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*September 19-21, 1986
Moscow, Idaho*

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MOSCON VIII

*DEAN ING, MICHAEL GOODWIN,
BRYCE WALDEN, DR. ROB QUIGLEY*

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From The Chair...

...Have you ever felt like a piece of furniture?

Y'know, we've done eight of these now. From such humble beginnings.... It looks to be a good convention this year. Our Guests of Honor are Dean Ing, Michael Goodwin, Bryce Walden and Dr. Rob Quigley. Look around and see what there is to do at this shindig. Dances (two), programming from all-too-early in the morning until probably-later-than-we-should in the evening, video programming all night long, jacuzzi parties, room parties, a WONDERFUL hospitality suite featuring a good, local beer (Hale's Ale) on tap, people to do, places to see, things to go... just about anything you've ever wanted in a convention, and more!

I think I've been watching too many commercials.

What we will experience here this weekend is unique even in the genre. We have a convention in a little, tiny town among the toolies. These things don't happen in cities smaller than 250,000 people. They just don't. Why are we so lucky? Because of the support and help we get from a strong and well-established con-com.

So let us help you. If you get confused, are curious or would like to volunteer-- ask, and we'll help you have the best Moscon ever.

by Kitten

(You know, the guy in the top hat)



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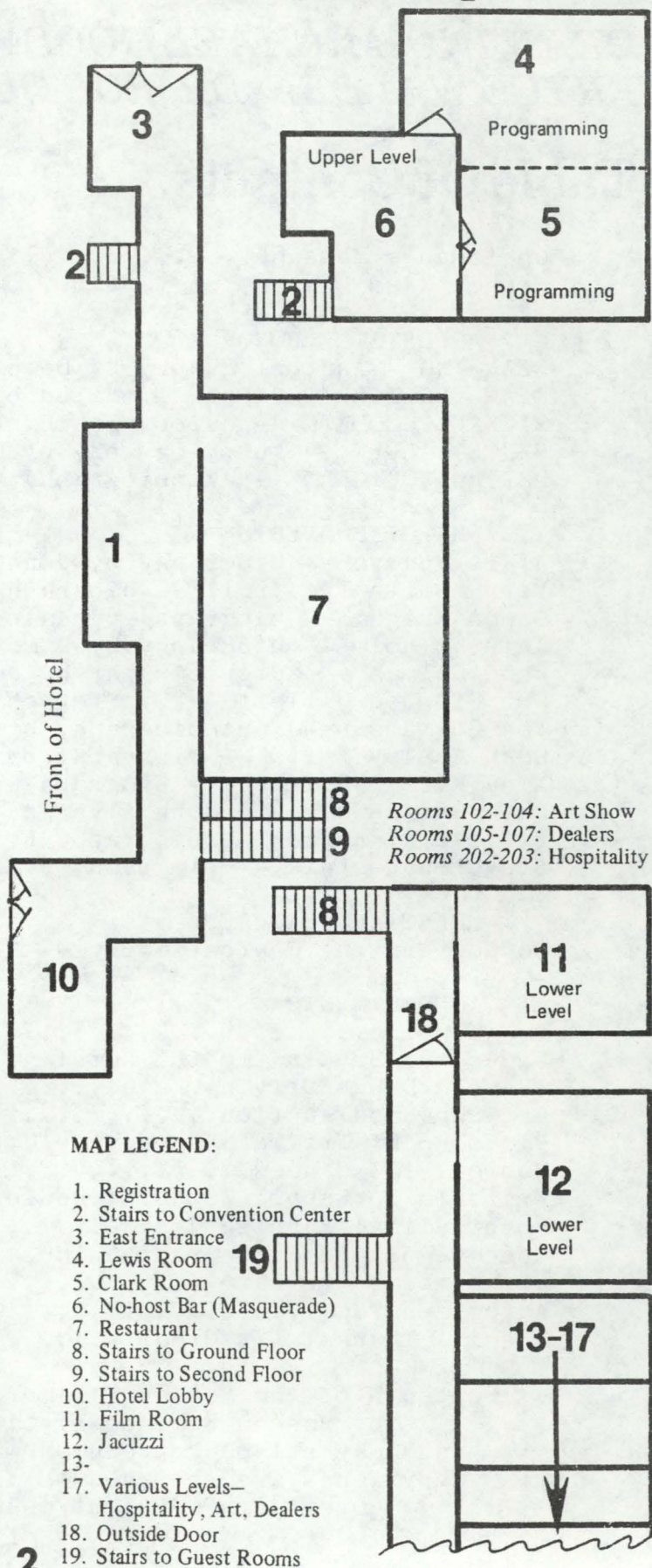
MosCon French Kiss Mug

T-shirt? What T-shirt? Who ever said we'd be normal?

This year's bit of MosCon memorabilia is the French Kiss Mug. It is an odd but whimsical mug with a face staring back at you. There are only one hundred and fifty of them, so you'd better buy them now before they are gone. They are a numbered edition, and cost \$7.50 each.

BUT YOU'D BETTER HURRY!!! Several were sold before the con. Maybe I'd better get mine....

Hotel Map



OUR GUESTS OF HONOR:

DEAN ING

by Dean Ing

Born (June 17, 1931) and raised in Texas, Dean Ing attended Austin and Lubbock high schools. His early appreciations were football, classical music, bright femmes who looked like gymnasts (whether they were or not), model aircraft, rocketry, and science fiction. He has since added some interests, but subtracted none of the above.

He married in 1952, became a jet interceptor crew chief at Langley AFB, and noodled around NASA (then NACA) projects. He submitted his first story in 1954, focusing on solutions to likely future problems. He also began a permanent interest in survival, chiefly from nuclear war but in other contexts as well.

Ing left the USAF in 1955, saw that first story in *ASTOUNDING* magazine, and moved to California to continue his education. He took his B.A. in radio-TV from Fresno State U. in 1956, then entered the aerospace industry in Southern California.

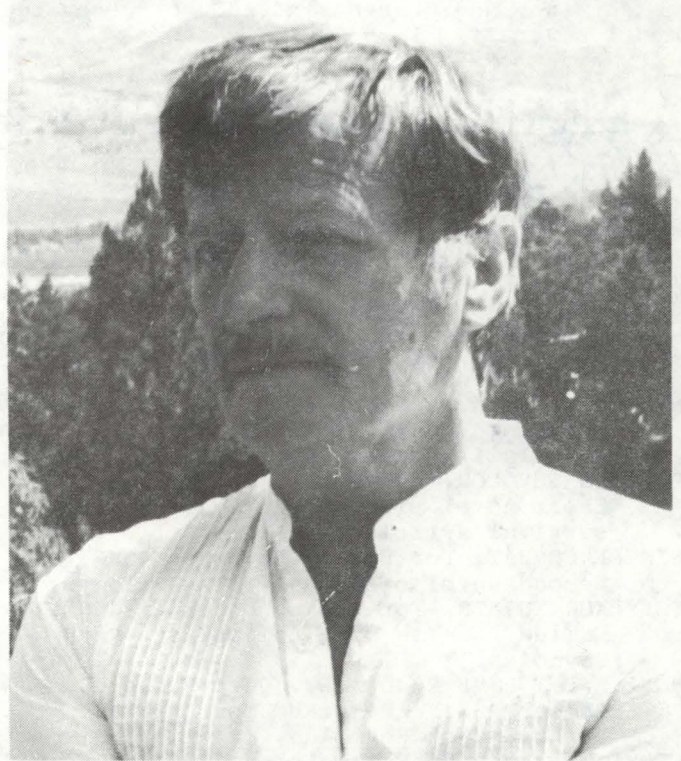
Moving near Sacramento, Ing became a technical writer, then a designer of solid rockets, testing some of his notions at home. He quit writing fiction after an editor (now a friend) complained that his fiction was too preachy. Ing had avoided radio-TV because it avoided coming to grips with real problems; he also elected to avoid writing which had entertainment as its only motive.

Ing, divorced in 1957, married again in 1959 and, with his wife, Gina, began experimenting with cars. His garage was turned into a laboratory which pioneered experimental materials such as fiberglass rivets.

Diana and Vicki, his daughters by his first marriage, were joined by two more, Valerie and Dana, in his second. By then (1968), Ing had seen too much "political design" in industry to remain in it, and sought an M.A. in Speech at San Jose State U. while still a full-time senior research engineer. He wrote his M.A. thesis in eight days, obtained his M.A., then moved to Oregon to pursue a doctorate in 1970. He took the Ph.D. in communication theory in 1974 and moved to a midwest university as an assistant professor, teaching speech, media history, media theory, and psycholinguistics.

Ing's error was in thinking that students were more important than soldiering for a conservative administration. The administration's error may have been in imagining that Ing cared more for professoring than for the future. Ing clearly stated his preference for academic freedom over tenure.

Meanwhile, both his wife and eldest daughter graduated from Speech departments *summa cum laude*. Postgrad work in media theory had given Ing some insights into presenting ideas entertainingly. He wrote several new science fiction stories, some based on scholarly ideas too speculative for conservative jour-



als, and sold them all. He left academia in 1977 and returned to Oregon trout streams, with a contract for a book. The book's premise was that middle-East terrorists would kidnap Americans and hold them hostage to make free use of our media for their political aims. He had recognized our vulnerability to such an event in 1971 but would not write about it until he figured out a remedy that would work in a free society.

The book, *SOFT TARGETS*, was published six weeks before the Iranian crisis in 1979.

It was a hell of a way to get noticed. Our media paid little attention to Ing's remedy, but reviewers and sf editors did notice. Ing was a finalist for Nebula and Hugo awards in 1979 for his novelette, "Devil You Don't Know."

In the past few years Ing has written several more novels, three of which edged onto best-seller science fiction lists. A high-tech liberal in most respects, he remains interested in "appropriate" technology and is a contributing editor to survivalist magazines.

Recently he assisted in the completion of several novels taken through first-draft by a friend, the late Mack Reynolds. Ing co-wrote nonfiction books on our technological future with Jerry Pournelle, and with physicist Leik Myrabo. He is currently writing his own solo novels again, with an occasional short story or article. His short work has appeared in *ASTOUNDING*, *ANALOG*, *DESTINIES*, *OMNI*, *ROAD & TRACK*, *SURVIVE*, *SURVIVAL TOMORROW*, and other magazines as well as numerous anthologies. To

date his novels have been sold as translations in Dutch and German.

Frequent backpacking trips, solo and with daughters, let Ing test his backpacker hardware designs while compiling notes on future stories. In spare moments, he fly-fishes, makes wine, and chases vintage rubber-powered model aircraft.

A DEAN ING BIBLIOGRAPHY

Edited by Jon Gustafson

SOFT TARGETS, Ace Books, October 1979. First published novel; Netherlands translation 1981; reissued July 1986.

ANASAZI, Analog magazine (short novel), July and August 1980. Paperback edition by Ace Books, December 1980; Baen Books edition scheduled for February 1987.

SYSTEMIC SHOCK, Ace Books, June 1981. First novel of "Quantrill" trilogy; German translation scheduled.

PULLING THROUGH, Ace Books, January 1983. Short novel plus reprints of nuclear survival articles.

SINGLE COMBAT, Tor Books, November 1983. Second novel of "Quantrill" trilogy.

THE LAGRANGISTS, Tor Books, December 1983. Edited for its original author, Mack Reynolds.

HOME SWEET HOME 2010 A.D., Dell Books, September 1984. Reworked for original author, Mack Reynolds.

ETERNITY, Baen Books, October 1984. Reworked for original author, Mack Reynolds.

THE OTHER TIME, Baen Books, December 1984. Reworked for original author, Mack Reynolds.

TROJAN ORBIT, Baen Books, March 1985. Reworked for original author, Mack Reynolds.

WILD COUNTRY, Tor Books, November 1985. Third novel of "Quantrill" trilogy.

DEATHWISH WORLD, Baen Books, in press. Reworked for original author, Mack Reynolds.

BLOOD OF EAGLES, Tor Books, scheduled for March 1987. Mainstream mystery thriller.

THE BIG LIFTERS, novel in progress.

COLLECTIONS

HIGH TENSION, Ace Books, March 1982. One-author collection, fiction and nonfiction.

FIREFIGHT 2000, Baen Books, in press. One-author collection, fiction and nonfiction.

NONFICTION BOOKS

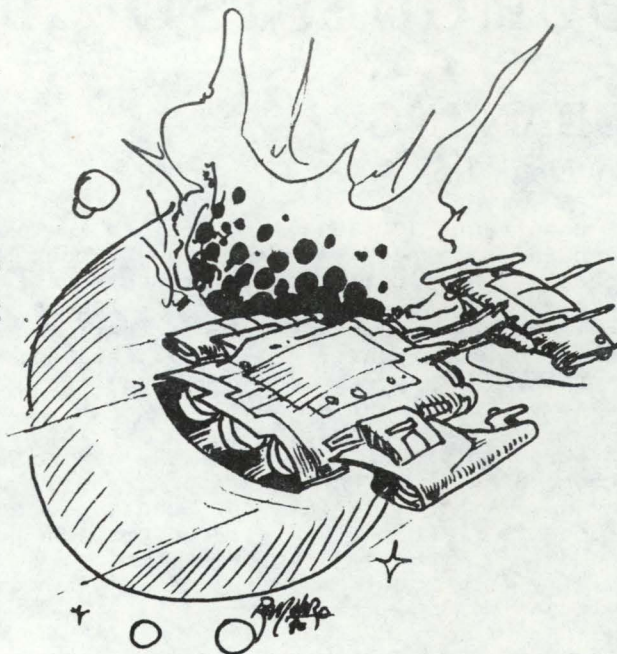
HIGH FRONTIER, Tor Books, April 1983. Rewrite with new material for original scholarly author, Lt. Gen. Daniel O. Graham.

MUTUAL ASSURED SURVIVAL, Baen Books, November 1984. Co-authored by Jerry Pournelle.

