

MOSCON XIV

September 11-13, 1992 Moscow, Idaho





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MosCon XIV

M.J. Engh, V.E. Mitchell, Armand Cabrera,
Al Betz (Mr. Science), Dr. Leo K. Bustad

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JON GUSTAFSON

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A MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIR

John Porter

Welcome to the fourteenth in a long, and we think rather enjoyable, string of MosCons. For all of our friends from other years, we're glad to see you again. For those of you who are new to our convention, we hope you have as much fun attending as we do putting them on. We have a reputation of being one of the best small conventions in the Pacific Northwest and this causes those of us involved in putting them on no little amount of pride.

We have an interesting set of guests this year, and what turned out to be an

emphasis on science that should turn into some really enjoyable panels and discussions, both inside and outside of the programming rooms. I'll leave the introductions of our guests to those who know them better, but please feel free to introduce yourself and strike up a conversation — these are some special people.

A few cautionary words — the hotel frowns upon structural room innovations and jousting in the halls. This is our second year in a new facility, so please be gentle with the mundanes (we haven't quite broken them in yet). What's more, the Idaho State Police do more than simply frown on driving under the

influence. So please, if you find you need to drive after you imbibe, look around for a con-com member and we'll help you out. We like our friends in their original configurations; no unplanned customizations.

Above all, enjoy yourself. That's what MosCon has been about for fourteen years now, and we hope you find that it's a worthwhile tradition. Along with all of the changes and innovations, the one constant has been the fact that being a part of MosCon has been both enjoyable and interesting. We all think so, and we hope you agree.

ANOTHER CHALLENGE FROM THE EDITOR

Jon Gustafson

Science fiction conventions are peculiar beasts, at the very least. Founded in the very early years of the field itself, a field dedicated to looking to the future, they tend to be oddly conservative in their nature. Innovations in the way sf cons are run or the things they feature come very slowly... if at all.

MosCon is, therefore, one of the most important conventions to come along in the past fifty years, if I might be so bold as to say so. In spite of its small size (with an average yearly membership of only about 325), it has led the nation with important new innovations.

For example, MosCon I (1979) was the *first* sf convention to feature an artist as a Guest of Honor on par with the mandatory author. Now you see most cons across the nation, indeed the world, featuring authors and artists as Co-Guests of Honor. Why, even

Worldcons — those bastions of fannish conservatism — are now having artists as Guests of Honor.

MosCon VI (1984) was the first year MosCon — or any other con in the country, for that matter — had a Scientist Guest of Honor. The thinking was that since we were involved in *science* fiction, we would be lacking if we did not honor that part of our genre. Today, more and more sf cons are following the lead of MosCon and featuring a Scientist Guest of Honor.

And, of course, the MosCon X Program Book was the one that all future sf con Program Books (including Worldcon Program Books) will be measured against. Algis Budrys even reviewed it in *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* and called it the best convention Program Book ever created.

And now MosCon XIV is inaugurating a new innovation, one that will

make authors across the country happy... well, happier, anyway. Starting with this year, our Program Book (which really ought to be called a Program/Souvenir Book) has become a paying market. No longer will authors be called upon to give just because "that's the way it's always been done." Now they will receive some small reimbursement for their labors (and, I am forced to admit, it will be a small reimbursement; we can afford to pay only one cent per word).

The challenge is now out to other sf cons, their con committees, and their Program Book editors: do you appreciate your authors enough to quit hounding them for free materials? Are you willing to put up or shut up? Where do you stand?

At this time, MosCon is (of course) the only science fiction convention to offer payment to authors for the use of their work. There is a possibility that the 1993 Seattle Westercon Program Book may become a paying market, and the people at ConFrancisco (the 1993 Worldcon) may make their Program Book a paying market. I'm still working on the Winnipeg 1994 Worldcon people. Perhaps by this time next year, what we have started in this little, out-of-the-way, podunk oasis will have taken a toehold and we will no longer be alone.

Keep watching the skies.

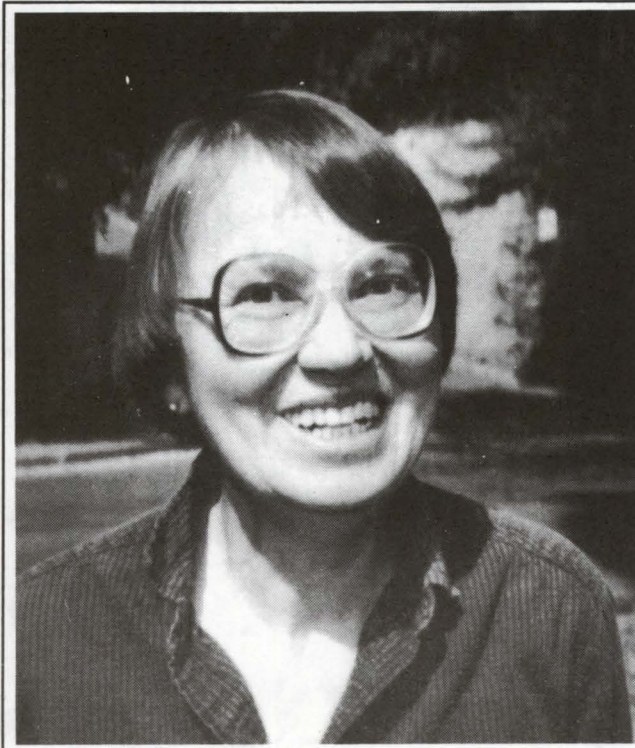
— Co-Author Guest of Honor —

M.J. (MARY JANE) ENGH

V.E. Mitchell

Mary Jane Engh was (almost) born in a log cabin in Illinois. At least, the way she tells it, "My Aunt Madge had one, and the house where I was born had no electricity and got its water from a pump." With a start like that, it's no wonder she migrated (by devious and roundabout ways) to the relative luxury of a two-story house on a dead-end street in downtown Pullburg, a town which, contrary to popular opinion, does have most of the amenities. She shares the house with her son Robert (whom she keeps in the basement), two cats (who really own the place), and numerous plants (which occupy all the furniture and most of the floor space).

She admits to having worked for a time as an editor for the Japanese office of a regional New England publishing house, and she still has momentary relapses into professional editing, when someone puts a manuscript in front of her (her rates vary, but like most writers, she can be bought for sufficiently large amounts of cash.) In moments of insanity, she confesses to once having worked as a librarian at Cow College (Washington State University), Pullburg. (Rumor has it the Science Library is preparing a draft notice to force her to come back to work.) However, at the moment, her preferred occupation is as the local destitute (that's "starving artist," for those of you who don't have dictionaries.) When she optioned her first story to Hollywood ("The Oracle"), she used the money to buy a new pair of socks — an important consideration for



someone who refuses to own or operate any form of twentieth-century transportation. (She does not, however, object to other people owning such devices and even condescends on occasion to accept rides from friends who just happen to be going somewhere she wishes to be.)

As befits the author of *Arslan*, Mary Jane is a sweet, gentle person and a strict vegetarian who wouldn't dream of eating "dead animals," as she so delicately phrases it. Even so, she understands that most people aren't as strong as she is, and she allows us our little perversions (even though she insists on ordering extra vegetables, if you take her out for Chinese food.)

Most authors would be content to keep rewriting their one classic work, but Mary Jane insists on doing some-

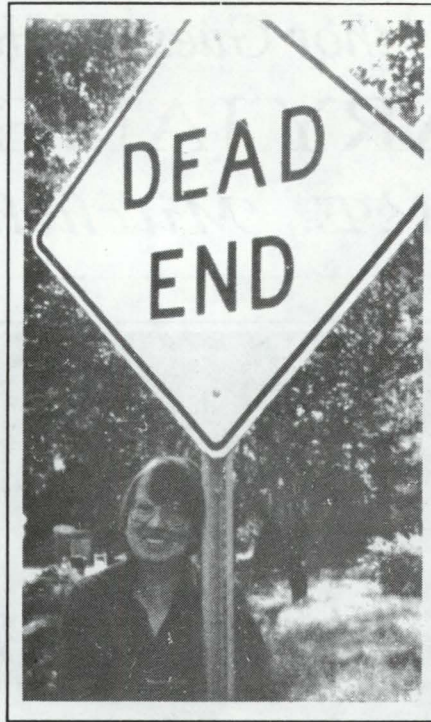
thing new and surprising with each new book. Besides *Arslan* (first published in 1976, reissued in hardback by Arbor House in 1987 and by Tor in paperback), she has written *Wheel of the Winds* (Tor, 1988). (Support your local starving author. Buy copies of both and keep her off the breadlines.) *Rainbow Man* is appearing "sometime next year" from Tor. (You may have heard her read from this at last year's MosCon, but it was titled *A Manual for Selectors* then.) Her children's book, *The House in the Snow*, was nominated for the Utah Children's Book Award. She has an "Author's Choice Monthly" issue from Pulphouse appearing in (perhaps?) October. As if the story in this program book wasn't enough, she assures me

she has a completely different "Rats" story which will appear in an anthology called (would I lie to you?) *Rats In the Soufflé*, scheduled for sometime this fall. Besides all these projects, she is working on a historical trilogy about Galla Placidia — daughter, wife, sister and mother of emperors. (She received a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship Grant, which she used to go to Europe to research this trilogy.) And she insists that she is planning a reference work listing all the important woman in the ancient Roman world, listed by field of activity.

When she isn't busy writing, Mary Jane teaches classes for the Pullman Community Free University "because you don't have to know anything to teach there." Among the classes she has taught are "Latin for Fun,"

"Blacks in Ancient Greek and Roman History," "Writing Children's Stories," and "Non-Sexist Writing" (*The Report* also published her article on this subject, for those of you that want reference material). With co-instructor Jon Gustafson, she teaches "How to Get Published," the most highly attended (ever) Free University class. Mary Jane and co-instructor Eileen Brady also attempted to teach a class on "Clarity in Writing," but "it didn't do any good." It turned into a class on writing for people who spoke English as a second language, "since the people who knew English didn't know they had a problem."

With all this work, you might wonder what she does to relax. I don't know; you'll have to ask her yourself. The only hobby she would tell me about was pulling the crabgrass from her lawn.



UNDER THE BRIDGE

There is a bridge I know of
where elven children like to play
They lean over the sides
and make faces at the troll
who lives underneath.
Sometimes I sit on the edge as
well
and toss flower petals into the
current
flowing under the bridge.
He always fishes them out;
I've never seen them floating
along
downstream on the other side.
When I get up to leave there
is always a present
waiting for me on the other edge
where he placed it while I wasn't
looking.
Sometimes it's a polished rock
or a necklace of fish bones
or my flowers put back together
again.

— Lawrence Schimel

GARY DAVIS



— Co-Author Guest of Honor —
V.E. (VICKI) MITCHELL
M.J. Engh

Victoria Mitchell is a geologist. V.E. Mitchell is a best-selling author. Vicki Mitchell is the real (very), live (very) person behind those persona.

Vicki is a belly dancer and student of ballet ("When you sit for hours at a computer every day, you need to do something else, preferably physical"), knitter, crocheter, embroiderer, tatter (that's somebody who does tatting, dummy; look it up), bead-worker, costume designer, superb cook, PhD candidate (she already has four other degrees, including an MBA), and second generation Californian (it's not true that California is entirely inhabited by aliens).

She denies any causal relationship between her scientific and writing careers. They both happened more or less by accident. Her junior college professors pushed and dragged her toward geology, and somewhere along that rocky road she quit struggling. She's now a geologist for the Idaho Geological Survey, located at the University of Idaho, where she's also finishing up her PhD in geology (both full-time jobs for lesser mortals).

Her science fiction career stems from a deed of sisterly kindness. Vicki's younger sister got seriously interested in TV production when a high school student, and Vicki helped out by buying all the relevant books she could find. Fortunately for SF readers, she forgot to pass one of them on to sis. Later, starting on a trip, Vicki grabbed the forgotten book for travel reading. It happened to be *The Making of Star Trek* — and she was hooked. When she got home, she read all the science fiction in the public library. The next step was to start writing her own.

Vicki had already tried her hand at



writing — assorted "unmentionable stuff" that she usually didn't finish and never attempted to sell. But the *Star Trek* inspiration — plus a lot of devoted labor — worked like a charm. Between them, her first two *Star Trek* novels (*Enemy Unseen*, 1990, and *Imbalance*, 1992) spent five weeks on the *New York Times* Best-seller list. *Enemy Unseen* is an adventure of the original *Enterprise* crew; *Imbalance* jumps to the Next Generation. With her third *Star Trek* novel, due out in 1993, Vicki returns to the classic era of Kirk & Co. The tentative title is *Windows on a Lost World*.

But *Star Trek* isn't enough to keep Vicki occupied. Her novella, "Against the Night," appeared in the May and June issues of *Amazing Stories*, and she has a short story in the forthcoming anthology, *Rats in the Soufflé* (ed-

ited by Jon Gustafson). (Why does that title sound so familiar?) There's also a chapbook edition of three of her short works, *Ekaterin and Other Stories*, that will startle you if you thought you had her figured out. (Hey, a bead-working, belly-dancing geologist just *isn't* going to be a dull or predictable writer.) Besides these things, she's finished two other novels (neither of them *Star Trek*) and collaborated on a Young Adult novel, she's working on two more novels, and has prepared proposals for several other books, including a children's book on the Burgess Shale fossils.

So what does she do in her spare time? Well, among other things, she teaches courses in how to write science fiction novels and how to write specifically for *Star Trek*, and she writes articles for writers' magazines. I particularly recommend "Time and Time Again: How to Fit 36 Hours into a Day" in the January 1992 issue of *The Report* (available from Pulphouse Publishing). She also has a dog (Mica) and a husband (Jon Gustafson). You can guess which one is better trained (though I have it on good authority that she's taught them both to grovel). Her present ambitions are: (1) to get her PhD "before I forget what geology is"; (2) to sell something besides *Star Trek*; and (3) to make enough money to pay off her credit cards.

