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Waller 90

Moscow, Idaho
September 14-16, 1990



MOSCON XII

September 14-16, 1990 Moscow, Idaho

**C.J. Cherryh, Reed Waller, Cliff Samuels, Tim Gerlitz,
Vladimir Gakov, Kate Worley, Jane Fancher**

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Chairperson's Message

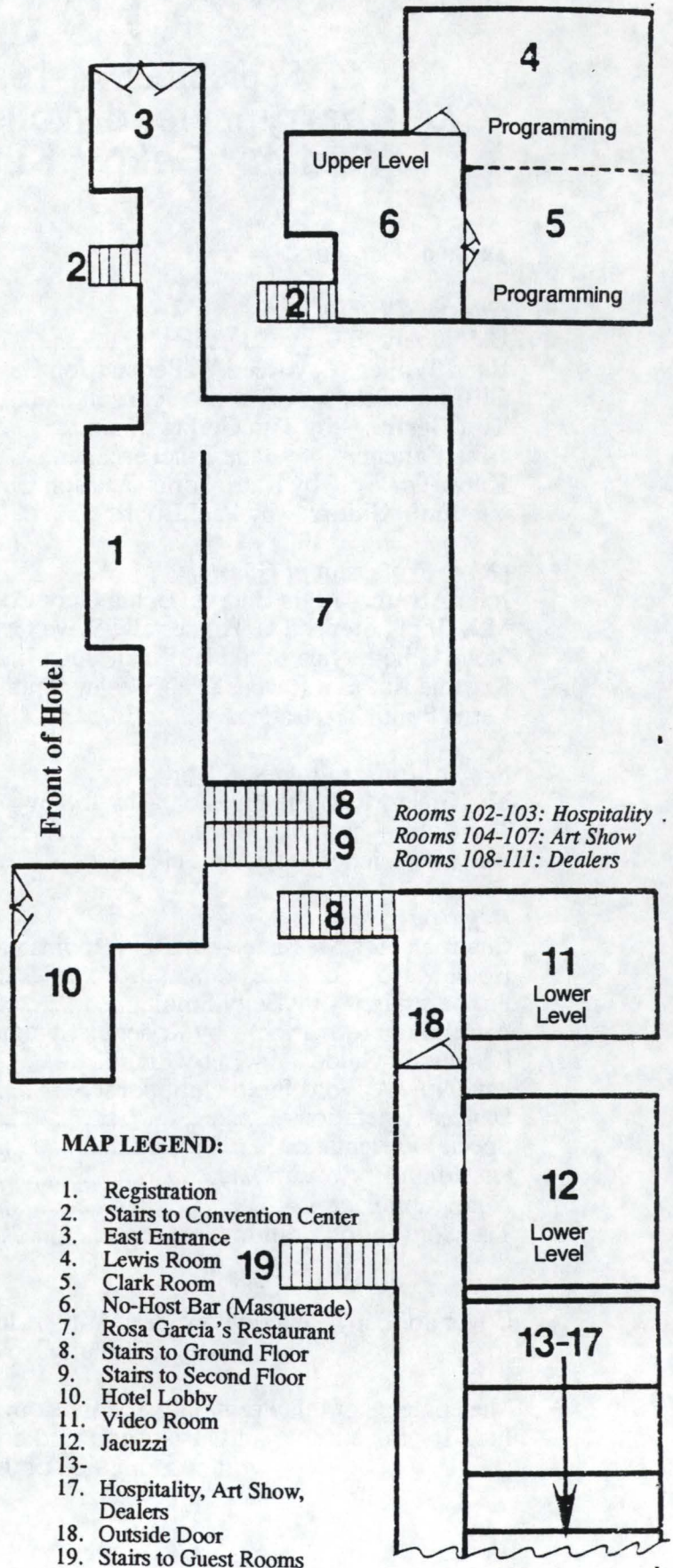
by Debi Robinson-Smith

Welcome to MosCon XII, the convention you have all been waiting for. Some of you may have been unaware a few months ago that MosCon still existed, as last year the con was held in Banff in conjunction with NonCon. Yes, Virginia, there is a MosCon! In fact, plans are even now in the works for MosCon XIII, so keep planning to be here in beautiful Moscow, Idaho, every September for many years to come. This year, the MosCon ConCom members decided to try some new and innovative approaches to running a convention. Part of this involved ConCom members doing jobs they had never tried before; there have been a few minor glitches and a teeny bit of tension outbreaks, but each of the players have stretched unused muscles and risen to the challenge beautifully. This would, of course, have been impossible without the advice and assistance of those who are old hands at managing a con.

A few words about the art show. We do, indeed, have an "adults only" portion of the art show. Be prepared to show your identification if requested to do so. After many discussions regarding the nature and subject matter of the art work, and the possibility that some folks may object to it, we came up with a policy we believe addresses the problem: We think that if this offends you, you shouldn't look. Also, any art from this display that goes to auction will be auctioned separately from the rest of the art work. Any art work having three or more bids will go to auction first, then two-bid pieces. If time permits, some one bid pieces may go to auction, but don't count on it. Treat the art show nicely; no food, drink, weapons, or unaccompanied children under twelve are allowed. MosCon has become known for quality art shows. We know you will enjoy this one, differences and all.

One of the things that make this MosCon special is it takes place in E. E. "Doc" Smith's centenary year. As Doc has been the patron saint of MosCon since our beginning, we are pleased to have all of you here to help us celebrate. And, Doc, whenever you are, thanks. To all of our Pro Guests, Special Guests, and Fan Guests: thank you for joining us this year. This is really your convention, so relax and have a great time. To all MosCon members: now that you are here, you are obligated to enjoy yourselves. Any person caught having a lousy time will be reprimanded and tickled thoroughly.

Hotel Map



MAP LEGEND:

1. Registration
2. Stairs to Convention Center
3. East Entrance
4. Lewis Room
5. Clark Room
6. No-Host Bar (Masquerade)
7. Rosa Garcia's Restaurant
8. Stairs to Ground Floor
9. Stairs to Second Floor
10. Hotel Lobby
11. Video Room
12. Jacuzzi
- 13-17. Hospitality, Art Show, Dealers
18. Outside Door
19. Stairs to Guest Rooms

C.J. CHERRYH

by C.J. Cherryh

(with some tweaking, and perhaps an error or two, by Jon Gustafson)

I was born September 1, 1942, in St. Louis, Missouri; lived a year in St. Louis, then two years in Joplin, Missouri. We moved to Lawton, Oklahoma, where I lived until I was 16, then Oklahoma City until 18, down to Sherman, Texas, for one year, back to Oklahoma City in 1964, off to Baltimore for less than a year in '64-'65, then back to Oklahoma City until 1980. I currently reside in Edmond, Oklahoma, a suburb of Oklahoma City.

I have a BA in Latin from the University of Oklahoma (1964), a Masters Degree in Classics from Johns Hopkins University (Maryland, 1965), and additional language course at Oklahoma University in 1967. My academic awards and Honors include an American Classical League Scholarship (1960),



Alpha Lambda Delta, Phi Beta Kappa, and was a Woodrow Wilson Fellow in Classics (1964-5).

I've been nominated for the Hugo Award six times and the Nebula Award twice. I've won the Hugo twice for novels (*Downbelow Station* in 1982 and *Cyteen* in 1989) and once for a short story ("Cassandra" in 1979). In 1977, I was given the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer.

Academic specializations and areas of reasonable competency: Latin, Greek, and bronze age myth as related to archaeology; field archaeology (qualified but never practiced); law of the early Roman Empire; history of engineering; French (professional translator); Italian and other languages in which I can at least get a drink of water and directions to the train station; and I was once a classroom teacher.

Informal training and areas of personal interest: human genetics; astronomy; space science and aeronautics; astrophysics; botany; geology; climatology (some of this being formal education, where it crosses my archaeological studies); cosmology; anthropology; and technology in general, with practical and anthropological considerations.

I have had professional experience in teaching Latin, Greek, and Ancient History; writing; and semiprofessional experience in archaeological photography.

My hobbies include galactic mapping (specifically of the stars and objects within 100 light years of us), guitar and music composition, and travel.

I write full time; I travel; I try out things. The list includes, both past and present tense: fencing, riding, archery, firearms, ancient weapons, donkeys, elephants, camels, butterflies, frogs, wasps, turtles, bees, ants, falconry, exotic swamp plants and tropicals, wilderness survival, fishing, sailing, mechanics, carpentry, wiring, painting (canvas), painting (house), painting (interior), sculpture, needlepoint, refinishing furniture, video games, archaeology, Roman and Greek civili-

zations, Crete, Celts, caves. I've traveled from New York to Istanbul and Troy; outrun a dog pack; and seen *Columbia* lift on her first flight. I've fallen down a cave, nearly drowned, broken an arm, been kicked by horses, fended off an amorous merchant in a tent bazaar, fought fires, slept on the deck in the Adriatic, and driven Picadilly Circus at rush hour. I've waded in two oceans and four of the seven seas, and I want to visit the Amazon, the Serengeti, and see the volcano in Antarctica.

I see this planet as part of the whole universe; I'm stuck on it a while, and until I get the chance to get off it -- I want to do a flyby of Mars and take a look at Nix Olymp-

ica and the Valles Marinaris, personally; and I want to see Titan and Saturn's rings and the Red Spot on Jupiter -- but 'til that day I don't plan to neglect where I am, either, and keeping a constantly updated list of wonders this planet has to offer.

I'm a frequent lecturer inside my field and often outside it, to all sorts of organizations from civic groups to writers and occupational groups, on the topics of energy and space and future society. I occasionally combine my abilities as entertainer and musical programs, space-age folksongs and ballads, to communicate with audiences outside the normal reach of technical publications.



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REED WALLER

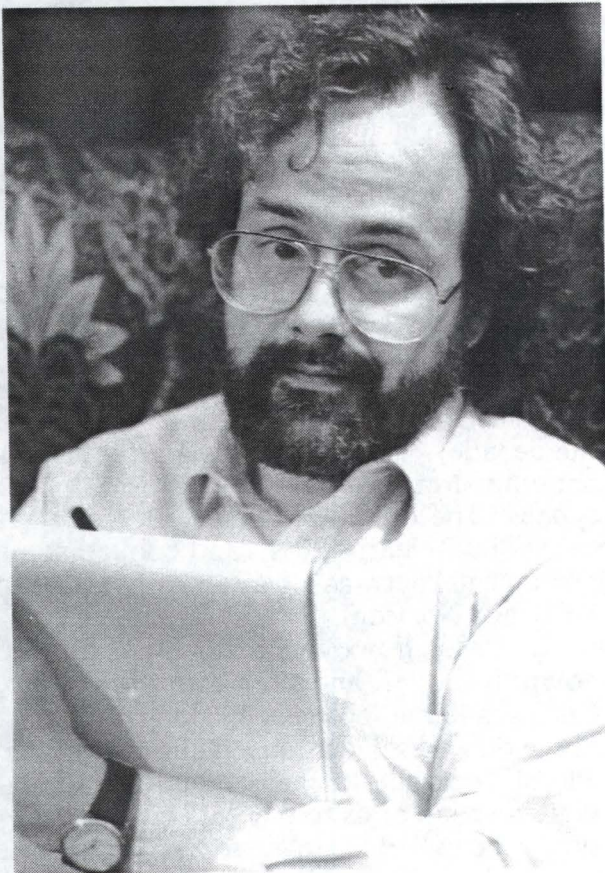
by Reed Waller and Jon Gustafson

Reed Waller is, now anyway, best known for his superb adult comic book, *Omaha The Cat Dancer*, which is a delightful parody of/examination of/dissection of our society. It tells the story of Omaha, a humanoid cat (and a lovely creature indeed), and her friends and lovers and the problems they encounter. The magazine is an adult one, and has occasionally caused an eyebrow or seven to be raised due to its rather (at times) explicit nature. Reed does the artwork and Kate Worley does the storyline (something to remember).

Reed Waller was born in the small town of New Richland, Minnesota, and when he graduated from high school, he went full-time with his rock band, drawing posters on the side. Between bands, he discovered R. Crumb and the underground comix movement, which led to the founding, with Ken Fletcher, of *Vootie*, the official organ of the Funny Animal Liberation Front (in whose pages Omaha first

appeared). After the first issue of *Omaha* appeared, Reed met Kate Worley, whose polished writing thereafter made *Omaha* a successful series. Reed's collected erotic sketchbook work has been assembled into *The Erotic Art of Reed Waller* and is due for a July, 1990, release.

Reed has also been in the science fiction community for many years, being one of the "Minn-Stfers" (did I get that right?) who were so prominent during the 70s. They were the group that were pushing the "Minneapolis in '73" Worldcon bid up into the mid-1980s in a slightly bizarre attempt at time travel. Reed did artwork for the club fanzine (I was impressed by their "Sax and Violins" issue) for years, often in partnership with another artist/cartoonist, Ken Fletcher.



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CLIFF SAMUELS: The Awful Truth

By Stephen Johnson

Like most Calgarians, Cliff is really from somewhere else. Born and raised in Vancouver, Cliff has an atypical history for a fan. Instead of reading F&SF enthusiastically from age 11 or 12, Cliff read very little until his Grade 10 English teacher, a Mr. Schmuck (no, really!) introduced him to the wonders of the world of the imagination. It was also in Vancouver that Cliff completed his BSc in Applied Mathematics (UBC) and attended his first convention, V-Con 8.

Cliff was truly a neofan at that time, so he missed not only all the room parties, but, even more shocking to those who know him, the art show and auction as well. He did, however, get to see and enjoy the Rocky Horror Picture Show -- imagine Cliff as Frankenfurter . . . the mind boggles. Vancouver fandom was not, however, to be his home, as in 1981 Petro-Canada took him away from all that, and Cliff moved to the ice planet Calgary.

Cliff was well prepared for his move, having seen a Noncon 4 ad in the V-Con program book. He dropped them a line when he moved here, and got in touch with Eric Tilbrook who, as it happened, worked in the same department of Petro-Canada as Cliff. So

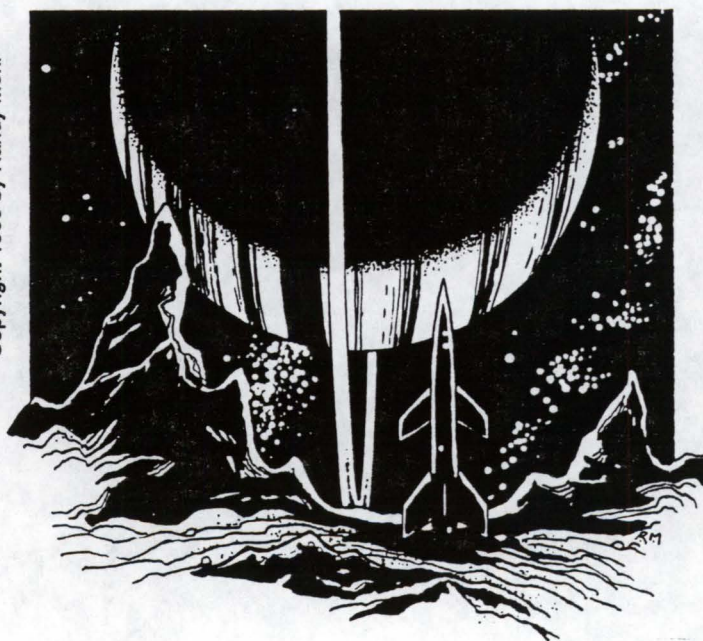


Cliff became a member of Calgary fandom, and promptly took over the Dealer's room duties (from me, as it happens). This began Cliff's long history of convention organizing and doing the work of lazy sods like myself.

