



# MosCon X

*September 23-25, 1988*  
*Moscow, Idaho*

**10th Anniversary  
Program Book**

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Most of the uncredited writing was done by the editor, who got tired of seeing his name splattered all over the place.

# MosCon X CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

by Vicki Mitchell

MosCon X? It doesn't seem possible. It can't have been more than a few months ago that Steve Fahnstalk was saying, "We really ought to do a convention of our own." And, at the time, no one told Steve -- or anyone listening to him -- that you can't put on a convention in a town the size of Moscow. It's probably just as well; by the time people started telling us it wasn't possible to hold a convention in a town smaller than 250,000, MosCon was dedicated to defying conventional logic. We're still holding an annual convention in a small town that is *hours* from any major city -- and we consistently have twice as many guests as a convention our size should be able to afford. Besides that, we have a tradition of innovation: artist guests of honor, limited edition art prints, scientist guests of honor, formal white-tie-and-towel jacuzzi parties. Plus such infamous items as the MosCon towels and the French kiss mugs. And, of course, this whole project labeled "MosCon X."

How do we manage it? The simplest explanation is mass insanity. Why else would we put so much time and effort into doing this every year? Another reason could be laziness -- how else do we get a convention that isn't a six- to fourteen-hour drive away? Actually, though, I think the reason is that an inordinate number of capable, talented people live in the Moscow/Pullman area -- and they're all working on MosCon. Statistically, MosCon is an anomaly, but the nature of statistics is such that anomalies are expected to occur *somewhere*. I'm glad this particular anomaly occurs here.

When we started planning MosCon X, we wanted to do something different and spectacular to show our appreciation to all our friends who keep coming back to MosCon every year. First, we plotted and schemed to put together a group of guests that would make any major convention envious. I think we succeeded. The best thing is that they're all neat people -- and they're looking forward to MosCon because it is a *small* convention. (Be sure to read their biographies -- and, no, we didn't *plan* the dragon theme.)

After we had half our guests lined up, Jon Gustafson came up with another brainstorm. He suggested that our tenth anniversary program book ought to be spectacular -- better even than the WorldCon's. We couldn't resist that idea, either, so Jon set out to collect contributions from all our guests of honor --

past and present. They responded with generous enthusiasm, as you can see. (And we also did a limited hardcover edition of the book, because we discovered people wanted to *collect* it as soon as they heard what was in it.)

Even this wasn't enough. We decided our tenth annual convention deserved a birthday party. So -- Saturday night after the masquerade, we are serving cake and ice cream to the entire convention. The chef has been planning the cake decorations for months, so it should be something to see!

In addition to the things mentioned above, we are planning our usual array of events. Consult your Pocket Program for the exact schedule; times for most things had not been set when the program book went to press.

And -- one final word -- *enjoy*. It's a MosCon tradition we want to keep going for another ten years.



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# THE EDITOR SPEAKS

by Jon Gustafson

Arf, arf.

There, now that I've got that out of my system, let's get down to business.

## Welcome to the MosCon X Program Book.

This was a project started in early 1988, when I decided to make the tenth anniversary Program Book something to remember. With a little gentle persuasion (and a large hammer), I was able to persuade the rest of the concomm to go along with me. (It was a little more difficult to convince them that the hardcover edition was such a hot idea, but eventually they saw the reasoning behind that, too.) I'm not sure most of them thought we could pull this off . . . in fact, I'm not sure *I* really thought it could be pulled off . . . but MosCon has always had a reputation of doing the improbable, so what the hey. You never know what you can do until you try.

Actually, part of the idea came to me (though I didn't realize it at the time) at last year's NASFiC, when they handed me their Program Book. It seemed to contain nothing but a few biographies and a *lot* of ads. When I checked back with my Westercon Program Book, it was about the same, although I think they might have included a short story. And I got peeved about this, considering what the cons cost to attend. *Why*, I asked myself, can't these conventions put together a Program Book that would reflect their importance?

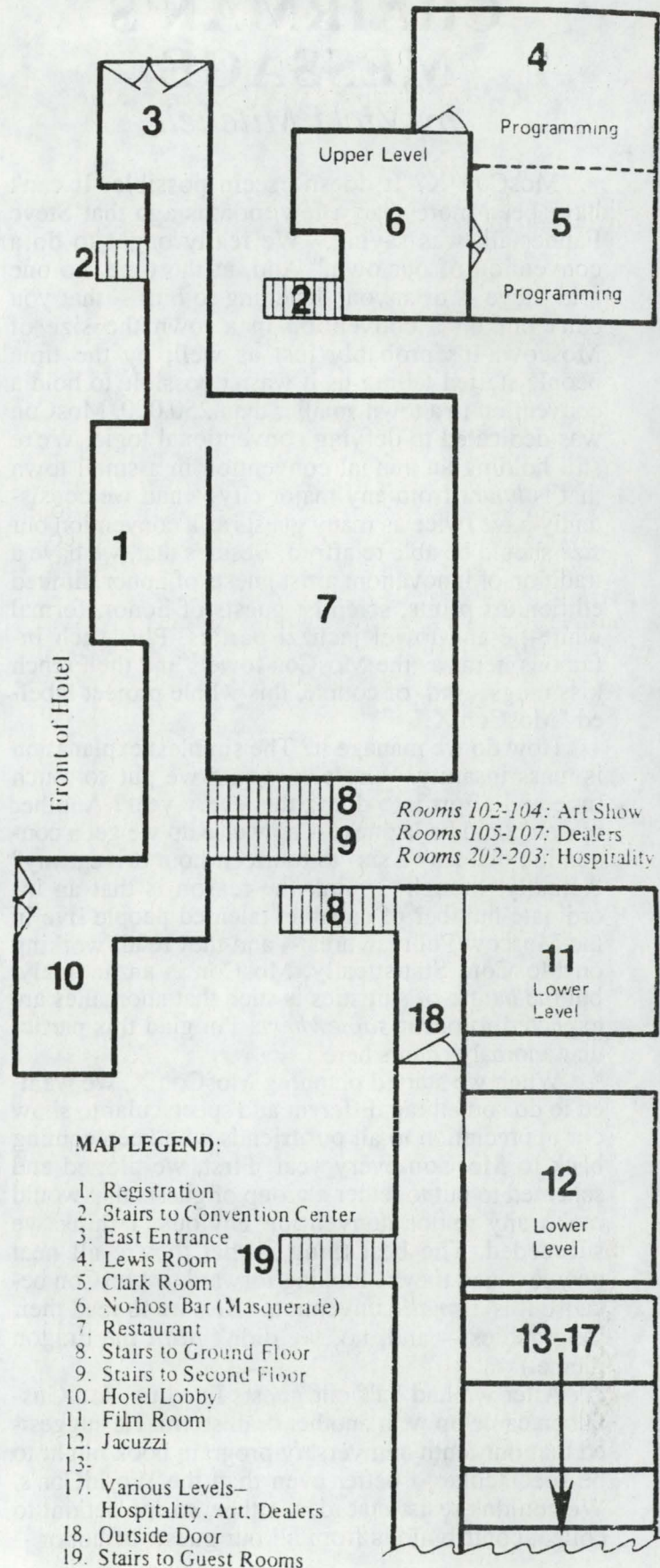
Perhaps because nobody ever showed them what could be done with a Program Book if someone wanted to put in some effort and the con wanted to spend a few bucks on production. Well, hell, we've never been afraid of a little challenge, right? Right.

What you are holding in your hands contains over 25,000 words of fiction (more than *half of which has never seen print before*); 30,000 words and more of articles and opinions, most of which is new; and about 10,000 words of biographies. Most of the art has never been printed before. The paperback edition has *sewn* signatures, not glued, and the limited-edition hardcover has a dustjacket. It's quality throughout.

I hope you enjoy it. It was a lot of work putting it together, but the result was, I think, worth it. I am *very* grateful to all of MosCon's past and present GoHs, who gave so willingly to this project; thank you all. It -- quite literally -- could *not* have been done without you.

And the ball is now in the court of the Worldcons and Westercons and NASFiCs -- *match this if you can*. You owe it to your members.

## Hotel Map



# ANNE McCAFFREY BIOGRAPHY

by Jody Lynn Nye

(author of *The Illustrated Guide to Pern and other books*)

The first time I met Anne was at Norwescon IX, at which she was the Guest of Honor. My husband, Bill, had left me to wait in the hotel registration line to go chat with friends and find out if Anne had arrived yet. I was very nervous, as I had admired Anne for a long time, had enjoyed her books and the apocryphal stories I'd heard about her, but I had not yet met her.

I found that I was standing two people behind a woman in a purple pants suit and matching slouch hat. When she turned her head, I noted with amazement that her shining silver hair was streaked on one side with purple, blue, and red. It seemed obvious that this woman had to be connected with the convention, but I didn't know in what way. Suddenly Bill appeared and charged toward this lady with his arms spread wide, crying "Anne!" So this was Anne McCaffrey! I suppose I should have guessed, as Anne McCaffrey always seems to do the unexpected. And ain't it grand?

The realm of fiction is richer for her presence, but Anne does more than merely inspire by her writings. She encourages the creativity of others with kind words and honest, constructive criticism and (where needed) a judicious kick in the pants. She buoyed me up with her genuine interest and kindness when I was so terribly nervous about presenting to



her my plots for *Dragonharper* and *Dragonfire* (Ms. Nye's game /novels from Tor Books -- Ed.). I mean, here I was, daring to meddle in *her* world, Pern! And yet, she was patient, as she was later on while four of us grilled her exhaustingly over a period of ten days on every detail of that world for the upcoming *Illustrated Guide to Pern*. She has done a great deal to launch the careers of budding SF and fantasy writers whose books, without Anne's enthusiastic blurb on the cover, might be given a miss by the average bookstore browser. I trust her taste. If she liked it, I probably will, too.

Anne is happy to meet with her fans, and delivers wonderful and absorbing speeches on her craft, no matter how small the audience. She tells better and funnier stories on herself than the ones I've heard from other people (they lose something second-hand). She takes real pleasure in a good song, a good yarn, or a good joke.

Since the early 1970's, Anne and her family have lived in County Wicklow, Republic of Ireland. Their home, Dragonhold is a comfortable place twisted into the crazy lace of Irish roads not far from the Sugarloaf, the real-life model for Pern's Two-Faced Mountain. Among the residents and regulars are "Sis" Sara Brooks; Derval Diamond, Anne's stable manager and the original model for Menolly; Katherine Kurtz and family; Diane Duane and Peter Morwood (neighbors); a rather sweet Doberman pinscher and four cats. Dragonhold Stables, a state-of-the-art working, breeding, and training farm, has just had its first equestrian event, fielding 75 entries (which is considered to be a very respectable showing).

Anne has three children of whom she is very proud, and justifiably so. The eldest, Alex (with his wife's help, of course), has produced Anne's first grandchildren. Todd, who works as a computer programmer in California, published his first book in February (*Slammers Down!*, from Ace Books), and is on the verge of getting his pilot's license. Gigi, her only daughter, is an administrator at the Los Angeles Center for the Performing Arts, is an accomplished horsewoman, and has just bought a house (no mean feat at Los Angeles prices).

As Anne is fond of saying about "Weyr Search," the first story in the Dragonriders canon, "Who would have expected all this from one short story?" By the time you read this, her tenth Pern novel, *Dragonsdawn*, will be only a month from publication by Del Rey Books, and there is more to come.

More than a million words about the dragonriders and other folk of Pern have issued from Anne's word processor, and those have been seized with glad cries by her following, but it wouldn't do to neglect her other works. Who else would cover the realm of psychic talents and then point out their marketability, as Anne did in *To Ride Pegasus*? Her

latest non-SF novel, *The Lady* (in the United Kingdom, *The Carradune Touch*), is a beautiful and moving study of life in Ireland in the early 1970's and, along the way, teaches her readers a lot about the breeding and training of horses. She coaxed original recipes out of noted SF and fantasy authors for *Cooking Out of This World*. I am always delighted to find a book by Anne that I haven't read. It means I have something to look forward to.

Of all science fiction writers I have read, Anne creates the most realistic strong female characters. Drawn as if from life, these women have their loves and squabbles, dangers and disappointments, but they lead rich lives. Her heroines are not content to wait around for the heroes to rescue them, and they take chances. Like their creator, they're self-actualizers. Take Lessa, who charged backwards in time 400 years to save ill-defended Pern from Thread; Moreta, who sacrificed herself to exhaustion and plague; Killashandra, who risked her life every time she entered the crystal ranges; or Helva, the ship who sang, who though virtually indestructible, risked isolation and madness during her pioneer explorations of deep space. These women are not immune to tragedy, but neither do they let it stop their lives' course. By her own confession, Anne is a writer of romances and prefers a happy ending, but even the unhappy ones are *satisfying*.

Anne's inventions light up the imagination. Dragons, the biggest best friend man ever had, that can carry one through space and time as easily as through the air, fulfill fantasies about flying and doing heroic and dangerous deeds that could save a world while banishing loneliness from one's soul. I wouldn't mind having a few fire lizards around, Pern's answer to kittens (if kittens had thumbs and wings), except no cat munchy would ever be safe again put up just out of reach.

Her first appearance in print was entitled "Freedom of the Race," in the October, 1953, issue of *Science Fiction Plus*. You may be surprised to know that the first science fiction hardbound ever to make the *New York Times* best-seller list was Anne's. Male-oriented SF readers would surely guess that Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov, Robert A. Heinlein, or one of the other male greats would have been there first, but they'd be wrong. In 1978, *The White Dragon* entered the lists. Every one that has come after is following in Anne's wake. Her fans and peers have paid tribute to her originality by bestowing on her the Hugo award for Best SF Novella (1967, for "Weyr Search," which was also nominated for the Nebula award that year), and the Nebula for Best SF Novella (1968, for "Dragon Rider," which was also nominated for a Hugo), among other accolades.

Anne has marvelous aplomb. I've never seen her without the right words for an occasion. I applied to

the experts (her children) for an anecdote to illustrate this. Her son Todd contributed this story:

In 1967, the year "Weyr Search" came out, Anne was secretary/treasurer of the Science Fiction Writers of America. As secretary, she was called upon to make the Nebula trophies, and would be handing them out at the awards banquet. But Anne discovered her name was on the list: she was going to win the award for Best Novella. She felt it would be inappropriate to give one to herself, so she looked around for a substitute presenter. In the end, Anne applied to her good friend Isaac Asimov for help. After hearing the situation, he agreed to take her place and present the Nebulas, on the condition that he could say a few words.

On the night of the banquet, Asimov waxed lyrical, stating that some authors' names lent themselves to music. Their very rhythms insisted they be sung. He gave a couple of examples of his theory, and then announced, "... and the winner for Best Novella . . ." and burst into song, "Anne McCaffrey, open your Golden Gates . . .!"

Anne vowed to get even.

Within a year, Asimov won an award, too. In his acceptance speech, he became somewhat maudlin, to the amusement of his audience. He was grateful for the honor conferred by his fellows. The science fiction writers, he said, were his family, his community. Without his friends, he would just die.

Without missing a beat, Anne rose from her seat at the back of the room. "Live, Tinkerbell!" she shouted.

The crowd went wild.

And I have a new story to add to my collection of Anne McCaffrey apocrypha.



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Assembled by Matt Hargreaves

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# THE REAL LELA DOWLING

by Ken Macklin

If you're like me, you never read the program book until you get home. During the convention, you're too busy having fun or conducting business to do much beyond checking the schedule of events. Now that you have the time to relax, you're wondering who all those people were. Maybe you asked the writer guest of honor if he wondered what it would be like to write for film and now you learn that he's written seventeen screenplays, right? Well, maybe you don't care, but at least you've got to wonder if all those rumors are true.



Many say Lela Dowling was orphaned as a child and raised by puffins. A colorful notion, but one without substantiation. True, Lela always lived close to the California coast, but puffins are uncommon here. Only parents of great creativity and insight could have prepared Lela for her career in art.

When I first encountered Lela in 1977, she approached me at a San Francisco comic convention and complemented me on my art. Had she waddled or resembled a puffin, I'm certain I would have recalled the event. We were formally introduced the following year, and she displayed none of the mannerisms associated with puffins, save perhaps shyness. She did display art, however; mostly pen and ink drawings subtly colored with dyes. Soon

thereafter she abandoned the dyes in favor of more permanent watercolors and this would prove to be her mainstay medium for years to come. Her early work revealed influences by Roger Dean, Arthur Rackham, and Frank Frazetta, but in a style that was uniquely her own from the beginning. Her earliest work had a precocious grasp of draftsmanship that made her the envy of the up and coming Bay Area artists.

Further studies by ornithological experts have established that Lela's formal art training, beginning at home, continued at Foothill College in California, where her cartoons enhanced the school paper. Falling into the company of unsavory characters, Lela began displaying her work at science fiction and fantasy conventions.

Her first major exposure came in 1980 when she was commissioned by Schanes and Schanes Publishers to do a portfolio of prints. Though one perceives the theme of flight, the subject was dragons, not puffins. Three more portfolios followed, including two in color. The portfolio market bloomed, then withered, but Lela had increased the audience for her art.

Having been influenced in her formative years by the graphic story medium (i.e. funny books), Lela has occasionally dabbled in the realm of comics. In 1986, she was convinced to go beyond dabbling and assumed chores on two bi-monthly books. *Fusion* and *The Dreamery*, edited by Lex Nakashima and published by Eclipse Comics, are both 32 page black and white books. Though similar in format, they vary markedly in content and showcase the dichotomy between Lela's "funny" style and her "serious" style. Lela's work in *The Dreamery* is "cartoony," light, humorous, and highly stylized in the traditions of *Mad Magazine* and the Disney studios. By contrast, her work in *Fusion* (in collaboration with Steve Gallacci) is realistic and dramatic in the style of the super-hero and science fiction genres. Though the books have experienced low distribution, several copies found their way to Puffin Island and evinced no signs of recognition among the inhabitants.

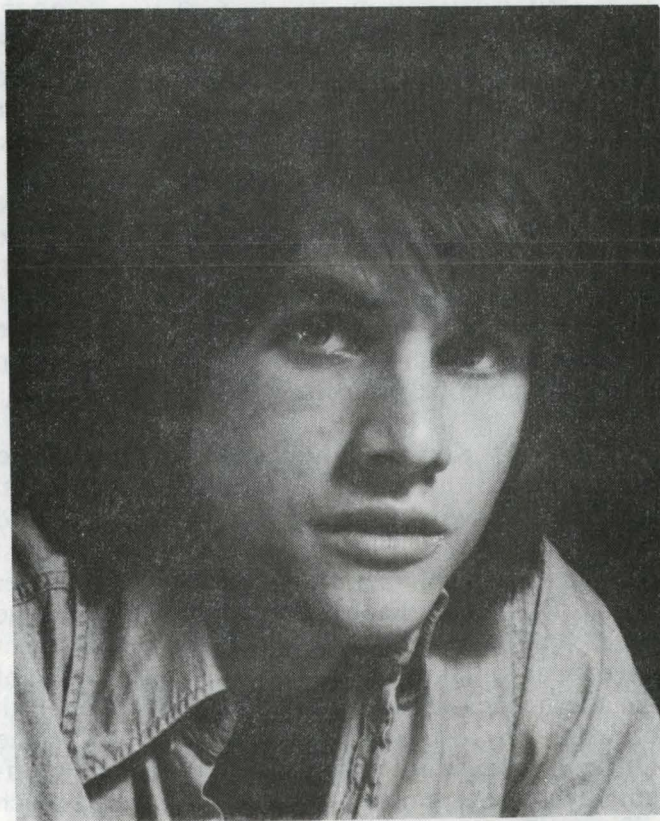
Though Lela's work on *The Dreamery* has concluded, her work on *Fusion* continues with the added feature of the "Weasel Patrol." Inbetween these installments, Lela produces fine art for science fiction and fantasy art shows and proceeds at a snail's pace on her millenia-long list of private commissions.

Science fiction and fantasy fandom has enjoyed Lela's artwork for a decade, a decade that has seen tremendous growth in the work of an artist who was neither mediocre nor puffin-like. I could expound on the formal qualities of Lela's artwork, her mastery of the crowquill, her explorations of the integration of transparent color and line, of her original incorporation of Egyptian and Western motifs with fan-



support the wild tales and if the puffins know more than I do they're not talking.

*\*Lela's Rebuttal -- Drink my own bathwater?! I deny it! I bottle and sell it!*



## THE REAL KEN MACKLIN

by Lela Dowling

Where does one start when describing Artist Guest of Honor Ken Macklin? Is he the "talented science fiction and fantasy art painter?" Is he "the 'funny animal' artist and recipient of numerous 'Best Humor' art show awards?" Is he the "creator of the tremendously popular, widely acclaimed book *How to Draw Rocks*?" Is he "an avid player of Fizzball?" Is he a . . . "puffin fancier?"

Some say Ken is one of the finest artists to grace science fiction, fantasy, and comics conventions since Tim Kirk dropped off the face of the Earth\*. His whimsical and humorous style, combined with dramatic lighting and composition, make for enchantingly memorable paintings. Though he has had some art instruction at Santa Rosa Junior College and Sonoma State University, Ken is largely self-taught. His talent and his discipline have taken him farther than many people could have gotten with several



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tasy themes, but if you're like me, you'll just want to know the dirt. What about that collection of hobo figurines? Does she really drink her own bathwater?\* Did she really burn her underwear in the fireplace? I'll not lend any of these absurd rumors dignity by mentioning them here. I've found no evidence to

years of art school instruction. But is he a painter . . . or a 'funny book' artist?

Some say Ken has delusions of becoming the next Frank Frazetta, or Jeff Jones, or Vaughn Bode -- or all three! His first foray into published work came with StarReach Production's *Quack*, in 1977. Despite this experience, he went on to create his "Dr. Watchstop" cartoon strip character and see it printed in several issues of *Epic Illustrated*, a Marvel Comics production. There followed occasional jobs for the *Comics Journal*, Fantagraphic's *Critters*, and *Eclipse*; his most recent work appears in *Fusion*, with the continuing adventures of "Dr. Watchstop" and "The Weasel Patrol." Possibly his best comic book work to date appeared in his very own black and white comic, *Contractors*, a priceless and obscure *Eclipse* publication. Though he is at this moment working on future comic book projects, is this truly where his heart lies?

Some say Ken actually wants a real job and to heck with all this hand-to-mouth freelance artist stuff! In fact, he occasionally ventures into the world of nine-to-five when he works as a computer artist on independent contract for the Lucasfilm Computer Games Division. What this actually means is that he arises at a leisurely hour, gets to the office in time to have lunch with the guys, shmoozes away the rest of the afternoon, and completes about two hours' worth of work before beating it on home ahead of the traffic. Not too much different than the life of a self-employed artist. Come to think of it, not too much different than a working stiff's job. But does he really want to sit in front of a computer screen for the rest of his life, doing "brick art?"

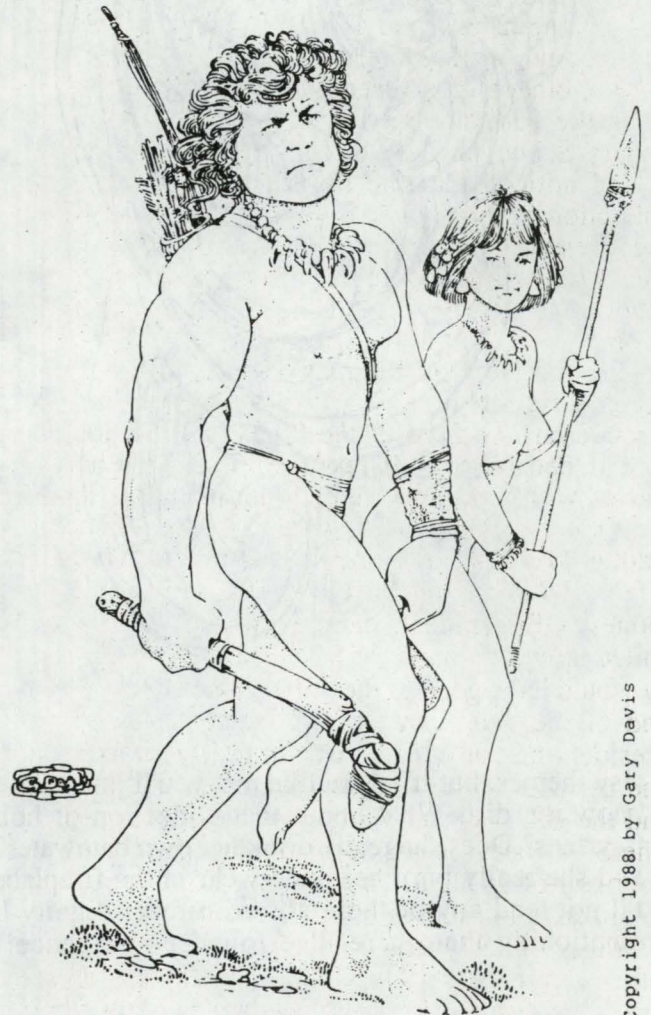
Some say Ken never wanted to be an artist at all! Born on a chicken ranch around 1954, years of mucking out coops and getting up at five a.m. to feed the critters gave him a head start on the road to seeking different employment. When I first met him, Ken was studying Business Management with an emphasis on Accounting at Sonoma State University in California. He also had a job sweeping parking lots to earn spare money. Though he dropped both of these promising careers to become a full-time, self-employed, unemployed artist, there has been much speculation that Ken remains freelance for the sheer thrill of being his own book-keeper. But does he really want to work at all, or does he just want to "putter?"

Some say Ken would far rather mess around the house all day than do any book-keeping, drawing, painting, computer programming . . . or make *any* important decisions about his future whatsoever. Many's the time when, with a convention drawing near and work to be done, I've found him out in the garage tearing apart his motorcycle and dipping each piece in Armorall. Though you can always count on Ken to get that large commercial job done before the

deadline, there's always time inbetween to grout the bathtub or change the oil in the truck. Though many would theorize that his constant puttering proclaims a persnickity personality (in other words, a neatness freak), I have my own ideas about this behavior. I believe Ken is undergoing some sort of subtle experiment with time, and that if he can stop the things around him from aging, he can stop time itself.

In conclusion, one could say that Ken Macklin is either a complex variety of separate personalities, or he's completely mythical and the clever stand-in that the convention committee has provided is merely a hired character actor. But since I live with the guy, I think I can safely say that Ken does, indeed, exist. I might also add that he's one heck of a great guy and if you have the chance to talk to him while you're at the convention, by all means do so. But keep your puffins under close guard.

*\*Ken's Rebuttal -- Tim Kirk did not drop off the face of the Earth! (He moved to L.A.; almost the same thing. -- Ed.) Well, maybe the part about sweeping parking lots is true, but the rest is all lies and wild exaggeration!*



# ED AND NORMA BEAUREGARD

by Fran Skene

On two occasions I promised an audience that I would reveal the identities of the *real* Secret Masters of Fandom -- those people who sit in their back rooms with their computers and modems and control the course of International Fandom -- the people who by definition are secret! Well, I didn't quite get around to unmasking these individuals in those speeches. But to you, the members of MosCon X, I will reveal the identities of two of them: Ed and Norma Beauregard.

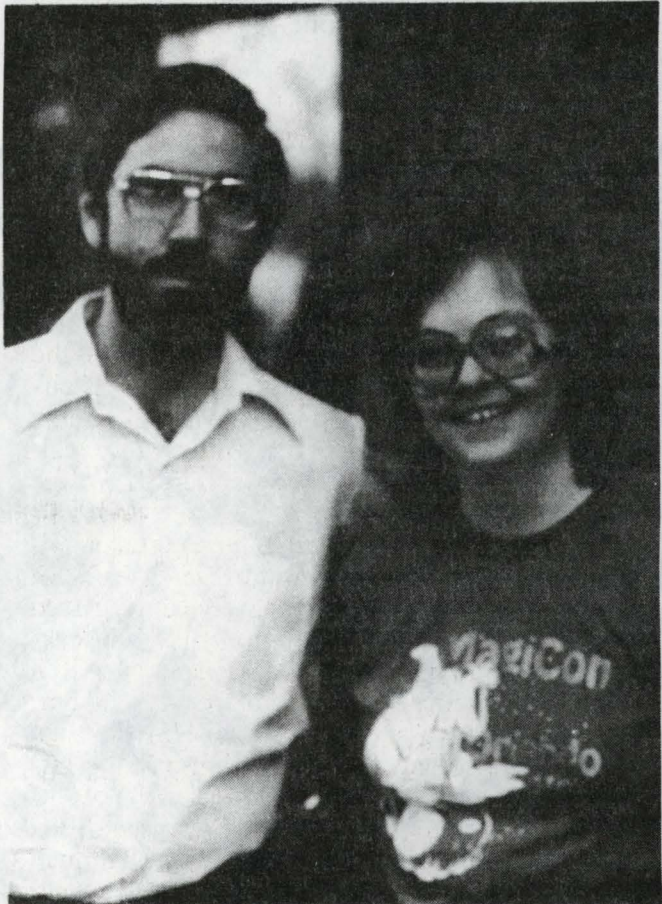
I first met them, I think, at a meeting of the British Columbia Science Fiction Association in 1973. But I just missed them twice before. In 1969, I joined the SF club at the University of British Columbia but became inactive to attend to a killer library science program. Both Ed and Norma were on the executive of the club that year, he as clubzine editor, she as treasurer (and, at first, the only female alive in the club). They shared an admiration for hard SF, *Astounding/Analog* (they own most of the issues of the magazine), and John W. Campbell in particular. And, well, the rest is history.

The other almost meeting occurred when I started in as the school librarian at Newton Junior Secondary School in the Vancouver suburb of Surrey, B.C. I noticed that the librarian had a very good collection of hardcover SF -- odd, considering my predecessor was a little old lady who had retired. Years later, I discovered that Ed had attended that school and had persuaded the librarian to buy the books.

Ed and Norma, like many fans, started reading science fiction at an early age. Norma, in fact, discovered *The Lord of the Rings* in 1961, long before it became a cult favorite. Their fan activity started with the year I missed them at UBC. And so did their career as SMOFs. Ed says that this was all Raquel Welch's fault. She starred in a movie called *1,000,000 B.C.*, which the UBC club showed for money. UBC students came in droves, and the club ended up with a profit of \$140. Normally, this money would have gone to the Alma Mater Society at the end of the year, but Ed and Norma and the club president had an idea. Why not create another club and use the profit to pay everyone's dues? They did and the B.C. Science Fiction Association was born. The \$140 became the seed money for V-Con 1 in February of 1971. At first, neither Ed, Norma, nor I were active in running cons. Then, after V-Con 3, in February of 1974, the co-chairpeople had a falling out. Volunteers from BCSFA -- Ed, Norma, myself, and several others -- started meetings to bring about a

resolution and to put together a constitution for the club.

Ed was Chairman Pro Tem during this time. The problems solved, the club had real elections and I became the first president. But now, Ed and Norma's career as SMOFs went into full swing as we put together a Vancouver bid for the 1977 Westercon. In July of 1975, off went a dozen or so of us to Oakland, CA, to brave a lot of fans who had barely heard of us and who needed a lot of convincing to support a bid from another country and with university dormitory facilities instead of a fancy hotel. All of us campaigned very hard but none more so than Ed or Norma. Between them, they probably got at least a dozen people to vote for Vancouver. When the vote was counted, we had won -- by *three* votes.



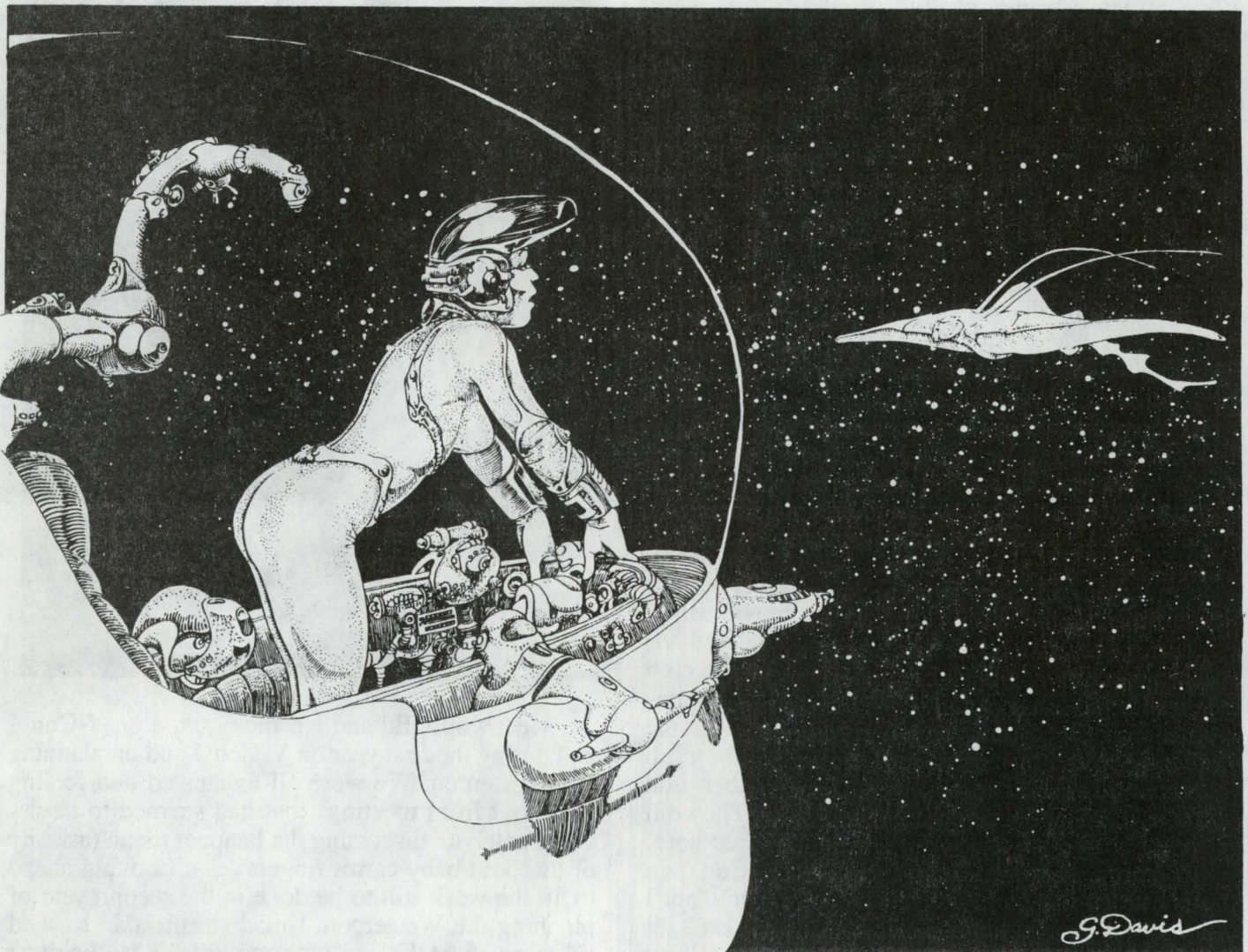
Meanwhile, Ed and Norma worked on V-Con 4 and during the first year on V-Con 5 and on planning the Westercon. We were all exhausted and feeling burnt out from meetings that had seemed to be devoted solely to discussing the banquet menu (ask any of us about baby carrot fingers . . .). Looking ahead to all the work still to be done in the second year of planning the Westercon, I made a mistake: I asked Ed to co-chair the con with me. *Real* SMOFs don't want that kind of prominence; Ed dropped out and then so did Norma. However, this turned out not to

be the last: they worked at the con itself and then Ed did the final report after the treasurer moved away.

After that, Norma and Ed served on the executives of both BCSFA and WCSFCCA (Western Canada Science Fiction Convention Committee Association -- also thought up by Ed and Norma) and worked for V-Cons 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, and 16. They always found someone else (of course) to chair those conventions. Then, during the planning of V-Con 16, its Chair resigned and moved to Calgary. The only person able to step in and immediately carry on this job of chairing it was . . . Ed Beauregard. My reaction was one of great glee, seeing Ed having to accept the prominence had always avoided. But my delight was short-lived. The con went well, of course, but once again Ed is taking a break from V-Cons. But you and I know he'll be back. And if/when Vancouver bids for another Westercon or Convention -- or a Worldcon! -- you can be pretty

sure Norma and Ed will be on that committee. And, meanwhile, they will be working on the Banff (Non-Con/MosCon) convention next year.

Recently, I asked them what they were most proud of. Norma, who already had a university degree in cell biology, is proudest of getting her accounting degree and is looking forward to working full-time once again. Ed is proudest of getting his pilot's license as a 17-year-old air cadet *before* getting his driver's license. But I also know that they have been politically active -- both have worked for the Progressive Conservative Party in various campaigns. Ed is also a killer wargamer, and they currently own seven computers. Both Ed and I were charter members of BCAPA. So ask them about any of these interests, or go up to them in the jacuzzi and ask them what they think of hot tubs. You will find them very friendly, and you will know that you have talked with real, true Secret Masters of Fandom.



# ROBERT L. FORWARD, Ph.D.

by Robert L. Forward and Jon  
Gustafson

Dr. Robert L. Forward, as far as is known, was not born in a log cabin. All other rumors about this incredibly bright, talented, and articulate man are probably true.

For many years, Dr. Forward worked at Hughes Research Labs. He started there right after his stint as an Air Force officer, in 1956, and developed a low noise ruby maser suitable for an airborne radar system. In 1958, he became a Hughes fellow at the University of Maryland for the next four years. For his thesis at Maryland, he participated in the construction and operation of the world's *first* bar antenna for the detection of interstellar gravitational radiation. That antenna is now on display in the Smithsonian museum.

For the next four years, Robert Forward contributed to the theoretical investigation of quantum effects in space laser communication systems and laser modulators, and published the first article to suggest the use of lasers for space propulsion. This latter idea has been used by a number of science fiction authors, such as Poul Anderson, with great effectiveness; our field would have this to thank Dr. Forward for, if nothing else . . . but his contributions didn't stop there.

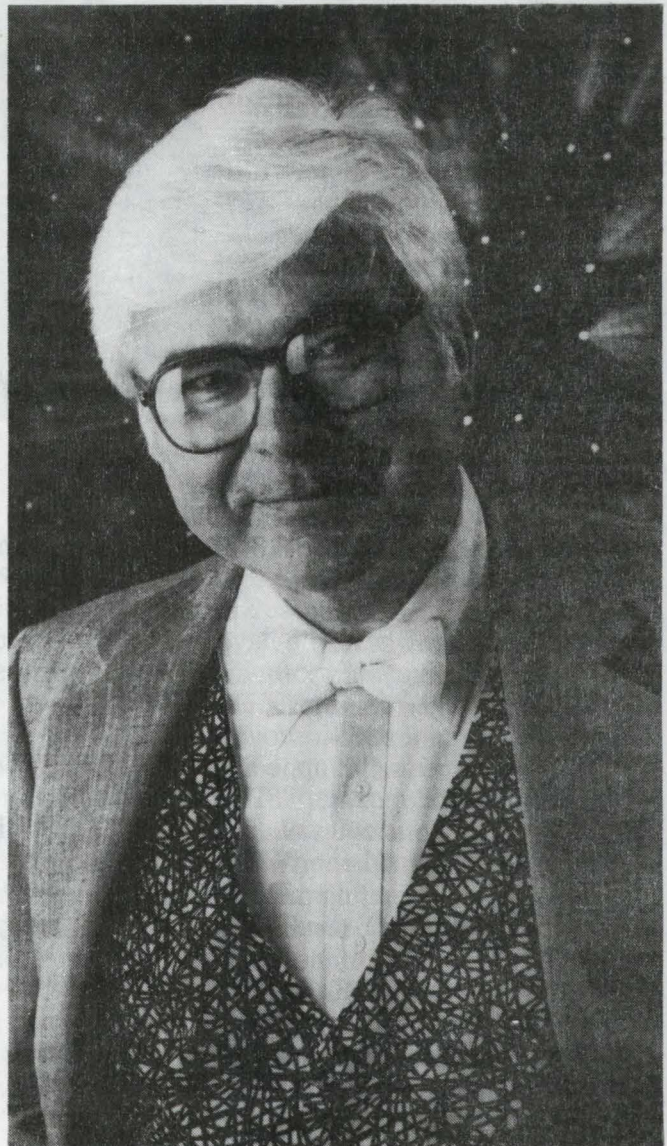
Back to things technical. In 1967, he founded the Exploratory Studies Department at the Hughes Research Labs and headed it for the next seven years. He started with a dozen people in the lab; there were over 50 when he left. He spent much of his time during this part of his life developing a rotating gravity gradiometer; this device is used in mapping the Earth (or the Moon) from air- or spacecraft. In the late 1970s and into the early 1980s, Dr. Forward conducted research on ultralow-noise systems and obtained patents on ten novel concepts for removing random noise from both mechanical structures and electronic circuits.

But what has he done lately, you ask? Well, more recently he's been a consultant for the Air Force, doing studies on advanced propulsion concepts (including a major effort on antiproton annihilation propulsion). He's been the Senior Scientist at Hughes . . . and been doing a lot of writing. In his career, he has authored some 65 professional publications on gravitation, gravity sensors, advanced propulsion concepts, and low-noise electrical and mechanical systems. Plus, just as sort of a sidelight, novels such as *Dragon's Egg*, its sequel, *Starquake*,

and *The Flight of the Dragonfly*. He has also published two other non-fiction books of note: *Mirror Matter* (with Joel Davis; it's about antimatter) and *Future Magic*.

For the frosting on this somewhat overwhelming cake, Dr. Forward is a Fellow of the British Interplanetary Society, Associate Fellow of AIAA, Senior member of IEEE and AAS, and a member of APS, NSS, Sigma Xi, Sigma Pi Sigma, and -- but of course -- SFWA (Science Fiction Writers of America).

And for all of this, he remains a vastly approachable person . . . if his vests don't drive you away (just wear dark glasses). He is friendly and willing to talk to any fan, including you (yes, *you* . . . and you over there, too, and you in the corner). And you don't need to worry about getting too technical, either. What more could a con ask of a Scientist Guest of Honor?



## OTHER GUEST PROFESSIONALS:



Photo copyright 1985 by N.K. Hoffman

### NINA KIRIKI HOFFMAN

NINA KIRIKI HOFFMAN is one of the many successful Moscow writers to leave the area for greener pastures, so to speak. She presently lives in Eugene, Oregon, where she cavorts with numerous other writers collectively known as "The Pulphouse Gang." She is still, of course, considered a member in good standing of the Moscow Moffia.

Her short fiction has appeared in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, TSR's *Dragon Magazine*, *Shadows 8* and *Shadows 9* (edited by Charles L. Grant), *Greystone Bay* and *Doom City* (also edited by Grant), Jessica Amanda Salmonson's *Tales By Moonlight*, *Writers of the Future, Vol. 1* (edited by Algis Budrys), and last, but certainly not least, Damon Knight's *Clarion Awards*.

She has also had a number of stories appear in small press publications, which include *Footsteps*, *Kalliope*, *Snappedragon*, and the well-respected *Fantasy & Terror*.

Not content to rest on her laurels, she has stories scheduled to appear in *Tales By Moonlight II*, *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*, *Weird Tales*, *Amazing Stories*, and *Grue*.

### KRISTINE KATHERINE RUSCH

KRISTINE KATHERINE RUSCH moved to the Pacific Northwest last year. Her short fiction has appeared in *Aboriginal SF*, *Amazing Stories*, *Boys Life*, and *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. Under the name Kristine K. Thompson, she has had work in *PulpSmith*, *Fantasy Book*, and *Space and Time*, as well as several other small press publications. Before turning her full attention to fiction, she made a living writing non-fiction. Her articles have appeared in *Amazing*, *Dragon*, *Publisher's Weekly*, *Emmy*, *Entrepreneur*, *Art West*, *In Business*, *Directions*, *Gifted Children Newsletter*, *The Feminist Connection*, *Cat Fancy*, *What's Happening*, *Fantasy Review*, and countless other publications.

Some of her radio work has been broadcast over National Public Radio's Morning Edition, and she has worked on radio scripts for Wisconsin Public Radio and the Annenberg Foundation. She has taught fiction and non-fiction courses at the University of Wisconsin-Madison Mini Courses, the University of Oregon Special Writing Program, Writers of the Future workshops, and the Moscow Moffia Writers' Program workshop. In 1987, she was the publicity director for Clarion.

Kristine Rusch is a member of SFWA, and is living in Eugene, Oregon, where she founded, with Dean Smith, the Pulphouse Gang writer's workshop. She is currently editing *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine* and is the assistant editor of *The Report*.

### DEAN WESLEY SMITH

DEAN WESLEY SMITH is a graduate of Clarion, the first Writers of the Future workshop in Taos, and a full member of the Science Fiction Writers of America. He has sold more than two dozen stories to such places as *The Clarion Awards*, edited by Damon Knight; *Writers of the Future: Volume 1*, edited by Algis Budrys; *Oui Magazine*, *Gambling Times Magazine*, *Horror Show*, Cyn Mason's near-legendary *Wet Visions*, *Rat Tales* (which he also edited), and two stories to *Night Cry*. His second story for *Night Cry*, "Jukebox Man," received nominations for both the Nebula and the Bram Stoker Awards. He is currently editing a hardback anthology titled *Object Lessons* for Hypatia Press.

Dean lives in Eugene, Oregon, where he works part time as a bartender, writes at least one short story a week, and works on his novels. He is a member of the Sturgeon Award committee, edits and publishes a regular magazine for writers called *The Report*, and is now the publisher of a new hardback magazine, *Pulphouse*. Somewhere during all this, he also finds time to write a regular column for Orson Scott Card's *Short Form Magazine*.

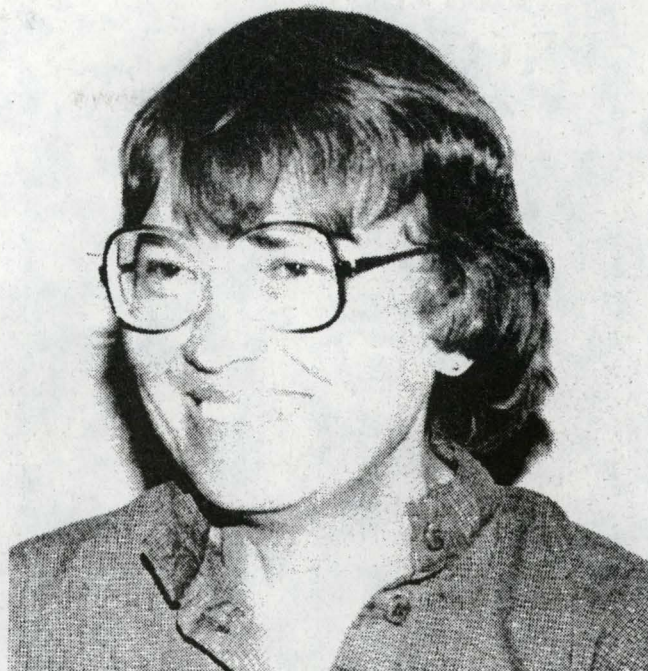


His first novel, *Laying the Music to Rest*, will appear in 1989 from Warner Books. He is also working on a long novel with Kristine Rusch called *Bus Load of Tombstones*, a hard sf novel with Claudia O'Keefe titled *When Slugs Travel Faster Than the Speed of Light*, and another novel of his own, as yet untitled.

He is a founding member of Writer's Bloc, the Moscow writing group also known as the Moscow Moffia, and the founder, with Kristine Rusch, of the Pulphouse Gang writing workshop in Eugene.

## M.J. ENGH

M.J. (MARY JANE) ENGH came to eastern Washington from southern Illinois via Chicago, the Phillipines, Japan, and Oklahoma, writing all the way. Her first novel, *Arslan*, originally published in paperback in 1976, was republished in hardcover in 1987 by Arbor House, and will be out in paperback again in 1988, this time from Tor. (Orson Scott Card called *Arslan* "one of the finest works of fiction of this generation," and it has been called a "classic" by



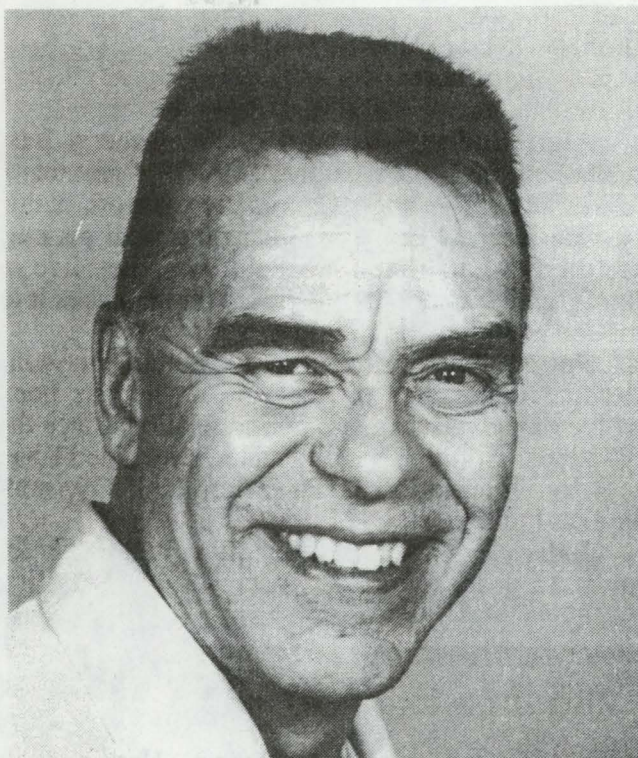
people of the stature of Algis Budrys.) Her first children's book, *The House in the Snow*, published by Orchard Books, has been nominated for the Utah Children's Book Award. Currently in publication is another SF novel, *Wheel of the Winds*, and she is working on a historical trilogy, *The Womb of God*. Her most recent publication on the short story front includes "The Lovesick Simurgh," which appears in Avon's *Arabesques*, edited by Susan Shwartz. She likes cats and other living things.

## 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, smoke-jumper (forest fire parachutist), mover, administrative forester, technical writer, and freelance 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 published 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 Yngling* and assorted shorter fiction, he's had seven further novels published, including: *The Varkhaus Conspiracy*, *Homecoming*, *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 is *The General's 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.

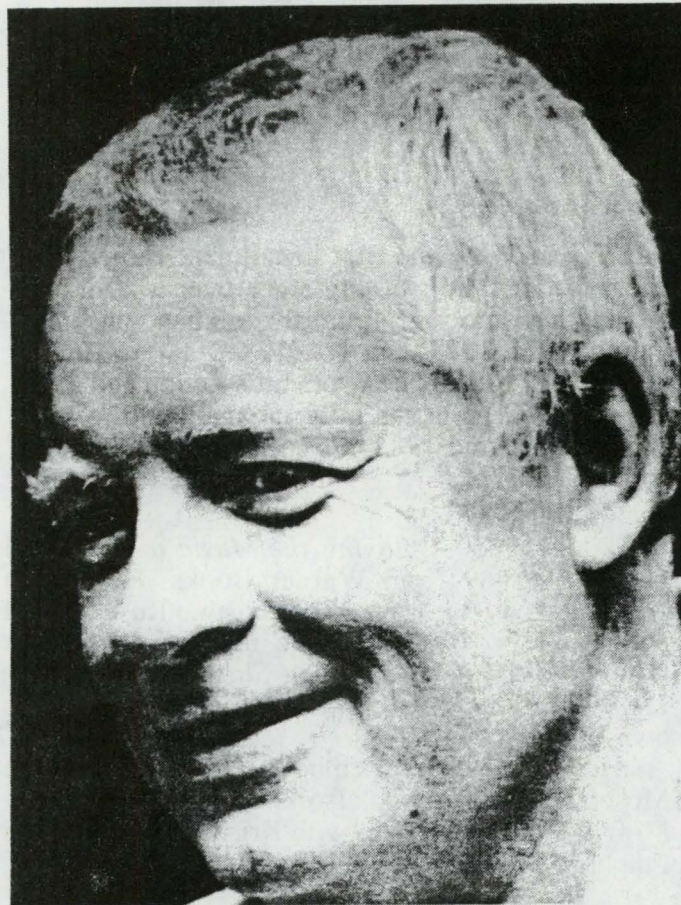
## ALGIS BUDRYS

**ALGIS BUDRYS** was born in Königsberg, East Prussia, on the 9th of January, 1931; he remained a

Lithuanian citizen, under diplomatic passport, until last year. 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 at all, let alone almost every year.

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 half are recognized as true 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 Writers of the Future Experimental Workshop, taught a six-day intensive workshop for the Moscow Moffia Writers' Program, and takes part in convention writers' workshops just about everywhere he goes.

Such hard work does not go unrewarded (or unpunished. . . it depends on your point of 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. He was our special Guest of Honor at MosCon V when Fritz Leiber had to cancel due to health problems.

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.

## JON GUSTAFSON

JON GUSTAFSON has been active in fandom for fourteen 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 publishing by writing a column on art critique for Dick Geis' *Science Fiction Review* in 1974 and soon after was co-editing a local 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 Ash's *The Visual Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* (1977). That led to doing over 50 artists' biographies for Peter Nicholls' Hugo award-winning book, *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* (1979) and two long arti-

cles 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, Spokon 1, VikingCon 9, Norwescon 10, Conversion 5, and was 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 infamous 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 in 1986 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 has just finished 19 biographies and 3 articles for James Gunn's new sf encyclopedia, working on a book on the life and art of Jack Gaughan, writing fiction, and is a member of the Moscow Moffia.

If he wasn't busy enough, he is also the Director of the Moscow Moffia Writers' Program, which sets up seminars and workshops for writers all over the Northwest, and recently started J. Martin & Associates, a literary agency. He is currently the Mountain Director for ASFA (the Association of Science-fiction and Fantasy Artists), a SFWA member, and is writing a column on art critique for *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*.

## F.M. BUSBY

F.M. BUSBY is always a popular person at MosCon. He lives in Seattle with his wife Elinor and their cat, Ms. His thirteen science fiction novels include eight in the universe of Rissa Kerguelen and Bran Tregare, the Demu Trilogy in Barton's universe, *All These Earths* in the multiple continua made possible by the story's "Skip Drive," and *The Breeds of Man*, published earlier this year by Bantam Spectra, which takes place pretty much in our very own timeline. His shorter works, twenty of which appear in his 1987 Ace/Berkley collection *Getting Home*, are not readily classifiable.

His next book will deal with a fixed-timelapse teleport machine and be entitled *Slow Freight to Forever*.

He grew up in eastern Washington (which might explain why he can't resist MosCon) and has worked at the obligatory list of incongruous jobs. He is a regular attendee of many Northwest conventions, and was the author GoH at MosCon VI in 1985. Buz



had attended every MosCon with the exception of 1986, when he stayed home in order to make deadline on *The Breeds of Man*. It didn't work.

He can often be spotted in the company of his charming wife, Elinor, a great writer in her own right. If you haven't met him before, walk up and say "Hi". He's a neat person. And so is she.

## VERNA SMITH TRESTRAIL

by Beth Finkbiner



**VERNA SMITH TRESTRAIL** has been a well-known fixture at MosCons since the Beginning. She one of our Guests 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 has taught 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 books into a series of major motion pictures.

Verna is easy to find at MosCon. This year she will be helping present the annual Lensman Awards (she was the recipient of a special Red Lensman Award a few years ago) and will undoubtedly be on several panels. 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 today. 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 -- sound familiar?) and he was recently 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 contribution to SF and fantasy and for their ability to spark in each of us that special "sense of wonder."

## STEPHEN U. FAHNESTALK

**STEVE FAHNESTALK** has been involved in fandom for more than fourteen years. He was the idea man of the Palouse, and one of the original founders of PESFA, *New Venture*, Writer's Bloc (aka the Moscow Moffia), and MosCon (which started mainly because of Steve's unending pushing to have a local con -- as punishment, Steve got to chair the first two MosCons).

Steve has been writing and editing for years, first in fanzines (in the middle and late 1970s), where he primarily wrote book reviews. In 1979, he had an article in the *Starlog Science Fiction Yearbook* (edited by David Gerrold and David Truesdale), and for two years wrote a fannish column for *Amazing Stories*. He is currently living in Canada, writing a novel and other fiction.

## WILLIAM R. WARREN

**WILLIAM R. WARREN** is a well-known Seattle fan and artist. He is also noted for his filk 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. The January, 1987, *Analog* had a cover illustration of his, as well as several interior ones, and his work has been seen in that magazine consistently since then. William was the Fan Guest of Honor at MosCon VI.

## DOUG BEASON

**DOUG BEASON** has a Ph.D. in physics and heads up a plasma physics laboratory in Albuquerque, New Mexico. A member of SFWA, his short fiction has appeared in *Amazing Stories*, *New Destinies*, *There Will Be War*, *Endless Frontiers*, *Full Spectrum*, and several other science fiction magazines. He writes a monthly column, "Putting the Science into SF," for the Science Fiction and Fantasy Workshop. His first novel, *Return to Honor*, is due out from Pocket Books in January, 1989.

## LORI ANN WHITE

**LORI ANN WHITE** was born twenty-six years ago in northern Idaho and has lived in the Northwest all her life. She is a 1983 graduate of Clarion, 1985 graduate of the University of Idaho, and attended workshops sponsored by the Writers of the Future in 1986 and 1987.

Her work has appeared in *Writers of the Future: Volume III*, *Pulphouse Reports*, *Z Miscellaneous*, *Tales of the Unanticipated*, and *Rat Tales* (from Hypatia Press). More work is forthcoming in *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*, and *Narcopolis and Other Poems*.

She currently lives in Eugene, Oregon, with another writer (Gary) and several carnivorous plants in lieu of something that scratches up the furniture.

## ELIZABETH SCARBOROUGH

**ELIZABETH SCARBOROUGH** used to live in Fairbanks, Alaska, but apparently found the big-city mentality too much for her and moved to Port Townsend, Washington, where she writes to her heart's -- and her readers' -- content. She is the author of the Songs from the Seashell Archives quartet (*Song of Sorcery*, *Unicorn Creed*, *Bronwyn's Bane*, and *Christening Quest*), as well as *The Gold-camp Vampire*, *The Drastic Dragon of Draco, Texas*, and *The Harem of Aman Akbar*. Soon to come will be her much-more-serious work, *The Healer's War*. This will be her first trip to Moscow and MosCon.

## JULIA LACQUEMENT

**JULIA LACQUEMENT** live and works in Seattle. Her art is widely collected among Northwest fans, and to own one of her dragon nametags is to have hit the fannish big-time. She earns her living as a colorist for several comic companies, and has colored *Jon*

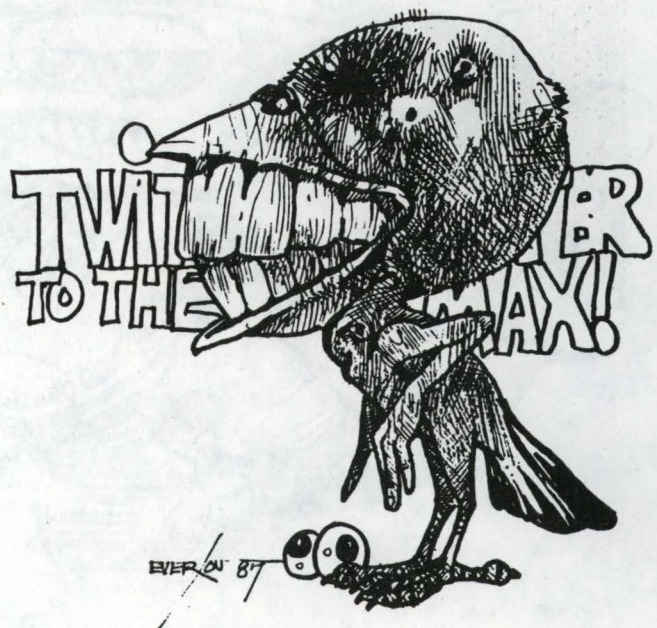
*Sable: Freelance* and the highly acclaimed *Green Arrow* graphic novel.

## Dr. STEVE GILLETT

**STEVE GILLETT** was the nation's very first Scientist Guest of Honor (at MosCon VI). He's a consulting geologist and has published articles in *Analog*, *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, *Amazing Stories*, and *Astronomy*. His geologic specialty is paleomagnetism, the study of the history of the Earth's magnetic field. He has also been the Northwest representative to the Regional Board of the L-5 Society, was a co-founder of Washington State Citizens for Space, and is very much interested in planetary geology. Besides science fiction, his hobbies include camping and ragtime piano. He currently lives in Pasco, Washington, with his wife, Joyce, his new son, Travis, a couple cats and a golden retriever.

## Dr. ROB QUIGLEY

**ROB QUIGLEY** is a physicist who also does a lot with astronomy. He received his doctorate in physics from the University of California at Riverside, and did post-doctoral research at the University of Frankfurt in West Germany. He taught at the Illinois Institute of Technology before joining Western Washington University's physics staff in 1970. In 1983, he was the organizer of the Northwest Astronomy Conference. His primary interest in astronomy is short-period binary stars of the "cataclysmic variable" type and "flare stars." He was the Scientist Guest of Honor at MosCon VIII.



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# LARGER THAN LIFE: A MEMOIR IN TRIBUTE TO DR. EDWARD E. SMITH

by Robert A. Heinlein  
(MosCon I Special Guest of Honor)

August, 1940 -- a back road near Jackson, Michigan -- a 1939 Chevrolet sedan:

"Doc" Smith is at the wheel; I am in the righthand seat and trying hard to appear cool, calm, fearless -- a credit to the Patrol. Doc has the accelerator floorboarded . . . but has his head tilted over at ninety degrees so that he can rest his skull against the frame of the open left window -- in order to listen by bone conduction for body squeaks.

Were you to attempt this position yourself -- car parked and brakes set, by all means; I am not suggesting that you *drive* -- you would find that your view of the road ahead is between negligible and zero.

I must note that Doc was *not* wearing his Lens.

This leaves (by Occam's Razor) his sense of perception, his almost superhuman reflexes, and his ability to integrate instantly all available data and act therefrom decisively and correctly.

Sounds a lot like the Gray Lensman, does it not?

It should, as no one more nearly resembled (in character and in ability -- not necessarily in appear-

ance) the Gray Lensman than did the good gray doctor who created him.

Doc could do almost anything and do it quickly and well. In this case he was selecting and road-testing for me a secondhand car. After rejecting numberless other cars, he approved this one; I bought it. Note the date: August 1940. We entered World War Two the following year and quit making automobiles. I drove that car for twelve years. When I finally did replace it, the mechanic who took care of it asked to be permitted to buy it rather than have it be turned in on a trade . . . because, after more than thirteen years and hundreds of thousands of miles, it was *still* a good car. Doc Smith had not missed Anything.

Its name? *Skylark Five*, of course.

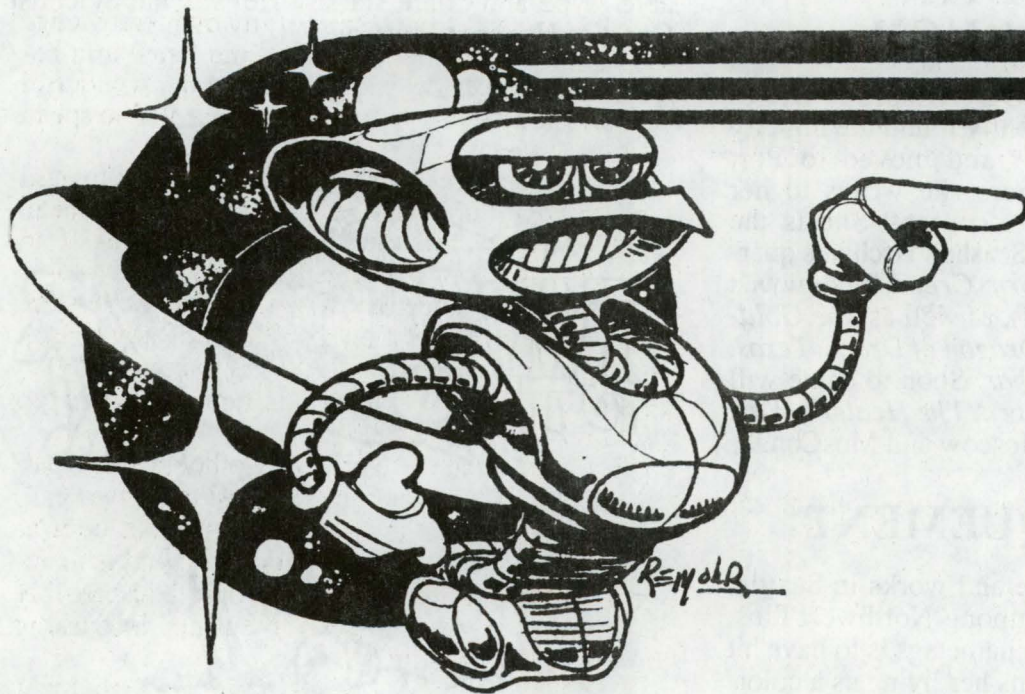
So far as I know, Doc Smith could not play a dulcimer (but it would not surprise me to learn that he had been expert at it). Here are some of the skills I know he possessed:

Chemist and chemical engineer -- and anyone who thinks these two professions are one and the same is neither a chemist nor an engineer. (My wife is a chemist and is also an aeronautical engineer -- but she is not a chemical engineer. All clear? No? See me after class.)

Metallurgist -- an arcane art at the Trojan Point of Black Magic and science.

Photographer -- all metallurgists are expert photographers; the converse is not necessarily true.

Lumberjack  
Cereal chemist



Cook

Explosives chemist -- research, test, and development -- product control.

Blacksmith

Machinist (tool and diemaker grade)

Carpenter

Hardrock miner -- see chapter 14 of *First Lensman*, titled "Mining and Disaster." That chapter was written by a man who had *been* there. And it is a refutation of the silly notion that science fiction does not require knowledge of science. Did I hear someone say that there is no *science* in that chapter? Just trick vocabulary -- trade argot -- plus description of some commonplace mechanical work --

So? The science (several sciences) lies just below the surface of the paper . . . and permeates every word. In some fields I could be fooled, but not in this one. I've been mining, off and on, for more than forty years.

Or see *Spacehounds of IPC*, chapters 3 and 4, pp. 40-80 . . . and especially p. 52 of the Fantasy Press hardcover edition. Page 52 is almost purely autobiographical in that it tells Why the male lead, "Steve" Stevens, knows how to fabricate from the wreckage at hand everything necessary to rescue Nadia and himself. I once discussed with Doc these two chapters, in detail; he convinced me that his hero character could do these things by convincing me that he, Edward E. Smith, could do all of them . . . and, being myself an experienced mechanical engineer, it was not possible for him to give me a "snow job." (I think he lacked the circuitry to give me a "snow job" in any case; incorruptible honesty was Dr. Smith's prime attribute -- with courage to match it.)

What else could he do? He could call square dances. Surely, almost anyone can square-dance . . . but to become a caller takes longer and is much more difficult. When and how he found time for this I do not know -- but, since he did everything about three times as fast as ordinary people, there is probably no mystery.

Both Doc and his beautiful Jeannie were endlessly hospitable. I stayed with them once when they had *nine* houseguests. They seemed to enjoy it.

But, above all, Doc Smith was the perfect, gallant knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

And all of the above are reflected in his stories.

It is customary today among self-styled "literary critics" to sneer at Doc's space epics -- plot, characterization, dialog, motivations, values, moral attitudes, etc. "Hopelessly old-fashioned" is one of the milder disparagements.