THE FUTURE OF FLIGHT, Baen Books, February 1985. Co-authored by Leik Myrabo.

THE CHERNOBYL SYNDROME, Baen Books, in press. One-author nonfiction collection on self-reliance themes.

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MICHAEL GOODWIN

by Michael Goodwin

Michael and Lynne Anne Goodwin make up a unique art team. While Michael does science fiction paintings, Lynne Anne does fantasy. In their shared studio, dragons meet space-ships.

Michael is an illustration graduate from Utah State University. He has done astronomical art for planetariums and museums around the west on a fulltime and free-lance basis. He currently works as the art supervisor for a daily newspaper.

For a year he did a daily cartoon strip entitled MY STARS! for the Deseret News Features Syndicate. His cartoons have been collected in WHO WAS THAT MONOLITH I SAW YOU WITH? and MY STARS! He was a featured cartoonist in Playboy Paperback's STARTOONS. He has published a personalzine titled THE STARRY NIGHT which contains the last of his old



cartoons, TRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC. Some of his newer material will appear in GALACTIC CARTOONS this fall and a new up-to-date release of his cartoon work will appear in SON OF MONOLITH in December.

Michael was the art director of two Ace Science Fiction books: DRAGONS OF LIGHT and DRAGONS OF DARKNESS, a twin fantasy collection of stories and art about dragons. He has recently finished an illustrated concordance of Alan Dean Foster's Humanx Commonwealth Universe series, A GUIDE TO THE COMMONWEALTH.

His general art work has been printed in fan and semi-pro publications and lately in interiors of several of Orson Scott Card's novels, and will appear soon in an American fantasy by Card. Most recently his art has appeared on European SF book covers. His commercial art work has aided many convention committees in the design of logos, cartoons, advertising art, flyers, posters, and program books. His vivid astronomical illustrations and realistic renderings of media oriented subjects have amused and delighted fans for many years.

With Michael's encouragement (re: nagging) Lynne Anne began doing fantasy art about seven years ago just for fun. Since then her work has appeared in many fanzines and convention program books and, most recently, in FANTASYBOOK, SORCEROR'S APPRENTICE, and DRAGONS OF DARKNESS. Renaissance Cards has issued some her designs as greeting cards.

Her unique, and often amusing, fantasy prints and brilliantly colored fantasy illustrations have won praise and awards at conventions around the country. Lynne Anne is currently doing art only occasionally-- about two paintings per year, but she plans to write and illustrate her own children's fantasy and perhaps produce a fantasy coloring book.

Even though their art styles are very different, Michael and Lynne Anne enjoy sharing their ideas with each other. They live in Roy, Utah, with their three-year-old son, Robert Craig, who, right now, prefers trucks and tractors to pencils, paints, and brushes.



BRYCE WALDEN

by Bryce Walden

So, I hear you asking, who is this guy? And howcum MosCon wants to pay his way and even give him a room at the convention? And, I hear you asking, how can I get them to do that for me? Well, I'm here to tell you what I learned by being at the top.

Rule No. 1 is that fate is fickle. There are only so many Fan GoH spots around, and such a quantity of hard-working, largely unsung volunteers who keep fandom careening along that to be chosen over one's peers can only be the luck of the draw.

Rule No. 2 is to be someone the con committee can identify. There are so many Johns and Steves in fandom that noone ever was sure which John or Steve was under discussion. Therefore they picked me because they could figure out who I was.



Rule No. 3 is for you to have a record. I may surprise my west coast friends by telling you I have a record back in my home state, Indiana. It stretches back to 1971, when I helped in the First Semi-Annual Purdue Mind Rot Festival: Science Fiction!, a film festival that sold 4,760 tickets, and netted a few hundred dollars for the college film fund. That was just a beginning.

After moving to Portland, my record began anew. This time I became known as a founder of the Oregon L-5 Society, Inc. (and a current officer therein) and Keeper of the High Cascades Council, Friends of Darkover. During these years of the early 80's, our Darkover group sponsored projects and made seasonal observances at auspicious sites throughout the territory. I also contributed numerous articles and reviews to PULSAR (the Official Organ of the Portland Science Fiction Society) and served as Secretary of that club. For many years I provided calendars for PULSAR, and my phone was the nefarious PcrSFis Light-

Line.

My experiences in running a small business and in being a lay advisor to Liberal Religious Youth conferences back in the midwest were useful in the planning and running of sf conventions out here. I was Chairbeing of OryCon '80 and Programming Chair of the Portland WesterCon in 1984. In other OryCons I've worked in Programming, Dealers, Publicity, and Security. I also have worked hard for our tax-exempt corporation and am currently the second-longest running Director of OSFCI. This year I was elected corporate Secretary. Incidentally, we find many fans are confused about our convention umbrella corporation, OSFCI. This is not the place to go into it, but if you're curious, please ask.

Rule No. 4 is don't look back. Worrying about your image or if someone might be thinking of you for a Fan GoH is a waste of mental energy. It is the fan who is actively engaged who will attract the attention of Those With The Free Hotel Rooms.

Rule No. 5 is that sometimes food and drink will work where a mundane cash bribe would not.

DR. ROB QUIGLEY

by Rob Quigley, Ph.D.

Rob Quigley majored in physics at Caltech and then went on to receive a Ph.D. from the University of California at Riverside. He taught physics for two years at the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago, with a year off to do post-doctoral research at the Physics Institute of the University of Frankfurt in West Germany. He joined Western Washington University's physics department in 1970.

Since then, he's spent three sabbaticals carrying out astronomical observations in the Southwest: A year (1976) at the University of Texas at Austin, using UT's McDonald Observatory telescopes; a year (1980) at Sacramento Peak Observatory in New Mexico, using the



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Cloudcroft Observatory 48-inch telescope; and a year (1984) in Tuscon, split between Kitt Peak National Observatory and the University of Arizona's Steward Observatory. He has also made trips to Chile to carry out observations at Las Campanas Observatory and Cerro Tololo Inter-American Observatory.

He has organized summer workshops which drew high school students to W.W.U. from all over the U.S. and British Columbia to study astronomy, special relativity, and computer programming. In 1983 he was the organizer of the Northwest Astronomy Conference. He selected the photos and wrote the object descriptions for the STARS AND PLANETS board game (Yotta, Inc.).

His primary astronomical research interests have been short-period binary stars of the "cataclysmic variable" type and "flare stars." He has also carried out "lunar occultations" of multiple-star systems.

His interest in science fiction was sparked by reading Robert Heinlein's *ROCKET SHIP GALILEO* and other hard-core-science science fiction while in junior high. Reading these books sharpened his interest in mathematics and catalyzed his decision to choose a career in science. He has taught W.W.U.'s "Extraterrestrial Life" course (numbered Astronomy 333 in honor of the triplicating Ramans in Arthur C. Clarke's *RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA*), the cosmology course, and courses in both special and general relativity. His current favorite science fiction authors are James P. Hogan, Charles Sheffield, David Brin, John Varley, Gregory Benford, and Larry Niven.

SPECIAL GUESTS:

Algis Budrys

by Jon Gustafson

When I wrote Algis Budrys in early August in an effort to obtain an updated biography, I was not prepared for the four-page "resume" that I received. I knew Algis had been a busy man in the field, but I had no idea....

Algis Budrys was born in Königsberg, East Prussia, on the 9th of January, 1931; he remains a Lithuanian citizen, under diplomatic passport, to this day. He married Edna, his charming (and patient) wife, in 1954 and has four children. They live in Illinois, which makes it a wonder that he makes it to MosCon.

Not content (apparently) to contain his considerable talents to science fiction, he has been involved in advertising and public relations since the mid-1960s. Some of his clients have included Rand McNally, International Harvester, U.S. Gypsum, and Colt Industries.

Budrys has been writer, editor, and critic for almost 35 years. His first short story was published in October, 1952, and he has had about 200 more published since then. They have appeared in all the major sf magazines, plus *THE SATURDAY EVENING POST* and *PLAYBOY*. He has also written 120 articles for magazines such as *ESQUIRE*, *POPULAR ELECTRONICS*, *BIKE WORLD*, and *THE NEW REPUBLIC*. He has been an assistant editor for *VENTURE SF MAGAZINE*,



F&SF, GALAXY, and Gnome Press. He has been an editor for Regency Books, the editorial director for Playboy Press, and is currently editing the WRITERS OF THE FUTURE anthologies from Bridge Publications.

Algis Budrys is one of the foremost critics in the field. His book reviews have appeared in GALAXY, ANALOG, F&SF, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, BOOKS WEST, THE WASHINGTON POST, and THE CHICAGO SUN-TIMES, to name but a few. He has also had a book of his GALAXY reviews published (BENCHMARKS: GALAXY BOOKSHELF, Southern Illinois university Press, 1985).

While not terribly prolific as a novelist, he is unique in that, of the eight novels he has had published, fully four are recognized as "classics." His novels are: FALSE NIGHT, MAN OF EARTH, WHO?, THE FALLING TORCH, ROGUE MOON, SOME WILL NOT DIE, THE AMSIRS AND THE IRON THORN, and MICHAELMAS. He has also had three short story collections published: THE UNEXPECTED DIMENSION, BUDRYS' INFERNO, and BLOOD & BURNING.

Budrys, like many sf writers, has long been interested in seeing the knowledge of writing pass on from his generation to others. He has taught at the famous Clarion SF Writing Workshop for almost a decade and has been a visiting writer or a writer-in-residence at a number of other workshops. He recently directed the Taos Experimental Writers of the Future Workshop and takes part in con writer workshops just about everywhere he goes.

Such hard work does not go unrewarded (or

view); Algis Budrys is a member of the Science Fiction Hall of Fame and a member of the Mark Twain Society. He won an "Edgar" award from the Mystery Writers of America, and numerous other awards. He is a member of SFWA, SFRA, and MENSA. And others.

Budrys is currently working on a science fiction novel, a book on bicycling, an sf teaching text, an sf writing text, a collection of F&SF book reviews, and a short story collection.

Verna Smith Trestrail

by Beth Finkbiner



Verna Smith Trestrail has been a well-known fixture at MosCons since the beginning. She was Guest of Honor at the very first MosCon (1979) and has lent us her enthusiastic support and presence ever since.

Verna is Doc Smith's daughter. She teaches school in Indiana and frequently lectures on Doc and science fiction. She has attended many cons, talking about Doc, his books, and the development of Doc's Lensman books into a series of major motion pictures.

Verna is easy to find at MosCon. This year she will be presenting the Lensman awards, will be on several panels, and will present a slide show on Doc's life and work. She has a bubbly, infectious personality and you may well find her continually in the center of a small crowd of her fans and friends.

Her father, Edward E. "Doc" Smith, was one of the pioneers of science fiction as we know it. He was the first writer to take us out of the solar system in fiction. His books have been continuously in print for over 60 years. He graduated from the University of Idaho (one of his classmates was named Virgil Samms a recipient of the U of I Distinguished Alumnus Award. We honor him each year as our Patron Saint and present the Lensman Awards each year to honor artists and authors for their lifetime contributions to SF and Fantasy.

Damon Knight

by Kate Wilhelm

Let it be known from the beginning of this brief introduction to Damon Knight that I am not unbiased. He happens to be my favorite person.

Except for one very brief interlude, Damon has been in the publishing world all his adult life, and in fact he has been writing since he was five when he did a poem that his mother had published in the local newspaper. He has worked as an editor, has been an outstanding anthologist, and has proven himself many times over as the best short story writer this field has produced. He is also a very fine novelist. He has written biography and a group biography, and even a little piece of autobiography.

Self educated, he has the inclinations of a scholar and will pursue a topic that interests him for months, years even, reading everything he can find, asking questions, seeking out expert opinion, which he may well disagree with ultimately. He can be very stubborn, and often enough the point he refused to yield turns out to be right.

Many newer writers should give thanks that he is no longer reviewing books; many not so new writers who have been reviewed by him no doubt sigh with relief from time to time because he has given up all that. As a critic he is unequalled by anyone. He was one of the first, if not the first, to point out that a writer will not be taken seriously in any field of writing if he or she cannot write an English sentence without faltering midway, cannot think through an idea and find the absurdities, or cannot tell the difference between paper dolls and real people. As a critic he was a mover in the field, and then

again as the founder and first president of SFWA. Along with Judy Merrill and James Blish he started the Milford Conference, dedicated to the idea that professional writers can help one another become better writers. And finally, he was one of the lecturers at the first Clarion Workshop, and has lectured every year since then, always with the same message: it should be written as well as humanly possible, no matter what it's about.

When I met him he did not like to travel very much, but I always did. Now I can hardly keep him home. And he was the kind of cook who puts a couple of hot dogs in water to boil and opens a box of frozen broccoli. Now he is a gourmet cook. I want the credit. In other ways he hasn't changed. He always squirted people with whatever was handy, and threw objects at them. If he is either bored or sleepy and it's reasonably close to bed time, he'll go to bed, no matter who is in the living room wanting to talk just a little bit longer. And if he is asked to critique a story, he will, often to the astonishment of the writer, who obviously had not meant like that. He will not tolerate idiots. And the only physical activity he'll do is walk, and once in a while swim. Now, as always, he is genuinely sympathetic to new writers, and is a good teacher.

As for a physical description, just so you will know him when you see him in a crowd, he's that slightly underweight, good-looking man with the long hair, and even longer beard.