As well as joining the concom, Cliff also joined DEC, the Calgary science fiction club. I remember meeting Cliff at a joint SCA/DEC party at the time, and thinking that he seemed a bit of a keener (underestimate of the decade), and that it was a pity he was hanging around mostly with those SF club types. Cliff did spend some time at SCA events in the early 80's, and cooked some great meals, but was always mostly active in DEC (and NonCon).

In 1983, however, after DEC burned down, fell over, and sank into the swamp, Cliff was left at loose ends, along with most of the other dissident fans. Doug Edgington, a local bookseller and all-around weirdo invited a group of us to put on a new convention to be called Con-Version. The idea was

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to have a convention whose emphasis was programming, and focused on literature. Cliff went wild. While the rest of us poked away on getting some kind of convention put together for July, 1984, Cliff devoted his life to the cause. I honestly believe that Cliff did more work on Con-Version I than all the rest of us put together. In any case, the concom was so amazed at Cliff's efforts that we created the Superfan award to recognize work done above and beyond the bounds of reason, and gave it to Cliff. (He won it again at Con-Version III, but previous winners are now ineligible.) Other than spending countless hours doing photocopying and layout work, plugging the convention, and generally organizing things, Cliff was Chairman of Con-Version V, has worked in almost every area of the convention, and initiated the Con-Version bookmarks and lapel pins.

As anybody who knows Cliff will be aware, he collects F & SF art, or, more accurately, Ken Macklin art. In fact, Cliff loves his art so much, he bought a house so he would

have more room to display it. His collection includes, as well as heaps of posters and prints, 7 Macklin originals, one commissioned original by Lela Dowling, and, the newest arrival, an original Dillon. It should be added, in passing, that Cliff also collects hardcover books, and is an expert on the topic of cover art, particularly the depiction of feet.

On the mundane side, Cliff still works as a computer programmer/analyst at Petro-Canada, Canada's national, but soon to be privatised, oil company. He has survived numerous corporate restructurings (also known as mass layoffs), and he has the extreme good fortune to share his home with the lovely, talented, and charming Eileen Capes. At MosCon, you will most likely find Cliff either in the Art show/Dealer's Room/Art auction, or selling you a membership to Con-Version. Failing that, look for him at the parties, where Cliff will likely be enthusiastically not drinking or smoking.



TIM GERLITZ

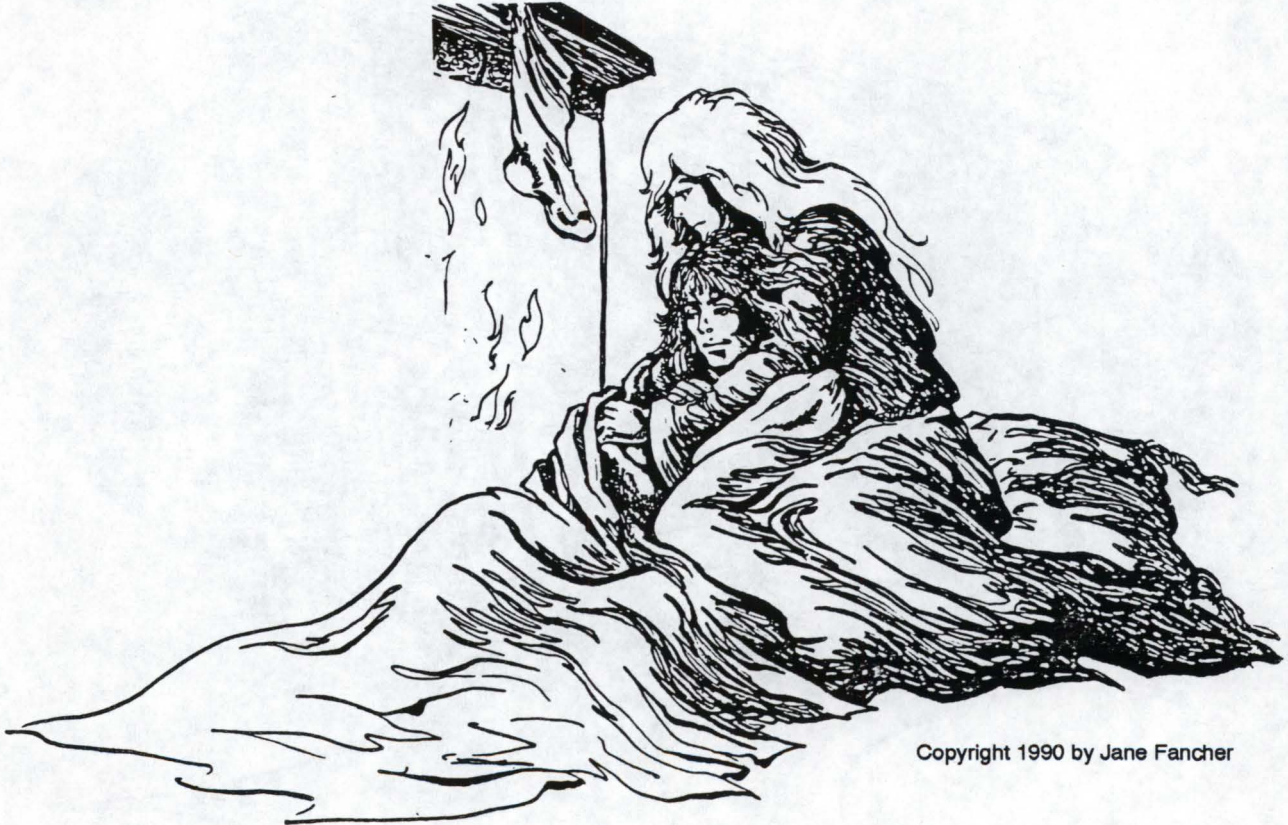
by *Tim Gerlitz*

Tim Gerlitz is a sociologist and amateur astronomer who has lived in Northern Idaho all of his life and who spent his childhood in Coeur d'Alene. He entered the military in the early 80's and spent his entire tour in Europe traveling about and training troops on how to survive nuclear and chemical warfare (though he never quite believed what he preached).

Afterwards, Tim married and moved to Moscow to attend the University of Idaho. He changed his major from art education to theater design and finally settled comfortable into sociology and social work. Coming from a single-head of household and dysfunctional family environment, he found that this field enabled himself to begin to heal personal wounds as well as deal with his earlier bouts with chemical dependency. His primary focus

has been working with families and children for the past eight years.

Realizing that one must take care of himself in order to successfully support others, he has been involved with many hobbies and interests, primarily astronomy. He has written and produced a daily science/astronomy radio show for two years and looks toward syndication in a few years (giving Joel Block and Star Date a run for their money). He has helped form the Palouse Amateur Astronomy Club and focuses on involving children and "turning them on" to the heavens. Other interests include collecting an extensive library of antique astronomy books, all forms of art, writing, photography, outdoor stuff (he once climbed Mount Rainier), and he plays acoustic guitar.



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JANE FANCHER

by Jane Fancher

I was born on October 24 . . . year unspecified . . . in Washington (State, *not* DC) in the shadow of Mt. Rainier and precisely (according to my numerous elder sibs) one week early. My father owned a flight school, but by the time I was old enough to learn to fly, he'd moved on to raising Quarter Horses. Consequently, instead of gassing planes and getting my pilot's license, I got to shovel sh . . . er . . . clean stables and train horses. Either of which is not a bad after-school occupation.

Time being the limiting factor it is, and priorities necessarily limiting how that time is spent, I learned how to get a plane up and down without crashing, am not a bad equestrian, and swing a mean shovel. I still own my first horse's first foal, Venus, who on her own twentieth birthday presented me with another dependent, Cosmic Conjunction.

Besides horses, I enjoy music -- preferably making it rather than listening to it. I play piano and guitar and I sing -- about as well as I ride: i.e., I usually manage not to make a fool of myself. I love dance of all kinds, and have had some training in a variety of styles. I enjoy baseball, gymnastics, and ice-skating -- all of which I'd *love* to be able to do, but I learned some time ago the relative value of workable joints . . . particularly fingers.

I have a cat (black, naturally), a pond in the corner of my office with eight *koi* (all named after *Cyteen* characters), several bubbling fish tanks filled with everything from a Betta who thinks he's a Guppy, to a Rosy Barb who thinks he's a Betta, and a dozen cheeky ducks who come to the door every morning demanding breakfast (*never* take on a family of cute ducklings off the lake -- you'll find out all too easily how man managed to domesticate animals).

Formal university studies include math, physics, astronomy, anthropology, some computer programming back in the dark ages of cards, plus anything I could squeeze in around the edges.

How all of this led to working on a graphic novel adaptation of C.J. Cherryh's *Gate of Ivrel*, I have yet to figure: the *only* subjects I'd

never studied were art and creative writing. But here I am, living in *flat* Oklahoma City, with two graphic novels out from Donning, and finally getting around to doing some real painting.

Most exciting of all has been the intrusion of the W-word into my life. As of October, 1988, I've been writing. Somehow, when someone like Carolyn Cherryh says "Try it, you'll like it," it's difficult to resist.

Suffice it to say, I tried it. I *loved* it. And now find myself the terrified owner of a contract with Warner Books for three hard-SF books, one of which is completed, the second of which is happening and the third of which had better behave.



KATE WORLEY

by Kate Worley and Jon Gustafson

Kate Worley comes to MosCon XII with Reed Waller; she is the superb writer and cover colorist for *Omaha, the Cat Dancer*.

Kate Worley was born and raised in Belleville, Illinois, an Air Force brat, and came to Minneapolis, Minnesota, in the 1970s. There she distinguished herself as a chief writer for *Shockwave*, an award-winning science fiction comedy radio show; an organizer for sf conventions; a crisis-line operator for a women's intervention center; founding manager of the famous Uncle Edgar's

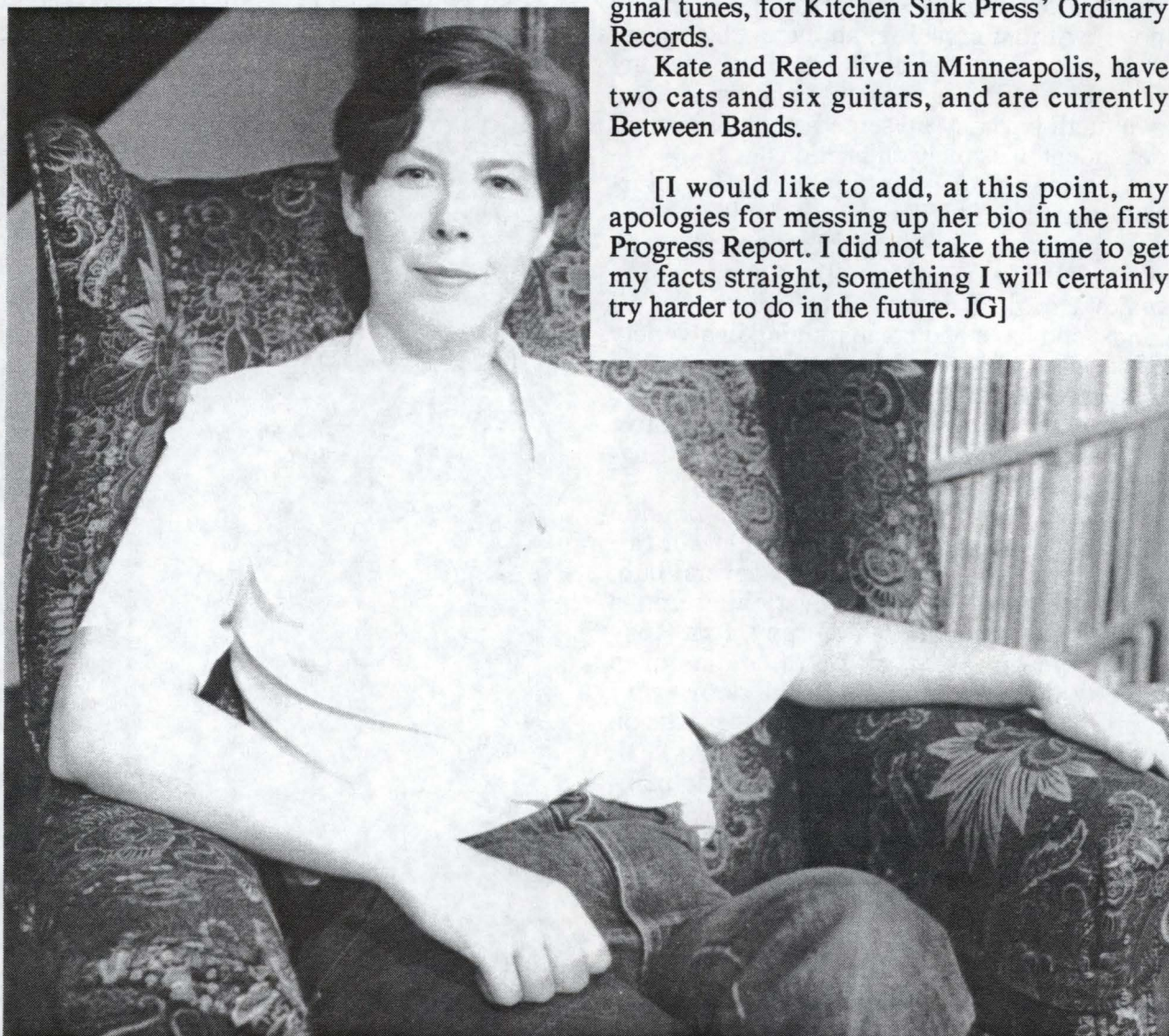
Mystery Bookstore; and singer-guitarist in the local folk scene.

Kate became the writer and cover colorist for *Omaha the Cat Dancer* with issue #2 (1986), and has since contributed work to Fantagraphic's *Critters* (with Reed Waller), *Wimmin's Comix*, *Strip AIDS USA*, and *Choices*. In 1989 she became the series writer for Disney Comics' *Roger Rabbit*.

Kate and Reed have had two rock bands together (so far): *Lab Rats* (1986-87) and *The Shakers* (1988). With *The Shakers* they released *Omaha the Cat Dancer*, an LP of original tunes, for Kitchen Sink Press' Ordinary Records.