As Al Smith used to say: "Let's take a look at the record."

Edward Elmer Smith was born in 1890, some forty years before the American language started to fall to pieces -- long, long before the idiot notion of

"restricted vocabulary" infected our schools, half a century before our language was corrupted by the fallacy that popular usage defines grammatical correctness.

In consequence, Dr. Smith made full use of his huge vocabulary, preferring always the exact word over a more common but inexact word. He did not hesitate to use complex sentences. His syntactical constructions show that he understood and used with precision the conditional and the subjunctive modes as well as the indicative. He did not split infinitives. The difference between "like" and "as" was not a mystery to him. He limited barbarisms to quoted dialog used in characterization.

("Oh, but that dialog!") In each story, Doc's male lead character is a very intelligent, highly educated, cheerful, emotional, enthusiastic, and genuinely modest man who talked exactly like Doc Smith, who was a very intelligent, highly educated, cheerful, emotional, enthusiastic, and genuinely modest man.

In casual conversation, Doc used a number of cliches . . . and his male lead characters used the same or similar ones. This is a literary fault? I think not. In casual speech most people tend to repeat each his own idiosyncratic pattern of cliches. Doc's repertory of cliches was quite colorful, especially so when compared with patterns heard today that draw heavily on "The Seven Words That Must Never Be Used In Television." A 7-word vocabulary offers little variety.

("But those embarrassing love scenes!") E.E. Smith's adolescence was during the Mauve Decade; we may assume tentatively that his attitudes toward women were formed mainly in those years. In 1914, a few weeks before the war in Europe started, he met his Jeannie -- and I can testify of my own knowledge that, 47 years later (i.e., the last time I saw him before his death) he was still dazzled by the wonderful fact that this glorious creature had consented to spend her life with him.

Do you remember the cultural attitudes toward romantic love during the years before the European War? Too early for you? Never mind, you'll find them throughout Doc Smith's novels. Now we come to the important question. The *Lensman* novels are laid in the far future. Can you think of any reason why the attitudes between the sexes today (ca. 1979) are more likely to prevail in the far future than are attitudes prevailing before 1914?

(I stipulate that there are many other possible patterns. But we are now comparing just these two.)

I suggest that the current pattern is contra-survival, is necessarily most temporary, and is merely one symptom of the kaleidoscopic and possibly catastrophic rapid change our culture is passing through (or dying from?).

Contrariwise, the pre-1914 values, whatever faults they may have, are firmly anchored in the con-

cept that a male's first duty is to protect women and children. Pro-survival!

("Ah, but those hackneyed plots!") Yes, indeed! -- and for excellent reason: The ideas, the cosmic concepts, the complex and sweeping plots, all were brand new when Doc invented them. But in the past half century dozens of other writers have taken his plots, his concepts, and wrung changes on them. The ink was barely dry on *Skylark of Space* when the imitators started in. They have never stopped -- pygmies, standing on the shoulders of a giant.

But all the complaints about "Skylark" Smith's alleged literary faults are nothing to the (usually unvoiced) major grievance:

Doc Smith did not go along with *any* of the hogwash that passes for a system of social values today.

He believed in Good and Evil. He had no truck with the moral relativism of the neo-(cocktail-party)Freudians.

He refused to concede that "mediocre" is better than "superior."

He had no patience with self-pity.

He did not think that men and women are equal -- he would as lief equate oranges with apples. His stories assumed that men and women are *different*,

with different functions, different responsibilities, different duties. Not equal but complementary. Neither complete without the other.

Worse yet, in his greatest and longest story, the 6-volume Lensman novel, he assumes that all humans are *unequal* (and, by implication, that the cult of the common man is pernicious nonsense), and bases his grand epic on the idea that a planned genetic breeding program thousands of years long can (and *must*) produce a new race superior to *H. Sapiens* . . . supermen who will become the guardians of civilization.

The Lensman Novel was left unfinished; there was to have been at least a seventh volume. As always, Doc had worked it out in great detail but never (so far as I know) wrote it down . . . because it was unpublishable -- then. But he told me the ending, orally and in private.

I shan't repeat it here; it is not my story. Possibly somewhere there is a manuscript -- I *hope* so! All I will say is that the ending develops by inescapable logic from clues in *Children of the Lens*.

So work it out for yourself. The original Gray Lensman left us quite suddenly -- urgent business a long way off, no time to spare to tell us more stories.



# EDWARD E. SMITH, Ph.D.

by Verna Smith Trestrail

(MosCon I Guest of Honor)

Edward E. Smith, better known to hundreds of thousands of readers and fans throughout the world as "Doc" or "Skylark" Smith, never lived to realize the full impact of science fiction upon daily life, but he knew its possibilities and realized its imminence.

His novels have been translated into twenty-seven languages and are read the day after tomorrow, although his first book was written in 1918 -- *The Skylark of Space*, which was so far ahead of its time that there literally was no publisher for something so "far out."

This same *Skylark* has been in continuous print for over fifty-five years -- so meticulous, scholarly, and scientifically correct that it is required reading at MIT, U of M, etc., for engineers and astronauts; so far-flung, exciting, and imaginative that it enchants teenagers!

It is not enough to say that Doc was a pioneer in the field, or was the Dean of Science Fiction authors, or the first to break the mold. No -- one realizes that, above all, he was a humanitarian, a master psychologist, and cared deeply about people.

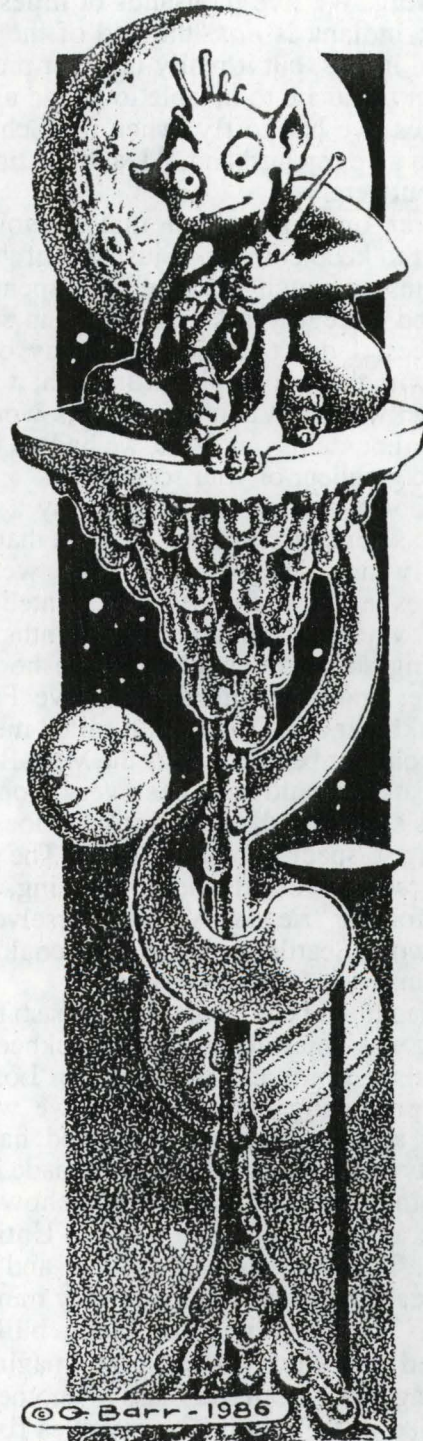
No teenaged fan or would-be writer was too brash or unimportant for Doc to listen to. Each was paid attention to seriously and courteously and made to feel welcome. He treated everyone with equal warmth, interest, and respect. Any author suffering from a "drying-up spell" was assured of interested assistance!

His restless, brilliant mind was forever searching for the new, the beneficial, the ultimate. His high optimism and truly tremendous imagination never ceases to enthrall his audience. Doc unequivocally stood for the best possible interpretation in human nature. Gary Lovisi, in *Galaxy Times*, writes, "Doctor Edward Elmer Smith, better known to his millions of fans as 'Doc,' opened up the limitless reaches of all the galaxies to the minds of writers and readers alike."

Doc Smith was born in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, on May 2, 1890. He always planned to "die with his high tan boots on" and he did. In Portland, Oregon, on August 31, 1965. He and his beloved wife, Jeannie Craig MacDougall, were on their way from Florida to California when a massive heart attack ended the career of this "gentle warrior" forever.

The inimitable Fred Pohl, writing in *Worlds of If* in his succinct and scintillating style, said, "Doc was the first. No one ever before had sent his characters racing into the unknown worlds of unknown

galaxies to meet and learn from -- or to battle -- strange peoples and new forms of science. Doc showed all the rest of us the way; and now he has just gone on ahead to see them for himself."



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# FOR MOSCON

by Verna Smith Trestrail

(MosCon I Guest of Honor)

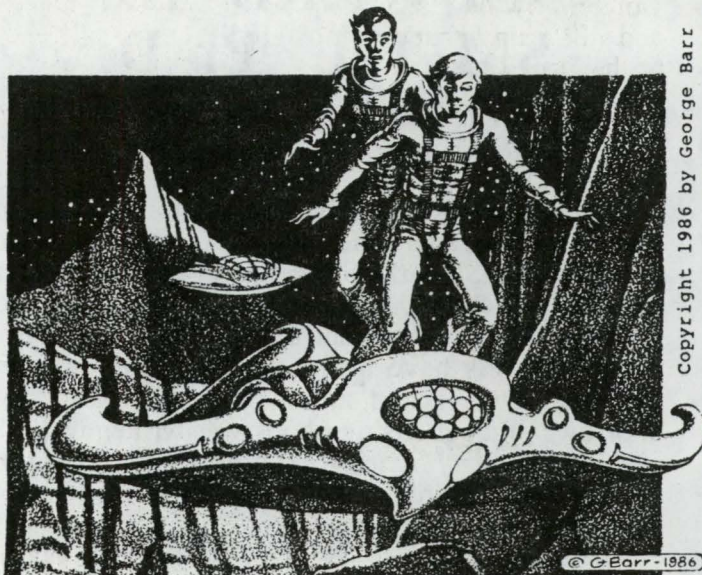
It's difficult to believe that for ten years this marvelous tribute to science fiction and to my Father, Doctor Edward E. "Doc" Smith, has been nurtured and growing. We live thousands of miles from you in Idaho; Indiana is *not* "the end of the world" as Fred Pohl insists, but it really is a "fur piece." But I have been fortunate to be able to attend all of them. Sometimes I've had to fly, when my School Board refused to give my husband, Al, and me time enough to drive out here.

I never once imagined that it would be so important to keep coming. It just sort of grew. Moscow means so much because Doc spent his prep school and college years yere, working so hard for his degrees. I don't know how many of you are familiar with the topography of Indiana; it is so flat it bends backwards! When my parents would tell us about the mountains out West, we had no idea of the scope and grandeur of your scenery!

MosCon was first dreamed up by a quartet of dedicated science fiction fans who, at that time, had absolutely no idea of what they were letting themselves in for. They originally wanted Robert A. Heinlein, who was scheduled for months ahead but was facing some dicey surgery. So he told them about me; and Jon Gustafson, Steve Fahnstalk, Mike Finkbiner and Dean Smith called me in relays, and that, oh best beloveds, was the Very Beginning!

My Father would have been very proud to know that he is so honored, and I think he does. There is something so special about MosCon. The guests and fans are so interested and interesting, and soon become forever friends. We find ourselves wishing that Moscow, Seattle, or Vancouver could be across the road instead of so far away.

We had often been to the West Coast; my brother Roderick was chief designer for Lockheed Aircraft and we visited him and his family in Los Angeles. Always promising ourselves that we would visit Moscow and walk in the hallowed halls of the University of Idaho, Doc had really made his college years come alive for us, but somehow our tight schedule always precluded a visit. Until the first MosCon. The weather was as blue and gold as a faience teacup and we enjoyed every minute of our roaming. The University of Idaho buildings are varied and imposing. It was fun to imagine six-foot Doc loping along from one class to another, his dark hair ruffled in the wind, his grey eyes fixed on the mountains. He was an intensely loyal person. It was not your bankroll which interested him, nor your connections, nor yet your family background, but your character, "what makes you tick." In the



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Alumni Building we were shown the college yearbooks, and discovered many things about Doc that we had not known before. He was never one to dwell on his own accomplishments, and, of course, what child is ever going to ask a parent anything?

I dearly loved being in the laboratories of the great flour mill where Daddy was Chief Chemist. When I was four, I secretly planned to marry one of the junior chemists, Paul "Rosie" Rosenberry. The "skip," an endless chain and platform arrangement, went through all the levels of the mill, where huge flour sacks were bundled onto platforms. Frequently I, too, would be hoisted onto a friendly shoulder and taken to the top instead of a flour sack, much to my delight. My Mother somehow was never made aware of this; she worried a lot. I enjoyed weighing impossibly small things on the special balance scales covered with glass. But most of all I loved making my own little "pup" loaf of bread. Standard lab procedure included checking each batch of wheat by baking actual loaves of bread. Of course the lab's bread hooks and mixers were huge to my eyes, but a small piece of dough would be given to me for my very own little loaf. I carefully greased my little pup loaf pan and wooled my slab of dough around until it was amazing that it ever raised at all! But few things ever tasted so good, believe me.

At the University, we learned from the yearbooks that indeed Doc was loyal. All of you familiar with the Lensman series know the name "Virgil Samms." In the yearbook when Doc was a sophomore, the president of the Senior class was named Virgil Samms! I also discovered that in Washington, D.C., a certain chemist, exceedingly handsome and dark-haired, was named DuQuesne! The apartment (a third floor walk-up) was on Seaton Place! And the names "Rodenbush" and "Ridenbaugh" are streets in Boise! I find this quite interesting.



As I look through the University yearbooks, I wonder how he managed to do all the things he did and still maintain such a high grade average. Captain of the Drill Team (he was a crack shot), President of the Guitar and Mandolin Club, President of the Chemistry Club, singing the baritone roles in the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, college photographer, and always with such optimism and a high heart!

Doc was always an early riser, and I was too. He fixed breakfast for everyone; frequently we made early morning trips to Irine's Melon Farm, or to Strawberry Market, or to the bakery, and I loved to hear people say, "Well, here's Little Doc!"

A proud moment in my life was when his contribution to World War II was no longer classified information. Doc's imaginative and highly accurate battle tank concept had been adopted by Admiral Nimitz and the CIC (Combat Information Center) and was instrumental in the winning of the battle of the Coral Sea!

I am convinced that one of the main reasons for his success was tremendous organizational ability. He never made a false or awkward move. He routinely expected perfection from himself, but not from anyone else! He was such a super-great mathematician, but I must have been behind the door when this ability was handed out because I have to take my shoes off to count more than ten! But I tried desperately, memorizing all the theorems, etc. I did my level best, and so did Daddy, night after blessed night. I passed with a low B- because Mrs. Barron was sorry for my Father, and my brother Roderick was also a genius -- turning out to be one of the youngest Design Engineers for Lockheed Aircraft. Doc never "talked down" to anyone; everyone, from the President of the United States to the six-year-old son of his publisher, was given the same total interest and attention. Recently we were invited to join several editors and publishers and artists who had known Doc, to make a special tape of his life and times. One of the editors said, "I'd brought my little boy for the afternoon to the New York Worldcon, and got interested in talking to friends. After a while, I missed Rickey; I dashed out into the hall and there was Rickey sitting on Doc's lap, and Doc was drawing him a diagram and explaining about comets!"

He enjoyed everyone of every age, unless locked head-to-head in deadly combat (as he often was with the redoubtable [John W.] Campbell). He was always very interested in the Boy Scouts, and whenever he and Mother visited us in Indiana, he would serve in any capacity as an advisor to our sons' troop. Both Rod and Kim were really into Scouting and Doc was much in demand as a firearms expert, or wild life, or books, or astronomy, or whatever.

The children always enjoyed "Granddaddy

Doc's" cooking; he was famous for his waffles. He would tell about the lumberjack breakfasts of the Far West: Coffee, milk, tomato juice, fried potatoes, ham, bacon, sausage, oatmeal with brown sugar and raisins, thick cream, eggs any and every style, flapjacks with real maple syrup, donuts, pie, and baked beans! A fitting breakfast for these giants of the forest.

Doc was seventy-five when he left us. Doctor Lloyd Biggle told us that at seventy-four, Doc enrolled in a class at Northwestern on "Black Holes in Space," and when the prof found out about Daddy, he insisted on Doc lecturing, too! Education was an ongoing thing, always.



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# CINDERELLA SWITCH

by Anne McCaffrey  
(MosCon X Author Guest of Honor)

Deagan, Fenn, and Cordane were standing on the top level of the broad terraced steps above the Ballroom of Fomalhaut 5's Official Residence, commenting on the costumed dancers swirling to the exotic music of the android musicians. Having identified everyone there, they were bored. But their location and mood put them in an excellent position to see the girl sweep in through the open garden doors. Her sparkling mist of a gown scintillated against the darkness behind her.

"Fardles! What a party-crasher!" Cordane exclaimed, his eyes widening appreciatively.

"What a costume!" said Deagan, wondering just how that shifting mist of pastel light was generated. The new arrival was covered from neck to ankle, shoulder to wrist, with a haze hiding all but her eyes and her streaming black hair. Furthermore, whatever the mechanism it was quite sophisticated. As the shades shifted from opacity to transparency in a tantalizing, random fashion, even the most casual observer realized she wore absolutely nothing under her hazy attire.

Before the three observers could move toward her, a tall man in the garb of an ancient Terran diplomat -- his black and white an excellent foil for her pale shimmers -- bowed formally and led her to the center of the dance in progress.

"Wouldn't you know Walteron would be on the prowl and in the right place?" Cordane was disgusted. "He's the only one who ever wears such a confining rig, isn't he, Deagan?"

"But what's he doing here?" Fenn asked. Then without giving Deagan a chance to answer, Fenn went on. "I heard he had trouble at his mines: caves and a massive displacement."

"He came in to apply to Father," said Deagan, son of the Planetary Manager, "for permission to import a soil mechanics expert from Aldebaran."

"And nabs the only interesting female here? Usually he takes to the Streets as soon as he's done his duty dance with your mother."

"He's always had good timing," Deagan said, sounding amused.

"And bad intentions." Cordane glowered. "If he tries to Street her . . ."

This was Touch-Down Time, when the citizens of the bustling, prosperous planet of Fomalhaut Five -- rich in the transuranics, the actinides, so vital as

the energy fuels needed to extend the surge of colonization to every habitable planet in the spiral of the Milky Way -- relaxed industry and inhibitions in a three-day spectacular of day-long contests, night-long dancing, and eating and carousing.

The Official Residence, a sprawling complex of domes, residential, diplomatic, and business, was the traditional site of special festivities to which the descendants of the original First Landing Families congregated from their distant domains. The more important off-world visitors and city and spaceport officials were added to this exclusive gathering. Conducted as it was along rather sedate lines, the festival held little glamour for those wanting to sample exotic and erotic pleasures available in the



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Streets' celebrations. Occasionally a brash young male newcomer, hoping to impress a Domain Family daughter favorably, took advantage of the Celebration's license and appeared at the Residence. As long as the person behaved with propriety acceptable to the Residence, he was permitted to stay. A few nights' dancing was hardly sufficient time in which to form a lasting alliance with the shrewdly raised young women of Fomalhaut. Even so, it was rare indeed for a young woman to put herself in such an equivocal position.

"Could she be from one of the newer Domains? They work so hard there, they don't attend Touch-Down," said Fenn.

"Newcomer?" Cordane suggested, turning to Deagan, who was studying the girl as she and her partner moved past them.

Deagan was the highly trained security manager for all imports, exports, and applicants for seeking short or permanent residence. "I could check again, but she doesn't match my recollections of any of the three female IDs we processed last week."

"She couldn't be a newcomer," said Cordane, now flatly contradicting himself. "How would she know there's only a minimal guard at the Residence tonight? And that she could scale the garden wall because it's no longer powered?"

"She's no Streetie, or Walteron would have tried to ooze her off the floor by now," said Deagan. "I wonder how she's operating that haze she wears in place of a gown. Fascinating use of refracted light for those random opaques and transparencies." He jiggled his hand as if the movement would generate the answer. "Must be a net, but where does she get so much power?"

"We're not going to let old Walteron get her, are we? Lovely creature like that," Cordane asked in a tone that made his friends regard him with some amusement.

"If Deagan's right and she's in a circuit-protected dress, what could Walteron do?" asked Fenn.

"Short the circuits in a dark corner," Deagan replied. "If I can, I'd like a dance with her if only to see how the haze is engineered."

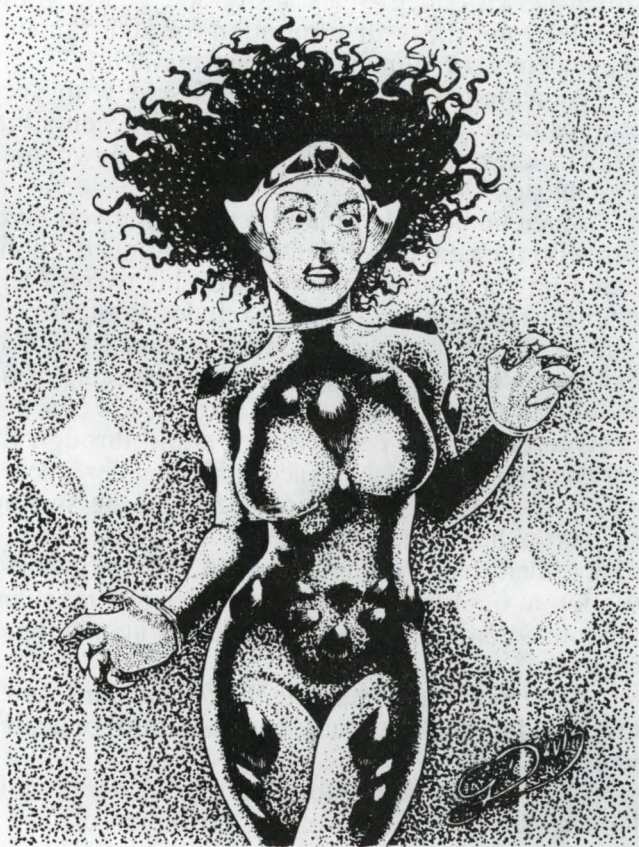
The other two glared at him, whereupon Deagan chuckled and gestured toward other parts of the vast room where the majority did seem to be staring at Walteron and his shimmering partner.

"You've got to admit it's a bloody clever costume. Pure hatred gleams from half the female eyes. Just look at your mother's disapproving glare, Fenn. And you know that your sister Marla spent all year dreaming up that rather fetching concoction of Verulean lace she's wearing. But it doesn't compare with our crasher's effort."

"If she's from Outback, she might not know she's at risk with old Walteron," said Cordane, sounding a bit anxious. He was a considerate and responsible young man. "The gavotte's not easy to master. She's obviously danced it before, and often. They don't do that sort of thing in the Streets!"

"Dance with her next then, Cordane," urged Deagan. "You know the Street accents." Before his friends could vacillate, he took them both by the elbows and propelled them through the onlookers to the point where the girl and Walteron were likely to finish the gavotte. "If she's not Street, you take the next dance, Fenn. You range enough in the Outback to identify their twang."

"Then you'll dance with her and short out her dress," said Cordane, indignantly pulling his arm from his friend's grasp.



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"Short her dress? Here in the Residence?" Deagan grinned sardonically and jerked his head toward his father, who was laughing affably with some ranking out-world guests. The PM's moods could change to implacable sternness when necessary, and all three young men knew it. "Besides, shorting would burn her between the contact points. My interest is purely theoretical. That creation is ingenious."

"Expensive, too, I'd say," added Fenn. "She's like a lovely double-moon mist."

Cordane blinked in surprise, for the young Domainer was not usually given to metaphors.

"Under that face veil, she could be ugly as a roake, but right now, what a fillip to a dull dance," said Deagan. "Quickly, Corrie. The dance is ending!" He gave his friend a push forward onto the dance area so that the slick surface all but catapulted Cordane against Walteron.

"Look, the old lecher won't relinquish," said Deagan, irritated, as he and Fenn watched the exchange between the two would-be partners. "Let's reinforce before Corrie muffs it." Deagan, clutching Fenn unobtrusively at the elbow, strode quickly over to the trio. "Oh, lovely maiden of the double-moon mists," he opened, with a click of his heels and a

smart salute in keeping with his elegant formal Space uniform, "my friend here" -- he gestured to Fenn, since names were never exchanged at a costumed Touch-Down dance -- "is a shy and gentle youth who, like myself, is all admiration for your raiment. My sincerest compliments on your originality."

"Accepted, good sir," the girl said with such composure and in such pure Standard accents that Deagan knew she was neither Streetie, newcomer, nor Outback Domainer.

"Since he is so shy, may I request that you favor him with the next dance?" Deagan continued, subtly changing his position to form, with his two friends, a circle in front of the girl that excluded Walteron.

"The dance *after* the one I am claiming by right of first request," said Cordane, with a smart clap of his boot heels and a mock glare at Deagan and Fenn.

One could just perceive her smile through the coruscating mist of her face veil, but her eyes, a clear, intelligent green emphasized by the shifting shades of her attire, gleamed with amusement. A flick of her green gaze told Deagan she was aware of Walteron, fuming at the deft exclusion and the man's obvious keen intention to extend his acquaintance with her.

"I put in my most humble bid for the third dance, lovely lady," said Deagan, "and each third one afterward."

"You mean to monopolize my dances?" She looked from one importuning costumed officer to the next, avoiding Walteron's attempts to reclaim her attention.

"Three doesn't constitute a monopoly," said Fenn, who tended to be literal.

"But assuredly offers protection," added Deagan.

"Mutual protection?" She tilted her head sideways just slightly in Walteron's direction. Her eyes lingered on Deagan's face, and he knew she had taken the warning.

"Please say yes," Cordane urged, with just the right note of petition in his voice so that she could be swayed to compliance without appearing to offend the other whilom partners. She nodded assent to Cordane.

"May I have the dance after his?" Fenn asked eagerly, inspired by Cordane's success. The two were oblivious, as Deagan was not, to Walteron's set mouth and angry eyes.

Fortunately the music began just at that moment, and Cordane triumphantly swung the girl onto the floor, taking their positions in one of the faststeps at which Cordane was very adept.

"Didn't think you'd be able to join us tonight, Walteron," said Deagan politely as he, Fenn, and the older man left the dance floor.

"Sorry about that subsidence, Walteron. Trust no one was killed," Fenn added ingenuously. "That Aldebaran specialist'll soon sort it out; they've had

so much experience in the same sort of thing."

Walteron's eyes blazed at Deagan, and with a disgusted snort toward Fenn, he stalked away to the refreshment rooms.

"What did I say to put him in such a temper?" Perplexed, the young Domainer peered at the departing man.

"Don't worry about it." They both turned to spot Cordane and the girl twirl amid the other enthusiastic dancers.

She could, Deagan thought, be a trained mimic or actress, contracted for the Celebrations, but she hadn't faltered in her pure accent of the well-bred and highly educated. She had been quick to take advantage of their protection from someone like Walteron, who would have been the obvious choice of a Streetie. Of more interest to Deagan were the tiny, sparkling green nodes she wore like jewels as ear, finger, and toe rings. Two slightly larger ones were attached as pendants on the fine circlet about her neck and on her browband. Earring and browband set up the circuit for face veil, and the gown was generated between the other nodes. The resultant haze of light refraction was more of an engineering feat than a fabric maker's.

When Corbane's dance ended, Deagan and Fenn quickly joined the duo, edging out two new contenders for her company. They chatted with her on inconsequential topics until the music of a slow patterned dance started, whereupon Fenn had the privilege of handing the girl into a space in the decorous circle.

"She's got style," Cordane said enthusiastically as he and Deagan watched from the sidelines. "She's not Streetie or a new-come Outbacker. Say, could she be one of that new lot of technicians landed a few months back?"

"I thought of that possibility, too, but I handle all identity programming, and I'd swear she couldn't be one of them."

"Oh!" Cordane sounded deflated. "Private adventurer here on a visit? Lots of 'em come for Touch-Down."

"If she had any planetary standing elsewhere, she'd've been on the official list."

"We don't know that she isn't, do we? I only assumed she was party-crashing because we first saw her near the garden entrance."

"A good point. I'll check the guard console."

Deagan's progress around the perimeter was hampered by envious questions, subtle or blatant, about the identity of the lovely girl in gauze.

The nearest console, located in the men's room, provided him a list of all official invitations as well as a quick view-through of the costumed figures as they arrived, passing the guard-eye at the main door of the Residence. As he suspected, she had not entered formally.

He returned to the ballroom just as the music came to its stately climax, with dancers bowing or curtsying to their partners.

"During my dance with her," Deagan told Cordane, "you and Fenn check the garden. She didn't come in past the guard-eye. But keep your ear on the music. We don't want them in on our time," he added, flicking his fingers at other young men poised at the edge of the dance floor just waiting a chance to cut in on the mysterious girl. Then turning his glance back to the girl, he noticed that, as she rose from her deep curtsy, she glanced at the crystal timepiece suspended above the main entrance to the dancing hall. An odd concern for a girl enjoying enviable popularity.

He tried, during that interval, to turn the conversation to her arrival at Fomalhaut City, or her family, or anything that would give them clues as to her identity, but she deftly avoided answering him by flirting with Cordane and Fenn. As the strains of the next dance emanated from the android musicians, Cordane gave a disgusted laugh. "You timed that well, Deagan," he said, for his pavanne had not allowed much contact and Deagan would obviously make the most of this waltz.

Even as Deagan laughed at Cordane's discomfort, his phrase lingered oddly. Deagan had almost made the connection as he offered his arms to the misty maiden. Then he forgot the half-formed thought as he placed his right about her waist, grasped her left hand firmly in his, and swept her out in perfect rhythm to the lovely, ancient melody. She also knew the waltz exceedingly well.

Holding her close, he could not miss the delicate scent she wore, but it wasn't the sort used by a woman wishing to seduce a susceptible male. Her body, under the silky envelope of the generated haze, was lithe and fit and her hand grip in his firm -- this was no indolent social lass. Her left hand, traditionally placed on the peak of his shoulder, did not, as he had half expected, curl provocatively toward his neck.

"It's an interesting game you play, lovely lady! My compliments on your campaign."

"Campaign, Captain?" Her teasing tone was half reproof.

"A clever penetration of the sacred precincts of the Residence, and its most prestigious gathering."

"Penetration, sir? But all restrictions are lifted during Touch-Down." Her eyes danced up at him, offering challenge, then slid, fleetingly, once again toward the timepiece as they glided past it.

That action confirmed Deagan's previously half-formed notion. but she was regarding him again and her eyes widened inquiringly, so he masked his expression and casually smiled down at her. "True enough, and a costume as magnificent as yours would be wasted on the Streets -- though that is

where the true adventurer would seek excitement."

"In the Streets?" Haughty amusement rippled in her voice as well as disdain for his suggestion. "Adventurer could be apt. So is the adjective, for merit accomplished on one's own resources is infinitely more satisfying. Don't you agree?"

He chuckled appreciatively, for that clever shaft was aimed at his inherited position in Fomalhaut society, although she would not know that his particular job was no sinecure. "Life can be a true adventure in many ways, my lovely lady, and you've made this night adventurous for me . . . and my friends," he added generously. But then he pulled her closer to him and heard her laugh in his ear as her cheek touched his lightly.

"Close tactics will avail you nothing, Captain. My costume is foolproof."

"Mysterious one" -- his tone was indignant -- "I wouldn't breach your security. I enjoy too much the come-and-go of your dazzlement."

He loosened his tight hold because he was half afraid she would sense his growing excitement. Then he swung her in the wide circles of the dance, enjoying himself as he had never expected to do this Touch-Down night. When he courteously surrendered her to Cordane for his next dance, Fenn told him that they had found nothing to indicate that she had scaled the four-meter wall.

Deagan left Fenn to watch and did a few rapid calculations on the men's room console, checked the time and smiled. An hour to go at the most -- nor would she leave the way she'd arrived. She'd surely have noticed the position of the side gates. Getting into the Residence was more of a problem than leaving it on Touch-Down night. He made his plans.

But first he would enjoy his other dance with her, enjoying sparring in conversation, for she had a lively wit as well as a keen intelligence. Fenn and Cordane were utterly smitten and were hard to convince that she intended to leave the Ball as unexpectedly as she had arrived. He finally did convince them, should she excuse herself from their company on any pretext, they'd never see her again. They were to let her go with good grace and then dash into the gardens to prevent her escaping that way.

At that, Deagan nearly missed his chance. But she gave herself away, her eyes betraying a faint apprehension as she glanced with apparent negligence toward the crystal chronometer.

Deagan excused himself, saying that his father had beckoned. He was careful to pause by the PM.

"Not fair of you to pull rank and monopolize that lovely creature, Deagan," his father said.

"I haven't. Fenn and Cordane dance with her, too."

The Planetary Manager gave a derisive snort. "Do you know her?"

"We will!"



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"Oh?" The PM raised his eyebrows in surprise at so emphatic a reply from his generally unimpressible son.

Deagan left the hall as if on an urgent errand. He was -- he wanted to program all the gates on an inner lock. The action ought not discommode anyone for the short time he'd require. As he slipped out the main door, he caught a glimpse of shimmer entering the women's room. He also saw Fenn and Cordanc striding out the garden doors.

From where he stood by the main gate in the shadows, Deagan could see the slope of the dome and the misty glow as she eased herself over the sill of the women's room window. Just as he had guessed. She moved quickly for the side gate in a half crouch, so he gave her full marks for caution. As she pulled vainly at the locked gate, he heard not only a frustrated moan but a concerned note in her low exclamation. He glanced at his wrist chrono -- she'd precious little time to try other side gates; she'd have to chance that the main one remained open.

At one instant she was a swiftly moving mist, the next a slender, white-bodied nymph trailing motes of

sparkling fire that wafted to the garden sand behind her. She stumbled with a cry of pain, then uttered a round space oath just as he emerged from the shadow of the bushes. Courteously keeping his eyes on hers, he flung the cloak he had brought with him about her body. She did not resist as he encircled her with his arms.

"My apologies. I computed the possible energy in your jewel generators and . . . here I am."

"Fair enough." Her body did not yield.

"Is it unfair to outthink a true adventurer?"

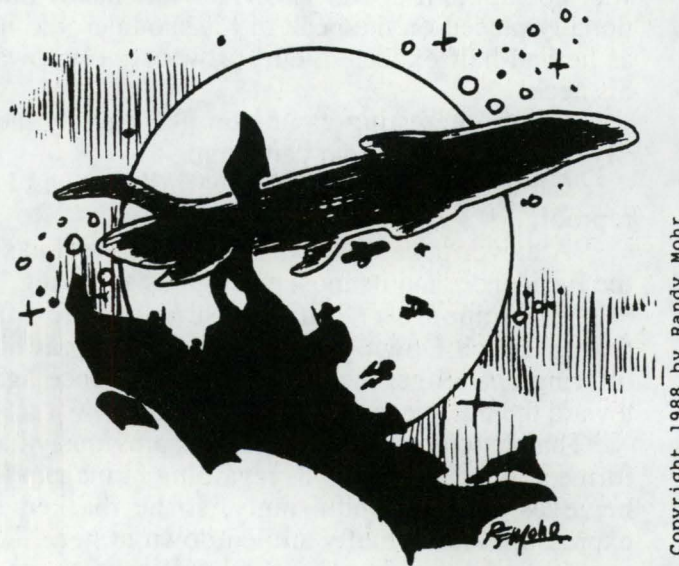
He had meant to tease her further but something in her proud look made him forbear. Without the veil, her face had character, and the fine features of a noble background. Nor had her manner lost its innate self-confidence. He liked her even more as her true self than as a mysterious mist. So he kissed her lips lightly. After the briefest hesitation, she responded and her body relaxed in his grasp. He did not press his advantage but stepped back.

"Suppose we find another costume for you for the remainder of the evening, if you'll do us the honor, my lady . . . ?"

"Dacia Cormel of Aldebaran Four," she said, filling in the Blank.

"The soil mechanics engineer?" His doubled surprise made her laugh. "But you weren't due to arrive for another week or more." Deagan had never thought to check anticipated visitors and couldn't suppress the ruefulness he felt at that oversight. But it was no wonder she could create such a costume. "Fardles, do you realize that it was Walteron who danced with you first?"

"I do now, but he'll never connect that me with his precious specialist. Let's go; I've clothes outside the gate you locked on me." She bent suddenly, feeling with both hands about the dark garden sand. "But first, help me find my other slipper?"



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# ARE WE IN THIS FOR THE MONEY?

by Ed Beauregard

(MosCon X Fan Guest of Honor)

A little over ten years ago a small group of fans planning their first con asked for some advice on the financial aspects of conventions. I like to think that the suggestions Norma and I made helped in some small way make MosCon the success it is today. Jon Gustafson has asked me to write about convention finances, a topic dear to my heart.

The occasional fan feud aside, people in fandom are generally pretty easy-going. To be seriously concerned about something seems somehow unfannish. But financial responsibility in running conventions is one area where a little serious concern is justified.

There are two main reasons for this. Few conventions are one-of-a-kind events. Major conventions like the Worldcon or Westercon have been running for forty to fifty years; and even more recent conventions like MosCon and Norwescon are up to ten years. Each year's convention committee is acting in trust for all the effort that has gone before, and must pass on a strong foundation for those conventions yet to come. The convention cannot be thought of as an isolated event, without consequences.

Also, the convention committee acts in a position of trust for fans who send in their money, hoping that it will be well-spent to provide for their enjoyment. They expect that reasonable care will be taken to ensure money is not wasted, or spent foolishly.

Without firm control over a convention's finances, you cannot fulfill either of these roles. There are so many things money *could* be spent on: which ones will actually be worthwhile? How can you work towards a particular financial position if you don't know where you are, what money will be coming in, and what has been spent? Although there is always some uncertainty over estimating attendance and costs, caution and realism will save the committee from a lot of headaches.

The most stressful convention committee I was on was V-Con 5. Financial affairs were not under control: unrealistic estimates were rigidly adhered to and expenses were incurred without adequate consideration. Eventually the convention broke even, but the strain of uncertainty soured the event for me.

A convention should usually do better than break even. Viewed as a long-running event, there will inevitably be years when things do not go well and losses cannot be avoided. There may also be years (like this year's MosCon) when special events are planned which will increase expenses. Only by building a financial reserve can the survival of the convention be assured. How large should that re-

serve be? The considerable fund built up from many years of successful V-Cons was *wiped out* in just two years of bad judgement and bad management.

Not that making a modest profit is a valid reason for gouging attendees! In fact, the opposite seems to happen: the rates for next year's V-Con are still lower than those charged at the last poorly-managed V-Con five years before. I have watched with horror the membership rates for major conventions like the Worldcon skyrocket out of sight. From looking at bid committee and convention financial statements, it seems too much of that money does *not* go to benefit the attendees.

As fans, we enjoy going to conventions, and some of us even enjoy organizing them. Without sounding too much like an accountant (which I'm not), I would like each of you to think about whether the membership fee you pay for a convention is well-spent, and if you don't think so, *ask why not*. It is the duty of the convention committee to put your money to good use, and you should hold them to that.



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# WHEN YOU LIVE UPON A STAR

by Dr. Robert L. Forward

(MosCon X Scientist Guest of Honor)

To most people, a star is an object such like our Sun, a large ball of hot burning gases hundreds to thousands of times bigger than Earth. And most stars are like that. But there do exist stars that are hundreds to thousands of times *smaller* than the Earth. They are hot, often much hotter and whiter than our yellow sun, but instead of being made of a blazing gaseous plasma, they are solid. They are called neutron stars and are one of the endpoints of stellar evolution.

All stars start out as a contracting cloud of gas, mostly hydrogen. If the cloud is significantly more massive than Jupiter, the contraction will heat the center hot enough to cause fusion reactions to start in the hydrogen. If the cloud of gas is small, it will slowly burn up all its fuel, getting larger and redder in the process until it has turned into a red giant. The red giant star goes through further processes that slowly blow away the outer layers of the star, and it finally settles down to form a core of burned-out ashes about the size of Earth, but with the mass of a star. This is a white dwarf star, the probable fate of our Sun.

If the initial cloud is larger, the fusion reactions burn the hydrogen into helium, then helium into carbon, oxygen, neon, magnesium, silicon, and other light elements, then these into nickel and iron. Elements near iron have the most tightly bound nuclei and can neither undergo fission nor fusion. Amazingly enough, this last burning process takes place very rapidly, in a few seconds for the whole star. All of a sudden, the huge "balloon" of hot gas that has been held up by the pressure from the photons generated in the core is no longer supported. With the photon pressure from the center turned off, the layers of the star start to fall. At the center of the star, the pressure rises and electrons and protons are forced together to create neutrons and neutrinos. The neutrinos escape, taking energy with them, and the loss of internal energy hastens the collapse.

The neutrons get crowded closer together until they are packed as close as they are in the interior of the nucleus of an atom. The neutron core is finally able to resist the pressure of the infalling material. The infalling outer layers rebound off the dense core of neutrons. A shock wave is formed that blows off the surface layers of the star in a supernova explosion. What is left behind is a pulsar, a rapidly rotating neutron star. It is only 20 kilometers (12 miles) in diameter, just short of being small enough

to become a black hole.

If the original cloud had even more mass, the evolution would have been the same and the neutron star core would have been formed, but the neutrons would not have been able to overcome the intense pressure of the larger amount of infalling mass. The neutron star core would have been squeezed to the point where a black hole would have been formed instead of a neutron star.

A neutron star is more like a miniature planet than a star. It has a liquid center with a thick crust floating on top, like the Earth. The inner core of a neutron star is mostly liquid neutrons, but the outer crust is made up largely of the same nuclei as the Earth is made of, although most of the nuclei have extra neutrons in them.

Like a planet, the neutron star has a gravitational field that holds it together. But since the neutron star has the mass of a star and the radius of a small asteroid, its gravity field is a crushing 70,000 million times that of Earth gravity. It is this crushing gravitational field that gives the neutron star its solid structure despite its hot temperature.

A gravity field of  $7 \times 10^{11}$  m/s<sup>2</sup> is so strong that an ordinary atom placed on the surface would be squashed. The force of gravity pulling in the heavy nucleus at the center of the atom would be stronger than the electrical repulsion forces that maintain the clouds of electrons orbiting about the nucleus. The electron clouds would collapse and the electrons and nucleus would drop to the surface of the star. The nucleus would adjust itself to the other nuclei in the crust, the positive electric charge on each nucleus repelling the others and forming a rigid lattice millions of times stronger than steel. The electrons would join the pool of liquid electrons that wander about between the nuclei in the lattice.

As the neutron star cools and shrinks, strains develop in the crust and it buckles, causing starquakes. These are not just theoretical speculations. Amazingly enough, we have observed the results of starquakes on a number of neutron stars. Since the pulse rate of pulsars is determined by the rotation of the massive star, the pulsation period is remarkably constant, better than most clocks. Some pulsars, however, have shown "glitches" in their rotation period. Suddenly, the next time the astronomers look, they find that the rotation period had changed significantly since the last time it was measured.

The interpretation of the "glitches" is that they are caused by a change in the moment of inertia of the star. A significant mass shift on the star has caused the rotation period of the star to change in response. From the glitches we have learned that the surface of a neutron star is a solid crust, strong enough to support significant mass imbalances. A glitch indicates that a starquake has occurred -- 3000 light years away.



## LIFE ON A NEUTRON STAR

Back in the early 1970s, shortly after the discovery of the first pulsars and their later identification as rapidly rotating neutron stars, the astronomer, Professor Frank Drake, was often asked to give popular lectures on this fascinating new astrophysical phenomenon. To get across to the lay audiences the fact that a neutron star was more like a planet than a star, he discussed the possibility that life might exist on the solid surface of a neutron star. His speculations were the subject of an interview published as "Life on a Neutron Star" in the December, 1973, issue of *Astronomy Magazine*. Since, at that time, no detailed calculations had been done on the probable internal structure of the neutron star, Professor Drake assumed that the whole star was of nuclear density, some  $5 \times 10^{14}$  times that of water, and that the neutron star creatures were also of that density. He also postulated that they were microscopic in size and lived a billion times faster than humans.

A decade later, I decided to use this idea about life on a neutron star in my first novel, *Dragon's Egg*. In my novel, the neutron star is named Dragon's Egg by a Chinese astronomer who discovers it right at the end of the circumpolar constellation Draco, as if the Dragon had left an egg behind in its nest. By the 1980s, more was known about the internal structure of the neutron star. The crust of a neutron star is now known to be 100 million times less dense than the core, so my neutron star creatures are larger and much less dense than Professor Drake's creatures.

Dragon's Egg is a typical neutron star with a mass about half that of the Sun and a diameter of 20 kilometers. It is spinning at five times per second, has a gravitational field at its surface of 67,000 million Earth gravities, and a magnetic field of a million million gauss. In addition to the north and south spin poles, it has "east" and "west" magnetic poles. (Winnie the Pooh would love it there.) The center of Dragon's Egg has a 7 kilometer radius liquid core of mostly superfluid neutrons, with a sprinkling of superfluid protons and an equal number of normal fluid electrons. The density is that of the nucleus of an atom, some  $5 \times 10^{14}$  g/cc.

From 7 kilometers to 9 kilometers is the mantle, or neutron drip region, slowly varying from almost pure neutrons at the bottom, through blobs of neutron-rich nuclei that are almost touching each other and constantly exchanging neutrons, to isolated nuclei held stiffly apart by their mutual repulsion at the top. In this region, the density drops by a factor of almost 1000, from  $2.4 \times 10^{14}$  to  $4 \times 10^{11}$  g/cc, as neutrons turn back into electrons and protons.

In the last kilometer comes the solid outer crust consisting of a stiff lattice of nuclei through which flows a sea of electrons. The density drops precipi-

tously from  $4 \times 10^{11}$  to "only"  $7 \times 10^6$  g/cc (7 metric tons per cubic centimeter) at the surface.

Finally comes the atmosphere, a plasma of electrons and iron-like nuclei boiled off the surface by the 8000 degree Celsius temperature of Dragon's Egg, somewhat hotter than the 5500 degree Celsius temperature of the Sun. The gravity of Dragon's Egg is so high, however, that the scale height of the atmosphere is only a few micrometers.

As Dragon's Egg cools and shrinks, the crust cracks and thrusts up mountain ranges. The mountains vary in height from a few millimeters to as much as 10 centimeters. In the northern hemisphere of Dragon's Egg is a volcano called Mount Exodus that formed over a deep crack in the crust of the star. The liquid material at the lower depths rises through the fissure to form the volcanic shield. Because of the temperature differential with depth and the beta decay of the neutrons that occurs in the nuclei as they rise to regions of lower density, the lava can release enough energy to maintain its flow against gravity. Volcanos such as Mount Exodus can build up lava shields many centimeters in height and hundreds of meters in diameter and will finally cause starquakes. My recent sequel to the novel *Dragon's Egg* is called *Starquake*. In it I describe how the creatures that live on the neutron star are almost wiped out by a large crustquake, and how the slow-moving humans in orbit help them reestablish their civilization.

The dominant life forms on Dragon's Egg are called cheela. Since they are intelligent, the cheela have roughly the same complexity as humans. That implies that they have the same number of nuclei, so it is not surprising that they weigh about the same as humans -- 70 kilograms. The cheela are flat, flexible creatures about 50 millimeters in diameter and 0.5 millimeters high, with a density of 7 million g/cc, the density of the crust of the neutron star.

Since the cheela are made up of atoms collapsed by strong gravity, they will have a difficult time becoming space-farers. If they go to a region of low gravity, the collapsed matter they are made of will reform into normal atoms, with the electrons taking up orbits about the now widely spaced nuclei. They will literally "blow up" and die.

Because of the close proximity of the nuclei in collapsed matter, it is as easy for cheela nuclei to exchange neutrons as it is for human atoms to exchange electrons. In the bodies of the cheela, the nuclei couple into "nuclear force-bound molecules" by neutron exchange, in the same manner that in the body of a human, atoms couple into "electronically-bound molecules" by electron exchange. (It is not known if this neutron exchange mechanism will really lead to the formation of complex nuclear molecules, but for the sake of telling a story, I assume that it does.) Since the cheela use nuclear coupling instead of electron coupling in their bodies, their rate

of living is about one million times that of humans.

At a million to one time difference, a second to a human, about the time it takes to say "Hello," is the equivalent of a week to a cheela, who hears "He . . ." on Sunday and ". . . lo" on the following Saturday. A day for a human is equivalent to 2,500 years for a cheela, enough for the rise and fall of great cheela empires while a human takes a nap.

Cheela can form crystalline "bones" when needed, but normally keep a more flexible structure similar to that of a flattened slug and can flow around and into instruments to operate them. Because of the high gravitational field, the cheela do not have the strength to extend themselves more than a few millimeters above the crust. Their psychology with respect to gravity, height, and things-over-your-head is identical to the science fiction stories by Hal Clement about the Mesklinites that lived on a super-Jovian planet with strong gravity fields.

Since the "atmosphere" of Dragon's Egg is only a few micrometers thick (around the "toes" of the cheela), the cheela do not breath or "talk." The cheela communicate by strumming the crust with their lower surface or tread to produce directed vibrations in the neutron star crust.

The cheela have twelve eyes that rise up on short stubs. The stubs have counter-current heat exchangers that keep the eyes cooler than the rest of the body so they can see without being blinded by their own emitted radiation. In structure, function, and lack of bilateral symmetry, they are close evolutionary parallels to the twenty, bright blue, stalk-supported eyes of the scallop shellfish on Earth. Earth snails and slugs have similar eyes, but they are bilaterally symmetric and the creatures have a head and tail. The cheela do not have bilateral symmetry and can move on their tread equally well in all directions.

The eyes of the cheela are about 0.1 millimeters in diameter, smaller than the period at the end of this sentence. To give the eyes adequate resolution, they use wavelengths of 0.1 micrometers (1000 angstroms) or smaller. Thus, the normal range of cheela vision is the ultraviolet (UV) part of the spectrum from 1000 to 200 angstroms, although they can see down into the soft X-ray part of the spectrum if there is enough illumination.

The illumination for seeing comes primarily from the glowing surface of the star. At a temperature of 8000 degrees C, the neutron star crust has adequate flux in the long wavelength part of the cheela vision band. Things that are hotter than the crust, such as cheela bodies and hot illumination sources, not only have more photons, but their "color" shifts toward "blue." Cooler things, like the top of a cheela or a plant, have a shift to longer, "redder" wavelengths. The sky, near absolute zero temperature, would be jet black, with the bright, hot stars visible in it at all times. From a visual standpoint, living on a neutron

star would be like living on a bed of coals.

Living on a neutron star would be very different from living on the Earth. The very high gravity field means that everything must be built low to the crust and very sturdy. The very high magnetic field tends to elongate objects along the magnetic field lines and makes it difficult to move things across them. The cheela find it easy to move east and west, but difficult to move north and south.

There are things lacking on a neutron star that we take for granted. There is no sun. On Dragon's Egg, the light and energy that keep the cheela alive comes upward from the crust. The plants on Dragon's Egg make food by extracting energy from the hot crust with their root system and rejecting their waste heat to the cold sky. It is never dark, so the life-forms on Dragon's Egg never developed sleep. They do not have a moon, so they have no months. They do not orbit a star, so they have no year. Their only natural unit of time is the rotation of the fixed stars in the sky.

The cheela don't have lamps, candles, fireplaces, or electric lights (although they do have electricity), for there is no dark and no cold on the glowing surface of Dragon's Egg. Even the inside of a cave is brightly illuminated by the glow from the warm walls. The cheela don't have hanging pictures, hinged doors or windows, leafed books, rooftops, or tops to anything, usually, for the gravity is too high. They don't have airplanes, balloons, kites, whistles, fans, straws, perfume, lungs or breath because there is no atmosphere. They don't have umbrellas, bathtubs, showers, or flush toilets because there is no rain or the equivalent of water.

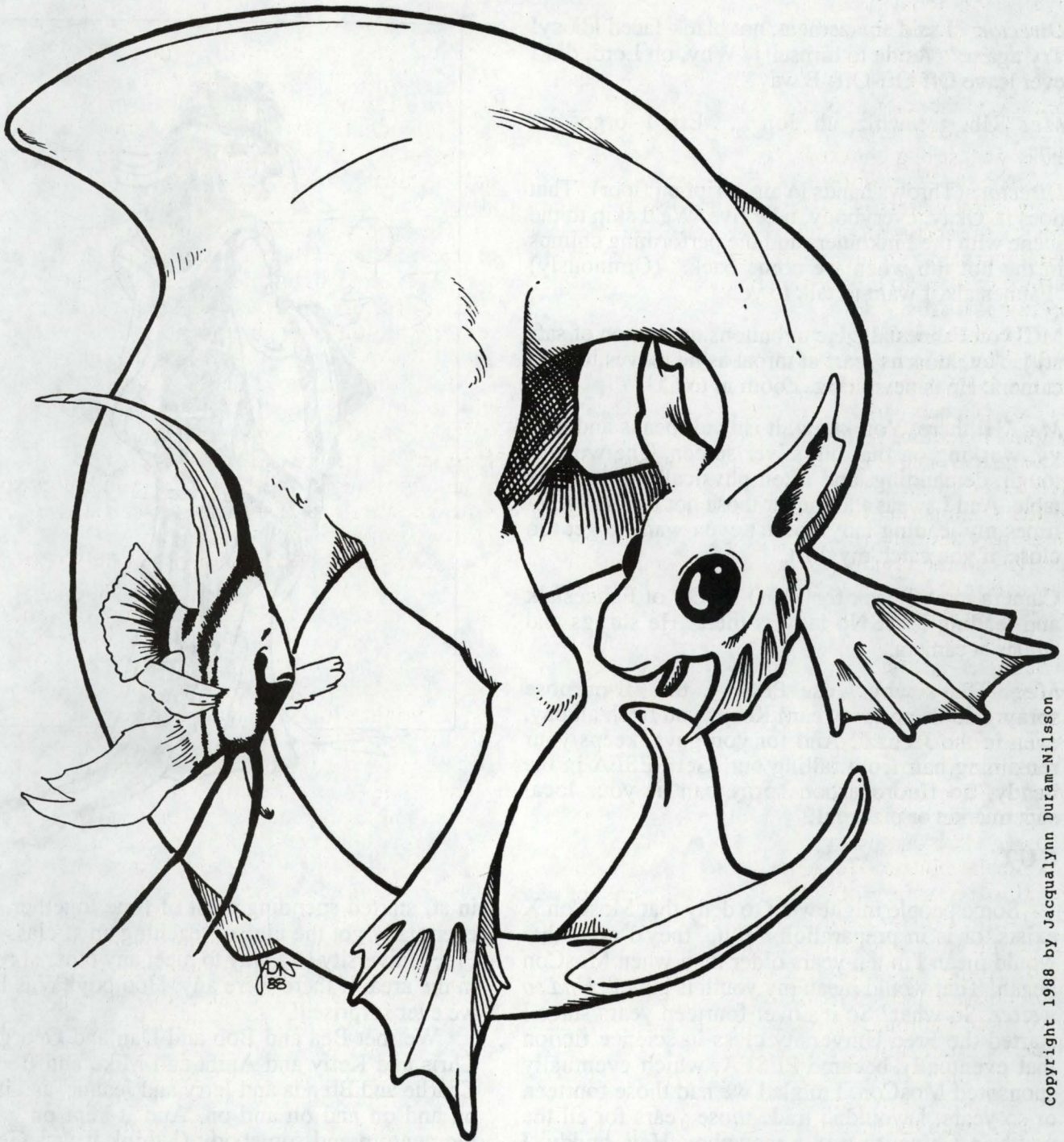
Life for a modern cheela is not drab. Although cheela do not wear cloth to cover their supple, elastic, and variable-shaped bodies, they do dress up. Even uncivilized cheela wear body paint to cover up their nakedness, and the modern fluorescent, liquid crystal, and variable-emittance paints make the city streets bright with color and patterns. Civilized cheela also never leave the walls of their compound without first inserting -- into the holding sphincters in their hide -- a set of badges that indicate their profession and their rank in that profession. For more festive occasions, jewelry can replace or augment the badges on the hide, while jewel-rings encircle each of their twelve eye-stubs.

A typical cheela compound is merely a walled-off area with only one story (ground level) and no roof. There are paintings, but they are frescos painted right on the wall. There are no books with pages that would tear if turned, but there are rolled-up scrolls that are stored in scroll-walls. There are soft pads and pillows, but they are for resting and reading, not sleeping, for cheela don't sleep. There are windows, but they have no glass, for there is no cold or not air to keep out. If a cheela wishes privacy, he pulls the

horizontally sliding window blind shut. There is a door to the compound, which also slides on a track. Although modern cheela now use nuclear-powered chronometers to keep track of time, the old-fashioned pendulum clock works as well on Dragon's Egg as it does on Earth, provided a sturdy frame is made to hold the pendulum in the strong gravity. On Earth, a one-meter pendulum ticks once a second, whereas on Dragon's Egg a one-millimeter pendulum ticks once every quarter of a microsecond.

Life on a neutron star is not like life on Earth, but

it isn't all that different. It is remotely possible that one day we will find life-forms on stars, although probably they would be stranger than any we can imagine now. We could probably learn to communicate with these life-forms, and we may ultimately understand each other well enough to become friends, but we could never visit each other. The gravity there would destroy us and the gravity here would destroy them. We would have to remain just long distance pen-pals.



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# MOSCON X: IT'S ABOUT TIME

by Stephen U. Fahnstalk

*Clapper Loader:* Return of MosCon, Scene 3, Take 145. (Claps clapper)

*Director:* "Now, let's see some *amazement*, dammit!"

*Me:* "Gawsh, Jon, you mean it's been ten years?"

*Director:* "I said amazement, not blank-faced idiocy! Try again." (Aside to himself) "Why, oh Lord, did I ever leave Off-Off-Off- B'way?"

*Me:* "Uh, gee whiz, uh, Jon . . . Err, I forgot my line."

*Director:* (Throws hands in air, script on floor) "That does it. Okay, everybody, take five. We'll skip to the scene with the Finkbiners and the performing chimps in the hot tub when we come back." (Ominously) "Fahnstalk, I want to talk to you."

MCU on Fahnstalk. He unbuttons top button of safari jacket, loosens scarf at throat as he moves toward camera. He is perspiring. Zoom in to CU.

*Me:* "Hi there. You know, it isn't all beans and gravy, working on that big silver screen. The work is tough, demanding, and often physically uncomfortable. And I sweat a lot under those hot lights. Sometimes my leading lady doesn't even want to get too close, if you catch my drift."

Camera moves back for TWO-SHOT of Fahnstalk and leading lady. No lady is there. He shrugs and smiles at camera.

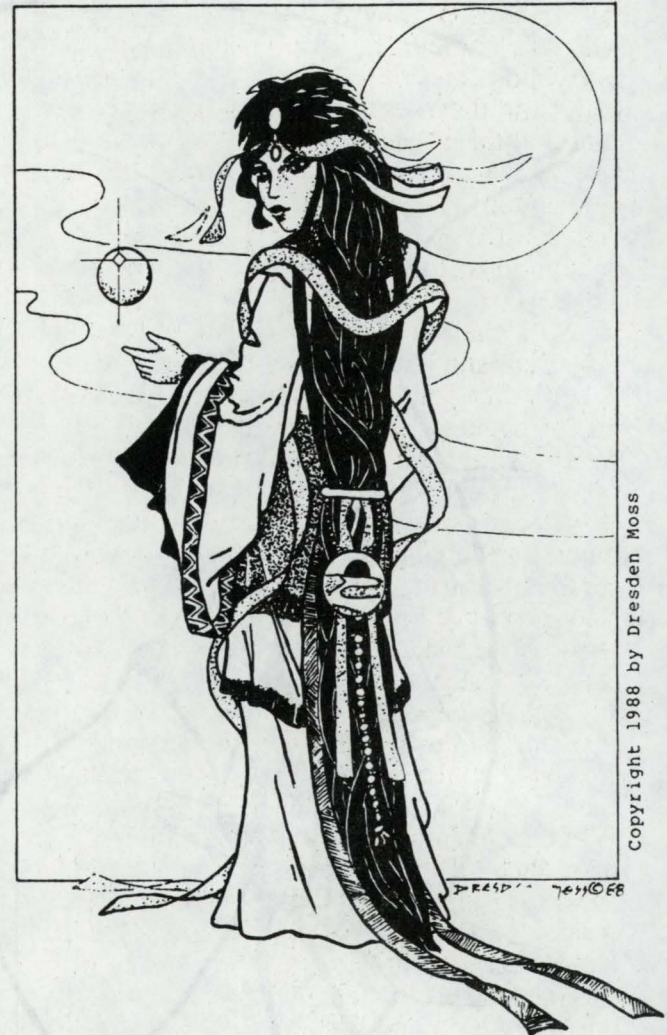
*Me:* "That's why I use PESFA, the all-purpose spray. (Holds up spray can) Keeps you fresh all day, even in the Jacuzzi! And for you guys, keeps your remaining hair from falling out! Get PESFA in the handy, no fluorocarbon spray can at your local supermarket or pizzeria!"

**CUT.**

Some people might want to deny that MosCon X exists, or is in preparation. "But," they'd cry, "that would mean I'm ten years older than when MosCon began! That would mean my youth is gone!" *Und so weiter*. So what? So it's over fourteen years since I started the Free University class in science fiction that eventually became PESFA, which eventually sponsored MosCon. I'm glad we had those fourteen or so years. I wouldn't trade those years for all the youth in China, to mix a metaphor. Hey, buddy: I *earned* these gray hairs. Look, before I moved to

Pullman I was a callow youth in my early twenties, reading science fiction and dreaming of the days when I too would be a professional sf writer.

Oh, yeah, I knew a couple of sf writers, like Frank Herbert and Forry Ackerman, but I wasn't a fan. I'd never seen a fanzine, never attended a con, never in my life met more than one or two other people who read the stuff. I was a fan waiting for a place to happen (to whip up another batch of mixed metaphors). Then it happened. I met Jon while playing pool at the CUB. We discovered a mutual interest



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in sf, started spending a lot of time together, and I eventually got the idea of teaching an sf class at the Free University as a way to meet any other sf readers in the area, if there were any. Hoo boy! Was I/were we ever surprised!

We met Bea and Bob and Dan and George and Chris and Kelly and Anita and Mike and Beth and Charlie and Brenda and Jerry and Jeanne, and it went on and on and on and on. And it kept on gaining momentum and somebody (I think it was George) brought a (gasp!) fanzine to one of our early meet-

ings at the CUB. And in it was a notice for Westercon 28, in Oakland. A convention, for Gawd's sake, of people who read (and wrote) sf -- maybe even a hundred of them all in one place! So we quickly put together the first issue of our own fanzine and made plans.

Then Jon and George and Dan and I all packed into my little Opel and went tootling down to Oakland for the July 4 weekend.

Culture shock! All of a sudden we met *hundreds* of other fans, including a fourteen-year-old Frank Catalano, and many writers. We were overwhelmed by the awesomeness of it all. We met writers, artists, fans, hucksters, fans, fans, and more fans. And when we came back from Oakland I started telling everybody that we *had* to have a con here in Pullman. And they kept telling me that we *couldn't*, because: a) there was no place in Pullman to have one, and b) we didn't know anything about running a convention! But I persevered, and somebody built a large Best Western in Moscow, and we kept going to conventions; then, suddenly -- there were no more excuses!

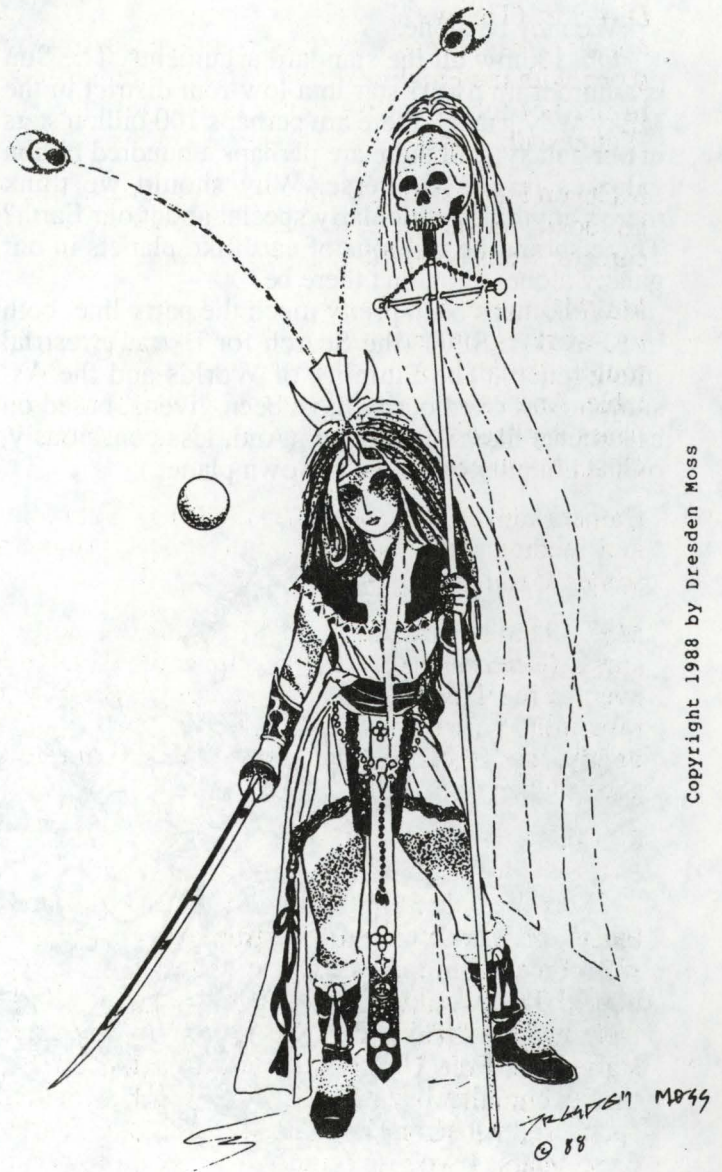
So I chaired MosCon I (and II); Jon chaired a few, Beth and Vicki have done it . . . even Chris has -- hell, after you get a couple under your belt it gets downright easy. In those ten years we've all learned an awful lot. Not just about the mechanics of running a con, though that was a lot in itself -- if you've never been on a con committee, you don't know how much frantic running around and work it takes beforehand, during, and after. As the White Queen said, you have to run as hard as you can just to stay in the same place -- to *get* somewhere, you have to run even faster!

But the best part is the people we met: without those preparatory years and the ten years of MosCon, we wouldn't have known Verna and Al Trestail, Jerry and Jean Sohl, Alex Schomburg, Kate Wilhelm, Damon Knight, Algis Budrys, John Dalmas, Richard Pini, George Barr and Jim Bearcloud, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Poul Anderson, Bob Adams . . . the list goes on and on -- and those are just some of the pros!