You can help! Buy her books! Read her stories! Nag editors, publishers, and bookstores for more stuff by V.E. Mitchell! And be sure to find her at this convention (she'll be the one crocheting an afghan or embroidering a cushion) and tell her how much you've enjoyed her work. Maybe she'll give you a few tips on getting extra hours into the day.

— *Artist Guest of Honor* —

ARMAND CABRERA

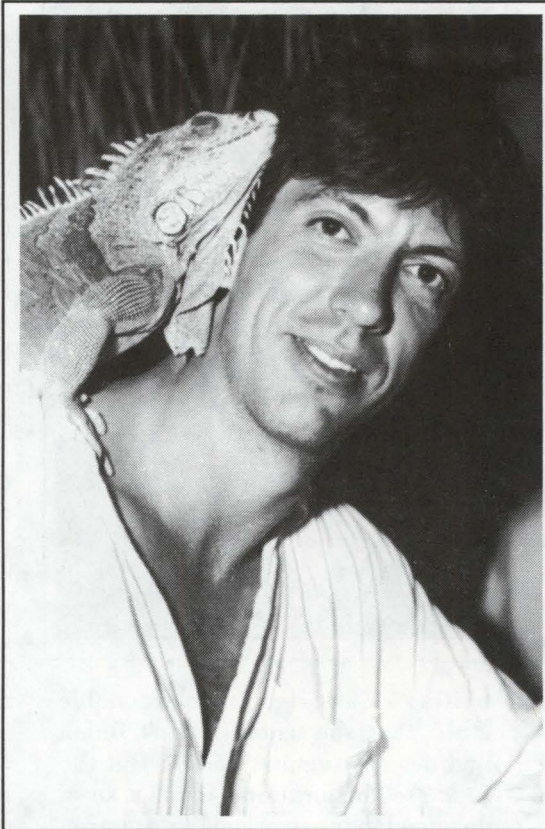
A Few Words in Praise

David A. Cherry

MosCon XIV's Artist Guest of Honor is a wonderful artist, Armand Cabrera, whom I am proud to call my friend. Armand is one of the young lions of SF/Fantasy illustration. As these things are measured, he is still fairly new to the scene, but those in the know have watched the startling speed of his progress from amateur through semi-pro to fledgling pro status and recognize that this is a man of enormous talent who is poised on the brink of even greater things to come.

Armand is not the type to get a big head about his progress or the quality of his work. He knows his art is good, but he is so focused on doing even more, even faster, even better, that he sometimes fails to keep track of what he has already accomplished. He finds it surprising that long-established pros listen when he talks and accept him as a brother. He gives technical demos and lectures that amaze most of the other artists, but he hardly notices.

Of course, all that is just part of what makes Armand a pro, what sets him apart and tells those of us who are his fans and friends that he is headed for the top. I felt that about him when we first met him years ago. His work then was that of a good amateur, but in his head and his heart he was already a professional. His focus was not on status or fame or wealth. All he cared about was creation — about how and whether he could maneuver Armand Cabrera to that point in his life where he could take the simple materials of an artist and use



them to make that magic moment happen when what it is in your head and your heart flows through your fingers and takes shape on the canvas just the way you envisioned it. But it was not just that he felt that way. Many people do and never make it. But it was not just that he felt that way. Many people do and never make it. It was that the search for that moment was an obsession.

That is what makes Armand a pro, what makes any pro a pro — the obsession to be all that you can be and to reach that goal no matter what. Is it any wonder I like and respect this guy? That kind of drive and determi-

nation — the real thing — is all too rare.

Of course, it would be real disappointing if, in spite of all that, his art sucked or he was a schmuck. But it doesn't and he isn't. Take a look in the art show at Armand's work. It is wonderful. Armand is as comfortable with Fantasy as he is with SF and astronomicals. And he can work in almost any medium. Acrylics, oils, watercolor, gouache, pencil, pen — you name it, he knows how to use it.

Artists such as Howard Pyle, N.C. Wyeth, Saul Tepper, Mead Schaffer, and Dean Cornwell have influenced Armand's tastes, and he has studied with the likes of Thomas Blackshear, but he is essentially self-taught. As a result, the style he is forging is uniquely his own. It shifts and changes slightly as he tries new things, but the core of it is always pure Cabrera.

As for the artist himself, well, meet him and judge for yourself. I think you'll find him one of the most articulate and approachable AGoH's you've had in years. If you are an artist, you will enjoy the fact that Armand is not shy about talking technique or sharing what he has learned. If you are not an artist and just like interesting people, you're still in luck. I've yet to meet anyone who came away from meeting Armand and hadn't thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

All in all, MosCon XIV could not have presented you with a better AGoH than Armand Cabrera. Between enjoying his art and the pleasure of his company, I'd say you have a lot to look forward to this weekend.

— *Fan Guest of Honor* —
AL BETZ (Mr. Science)
Steve Forty and Friends

EXPOSÉ!

**ALAN R. BETZ, FACT OR FICTION?
Has Fandom Been The Victim Of A Cruel Hoax?**

Is Al Betz really a pseudonym for Mr. Science?

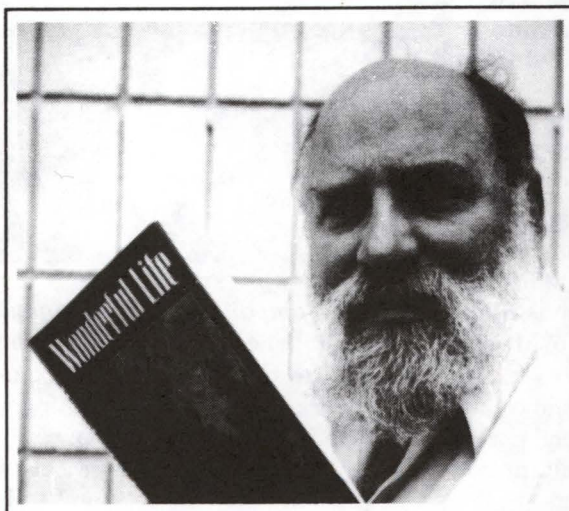
Fact: They are never seen at the same place at the same time. Al was BCSFA (British Columbia Science Fiction Association or some such, I think — *Ed.*) treasurer for three years, president for two years, and long-time president of the Western Canada Science Fiction Convention Committee Association (WCSFCCA). Mr. Science was never seen at any of the meetings!

At the infamous V-Con 16 “tickling the dragon’s tail” nuclear experiment, Mr. Science was there and Al wasn’t, even though his interest in all things nuclear is legendary.

At Banffcon, Mr. Science again performed some remarkable experiments, including a demonstration of “cold fusion” (with a warm ending). Al was, once again, not present!

The same phenomenon occurred at Westercon 44 in Vancouver. When Mr. Science demonstrated matter/antimatter annihilation, Al was nowhere to be seen.

And when Al spent all those years running the V-Con audio-visual department — from V-Con 3 through V-Con 14 — Mr. Science could not be found. Can this be simple coincidence?



Alan R. Betz?

Mr. Science arrived in Vancouver in the late 1960s. So did Al Betz! Mr. Science talks about going to a university in Berkeley. So does Al Bètz!

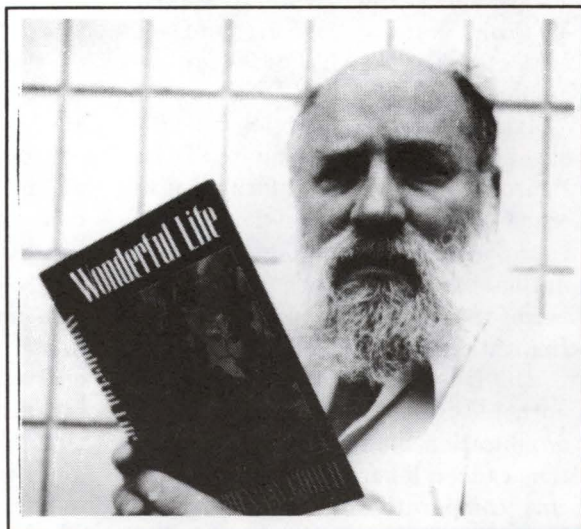
Mr. Science talks about the fossil record. So does Al Betz! And lately both have become very interested in ginkgo trees.

Mr. Science has been writing the Aurora Award-winning column “Ask Mr. Science,” in which he explains the formerly secret

workings of the universe to all his curious readers. The award has been seen on display next to Al’s fossil collection.

Is this coincidence? I think not!

I think they are one and the same person. Question them carefully about this when you see them this weekend. Mr. Science is the one with the Geiger counter. It is best not to ask why. He might tell you.



Mr. Science?

— *Scientist Guest of Honor* —
DR. LEO K. BUSTAD
Leo Bustad and Jon Gustafson

Leo K. Bustad, Professor and former Dean of the College of Veterinary Medicine at Washington State University (Pullman) was born in Stanwood, Washington in 1920. A WSU graduate, he is married to a WSU classmate and has three children (two of whom survive).

He holds three degrees from Washington State: a B.S. in agriculture and education, an M.S. in animal nutrition, and a D.V.M. (Doctor of Veterinary Medicine). He received a Ph.D. in physiology from the University of Washington School of Medicine.

From 1949 to 1965, Dr. Bustad was an employee of the General Electric Company. From 1965 to 1973, he was director of the Radiobiology Laboratory and the Comparative Oncology Laboratory at the University of California at Davis, and a Professor at UCD's Schools of Medicine and Veterinary Medicine.

Dr. Bustad holds or has held committee assignments and council positions in, and served as a consultant to, many national organizations, both governmental and private. He served as a consultant to the Surgeon General of the U.S. Air Force, for example.

His community service has included terms as a member of the Board of Regents of California Lutheran College, a member of the Board of Directors of Holden Village (an international retreat center), and a member of the Board of Governors of the Institute of Human Ecology.

Dr. Bustad has authored or co-authored over 200 articles and reports on education, energy, nutrition, radiation, cancer, laboratory animal medicine, comparative medicine, and the human-companion animal bond. *The*



Bustad Companion Animal Award was established to honor veterinarians in the United States for exemplary work in promoting the human-animal bond. It is sponsored jointly by the American Veterinary Medical Association, the Delta Society, and Hill's Pet Products. Created by Hill's, the award honors Dr. Bustad for his pioneering work on the human-animal bond both nationally and internationally.

One of Dr. Bustad's books, *Animals, Aging and the Aged* was published by the University of Minnesota Press in the fall of 1980. More recently, he co-authored a handbook, *Learning and Living Together: Building the Human-Animal Bond*. His latest book (published by the Delta Society) is entitled *Compassion: Our Last Great Hope*. He has been a national and world leader in the use of animals to help people, especially people who are elderly and/or disabled.

His stature is such that he has been a visiting professor at Murdoch University in Western Australia, at the University of Washington School of Medicine, the University of Georgia, Pacific Lutheran University, the University of Tennessee, the University of Illinois, and Louisiana State University.

Dr. Bustad has been widely honored for his efforts. The Veterinary Science Building at WSU was named for him, for instance. He received the World Small Animal Veterinary Association's 1991 *Service to the Profession* prize at their meeting in Vienna, Austria. He was the 20th recipient of WSU's highest honor, *The Regent's Distinguished Alumnus Award*. He has also: received the Borden Award (Highest Scholarship in Veterinary Medicine, 1949), became a National Science Foundation Postdoctoral Fellow (1958), was named Veterinarian of the Year in Washington State (1980), became a Batelle Fellow (Batelle Memorial Institute, 1983), received the Award of Merit from the American Animal Hospital Association (1984), and the Distinguished Service Award from the Washington State SVMA. And many more.

Dr. Bustad is also President Emeritus and co-founder of the Delta Society for the Study of the Human-Companion Animal Bond, and Professor and Dean Emeritus — as well as director and co-founder — of the People-Pet Partnership of the College of Veterinary Medicine at WSU.

He is also a senior member of the Institute of Medicine of the National Academy of Sciences, a rare honor.

We think you will find him a fascinating individual and one well worth listening to and meeting.

RATROPY

M.J. Engh

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Bubbles," I said.

"What?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I thought that's what we were

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

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

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

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

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

“Are we *going* to have dinner?” he asked bitterly. Jeremy can be very bitter. But he stood up and stalked off to the kitchen. In a minute I heard him rummaging in the drawer where we keep the corkscrew and all that sort of rattly thing. Then there was a kind of generalized crash, followed by a very clear and decisive “Shit!” from Jeremy, and some little skittering noises on the tile floor. No sound from the baby’s room; she can sleep like an angel sometimes. I hooked my heels firmly over the chair rung and

thought about soufflés. A soufflé is a lot like the Venus de Milo, except less permanent; the ingredients may be simple, but the result is really rather fine. A soufflé is the exaltation of a spinless froth into a temporary cathedral, an assertion of form and good taste—and oh, it does taste good!—against the general confusion that slops around the edges of everything. A soufflé is good and true and beautiful.

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

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

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

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

“No,” Jeremy said firmly. He filled our glasses.

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

“What things?”

“Oh... trends. Vectors. Whatever makes the world go round.” I clutched my sides. I had remembered a line

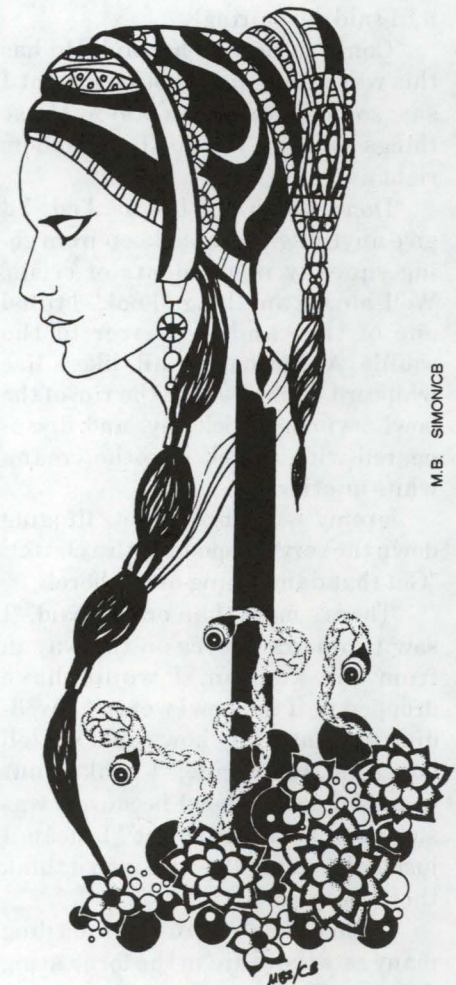
from “The Pied Piper of Hamlin”: *They bit the babies in their cradles. They licked the soup form the cook’s own ladles.* I got up.