Kate and Reed live in Minneapolis, have two cats and six guitars, and are currently *Between Bands*.

[I would like to add, at this point, my apologies for messing up her bio in the first Progress Report. I did not take the time to get my facts straight, something I will certainly try harder to do in the future. JG]



VLADIMIR GAKOV

by Paul Brians



Vladimir Gakov is the penname of Michael Kovalchuk, a journalist and critic who lives and works in Moscow, USSR, and who speaks and writes in English as well as Russian. He has a Ph.D. in theoretical physics (Moscow State University, 1979), but quit physics after ten years to devote himself to journalism. As the science editor of *Religion and Science* magazine, he has written on a wide variety of subjects, but his first love is science fiction, both eastern and western. He quit his job last year to become a full-time freelance writer and editor (a *very* unusual and daring thing to do in the Soviet Union).

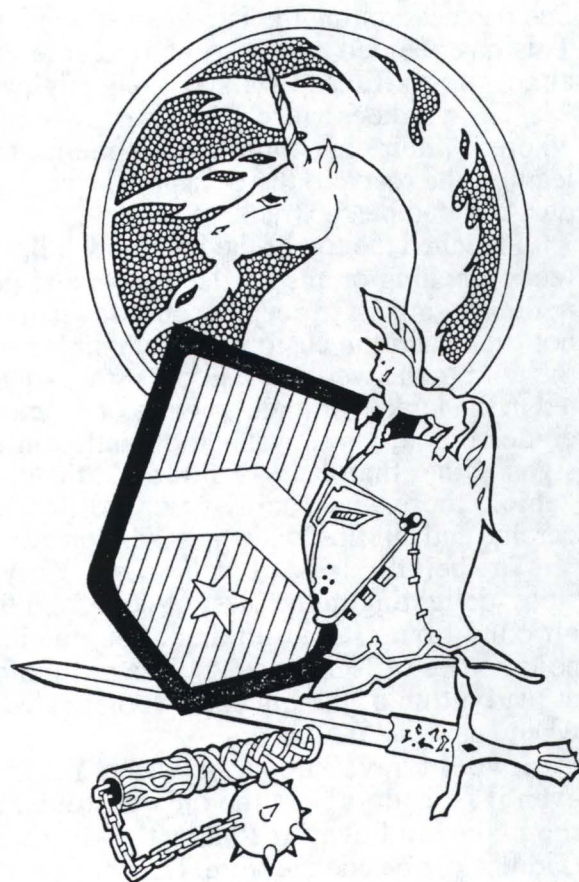
He is engaged in a major project to make more translations of English-language SF available in the USSR (he wrote the introduction for the first of Ursula LeGuin's books to be published there and says his great ambition is to get *The Dispossessed* translated). He has talked with Fred Pohl about various projects for publishing Russian SF here.

He knows all the major science fiction writers in the Soviet Union (including the Strugatskys) and many Western ones as well. In Moscow, he has hosted writers like Arthur C. Clarke and Joe Haldeman. At one time he wrote for *Locus*. He is very well known in SF fan circles in the USSR.

He knows a lot about science fiction films, and always has interesting news of forthcoming productions in the USSR (he told me last year that every single one of the Strugatskys' novels was scheduled for filming).

His latest book on western SF and war, *Ultimatum*, was just published, and he is hard at work on a book about science fiction in the US, *The Fantastic America*. Several years ago, he also published a book on flying saucers, a subject about which there is intense interest in the Soviet Union today, as are all kinds of occultism.

Mike loves to talk and party (though he drinks only beer), but his manner is somewhat more formal than American fans may be used to. He does not smoke. He greatly enjoys trying new foods, loves classical music (but not rock or jazz), and is intensely interested in current events in the Soviet Union.



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THE GREAT MOON PIE INVASION

by J. Steven York

It was the kind of hot Alabama day that caused the locusts to sing with glee, and all other creatures to seek shade and something cool to drink. That was a luxury I had foregone that particular morning. It was Labor Day weekend and I had, over my Mama's protests, agreed to pump gas at Kroy's store.

Cousin Kroy was kind of an outcast, and even Mama wouldn't have anything to do with him after that thing with Reverend Massey and the flying cows. I, on the other hand, knew that Kroy would take care of things, and he did. The steeple was back on the church so's you'd never know anything happened. But as a result most of the local folks shied away from my cousin. They were just too put off by the enigma of someone who was a southerner born and bred, and *still* somehow managed to be "not from around here."

Kroy's bait shop was legendary with the tourists though, and normally he did a land office business during the fair weather holidays. This day seemed a little too fair. There was almost no traffic as I walked along Highway 27. The yankees were all cowering somewhere in their air-conditioned motel rooms, leaving the roads to the occasional tractor or dust-covered pickup truck.

I reached the top of the long, low hill, my feet crunching on the bottlecaps we dumped in the parking lot to keep the dust down in the hot times and the customers from sinking in the mud in the wet times. Kroy's store squatted in the middle of it all, an oasis of concrete, cinder-block, white wash and hand-painted signs. Other than Kroy's old truck, the only vehicle there was a shiny new Cadillac, all chrome and tail fins, with New York plates.

The bell tinkled as I walked into Kroy's store, delighting in the blast of cool from the air conditioner, and thinking about the ice-cold bottles of Nehi and RC Cola swimming at the bottom of the big chest cooler. That's when I saw the Yankee.

I would have known he was a Yankee, even if he hadn't been the only customer in the place, and even if I hadn't noticed the Cadillac out beside the store. He wore a short sleeve dress shirt, a pair of green plaid shorts

and a plaid hat with a little feather sticking out of the band. He was wearing clip-on sun glasses, flipped up under the brim of his hat, and between shorts and black socks his legs showed, knobby and white. His right arm was pale too, but his left one was burned pink from hanging out the car window during the long migration south.

Cousin Kroy had his chair carefully balanced on the back two legs, but his concentration was elsewhere. He was looking at the city fellow real stern-like, and the city fellow was laughing up a storm. He wandered around, picking things off the counters and shelves. Each time he looked at something he laughed all the harder. "I've got to get the camera out of the car. This place is just *too* much." He swooped over to the canned goods. "Look at this. Right next to the Spam and the Green Giant creamed corn, 'New Pleiadian Har'aw Eggs, packed in drissel sauce!" He waved the can in cousin Kroy's direction. "You order these from *Hong Kong* or what?" He bobbed his nose in close to the fine print and chuckled. "'Packed by New Pleiadian Produce Associates, Agrokj, Yui-Ak-ti-gax Hive, New Pleiades, Milky Way Galaxy!' What a gas."

He made the rounds of the canned goods, apparently finding no distinction between Pleiadian Har'aw Eggs and boiled peanuts or black-eyed-peas. It was all strange stuff to him, and all equally amusing. He moved on to the housewares and the auto supplies.

Once the Yankee was out of earshot, I leaned across the counter and whispered to Kroy. "You gonna let that Yankee make fun of us like that?"

Kroy's frown dissolved. He chuckled and leaned a little closer. "Boy, you're gonna have to learn a few things if you're gonna work here. One thing is about Yankees. You can't hold them to proper rules of behavior. They make fun of us folk. Treat us like we're backwards and dumb." He glanced at the Yankee out of the corner of his eye, then chuckled again. "This is our country, and local folks always got the advantage on any stranger. *We* know better, and things have a way of even-

ing out in the end. You just wait and see."

I heard what Kroy was saying, but at the time I found it hard to accept. I watched that stranger rooting through the store, and found myself feeling funny about the way I talked, the way I dressed, and the fact that I liked boiled peanuts and black-eyed peas. I thought about that big car parked out front in comparison to the '59 Volkswagen that my daddy drove to work every day, and I was embarrassed.

I don't know if I believe that a higher power was at work (you'd figure He was still angry about the steeple), but it sure is interesting that just about that time the Werkeen Star Destroyer landed on the Yankee's Cadillac and crushed it flat as the prize in a box of Cracker Jacks. Of course at the time, we didn't know that's what'd happened. At least, the Yankee and I didn't know. You never could be sure about cousin Kroy. It was just that we heard this *sound*. It was kind of like a thousand cats with their tails stuck in a cotton gin. Then we heard this *other* sound. It was like -- well -- it was like a new Cadillac getting crushed flat as a piece of chewing gum under somebody's shoe.

The Yankee looked up from laughing at the rack of snack crackers. His face wrinkled into a frown. "What was that?" he said.

Kroy leaned back in his chair and put his feet up on the counter. "Reckon we might be in for a thunderstorm."

The Yankee scowled. "There hasn't been a cloud in the sky all morning!"

Kroy pulled the brim of his Xenon Oil cap down over his eyes, then jerked a thumb towards the big windows at the front of the store. Sure enough, the sun still shown on the weeds across the highway, but the whole front of the store was in shadow. It looked like the clouds were rolling in. "Might not be a good day for fish'n," he said.

The Yankee ignored Kroy and picked up the last cellophane package out of a display box. He held it by one corner and waved it at Kroy. "Moon Pie," he nearly howled the name. "What's it made out of, *green cheese*? Who buys them? *Moon men*?"

Kroy pushed the NO SALE button on the cash register and took a tooth pick out of the drawer. He chewed on it for a moment before answering. "Moon men are partial to barbecue pork rinds and grape Nehi. It's only Earth



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folk that like Moon Pies, and there's a good reason why."

I suppose that if I'd been paying more attention, I'd have mentioned that Moon Pies were really made in Tennessee. Unlike so much of the stuff in Kroy's store, they only *sounded* like they were from outer space. But I was still thinking about that noise. I wasn't satisfied with Kroy's explanation, and contrived an excuse to take a look outside. "I better empty the caps out of the cooler," I said as I unhooked the bin from under the bottle opener. Kroy nodded almost imperceptibly as I headed out the door and into the day's heat. I stood outside the door for a moment and took a lung-full of air that was like steam off a tea kettle.

Though there was sun shining across the road, the area around the store was still in shadow. The sky I could see from this far back under the big front porch was blue and speckled with only a few wisps of cloud. I headed off to the right side of the building, steering around the ice machine, tire changing tools, cases of empty bottles, and other clutter on the porch. That's when I looked for the Cadillac. The Yankee had parked it just in front of the grease rack and the tool shed, but all I could see of it was a little broken glass, some chrome, and about half of one white-wall tire sticking out from under what looked like the world's biggest flat-iron.

The bin slipped from my limp fingers. Nehi caps clattered around my feet as I stepped forward in a daze. The flat iron didn't have a handle. There was a big metal pillar connected to the top of it by some kind of knuckle joint. It reminded me of the con-

necting rod from a Buick V-8, only about a hundred times bigger.

I was within a few yards of the thing when I remembered the shadow that hung over the store. Feeling a tightness in my groin and fighting an insane urge to duck, I cautiously looked up. The pillar reached up to join a black triangular shape fifty feet over my head. The shape was huge, tapering to something like a snake's head a few hundred feet ahead of me, and spreading out like the wings of a vulture, till my view of it was finally eclipsed by the roof of the store.

I looked through the porch, and spotted another landing leg sunk into the soft earth beyond Kroy's roadside sign. I surmised that there must be a third one behind the store where I couldn't see it. Later, we found the huge depression left in the middle of the pig pen. (Kroy filled it with water and used it for a hog wallow.)

I stood there for a minute, staring up at the thing blotting out the sun, before common sense sent me running back into the store. I charged through the door at a full run, and my flip-flops slid for several yards before I was able to stop, do a one-eighty, and report the imminent invasion to Kroy.

"Buh! Uh! Buh!" I said.

Kroy tilted his head back so he could look at me, and allowed his eyebrows to lift his expression into one of bored interest. "Izat so, son? Want to try that again?"

I waved my arms around frantically, trying to communicate the emergency. "Augh! Ick!" I said.

Kroy frowned impatiently. "Spit it out, boy."

I had forgotten English! The only explanation I could think of involved insidious rays fired into my brain by alien invaders. Then it slowly started to come back to me, one syllable at a time, and gathering all my will, I hollered the first complete word to come to mind. "Cadillac!" I cried.

This got a couple reactions, but not the one I wanted. It caused Kroy to (A) rock slightly back and forth in his chair and (B) to sniff slightly as though clearing his nose.

The Yankee, on the other hand, dropped the Moon Pie on the floor and barreled out the door, shouting at me as he passed, "What about my Cadillac?"

I tried to answer, but he was gone and I

figured he'd know soon enough.

Kroy watched in silence, rocked his chair a few more times, then put his feet flat on the floor, his hands on his knees, and stared at me for a moment. "Five -- four -- three -- two -- one," he said, and slowly rose from his chair.

At just that second, the door flew open and the Yankee shot back in, skidding along the floor in his fancy dress shoes till he hit the Moon Pie he'd dropped, squashing it flat and slipping so that he landed on his overpadded back-side next to the shelf of patent medicines. "My car!" he screeched, scrambling to his knees and looking up to Kroy with tearful eyes. "My poor car!"

Kroy scratched his chin and looked down at the flattened marshmallow pie. "You know," he said, "ordinarily I'd charge you a dime for that Moon Pie, but that kind of irony ought to be worth something."

There was a clattering noise from outside, and then heavy footsteps. By 'heavy,' I mean the kind a cement mixer might make if it had feet. Then *something* stepped up to the window by the ice machine and peered in. It looked like a cross between the big air compressor Kroy kept on a slab next to the store, and the sumo wrestler I'd seen on Ed Sullivan once. The thing stepped back from the window, as though deciding whether it should walk through the wall or not, then thudded over to the door.

The little bell tinkled cheerfully as death on two legs lumbered in. Kroy had his doors built extra tall so even he didn't have to duck, but the thing barely cleared the top of the frame. It stopped and looked the three of us over. At least something on top that *might* have been a head was directed towards each of us in turn.

There was a howl like feedback on a public address system, and a voice that sounded amazingly like David Brinkley emerged from somewhere in the thing's mid-section. "Greetings inferior beings. Celebrate! Broth, warrior of the Werkeen, is here to gift your humble world with his enlightened dictatorship. How may you serve me?"

The Yankee shuffled forward on his knees. "What did you do with my Cadillac?" he moaned.

The alien drew back for a moment, as though digesting the Yankee's words. "Ah! You have provided a satisfactory cushion for

my Star Destroyer's landing gear, and my database indicates your method of approach shows proper respect. Rejoice! I will reward you by not destroying you or your population concentration of hatching for at least sixteen planetary rotations!"

"My beautiful Cadillac!"

"Yes, it was aesthetically pleasing. I was much reminded of a female of my acquaintance. She was a spirited lass, tickling me with many amusing fusion devices during our courtship battle. The shrieking of metal as your 'Cadillac' was crushed reminded me much of our love-making." It seemed the immobile lump that approximated the thing's face somehow smiled. "I extend my reward to twenty-four planetary rotations!"

The Yankee collapsed into a sobbing lump on the floor.