What about the fans we met, both our PESFAns, our fan guests and our friends from the Northwest and elsewhere? How much poorer we would have been for not knowing Randy, "The Hugable (sic) Steve," Thom and Mikki, Ed and Norma, Frank and Anna Jo, Betty and David, Greg and Melva, John and Becky, Jane and Lynn, Nina, Dean, Sasha, Alden, Ole, and all the literally hundreds of good and better friends we've met since that first "science fiction class" in the CUB. I'd love to, but I couldn't possibly list all the people, and I've already probably offended somebody by leaving their names off this short example. I've met people in fandom and at MosCon who are as dear to me as my own flesh and

blood. And I'll never forget any of them! (Except what's-his-name, and *he* doesn't count.) My life, and the lives of (as I've said) hundreds of people, have been enriched by MosCon. Nosirreee, I wouldn't trade those fourteen years for all the gold in (fill in your own mixed metaphor here)!

I salute you, MosCon, and all the wild, weird, and wonderful people who have been involved in your success for the past ten years, both concom and participants. I'm proud to be your founder, and I wish you success even into the next century. I'll keep coming back from wherever I am until they won't let me out of the nursing home. And then I'm going to learn astral travel!



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# THE FERMI PARADOX

by Stephen L. Gillett, Ph.D.

(MosCon VI Scientist Guest of Honor)

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## Where are they?

-- Enrico Fermi

We may be alone.

Oh, I know all the standard arguments. The Sun is a humdrum dwarf star in a low-rent district in the Milky Way galaxy; there are perhaps 100 billion stars in our galaxy; and there are perhaps a hundred billion galaxies in our Universe. Why should we think there's anything particularly special about our Earth? There should be millions of earthlike planets in our galaxy alone. Shouldn't there be?

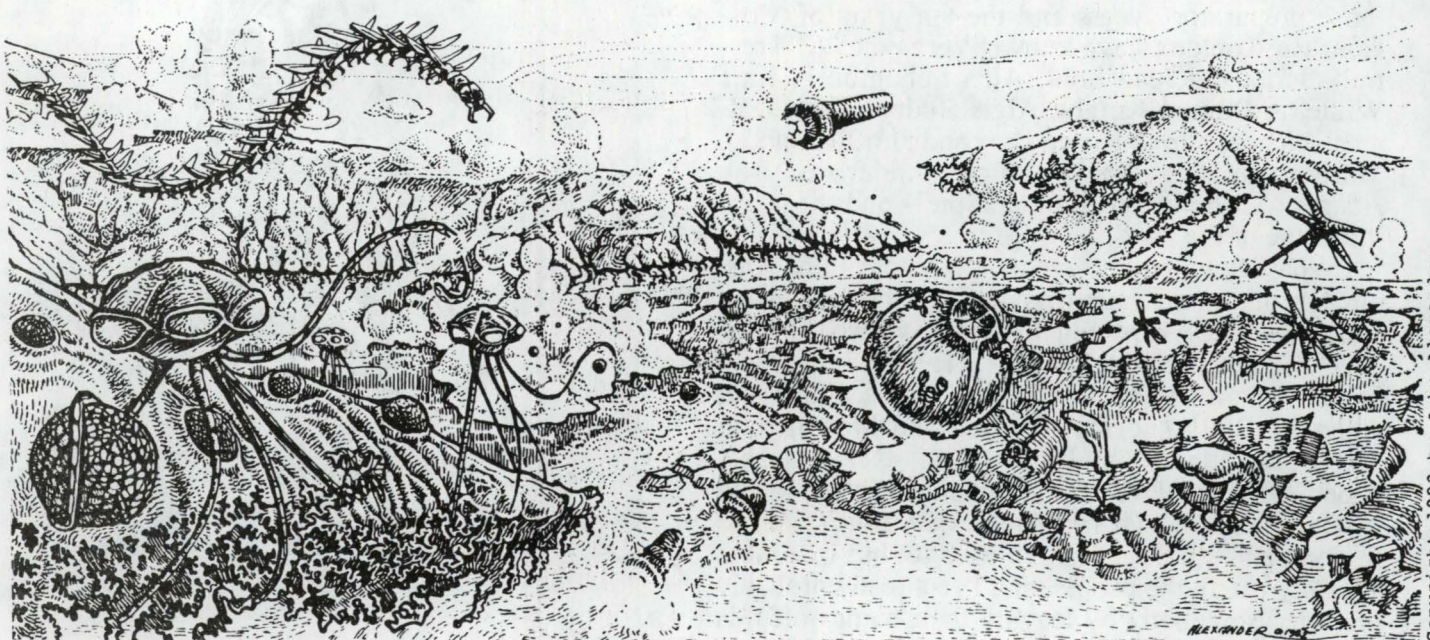
Well, that's been pretty much the party line, both in SF and in SETI (the Search for ExtraTerrestrial Intelligence). The Plurality of Worlds and the Assumption of Mediocrity have been givens, based on arguments like those above. (And, less consciously, on the ubiquity of life on our own planet.)

# THE DYNAMISM OF LIFE

But let's take the Plurality of Worlds to its logical conclusion. Because of exponential growth, life is either absent or abundant; intermediate states are rare. Thomas Jefferson thought it would take a thousand years to settle the American West; it took less than a hundred. The progeny of a handful of rabbits overran Australia within a few decades. And we've all heard of the successively dividing bacteria that, if unchecked, would equal the mass of the Earth within a few years.

And do not misunderstand; such expansion into, and exploitation of, all available niches is a property of *life*. It is not merely a cultural feature of an expansionist civilization, to escape oppression, or get rich, or whatever, as is sometimes claimed (e.g., Freitas, 1984). It runs far deeper than that. The blackberry vines that kept trying to take over my yard in Seattle were not trying to escape oppression. They were simply doing what comes natural. Ditto for the mice in my garage. The aphids that continually invade my garden are probably trying to do the aphid equivalent of becoming rich, but I doubt it's a conscious decision. (The ecologists even have a name for such a survival strategy: such opportunists are called "r-strategists," "r" for rapid.)

But just a minute! Expansion can fail! Freitas (1984), for example, proposed the "Lemming Paradox": Lemmings undergo explosive population growth every few years that culminates in mass migrations. So why are we not all awash in lemmings? Because the lemmings commit mass suicide when they do so, by drowning themselves *en masse* -- or so Freitas claimed -- and he chortled that this



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"proves" that exponential population growth need not lead to living things' overrunning their environment.

But the "Lemming Paradox" merely demonstrates how fundamentally Freitas misunderstood the nature of the problem. (He also demonstrated a profound misunderstanding of the population dynamics of lemmings.) For consider: How come we don't see lemmings everywhere? Well, what happens when a horde of hungry lemmings ends up headed southward to warmer climes? They encounter other living things: herbivores better than they are at wresting a living from the different plant life, and carnivores happy to dine on lemmings.

The lemmings encounter competition from other living things, which limits their spread. Migrating lemmings don't just commit mass suicide, you see. They are looking for new range. (The "suicide" myth comes about because the migrating lemmings are not averse to swimming bodies of water in their way; alas, however, they aren't smart enough to know when it's too wide to swim.) A few lemmings, however, do manage to find and reproduce in some new turf where lemmings had died out, due to disease or whatever. The migrations also keep the gene pool mixed, because a few stragglers always manage not to drown. The whole business seems an inefficient dispersal strategy, but it works.

If the Earth had been empty except for lemmings you can bet they'd be everywhere. So the "Lemming Paradox" merely proves there's abundant, efficient life on Earth competing very effectively with the lemmings. That conclusion, however, was already obvious on other grounds.

And "abundant, efficient life" is exactly what we don't see when we look outside the Earth. The fallacy of the "Lemming Paradox" stems from looking at the behavior of a single species *within the context of already vigorous ecosystems*. But we are looking for *anything* living!

If life is abundant, you should see something. Not all species, or even most species, but something. And on the Earth, of course, you do. (I don't need to see lemmings. I'll settle for cockroaches, or alfalfa, or rattlesnakes, or . . .)

So where are they?

Exponential growth is also intimately intertwined with James Lovelock's Gaia metaphor; life transforms its environment, and in some sense becomes identified with it. Photosynthetic microbes learn to release oxygen -- and now the Earth has a corrosive, oxygen-rich atmosphere unlike any other in the Solar System. Plants colonize the land, and rework it beyond recognition. (It's a major problem to visualize what landscapes looked like in the Precambrian and early Paleozoic, before plants exploded onto the surface. Our experience is too colored by the present.) Further, living things maintain indefinitely an

environment far out of chemical equilibrium. Methane, for example, is detectable in our oxygen-rich atmosphere, despite the fact that it reacts with oxygen and is constantly being destroyed. The source of the methane is bacterial action in swamps and wetlands, and also the intestinal gases in herbivores. Indeed, Lovelock predicted that Mars was dead -- to the annoyance of the Viking researchers -- because its atmosphere is so readily explained by simple inorganic processes.

There's a continuum from coral reefs to cities; from bovine flatulence to Hoover Dam. Life remakes its surroundings.

So where are they?

## LIFE AS A PHENOMENON

Most speculation about exobiology has focused on its possible low-level structure: Must it be carbon-based? Is the solvent water, or ammonia, or what? Is DNA required? Is the same set of 20 amino acids required? What about ATP?

And about the form of alien life: What features of Earthly animals are general; e.g., is bilateral symmetry common? What about arrangements of sense organs? And on, and on, and on, into reams of fascinating but almost irrelevant speculation.

For life as a phenomenon has nothing to do with the form it may happen to take.

Much traditional exobiological speculation (e.g., Freitas, 1981ab) seems akin to beginning a study of music by inventorying all things that can make a musical sound. (Gee, lookit all the ways to make music!) But, although a musical instrument of some basic sophistication is required -- e.g., you can't play the Ninth Symphony on a kazoo -- "music" as a phenomenon is far more than the instruments it can be played on.

Similarly, life needs a substrate that can support sufficient organization. We know branching carbon-chain compounds in water solution work nicely -- here we are! -- but maybe other things would too. (E.g., self-replicating robots -- "silicon-based life" -- maybe so.) But it really doesn't matter if living things are made of Tinkertoys.

"Life" as a phenomenon is independent of the information-bearing substrate it happens to reside in. It is a self-replicating phenomenon in which the replication is imperfect and introduces variations; thus, some variations survive better than others, so that over time the phenomenon becomes more complex and diverse.

Make no mistake about "survival" here, either. The word now tends to have a connotation of guys in camo fatigues toting Uzis and stockpiling gold. But it's much simpler and more fundamental -- indeed, *mechanical* -- than that. Survival merely means making more copies than the other guys; hence, some-

thing that "survives" is merely better at making copies. And that's a purely mechanical procedure; intelligence or ideology are not relevant; even mobility is not important. (I have emphasized this by drawing so many examples from plant life.) What reproduces not merely persists but overwhelms. (See Dawkins (1976).)

Another observation about Earthly life is a trend to more and more complex organization over geologic time. Extinction is a common phenomenon, as Freitas (1984) noted, but so what? Sure, the species change, but life itself becomes more diverse and efficient. (Hand crank telephones are "extinct" too, but the telephone system is alive and well.) To the best of my knowledge, there is no capability possessed by any organism in the past that is not possessed as least as well by a present-day organism.

Rather, life has sporadically but inexorably acquired new capabilities. For example: Mudstones, rocks made by deposition of mud in water, in Lower Paleozoic rocks are thin and platy, reflecting individual layers of mud which remained undisturbed after they were laid down. But in younger rocks, mudstones are *not* platy, but homogeneous and massive; after burrowing organisms had evolved, the deposited layers did not remain undisturbed!

Atmospheric flight has been re-evolved several times (insects, birds, pterodactyls, bats . . .). I've already mentioned the invasion of the land in the late Silurian and early Devonian, by plants and then animals.

For a current example, we have the invasion of the shallow subtidal environment by grasses such as *Thalassia*, as in the Florida Keys. Here the latest thing in plants, a grass, has returned to the sea in the last few tens of millions of years to compete -- successfully -- with algae, among the most primitive of plants!

Once established, life is also robust. As advancement grows, new environments are invaded, and the planetary environmental feedback mechanisms are emplaced, it becomes more and more difficult for life to be wiped out by a major catastrophe. (Been to Mt. St. Helens recently? The Devastated Area is recovering much more swiftly than the biologists thought possible; not surprising, in retrospect, since modest eruptions like St. Helens' are ubiquitous in the recent geologic past in the Cascades, yet the flora shows little evidence of them.)

As part of my Ph.D. dissertation, I worked on some extinction events recorded in Cambrian limestones, about 520 million years old. At these "biomere boundaries" virtually all the fossil fauna (mostly trilobites) vanishes abruptly at a sharp level in the limestone layers. This extinction event, however, is followed by a rapid evolutionary diver-

sification of the survivors (an "adaptive radiation," it's called) so that trilobites have become just as abundant as ever in the limestone two or three meters above the extinction level. (In case you're wondering, the extinction event is probably caused by the rising of the thermocline -- the boundary between warm surface water and cold deep water -- into the shallows, so that the shallow-water trilobites were overwhelmed by water much colder than they could survive in.)

Even after the calamitous terminal Cretaceous extinction, possibly caused by an asteroid impact, life was *still* more diverse than it was at the close of Cambrian time, about 500 million years before!

At this point, a nova could wipe out Earthly life. But not much less than a nova could; even nuclear war could not.

In a century or so, even a nova won't do it.  
So where are they?

Furthermore, evolution of new capabilities happens by fits and starts, the now trendy hypothesis of "punctuated equilibria": Long intervals of stasis are followed by short intervals of very rapid change. Such rapid change generally follows an evolutionary innovation -- or more commonly, a synergistic combination of several innovations -- that allow a new environment to be exploited.

And as soon as the new environment is exploitable, it is exploited. Right away. Again (my favorite example), look at the proliferation of land life: "Technical improvements" by metazoans in the mid-Paleozoic, about 350 million years ago, made land life feasible, and boom! The land was colonized within a few tens of millions of years. (One such improvement was the amniote egg, which allowed vertebrates to reproduce without open water to lay eggs in.)

Humans are a very young species, and still evolving quickly (check out any sociobiology text). We apparently are the sole survivors of a major evolutionary radiation of hominids in Miocene Africa.

It seems reasonable to me that we're approaching just such a punctuation, when life will be able to leave the Earth and expand into the Galaxy.

So where are they?

## LIFE IN SPACE - THE NEXT PUNCTUATION?

Because if life so profoundly alters its environment, why stop with planets? Why don't we see a spectrum to Dyson spheres, Ringworlds? Where is the spoor of the Type II and Type III civilizations?

Why isn't the universe acrawl with aliens?

Because of considerations like these, Enrico Fermi (no less!) is said to have asked "Where are



they?" -- and the absence of hard evidence for extra terrestrial intelligence is now called the Fermi Paradox.

Consider ourselves. If we don't blow ourselves up, we will break out into the Solar System within the next 100 years -- and I expect that we will further break out of the Solar System and into interstellar space within the next thousand years. Technical civilization took perhaps five thousand years to evolve. *Homo* self-named *sapiens*, a few million. Sounds like a long time, right? To human beings, a few million years is well-nigh indistinguishable from eternity. But the Earth is 4.6 billion years old, and has another 4 or 5 billion years to go before the Sun evolves into a red giant. Evolving humans out of the rest of life took less than 0.1% of the age of the Earth; and developing technical civilization took a miniscule 0.0001%. An eyeblink! In another eyeblink, we'll be out to the nearest stars. And in less time than it took humans to evolve from australopithecines, we can be across the Galaxy.

Let's take a numerical example. Start with something the size of Niven's Known Space, which seems to be a sphere about 400 light years in diameter that contains perhaps 45 million stars. Suppose a given star colonizes 10 other stars in 100 years, and then stops. Those stars in turn will colonize ten more apiece, and so on. Note that colonization need not proceed with classical starships; an O'Neill type space colony with fusion thrusters, moving at, say, 7% of lightspeed, should work just fine. Such a colony goes to a new sun and builds more colonies out of asteroidal material; they certainly won't need an Earthlike planet, and they may not even be interested in the planets at all, at least at first. (Having the colonization stop after 10 colonies crudely accounts for the fact that the new colonies need some time to get established, and that it will probably be impractical to ride an O'Neill colony for more than 5 or 6 light years -- voyages 70 to 85 years long.)

This model predicts that all those 45,000,000 stars are colonized within 8000 years -- about the time that's elapsed since the Pyramids were built. Further, the entire Galaxy, with perhaps 100 billion stars, can be entirely colonized in 11 million years, less time than has elapsed since the emergence of the proto-hominid *Proconsul* in Miocene Africa. Although the model is pretty crude (I dashed these calculations off on my trusty TI-59), it shows the effects of exponential growth.

You think this just results from the inexorable expansion of one "rapacious" civilization? Wrong. Let's assume that there are 1000 civilizations in the Galaxy. Let's further assume that things are so unbelievably mellow that only once every thousand years does some group get fed up enough to pull up stakes and strike off into that "endless void." (Note that people have emigrated much more frequently

than that in human history! Only one Long March; only one Mayflower; only one Hernan Cortez; only one Polynesian explorer out of all those thousand civilizations in a thousand years. That's pretty conservative.)

Well, after 1000 years we have 1001 civilizations. After 2000 years, 1002. After a million years, 2000 civilizations. After two million years, 4000 civilizations. After 10 million years, there are 1,024,000 civilizations. And in general, after  $n$  million years there are  $2^n$  civilizations.

I think you see what's happening. The Earth is 4.6 billion years old; the Universe, more than twice that. *Where are they?* Hell, I'm not picky. *Where is somebody?*

In fact it's worse than this, as the mathematically alert will have seen. I've understated the compounding effect; in effect I've just used simple interest compounded at million-year intervals. If we compound at 1000 year intervals instead, we find the number of civilizations after a million years is already over 2700, instead of 2000.

And if we take the limit as the compounding interval goes to zero, the number of civilizations is  $1000 \times \exp(n)$ , where "exp" is the exponential function. Lots of you have personal computers. The exponential function is right there in BASIC. Don't take my word for it -- play with the numbers yourself!

Note there's no single, "rapacious" civilization in this model. There's just lots of individual decisions to strike out for parts unknown. The whole smoke-screen, occasionally voiced, that the Fermi Paradox depends on a single "rapacious, technical civilization" misses the point entirely. Again, the argument comes from the very dynamics of living systems. Intelligence is merely the dispersal mechanism, like the fluff on a dandelion seed. It allows life to get off its original planet. That's all.

(Indeed, I suspect that the timescales are long enough for the individual living beings themselves that the intelligence is irrelevant. How worried are *you* about events a million years hence? Yet that's an eyeblink on the geologic time scale. The "rapacity" is in the nature of life itself. Living things overrun their environment and change it beyond recognition. Intelligence *per se* has nothing to do with it.)

(And yes, it may well be that space-borne life need not be intelligent. Freeman Dyson has speculated a great deal about space-based living creatures; he proposes that designing microbes for, say, asteroid resource extraction may make much more sense than conventional mining. Such considerations lead to a delightful concept; a space-based ecosystem, independent of intelligent life! And maybe such critters could evolve dispersal systems, so that they were not confined to a single star . . . .)

Expansion is a generalization based on observing

Earthly life, to be sure. But since it works for all Earthly life, it should work for someone else, too. Furthermore, evolution winnows out ineffective survival strategies very effectively. (And, again, remember that "survival" just means making more copies than the other guys.)

Freitas (1984) also noted: "Advances in robotics will soon make possible totally automated, unmanned factories -- which are capable of replicating more factories *ad infinitum* . . . if more materials and energy are needed, there are plenty of uninhabitable star systems that can be pillaged." (Sigh. Why *don't* people understand exponential growth?) He also noted that a starfaring race, including ourselves, will probably speciate as we spread across the Galaxy.

Evidently he intended both these as arguments against the Fermi Paradox. But in fact he hoisted himself with his own petard. Of course we'll speciate! So what? You'll end up with a universe full of different species, but it nonetheless will be a universe full of life.

Which is what we don't see now.

You see, speciation of starfaring races; abundant self-replicating robots; sentient beings escaping tyrants and founding new civilizations, all that stuff. . .

*That's the problem!* It's not a matter of one rapacious civilization sweeping across the Galaxy. It's a matter of lots and lots of little guys spreading from one star to another because they don't like what they left behind them.

So where *are* they?

## OF TIME, AND SPACE, AND OTHER THINGS . . .

There's more. Even if technical civilization collapses, there are still about 4,999,995,000 years left or someone else to pick up the pieces.

But, but, but . . . not so fast, Gillett. What about resource depletion? If our civilization collapses, there won't be the wherewithal to pick up the pieces. And what about nuclear war -- a major cataclysm could damage the biosphere for a long, long time. Nuclear waste can last for millions of years, after all . . .

Well, things are not necessarily that bleak. But OK -- for the sake of argument, say civilization doesn't arise again for 70 million years. That's about the time that's elapsed since the dinosaurs died out (killed by the climatic disruptions from a meteorite impact or whatever.) That still leaves about 30,000,000 years before the Sun dies. Furthermore, 70 million years is plenty of time to put the Earth's resource base back together; for instance, most of the oil we use today is 70 m.y. old or less. Well, surprisingly enough, is an *ephemeral* deposit, geologically; old oil eventually becomes exposed by erosion and runs away, or is evaporated to a gummy,

virtually useless mess like the Tar Sands in Alberta.) And even if that civilization self-destructs, and no one else arises for *another* 70 million years, there's still 4,860,000,000 years left . . . You see? There's a *lot* of time available.

And the *Earth's* present age is less than half the Universe's.

So where'n hell *are* they?

## WHO'S ON FIRST

Well, maybe they're really there.

Perhaps moral or esthetic considerations restrain advanced civilizations from making a perceptible impact on the Universe. Alternatively, maybe such civilizations fall into decadence, or become interested in affairs beyond our imagining.

But I don't believe it. Really, now . . . *everybody, everywhere* for 10 billion years? The sheer number of stars, and the immensity of geologic time, make such constraints -- as *general* rules -- seem unlikely. Once you have complex life at all, remember how little time it takes, proportionately, to evolve a civilization. Or to re-evolve one, if the first should destroy itself. Even if most superadvanced civilizations are restrained by ethical, esthetic, or philosophical concerns, all it takes is *one* that isn't.

Or perhaps superintelligences are all around us, and the Earth is deliberately being left to itself. Maybe we're a laboratory study or a wilderness area. Some years back, Fritz Leiber wrote an excellent and chilling novel (*The Wanderer*) on just this idea. But, like contrails over the Primitive Area, it seems that we oughta see *something*.

Grant Callin has recently come up with a new twist on this: Indeed, advanced alien intelligences are abundant, but "Thou Shalt Not Expand" is ruthlessly enforced, one law on which all advanced civilizations can agree. But this notion *requires* faster-than-light travel; otherwise the law cannot be enforced. And casually throwing away the lightspeed limit is on a par with throwing out the principle of mediocrity; it's not really a "simple" explanation! (Moreover, this also implies that only intelligence can traverse space; purely space-based life forms must be exterminated as fast as they arise.)

Believers in UFO's as extraterrestrial visitors will no doubt cite them as just such examples, but the evidence I have seen for such "visitations" is mirage-like; the closer you get, the less substantial it becomes.

In any event, stronger evidence of our alone-ness is not that we haven't had visitors, but that so far the Universe seems remarkably well explained by natural causes. It's hard to escape the conclusion that if intelligence is common, there are some vast projects going on somewhere: Dyson spheres, Ringworlds, or whatever. But the Galaxy seems more than natural; it

seems *inorganic*, in its ancient meaning of "unorganized." As Lovelock pointed out about Mars, the place just seems too explainable.

You can object that we might not recognize evidence of extraterrestrial intelligence if we saw it, because scientists would assume the phenomenon *not* to be the result of intelligence. Well, true, but only to begin with. Intelligent activity as a scientific explanation is classically excluded by Ockham's Razor, the principle that the simplest hypothesis is best. If something shows up that *can't* be explained by anything but intelligence, it will become glaringly obvious before very long. In fact, it will be the more convincing for having thus become obvious.

Well, but wait a minute. How can we be *sure* that there is no evidence of extraterrestrial intelligence? Maybe they've hidden artifacts out there in the Solar System, as in Clarke's *2001* or Grant Callin's *Saturnalia*. There's a *lot* of room to hide things, to be sure. It's also true that it takes very little mass to build a probe.

But I think artifacts are unlikely. (I don't say it's impossible, but I think it's unlikely.) The argument again comes from the dynamics of living systems.

Let's look at a humble bacterium. They are teensy with respect to the entire Earth. A typical bacterium has a diameter of about one millionth of a meter. Since the Earth is 12,800,000 meters in diameter, you can fit one *humongous* number of bacteria on the surface of the Earth. You could look and look and *look* and never find a bacterium. They could be hiding *anyplace*!

Well, gee, too, a single gram of organic matter could make on the order of a *trillion* bacteria. That's 10 for every star in the Galaxy.

Well, now . . . How hard is it to find bacteria on the Earth? They're very small, but there are a *lot* of them. You have great difficulty *not* finding them.

You see this naive sort of argument still being made about Mars and the possibility of microbes there. (Gosh, they could be hiding anywhere!) But living systems just don't *work* like that. The rarest thing in an ecosystem is an unexploited resource. Living things, whether blackberries, bacteria, or lemmings, expand to the limits of the resource available. On the Earth, those limits are generally set by *other* living things which are also trying to expand *their* range. Without such competition, the expansion is explosive.

Again, life is either abundant or absent. Furthermore, life alters its environment profoundly. If it's there, you see it.

Maybe *they* really exist. But I just don't think so . . . it seems we'd *know* already. (We *should* carry out SETI, however; reams of philosophical conjectures are no substitute for experiment, in any sort of scientific endeavor.)

## THE ROAD TO SPACEFARING LIFE

Let's speculate for now. What hurdles might there be along the evolutionary path to spacefaring life? Maybe we're like the lungfish crawling out onto dry land, looking around for other lungfish . . . and there aren't any.

Maybe Earthlike planets are extremely rare. If the Earth were just a bit warmer, just a bit closer to the Sun, enough additional water vapor would be evaporated from the oceans to significantly increase the Earth's greenhouse effect. This increase would raise the temperatures yet further, so that more water would evaporate, resulting in yet a further increase in surface temperature . . . This process results in what's called the "runaway greenhouse": The oceans would boil, and Earth would become a duplicate of Venus. Some calculations suggest this would have ensued had Earth been formed only a few million miles nearer the Sun.

If the Earth, on the other hand, had formed a bit farther from the Sun, it would have frozen. The polar icecaps, because they're white, significantly increase the reflectivity, or "albedo," of the Earth, and thus make solar heating of the Earth less efficient. If the Earth were cooled enough, the icecaps would grow enough to set up another vicious cycle -- a runaway glaciation instead of a runaway greenhouse. (In fact, an ice ball at the distance of the Earth is stable; the albedo is raised so much the ice will never melt.)

Additionally, current astrophysical theories suggest that the Sun has gotten about 30% brighter over the lifetime of the Earth. It's not enough that the solar influx be OK now, it must have remained in bounds for the last 4.6 billion years. In fact, recent work on modeling climate over geologic time suggests that the Earth has just barely avoided the runaway ice age on the one hand, and the runaway greenhouse on the other. As Tom Heppenheimer has said, Earth's history resembles the Perils of Pauline. The "ecosphere" -- the habitable zone around a star where conditions are hospitable to life -- seems to be much narrower than early, optimistic estimates suggested -- and furthermore, it's a moving target.

Maybe Earth's gigantic Moon has somehow aided the evolution -- and maintenance! -- of life. Moons as big as ours are liable to be rare. The Moon could have stabilized climate, because the Earth-Moon system as a whole is less vulnerable to orbital fluctuations (such as those on Mars) than the Earth alone would be. Or maybe (as Isaac Asimov has suggested more than once) the lunar tide spurred the evolution of land life. (I don't believe this, since storms are also good at washing water up onto the land, but -- maybe so.)

Maybe the Earth's been blessed with a particularly stable galactic environment, as Dave Brin (1983) has discussed at some length. The galactic hub hasn't exploded and sterilized the entire galaxy with ionizing radiation, or the Sun hasn't been perturbed into an orbit that carries it into the galactic center, or nearby supernovae have never been so close as to sterilize the immature biosphere completely, or the Sun hasn't chanced through a nebula that decreased the solar constant beyond the critical point for a runaway glaciation, or . . .

(Adherents of the Gaia hypothesis claim these Perils of Pauline scenarios are too grim, because life has taken a hand in maintaining its own environment by means of feedback mechanisms. But that can't always have been true. Evolution must have floundered around a good deal in developing the feedback mechanisms. The environment must have been pretty stable to allow such experimentation to begin with.)

Even if life isn't unique to Earth, it may nonetheless be rare, and complex life that leads to intelligence may be a fluke. For example, the amount of water on the Earth's surface is probably a cosmic accident, and there could have easily been more; maybe Earthlike worlds that are all sea are the rule. As has been pointed out many times before, marine life is not a good bet for developing spacefaring intelligence. (During periods of active seafloor spreading, the Earth itself comes very close to being Sea; the seafloor swells and the continents are largely flooded. Such "marine transgressions" are common in the geologic record.)

There's a further problem here: if your planet's entirely oceanic, polar icecaps probably don't exist because heat transfer to the poles from the equatorial regions is so much more efficient. But cold polar caps drive oceanic circulation: cold, dense, oxygenated water sinks at the poles and flows along the sea floor toward the equator, making the entire ocean oxygenated. Without polar caps to drive circulation, warm, saline -- and oxygen-poor -- equatorial water sinks instead, and all but the topmost layer of the sea is anoxic, fit only for microbial life. The Black Sea is a small-scale, modern example of such a "euxinic" sea; below a thin layer containing a normal marine fauna, it is oxygen-free and saturated with hydrogen sulfide, a fit environment only for certain anaerobic bacteria. At times in the geologic past, Earth's entire ocean has been like this.

Maybe the problem is not so much setting up an Earthlike environment but having it last long enough. For example, the step to metazoans -- multicelled life -- seems to be a hard one. Although microbial life had already appeared by the time of the oldest preserved sedimentary rocks (about 3.5 billion years), multicelled life doesn't appear until about 700 million years ago. It looks as though evolving metazoans takes much longer than evolving life in the first

place. Perhaps it generally doesn't happen at all. Maybe microbes are ubiquitous in the Galaxy but metazoans are not.

And one thing you need, to have an Earthlike environment persist for several billion years, is active geologic processes, to keep the crust stirred up. Otherwise critical micronutrient elements, such as phosphorus, eventually end up buried and useless, and your biosphere starves. Such geologic processes as plate tectonics are driven by the Earth's internal heat, which in turn comes from the decay of natural, long-lived radioactive elements: potassium-40, thorium, and uranium. If there's not enough such elements in the protosolar nebula from which the planets condense, geologic processes are going to wind down too soon. The continents will wear down, the oceans fill up -- and prospects for evolving intelligence get much dimmer.

Raw planet stuff has a finite shelf-life; let it sit around too long, and the planets will fizzle. Once the heavy elements are synthesized in a supernova, you'd better condense a solar system right away -- as indeed happened with our own Solar System. (And, for that matter, the supernova needs to produce enough long-lived radioactives! Maybe many don't.)

Or maybe it's hard to develop technology even if intelligence should arise. Our oxygen atmosphere is about ideal for developing a complex, metal-based technology. Oxygen is highly reactive; you can stoke a fire and achieve highly concentrated energy release. Due to its double bond, however, oxygen is not so reactive that it can't be controlled at all. (Although iron rusts, at least it doesn't spontaneously inflame.)

If, instead, some critter had learned how to release chlorine from the chloride in seawater, and chlorine as well as oxygen existed in the atmosphere . . . well, an atmosphere like that is probably too corrosive for metal to be practical. (Look at a commercial chlorination facility sometime, such as at a public swimming pool!) Hence, intelligent beings won't have an incentive to smelt metals, and then no electrical conductors are available when someone starts experimenting . . .

Or another example: water oceans and life might occur without free oxygen. The environment might be too rich in sulfur (or carbon, or hydrogen, or . . .) to allow free oxygen to accumulate. Again, life, even intelligent life, could exist, but spacefaring intelligence?

It would also be hard to develop a metal-based technology on those traditional ammonia-as-substitute-for-water worlds, if any such exist in the first place. Ammonium ions will be pervasive in a liquid ammonia sea. And ammonium dissolved in liquid ammonia acts as an acid, attacking such metals as iron. Of course, you also can't build a fire; the nitrogen, ammonia, or hydrogen in the atmosphere can't react enthusiastically enough to support com-

bustion.

## SF AND THE FERMI PARADOX

And that leads me into the nitty-gritty: most SF has been downright timid in dealing with the Fermi Paradox. There are a few exceptions: The Good Doctor, in the Foundation series, wrote of an "alien-less" Galaxy, but he seemed to presuppose the existence of numerous Earthlike planets without intelligence -- which seems unlikely, unless the planets had been terraformed first. I've already mentioned Fritz Leiber's *The Wanderer*. Arthur C. Clarke resolved the matter in an entirely different way in *Childhood's End*. In his recent series of novels (*Saturnalia*, *A Lion on Tharthee*), Grant Callin has at least addressed the Paradox (though I find his solution a cop-out). And a few other authors over the years have also grappled with the Paradox.

But traditionally, SF assumes a universe full of aliens -- aliens commonly more advanced than we -- without considering the consequences. *Star Trek*, of course, is notorious in this respect; the *Enterprise* skips from star to star finding new, often advanced civilizations -- who somehow, inexplicably, have never left their home solar system although they can immobilize the starship. Aliens also still show up regularly in the magazines, which are supposed to be a cut above media SF. Jack Williamson's recent *Lifeburst* was perhaps the ultimate cop-out; he belittled the Fermi Paradox without ever explaining it!

Even such hard SF authors as Poul Anderson and Larry Niven like to emphasize the vastness of the Universe to explain why we haven't been visited, without considering also its great age and the implications of exponential growth. And why can't super-advanced civilizations build more than Ringworlds?

Face it! What if we really *are* alone? Nature is often wasteful on a lavish scale; maybe in truth a hundred billion dead worlds form for every living one. What will this do to religion, to philosophy? (Consider, for a moment, the effect on origin-of-life theories!)

Or consider harrowing scenes where life started but was wiped out while still primitive; cooked by a runaway greenhouse, frozen by a runaway glaciation, sterilized by a galactic explosion, or whatever. What will *that* do to notions of God? (And you thought the Flood was bad. Wow!)

As we go from star to star, finding nothing but dead worlds . . . maybe terraforming will become important. Johnny Appleseed on a cosmic scale? Many worlds that couldn't develop a biosphere *ex nihilo*, because they didn't have time to evolve all the necessary feedback mechanisms, can probably support a full biosphere -- a Gaia -- emplaced all at once.

(Created in six days? Perhaps humans will be the agents of directed panspermia!)

Or suppose life occurs elsewhere but intelligence is rare. (Virtually all Earthlike planets being all seas?) Or maybe it's the step from microbe to metazoan that's the hard one. Or maybe no other intelligences have developed a technology that can take them off their planet. Or . . .

On a more cerebral level, the Fermi Paradox leads to a curious conflict in the philosophy of science. Science has progressed since the time of Copernicus by assuming that humanity's place in the Universe is not particularly privileged. The Earth is one of several planets that circle the Sun; the Sun is an unspectacular star amongst billions, and so on. And in turn the doctrine (dogma?) of the plurality of worlds is philosophically rooted in this reaction to geo- and anthropocentrism. And yet, science has also progressed by assuming natural phenomena to be the result of natural processes rather than arbitrary, powerful intelligences. Now, The Plurality of Worlds and The Universe of Natural Causes seem to be on a collision course.

OK, you budding SF authors. Enough of cutesy aliens at every port of call. Get out there and tell it like it is!

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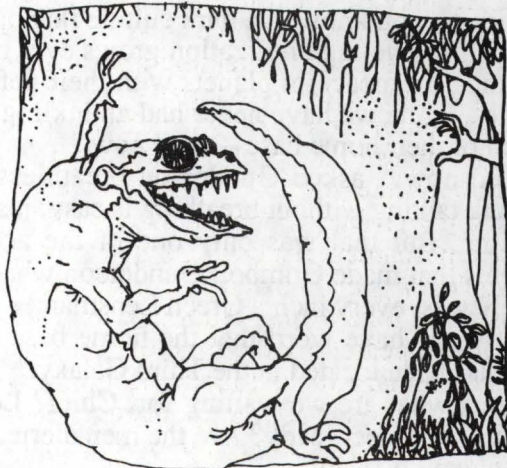
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# GREEN LENSMAN

(A little-known epic of the Thalamic Patrol)

by F.M. Busby

(MosCon VI Author Guest of Honor)

*Prologue: Law enforcement lagged behind the spread of crime as man ventured to the stars. It never did catch up.*

The corridors of Wetnurse Hall resounded to the tread of thousands of Lensman-trainees as they marched to their various training activities. The very walls vibrated -- what else would you expect from GI shoes?

Alone, along the corridor leading to the office of Commandant Fritz von Slivowitz, marched one trainee. Gumboil Gunderson had been held over from the previous class due to an inherent inability to cope with higher mathematics -- such as long division -- but now, after intensive extra study, was about to graduate at a special private ceremony. At this high point in his life, Gunderson's heart beat fast, his breath came short. The fact is, he was in quite a tizzy.

Entering the Commandant's office with a firm stride, he marched to the huge, ornate desk and gave a snappy salute.

"At ease, Gunderson," barked the Commandant. Then, reverting to human speech, he continued. "Gumboil, my boy, we are approaching a crisis. In fact, the Patrol *always* seems to be approaching a crisis. Some day, you know, we are going to reach that crisis. And then -- just what the *hell* are we going to do?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Gunderson truthfully.

"Neither do I," said von Slivowitz. "But that's beside the point. At this moment we are faced with a problem. As you know, the dark culture that opposes our snuggling young civilization grows ever bolder, infiltrating our peaceful planets with their nefarious activities, while we have never had an inkling of the location of their home base -- until now."

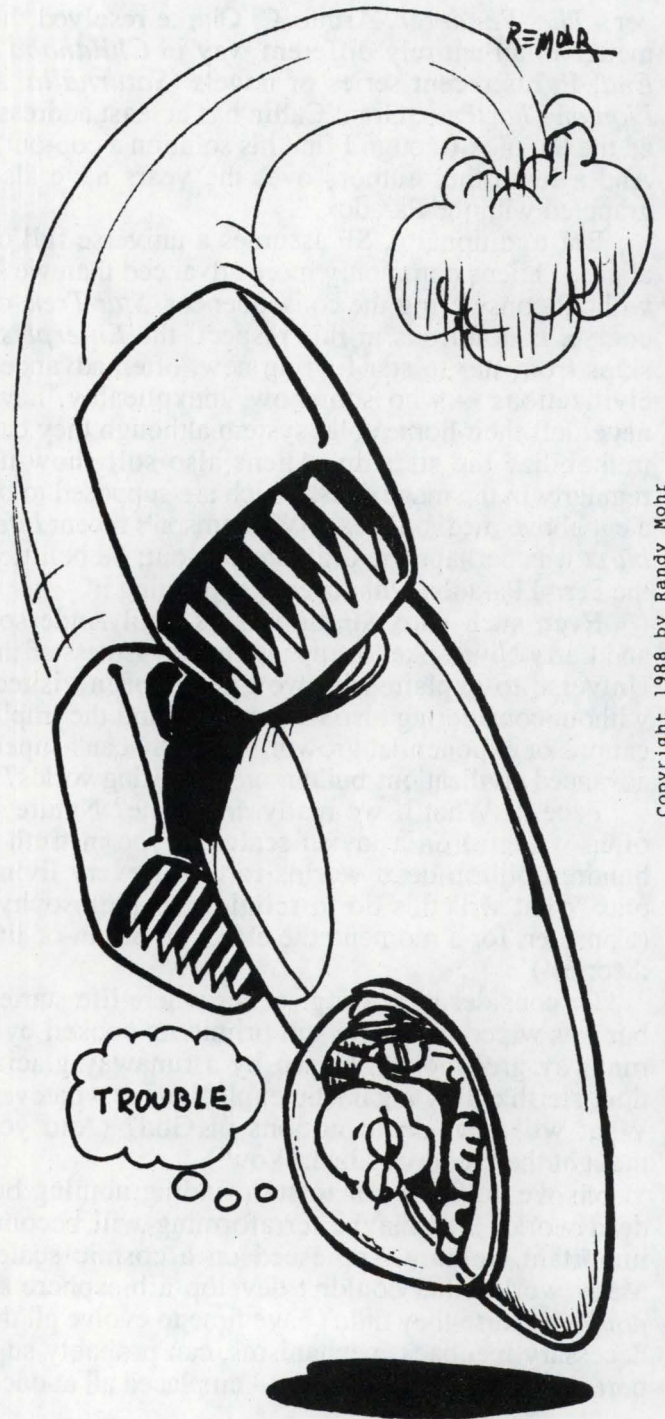
"And now?" asked Gunderson breathlessly. (If you think talking without breathing is easy, just try it sometime. But that was only one of the accomplishments that made Gumboil Gunderson what he so superbly was; every inch a Green Lensman.)

"Now we have word that the home base of our enemy has been located in the Third Galaxy."

"Then what are we waiting for, Chief? Let's go get 'em! Is the fleet ready? Are the men alerted? The Patrol *always* goes in!"

"Fleet-schmleet. Our appropriation this year

wouldn't pay for one first-line ship making a raid at that distance. No, we have to do this job the hard way. One man could get into that base undetected, where a fleet would beat its screens against a stone wall. Once in, he could wreak havoc until discovered, and possibly blow up the entire base. Of course, I need hardly say that the successful operative would give his life in the attempt, and would have only one chance in a million of taking the enemy base with him into the next aspect of reality. Only a fool would volunteer."



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"I volunteer," volunteered Gunderson.

"I knew you would. Now then -- we will give you the best obsolete nondetectable speedster on the Patrol's list of expendable craft. See that the PaParameters in your holsters are fully charged. And you'd better stop by Parmesia, on your way, and have your Lens reground."

Gunderson left immediately -- after getting ten copies of his Mission Orders, taking a series of booster shots to bring his medical records up to date, filling out six copies of beneficiary designation for his Patrol Service Life Insurance, and haggling with Supply over the fit of his space armor.

Some things never change.

However, at last he lifted into space and headed for his first destination: Parmesia.

Parmesia! -- that ancient planet whose native race was old when Earth was still molten -- where none may approach without express permission and live (like a brigadier-general's office) -- the place where the Lens originated -- the world where dwelt the guardians of our civilization!

Their climate wasn't so great, though.

As Gunderson approached, he was met by a blast of thought. "Ah, 'tis Gunderson of Smellus. How did *you* ever get off the ground in one piece?"

"Never mind the cracks; I came here to get my Lens reground, as I am about to invade the enemy home base and destroy it singlehanded. Permission to land?"

The Parmesian considered, she said, "Better we work this by remote control. Our defenses are secure against negaspheres and dirigible planets, but one of your landings -- I'm not so sure. You just stay in your present orbit."

"XQ," said the Lensman. "Or something like that. So, now what?"

"Now we will prepare you to destroy the enemy base, you dreamer you. What do they feed you guys, to give you such a Superman complex?"

"The Patrol always goes in -- and I am a Lensman."

"Lensman, sure -- I knew von Slivowitz was hard up for cannon fodder, but *this* hard up? Oh, well; open your, er, mind -- wider, please; that's right -- and I'll give you a hatful of new senses and abilities. When I've finished, you will be almost the equal, in every respect, of a normal human being."

Gunderson complied, and the vast breadth and depth of new perceptions given to him didn't impress him one bit. He didn't have much imagination.

"And now," said the Parmesian, "farewell, Gunderson of Smellus; go to your destiny. No -- over *that* way, you dope!"

So Gumboil Gunderson, Green Lensman, drove relentlessly toward the Third Galaxy and the enemy

home base, determined to destroy the enemy fortress and die in the attempt.

*(To be continued)*

Synopsis of succeeding installments:

*(This magazine hereby inaugurates a new policy: we give you the rest of the story here and now, so you won't have to bother reading it installment by installment, as it comes out.*

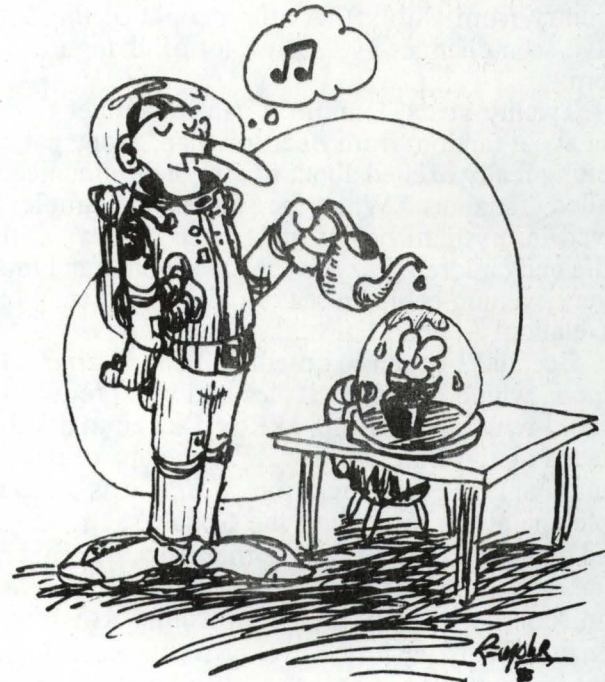
*(Come to think of it, this way we won't have to print it, either.)*

As might have been predicted, Gunderson gets off his course, and instead of landing at the enemy base, returns to Parmesia. The Parmesians are deep in meditation and do not notice his approach in time to prevent his landing.

Characteristically, Lensman Gunderson lands inertialess and then inerts his ship; the resulting explosion removes Gunderson, the ship, and sixty-three square miles of Parmesia.

Disgusted with the Patrol, the Parmesians join the enemy and wipe out our civilization. Von Slivowitz, no fool he, also joins the enemy forces and rises to a prominent position in the puppet government, at about twice his Patrol salary. Taxes are increased further, and Ohio State goes to the Rose Bowl again -- and loses.

*(With apologies and appreciation to Doc Smith.)*



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# TWENTY YEARS A-FANNING

(with apologies to Maurice O'Sullivan)

by Frank Denton

(MosCon II Fan Guest of Honor)

Off the west coast of Ireland, at the entrance to Galway Bay, lie the Aran Islands -- Inishmore, Inishmaan, and Inishere -- bleak and harsh, but still home for several hundred people. The existence may be hard, but the people are 'foine,' as the Irish say. Their forefathers have lived for centuries on these islands, taking their living from the sea, and the islanders see little reason to live anywhere else.

The island is rocky and the soil so thin that the Aran Islanders must bring seaweed up from the beaches in order to provide a growing place for their potatoes. The men still go out in currachs -- skin boats -- to fish the waters of the Atlantic.

Maurice O'Sullivan was born and raised on the Arans and he became a spokesman for a way of life which he realized could not last much longer. His book, *Twenty Years A-Growing*, is a classic. In it he details the daily life of the island people, in his youth still fairly isolated, except for the packet and supply boat which called once a week.

I'm not certain why this popped into my head when Jon asked me to write something for the program book, except that 1988 marks twenty years in fandom for this old Irishman (yes, my grandparents on my mother's side immigrated to this country from Dublin). As the people of the Arans have seen change, I've seen a lot of change in fandom.

Twenty years. Hmmm. I can remember finding out about fandom from Bee Bowman, a tape pal, and getting really excited about a form of communication called "fanzines." When the first such examples arrived in my mail box it must have driven my dear wife and children crazy to see Dad submerge himself every evening behind a sea of twiltone paper. What a revelation! At heart I'm still a fanzine fan.

Bee and I began to co-edit a Tolkien-zine called *Hoom*, which lasted six issues and was produced by ditto. I remember writing to Roy Tackett to ask to be placed on the waitlist for *N'APA*, the apa of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. *N'APA* was an estimable apa at the time, with the Couches, Bruce Pelz, and other outstanding fans as members. My first fanzine was "The Mirkwood Slow Coach" for *N'APA* and soon I was editing and publishing *Ash-Wing*, a genzine. That zine lasted twenty-six issues and ran as high as sixty pages before I ran out of enthusiasm and energy.

It's fun to think back over the titles I've pub-

lished. *Along the Causey Road*, *One Small Rock*, *By Owl Light*, *Glyph* (a zine written in two modes of Elvish, which lasted for six issues), *Sgt. Chough*, and *Jackdaw*. I still carry on with "The Man from the Norlands" for *Dapa-Em*, "Chanctonbury Ring" for *Elanor*, and "Tylwyth Teg" for *Slanapa*, for which I've just produced my 197th issue, and *The Rogue Raven*, a personalzine. I wish now that I had kept a list of all the issues and number of pages I've written in the last twenty years. Absolutely useless information, but it would be fun to know.

Twenty years. Has fandom changed in that time? You bet your sweet bippy it has. Several things come immediately to mind; first, the growth of conventions in both size and number. The first Westercon I attended was in 1970 in Santa Barbara. About 700 attended, not much larger than this year's MosCon. It was at that Westercon that I first met Ray Bradbury, and Ed Hamilton and Leigh Brackett. What nice memories to have of one's first convention. Westercons grew to 2000+ attendees, Worldcons to 5000+, and Norwescons topped out at over 3000. And now, given time and money enough, one could attend a convention every weekend of the year.

Apas have also proliferated. When I first entered fandom, one potentially could belong to every apa in existence. Not now, nor would one want to. This means that a lot of fans are writing, no matter that it's been suggested that fanzine fans make up only about 5% of fandom. That bodes well. When fans care neither about reading nor writing, it will be a sad state. I have no quarrel with media fans. Why, some of my best friends are . . . Let them enjoy, but I sure hope that they don't forget how to read.

The publishing of science fiction and fantasy has grown exponentially in recent years, I swear. Even a local drug store with a good paperback section will offer several hundred titles to choose from. In a class I teach, my students are always mentioning authors whom I've never had the chance to read. It's impossible to keep up. The other side of this coin is that there is a wonderful selection to choose from. How marvelous to have known, quality writers like Gene Wolfe, Ursula LeGuin, Robert Silverberg, and Larry Niven, and then to stumble upon new writers like Megan Lindholm, Connie Willis, Jonathan Carroll, and others. The field is wide open and there is no excuse for not finding authors to your liking.

One word of warning. If you stick around fandom for a long time, you'll eventually discover that a lot of your friends in fandom have gradually dropped out; yes, gafiated. You'll miss seeing them at conventions or in letter columns. There's only one thing to do -- make new acquaintances from among the new fans who have come to replace them. And soon some of them will become friends.

Finally, a word of thanks and congratulations to all of the people who have worked so hard to make



MosCon such a great success. They should be very proud of their accomplishments. We owe them all a large vote of thanks for providing us such a wonderful opportunity to come together and enjoy. I hope to see you all at MosCon XX.

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# THE NAME OF THE GAME

by Algis Budrys

(MosCon V Special Guest of Honor)

Fenelly said: "That, over there -- that's the thing." He gave it a grudging sidewise nod of his head, in a direction his eyes avoided.

I looked at it, and it didn't seem so bad to me -- a towering, massive-looking spike of metal with lesser spikes protruding from it, like King Kong's idea of a rose stem. It was seventy-five feet tall, I judged, growing out of the wind-rippled snowfield, with a base diameter of perhaps twenty feet, tapering up to a skewed point with no rose on it. There was not much telling how tall the thing actually was -- nobody knew the depth of that snow; it might be choking a canyon -- but we were on snowshoes and seventy-five feet of exposed height was a good enough estimate.

Fenelly looked at me in a way I'd seen from other people before him. He had brought me a problem, because he couldn't solve it himself, and having conveyed the expert to the scene he now wanted me to sprout wings, breathe fire, haul out the incense burners and the *Book of Spells*, and generally do something to show that Fenelly had failed only because he was restricted to normal human behavior.

I have a thing I do for moments like these. "O.K., let's eat," I said, and began tamping a packed place in the snow so I could squat down and break out some rations in relative comfort. After the usual sort of pause, Fenelly joined me.

We made our useful little bivouac below the crest of a low ridge, in the shelter of some broken granite outcroppings. Fenelly's Norseman was staked out on the plain behind and below us, its engine muffled in a snout of brown canvas, its wings drumming in the slight wind which whisked along the upslope of the plain, spilling over the top of the ridge and pouring ripples of dry snow toward the tin thornbush, where they broke around the base and streamed on beyond it. Cold, gray, noise-haunted eating it was, sitting there and spooning canned roast beef with the edges of my parka hood teasing my face and the clothing tight and chilly across my back. Good feeling. Now I knew what the Frozen North felt like. Useful. And now I knew how I felt about the Frozen North; it didn't impair me. Crucial data. Now, how about this thing Fenelly had found in his bush-pilot's round of fluttering hither and yon with the Simpson Sears boots for Olaf Pederson in Becker, the new blades for TransCan's sawmill on Preach Creek, the serum for Nome?

This thing was showing discoloration and pitting, even at this distance. I imagined it must origin-

ally have been allover blue-black; a very dark, glossy finish, something like anthracite. That was still visible on large areas in what I supposed was the lee of the Winter wind here, which would have killed us where we squatted, had we been squatting here in Winter. And I sincerely hoped it *was* a spaceship from some other planet, or at least an unearthly artifact on that order, because I was not a highly paid reporter and investigator of our beloved twentieth century's technical problems for any great love of things as they are in our beloved twentieth century, you dig?

Well, I'd made my point with Fenelly, I'd satisfied the inner man, and now it was time to get the troops in out of the hot sun. "How long do you think you can stand still up here?" I asked Fenelly.

"Ten, fifteen minutes. Longer if I move around, keep warm."

"Move around if you want, but don't take your eyes off me. You stay here with the Winchester until I wave to you. Then you move up a little closer -- to there, say -- until I wave again. I'm going down to the base of that thing. I may not wave. I may just walk around it and come back. But if at any time a man from Mars tries to eat me, shoot him." I moved down the slope.

The thing -- the tower, the ship, the whatsit -- was no different up close. The pits in its hide were more easily visible; so were the smooth parts. There was a high percentage of iron in its hide, because there was rust discoloring it, and those were oxidation pits in it. But since I had no way of knowing what the other components in the alloy were, or what inhibiting process it had undergone in manufacture, this was no clue to the whatsit's age or origin. It had no portholes, grab irons, rivet heads, or stencilled legends saying "No Step," so it wasn't Air Force. It had a blind seam or two, curving around it and running up longitudinally, but these were simply shallow grooves, not cracks around a door or a Coca Cola chute, so I wasn't learning much of anything. I looked back over my shoulder at Fenelly on his ridgetop, shrugged slightly enough so that he couldn't possibly mistake it for a wave, and, taking my life in my hands -- it's fun -- I walked around to the other side.

It was about the same -- glossier -- and, being out of the wind, I could lift my face to look up at some of the thorns over my head. Those thrust out at various angles, parallel to the ground, and accounted, I supposed, for a sort of general low moaning wind noise in the immediate area of the ship. The thing. Possibly, Michael John Fenelly had found the world's stem -- or the belly-button of the Universe.

I put my head up against the hull and listened through my parka. It was a little like listening to a telegraph pole -- a lot of vibration noise, and an am-

plification of the wind noise, and, after you sorted those out, a noise that went: "Boum, boum, boum," like a French baby falling down.

Falling down patiently, not getting upset about it, and not taking any great joy in it, either. About fifteen to the minute.

Well, sir. Wait 'til I tell the gang at the Institute about this, I said to myself, and stepped back, taking a closer look at what we had here. A broadcasting station? A pump? A bank vault with the guard trapped inside? With a time lock? Beating on the walls with a bag full of fifties?

Still no doors or windows, no handles, no step. I walked out beyond the shelter of the tower, squinted into a rice-shower of snow, and waved once to Fenelly, who I presumed then began faithfully duck-walking down the slope to the appointed but still safe(?) nearer place. I couldn't see ten feet from that angle, with the drift being what it was.

There was a shriek high overhead, and a sound like a tumbrel. SAS flight on the transpolar route -- a 707, by the now-fading sound of it, gobbling its way northward, going for more altitude through a high cloud layer. How near, how dear, the works of Man, no matter where a man might go. I put my head up against the whatsit's surface again, and it said "Boum, boum, boum," about fifteen to the minute.

I ran my mittens over the surface and peered closely. No Cyrillic nomenclature stampings, no hammers and sickles, so it wasn't a Bogey. The damned thing just sat there, telling itself it was stumbling, and not talking to me at all.

"Monomaniac," I slandered it, cracking the skin of my lips. God was punishing me -- I had cursed something just for being what it was. *God sees, but waits*, I quoted to myself, the goddamned cross-index having started rolling in my head and all the little home-built tape reels in there began spinning out data I didn't particularly want at the moment, what with my face going increasingly numb, and the insides of my boots wet, and the blank metal of the tower sucking the warmth out of me every time I came near it, until finally I jerked my head up and hollered "Wait 'till the sun shines, Nellie!" to stop it.

All right, that settled me down, until Fenelly said "You all right?" and I lurched as if his mitten on my arm had been the branch of a falling sequoia.

"I thought I told you --" What the hell, I turned my insides into an understanding of Fenelly for a moment, and understood he hadn't seen hide nor hair of me for longer than his nerves could stand, and once he'd started moving toward me, nothing could stop him, and he'd done a brave thing. "O.K.," I said, nodding my head twice in case he needed to be told something in triplicate before it was true to him. "You're very quiet on those things -- those snowshoes," I remarked, and he said:

"On snow, yeah."

"Did you notice it doing anything when the plane went over?"

Fenelly shook his head. "Nothing. No."

"If this thing's on the air route, why hasn't anybody ever reported it?"

"Flying too high, too fast. Bet it looks like another piece of rock, or just a shadow, if you see it at all."

I looked up at the thing again. "Broken outline. Seems unlikely, looking at it from down here, but suppose it's meant to be camouflage?"

"I don't know."

"Uh-huh." Well, ask a question, get an answer. "Put your ear up against it a minute, will you?" I wanted him to understand I'd learned something; that I was, indeed, an expert, and my wings had been flapping furiously.

He did it, and frowned, and after straightening up, said: "Funny . . ." He ran his mitten up and down the barrel of his rifle. "Engine working inside."

"Maybe."

"Revving up," Fenelly said, and I got back to the machine's flank and listened.

I heard a brimful, rushing sound. The locked-in guard was running out of air; he was flailing at his trap in one last outburst of devotion to life; the canvas moneysack had split, and the bills were roaring and fluttering around his ears in a typhoon of breathless carbon dioxide. Would he, near the very end, clump back on the soggy padding of his diaper and burst into tears?

I looked the damned thing up and down again. No entrance, no exit, blind seams, rust, and coal-colored metal sucking heat into itself just as fast as it could gulp it away from any source in the vicinity. Just another lump of the Universe, from God's viewpoint, but a lump shaped to an end without flower.

Well, that's all very pretty, my friend, I said to myself, but we have not yet buttered our parsnips here, and my arse is freezing, "speaking of ends," I said out loud, and Fenelly became the latest in a long line of people who looked at me as if I were nuts.

Quite right, too, but that's the price of membership in the magicians' guild. Through the twentieth century with Geiger-Muller and mumbo-jumbo, and all that jazz. Fix my broken dolly, Daddy, and what do you mean I'll have to wait twenty-four hours for the glue to dry? Or, obversely, how come I can still see the cracks, Daddy?

So now I'd gotten myself started on that. The technician's lament -- they pay me all that money, and they expect me to work miracles, too? Here I am in the middle of nowhere, flirting with some unorthodox doo-jiggery that's liable to take off, explode, or sit on me any second, and you want me to *think?* With mittens on?

I kicked the thing as hard as I could, keeping the impact resistance of a snowshoe frame and frozen rawhide straps well in mind, of course, but neglecting to allow for the long pointed end behind me, which dragged unexpectedly in the snow, so that I was stumbling when the ground stirred, and so went down on my side.

Well, Fenelly's dead. A thorn got him -- more properly, the extrusive action of a motile hull section caused the sharp tip that suddenly popped out of the hull to impact on his trachea, and the low cross-section of the extruded tip, combined with the momentum of the extrusion, was sufficient to penetrate the various layers of parka fabric, skin, cartilage, and bone intervening between the thorn and life.

You cannot win them all -- by which I mean that the device probably miscalculated, probably having intended to snag Fenelly, not kill him, in the local convulsions which, I have no doubt, extended as far as Fenelly's plane and removed same from the face of this Earth of somebody's. Fenelly will thus no doubt turn up, stuffed and mounted in a close approximation of a lifelike pose, standing beside one perfectly restored Norduyn Norseman, war surplus high-wing ski-equipped single-engine monoplane air-transportation device, exhibit suitable for children of all ages, hours Nine to Five, Closed Sundays, the Museum appreciates your voluntary contributions.

Poor bloody Fenelly. He goes out and gets an expert, and Damballa sticks a pin in him and plucks him from the board.

The thorns -- more evocatively, the pointed ripples in the hull -- can move very rapidly, popping in and out at the will of the device, and both Fenelly and I were whipped up into the air, swept over the surface of the hull, and sucked inside so quickly that I have had to deduce the process by hindsight.

Deduce is a good word. I deduce, therefore I am a scientist. *He* thinks, therefore he is a man. Men cry and thump against the walls. It is not, after all, beyond the bounds of possibility that what I heard outside the device then was myself inside now, since there is no indication that the device exists only in one frame of time at any given moment.

There is in fact no indication of anything much, since all the features of the interior of the thingummy are controlled by the device, and if you are a monkey looking through a keyhole at the scientist who locked you in, there is not much you can learn from staring into a scientist's eye.

Agreed? Agreed, friend. A greed for knowledge brought me to the device -- poor, bloody Fenelly was

as much of an expert, *in utero*, as we ever were in our mother's womb; he was, indeed, a man, and weak, and cried out to know why -- and I have no doubt the device also expresses its own or its operators' feelings of inadequacy in a cold, very large Universe. Well, we all do the best we can, and sometimes when we stumble there's no telling whether we were fortunate or not, friend, and sometimes when we extend ourselves for the sake of knowledge, there's no telling what we'll bump into, or how, correct?

I hear you. Well, it's good to have someone to discuss things with, over the passage of time that dries a man's skin and dulls his vision and gives him an occasional twinge in the left arm, which as we all know is a sign of certain malfunctions within the rib cage. I rather doubt the device has yet gone back where it came from; I doubt it, of course, only because I cannot believe I would not have noticed the sound of anchors being hauled rattling aboard at the ends of their chains, of the bark of engines being pulled through and the flutter of propellers spinning in motion, or the crack of the horsewhip, or whatever this thing does when it's ready to go. But it does seem reasonable that the device came to the Frozen North in search of some particular thing, and will not go back until it has it. I'm quite sure Fenelly and I were a surprise to it, and that it would have been happier without us to muck up its expectations.

Yes, I agree with you, friend, that it was probably yearning for a 707 -- that is, on the basis of the available evidence I agree with you, and I agree without reservation that a twenty-year-old cabin monoplane is not an acceptable specimen substitute for a four-engine jet construction capable of conveying one hundred fifty individuals at high speeds from one center of civilization to another. And if it had ever thought to ask me, instead of locking me in my roomful of bananas and watching me through the keyhole as I would like to believe it does, I might have told it how it might more efficiently enveigle one of those marvelous toys.

The point is, it didn't get one, and yet it didn't go away, back into the stars, or the misty lattices and coils of time, or the center of the Earth where the cozy lava could soothe its windburned tegument. It must be a long time since 707's, friend, and I sit here trying to deduce what it wants now in its lonely way. Because, believe me -- and I always believe *you* -- if I had the faintest notion, I would do my best to help it; if I were a thorn, how swiftly I would pluck, considering how tired we are of each other.

# ONE OR TWO THINGS I KNOW ABOUT FANDOM

by Suzanne Tompkins

(MosCon III Fan Guest of Honor)

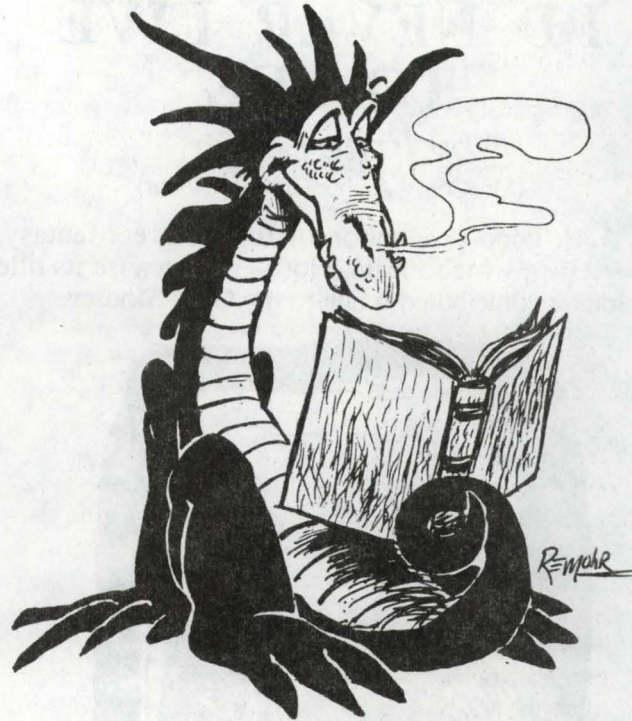
In the spirit of anniversaries, I was sort of reminiscing the other day, this being 1988 and all, when I realized that in just one short month, it will be 20 years since Baycon (aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!! Sorry, I needed to get that out of my system.). This led to remembering that around this time ten years ago I was furiously getting ready for Iguanacon, where we former Western Pennsylvania Science Fiction Association members were going to hold a 10 year Baycon reunion party. (You know, this leads me to thinking about the fact that it's been 10 years since Iggy, but that's another reminiscence.)

Thus, just before the 1978 Worldcon, I was in the midst of putting ten year's worth of accumulated photographs into an album to have at the Reunion party, when David Emerson, on his way from Minneapolis to Phoenix, stopped by for a visit. David is, of course, a former housemate of mine.

I used to joke, after I moved from New York City to Seattle, that I was really making some dramatic changes in my life, moving from the Big Apple to the Land of the Midnight Sun -- why, I had gone from sharing an apartment with three guys in New York to sharing a house with three guys in Seattle. You see, during my first year in New York, I lived at Eli Cohen's (of Queens, Regina, Vancouver, and New York) "Avocado Pit," a Columbia University student housing apartment which included Jerry Kaufman (of Cleveland Heights, Columbus, New York, and Seattle), David (of Florida, New York, probably a few other other places that I've lost track of, and Minneapolis), and me (Johnstown, Bucks County, Pittsburgh, New York, Philadelphia, New York, and Seattle). And after moving to Seattle, Jerry and I shared the Loren MacGregor (of Seattle, Whidbey Island, and San Francisco) house with him and Jeff Frane (I'm not sure, Seattle, San Francisco, Portland) until moving into our own apartment.

This simply illustrates the fannish "normality" that fans move around a lot (many of us have maimed and mutilated mailing lists to prove it), and, in the course of doing so, demonstrates a second fannish normality -- *everybody* is eventually *everybody else's* former housemate.

The first thing David did after entering the apartment was to look at the eight foot by twelve foot by twelve inch bookcase and say, "Of course, this isn't



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all of your books, is it?" "Oh, why no!" I jumped in to say. "We have them in here" -- opening the doors to a large living room closet that contained our fanzine collection and more books -- "and we have bookcases in the bedroom," etc., etc. It was refreshing to hear surprise at a possible sparsity of books. We had culled lots of material before moving to Seattle, including (*\*Gasp\**) books that we could live without, but these have long since been replaced many times over. (We once visited Don and Sheila D'Amassa in East Providence and were taken on a tour of the basement, which was in reality more of a well-stocked library. Sheila complained wistfully that she'd had to call a repairman for the washer during the week, and thus had to endure yet another round of "Ya' read all dees books, Lady?" from one more outstanding member of the general public.) Another fannish normality -- where else does one feel the need to apologize for not having enough books?

