn right; travel for about four and a half blocks.

Two stages of entertainment, one at each end of the blocked-off area, will feature music and dancing. There will be a pea and lentil cook off. A great event from last year also happening this year is the Waiter and Waitress Olympics: how many plates can they carry at once?

New this year is the Harvest Fashion Show. Entrants are supposed to wear ensembles from their gardens. Charlotte Buchanan, the mastermind behind all this, suggests lettuce dresses, large zucchinis, gourds, or anything you can think up. She invites MosCon members to enter the show. Registration will take place at One More Time, at 125 East Third street. She said the Harvest Fashion Show is a take-off on the Santa Cruz Calamari Festival, where everyone dresses up as a squid.

We will try to post a schedule of IFF&FF events near registration. If you're interested in food, the Fair is definitely a good place to "mingle and munch."

Thank You, University of Idaho

The Associated Students of the University of Idaho Programs Board/Issues & Forums committee helped MosCon bring A. J. Budrys to the Palouse. Algis gave a speech in return on campus. Thanks, U of I and Barry Bonifas.

Possibly unconnected with all of this except by synchronicity (or possibly the result of planning), the university will show a film Friday evening, "A Clockwork Orange," in the Student Union Building Borah Theatre. Admission is \$2. Ask any local person how to get there; it's within walking distance of the hotel. Shows are at seven and nine-thirty p.m. Malcolm McDowell stars in this Stanley Kubrick emotionally-exhausting, dim-view-of-the-future (small pun there) thriller. Horrorshow.

Weapons Policy

You kill it, you eat it. And we'll feed it to you!

STAFF LIST

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- Vice-Chairman Michael Finkbiner
- Treasurer Victoria Mitchell
- Membership William Johns
- Programming John Porter
- Dealers & Hotel Liaison Jon Gustafson
- Art Show Jerry Eveland
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- Resident Red Lensman Verna Smith Trestrail
- Special Non-Attending
Guest (5 years running!) Robert A. Heinlein
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