"Such gratitude," exclaimed the alien. "I am much impressed with the quality of servitude on this planet."

I leaned in real close to Kroy and whispered to him, "Can his Star Destroyer *really* do that, cousin Kroy?"

Kroy glanced over to make sure Broth was still watching the Yankee's fit. "Son, Star Destroyers are for destroying *stars*. I reckon he's got about enough firepower in his left arm to take over this here little planet."

Broth seemed to get bored with the Yankee's show, and turned back to us. I snapped back to attention and pretended not to have been talking. It looked at Kroy. "What about *you*? How can you serve me?"

Kroy studied Broth for a moment, and then a slow smile spread across Kroy's face. I immediately recognized it as one of his 'selling' smiles. "Well, good buddy, you have hit the jackpot. I'm the owner of this fine establishment, specializing in offering services to the weary traveler from out of town. We got food, fuel, camping supplies, fine vehicle service, and the best selection of bait and tackle in these parts."

"Correction," said the alien. "I now own this establishment, along with this entire planet, by right of conquest. However, I will allow you to continue to operate it as long as it serves me. I have no immediate requirement for fuel, as I intend to be staying for some time, but it would be good to top my tanks and have my ship serviced. That is why I chose this spot to land. I sensed that this is the

only planetary source for antimatter in any quantity."

Kroy smiled as though he'd just been paid a compliment. "Yeah, that hyper-hi-test is really something, ain't it?" He reached under the counter and pulled out a pair of Vise-grips and a greasy shop rag. "We'll get you all fixed up. You just have a seat out on the porch swing and I'll take care of everything."

"My armor provides for my comfort. I do not need to sit."

Kroy nodded. "Nope, I reckon you don't. But you been on a long trip, and I bet you'd like a little snack."

"My armor's life support system converts local materials into a form suitable to my metabolism, and my internal reserves *could* use replenishing. I will sample any of your finest local delicacies."

Kroy smiled real big. "You bet. I got just the thing right here." He started rummaging around under the counter and brought out a yellow box. My eyes went wide when I saw it. It was a box of rat poison!

Still smiling, Kroy looked up at Broth. "I've got 'em here somewheres." He disappeared back under the counter. In the next few minutes he reappeared several times, dropping something new on the counter. There was a box of lye, ant killer, a box of sewing pins, a jug of bleach, two dozen shotgun shells, a can of gasoline and ten sticks of dynamite. Finally, he made a little whoop of triumph and plopped a display box on the counter in front of Broth. "I'll share with you the greatest delicacy on Earth." He reached into the box and held up a cellophane package where Broth could see it. "A brand new box of Moon Pies!"

Broth scanned the array of clutter on the countertop. "Somehow," he said, "I wonder if you can be trusted. But very well, I will let you live -- if you survive eating one of these 'Moon Pies.'" He paused for a moment before adding, "And the other two will eat one as well."

Kroy picked up a vanilla one -- he knew it was my favorite -- and tossed it over to me. The Yankee got banana, and Kroy chose a chocolate one. Kroy tore off the wrapper and dug into his. I was a little slower. I like Moon Pies, but I wasn't much in the mood for eating right then.

The Yankee just stared at his with tear-

reddened eyes, unsure what to do with it. Kroy looked at me and nodded so's I got the message. I didn't understand the plan, but Kroy just *had* to know what he was doing. I took a bite of mine, and when the Yankee continued to hesitate, I gave him a swift kick in the leg. The Yankee howled, but he took a bite too, crumbs dribbling down his chin.

"Mmmmmm -- mmmmmmm," said Kroy, "that sure is good. Marshmallow creme between two soft cookies, all covered with that *dee-lishious* glaze." He gestured at me. "Ain't it good, cousin?"

"Mmmmmm -- mmmmmmmmm," I agreed without enthusiasm.

"Enough!" said Broth. "I will sample this Moon Pie." About where Broth's belly button would be, if he had a belly button, a chute opened. It looked like the pouring spout on a box of salt.

"Let me do the honors," said Kroy as he unwrapped another chocolate one and tossed it into the open chute. The chute closed with a sucking noise. Broth stood motionless for a moment as whirring and gurgling came from within.

Then he lurched and stumbled. "What -- trickery -- is -- this?" It sounded as though he was having trouble breathing.

"Mmmmmm -- mmmmmmm," said Kroy.

"I will -- destroy you -- for -- this!"

Kroy stepped back and whipped the Vise-grips out of his pocket. "An if'n you do, who's gonna get you out of that sardine can a'fore you suffocate?"

Broth took a step and stumbled, falling to his knees (or something like that) with a force that cracked floor-boards. "Please -- save -- me -- " Broth fell forward flat on his face. It sounded like somebody dropped a water-heater through the roof, and looked about the same way.

Soon as he he stopped flopping around, Kroy jumped on top of him and started twisting at things with the Vise-grips. There were sounds like a couple of guitar strings snapping, and the armor fell apart on the floor. Kroy shoved his hand down into the whole mess and fished around. He pulled something out that looked like a pink little piglet wearing blue satin boxer shorts. He held it up to me by the scruff of its neck. "Cousin, I'd like you to meet Broth!"

"This is undignified," said the piglet.

"Mother," said the Yankee.

"What happened?" said I.

Kroy laughed. "Mr. Broth here had a little problem with his air conditioning, and decided to come out and use ours. It was the Moon Pie what did it."

"Moon Pie?" I said.

The Yankee spent a minute looking at the Moon Pie in his hand with a puzzled expression, then broke into tears. "My Cadillac!" he wailed.

Kroy kicked at the piece of armor housing the food chute. "Those Werkeen life support units will digest and detoxify just about anything in the universe, including all that stuff," he gestured at the counter. " -- just about anything," continued Kroy, "except marshmallow. Gums up the works something awful, and it's an integrated system. Food processing and air filtration are all one unit." He made some strange asthmatic sounding noises to illustrate his point.

"That's amazing," I said.

"Twern't nothin'. I coulda' defeated him just as easy with a Rocky Road bar or an Easter marshmallow chick."

That was pretty much the end of the "Great Moon Pie invasion" as we came to call it. The Earth was saved, and thank God Mama never heard about it. Kroy told Broth he didn't hold a grudge against him or anything, but he couldn't see his way to letting Broth have his armor or Star Destroyer back. Instead, he introduced the little alien to a pastime more entertaining than conquering planets: fishing. Kroy told him about the "greatest fighting sport fish on Earth," and set him up with a full fishing rig on the house. He pointed Broth off towards a fishing hole, and that little piglet was happy as could be. I later asked Kroy what this great game fish was, and he said: "Minnows."

Kroy gave the Yankee some whiskey he'd smuggled back from the Florida line, and took him to a bunk out back to drink it down and sleep it off. Later on, Kroy drove him into Dothan and put him on a Greyhound bus headed north.

That left the Star Destroyer to deal with. Kroy didn't seem to think it was a big deal. "It's double parked, and I'm just gonna have to tow it away."

He had me watch the store, so I didn't *see* what happened, but I did see him pull around

the store in his '58 Ford pickup with the tow-boom in back. I heard the clanking of chains and the sound of the winch. That old truck's motor revved for all it was worth, and then the big shadow outside started to move. In a few minutes it was gone, off to sit abandoned in the woods somewhere, I guess.

As for the Cadillac, an insurance man came out, looked at it, shook his head, and left. It wasn't worth moving, and it was too flat to be in the way. After a while, the bottle caps covered it over, and nobody remembered but me.



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THE KALIF

by JOHN DALMAS

Year Of The Prophet 4721

Kalif Gorsu Areknosaamos sat in the shade of a gnarled old voorwa tree, reading briefs. It was somewhat warm and the Kalif was fat. He wore loose shorts that reached his knees, and a crisp, sheer, scarlet shirt. His exposed arms and legs were thick with curly black hair; his beard, scalp, and brows were also curly, and grizzled.

Several of his hairy fingers bore rings, and a ruby had been set in the center of his nobility mark, a 3/8-inch polychrome star on his forehead. Bracelets of gold filigree dangled loosely on one furry wrist, and a slender gold chain hung from his neck, holding a jewelled medallion in the form of a sextant. The Prophet, the Blessed Flenyaagor, had been a navigator first of ships and later of souls.

A serving girl stood by the Kalif, a girl perhaps fourteen years old. Now and then she would lift the lid of a refrigerated bowl, take a cube of melon from it with small fingers, and hold it to the Kalif's lips. His mouth would accept it absently, and occasionally he stroked the girl's well-draped buttocks with a chubby hand, appreciating their concealed curvature. His potency had left him years before, but he enjoyed the aesthetics of sight and touch.

Another person, an aide, stood silently a few yards off, waiting for whatever order might come.

The Kalif's full lips smiled sardonically as he read. Now and then he chuckled. When he finished a sheet, he'd toss it aside on the grass, from which a ten-year-old page boy picked it up and added it neatly to a stack on a small table.

The pendant on the Kalif's fat neck concealed a watch. It began to peep at him like a baby bird, and grunting, he handed the rest of the brief to the page. The serving girl picked up his sandals and put them on his hairy feet, then braced herself and helped him stand. Smiling, he fondled her buttocks again. The aide picked up the stack of paper on the table.

Then, with the aide at his right, the page at his left -- both half a step back -- the Kalif started across the private inner garden to his

apartment, the girl following.

At first he didn't notice the three men waiting for him there, watching his approach from the edge of curtains that partly draped the open sliding doors. His contact opticals were effective, but he was occupied with thoughts. It was the page's small voice that alerted him. "Your Reverence -- "



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The echo was baritone: "Your Reverence." The Kalif's scowling glance took them in: two officers of his personal guard, and a rather tall prelate, still young, in a light tunic with a miniature sextant, unjewelled, on his chest.

"What is your business?" The words rumbled from the Kalif's thick chest.

The young prelate held up an envelope. "The message is urgent and confidential. About R."

Still scowling, the Kalif held out an open hand and the young prelate stepped forward,

handing the envelope to him. As the Kalif took it, the young man grasped the fat wrist, the elbow, twisted and thrust, jerking the thick hand behind the Kalif's back. Held it there with his left hand while the right swiftly drew a syringe from an open belt pouch. Meanwhile one of the guard officers had shoved the muzzle of a pistol under the aide's chin. The Kalif's grunt alerted the two inner door guards, but the syringe had moved to his jowl, where it chuffed sharply. The door guards stopped in mid-stride, confused by the sight of another automatic pistol, pointing at them in the fist of a familiar guard captain.

"He is already dead," the captain told them. "It's too late to save him." The words sounded strangely casual in the quiet room.

Within seconds the Kalif's weight sagged, but the young prelate kept him upright for seconds more, to be certain, before letting the heavy body collapse to the floor.

The assassin, the young prelate, looked across the room then at the two shocked door guards. "You will not be punished for failing to protect him," he said. "The deed was done at the order of the College of Exarchs, with the knowledge of your commander."

He turned to the aide. The guard lieutenant had removed his pistol from the man's throat. "I believe you know why this was necessary."

Dough-pale, the aide nodded.

"Stay here for now. Until someone comes for the body." The assassin turned to the girl and the page. The boy seemed paralyzed; the girl was shaking visibly. "You stay here too," the prelate said gently. "Both of you. A Sister of the Faith will come for you later. Everything will be all right."

Then the young prelate and the two guard officers strode from the room, their weapons back at their belts, passing the door guards, inner and outer, without a look. A gray-haired exarch, white robed, waited for them in the corridor, and they left together.

The College of Exarchs waited restlessly in their conference chamber, around the large oval table there. The exarch that entered with the assassin was the eighteenth, completing their number. The Kalif's throne stood unoccupied at one end of the table, an ornately jeweled crown sitting in front of it. A Guard squad stood lined up along the wall behind it,

an affectation of the late Kalif.

The young prelate, the assassin, stopped a few feet from the table, and with a slight bow addressed the secretary of the College. "Alb Deloora," he said, "the Kalif is dead. As you ordered."

The assassin's glance took in who was surprised and who was not. Roughly a dozen of the eighteen were startled and shocked. Of the four senior members, however, clearly all had known in advance, and this particular squad of guards showed no surprise.

It took several seconds before the unwarned exarchs began to yammer, several at once, demandingly. The secretary raised his hands and spoke, stilling them.

"You know what the Kalif had become. And we have evidence, unequivocal, that he has been plotting the most enormous of heresies. He planned to publish and present what he would call *The Book of Kargh!* To add to and 'correct' *The Book of The Prophet*, which the Blessed Flenyaagor gave to mankind millennia ago. At the same time setting himself up as a holy despot. He'd have caused not just insurrection but outright revolution, and quite possibly the fall of the kalifate and College."

He waited for a moment, and when the hubbub persisted, barked them to silence. "We decided against a bill of impeachment," he went on. "Unavoidably we'd have had to make the whole thing public, with details that would have disgraced and weakened the kalifate for years to come."

He didn't give another, even more compelling reason: Successful impeachment would have required fifteen votes in favor, fifteen of eighteen. And it was impolitic to point out that the Kalif had five of them in his pocket -- could have depended on their votes regardless of his heresy.

"Thus some of us decided it should be done -- the way we did it."

A casual hand gestured toward the assassin. "We were fortunate to have someone on staff who has served in the military, as an officer of imperial marines. You all know him, Coso Bilathkamoro; he has served us well in more ordinary ways. A man of decision and action. Not only did he subvert the Guard command, the most difficult job of all, he did it on short notice. He also performed the execution with his own hand. Without him we could hardly have succeeded; he has earn-

ed our deep appreciation."

The secretary glanced around the table, then settled his eyes on the prelate-assassin and beckoned to the guards. "Unfortunately, someone must die for this act of violence against the Successor to the Prophet. Someone must be sacrificed." He pointed at the assassin, and his voice took a tone of command. "Unfortunately, the one by whose hand the Kalif died. Guards, shoot this man!"

The guards made no move; two or three grinned nervously.

"Alb Deloora," the assassin said drily, "it's not I who shall die." Quickly then he strode to the secretary, who found himself trapped between heavy chair and massive table. A body blow half paralyzed him, a strong hand grasped his hair and forced his head back. "It was your idea that the Kalif be killed. Even this syringe was your idea!" It darted, chuffed as before. "I agreed with you that the act was necessary. I also knew you would turn on me. So I made arrangements with the marshal, who chose and briefed these men for duty today."

He let go the secretary, who sagged onto his chair to dangle limply over an arm. Then the young prelate moved to the senior remaining exarch. "Alb Ikomo, I believe you knew of our late secretary's plan to sacrifice me. Would you care to follow him to the judgement of Kargh?"

The gray head shook a negative. The young man pointed at the throne. "Then crown me Kalif."

"But you are not a member of the College! The Kalif is always sel . . ."

Coso Biilathkamoro moved swiftly. Ikomomo Iiakasomo's eyes bulged with shock as a hand grasped his hair too, and the syringe flashed again. The gaunt exarch had just time to squawk before he sagged. The young prelate turned to the next in rank. "You too knew our secretary's intention toward me. Crown me!"