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

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

“Not now,” Jeremy said.

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



M.B. SIMONICB

DIE A DOUBLE MEANING HAS

The knight is brave who has something worth dying for.
 The lady brave who has something to love.
 All others live the feeble lie that less is more.
 The knight is brave who has something worth dying for.
 The knight is meeker than the troubadour
 In love, but ladies fiercer than the wrath of Jove.
 The knight is brave who has something worth dying for.
 The lady brave who has something to love.

— William John Watkins

THE WHITE QUEEN

V.E. Mitchell

I hadn't seen Lucien for almost six months, since before Trina served the partnership's divorce papers on me five weeks after the accident. I tried not to see him now, turning to stare blindly at my comp screen as though absorbed in my work, while every nerve in my body vibrated to his approach. The soft ripping sounds of his velcro soles cut through the late afternoon quiet of Morris's Milk Bar and Pizzeria, the sole establishment of its kind in our local cluster of eight habitats on the trailing edge of Earth's L-4 resonance node. Of the ten people in our partnership marriage, only Lucien had ever affected me like this and only Lucien had not bothered to speak to me until now. That made it a cast-platinum certainty that he wanted something from me.

"Cassandra." His voice was as rich and as honeyed as ever. The stool next to me creaked as he settled onto the synthetic vinyl seat and hooked his ankles under the bar to hold himself

in place. Morris's is in the middle level of the residential stack, not zero-g but not full rotation, either. Things wandered off if not strapped or velcroed down.

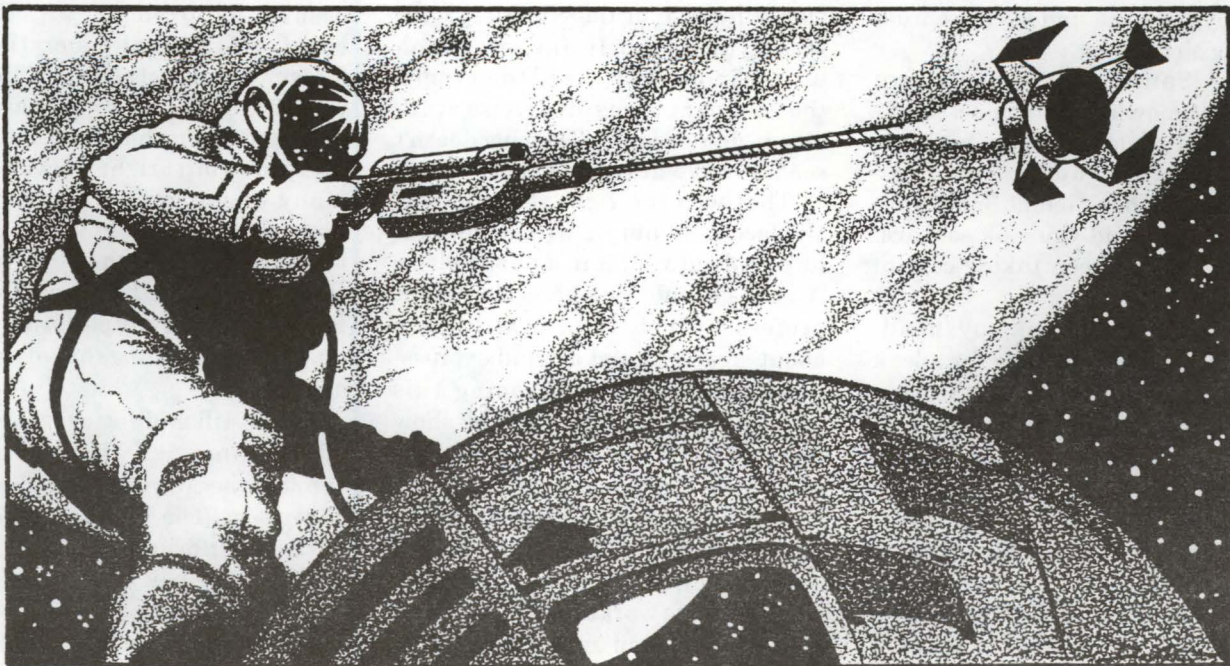
Briefly, I fought against the pull of his voice. It was, as always, hopeless. I turned toward him, opening myself once again to the assault of his physical beauty. Lucien would have made the gods envious, with classical features and long hair that flowed and rippled like spun gold. His sea-green eyes, gold-flecked like the memory of a sun-drenched ocean, waited to drown me once more in their depths. I knew how many rejuvenation treatments he needed to keep his looks so perfectly twenty, but that knowledge did me no good. To my shame, I felt the need for him to possess me building in my groin.

"Lucien." I turned my eyes back to my comp screen, anywhere to keep them off his face, before I fell victim to his spell again.

Predictably, he reached for my hand. "My poor Sandra. How can I ever apologize for what they did to you? Disinheriting you from family and household so soon after your terrible accident."

His words were like the touch of vacuum, freezing all the exposed nerve endings he was playing. Lucien said his lines with conviction, but the partnership contract specified that divorce required a unanimous vote of the remaining partners. I closed my eyes, fighting the tears and the terrible pain.

I had been a vacuum welder, one of the best and one of the luckiest, but finally my luck had run out. A fuel tank explosion had taken out the section of the habitat my crew was building. Three had been killed outright; my right leg had been crushed against the bulkhead by tumbling equipment. The truth behind the divorce was that my partners had panicked. Faced with the loss of my salary and with



DAVID MARTIN

the cost of rebuilding my leg, it had been almost a foregone conclusion that the group would vote for divorce.

However, I had always suspected that Lucien was the one who spearheaded the move to oust me. Given that, his current line was completely understandable and totally predictable. The question was: what did he want, and how long would it take me to figure it out? I heaved a theatrical sigh. "What do you want, Lucien? My break is up in another five minutes."

"Break? I thought you had the day off when I saw you in here. You looked so lonely, sitting by yourself." His hand, strong and powerful from three decades of redirecting the inertia of construction tools in zero-g, closed over mine. It was a struggle to withhold the reaction he wanted.

"Day off?" I forced a laugh. "At what they pay me as the *NexusNet* entertainment editor, I need every bit of overtime I can scrape up. Besides, I usually have enough work backlogged to keep two people busy." Actually, The Old Man paid me quite well, considering that reporting of any kind was a low risk and low priority work assignment. He had even thrown the cost of rehabilitating my shattered leg into the benefits package, saying it looked bad for the *Net* if I was crippled. The part about my workload was true, but I was grateful for anything to occupy my mind and keep me from dwelling on the past.

"Poor Sandra. I was hoping we could go somewhere a little less public, where I could apologize for what the rest of them did to you." The squeeze on my hand left no doubt as to his meaning. "And you look so worn, like you haven't been taking care of yourself."

I sighed and shook my head. Lucien was always looking for a leak in my gaskets to slip himself through. When money was tight, I'd had to choose between rehabilitation and rejuvenation. Surprisingly, I liked myself better at an apparent thirty rather than the fashionable eighteen I'd worn before, but trust Lucien to put it in the worst light. "I've got two interviews to transcribe, the tapes of

the school play to edit, and a dance concert to attend. Perhaps I can fit you in sometime next week."

He straightened, flipping his golden hair off his face. His expression was cold and disdainful, mirroring my tone, and finally he removed his hand from mine. "Well, if you're that busy..." He slid off the chair as if to leave, then turned back. "By the way, the Old Man didn't give you any extra passes for that traveling dance company, did he? I heard they weren't very good, but Trina wants to take Giselda."

"Nope. All I got is a ticket for myself." A good one, too, front and center. The Old Man had told me that the company director had insisted on giving his dance critic the best seat in the house. That had made me really curious about the performance. I wasn't going to give that ticket away for anything.

"You sure you couldn't get a couple more passes?" Lucien's pleading reminded me of a four-year-old's whining. "Giselda thinks she wants to be a dancer now and we want to discourage her before it's too late."

"Didn't you do some dancing when you were a kid?" I knew he had. His mother had been Recreation Director for their habitat and he had told me once, in an unguarded moment, that she had been a performer during the Dance Revival of the Nineties, some seventy years ago. In any small habitat, the interests of the RD determine the dominant forms of exercise available to all residents. "Dancing doesn't seem to have hurt you much."

That was the right thing to say. His face went purple with anger, but he dared not vent it in a public place. "Giselda should find herself a decent profession instead of prattling on about creativity and art and expressing herself. We were hoping this wretched performance would show her just how silly she's being. You must have the passes to give us."

"Sorry. I don't." I turned back to my comp screen, hoping he would take the hint. Even that probably wouldn't have worked, except a pod of ten-ers swarmed in, giggling over

some private, school-kid joke.

Reflected in the screen, I saw him glare at the kids and stomp out with as much overstatement as he could manage in velcro slippers. That left me alone, staring at my comp and wondering what he had really wanted. Asking for the passes for Trina's daughter was perfectly in character, but only if Lucien had another program running at the same time. And, to my annoyance, I still didn't know what it was.

In space, the performing arts are a luxury item, even in the Lagrange clusters where the delta-v between the individual habitats is relatively low. It's cheaper — and safer — to transmit information than to move people between canister and wheel and station. Consequently, a full quarter of Luna's population is devoted to recording live music and dance and theater productions for holographic rebroadcast anywhere in Sol System. Even so, about every fifty years since man moved off Earth, one or another of the arts comes into vogue — so much so that, for a few years, traveling companies tour the system, giving performances on every asteroid and habitat within range of their transport.

The last craze for live dance had been dying off when I was a child, half a century ago. The older dancers had been unable to compete with the sheer beauty of the next generation, kept forever young by the first widespread use of the Tarvay rejuvenation and life extension techniques that are now everyone's birthright. However, what many of my generation gained in physical beauty, they lost in emotional depth, and their art reflected this. Only in the last ten or so years have there been any performances of a quality approaching that of the previous century.

I was still mulling over the history of live dance as I threaded my way through the crowd in the Bubble to get to my seat. The Bubble is our combination auditorium, theater, and zero-grav hanger bay — a multi-purpose room if ever there was one, even in a Lagrange habitat where all space is at

premium. Zero-g was not the environment I would have chosen to stage a performance, but apparently that was what the company director had requested. Gravity projectors lurked in the darkness near the ceiling, pointed toward the central sphere that housed the performance area, and the seats had been arranged in the standard tier pattern, with a second bank suspended above the first at an angle that gave everyone a clear view of the stage.

My seat was in the very front of the upper bank, and I had to strain to get that much lift from my bad leg. Once I buckled myself in to keep from drifting away, I reached for my comp to read the program. Surprisingly, it said very little. The Company Alegría had been formed to present live performances of both classic dances and new choreography. The evening's program bore that out — most of the pieces were traditional mono-cultural numbers and some even boasted that they re-created the original choreography of their historic antecedents. Only the last number, entitled "The Ages of Man" and introduced with the appropriate quotation from "As You Like It," offered hope of something out of the ordinary.

I settled back in my chair, wondering if Lucien had been right after all. Even granted that reenactments were this year's fashion, this performance looked to be no better than dozens I had been in as a kid. When we first met, I had been drawn to Lucien because we both came from habitats where the RDs were dancers. Lucien has not spoken with his mother in decades and I never learned much about her, but the premier dancer and choreographer of my parents' generation retired to our habitat when the Nineties' craze collapsed. Denys Fairiden had pounded dance technique into our entire population in the name of physical fitness and had put on some decent productions after people discovered that doing things his way made life much more pleasant throughout the habitat. That background was part of the reason The Old Man had been so willing to give me my current

job and to pay for reconstructing my bad leg.

All around me, people were settling into their seats. It promised to be a typical evening, with the usual delays while everyone sorted themselves out. Finally — only twenty minutes late — the house lights dimmed and the spots came up on the performance globe that filled the center of The Bubble. Beyond the edges of the globe, everything was in darkness, adding to the feeling that the stage was suspended in space with nothing to support it.

The first half of the performance was billed as traditional dance, and the material was drawn from pre-space Earth — Arabic, Japanese, Spanish, Amerind, even some classical ballet. In general, the performers were competent and held the audience's attention through the rapid shifts of mood and culture. After the third number, I began to notice the dancers as individuals beyond their roles. Surprisingly, most were not young; although their faces wore the uniform freshness characteristic of everyone these days, their movements carried the ghosts of too many collisions and too many dislocations and too many hours spent at high-risk, high-paying jobs that played hell on the body's recuperative powers. One of the women had an arm that must have been smashed up nearly as badly as my leg. I scowled, trying to puzzle out the significance of that. Ex-construction was not the usual demographic group from which to recruit performing artists, and I began to wonder what the company had in store when they finished the obligatory re-creations.

I spent the intermission digging through the networks to find more information on the company. And turned up — virtually nothing. There were a few reviews, all describing "stunning performances" and "spectacular choreography" from people who must have had the computer define the words for them. About the company, there was even less information in the databases than there was in the program for this performance. Interestingly enough, I was

unable to locate the programs for any previous appearances, and about the company's personnel, there was no information at all. At that point, if someone had told me that the entire group had been recruited under assumed names, I would have believed them.