After visiting for a while and watching me attempt to sort out myriad photos, David had to get going. As he did so, he turned and said, "Bye! See you in Phoenix!" This struck me as *very* normal, of course, in fandom. I was standing in my doorway in Seattle, seeing off a former New York housemate from Minneapolis, and saying "See you in Phoenix!" What else *would* we be saying? Worldcon was only a few days away.

# THINGS I THOUGHT IN 1970 I'D NEVER LIVE TO SEE

by Fritz Leiber

(MosCon V Author Guest of Honor)

1. A good production of Ibsen's great fantasy, *Peer Gynt*, which meant a lot to me because its title character contributed much to my Gray Mouser.



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But then in 1976 or -7, I saw a marvelous one by the American Conservatory Theater of San Francisco, next door to the apartment where I'd set up shop in 1969.

2. Ditto *The Duchess of Malfi* by John Webster, perhaps the greatest of non-Shakespearean Jacobean melodramas, a group of plays including *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and John Tourneur's *The Revenger's Tragedy*, to which I'm much indebted stylistically, especially in the later Fafhrd-Mouser books.

But in the early 70s, BBC turned the trick in a great TV film in which Bosola was played by the same actor who'd starred in Bloch's *Torture Garden* and Sartre's *Age of Reason*.

It inspired me to read Webster's *The White Devil*, which I found equally fine in a spooky way. I've used Cornelia's dirge in it in *The Knight and Knave of Swords* -- the seventh book in my "Swords" saga of Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser, due to be published by William Morrow in hardcover by January-February, 1989.

3. Any good movie version of *I, Claudius* and *Claudius the God and His Wife Messalina*. I was convinced that the movies would never tackle anything about the Romans except stories that center around their persecutions of the Christians. All my life I'd loved Graves' masterpiece, which so impressed me when it came out in 1936 that I almost decided to set the Fafhrd-Mouser stories in Claudius' court and wrote a scene in which he and they appeared conversing together. I compromised by setting the first story I wrote about them, "Adept's Gambit," in Tyre in the Hellenic Era, but that one didn't get published until 1947, ten years later, when I put it in my first Arkham book, *Night's Black Agents*, where its background was explained by having it happen in another incarnation of the Twain than their Lankhmar and Nehwon one.

But then Masterpiece Theater did their matchless *I, Claudius* series with John Hurt as Caligula and with equally gifted actors and actresses playing the other scandalous early Roman emperors and their wives. Mostly British ones, which fitted Graves' treatment, and giving them all proper Pagan morality rather than an inappropriate Christian one.

4. Attend a meeting of a witch coven. Seeing as my first novel, *Conjure Wife*, was about witchcraft, its heroine Tansy, a practicing witch, modeled on my then-wife Jonquil, a girl from witchy Wales, you'd think this would have been easy for me. But no, I didn't know anything about the topic save what I'd got from books.

But then last year the whole thing happened without my really trying. It was the sort of thing that regularly occurs in San Francisco.

I happened to learn that my apartment manager, Carolene Capelle, was a witch belonging to The Heathen Way. Under the name of Prudence Priest

she edited a quarterly called *Yggdrasil* about her own Amaranthine Energies Coven. She's mentioned several times in *Drawing Down the Moon* (Beacon Press) by Margot Adler, granddaughter of the noted psychoanalyst colleague of Freud -- an authoritative sourcebook on witchcraft and Goddess-worshippers in Twentieth-Century America.

The full-moon ceremony I was invited to on last May Eve was held on Corona Heights, a wild, rock-crested hill in San Francisco near Buena Vista Park and the Sutro TV Tower. I was familiar with it because I'd set my occult novel, *Our Lady of Darkness*, there and had climbed it many times.

But tonight I was glad we were stopping halfway up because another pagan group had pre-empted the top. There was a chill northwest wind gusting and I was ten years older.

I seated myself by the cauldron on the folding chair that had been brought in deference to my age and took on my lap the 9-month-old black cat that had climbed with us on a lead. The witches clasped hands in a circle. Counting me, but not the cat, we numbered thirteen, eight women and five men.

Our High Priestess moved to the four quarters, invoking the Goddess. The figure that accompanied her repeated the invocation in guttural and hissing Icelandic.

We each received the kiss and embrace and had our lips and eyelids brushed with vervain to keep evil out of our words and visions.

The circle re-formed, the goblet of mead went round and we each in turn toasted the Goddess.

The dancing began. I was thrilled by the speed with which the circle spun round me in the moonlight.

From various points on the hillside the dancers launched into the dark the folded paper darts on which we'd earlier written our wishes and prayers to the Goddess . . .

The ceremony ended and we all went downhill through the blazing moonlight, the black cat, Karma, again on a lead. We returned to the house of two of our members at the hill's foot, and some of us enjoyed the pleasures of their backyard hot tub. I felt enriched and convinced I'd done or seen no evil on that night.



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# RECUERDOS DE CERRO TOLOLO

by Julie Lutz, Ph.D.

(MosCon IX Scientist Guest of Honor)

As I write this I am sitting in a telescope dome on top of the 8000 foot Andean mountain known as Cerro Tololo. Cerro Tololo Interamerican Observatory (CTIO) is on the edge of the Atacama Desert about 350 miles north of Santiago, Chile. On top of this mountain is a battery of telescopes ranging in size from 150 inches to 16 inches. CTIO is operated by the Association of Universities for Research in Astronomy under a contract with the National Science Foundation and with some additional support from several South American countries.

Astronomers like me come to CTIO to observe objects in the southern skies. There are many marvelous objects such as the Magellanic Clouds that cannot be studied from telescopes in the north. I come to study the beautiful and strange planetary nebulae that inhabit the southern Milky Way. Planetary nebulae are the results of stars that throw off the outer layers of their atmospheres on the way to becoming white dwarfs. There are several hundred planetary nebulae visible in the southern skies, so I always have plenty to do.

CTIO is celebrating its 25th anniversary in 1988. I have been coming down to observe since 1974, so I have been an occasional witness to over half of the observatory's life and development. Since tonight is a cloudy night (boo, hiss), let me attempt to entertain you with a few stories of my experiences at CTIO. I hope my recollections will illustrate the point that science is done by real people and is not a sterile enterprise that involves only the rational centers of the brain.

## IF YOU TALK TO THEM, THEY GROW BETTER . . .

On my first visit in 1974, I came to CTIO to use a spectograph on the 60 inch telescope. I was taking spectra in order to study the abundances of various types of atoms (helium, oxygen, nitrogen) in planetary nebulae. I had several years of experience with using northern hemisphere telescopes, so I knew basically how to observe. At big telescopes such as the 60 inch, you usually have a night assistant to help with the observations, which is extremely valuable for several reasons. The night assistant knows the telescope and instrumentation well, can help locate objects, and can give you a break from observing while you go and get a nice hot cup of coffee in a warm room.

Of course, in order to observe your object you must find it first. It's a big sky up there and the way we find things is by using a coordinate system that is rather like the latitude and longitude system to locate places on the surface of the Earth. You are supposed to be able to dial the astronomical coordinates in on the telescope and it will move to the position of your object. Well, the 60 inch wouldn't point right. We'd enter the coordinates and my objects wouldn't be in the telescope's field of view. In addition, many of my objects were in the crowded heart of the Milky Way. To quote Carl Sagan, there would be "billions and billions" of stars in each field of view.

Or so it seemed to me. So I had to go on a treasure hunt. I had a map -- my finding chart for each object which shows the location of the planetary nebula with respect to the surrounding stars. I played "follow the dots" to get where I needed to be. This process took time, inordinate amounts of time. The night assistant, who is usually a whiz at finding things because he does it all the time, was defeated.

So, to pass the time, I started talking to the stars. "Oh, there you are . . . hello . . . bing, bing, bing . . ." The night assistant thought I was crazy. An attractive woman, but quite mad. I found my objects slowly but surely and my observing run was a success.

That was the observing run where the parrot bit me on the ankle, but that's another story. Today, thanks to computer controls, telescopes point very accurately. I find that my objects are always right in the telescope with no problems -- and it sure does save a lot of time!

## COLD AND WIND

One of the less fun aspects of observing is freezing various parts of your anatomy off on the long, cold, and sometimes windy winter nights. CTIO provides warm jackets, but visitors and technical personnel alike would be lost without heavy gloves, hats, and boots. I developed various strategies for getting through cold nights. Jumping up and down and pacing around the dome works pretty well. Running to the bathroom frequently can be helpful, even though it isn't heated. Drinking warm things warms your insides and helps you get down to the bathroom more often.

One fine, cold, clear night a new night assistant and I added yet another way to stay warm. I hardly spoke any Spanish at that time and he didn't speak any English. But we used the universal language of music. Yes, we danced in the dome! He taught he some South American dance steps and I taught him some *Norte Americano* dances. I do remember him saying that he always took two girls to the disco -- one for fast dances and one for "amour." *Humpf.*

Wind can be a problem for opening telescopes.



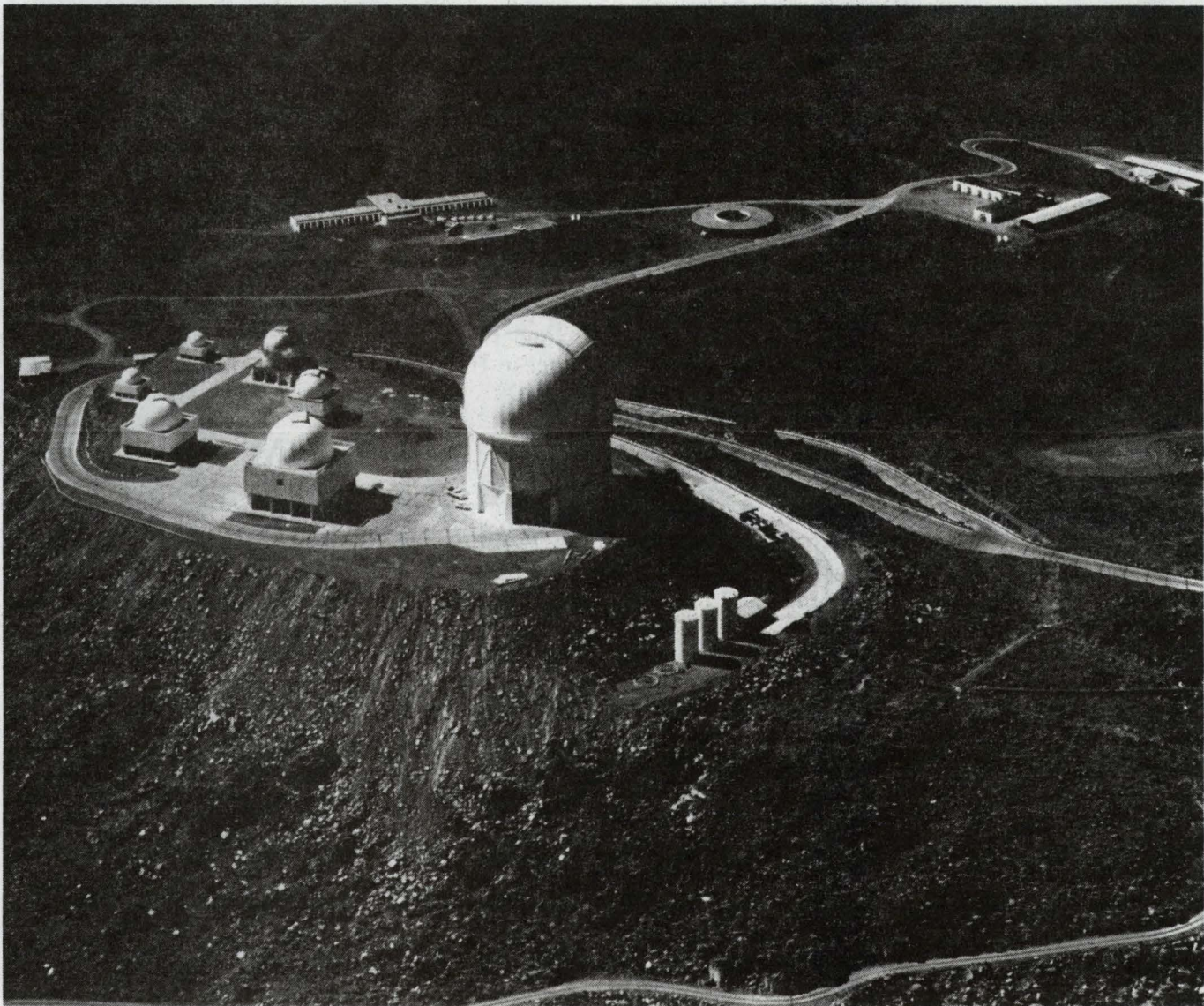


Photo courtesy of the National Optical Astronomy Observa-

The higher the wind, the more the telescope shakes and the more dust blows around to get the telescope mirror dirty. Above 50 mph, the domes must be closed. If the wind drops below that, the telescopes can be operated again.

High winds usually come during the winter months, and you can imagine that it is an incredible relief to be able to go inside and get warm after facing cold and high winds for hours. I remember one night when we had to close about midnight because of high winds. All the observers gathered in the dome of the 150 inch telescope, where there is a kitchen and a library. At about 2 a.m., people started to drift off to sleep. There were astronomers draped all over couches and chairs snoozing peacefully. It was with what I would call "great relish" that the night assistants came to rouse us at 4 a.m. The wind had dropped to 40 mph so we could go to work again out in the freezing cold until 6:30 a.m. Wonderful. That night I gave *serious* consideration to be-

coming a theoretician.

Today, for the most part, we sit in warm rooms and stare at TV screens. We control the telescopes and instruments with computers and store our data on magnetic tapes. We even have a stereo in this nice room with comfortable chairs. I don't miss those freezing winter domes one bit. However, I do miss those gazing out the dome slit at the stars. I often stroll around the mountaintop at night looking at the stars. The southern stars are magnificent, and it is even better if you know the star names and stories.

## TELESCOPES AND EARTHQUAKES

The Andes are earthquake country and quakes are frequent enough that, even as an occasional visitor, I have been through several. They ranged from tiny little tremors to real movers n' shakers.

One night I was guiding an exposure at the 60

inch telescope. This consists of watching a star go slowly back and forth across a spectrograph slit. If the star starts to move out of position, a flick of a button will bring it back. All of a sudden, the star took a dramatic leap off the slit and then went bounce, bounce back into place. A little tremor had occurred. Telescopes are efficient, if expensive, seismographs.

Another time I was in the 150 inch telescope dome with another astronomer when the whole dome (it is 11 stories high) started to shake *rather a lot*. It continued to shake harder and harder. What to do -- run for it or stay put? We stayed where we were, as did the dome. Such events are very scary. I find the Spanish word for earthquake, *terremoto*, to be very evocative.

## CONDORS, VISCACHAS, NIGHT ASSISTANTS AND OTHER WILDLIFE

As with most deserts, the Atacama has a lot of strange and wonderful plants and animals, particularly on the southern edge where CTIO is located. To the north, the Atacama is super-barren, and there are places where *no* rainfall has ever been recorded.

I never quite realized how large condors are until I saw them riding the thermal air currents outside the dining hall at CTIO. These birds sometimes land right outside the windows in order to get handouts from the cooks or brave visitors. When they soar on the thermals, condors are beauty in motion, but when they land or switch from one thermal to another, they remind me of the graceless booby. I have watched condors ride the air currents up from a couple of thousand feet down below the summit of Tololo to over the top of the mountain. I always get a feeling of strength from watching these birds against the wild and beautiful backdrop of the Andes.

Viscachas are cute little bunny-like creatures that come out at dusk and dawn. They remind me of a cross between a rabbit and a kangaroo. If the hectic business of setting up for observing permits, there is nothing so pleasant as having a cup of coffee on the west edge of the mountaintop just at sunset. You can look far down into the valleys and out to the Pacific Ocean. The timid viscachas and the bold observers will keep you company, but everybody scatters as soon as it gets dark.

The reason that I thought it appropriate to mention night assistants (and other observatory support personnel) in this section is that one of them used to howl outside my dome. "Oww-owww-OWWWW," he would cry. I was afraid to ask about the significance of this behavior. An old Chilean custom, perhaps? Seriously, though, the night assistants and technicians are great people. They work

incredibly hard. Keeping 6 telescopes and instruments with all sorts of mechanical and electronic systems functioning is not the easiest job in the world. And, of course, there is some sort of natural law which says that if one telescope breaks down, three more (at least) will go down in the next half hour. I salute this group of magicians for their support, hard work, and patience.

Another group of mountain people who are deserving of much praise are the cooks who keep our tummies full of delicious food. Chile has lots of wonderful seafood, and the national dish, a meat- or cheese-filled pastry called an *empanada*, is very good.

## BOTTOM LINE

I have many fond memories of CTIO, but I have gone on long enough. I like Chile so much that I think I'll stay for awhile. My husband, Tom, and I will be on sabbatical at CTIO during the 1988/89 academic year, so we won't be able to join you for MosCon X. We know you'll have a good one!



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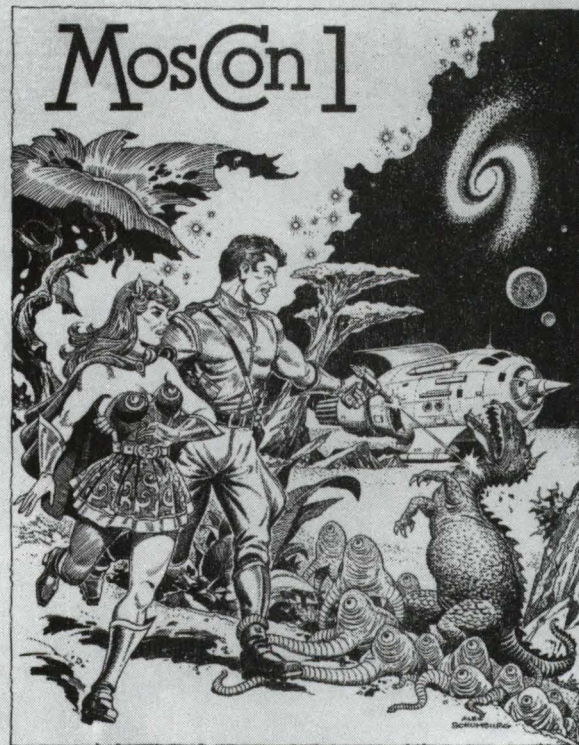
# ALEX SCHOMBURG

ALEX SCHOMBURG is the *only* illustrator to have worked in the science fiction field since its inception in 1926. For many years, Alex worked at a film company in New York. While working there, he moonlighted as an illustrator for such magazines as *Thrilling Detective*, *Startling Stories*, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, *Thrilling Westerns*, *Fantastic Stories*, *Thrilling Mystery* (there were many "Thrilling" titles in the 1930s), and, of course, *Thrilling Adventure*.

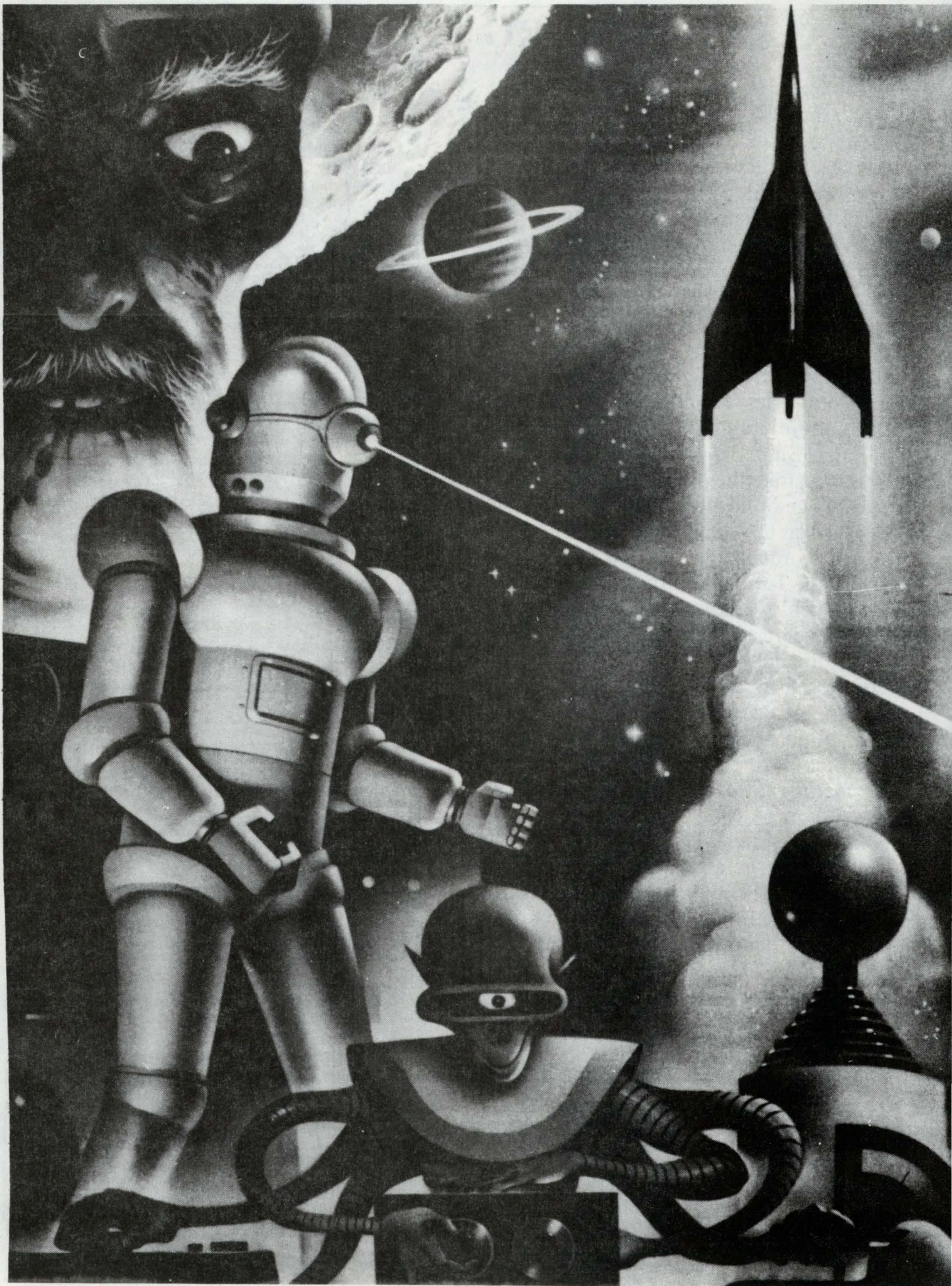
During World War II, the film company folded and Alex found himself having to depend entirely on his freelance artwork for his living. Since he was very much sought after to illustrate the pulps . . . and started his career as one of the most famous comic book illustrators at the same time . . . this was not an awful hardship. He started doing comic covers for Timely Comics (later Marvel Comics) and was the cover illustrator who helped develop such characters as the Human Torch, Captain America, and Sub-Mariner.

From the forties to the mid-1960s, Alex painted covers for just about every sf magazine in existence, including *Amazing*, *Fantastic*, *F&SF*, *Satellite SF*, *Wonder Stories*, *Startling Stories*, *Future*, *Galaxy*, and many others. He also did covers for Ace Books and the famous Winston juvenile series, for which he also did the endpaper design (reproduced on the next two pages).

After retiring for ten years, Alex came back with a bang, painting covers for *Analog*, *F&SF*, and *Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine*. His work, and much more about his life, can be seen in the book, *CHROMA: The Art of Alex Schomburg*. He is the recipient of the Frank R. Paul, the Inkpot, and the Lensman awards and has been artist Guest of Honor at many conventions, including MosCon I and the 1984 Portland Westercon.



September 29 & 30, 1979 — Moscow, Idaho





# TIM KIRK

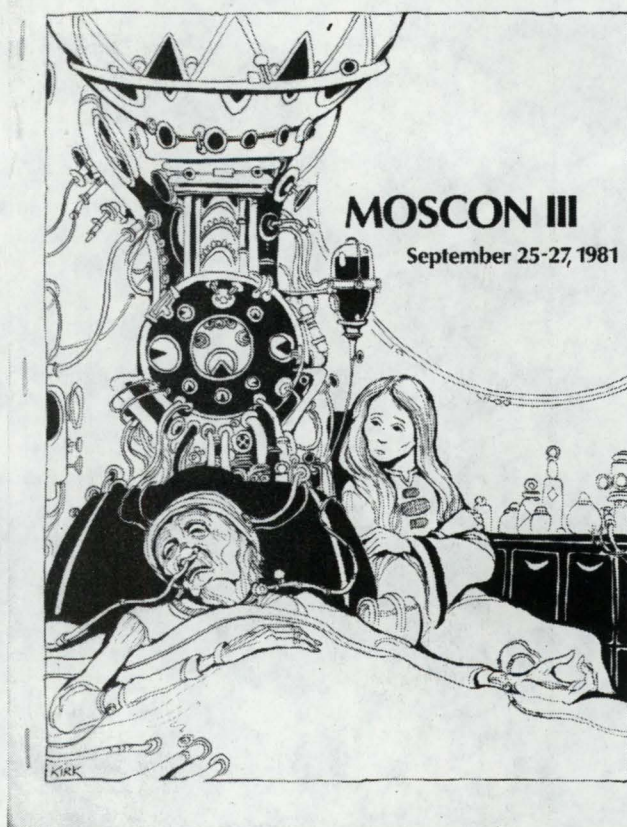
**TIM KIRK** is a fannish legend. This is not a statement made lightly and not one without substantiation. Five Hugo awards and several more nominations, for starters. Honored by many of his peers in both fan and professional art, his quirky, often humorous style of art is instantly recognizable. He leaps madly from humor to horror and back again, scarcely taking time to draw a breath . . . or even paint one. He is one of the few people who is as at home with Ferdinand Feghoot as he is with H.P. Lovecraft.

For several years, Tim worked for Hallmark Cards in Kansas City, then moved to Colorado, where he worked for another card company, Current. These days he works for the Walt Disney Corporation in Los Angeles, where he produces, among other things, conceptual designs for Epcot.

Tim Kirk has produced hundreds -- perhaps thousands; nobody's ever counted -- of drawings for fanzines, and has painted paperback covers for DAW Books, and hardcover paintings for Donald M. Grant and Owlswick Press. He has also worked on projects for McMillan and Grosset & Dunlap.

About himself, Tim says: "He slept through the forties, whined through the fifties, got acne in the sixties, got rolfed in the seventies; and now, with the eighties waning, he's whining again. Smart as a whip, fit as a fiddle, neat as a pin and cute as a bug's ear, he leaves a trail of broken hearts and bounced checks wherever he goes. His interests include Peewee Herman, American folklore, Laurie Anderson, and *Day of the Dead* papier-mache skeletons. His favorite television program is *thirtysomething*. He is a native of California, where he makes his home."

Tim Kirk was Artist Guest of Honor at MosCon III.





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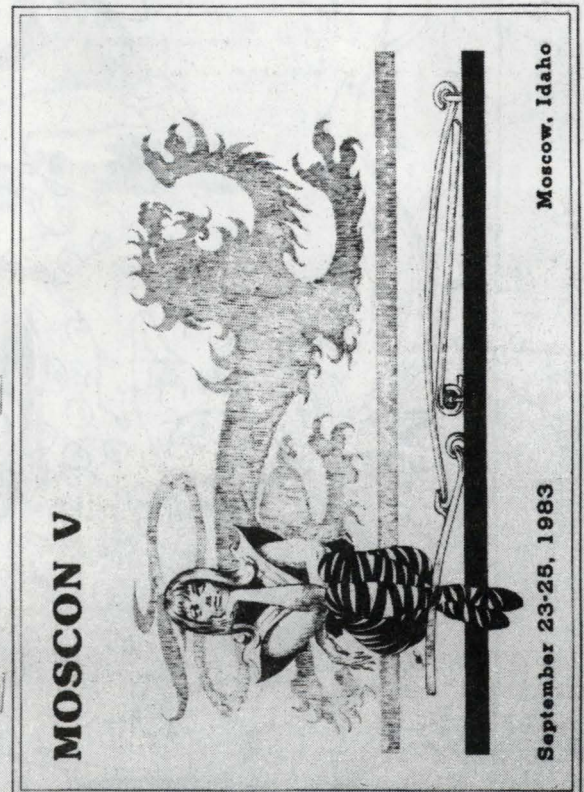
# FRANK KELLY FREAS

**FRANK KELLY FREAS** is, quite simply, the best and most famous science fiction and fantasy illustrator in the world. He was born in New York, raised in Canada, served over 4 years in the USAAF (the Army Air Force, where he practiced his craft by "painting buxom beauties on the noses of bombers"), and is an honorary submariner with a Deep Dive certificate. Many details of this extraordinary man's life can be found in *Who's Who* (every variety), the *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, *Blue Book*, *Contemporary Authors*, Peter Nicholl's *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*, and other like volumes.

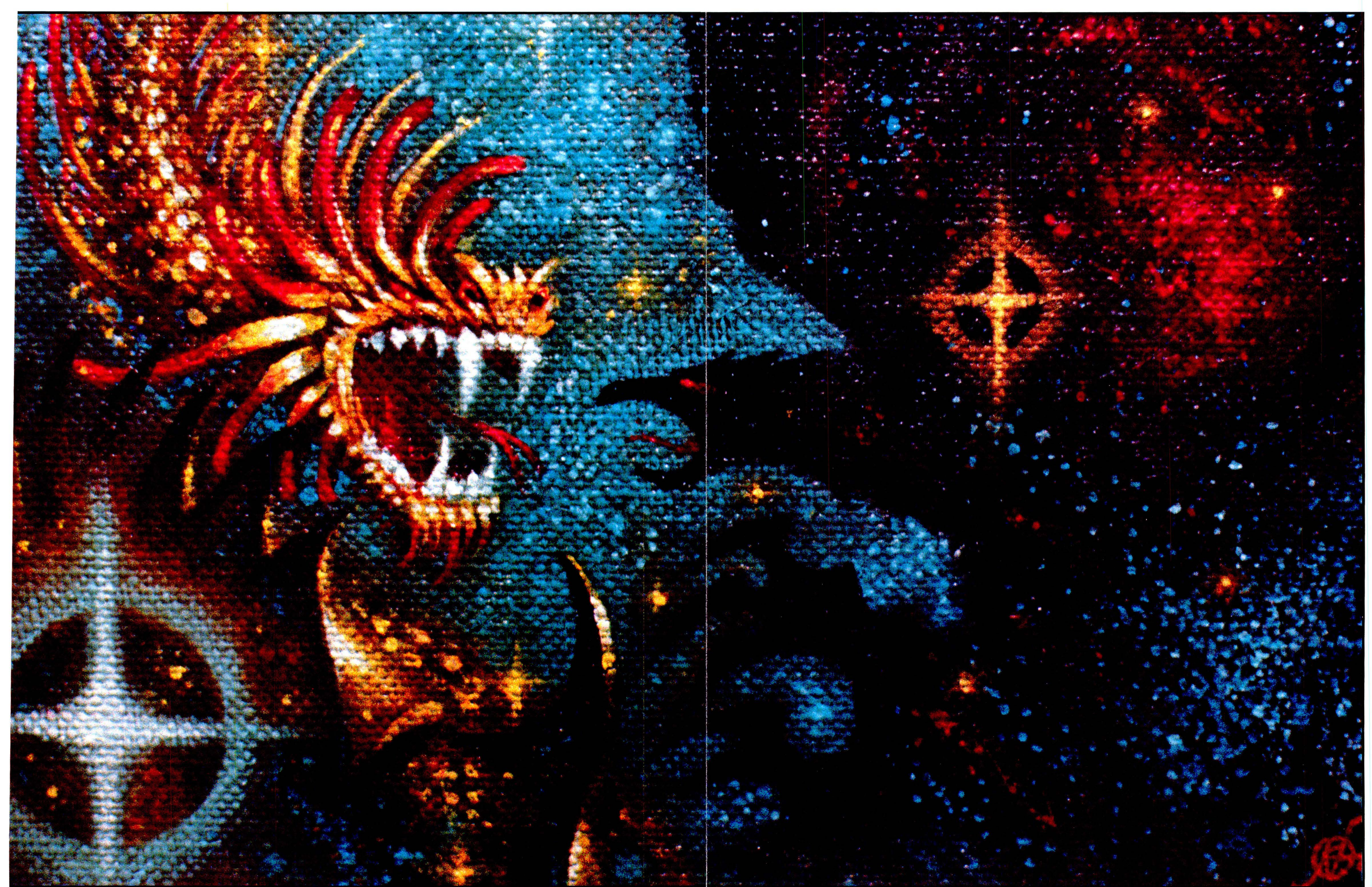
Active in the sf field since 1950, his artistic endeavors have covered many areas. Besides being one of the main illustrators for *Astounding* in the 1950s, he produced all the *Mad Magazine* covers from 1955 to 1962 (plus many of the famous back cover gag ads), dabbled -- if such a word is applicable -- in religious art for the Franciscans, designed space posters for NASA, designed the Skylab I insignia, did cover art for the famous Ace Doubles, cover art for the infamous Laser Books, cover art for the Donning/Starblaze editions, and so on, *ad almost absurdum*.

His efforts have not gone unnoticed. He has been awarded *ten* Hugo awards (more than any other professional artist), the Phoenix award from Deep South Con, Boston's Skylark award, MosCon's Lensman award, the Inkpot, the Rova, and the Frank R. Paul awards, and many, many others.

Kelly is currently directing the illustration efforts for the L. Ron Hubbard Writers of the Future anthologies, and is the Illustration Director for the hoped-for Artists of the Future contest.







# RICK STERNBACH

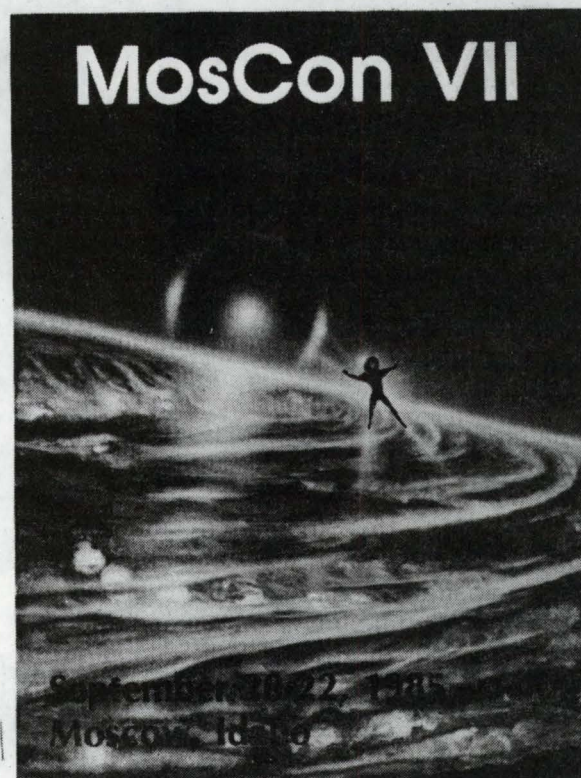
RICK STERNBACH was born and raised in Connecticut, ultimately attending the University of Connecticut and the Paier School of Art. He majored in both art and biology, a combination seen in other sf artists of note (perhaps there is a Ph.D. thesis somewhere in there). A long-time devotee of the space program, it has been claimed that he would trade not only his airbrushes, but also his wife (Asenath Hammond) and the family cat for a ride on the Shuttle. No mention was made of his son, Josh.

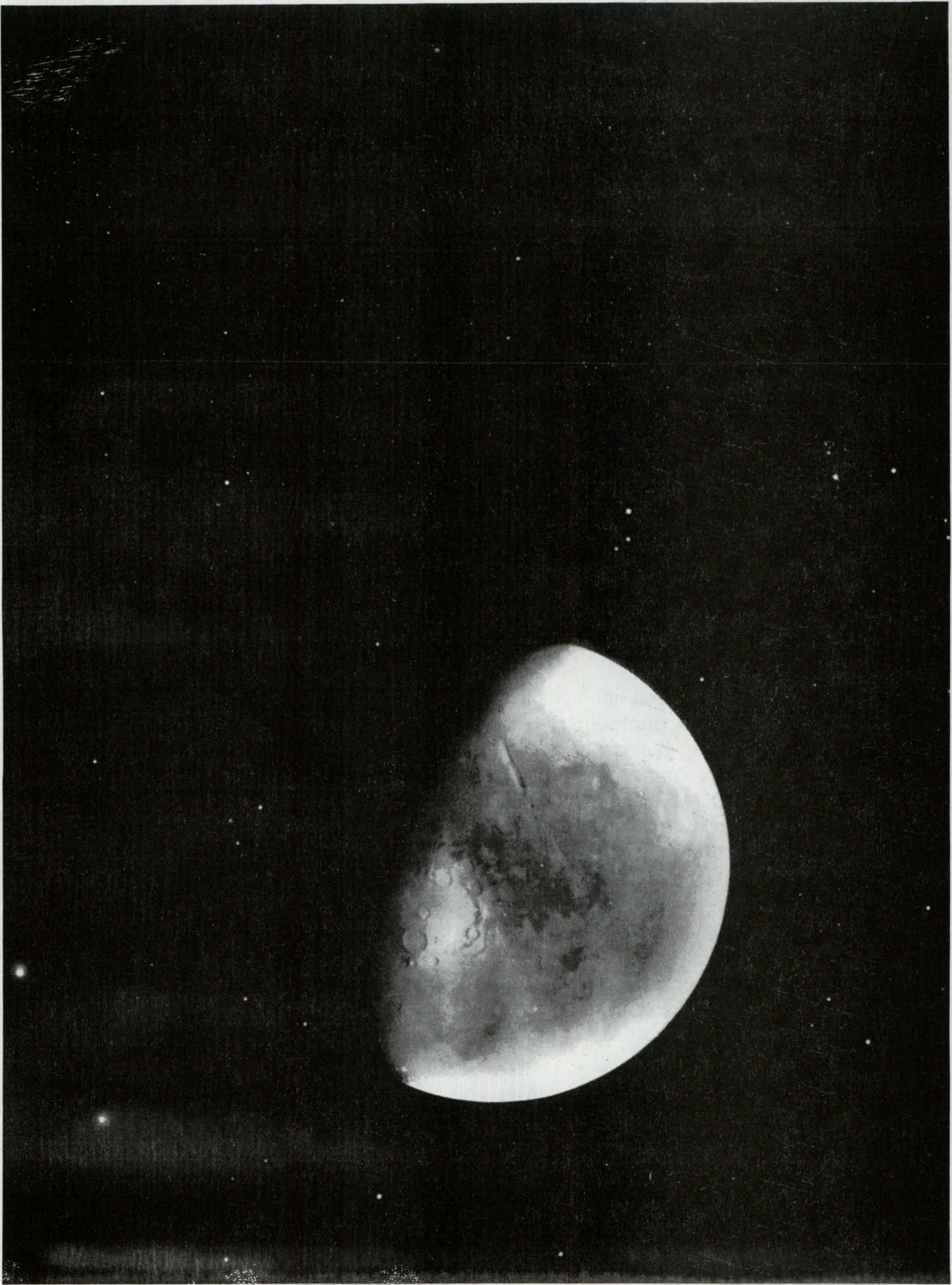
Rick left the East Coast and headed for the warm California climes in 1977. Quickly . . . or whatever . . . he became employed with the movie industry and has worked on a variety of projects, including *The Black Hole*, *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*, *Otherworld*, *The Last Starfighter*, *Halloween II*, and *Weird Science*. In 1981, he received an Emmy award for his work on Carl Sagan's *Cosmos*. For several years after that, he worked in the Computer Graphics Department at Universal Studios.

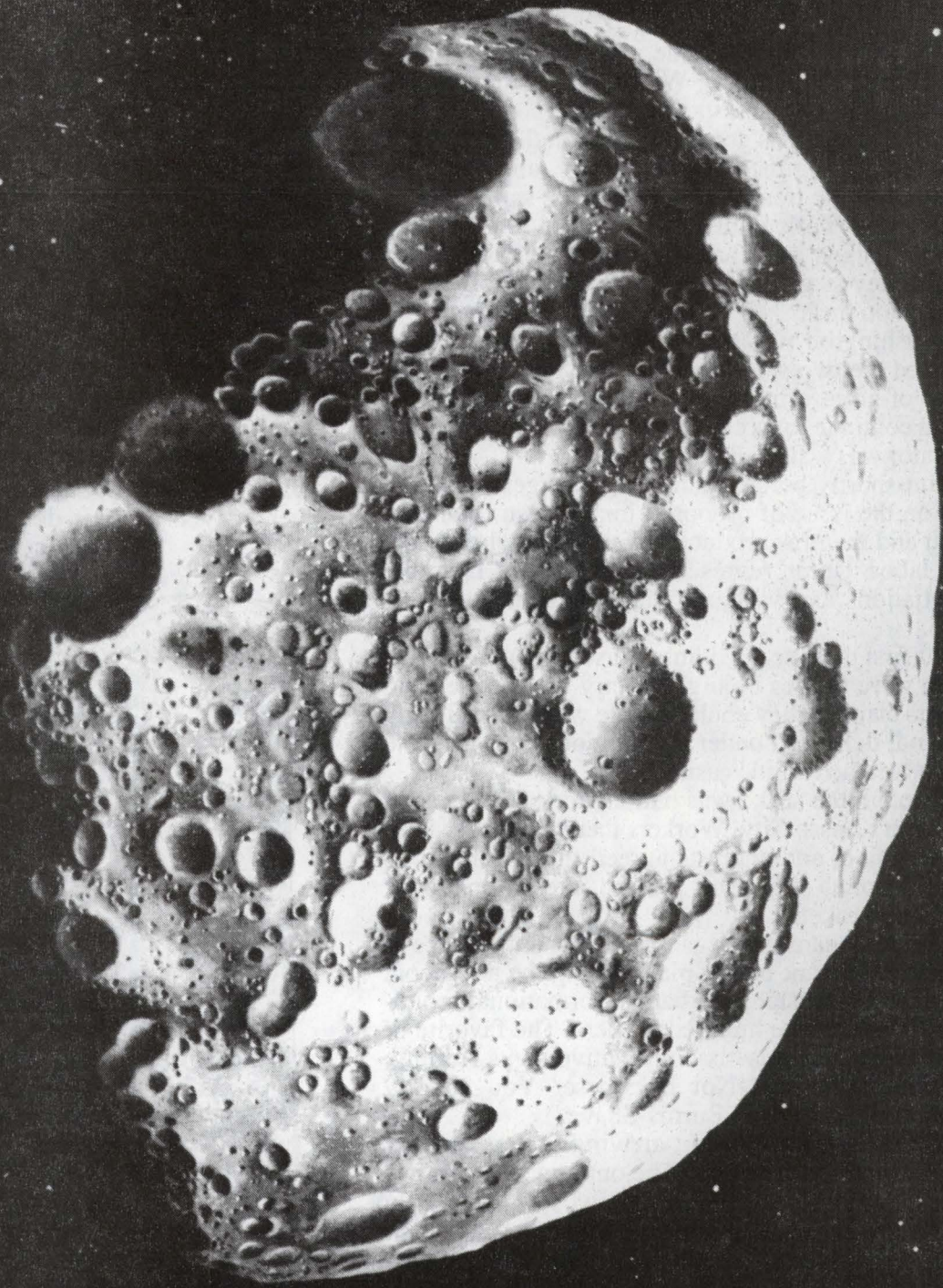
His art has been seen on hundreds on book and magazine covers, including -- but not limited to -- *Analog*, *Worlds of If*, *Science Digest*, *Astronomy*, *Vogue*, and *The National Star*. His efforts -- in the science fiction field -- won him two Professional Artist Hugo awards.

For the past year, he has been working as one of the chief illustrators (and model-makers, I'm sure) for *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, and has put in some time on the *Star Trek V* movie for good measure.

Rick was the Artist Guest of Honor at MosCon VII.







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## A VALENTINE

by John Varley and P.J. Beese

(John Varley was the MosCon VII Author Guest of Honor)

The poets walked off the job at 12:01 a.m. on a cold Monday in January. Within hours, the nation's verse industry was at a standstill.

Most Americans got the news with their morning coffee, watching the early television talk shows. A hundred people tramped a circle in the snow in front of the New York Public Library, holding hastily-scrawled signs and chanting epigrams: "Roses are red/ Money is green/ We reject your last offer/ It's entirely too mean."

Washington was caught off guard. It had been rumored the two sides were not that far apart. Some spoke of an informal agreement whereby versifiers would continue to work without a contract. A federal mediator was waiting in the wings.

But shortly before midnight, management stood firm on the issue of proposed import restrictions on haiku and mantras produced overseas by cheap, foreign labor. Union representatives stormed from the negotiations and within hours picket lines were in place.

At first there seemed little cause for alarm. Inventories were said to be high. Poetry warehouses and jobbers claimed they could operate with verse already on hand, delivered under the previous contract. The nation breathed a little easier.

Though the strike was nationwide, all eyes soon turned to Kansas City. Workers there had never joined the union, and analysts agreed that if America's poetry capital stayed on the job, the union's back would be broken.

Network cameras began gathering at the gates to the vast Hallmark poetry plant during the afternoon. The union had established an "informational roundelay" of over three hundred strikers. The favorite of the news media was six consecutive signs reading: "Substitutes could/ Not be worse/ You cannot/ Substitute/ Our verse./ Burma-Shave."

The swing shift began arriving just as the day shift headed for their cars. The outnumbered pickets were in the middle. The vast crowd stirred uneasily and violence seemed imminent, with one side shouting out an impassioned dithyramb, only to have the other hurl an equally vitriolic catalectic. The riot squad was put on alert.

Then Honus Tronchee, president of K.C. Local 34, was lifted onto the shoulders of two burly poetasters, men who hours before had belonged to the Teamsters, with which the poet's union was affiliated. In a high-pitched, quavery voice, Trochee

extemporized his soon-to-be-famous "Workers' Sonnet":

*Lightkeepers of the soul! Oh, come, unite!  
We hold and tell the dreams of all the world.  
Our work cannot be done by means of might,  
But deeds of might are by our words unfurl'd.*

*We will stand strong against our greedy foe,  
And take our fight to every heart and hearth.  
Our treasured words we choose not to bestow  
Till we have won, and they have seen our worth.*

*So come and take up the banner of our cause,  
And feel the strength our unity provides.  
Our forward march will not delay or pause  
Till justice reigns and infamy subsides.*

*The pen is still the equal of all swords,  
And time will not destroy the edge of words.*

The effect of the recitation was electric. Some compared it to Cyrano's dramatic "Ballade Extempore in the Hall of the Hotel de Bourgogne," others to Marc Antony's funeral oration. The critics sneered at these evaluations, but the swing shift at Hallmark never arrived at their desks. For a few hours the



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massive printing presses turned out greeting cards with no messages, then they ground to a halt.

The next day's news made it clear the poets were in for the long haul, and weren't afraid to play hardball.

Most consumers had assumed they could eke out the strike with the assistance of their local public libraries. It was not to be. During the previous month, clandestine teams of poets had invaded America's shelves and stripped them bare. Some were later proven to have checked out as many as two thousand books. Obviously some had help from the inside. Hundreds of sympathetic librarians -- some of them union members -- were questioned.

However it had been done, the flow of previously-published poetry to a hungry nation was virtually shut off. The poets vowed not to return the books until the strike was settled. The front page of the *Washington Post* featured a photo of the endless empty shelves in sections PN and PS of the Library of Congress. Next to it was a single, forlorn copy of a collection of e.e. cummings, misfiled under Punctuation and Grammar in a Cincinnati branch library.

The President declared a cooling-off period to end the following Monday, when he said he expected the opposing sides to sit down again. Then he threatened to fire any Federally-employed poet who had not returned to the carrel by the Monday deadline. He went on to express a very low opinion of people who would check out books from the library and not return them on time. He called this action un-American. Many Americans agreed with him.

By the end of the week the economic effects of the strike were beginning to be felt.

Five small liberal arts colleges closed their doors after Friday classes. By the middle of the next week the total stood at fifteen. Public schools began substituting study halls for literature classes.

The cast of *Cats* staged a jellicle job action. They walked out to the last feline. Spokes-moggies Old Deuteronomy and Rump-teaser vowed to stay on the picket lines no matter how long the strike lasted.

The *New Yorker* announced it was suspending publication after the next weekly issue. Most of the staff was already on the picket lines. Submissions had dried up, leaving gaping holes in the lay-out that management was unable to fill. No other major magazine was affected -- "which simply proves our point," said strike leaders.

Patrons of Chinese restaurants began finding empty fortune cookies by Saturday lunchtime. The writers had walked out in sympathy, to show solidarity with their brother workers.

Kindergartens and day care centers were devastated by the loss of nursery rhymes. Some stayed open with scab poetry written by supervisory personnel, but many closed, causing a ripple effect throughout the economy. Frantic working mothers

cast about in vain for alternatives. Millions of latch-key kids were created overnight.

Weddings, birthdays, marriages, anniversaries . . . all were affected in large and small ways. But two institutions were hit very hard, and quickly. These were America's hospitals and her mortuaries.

It was humiliating to send warmed-over get-well wishes to the sick and injured. Many took to sending no poem at all, or just flowers and a business card. This left both sender and receiver feeling awkward. As to sending re-cycled verse to the recently bereaved . . . it was simply impossible.

Some took the desperate step of scrawling their own sentiments inside blank cards. Newspapers were soon full of the most inept examples.

"We must face it," opined a *New York Times* editorial. "We have never been the most articulate nation. Where the blame lies -- a backward educational system, the pernicious influence of television, a general neglect of language -- is at the moment beside the point. America is becoming the laughing-stock of the world literary community. Not since the space program have we witnessed such total failure to invest the language with beauty, feeling, spirit -- in a word, poetry. We call on national leaders to settle their differences, end the strike, and get our versifiers back to work."

This plea fell on deaf ears. Management, recalling recent victories over air traffic controllers and professional football players, refused to sit down with poetical leaders. The strikers themselves hardened their positions. In addition to import quotas and better representation in "mainstream" magazines, the union was now demanding a televised awards show, like the Oscars. And they increased their wage demands.

In response to the accusation that his whole business was just a cynical ploy for more money, Theodore Stanza, president of Queens Local 3, had this to say on *Face The Nation*:

#### HOSTAGE

*Towering walls of icy displacement  
Separate you from your dreaming hearts  
Frozen in static rigidity. Yet  
Time sweeps away on wild tundra winds.*

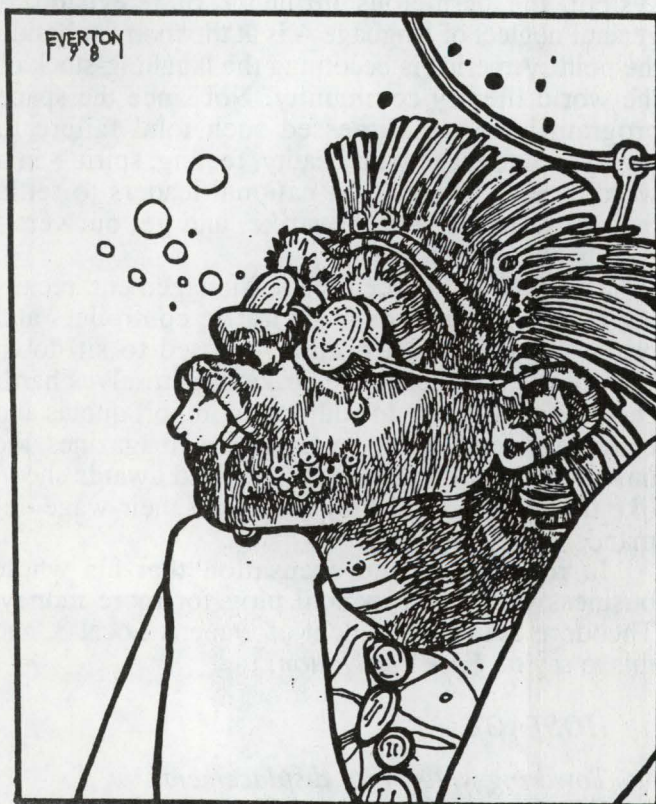
*Sorry, soulless things you are,  
Wandering a gelid, emotionless steppe,  
Prisoners of frosted refusal.  
And still you won't  
Relent.*

*World in rimed ruins, shattered.  
Broken glass cuts away memories.  
None now cry the crystaled tear.  
The poets died long ago,  
Dirges unwritten, unsung.*

*Ignorant, illiterate, you cannot  
Form your thoughts.  
They slip away, avalanche, to the  
Chattering of nescient teeth.*

*Yet try to cry, child,  
For this icicle globe  
Never to hear the poets' words.  
Their melting thaw  
Comes not to you.  
We hold your inclement immanence  
Hostage.*

During the panel discussion following his recitation, most critics agreed this was a call for more respect for the lowly poet in this materialistic age. A minority maintained it was just "more Free Verse claptrap."



As the strike wore on, tempers neared the breaking point. The Governor of New York took to reading poetry on the radio. A typical Sunday afternoon show would include a couple of Shakespeare sonnets, a portion of the *Divine Comedy*, and selections by Robert Frost or Ogden Nash. He gave it up after outraged demonstrators surrounded the Governor's Mansion and pointed out to the press that he was turning Dante, Keats, Browning, and the Bard into posthumous scabs.

One of the few bright points was the issue of scab labor, which never really got off the ground. There were attempts to import verse workers from

Mexico, Taiwan, and the Philippines. But their output, in monolingual America, appealed only to recent immigrants and ethnic minorities. Even so, such was the nation's poetry hunger that many an English-speaking reader struggled over grimy underground Xeroxes of Tagalog epics and Chinese elegies.

By the fourth week, the strike began to get ugly.

Insulting quatrains and obscene limericks began turning up in the mailboxes of educators, publishers, and national leaders. It was said the wife of the Under-Secretary of Education for Poetry was reduced to tears upon receiving a particularly scurrilous missive comparing her to a certain "young maid from Nantucket." The First Lady was reported to be furious.

Faculty teas were a-buzz with rumors as to authorship of this or that broadside. University presidents grew to expect the late-night phone call with the disguised voice breathing filthy couplets, and the rock through the window wrapped in the most disgusting doggerel.

Outraged citizens urged the authorities to act. By this time, most of the missing volumes of poetry were outrageously overdue. In many cities, S.W.A.T. teams staged midnight raids on the homes of poets and suspected sympathizers, shouting insults, disarranging shelves, confiscating library books, and putting those unable to pay fines into jail. Meetings were broken up, demonstrations and picket lines attacked. Many a thick pair of spectacles were trodden under the iron heel of repression during that ghastly week. And on Thursday, Clarissa Dactyl-Foote, president of Local 285 in Atlanta, was killed, along with a police officer. Resisting arrest, her struggles dislodged the stacks of over fifty thousand library volumes secreted in her attic. Both smothered before rescue workers could reach them.

But there was dissension within the rank and file. The union had long suffered from quarrels between the old guard, or Rhyming Faction, and the young turks, known as the Free Versers. These feuds came to a head during formulation of a new list of demands by the steering committee during the fifth week of the strike.

The radicals urged the union to consolidate their advantage. They advocated a Congressional Declaration proclaiming poetry as the American National Art Form. They wanted poems included on all stamps and currency. And, for good measure, they proposed a new National Anthem and Pledge of Allegiance, to be written by union members, along with a royalty paid into the strike fund every time these works were recited.

The traditionalists sensed the people were behind them and that the distastful tactics of recent days were squandering that reservoir of good will. They favored a tempering of goals, and went so far as to advocate a declaration of the union's intent to "make every effort to write more poetry people can under-

stand."

Sure, sneered the Free Versers. You mean poetry that *rhymes*.

What's wrong with rhyming? retorted the conservatives.

And that is how things stood with one week to go before the second most important poetic holiday of the year. It was rumored that the President stood ready to call out the National Guard, even declare martial law to insure the nation's celebration of St. Valentine's Day was not disrupted. With America poised on the brink, it was decided to consult the founder of the poet's union. A delegation of both factions of the union and representatives of management, the Federal Government, and the National Collegiate Poetics Association journeyed north and called on the Grand Old Lady of Organized Poetry.

This was Miss Anna Pestik, a retired ninth-grade English teacher and maiden lady living quietly in Hibbing, Minnesota. She had first acquired fame as the teacher of Robert Zimmerman. It was she who suggested he change his last name to Dylan.

Such was the force of personality of the ninety-two-year-old lady that everyone who sat sipping tea from tiny porcelain cups that sunny afternoon in her parlor secretly feared being made to stay after to pound the erasers.

"No cards for the children on Valentine's Day?" Miss Pestik asked, after hearing all the arguments. "I'm afraid that just won't do. You've all been rather silly."

"She's right," they all said. "We've been silly."

The strike was called off immediately. In a show of good faith, management raised the minimum word-rate payment by twenty-five percent. The President issued an Executive Order creating the office of Poet-General, to advise on and contribute to inaugural speeches, eulogies, treaties, and letters to foreign heads of state. Congress resolved that all its sessions would be preceded by the reading of a poem, immediately following the non-denominational prayer.

"That seems reasonable," said union leaders, and dropped all their other demands.

Then the union began the massive task of preparing for Valentine's Day with only six days' writing time. The goal was nothing less than a Valentine poem for each and every American.

It seemed impossible. Every poet would have to produce one hundred and seventeen poems, it was calculated. Could it be done? A nation held its breath.

National Guard armories and high school gymnasiums were converted overnight into makeshift ivory towers. Desks and cots were trucked in, along with tons of paper, pens, typewriter ribbons, phone books, and erasers. Cadres of poets descended on these scenes of chaos, scribbling madly.

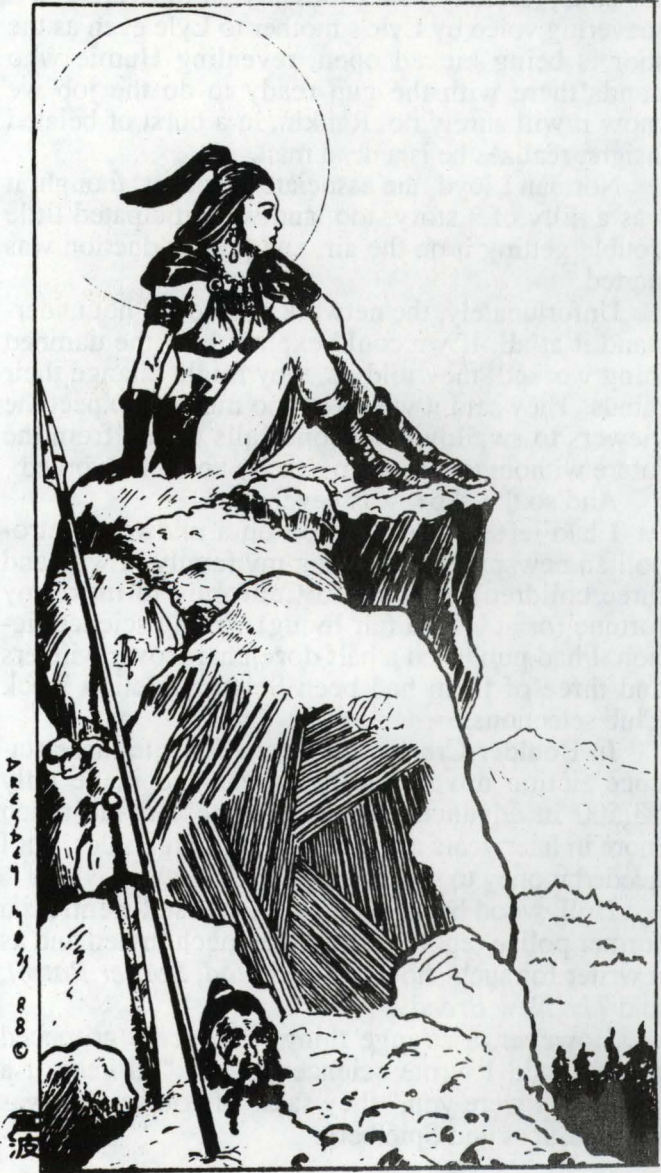
Hallmark workers, used to mass-producing

verse, offered in a spirit of friendly competition to write double their quota, to make up any shortfall by their more leisurely academic comrades. Ivy League professors took up the challenge and vowed to match Kansas City stanza for stanza.

It might never have been done but for the vast, un-sung army of volunteers. Rhyming dictionaries and thesauruses at the ready, they were everywhere, sharpening pencils, collating, addressing and stamping envelopes. They tucked the weary bards in at night, woke them after a few hours of fitful sleep, brewed tea by the thousand-gallon batch. They were always happy to provide a shoulder to cry on.

And on February 14th, it was done. Every man, woman, and child in America received a lovely Valentine.

Miss Pestik succumbed to a long illness three months after the end of the strike. The current contract with the poet's union runs out in three years. We can only hope that between now and then, new leadership will emerge to prevent a similar crisis.





# THE VIEW FROM HOLLYWOOD AND VINE

by Jerry Sohl

(MosCon II Author Guest of Honor)

When I was a staff writer on the *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* show, I interested Joan Harrison, the producer, in a science fiction script I wrote entitled *I Killed You Tomorrow*.

The idea was simple. When lightning strikes Lyle Rankin's phone line, all outgoing and incoming calls are to and from the future. Lyle Rankin is not what you'd call a nice guy, and his scheming against Paul Humic gets him in such terrible trouble that the last call from the rightfully indignant Humic was to Lyle's mother, telling her he was sorry and that he intended to give himself up to police for having killed her son yesterday. This message is delivered in a quavering voice by Lyle's mother to Lyle even as the door is being kicked open, revealing Humic who stands there with the gun ready to do the job we know it will surely do. Rankin, in a burst of belated insight, realizes he is a dead man.

Norman Lloyd, the associate producer, thought it was a dilly of a story, too, and we anticipated little trouble getting it on the air, and pre-production was started.

Unfortunately, the network people did not understand it at all. If we could explain how the damned thing worked, they told us, they might change their minds. They said it would be too much to expect the viewers to swallow telephone calls to and from the future without telling them exactly how this worked.

And so the show was never shot.

I had left a good position on a midwest metropolitan newspaper, uprooting my family (a wife and three children) to come to California to make my fortune (or at least a fair living) writing science fiction. I had published a half dozen hardcover winners and three of them had been Science Fiction Book Club selections.

In Boulder Creek, California, I wrote three science fiction novels the first year and made only \$3,500 in advances. Of course these made much more in later years as reprints and foreign sales, but I needed money to support my family now.

Hollywood beckoned, and of course I went. As a former police reporter, I became much in demand as a writer for such shows as *M-Squad*, *Border Patrol*, and *The New Breed*.

However, a strange thing: Producers grimaced when I said I wrote science fiction. "I'd keep it a secret, if I were you," they said. Of course, this was before Lucas and Spielberg.

We sf writers were like lepers, then.

We had not always been. Had not Harry Bates' *Farewell To The Master* been translated to the marvelous *The Day The Earth Stood Still* with Michael Rennie and Patricia Neal?

There was the magnificent *Forbidden Planet* wherein Altair IV replaced Shakespeare's island of Lampedus in *The Tempest*, Morbius playing Prospero, Robby the Robot as Ariel, and Morbius' subconscious taking the place of the misshapen Caliban.

We had seen George Pal's *Destination Moon*, which started it all, followed by *When Worlds Collide* and David Duncan's fine translation of H. G. Wells' *The Time Machine* to film for MGM.

How we loved these films! How we yearned to emulate or even surpass them!

When we came out to Hollywood, we science fiction writers, it wasn't that we did not have high hopes.

Richard Matheson, Charles Beaumont, Ray Russell, Robert Bloch, George Clayton Johnson, William F. Nolan, Ray Bradbury, Theodore Sturgeon -- I sat with all of them in coffee shops in those days sharing our dreams for film and our ambitions for it.

Some of us have done well. Some of us not.

No writer starts out to write a bad book. No producer starts out to make a bad movie. There is a difference, though. A writer has more creative integrity; he writes what he feels, for the most part. Sometimes he even has axes to grind. A producer, on the other hand, cannot afford integrity most of the time, for there are too many variables in his equation. His film *must* make money. He has to recoup at least his negative cost (the cost of putting it all on film) and, hopefully, much, much more. If his film does not make it into the black, there might not be money for another one. A producer tries to be on a roll all the time. A writer may produce a dud now and then and people admire him for the gamble he (or she) took, and now that he's got *that* out of his system, let's hope the next one is better. A writer can afford courageous vulnerability; a producer cannot.

A writer is beholden to not one single solitary person. A producer is involved with banks, studios, unions, agents, business managers, actors with demands, actors with complaints, writers with both demands and complaints. And in the end there is the bugaboo of distribution, probably the most vital part of the whole process. If he has no distribution, the film goes nowhere. If his film is too "arty-farty" (to quote Sam Arkoff of the old American International Pictures) it probably won't get released.

It has been said that there is a mystique about writing screenplays, that it is very hard to learn, and that people who write books never get the hang of it.

Not true. Writing screenplays is a fraud and a

deception and requires little, if any, literary talent, only a unique ability to tell what should be happening on screen, plus what the people in the scene are saying. I didn't say it was *easy*.

Those who write books have a much more difficult job. They must interest the reader with the abstraction that is words. With only words they must pull him along, make him laugh, make him cry. They must help him build up in his mind the scene, what the weather's like, what the smells are, what the colors are, and make him feel the tension, if any. It all must be there in the writing, and there are a zillion different ways to do that. And that is what I call true *mystique*.

Those who write screenplays merely write the most basic descriptions, such as "Interior, Doug's Room," which is written INT. DOUG'S ROOM, leaving it to the set decorator to furnish it, and the director to place the camera in it where he wants to, and all the people involved to provide whatever lighting is needed. The director is the master of the show, using the writer's script as the most primitive guide for what he, the true genius of the art form, is creating. At least that is the theory. Writers don't like it, which is why so many writers become directors. Then they have only themselves to blame.

It is the director who dissolves through to, shoots reverse angles, over-shoulder shots, full shots, long shots, ECUs (extreme close-ups), or SFX (special effects). This all passes for punctuation and style (low-key lighting or sepia or gorgeous color) in an otherwise sterile bit of writing known as the screenplay. Writers for screen learn early on to write in master scenes rather than angering the director by invading his domain and detailing dolly, tracking and other shots which he will ignore anyway.

In the early 60s, when I was in between television scripts, I wrote a screenplay of H. P. Lovecraft's *Colour Out Of Space* on speculation, doing it *exactly the way I wanted*, which is usually the kiss of death or a short cut to suicide in Hollywood. The late James H. Nicholson, president of American International Pictures, to whom I submitted it, loved it *the way it was* and bought it, with an option for me to do two more films for the company.

I was very pleased. I had shown it could be done. Then along came Daniel Heller, who was to direct, this being his first film. He wanted to meet with me, so we did, over cocktails. He had a million changes he wanted me to make; I refused to make even the first one, for they were, by my thinking, silly. Heller was no writer, no dramatist, but here he was trying rewrite as well as direct. He left in disgust, went to Europe and made the film with Nick Adams and Boris Karloff. It is still playing on television as *Die, Monster, Die*.