One of the others spoke, a fat man relatively pale among brown. "Teethkar, put the crown on his head! You know what's happening to the empire. It occupies our thoughts more than anything else; more than that mad heretic he just killed. We need someone like Coso Biilathkomoro on the throne now. He can be the strongest Kalif since Papa Sambak." The speaker turned his clean-shaven

face toward the killer. "If he proves ruinous, we can rid ourselves of him later."

A few nervous laughs flashed and died, and after a moment's suspension, the exarchs relaxed a bit. "Crown him!" said another, then others yet. Still others nodded. The exarch ordered by the young prelate stepped to the throne and picked up the crown. The one who'd spoken, the fat one, spoke again.

"Our new Kalif must be formally elected. Those in favor of Chodrisei Biilathkamoro as Kalif, say 'aye!'"

Half a dozen said aye almost at once, then another, two more, two more again. More than half.

"Opposed 'nay!'"

Three said "nay," defiantly. Several said nothing.

The speaker looked at the exarch holding the crown, one of those who'd abstained. "As always, abstentions are not counted. The ayes prevail. Crown him!"

The man carried the crown to the young prelate, who half knelt, and placed it gingerly on his soldierly, short-cropped hair. When Chodrisei "Coso" Biilathkamoro stood again, he was the Successor to The Prophet, and the new ruler of the Karghanik Empire.

Wearing the red cape of his office, the new Kalif stood in his hearing room before the mustered senior officers of the Kalifal Guard: its marshal, the marshal's aide, the executive officer, and the three battalion commanders.

"I have called you together for two main reasons," the Kalif said. "First there are rewards to make. Your concern for the welfare of the empire, your understanding of the urgent need to remove a degenerate ruler, your willingness to allow and even assist in that removal, have earned the gratitude of the College of Exarchs and myself. Therefore, the empire will reward the Guard, every man in it, with a bonus of a hundred gold sovereigns. Each commissioned officer shall receive 300, each of you here 500." He turned to the marshal. "And you," he added, "have earned a thousand. Also, the two officers who accompanied me when I performed the deed shall receive an additional 500."

He stepped closer to the marshal now, looking him over calmly. "As for the second matter," he went on, "I am told by a reliable

informant that you have bragged that the Guard now determines who sits on the throne. Do you deny saying it?"

The marshal managed no words, merely stood flustered. In that moment his saber, not a syringe, hissed from beneath the Kalif's red cape, and though the marshal went for his pistol, he moved too late. The sword took his gun arm below the elbow, shearing muscle from bone, then thrust upward beneath the ribs. Blood poured. The Kalif stepped back, drew a large kerchief and wiped clean his blade.

That done, his eyes locked onto the shocked executive officer's. "Major," he said, "I have asked about you. And have had only good reports. If you are willing, I am prepared to promote you to colonel and appoint you marshal."

Somehow his gaze calmed the major, who pulled himself together. "Your Reverence, I am willing."

"Good. Then marshal you are. As for me -- I intend to be the Kalif this empire has needed for so long. And one of the things I demand is your absolute loyalty, yours and that of the entire Guard. There may be disorders as a result of this day's work, and I will be too busy to protect myself. It will be up to you.

"Now, as the late marshal did not live to draw his bonus, I will have it divided equally among the six of you."

For a moment his eyes held on the new marshal's again, then he nodded slightly as if to himself, in approval. "I will review your regiment on the parade ground tomorrow morning at nine, to let your men know me. And -- I do not plan any more surprises. I much prefer to operate in a regular and orderly manner."

The Kalif turned his back to them then, and strode from the room.

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ASK MR. SCIENCE

by Mr. Science

Ms. DV, of Seattle, WA, asks: *How can one tell the difference between aliens and human beings?*

All human beings have a nearly overpowering urge to collect things. Aliens do not. Human beings typically must move to ever larger homes every few years to accommodate the increasing volume of their possessions. Aliens always live in one-room apartments, with only a small likeness of Ailrun Hooburd, the leader of their civilization, on otherwise bare walls.

Mr. HW, Jr, of Hagerstown, MD, asks: *Where does the water from my one year old automatic defrosting refrigerator go?*

If you own a General Electrical, Westinghouse, or Hotspot unit with the letter "X" in its model number, YOU ARE IN GRAVE DANGER! These are experimental models which dispose of the water produced during automatic defrost by electrolysis. The oxygen produced by this process is simply vented into the air and poses no hazard. But the hydrogen is absorbed into two large palladium rods inside the system. Under certain conditions heavy hydrogen (deuterium), present to the extent of one part in six thousand of normal hydrogen, may accumulate to the point where "cold" fusion will result in a rather large meltdown of your kitchen.

Mr. GB, of Surrey, B.C., asks: *How do the microwaves in my oven know where the food is?*

The microwaves in your oven are far too stupid to know, or even care, where the food is. They go rushing madly about in all directions, trying to escape from the cavity. When the unfortunate ones enter, and are captured by, your dinner, their vain struggle to free themselves heats your food by friction. As you open the door those still free to do so escape to join their brethren in the universe's

cosmic microwave background radiation.

Mr. SC, Of Edmonton, Alberta, asks: *Why are men hairier than women?*

Would you asks 'why do elephants have bigger noses than tigers?' Of course not! The question would be mere nonsense, since the two are of different and unrelated species. Recent evidence points strongly to the fact that men and women, likewise, are not of the same species. This accounts remarkably well for the documented differences in weight distribution, temperature preferences, and attitudes towards love, sex, and the purpose of life.

Ms. FH of Vancouver, BC, asks: *How were seedless grapes developed and was it considered ethical?*

In the late 1940s it was discovered that grape vines and orange trees, in particular, were extremely susceptible to hypnosis. Falsely making these plants believe that they have been pollinated results in the production of fruit with no seeds. This is extremely unethical, but very tasty. Incidentally, it is considered rude to inquire into the reproductive habits of other organisms.

Mr. SC of Edmonton, Alberta, asks: *Why does a kink appear in my telephone cord when I'm not looking?*

Despite being negatively charged, electrons are very happy-go-lucky little creatures, who just want to have fun. When they observe that you are not looking, they pick a spot in your phone cord and rush madly around in circles. The interaction between the magnetic field they create in this manner and the Earth's magnetic field causes a kink to form in the cord. Notice that the kink obeys the right-hand rule: if you point your right index finger along the cord towards the sun, the kink will

be in the same direction as the painful twist in your wrist.

Mr. KJ, and Mr. JH, both of Victoria, BC, ask: *What would happen if a volcano accidentally got turned upside down?*

Since volcanoes typically have connections with hollow areas far below the Earth's crust, it is clear that this eventuality would engender the most serious consequences. During an eruption the volcano would pump a significant fraction of our atmosphere into the core of the planet, causing it to inflate like a balloon. If the volcanization lasted more than 3.1 days the Earth would burst, also like a balloon. Calculations show that 74% of objects on the surface would be ejected at greater than escape velocity. Since this is a less than desirable method of traveling in space, Mr. Science recommends the mounting of a massive "volcano watch" program, to provide a warning should this event come to pass.

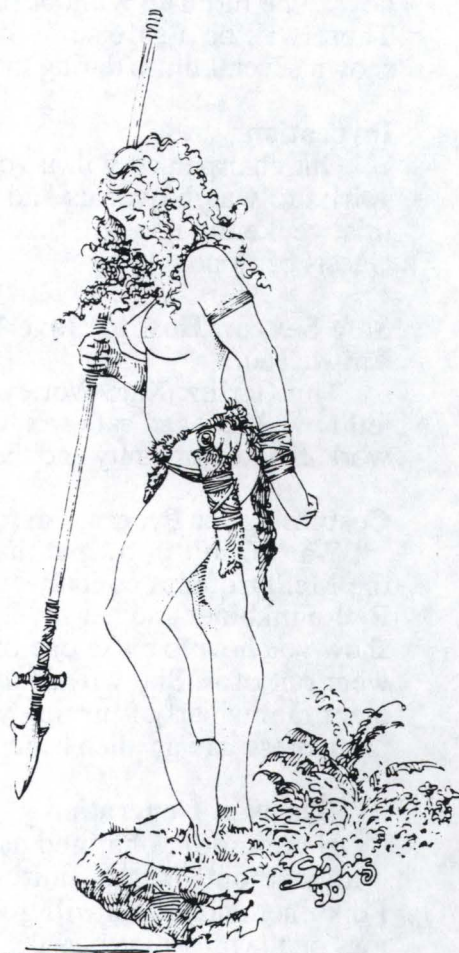
Ms. FS, of Burnaby, BC, asks: *Why don't pens write upside down?*

Ink Molecules are extremely unsymmetrical, with one end very much heavier than the other. When one writes with a pen in the normal position the heavy end of the ink molecule, which is light in color, is held against the paper by gravity, leaving the light end, which is dark in color, exposed to our view. When writing upside down, the light (dark) end of the molecule is attached to the paper, so that we see only the heavy (light) end. The solution to this problem, if you must write upside down, is to use black paper. Or a pencil.

Ms. LC of Vancouver, BC, asks: *I have been navel gazing and have many questions about the fascinating bellybutton: Would a clone have a bellybutton? Would a born-again Christian have two? And if you inhaled helium and untied your bellybutton would you fly around the room making rude noises?*

These remarkable questions show the immense value inherent in introspection. For this reason Mr. Science has suspended his

rule of answering only one question per correspondent per column. Most people are aware only of the outdated and erroneous theory that the navel had something to do with providing nutrients to the fetus. The true purpose of the umbilical cord is to prevent buildup of bile caused by anger at the anticipated trauma of birth. Since a born-again Christian is not re-birthed, and suffers no such trauma, there is no need for a second navel, though it might help to relieve the anger they so readily feel at the rest of us. Likewise, a clone, not being "born" at all in the conventional sense, would have no need for even one bellybutton, except as a convenient point of attachment for the ligatures that prevent the clone from bumping into the sides of the nutrient solution vessel. As to your third question, you would indeed fly around the room backwards, but since helium is lighter than air it would absorb rude noises. You would, however, leave strange little bile-colored spots all over the walls.



PROGRAMMING

by Betty Smith

This year the con is going to have Gaming going whenever a room is available. Polish your dice and feel free to drop in. Registration will list updated times and places. These guys have been working for months to bring you that ultimate gaming experience. All through the convention Authors will be reading for us, so check their times posted on the reading room door. The video room will be running a variety of programming and their schedules will be posted. If you want to be bored this weekend, you might have to schedule it in.

FRIDAY:

Safe Sex Presentation

An expert in the health care field tell us how to be intimate without risking our lives. There will be a safe sex video that will be shown several times during the convention.

Invocation

Our chairperson will invoke the guardian spirits to watch over us and the convention this weekend. You will also get to meet the Guests of Honor.

Safe Sex, or, How to Have Your Cake and Eat It, Too.

Tim Gerlitz, Kate Worley and other folks tell how AIDS and safe sex has affected their work, their community and their viewpoint.

Costuming for Procrastinators

Wait! Don't throw out that Dixie cup and the McStyrofoam container out of your car. Beth Finkbiner and her lovely assistants will show you how to make one-of-a kind evening wear out of it. She will demonstrate the ancient fannish art of turning your sisters' old prom dress into an alien band uniform.

SF: The New Generation

Has fandom changed as the media has branched out? Verna Smith Trestrail, Beth Finkbiner and others will give us their opinions on the present versus the good old days.

Friday Evening

The Jacuzzi opens. Gretchen Johns will start the dance at eight and gamers will be playing all night long. Let's Boogie!

SATURDAY:

Vampires in S.F.

Eric Nilsson, Nina K. Hoffman, and Jane Fancher will discuss why vampires are a continuing theme in SF literature and how the treatment of them has changed over the years.

Author Signing

Come and have your books signed.

Bioengineering

C.J. Cherryh and experts in the field will explore the possibilities. Discussion might range from the present state of the art in bioengineering to speculation about the creation of biologically engineered human beings.

Cultural Literacy in SF Fandom

Are you culturally literate in the Science Fiction community? To find out what it takes and what that implies to your future reading pleasure, come listen to Nina Hoffman and M.J. Engh discuss this nontrivial topic.

Design a Society

Algis Budrys, C.J. Cherryh and John Dalmass will tell us how they set up the societies in their fiction. They will explain what physical, economic and environmental data they take into account when designing a new world.

The Legacy of E.E. "Doc" Smith

This year is the centennial of the birth of E.E. "Doc" Smith. Verna Smith Trestrail will speak on the corruption of "Doc's" work by Japanese animation and the English comic book based on that animation. Find out what the fight is all about!

How to Write a Story

Algis Budrys will take 59 minutes to tell

us how to write a science fiction story. This panel will give you *everything* you need to know about writing a short story. (But you have to listen *really* well.)

Astronomy in the Toybox

Tim Gerlitz, The Amateur Astronomer, will be discussing the use of astronomy with children from dysfunctional families. He's going to show us pretty slides, too.

Comparison of S.F. as Social Criticism

This is a panel with an international flavor. Soviet Science Fiction Guest of Honor Vladamir Gakov and WSU Professor Paul Brians, along with our distinguished Algis Budrys, will discuss science fiction as social and political criticism. Do American authors use the media differently than Soviet authors? Come and find out.

The Erotic Slide Show of Reed Waller

Kate Worley and Reed Waller have been working on this wonderful comic book called *Omaha* for quite some time. Lots of cute fuzzy animals doing things my mom wouldn't let the kids watch. Come to think of it, *we* won't either. This is a *strictly over 18* panel and I.D. will be checked at the door if there is any doubt.

Censorship in the Comic Industry

And just who should be the judge of all this? That's what we'd all like to know. The experts are out to give us the skinny on what is happening in the field and what the repercussions are likely to be. Kate Worley, Reed Waller, Jane Fancher and our own esteemed purveyor of profitable pulp, Katherine Sprague, will give us an earful.

The Art and Artifice of Serious Collecting

Truly enjoyable book collections are rarely a result of merely compulsive hoarding. Jon Gustafson, Cliff Samuels, Dean Wesley Smith, and Bob Greene will show us the ropes and pitfalls of collecting and caring for books.

Saturday evening will begin with the Masquerade. Remember that hall costumes are half the fun, so wear them if you got them. *Immediately following the masquerade is a special presentation.* Gretchen Johns will follow that presentation with music for us to

dance the night away with. The Jacuzzi will be warmed up and ready to go. And for those of you who don't want to go to bed at all: the gamers will be going till dawn.

SUNDAY:

Brunch

Buy your tickets early. By the time you read this it may have sold out, so check now!

Lensman Awards

Stop in and see which author and artist were elected by a vote of their peers to receive this year's Lensman.

Art Auction

Now is the time to invest in the art you have always wanted.