The lights dimmed for the second half of the show. For a brief moment, the Bubble was in total darkness, before the first deep red lights came up on the lowest level of the stage. The dancer huddled in a tight ball, half a meter above any visible support. To Visherski's haunting, wrenching "Birth of the Universe," the Infant was born and fought for her first breaths, struggling to survive in a world that she didn't create and that didn't ask for her. The dancer was technically brilliant, transforming the harsh and complex rhythms into line and motion with effortless proficiency. As the music swelled to its shattering climax and the Infant launched herself into the indifferent universe, the lighting shifted up-spectrum and the key light wandered diagonally upward, leaving her reaching after something she could not catch.

The Child played skip-and-jump with her universe, exploring its limits and testing her ability to push beyond her frontiers. Instead of a single wide node from the gravity generators, her stage consisted of a dozen or twenty mininodes, constantly shifting to meet the demands of the choreography. The light-hearted mood of the music belied the risks of bouncing among the tiny support fields scattered throughout her performance space. More than once, a gasp of horror rippled through the audience when it seemed she had lost her footing and would crash to the floor.

As the Child made her final leap toward her future, the light again slid up-spectrum to golden and spiraled around the globe until it crossed a pair of entwined Lovers of indeterminate gender. To the torrid main aria from Talivershy's "Romeo and Juliet," the two figures played out the ebb and flow of their passion while the surface

beneath them rotated around both vertical and horizontal axes. Just watching their bodies twist and gyrate made my stomach lurch, although I knew that "down" for them was a constant in the direction of the generated surface.

After the passion of the Lovers, the calm daring of the Explorer reaching for new worlds came as a necessary relief. The broad, majestic chords of "Forward the Universe" set the mood of humankind stretching itself to discover the treasures waiting on the next planet or in the next stellar system. The Worker fought a race against time to build something for her people from what the Explorer had found. The music — a piece I did not recognize — seesawed between monotonous and frenetic. It was so accurate a portrait in sound of so many of our jobs that I heard everyone around me inhaling and exhaling with the rhythms of the music. The Matriarch, perched on an invisible platform near the top of the globe, made a stately show of directing all the activities she had become involved in during her long life, while everything drifted farther and farther from her.

The last stage of life, according to Shakespeare's play, was utter senility, with no contact remaining with the outside world. It seemed such a grim finale to the piece — and so predictably conventional — that, for a brief moment, I considered leaving. Restless movements in the seats around me said, clearer than words, that others shared my disquiet. In a world where everyone could appear to be whatever age they chose, no one wanted to be reminded that aging and death were still a part of life. Before we could act, the stage lights were cut, leaving the room in total darkness. Fear slammed the audience into their seats with the force of a pressure-loss alert.

Slowly, playing on the steel-guyed tension in the Bubble, the ghost of a light crossed the lowest level of the performance globe. It found a pool of white spread across the floor, the details indistinguishable in the dimness. Music whispered from the

speakers, so softly that the first dozen bars were almost subliminal. Then, with the abrupt dynamics so characteristic of early Margolis, the orchestra erupted into the smashing fortississimo section of "Triomphe." The dancer shot into the air as if propelled from a mass driver, her silver hair trailing behind her like a cloud.

How can I describe that finale? It was shattering, uplifting, and terrifying all at once. The White Queen soared through the performance area as if on wings, swooping and twirling around each of the other dancers, drawing them into her dance, pulling from each the best of their art, and then surpassing them, reaching farther and faster and higher than any other dancer in the company. The entire performance globe revolved around her, each of the other dancers reflecting the grace and fire of the Queen's triumph over the forces of entropy.

At the last searing crash of the music, the stage lights once again went out. I slumped back in my seat, too drained to move or even to care that the room was as dark as lunar night. Slowly, the house lights came up, giving us a quiet space to pull ourselves from our seats and go home. The realization gradually penetrated my numbed mind that The Old Man expected me to write a review of the performance, and I had no idea what I could say.

The next afternoon, seated again in Morris's, I still was no closer to an answer. All I had decided, after several hours of hard thinking, was that I had to interview the director of the company. That she never gave interviews only added to my determination; I sent several inquiries addressed to various nodes on the network and studied my notes on the performance while I waited for replies.

I had gotten partway through the first re-creation when I felt someone watching me. Expecting it to be a tenor cutting school, I turned to snarl at the intruder. Instead, Lucien was not two meters away, staring at me with uncharacteristic intensity.

"What do you what?" Annoyance made my tone sharper than I intended. Having Lucien here when I was trying to work was the last thing I needed.

"I was just wondering how the performance went. You know, Giselda was extremely disappointed that her co-mother wouldn't give her a ticket to go see it." A sulky pout flitted across his face, presumably an echo of the girl's expression. "You really should have, you know."

"I'm sure." I felt the scowl carving its lines into my forehead. "Unfortunately, it was a full house and I only had one ticket. There wouldn't have been room for Trina. And, besides, I have to review the performance."

"I should think, after all those years under Fairiden, you'd find this outfit rather tame. I heard they haven't got a dancer under forty in the entire company." His expression said he was lying — but about what? Many of the dancers had been over forty, if my guess about the injuries was correct, but I hadn't noticed that age detracted from their performances. With proper regeneration treatments applied since adolescence, aging theoretically should not begin to affect a person's physical condition until well into the seventh decade. What was his point?

"I really didn't notice their ages, Lucien. I was doing my job, watching the performance so I can write it up for the Net." I studied his eyes, wondering what he was up to. With my curiosity overcoming my better judgment, I signaled the waiter to bring him a beer. Unless he had changed drastically in the last six months, one-and-a-half beers should more than get me my answers.

Unfortunately, although Lucien was no better at holding his alcohol than he had ever been, on this at least, he was holding his tongue. He repeated several times, with decreasing coherence, how dreadful he had heard the performance had been and pleaded with me to write an honest review exposing the company for the derivative and unimaginative group that it was. I was more than a little

relieved when my comp chimed, signaling a response to one of my queries. To my surprise, the company director had granted me an immediate interview.

"Shtay away from duh ole bat." His voice was more slurred than I had ever heard and he swayed dizzily in his seat. I signaled for his third glass of beer. "Shee shteals liddle — liddle childrens an' — an' — an' she — Don' go, 'Zandra."

Don't go? I snorted, wondering why he thought I would give up my chance at a reporting coup. Or why he expected me to get him home and put him to bed to sleep off his drunk. Let one of his legal partners take care of him for a change. I slipped free of his grasp and headed out the door before he could unwind his feet from the chair. His opposition had made me even more determined to get the first-ever interview with the director of

Company Alegria.

The Bubble was dark, except for the glow from the holo replaying in the performance area. One other person was in the room, a woman with long, platinum hair piled carelessly on top of her head. She was studying the recording of last night's performance with such intensity that I didn't think she knew I was there until she spoke. "Cassandra Menlope of *NexusNet*?" In her soft, low voice, the words weren't really a question.

I stammered a reply, too surprised to wonder how she had known I was there. She hadn't taken her eyes off the holo, which was playing out the transition between the *Lovers* and the *Explorer*. With a flick of the controls, she froze the replay and brought up the room lights. Her hair made a brilliant halo around her face, and I allowed myself a moment's envy for the

skill of fashion designer who had chosen so theatrical a color for her.

She stood, starting up the aisle toward me. Her movements were hauntingly familiar, controlled and graceful, but with a taut strength just beneath the surface. *The White Queen*, I thought, but my mind shied away from the idea. This woman's commanding presence and the way she walked, the lingering shadows of aches and injuries no longer erasable by any rejuvenation techniques, spoke of a much greater age than her appearance suggested. It wasn't impossible for the director of a company to also be its star performer, but it was highly improbable. Equally unlikely, by the mythology of my generation, was that someone who hadn't had the lifelong rejuvenation treatments we had received could possibly dance the way the *White Queen* had danced last night. I was still trying to fight off my shock when she reached me, extending both hands in greeting. "I'm Shalane."

She smiled, her sea-green eyes alight with warmth and amusement. Sea-green eyes, flecked with the gold of the sun. I felt the room start to spin around me and had to fumble my way to a chair. There couldn't be two unrelated people in this group of habitats who had those eyes.

Suddenly, I realized she had not released my hands after the initial handclasp. She did now, tightening her cool fingers around my wrists briefly before letting them slip free. She melted into the chair beside me. "Forgive a mother's curiosity, but I had to find out what sort of woman could live with my son for seven years without killing the little bastard." Pausing briefly, she studied my face with a gaze that stripped away my defenses. "Don't worry about what you say. He may have gotten my looks, but the rest of him is all his father's."

I started to answer, stopped, and tried again, with no better success. Her words made little sense, and the longer I thought about it, the more confused I became. Lucien's mother directing a group of touring dancers? It was impossible; the woman stand-



M. B. SIMON

ing before me was far too young to have a fifty-year-old son. Besides, Lucien had been a late child; his mother must have been in her forties when the first rejuvenation treatments became available, and the early treatments had not been good enough to reverse aging.

Shalane threw back her head and laughed. "You kids are all the same. Good health and consistent exercise will do more to prevent aging than all the fancy treatments devised by modern medicine."

"You mean —" It still seemed too incredible to be happening, but it at least explained why Lucien had tried so hard to get my ticket to last night's performance. Not, as he had told me, so Giselda could see the dancers, but to keep me from saying anything favorable about his mother.

"You saw my dancers last night. A proper exercise regimen would even correct your leg, although I'll bet no one here has told you that. Mostly because they haven't done the necessary research on the effects of variable gravity fields." She studied my reaction, her mouth pulled into a moue of speculation. "You danced with Denys Fairiden, didn't you?"

"Yes, but that was a long time ago." I shook myself, trying to bring reality back into focus. From what habitat had she launched that capsule? Clearly, although I had come here intending to interview Shalane, *she* was the one who was interviewing *me*.

"The company needs a technician who knows dancing and heavy equipment." She leaned back in her seat, arms wrapped around her knees, studying me with those sea-green eyes. "Of course, it's a risk. You'd have to leave everything you've got here and I can't promise anything. The Company's bookings could evaporate tomorrow."

Risk? As if he were standing next to me, I could hear what Lucien would say. He would consider the idea preposterous. Quitting my job — even a low-status job like reporting — to chase his mother's dream of artistic perfection across the solar system

would prove once and for all that I had been mentally unsealed by my accident. Only a foolish child would consider such a ridiculous offer. "*You're far too mature to fall for such a fantasy,*" I could hear him say in a cold, mocking tone. And yet —

As if reading my mind, Shalane gave me a slow, deep smile that warmed me to the tips of my toes. "My son has been calling me a foolish old woman since the day he left home. He may be right, but I've been taking chances all my life. That's what living is about — caring enough for a dream that you'll gamble everything to make it real. Life is, after all, what you make of it. Otherwise, you're already dead — and it doesn't matter if you're fourteen or forty — or a hundred and forty." She stopped herself, took a deep breath, and smiled apologetically. "I've been saving that lecture up all these years to give to my son, but he'll never hear it. He was born too old to take chances. Forgive me for releasing that load in your orbit."

"No. No, that's all right." I drew in a deep breath, feeling the decision crystallize. If life was about taking risks, then most of my generation had never learned much about living. In the things that defined him as a person, Lucien was far older than his mother, because he would never make a choice that would force him to stretch and change who he was.

Six months ago, I would have said

that Lucien was right. That we were right in our choices, in protecting what we had. Now, however, the accident had forced me outside my familiar orbit and I was seeing things as an outsider for the first time in my life. I supposed I could still return to being the person I had been before, but after my last encounter with Lucien, I wasn't sure I even wanted to try. I knew all too well how he could play on my weaknesses, offering hope piled upon hope without committing himself to anything of substance or value. Having lost that once, I could see how little I had gained by playing things safe.

Shalane's offer was scary and risky and carried no guarantees of anything, but suddenly I knew I was going to accept. With that decision came the most glorious sense of freedom and joy I had ever felt in my life. It was the first time I could ever remember choosing something because I wanted it, without wondering if everyone else would approve. I knew they wouldn't; we had all become too good at hiding from change. But so many changes had been forced on me in the last six months that the thought of one more no longer terrified me.

I extended my hands to Shalane to accept her offer and her welcoming smile. This change was of my own making, and I felt good about it. For the moment, at least, I was the person who controlled my trajectory.

LADY MACBETH'S MECH

With programmed punctuality the robo cleaner rabidly removed the evening's waste; litter on carpet was little problem to absorb; cloth filaments, then tissue, bone -- the bothersome task for which it was not properly equipped eventually blew its circuits: though it scrubbed walls and ceiling, with much finicky wheeling, the blood stains on its rollers remained.

— M.B. Simon

PETS-FOR-PEOPLE THERAPY

Dr. Leo K. Bustad

During the past twenty-five years, few professions have made greater advances in their breadth and depth of services than veterinary medicine. To an ever-increasing list of contributions, we are now adding a exciting program involving the use of companion animals in therapy for people. I have maintained for a long time that, since the dawn of history, people and animals have had close association for their mutual benefit. To the extent that there has been a dissolution of this association, people have been the poorer, especially their psychological well-being. For many years I have felt that pets could be used more effectively in a number of situations for the benefit of people, including placement in the following:

- retirement and convalescent homes
- private homes of aging and/or lonely people
- institutions for handicapped people
- hospitals, especially in the children's wards (e.g., pups, kittens, and the young of other species on display and visible to children)
- prisons
- dormitories and living establishments of colleges and universities.

My beliefs in this regard have been reinforced by certain events and experiences.

For many years I have been visiting people in retirement and convalescent homes. Many people there are lonely, never visited by anyone, and more dependent every year. Pets, which are disallowed in all the homes I have visited, would be of great benefit to many of the residents. Recently when my wife would carry Charlie, our dog, into the local convalescent

home, many patients would come to him, drawn as if by a magnet. They would smile, talk to him, and pet him, although many of them had little to say to people. One of the great tragedies today is that after sixty-five or more years of life, our aging people are removed from their homes and pets and placed in "sterile" group homes. They are separated from pets which many have enjoyed for a lifetime, animals which are their only source of unconditional love. I'm also quite sure that many old people would remain independent longer in their own homes if pets were made available to them. Chris Pasquini, a first-year veterinary student this fall, can tell you about some of his remarkable experiences placing pet dogs in the homes of people in need of companionship. My hope is that others may join Chris in such an endeavor.