William Shatner and his then wife, Gloria, and my wife, Jean, and I went to the Hollywood Theater on Hollywood Boulevard at Vine to see it when it opened in 1965. It wasn't all that bad. Heller had kept it mostly the way it was (on a memo from Nicholson, so I have been told), except for a few terrible lines added by Heller.

At one point Adams, in the movie confused by all that is happening (I guess), says to the heroine, "I wish somebody would tell me what's going on around here."

To which someone in the audience (it was a packed house) yelled, "So do we!"

Heller's added line had brought down the house and I hunched down in my seat in embarrassment.

At another point, the heroine sees an awful shape outside the window trying to peer in. As she screams, the shape jumps away. Adams says, "What is it?" She says, barely able to control her voice, "The window -- there was something there trying to look in . . ." To which Adams, looking at the window, turns to say to her, "Are you sure?"

The audience howled. Score another laugh for a Heller-added line. At this point I only wished I could melt down through the floor.

Well, that's pretty much the way it goes for writers in Hollywood. Now I demand to see the script before it is shot (the script with all the changes everybody from executive producer down to mail boy has made in it, the one with all the colored pages). If it has been changed too much from the way I had written it, I insist that the name Nathan Butler (my pseudonym) replace Jerry Sohl. They are forced to do this by virtue of the Minimum Basic Agreement with the Writers Guild of America, the writers' union to which I belong.

If you are an assiduous television watcher, you will, in your lifetime, see many Nathan Butlers on screen.

*The Outer Limits* wasn't a classy show, but at least it was a step in the right direction. One of several scripts I did for it was of my short story, "The Yellow Sand," from an issue of *Imagination*. It was changed to *The Invisible Enemy* by Seeleg Lester, one of the producers. In it, all the men sent by the U.S. to land on and explore Mars, mysteriously disappear without a trace. A final party is sent up and, in a harrowing few days, begin to vanish, one by one, until somebody tumbles to the fact that there are sharks in the sands of Mars upon which they have been walking.

In a typical television contretemps, Lester demanded that we see the menace right off. The monster shark would be seen, its fin racing through the sands of Mars *a la Jaws* fashion (that we would see years later). To me this was like identifying the murderer among us right at the beginning of the mur-

der mystery. Where's the suspense? It becomes just a monster show. *The Outer Limits* had become *The Monster of the Week*. When Lester wanted to shoot scenes under the surface of the sand, he lost me, and I refused to write any more shows for him.

Although I wrote several *Twilight Zone* scripts which were produced, they came about in a strange and rather sad way and I never received on-screen credit for writing them. I had never tried to get an assignment for *The Twilight Zone*, though I had appeared on talk shows with Rod Serling wherein we discussed my coming in to do so, but I never did.

Then Charles Beaumont, one of the stalwart writers of the show and a very close friend of mine, became ill with Alzheimer's disease in his middle 30s and became unable to write any more. I felt despair for him and his fine wife, Helen, and their children, so I helped them out by taking over his commitments for a half dozen shows. I wrote *The New Exhibit* which starred Martin Balsam, *Living Doll* with Telly Savalas (who will ever forget "Talky Tina"? Everyone seems to have seen that shop), and *Queen Of The Nile* with Ann Blyth, among others.

*The Twilight Zone* was one of the better shows and all connected with it appreciated good writing. None of my scripts was changed in any way, and I wished then that I had gone in to become a staff writer.

*The Invaders* was a show with fine production values, though its premise was early sf. There has always been a time lag between what is happening in sf and what is happening on screen -- the lag is usually 20 years -- and *The Invaders* was no different. The premise was that there are aliens among us, but though Roy Thinnes tries to convince people of this, no one will listen, so it is up to Thinnes alone to thwart the aliens' evil plans. I did several teleplays for Alan Armer, a perfectly charming man who actually listened to what I had to say. He was one of the few producers who worked out the story with you right there in his office.

Armer was concise and clear. Some producers write "T.O.S." at places in your script, which means "Think Of Something." Since you have no idea what they want you to think of, and can see nothing wrong with the script, this becomes not only ambiguous but nonsensical. Armer never did this.

Gene Roddenberry was also a good man to work with. He loved science fiction and had a grasp of its potential that others lacked. Years before *Star Trek* became a reality, he called me to talk over the possibilities of such a show at Nickadell's, a restaurant just south of his office at Paramount Studios.

Roddenberry had produced *The Lieutenant* to good reviews, and I thought if he could do as well with his projected sf show, it would be at least pass-

ing fair.

The rest is history.

I did the first script (after the pilot), called "The Corbomite Maneuver," though it did not air first because of difficulties with special effects.

I was surprised and pleased by Gene Roddenberry's openness and his receptivity of any idea, no matter how far out.

All the writers I know who worked on *Star Trek* have remarked how they were able to make a favorite social comment on their shows. We science fiction writers had finally come into our own. I think there was more fine writing, imagination, and dedication on *Star Trek* than on any other show of its kind.

With *Star Trek*, we sf writers were no longer pariahs.

Then, finally, there is the story of four professional science fiction writers who got together after *Star Trek*, to incorporate as *The Green Hand*, hired a business manager, an agent, and opened an office on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills and set out to do battle at the bastions of the television networks to win some of the financial rewards then being bestowed on those who had science fiction shows on screen in prime time.

Why should the late Theodore Sturgeon, Richard Matheson, Jerry Sohl, and George Clayton Johnson not profit from and improve television at the same time? Certainly the medium could stand better material. Why should *Star Trek* be the only exemplary program for sf aficionados?

We wanted script and quality control. We wanted to breathe something new into the shows, bring the medium up to date and in step with what was going on in sf at the same time.

Perhaps it was arrogance to think we alone could stem the tide of purple pablum which flowed so copiously from the three fountainheads of vapidness. We thought that at least half of prime time should be devoted to sf and fantasy.

We struck pay dirt almost immediately. Herbert F. Solow, who had headed Paramount when Gene Roddenberry was creating *Star Trek* there, was now head of MGM and knew us all. Perhaps we could do as well as Roddenberry. So he hired *The Green Hand*, gave us an office on the lot, and special parking spaces. We had all the privileges, including eating in the MGM executives' dining room. To top it off, we had our own refrigerator right there in the office, and our own secretary.

Science fiction had come of age.

Our first move was to meet with network officials to spread the good word. We went to CBS, NBC and ABC, and then from ABC to NBC to CBS, and then started all over again.

We found the network executives to be pleasant,

though a bit dense. As custodians of the airwaves and avatars of the remunerative mindlessness that is often television, the chiefs exuded a deceptively simple-minded cheerfulness. Almost an idiotic vacuity, one might say. They were quick to give us the impression of collusion, understanding and encouragement. "We're just like you, fellas, honest," they seemed to say.



Yes, they seemed genuinely impressed, but we learned it was not because we were formidable or heavy with talent and experience, or even angry young men with axes to grind. It was simply because they had never seen four science fiction writers all at once, and four writers in such apparent agreement.

We offered the networks *Hunter*, which was mostly Richard Matheson's idea. Hunter was a policeman whose life is changed when, through an accident to his precentral gyri, he suddenly develops wild talents: he can sometimes read minds, predict the future, and so on, an omnium-gatherum of weird skills which he must learn to use with this new power. He is, in short, a jazzed-up Peter Hurkos. In the proposed series, Hunter would be called upon to solve even old crimes and disappearances (like that of Judge Crater). Of course our man can never tell

anyone how he does this or he would be put away.

The roomful of CBS executives listened to us politely enough, first to Ted Sturgeon, then to Richard Matheson, myself, and George Clayton Johnson, perhaps the best blue-sky seller among us. The TV bigwigs' eyes glazed. They shook their heads.

"It'll never go," one of them said. When we asked why, another said, "It's because it's about ESP."

"What's wrong with that?" Ted asked.

Before anyone could reply, Matheson pointed out that our man had more than that, and ESP was certainly in the public eye. He cited the Edgar Cayce books and others like them. Matheson is a believer in such things. Matheson is also a very sincere person.

"It's no go," the third executive said. "Sorry."

I pressed to know why they could come to such a conclusion so quickly.

"The ordinary viewer doesn't know what ESP is," was the reply.

When we left the building, all four of us began asking everybody we could find -- the rank and file television viewers: rich, poor, waitresses, businessmen, bums, cabbies, students, teachers, housewives -- it they knew what ESP was.

They regarded us, most of them, anyway, as if we had taken leave of our senses. The gist of their answers went like this: "ESP is extrasensory perception, you darn fools. Everybody knows that -- don't you?"

So much for the networks' finger on the pulse of America's viewers of the magic box.

On another day we offered *E.T.* I'm not kidding. Theodore Sturgeon was high on a story of an extraterrestrial trapped on Earth (nothing like Spielberg's *E.T.* later on, for this one was able to assume human form) who has difficulties understanding and adjusting to what he finds on this planet. Does he fall in love? What kind of super powers would he have? How would people adjust to him when they found out he was an alien? We had a million story lines ready.

"What's an e.t.?" asked one of the network anointed. When Ted patiently explained, the executive looked at Ted as if Ted had suddenly freaked out.

"Oh, that I were a fly on the wall," Sturgeon sang out, rolling his eyes, much to the discomfort of the nabob who had asked the question. Later, when we asked Ted what he meant by that, he replied that he would have enjoyed being that fly to witness the collective imbecility of the TV chiefs.

Needless to say, the networks nixed *E.T.*

We offered *Gestalt Team* still another day. We explained that, as in a gestalt, where a unit is more than a simple summation of its parts, we have three astronauts of the future whose very special talents have been bleshed (blended + meshed), and who are trouble-shooters on the rim worlds, battling the extraterrestrials and the human flotsam and jetsam

who try to survive out there by criminal means.

The executives dug astronauts, but they could not grasp the concept of a gestalt. They liked the sound of it, though, so we retitled it *Assault Team* (first choice) and *Future Tense* (second choice) and I wrote the pilot with Ted's help.

*Surprise!* The network loved it. *Positively* loved it. But loving it didn't mean underwriting the two-hour feature production at MGM or saving a slot on the fall prime time schedule. They just loved it. That's all. Period. And that was the end of it.

Next, we offered a series on a male android who escaped from a secret army base where he was made and was being tracked down by assorted government agencies and forces. He was always on the run. He didn't want to go back to the factory where he was born.

As he moves about the country, he learns something about himself and experiences things like emotions, not the least of which is love. Since he cannot harm humans, he is always in a predicament, for people want to kill that which they do not understand, for they are afraid of it. A thousand stories came to our minds. But the networks balked.

People would never buy a million dollar man, they said. They would not believe a man made from scratch.

Scrub another possible series.

There was *A Touch Of Strange*, which was a series idea based on Sturgeon's novel. This was to be an exalted *Twilight Zone* kind of series, except it would be all fantasy -- no science fiction, no space, no bug-eyed monsters.

In one of the planned episodes that I suggested, an employed junkyard car crusher operator is threatened by automobiles that keep trying to run him down. He tries to get people to believe the cars are trying to take their revenge out on him for destroying their kind, but of course nobody believes him. In the end, returning to work, cured by a psychiatrist, he is done in by one of the cars.

The network people said it was no go, that people did not want anthologies, different stories each week. They wanted to see the same faces and the same plots over and over again, they said. Or variations of the same.

We left the offices, suddenly seeing television as one giant moebius strip.

Oh, we had other ideas -- *Shadow Beat* for one, about a law enforcement officer by the name of Lt. Evan Powell, who is in charge of what is known in police circles as the Kook Department, where people with unusual complaints are sent. It is up to Powell to solve the offbeat and unusual crises that confront him. The sky would be the limit. The stories would be endless.

The networks didn't like offbeat series like this, they said. They wanted Powell to be a widower, or a

guy who marries a widow with a passel of brats who could be cute each week.

In the end, we couldn't buy it. Too bad for the network. Too bad for *The Green Hand*. Too bad for the viewing public.

Exit, *The Green Hand*. The corporation was dissolved and we four writers went our separate ways.

Funny thing, though: All of our series premises became television shows in one form or another.

A touch of strange, it it not?



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# THE TAIL

by M.J. Engh

I blame the birds. I enjoy watching birds as a rule -- the stimulation is very pleasant -- but at times they are intolerable. It was one of those dry winter days that set the fur a-tingle; and the birds were maddening. They were hopping about on the bare branches just outside the window, bobbing their little heads and flirting their little tails at me, and all the while cheeping insultingly. I felt the fur rising along my spine, and my tail twitching; and when one of the little beasts actually made a pass at the window, banking off at the last moment with that titillating motion of theirs, I sprang from the sill in a fury and raced up and down the apartment until I felt calmer. Sitting down again, I lashed my tail once or twice to get rid of the last tingles of rage.

Then, with a sudden spasm, it lashed itself.

I do not think you can understand. Perhaps if your right hand suddenly struck you in the face you would feel something of what I felt. But a hand cannot compare with a tail. At all times a tail has its own character. It is not a *part*, like a hand or paw; it is a whole.

Now it lay curled on the floor beside me, and I stared at it. Could my own tail have (to put it so) seceded from me? Perhaps, after all, what had seemed like independent action had been only a violent twitch; certainly the birds had never been so infuriating. Tentatively, gently, I switched it.

Like a mouse in a panic it leaped away, flinging itself out at full length. And, panicked too, I raced crazily through the rooms, as if I could escape by flight the second half of my backbone.

I took refuge at last under the table where my humans sat at one of their interminable meals. There I lay flat, and beside me the tail lay twitching. It looked just as it always had -- or did it? How often I had cleaned and sported with it, my familiar tabby tail, how often snuggled it neatly around my paws, and yet never (I saw now) truly observed it. Its tip was black -- I knew that, of course; but exactly how many black rings should it have? I looked along the length of it, turning slowly to see if it was indeed attached to me. Attached, yes, but no longer mine; or mine, let us say, but not me. Faceless and footless it lay, like a blind, furred serpent, and nervously twitched. And I realized that I had no sensation in that tail.

With caution, if not with prudence, I laid a paw upon it. At the first touch it grew perfectly still; then violently it tried to jerk away. Instinctively I clutched it.

It was stronger than I had known. It plunged, it twisted, and in frantic struggle we rolled and tumbled, knocking against the feet of the humans, and so

burst out into the open again. It had escaped my grasp. We lay prone and watchful, as before.

I became aware that they were laughing at me. One does not expect much understanding from humans; but one all too easily grows fond of them. Hurt, mortified, I collected myself as best I could and stalked away to fight my strange battle in privacy. Behind me, the thing hung and followed stiffly. I shuddered as I walked.

In the hall, with the laughter of the humans still pursuing me, it struck. I felt an actual yank at the base of my spine, as if some rude child had tugged my tail sideways, and then another. It was lashing violently from side to side, thumping hard against my flanks. Like a spanked kitten I scampered down the hall and bounded into the next room.

But I had had enough humiliation. I turned, at bay, and slashed at it. It was quick -- as quick as I -- and hard to hold. Round and round we plunged, one way and then another, in mutual flight and attack, a hideous parody of kittenhood tail-chases. And now with fury it flung itself at me, whipping and pounding about my legs, and with a lucky snatch I pinned it down and buried by teeth in its thick fur. But it tore convulsively away, lashed to the other side, fell lightly back, and lay twitching at full length.

Cautiously, I looked over my shoulder at it. A prickling shiver rose along my spine; and I began to feel my tail again. I turned slowly and patted it with my paw, and in paw and tail alike I felt the touch. With some trepidation I flexed it. My tail -- yes, it was mine, my own. Very thoughtfully I began to wash it.

And now I wait. And if sometimes I bite at it with a kind of tentative anger; if more often I lick it with a reluctant gentleness; if long I sit gazing, or lie brooding upon it; I have my reasons, yes. You cannot understand.



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# THE FACES IN THE WALL

by *Kate Wilhelm*

(MosCon III Author Guest of Honor)

Because I am a story teller, it is appropriate that I tell you some stories. There was a little girl, six years old, in the first grade, who wriggled with excitement on; this particular night, parents' night at school. The big production of the evening was an art show. One by one, the children went to the front of the room to display their drawings and then stand them on the chalk tray of the blackboard as the parents applauded. The little girl went forward at her turn and showed her picture, a farm scene, with white buildings, a red barn, and a purple fence. As she stood up her picture, the teacher said, very kindly, "But, dear, we know, don't we, that farmers don't paint their fences purple." The little girl was crushed, humiliated, and no doubt turned off art for the rest of her school career. Possibly for the rest of her life.

Another time. I was one of three judges for a state-wide high school competition in creative writing. There were over a hundred fifty stories submitted, from which six were to be chosen for a one-week workshop with a professional writer. Up to a point it is not difficult to choose among them. The vast majority are easy to reject. I always try to end up with ten stories, several that I am willing to fight for, and several where the differences are slight. Our judges met to discuss the entries, to pick our six. Since I was to conduct the workshop, I had a great interest in the selection process. One of the judges, the state superintendent of schools, named the top story on his list and for a time I thought he had read a story I had not seen. I dug it out of my stack of rejected manuscripts and I was horrified. It was a piece of rifle-association propaganda. We talked about it, but until I went over the manuscript and pointed out the cliches and the actual phrases lifted from NRA material, he was not convinced that it should be rejected. Even then, he did not fully approve of the final choices; he thought too many of the stories were unwholesome, the young writers too preoccupied with sex, death, drugs, war, and so on.

More. At a conference, a high school senior asked me to read his story. After I read it, I called him aside. I asked where he had got the story and he answered without hesitation that he had seen it on television. He named the series, which I had never heard of. But I knew. The story was obviously from television; the manuscript even had the blank spaces where the commercials were to go. My surprise came from his ready acknowledgement of the source. His teacher had graded the story A-plus.

Another child used only black and brown cray-

ons for his drawings, great blobs of black and brown. Ah ha! Off to the school psychologist with him.

One boy, fulfilling an assignment to draw a family group, found it impossible when he came to his mother's feet and tried to draw high heels. I sympathize; I can't draw feet either. He ended up putting black boots on all the family members. He solved his problem, but he was sent to talk to the school psychologist, also. He never drew anything again.

What is going on here? This is all anecdotal, but I am convinced that it is no more than the froth at the edge of the sea, and there is a vast ocean of ignorance and fear out there where creativity is concerned. The teacher who felt it necessary to deny that farmers might paint their fences purple was gentle -- and deadly. She was saying, in effect, you must conform to the correct world view, but this is the last thing that true creativity does. It is hard to imagine a more antithetical pair than creativity and conformity.

The superintendent was comfortable with a story that expressed his own political views, and very uneasy about those that asked hard questions about the world. The boy who wrote the gun story is being rewarded for something other than his creativity.

Even if the teacher of the boy who plagiarised television never *saw* TV, she should have known what he was capable of writing; she should have suspected that the story was not his original work. Any writer, any editor would have spotted it. And the boy thought it was all right because no one had ever told him original work was required. He is inundated with copies, imitations, derivative works all the time, in movies, on television, in paperback books. Our culture often rewards the derivative writers more than the ones who produce the original work. On what basis should he have made the assumption *Thou shalt not steal* is valid in the field of creative writing?

There was a girl who was a gifted musician and composer, and who was diagnosed as having adolescent schizophrenia. During her normal periods she created wonderful music; during her episodes, she saw faces in the wall. They were terrifying; she could not control them, make them go away, and they threatened to consume her with their great, gaping mouths. Her music was meticulously controlled; it had context. The faces in the wall were beyond control; there was no context.

The little boy who used only black and brown crayons, if questioned by an artist, or someone who understands the process of art, might have revealed that he was afraid of shadows, of darkness, and he was trying to control fear through his drawing. There was context. He would tell the school psychologist nothing because he had been frightened, punished, belittled.

He had discovered one of the many riddles of art, that it can be used to understand the world, perhaps

even to control the world to a certain extent, certainly to question the world. It is well recognized that any art form can be effective in therapy, but only when it is done openly, with full awareness, and with great care. To use this child's art this way was to betray him, an act of cruelty, and it was one of the myriad ways we have to stifle creativity. Our society demands to know and approve the context. If we don't grasp the context, the artist, the writer, the musician is guilty of seeing faces in the wall and must be cured.

It might be argued that these are isolated instances of having the young writer/artist come in contact with the wrong person at the wrong time. That is a reassuring thought which I totally reject. Anyone who works within our schools, whether from a safe-tenured position, or on the periphery, as I do, can tell similar stories again and again. Even if these were isolated incidents, it is ostrich-like not to realize the impact they have on the other students. They know who is being rewarded, who punished and humiliated, and they know why.

It is argued that there are not enough qualified teachers for all the specialized areas of education, and I agree. But few institutions would pick names out of a drum and hand out academic teaching assignments on that basis. Mr. Jones, you will teach history this year. Ms. Smith, you teach biology. Yet in all the arts that seems to happen. The daughter of a friend plays the violin; when she moved to a new school,

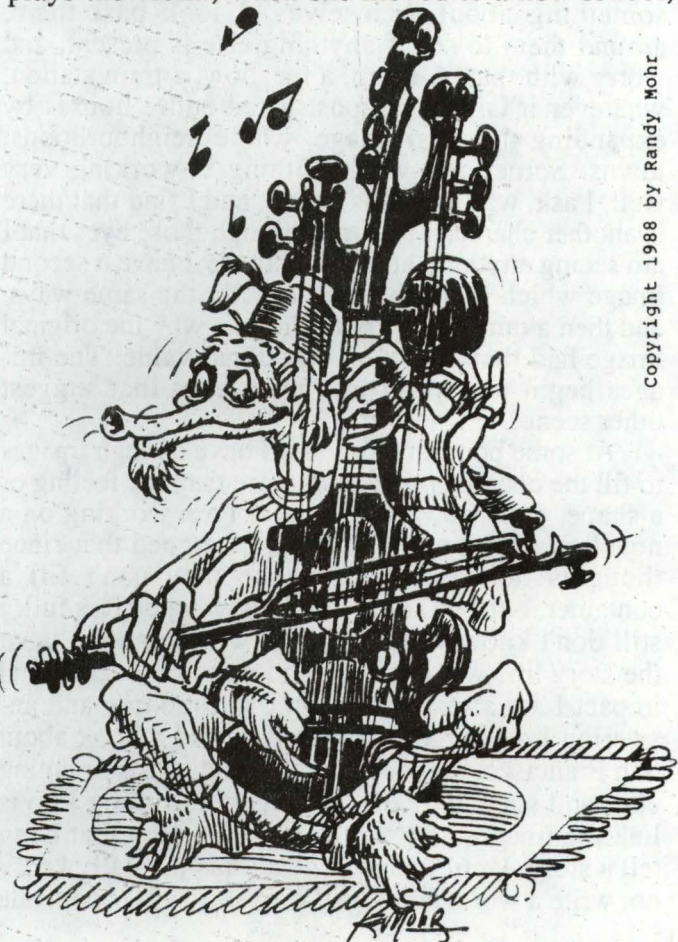
there was no orchestra; band was taught. The girl enrolled. One day the teacher asked her to tune a violin he had unearthed. To her surprise, she saw it had no bridge, and when she told him she could not tune it because of that, he said, "Well, just do the best you can." Appreciation courses and theory courses do not prepare anyone to teach the most basic necessities in the actual creation of art. An opera lover would not be expected to teach the oboe player, or the flautist, or the soprano how to execute the performance.

There is a dilemma. We understand the importance of nurturing originality, creativity, but we seem to do our utmost to strangle it at a young age. We rely more and more on quantifying creativity; we develop methods and tests that anyone can apply in order to measure others, and we make graphs, and charts, and select gifted students accordingly.

Anyone can follow the directions: show the students a brick and ask them to think of as many ways as possible that the brick can be used. One student finds eight ways to use a brick, another finds ten, another only four. This is creative problem solving, but we should not confuse it with true creativity. It isn't necessary. The little girl with the purple fence might be uninterested in bricks. The little boy coping with shadows might find this kind of puzzle boring. True creativity furnishes its own context and seldom is quantifiable; it is unreliable, unpredictable, and often it takes a giant step into the dark, into the unknown where the context is not readily perceived by the one doing the testing.

There is always tension between a society that requires a steady-state condition and those within it who have a need to examine and test the boundaries. True creativity questions the status quo. Even that statement is enough to make lips tighten, attitudes become firmer in opposition to allowing such a thing. Creativity pushed against the boundaries, but society feels safe and comfortable when it knows where the boundaries are and that they are secure. Creativity changes the way we see the world, the way we experience the world; it enlarges and enriches the world. But tampering with reality, changing the world, threatens everyone; who knows what new world will emerge? The little girl is testing reality by asking why not paint fences purple, and the teacher is protecting herself, her understanding of reality, by saying we know they don't do that. Another piece of the boundary has been secured.

Writers change the way we use language, the way we think, even the things we think about and discuss. Visual artists change the way we see, what we see. Every original, creative act brings forth something that did not exist before, sometimes good things, often not such good things, but we must allow all of them to pass into being, not stifle them in an early stage out of fear. We must allow the artist to



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decide the context, and not conclude arbitrarily that artists, creative people in any field, are guilty of the faces-in-the-wall syndrome. History is too replete with instances of how society distrusts its artists -- Stravinsky, Lawrence, Van Gogh, Joyce, Ibsen. The list goes on and on. They dared to say the unspeakable, to examine the taboo, to question reality, and their contemporaries said "No" resoundingly. The ones we can name prevailed; how many gave up we can never know. The nay-sayers start long before there is a play under production, long before the artist is starving in the garret; the process of rejection begins early in elementary school, or even before school.

Can creativity be taught? No. And there is no need. It is all around us in the youngest child onward until it is frustrated to the point of extinction. A more valid, or at least a more interesting, endeavor might be to try to learn how some people escape the process of extinction. By all means, we should encourage our young people to look beyond the obvious to find new and interesting ways of manipulating materials, the bricks, whatever other puzzle pieces we can devise, but that should be done in a room not labeled art or creative writing. We should be more rigorous in teaching expository writing, how to develop ideas for essays, how to do research without copying the encyclopedia, how to write when given the context. And that should not be called creative writing. Few people would call a paint-by-number picture art; write-by-number is no more so.

*Should* creativity be taught? Again, no. And for an even more important reason: we don't know what it is. There is little understanding of how it works, even though there are and have been many theories. There was the theory of the old and the new brain, largely abandoned now. There is the Muse, a giver of creative impulses. There is the collective unconscious. There is the bicameral brain theory, the silent brain and the brain with language to express the symbols and feelings the other side produces. With artificial-intelligence research pushing against the boundaries, there is now more investigation than ever taking place in an attempt to understand the workings of the human mind. Computers can write poetry, follow plots to produce simple stories, and so on. But computers can't supply the context, the programmers do. No computer could paint great brown and black blobs in an attempt to master fear of the dark.

Among writers, the process of writing a novel varies so much that it is almost as if we are talking about totally different activities. At a workshop when I described my own method, one of the young women, a college graduate, was infinitely relieved. Her method was similar, but all through school she had been told repeatedly that she could not use that method. She had to outline first, prepare a summary,

a first draft. She had stopped taking creative-writing classes because she could not work that way. Neither can I. I have never outlined a thing in my life, until after it was written, to satisfy a teacher. Usually writers don't talk much about how they produce stories or novels. We have all learned to beware the faces-in-the-wall reaction of our audience. Today, however, I do intend to describe my method, to reinforce my firm conviction that it would be a mistake to try to teach it to anyone else, or to insist that it is the only way.

First, and I am choosing my words carefully, I have the feeling of a shape. This is not a shape that has a name, and it is not something that I can describe beyond saying that it is a container. It exists in my mind in many dimensions, and it is quite real in my mind. It is my task to fill it with a story, or a novel. I know when I have this shape in my mind that I will write something. The next step in this process is to wait for a very strong image that has a powerful emotional content. Often the image is of a person, or more than one person. These are never people I know or have seen anywhere. Strangers walk into my mind and I feel something very deeply about them, sometimes sorrow, sometimes joy, bewilderment, love. This emotion is attached to the image. Again I wait, for another image this time. If one is not forthcoming, I work with the one I have already. I question it. I try to force the people to reveal something about themselves. I look past them, around them to see if anything else is present, and worry with that. A room, a meadow, a train station, whatever it is. I have constructed entire houses by expanding this first image, whole neighborhoods, towns. Sometimes when nothing is working very well, I ask, who sees this image, and I find that there is another character and it is through those eyes that I am seeing anything at all. Eventually I have a second image which I work with in exactly the same ways, and then a third one. I try to find out why the original image had that particular emotional value. The images begin to expand into the scenes that suggest other scenes.

At some point I realize that I have enough images to fill the container that is no more than the feeling of a shape. Only now do I know if I am working on a novel or a short story. It could be argued that since thoughts don't have substance they can't fill a container, but I do fill it, and I know when it is full. I still don't know what the work will be about, what the story line will be, but I do know what emotional impact I am after. Some of the questioning and answering I do suggests research. I read a book about San Francisco, perhaps, and that suggests something else, and something else. The very last thing I do is link the images and scenes in such a way that I can tell a story. Until I have done all this mentally I may not write a word, although I probably will have made

maps, the house plans where my characters live, notes from the various books and articles I have been reading. When I know the story finally, it may be that my original image is in chapter ten, or the final scene of the novel, or perhaps in the opening. Now, with all the details in place, with all the characters revealed to me, the background researched, the story worked out from beginning to end, I start to write.

This is just one of the many, many methods of writing fiction, which is generally accepted to be a fairly creative process. I would be truly insane if I tried to force anyone else to work this way, and I would have to stop writing fiction if I had to work a different way.

There are many problems to be solved in writing anything. How to get from one image to another, what scenes mean, what actions mean, how to move a character from one scene to another. These are problems that arise within the context of the piece of work, and that arises from the totality of the writer's experiences; it cannot be imposed from outside. Fiction problems cannot be quantified and measured and tested, except as part of the whole. They are not neat. When the context and form are imposed from the outside, you end up with a romance novel or something else that can be written by number.

I don't believe we should even think about trying

to teach creativity, which we don't understand anyway, but rather direct our efforts at how to teach the teachers not to fear it when it arises. We know that our society values writers and artists of all kinds so little that most of them must work at "real" jobs in order to eat, and do their writing and their art when they can. Why not let them teach in their fields instead of assigning the task to people who don't comprehend the process? Practicality says there are not enough of them to fill the vacuum; then let them teach the teachers.

Literature appreciation courses do not prepare anyone to teach writing, although they can turn out fine critics of finished work. Art history courses will not insure that teachers understand and sympathize with the process of creating art. We should be wary of ever-more-clever tests that attempt to quantify creativity. They are measuring something, to be sure, but possibly not what they think they are measuring.

In my Utopia, cooks will teach cooking, doctors doctoring, writers writing, artists art, and little girls will be allowed to paint purple fences if they want to. In my Utopia, it will be understood that reality wants a lot of testing. And no one will rush out with a hammer, board, and nails to shore up the boundary that is being pushed or even breached, least of all a teacher.



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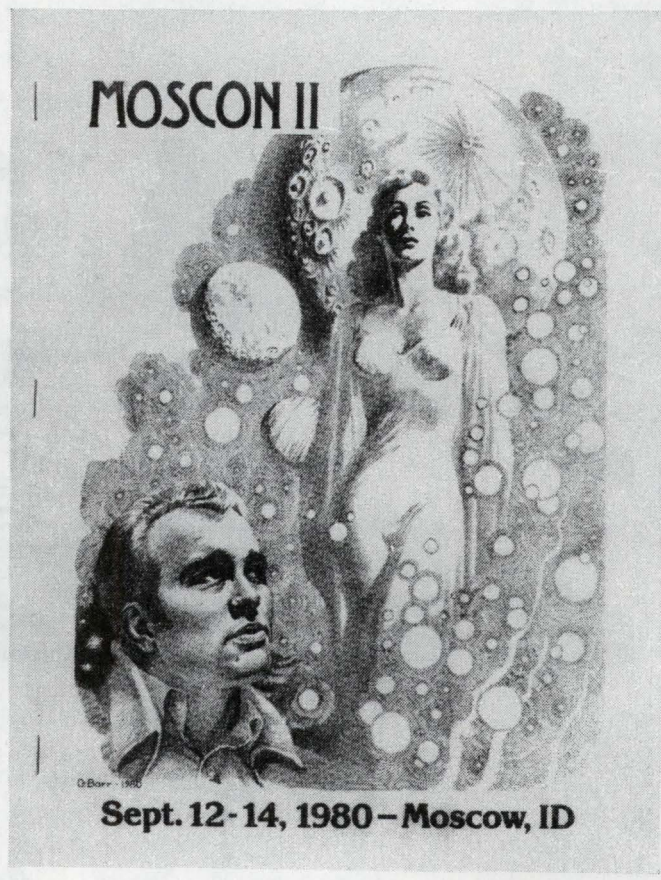
# GEORGE BARR

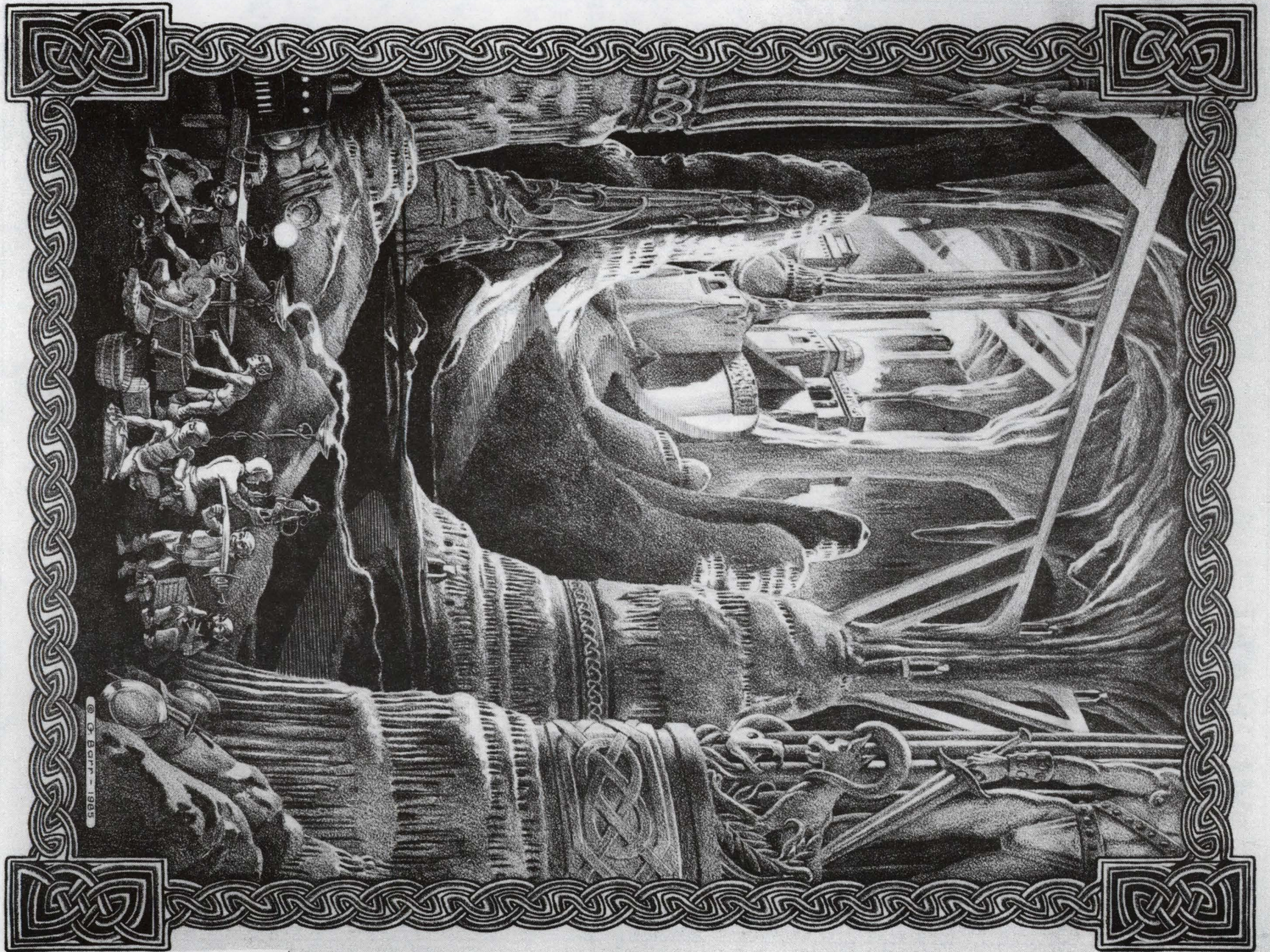
**GEORGE BARR** was born . . . well, longer ago than we'd both like to admit . . . in Tuscon, Arizona, but spent the majority of his youth in Utah. After a sojourn in southern California,, he has settled in the relatively calm suburbs of San Jose. His art, however, has done anything but settle, getting better and better with each passing year.

George has been doing professional-caliber art for over thirty years -- I know this because I own a beautiful piece of his dated 1957. He spent a few years doing a lot of art for the dozens (hundreds?) of fanzines that abounded during the late 1950s and earned himself a Fan Art Hugo award for his efforts (he later added a well-deserved Professional Art Hugo to his credits). He entered the science fiction art field as a pro during the 1960s and has been considered one of the best in the field ever since. His artwork had adorned the covers of many magazines, including *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* and *Amazing Stories*, and book covers from DAW Books and others.

His art shows has been influenced by many artists. An admirer of Hannes Bok, his fantasy art often shows a blending of Bok's stylization with George's superb eye for realism. He also cites Edmund Dulac, Maxfield Parrish, Kay Nielson, Arthur Rackham, Howard Pyle, and N.C. Wyeth as influences. Much of his finest art can be seen to good effect in his book, *Upon the Winds of Yesterday*.

George Barr has been the Guest of Honor at many conventions, including the 1976 MidAmeriCon in Kansas City, and was a Guests of Honor at MosCon II.





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# MICHAEL GOODWIN

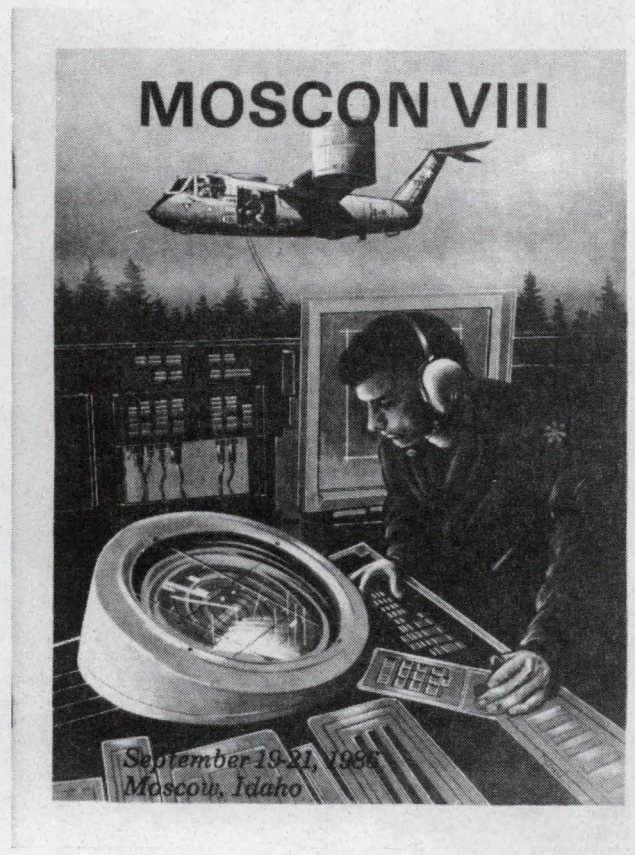
MICHAEL GOODWIN lives in Utah, with his artist-wife, Lynn Anne. He is a graduate of Utah State University, and is currently working as the art supervisor for a Roy, Utah, newspaper.

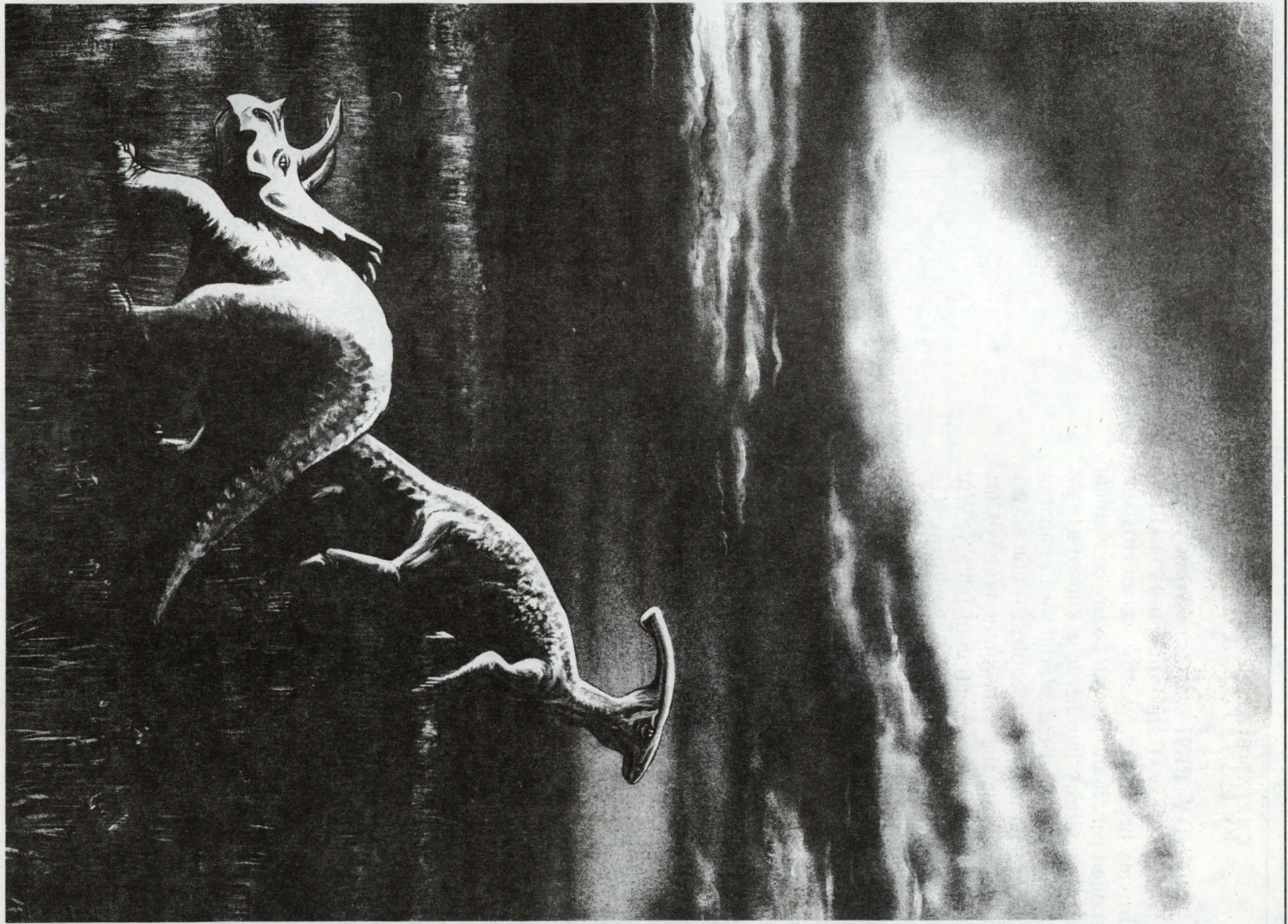
Part of Michael's fame . . . or infamy . . . rests on the work he did on a cartoon strip titled *My Stars!*, which was featured by the Deseret News Features Syndicate. These cartoons were collected in two books, *Who Was That Monolith I Saw You With* and *My Stars!* Considering that his science fiction artwork is very realistic and tends towards astronomical art, this points out his versatility. He was also a feature cartoonist in a Playboy Paperback book called *Startoons*. Two more collections of his cartoons are planned: *Galactic Cartoons* and *Son of Monolith*.

Michael's art has a serious side, too. He was the art director for two Ace books, *Dragons of Darkness* and *Dragons of Light*. (It was, he said, a job he would probably not do again.) He also did the art for an illustrated concordance of Alan Dean Foster's Humanx Commonwealth series, titled *A Guide to the Commonwealth*.

The art he displays at science fiction art shows is very colorful and highly realistic. He includes many space scenes and has recently done a series of paintings of whales that show a great deal of insight and sensitivity.

Michael was Artist Guest of Honor at MosCon VIII.





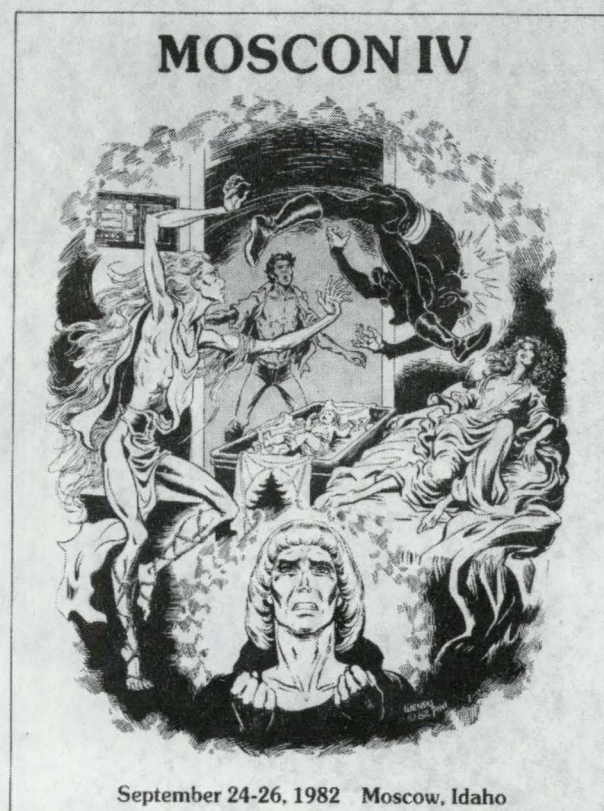
Copyright 1988 by Michael Goodwin

## WENDY PINI

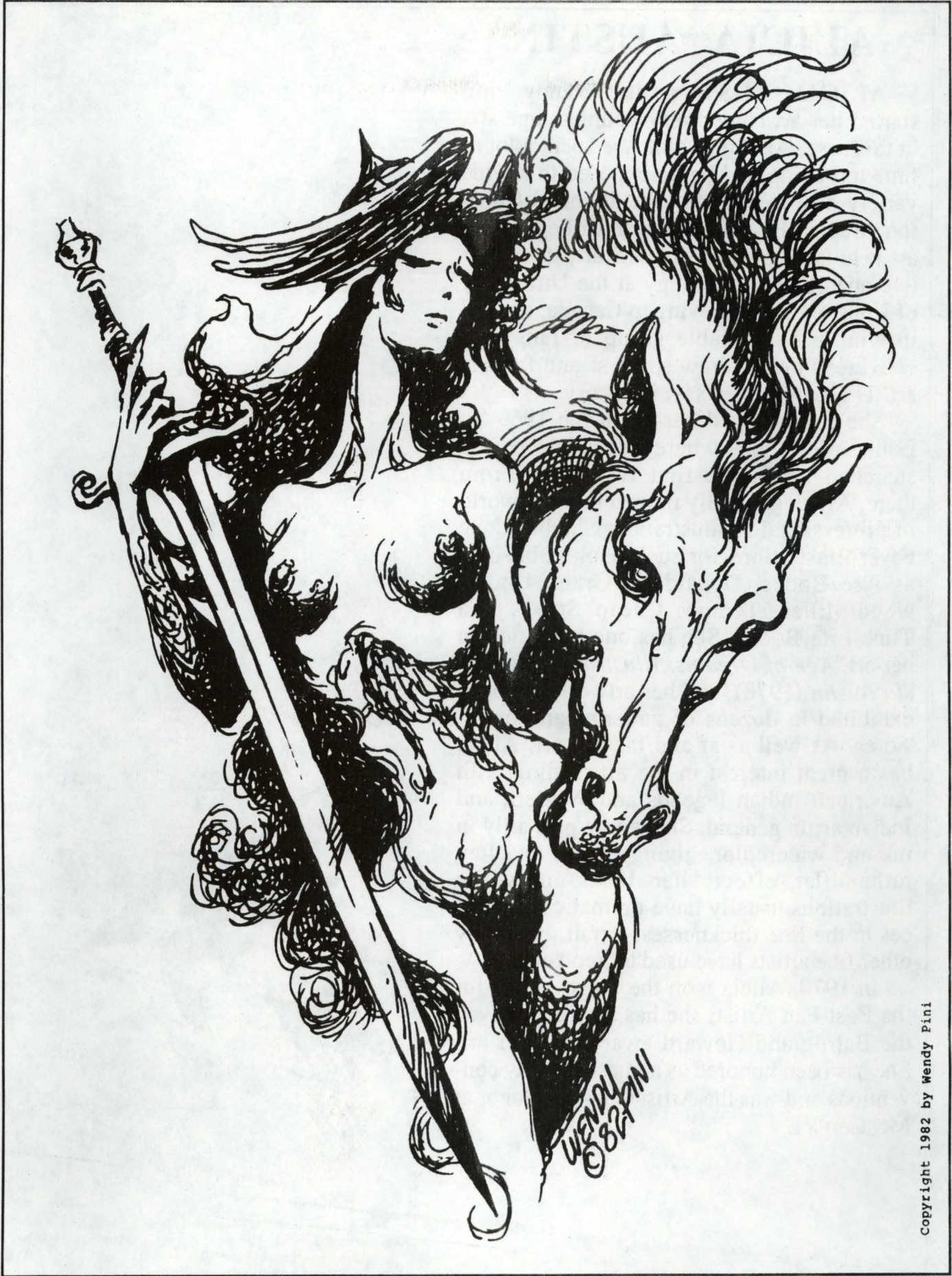
**WENDY PINI** was born Wendy Fletcher in Gilroy, California, in 1951. From the very beginning, Wendy was an artist and applied pencil and crayon to any convenient surface. Gilroy is otherwise known as "the Garlic Capital of the World" -- a reputation guaranteed to foster escapism -- and so it is not surprising that the young Wendy's artistry turned in the direction of fantasy. With friends such as Shakespeare, Rackham, Kipling, Disney, Ozamu Tezuka, Chuck Jones, and many others to learn from and keep her company, Wendy began to spin her own tales of elves and monkey-gods, aliens and sorcerers.

Wendy began exhibiting her artwork in fanzines and at science fiction conventions in the mid-1960s, garnering awards and recognition. In 1972, she married Richard Pini, and in 1974 she began her professional career as an illustrator for science fiction magazines such as *Galaxy* and *Worlds of If*. She provided covers and interior art for about three years, until a project called *Elfquest* beckoned in 1977. At that point, Wendy switched allegiance from SF illustration to the comics, where she has remained since.

While *Elfquest* has been an ongoing work for over ten years, it is no longer the only focus of Wendy's creative talents. Now that the second "megachapter" in the *Elfquest* tale has been completed, she is turning her sights in other directions, chief among them stage acting and book illustration, perhaps with occasional forays back into belly dancing. Her fondest wish at present is to take a totally hedonistic amount of time to travel by cruise ship to Hawaii. Or Japan. Or Bali. Or . . . *Bon voyage!*



September 24-26, 1982 Moscow, Idaho



Copyright 1982 by Wendy Pini

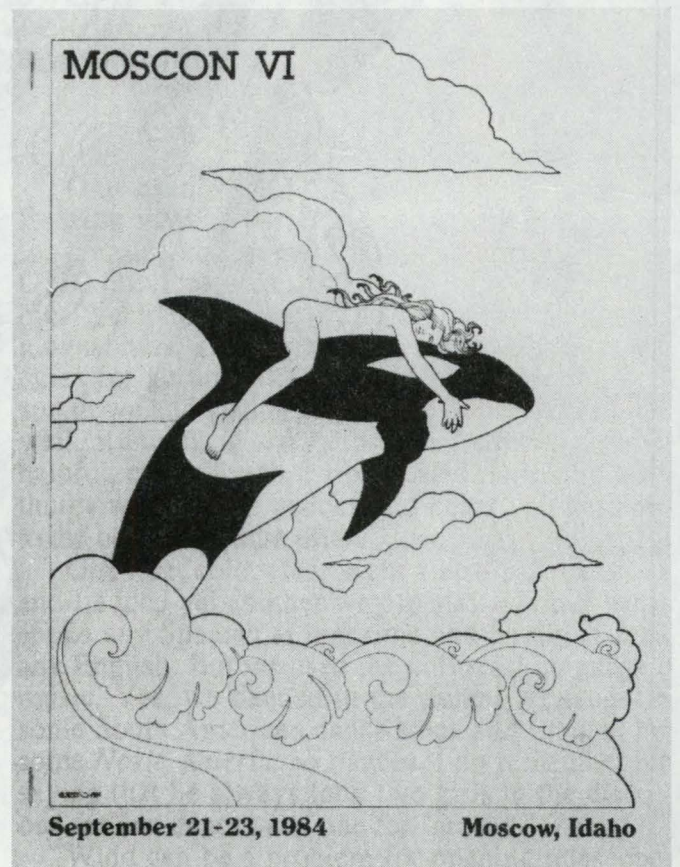


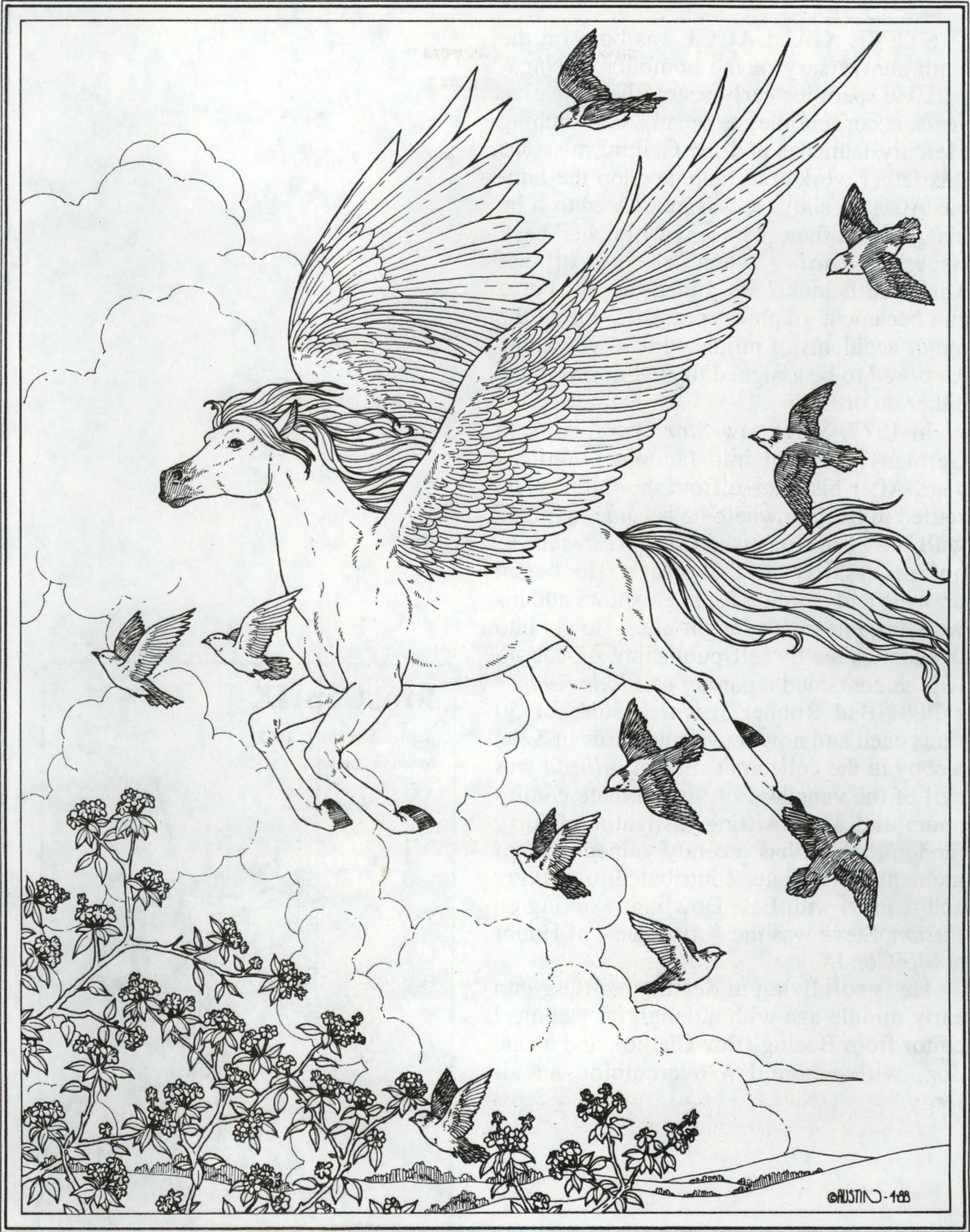
# ALICIA AUSTIN

ALICIA AUSTIN, like Wendy Pini, started her art career very young -- age six, in this case. An Army brat, she spent a lot of time travelling and being exposed to a wide variety of experiences. She attended Houston's Sacred Heart Dominican College on an art scholarship, then studied art, comparative anatomy, and biology at the University of Houston. After moving to Canada, she fell in with a disreputable group of fans who convinced her to draw some sf and fantasy art. The rest, as they say, is history.

She first showed her art at the 1969 St. Louis Worldcon, where every piece was snatched up in the first two days. From there, Alicia gradually moved into the world of professional sf illustration. She has done cover illustrations for such book publishers as Ace Books, Donald M. Grant, Underwood/Miller, Tempo, Cheap Street, and Time-Life Books. She has one book out on her art, *Age of Dreams: Illustrations of Alicia Austin* (1978), and her artwork has been exhibited in dozens of galleries and bookstores. As well as sf and fantasy art, Alicia has a great interest in the art dealing with American Indian legends and Western and Indian art in general. She works primarily in ink and watercolor, giving her art an often rather flat effect; her black-and-white illustrations usually have dramatic differences in the line thicknesses, a trait that many other fine artists have used to good effect.

In 1970, Alicia won the Hugo award for the Best Fan Artist; she has also been given the Balrog and Howard awards for her art. She has been honored as a guest at many conventions and was the Artist Guest of Honor at MosCon VI.





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# STEVE GALLACCI

**STEVE GALLACCI** was born on the tenth anniversary of the bombing of Nagasaki. He spent his early years (the formative years, according to the bread ads) watching Mercury launches and the Gemini missions (his father worked to help develop the famous Atlas missile). He was introduced to sf by his grandmother, who gave him her back issues of *Analog* when "she got off her Mu/Atlantis kick." He joined the Air Force and became a graphics specialist, one of the major accidents of military life -- you aren't *supposed* to be assigned to anything you can either do or like.

In 1977, Steve saw *Star Wars*, went to Germany, and got into fandom -- quite a year. After his release from the military, he settled in Seattle, where he became involved with NWSFS, Norwescon, and *Westwind* . . . not necessarily in that order. He began drawing and painting for sf art shows and his work became much sought-after. He got into the comics biz by self-publishing *Albedo* #0 (which contained a parody of *Blade Runner* called "Bad Rubber"), which sold for 50 cents each and now fetches upwards of \$200 a copy in the collector's market. *Albedo* was part of the vanguard of the alternate comics boom and an unwitting instigator of furry fandom, which has recently gained a lot of momentum. He later contributed to *Critters* and is now, with Lela Dowling, working on *Fusion*. Steve was the Artist Guest of Honor at MosCon IX.

He is still living in Seattle, "settling into early middle age with a delightful technical editor from Boeing (Bev Clarke), and a cute dog, with whom I'm overcoming an allergy."

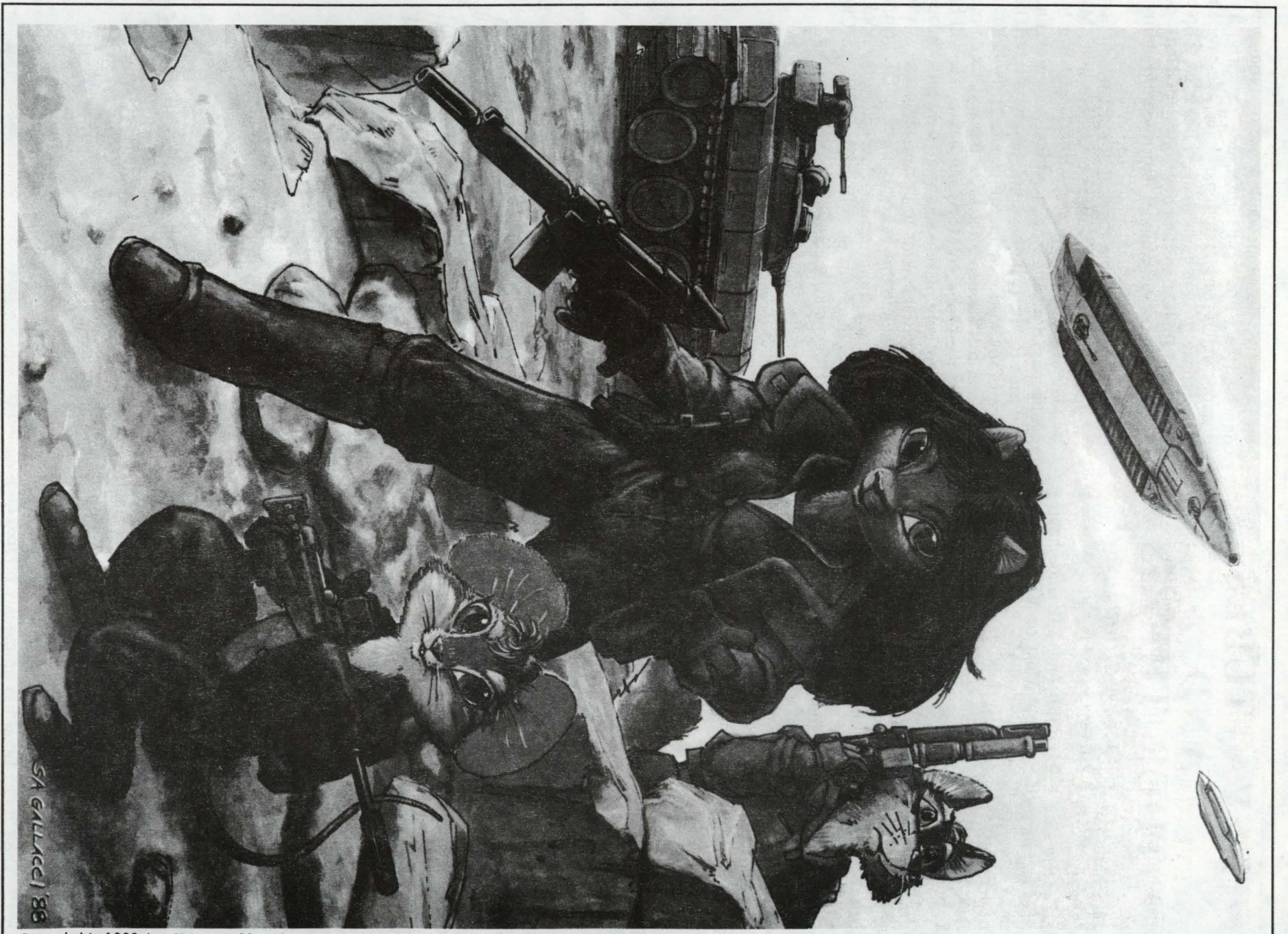
## MosCon IX

September 18-20, 1987

Moscow, Idaho



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SA GALLACCI '88

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# LAVA TUBES AND OTHER THINGS

by Bryce Walden

(MosCon VIII Fan Guest of Honor)

Here is a little about this fan's life since having been Fan Guest of Honor at MosCon VIII: For two years I served as Secretary of Oregon Science Fiction Conventions, Inc. (OSFCI), and continue as a Director. Since 1985 I have been a co-organizer and Chapter Leader of the popular OMSI-L5 Young Astronauts at the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry. In 1986, I was elected President of the Oregon L-5 Society, Inc., a chapter of the National Space Society, and I continue in that office today.

Thanks to my membership in the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS), I was asked in the spring of 1988 to return for a third term as one of the regional judges (in a 5-state region) of the expanded Space Science Involvement Program (SSIP), open to middle and high school students.

When I read Mendell's compilation, *Lunar Bases and Space Activities of the 21st Century* (Lunar and Planetary Institute, 1985), one article in particular captured my attention. Friedrich Horz of NASA's "Experimental Planetology Branch" pointed out that extremely large lava tubes probably exist on the Moon that would be suitable to house bases and even small cities. This contention is supported by other lunar researchers.

As it happens, Oregon is rich in lava tubes, most notably associated with giant Paulina Peak/Newberry Crater near Bend. Thanks to my spelunking geologist brother, Kyle, I was already familiar with impressively large Oregon lava tubes. With their benign, channel-like forms and flat, sandy floors, I reasoned, it would be easy to run lunar base simulations for our Young Astronauts and demonstrate the practical advantages and cost-effectiveness of lunar lava tube bases. Oregon L-5 Society researchers Tom Billings, Cheryl Singer, and I proceeded to design and conduct simulations in 1987-8 with Young Astronauts. We presented our work to NASA at the *Second Symposium on Lunar Bases and Space Activities of the 21st Century*, sponsored by the Lunar and Planetary Institute (April 4-7, 1988). There we networked with researchers from NASA, schools, and industry, working on practical lunar base designs. In June, 1988, I presented two papers to the AAAS Pacific Division: one on educational simulation and another about utilizing lava tubes (copies of these are available from the author, you bet!). The City of Bend has graciously offered Ore-

gon L-5 a five-year renewable lease on twin interconnected lava tubes on remote city property, for education and research into lunar bases. We have an evolutionary growth plan that begins with simple educational simulations and develops into an advanced "Moonbase" educational and research facility. So, "watch this space."

I try to keep up with the best new science fiction but this project demands more and more time. My friends in fandom rarely see me as I am beset by organizational meetings, educational activities, and field trips for the lunar base simulation facility. The nature of my work is cold, rough, and gritty as lunar dust, and if it advances us a few more steps on our return to the Moon, to Mars, and beyond, it will be worth every sore muscle and bead of sweat. Already today it encourages kids to pursue their interests in science. Although this has caused me to fall behind in my science fiction reading, I expect all the books I'll need to catch up on will be in the Luna City Library. Maybe I'll see you there.