Trivia Bee

Mary Jane Engh has cooked up the most delightful and devilish trivia bee. Literacy is one thing, but details are another.

Fannish Armada Sails Again

Meet with the Captain of the High Jacuzzi and race your yacht with the champions.

Sunday will be carried on by yet more gaming, a Dead Cow party and probably the unavoidable filk singing. Don't miss out on all the fun.



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ART SHOW INFORMATION

by Roderick Sprague

Hi, I'm back, misanthropic as ever. At least I now know why. I have Chronic Fatigue Syndrome (CFS) or yuppie's disease. Why can't I have the income to go with it? I have heard a rumor that Harlan Ellison has CFS, too. As long as I take 20mg of Prozac in the morning I am human.

It took far longer than I intended to get the art show data base into shape. Never having worked on an art show before, I did not know what was up against. The art show data didn't age well. Artists are a mobile lot and there was a one year sabbatical as well. Last year MosCon and Noncon held a joint convention called Banffcon rather than having separate conventions. During the sabbatical year the data got shuffled in storage. It also needed to change over the years. Not just addresses, but the spellings of names would change -- often one letter at a time. I'd often have to stop and figure out which spelling was not a typo. Then I found out the chair chose me for the art show because she thought I would at least be able to pull it off at the last minute. Taking into account that we are new at our jobs, have not done a job for a year, or are burned out from Banffcon (dealing with the border seemed to increase problems exponentially), we seem to be doing all right. There is always next year. No, next year never gets here. Make that 1991, the palindrome year.

Here are the art show rules:

First, though, a request: Please limit the number of prints you enter, as convention art shows tend to degenerate into "prints and a little bit of other stuff."

1.) Artists with attending memberships may reserve up to two spaces free and, if need be, may reserve one more space for \$7.50. Non-attending artists will be charged \$5.00 per space up to two spaces and \$7.50 for a third space. A space is a 4' X 4' panel or 3' X 3' table space (1/2 of a full table). Other arrange-

ments can be made, such as: if we do not have enough art to fill all the space in the show, then more spaces could be made available. Contact the art show staff about this possibility at the convention.

2.) If there is not enough room for the art in its reserved space, then the artist or the artist's designated representative will determine which pieces to display. If neither the artist, nor the representative is at the convention, then the art to be displayed will be chosen by the art show staff in the order of its appearance on the registration form.

3.) Art may be hand-delivered to the art show from 5-10pm on Thursday the 13th and from 8-11:30am on Friday the 14th. If artists or their representatives want to hang their art themselves, then the rooms should be ready for hanging art sometime after 6:00pm on Thursday or between 8-11:30am on Friday.

4.) Unsold art may be picked up after the auction on Sunday the 16th by the artist, their representative, In-Con art show staff (this option is discussed later in this section), or sent back by mail or other carrier. It is imperative that the artist inform us of their desires as to disposition of their unsold art, if any, on the art show registration form. Art to be sent back or picked up by the In-Con art show staff should have a proper shipping container; generally the container it was sent to the convention in, and enough funds to cover shipping it back, is fine.

5.) MosCon is responsible only for art that is successfully shipped to us, and only up to the point at which we put it in the hands of the proper carrier, mail, owner, the artist or their representative, or In-Con art show staff at the conclusion of MosCon. The safety and insurance of art in transit is the responsibility of the owner, artist, or artist's representative.

6.) Paperwork needs to be LEGIBLE, COMPLETE, and ACCURATE, as we use your paperwork to keep our records the same way.

Get art show entry forms, art tag blanks, and art show registration forms from the art show staff.

A.) The art show entry form is the receipt used when paying for space in the art show. We need it to know what kind and how many spaces you want. If you also need to pay for space, then return your payment with this form to the art show staff.

B.) Each piece of art must have an ATTACHED art tag. While you, the artist, may be able to tell at a glance the difference between your "Embattled Deltain Warrior Priestess" and the utterly different "Embattled Lunarian Warrior Priestess"; we probably can't. Write the title of the piece on the art tag, and refer to it by the same title on the art registration form. If the work is untitled, we suggest you number them, ie. "Untitled #1". The medium should be described in the usual terms, but go into more detail for works of unusual media and especially if the work requires special care. The artist's name or pseudonym goes in the artist blank. The minimum bid is the price at which you want the bidding to start in the auction. Art that is for display only should have "Not for Sale" written here, and the "bids" spaces should be removed from the tag.

C.) The art registration form starts with the name and address where money and art are to be sent after the convention. Next is where anyone other than the artist who is authorized to pick up art work is designated. This can include In-Con. Next is a listing of the information from the art tags along with the insurance and quick sale values. The *insurance value* is the price that your art should be insured for in good conscience. The *quick sale value* is the price at which the art can be sold if it does not make it to auction. You should also list on the form any unusual "care and feeding" instructions for your art, if any are necessary.

7.) Important new information: The State of Idaho insists we charge 5% sales tax in addition to the sale price of the art. We will also take the usual 10% commission (not including tax) on all art sold by the convention.

8.) Art for sale will be put in the auction starting with the pieces with the most art tag

bids. All pieces with the same number of bids will be auctioned in order of the amount of the last bid, the higher values first. If we run out of time to put things up for auction, pieces people are still interested in will be sold at their quick sale price. Bidders: note that art can go up for auction out of order if someone at the convention requests it. This is so that someone who wants to bid on something, but cannot be there when it would normally come up for auction, can do so.

This year we will experiment with an "over eighteen" room or part of a room for art of a "mature" nature. The space a piece of art takes up in that area will be taken into account in determining space allotments for a body of work.

In-Con Information

In-Con is a convention in Spokane on September 21-23, 1990. They will be using MosCon's art flats, and moving them to Spokane immediately after MosCon. As In-Con is only 100 miles and a week away from MosCon, it would be fairly straight forward to have MosCon hand any art directly to the In-Con art show staff. If you would like to take advantage of this opportunity to, in effect, get two art shows for the effort of one, you should contact the In-Con art show staff. There will be some of the In-Con people at MosCon. Our art show staff can help you get in contact with them. In-Con's fees are 4'X 4' panels for \$12.00 and 3'X 3' table spaces for \$10.00. Latest info is that they are planning a silent auction. In-Con should be a good convention.



RESTAURANT GUIDE

by Betty Smith

Arby's

150 Peterson Drive
882-4223

Hours: 10:30am to 11:00pm

Fast food on a roast beef sandwich theme.
Good salad bar and stuffed potatoes.

Baskin Robbins

1244 W. Pullman Rd.
882-4409

Hours: 11:00am to 11:00pm

Ice cream in multitudes of flavors.

The Beanery

602 S. Main
882-7646

Hours: 7:00am to 5:00pm weekdays, 8:00am to 5:00pm Saturday, closed Sunday

Coffee house featuring baked goods, soups, and sandwiches. No smoking.

Biscuitroot Restaurant

415 South Main
882-3560

Hours: 11:00am to 10:00pm

Biscuitroot is a tradition with MosCon. The atmosphere is quite nice and the food is a step above the usual fare. Prices for dinner range from about five to twenty dollars a person, depending on appetizer, wine, and dessert selections. Portions are generous and many recipes are original. Sunday brunch. If nothing else, save your pennies after the art show and split a dessert with a friend.

Bonanza

Palouse Empire Mall parking lot
882-1336

Hours: 11:00am to 9:00pm, Mon-Thur; 11:00am to 10:00pm, Fri-Sat

Bonanza boasts one of the largest all-you-can-eat salad bars in the area. Prices range from four to eight dollars. The menu includes steak, chicken, and shrimp. If you are feeling timid, it won't surprise you.

The Broiler

1516 W. Pullman Rd.
University Inn/Best Western Motel

882-0550

Reservations recommended.

Lunch 11:00am to 2:00pm, Friday

Dinner 5:30pm to 11:00pm, Friday-Saturday

Sunday Brunch from 9:00am to 2:00pm

Dinner at the Broiler is another of Moscow's fine dining experiences. Char-broiled steak and seafood specialties. Desserts are marvelous. Dinner ranges from five dollars to fifteen but most dishes are priced at eleven or twelve dollars.

Cafe Spudnik

215 South Main
882-9257

Hours: Lunch 11:30am to 3:00pm, Dinner 5:00pm to 10pm; Closed Sunday

European cuisine and espresso. Trendy.

Chang Sing Restaurant

512 South Washington
882-1154

Hours: 11:00am to 9:30pm

Good Chinese food, somewhat Americanized. Reasonable prices. A family-run business; when folks fight in the kitchen, most people can't understand them.

Chinese Village

Highway 95 South on left hand side
882-2931

Hours: 4:00pm to 2:00am, Monday thru Saturday; 4:00pm to 10:00pm, 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.

Domino's Pizza

308 N. Main
883-1555

Hours: 11:00am to 1:00am, Sunday thru Wednesday; 11:00am to 2:00am, Thursday thru Saturday

Call out Pizza. They deliver fast and their quality is good.

Eric's Cafe

Palouse Empire Mall

883-0777

Hours: 6:00am to 8:00pm

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.

Gambino's Italian Restaurant

308 W. 6th Street

882-4545

Hours: 11:00am to 10:00pm

Lunch features great sandwiches with an Italian flair. Dinner includes pastas, spaghetti, and Italian specialties. Prices range from three to four dollars for lunch up to ten or so for dinner. Be careful ordering beer here; the "small" is big enough to drown in.

Golden Star Restaurant

520 W. Third

882-6559

Hours: 10:00am to 9:00pm

Take-out Chinese, half a block from the hotel. They just opened, but we've heard good things about them.

Johnnie's Las Hadas Restaurant

882-9998

The change to a Mexican menu is recent, and the food is rumored to be quite good.

Karen's Old Fashioned Ice Cream

519 S. Main

882-9221

Hours: 11:00am to Midnight, Friday-Saturday; 11:00am to 11:00pm Sunday-Thursday

Recommended -- as long as you're not on a diet.

Karl Marks Pizza

1330 West Pullman Rd.

882-7080

Hours: 11:00am to Midnight

Good salad bar and good pizza. Also some excellent sandwiches. If you go here, tell them we sent you.

Main Street Deli

311 S. Main

882-0743

Hours: 7:00am to 7:00pm; on Fridays they are open until nine.

Breakfast served daily. The deli is famous for their fresh baked scones, rolls and other good-

ies. Lunch specials. They serve various sandwiches, salads, and soups. The sidewalk cafe provides a change from indoor dining. Sunday champagne brunch: 9:00am to 1:00pm.

Mark IV Restaurant

414 N. Main

882-4992

Hours: 6:00am to 10:00pm

Standard sort of hotel restaurant.

McDonald's

1404 W. Pullman Rd.

882-2900

Hours: 6:00am to 1:00am, Friday & Saturday; 6:00am to 11:00pm, Sunday - Thursday

The ads on TV have said it all.

Mikey's Greek Gyros

527 South Main

(in the Purple Mall)

822-0780

Hours: 11:00am to 8:00pm, Monday thru Thursday; 11:00am to 9:00pm, Friday; 12:00pm to 9:00pm, Saturday

A gyro is a Greek taco -- pita bread filled with seasoned beef, tomatoes, lettuce, and a creamy dressing. Excellent salads and very reasonable prices. Imported beer and baklava. Service can be slow, so plan to wait or call ahead and meet your food in fifteen minutes.

Mingles of Moscow

102 S. Main

882-2050

Hours: 11:00am to 1:00am

Good sandwiches and pizza, excellent salads. Standard pool hall atmosphere -- *don't* ask Jon Gustafson down here during the convention.

New Hong Kong Cafe

214 Main Moscow

882-4598

Hours: Closed Mondays; 11:00am to 10:00pm, Tuesday thru Saturday; 4:00pm to 10:00pm, Sunday

Chinese food the way Idaho makes it. The New Hong Kong is a Moscow institution.

Nobby Inn

501 South Main

882-2032

Hours: Open at 6:00am, seven days a week

A traditional family restaurant. No ethnic food but great baked potatoes. Just like home -- if you were brought up that way.

North 4-D Restaurant and Bar

112 N. Main Moscow
882-0132

Hours: 11:00am to 8:00pm

Up one flight of stairs in the Moose Lodge. American and Mexican food, cowboy bar.

Old Peking Restaurant

505 S. Main
883-0716

Hours: 11:00am to 10:30pm Friday-Saturday, 11:00am to 10:30pm Sunday

Outstanding! Szechuan, Hunan, and Mandarin specialties. Prices range from five to twelve dollars per dish.

Orange Julius

Palouse Empire Mall
882-5660

Hours: 10:00am-9:00pm, weekdays; 10:00am to 6:00, Saturday; Noon to 5:00pm, Sunday
They serve good hot dogs, too.

The Pantry

1516 W. Pullman
University Inn/Best Western Motel
882-0550

Hours: Open 24 Hours, seven days a week
Breakfast is served anytime and 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 on the Troy Highway
882-0444

Hours: 11:00am to Midnight, Sunday thru Thursday; 11:00am to 1:00am, Friday and Saturday

One of the better pizza places in town. Great lunch specials; personal pizzas served in five minutes or the next one is free. Salad bar.

Rathaus Pizza Shoppe

215 North Main
882-4633

Hours: 11:00am to Midnight, weekdays; 11:00am to 1:00am, weekends

Can seat large parties quickly. Good pizza.

Rosa Garcia's

Right here in Cavanaugh's

Hours: Breakfast - 7:00am-11:00am; Lunch - 11:00am-2:30pm; Dinner - 5:00pm-10:00pm, Friday-Saturday, 5:00pm-9:00pm Sunday

Mexican cuisine from the folks that also bring you Biscuitroot Park. Lunch prices between four and nine dollars, dinner between seven and nine. Try it.

Sam's Subs

Palouse Empire Mall
882-7827

Hours: 10:00am to 8:00pm, Daily

Free deliveries with minimum order. Great submarine sandwiches. If you are in the mall, stop by for their ice cream.

Skipper's

828 West Pullman Rd.
882-1540

Hours: 11:00am to 10:00pm, Daily

Clam chowder, salads, shrimp, scallops, and fish. It's right across the road from Cavanaugh's. Prices are moderate; food is generally served quickly.

Subway

307 W. Third
882-2050

Hours: 11:00am to 2:00am Friday-Saturday, 11:00am to Midnight, Sunday-Thursday

Sandwiches and salads, served quickly. They bake their own bread.

Taco Time

401 West 6th
882-8226

Hours: 10:30am to 11:00pm, Monday to Thursday; 10:30am to Midnight, Friday and Saturday; 10:30am to 10:00pm, Sunday

Good variety and moderate prices. The lettuce is crisp and the meat well drained of grease.

Tater's

Palouse Empire Mall
882-4480

Hours: 10:00am to 9:00pm, Monday to Friday; 10:00am to 6:00pm, Saturday; 10:00am to 5:00pm, Sunday

Tater's, as you might expect, does different things with potatoes and more. They serve lunch and dinner and their menu includes wine.