ADDENDA by Jon Gustafson

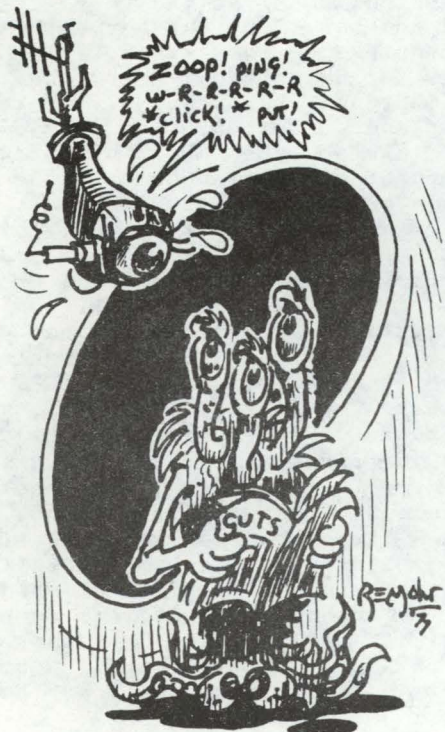
Damon Knight is the author of one of the most famous stories in the history of science fiction, "To Serve Man," which was, for better or worse, made into an episode of TWILIGHT ZONE. Some of his other stories include "Not with a Bang," "The Country of the Kind," "Masks," and "The World and Thorinn." He has edited several dozen anthologies, including CITIES OF WONDER, ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SCIENCE FICTION, A POCKETFUL OF STARS, TOMORROW AND TOMORROW, TURNING POINTS, and the ORBIT anthologies. He has recently made a splash (sorry) with his novel, CV, and is currently about to finish a sequel to it. With Kate, he is heavily involved with various writer's workshops.

Kate Wilhelm

by Damon Knight

When Kate Wilhelm came to the Milford Science Fiction Writer's Conference in 1959, she had been selling stories to magazines for several years but had never seen them in print: in Louisville, Kentucky, where she lived, the only place that sold science fiction magazines was a bookie joint disguised as a cigar store, where respectable young women did not go.

Kate had not exactly let a sheltered life; she had worked since she was fourteen, had been a photographer's and fashion model, clerk in a department store, long-distance telephone operator, and an insurance under-





writer; but she had never been to a writer's workshop before, and nobody had told her what to expect.

At Milford and in similar workshops, all the writers submit their work to each other's examination, and the criticism is intentionally merciless. Years later, in *A POCKETFUL OF STARS*, Kate wrote:

No one had ever used the phrase "purple prose" in my hearing before that day. But I heard it then. They didn't pull their punches. Later, when I realized that sometimes there is a spontaneous agreement to be gentle with a newcomer, I appreciated the fact that they hadn't done it with me. Afterwards, I washed my face and put on my reddest lipstick, and went to sit out in the drizzle on the slope above the river and threw stones into the water as hard as I could throw them. And that was the day that I knew I was a writer and would be one for the rest of my life.

Looking back, it is easy for us to see that she had always been a writer. She sold the first story she wrote, "The Mile-long Spaceship" to *ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION*; it can be found in her collection of the same name, and it is a fully professional piece of work, graceful, ironic and compact. Many writers would have been satisfied to remain at that level of competence, but Kate wanted more. During the sixties and seventies, in such stories as "The Encounter," "Windsong," and "Baby, You Were Great," and in novels like *MARGARET AND I* and *WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG*, she steadily increased the richness and complexity of her work.

Years ago, the absurd prejudice against women writers sometimes took the form of an inverted compliment: "You write like a man." It is certainly true that Kate has many qual-

ities usually thought of as masculine: a practical mind, a strong will, a keen logical sense, and so on, but the deepest roots of her work are those we think of as feminine: emotional sensitivity, compassion, an understanding that goes deeper than logic. Le style c'est la femme.

After Kate and I were married, I was once or twice charged with nepotism because I published so many of her stories in the *ORBIT* anthology series. It was nepotism, to be sure, but on her part, not mine -- I was able to publish the best of her work before any other editor got a look at it. It is no surprise to me that she now has a dedicated following; I knew how good she was, and how good she was going to be, twenty years ago.

ADDENDA by Jon Gustafson

Kate Wilhelm has been publishing since the mid-fifties and has many stories and novels to her credit. Besides the afore-mentioned *WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG*, her novels include *THE CLONE*, *THE YEAR OF THE CLOUD*, *THE CLEWISTON TEST*, and *FAULT LINES*, among other works. Her stories have been collected several times: *THE MILE-LONG SPACESHIP*, *THE DOWNSTAIRS ROOM*, *ABYSS*, and *THE INFINITY BOX*, among others. She won a Hugo and a Jupiter award for *WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG*, and a Nebula award for her short story, "The Planners." She has recently finished a novel, *CRAZY TIME*, and had short fiction published in *ISAAC ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE*. She continues to teach at Clarion, and is involved with two other writer's workshops, Haystack and the Young Writer's Workshop.

John Dalmas

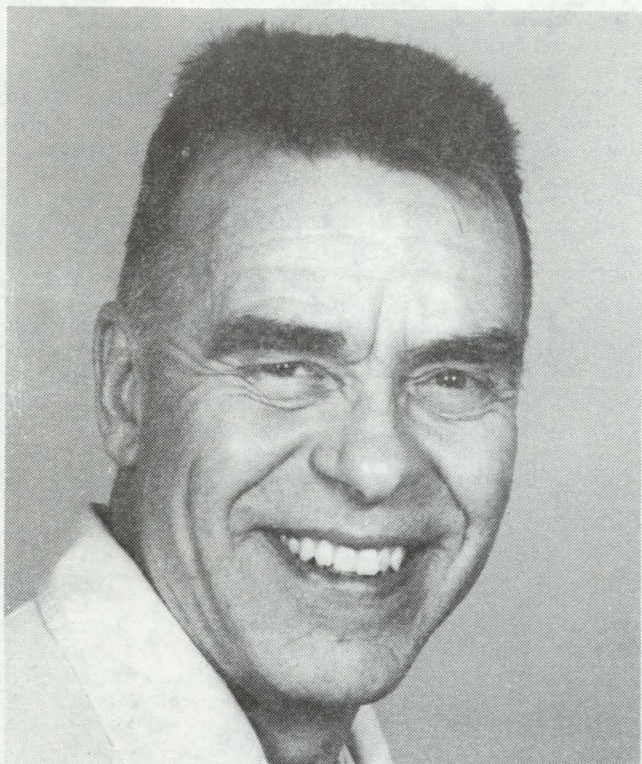
by John Dalmas

At present a resident of Spokane, John Dalmas grew up in the midwest: Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, and (mostly) rural Michigan. He discovered SF at age 12, when he encountered Edgar Rice Burroughs' Mars books in the Linden, Michigan, village library.

Dalmas has worked at a lot of different jobs. Those of significant duration include farm worker, creamery worker, parachute infantryman, army medic, stevedore, merchant seaman, logger, smokejumper (forest fire parachutist), mover, administrative forester, technical writer, and free-lance editor. For 17 years he was a research ecologist, briefly for the Quetico-Superior Wilderness Research Foundation but mainly for the U.S. Forest Service in Colorado and Arizona.

His amateur writing period began and largely ended as a student at Michigan State, where his short stories appeared regularly in the collegiate monthly, *SPARTAN* magazine. For one academic year he wrote three short stories or other fictional assignments each week for critiquing by two professorial veterans of the pulp magazines.

His first professionally published story, *THE YNGLING*, was serialized in John Campbell's *ANALOG* in 1969; the first installment earned the highest reader rating of any story over a 20-issue span, and has since been pub-



lished in paperback by Pyramid (1971, 1977) and Tor (1984).

From 1971 to 1982 he wrote little fiction and sold none. In 1982 he began to write again and to sell regularly; since mid-1984 he's been writing full time. Besides THE YNG-LING and assorted shorter fiction, he's had seven further novels published: THE VARKAUS CONSPIRACY, HOMECOMING, THE SCROLL OF MAN, FANGLITH, THE REALITY MATRIX, THE WALKAWAY CLAUSE, and, with Carl Martin, TOUCH THE STARS: EMERGENCE. Novels sold and awaiting publication are THE REGIMENT (Baen, March 1987), and, with Rod Martin, THE PLAYMASTERS (Baen, January 1987). At present Dalmas has two books contracted for, and underway for, Baen Books. One is a sequel to FANGLITH; the other bears the working title THE GENERALS' PRESIDENT.

Dalmas is married, has two grown children and two grandsons. Besides reading SF and history, he enjoys SF cons, good friends, recreational running, his family, playing with metaphysical cosmogonies, and watching sports.

Stephen L. Gillett, Ph.D. by Stephen Gillett and Jon Gustafson

Stephen L. Gillett is a consulting geologist who has published science articles in ANALOG, ISAAC ASIMOV'S S.F. MAGAZINE, and ASTRONOMY. He has also published a number of articles and abstracts in technical journals.

He received his B.S. in geology from Caltech, then spent two years with the U.S. Geological Survey in Flagstaff, Arizona. He got his doctorate in geology from the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

His specialty is paleomagnetism, the study

of the history of the Earth's magnetic field as recorded in the rock record, and its application to solving geologic problems. He has been working with one of the major oil companies at their research laboratory in setting up a state-of-the-art paleomagnetism laboratory, in which a cryogenic, superconducting rock magnetometer is interfaced to an IBM PC.

Gillett is also very interested in planetary science and active with the space movement. He was the Northwest representative to the Regional Board of the L-5 Society for 1983-1984. He was also a co-founder of Washington State Citizens for Space (WSCS), a group working on making space a grass-roots issue.

Besides science fiction, his hobbies include camping and ragtime piano. He lives in Woodinville, WA, with his wife, Joyce, two cats and a golden retriever.

Jon Gustafson by Jon Gustafson

Jon Gustafson has been active in fandom for twelve years, primarily in the Northwest. He attended his first con in 1975 (the Oakland WesterCon) and has been a member of 60 more since then. He entered fan pubbing by writing a column on art critique for Dick Geis' SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW in 1974 and soon after was co-editing a fanzine (NEW VENTURE). He also wrote a column on sf art for Mike Glycer's FILE 770.

In 1976, he wrote a history of science fiction illustration which appeared in Brian



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Ash's THE VISUAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION (1977). That led to doing over 50 artists' biographies for Peter Nicholls' THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION (1979) and two long articles on sf/fantasy art for the STARLOG SCIENCE FICTION YEARBOOK (1979), edited by David Gerrold and David Truesdale.

In 1981, he began writing a monthly book review column for NWSFS' magazine, WESTWIND, which continues to the present. He has been Fan GoH at V-Con 9 and Spokon 1, and Toastmaster at NonCon 5. Very active in Northwest con activities, he has run Programming for Norwescon 6 and the Art Show for the 1984 Portland Westercon. He chaired MosCons 3, 4, and 7, and was one of the founding members of PESFA, MosCon, and Writer's Bloc (the Moscow Moffia).

In 1983, he started JMG Appraisals, the first professional sf/fantasy art and book appraisal service in North America. His first fiction work appeared this year in the WRITERS OF THE FUTURE: VOLUME II anthology and his first book, CHROMA: THE ART OF ALEX SCHOMBURG, is now available in comic and book stores. He is currently working writing articles for James Gunn's new sf encyclopedia, working on a book on the life and art of Jack Gaughan, writing fiction, and a member of the Moscow Moffia.

Dean Wesley Smith

by Jon Gustafson

Dean Wesley Smith is one of the rare ones. He decided, some four or five years ago, that he was going to be a writer and set out on a path to make that dream come true. So, in the classic tradition of writers... he wrote. And wrote. And wrote. And wrote. And collected some six hundred rejections slips in the process.

But diligence and persistence paid off, and he eventually sold a story, then another, then another. He has had stories published in THE DIVERSIFIER, WET VISIONS, OWLFLIGHT, THE CLARION AWARDS, GEM MAGAZINE, OUI MAGAZINE, THE HORROR SHOW, NIGHT CRY, GAMBLING TIMES MAGAZINE, and WRITERS OF THE FUTURE, VOL. I.

He's attended the Clarion Workshop and the Taos Experimental Writers' Workshop. He was one of the founders of the Moscow Moffia and is involved with the Moscow Moffia Professional Writers Workshop.

He is currently living in Oregon, writing short fiction and working on a novel.

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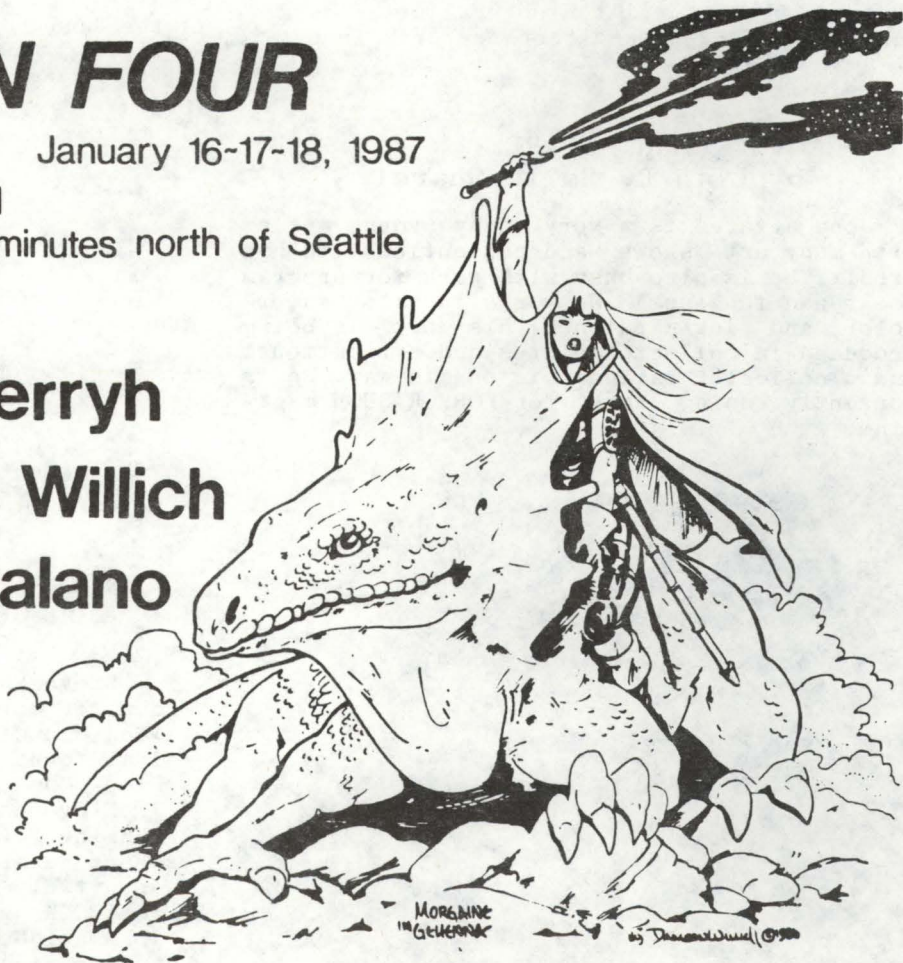
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Nina Kiriki Hoffman

by Jon Gustafson

Nina Hoffman has been writing for many years and has had eleven short stories published so far. An avid photographer as well, she had photos, poems and stories published in her California college literary magazine, *CONCEPT*. After moving to Idaho, she wrote articles for the University of Idaho's newspaper (the *ARGONAUT*) from 1978 to 1982. She joined PESFA and Writer's Bloc and became one of the key figures in the writing group. She began selling stories and has published them in *AMAZING*, the *CLARION AWARDS* anthology, anthologies such as *SHADOWS 8 & 9*, *GREYSTONE BAY*, *GREYSTONE BAY II*, and *WET VISIONS*. Her fiction has also appeared in *FANTASY AND TERROR MAGAZINE*, *KALLIOPE*, *ARGONAUT*, and *FOOTSTEPS*. She now lives in Oregon, where she continues to write.