In 1971, I visited Beitostolenin, a ski area in central Norway. This is a rehabilitation center for handicapped people started by Erling Stordahlk, a blind engineer. In addition to an active physical therapy program, the center offers dogs and horses as an important component of the therapy regimen. I was interested in seeing this place, recommended highly to me by John Krogh, and I also wanted our younger daughter to come so that she could consider pets in therapy in her plans for a career in special education.

Hospitals, too, especially children's wards, would benefit by having on display the young of animals — along with the mother if possible. The patients would probably be more contented and the recovery time shortened. I shall never forget when our son was seven years old, very ill, and confined to his bed. I brought a kitten

home for him. He had a delightful time with it and was back in school by noon the next day.

In view of the lack of success of our present prison system, I suggest that some companion animals be made available on, at least, a trial basis in an attempt to improve the sorry lot of so many of the prisoners. A companion animal would inject some compassion, forgiveness, and unconditional love into an area that is lacking in these important elements.

Many of our students leave their pets behind when they come to the college or university, to the detriment of both. If all students brought their pets to our institutions, the disruption could, on occasion, approach bedlam, if not incite riot and increase the local environmental contamination index. An alternate would be to have pet dogs and probably cats in each of the living areas.

Another issue that has concerned me for a long time is that clinical veterinarians, whether they care to admit it or not, are amateur psychiatrists. When a client brings a patient in for treatment, frequently two distressed beings need therapy. The pet often reflects the disturbed condition of a client — often more simply and honestly. Sometimes there is nothing organically wrong with the pet, but the veterinarian serves an important function as a "listening post" for a disturbed household. All of us can cite examples of this. Military base veterinarians, by examining the pets of base personnel, probably have a better understanding of the psychological well-being of the people there than anyone else and may be the first persons trained in health care who know about a mentally disturbed person on

a base. This suggests that a closer liaison between the veterinarian and the psychiatrist and clinical psychologist would be beneficial. It also suggests that more training in basic psychology and psychobiology, psychopharmacology, and animal and human behavior is important for the veterinarian.

Where do we go from here? In our own situation at Washington State University, I feel we can do the following:

1. Work with and through the Pullman Council on Aging in a modest pets-for-people campaign, choosing appropriate pets for people in need of them and unable to obtain them on their own. (This would be a good project for our local SCAVMA.)

2. Attempt to get the rules changed in the local convalescent homes so that we can, on a trial basis, place a pet dog in one. (As some of you know, Dr. Fluharty is already attempting to place cats in a retirement home in Moscow.)

3. Seek out a cooperative group in one of the dorms who would agree to care for a pet dog and obtain the neces-

sary permission from the administration. (The graduate dorm might be a good place to start. The dog could be housed in the room of the person whose preliminary exams are most imminent.)

4. Identify people in the veterinary college who are interested in promoting a project on pets for psychotherapy and then meet with personnel from places like Lakeland Village regarding a cooperative program with them.

5. Develop a plan for elective courses in the area of animal and human behavior, psychobiology, and psychotherapy with pets.

6. Consider development of a training program at the graduate level, as well as a program for an Allied Health Specialty.

7. Invite competent people in psychobiology and pet psychotherapy to our campus to discuss their programs and consult with us on an appropriate program.

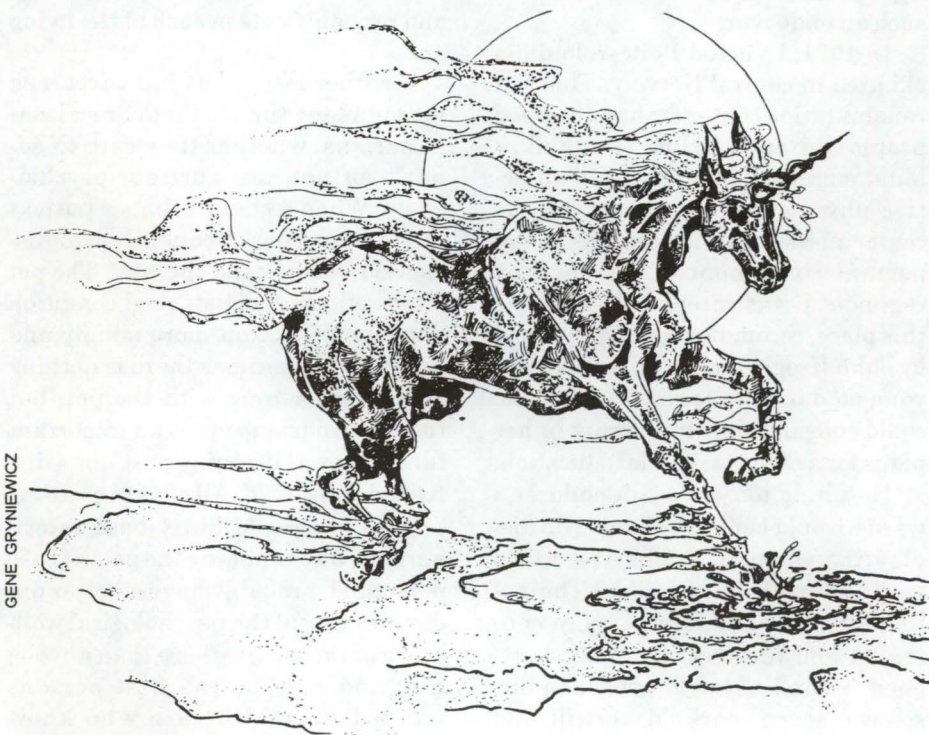
8. Encourage more live animal contact for all of our students throughout their professional training.

I must add a word of caution that

people should be screened for allergies to pets.

We are all familiar with the many traditional uses and benefits of companion animals, e.g., beasts of burden; guides for the blind; hunting animals; assistants in rescue operations; and aids in detective, guard, and related patrol activity. More recently we have come to recognize them as therapists. We who are committed to animal medicine can render a great service in this new area of our profession's ever-expanding services. I have been impressed with the interest in the presentations I make on the use of animals in therapy, such as in the course our students give at night to members of the community on pet care and responsibilities. This interest portends well for the future of this activity.

I'll never forget what one of the most helpful and lovable students in our veterinary school told me about two years ago. (By the way of background, I should point out that our first-year students enter the professional school "running as they hit the ground," looking forward to "every day with animals." Universal shock and frustration result when they realize their primary, initial exposure to animals is to formalized specimens. To afford "therapy" for these students, we welcome volunteers to the clinic to exercise and groom the horses there.) This student told me that the thing that helped him maintain some semblance of sanity during a very difficult first year was the time he had with the horse assigned to him in the clinic — grooming, exercising, and talking to it. Few are the people who do not benefit by association with animals (and, happily, our companion animals also profit). People generally need contact with something furry. Our companion animals offer us security, support, esteem, understanding, forgiveness, and abundant love. They make no judgments, and we can be ourselves around them. Furthermore, they need our help and make us feel important. Such a combination is "hard to beat!"



GENE GRYNIEWICZ

ATTENDING PROFESSIONALS

And Other Guests by Themselves (by and large)

MICHAEL A. ARNZEN by Michael Arnzen

Michael Arnzen is a Colorado writer with many stories published in the small press and semi-prozine markets, and who has recently made it into the Big Time with the sale of a horror novel, *Grave Markings* (due out in the summer of 1993), to the Dell Abyss line. A section of that novel will appear in DAW's annual *Year's Best Horror Stories XX*. He has published over 100 pieces of fiction and poetry in such magazines as *New Blood*, *2 AM*, *Thin Ice*, *Midnight Zoo*, and many others, including Moscow's own *Figment*. He also runs his own small press, Mastication Publications, which recently published the acclaimed *Psychos* horror poetry anthology.

EILEEN BRADY by Eileen Brady

Eileen Brady had the enjoyable opportunity to do research for the second pilot (and the first season) of *Star Trek*, to which she also sold a treatment. Other television series she worked on included *The Invaders*, *Get Smart*, *Mission: Impossible*, *I Spy*, *The Fugitive*, *The Big Valley*, and *Mannix*. During her very first week on the job as a researcher, she answered the telephone, only to hear Rod Serling asking for help. (He hummed a tune which he wanted to include in a script, and until he knew its name, he could not go on. It was "Gaudeamus Igitur.")

Since leaving Los Angeles, Eileen continues to do occasional research for



motion pictures and television and works at the Science and Engineering Library at Washington State University. During her free time, she writes screenplays, novels, and works on *American Television Series: 1935-1985*, a five-volume encyclopedia which is under contract to Facts on File, Inc.

ALGIS BUDRYS by Jon Gustafson

Algis Budrys is one of the giants of science fiction field, in spite of his relatively limited production of fiction. His novels include classics such as *Who?*, *The Falling Torch*, *Rogue Moon*, *Michaelmas*, *The Amsirs and the Iron Thorn*, *False Night*, *Man of Earth*, and *Some Will Not Die*. He has recently turned in a new novel, his first in several years. He has also had three short story collections published: *The Unexpected Dimension*,

Budrys' Inferno, and *Blood & Burning*. He is also the editor of a new science fiction magazine, *Tomorrow*.

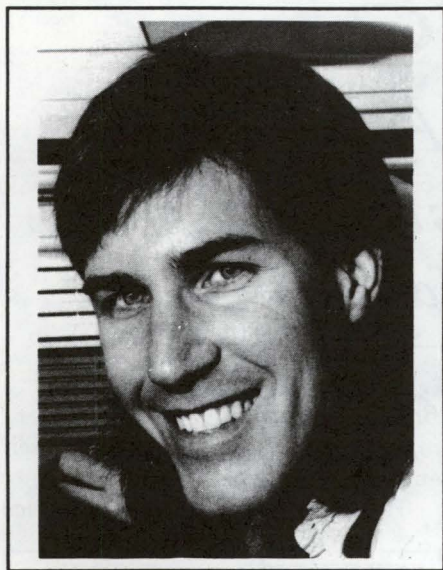
He is one of the foremost critics



and reviewers in the field, as well, and his columns have appeared in *Galaxy*, *Analog*, *F&SF*, *Science Fiction Review*, *The Washington Post*, and *The Chicago Sun-Times*, among other places. Not content to merely take from the field, he gives to it as well, and has taught how to write science fiction at Clarion, the Taos Writers of the Future Experimental Workshop, and for the Moscow Moffia Writers' Program.

MARK BUDZ by Mark Budz

Mark Budz is the editor of the *Pulphouse Short Story Paperbacks*, a new innovation in science fiction publishing. Publisher Dean Wesley Smith explains that the *Short Story Paperbacks* put short stories in the



same type of package that novels enjoy: one per book. Mark is also a good writer, as seen by his recent appearance in the premiere issue of *Pulphouse: A Weekly Magazine* with his story, "The War Inside." (He is also revoltingly tall and handsome and, to make things worse, has a warm and cheery disposition — Ed.)

JOHN DALMAS

by Jon Gustafson

John Dalmas is your typical science fiction author who has worked at the typical list of jobs before becoming a writer: farm worker, parachute in-

fantryman, stevedore, logger, merchant seaman, army medic, mover, smoke-jumper, administrative for-ester, creamery worker, technical writer, and freelance editor. His first professionally published story was "The Yngling" (*Analog*), which was later expanded to novel length and published in paperback by Pyramid (1971, 1977) and Tor (1984). He's also written such books as *The Varkhaus Conspiracy*, *Homecoming*, *Fanglith*, *The Reality Matrix*, *The General's President*, *The Regiment*, and a dozen or more other excellent novels. John is married (Gail), has two grown children, and two grandsons. And lots of interests.

STEVE FAHNESTALK

by Jon Gustafson

Steve Fahnestalk was born in the Bay Area of California and spent his formative years in California, Arizona, Florida, Minnesota, England, and Washington, reading SF in most of those places. He returned to California in the late sixties as a U.S. Navy radioman and part-time hippie, then swung back to Washington, where he lived until his move to Edmonton in 1985. He has been involved in fandom since 1974, and was a founding member of PESFA, MosCon, and Context '89, as well as Writers' Bloc (a.k.a. the Moscow Moffia) and Writers of the Lost, Ink writing groups. His non-fiction has appeared in *Amazing Stories* and the *Starlog Yearbook #1*, and his fiction has appeared in the "Rat Tales" anthologies and *Pulphouse Reports*. He currently works for the Alberta Provincial Government as a computer systems analyst, but he would dearly love to win the 649 so he can write full-time.

MEL GILDEN

by Mel Gilden

Mel Gilden is the author of *The Return of Captain Conquer* and is the primary writer of the popular *Fifth Grade Monsters* series. His books, *Harry Newberry* and *Raiders of the Red Drink*, *Outer Space* and *All That*

Junk (a Junior Library Guild selection), and *The Planetoid of Amazement* received good to raving reviews in such places as *School Library Journal* and *Booklist*. These are all books for children and for like-minded adults.

Books for grownups include *Surfing Samurai Robots*, which received good reviews in the *Washington Post* and other publications, and which has spawned two sequels. Also available is *Boogeymen*, a best-selling novel for the *Star Trek: The Next Generation* series, and Number One best-selling novelizations of stories from *Beverly Hills, 90210*. Coming soon is a *Trek Classic* novel, as yet without an official title. He has also published short stories in many original and reprint anthologies, most recently in *The Ultimate Werewolf*.

He spent five years as co-host of Los Angeles radio's science fiction interview show, *Hour-25*, and was assistant story editor for the DIC production of *The Real Ghostbusters*. He has written cartoons for TV, and has even developed new shows.

To demonstrate that he remains a force for good in our time, he lectures to school and library groups, and has been known to teach fiction writing.