Ted's Burgers
321 North Main
882-4809

Hours: 11:00am to 11:00pm

This used to be the A&W drive-in and is where the local car clubs hang out on Saturday night. Pretty standard drive-in fare, but you get to look at some interesting cars.

Zips Restaurant
1213 Pullman Rd.
883-0678

Hours: 10:30 am to 11pm

They run a lot of burger specials here. The atmosphere is more pleasant than McD's and it is close to the hotel.

Worth Driving to Pullman For:

Alex's Restaurante
N. 139 Grand
332-4061

Hours: Friday -- 11:30am to 2:00pm (lunch), 5:00pm to 11:00pm (dinner); Saturday -- 4:30pm to 11:00pm; Sunday -- 5:00pm to 10:00pm.

Alex's set the standards for Mexican cuisine

in the Palouse. Dinner prices range between five and ten dollars. We've never been disappointed with the food here. Sunday night is family night -- if you can figure out how to make four fen look like a family unit.

Mandarin Wok
N. 115 Grand
332-5863

Hours: Lunch -- 11:30am to 1:30pm, every day except Saturday. Dinner -- 5:00pm to 9:30pm, Friday-Saturday; 5:00pm to 8:30pm Sunday

The premiere Chinese restaurant in the Palouse. Authentic Mandarin and Szechuan food. Prices range from five to twelve dollars per dish.

The Seasons Restaurant
SE 215 Paradise
334-1410

Reservations required

Continental cuisine and fabulous desserts. The restaurant itself is also spectacular. Dining at The Seasons is an all-around memorable experience.



OTHER GUEST PROFESSIONALS:

JOHN ALVAREZ

JOHN ALVAREZ is a young Northwest artist with a lot of talent. He is currently going to school near Portland to get a degree in art. His paintings have been seen in art shows all over the Northwest; their often surreal images are difficult to forget.

ALGIS BUDRYS

ALGIS BUDRYS was born in Konigsberg, East Prussia, on the 9th of January, 1931; he remained a Lithuanian citizen, under diplomatic passport, until 1987. He married Edna, his charming and immensely patient wife, in 1954 and has four children. Their home is currently in Illinois.

Budrys has been a writer, editor, and critic for over 35 years. His first short story was published in 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 over 120 articles for such diverse magazines 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 very successful *Writers of the Future* anthologies from Bridge Publications.

Mr. Budrys is one of the foremost critics in the science fiction/fantasy 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* book reviews published (*Benchmarks: Galaxy Bookshelf*, 1985).

While not prolific as a novelist, he is unique in that, of the eight novels he has had published (*Who?*, *The Falling Torch*, *Rogue Moon*, *Michaelmas*, *False Night*, *Man of Earth*, *Some Will Not Die*, and *The Amsirs*

and *the Iron Thorn*), fully half are recognized as true classics in the field. He has also had three short story collections published: *The Unexpected Dimensions*, *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 directed the Taos Writers of the Future Experimental Workshop, has taught several several six-day intensive workshops 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, among other organizations.

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

DEBRA GRAY COOK

Without the very capable assistance of **DEBRA GRAY COOK**, the publishing empire of Pulphouse Publishing might well founder. Hiring on as part-time help less than three years ago, she has risen to post of General Manager and Art Director of one of the fastest-growing publishing houses in the field. She lives in Eugene, Oregon, with her four cats.

JOHN DALMAS

At present a resident of Spokane, **JOHN**

DALMAS grew up in the midwest: Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, and (mostly) rural Michigan. He discovered SF at age 12, when he encountered Edgar Rice Burroughs' Mars books in the Linden, Michigan, village library.

Dalmas has worked at a lot of different jobs. Those of significant duration include farm worker, creamery worker, parachute infantryman, army medic, stevedore, merchant seaman, logger, smokejumper, 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 first professionally published story, "The Yngling," was serialized in John W. Campbell's *Analog* in 1969; the first installment earned the highest reader rating of any story over a 20-month span, and an expanded version has since been published in paperback by Pyramid (1971, 1977) and Tor (1984).

From 1971 to 1982, Dalmas 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. He's had more than a dozen novels published, including *The Yngling*, *The White Regiment*, *The Varkhaus Conspiracy*, *The Regiment*, *The General's President*, *Homecoming*, and *Fanglith*. And he has more books coming out all the time. (And all composed on a Kaypro 2 computer, which just shows you that old technology is not useless technology.)

John 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 -- not necessarily in that order.

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 (1976), was republished in hardcover in 1987 by Arbor House and in paperback in 1988 by

Tor. (Orson Scott Card called *Arslan* "one of the finest works of fiction of this generation," and it has been called a "classic" by many, including Algis Budrys.) Her first children's book, *The House in the Snow* (Orchard Books) was nominated for the Utah Children's Book Award. Currently in publication is another highly regarded science fiction novel, *Wheel of the Winds*, and she is working on a historical trilogy entitled *The Womb of God*. Her short stories have appeared in the major sf magazines and in anthologies such as *Arabesques*. She likes cats and other living things.

STEPHEN U. FAHNESTALK

STEVE FAHNESTALK has been involved in fandom for more than sixteen years. He was one of the original founders of PESFA (the Palouse Empire SF Association), *New Venture*, Writer's Bloc (the local writer's group), and MosCon (which started mainly because of Steve's unending pushing to have a local con).

Steve has been writing and editing for years, first in fanzines (in the middle and late 1970s) where he wrote editorials and 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 he wrote a fannish column for *Amazing Stories*. He is currently living in Canada with his new wife, artist Lynn Taylor, and is writing a novel and other fiction.

STEVE GALLACCI

STEVE GALLACCI was born on the tenth anniversary of the bombing of Nagasaki. He spent his formative years watching Mercury launches and the Gemini missions. He was introduced to SF by his grandmother, who gave him her back issues of *Analog*. 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. He began drawing and painting for art shows, his work became sought after. The rest is history, and includes *Albedo* (part of the vanguard of alternate comics and an instigator of furry fandom). You may see Steve sitting in an out-of-the-way corner sketching his view of the con -- it's amazing how recognizable some fen are, even as furry animals.

Dr. STEVE GILLETT

STEVE GILLETT was (so far as I know) the nation's *very first* Scientist Guest of Honor (at MosCon VI, 1984). He's a consulting geologist and has had articles published in *Analog*, *Isaac Asimov's SF 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 (and that includes writing some fiction), his hobbies include camping and ragtime piano. He currently lives in Carson City, Nevada, with his wife (Joyce) and son (Travis), a couple cats, and a golden retriever.

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*, *Snapdragon*, 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*.

JULIA LACQUEMENT-KERR

JULIA LACQUEMENT-KERR lives 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. Julia has also worked on the recent *James Bond* graphic novel. Look for her work in the art show, and do yourself the favor of meeting her. She is very pleasant company as well as an extremely talented artist.

JERRY OLTION

JERRY OLTION's short stories appear frequently in *Analog*. He is also the author of *Frame of Reference*, the fourth and sixth books in the *Isaac Asimov's Robots & Aliens* series, and has recently finished another novel, *Paradise Passed*. He lives in Eugene, Oregon, with his wife, Kathy, and the obligatory writer's cat, Ginger.

RANTZ

"Mama's don't let yer babies grow up to be wonder-dogs."

--from the Ballad of Rantz the Wonder-dog

After three years of working in mostly unknown and unheard of black-and-white books, **RANTZ** is now penciling issues #5-8 of *R.I.P.* from TSR's new comic line. The "mini-series within a series" is written by

Doug Moench of *Moon Knight* fame, and promises to be "pretty disturbing."

Rantz is also attending Washington State University full time, is working on a mini-series with Matt Howarth, and writing and drawing a three-issue adult mini-series of his own entitled *City of Angels*.

Rantz is 22 and is in serious need of a nap.

KRISTINE KATHRYN RUSCH

KRISTINE KATHRYN RUSCH moved to the Northwest just a few years ago, but is already causing quite a stir in the science fiction community. Her short fiction has appeared in *Aboriginal SF*, *Amazing Stories*, *Boys Life*, and *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. Under the name of 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*, and *Cat Fancy*.

As well as being a writer, Kris edits the award-winning *Pulphouse: the Hardback Magazine* and is heavily involved in teaching the art of writing.

In 1989, Kris Rusch and Dean Smith won the World Fantasy Award and in 1990 they were both on the final ballot of the Stoker Award. In 1990, she won the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer from the World Science Fiction Convention.

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 SFWA. He has sold more than two dozen stories to such places as *The Clarion Awards*, edited by Damon Knight; *Writers of the Future, Vol. 1*, edited by Algis Budrys; *Oui Magazine*, *Gambling Times Magazine*, *Hor-*

ror 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 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 an irregular magazine for writers called *The Report*, and is now the publisher of an award-winning hardback magazine, *Pulphouse*, which won the 1989 World Fantasy Award.

His first novel, *Laying the Music to Rest*, appeared in 1989 from Warner Books and was a finalist on the Stoker Awards. 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 Kathryn Rusch, of the Pulphouse Gang writing workshop in Eugene.

LITA SMITH-GHARET

LITA SMITH-GHARET, besides being good looking and a terrific dancer, is an excellent artist, scrimshaw artist, and gemologist. Her art has exhibited around the Northwest, and her articles on gemstones and other semi-precious minerals have appeared in major trade magazines across the country. She currently lives near Portland, Oregon.

VERNA SMITH TRESTRAIL

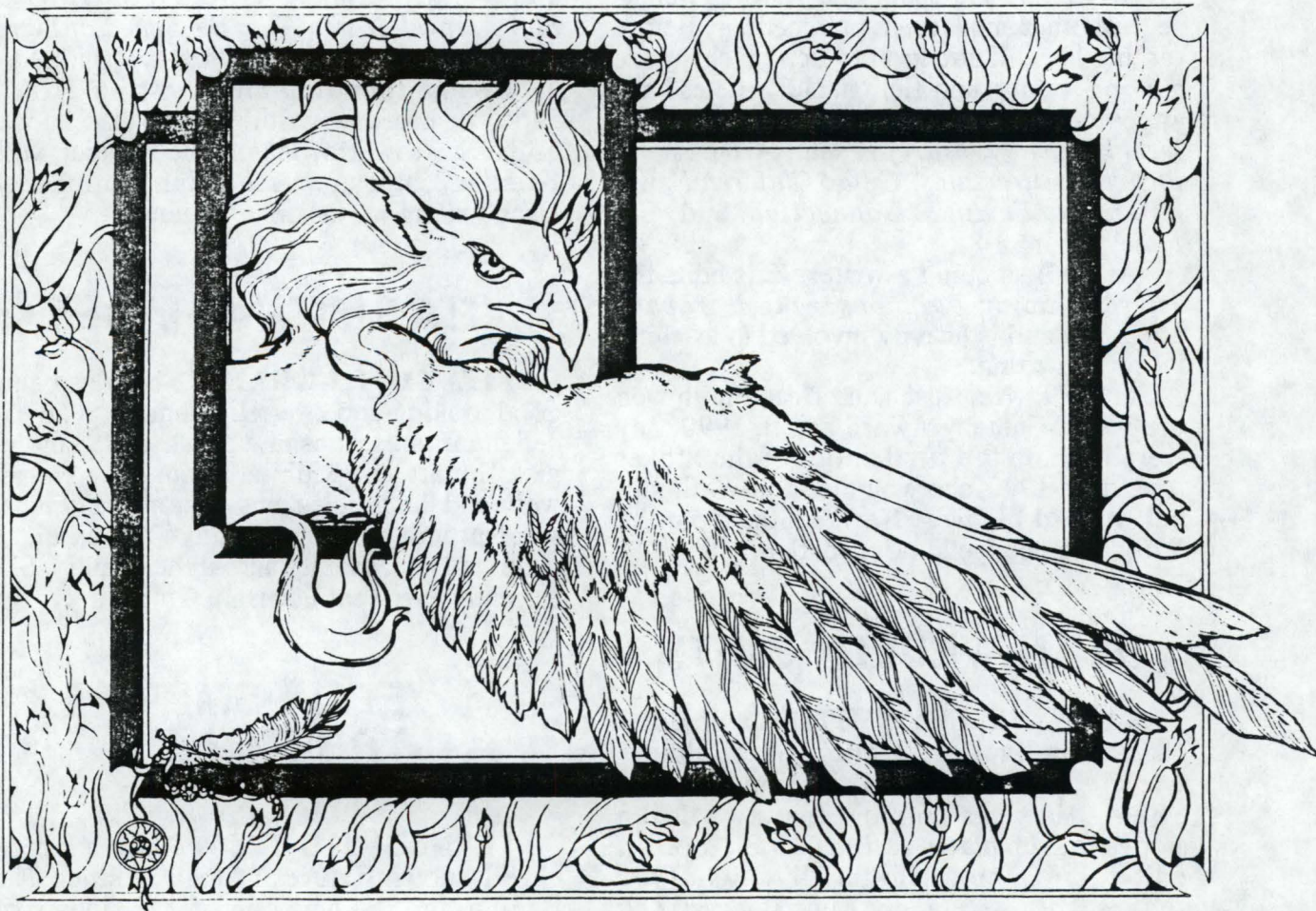
by Beth Finkbiner

VERNA SMITH TRESTRAIL has been a well-known fixture at MosCon since The Beginning. She was 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. 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 the recipient of the U of I Distinguished Alumni 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."



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AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR...

Actually, several words... beginning with a hearty "Hello!" to *Rosa Garcia's*, the new restaurant at Cavanaugh's. Keep in mind that these folks are new to the sf con biz, so treat 'em kind, OK?

More important is for you to be aware of some of the laws of the State of Idaho. One of the most important, especially for those of you who plan to give a party, is that you can be held liable for serving alcoholic beverages to somebody who's obviously (and perhaps not so obviously) drunk. If they go and wrap themselves around a nearby telephone pole, you may be held liable for the accident. (A sobering thought, no?) Keep this in mind when you are about to give that drink to the souse in the corner.

And last, but hardly least, is to *Be Kind To The Hotel*. You are all adults -- more or less -- so treat the hotel with the respect that adults would. *Don't* go carrying glass containers into the Jacuzzi, for instance. Use your common sense.

DANCES Gretchen Johns

Hey! This year Gretchen Johns and Her Merry Band of Boogiers will be putting on two (2) dances for your dancing feet's pleasure. I hope all of you who like to dance will show up and rock the night away. Any of you who would like to help out with putting on the dance, you have a chance to join the elite force of the Merry Boogiers. Contact Gretchen Johns for information. Hope to see you all dancing!

OPERATIONS Jean Crawford

Congratulations! You are now a registered member of MosCon 12. Now is your chance to win fame, fortune (well, maybe not fortune), and our eternal gratitude by stopping by the operations table and volunteering some

of your copious free time.

We are always in need of people to help with security, hospitality, registration, the Lemming Horde, and other areas. Those working two or more hours will be bribed . . . er, I mean, *rewarded* with a nifty button for area they worked (collect the set -- volunteer for *everything!*).