LITA R. SMITH-GHARET

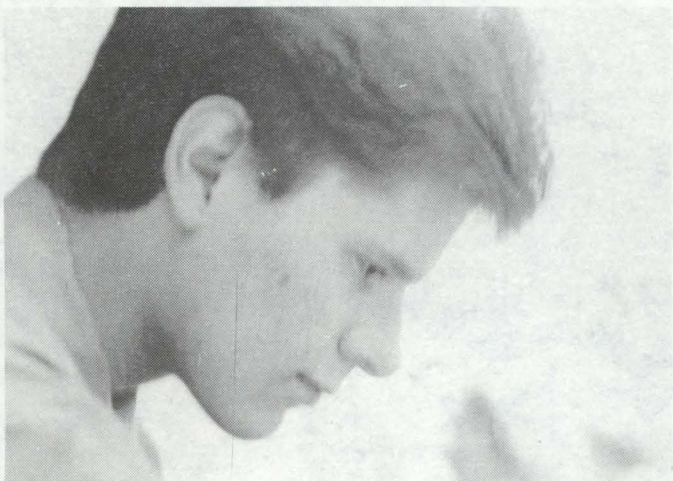
by Lita R. Smith-Gharet

Lita Smith-Gharet is a sculptor in ivory (primarily, although she has done work with other media) who acts as an artist's representative for many Northwest illustrators with her Steel Eagle organization. Her interests include costuming, art, and natural history. She has written several articles for *LAPIDARY JOURNAL* and been featured in *GEM & MINERAL MAGAZINE*.

JOHN ALVAREZ

by Lita R. Smith-Gharet

John Alvarez is a very busy young artist with many art shows and conventions to his credit. He is also busy with work for program books and fanzines. He works in oils, watercolor, and ink/zipatone. His art is being produced in collector plates and art buttons, and a collector calendar is on its way. He is currently doing work for *HORROR SHOW* magazine.



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William R. Warren

by Jon Gustafson

William R. Warren is a well-known Seattle fan and artist. He is also noted for his folk songs and his ability to party (aided and abetted by his wife, the Dragon Lady... sometimes also known as Liz). As if this were not enough, he has just graduated to the exalted rank of professional artist. Watch for the January *ANALOG*, which will have a cover illustration of his, as well as several interior ones.

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STEVE FAHNESTALK

by Jon Gustafson

Steve Fahnestalk has been involved in fandom for more than a dozen years. He was the idea man of the Palouse, and one of the original founders of PESFA, *NEW VENTURE*, *Writer's Bloc* (Moscow Moffia), and *MosCon*.

Steve has been writing for years, first in fanzines (in the middle and late 1970's) where he wrote book reviews. In 1979, he had an article in the *STARLOG SCIENCE FICTION YEARBOOK*, and for two years he had a column in *AMAZING*. He is currently living in Canada and working on a novel and other fiction.

MosCon Writing Contest

by Jon Gustafson

We decided to do something a little extra for MosCon this year: we sponsored a writing and art contest for people in the Palouse Empire area. The art portion, unfortunately, did not fly, but the writing did. The entrants were judged by Kate Wilhelm, Algis

Budrys, M.J. Engh, and Nina K. Hoffman. Gift certificates for the contest were donated by: Bookworld II (Moscow), Ken's Stationery (Moscow), the U of I Bookstore (Moscow), The Book and Game Co. (Lewiston), and MosCon. The winner, Carla Emery, was presented with \$25.00, a \$10.00 gift certificate, and a membership to MosCon. Her winning story is presented here for your enjoyment.

NUTRITION

by Carla Emery

There were rats in the souffle again. Liza had added sprouted wheat for the "vegetable." There would be a mixture of water, powdered milk, and a little honey to drink. But Liza was not proud of this meal. She finished setting places for three, her movements quick and confident despite the near dark of the Hole. Putting out salt, codliver oil, and the small counter, she was done.

Liza returned to the tiny, camper-style wood stove at the long, narrow room's other end, beyond a two-foot thick and three-foot wide concrete baffle. Mother had designed and installed a baffle between the stove and the rest of the room in case they had to burn fuel that had fallout on it. As it turned out fallout was never a problem because Mother had kept her seven-year storage of cut wood covered with big plastic sheets. Liza opened the stove door and checked on the fire. It was dying down now. Good. It took a long time to bake a souffle, nearly an hour, and the room was getting warm despite the ventilation pipes.

Liza opened the door of her small stove-top oven and carefully removed the souffle. (Beat eggs to a froth; gently stir in diced, boiled rat meat and wheat sprouts; bake until firm.) Liza carried the souffle carefully around the baffle and back down the center corridor of that six-foot wide, 30-foot long room, calling as she walked, "Elijah! Mary! Dinner's ready!"

"I'm here," Mary's voice announced cheerfully a moment later from the darkness of the tunnel entrance to the adjacent room. "Ooooh, souffle!" she added with delight. "Is there meat in it?"

"Yes, there is. Where's Elijah?"

"In the rat room, probably," Mary replied. "He can't hear you call in there."

"Go get him, please," Liza requested. Mary bounded away again into the warren of identical rooms (separated by two-foot wide and six-foot long tunnels) that served as Hole and home to the three children. Children once, anyway, and Elijah and Mary were children still, Elijah now being twelve and Mary ten. But Liza was no "child."

Liza hadn't been a child since the War, even though she'd been only ten years old herself when all the older family members had either gone away or died. Then Liza had been left alone with five-year-old Elijah and three-year-old Mary, and Liza's childhood was

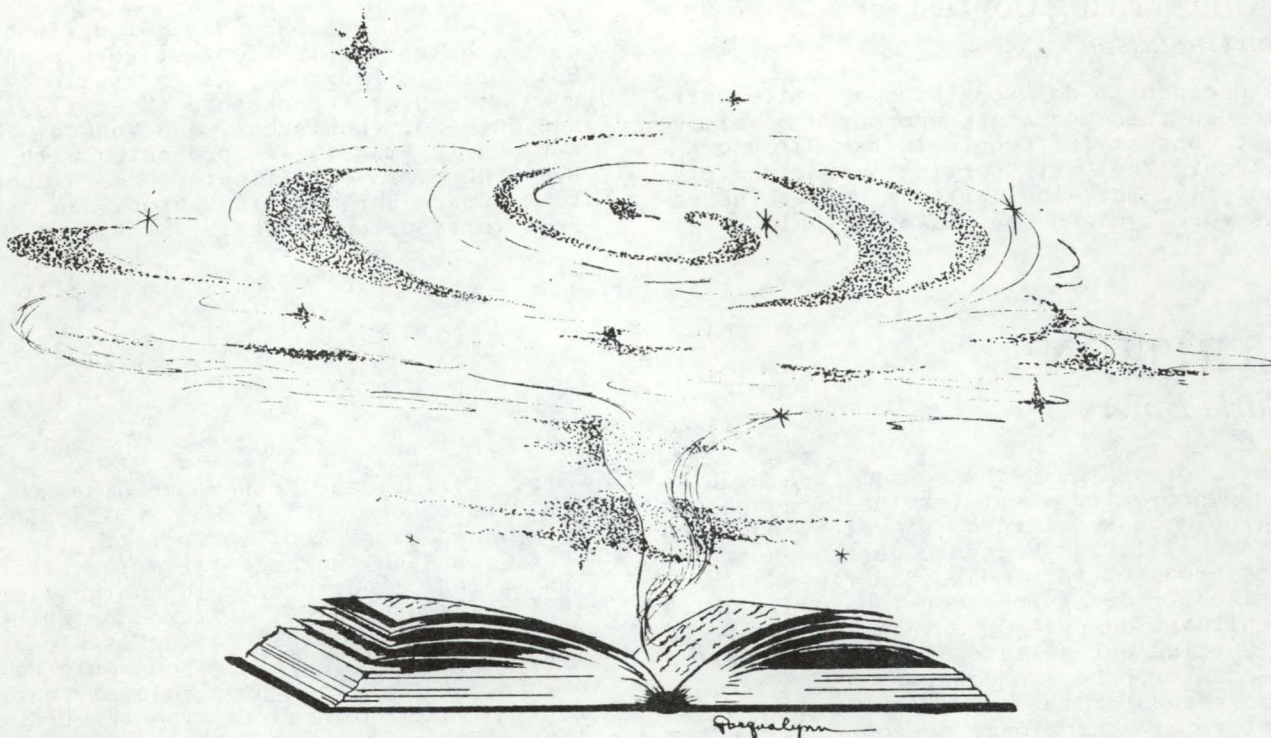
over. Liza became Mother and did what Mother would have done. Liza kept Elijah and Mary alive, and happy too, most of the time.

If you had been a wayfaring stranger in that silent land, peering down the light pipe that allowed a faint, diffused brightness onto the center of the eating table and that marvellous rat souffle, you would have seen nothing, though the pipe clearly carried up to you (like children talking through a hose) the voices of the hole dwellers. If you could have looked into the somewhat wider circle barely lighted by more wandering rays of light and if, like the children of the Hole, your eyes had the visual abilities of a night creature, you'd have seen that Liza was a lovely young woman. Her long blonde hair fell in waves to below her waist. (Mother hadn't thought to supply the Hole with a scissors and knives don't cut hair.) Liza's fine features, blue eyes, medium stature, gently mature figure and age of seventeen would have made her a serious competitor in the Junior Miss Pageant of some kinder era. But this beauty was shadowed by a chronically worried expression, as of one who has long carried a cruel and lonely burden of responsibility.

Mary and Elijah, now racing back from the rat room, were as different from their older sister in coloring as in demeanor. Both children were brown haired, stocky in build, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed. But the children themselves had little concept of how they looked. They lived in a colorless, mirrorless, closed and echoing world of either shadows or darkness wherein they moved with the confidence of the long-blind about their small and familiar world.

"Blackie's got babies again!" Elijah shouted as he came into the eating room led by the dutiful Mary. "Twelve this time!"

"She's a precious mama," responded Liza. "Now, you two, please sit down before the souffle is cold and the drink is warm." Elijah and Mary managed to momentarily quiet themselves. Liza picked up the counter and passed it ritually over the souffle and the pitcher of milk and honey drink. There was no beeping. Liza knew there couldn't be any beeps; the batteries had been dead for years. But Elijah and Mary didn't really understand about batteries, and this was the way Mother had taught them to start a meal in the Hole, not to put forkful to mouth until the counter had been passed over the food and been si-



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lent. That act meant that the food was all right to eat, not poisonous.

"Mary, will you say the blessing?" Liza asked. The three bowed heads, folded their arms as if to restrain irreverent movement and shut their eyes.

"Dear Heavenly Father," Mary began confidently from many turns at this task, "thank you for this food. Thank you that the counter didn't beep. Thank you for our Hole and the Rules that keep us alive. Please bless this food and make it healthy for our bodies. And," she added, parting from the usual routine, "please, please send us more wheat so the rats and chickens won't be hungry any more. In Jesus' name, I ask. Amen."

"How is Heavenly Father supposed to send us more wheat?" Elijah upbraided Mary sarcastically as Liza carefully cut and served the first half of the souffle and poured their drinks. "Through the light-pipe? If we want wheat, somebody is going to have to go outside and get it from the granary."

"You don't know everything," retorted Mary spunkily.

Liza was thinking about food, too. This meal wasn't really all right. It wasn't according to the Rules. She could quote most of the more important ones by heart from the black covered three-hole punched notebook with its many typed pages that Mother had left them: Rules for Surviving Nuclear War.

"The main daily meal must include a protein, a carbohydrate, a vegetable, a dairy product, honey, and salt." That was the Rule for nutrition. The meat and eggs of the souffle were "protein"—two proteins in this meal. The sprouted wheat rated as "vegetable". Powdered milk was the "dairy product." There were still cases and cases of powdered milk, a row of five-gallon cans of honey and cases of salt.

Mother stored what she calculated would be enough for seven children and two adults for at least seven years. For most of that time there had been only the three youngest children. The trouble was they fed the rats and poultry so much more wheat than Mother had planned. There was no carbohydrate in the menu. "Carbohydrate" meant bread and today Liza had no more wheat to grind for flour. Today's sprouts were grown from the very last kernels.

The Rules told Liza what to do to keep people in the Hole alive. They must be true, because Liza and Elijah and Mary were alive. And as far as they knew, nobody else in the world was.