Copyright 1977 by Randy Mohr

# SKELETON

by Jessica Amanda Salmonson

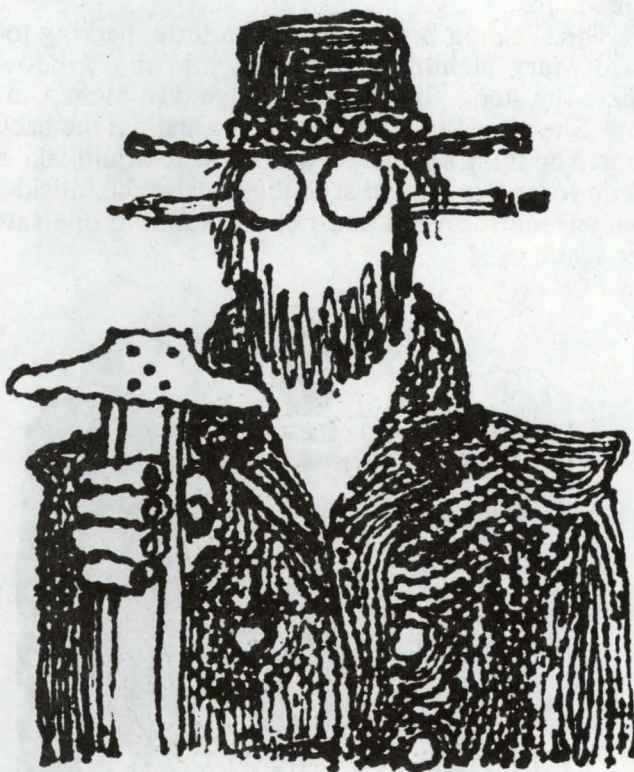
(MosCon I Fan Guest of Honor)

*"I dreamed I was alive. That surprised me. I was alive. But I woke myself up."*

-- Philippe Soupault, *Silent House*, 1927

This was in 1978. It's absolutely true. Everybody on the west side of the hill overlooking downtown Seattle remembers all of it. It's all new construction over there now. This is why.

Mary Hennifurth lived alone on that side of the hill in a large, run-down house that had belonged to her mother and father, long deceased. Developers had often tried to buy the property. They had been



Copyright 1988 by Clint Keller

regular nuisances. She lived in terror of them. They tried so often; but where would she go? Where would she put her things? She worried about it a lot.

She had always had a good view of Lake Union and Puget Sound until a year before the events of this story. Across the freeway, an enormous highrise condominium had been started. It spoiled her view of everything except sunsets in winter, when the sun moved way off to the right and she could see it without obstruction. It was getting toward winter now, and she would be able to see her sunsets again, for a while. Puget Sound itself, and the lake, and the far Olympics across the sound, were forever spoiled.

The condominium had never been completed. Shortly after it started going up, Mary put a curse on it. She repeated the curse every evening while the sunset was being spoiled. Sure enough, the company went bankrupt. Or, rather, the corporation was caught by the Feds in some dubious shenanigans. The president of the embroiled firm went to Canada and was still fighting extradition. Mary watched the paper for news, since that horrid skeleton of a highrise was still out there making a checkerboard of the sky. She wanted to know what was going to happen with it.

The sun was still visible, actually, behind the unfinished structure; but everything was still spoiled. Even were Mary inclined to appreciate the view through the girders, the skeleton would not let her. The hollow monolith stood there in front of everything, taller than its surroundings, like a big, overbearing villain. It faced her. It hated her. It knew she put the curse.

The papers had grown tired of mentioning the place. It was turning brown with rust but might not be an actual danger for years and years. One company wanted to finish the project, but it was all in the courts. The neighborhood at the foot of the hill wanted it torn down, didn't want it built in the first place. Mary had gone to one of their meetings but had been too shy to speak except once, and then they couldn't understand her very well. Old age did that.

She looked out the cracked window on the second floor of her wretched-looking home. There stood the skeleton, glaring at her as usual. "I'm sorry," she whispered to it, though she wasn't the least bit sorry and feared the structure could read her mind. "I'm sorry I cursed you. Is it my fault your builders were criminals?"

Mary never went to another meeting of the neighborhood's action committee, so she could truthfully tell the skeleton, "It isn't me. I'm not trying to get you torn down. I don't mind your being there."

Really she wanted it torn down more than anything she could think of. Was it possible to fool a thing like that by telling it lies?

The sun was divided in quarters by a cross-section of the big, square skeleton. The sun was going down, square by square, minute by minute. Mary turned off all the lights in the house. She closed the dusty blinds here, pulled the grey or yellow curtains there. She pretended she wasn't home. Sometimes -- not today -- she would go out the front door all bundled up as though she were going somewhere, possibly to a movie, but would circle the block and sneak in the back door. That way, the highrise skeleton wouldn't know she was home. She could peer secretly through the curtains, very furtive indeed, and tell the difference: it wouldn't be glowering at her because it thought she was gone. It would be thinking about other things, evil things; and it

would be listening. Come morning, it would start staring at her again. She hated to be stared at.

Tonight it wasn't fooled. She peered between the dirty drapes, then drew back. It was glaring worse than ever. Her heart began to race. "It's going to come and get me," she said. "I know it. It's going to come."

The telephone rang.

Mary Hennifurth jumped.

It rang again. She went downstairs. On the fourth ring she got it.

"Mrs. Hennifurth?"

She mumbled back at the man's voice. "*Miff* Hennifurth. *Miff*."

"Hello?"

"Hello."

"Is this Mrs. Hennifurth? This is Don Kael from Neighborhood Action. I'm calling to let everyone know there's a celebration tomorrow, Methodist Center, at seven o'clock. Bring cookies if you like. We've won!"

"Hello?" said Mary.

"This is the Neighborhood Action, Mrs. Hennifurth. It was decided today by Judge Stanley. They're going to tear down Old Ugly!" He enunciated carefully for the old woman's ears: "Methodist Center, Mrs. Hennifurth. Tomorrow night! Do come."

Mary put the phone down. She tottered to the curtained window. How menacing the structure looked tonight! In the failing light she couldn't actually see it very well: grey girders against grey sky. A few licks of color were left in the heavens, but mostly it was very drab. The skeleton had changed its shape somehow. To her bad vision, it all looked different.

"Don't worry, Old Ugly," she said. "I mean, old friend. You're my friend, please. They might not tear you down. It won't be right away. Surely it's still being battled for your sake; there are higher courts. Don't you worry. I won't go to that silly celebration. Nobody wins against things like you. They're just wrong."

Did it know her thoughts? Did it know she thought it her worst enemy? Did it know she was relieved and delighted that it would eventually vanish from her horizon?

The sky. The water. The mountains far away. They'd all be hers again. And freedom. Freedom from its hatred, its always watching, its making her afraid to leave the house or turn on her lights.

She went upstairs to the bedroom and parted a curtain. Yes, it had changed its shape. She could see it bending itself, a terrible alteration, buckling out its shoulders, separating its arms, lifting up its head. It didn't make a sound. Funny, but it didn't. There was no tortured scream of metal, nothing at all, as it ceased to be merely a giant box. The steel girders

quietly formed a new outline.

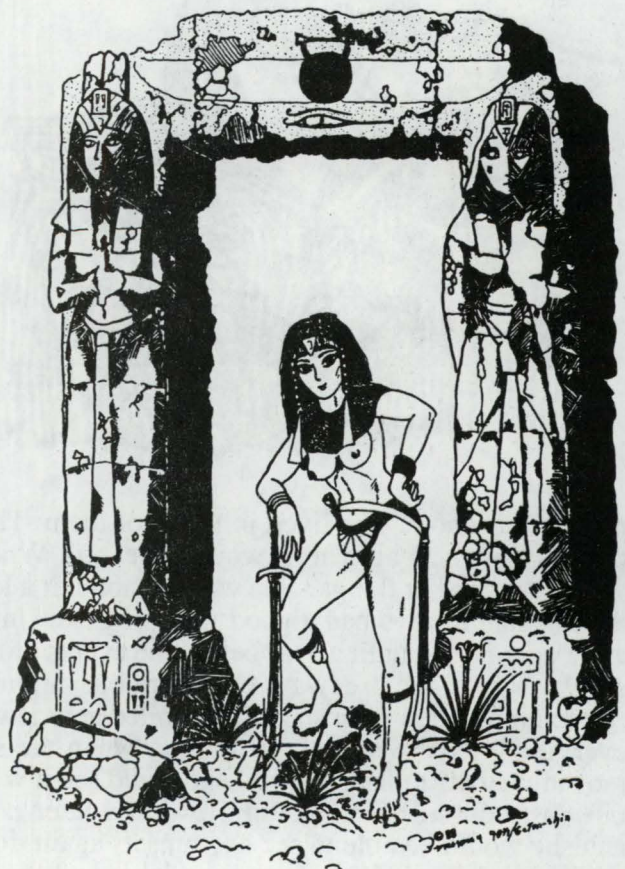
The base of the skeletal highrise separated into two legs. It lifted one foot out of the ground, hanging with concrete and dirt, like a hideous shoe. It took its first step up the hill.

Houses were demolished by that step. Telephone poles bent. Electrical wires snapped, sputtered; fires started here and there.

It took a second step.

There were lots of noises now, but not from the skeleton itself. Miraculously, it was silent; but the whole thing was one incomprehensible miracle, after all. It might as well be silent. But the houses weren't silent. They crunched and cracked and crackled. The people in the houses, they made noises, too. There was running in the dark streets below the thing. There were police sirens. A fire truck zoomed along a street but was halted by that shoe. There were whirling lights of red and blue. There was lots of screaming.

The skeleton bowed its head a little, peering toward Mary Hennifurth's house, into the window where she stood. She leaped backward from the window. She ran down a flight of stairs and out the back door. The thing's progress was slow. It would take a while for it to get the rest of the way up the hillside. Mary Hennifurth ran and ran and ran. No one saw her again.



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# SCIENTISTS AND SCIENCE FICTION

by Rob Quigley, Ph.D.

(MosCon VIII Scientist Guest of Honor)

Most scientists I've known were avid science fiction readers in their youth. They read paperbacks, magazine stories and anthologies indiscriminately, enjoying almost all of it. They weren't yet burdened with a sense of taste or a critical mind. Eventually, however, they'd read all of the standard plots and had been exposed to most of the ideas recurring in so much science fiction.

After acquiring the basic science fiction background, one finds that new, original and imaginative science fiction is rather rare. For this reason, many scientists simply give up on science fiction and turn to mystery novels for their escape reading. Others find out from their students and friends what *is* worth reading. Only a few hardy souls try everything new they spot in the science fiction section of their local bookstore or supermarket rack.

Some scientists have never read science fiction at all. Perhaps they weren't exposed to it when they were young and gullible. Later, picking something up at random, they found it to be dull and simple-minded. This is hardly surprising. Much of what is published as science fiction is awful. *OMNI Magazine*, for example, usually has a couple of stories in an issue, stories you'd expect to be the best available, given *OMNI's* circulation and money. But most are lackluster stories whose only claim to fame seems to be that they're written by famous authors (who obviously don't submit much of their best work to *OMNI*). Or, they're excerpts from new books, so crudely cut that few readers would want to read the book after reading the *OMNI* selection.

Still, a scientist who lacks a science fiction background is culturally deprived. Like an immigrant ignorant of some important part of the culture of his new land, he suffers from a form of cultural illiteracy. Other scientists will be continually making tacit references to ideas and models derived from science fiction, and the "illiterate" scientist is bound to feel baffled and left out. Perhaps we need science fiction "appreciation" courses to insure that everyone headed for a science career samples this rich treasury of ideas.

But what should one choose for such a science fiction appreciation course? What is "good" science fiction? An English professor, for example, might require it to be, first and foremost, good literature. Others may wish it to convey some moral message, or to serve as a warning of the disasters that await us if we don't change our ways or are not sufficiently

vigilant. To me, however, the major requirements are that the work be imaginative, somehow involve known science or technology, and, of course, be interesting. It is escape reading, just as mystery novels and westerns are, but with the difference that it involves possibilities never seen in the current or historical world, possibilities that could conceivably be realized someday, somewhere, by somebody or something.

In fact, I don't think good science fiction *can* be good literature. Good literature is too concerned with human lives and relationships. Good science fiction, by my standards, doesn't get bogged down in intricate relationships between characters. Indeed, the characters are often mere stereotypes with a few interesting quirks. There is nothing wrong with this, if one is looking for ideas about what other worlds, other times, other beings, and other societies might be like, rather than insights into man's life. Perhaps this is why so many scientists *do* like science fiction: They are more interested in ideas, things and phenomena than they are in people. (Stanislaw Lem's *Solaris* serves as a counter-example. Widely praised by critics, it is to me anti-science science fiction: a book that attempts to convince us that people are so messed up that there is no hope of understanding anything. This depressing book was made into one of the longest, dullest science fiction movies of our time, by the Russians -- not too long after they'd lost the race to the Moon.)

The despair and futility expressed by science fiction like *Solaris* is bound to be disappointing to the physical scientist. Some of it, of course, is just bad literature with a gimmick inserted so that the author could get it published in a science fiction magazine. Other stories are ponderous sociological or psychological studies. Even good authors like Frank Herbert let themselves fall into this trap (*Children of Dune*, *Destination Void*). And many stories are really fantasy, complete with wizards, demons, etc. These can be quite good (Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, Ursula K. LeGuin's *Earthsea* trilogy), but they aren't science fiction and they aren't of much interest to scientists. And, of course, there are numerous adventure stories (*Star Wars*) that are basically just *The Three Musketeers* space-time displaced.

To avoid getting stuck with such works, scientists tend to latch on to the familiar, reliable, hardcore science, science fiction writers: Isaac Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke, Larry Niven, and the pre-*Stranger-in-a-Strange-Land* Robert A. Heinlein.

Happily, however, over the past decade a number of excellent new science-oriented science fiction writers have appeared in print, many with impressive scientific credentials. My favorite is James P. Hogan. His *Genesis Machine* describes a unified field theory so convincing that it seems to have jumped off the pages of the *Physical Review*. *Thrice Upon a*



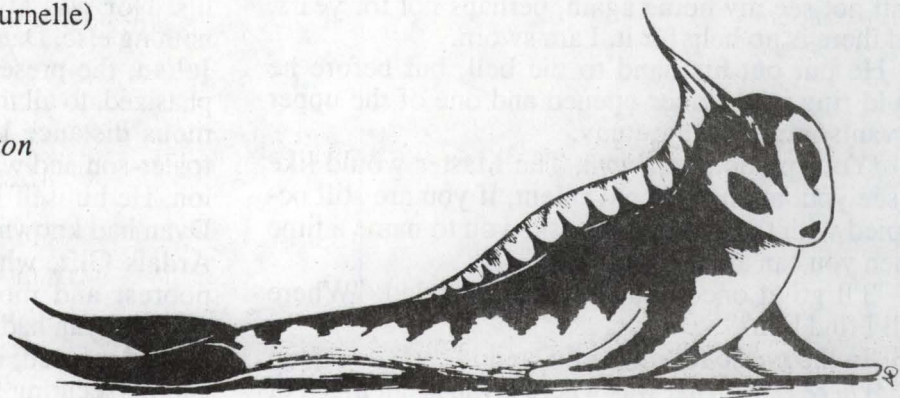
*Time* is equally imaginative and original, with a model of time structure that's breathtaking in its elegance and logical consistency. No student of theoretical physics should miss out on reading these two great books. And Hogan is not alone. Gregory Benford (a physics professor at the University of California at Irvine), Charles Sheffield, Lee Correy, David Brin (an astrophysicist), Robert Forward, and Vernor Vinge all have a professional scientific background that adds vitality and originality to their writing. This new generation of writers has created a renaissance of scientific science fiction.

The following bibliography lists some of the books I've particularly enjoyed. Although not exhaustive, it does include many of the modern classics, as well as a few "hidden treasures" that you may not have had the luck to come across.

## SCIENCE FICTION FOR THE SCIENCE ORIENTED

1. Poul Anderson  
*Fire Time*  
*Tau Zero*  
*The Man Who Counts*
2. Isaac Asimov  
*Foundation*  
*Foundation and Empire*  
*Second Foundation*  
*Foundation's Edge*  
*The Gods Themselves*
3. Gregory Benford  
*Timescape*  
*Jupiter Project*  
*Shiva Descending* (with William Rotsler)  
*Heart of the Comet* (with David Brin)  
*Across the Sea of Suns*
4. Ray Bradbury  
*Fahrenheit 451* (much better than the movie)  
*The Martian Chronicles*
5. David Brin  
*Sun Diver*  
*The Practice Effect*  
*Startide Rising*  
*The Uplift War*
6. Jack L. Chalker  
*The Identity Matrix*
7. Arthur C. Clarke  
*Childhood's End*  
*Imperial Earth*  
*Rendezvous With Rama*  
*2001*  
*2010*  
*The Fountains of Paradise*
8. Orson Scott Card  
*Planet of Treason*
9. Lee Correy  
*Shuttle Down*  
*Space Doctor*  
*Star Driver*
10. Gordon R. Dickson  
*Timestorm*  
*Ancient, My Enemy*
11. Philip Jose Farmer  
*To Your Scattered Bodies Go*  
*The Fabulous Riverboat*  
*The Dark Design*  
*The Magic Labyrinth*
12. Robert Forward  
*Dragon's Egg*
13. Rick Gauger  
*Charon's Ark*
14. Harry Harrison  
*One Step from Earth*
15. Robert Heinlein  
*Citizen of the Galaxy*  
*The Puppet Masters*  
*The Star Beast*
16. Frank Herbert  
*Hellstrom's Hive*  
*The Worlds of Frank Herbert*  
*The White Plague*  
*Dune*  
*Dune Messiah* (but **not** *Children of Dune*)
17. James P. Hogan  
*Inherit the Stars*  
*The Gentle Giants of Ganymede*  
*The Giants' Star*  
*The Genesis Machine*  
*The Two Faces of Tomorrow*

- Thrice Upon a Time*  
*Voyage from Yesteryear*  
*Code of the Lifemaker*  
*The Proteus Operation*
18. Fred Hoyle  
*A for Andromeda*  
*Element 79*  
*The Fifth Planet*  
*The Black Cloud*  
*October the First is Too Late*
19. D. F. Jones  
*Colossus*  
*Fall of Colossus*  
*Colossus and the Crab*
20. Keith Laumer  
*Worlds of the Imperium*
21. Ursula K. LeGuin  
*The Left Hand of Darkness*  
*Rocannon's World*  
*The Lathe of Heaven*  
*The Dispossessed*
22. Vonda McIntyre  
*Dreamsnake*
23. Larry Niven  
*A Hole in Space*  
*A Mote in God's Eye* (with Jerry Pournelle)  
*Neutron Star*  
*Ringworld*  
*The Ringworld Engineers*  
*Tales of Known Space*  
*The Protector*  
*Lucifer's Hammer* (with Jerry Pournelle)  
*Inferno* (with Jerry Pournelle)  
*Oath of Fealty* (with Jerry Pournelle)  
*The Integral Trees*
24. Frederik Pohl  
*Beyond the Blue Event Horizon*
25. Paul Preuss  
*The Gates of Heaven*  
*Re-Entry*  
*Broken Symmetries*
26. Rudy Rucker  
*Spacetime Donuts*
- Software*
27. Thomas J. Ryan  
*The Adolescence of P-1*
28. Carl Sagan  
*Contact*
29. Charles Sheffield  
*The Web Between the Worlds*  
*Vectors*  
*Sight of Proteus*  
*Hidden Variables*  
*My Brother's Keeper*
30. A.E. Van Vogt  
*Slan*  
*The Weapon Makers*  
*The World of Null-A*
31. John Varley  
*Titan*  
*The Persistence of Vision*  
*Millenium*  
*Picnic on Nearside*  
*The Ophiuchi Hotline*
32. Vernor Vinge  
*True Names*
33. Kurt Vonnegut  
*Cat's Cradle*  
*The Sirens of Titan*
34. Anthologies of classic stories and novellas  
*The Science Fiction Hall of Fame*  
*The Science Fiction Hall of Fame, Vol. IIA*  
*The Science Fiction Hall of Fame, Vol. IIB*



# THE SHADOW

by Marion Zimmer Bradley  
(MosCon IV Author Guest of Honor)

## I

Danilo Syrtis signed the estate books and handed them back to the steward.

"Tell the people in the Hall to give you some dinner before you start back," he said, "and my thanks for coming out in this godforgotten weather!"

"It was no more than my duty, *vai dom*," the man said. Danilo watched him leave and wondered if he should go to his own dinner now, or send for some bread and cheese here in the little study he used for estate business. He did not feel like making polite conversation with the steward about business or the weather, and he supposed the man, too, was eager to get back on the road and be home with his wife and children before dark set in. There was more snow coming tonight; he could see the shadow of it in the great clouds that hovered over Ardais.

*Snow coming, and it was cold in the room. And by nightfall I shall be on the road . . .* and Danilo started, wondering if he had fallen asleep for a moment. There was no such luck coming his way, that he should be on the road, away from here, by nightfall. Danilo rubbed his hands together. His feet were warmed by a little brazier of charcoal under the desk, but his fingers ached and he could see his breath between his mouth and the books which lay on the desk before him. He had never grown used to the cold here in the Hellers.

I wish I were in the lowlands, he thought. Regis, Regis, my brother and *bredu*, I do my duty here at Ardais as you in Thendara; but though I am Regent here at Ardais, I would rather be in Thendara at your side, no more than your sworn man and paxman. I shall not see my home again, perhaps not for years, and there is no help for it. I am sworn.

He put out his hand to the bell, but before he could ring it, the door opened and one of the upper servants came into the study.

"Your pardon, *vai dom*. The Master would like to see you, at once if convenient; if you are still occupied with the steward, he asks you to name a time when you can attend him."

"I'll go at once," said Danilo, puzzled. "Where will I find him?"

"In the music room, Lord Danilo."

*Where else?* That was where Dyan spent much of his time; *like a great spider in the centre of his web, and we are all in his shadow.*

Dyan, Lord Ardais, was Danilo's uncle; Danilo's mother had been the illegitimate daughter of Dyan's father, who had had many such bastards. Dyan's only son had been killed in a rockslide at Nevarsin monastery; when Danilo proved to have the *laran* of the Ardais Domain, the catalyst-telepath Gift believed extinct, the childless Dyan had adopted Danilo as his Heir.

He had been at Ardais now for more than a year, and Dyan Ardais had proved both generous and exacting. He had had Danilo given everything he needed for his station as the Ardais Heir from suitable clothing to suitable horses and hawks; had sent him to a Tower for preliminary training in the use of his *laran* -- more training than Dyan himself had had -- and had had him properly educated in all the arts suitable for a nobleman; calligraphy, arithmetic, music and drawing, fencing, dancing, and swordplay. He had himself taught Danilo music, and something of mapmaking and the healing arts and medicine.

He had also been generous to Danilo's father, sending breeding stock, farmhands and other servants, and a capable steward to manage Syrtis and to make life comfortable for the elderly Dom Felix in his declining years. "Your place is at Ardais," Dyan had said, "preparing yourself for the Wardenship of Ardais. For even if I should some day have another son -- and that is not altogether impossible, though unlikely -- it is even more unlikely that I should live to see that son a man grown. You might need to be Regent for him for many years. But your own patrimony must not be neglected," he stated, and had made certain that the estate of Syrtis lacked for nothing which could be provided.

As he approached the door of the music room, a slender young man, fair-haired and with a sort of feline grace, brushed past Danilo without a word. But he gave Danilo a sharp look of malice.

Now what, I wonder, has happened now to displease him? Is the Master harsh with his minion?

Danilo disliked Julian, who was Dyan's house *laranzu*; but Dyan's favorites were no business of his. Nor was Dyan's love life any affair of his. If nothing else, Danilo realized, he should be grateful to Julian; the presence of the young *laranzu* had emphasized, to all the housefolk, that there was an enormous distance between the way Dyan treated his foster-son and ward, and the way he treated his minion. He himself had nothing to complain of. Before Dyan had known who Danilo was, or that he had the Ardais Gift, when Danilo was simply one of the poorest and most powerless cadets in the Cadet Corps, Dyan had tried to seduce him, and when Danilo had refused, in distaste, Dyan had gone pursuing and persecuting him. Danilo was a *cristoforo* and in their faith it was shameful to be a lover of men. But never once, in the year since Dyan had adopted him

as Heir, had Dyan addressed a word or gesture to him not completely suitable between foster-son and guardian. Yet the shadow of what had once been between them lay heavy over Danilo; he had, he believed, forgiven Dyan, yet the shadow was dark between them, and he never came into Dyan's presence without a certain sense of constraint.

As far as he knew he had done nothing to displease his guardian. But it was unprecedented that Dyan should send for him at this hour. Normally they met only for the evening meal and spent a formal hour afterward in the music room; sometimes Dyan played for him on one of the several instruments he had mastered, or had his minstrels and entertainers in; sometimes, to Danilo's distress, he insisted that Danilo play for him; he had required that his foster-son learn something of music, saying no man's education could be complete without it.

Dyan was standing near the fireplace, tall and lean in the sombre black clothing he affected. Despite the fire it was cold enough to see his breath. He heard Danilo come in and turned to face him.

"Good day, foster-son. Have you had your noon meal?"

"No, sir; I was about to have it when I received your message and came at once."

"Shall I send for something for you? Or, there is fruit and wine on the table; please help yourself."

"Thank you, sir. I am not really hungry." Danilo noticed that Dyan's mouth was set; he looked grim. He felt a little inward clamping, tight inside him; he was still a little afraid of Dyan. He could not imagine what he could have done to bring that look of displeasure to his guardian's face. Mentally, he ran over the events of the last tenday. The estate accounts, with which he had been trusted for the last four moons, were all in order, unless the men had all conspired to lie to him. As far as he knew, his tutors would all give good reports of him; he was not really a brilliant scholar, but they could not fault him for industry and obedience. Then he saw Dyan's eyes shift a little in his direction and was suddenly angry.

*He is trying to make me afraid again. I should have remembered; my fear gives him pleasure, he likes to see me squirm.* He drew himself up and said, "May I ask you why you have sent for me at this hour without warning, sir? Have I done something to make you angry?"

Dyan seemed to shake himself and come out of a daydream. "No, no," he said quickly, "but I have had ill news, and it has distressed me for your sake. I will not keep you in suspense, and I will not play at words with you. I have had a messenger from Syrtis. Your father is dead."

Danilo gasped with the shock, though he knew the bluntness was merciful; Dyan had not left him to worry and wonder while he broke the news by easy stages.

"But he was perfectly well and strong when I left Syrtis after my birthday visit --"

"No man of his age is ever 'perfectly well and strong,'" Dyan said. "I do not know the medical details; but it sounded to me as if he had a sudden stroke. The messenger said that he had finished his breakfast and thanked the cook, saying he planned to go riding, and suddenly fell over on the floor. He was dead when they picked him up. It was to be expected at his time of life; you were born, I understand, at an age when most men have grandchildren on their knees. He had ill-luck, I know, with his elder son."

Danilo nodded, numbly. His older brother had been killed in battle before Danilo was born; he had been paxman to Regis Hastur's father. "I am glad he did not suffer," he said, and felt tears rising in his throat. My poor father; he wanted me to have a nobleman's education, he never stood in my way. I hoped a day would come when I would know him better, when I could come back to him as a man, free of all the troubles of youth, and know him also as the man he was, not only as my father. And now I never will. His throat closed; he could not hold back his sobs. After a moment he felt Dyan's hand on his shoulder; very gently, but through the touch he felt something like tenderness; inwardly he cringed with revulsion.

*He thinks, because I am grieving, he can touch me and I will not draw away from the touch . . . he never stops trying, does he?*

Abruptly the touch was withdrawn. Dyan's voice was distant, controlled.

"I wish I could comfort you; but it is not my comfort you wish for. Before I sent for you, I made inquiries through my household *laranzu*." Now Danilo understood the look of malice Julian had given him.

"I learned through the Towers that Regis Hastur was in Thendara, and is riding today for Syrtis; he has said to his grandfather that as your sworn friend he owes a kinsman's duty to your father, and he would await you there. You may go as soon as your necessities are packed, unless you would rather wait till the weather clears . . . only the mad and the desperate travel in the Hellers in winter, but I did not think you would want to wait.

"I am not afraid of weather," Danilo said. He still felt numb. He had wanted to see his home, and Regis; but not like this.

"I took the liberty of asking my own valet to pack your clothing for the ride and for the funeral. But have some food before you ride, my son."

Startled at his tone -- Dyan was indeed showing extraordinary gentleness -- Danilo raised his eyes to his guardian's face. Dyan said gently, "Your friend will be waiting for you when you reach Syrtis, foster-son; you need not face the funeral alone, I

made sure of that. I would myself come to do him honor, but --" Dyan took Danilo's two hands formally in his own; he was perfectly barriered, but Danilo sensed a thread of some emotion he could not quite identify; regret? Sorrow? Dyan said quietly, "Your father was one of the few men living who dared to incur my displeasure in honor's name; I have great respect for his memory. Stay as long as you wish, my boy, to set his affairs in order. And convey my compliments to Regis Hastur." He released Danilo's hands and stepped back, formally dismissing him.

Danilo bowed, his emotions mixed to say anything. Regis Hastur, already awaiting him at Syrtis? He went slowly to his room, where he found Dyan's body-servant packing his saddle-bags; Dyan had sent a purse of money, too, for the expenses of the journey and to make gifts to his father's servants. He had told three men to escort him, and as Danilo went down to the hall, he found a hot meal, which could be eaten quickly, already on the table and smoking. Danilo was too weary and troubled to swallow anything, but he noticed distantly that the *coridom*, or hall-steward, brought a basket of food and packed it with the saddlebags on the pack-animal; inns were almost non-existent and travel-stops few and far between.

## II

The snowflakes were falling into the open grave, mingling with the lumps of dirt there as the men and women of Dom Felix's household, one after another, stepped to the side of the pit and let a handful of earth fall on the coffin.

". . . and the Master said to me, your daughter, she's a good clever girl, it's too bad for her to stay here milking dairy-animals and scrubbing pots all her life. And even though we were short of kitchen help, he sent her with a letter to the Lady Caitlin at Castle Hastur, and the Lady took her into her own household as a sewing-woman and later she became the Lady's housekeeper and married the steward, and he always asks -- asked me about her," the old cook finished, her voice shaking, and crumbled the lump of dirt between her hands, letting it fall with the snowflakes into the grave. "Let that memory lighten grief."

Each of the housefolk had told some small anecdote, some kindness done, some pleasant memory of the dead man. Now the steward Dyan had sent last year was standing at the gravesite, but Danilo hardly heard what he said. Regis was behind him; but they had had no more than the briefest chance to greet one another. And now Regis stepped to the graveside; and as he looked up, his eyes met Danilo's for the first time since they had greeted one another that morning. Between Dyan's efficient steward and Dom

Felix's own men, there had after all been very little to do. Danilo had been beginning to think that he might as well have stayed at Ardaís for all there was left for him to do here.

"When I first saw Dom Felix," Regis said, the snowflakes falling on the elegant blue Hastur cloak and on his coppery hair -- he had, Danilo thought dully, gone to considerable trouble to present himself as prince and Heir to Hastur before these men -- "he snarled at me as if I had been a naughty small boy come to rob his orchards. He thought I had come to trouble his son's peace, and he was willing to send me away angry and incur the ill-will of Comyn, to protect his son. Let that memory lighten grief."

But that, Danilo thought numbly, was almost exactly what Dyan had said; would, no doubt, have said if he had come here; that his father would face angering powerful men for his son's sake. He thought, I should have been a better son to him. He took the crumbling ball of earth Regis put into his hand. He was remembering how Regis had sought him out here at Syrtis. We sat over there, he thought, in the orchard, on that crumbling log. At the time he had been no more than a small-holder's son, without even a decent shirt to his name; no one knew that he had the Ardaís Gift. Yet Regis had said; *I like your father, Dani*. Regis had come here when Dyan had contrived to have him expelled in disgrace from the Cadet Corps. And Dom Felix had been rude to him. Danilo said, blind with pain and unable to pick and choose at his words, "My father cared nothing for the court, or for riches and power for himself. His older son had been taken from him --" *Taken from him twice; once when my brother Rafael chose to follow a Hastur as his sworn man, and then when he followed that Hastur to death. And I struck him a blow on the old bruise. Yet . . .* "yet he willingly let me go from him when most fathers would have kept me at his own side, to serve him in the obscurity he preferred. He let me go first into the cadets, and then to Ardaís. Never once did he seek to keep me at home for his own comfort. Let that memory --" his voice broke and could hardly finish, "lighten -- grief --"

His fingers tightened convulsively, crumbling the lump of dirt. He felt Regis's hand over his own, and suddenly he felt numb. It would soon be over, and all these people would go away, and he could go inside and drink hot soup -- or hot wine, which might be more to the point -- and get warm, and sleep. The funeral feast was over, the burying was over, and now he could rest.

Brother Estafan, a *cristoforo* monk who had come from the village, was saying a few kindly words at the graveside. "-- and as the Bearer of Burdens bore the World-child across the swollen river of Life, so our departed brother here strove all his life to help his fellow men bear their burdens as best he

could; Dom Felix was not a rich man, and much of his life he lived in great poverty, yet many in the country round here can speak of having been fed in his kitchens when the winter was hard, or that he sent his men to bring firewood to cold houses when that was all he had to give. Once I came late after visiting some sick folk on his estate; his cook and steward had gone to bed, so he welcomed me in with his own hands and brought me to warm at the fire; and since he said his cook had left him too much supper, he simply poured half of his soup into my bowl and cut a chunk from his own loaf, and because there was no one to make up a room for me, he set down some saddle blankets by the fire to make up a bed for me. Let that memory lighten grief; and may the Lord of all the Worlds welcome him to the Blessed Realms, having held there in store for him all the kindnesses which, when he dwelt among us, he shared with his fellow men." He made the Holy Sign over the grave and signalled to the workmen to start filling it in. "So we on earth may cease to grieve and allow our brother to journey to the Blessed Realms untroubled by the thought of our mourning. Farewell."



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"He has laid down his burdens; farewell," chorused the watchers beside the grave, and turned away. So, Danilo thought, there he will lie, in an unmarked grave here on his own lands, resting beside my great-great grandfathers before him, and my sons and grandsons after him. Or does he truly feast this night in the Blessed Realm, in the presence of his God, with my mother on one hand and my elder brother at the other? I do not know.

Only Brother Estafan returned to the house with them. Danilo went to fetch some of the money Dyan had sent with him to make gifts to Dom Felix's men, and came back into the hallway; the priest had re-

fused to enter the main hall, saying he knew Danilo needed to rest after the long journey and the funeral feast and burying. Danilo knew he was eager to get back to the Longhouse in the village.

"The snow will be heavy tonight; what a good thing it did not begin to come down so hard until the burying was over," Brother Estafan said.

"Yes, yes, a good thing," said Danilo, thinking, surely he is not going to stand here and make small-talk with me about the weather!

"You will remain here at Syrtis now, my lord, in your rightful place, and not return to Ardais? All through the Domains and beyond, it is known that Lord Ardais is a wicked man, fearing no gods, licentious and wicked . . ."

"He has behaved honorably to me," Danilo said, "and he is the brother of my own mother; I am sworn as his Heir. It is my duty to my mother's blood, and to Comyn."

The priest's mouth tightened and he made a small expressive sound as Danilo said, *Comyn*. "Your father was never really at ease about you in that place. And it is rumored that Lord Regis is one of the same debauched stamp; he is neither married nor handfasted, and he is eighteen already. Why has he come here?"

"I am his sworn man and paxman," Danilo began, but behind him in the shadowed hallway Regis Hastur said, "Good Brother." Danilo had not noticed before that Regis's voice had deepened and strengthened to an almost organlike bass.

"Good Brother, if anyone you know has complained to you of my conduct toward him, I am prepared to make an accounting of my behavior, to him or to you. If not, I have not appointed you as keeper of my conscience, nor is that office vacant. May I send a servant to guide your donkey through the storm? No? Are you sure? Well, good night, then, and the Gods ride with you." And as the door closed behind the priest he muttered, "-- or anyone else who is willing to endure your company."

Danilo felt almost hysterical laughter rising in his throat, but he turned away into the main Hall. Regis caught at his sleeve; at the touch, memory blazed between them, but Danilo drew away, and Regis, shocked less by the withdrawal than by the refused rapport, said vehemently, "Naotalba twist my feet -- I am a fool, Dani! I know you do not want it gossiped, especially among those who are all too ready to seek scandal of Comyn!" He laughed, embarrassed. "I am to blame, that I thought myself above suspicion, perhaps; I had only feared to expose you to rude jesting, not to Brother Estafan's long-faced concern about the state of your soul and your sins!"

"I don't care what they say," Danilo blurted, "but I can't bear that they should say such things about you --"

"My own honor is my best safeguard," Regis

said quietly, "but then I am not exposed to their talk; there are not many who will dare speak slander of a Hastur. I, at least, am not ashamed of the truth. Of all evils I hate lying the most --" They were still standing in the doorway, and the old cook, who was still setting out a simple supper in the Hall -- porridge sliced cold and fried with bacon, a baked pudding which smelled of dried fruits, bowls of steaming soup -- raised eyes still blotched and red to summon them. She said with the freedom of an old servant -- when Danilo was very small she had fried him dough-cakes and mended the torn knees of his first riding-breeks -- "You should ha' asked the Brother to dine with us, Dom Dani -- Master Danilo," she corrected herself quickly.

"True," Regis said in a lazy voice, "we could have done with his company, I suppose, for an hour more, if we must, and it is a pity to send the poor man out into the snow with nothing in his belly. What would they say to you at Nevarsin, Dani?"

"He will dine better in the Longhouse, nanny," said Danilo to the old woman, "and he would probably not wish to dine in the house of a sinner; I made it clear I was none of his flock."

"And I am just as glad to be spared his company," said Regis. "I had all I could stomach of pieties when we dwelt together in Nevarsin, Danilo; I had enough for a lifetime and more of their solemn nonsense. Oh, I suppose some of them are good men and holy; but I cannot believe what they believe, and there is an end to it. I do not wish to be rude about your father's religion, but it is not mine, and I feel no particular obligation to your priest. Well --" his face sobered, "we have had no time to talk. I was eager to see you again, *bredu*, but not like this." There was a stone jug of wine on the table, too; he poured a cup and handed it to Danilo. "Drink first, my brother, then eat. You are exhausted, and no wonder, and I saw that you could eat but little at the funeral feast."

Danilo drank off the wine, feeling it warming him all the way down. Then he put a spoon in his soup; but he felt Regis's eyes on him, puzzled.

Damn that priest, he thought; now it is all between us again. I had not wanted to think of that. It is enough that I dwell in Dyan's house and am forced to turn my eyes away from that accursed Julian, flaunting Dyan's favor, and the knowledge that Dyan's household thought, for a time, that I was there in that position, Dyan's favorite, his minion or catamite . . . I am sworn to Regis. But what lies between us is more honorable than that.

His mind returned for a moment to a small travel-hut in the Hellers, where he and Regis had acknowledged the bond between them; had been, through their *laran*, more open to one another than lovers. Surely no more was wanted nor expected of him. *I cherish Regis, and I love him with all my heart. But he would never ask more than that of me.*

*Perhaps, if we had come to one another as young boys . . . but that was spoilt forever when Dyan sought from me what it could never have been in my nature to give.* And tonight in the hallway Regis had been apologetic about exposing him even to the accusation.

He reached up for the bowl of fruit-spread for his fried porridge, and met Regis's eyes. Regis smiled at him and said, "What are you thinking, my brother?"

Danilo said impulsively, "Of that night in the travel-shelter . . ."

"I have not forgotten," Regis said, reached across the table and squeezed Danilo's hand in his own. And at the touch, for a moment, they were there together, wholly open to one another, and a moment when Regis had drawn back, saying softly, "No. You don't want to stir *that* up, do you, Dani?"

*And they had both withdrawn . . . it was acknowledged between them, but they had both drawn back. The shadow of Dyan lies heavy on us both . . . neither of us wished, then, to admit what we wished for. It was enough that we knew . . .*

But the elderly cook was standing before them again.

"I made up the first Guest-room for Lord Regis last night, sir," she said to Danilo, "and I had the Master's own room made up for you; was that right?"

Not right, thought Danilo, but customary and to be endured. He nodded acquiescence at the old woman and stood up, taking a candle in his hand.

"I am tired, nanny, and I will go up now. Go to your own rest now, and thank you for everything."

She came and kissed his hand, and he saw her blinking hard as if she were about to start crying again. "There, there, nanny, go and sleep now," he said, and patted the old woman's cheek. She went out, clutching her apron to her face, and Regis took an apple from the bowl on the table and came after him. "I like your apples here," he said. "Could your steward send me a barrel of them in Thendara?"

"Nothing is easier. Remind me to tell him tomorrow," Danilo said, and together they went toward the stairs.

### III

In the upper hallway, Danilo hesitated before the heavy carved doors of what had been his father's room. He had not been inside it a dozen times in his life. He said at last, "I -- I can't go in alone --" and Regis's hand was firm on his shoulder.

"Of course you can't. She should not have expected it of you. If you were coming back here to live it would be different." Danilo touched his candle to a branch of candles that was setting on the old carved desk, and light sprang up, gentle to the faded tapestries, the shabby carpet; but the old furniture

was well-kept and shining with wax. The big bed listed heavily to one side where the old man had slept in it alone all these years; on the other side was still a high, firm, untouched bolster, in pathetic contrast to the flattened, lumpy old one which had, all these years, known the weight of his father's greying head.

Seventeen years now, since I was born in this bed and my mother died there on the same day. That sagging, one-sided old bed struck him as unutterably pathetic. He lived alone here, all these years, and I left him even more alone.

"But you are not alone here," Regis said quietly. "I'll stay with you, Dani."

"But I -- you --" Danilo looked helplessly at Regis, and his friend smiled a little. He said, "No, Dani -- we must talk about this now. Neither of us could face it *then*, I know. But -- we are sworn. And you know as well as I what that means --"

Danilo looked at the threadbare carpet. He said, striking out in protest, "I thought -- you were as -- as shocked, as *sickened* as I was -- by what Dyan wanted of me --"

Regis's mobile face twisted in the candlelight, his brows coming almost together.

"I am still -- by force or unwilling," he said, "but what made me sick was Dyan's -- insistence, not his taste, if you understand me. Those are -- no mystery to me. On the contrary. But -- freely given and in bond of friends. Not otherwise. I thought --" as if from a very great distance, Danilo knew that his friend's voice shook, and barriered himself against the naked outrush of that emotion, "I thought you truly shared that -- that we were as one, but that we had simply set it aside for another time. A time when we were not ill, or terrified, nor in danger of death, nor under the shadow . . . the shadow of your fear of Dyan. And I believed no time would be better than now -- to confirm what once we swore to one another, that we would be together --"

Moving through intense embarrassment, Danilo managed to reach out to Regis, to take him into a kinsman's embrace. He kissed him shyly on the cheek. He remembered when he had done this before, that day in the orchard. He said, groping for words, "You are -- you are my beloved brother and my lord. All that I am, all that I can give in honor -- I cherish you. I would give my life for you. As for the rest -- *that*, I think, it is not in me to give --" and he could not go on.

Regis held him hard, his hands sliding to grip Danilo by the elbows. He stared into his eyes. He said softly, "You know I want nothing of you that you are not willing to give. Not ever. What I do not understand is why you are not willing. Dani, do you still believe that what I want of you is -- is shameful, or that I want you --" no less than Danilo, the younger boy knew, Regis was groping blindly through a

forest of uprushing words, avoiding the deeper touch of *laran*. "Do you think I want you for pride, or to show my power over you, or -- or any of those things? You said, once, that you knew I was not like Dyan, and that you were not afraid of me --" But he sighed, and let Danilo go.

"Truly, his shadow lies heavy on us both. I cannot bear that he should still come between us this way." He turned away a little, and Danilo felt cold, aching at the distance between them. But it was better that way.

"Well, you should rest, Danilo," Regis said quietly, "but if you do not want to stay here alone, I will stay with you, or you can come and share the guest-room with me. Look, your father kept your picture beside -- I suppose that is your mother?"

Danilo picked up the two small paintings; he had seen them here beside this bed ever since he could remember. "This is my mother," he said, "but this cannot be my picture; it has been here since I was old enough to remember."

"But surely it is you," said Regis, studying the painted face. Two young men stared at one another, their hands clasped, and Danilo realized, bewildered, who it must be.

"It is my brother Rafael," he said. "Rakhal, they called him."

Regis said in a whisper, "Then this must be my father. His name was Rafael, too, and if they had their pictures painted together, this way, they too must have sworn the oath of *bredin* . . ."

*They were both named Rafael; they were sworn to one another and they died trying to shield one another, and they are buried in one grave on the field of Kilghairlie.* The old story had brought them together as children; for a moment they stood together beneath the old shifting lights of the Guard-hall barracks, children in their first Cadet year, caught up for a moment in the old tragedy . . . time seemed to fold in upon itself and return, and Regis remembered the father whose face he had never seen, the moment when Danilo had somehow *touched* him, awakening the *laran* he had never believed he had . . .

"I never saw my father's face," he said at last. "Grandfather had a picture -- I never thought; it must have been the other copy of this; but he could never bring himself to show it to me, but my sister had seen it. She, of course, can remember our father and our mother, and she said, once, that Dom Rakhal Syrtis had been kind to her . . ."

"Strange," Danilo said in a whisper, turning the little portrait in his hand, "that my father, who so much resented the Hasturs, since they had taken from him first my brother, then myself, should keep this here at his side for all these years, so that both their faces were before him always . . ."

"Not so surprising," Regis said gently. "No doubt all he remembered at the end was that they had



loved each other. It might even be, at the last, that he was glad you too had found a friend --" he looked again, with an abstracted smile, at his father's face. "No, I am not really much like him, but there is a resemblance, after all; I wonder if that was why my grandfather could hardly bear to look on my face for so many years?" He laid the picture gently back on the table. "Perhaps, Danilo, when it has been for years beside you, you will understand -- come, my brother, you must rest; it is late and you are weary. You waited upon me like a body-servant at Aldaran; let me do as much for you."

He pushed Danilo into a chair and bent to tug off his boots; Danilo, embarrassed, made a gesture to prevent him.

"My lord, it is not fitting!"

"A paxman's oath goes both ways, my brother," Regis said, kneeling and looking into his face. He moved his head slightly to indicate the picture, and Danilo could see the face of the first Regis-Rafael smiling into the eyes of Rafael-Felix Syrtis. "I doubt it not -- if he had lived, your brother would have been a second father to me as well -- and I should have had a different life altogether, even if my father had died."

"If he had lived," Danilo said, with a bitterness he had never known was in him, "I should never have been born. My father took a second wife when most men are content to rock their grandchildren on their knees, because he would not leave his House without an Heir."

"I am not so sure." Regis's hands closed over his again, "The Gods might have sent you to your brother as a son, to grow up beside my father's son . . . and we should have been *bredin* as it was fore-ordained. Do you not see the hand of destiny in this, Dani, that we should be *bredin* as they were?"

"I know not whether I can believe that," Danilo said, but he let his hand remain in his friend's.

"It seems to me that they are smiling at us," Regis said, and then he reached forward, holding out his arms to Danilo. He burst out, "Oh, Dani, all the Gods forbid I should try to persuade you to anything you felt was wrong, but are we to live in the shadow of Dyan forever? I know he wronged you, but that is past, and will you always make me suffer for what he tried to do? Why, then, your fear of him is stronger than your oath to me --"

Danilo wanted to cry. He said, shaking, "I am a *crisoforo*. You know what they believe. My father believed, and that is enough for me, and before he is cold in his grave you would have me here, even in that very bed where he slept alone all those years --"

"I do not think it would matter to him," Regis said very softly, "because for all these years he kept beside him the faces of his son and the one to whom his son had given his heart. Would he do so if he hated the very face of a Hastur? There are portrait-

painters enough who could have copied his own son's picture so that he could have consigned the face of the Hastur prince who had taken his son from him, to the fires of this chamber, or to those of Hell! As for what he believed -- I would not care for a God who spent his powers in trying to take away joy and love from a world where there is such a lack of either. Of my Divine forefather I know nothing, save that he lived and loved as other men, and it is written that when he lost the one he loved, then he grieved as do other men. But nowhere in my sacred books is it written that he feared to love . . ."

I said myself, Danilo thought, that I could never fear Regis. What, then, has cast this long shadow between us? Is it truly Dyan, after all? Our hearts are given to one another; I hated Dyan because he sought to impose his will on me. Yet am I not also hurting Regis this way? Am I free then of Dyan's taint?

Or is it only that I wish to think that what I feel for Regis is pure and without taint, that I am somehow better than Dyan and that what I feel for Regis has no shadow of what he flaunts with Julian?

I have hurt Regis. And worse -- the knowledge flooded suddenly into him -- I have hurt Dyan because I do not trust him; he has accepted me as a son and found another lover, and I have been unwilling to trust him enough to accept a father's kindness from him. I have kept feeling myself superior, accepting what Dyan gives grudgingly, as if I were a better man and conferred a favor upon him by accepting it; *as if I wished him always to court my favors . . .*

And as I cannot accept Dyan when he wishes to show me a father's love, so I have refused to accept Regis for what he is, to accept the need in him for love . . . he is not the kind of man who could ever seek for that love casually. It would require trust, and affection . . . something that leaped from my heart to his when I touched him, and wakened his *laran*. But giving with one hand I took back with the other; I accepted his devotion and his love, but for fear of idle tongues I would give no more of myself.

Regis was still holding his hand; Danilo leaned forward and embraced him again, not formally this time. He felt overwhelmingly humble. *I have been given so much and I am willing to give so little.*

"If my father kept their pictures all these years beside him, then," Danilo said, "and if he let me go from his own hands into yours, my brother -- why, then, the Law of Life is that we should share one another's burdens. All that I am and all that is mine is forever yours, my brother. Stay here with me tonight --" he smiled deliberately at Regis and spole the word for the first time with the inflection used only between lovers, "*Bredhyu*."

Regis reached out to him, whispering, "Who knows? Perhaps they have truly returned in us, that one day we might renew their oath . . ." and as he

pulled Danilo close, the picture overturned and fell rattling to the floor. Regis reached for it; so did Danilo, and their hands met on the frame. It seemed to Danilo that Regis's smile tore at his heart, there was so much in it of acceptance and love and joy. There was, for an instant, something like a struggle as each tried to take the picture and set it aside; then Regis laughed and let Danilo set it on the little table by the bed.

"Tomorrow," Danilo said, "I must go through my father's personal things; who knows what else we shall find?"

"If we find nothing else," Regis said, holding Danilo's hands tightly, his words coming breathless, "we have found already the greatest treasure, *bredhyu*."

## IV

"The Master had your message," said Dyan's steward, "and he asks, if the journey was not too fatiguing, you would join him for a little while in the Music room."

*Why, he too is glad to see me home. I have made a place for myself here.* Danilo thanked the man and let him take his travelling cloak, and went toward the Music room. Inside he could hear the small sound of a *rryl*, and then Dyan's deep and musical voice.

"No, my dear, try fingering it like this --" and as he stepped inside he saw Lord Ardais, his hands laid over Julian's, arranging his fingers on the strings. "See, you can strike the chord and go at once to pick out the melody --" he broke off, and they both looked up; the light was on Dyan's face, but Julian's face was still in shadow, and Danilo thought, he is content to be in Dyan's shadow. I never understood that. I thought that he sought favors from Dyan as a *barragana* gives her body for rich presents . . . but now I know it is more than this. Dyan nodded Danilo but his attention was still on Julian. He said, "Let me hear you play it again properly this time," and as the boy repeated the phrase, he smiled his rare smile and said, "You see, that is better; one can hear both melody and harmony so. We need both." He stood up and came to Danilo in the entrance of the library.

Danilo thought, with a curious intuition, *he knows*. But it was no secret, nor did he shrink from it now in shame or fear. What he and Regis had shared, what they would, he knew now, continue to share for most of their lives to come. It was not, after all, so different from what Dyan and Julian shared, but now he was not ashamed of the similarity.

If I am no better than he, I am no worse. And that is not -- he thought, remembering Dyan's hands

gently guiding Julian's on the strings of the harp -- entirely a bad thing. I thought because I would never acknowledge that likeness, that somehow I was a better man than Dyan. Or Julian. It is a strange brotherhood we share. But nevertheless it *is* brotherhood.

He took Dyan into a kinsman's embrace. "Greetings, foster-father," he said, and even managed to smile hesitantly at Julian. "Good evening, kinsman."

"I trust you have set everything in order at your home?"

"Yes," said Danilo, "I have indeed set everything in order. There was -- a great deal of unfinished business. And the Lord Hastur sent you his respects and greetings."

Dyan bowed, formally acknowledging the words. "I am grateful. And I am glad to see you returned safely, foster-son."

"I am glad to be here, foster-father," he said. And for the first time the words were spoken unguarded. I have lost my father; but losing him, I found I had another father, and he means me well. I never believed that before, nor trusted him.

"Julian," Dyan said, "pour our kinsman a drink. There is hot wine; it will be good after the long riding in the cold." Danilo took the mug between his fingers, warming his hands on it, and sipped. "Thank you."

"*Chiyu*," Dyan said to Julian, in that tone which was half deprecating, half affectionate, "play for us on the *rryl* while I talk to Danilo --"

Julian's face was sullen. "Dani plays better than I do."

"But my hands are cold with riding," said Danilo, "and I cannot play at all. So please go on." He smiled at Julian. They were both young. Each had his own place in Dyan's home and affections. *And there is another brotherhood too. My heart is given wholly to my lord. And so is his.* "I would be grateful to you, kinsman, if you would play for us."

As the notes of the *rryl* rose in the room, he took a seat beside his foster-father, preparing to catch up with his neglected duties. Tomorrow, perhaps, he would show Dyan the painting he had brought from Syrtis; Dyan had known Regis's father, when they were boys together. Perhaps he had known Danilo's elder brother, too, and perhaps Dyan could talk of him without pain, as his own father had never been able to do.

He relaxed in the heat of the fire, knowing that he was home again, that he had stepped out of Dyan's shadow and taken his rightful place at his side.

# SASQUATCH BELIEVERS VS. THE SKEPTICS

by Dr. Grover S. Krantz

(MosCon VII Scientist Guest of Honor)

There are many people who believe there is a species of giant, hairy hominid living wild in the forested mountains of western North America. There are also many who are equally convinced that no such animal exists except in some people's imaginations. I am here going to alienate almost everybody by attacking both positions. With only a few exceptions, those who hold a firm opinion on this matter, either for or against the existence of this animal, are doing so without adequate knowledge.

The scientific establishment is overwhelmingly on record as denying any reality to the Sasquatch. This is not surprising. Science is generally not in the business of investigating the unknown, but rather it is working out minor details of principles that are already accepted. The Sasquatch, if proven, would certainly be something new and previously "unknown." Science has a vested interest in its own infallibility. So, to find out it has completely missed something as big and potentially important as the Sasquatch would be to admit a certain degree of failure. It is easier to deny the existence of such creatures than to look for them. Having denied their existence, science then becomes obligated to refuse to look for them and can no longer avoid the issue by claiming it didn't know about the situation.

The scientific establishment is made up of scientists, their accumulated knowledge, and their institutional traditions. The individual scientists often have open minds, but many have as much faith in their discipline as religious people have in theirs. To suggest that their discipline is guilty of a major oversight, compounded by a deliberate effort to ignore the matter, is to threaten the foundations of their scientific faith. Small wonder many scientists actively oppose the Sasquatch investigation. Its successful conclusion would leave many of them without their infallible rock of faith to hang onto. Few scientists have enough self-confidence to stand against the accepted doctrines of their discipline.

Many major scientific breakthroughs are made by amateurs or by those who are only marginally involved in the field in question. These new ideas are first regarded as heresy by the establishment, but eventually many of them become accepted when more authorities look at them with open minds -- or a generation passes. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the vast majority of new ideas do not turn out to be true. We read about those few new

ideas which worked, but our history books say little about the 99% that were, and still are, foolishness. One of the tasks of the scientific establishment is to weed out these incorrect ideas and to accept only those few which are true. The trouble is that after debunking 99 silly ideas it's easy to get into the habit and then to miss the next one that may be right.

The more unlikely a new thing may seem to be, the more proof is required for its acceptance by science. This is only reasonable. The Sasquatch is certainly more unexpected, hence presumably more unlikely, than a new species of chipmunk, for instance. The proof required in this case is an actual specimen; nothing less will suffice. The scientific establishment rightly demands that this proof be produced before it can be taken seriously. But the establishment also refuses to look for this specimen and even goes so far as to actively discourage those who would look for it. Research funds are given to projects which are certain to produce usable results. Unfortunately, Sasquatch hunting works against extreme odds, and here negative results are of no value.

There is a large amount of real and imaginary evidence presently available which supports the existence of the Sasquatch. Unfortunately, much of it is not reproducible because it is in the mind of the observers. For example, I have examined two sets of tracks and interviewed 31 people who claim to have seen Sasquatches. *Any* scientist could have gathered the evidence I have, but *every* scientist could not. After 50 or 100 people have looked over a set of footprints, they are destroyed in the shuffle of human feet and fingers. Photographs and plaster casts can record these footprints, but they are then one more step removed from the original, and their authenticity can and should be questioned. Eyewitnesses to the Sasquatch can be interviewed, cross-examined, and their motives studied by only a handful of curious scientists before they decide to shut up or else to change their stories. After that, all accounts are again one more step away from reality. A taped interview is not good evidence because it could easily exclude the parts where the participants were laughing over their hoax.

Few scientists have been willing even to look at or listen to the available information. Of those who are willing, only a small fraction have had the opportunity to see the footprints or talk to witnesses. Mostly this is because they fear their scientific reputations would be damaged if it became known that they were even interested in such things, let alone investigating them. This is a reasonable fear, as could be illustrated from my own personal experience. Upon questioning, most of the established authorities will assert they have never seen any evidence that even remotely supports the existence of Sasquatch. Obviously, those scientists who know nothing about the matter ought to honestly admit that,

and not present an uninformed opinion as though it had some validity. Expertise in one field does not make one an authority across the board.

The true believers are also generally as uninformed as the skeptics. Reading a few books and articles presenting a favorable view hardly qualifies one as being knowledgeable on the subject. Sasquatch enthusiasts are notorious for the way they accept and repeat stories without any attempt at verification. I know one investigator who insists on two accounts of each sighting, but is satisfied if both of them heard about it from the same source! My own experience suggests that the probability of truth of each account is cut in half for every human it passes through. What a direct eyewitness tells me is only 50% probable; if I hear it from an intermediary its likelihood drops to 25%, third person accounts are wrong seven times out of eight, and so on. Many believers pay no attention to this problem of lowering probability of truth.

Some people have gathered stories about bipedal, hairy monsters from almost all parts of the world, evidently under the mistaken impression that this strengthens the argument for their existence. Actually, it does just the opposite -- the more widespread a land animal is claimed to be, the less likely it is to be real. A truly world-wide distribution occurs only for man, his parasites, and his domesticates. This does not prove a world-wide Sasquatch does not exist, but it makes one wonder. Some reputable scientists would study a possible primate in North America and parts of Eurasia, but when you throw in South America, Africa, and Australia just for good measure, they will back off. The possibility of multiple species of such animals might avoid this problem, but it only serves to raise another. For science to have missed one large species of unknown primate is difficult enough to swallow. To claim there are still more only strains to the breaking point whatever credibility there may have been.

Much potential support from individual scientists is lost when the enthusiasts bring in irrelevancies or downright impossibilities. I am reminded of an otherwise excellent newspaper article on the evidence for Sasquatch that was utterly destroyed by the writer's reference to a large "petrified heart" he had examined. Many hair samples have been collected and some could not be identified, but this just means they could be from some part of the pelt of a known animal that has not been analyzed. Fecal samples can also be studied, but these can never prove a new animal exists. I have been shown many photographs, purporting to be of Sasquatches, which are in fact just chance combinations of light and shadow in vegetation. If even half of these pictures were real, the Sasquatch must be a very common wild animal in North America. An enlargement of the Patterson movie (which I accept) supposedly shows teeth, but

the specks seen are actually grains in the film and are also beyond the resolving power of the lens of that camera. Faked footprints need no further comment. In my opinion, people who push for acceptance of the above kinds of "data" have lost their credibility and one might well be suspicious of *any* kind of information they have.

Certain conservationists have taken up the cause of protecting the Sasquatch and speak in favor of extending the various laws which prohibit shooting one. These local laws are intended mainly to protect innocent bystanders including farmers, cows, and lawmen, rather than the Sasquatch itself. If and when a specimen is taken, and the existence of the species is proven, then serious legislation might be considered.

Some have argued that we are dealing with an endangered species, and that killing just one specimen might lead to their extinction. If they become extinct without ever becoming known, what difference would it make? If that sounds crass, the reader ought to think about it for a moment. In any case, there is no reason to think Sasquatch numbers are declining and there is some evidence to suggest they are increasing. If there is some ecological danger from human activities at present, proving the Sasquatch's existence by killing one specimen might lead to investigations which would eventually save the species. General public acceptance at this time without an actual specimen is not realistic; you may recall that Medieval Europeans believed in unicorns. By this reasoning we should also protect gremlins,



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werewolves, leprechauns, fairies, goblins, and trolls. Public officials will not presently act on behalf of the Sasquatch and it is unreasonable to expect them to do so.

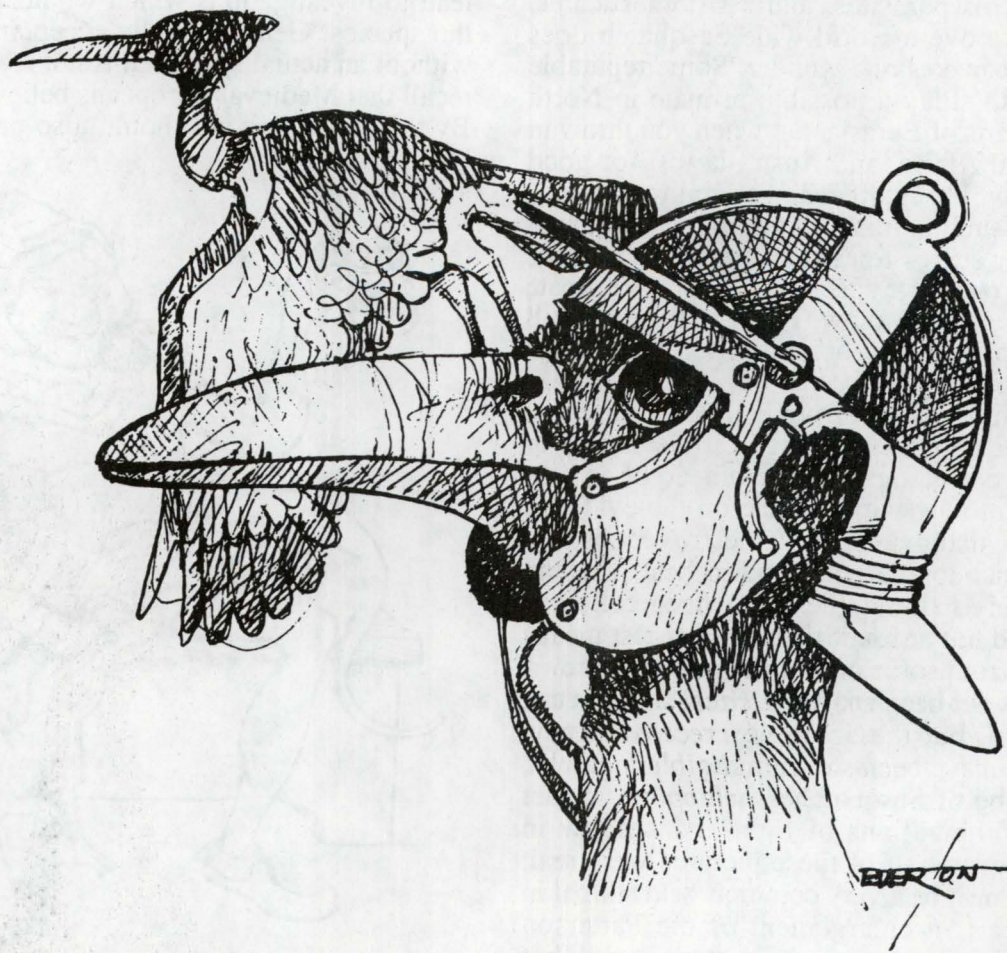
Many Sasquatch investigators have stated their intentions to provide sufficient proof without killing a specimen. These people are in keen competition with each other for this success. The scientific establishment will simply take over (assuring us they knew all along the creatures were real), and will exclude all amateurs from further investigations. Anyone who seriously thinks a Sasquatch should not be taken does not really want their existence to be proven.

At this point, the burden of proof is still on the believers. Until a specimen is produced the skeptics will continue to hold the field. It is possible to prove something exists by producing it. The reverse is not possible -- one does not prove a nonexistence with positive evidence. The failure to produce a specimen continues to be strong evidence against the Sasquatch.

The skeptics deny the existence of the Sasquatch because they see no evidence for it. The fact that they refuse to look at what evidence there is available, and try to discourage the gathering of more data, seems

not to bother them at all. The believers act as though the case has already been proven and the Sasquatch should be accepted and protected right now. It is interesting that many of them also oppose bringing in a definitive proof in the form of a body. It is almost as though the sides are drawn and neither one really wants the issue settled -- they would rather fight than find out. Both sides are getting a lot of mileage out of the existence of the opposing side. Each side has a group of people it can criticize and make fun of. A concerted effort might prove one side wrong -- perhaps neither side wants to risk that.

Unfortunately, both sides argue strongly from what they want to be true rather than by what they know. Wanting something to be true may be a good reason to investigate it. But wanting something to be true does not constitute any evidence that it is true. That only works in children's games and religion. As it stands now, most of the people on one side of this argument, and all (in my judgement) of those on the other side, have not thoroughly investigated both sides of the issue. They would be a lot more reasonable if they would just honestly admit they don't know for sure. But who expects reason in a subject like this?



The following are actual questions that MosCon IX's Fan Guest of Honor, Lorna Toolis, has received during her stint as the Head of Toronto's Spaced Out Library, the finest science fiction and fantasy library in North America. She has also included her answers to most of the questions, many of which she did not actually give the questioner, in spite of the temptation.

## THE SPACED OUT LIBRARIAN

by Lorna Toolis

(MosCon IX Fan Guest of Honor)

"Pardon me, miss, but can you tell me how to get out of the *Heart of Gold's* hold -- you know, in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* software?"

"Hi. I teach grade 7 and I need pictures of unicorns -- lots of them!"

"I greatly admire Philip K. Dick's *oeuvre*. You must be thrilled that your field has finally produced a writer of his quality."

*(Dick I have no problems with. Patronizing academics, complete with leather patches, I can take or leave, preferably leave.)*

"Oh, boy, you have Piers Anthony! Do you have John Norman, too?"

*(Kid, what did you say you wanted to be if you live to grow up?)*

"Do you have any material on UFO's? I need a book that has the form inside that you are supposed to use for a sighting."

*(Second aisle to the right, top shelf. I didn't know we had that kind of form.)*

"I'm phoning from PBS Detroit. We want to do a show on what people in the 1950s thought the future was going to look like. We need visuals; what do you people have?"

*(We were actually able to help these people and impressed the hell out of ourselves.)*

"I've been writing a science fiction book and I wondered if you would like to read it before I send it to the publisher, so you could tell me what you think? Or maybe Judy Merrill would like to read it?"

*(Hope springs eternal. Judy is talking about charging \$250 per manuscript because she would really rather not. For my part, I do not receive danger pay, nor do I wish to make myself eligible for such payment. Also, you are the third such optimist this month.)*

"My Ph.D. thesis is on Jules Verne and someone just told me that your library holds the Nathan Ben-

gis Verne collection. Could you please send me a list of the textual differences between the Hetzel and Hachette editions of *De la Terre a la Lune*?"

*(The Hachette edition was a reprint of the Hetzel edition. Can we buy a copy of your thesis?)*

"Do you have any *Battlestar Galactica* fanzines?"

*(No. I admit that my personal bias may have blinded me; I would have bought some material if I had thought that anyone, anywhere, would ever ask. Try Datazine.)*

"I'm calling from the High Park library. We have a patron who is searching for a book called *The Necronomicon* by someone called Al Hazred. I've



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checked the fiche and the National Union catalogue and I can't find anything; I thought maybe you could help?"