So, step on by and sign away your soul . . . oops . . . that is, sign up for a couple of hours and help the con run as smoothly as possible.

If you have any questions, problems, or need to leave a message for someone, drop in and we'll see what we can do.

SPECIAL PRESENTATION

As fandom is something of an enclosed society, the subject of AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases has become a topic of real concern in the SF world. MosCon XII programming will, therefore, include a safe sex presentation. Phyllis Smith, from the Clarkston, Washington, Health Department will spend an hour presenting information to us on this topic. Phyllis travels the U.S. and other countries giving lectures and workshops on AIDS, STDs, safe sex, and precautionary measures in controlling the spread of infectious disease. You will find her presentation informative, humorous, and very frank.

A panel discussion will follow her presentation. The topic is "Having your cake and eating it too," and involves safer sexual practices and AIDS in the science fiction community.

A video film will also be shown periodically during the convention weekend. This film is very graphic: it shows one how to enjoy physical contact while greatly reducing the risk factors involved. This film will only be shown to those over 18 -- it is unfortunate that those who are part of the newest 'high risk' group (teens) will not have access to this film, but the times and location being what they are. . . . For information about viewing this film, contact the Gopher King or ask in the Hospitality Suite.

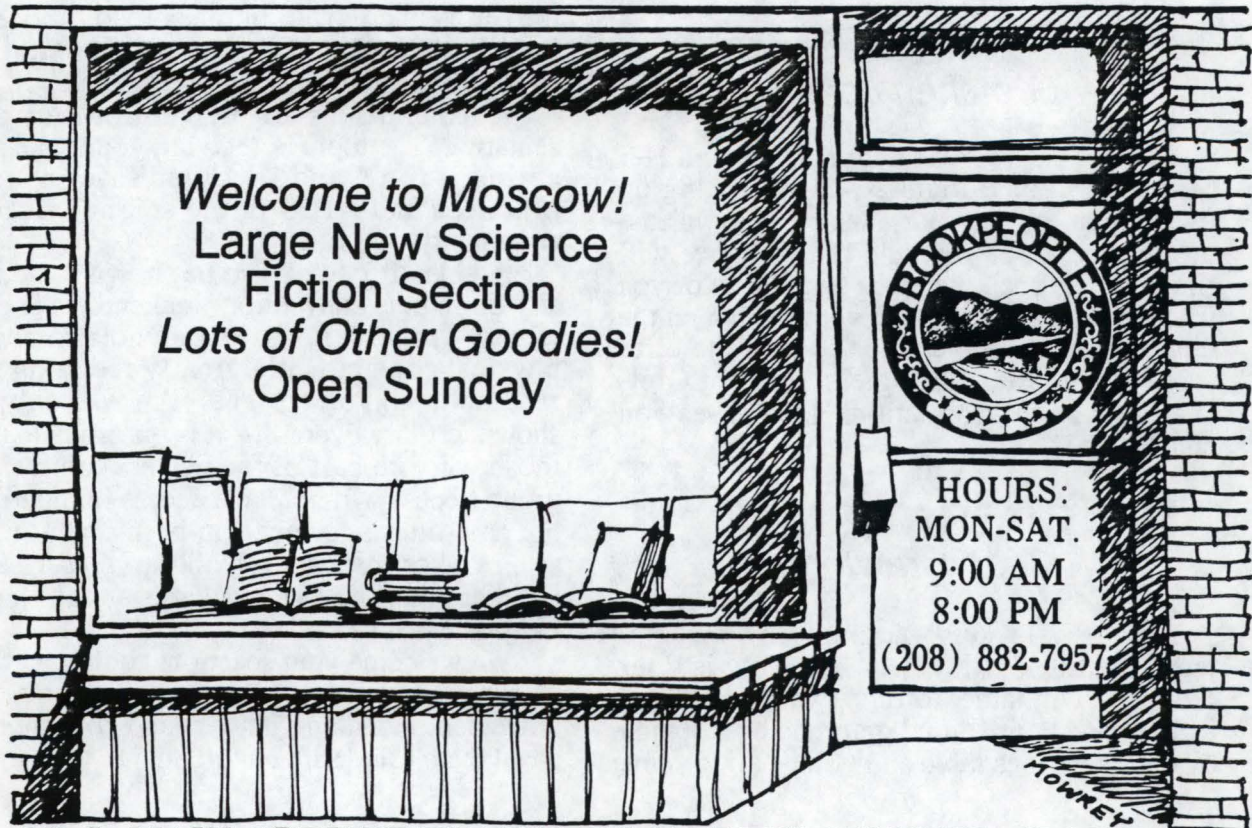
We welcome your reactions to this portion of our programming, and appreciate your involvement in making fandom and conventions an enjoyable and safe environment.

MosCon XII Membership Listing

0 E. E. "Doc" Smith
 1 C. J. Cherryh
 2 Reed Waller
 3 Cliff Samuels
 4 Tim Gerlitz
 5 Jon Gustafson
 6 Beth Finkbiner
 6a John Finkbiner
 7 Mike Finkbiner
 8 Kathryn Sprague
 9 Vicki Mitchell
 10 Jim Hill
 10A JJ Hill
 11 Helen Hill
 11A Beth Hill
 12 Debra L. Miller
 13 Lou Ann Lomax
 16 Charles Leaphart
 17 Susan Berven
 18 LeRoy Berven
 19 Jean Crawford
 20 Donna Bailly
 21 Roderick Sprague
 22 Rosella Miller
 23 Teresa Franco
 23A Reva Franco
 24 Lin Goss
 25 Debi Robinson-Smith

26 Tony Smith
 27 Lisa Satterlund
 29 Mike Winderman
 30 Thom Walls
 31 Becky Fallis
 32 Nels Satterlund
 33 David George
 34 Leah George
 35 Darren Ewing
 36 Lori Ewing
 37 Mike Carkin
 38 Mary Hart
 39 Bruce Martin
 40 Steve Forty
 41 Lynn Kingsley
 42 Bob Barnes
 43 Frances Beslanwitch
 44 John Beslanwitch
 45 Daron Fredricks
 46 Deborah Fredricks
 47 Bea Taylor
 48 M. Taylor
 49 M. A. W. Taylor
 50 Hilarie Morris
 50A Aragorn Morris
 51 Phillip Morris
 52 Mike Hammond
 53 Stephen Johnson

54 Frank White
 55 Ryan K. Johnson
 56 James Muhlke
 57 Diana Palms
 58 Carolyn Ives Gilman
 59 Wilma J. Jensen
 60 Deborah A. Wood
 61 Gail Glass
 62 Jim Glass
 63 Linda J. Jensen
 64 Daniel Fears
 65 Ken McNamara
 66 Kathleen Reilly
 67 Annette Mercier
 68 Tim R. Walker
 69 Gina Disteldorf
 70 Lisa Treichel
 71 Mary Treichel
 72 Kristina Anderson
 72 Guest of Karen Jordan
 73 Frances A. Archer
 73 Karen Jordan
 74 Terry Fowler
 75 Louise Regelin
 76 Richard M. Lyon
 77 David Ludke
 78 L. Pierce Ludke
 79 Craig A. Steed

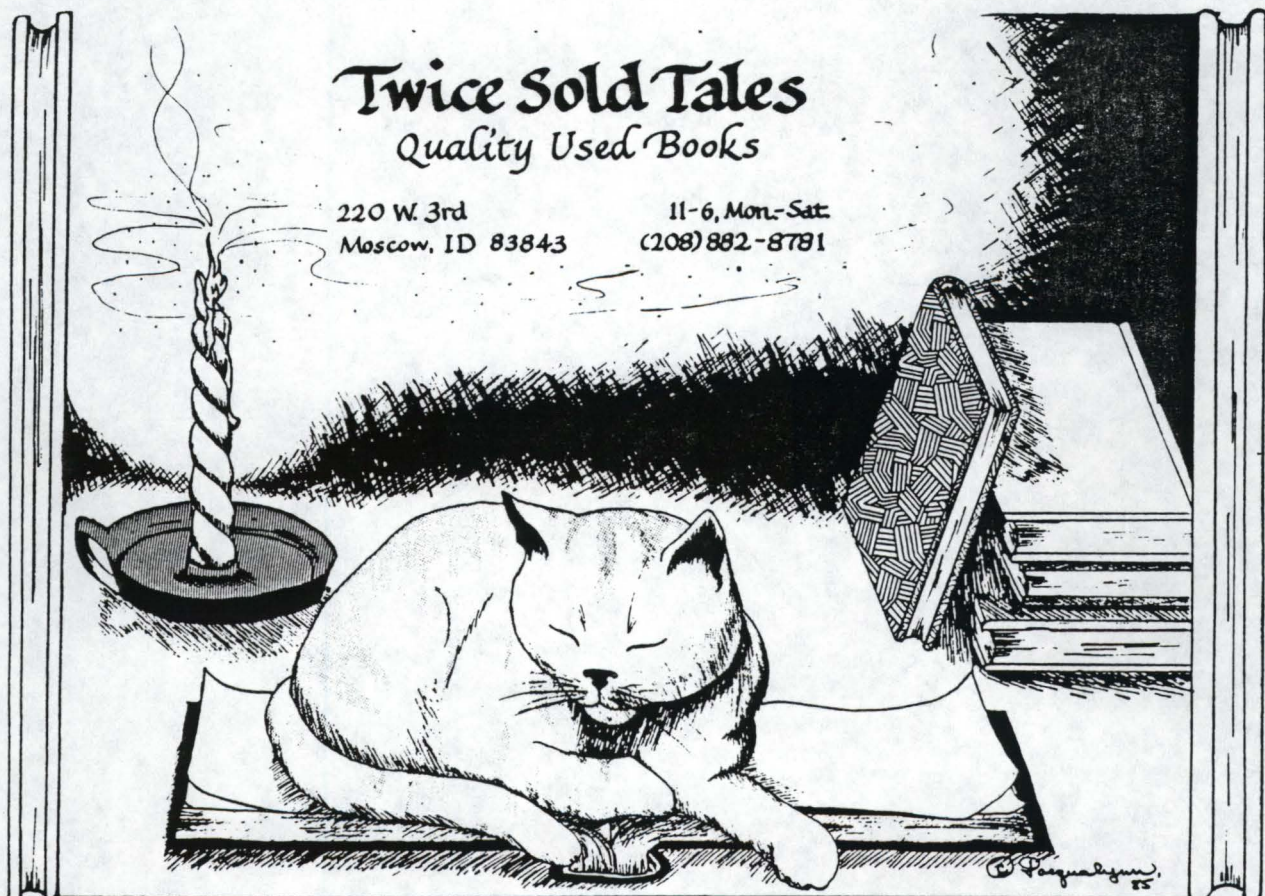


512 S. MAIN "BETWEEN THE THEATRES" MOSCOW, IDAHO 83843

80 E. Carol Daugherty
 81 Patrick R. LaBlanc
 82 Steven R. Streckel
 83 Richard Y. O'Shea
 84 Kathy Irish
 85 Pat Apodaca
 86 Jessica McLachlan
 87 Paul Castroville
 88 Guest of Jon Gustafson
 89 Leslie Newcomer
 90 Games Plus
 91 Waldenbooks#928
 92 Pat Mulonehawk
 93 Shari Howard
 94 Lucinda Scarlet
 95 Michael L. Citrak
 96 Becky Simpson
 97 Garth Spencer
 98 J. C. Hendee
 99 Betty Bigelow
 100 David Bigelow
 101 Tallah Foster
 102 Mark S. Rounds
 103 Susan Rounds
 104 John C. Palmer
 105 Pauline Palmer
 106 Myron Molnau
 107 Tom Harwood
 108 Ken Ames
 108 Barb McLaughlin
 109 Carole Carr
 109 J. P. McLaughlin
 110 Nancy Niles

111 Pete Majewski
 112 Sue Majewski
 113 Scott M. Azmus
 114 Elizabeth Bidwell
 115 Kelly A. Baldwin
 116 Kim Knapp
 116A Will Knapp
 117 Laurel Parshall
 118 Charles O. Christenson
 119 Frank M. Cuta
 120 Judith Cuta
 121 Charlie K. Bales
 121A Wayne Potter
 121B Walter Bales-Potter
 122 Patrick W. Potter
 123 LeDon Sacksteder
 124 Don Kaag
 125 Brian Abbott
 126 Kathryn D. Fansler
 127 Dani Round
 128 Cati Round
 129 Maaike Brown
 130 Andrew Dolbeck
 131 Allan Yeats
 132 Stephen L. Ens
 133 J. Stewart Smyth
 134 Darwin D. Boyle
 135 Mark T. Adams
 136 Eileen E. Brady
 138 Chris McDonell
 139 Crystal Marvig
 140 Dennis Bergum
 141 Jill Anne Foster

142 Betty Smith
 143 Eric Wegner
 144 John Potter
 145 Chris Wegner
 146 Teresa Miller
 147 Shannon Miller
 148 Bill Kawl
 149 Lexie Pakulak
 150 Steve Pikov
 151 Fantographics Books
 G01 Vladimir Gakov
 G02 Jane Fancher
 G03 Kate Worley
 G04 Algis Budrys
 G05 Dean Wesley Smith
 G06 Kristine K. Rusch
 G07 Julia Lacquement-Kerr
 G08 Michael Kerr
 G09 Nina Kiriki Hoffman
 G10 Steve Fahnestalk
 G11 Lynne Taylor-Fahnestalk
 G12 Eileen Capes
 G13 Debra Gray Cooke
 G14 Jerry Oltion
 G15 Roberta Gregory
 G16 Rantz Housley
 G17 Dr. Steve Gillett
 G18 M. J. Engh
 G19 John Dalmas
 G20 Lita Smith-Gharet
 G21 John Alvarez
 G22 Crystal Melvin-Jones
 G23 Steve Gallacci



AUTOGRAPHS

MosCon XII Con Committee

Chair.....Debi Robinson-Smith

Vice-Chair.....Donna Bailly

Treasurer.....Teresa Franco

Program Lemming.....Betty Smith

Operations.....Jean Crawford

Art Show.....Roderick Sprague

Dealers.....Lou Ann Lomax

Memberships.....Jim and Helen Hill

Hospitality.....Kathryn Sprague

Volunteers and Gophers.....Bob Barnes

Masquerade.....Beth Finkbiner

Security.....Eric Wegner and Eric Nilsson

Dances.....Gretchen Johns

Trivia Bee.....M.J. Engh

Artist's Workshop.....Jim Hill

Advertising.....Bob Barnes

Program Book, PRs, Hotel Liaison.....Jon Gustafson

And, of course, our thanks to all the others who have made MosCon XII the success that it is. While we cannot list all your names, you have our immense gratitude for coming to our aid. Without your kind assistance, MosCon would not be able to function nearly as well as it does.
Thank you all.