Not even Mother. Not Daddy. He never was in the Hole. While it was being built he wouldn't go down to look around in it like the fascinated children did. Daddy hated the Hole. He had dreamed of owning a farm for years, a real farm instead of this little five acres. Daddy was furious when Mother took the inheritance Grandpa left her and built the Hole.

Daddy said he couldn't stand it, Mother's "obsession." Daddy said the whole town was talking, laughing at the crazy spending of money and storing of supplies and the ugly torn-up yard and heaps of dirt where lawn used to be. Even after the Hole was finished and new lawn planted, so you couldn't tell it was there if you didn't know (five feet of packed dirt over the eight-inch thick concrete roof), Daddy was still unhappy. Because Mother's inheritance was all gone, but she was still thinking of things she wanted to buy for the Hole, and now she had to get the money from Daddy.

One night they had a terrible fight. Daddy yelled that the Hole wasn't what he was going to work to support, and he went raging out

the front door, slamming it hard behind him, and he never came back. Mother cried off and on for weeks. She said Daddy had left them and gone away to live in a Probable Target. Then the War happened and they never saw him again.

Sudden darkness jarred Liza out of her reminiscing. Elijah and Mary had long since finished eating and run off to play with the rats. Liza had been staring into the little circle of light at the center of the table and now it was gone. She was in the total blackness of the night Hole, the familiar groping dark ever since the last candles and flashlight batteries were used up years ago. Since then, light in the Hole came from cooking oil smokily burning in a bowl with a string wick dangling over the side, or firewood flaming in the shelter stove, both of which were now in short supply... or from the light pipes, of which there were two per room, one at each end.

The light returned, as suddenly as it had vanished. Liza sat tensely watching but the light remained now as steady as if it had never failed. It would be such an inconvenience if they lost this light pipe. So many of the others had stopped over the years clogged by... she could not know what... blown leaves, perhaps? Liza didn't like changes.

At the time of the War there had been so many changes. People Liza loved and depended on went away, and never came back, or went out of the Hole and then returned to slowly die, which was certainly another way of never coming back. When the War first started (electricity went off, the telephone wouldn't work, and the car wouldn't start), it had seemed great fun to be herded from the house into the Hole, like going on a vacation. Ruth and Josh laughed and joked while they tried to catch chickens to bring into the Hole and Elijah insisted on bringing his pair of pet rats. All the children were at home that day except Rachel (Ruth's identical twin sister) who had left for the one-hour trip to town earlier in the morning.

Even in the Hole they could hear the first far-off explosion and Mother started looking frantic. She told the children to mind Josh and Ruthie and to stay inside the Hole. Mother told Paul to tightly close every air vent and light hole. Then Mother left. She caught old Buddy, the kids' horse, and rode to town to find and bring back Rachel. Mother said she had to get Rachel home and into the Hole before the fallout came. Mother said the first fallout was the very worst to be out in, that the newer the fallout was, the more dangerous it was.

Josh and Ruthie kept all the children in the very deepest part of the Hole, farthest from the entrance and they ran things until Mother came back, glorying in their sudden acquisition of authority. Mother and Buddy didn't get back for hours and when they did, Mother was crying and she had Rachel's body hanging across Buddy's neck in front of the saddle. She said that Rachel had been standing inside a storefront window when the shock wave from a blast miles north hit. The glass shattered and flew through the air like thrown knives. Rachel bled to death before

Mother got there.

After hearing about Rachel, Ruth became very quiet. From then on she just lay in her bunk and wouldn't get up to do anything but use the toilet. She wouldn't eat. Ruthie said she hated the Hole and she hated the dark and she hated the War and that everything was horrible and she hated it.

Paul and Joshua went away to be in the Army. Mother didn't want them to go, but the uniformed men who had come to the Hole entrance said their names were on a list from the school and that all boys fourteen and older had to go. They never came back. Then it got so cold out that everything froze and stayed frozen for months. Mother said it was more than fifty below. That was as low as the thermometer had numbers. Mother worried a lot about Joshua and Paul out in the cold and radiation.

Mother was the only person who went out of the Hole to get things, take care of Buddy (he died), check the temperature, or take radiation readings with the big counter. She said the levels were awful, just unbelievably high. She wouldn't let any of the children come near the outer door. Mother was getting weaker and sicker. Liza began taking care of Mother and fixing meals. Elijah said Ruthie was the biggest kid and should be working too but Mother said to just let Ruthie be because in a way Ruthie was sick, too.

When Mother died Liza was afraid and she did go to Ruthie. Then Ruthie got up and worked with a desperate, angry energy. Ruthie dragged Mother's body out of her room, through the tunnel and the eating room, past the stove baffle beyond which the children were not allowed to go, and on out of the Hole into the dark and cold.

Ruthie started going in and out every day, all day. She said Mother made a mistake storing most of the wood supply and grain outside. She said she was going to bring it all down into the Hole. Ruthie put on layers of clothing and wrapped her face, all but the eyes, for the short trip from the Hole door to the firewood and granary sheds above ground. She brought down armload after armload of wood and sack after sack of wheat until Mother's room, the rooms that had been for the two boys and Daddy, and the outer hallways were all stacked floor to ceiling with wood and grain.

Ruthie got sick. She coughed all night and in the morning she couldn't get her breath. Ruthie died, even though Liza was staying close by her, seated beside her bunk on a case of beans, repeating with frantic insistence, "Tell me what I can do to help you." Ruthie was sixteen then and Liza was ten, and that was seven years ago.

Liza left the table and took out Mother's book of Rules from its place in an empty box by the side of the room. She brought the book to the table, placed it exactly in the center of the light, and opened it. Leafing with long familiarity past the list pages, "Items to Be Stored," past "How to Prepare Meat," she stopped at "Rules for Going Out."

Elijah and Mary couldn't read. There was nothing in the Hole to read anyway but labels on cans and boxes and Mother's book of Rules. Sometimes she read her brother and sister the

Rules, but she'd never read them this page beyond the first Rule. She couldn't say those words out loud. She couldn't make them real by saying them. The first rule on going out was, "Don't!" Now Liza sat and stared at the second rule. She was looking at the rule when Elijah came in. She made her crying stop.

"Liza," Elijah said seriously as he stood before her, "the rats are hungry. They are really, really hungry."

"The chickens are, too," Mary added, coming into the room behind him. "When I took water to them just now, they pecked at my legs like they thought I was something to eat."

"I know," Liza answered softly.

"Somebody has to do something," Elijah insisted.

"Elijah," Liza argued, an old familiar panic causing her voice to rise in pitch, "none of us can go out there. You die if you go out there."

"Somebody has to go outside and get more wheat or the rats and chickens are going to die," argued Elijah.

"Then let them die," retorted Liza. "It's better than people dying!"

"People are supposed to eat wheat, too," Mary chimed in. "I want bread!"

"I do, too," said Elijah. "And Blackie's got babies and I can tell she's hungry. I'm going out and get wheat! I remember where the granary is."

"No!" Liza yelled. Her cry echoed painfully about them as she pursued Elijah, who was walking determinedly toward the outer hallways. "Elijah, please," she grabbed him by the arm, "please! Everybody who goes out dies, or doesn't come back. You know that!"

Elijah jerked his arm out of her grasp, stubbornly repeating, "Blackie's hungry." He continued down the first corridor, around the corner, into the second, around another corner. There were no light pipes in these outer hallways. Abruptly Elijah stopped. Liza and Mary bumped into him. Liza reached beyond Elijah and felt the cool metal covering of the Inner Door.

Liza hadn't been here since the day Ruthie died. She had come dragging the awkward, heavy body, trying to get it out of the Hole, the way Ruthie had done with Mother's body. That burden was very heavy for the slightly built child, even with Elijah trying to help. They got the body pulled through the two "L" shaped outer passages and the Inner Door. They tried to pull it on up the steep flight of stairs that led to the Outer Door. They couldn't. They had given up and left Ruthie lying in front of those stairs. She passed with Elijah back through the Inner Door, closed and bolted it. None of the children had ever come this way or opened this door since.

"No, Elijah," Liza whispered. She was trying to pull him away from the door but he was husky and managed to get it unbolted and give it a push. The door swung open and the three instantly stopped and stood still and mute looking into the faintly lighted outermost hallway. They could see Ruthie's bones. Wild rats must have come down the ventilator pipe because all the soft parts were gone. There was nothing left but white bones gleaming



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phosphorescently in the dim light.

Elijah recovered first. He stepped boldly on, as though he would fearlessly cross the tangible line of Ruthie's shining bones. "Elijah," Liza wailed. "You can't go! It's the second Rule. I never told you. It's me! I'm the one who's supposed to go out!" She sank to her knees, sobbing.

Elijah stopped. "There isn't any such rule," he countered.

"Yes, there is! I never told you. There's a rule about which one of us goes. It's the second one of the Rules for Going Out..." her voice was struggling against loud, hard sobs as she tried to speak, "...and it says 'If supplies are needed from outside the shelter, the oldest person in the shelter must be the one to go out and get them.' I'm the oldest, so it's me. I'm supposed to go get the grain." Then Liza laid her head on her knees and cried miserably while Elijah and Mary knelt close beside her and patted her and put their arms around her and tried to say something nice.

But in a moment more, Liza accepted necessity. She would have to face it now. She once more became the calm and wise big sister/mother. "I'll go out and get grain," she said firmly to Elijah. "You two have to go back." Elijah and Mary looked at her doubtfully. "It's all right," she added reassuringly. "I'm going to do it. Go back." The two children turned and went back through the Inner Door. Liza watched until they were out of sight.

"Oh, Ruthie," Liza said softly, "Ruthie." She stepped over the line of bones and climbed the stairs to the Outer Door. She pulled on the Outer Door bolt but it wouldn't give. Liza went down the stairs and carefully chose one of Ruthie's bones. She climbed back up again and gave the bolt a hard rap with the bone, then pulled at it again. This time it gave. With the bolt moved, she shoved hard on the door because she remembered that it weighed over one hundred pounds, but the door swung smoothly and easily open. Liza stood in the doorway, blinded by bright afternoon sunshine.

"Well, hello!" said a friendly male voice. Another man's voice chimed in. "We were

just wondering where your doorbell was! We saw the stove smoke and tried to look down you pipes, but we couldn't see in. We could hear you talking, though." He added hesitantly, "I can assure you that it's safe to be outside, for a while at least."

Still squinting, unable to discern anything but two masculine shapes before her, Liza spoke, desperate hope in her voice, "Josh? Paul?" She paused, then tried again. "Daddy?"

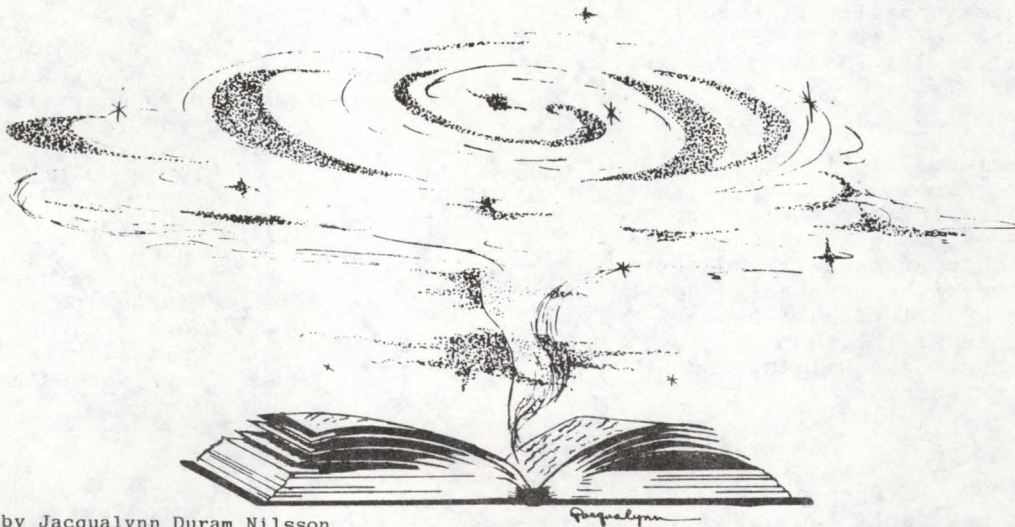
"I'm sorry," the first stranger replied. "My name is Jason. This is my younger brother Jonathan. We've been in a computer-controlled shelter since the War. The computer didn't get low enough radiation levels to unlock the door until a month ago. For the last two weeks we've been out searching for other survivors. We are so glad, so very glad, to have found you."

Liza could see better now. The stranger named Jason had brown hair and a beard of the

same color. He was tall, like Daddy had been. His face looked intelligent and kind. The one named Jonathan had straight black hair, a red beard, and a pleasant expression. Jason stepped forward and held out his hand to her. Liza hesitated, then extended her own to him. "I'm Liza," she said.

It occurred to her with embarrassment that she was wearing a piece of sheet toga-style, belted with a strip of cloth, hardly clothes to entertain in. Jonathan now stepped up, offering his hand to her. Liza shook it, trying desperately to remember from the old life how you treated company.

Just then Elijah popped out of the Hole doorway with Mary wide-eyed and silent right behind him. He rushed past Liza and exclaimed eagerly to the two visitors as though they might escape his hospitality, "Hello! Come in! Come in and see our Hole. And I bet you are hungry. My big sister made a rat souffle and there's still some left!"



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2:00 p.m. -- 3:00 p.m.

CLARK ROOM -- "Life in Space"

A look at the domestic side of living IN a vacuum, instead of using one! Verna Smith Trestrail leads this mixed group of experts; Beth Finkbiner, John Dalmás, and Rod Sprague.

3:00 p.m. -- 4:00 p.m.

CLARK ROOM -- "Fan or Mundane: are you or aren't you?" Only our panel of experts can make that distinction and can let you in on the secrets distinguishing between the two. Beth Finkbiner, Thom Walls, Amy Thomson, and Steve Forty.