He is a member of SFWA (Science-fiction and Fantasy Writers of America), Mystery Writers of America, and PEN. He lives in Venice, California, where the debris meets the sea, and still hopes to be an astronaut when he grows up.

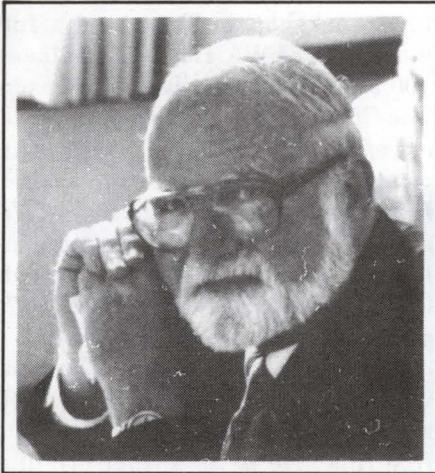
JAMES C. GLASS

by James Glass

James C. Glass is the 1991 Gold Grand Prize Winner of the L. Ron Hubbard Writers of the Future Contest. He has sold stories to *Aboriginal SF*, *Pulphouse Magazine*, *Writers of the Future Vol. 7*, and small press magazines such as *Midnight Zoo*, *Eldritch Tales*, *Doppelganger*, and *Hard-Boiled Detective*. A physicist by training, he is currently Dean of the College of Science, Mathematics and Technology at Eastern Washington State University. His wife, Gail, is a



JON GUSTAFSON



J.C.) of *Figment: Tales of the Imagination* (which was named one of the top 50 fiction markets in the United States this year) for the past three years and was an assistant editor of the MagiCon Program Book this year. She likes gourmet coffee, Monty Python films, and — obviously — truly sick humor.

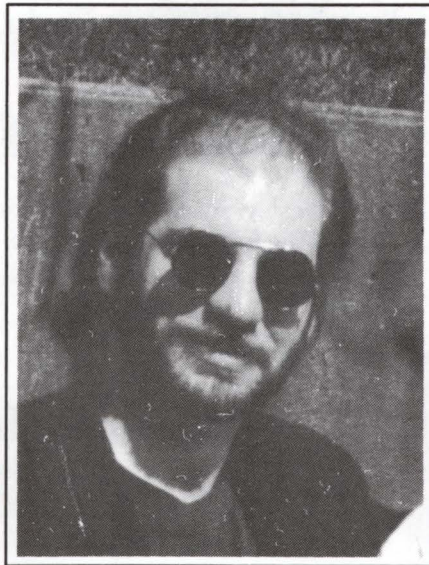
**J.C. (JONATHON)
HENDEE**
by J.C. Hendee

J.C. (sometimes called Jonathon by friends, affectionate enemies, and other beasts in the business) has sold fiction, poetry, art, and non-fiction to such markets as *Midnight Zoo*, *Deathrealm*, *Amazing Experiences*, Pulphouse's *Rats in the Soufflé* anthology (ed. by Jon Gustafson), MagiCon (1992 Worldcon), Program Book, *GWN Magazine*, *Hardware*,

Trekker and a *Beauty and the Beast* fan, a member of Vincent's Pride.

BARB HENDEE
by J.C. Hendee

Barb (affectionately known as Ms. Manners) has sold fiction to *Deathrealm*, *Cemetery Dance*, *After Hours*, *Not One of Us*, *The 1992 Year in Darkness Calendar*, *Pulphouse Magazine*, *GhostTide*, *Bizarre Bazaar '92*, *Amazing Experiences*, *Fugue*, Pulphouse's *Rats in the Soufflé* anthology, DAW Books' *1991 Year's Best Horror* anthology, and *Midnight Zoo*. She received an honorable mention in Ellen Datlow's *Year's Best Fantasy and Horror, 1990*, for her story "China Dolls in Red Lagoons" (*Cemetery Dance*, Winter 1990). She has been the co-editor (along with husband



*Star*Line*, *Novel & Short Story Writer's Market*, *Guidelines Magazine*, *The Poetic Knight*, *Leading Edge*, *Not One of Us*, *MZ Calendar 1992*, *MosCon XIV Program Book*, *Dragonfang*, *Paradise Creek Journal*, and *Fugue*. He is also the editor/publisher (along with wife, Barb) of the alternative press digest, *Figment: Tales from the Imagination*. He is the founder and executive editor of *Fugue: the Literary Digest of the University of Idaho* and the publisher and pro-

duction manager of *Star*Line: the Newsletter of the Science Fiction Poetry Association*. He was also an assistant editor of the MagiCon Program Book. J.C. likes archaic weapons, SF/F art and animated films, sleeping (which he does little enough of), and eating at least once a week.

NINA KIRIKI HOFFMAN
by Jon Gustafson

Nina 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 Pulpouse Gang. She is still, of course, considered a member in good standing of the Moscow Moffia.

About her early life, Nina says, "I am the sixth of seven children and grew up in Southern California, known by some as the Altered State."

Her short fiction has appeared in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, *Dragon Magazine*, the anthologies *Shadows 8* and *Shadows 9* (Charles L. Grant, ed.), *Greystone Bay* and *Doom City* (also edited by Grant), Jessica Amanda Salmonson's *Tales by Moonlight, Vol. I & II*, *Writers of the Future, Vol. I*, (Algis Budrys, ed.), *Pulpouse: The Hard-*



back Magazine, *Pulpouse: the Weekly Magazine*, *Weird Tales* (where she will be the featured author for issue #306), *Iniquities*, *Amazing Stories*, *The Year's Best Horror XIX* (edited by Karl Edward Wagner), *Grue*, *The Ultimate Werewolf*, *Aboriginal*

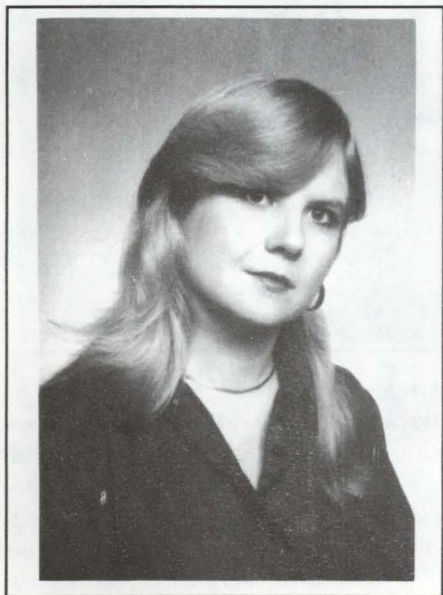
SF, and last, but certainly not least, Damon Knight's *Clarion Awards* anthology. She will also have a novella, "Unmasking," released by Axolotl Press by the time you read this.

Nina recently broke out of the short story arena with two novel sales. One is a young adult novel, *Child of an Ancient City*, written in collaboration with Tad Williams. The other is a fantasy novel, *The Thread That Binds the Bones*, due out from Avon in September of 1993.

JULIA LACQUEMENT-KERR

by Jon Gustafson

Julia Lacquement-Kerr is a transplanted Canadian who is best known for her work as a colorist in the comics industry and for her spectacular art, which is often seen in Northwest convention art shows. She started her comics career by working for Mike Grell in 1986, coloring *Jon Sable, Freelance*. She has worked on many comic book series since then, including (but not limited to) *Batman, Wonder Woman, Green Arrow, Longbow Hunter, Sergeant Rock, Enemy Ace, Elementals, Morningstar Special*, and *James Bond, Permission to Die*. She was the first colorist to receive royalties for her work. The only comic company she hasn't worked for is Marvel, but I expect that to change in the future.



Julia now lives in Seattle with her med-student husband, Michael Kerr, and a black cat named Jellybean. An excellent cook, she collects such oddities as triceratops, black cats, and gargoyles.

RANTZ

by Kathy Sprague

After three years of working in mostly unknown and unheard-of black-and-white comics, Rantz is now penciling issues #5 through #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 mini-series of his own entitled *City of Angels*.

Rantz is 24 and is in serious need of a nap.

DEAN WESLEY SMITH

by Jon Gustafson

Dean Wesley Smith is a graduate of *Clarion*, the first Writers of the Fu-

ture workshop in Taos, and a full member of SFWA. He has sold almost 100 stories to such diverse places as *The Clarion Awards* anthology, *Writers of the Future Vol. 1*, *Oui Magazine*, *Gambling Times Magazine*, *Horror Show*, the infamous *Wet Visions*, and the perhaps even more infamous *Rat Tales* anthologies (including the upcoming *Rats in the Soufflé* anthology).

Dean lives in Eugene, Oregon, where he writes short stories a week and works on novels in his copious free time. He is the owner of Pulphouse Publishing, which publishes *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*, *Pulphouse Magazine*, *Author's Choice Monthly*, and owns Axolotl Press. In 1989, Dean (together with *F&SF* editor Kristine Kathryn Rusch) won the World Fantasy Award, and his first novel, *Laying the Music to Rest*, was a finalist on the Stoker Award ballot. Pulphouse Publishing is on this year's Hugo final ballot for Best Semi-Pro Magazine.

Dean was a long-time member of PESFA and one of the founding members of Writer's Bloc (a.k.a. the Moscow Moffia) writing group as well as of Eugene's Pulphouse Gang writing workshop.

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**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 has a bubbly, infectious personality and you may well find her continu-



ally in the center of a small crowd of her fans and friends. She is often seen in the presence of her husband, Al, who often accompanies her on her science-fiction excursions.

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.

OTHER ATTENDING PROFESSIONALS FOR WHOM WE DO NOT HAVE A CURRENT BIO

OR PHOTOGRAPH:

Kevin Brockschmidt
F.M. and Elinor Busby

Joel Davis

David Graham

Jon Gustafson

Norman Hartman

Quinton Hoover

DARK OF THE MOON

Whiskers smelling of milk and tuna,
he slinks into his mistress' bedroom
intent on rubbing against her legs
and, since he is tonight her same species,
further up. Beware, werecat's mistress,
the front claws, the barbed penis.

Yanked from the seafood tank,
eyestalks trembling in terror,
to be boiled alive, smothered in sauce --
but, saved by the dark of the moon,
the werelobster leaps out of the pot.

She sings her high whine
when the moon is dark,
party crasher who slips through torn
screens:
be sure to seal your door
lest your blood flow
to a weremosquito.

help me help me
get revenge says he,
brandishing anti-people spray.
tonight the moon makes me a man
to swat you, to poison.
At last I avenge my murdered maggots --
I, werefly.

— Mary A. Turzillo

MOVIES AND ZINES: Does the "Sense of Wonder" Still Exist?

Craig W. Anderson

Ahhh... the good old days... before genre magazines sprouted helter-skelter in newsstands across the land.

In the late '50s and early '60s film freaks whose tastes wandered the thin line between normalcy and crazed dedication to those "monster/space/sci-fi trash" movies (so termed by some Moms and Dads and other adults who decided what "trash" was in those days) had but two classic mags to ogle: *Famous Monsters of Filmland* and *Spacemen*. Both zines were products of Forrest J. Ackerman's fertile mind.

For those of us whose parents held the line against our seeing the original *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* because they were convinced it was some screwy sex-flick *a lá* "High School Confidential" (and who among us can ever forget Mamie Van Doren's pre-Madonna conical, sweated breasts and the attention they received via the macho, juvenile delinquent squint of Russ Tamblyn?)... for those brave enough to have run the gauntlet of puzzled, well-meaning pregenitors barring entrance to the local Bijou so our youthful gaze wouldn't fall upon *Gog* because the title suggested things vaguely sacreligious and barbaric (or both)... for every True Believer in the validity and fun of sf/horror flicks who suffered under the lash of societal ignorance, Forry's zines were life savers.

We dug those films, understood them like no one else; Saturday afternoons were rife with triple features of George Pal classics: *War of the Worlds*, *When Worlds Collide* and *The Conquest of Space*, films which were consumed as eagerly as the

tooth-destroying Ju-Jubes were munched. Soft drinks were swilled in the dark theaters while incredible visions swept across the screens, accompanied by wide-eyed acceptance of our beloved Earth being destroyed by Martians or the passing planet Bellus. After rocketing to Mars with Eric Fleming and Walter Brooke, it was tougher still to mount an expedition to the local drugstore to locate a *Famous Monsters* or *Spacemen* that would supply the wondrous details of the epics just seen.

We endured the dearth of printed material about our favorite space and monster flicks and used our minds to conjure those classic scenes while we pondered *The Question*: "How'd they do that?"

Like most everything in those halcyon days of the '50s and early '60s, television, reading, sports, school, the movies and life in general were simpler for young sf movie-mavens. Kids had to use their brains, not only to supply the missing details that the current Roger Cormin epic was too cheap to provide on screen, but to even sneak off on a Saturday afternoon to see the movie.

When Steven Spielberg was sucking down Enfamil and wondering when his next diaper change would occur, the '50s sf kid didn't ponder the meaning of *Citizen Kane* or *Potemkin* because movies were supposed to be fun, not analytical exercises. Movies were chowing down Bon-Bons (five to a package) and being sufficiently, enjoyably rowdy that the theater manager had to stride to the stage, shout us down and threaten to stop the show, send us home, and never again

have Saturday matinees for such loutish, raucous dolts. It was great.

Aficionados among us knew a treat was in store when the Paramount mountain, surmounted by its wreath of stars, appeared; that meant a George Pal flick was about to unreel. On the other hand, when tinny music and grainy black and white scenes began to flicker, the groan of recognition was deadening, for that presaged a Roger Corman epic.

Occasionally an entertaining Corman effort like *The Day the World Ended* (the one with the sluggish, demon-like atomic war mutants with those little claws growing from their shoulders... and who can forget the monumental performance of Mike 'Touch' Connors?) would still our shouts of derision... until the second feature commenced (usually a quintessential Corman endeavor such as the brain-numbing *Attack of the Crab Monsters*) and the groans arose again from the assembled youthful critics.