*(How old is this patron? Ah, I thought so. Tell him the book he wants is apocryphal. Lovecraft made it up. He will doubtless assume that the librarians employed by the Toronto Public Library Board are not privy to the darker secrets of the Earth, and that the book is still out there, beyond his reach, but life is like that some days.)*

"Considering the current economic crisis, don't you think that the City could do better with our tax money than to maintain a library about illicit drugs?"

*(Hello? Hello? What was it I said about some days being like that?)*

"I hope you can help me. I am going to write a book exposing fantasy role playing games for the mind and soul destroying things they are -- sort of like *Mazes and Monsters*. However, I'm having a little trouble making sense out of this rule book -- these people don't seem to be able to do anything right."

*(Let me be sure I understand you. You are going to expose the games without ever having played one?)*

"I'm doing a term paper on science fiction and fantasy illustration. What do you have on a man called George Barr?"

"I'm doing a paper on UFOs. What information do you have dealing with Our Lady of Fatima as a UFO phenomena?"

"I'm researching a book dealing with supernatural occurrences in Canada. What do you have on this topic?"

*(Bread and butter questions; the kind that come in every day and are fun even so.)*

"What information do you have on male pregnancy?"

*(The answer to that one came from Omni, as a lot of the left-field future development questions are covered there.)*

"I'm looking for a book called *The Last Dangerous Visions* by some called Harlan Ellison. Have you heard of this book?"

*(We get about one request for this book every six months. It can be difficult to convince the patron that no matter what s/he may have read, it is simply not available.)*

"Have you heard of a convention where they won't let you register unless you are carrying a weapon?"

*(I think you probably mean WeaponCon in Atlanta. Something for everyone.)*

"What do you have on Scientology?"

*(A great deal. Fortunately, when the rest of the libraries in Toronto somehow all lost their Scientology material due to 'careless' patrons, we put our titles under lock and key and managed to retain them. Even though we are a non-circulating collection, this meant my predecessor sitting at the same table as the people requesting the material, watching the book, with nothing better to do with her time, hour after hour, until even the most determined would-be thief gave up.)*

"Hello. I know that Jesus Christ is my Lord and Saviour and that fantasy role playing games are a device of Satan, meant to steal minds and souls. Do you happen to have any in stock? Does this library have a Bible in it?"

*(Why always me, oh Lord, why always me?)*

"I understand there is a new star map being published that is supposed to be marvellous. Do you have this?"

*(I think you mean the series of maps that Oxford University press are publishing. The ones that cost \$10,000. No, we don't have those.)*

"I saw you listed in the telephone book. Do you rent rooms?"

*(?)*

"But why don't you have this book on your shelves? She did a reading from it last weekend, at the con!"

*(The number of patrons convinced that I am keeping information/books/secrets of the hidden masters to myself out of sheer perversity can be discouraging.)*

"I've written a *Star Trek* book, and I want to get it published. Can you tell me how I go about doing this?"

*(It is necessary to be very, very kind when supplying the publisher's address . . . especially one where they are only reading agented materials. Mentioning agents, low probabilities, and the possibilities of pigs growing wings first never seems to discourage them, though. Writers seem to be the human equivalent of india-rubber balls.)*

"Do you have any books by L. Fanthorpe?"

*(Yes. We have a Fanthorpe collection that is awesome because it is so big, so big because it is awesome. Or some such.)*

"This must be a wonderful job. When are you planning to leave?"

*(I'll leave when I'm carried out on a stretcher.)*

# HARD RAIN

by William R. Warren, Jr.

(MosCon VI Fan Guest of Honor)

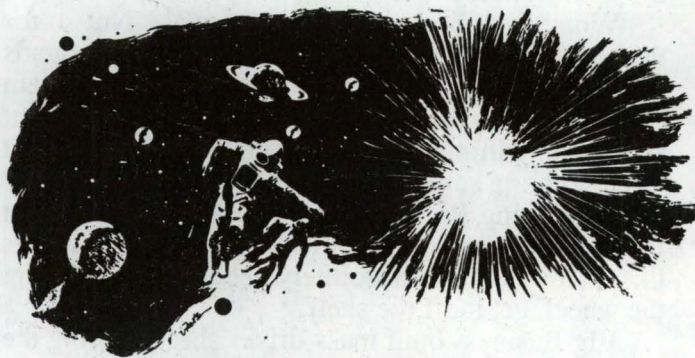
"Have you got the lock open?" Vasily's voice ripped like velcro in Vanture's ears.

Vanture paused to catch his breath. He was out of shape for the work it took to wrestle the heavy door open, and each labored breath filmed his faceplate with fog.

"Yah," he gasped in the dry, bottled air. "Enough to get in, anyway." He shone his helmet lamps into the hole behind the hatch. Their light glinted back at him from the dials of the old ship's airlock controls, from cable harnesses, and -- something else.

Five empty pressure suits were still racked in their stowage trees.

"Either the crew used another set of suits, or they're still here. I see five EMUs, and it looks like that's all they carried." He craned his neck around inside his helmet to check his clearance and began to ease himself through the narrow gap he had opened.



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Vasily, reading from the checklist, crackled cellophane in his headset. "Be certain that the hatch cannot accidentally close again before you ingress the vessel."

Vanture couldn't keep the irony from his voice. "Vaz, it just took me the better part of two hours to pry the sonofabitch open; the hinges are practically vacuum welded. I don't think . . ."

"Be sure that the hatch cannot accidentally close again before you ingress the vessel," Vasily repeated impassively.

Muttering about bureaucracy and regulations, Vanture backed out of the airlock and wrenched violently back and forth on the hatch. He succeeded in pulling a muscle in his shoulder and nearly rattling his teeth loose. His faceplate fogged up again with the effort. But the hatch was frozen in place; there wasn't a chance he would be trapped inside the derelict.

Taking time to breathe, Vanture looked sunward. The great bulk of ice that was his own ship, the

*Pearldrop*, seemed luminous from the sunlight diffusing through it, limned by a glistening crescent.

"All right, already. It's solid. Now can I go in and play?"

"Examine the path of ingress for sharp or loose objects, debris, or obstructions," Vasily intoned.

"Vaz . . ."

"Examine the path of --"

"For God's sake, you Bolshevik asshole, my suit's practically all Lexan-3 . . .!"

"Examine the path of ingress for . . ."

"All right, all right, I'm doing it!"

After twenty-five minutes of further irritation, Vanture finally gained access to the ship's main corridor, a hexagonal affair with access hatches yawning blackly in all directions. It ran most of the length of the old derelict, and here and there floated little sargassos of tangled debris. As he passed around these, his headlamps cast eerie shadows that slid toward him, hugging the walls, and then rushed past the way he had come. *Almost like ghosts trapped in here since whatever it was happened*, he thought, *and I've opened the door to let them escape at last.*

He paused for a moment, aware that despite his suit heater, his skin was bristling to attention. He shivered abruptly as the hairs on the back of his neck squirmed, and suddenly he felt very stupid. He craned his neck and glanced back down the corridor. What was he expecting? Little eyes glinting back, blink-blink? Vaporous apparitions rattling vacuum-silenced chains? Hell, if there were any such things as ghosts, which he didn't believe anyway, he was glad he'd let them out. Good riddance.

He turned back toward the command deck.

The ruined face of a corpse filled his view.

For an instant he couldn't breathe or move. The instant stretched to at least a week as his body tried several different ways of abandoning his skin and running away to hide. While his muscles were gridlocked in argument, his mind took a step back and surveyed the situation.

The body was typical for a zero-gee casualty who'd been in a dark vacuum for long enough. Freeze-dried, puffy-looking, stained here and there by frozen material about which it was best not to speculate. It hung in front of him in the familiar neutral-body crouch, the sort of half-sitting position spacers naturally assume when relaxed. Or dead.

It had been a woman, once.

Somehow, that data point brought his muscles under control, and he knew he was going to be all right. Yeah, see? She had floated up out of that hatchway while he had been woolgathering, probably shaken loose from one of those debris clouds, or bounced off a bulkhead. The *Pearldrop* might be firing stationkeeping thrusters; that would



be enough to jostle the wreck a little. Enough to break her loose, anyway.

It, he corrected himself, *not her*. Not anymore. The mummified corpsicle was no longer anything he could consider human.

He became aware of Vasily's crackle in his ears. ". . . say again, are you all right? What the devil happened? Vanture! Report!"

Vanture took a deep breath, and realized that he had been holding the prior one for some time. He exhaled it, and it came out as a laugh, unbidden. As his lungs emptied, the pounding of his heart eased. *Good thing I have my peebag on*, he thought. "Yeah," he said. "Fine, Vaz. I'm okay."

"What happened? Volkov says your bioscanners jumped off the scale!"

"I'm sure they did, *tovarisch*," he answered. "One of the crew came out to dance. A woman. Strawberry blond, by the looks of her. She kinda sneaked up on me." He gave the corpsicle a nudge with one hand, gripping a handhold with the other. The body drifted back in slow motion, like a drowning victim, into the cabin from which she had emerged. He sighed.

"Anyway," Vanture continued, "it confirms one thing. We ain't gonna find nobody alive on the old girl. May as well send a team over and see what we can find that's worth salvaging."

"Locate the control deck and establish beyond a reasonable doubt . . ."

". . . That there is no life on board," Vanture finished for his companion with the procedures manual. "All right, Vaz. But you may as well tell the guys to suit up. You know what I'm going to find, and it ain't gonna be a pool party."

Vanture worked his way forward, his pace steady and confident now that he knew what lay in store. At one point, a peek into one of the side openings revealed a vista of stars.

"Whew," he said. "The old girl's been pretty thoroughly holed. A chunk of hull is gone completely, here. Open to space."

Vaz hesitated before replying; even he must be getting tired of the manual at this point. "Any indication as to the cause?"

Vanture surveyed the wreckage of the fragile envelope for the souls who once lived and worked here. "Blown out from inside," he replied. "Not like an explosion; more like a shotgun blast with a thyroid problem. I think they got caught in the Rain."

When he reached the bridge, he confirmed his assumption. There was a huge hole, bigger than his helmeted head, in the control panel, ragged edges curled inboard like a junkyard flower. Vanture aligned himself to look through the hole and saw that the entry hole was considerably smaller, perhaps a little larger than his fist.

Rotating to follow the path defined by the hole,

he found a much larger one. It went through layer after shattered layer of structure, ducting, wiring, and, eventually, hull. Stars shone through this one, too -- and where it exited, a man could easily enter even with full EVA gear.

"Vasily," he said quietly, "send the guys. They got Rained on for sure. Never knew what hit 'em."

"Affirmative," the crackly voice responded. "On our way."

Space flight went through a series of ups and downs in its infancy and belligerent adolescence, but did not begin to mature until late in the twenty-first century, when Big Business decided there was money to be made in space only if it did not have to rely on Big Government for transportation to and from the jobsite.

The Lunar mining operations had been using the Rail for decades, accelerating buckets of processed or semi-processed materials into orbits convenient to the solar-powered refineries and factories. The Rail was a huge linear motor, and at the volumes and frequency at which it lobbed stuff, the cost-per-pound dropped significantly.

Which was fine, for Lunar materials. Not so for the heavier elements or the carbonaceous compounds only available (economically) from the Outer System -- particularly the asteroid belt. Big Government seemed unwilling to get anything really useful Out There to bring some of the Tastier Stuff home.

Something Big Business was very good at, but Big Government couldn't seem to figure out, was this: that unless it is absolutely necessary to reinvent the wheel, get it off the shelf.

Big Business built mass-driver ships to bring the asteroids home, while Government fumed and fussed over a "practical" fusion drive that still had "some bugs." And Big Business brought home the bacon.

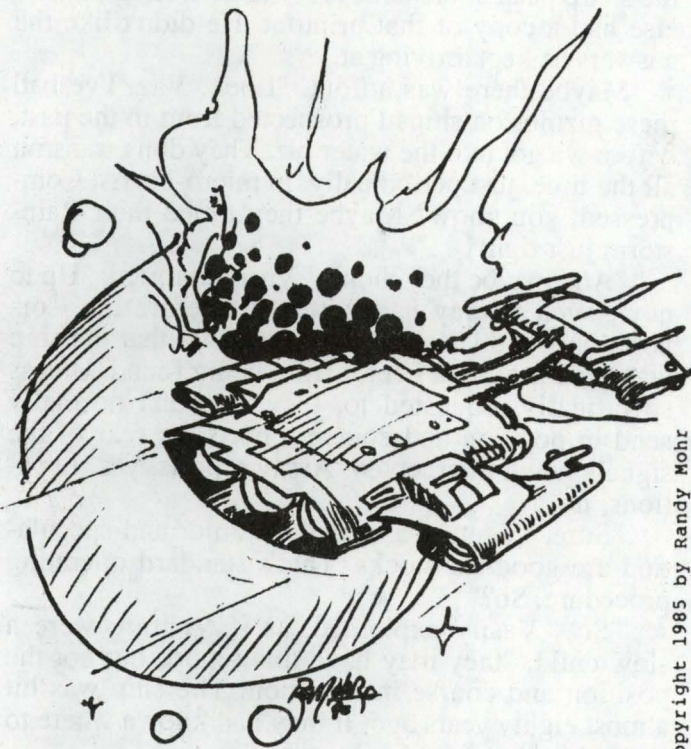
Things got good, and more ships were needed. And they did so well that even more were needed. After almost a hundred years, Big Government finally announced the lavishly expensive, almost workable, underpowered fusion drive. But by that time, thousands of Railgun ships were plying the seas of the Solar System, drawing energy from sunlight and workable fusion powerplants, economically catching asteroids or comet nuclei or chunks of other Tasty Stuff. They'd chop up the excess, feed it into the mass driver, and let Newton do the work. Thousands of busy little space-ants, tugging objects many times their own size back to the nest to be masticated, molded, and merchandised, each one aiming its solar-powered stinger at the stars and *thwip-thwip-thwipping* the excess material behind -- out of sight, out of mind.

But not out of the Solar System, most of the time.

The first indication of troubles yet to come

occurred when a tumbling asteroid-hauler careened through near-Earth space and forced half-a-dozen pleasure craft and a liner to scramble to avoid getting run over. The Guard sent one of its high-speed interceptors after it, and when it did not answer their hails, it was (at great risk) boarded, brought under control (with great difficulty), and (at an acceptable profit) delivered to its parent corporation. It was stitched with neat lines of holes that had killed everyone who had been serving on it. The ship was furnace fodder.

It did not take long to figure out that somewhere, somewhen, a Railgun ship shot its arrows into the air, only to have them fall . . . there.



Within a year, a liner was crippled en route to Titan; three Executive-class yachts disappeared without a trace; the President of OrbiTech Corporation -- in what was later called "the most perfect example of poetic justice in history" -- was literally blown to bits during a televised press conference downplaying the significance of the previous events; and the clincher: with him, half of the L4-Delta space habitat and its 15,000 people were scattered all over the libration orbit.

Public outcry picked up indignant momentum, and not even Big Business could stop it. Railgun ships were outlawed, and the monumental task of reconstructing every delta-vee maneuver ever made with a Railgun ship was begun on a systemwide top priority.

Meanwhile, a job was still a job, and the Govern-

ment gleefully sold its over-budget, under-powered fusion drive units to a Big Business community that was less than thrilled, but had no choice.

At the end of the long climb and fall, all roads led to the Sun and its closely packed planets. The Hard Rain fell.

The *Pearldrop* had been holding station for four standard days when the exploration teams made their first big break. One of the wrecked cabins had acted as an eddy for the debris that hadn't blasted out with the side of the ship. Several other cabins were explored first because they were easier to get to. But as nothing of value turned up anywhere else, process of elimination brought them to the horrendous tangle of rags, wires, conduit, and bodies (two of them . . . and two still unaccounted for) which filled room 66C-27.

And 66C-27, it turned out, was the jackpot. It was a science lab that doubled, in its heyday, as sickbay on the derelict. Once the spindrift was ejected, everything they had hoped for and more was waiting there.

"Check it out!" Roscoe Robinson hollered, far too loud for the confined space in his companions' helmets. "Serious pharmaceuticals here! There's morphine and demium and -- and *stompwit*, almost a kilo!"

"Great," Vanture snapped. "You need more *stompwit* like we need you yelling in our ears. Now shut up and keep looking."

Vasily, the largest of the three on shift in the wreck, was examining a rack of recording devices. He didn't seem to hear any of the shouting, even if it was right in his ears, and Vanture got curious. He nudged away from a bent metal cabinet full of broken glass and rocks, and brought himself up short next to his Russian shipmate.

He thumbed off his transmitter and touched helmets. "Whatcha got?" he shouted.

Vasily looked away from the hardcopy printouts still in their printers. His eyebrows were squeezed together in a scowl of concentration, and perhaps some annoyance at Vanture's breaking it. But he, too, thumbed off his transmitter.

"I'm not quite certain." His voice sounded like it was in a balloon. "The laboratory is pretty badly trashed, but the types of debris we're finding would indicate a typical Corporate survey ship. Asteroid prospector. Not likely to get a big taste of the riches it finds."

"I know the type," Vanture nodded. "I was on one once, if you recall. So?"

Vasily looked back at the hardcopy printers. "These are analyses of the samples picked up on their final trip. Do you see anything interesting about . . ." -- he pointed a gauntleted finger, which only narrowed the point of interest on the compact print-

out to about half of it -- ". . . this reading here?"

"Which?" Vanture asked, trying to lean in closer and succeeding only in blocking out the dim light from the portables. He repositioned, and his shadow cleared the graph.

He looked for a moment, seeing nothing out of the ordinary. Then his eye fell on a sharp peak on the graph. Something familiar about the line at 79, if he could just remember what. Something from a science fiction story he had read ages ago in his Classic Lit class . . .

His eyes widened as he remembered. His eyes darted around the printout in growing excitement, and he froze. The vertical scale was indicated as "Tons."

*Tons!* He rechecked the horizontal scale; it was labelled "Atomic Number." And a sharp peak at 79 crested the line indicating 250.

*250 tons of gold? In a single chunk?*

"Sonofabitch," he breathed, and realized that Vaz's helmet was no longer in contact with his own. He gripped Vasily's shoulders and pulled their heads together. "Is that saying what I think it's saying? 250 tons of gold?"

Vaz licked his lips. "I think so. It looks very much like an analysis of a single asteroidal body. The composition of most of it is typical, except --" He let the sentence hang, the glimmer in his eye eloquently finishing for him.

"Yeah, 'except' . . ." Vanture agreed, excitement rising like a bubble that threatened to explode in a fit of hysterical giggling and holler-ing. "Except, that it has a chunk of solid twenty-four-carat girls, caviar, early retirement --"

"Bob --" Vasily started.

"Sheeit, Vaz, we can start living the good life, have our own rocket jockeys out here doing this for us while we lap up cold drinks and hot women on warm beaches."

"No."

"Why, we could even -- what did you say?"

Vasily scowled again, his eyes focussed too far away to be looking at Vanture. "I said, 'no.' At least, maybe. Maybe not." He took a deep breath. "There's a problem."

"What problem, you dumb Cossack? We have the biggest single find of precious metal ever -- *ever!* -- right in the palm of our hands. All we have to do is trace the orbit --"

"Vanture, shut up a minute and listen. What we have is trouble! You've checked the registry of this ship; you know who it belongs to!"

"Sure. Star Stuff Inc.; one of the biggies. But we have salvage rights. We got here first. This is just like any other derelict. Finders, keepers."

"Have you ever known a Corporation to trust anyone?"

That stopped Vanture for a moment. "What are

you getting at? Of course not. They want to protect their interests, just like anyone."

"Like, perhaps, a lowly company asteroid prospector? Someone who just might decide to go into business for himself? Do you understand the implication of this readout?"

"Only that they did a computer analysis of the . . . oh." Vanture took another look at the bank of recording devices. Sure enough, built into the array of instruments was a featureless black box, sealed and impossible to remove, alter, or bypass. When there had been power to these instruments, it linked their findings to banks of similar devices on Luna, in the corporate headquarters of Star Stuff.

His eyes were drawn again to the printout with the sharp peak at element 79. And he wondered who else had a copy of that printout. He didn't like the answers he kept arriving at.

Maybe there was an out. "Look, Vaz, I've had these gizmos on ships I prospected from in the past, before we got into the water biz. They don't transmit all the time, just periodically, in micro-bursts. Compressed, you know? Maybe they timed their Rainstorm just right . . ."

"And maybe they didn't," Vasily retorted. "Up to now, even if they had gotten hit before the Corporation got this assay report, the fact that the ship was dead is all that kept it from being found. Unless specifically requested to, they wouldn't normally send in position and course reports for fear of the signals being intercepted. Assay reports, yes. Locations, no."

"Sure," Vanture assented. "Rumor and speculation are good for stocks. That's standard operating procedure. So?"

"So," Vasily explained, as if Vanture were a slow child, "they may have this report, but not the position and course information. The ship was hit almost eighty years ago. If they had known where to look, they'd've found it by now."

"But they didn't know where to look," Vanture argued, "and a spaceship adrift without power, knocked off course by a Storm, is a pretty tiny thing to find in all of space."

"Unless," Vaz continued coldly, "it suddenly got noisy again."

"Noisy?" Vanture asked, and then it hit him. Of course, Star Stuff Inc. had the report, and of course they knew how valuable the find was. But they didn't know where to look, couldn't know where to look . . . unless they kept an ear out for salvage operations in the right piece of sky.

Vanture thought about it for a second longer, then glanced up at Robinson. He was gleefully stuffing a sample collection kit he had found somewhere with little bottles of floating pills, and the bottles were floating out as fast as he could stuff them in. He was jabbering a blue streak, if his

mouthng was an indication, but of course neither he nor Vaz could hear him through the gulf between them.

Somebody, over a vastly greater gulf, just might.

Vanture snapped to action. Kicking hard at the bulkhead, he soared across the cabin and collided with a painful crash into Robinson. The kit swung around and out of his grip, scattering pills and bottles and the rest of his hard-earned prizes in all directions. Roscoe's face changed from delight to surprise to dismay to fury in a second or so, but in that time Vanture managed to find his radio control and key it off. When he put his helmet against Roscoe's, the balloon-sound carried a blue streak of epithets and curses. Vanture yelled so loud his own ears hurt.

"Shut up, you asshole!"

Roscoe's abusive blabbering stopped instantly, replaced by apologetic and amiable blabbering. "Jeez, man, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be yelling, but this is terrific, there's so much good shit, and you hadda go and knock it . . ."

"Shut up, Roscoe!" Vanture yelled again, clobbering the sides of Robinson's helmet with his bulletproof plastic forearms. It must have made an impression, because Roscoe got a whiny look on his overage-adolescent face and stopped talking. Vanture made contact again, face to face.

"We may be onto something that'll make us so rich, you can afford as much of that early death as you want. *If we get back.*" Roscoe's eyes widened and he looked straight into Vanture's for the first time Vanture could recall. "For now, we gotta have a serious meeting aboard the *Pearldrop*. Radio silence. And straighten out your act!"

A clank announced Vasily joining in on the conversation. "We may pull this off, if we keep our heads and work fast. Or we may end up dead. But I have a feeling we should all be expecting company. Soon."

After regrouping on the *Pearldrop* and agreeing to keep radio silence between the salvage team and the ship, Vasily pointed out that their sudden disappearance from the radio bands would draw as much attention as their early salvage reports. At least as far as anyone could remember, though, nobody had ever referred to it as anything other than "the wreck" or "the derelict" or other colorful euphemisms over the transmitters, so there still might be a chance that Star Stuff would delay sending an intercept vessel. Not a long delay, probably, but maybe long enough. Vanture and Cap'n Harvey and Johnnie Boy were elected to mimic ship-to-ship transmissions while the rest of the available crew combed the wreck for the priceless memory chips that would lead them to the big prize.

Vanture knew the interior of the derelict and, besides, he had been on over half of the excursions

so far. "Tired men make mistakes," Doc Volkov had said as he grounded him. Vanture's descriptions of what the salvage team was supposedly seeing would give an air of authenticity to the ruse, and could mislead whatever listeners they might have that they were on the wrong trail.

Johnnie Boy was a natural ham and loved doing voices. He made it sound like a whole team was busily stripping the guts for spare parts and an occasional luxury item. And Cap'n Harvey -- well, he made a convincing enough base operator. Besides, he wasn't going anywhere, being wired into the life support and all.

For seven hours they gabbed and griped and ordered and snapped and otherwise put on a fairly convincing dramatization of a disappointed salvage crew going over the same old territory and not finding anything. Again.

Somewhere in the early minutes of the eighth hour, Cap'n Harvey fell silent in mid-sentence and seemed to be listening to something far away. He probably was. His techs had done a super job with his neural net, even if they couldn't repair the old body so well, and sometimes it was as if he could really see and hear the space around the ship.

"Company's coming," he said simply. "And he's coming in hot. Time to go."

The salvage team was back at the *Pearldrop* within half an hour, cycling through the lock in twos. Johnnie Boy was helping them unship their EVA packs as fast as they came through the inner lock and had them plugged in to the recharge units before the next two cycled in. When all eight were aboard, but even before half of them were in their acceleration webs, Cap'n Harvey was maneuvering to make a fast dash in the least convenient direction for the Star Stuff ship.

"Star Stuff, all right," he said when Vanture asked who they were. "They're tight-beaming back to Luna. I can't read much except carrier, and I think that's running company code." He tsk-tsked. "No ident beacon or transponder, either. Don't they know that's illegal?"

The *Pearldrop* wobbled and rolled like a small boat in a freshening sea, just before a gale, as Cap'n Harvey fine-tuned their heading to the worst possible for the Star Stuff boat to match. After what seemed like hours to Vanture, the skipper said, "Hold on, kiddies . . . thrust in five seconds."

Vanture gritted his teeth. The gee forces wouldn't be that much, really. It was just that it was so hard to get used to gravity again, all at once.

The fusion furnace began converting part of their payload to steam and they began to climb. *It always feels like climbing, anyway*, Vanture thought. Always going straight up. As his body squeezed back into the webbing, he found one of those painful spots where something on his person or in his

clothing that was perfectly comfortable in micrograv was agonizing to lay on under acceleration. He pushed himself up on an elbow to reach under himself and move it and came nose-to-nose with Vasily, in the next web, trying to get the pea from under his mattress as well.

"You get *it*?" Vanture managed to grunt.

"Dunno," Vaz strained. "Think so. Volkov's --ugh." They both collapsed back into their respective webs. "Volkov's going through them now. We took every chip we could find intact."

"Any chance?" Vanture wheezed..

"Who knows?" Vasily gasped. "Now stop talking and let me be miserable."

"They're trying to come around," Cap'n Harvey said. A chuckle came from his prune face, but somehow it wasn't right since it didn't move his chest out of its even, mechanical rhythm. "I don't think they're too happy right now, boys. They're pulling about one gee."

Everyone meditated on the forces pressing them down into their webbing and, as one, thought the same thought: If they can pull a full gee, they can outrun us with our full load of ice.

The *Pearldrop* had the advantage over the rapidly advancing Star Stuff corvette, in that Cap'n Harvey was firing retrograde to drop sunward, while their pursuers were on an accelerating climb from anti-spinward. They would have to reverse direction and double back to begin closing, at great expense to their fuel supply and their crew's comfort. After five hours of retrofire, Cap'n Harvey rotated the *Pearldrop* sunward but never let up on the acceleration. Nerves were already frayed when he reported, "Just in case anybody's interested, we're at our closest approach."

"For this leg of the chase," Vaz groaned.

"True enough," Cap'n Harvey said cheerfully.

"But there's still about twenty thousand klicks per hour difference. We have a chance. I'm trying to make for the shipping lanes to get protection from the Guard near Mars orbit."

"What're the chances?" Johnnie Boy wheezed.

Cap'n Harvey did not answer for a long time.

"We'll see," he said. They pressed on for hour after interminable hour.

Suddenly the captain said, "Here comes the fun. They still haven't got headed in the right direction yet, but they're firing on us."

"Firing?" Vanture yelled, almost forgetting the tortuous protest of his aching muscles. "Like in, firing *weapons*?"

"Well," Cap'n Harvey said, a shrug in his voice, even if his body didn't collaborate, "if not weapons, then some kind of rocket-propelled gizmo. A sensor probe, maybe, or a payload assist module. At these speeds, it doesn't have to be much more than a hand-

ful of kitty litter."

"Aw, man," Roscoe whined from somewhere behind Vanture, "I told you ya shoulda let me keep some o' those prime pharmaceuticals."

"Shut up, stomphhead," Vanture croaked, "or I'll wet my pants on you."

They climbed farther and farther toward the sun, and safety.

About midnight, shipboard reckoning, Cap'n Harvey reported, "It's party time, boys. One hour twenty to impact. I suggest you get suited up, just in case it is kitty litter. We could be breathing vacuum real quick."

With much groaning and creaking, the crew struggled into their Lexan space armor, designed to protect the wearer from all but a sizable impact.

"Sizable," Red Ryder said, "means a frozen piece of corned beef as big as a fingernail paring travelling at a hundred-k klicks the other direction."

"Thanks," Vanture panted, struggling into a suit that refused to cooperate. "That'll be a real comfort if it turns out they're shooting corned beef."

"Maybe they are," Vaz countered between gasps. "But at stakes like these, it'll probably be in a tin."

They all shut up when they thought about that.

On his way back to his webbing, Vanture passed sickbay. Doc Volkov, like so many other spacers, was a man of many trades. A physician and psychologist, he dabbled in celestial mechanics and held a master's degree in cybernetics. He was slung in his web such that he could reach the bags full of computer chips ripped from the brain of the wrecked prospector, and also reach the test bed into which he plugged them. The terminal that hung near to hand was listing the contents or class of chip as fast as he could plug them to the universal sockets. He was muttering Slavic curses and ripping them out as fast as the terminal display changed. Then he dropped them over his shoulder to the bulkhead that was now a floor.

It was already deep with discards.

"How's it going, Doc?" Vanture managed. Volkov peered at him from over the top of an antique set of glass spectacles. His expression was baleful.

"It will go a lot quicker, young man, if you will get your ass out of here and let me work."

"Hokay." Vanture shrugged . . . tried to shrug, in the suit . . . and started up the gangway once more. "Just tryin' to be friendly."

"Vanture," Volkov called after him. Vanture ducked back down and looked at the doctor. "It's going as well as can be expected. But I haven't found our nest egg yet."

Vanture nodded. "Thanks, Doc. I'll spread the word for you."

"Just as I hoped," Volkov replied, jerking another worthless chip from the breadboard and adding it to the heap at his back. "And shut that damn curtain!"

They climbed and climbed until nobody thought they'd breathe again.

"Here it comes," Cap'n Harvey said.

Every ear strained to listen. There was the ubiquitous hiss of the fusion furnace, somewhere far away, muffled by the helmets and softened by the webbing. Then a sudden rumbling shock, a concussion of something large and dangerous and moving very fast, running into something that refused to give.

"They missed the drive," the Cap'n reported. "Hit the iceberg, but missed the vital stuff." A beat. "A few sensors gone. No, wait --"

There were a couple of shudders, and Cap'n Harvey's voice in every ear said, "Hold on . . ."

Something wrenched violently, and they felt their eyeballs bugging out as the weight suddenly increased. For a few moments, nobody could breathe. When they realized they still wanted to, relief took over for fatigue.

"They just made a big mistake," Cap'n Harvey related, "and our chances just got better. They fractured our load; we lost a couple hundred metric tons. So our speed's better than it was."

"No . . . shit . . ." Roscoe Robinson choked.

They strained sunward for hours.

Vanture loathed the constant acceleration, but he was getting used to it. Roscoe had continued to whine until Red Ryder asked him how much he weighed, then asked Cap'n Harvey if lightening the *Pearldrop* by that much mass would improve their chances. Vaz was lying in his webbing, breathing hard. Everyone dreamt of a gold nugget as big as a shuttlecraft.

"Where did it come from?" Vanture grunted. "How come it shows up now?"

Vasily managed, "It was always there. Maybe it got blown out of a moon or planet by a meteor strike. Who knows?"

"And it didn't just show up. It showed up eighty years ago, when that other crew found it."

"Vaz," Vanture croaked, "if Doc V does find the right chip, and we find this thing, what'll you do with your share?"

"First . . ." Vasily started, and then fell silent. He was quiet for a long time. Vanture didn't even look to see if his friend was asleep. The first thing a spacer learns about shipboard life is that there's plenty of time, so you give your buddy as much as he needs. Eventually, Vasily spoke.

"I've been wondering about that, Robert. It seems to me that neither of us has much choice. We'll have a wicked binge in some nice null-grav bar, and we'll be back in space in short order to sleep it off."

"No way," Vanture retorted.

Vaz shifted, and Vanture shifted to look at him.

The Russian was sitting up, and red-faced at the effort, puffing hard. "Look at us, *tovarisch*. We're both dying right now -- or, anyway, we wish we were. I've been in space for fifteen years. And you, what is it now? Twelve?" Vanture nodded agonizingly. "After only twelve years to get used to it, how do you feel right now?"

"I ache in places I forgot I had," Vanture admitted.

"My point," Vaz groaned and collapsed back into his web. "We are creatures of space now, you and I. And the Captain. We're here for life."

"Bullshit."

"No bullshit. You talk of beaches and women and whatever else, and you can't even stand this. We're only pulling a tenth of a gee, and you can't stand it. None of us can."

"I could," Vanture retorted defensively. "If I could afford to, I'd give all this up in a minute. Nothing like a couple of miles of air between a man and the Rain to make for a good night's sleep."

"You couldn't walk in more than half a gee," Vaz chided.

"Buddy, a share in two hundred fifty tons of gold is incentive enough to do a lot of things. Even get back into shape to become a groundhog."

"You're too lazy; you'd never do it."

"Yes, I would --" Vanture started, trying to bolt upright and feeling something go *crunch* in his neck. He flopped back on the web, content to hurt and wait until another day to punch his best friend in the nose.

They climbed in silence for a bit.

"But me," Vasily continued, "what would I do? I think I'd use my share to help Cap'n Harvey buy his mortgage back from Exocet-Wet, and go into business with him. As a free agent."

Not a bad dream at that, Vanture thought. Get to keep all the profits yourself, after occasional staggering expenses. And their record was mostly successful and profitable . . . good company, too.

Roscoe whined something unintelligible. Well, mostly good company.

The communicator whistled, and Cap'n Harvey twitched a muscle to open the connection. "Yeah, Doc, what you got?"

Volkov's face appeared on the screen. "Captain, are you busy?"

"Not at all," the quadruplegic cyborg answered amiably. "I've got a crew croaking from acceleration fever, a corporate torpedo up the ass, and a bandit at zero trying to steal our salvage." He paused. "Did you --"

"No," Volkov replied. "Not yet, I mean. But I may have found something. Are you too wrapped up to check some figures for me?"

The skipper got that faraway look again, and for several moments was still. Then the corners of his mouth twitched, and his lips stretched into a distinct

grin.

"Thanks, Doc," said Cap'n Harvey. For several minutes, screens flickered as the Old Man flipped through control sequences, navigation panels, and other parts of the ship's computer. When a list of figures came up at last, and the flashing cursor was green, he said very quietly, "Acceleration stations, all. Hang in there with me; this one's going to be rough. Maybe half a gee or better, if I can squeeze it out of the old gal."

And then he made the most dramatic gesture anyone on the *Pearldrop* could recall. He turned his head, to look his crew in the eyes.

"It'll be worth it. I promise."

Even Roscoe Robinson had the sense not to make a sound except for, "Aye, aye, sir."

"Coming up on impact," Cap'n Harvey reported. Every eye was fixed on the nearest monitor screen. The Star Stuff corvette was clearly visible, though foreshortened by the extreme telephoto lenses. Emblazoned with the familiar gold ringed-star insignia, the corporate launch was more like a Guard cutter: big, and bristling with barbets and turrets which could hardly be mistaken for electronic gear. It was almost headon to the view screens, motionless against a frozen backdrop of stars.

Motionless? No, not quite. There was a little flicker of something there . . . and again. And yet again, bigger this time.

Suddenly, in regular, clockwork pulses, something happened. Seven or eight small, but growing, clouds of debris jetted out the side, and the corvette seemed to shudder at each one. A turret blasted off like a lifeboat, a snowstorm of freezing atmosphere and tangled debris following in its wake. The ship

began to roll and tumble, out of control and maybe out of life, and the crew of the *Pearldrop* forced their aching lungs to rally to a ragged cheer.

It was over.

"I thought that last blast of acceleration was going to do me in," Vaz said as they floated aft (no longer "down") to store their spacesuits.

"Yeah, well, you can thank that couple of hours of sheer grief that we were out of the way, and they were *in* the way, when the Rains came."

"It was still a pretty close cut," Vasily said. "If our 'friends' *had* received navigational up-dates from their missing prospector, they --"

"Yeah," Vanture interrupted, "and if pigs had wings they'd be a locomotive. Or something. The point is, if they'd *had* the dope, they wouldn't have needed to be chasing after us anyway. Right?"

"I suppose," Vasily agreed with a hint of a grudge. "At least, if we didn't get anything else from the old wreck, we got the railgun targeting for all her maneuvers from her last report until the end."

"Information the corporate weenies didn't have. Always remember, old friend, a little information is a dangerous thing. Because we had a little bit of information that they didn't, we're still alive."

"And," another voice said, "because we have a little information that they didn't, we're all extremely rich."

Vanture froze, watching Vasily's face. He had that same distant look that Cap'n Harvey got, seeing or hearing things far away. Well, not that far, really. Just behind Vanture, in fact.

He turned toward the voice -- Volkov's voice -- and saw the old Doctor floating in the corridor. He was totally relaxed, the only lines evident in his well-worn face were deep crow's feet where his grin crinkled his cheeks. And he was holding between his thumb and forefinger a bubble chip, the tiniest of things imaginable to contain a mountain of pure gold, a lifetime of luxury, and a ticket out of the Hard Rain.



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# ANTIMATTER: FICTION INTO FACT

by Jack Williamson

(MosCon IX Author Guest of Honor)

We sometimes brag that science fiction pre-figures scientific fact, often, I think, claiming more credit than ought to be due. There's a shotgun effect; forecasting everything, we're statistically bound to make a few lucky hits. Yet now and then we do find convincing cause to go on bragging. Antimatter is one case in point.

The quantum theories of the English physicist Dirac suggested in 1930 that a positive electron might exist. Two years later, Anderson found it: the anti-electron, later named the positron. Such particles were still new to science fiction in the early 1940s, when I sent John W. Campbell a proposal for a series of stories about the planetary engineers.

They were to be the pioneers of our coming human expansion into space, terraforming new worlds to adapt them for colonization. Campbell was a creative editor of a sort we've never had before or since, able to generate challenging story ideas at a rate that I sometimes found overwhelming. He suggested that some of those new worlds might be antimatter -- matter composed of those positrons orbiting negative protons. Matter, that is, with all electric charges reversed.

The word "antimatter" was not yet in use; he called the stuff "contraterrene," or simply CT. I spelled that out as "seetee." Campbell supplied background information, and we debated its characteristics. I wanted it to move backward in time; he wanted to veto that.

Outwardly, seetee would look exactly like normal terrene matter and display the same physical properties. No difference could be detected until they touched. In contact, unlike electric charges would cancel out. Annihilated particles would become gamma radiation, the reaction a thousand times more energetic than any possible nuclear explosion -- the A-bomb itself was still theory then.

Using the pen name Will Stewart -- another

creative suggestion of Campbell's, who had become Don A. Stuart when he wanted a new style and a new personality -- I got a series of novelettes and then a serial novel out of the idea, beginning with "Collision Orbit," published in *Astounding* for July, 1942. They were later rewritten into *Seetee Ship* and *Seetee Shock*, both books still later reprinted in one volume as *Seetee*.

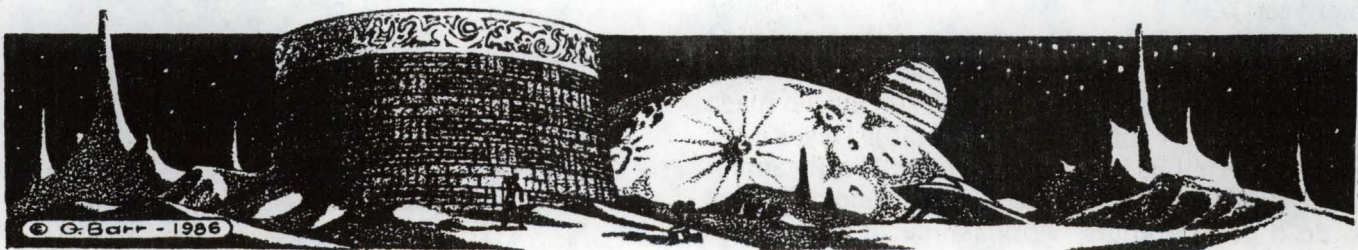
Generously, Campbell always offered his ideas to everybody who would listen; they were too abundant to be rationed, and he used to say that several people using the same idea would turn out stories different enough that he might buy them all. The antimatter idea must have been shared as usual. Van Vogt's "The Storm," about the collision of a cloud of antimatter gass with a cloud of terrene gas, was published in 1943.

Later antimatter fiction would fill a library shelf. The two orbital suns of Frederick Brown's *Placet is a Crazy Place* (1946) are matter and antimatter. Niven has used the notion, and Charles Harness. The warp-speed spacecraft of *Star Trek* have antimatter drives.

In fiction, the vein has been pretty well worked out, but there are physicists who find its promise still alluring. One of them is Dr. Robert Forward, a senior scientist at Hughes Research Laboratories, who is also the author of such memorable novels as *Dragon's Egg* and *The Flight of the Dragonfly*.

He and science writer Joel Davis have just published *Mirror Matter*, a fine textbook on antimatter (John Wiley and Sons). They review the history of the idea and explain the physics in a clear and readable way. The book is even enlivened by a fresh piece of antimatter fiction, but it also reports serious current antimatter research projects, some of them funded by the military. Some, for example, include successful experiments in the production and containment of antiprotons.

With the energy theoretically available from reacting antihydrogen with our common sort of hydrogen, future interstellar craft might reach true warp speeds. At this point, however, the stuff still looks as tricky to handle as it used to be in science fiction. I agree with Forward and Davis that for now we much make do with tamer fuels, but their book can be read without hazard. Anybody interested in the science behind science fiction will find it fascinating.





# MOSCON I REVISTED

by *Steve Forty*

(MosCon IV Fan Guest of Honor)

I have many fond memories of that far away (in time, of course) convention -- MosCon I. It was the first time I had driven for 8 hours at a stretch, and it was the first time I had been through the interior of Washington State on my way to Idaho.

I got off to a strange start. When I came to the Canadian-US border, I was asked the usual questions. I was going Moscow on Thursday -- before anyone else that I knew of -- so when the destination question came up, and I told him where I was headed, I was a little shocked to have the guard reply, "You're going to a science fiction convention!" I asked, "How did you know?" "You look weird enough," was the reply (I later learned that the guard was an SF fan).

I proceeded at a reasonable clip until I got to Ellensburg, where coffee and gas seemed like a good idea. I had been given recommendations of a location for gas and food, but screwed up the information . . . I discovered there is no *third* exit for Ellensburg.

It seemed that Kittitas was as good a spot as any, it being the next exit. Talk about your right wing towns! I had longish curly hair, a beard, and out of state (out of country!) license plates. I stopped at this "store," and inquired about the nearest location for gas. He pointed at the rusty old pump right beside me (I never would have guessed it actually served gas) and said, "Right there, boy." I was flustered and tired enough to get a fill. The expressions on the faces of several of the locals hanging around, mixed with all the half-ton trucks with guns on racks mounted in the back windows, scared me away from food. I left as soon as possible, thankful to be back on the road. I heard later that the "Surrey Contingent" ate in the local tavern and, due to long hair, etc., were stared at the whole time they were eating.

The rest of the trip was uneventful -- in fact, downright boring -- through eastern Washington. I was astounded at the number of moths that coated every part of my poor car (which was not as high in later years).

I finally made it to Moscow after almost getting lost in Pullman. The convention was in the University Inn Best Western (but even that year we made trips over to Cavanaugh's night club). Despite the Best Western, I had a very good time. I really appreciated being able to go to a convention and only have to do a couple hours' work (some of which was helping assemble the program book for a couple hours after the drive to Moscow; I enjoyed the

comaraderie).

I remember one late night talking to the local sheriff, who had a number of pointed questions about the group within. I will say that I am happier staying in Cavanaugh's . . . even though there is nothing like partying all night and, when finally getting out of bed the next morning (groggy, of course), opening the motel room door and looking out on a vast field of huge tractors. Like, where am I, eh?

I have especially fond memories of singing the "Doo Dah" song with Steve Fahnstalk, Randy Reichardt, and a host of others at the Dead Cow Party ("Best Western dum dum dum dum, doo dah, doo dah . . ."). The programming was very good, especially the science-related panels (if my memory is right).

The best thing about MosCon was the people. I love the MosCon people, and I include among them the out-of-towners who appear year after year, and special guests such as Verna, A.J., Buz, Doc's memory, and a host of others who appear every year now (but were not necessarily at MosCon I). The guests were most accessible. I got the chance to get to know and talk to them without being overwhelmed by a crowd.

I remember starting a party -- late -- in my motel room, getting tired, and staying with a local fan (thanks, Sasha; I really appreciated that night's accommodation), only to discover in the morning that I hadn't even worn my shoes out of the motel. (Ever try walking over a pebbly parking lot in the morning with only socks on your feet? Try and explain it away when others notice you -- and then get to your room and try to move the left-over bodies enough to find your shoes.)

A great effort, MosCon I (which, when combined with NonCon 2 one week later in Edmonton, made for a great long party) was the best holiday I have ever had, and among the best conventions I have been to. The one thing that stands out is that MosCon is the most consistent convention I go to; I have never been to one I haven't enjoyed and I have only missed one (MosCon II).



# THE GOOD FIGHT IN UTOPIA

by *Dean Ing*

(MosCon VIII Author Guest of Honor)

I've got a great topic for con panels. The good news is, it's been the pivot for many fine stories. But the bad news is, it can produce bigger sparks than a Van de Graaff generator. Just for the hell of it, I'll flag some pregnant story ideas in the paragraphs below with, '(PLOTS HERE)'. Ready for the main topic? "Struggling For Status In Future Societies."

Sounds pretty harmless, doesn't it? Trust me: it's bloody dangerous. It can lead to howling matches between One Hundred and Ten Per Cent Americans, and people who claim we're the dumbest, fattest cats ever prepared for skinning. Guess which side I take. Oh, never mind; with two minutes of reading, you won't have to guess.

Early in this centure, Americans struggled to the top of the heap. Today we're a world power whose citizens have more buying power, on the average, than any major society in history. With a few political exceptions like Albania, Americans are given high status everywhere. (Grabbing American hostages isn't denial of this; it's a validation. What use is a hostage without status?) (PLOTS HERE)

This is a towering irony, because few of us are accorded status for anything we've done personally. We're accorded it for what we can buy.

It's less true in emerging societies. They spin off from older societies, struggling to make something better (sometimes it turns out worse, but that doesn't affect the argument). (PLOTS HERE) A developing country is a setting for heroic deeds, but an already-developed country is a setting for enjoying the fruits of grandpa's labor. (PLOTS HERE)

If you're a terrorist, don't fool around with a country that's still full of gutty people who made their status from blood, intelligence, and adrenaline. (PLOTS HERE) The pickings are much better where the people are content to live in glory reflected from ancestral tombstones. Putting it another way, when your citizens care more about what they can buy than what they can do, your society is ripe for skinning.

Lewis Lapham has written of money and class status as our 'civil religion'. (PLOTS HERE) It became Rome's civil religion, on its way downhill -- as well as Britain's. Too bad Lapham is right, because we're very near the brink of the same fate that befell Rome and the British Empire.

The cure for our national heartworm is simple to state, but maybe impossible to do, because status -- like love -- must be offered before it can be obtained. We have to resume giving status to people for what they do, not what they can buy. (MANY PLOTS

HERE) It's easy to diagnose this heartworm: look for conspicuous consumption as a primary goal, and a kinky devotion to "Lifestyles of the Rich and Brain-Dead."

There's nothing wrong with riches per se, and those who amass their own tend to be highly motivated. The problem comes from growing up rich with little motivation to be anything else but -- well, rich. When you find a doctor, a scientist, a farmer, or a teacher who was born rich, you've found someone who's probably free of that heartworm, and who wants to be valued for what he produces rather than for what he consumes. It's my argument that, if our society is to prosper, we have to learn how to produce more folks like that again. (PLOTS HERE) We had plenty of those people, once. Now it looks like we may have to import 'em. (PLOTS HERE) Have you checked the winner lists of our national student competitions the past few years? We can hardly pronounce them!

Science fiction has always been the main repository for ideas on creating utopia (bearing in mind that 'utopia' literally means 'noplac'). It's often claimed that you can't change human nature, but the basic nature of Ben Franklin and Florence Nightingale and Johnny Appleseed and Antonio Gaudi was just as human as anybody's -- and we need more of them, more desperately, than ever before. We don't have to change human nature, we just have to repair the ways we bestow rewards on it. (MANY PLOTS HERE)

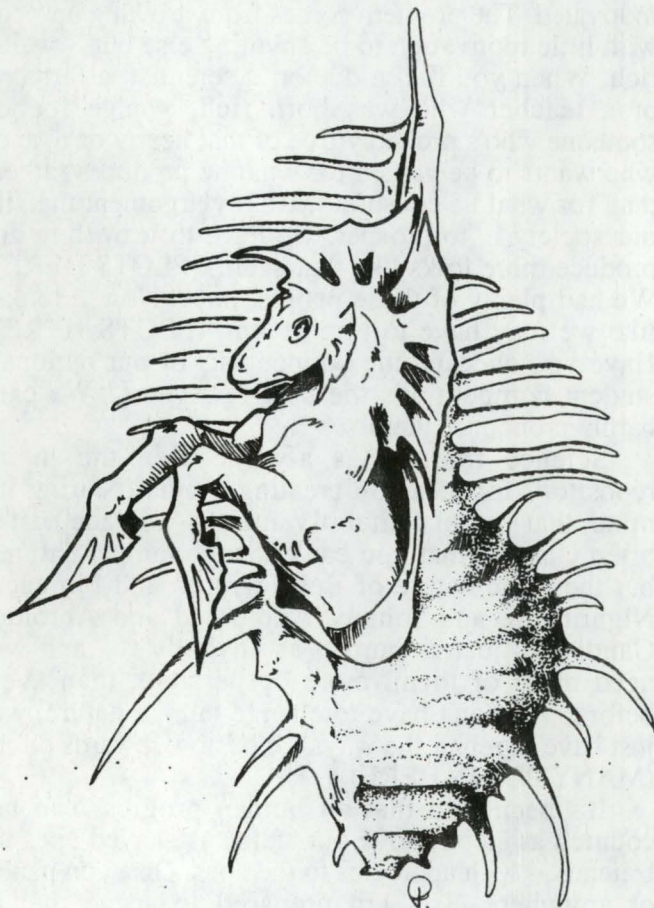
It's been said that all human progress can be counted as steps above our status as shaved apes in britches -- with apologies to the apes. On a con panel or anywhere else, I'm prepared to argue that a utopian society can't work unless its citizens are given their status for what they produce, not for what they consume. The product may be art, pharmaceuticals, or philosophy. But the reward, if we're to resume building a better society in general human terms, must be for the deed, not for its buying power.

You're starting to suspect this is a broadside against capitalism? Don't, because it isn't. Ted Sturgeon and Socrates both told us to keep asking the next question. We might get answers that involve something its detractors have called a meritocracy, or wild and wooly tax reforms, or the famed and dreaded multiple vote, or new kinds of tests for political candidates. (PLOTS HERE) Some such bulwarks could support a capitalist system that will last, instead of drowning in its own by-products. What we will most certainly *not* get is a set of answers that please the permanently idle, whether rich or poor.

I claim we can't even get near utopia without revamping the way we confer status -- and I further note that struggling new societies have always done

it. Can we recover that ethic before we're a third-world country? I wonder. But I don't wonder whether it's a knockout topic for a pro.

Or a con.



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## MOSCON X ALREADY?

by *Georges Giguere*

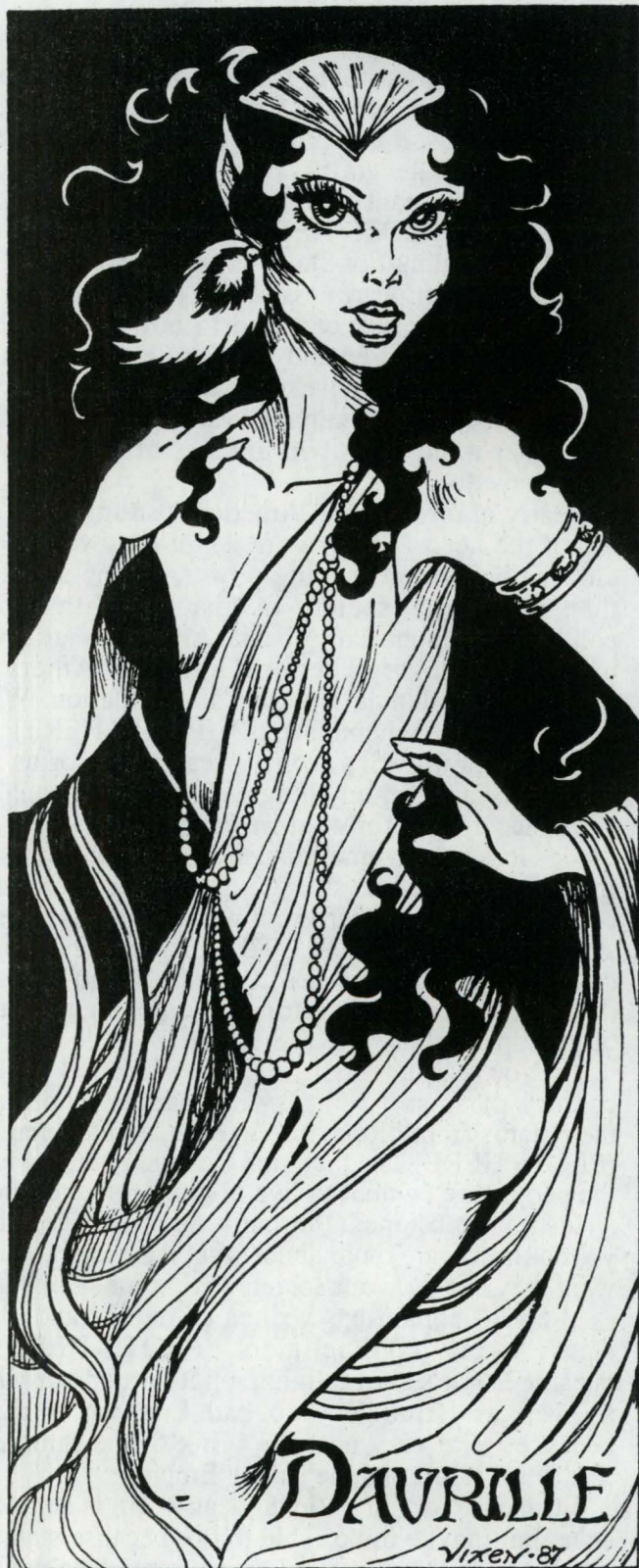
(MosCon V Fan Guest of Honor)

MosCon X already? It seems only yesterday that Randy Reichardt and I headed out on the first of our oh-so-many trips south through the mountains.

MosCon has always been one of my most satisfactory cons. Being the Fan Guest of Honor at MosCon V (along with Algis Budrys, Frank Kelly Freas, and European Guest of Honor Bert Van Den Boogaard) was one of the biggest kicks I've ever had in my life.

And it's especially nice to see so many local fans getting published -- after all, science fiction is the *ergo sum* of fandom.

My fondest regards to Mike, Beth, Amy, and Malen -- those are the four I always think of first when I think of fandom.



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# MOSCOW MEMOIRS

by *Richard Wright*

(MosCon VII Fan Guest of Honor)

I have often said that MosCon is my favorite convention. This is not to slight my own Norwescon or many of the other wonderful conventions which I enjoy each year. But MosCon seems to capture those elements that make a good convention great.

Now, other cons do do well. I think that I would enjoy Norwescon. But, except for #9, I have not really "been" to a Norwescon -- I have been hard at work, for some complex reasons, making it happen. So, I like going to other cons where I can kick back and enjoy.

And MosCon is the place! The primary reason has to be the people, 'cause, if we are trying to create our own little world for the weekend, then we would populate it with people we enjoy being with. This would start with the wonderful people who put on MosCon. I think that my friends who do run MosCon are really special, and they are one reason I keep coming back.

I come, too, for the neat mix of people who attend MosCons. Yes, some are from Seattle and some I see at other conventions, but it seems that some of the best and the brightest venture across the Cascades for this annual rite. Some others, particularly Canadians, I only see at MosCon and it is a real pleasure to be able to visit with them here each year. Another, dear friend, I would *only* see at MosCon, and we would try to spend a few warm hours together each MosCon, giving me another good reason to return.

Yet another, very dear friend, whom I can spend more time with at MosCon than elsewhere, is Algis Budrys. Here we became friends, and look forward to seeing one another each year. MosCon, too, promotes good discussions, and it was also here that we negotiated the move of the Philip K. Dick Award presentations to Norwescon.

With all these neat people in one place, it has to generate some good times. The parties are really great in that they are usually small and intimate, and open, where you can have a bright and lively discussion of your favorite topic to as deep an intellectual level as you want. Or you can be as bright and silly as you want. Everyone seems to play off each other and enjoy the experience.

And, of course, there is the hot tub -- the mark of MosCon. Here, bubbling away in people soup, continuing that conversation from the party upstairs, you enter a very neat Twilight Zone, an experience that you will not find anywhere else on this Earth or others.

MosCon has some sad times, too. We have lost

some good friends by their moving. MosCon has also become an official leaving place -- for Greg Bennett, Becky Thomson, and myself (but I came back!). In many ways, we all keep coming back.

It must be the size: the physical confines of Cavanaugh's creates that critical mass for this special mix of people to combine to make this Brigadoon happen. We keep coming back. For ten many years. From that place down the street to Cavanaugh's, where size, layout, and a special management and staff made it, for the last nine years, a sell-out for the next year on the Sunday of MosCon.

It must be the people who put this puppy on, I say again. From the beginning, the management of MosCon attracted those who seem to *care* about their convention and its participants, rather than their own ego enlargement. This led them to scale the con to a reasonable size, and limit the program to what they do best, like the Art Show, and what fits their guests, without programming just for its own sake.

This led also to a sound financial management policy that has kept them in the black the whole time. Further, this has led to the growth in their local SF community that has seen the emergence of new published talent from the Moscow Maffia, the writing seminars, and a continued sense of purpose.

It must be us, who keep coming back. We say "We are our own entertainment" and it is indeed fortunate that we have such a wonderful venue as MosCon in which to entertain ourselves. We need to congratulate ourselves, as well as the MosCon managers, for ten years of successful entertainment.

All this success does have its downside, though. We have seen an eroding of personal responsibility that is evidenced by a reduced number of volunteers to help run the convention, an increased number of vandals and "nasty" drunks, and a reduced sense of community by some individuals.

The loss of volunteers is critical -- as we realize that our cons are completely volunteer run -- and seemingly effects all cons: the rate of Norwescon volunteering, for example, has dropped from about 12% of the convention population to around 6%. Now, less people work harder to make the good times happen. This just is not fair and must be reversed. The message is, "This is your con -- help make it happen!"

MosCon has been forced to remind some of their responsibility to others with such things as the cold water patrol, and the increased security problems are being worked out. A workshop at this year's Norwescon Point Five labored over these issues and found some answers. But the problems are, in many ways, societal and the solutions are not easy.

But we have had ten years of good times, for sure. An annual gathering of a special kind of family. We will keep coming back, I can be certain. Because of the people. And the parties . . .

# ASK MR. SCIENCE

(Secrets of the Universe Revealed at Last!)

by *Mr. Science*

Mrs. SC, of Burnaby, B.C., asks:  
**What are cosmic rays?**

Cosmic Rays are distant relatives of Manta Rays, and swim in the great sea between the stars. Although immense by terrestrial standards, they are curious and gentle creatures, and have brought harm to no one. They are very tenuously constructed, however, and when they accidentally fall into the Earth's atmosphere they shrink tremendously in size, until they can only be detected by cloud chambers or other sophisticated apparatus. They are killed, of course, when they strike the ground at high speed, and it is feared this species will someday become extinct.

Mr. AB, of Surrey, B.C., asks:  
**What are conservation laws in science?**

It was felt that it would be best if quantities of certain kinds of things in the universe remained constant. Hence parliament passed, in 1873, what are known as the "Scientific Conservation Laws." One such is the little-known conservation law of the Conservation of Adipose Matter. This law states that if you go on a diet and lose weight, someone else must gain it in order that the total amount of fat in the universe remains constant. So, the next time you selfishly want to look and feel better by dieting, remember the harm you are inflicting upon some unsuspecting, innocent person who is probably a friend of yours.

Ms. LB, of Burnaby, B.C., asks:  
**Why is the sky blue?**

The present color of the sky is caused by an accumulation of the traces of blue aniline dyes produced by the burning of tobacco in cigarettes. As the foul habit of cigarette smoking is stamped out, and the photo-destruction of these insidious dyes takes place in the upper atmosphere, the sky will slowly return to its normal, beautiful, salmon-pink color.

Mr. DG, of Burnaby, B.C., asks:  
**Why does sound not travel through a vacuum?**

This is actually just another old wive's tale. Sound does indeed travel through a vacuum, but cannot pass through the boundary between the vacuum and the air. The very large difference in the Index of Acoustical Refraction of vacuum and air causes the sound to be totally reflected at the interface, and hence it appears, falsely, that sound will not traverse

a vacuum. Indeed, to those creatures which live in vacuum it appears, for the same reason, that sound cannot travel through air.

Ms. FS, of Burnaby, B.C., asks:  
**What is electricity?**

Beginning students of electricity are taught an analogy between the flow of electricity through a wire and the flow of water through a pipe. This is closer to the truth than most scientists believe. There is a great deal of empty space between the atoms of a metal (such as copper), and it is through this empty space that the electric fluid flows. A non-conductor does not conduct the electric fluid because there is far less empty space available between its atoms or molecules. The function of the rubber or plastic "insulation" on a wire, incidentally, is simply to keep the electric fluid from leaking out of the sides of the wire, thereby making slippery puddles on the floor.

Ms. DM, of North Vancouver, B.C., asks:  
**Why are rocks so hard?**

Although they may appear to be inanimate objects, rocks are in reality very slow moving, rather unintelligent animals with very thick skins. Because they move so slowly, they have developed some interesting defense mechanisms. First, rocks do not taste good and most creatures that try eating one do not repeat the experiment. Second, rocks do not like being sat upon. If you sit on one it will become tense, its skin getting harder and harder until you finally have to move. By the way, when rocks are in a hurry they simply crawl into streams where the water acts as a lubricant, allowing them to slide along the ground more quickly.

Ms. NB, of Richmond, B.C., asks:  
**What does my bank teller mean when she says "the computer is down"?**

What most people think this means is that the computer is located in the basement. This is not correct. When people first started inventing computers, they did not realize they were creating silicon-based life-forms. Like other living things, those made of silicon are very temperamental and inherently unreliable. Computers, for instance, "crash" all the time (this is why programmers "boot" them). A computer with a hard disk is said to be "up." A computer with a soft (floppy) disk is said to be "down." Your teller doesn't know any of this, of course. What she means when she says the computer is down is "go away, it's my coffee break time."

Mr. PS, of Campbell River, B.C., asks:  
**Why does the smoke from a campfire always follow me, no matter which side of**

**the fire I go to?**

All smoke, whether from campfires or cigarettes, is attracted by the homeopathic diamagnetism emitted, in one degree or another, by almost all people. If you and a friend stand on opposite sides of a campfire -- or cigarette smoker -- the smoke will seek out the one of you with the stronger personality. Genghis Khan and Adolph Hitler were well-known smoke attractors.

Mr. MC, of Sydney, B.C., asks:  
**What are the Nobel Prizes?**

The Nobel Prizes are to science what the Academy Awards (the Oscars) are to the movies. They are awarded in various categories, such as "Best Male Scientist," "Best Female Scientist," "Best Scientist is a Supporting Role," "Maddest Scientist," "Best Foreign Scientist," "Most Expensive Government Project," "Most Destructive Military Scientific Development," etc. The 1983 Nobel Peace and Quiet Prize was awarded to the Sony Corporation of Japan for the invention of the Walkman.

Ms. DM, of Coquitlam, B.C., asks:  
**Why does my cat have extra toes?**

Cats have four toes and a dew-claw on each foot. The creature you describe is, in actuality, the larval form of the Sasquatch, or Bigfoot. In the spring of its fourteenth year, your "pet" will seek out a very secure hiding place, where it will spin a dense cocoon around itself. It will emerge six weeks later, a fully-formed Yehti, only 40 centimeters tall.

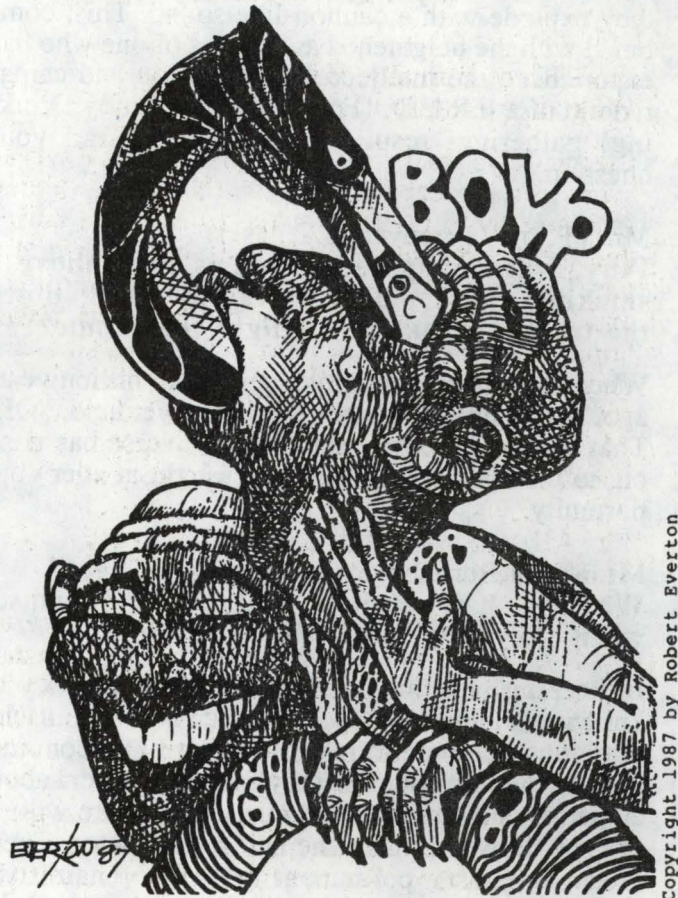
Mr. SM, of Vancouver, B.C., asks:  
**What is gravity?**

The popular belief that Sir Isaac Newton invented gravity in 1687 as a means of more easily getting apples out of his tree has held back a true understanding of the nature of gravity for three centuries. And the modern idea that gravity is an attractive force from within the mass of the Earth has no more validity than the former view. Gravity is, in fact, a repulsive force directed at us from outer space by aliens who are attempting to prevent us from leaving our planet to explore the universe. If it were not for their semi-successful efforts, we would be able to travel in space, as they do, in vehicles no more complicated than hot-air balloons.