LEWIS ROOM -- "Friends or Fiends: only their user knows for sure" A closer look at the relationship between Human and Machine starring your best friend/worst enemy: the personal computer. Our panel of battle-weary vets include: Dr. Rob Quigley, Bill Johns, John Dalmás, and Mike Finkbiner.

4:00 -- 5:00 p.m.

LEWIS & CLARK ROOMS -- "Opening Ceremonies" If you don't recognise our Guests by sight you might want to join us in welcoming Dr. Rob Quigley, Dean Ing, Michael & Lynne Anne Goodwin, and Bryce Walden to MosCon VIII.

8:00 -- 11:00 p.m.

JACUZZI ROOM -- Our famous white tie and towel Jacuzzi Party. Come see how many people we can stuff in the tub this year. White ties are available in the Hospitality Suite, you provide the suit. Please shower beforehand. MosCon closes the party officially at 11:00 p.m., but the tub will be open until 2:00 a.m. for those who wish. The Cold Water Patrol will be in charge of public morality again this year.

10:00 p.m.

LEWIS & CLARK ROOMS -- Sock Hop
The first dance of MosCon is sans shoes so let your feet be bare or don't be there!

Saturday, September 20, 1986

10:00 -- 11:00 a.m.

LEWIS ROOM -- "The Life of E.E. 'Doc' Smith" Verna Smith Trestrail gives us an inside peek at one of S.F.'s "Greats."

CLARK ROOM -- "Let's Get Fiscal, Fiscal; Let Me Hear your Audit Talk...!" Fiscal responsibility and conventions: They do go together! Years of con-com experience is gathered together in the hearts and minds of; Jon Gustafson, Ed Beauregard, Beth Finkbiner, and Vickie Mitchell.

11:00 -- 12:00 a.m.

LEWIS ROOM -- "Trivia Quiz" Preliminary Round 1. Only for those hardy souls who have photographic memories OR who enjoy sitting in an audience and watching other people make mistakes. Remember, this is only round one!

CLARK ROOM -- "Life in the Hereafter" Dean Ing will lead this discussion on how to survive when there is no tomorrow. The other survivors include; A.J. Budrys, John Dalmás, Mary Jane Engh, and Steve Fahnestalk.

12:00 -- 1:00 p.m.

LEWIS ROOM -- "Binary Stars" Dr. Rob Quigley of Western Washington University explores the far reaches of the universe and the special relationships of close binary stars.

CLARK ROOM -- "From Gadzooks! to Shards! The evolution of profanity in Science Fiction and Fantasy." Verna Smith Trestrail, Kate Wilhelm, Nina K. Hoffman and Mary Jane Engh look at the living language of literature.

1:00 -- 2:00 p.m.

LEWIS ROOM -- "NASA and the Shuttle: Can We Pick Up the Pieces?" A serious look at the future prospects of America's manned space program. Dr. Rob Quigley, Bill Warren, Bill Johns, and John Potter lead the discussion.

CLARK ROOM -- "Going, Going, GONE!" The ins and outs of successfully bidding for science fiction and fantasy art. Our high bidders include; Michael Goodwin, Lynn Anne Goodwin, Verna Smith Trestrail, and Jon Gustafson.

2:00 --3:00 p.m.

LEWIS & CLARK ROOMS --"Michael and Lynn Anne Goodwin Slideshow" Fantasy artists Michael & Lynn Anne will delight you with a retrospective of their work.

3:00 -- 4:00 p.m.

LEWIS ROOM -- "Trivia Quiz 2"
The second preliminary round of terrific questions and awesome answers. WARNING: Not suitable for those with weak minds.

CLARK ROOM -- "Guest Author Reading: Dean Ing." Dean Ing will read from some of his latest works.

4:00 -- 5:00 p.m.

LEWIS ROOM -- "And on the Third Day... Practical problems in world building." If you have ever tried to create a world that worked or one that didn't, our resident ghods will give you some practical solutions to use. A.J. Budrys, Mary Jane Engh, John Dalmás, & Kate Wilhelm.

CLARK ROOM -- "Mee-a-mee-Fla Vice"
A look at crime and punishment in the future with panelists from every side of the law. Damon Knight, Bryce Walden, Bek Mostafavinásab, Mike Winderman, & Dean Smith.

5:00 -- 6:00 p.m.

LEWIS ROOM -- "Trivia Quiz; The Finals"
The final gut-wrenching, palm-sweating, mind-blanking round. WARNING: Those audience members who can't keep their answers to themselves enter this room at their own risk.

CLARK ROOM -- "When Science Fiction becomes Science Fact." Where is the line between one day's fiction and the next day's reality. Dr. Rob Quigley, Dean Ing, John Potter, Damon Knight, and Mike Finkbiner lead the discussion.

APPALOOSA ROOM -- Ellen Thisted leads us through a look at science fiction cinema.

8:00 p.m.

LEWIS ROOM -- "Masquerade"
Once again Steve Fahnestalk leaves himself wide open to insults and pennies. Enjoy the costumes and the fun.

10:00 p.m. -- Dance
There will be judging of danceable costumes so wear your fanciest duds.

Sunday, September 21, 1986

10:30 --11:30 a.m.

LEWIS & CLARK ROOMS -- "Brunch"
Better than ever menu, you will definitely want to buy your ticket early!

11:30 --12:30 p.m.

LEWIS & CLARK ROOMS -- "Awards Ceremonies"
If you have done anything to get an award, or even if you haven't, you won't want to miss this. Lensman Awards, Art show ribbons, the Golden Gopher Awards and the introduction of next year's chairman, plus much more!

1:00 p.m.

LEWIS & CLARK ROOMS -- "Art Auction"
You won't want to miss the excitement as tensions mount to see just who will win the bid! Don't forget to bring lots of \$\$\$\$!

2:00 -- 3:00 p.m.

JACUZZI ROOM -- If you didn't bring a boat to enter in the Fannish Armada, now is your chance to build one. Some materials will be provided.

3:00 -- 4:00 p.m.

CLARK ROOM -- "Pets vs Pests, or One man's rat is another man's rodent!"
Dealing with the necessity for pets in space while at the same time dealing with the negative aspects of the situation.

JACUZZI ROOM -- Even though you begged us not to, once again, Rod Sprague presents -- THE FANNISH ARMADA! The owner of the fastest boat will be thrown to the Iguanas afterwards.

4:00 -- 5:00 p.m.

CLARK ROOM -- "Informational Elitism"
Is there a growing gap between the computer literate and the computer illiterate? Is it a problem and, if it is, how do we deal with it? Bill Johns, Dean Ing, Dr. Rob Quigley and Jeff Slack look at this question.

5:00 -- 6:00 p.m.

CLARK ROOM -- "Special Effects Make-up"
Lita Smith-Gharet and Chris Nilsson will demonstrate the uses of f/x make-up.

7:00 - ???

HOSPITALITY SUITE -- Even though you have survived so far, we still have the Dead Cow party to kill off the weaklings. Drop by and see what the members of the committee look like after it's all over. (You might even buy them a drink!)

Security

by Jean Crawford

Here once more is a call for volunteers to put in a shift or two in the glorious MosCon Security Forces. If you have an hour or two or three or four or... ahem, if you have the time, stop by operations and sign up. We always need people. And what will you get out of it, you may ask? Well, you'll get a fabulous, wonderful MosCon security button, the satisfaction of helping the con run more smoothly, and the feeling of relief that I didn't have to resort to press gang techniques. So please sign up.

Now, for a couple of more notes. First, weapons policy. Yes, folks, again we stress: YOU KILL IT, YOU EAT IT. So please, people, use a little common sense. Also, the local constabulary is a bit touchy on the subject of weapons being carried in Mundania, so it would be a good idea to leave your weapons in your room when venturing into the outside world.

Last item: the UI has decided that this

weekend will henceforth be homecoming weekend, which means we will be rubbing elbows with football players and their families. This will be especially true in Bogarts. I don't anticipate any problems, but if there are, please get in touch with either myself or Chris (our glorious chairman). Remember, we will look a bit different to these people, and there probably will be a few comments, but consider it a broadening of their minds. Please, be nice.

So have fun, don't spill any blood and please -- VOLUNTEER! We need all the help we can get.

Be Kind To The Hotel

by Beth Finkbiner

You may notice MosCon is sharing the hotel this year with some strange people in funny costumes. They also have an unusual interest: Vandal football. Unfortunately for us, the University of Idaho liked our weekend so much that they borrowed it for this year's homecoming. This really annoyed us, and Cavanaugh's wasn't too pleased, either. (But both of these are minor compared to the wrath of a footballfan who has his after-the-game commiseration binge interrupted by a -- Halloween costume party? Six weeks early?) So, PLEASE, BE KIND TO THE MUNDANES.

There are several things MosCon members can do to minimize problems:

1) Don't congregate in the traffic areas during times when the bar or the restaurant are busy. If you meet someone you want to talk to, go to Hospitality or visit while you're waiting for your programming event to start.

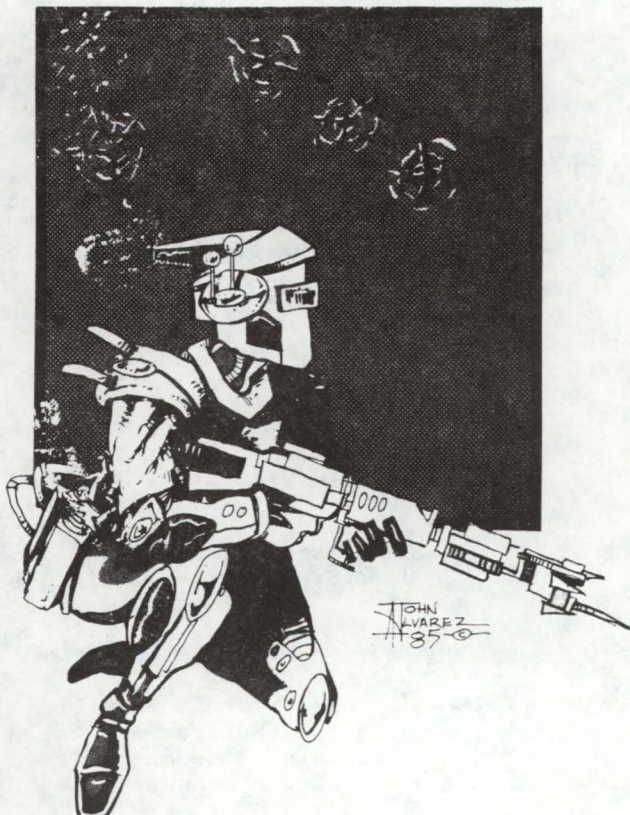
2) Avoid the lobby bathrooms when the bar is busiest. I don't know why, but nothing annoys a football fan more than to see someone else having a good time after his team has lost.

3) Between 5 p.m. and 8 p.m. on Friday ONLY, we DO NOT have the upstairs programming rooms. Please clear the area quickly after Opening Ceremonies and don't expect the dance to start early.

4) Be patient with the restaurant. They are doing the best they can, but they've got all of us and all of them to deal with. That many people at once might tax even the Golden Arches' ability to mass-produce food!

5) If you have space in your room for someone to crash, put your name on the list at Operations. We will do everything we can to connect people who need crash space with those who have it available.

6) SATURDAY DINNER BUFFET. This year, we don't have to choose between dinner or the masquerade. Cavanaugh's is providing us with our own dinner buffet, to be served in the Lewis Room from 5:30 p.m. to 7 p.m. It will open for MosCon members only, and will serve us a good meal we won't have to wait for. (Nobody else can say that on a football night!) We think this is the best idea we've heard yet for solving the Saturday night dinner problem; try it out and see if you agree with us.



We feel very lucky to have as good a relationship with the staff of Cavanaugh's as we do. You have helped us a lot in that area in previous years by not causing problems for them or the convention staff. Please keep up the good work, and if you see someone who isn't aware of the importance of courtesy, remind them, or tell us about it.

We will have to be especially careful this weekend, because due to a scheduling change, we have a football weekend in Moscow. Not just any game, but Homecoming, so we have a few football fans in the hotel this weekend. Some rooms are permanently reserved for these folks for Homecoming whenever it occurs. We will post a quiet zone near their rooms on the third floor. Sigh!

Everyone understands the basics... like clean up your own messes and keep the noise down when partying late, but we generally have a few people who are confused by the liquor laws.

The important thing to remember is, as far as the State of Idaho is concerned, the convention areas and lobby of the hotel are public places. You can not have any liquor in those areas, except when the hotel provides a bar at the dance, and then only what the hotel provides. You may have your own drinks in the private areas of the hotel.

Remember this! We do not want Cavanaugh's to lose their liquor license!

JACUZZI

Another aspect of the hotel is the Jacuzzi Room we have grown to love so well. As in previous years we will be sponsoring our own

special get-acquainted party on Friday night. White ties may be obtained in the Hospitality Suite.

We put a tremendous strain on the Jacuzzi filter system, so please shower before entering. There are no showers in the Jacuzzi Room, so if you don't have a room at the hotel, check with Hospitality. Unless you like to drip dry, bring a towel or two (the astro-turf is a bit rough).

The initial party is sponsored by MosCon as an ice-breaker and a place to meet people, so we require suits to allow everyone who wishes to attend the opportunity to do so comfortably. After the party closes, the clothing policy is up to the mutual consent of those in the room.

This has caused some confusion in years past, so remember our basic rule is courtesy. No one could be offended by a swimsuit, so they are always welcome. Those who do not feel suits are necessary should check with any others present if a "clothing optional" policy is not already accepted.

Because some people in the past have em-



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barassed the convention by confusing a clothing optional policy with a license to be gross, crude, rude and unattractive, we will continue our Cold Water Patrol. People who do not understand the difference between acceptable public and private behavior will be reminded of it, if necessary with a bucket of icewater!

Idaho's Drunk Driving Laws (a public service message)

by Mike Finkbiner


One aspect of liquor laws is driving while intoxicated, or under the influence of any any drug, for that matter. In a word, don't even think about it. With the football fans on the street, the State Patrol, Sheriff's Department and City Police all have extra patrols out. And they don't play games. We will not bail you out of jail, so if you need a ride somewhere or a place to crash, let us know! We will be happy to help.