There was an aura surrounding those Saturday matinee films; we saw them all: John Wayne in John Ford's *The Searchers*, which, while we didn't understand *why*, we knew in our guts was a classic, something special... and we suffered through the Corman and the Gordons and the Sidney Pinks and the rest and we loved it because these movies were, for all of their pretensions (or definite lack of same) still mysteriously interesting.

Films hadn't become an event that emptied a studio's vaults; the kinds of movies we saw were pitched with ads proclaiming "SEE! Martian War Machines Destroy Los Angeles!" or "SEE! Earth Menaced by Undying Monsters

from Outer Space!" or "TWO YEARS IN THE MAKING!!!" and so on.

It was *great*.

Rex Reason and Faith Domergue and Kenneth Tobey and Kevin McCarthey and Donald Curtis and yes, even slit-eyed Lee Van Cleef (he fired the bazooka into the *Beast From 20,000 Fathoms* from atop the roller coaster scaffolding) were on hand to save humanity from various fates, *all* of them much worse than death.

The heroes were square-jawed and wholesome and the women were invariably scientists at least as cagey and smart as the men but who always fell into a swoon at the sight of the revived dinosaurs, giant ants, enlarged grasshoppers, and enormous spiders, aliens and mutants that stalked man-and woman-kind.

Those movies were perfect for their time: often misunderstood and sinister to adults, but to the kids...? The films weren't really awful, they couldn't actually warp adolescent minds. They might cause a nervous moment or two in the depths of night but, overall, they were fantastic fantasies of great and good purpose.

And we still couldn't figure out how they did those effects, whether terrible with wires dangling all over the place or great, with rays and flaming zaps flying in every direction from crazed spaceships or weird weapons clutched by zombies from the stratosphere. Gort was great and, though we knew he was really an amazingly tall guy in a rubber suit, when Patricia Neal spoke the immortal words, "Gort, *Klaatu barada nikto*," the earth stood still for us.

Helping our sense of wonder were *Famous Monsters of Filmland* and *Spacemen* and *Infinity Science Fiction* and *Fantastic Universe* and *Imagination* and, if we were feeling particularly intellectual, *Astounding Science Fiction*, *F&SF* and *Galaxy* would be read cover to cover.

But Forry Ackerman's magazines grabbed the eye and stimulated the mind with their whoop-de-do prose and insouciantly captioned black and white stills ("Blood and gore/upon the floor/and you forgot your spoon?").

And when we grew up, got married or went to college or got a job, joined the Army and the years sped by until the '70s appeared and the innocence, we discovered much to our distress, had been lost along the way.

Everything changed and the magazines changed, too. The wonder faded, to be replaced by cold scientific examinations of special effects; magazines appeared which explained everything, their chilly explications damping our sense of wonder.

The magazines available today which focus on genre films range from the merrily grotesque *Fangoria* and *Gorezone* to the suavely analytical *Cinefantastique* to the high-tech *Cinefex* to the press kit/public relations release-oriented *Starlog*.

Whither *Famous Monsters of Filmland* and *Spacemen*? Into the land of memory.

Herewith is a brief look at a few of the genre mags of today.

THE FANGORIA/ GOREZONE REALM

Explicit gore and grue has become the cause *celebré* of the majority of horror films and *Fangoria* and *Gorezone* are the mouthpieces for blood-and-guts films. Kids who couldn't see *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* in the '50s now have children who yearn to view the on-going, blood-drenched adventures of hockey-masked Jason in the *Friday the 13th* canon.

Alex Gordon and Roger Corman, kings of the Cheapo Flick, have been deposed; new *gore-meisters* like Sean S. Cunningham and other slack-jawed film makers have usurped the throne. Bodies are carved and filleted and the trusty duo of *Fangoria* and *Gorezone* displays the ultra-realistic slice-and-dice work of assorted makeup gurus inside and out.

On typical covers, in color, eyes pop from sockets, faces are cleaved by axes, guts spill and bloody-mawed things grimace in slimy portraits. We're told all about it with a chuckle and a semi-tongue in cheek style, a *People* magazine with blood lust.

The literary posturings and photo-

graphic content of these magazines insist that it's OK to show the most grotesque hatchet murders as long as it's done with a light touch. *Fango* and the *Zone* seem to be saying, "Hey gang, it's all fake, so don't sweat it."

But perhaps we should sweat it; what Georges Franju began in 1949 with *Le Sang de Betes* (wherein a French slaughterhouse is shown with a clear vision and ironic tone), Demons has brought full circle with putrescent bodies lurching hungrily after the remaining living characters.

From Art to artless with complete, detailed articles telling the wide-eyed public how it was done; har-de-har verbiage designed to appease any appalled parents who might stumble upon the garish *Fango* or *Gorezone* tucked away among the *Starlog*'s of their progeny.

There is not a smidgen of wonder to be found in these magazines, just splatters of ersatz blood and grue. For every excellent *It's Alive* or *Gremlins* examined, there are dozens of *The Burnings* or *The Gates of Hell* receiving heavy page counts and that's unfortunate; quality is buried by bilge. These zines perpetuate the notion that all horror films are alike, shambling things of low quality made by jaded film makers out for the fast buck.

Explain explicit, gory, gruesome, gut-spilling, jaw-droppingly grotesque horror films with clever patter and — Eureka! — they become a cultural phenomena. The image of some guy with his intestines hanging out after being hacked apart by a chainsaw explains more about the state of the current so-called "horror" films than a thousand learned treatises. And learned treatises are not to be found within the garish covers of *Fangoria* or *Gorezone*.

STARLOG — PUFFERY AT ITS FINEST

Opposing the brutally up-front approach to the realm of the gruesome fostered by *Gorezone* and *Fangoria*, *Starlog* often seems to be a bland product of re-written studio press releases.

There are some fans who feel strongly that the *Starlog* gang concentrates too much on genre gods like Spielberg, Rodenberry and Lucas. Many fans see *Starlog* genuflecting in the direction of every science fiction flick that staggers out of the processing lab as if it were the original *King Kong* resurrected.

If true, it's not such a bad approach, really. The science fiction films of today are still struggling to escape the hole dug for them in the '50s by Roger Corman and the other schlock-meisters of the era and if *Starlog* can help the genre escape Corman's Curse, so much the better.

Starlog is perfectly suited as the newcomer to the genre. It's a good research source for information about what's happening in science fiction flicks and it publishes excellent interviews with film makers. If fans want *Star Trek* information on a monthly basis, they'll find it in *Starlog*; if fans want to know what films are looming on the horizon, *Starlog* is a good place to look. Its slick pages are crammed with color photos and information and the editors must be doing *something* right because *Starlog's* circulation leads the field.

Starlog is enthusiastic, easy to read, chock full of stuff and yet...

It seems that as one matures, the readability of *Starlog* decreases proportionately. Perhaps it has something to do with the magazine's perceived avoidance of controversy. Maybe *Starlog* runs out of intellectual gas for readers exiting their teens who are searching for a stronger editorial viewpoint. Could it be *Starlog* is too oriented toward promoting films rather than critically analyzing them? On the other hand, where is it written that *Starlog* should be more critical of the films it covers or that it must run the gauntlet of fans angered by honest but unapproving views of genre films?

Starlog can be whatever its editors want it to be; it's a free country, after all.

For me, *Starlog* became a grazing zine long ago, one which doesn't elicit the urge to actually sit down and read it, but instead encourages a quick

scan for information. If it contains an article of particular interest that can't be read standing at the newsstand rack, then it's purchased.

However, as long as the young crowd is lusting for news and views of genre flicks, *Starlog* will prosper and that's good because it presents a much better face than the gore magazines, a face that parents can love, in fact.

Especially if the parents remember *Famous Monsters of Filmland* and *Spacemen*, the direct antecedents of the 16-year-old *Starlog*.

CINEFANTASTIQUE— THE KING OF THE TECHNO-WHOOPIE CROWD

Way, way up on the Olympus of genre zines is the immortal *Cinefantastique* (hereafter referred to as *CFQ*) which began as a fun zine with the inside poop on the latest flicks and intelligent commentary on them and retrospectives on classic sf/fantasy/horror films as well. Entire issues have been devoted to genre giants like Ray Harryhausen and George Pal. Double issues have limned in exhaustive detail the *Star Wars*, *Star Trek*, *Alien/Aliens*, *Terminator* and other films, much to the delight of those of us who appreciate knowing *everything* about a particular film, film maker, or series.

CFQ often assumes the mantle of being the *Variety* of the sf film field, publishing short, pungent reviews of a plethora of films and an analysis of the box-office dollars made by genre movies. All of which is good for the field and those interested in it.

But: when, once upon a time, *CFQ* was oriented toward being irreverent and fun, it captured the interest of fans by appealing to the same sense of wonder Forry Ackerman once did with *Famous Monsters*. And the Gods of sf fortune smiled upon *CFQ* and its founder/publisher/editor Frederick S. Clarke.

CFQ is still, to my befuddled mind, the best of the lot for a number of reasons.

I mean, hey! *CFQ* pissed off George

Lucas! Made the big-time periodicals and newspapers because it revealed what happened to Luke Skywalker in *The Empire Strikes Back*. Luke's dad, Darth Vader, chops off Luke's hand! Talk about child abuse! *CFQ* then smuggled out pictures and plot secrets of *Return of the Jedi* ahead of the release date and Modestan Lucas had a fit. So what, you say, that's just a magazine doing what magazines are supposed to do: get the hot scoop for the reading public. It wasn't a "So what..." issue to Lucas, who feared the millions of anticipated dollars the films were anticipated to make would be jeopardized by such revelations. When a genre zine with a circulation of thousands divulges the secrets of guaranteed mega-hits and scoops the entire civilized world, the repercussions can be serious indeed.

Personally, I found the contretemps enjoyable, because the secrecy surrounding films today is silly and ridiculous, especially in the case of the *Star Wars* flicks; each was assured of raking in hundreds of millions for Lucas and 20th Century Fox, regardless of whether fans knew about their secrets. George Lucas calmed down sufficiently to continue trudging onward toward his receiving the Thalburg Oscar in 1992 for contributions to film.

And *CFQ* published one of the few cogent, intelligent, and accurate examinations of John Carpenter's controversial *The Thing* in 1982 and way back in 1974, *CFQ's* reviewer recognized the importance and value of Larry Cohen's low-budget exploration of mutation, *It's Alive*.

The bi-monthly magazine is stuffed with excellent photos, jam-packed with behind-the-scenes information and complete lists of cast and credits of films featured in major reviews.

But sometimes... sometimes *CFQ* is so damned pompous and self-important that it drives me crazy with its attitude of "If *CFQ* doesn't like a film, it must be crap." On occasion, it seems the folks at *CFQ* are on stilts, they're so far above it all. Unfortunately, peering down from the dizzying know-it-all heights at your audi-

ence isn't the best way to endear yourself to them.

But the sheer overwhelming *tsunami* of verbiage, photos and opinions packed into *Cinefantastique's* colorful, slick pages makes it worth the extremely high price.

**FILMFX, CINEFEX,
AMERICAN
CINEMATOGRAPHER —
GOOD ONES, ALL**

Okay, let's get this over with upfront: *Filmfax*, *Cinefex*, and *American Cinematographer* are each, in their own way, excellent film magazines, each exhibiting a narrow focus, but one which is clear.

In the case of *Filmfax*, it most resembles the time-honored *Famous Monsters*: pulp pages crowded with black-and-white photos, articles on genre greats from the dim past to the present, ads lauding videos and books and magazines of every stripe, articles and advertisements crammed together blending in a confused, entertaining jumble, the whole united by an enthusiastic, hip style.

If only the packaging were better. *Filmfax's* covers are as confused as the interiors, design-wise, contributing to the chaotic, unattractive look of the magazine. Unattractive or not, *Filmfax* is a good buy.

Cinefex, on the other hand, is for the technological purist. Its articles often border on the indecipherable, larded as they are with scientific special-effects jargon. For those fans lusty for the intimate details of front projection, blue screen, bipack, computer imaging, matte painting, traveling mattes, the Shuftan Process, and other methods of producing movie magic, *Cinefex* is the zine to ogle.

It's a high-priced, well-written, smart package with *everything* technical you'd ever want to know about a genre flick.

The venerable *American Cinematographer* doles out information from the point of view of cinematographers. Thus, one must struggle through explanations of film stock, lighting techniques, f-stops, lenses and cameras

used, and other arcana of the photographic trade. That having been said, the magazine is of interest mainly because of that often complex viewpoint. It is always fun to discover how a film was made through the eyes of the cinematographer, a viewpoint not often found in the other magazines.

The retrospectives in *American Cinematographer* are *always* excellent, covering, for example, a sadly forgotten Willis O'Brien, the neglected film *The Most Dangerous Game*, and the terrific Karl Fuend-directed *The Mummy*. A recent article on the Lydecker brothers, Theodore and Howard, was eye-opening for its look at special effects of a bygone era and the incredible innovations the brothers supplied for hundreds of low- and large-budget features throughout the '30s, '40s, and '50s.

Without cinematographers and special effects experts, films in general — and genre films in particular — past and present, would be boring affairs.

So, what can we, as loyal genre film fans, do? Simple: read 'em all! *Starlog*, *Cinefex*, *Cinefantastique*, *Filmfax*, *Fangoria*, *Gorezone*, *American Cinematographer*, *Newsweek* and *Time* (when *Alien* and *Aliens* were oozing toward the screen, *Newsweek* and *Time* ran cover stories on the films), *American Films*, *Films in Review*, and as many newspapers and Sunday supplement magazines as we can.

The knowledge gleaned and assimilated will be filtered through the opinionated mesh that comprises every sf fan's mind. Maybe then, with all of the divergent views churning around in our fevered minds, some of the fun and wonder that once surrounded the field will be felt again.

And, best of all, perhaps Forry Ackerman could come out of his magazine retirement to aid and abet the return of wonder to the genre magazine field.

**TENANTS WANTED —
PETS PROVIDED**

Hell on earth:
An apartment on the east side.
Such a shame, though,
No one really knows it's there.
More's the pity.