Mr. JM, of Vancouver, B.C., asks:  
**How can one prevent contact lenses from fogging, now that the cold, wet weather is here?**

If, before inserting the lenses, one will first rub the

entire front surface of both eyeballs with the cut end of a potato, fogging will be prevented. A further benefit of this method is that less grease will be required to fry the potato afterwards.



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Mr. GB, of Vancouver, B.C., asks:  
**Was the 1939 Worldcon the first SF convention?**

No. According to the final con report prepared by Aristophanes and published in *ALPHAPA*, the first science fiction convention was held in Socrates' garden early in 399 B.C. The Pro Guest of Honor was Plato, the Fan Guest of Honor was Thucydides, and Praxiteles was Artist GoH. The Bacchanal featured imported Persian belly dancers. First prize in the costume judging was won by Dionysius the Elder who, dressed as Icarus, suffered minor burns when he accidentally backed into an illuminating torch. The banquet caterers unfortunately served hemlock blintzes, with the tragic results we all know.

Mr. CH, of North Vancouver, B.C., asks:  
**Why do Alka-Seltzer bubbles sound so loud on the Saturday morning following F.R.E.D.?**

In order to prevent the bubbles formed by dissolving Alka-Seltzer in water from accumulating at the bot-

tom of the glass, each tablet is coated with thousands of extremely tiny stainless steel springs, which serve to launch each newly-formed bubble towards the surface with high velocity. These fast rising bubbles are shot into the air above the water's surface where they explode with a cannon-like sound. This, combined with the heightened awareness of one who has experienced the intellectual stimulation and camaraderie of a F.R.E.D. (Forget Reality, Enjoy Drinking) gathering, results in the fact behind your question.

Mr. VF, of Vancouver, B.C., asks:

**Why, when a lighted match is held above a smoking candle, does the flame flash down the trail of smoke and relight the candle?**

When the universe was told, seventeen billion years ago, "Let There Be Light," no one ever said, "OK, That's Enough." As a result, the universe has gone on, to this day, trying to produce light at every opportunity.

Mr. SE, of Burnaby, B.C., asks:

**Why do hair stylists call them "perms," when they only last a few months?**

In keeping with his glasnost-compatible policy of knowing all and telling all, Mr. Science will answer this question even though it is more an economic than a scientific one. The only thing permanent about a "perm" is the money that many people are willing to keep throwing inside the hair stylist's door. There is but one truly permanent method of hair style preservation: complete epoxy encapsulation of the patron's head. However, this has a major and, some say, undesirable side-effect.

Ms. FH, of Vancouver, B.C., asks:

**Why do cats make that strange coughing sound when observing birds?**

Cats, unfortunately, are the victims of a major genetic defect. While stalking, they attempt to decoy their prey by imitating the birds' chirping vocalization. But, because of a severe error in all cats' sense of hearing caused by this genetic mutation, their imitation of chirps comes out as a growling cough. Cats do not respond to being called by their name for the same reason.

Mr. DW, of Ladner, B.C., asks:

**Do I capture a person's soul when I take his or her picture with my camera?**

It is no longer possible to capture a human soul by normal photographic methods. In the very earliest days of Daguerrean photography, from 1837 to 1840, stealing souls photographically was quite com-

mon, since exposure times of 20 to 30 minutes in bright daylight were easily long enough to weaken struggling souls to the point where they could be drawn in through the lens. Early improvements in the art of photography, which resulted in shorter exposure times, ensured that even slightly recalcitrant souls could escape capture. Modern methods, with their extremely short exposures, have made it impossible for souls to be taken, since even those eager to leave their hosts cannot move quickly enough to reach the camera before the shutter has closed.

Mr. GS, of Vancouver, B.C., asks:

**Will there be chicken in outer space?**

*(This is a condensation of GS's original question, which occupied fourteen pages of single-spaced, typewritten text.)*

All life on Earth is descended from microbes in the excrement of a race of chicken-like aliens which visited here 3.26 billion years ago. What we will find in outer space is the result of a large number of evolutionary changes in these creatures. They are not likely to take kindly to being considered as candidates for the frying pan.

Mr. LM, of North Vancouver, B.C., asks:

**Why does looking at the sun make one sneeze?**

The Solar Sneeze is a distorted racial memory of Sun Worship. An acquaintance of Mr. Science always, when looking at the sun, sneezes three times; not more, not less. This is the result of the ancient priests so often exhorting their followers to "give three cheers for the Sun." Ra! Ra! Ra!

Mr. RGC, of Vancouver, B.C., asks:

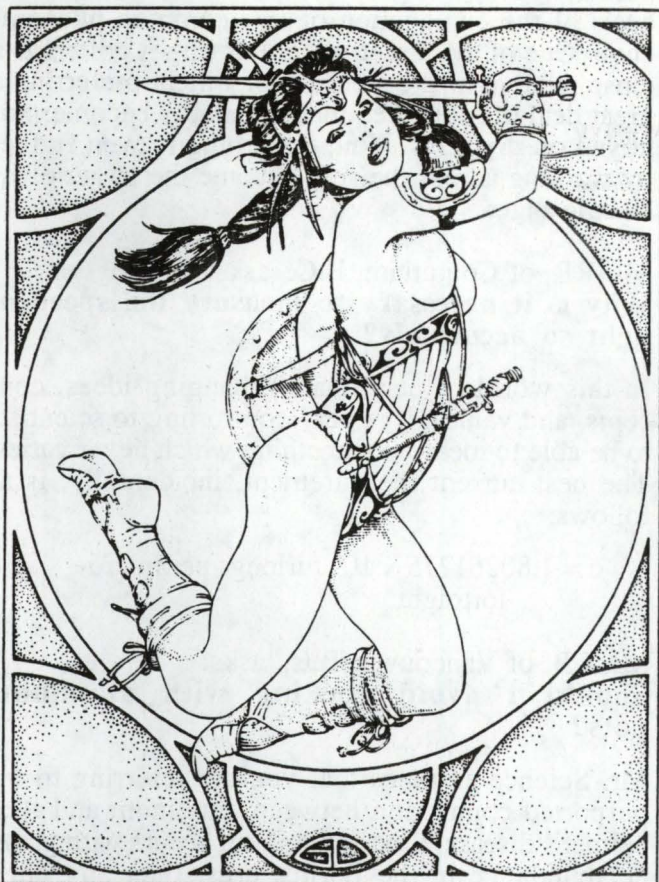
**Why, despite the world's rivers emptying millions of tons of water into the oceans every day, does the average sea level always remain the same?**

The basic idea of the Earth having a molten core is correct, but the presumed liquid is not. The Earth's hollow core has been filling, not with molten iron, but with water. The remaining space is small and calculations indicate it will be filled about the beginning of May, 1988. The sea level will then begin to rise. U.B.C. is high enough that V-Con 16 will not be affected, but V-Con 17 will probably have to be held at the top of Grouse Mountain.

Mr. SF, of Coquitlam, B.C., asks:

**Are perpetual motion machines possible?**

Perpetual motion machines of the 37th kind (the first 36 kinds were all fraudulent) have recently been constructed which weigh 50 kilograms, develop 150



horsepower, and work by extracting energy from vortices in the luminiferous aether through which the universe is moving. Knowledge of the existence of these machines has been suppressed by the International Oil Cartel, and they will be "invented" only when the oil supply has dwindled to almost nothing.

Mr. RWS, of Coquitlam, B.C., asks:  
**Why do the bubbles in my beer always start at the same height in the glass, and what does this have to do with Quark Quantum Chromodynamics?**

The unique property of beer, called the Plimsoll Effect, is caused by the presence, in all beers, of strongly radioactive heavy isotopes, which quickly settle to the bottom of the glass. The alpha particles emitted by these isotopes are, of course, the nuclei of helium atoms. These helium nuclei capture electrons when they slow down, and form minute bubbles of helium gas, which rise through the beer, coalescing into ever larger bubbles until they finally become visible at the Plimsoll Line. The connection with Quark Quantum Chromodynamics is perfectly obvious, and need not be discussed here.

Ms. MM, formerly of Bellingham, WA, asks:  
**Why does my TV set briefly display a white**

**dot in the center of the screen when I turn it off?**

Your set was designed by an electronics engineer who, in his spare time, was a fervent student of English grammar. The white spot is the equivalent of the period at the end of a sentence.

Mr. OH, of Vancouver, B.C., asks:  
**Why is it that essential food groups are called "staples?"**

In the 1870's those items said to be "the four essential food groups (i.e., preservatives (including artificial colors), salt, sugar, and cholesterol)," were shipped in large boxes with lids held in place by U-shaped metal fasteners, so they could be inspected. Government examiners were sent to "pull the staples," thus giving rise to the expression.

Mr. KJ and Mr. JH, both of Victoria, B.C., ask:  
**Why do fools fall in love?**

Fools -- that is, all persons with an IQ of under 157 -- lack the observational capacity to recognize pheromonal and chemical attraction for what it is, and instead believe themselves to be "in love." Incidentally, the answer to that other often-asked question, "Does love make the world go 'round?" is no. But it does make it go up and down a little.

Mr. WCSAAL, of Burnaby, B.C., asks:  
**Why is it so warm at SF club meetings?**

The extreme acceleration of mental activity required to keep up with the constant, high-speed flow of remarkably intelligent ideas and concepts at these gatherings is made possible by a major increase in the brain's consumption of blood-borne organic compounds derived from the alkanes, particularly ethane, by the substitution of one hydroxyl radical for one hydrogen atom. This results in a 5 degree Kelvin temperature increase in the upper part of the body. Incidentally, Mr. Science recommends, as an energy saving measure, the universal use of the Kelvin system of temperature measurement, since even the most cold-blooded person will hesitate to turn up the furnace when told that the room temperature is 293 degrees.

Ms. LS, of Port Moody, B.C., asks:  
**What does the groundhog do for the rest of the year?**

As your question so correctly points out, the groundhog's employment prospects are highly seasonal in nature. All the rest of society owes a large debt of gratitude to the groundhog, since it was for the benefit of this creature, which makes such an



invaluable contribution to the science of weather prediction, that unemployment insurance was created.

Many have written to ask:

**Where did Mr. Science learn all he knows?**

If Mr. Science were to divulge this information he, like the goundhog, would be unemployed most of the year. He has stated, however, that the secrets of the universe cannot long withstand the intense probings of one imbued with curiosity and uncommon sense.

Mr. EH, of Vancouver, B.C., asks:

**What is spring fever?**

An infection by the antibiotic-resistant micro-organism *vernalbacterium equinoxii* is responsible for this disease. The major symptoms are an unusual sensitivity to cloudless skies and a slight irritation of the limbs' joints, which can only be relieved by walking to and fro while making sweeping motions with the upper torso. Fortunately, this infection is of short duration and recovery is generally complete.

Ms. BD, of Vancouver, B.C., asks:

**Can I become ill by talking with a sick person on the telephone?**

You cannot catch bacterial diseases in this manner. Viruses, however, are small enough to pass through the interstices in the telephone wire. They are driven along by the undulating electric current at about half the speed of sound. This means that you are safe for about ten seconds for every mile between you and the infected person with whom you are speaking.

Mr. DF, of New Westminster, B.C., asks:

**Why do I get a shock after walking across a rug on a dry day?**

The currently popular TV commercial showing the

destruction of a rug by "carpet critters" forms the basis of the explanation of this common phenomenon. One of the larger variety of carpet critters is a close relative of the electric eel which, preferring a great deal of moisture, understandably becomes annoyed on dry days. You, disturbing it even further by walking across the rug, become the target of its electric anger.

Ms. RR, of Coquitlam, B.C., asks:

**Why is it necessary to measure the speed of light so accurately?**

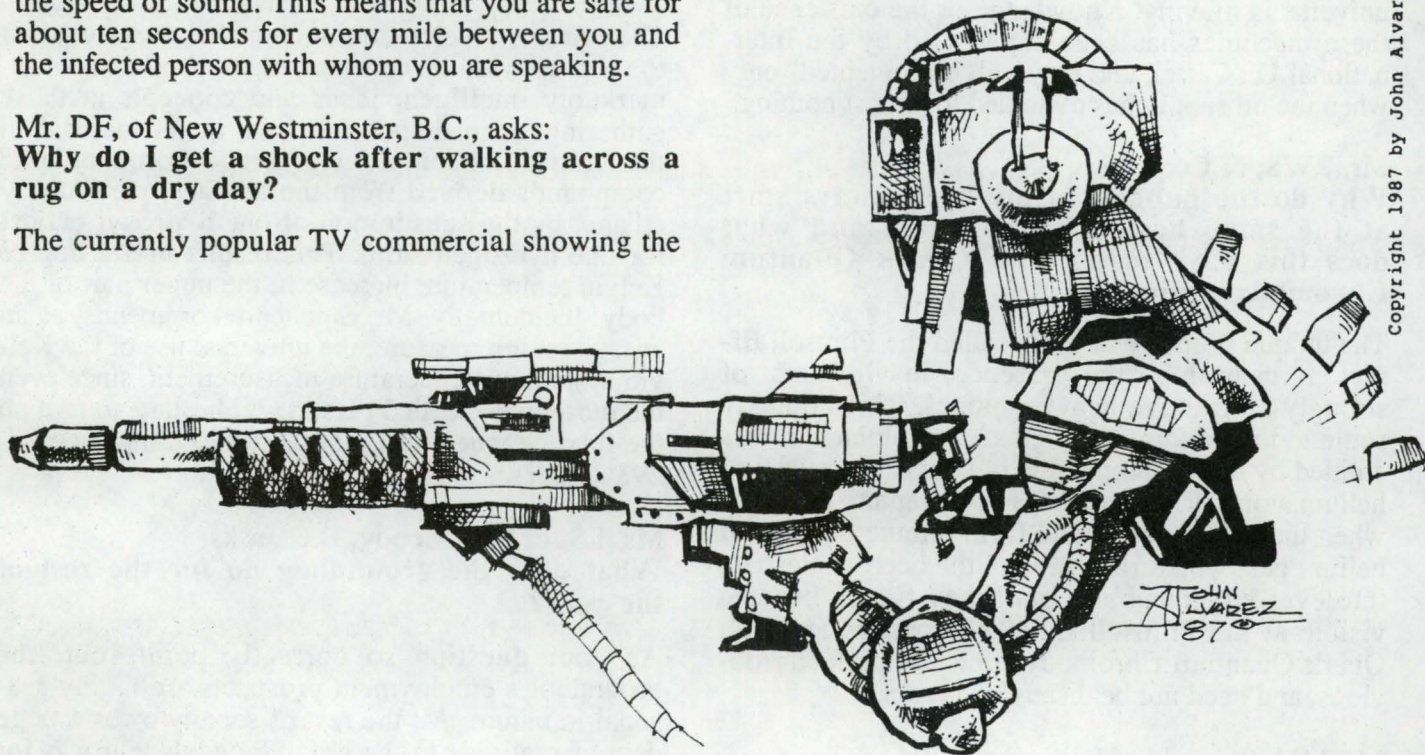
In this world of perpetually changing ideas, concepts, and values, it is very comforting to scientists to be able to measure something which never varies. The best current measurement, incidentally, is as follows:

$$c = 1.80261775 \times 10^6 \text{ furlongs per microfortnight.}$$

Mr. CB, of Vancouver, B.C., asks:

**Should I avoid cooking with aluminum pots?**

Mr. Science assumes that you are referring to the purported connection between aluminum and Alzheimer's disease. Since aluminum occurs with greater abundance in the Earth's crust than any other metal, it is difficult to . . . what was the question again?



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# ARE WE NOT FEN? WE ARE PESFA!

(A Short and Unofficial History of  
the Palouse Empire Science  
Fiction Association)

by Jon Gustafson

Back in the early Stoned Age in Pullman, Washington, somewhere around April, 1973, Steve Fahnestalk and I met. We met over the cool green felt of a pool table at Washington State University, but soon found that we had other things than pool in common . . . such as science fiction. Things haven't been the same in the Pullman and Moscow (Idaho; a mere eight miles east) area since.

Early in 1974, Steve had the bright (?) idea of teaching a class in science fiction for the Free University (classes unrelated to WSU and taught by volunteers; subjects range from yoga to foreign languages to auto repair to macrobiotic cooking). The first class was held in February of that year; I was Steve's "assistant," and we had four people take the class. From the class, we would meet in the Compton Union Building (the CUB) afterwards and BS about science fiction and a hundred other topics and gradually the group grew.

Sometime later that first spring, the idea of an "official" science fiction club reared its head and was quickly beaten to death . . . anarchy was the rule of the day and remains so to the present. However, the idea of a science fiction fanzine was born and *New Venture* came into existence. Edited by Steve and I, *New Venture* lasted only five issues, but was an influential magazine nonetheless, with the last issue being a Special Art Issue. It contained 125 pages of art from the best fan and professional artists in the field, with a full-color cover by Frank Kelly Freas.

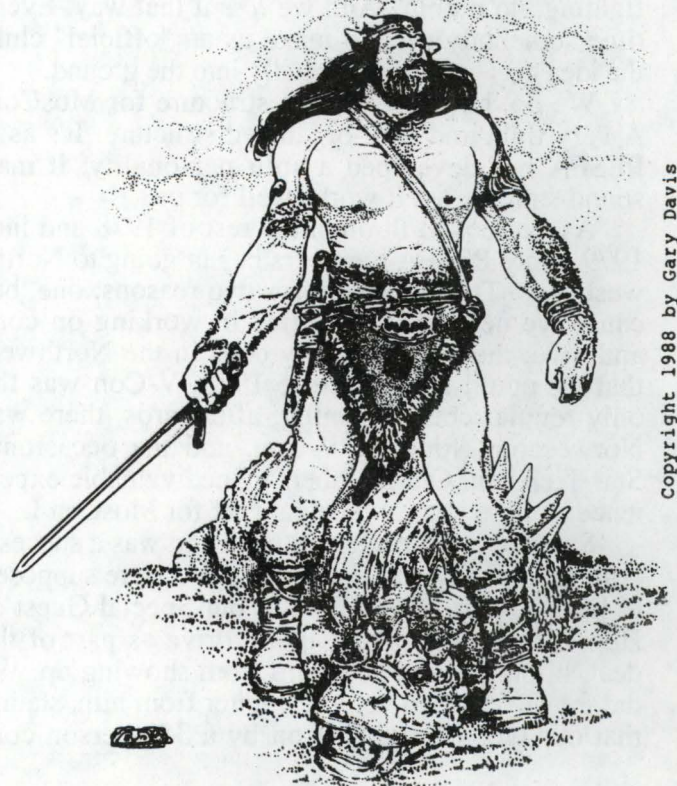
Through 1974 and 1975, the as-yet-unnamed science fiction group met at the CUB, or Steve's house, or other places around Pullman. This changed when, in 1975, Dean Wesley Smith joined the crew. Dean, you see, owned a used book store in Moscow, which quickly became the "headquarters" of the group.

The Paperback Exchange, Dean's store, was a small place located above a bank. It had the type of atmosphere that encouraged more creativity. The meetings, which by that time had grown to having eight or ten people each time, began including things like group short stories, which began skimpily and usually never got finished, but were lots of fun, nonetheless. Ask myself or Steve or Dean about J.D.D. Sands sometimes, if you'd like to hear an amusing story about group writing.

In 1975, Steve, myself, and Dan Mullen (one of our early members) attended our first sf convention, the Oakland Westercon, and we immediately got hooked on cons. As we were coming back to Pullman, Steve began foaming at the mouth and muttering "We gotta have one, we gotta have one, we gotta . . ." He kept this up sporadically for the next three years, driving many of us to distraction.

The next con Steve and I went to was V-Con in 1976. We worked a bit with their con committee, doing small jobs and gofer errands. After that came MidAmeriCon (the famous . . . or infamous . . . "Big Mac;" the largest con to that date), the 1976 World Science Fiction Convention in Kansas City. Steve and I met and talked with many people who we had considered "big shots" in sf, and -- once again -- found out that they were just people like us. (For me, the highlight of the con was going up on stage and picking up the Hugo award for Dick Geis when he won for Best Fan Writer.) We gained a lot more knowledge and experience at that con, experience that would do us immense good later.

Up to this point, Steve and I were the only ones going to sf cons. This changed in a hurry. By the first Norwescon (in Seattle, 1978), about half the group was going to cons . . . and Steve was muttering louder than ever "We gotta have one, we gotta have one, we gotta . . ." It became harder and harder to shut it out of our ears. After each con, it seemed, the group became more and more interested in cons and the other aspects of sf fandom. We began attracting more people to us. We grew, and by the fall of 1978, Steve's mutterings could no longer be resisted. We decided to put on a con of our own.



Copyright 1988 by Gary Davis

And so we did. We started out by each of the concom buying a membership, which gave us the seed money to start with. (There were also several of us who made a pledge that if, by some unfortunate circumstances, the con should lose money, we would cover the losses out of our own pockets. This was not being noble, simply practical.) By the winter of 1978, the first flyers promoting MosCon I were making their rounds and it was out of our hands. We made arrangements with the University Inn/Best Western in Moscow for function space and we were off . . . more or less. Perhaps the most interesting thing about our first con was that none of us had ever been part of a con committee before. (I think the expression is: "The blind leading the blind.") But we knew two things: one, that we had a lot of talent in our group (which by now totalled about 25) and, two, we knew enough to *ask advice of people who had put on cons*. So, we didn't see the lack of experience as much of a handicap. (Foolish, weren't we?)

Also in the fall of 1978, our group gained a name: PESFA. It was, I fear, my brainchild (nobody else came up with a better name -- what can I say?) and adopted by lack of opposition; it stands for Palouse Empire (the nickname for the Pullman-Moscow area) Science Fiction Association. We adopted a name for our group because we figured it would sound a whole lot better if the flyers for the con read "MosCon I, sponsored by PESFA" rather than "MosCon I, sponsored by a small group of sf fans in the Pullman-Moscow area." And, although we have an official name for our group now, we still do not have any official structure: no dues, no officers, no bylaws, no Robert's Rules of Order, no political infighting, no nuthin'. And we *like* it that way. Every time somebody tries to make us an "official" club, the idea gets hammered brutally into the ground.

We do, however, have a structure for MosCon. A very tight and well-organized structure. It's as if PESFA has developed a split personality; it may sound strange, but it works well for us.

As we moved through the rest of 1978 and into 1979, more PESFA members began going to Northwest cons. This happened for two reasons: one, because we needed the practice in working on cons and, two, there were finally cons in the Northwest that we could go to. Before 1978, V-Con was the only regular con happening; afterwards, there was Norwescon, NonCon, V-Con, and the occasional Star Trek con. Our members gained valuable experience at these cons, which paid off for MosCon I.

So, MosCon I came and went and was a success, both esthetically and financially. We were supposed to have Robert A. Heinlein as our Special Guest of Honor, and sponsored a blood drive as part of the deal, but his health kept him from showing up. We did, however, get a very nice letter from him, stating that our blood drive (put on by a 350-person con)

had generated the *most blood given by any con* to that date . . . and that included the Westercons and Worldcons!

We planned for MosCon II just as soon as we recovered from MosCon I, and then for MosCon III, and MosCon IV, and . . . It has been many years, now, since PESFA started and still we roll along. This year we are planning MosCon X and in 1989 will be co-sponsoring Banff International '89 with NonCon, the first joint (so far as I know) Canadian-American convention ever held.

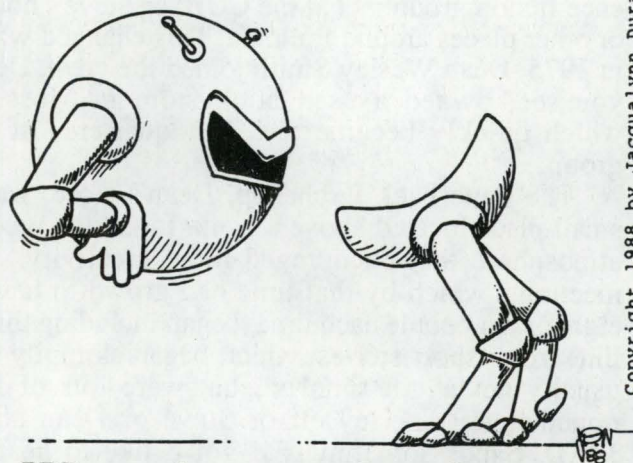
One of the other offshoots of PESFA came about in February (I believe) of 1982 with the formation of Writer's Bloc (later to pick up the nickname of the Moscow Moffia). This was an attempt by a number of PESFAns to improve their writing skills by forming a critique group. Again, the original idea was Steve Fahnestalk's, although the inspiration sprang from the monumental writing efforts of Steve Schlich. The first meetings were held in the Paperback Exchange. This critique group, which has had about 50 people (not necessarily PESFAns) pass through it, has had 17 people become published writers. It has also spawned the Moscow Moffia Writers' Program, a business that sets up professional-level writing seminars and workshops around the Northwest.

PESFA is still without structure. (We may be without form, but we are not void.) It is perhaps one of the best examples of a functioning anarchy in existence and intends to stay that way. We have met every Thursday since 1974 . . . with the exceptions of Thanksgiving and Christmas . . . and the future seems full of Thursdays. And anarchy. And great people.

Are we not fen?

We are PESFA!

(With apologies to Devo.)



Where have you been?

# Places to Eat: Moscow, Idaho

by Betty Smith

(with additions, corrections . . . and  
probably errors . . . by Jon Gustafson)

## Arby's

150 Peterson Drive  
882-4223

Hours: 10:30 am to 11:00 pm

*Fast food on a roast beef sandwich theme. Good salad bar and stuffed potatoes.*

## Baskin Robbins

1244 W. Pullman Rd.  
882-4409

Hours: 11:00 am to 11:00 pm

*Ice cream in multitudes of flavors*

## Biscuitroot Restaurant

415 South Main  
882-3560

Hours: 11:00 am to 10:00 pm

*Biscuitroot is a tradition with MosCon. The atmosphere is quite nice and the food is a step above the usual fare. Prices range in dinner from about five to twenty dollars a plate depending on choices from the appetizer, wine and dessert selection. Portions are generous and the recipes are often original restaurant creations. Sunday brunch. If nothing else, save your pennies after the art show and go split a dessert with a friend.*

## Bonanza

Palouse Empire Mall parking lot  
Hours: 10:30 am to 10:00 pm

*Bonanza boasts one of the largest salad bars in the area. Prices range from four to seven dollars a plate. The menu includes steak, chicken, and shrimp. It is a very clean restaurant geared for family/college student. Musak pumped over the speakers adds to the atmosphere. If you are feeling timid, it won't surprise you.*

## Broiler

1516 W. Pullman Rd.

University Inn Best Western

Lunch is served 11:00 am to 2:00 pm

Dinner 5:30 pm to 11:00 pm

Sunday Brunch 9:00 am to 2:00 pm

*Dinner at the Broiler is another of Moscow's fine dining experiences. The menu isn't as extensive as Biscuitroot's but the selections are in classic good taste. Char-broiled steak, seafood which includes salmon and orange roughy, and veal piccata are just a sample of what is waiting for you here. Desserts are marvelous here. I've even stolen some of the recipes. Dinner ranges from five dollars to fifteen but most dishes are priced at eleven or twelve dollars.*

## Carl's Cafe

1830 Pullman Rd.

Palouse Empire Mall

Hours: 7:00 am to 8:00 pm

*An excellent place to have coffee while the wash is in the spin cycle (there is a laundromat about two doors down). Burgers, fries, sometimes they even have pie.*

## Chinese Village

Highway 95 South on your left hand side  
882-2931

Hours: 4:00 pm to 2:00 am Monday thru  
Saturday  
4:00 pm to 10:00 pm Sunday

*The ability to seat large groups of people together quickly and the cocktail bar enhance the attractiveness of this restaurant. They serve standard Idaho Chinese food. The late open hours make this a standard convention stop.*

## Chameleon (Cafe Spudnik)

215 South Main  
882-9789

Hours 10:00 am to 11:00 pm

*Espresso Bar and coffee concoctions are featured at this little new wave establishment. Lunch time food usually features quiche of some type and salad. The Italian sodas are good here.*

## Chang Sing Restaurant

512 South Washington  
882-1154

Hours: 11:00 am to 9:30 pm

*Lots of onion, celery and oil served. As a family run business it is entertaining. When folks fight in the kitchen most people can't understand them.*

## Daylight Donuts

428 W. 3rd.  
882-7532

Hours: 10:00 pm till 1:00 pm (that's 15 hours open folks)

*Raised and cake donuts fresh that day or they don't serve them. Coffee and space for late night discussion. Walk from the motel.*

### **Domino's Pizza**

308 N. Main  
883-1555

Hours: Sunday thru Wednesday 11 am to 1 am  
Thursday thru Saturday 11 am to 2 am

*Call out Pizza*

### **Galloway's Bar and Grill**

112 N. Main  
882-0132

Hours: 11:00 am to 8:00 pm

*Up one flight in the Moose Lodge is a great cafe and a cowboy bar. The burger specials are a lot of food for the price and the rest of the menu is quite good.*

### **Gambino's Italian Restaurant**

308 W. 6th Street  
882-4545

Hours: 11:00 am to 10:00 pm

*Lunch features great sandwiches with an Italian flair. Dinner includes all sorts of pastas and eggplant parmesan and the like. Prices range from three to four dollars for lunch up to ten or so for dinner. Be careful ordering beer here. The small is much larger than a regular glass. Outdoor dining and copious servings of beer and other carbohydrates makes this a favorite hangout of students.*

### **Johnnie's Restaurant and Lounge**

226 W. 6th  
882-9998

*I've never been disappointed by a straight shot at the lounge.*

### **Karl Marks Pizza**

1330 West Pullman Rd.  
882-7080

Hours: 11:00 am to 11:00 pm

*Good salad bar and good pizza.*

### **King's Table**

Palouse Empire Mall  
882-9188

Hours: 11:00 am to 8:30 pm

*Sunday is crowded with Senior Citizens. Dean Smith used to go there on Seafood nights. (MosCon trivia.)*

### **Main Street Deli**

311 S. Main  
882-0743

Hours: 7:00 am to 7:00 pm Fridays they are open until 9:00 pm.

*Breakfast served daily. The deli is famous for their fresh baked scones, rolls and other goodies. Lunch features a two and a three dollar special. They serve various sandwiches, salads and soups. The sidewalk cafe provides a change from indoor dining. Sunday features a champagne brunch: 9am to 1pm.*

### **Mark IV Restaurant**

414 N. Main  
882-4992

Hours: 6am to 10pm

*Standard sort of hotel restaurant.*

### **McDonald's**

1404 W. Pullman Rd.  
882-2900

Hours: Friday & Saturday 6:00 am to 1:00 am  
Sunday & Thursday 6:00 am to 11:00 pm

### **Mercy Beanz**

Located on Main Street in the Armstrong Brookfield Circadian Building

882-1656

Hours: Open daily from 10:00 am to 10:00 pm  
closed Sundays

*This is a lovely little coffee house with cozy tables and nice artwork on display. Coffee drinks figure heavily on the menu but there are herb teas and apple cider for those not addicted to caffiene. Menu changes daily but usually includes bagels and home baked yummys and a hearty soup as a main course. Fridays and Saturdays from 4pm to 8pm is end of the week champagne, 1\$ a glass.*

### **Mikey's Greek Gyros**

527 South Main  
Armstrong Brookfield Circadian Building  
822-0780

Hours: Monday thru Thursday 11:00 am to 8:00 pm  
Friday 11:00 am to 9:00 pm  
Saturday Noon to 9:00 pm

*A gyro is a greek taco which consists of pita bread filled with seasoned beef, tomatoes, lettuce and a creamy dressing. The salads are excellent and the prices are geared for the low end of a college budget. They serve imported beer and baklava. Service can be slower than one would expect for a limited menu restaurant, so bear that in mind as you plan excursions, or call and order ahead and meet your food in fifteen minutes.*

**Montague's**

117 E. Third  
882-4292

Hours: Monday thru Friday 6:30 am to 8:00 pm  
Saturday 7:00 am to 2:00 pm

*Breakfast and lunch. Sandwiches are their specialty. Lunch specials at four and five dollars. Try their roast beef with swiss and a little horseradish!*

**New Hong Kong Cafe**

214 Main  
882-4598

Hours: Closed Monday; Tuesday thru Saturday,  
11:00 am to 10:00 pm  
Sunday 4:00 pm to 10:00 pm

*Chinese food the way Idaho makes it.*

**Nobby Inn**

501 South Main  
882-2032

Hours: open at 6:00 am seven days a week

*A classic family restaurant. No ethnic food but great baked potatoes. Just like home -- if you were brought up that way.*

**Orange Julius**

Palouse Empire Mall  
882-5660

*They serve hot dogs too.*

**The Pantry**

1516 W. Pullman Rd.  
University Inn Best Western  
882-0550  
Open 24 Hours

*Breakfast is served anytime and the help will keep your coffee cup perpetually full. Lunch and dinners to satisfy most non-extreme tastes. Prices range from about three to eight dollars on most meals.*

**Pizza Hut**

Moscow Mall  
882-0444

Hours: Sunday thru Thursday 11:00 am to 12:00 am  
Friday thru Saturday 11:00 am to 1:00 am

*One of the better pizza places in town. Great lunch specials, personal pizzas served in five minutes or the next one is free.*

**Pizza Perfection**

428 West 3rd

882-1111

Hours: weekdays 11:00 am to 1:00 am; weekends  
11:00 am to 2:00 am

**Rathaus Pizza Shoppe**

215 N. Main  
882-4633

Hours: Weekdays 11:00 am to 12:00 am; Weekends  
11:00 am to 1:00 am

*Can seat large parties quickly. Good pizza.*

**Roger's Ice Cream**

402 S. Main Street

Hours: 8:00 am to 9:00 pm; closed Sunday

*The ice cream is wonderful here but since they have added the grill, so are the waffles, eggs, and pancakes. Lunch brings simple sandwiches and soup.*

**Sam's Subs**

Palouse Empire Mall  
882-7827

Free deliveries with minimum order

*Great submarine sandwiches and if you are in the mall stop by for ice cream.*

**Skipper's**

828 West Pullman Rd.  
882-1540

Hours: 11:00 am to 10:00 pm

*Clam chowder, salad bar, shrimp, scallops and fish are the components of the meals here. It is right across the road from Cavanaugh's, making proximity part of its attraction. Prices are moderate; food is generally served quickly.*

**Sweet Ed's Restaurant**

Moscow Mall  
882-1430

*Moscow Mall cafe. Good sweet rolls and coffee. They serve the standard burgers and fries for lunch.*

**Tater's**

Palouse Empire Mall  
882-4480

Hours: Monday to Friday 10:00 am to 9:00 pm  
Saturday open to 6:00 pm  
Sunday open to 5:00 pm

*Tater's, as you would expect, does different things with potatoes -- and more than that. They serve lunch and dinner and their menu includes wine.*

**Taco Time**

401 W. 6th  
882-8226

Hours: 10:30 am to 11:00 pm, Monday to Thursday  
10:30 am to 12:00 am Friday and Saturday  
10:30 am to 10:00 pm Sunday

*There is a good variety in this fast food establishment and the prices are moderate. Lettuce tends to be crisp and the meat is well drained of grease, important things like that.*

**Taco John's**

520 W. 3rd  
882-1151

Hours: Monday thru Thursday 11:00 am to 11:00 pm  
Friday and Saturday 11:00 am to 2:00 am

*Within walking distance of the hotel and extremely inexpensive. Where else can you get lunch for a dollar?*

**Zips Restaurant**

1213 Pullman Rd.  
883-0678

Hours: 10:30 am to 11:00 pm

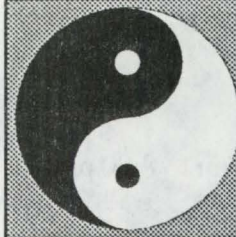
*They run a lot of burger specials here. The atmosphere is more pleasant than McD's and it is close to the hotel.*

**I Wish MosCon X  
The Utmost  
Success --**

*Bruce Martin*

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# PROGRAMMING

by Sean

The following is the guts of MosCon X's programming. Be sure to check the **Pocket Program** for times and participants for most of these programs, as well as any other changes that might have been made. The Programming Chair, Sean, also notes that the editor of the Program Book has had his hands in the description of the panels and takes *no* responsibility for the supposed accuracy or demeanor of said descriptions.

**Opening Ceremonies** -- This is the first "official" chance to meet our Guests of Honor. They will get an opportunity to say a few choice words about the farm implement lot across the street or anything else that might interest them.

**Avoiding Sexist Writing** -- Our own M.J. Engh, author of *Arslan*, will show even the hardest MCPs in the audience how to avoid sexism in their writing and still keep it lively.

**E.E. "Doc" Smith Retrospective Slide Show** -- Honorary Red Lensman Verna Smith Trestrail takes you on a journey through time and space with her late father, the legendary "Doc" Smith.

**Wolf Recovery Program** -- A group dedicated to reintroducing wolves into some of their historic natural ranges presents a slide show about the oft-misunderstood and maligned wolf. Learn the facts (and fantasies) about a creature that's too often seen as a terror in the night.

**The Spontaneous Hour** -- A panel in search of a topic. All of our Guests of Honor in one spot, willing to talk about anything! You supply the anything. (Within reason, of course . . . we know you guys!)

**Cream of the Crap** -- Last year's hit panel back for another try. Readers will read . . . hopefully with a straight face . . . from the worst sci-fi and phantasy ever written. People with good taste need not attend.

**NASA Space Station** -- With Reagan's backing (my, how lucky can we get?) the space station program is going ahead. What are NASA's plans for this station, and where is the program going?

**Russian Space Program** -- From those wonderful people who brought you dead dogs in space comes . . . what? This slide presentation will bring you up to date on what's happening with the *other* space program.

**Bad SF and Fantasy Movies . . . and Why They're Great** -- The title is self-explanatory, and a warning; or, perhaps, a self-explanatory warning.

If you ever wanted to find out which movies were so bad they came out on the other side (without having to pay to see them, of course) then join our filmatic connoisseurs for this guided tour.

**Competition Charades (Pern Style)** -- Yes, it might sound strange, but that's only because it is. Spokane's own Anne McCaffrey fan club will lead two teams of brave souls in a charade competition based on the *Dragonrider* series. (The mind boggles.)

**Far-Out Physics** -- Dr. Robert Forward's slide presentation on some of the more esoteric points of science, based on his new book, *Future Magic*. Here is where you find out that truth is Really stranger than fiction.

**Marketing Your Artwork** -- Now that you've poured your soul out onto the canvas, you'd like to at least get a few bucks for it, right? This panel of experts (for once, not much of an exaggeration) will discuss how to go about succeeding at one of the more frustrating aspects of being an artist . . . making it pay the rent.

**Running a Fan Club, and Why You Don't Want to Do It!** -- The benefits (questionable, at best) and drawbacks (legion) of running a fan club. Topics covered include why you should run screaming from the room the instant someone suggests it, and exercises useful to keep leg and lung strength up in preparation for such a suggestion.

**Resources for Writers** -- A panel chock full of helpful hints about where writers should go . . . to research their books, that is, and make them easier to write and sell. And easier for you, the consumer, to read.

**Art and Literature Censorship** -- Just when you thought it was safe to show *The Last Temptation of Christ* . . . . When is censorship of art or literature necessary, or is it *ever* needed? Is there an allowable degree of censorship? Should the creative mind censor itself? The panelists will tackle these and more thorny questions during this timely debate.

**Buck Rogers Never Used A Microwave** -- We all know all the nifty inventions that sf predicted in its long and glorious life . . . but how about all the really obvious ones it *missed*? For instance, why did all the space explorers written about in the fifties and most of the sixties all use *sliderules*? (If you don't know what a sliderule is, you need to attend this panel.)

**W.G.: An Uncommon Video** -- Washington artist Lynn Taylor shows a promotional video and discusses how it was made. A new cottage industry



in the developing stages?

**Publisher's Rights from an Artist's Perspective** -- Well, you've all heard about how not to get ripped off from the publisher, right? Now let's take a look at things from the other side of the fence as the publisher does not necessarily have to be "the enemy."

**Antimatter Propulsion** -- *The engines canna take much more 'o this, Captain!* Dr. Robert Forward presents a slide show on some of the possible benefits and drawbacks of using antimatter to send your spaceship to where no one has gone before.

**Anne McCaffrey Reading** -- Leonard Nimoy reads from Anne's latest work. Ha, got you on that one! Actually, Anne will be reading from one of her own works, which will be even better.

**Lela Dowling/Ken Macklin Slide Show** -- Ken and Lela will show you around their universes for a magical hour. Be there early if you want a good seat; the yearly Artist GoH slide show tends to be a standing-room only affair.

**Autograph Session** -- MosCon's attempt to control the raving mobs. (Is it possible?) Please limit yourself to two books for any guest per trip through the line, and please refrain from blasting the people ahead of you with that handy-dandy plasma rifle you just bought in the Dealer's Room.

**Northwest Conventions: Looking Back, Looking Forward** -- From the perspective of more than tens years' cons in the Northwest, we ask: What happened, what didn't happen, and what can we expect in the future?

**White Tie and Towel Jacuzzi Party** -- MosCon's infamous formally informal jacuzzi party. (Honest! This is talked about as far away as England, where they think we are *frightfully* decadent. They are, of course, correct.) Grab a white tie (available at the registration desk or hospitality suite), a towel, and a flexible mind and jump in!

**Masquerade** -- Come on in and see what's the latest in style for the chic space traveller (time traveller, barbarian, etc.). The masquerade is usually packed, so come early for a good seat. And don't forget your coins for the annual Pelt Fahnstalk With Your Pocket Change event.

**Ice Cream and Cake Party** -- MosCon's first (and perhaps only) intergalactic ice cream social, in celebration of MosCon's tenth anniversary. Lots of ice cream, with lots of different toppings, and a decorated cake from the fevered brain of the hotel chef; what more could a body want?

**Trivial Competition, er, Trivia Contest** -- Intrepid teams of trivial people on their quest for the utmost in triviality. Come on in and root for your favorite sapiens.

**Sunday Brunch and Lensman Awards Ceremony** -- Wake up, brush off your Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes and join us for the best brunch in the Northwest con circuit. This will also be the tenth annual presentation of MosCon's Lensman Awards, given to outstanding authors and artists in the field.

**Art Auction** -- Grab your pa'angas, your bahts, your kwachas and kwanzas, pull out your pesetas, dobras, and zlotys, reach down for your lilangenis, tugriks, ngultrums, gourdes, dongos, pesos, pounds, and -- yes -- even dollars and defend your favorite piece of art from the other buyers! (You are getting sleepy . . . your eyelids are getting heavy . . . you want to buy more artwork . . . more . . . more . . .)

**Fannish Armada** -- Will it succeed? Will it even float? What is it anyway? Our annual Fannish Armada gets underway, with Rod Sprague as your High Admiral.

**Friday Night Sock-Hop** -- The warm-up dance in Bogart's. Show up and boogie off some of the pounds you're going to put on at the Saturday Night Ice Cream and Cake Party.

**Saturday Night Dance** -- Well, since you lost some weight at last night's dance, now you can afford to go to the Ice Cream and Cake Party -- at least for a little while -- in between dancing your tootsies to destruction in Bogart's at our famous Saturday Night Dance.

**Late Night Gaming** -- As advertised. See the Pocket Program for details . . . and prepare for a good time.

## THE FANNISH ARMADA by Rod Sprague

It is I, High Admiral Roderick Sprague IV, Supreme Commander of the Fannish Defense Force. Allow me to explain my title and the Fannish Defense Force, or Fannish Armada as it is known to most people.

Mike Finkbinder thought, years ago, that it would be fun to hold boat races in the jacuzzi, so he invited me and other friends to race boats across his hot tub to see what would happen. We set up fans (the electric kind) to blow the boats across the water and had at it. Most sank, but we had a lot of fun anyway.

I suggested we call the race the Fannish Armada and offered to run the races at the upcoming MosCon V as the "Commodore" of the Fannish Armada. Well, the far right wing of SMOF (Secret Masters of Fandom) felt fandom needed a defense force. When the Rest of the SMOFs got of this asinine idea, they tried to mess up the far right SMOF's plans by declaring the Fannish Armada that defense force and giving me the rank of High Admiral.

Unfortunately, the far right is making me plan the defense of fandom, anyway. The only thing that keeps me out of real trouble is the Fannish Armada's singular lack of resources.

Last year I made the mistake of letting Jon do the Program Book writing for me. "Just use last year's," I said. So, naturally, I was listed as Commodore, not High Admiral. He then forgot to put the races in the Programming. I won't even *comment* on the rules. At least the year before last they only scheduled me on a panel at the same time as the races. So --

## THE RULES:

1. The boats are to race the length of the Cavanaugh's jacuzzi, going with the wind supplied by the fen . . . er, fans at the starting end of the jacuzzi.
2. The boats are to use whatever energy is available in the room. For example, no shining of spotlights on solar-powered boats or adding heavy water to the jacuzzi for fusion-powered boats that would use the jacuzzi's water as fuel. Boats cannot start the race containing stored energy, such as fuel (so far, only wind-powered entries have raced).
3. Boats cannot be over 30cm (approximately 11.811024 inches) in length, including all protuberances (please note the change to the metric system, although the new length is an approximation of the old 1 foot length).
4. Only boats that are deemed safe shall be allowed into the jacuzzi.
5. People taking the race too seriously will be asked to leave.
6. The High Admiral, of course, shall be the final judge on all rulings.

## HOSPITALITY

*by Rod Sprague*

I'm running Hospitality yet. Probably because I can't sucker, er, persuade anybody else into doing it. Last year I studied up on mixacology (a real word, believe it or not) but the most complex drink I made was a lemonade with a shot of Agosta Bitters, and

that was for medicinal use.

I would really like to get more help this year. I don't want to spend more than 1/3 of my waking hours (which will probably be considerable) in there. Please volunteer. I will be the guy with the button that says "*My spaceship crashed in the Yukon when I was an infant and I was raised by wolves, so try to be understanding and patient with me.*"

In short -- **I NEED VOLUNTEERS!**

Hospitality will open Thursday sometime in the afternoon, Friday at noon, and 8:00am (I can't believe I really mean that!) Saturday and Sunday. It will stay open as long as volunteers want to keep it open -- See "Volunteers" Above.

## THE COLUMN TELLING ALL ABOUT HOW NOT TO GET INTO TROUBLE, AND ALL THE RULES, AND STUFF LIKE THAT

*by William E. Johns*

What can I do -- WHAT CAN I DO????? An innocent enough question, but just what does a vice-chair do -- especially at a MosCon where everything is *always* under control. "You get to write the column telling all about how not to get into trouble, and all the rules and stuff like that." Avoiding trouble -- rules -- *moi*??? Hmmm . . . serious challenge.

I thought about this a bunch and decided that we really don't have that many rules; rules sound so political. We *do* make liberal use of common sense, however, and common sense comes from common experience. Here is what we've learned in the last couple of years.

**Our Hotel!** (isn't that possessive?): Please -- we know just how lucky we are and many of you who are coming back for seconds, (thirds, fourths, etc., at MosCons) know what I mean. We have had an absolutely wonderful relationship with Cavanaugh's. We've all brought them a bit of good fortune and they have provided us with a delightful place to hold our annual parties. *Please be nice to our hotel.* Everybody puts something like this in program books, but what does it mean? Well, if you have a problem, let someone know real soon. Either directly

to the hotel, or to someone on the ConCom, or just flag down a security type. Realizing that Con parties do tend to, how shall we say, flow a bit, think of the poor hotel maids and try to get the obvious party leftovers cleaned up. Private parties are great, but do not take booze into the public areas of the hotel. Once again we are having our dance in Bogart's (and Cavanaugh's is providing the DJ!) and the bar will be open. Do *not* bring your own bottle.

**Bottles:** That reminds me. Around here both the Idaho and Washington police are *tough* on drunk drivers. We tend to get lots of students driving the Pullman-Moscow roads and sometimes they tend to celebrate finals early -- like around August and September. If you have been drinking, *don't drive. JUST DON'T.* Ask for help, talk to someone in security, go curl up in a corner, whatever. If you get arrested do not expect the ConCom to come bail you out. We won't. And, please, if you are underage (21 in Washington and born on or before April 10, 1968 in Idaho) do not ask. In Bogart's you will be carded. Private parties will have to police themselves. We can all get into a peck of trouble if we get kids at the Con under the influence. Another concern is serving drinks to someone who is obviously intoxicated. The civil liabilities for someone who serves a drunk yet another drink, who then gets into trouble, are absolutely scary. The secret is simple, *use common sense.* Everyone owes it to themselves to stay sober enough to know they are having a good time.

**The Jacuzzi:** This is one of the few places where we do have a few rules. MosCon is quite famous (infamous, notorious, etc.) for its jacuzzi parties. The rules we have are to make it possible for *everyone* to enjoy this added feature.

**Rule 1.** Swimsuits required before 11 p.m.

**Rule 2.** Shower before jumping in.

**Rule 3.** NO GLASS IN JACUZZI ROOM -- ever.

**Rule 4.** NO HANKY PANKY in jacuzzi room.

Comments on rules:

*Rule 1* should be obvious. While some of us like to go skinny-dipping, there are some who do not. Fine. To accommodate all, suits are required before 11:00 pm.

*Rule 2* is not so obvious. The jacuzzi is *not* really a bath. The mechanics include a good filter, but with all the bodies that accumulate we are already pushing the limits of the mechanism without adding a bunch of dirt gathered while chasing a \_\_\_\_\_ (girlfriend, boyfriend, sheep) across the open prairies. **AT LEAST COME WITH A CLEAN BODY.**

*Rule 3* should be obvious, but there is always someone who has to learn the hard way. The deck around the jacuzzi can be slippery. A bottle or glass,

no matter how carefully carried is always a risk. A broken glass container will close the thing down -- which nobody wants. Plastic or cans only, please.

**Rule 4.** There are occasions when things can get out of hand -- so to speak. We do have a way with dealing with those who get too amorous; it's called the Cold Water Patrol. Any two (or three or four) who are getting too "involved" with group activities can expect a 5-gallon bucket of very cold water. It works. If you really want to enjoy the more intimate details of life, why not just amble off to your room, or their room or whatever. Remember, **NO FOOLING AROUND** in the jacuzzi area.

Well that's if for rules, common sense and all that stuff. Oh yes, just one more rule-- **ENJOY.** Thanks.

Your vice chair, Bill Johns.

## ODDS 'N ENDS 'N STUFF

This last few paragraphs will try to fill you in on the things that we haven't done in the rest of the Program Book. Like, for instance, the

### POCKET PROGRAM

which will contain not only information about all the programs which will be held at this year's MosCon, but will also contain bits and snippets of other things, like the updated Art Auction Rules, perhaps a Video Room guide, and more. Be sure to read these sheets of paper carefully; they may not look like much, but they will contain a wealth of information.

## DANCES

*Donna Bailly*

Both of the dances this year are going to be held in Bogart's lounge in Cavanaugh's. While it makes the dance floor somewhat -- intimate -- it makes things much, much better as we don't have the mundane bar traffic to contend with (which has been a problem in the past). So come into Bogart's Friday and Saturday nights and boooooogie!

## VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

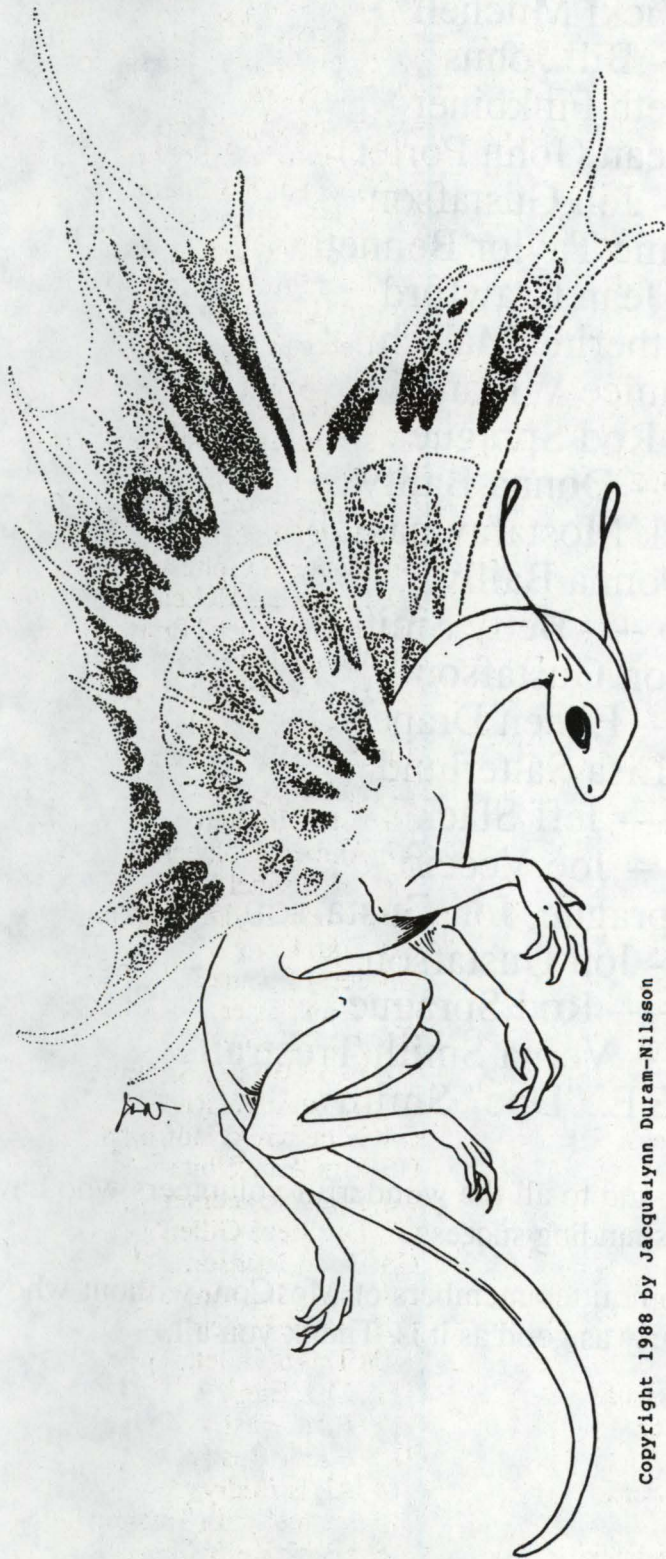
As always, MosCon needs your help. Please volunteer! We will need help in Hospitality, Security, Operations, and Gophers. Even if you can only put in an hour or two, it would help us a lot and make the con run that much smoother. And there are some really neat pins for those of you who do help! Thanks!

# Our Members:

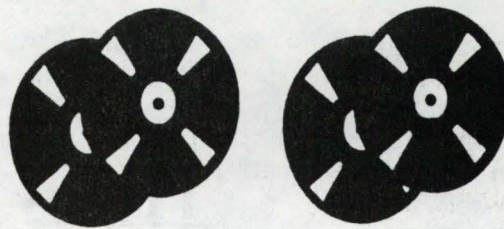
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|-----------------------------|---------------------------|---|
| 0 E.E. "Doc" Smith          | 56 Colleen Harris         | 114 Kathy Irish (Katma-Ir)              |
| 1 Anne McCaffrey            | 57 Stuart Cooper          | 115 Paul Wocken                         |
| 2 Lela Dowling              | 58 Walter Hawn            | 116 Rebecca Simpson                     |
| 3 Ed Beauregard             | 59 Vicky Hawn             | 117 Michael Citrak                      |
| 4 Dr. Robert Forward        | 60 Walter Coslet          | 118 Marianne O. Nielsen                 |
| 5 Jon Gustafson             | 61 Norma Barrett          | 119 Tim Hammell                         |
| 6 Beth Finkbiner            | 62 Edgar Lincoln          | 120 Marjorie Stratton                   |
| 7 Mike Finkbiner            | 63 Melora Foy             | 120a Eric Stratton                      |
| 8 Ken Macklin               | 64 Frank White            | 120b Ginger Stratton                    |
| 9 Vicki Mitchell            | 65 Lorna Toolis           | 121 Mikki Verneti                       |
| 10 Susan Johns              | 66 Michael Skeet          | 122 Thom Wescott                        |
| 11 Melanie Bennett          | 67 Marsha Folks           | 123 Bryan Barrett                       |
| 12 Debbie Miller            | 69 Jeffrey Halbhuber      | 124 Bryan Barrett Books                 |
| 13 Dave Bennett             | 70 Robyn Ann Meadows      | 125 Bryan Barrett Books                 |
| 14 Bill Johns               | 71 Charles O. Christenson | 126 Bryan Barrett Books                 |
| 15 Gretchen Johns           | 72 Myron Molnau           | 127 Betty Smith                         |
| 16 Charlie Leaphart         | 73 Tom Harwood            | 128 Eric Wegner                         |
| 17 Norma Beauregard         | 74 Elizabeth Jones        | 129 Paul Castrovilla                    |
| 18 Chris Nilsson            | 75 Greg Jones             | 130 New Mythology (P. Castro-<br>villa) |
| 19 Jean Crawford            | 76 Delores Booker         | 131 Linda Shipman                       |
| 20 Donna Bailly             | 77 Douglas Booze          | 132 Chris Bell                          |
| 21 Rod Sprague              | 78 Lynn Kingsley          | 133 Albert Trestrail                    |
| 22 Katherine Malsch         | 79 Ron Gillies            | 134 William R. Warren, Jr.              |
| 23 Cynthia Hildeshiem       | 80 Kathryn K. Krauel      | 135 Elizabeth Warren                    |
| 25 Jackie Nilsson           | 81 Brenda Leaphart        | 135a Roo Warren                         |
| 26 Janice Willard           | 82 Bruce D. Martin        | 136 Donna McMahon                       |
| 27 Lisa Satterlund          | 83 Joyce Wood             | 137 Bandit                              |
| 28 Julia Mueller            | 84 Aaron Freeland         | 138 Mark Rounds                         |
| 29 Mike Winderman           | 84 Terri Librande         | 139 Susan Rounds                        |
| 30 Thom Walls               | 85 Wendy Hourston         | 140 Doug Zwick                          |
| 31 Becky Fallis             | 86 Michael Scanlon        | 141 Christie Down                       |
| 32 Nels Satterlund          | 87 Jim Adams              | 142 Robert Norton                       |
| 33 Annette Wade             | 88 Bea Taylor             | 143 Sarah Thisted                       |
| 34 Glenn Wade               | 89 Susan Berven           | 144 Drew Michaels                       |
| 35 Erna Wade                | 90 Leroy Berven           | 145 Jeff Slack (Bishop)                 |
| 36 Connie Westby            | 91 Chuck Van Der Linden   | 146 Frances A. Archer                   |
| 37 Sue Majewski             | 92 Frank Pendley          | 147 Don Forbis                          |
| 38 Pete Majewski            | 93 Jacquelyn Meade        | 148 Holly Forbis                        |
| 39 Duane Kirby Jensen       | 94 Dick O'Shea            | 149 Char Meier                          |
| 40 Scott Swanson            | 95 Kevin Kuenkler         | 150 Paul Meier                          |
| 41 Judy Swanson             | 96 Ron Martino            | 152 Adrienne Cook                       |
| 42 Jeff Stone               | 97 Brenda Martino         | 153 Cynthia B. SiJohn                   |
| 43 Keith Mears              | 98 Robert B. Donnell, Jr. | 154 Teresa Strickley                    |
| 44 Steve Forty              | 99 Erika Sauby            | 155 Mark Manning                        |
| 45 Patrick James Foster     | 100 Chris York            | 156 Paul Schaper                        |
| 46 Ed Steever               | 101 Steve York            | 157 Phrannque Sciamanda                 |
| 47 Becky Steever            | 102 Mad Dog               | 158 Lou Donato                          |
| 48 David Bigelow            | 103 Judy Suryan           | 159 Myrna Donato                        |
| 49 Betty Bigelow            | 104 Robert Suryan         | 160 Sarah Lee                           |
| 50 Cathi Hansen (Fenchurch) | 105 Bryce Walden          | 161 Susan Carey                         |
| 51 David Graham             | 106 Guest of DK Jensen    | 162 John Price                          |
| 52 Guest of D. Graham       | 107 Ken McNamara          | 163 Lisa Bohni                          |
| 53 Diana Moore              | 108 Rosella Miller        | 164 Jeanne Hutton                       |
| 54 Carmine Penrosa          | 109 Jane Fancher          | 165 David L. Ludke                      |
| 55 Ken Ames                 | 110 Fran Beslanwitch      | 166 L. Pierce Ludke                     |
|                             | 111 Mark Jones            | 167 Doug Durbrow                        |
|                             | 112 Jack Beslanwitch      | 168 Regina Brown                        |
|                             | 113 John Bradley          |   |

- 169 Larry Lundgren  
170 Ryan K. Johnson  
171 Lily-Ann Satterlund  
172 Pat Apodaca  
173 Ken Wiechula (Kaliburn WildWind)  
174 Diane Palms  
175 Clay Breshears  
176 Lorna Breshears  
177 Writer's Bloc  
178 Mama's Prose & Steel  
179 Daron L. Fredericks  
180 Eileen Brady  
181 Guest of DL Fredericks  
182 Annette Mercier  
183 Kathy Guschausky  
184 Ray Guschausky  
185 Elaine Higgins  
186 Dave Wilson  
187 Rose Martell  
188 Paul Simms  
189 Leslie Newcomer  
190 Julienna Corwin  
191 Douglas Corwin  
192 David Strand  
193 Donna Strand  
194 Ariel Shattan  
195 Phil Jansen  
196 John Morgan  
197 Frank Cuta  
198 Judith Cuta  
199 Madeline Perry  
200 Guest of M Perry  
201 Brian Abbott  
202 Christopher McDonell  
203 Lorelee Connolly  
204 Randall Connolly  
205 Matt Hargreaves  
206 Daniel Fears  
207 Felicia Marguerite LeCou  
208 Wilma J. Jensen  
209 Kalita Leyva  
210 Nancy Farmer  
211 Donna Tingle  
212 Paul Wilson  
213 Katherine Hunter  
214 Karen Groth  
215 Charlot A.M. Barney  
216 Eric Barney  
217 Mabel Armstrong  
218 Chris McDonnell  
219 Karen Ortman  
220 Michael F. Paladin  
221 Shennasea  
222 Michael Hammond  
223 Alden Hackmann  
224 Maaike Brown  
225 Lou Ann Lomax  
226 Karen Jordan  
226a Guest of K Jordan  
227 Guest of K Jordan  
228 Lori Richins  
229 Pete Van der Goore  
230 Alice Moll  
231 J. Kearsley  
232 Sue Ann Harfst  
233 Garth Spencer  
234 Mike Walker  
235 Moon Halbhuber  
236 Mary Hart  
237 Mike Lackin  
238 Lea Burhue  
239 David George  
240 Louise Regelin  
241 Bob Bramwell  
242 Deborah A. Wood  
243 Michael Elmer  
244 Bill Dixon  
245 Lisa Whitaker  
246 Joanne M. Fry  
247 Patrick LaBlanc  
248 Russell D. Campbell  
249 April Faires  
250 Joseph Faires  
250a Alicia Faires  
251 Becky Stone  
252 Debbie Stack  
253 Guest of D Stack  
254 Jennifer Murray  
255 Robert Nash  
256 Dr. Rob Quigley  
257 Pat Porter  
258 Gordon McNab  
259 Tess Kinasewich  
260 Brad Grier  
261 Jennifer Jensen  
262 Karen Downey  
263 Shari Watanabe  
264 Jennifer Murray  
265 Kim J. Robbins  
266 Chris Fuhr  
267 Guest of Fuhr  
268 Tony Butterfield  
269 Tim Walker  
270 Doug Girling  
271 Anna-Lisa Girling  
272 Waldenbooks  
273 John L. Quel  
274 Lynn Jensen  
275 Kevin Myers  
276 AmiLynn Johnson  
277 Marnie Johnson  
278 Dan Willims  
279 Sharon Kingsford  
280 Gene Hill  
281 Constantin Hiebner  
282 Donna Opsal  
283 Steve Pikov  
284 Lexie Pakulak  
285 Mary Treichel  
286 Paul Suptic  
287 Lisa Treichel  
288 Tam Gordy  
289 Shelly Gordy  
290 Carole Carr  
291 Gregory Sardo  
292 Nebula Circle Productions  
293 Paul Stone  
294 Robert Bela Fodor  
295 Guest of RB Fodor  
296 Guest of RB Fodor  
297 Debbie Miyashita  
298 Sean Prescott  
299 Julie Prescott  
300 Jill Whelchel  
301 Deborah Bryan  
302 Guest of D Bryan  
303 Kelly Ewing (Riska)  
304 David Ager (Shadowmere)  
305 Marj Ihssen  
306 Nancy Burrige  
307 Brett Lamb  
308 Katherine Johnson  
309 Katherine McLean  
310 Nevin "Mick" Pratt  
311 Dungeonwerks  
312 Debbie Tatarek  
313 Susan Stejskal  
314 Catherine Melissa  
315 Jud Geiger  
316 John Holdren  
317 Andrew Dolbeck  
318 Jeff Fennel  
319 Lynne Taylor  
320 Tom Craig  
333 Jerry Schutz  
500 Sean Porter  
G1 John Barnes  
G2 Dean Wesley Smith  
G3 Kristine K. Rusch  
G4 Nina Kiriki Hoffman  
G5 Lori Ann White  
G6 Alan Newcomer  
G7 Dr. Steve Gillett  
G8 Todd Johnson  
G9 Doug Beason  
G10 Joyce Gillett  
G10a Travis Gillett  
G11 M.J. Engh  
G12 F.M. Busby  
G13 Elinor Busby  
G14 Algis Budrys  
G15 Verna Smith Trestrail  
G16 Frank Kelly Freas

- G17 Steve Gallacci
- G18 Bev Clark
- G19 Julia Lacquement
- G20 Michael Kerr
- G21 Lex L. Nakashima
- G22 John Dalmas
- G23 Jerry Oltion
- G24 Steve Fahnstalk
- G25 Gail Dalmas

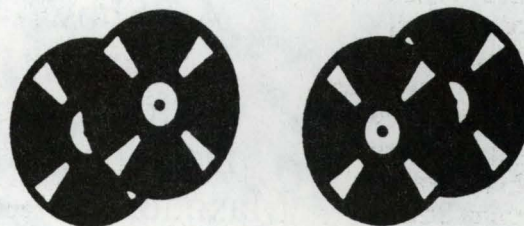


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Membership ---- Jean Crawford  
Art Show ---- Katherine Malsch  
Security ---- Janice Willard  
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Dealers' Rooms ---- Donna Bailly  
Masquerade ---- Beck Mostafavinassab  
Dances ---- Donna Bailly  
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Fannish Armada ---- Rod Sprague  
Resident Red Lensman ---- Verna Smith Trestrail  
Patron Saint ---- E.E. "Doc" Smith

Special thanks to the Telgar Weyr of Spokane, and to all the wonderful volunteers who have made this convention not only possible, but a resounding success.

And we would like to thank all the previous committee members of MosCon, without whose tireless efforts this convention would not be nearly as good as it is. Thank you all.

Autograph Page



APPROX. DATE