Art Show And Auction

It's Moscon time again and that means another (drum roll, please) MosCon Art Show and Auction. Things will be run pretty much the same as in the past. The Show will be in the same place as previous Moscons (Rooms 102, 103, and 104) and will follow standard policies. We ask that you don't smoke (Security has permission to break Moscon Weapons Policy to enforce this) and that you check bags, weapons, and cameras at the door (we'll be placing your badge number on your checked items, so you will be the only person to get them back).

The Auction will be held on Sunday afternoon at about 1:00 PM, and everyone is invited to come watch, bid, and buy. Payment will be expected at the time of purchase by either cash, credit card, or personal check. All prices will be in U.S. dollars, and Canadian funds will be accepted at the current exchange rate.

Some new rules will be in effect for this Auction. The first is regarding the bids on the bid sheets. Once the bidding is closed, you cannot take your name and bid off a piece of art. The second is a plea to use your true name and your badge number when you are bid-



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ding; last year we could not get a piece of art to its new owner because they used their "fannish" name on their bid.

Video Room

This year, we are trying to have the video room open 24 hours a day. We will be trying a few special things, including early morning videos of special interest to the younger set. Check the video room door for further information and/or the schedule.

Trivia Contest

by Lisa Satterlund

TRIVIA: I have been writing trivia quiz questions for MosCon for years. In fact, last MosCon was the first year I wrote none of the questions. This year, to my great pleasure, I was asked to run the Trivia quiz. Unfortunately, the timing could have been better. Two weeks before MosCon I moved to Connecticut. This made it a bit difficult to afford and justify attending the convention this year. Thus, again, I am in the position of having written most of the questions, but reading none. Sigh. The rules (unless someone changes them on me) are fairly simple. Most of the questions are worth ten points each. Some questions have more than one part; in that case, each part is worth five points. Teams will consist of four members per team, the same person cannot serve on more than one team unless his or her first team has already lost. Anyone who cares (even at this late date) to contribute questions must make a choice: either identify yourself and your questions to the quizmaster or don't be on a team. Your identified questions must have

your name on them. Well, that's all I can think of to tell you. I'm sorry I can't be there to see how it goes, but I'll see you next year even if I have to drive from Connecticut.

Masquerade

To start with, as it has been in the past, the Moscon masquerade will be on Saturday. It will start at 8:00 (all things and beings willing). Those going to be in the masquerade, however, should be in the Clark room at 7:00.

Entry forms will be available at the registration table. This will also be the place for you to drop off your masquerade form when completed, or to get an extra one. Other than that, bring your masquerade form with you to the Clark room at 7:00.

The categories we will be judging are as follows:

Best Science Fiction

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Best Fantasy
 Best Children's Costume
 Judge's Choice
 Best Humor... and any other categories the judges decide to give a prize for.

And on with the rules...

- 1) One of the most important is to try and be on time. It will help make everything go smoother if you are. We will try to be the same.
- 2) Another important rule in competing in a masquerade is make sure you know how to manage your props.
- 3) Edged and/or other weapons should not be drawn until you have reached the stage.
- 4) No pyrotechnics. (sigh)
- 5) No flash photography will be allowed during the contest. There will be plenty time after the masquerade and before the dance for this.
- 6) No peanut butter. (If you don't understand this one, ask Chris Nilsson.)
- 7) Please spare the M.C., he is reusable.
- 8) There will be no shooting of projectiles, laser beams, or liquids.

SUGGESTIONS:

- 1) Stay in character from the moment anyone can see you until the masquerade is over. The ability to be the character you are presenting will impress the judges more than just walking up the aisle in a fancy costume.

- 2) Costumes should be designed to compliment your physique.
- 3) Please write legibly on the masquerade form. Our M.C. is not very good at deciphering hieroglyphics, runes, or cuneiform.
- 4) Keep your speech for the M.C. as short and concise as possible. Whether or not it is funny depends on the costume you are wearing.

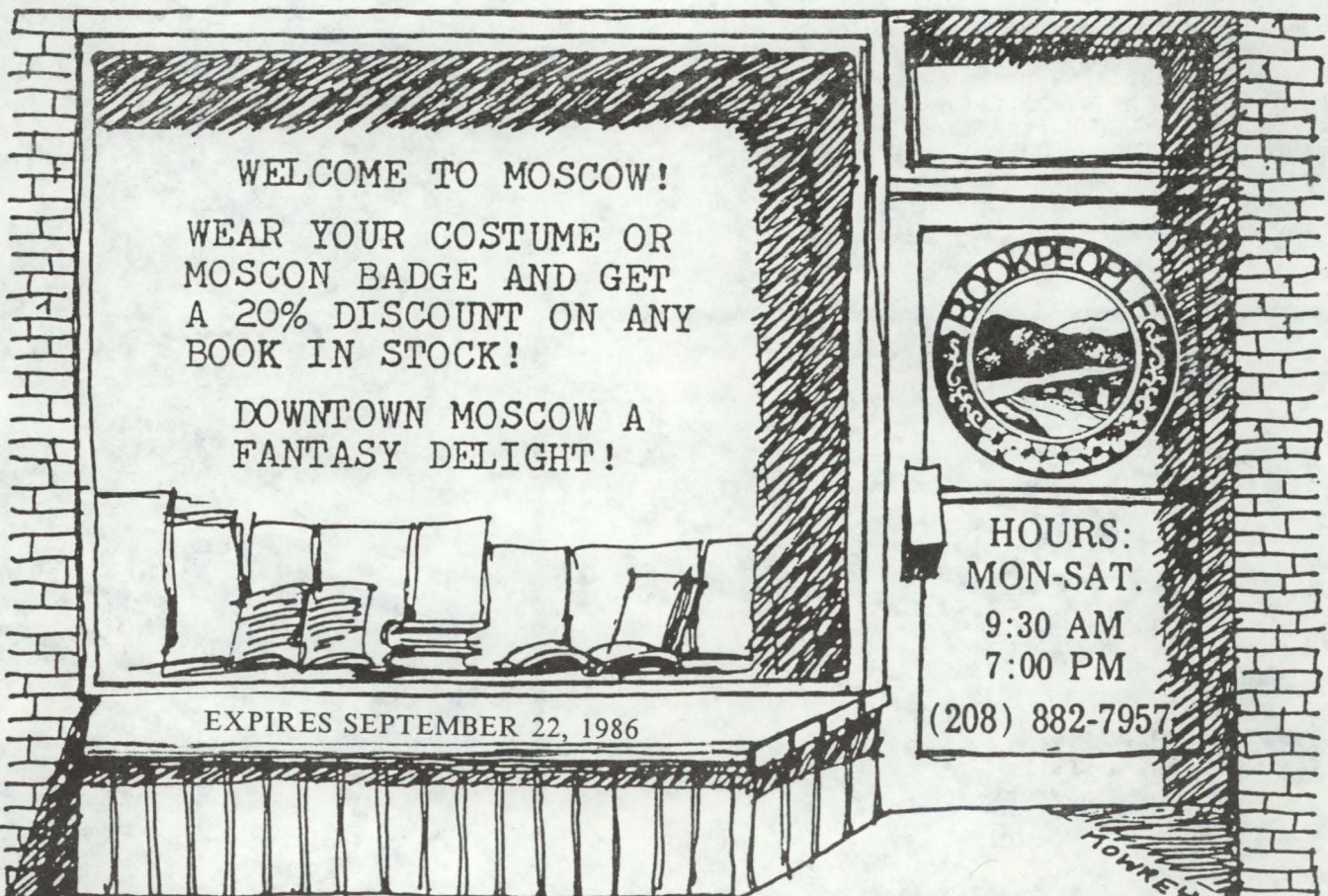
MosCon VIII Dances

MosCon will have two dances again this year. The Friday night dance will be a sock hop, so please, NO SHOES.

Saturday night will be the standard MosCon Dance. It will be 120% request, with two basic guide lines: Danceable requests will get first play, and if I don't have a copy, getting me one will better the chances of it being played. So come and enjoy the music and the Dance Saturday night, immediately following the Masquerade.

COSTUME BALLING

To help promote 'La Dans' and to make our Costume Bachannal more than an empty phrase, this year we will be having a new costume prize category for dance costumes. During the Saturday night dance, our judges will be



512 S. MAIN "BETWEEN THE THEATRES" MOSCOW, IDAHO 83843

looking for mens' or womens' (or other beings for that matter) costumes which dance well. If you want to be elaborate or simple, it's fine with us, but we would like to see many people dancing in some sort of costume. Assuming we can find any that suit, we will be awarding two prizes for the best dance costumes.

Essentially the same rules will apply as for our Staged costumes; no peanut butter, no pyrotechnics, no brandishing of weapons around a crowd. If you go nude, remember, it may be fun, but it's not a costume.

Dancing can be hot and strenuous, so you might keep that in mind unless you enjoy sweat. I'm looking forward to seeing what you come up with.

Writer's Workshop

If you're just finding out about this now, it's too late for this year. Our workshops have developed a great reputation and we always have good participation by attending pros. Workshopping is a great way to find out where you stand re: marketability and "artistic merit." If you did not submit a story this year, keep it in mind for next year.

Our writer's workshops are modeled loosely after the famous Clarion workshops (from which PESFA has four graduates, by the way), in which submitted works are critiqued by professional authors and the other submit-

ters. Last year, the pros involved were Dean Wesley Smith, N.K. Hoffman, Elinor Busby, John Dalmás, F. M. Busby, Richard Meyers and Algis Budrys.

Gophers

As usual, MosCon will be short of personnel. We will need both gofers and security people. In exchange for two or more hours of your time you will receive an official MosCon button (almost as good as a Flash Gordon secret ring) drawn by Tom Milliorn. You will also receive our eternal, undying, everlasting, as-good-as-super-glue thanks.

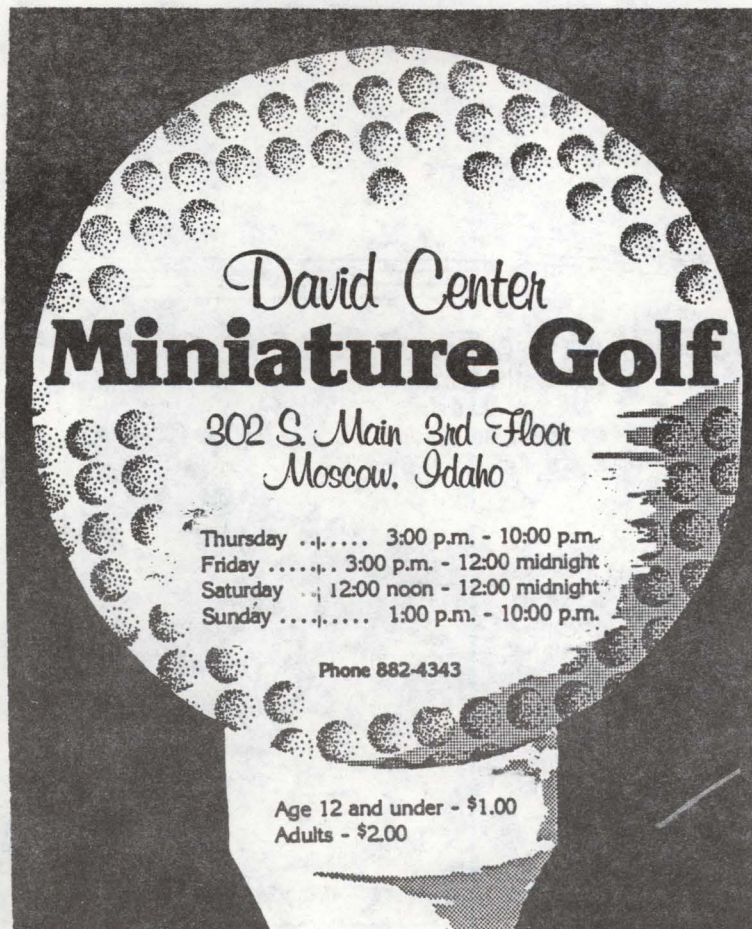
Dealers' Rooms

by Tony Butterfield

Just when you thought it was safe to take money to a con...

(heh)

The Dealers are back. (Did ya seriously think we'd forget 'em?) MosCon's ever-popular Hucksters will be set up and open for business in Rooms 105, 106, and 107, on Friday from 1:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m., and from 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday. Drop in and see what our erstwhile merchants are up to (or what you can haggle them down to).



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Hospitality by Rod Sprague

At first, I thought running Hospitality would mean I would be trapped in the Hospitality Suite and I would miss out on the more exciting things going on at the convention. But, fortunately, I realized that people would come forward to relieve me at my post and that, even when I am present, something will always be going on as most everyone at the con visits Hospitality. We will have the usual snacks and refreshments. Also, I will bring my home-made tortilla chips to Hospitality.

Due to budget constraints, I will not be able to fix more exotic drinks, but any reasonable request will be filled and, if I get enough requests for a drink I don't have the ingredients for, I will make an effort to secure them. I think you will really enjoy the Hospitality Suite this year.

Fannish Armada by Rod Sprague

By order of Roderick Sprague, High Admiral.

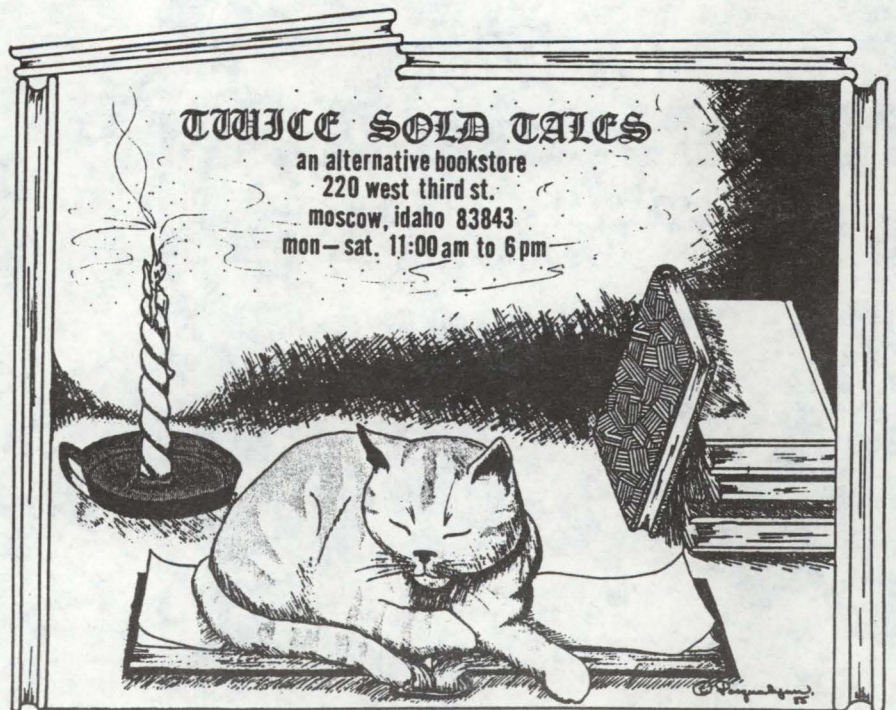
1. The race shall be held in the hotel jacuzzi where the boats will race along its calm length and will be propelled by the fans (electric variety) blowing from the end of it. Boats may also make use of any other free energy available in the room.

2. Boats must not exceed 12 inches (30.480 centimeters) in length.

3. Boats must not use internal power of any



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kind: fuel, charged batteries, momentum, spinning flywheels, etc. Energy normally in the room cannot be augmented by contestants (a spotlight or microwave beam directed at the boat would be cheating.)

4. Boats may not dump chemicals or particles into the jacuzzi (we want to use it, too!), and must not fall apart in the water.

5. The races shall consist of heats leading up to a final race. Each heat shall consist of as many boats as can reasonably fit in at

the starting line. Any boats that do not perform well as a result of a correctable problem, or a collision with another boat or the side of the jacuzzi, shall enter a later heat at their convenience.

6. All races will start on a verbal command.

7. I, the High Admiral, will be the final judge of the rules. I will try to be fair in determining the winner, but please keep in mind the main point of the race is to have fun.

Moscow-Pullman Restaurant Guide

Here is a simple list of the restaurants and pizza parlors in the area that you might want to visit. The addresses are listed with the restaurants, but be sure to ask if you need help.

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.

Due to the heavy influx of football fans for Homecoming, you should be aware that the local restaurants are likely to be busier than usual, and that for many of them, reservations will be in order if you expect to get served within a reasonable time.

Also keep in mind the special Saturday night dinner we have arranged with Cavanaugh's. If you want to avoid long lines, try it out.

Moscow Restaurants

BISCUITROOT PARK (415 S. Main)-This is a favorite restaurant in Moscow. It is a bit more expensive than most of our restaurants, but you can still get an excellent dinner for less than \$11.00 per person.


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. 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 Mirage.

THE NOBBY INN (501 S. Main) - The Nobby is a good, solid, all-American restaurant with a good, solid, all-American menu. It's a good place for breakfast, especially on Saturday when Biscuitroot isn't open for brunch.

ROGER'S ICE CREAM (402 S. Main)-Roger's makes its own ice cream and it is fantastic! A Moscow tradition.

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.

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INFANT TO 7

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moscow mall

GAMES AND PUZZLES FOR EVERYONE
MY LITTLE PONY, GI JOE TRANSFORMERS

TJ'S PANTRY (1516 Pullman Road)-The only 24-hour restaurant in town, TJ's serves breakfast at any hour. 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.

THE BROILER (1516 Pullman Road)-hidden in the depths of the University Inn/Best Western, the Broiler has a very elegant lunch menu and good service. They even hide your bill in a leather cover and give you mints after you eat.

SKIPPER'S (828 W. Pullman Road)-This is our local inexpensive seafood and chowder house. There is also a nice salad bar for those who appreciate such things.

THE PALOUSE EMPIRE MALL (1850 W. Pullman Road)-The Mall has assorted fast food restaurants including: Tater's, Orange Julius, King's Table (a delicious, all-you-can-eat buffet), Sam's Subs, and assorted candy and popcorn stores.

BURGERS 'N' MORE (233 Palouse River Drive) - Has good food at low to medium prices. It's a little distant, but the food makes it well worth it.

CHANG SING RESTAURANT (512 S. Washington) - Here you have some fine Chinese and American dining, Cantonese style.

RATHAUS PIZZA (215 N. Main) - The Rathaus has pizza, sandwiches, salads and draft beer with free delivery.

MCDONALD'S (1404 W. Pullman Rd.)- Yep, we got one of 'em here, too. Standard McDonald's fare... just look for the Golden Arches.

DOMINO'S PIZZA (308 N. Main) - Pizzas of many varieties with free delivery service. Quality is quite good and service is fast.

CAVANAUGH'S (645 Pullman Rd.) - Last, but far from least on our list. Very good food at moderate (and up) prices. You can get a great dinner here for \$10.00 per person or less.

Pullman Restaurants

PELICAN PETE'S (1100 Johnson Road)-Exceptional hamburgers and some good munchies. Menu changes fairly frequently 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. 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 moderate to expensive range.

ALEX'S RESTAURANTE (N. 139 Grand) - Excellent Mexican food and a nice lounge. Moderate



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THE ORIENTAL RESTAURANT (S. 300 Grand)-Americanized Chinese food, but fairly good. Prices are moderate.

MANDARIN WOK (Main St. & Grand) - Very good food at a moderately expensive price. Some of the best Chinese food in the area.

MR. STEAK (SE 1000 Johnson Ave.) - Located on the left side of the road just as you're driving into Pullman from Moscow, Mr. Steak has good, medium-priced American steak.

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000	E.E. "Doc" Smith
001	Dean Ing
002	Michael Goodwin
003	Bryce Walden
004	Dr. Rob Quigley
005	Jon Gustafson
006	Beth Finkbiner
007	Mike Finkbiner
008	Julia Mueller
009	Vicki Mitchell
010	Bill Johns
010a	Gretchen Johns
011	Melanie Taylor Bennett
012	Debbie Miller
013	David Bennett
014	Susan Johns
015	Bryan Hughes
016	Charlie Leaphart
017	Ari Burns
018	Gryphon (Jackie Duram)
019	Jean Crawford
020	Scott Hysmith
021	Roderick Sprague
022	Tony Butterfield

023	Jeanne Wood
024	Jerry Eveland
025	Kitten (Chris Nilsson)
026	Donna Bailly
027	Lisa Satterlund
028	Hadley Hysmith
029	Debi Robinson-Smith
030	Thom Walls
031	Becky Fallis
032	Nels Satterlund
033	Steve Forty
034	Sue Ann Harfst
035	David Bigelow
036	Betty Bigelow
037	David George
038	Pat Burrows
039	Ed Steever
040	Becky Steever
041	Keith Mears
042	Pete Majewski
043	Sue Majewski
044	David Graham
045	Guest of David Graham
046	Alden Hackmann
047	Maikke Brown



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 049 Jan Cuthbertson
 050 Tom Harwood
 051 Kathryn Krauel
 052 Charles O. Christenson
 053 Diana Moore
 054 Carmine Penrosa
 055 Melora Foy
 056 Marjorie Stratton
 056A Eric Stratton
 057 Frank White
 058 Dan Heberer
 059 Yvonne Higgins
 060 Tony Higgins
 061 Lynn Kingsley
 062 Cathy Delaney
 063 Michael Delaney
 064 Jane Fancher
 065 Joyce Wood
 066 Aaron Freeland
 067 Joanne Johnson
 068 Lynn Johnson
 069 Jeffrey L. Halbhuber
 070 Phrannque Sciamanda
 071 Douglas Booze
 072 Brian Bygland
 073 Jenny Bygland
 074 Bill Seney
 075 Ken Ames

076 Frank Cuta
 077 Judy Cuta
 078 Mary Hart
 079 Susan Berven
 080 Leroy Berven
 081 Jerry French
 082 Connie Hudson
 083 Michael Hudson
 084 Walter Coslet
 085 Annette Wade
 086 Glenn Wade
 087 Ginger Stratton
 088 Karen Crosby
 089 Marianne Nielsen
 090 A.L. Goss
 091 Kathy Albe
 092 John Barnes
 093 Michael Scanlon
 094 Herby Fairbanks
 095 Andrew Davie
 096 Vern Richardson-Corson
 097 Betty Richardson-Corson
 098 Peter Terry
 099 Darlene Terry
 100 Bill Trojan
 101 Bryan Barrett
 102 Steve Gallacci
 103 Guest of Bill Trojan
 104 Myron Molnau

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105 Andrew Molnau
 106 Michael Molnau
 107 Albert Trestrail
 108 Ellen Thisted
 109 David Dezotell
 110 Ron Gillies
 111 Mark Jones
 112 Richard Wright
 113 Lorna Toolis
 114 Michael Skeet
 115 Colleen Harris
 116 Stuart Cooper
 117 John Mullock
 118 Michael Citrak
 119 Clay Breshears
 120 Lorna Breshears
 121 Jeanne Hutton
 122 Pat Apodaca
 123 Guest of Pat Apodaca
 124 Guest of Pat Apodaca
 125 Terry Hysmith
 126 Mary K. Reid
 127 Larry Reid
 128 Mama's Prose and Steel
 129 Mama's Prose and Steel
 130 Carl Mork
 131 Donna McMahon
 132 Cleon E. Dean
 133 Ken Boles
 134 Jill Boles
 135 Kathryn Fansler
 136 John Hysmith
 137 Marc Cramer
 138 Madilane Perry
 139 Black Priestess (Teresa Strickley)
 140 Karen Lilybjelke

141 Lynn Taylor
 142 Lawrence Hussey
 143 Keri D'Amico
 144 Kathy Tyers
 145 Jefferson Slack
 146 Cynthia Hildesheim
 147 Tom Milliorn
 148 Liane Sperlich
 149 Angela Pogue
 150 Samuel Butler
 151 Lynne Anne Goodwin
 151A Robert Goodwin
 152 F.M. Busby
 153 Elinor Busby
 154 John Dalmas
 155 Dean Smith
 156 Kris Thompson
 157 Nina Hoffman
 158 A.J. Budrys
 159 Verna Smith Trestrail
 160 Steve Fahnestalk
 161 Stephen L. Gillett
 162 Joyce Gillett
 163 Damon Knight
 164 Kate Wilhelm
 165 Gina Ing
 166 Guest of Quigley
 167 Guest of Walden
 168 John Barnes
 169 Carla Emery
 170 Holly Butler
 171 Bob Norton
 172 Scott Swanson
 173 Judy Swanson
 174 N. Hogoboom
 175 Cheri Streimikes
 176 Ron Martino
 177 Brenda Martino
 178 Robert Johns
 179 Lynn Pacione
 180 Bronck (Brock Lambert)
 181 J. Steven York
 182 Chris York
 183 Bob Donnell

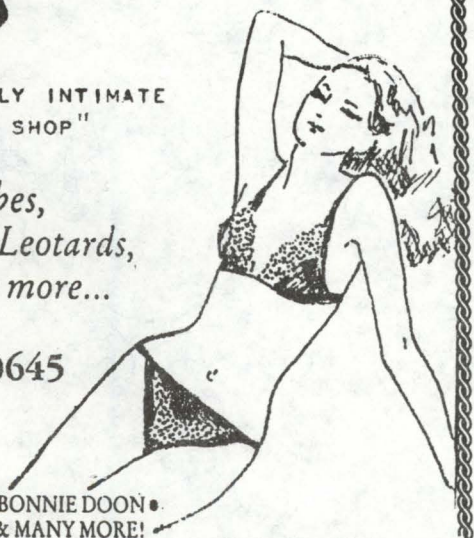
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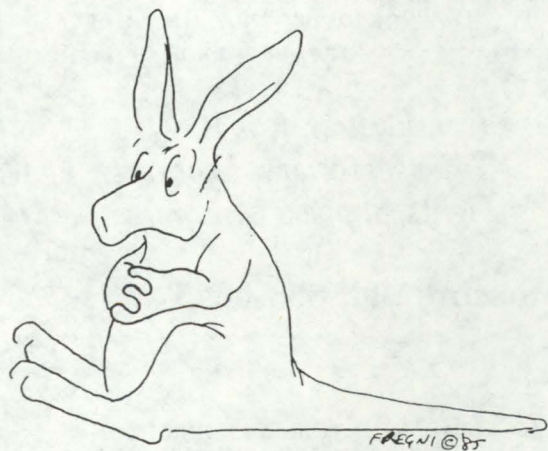
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Vice-Chairman.....Vicki Mitchell
Treasurer.....Beth Finkbiner
Membership.....Jacqualynn Duram Nilsson
Programming.....Melanie Taylor Bennett
Art Show.....Mark Jones
Operations.....John Porter, Dave Bennett
Dealers' Rooms.....Tony Butterfield
Security.....Jean Crawford
Gophers.....Beck Mostafavinassab
Program Book.....Jon Gustafson, Jacqualynn Duram
Hospitality.....Rod Sprague
Writer's Workshop.....Betty Smith
Masquerade.....Beck Mostafavinassab
Video Room.....Morphia Studio
Trivia Bowl.....Lisa Satterlund, Suzanne Creelman
Advertising.....Debi Robinson-Smith
Admiral, Fannish Armada.....Rod Sprague
Resident Red Lensman.....Verna Smith Trestrail
Patron Saint-at-Large.....E.E. "Doc" Smith

Many, many thanks to all you terrific volunteers who appear,
almost magically, at MosCon to help us run the
convention. Even though you aren't all named here, we know
who you are and appreciate your help. Thank you all very much.

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