It's full of all the conveniences
You've ever dreamed
In precious nightmares.

And the price —
It may seem a little stiff,
But it's a trifle
For what you're getting into.

And the carpet —
Beyond belief.
Take your shoes off and feel it against
Your bare flesh.
Deep, durable carpets
You can get lost in.
Always fresh as day one.
You'll never worry about those dark,
Congealing stains.

And the kitchen —
Hell never had a kitchen like this:
Massive convection oven,
Mobile microwave,
Top of the line slicers and dicers.
A freezer to big
You can wait out
The Second Coming.

And the halls —
Long halls —
Plenty of room to stretch your legs.
Getting there is half the fun.
(Who knows what you'll find along the
way.)

And the social aspect —
With a place like this
You're never alone... guaranteed.

Yes, it's a spacious place,
With rooms to breath
(As much as they can).
A wonderful place —
Just a little slice of
Heaven.
It's almost... perfect.

Almost... a minor problem...
More an annoyance, really.
Seems someone's already living there.
Not a problem — no, not really.
Why, he could be gone any day now,
only...
We can't seem to find him.

Just a finger or toe now and then.
Something for the Pets to play with.

Oh, yes, Pets are included.
But don't worry... about feeding...
They'll fend for themselves just fine.

— J.C. Hendee

TALL MAGIC

Ru Emerson

J.J. MacIntyre stormed out onto the beach and glared at the Pacific Ocean. Not that there was much wrong with the ocean. Or with the beach itself, from her point of view, anyway. The weather was typical April on the Oregon Coast, "If you don't like what it's doing, wait a minute" stuff: blustery, rainy, suddenly sunny and mild, and then — like now — black skies and a wind that felt like it was blowing straight from Alaska.

Which meant that for the moment, she had the sand all to herself.

"I could've maybe wormed myself into my cousin Elaine's good graces and been at the Blazer game right now, at *least* gone somewhere to watch it on big-screen television — and I'm stuck out here all weekend so my mother can play quality time." The toe of her right high-top caught on a pod of giant kelp and she went flying, barely stayed on her feet. She turned to glare at the chunk of stuff, turned back and strode on.

Of course, she could've watched that game: the house her mother had rented for the weekend *did* have a television. But basketball was something of a touchy subject around her mother — both her (recently divorced) parents, actually. And watching the game would have meant staying in the house with her mother. *Not likely.* J.J. sighed heavily, stuffed both hands in her pockets and kept going. There was a tide pool just around the point; it was something to aim for, at least.

"Basketball." Her yuppie/lawyer parents hadn't expected a daughter who nursed such a passion. Her mother had been doubly distressed when her cute little human Barbie doll had shot up in her first year of high school. Even more unhappy when J.J. didn't stop growing until she was past six feet.

Her father had been pleased at

first: a kid who could look him in the eye, a kid to play basketball with, he'd thought. "Yeah," J.J. mumbled in the direction of the surf. "Too bad he wound up with a total klutz. Think he'd have figured that out when I couldn't golf anywhere but the rough."

Well, he was back in New York playing wheeler-dealer lawyer, and apart from occasional phone calls and a promise to attend her college graduation ceremonies next year, out of her life. "If I could just do something with mom —" But this weekend was for show, really; her mother had a busy career and so long as her daughter kept a reasonable GPA, and didn't drop out to become an exotic dancer, Lorraine had by and large given up trying to shape J.J.'s life for her.

She rounded the corner as the sun edged out of a cloud. The tide pool was still half-submerged but the water was moving out; good. Give her something to look at for a while.

She used both hands to clamber over damp rock — it would be humiliating if they had to Life Flight her out of this hole with a broken leg — and stepped onto flat, roughly slabbed black stone. And after all, she was getting a *little* playing time for the Vikings this season, more than the five minutes of all last year.

There were small fish in the nearest pool. J.J. walked across to get a better look, tripped over something and this time went flat as a dark green bottle clinked across stone, rolled off the edge and toward the water. "Oh, no. Oh, *damn.*" No splash; the sound of glass striking stone. "I'll have to pick it all up, I'll cut my fingers off, the way I'm going today —" Her voice died away and she sucked air in a startled squawk.

From the tide pool where the bottle had fallen, a bluish cloud boiled up, and in the center of the cloud, watch-

ing her intently, a pair of very bright eyes.

Silence. J.J. scrambled into a sitting position and edged herself warily backward; her shorts soaked through instantly. She swore under her breath. When she had a few more feet between herself and the blue cloud, she stopped, drew her feet under her to try and run for it.

A peevish voice stopped her. "I suppose I should say thank you, for freeing me from that container."

"You're a genie," J.J. whispered.

"Oh, you're one of the clever ones," it informed her sourly and the eyes were cast heavenward. "Why do I never get a sensible one? And why is it," it demanded in a sudden fury, "that I cannot somehow remove myself from this shore and reach one more suited to myself? What is it, oh Fates, that I have done to anger you so?"

"Well, hey, that isn't my fault — don't glare at me," J.J. said as the eyes fixed on her. Bad enough her mother had been all over her this morning, she wasn't going to take crap from anyone — or *anything* else right now!

A very small silence this time. The genie sighed then, and blue air shifted and swirled all around it. "Oh, very well, then. Let's get this over with, shall we? You freed me from the bottle, I grant you three wishes. What?" it demanded suddenly. "Why do you laugh?"

J.J. shook her head, got her mirth under control and wiped her eyes. "You wouldn't understand. Just — all the *stuff* my mother's told me over the years, and the one thing that's honest-to-God true out of all of it, is *this*?" She could see arms now; they were folded across a still-unseen chest, the fingers of one hand tapping the shoulder of the other arm. "You've been reading

those watered-down stories that Englishman translated, the children's versions of them. It's a little more complex than Burton — but never mind, I haven't time for philosophical discussion; wish and let me go."

"Hey," J.J. said mildly. "Give me a bit, let me think. It's not like I was expecting you or anything."

"Hah. This is the same land, nearly the same time I left — what's the year?"

"1990, why?"

"Ah. Near enough. And you're female, aren't you, for all your size?"

"Can that," J.J. growled.

"Female," it said firmly, with the air of one keeping to a subject. "Stay with tradition: I can grant you beauty, wealth, a husband."

"Jeez!" J.J. leaped to her feet and folded her own arms to glare into the clouds. "When did you get into that bottle, 1950? Are you nuts?" She drew a deep breath and almost before the thought was fully formed, said, "I want coordination."

"First wish — you want *what*?"

"I want to be coordinated. So? If you can do pretty, you can do that." Silence; she brought her chin up. "If you're any good."

"Don't push me, female," it growled. Then sighed. "You're going to try and be more difficult than my last client, aren't you? *He* wanted to win reelection, no matter what — then blamed *me* for the stupidity of his break-in squad."

He blinked. "You're kidding. You granted wishes to—?"

"Never mind," it broke in hastily, rather as though it was sorry it had brought the matter up at all. "Coordination. It's yours." And, as she held out her arms and stared at them thoughtfully, "It's there. Trust me."

"Yah, right, trust someone who worked for—?"

"Never *mind*."

"Trust isn't in it." She walked back and forth across the rock, squatted and stood a couple times. Didn't fall over. *Well, maybe*. Curiosity intervened. "What else did he wish for?"

"Before that, to win the first election, no matter what. A lot of people

still hate your Electoral College for *that* one." The genie chuckled. "He somehow was tricked into using the third wish over a year later to get me into the wine bottle, which he threw out to sea. A litterer on top of everything else. I really *did* plan it at a time when the currents might take me elsewhere — well, let's hear your second wish, hurry up."

"Why? It isn't like you expected to be anywhere but inside that bottle right now. I need to think. *And* to make certain the first one's working."

"There is a time limit," the genie began huffily. J.J. laughed, interrupting him.

"You already told me you last benefactor took over a year."

"I *hate* this world," the genie was addressing the heavens once again. "I *hate* its arrogant females, who are even more unaware of their place than they were in 1976. It isn't wise to anger a genie," it finished flatly as it turned its gaze downward again.

"I'll keep that in mind. I don't want forever, but I'm not going to be rushed into something stupid."

"If you had enough wealth, you could purchase anything you wanted," it urged.

"Hah. Now you sound like my mother. Or my father. How do I get in touch with you?"

"Oh," the genie replied gloomily. "Just call. I'll be around." It sighed. "Unfortunately." And it vanished.

It must have done *something*, J.J. decided as she knelt to take broken glass out of the now nearly waterless tidal pool. Because she got all the glass out in record time, and didn't cut herself once.

By the time she was back in Portland and back in school, she let herself hope, but after a week, she was certain: All at once, during practice, she made baskets, completed passes the right way, handled some near steals and even hit a three-pointer. Her teammates were impressed and so were the staff. For the first time in her two years on the bench, the coach put her into a game where the Vikings weren't up by 20 points near the end of

the fourth quarter.

By the end of her senior year, she was scoring at least 20 points a game, and had the all-time ream high rebounding and steal records.

Somehow, between living and breathing college basketball, she managed to keep up with her last year of business classes, and hold a reasonable grade average. But at the moment, there was only basketball: Viking men's to cheer on, Viking women's to play, Blazer basketball, Blazer stats, Blazer home games.

Her particular genie showed up at odd intervals to try and force her last two wishes. She finally discovered that feeding him NBA basketball stats and a play-by-play on the last Blazer game would get rid of him, fast.

Finally, her last quarter of school, she rode her bike to a fairly deserted place on the Willamette River and called. The genie popped into view at once; the blue cloud around him practically crackled. "You've decided? The wealth appeals to you after all? It would be so easy, one of the state lotteries, fifty million dollars or more —" The voice trailed away as she shook her head.

"I want to play NBA basketball."

"You want — ?" It took her a moment to realize what the odd sounds were; the genie was laughing at her.

"It's a legitimate request!" she shouted. "Something I can't get for myself! And I want it!"

"Women don't play pro basketball!"

"Not any more they don't. The women's leagues all collapsed because the money and the names weren't there. I can't play women's pro ball, so I want to play NBA basketball. Look," she added as the genie folded its arms and glared down at her. "I don't want to play with the guys forever, I admit that might call for a lot of work. The pre-season will do fine." She folded her arms across her chest.

"It's an invalid wish," the genie fumed. "I can't deliver, you forfeit one —"

"I don't. I can think of half a dozen ways around it, and it's my wish. You fix it."

"It's what you want." She nodded. "Your second wish, to play men's pro basketball, one pre-season." She nodded again. "This won't be as quick as the other; I'll be back." Before she could draw a breath, he was gone. And stayed gone for so long, she had picked up her bike and was ready to head back to campus when he popped back into sight. The swirl of blue cloud had slowed, and he looked rather pleased with himself, she thought. "All right, it's done. It may take a few days before you see anything from this one, though." He folded his arms across his chest and gave her what was surely meant to be a daunting look. "I warn you, the last wish had better be something simple, after *this* one!" And he was gone. J.J. climbed onto her bike and rode off. Her mind went in high-speed circles. She'd finally dared ask; how would he make it work?

What he'd done — well, it was ingenious enough: An open shooting contest during the playoffs, jackets or T-shirts, cans prizes and game tickets for winners at various levels. But three national grand prize winners would be "drafted" for the pre-season, which would give them a chance to, at the very least, sit on the bench with the pros, to play in practices and possibly pre-season rookie games, maybe even real pre-season games. Probably because no one expected a woman to make it all the way to the top, there wasn't any rule prohibiting them from either participating — or from coming out with a contract.

J.J. went into the Portland Memorial Coliseum a mass of nerves, and came out a winner. A month later, she came out high in the western region, and two weeks after that stood on the large red bull emblem at center court in Chicago and heard herself named one of three grand prize winners.

The fans were wildly divided in their reactions; the players equally divided. The two men who finished with her — both of whom topped her by nearly a foot — at least had a strong respect for her, they'd watched her play the last two weeks, and had gone against her in one-on-one.

Going to be a Blazer for a few

weeks, she thought exultantly. But late that night, back in Portland, she woke suddenly. That wish; the way she'd phrased it, the way the genie had repeated it back to her, so carefully. *Oh, no. He knows what I want, he wouldn't dare* — The only team which made a bid for her, two days later, was the Orlando Magic.

J.J. went back to the river and waited; the genie must have expected her because he showed up almost at once. "Cute, aren't you?" she said finally. "You knew damned well I wanted to play for the Blazers!"

"You didn't say," it replied, all innocence. "All those figures you throw at me all the time, I started paying attention to the wretched game despite myself. I *like* the Magic. Besides," it added persuasively, "how much playing time would you get here, realistically? Down in Orlando, you might actually shoot a few hoops on national TV." It paused, added wistfully, "I don't suppose you'd like to do something about that third wish while I'm here, would you?"

"Just now, I'd probably use it to drown you in that river."

"Ah, ah," it chided mildly. "Your temper — that kind of remark will get you a technical foul on the court, remember. And you can't use a wish to harm a genie, that's in the rules."

"I'll keep that in mind," J.J. said grimly.

When the pre-season first started up, J.J. found herself actually glad she hadn't wished for long-term playing time. The basketball was wonderful, most of the players willing to go along with the publicity — or the joke, depending on who it was and how they felt about it. Most of them at least gave her points for playing hard and not backing down. But the press and the fans — Some of each, she had to admit, were well-behaved, willing to give her the same honest chance the players and the coaching staff did. The tabloids had reporters everywhere, the junk TV shows had cameras everywhere, and she finally had to hire a phone answering service to take her calls and turn down all the

guest offers from Geraldo, Oprah, Phil and the gang.

Her parents were mortified; her mother went on Sally Jesse's show to talk about exactly how mortified.

Ignore the junk, play ball, J.J. told herself, and once again put out of her mind everything that wasn't basketball. Suddenly, it *was* magic: She learned and had fun during practices, she played all the rookie games and actually got court time in pre-season games. The Magic lost — then, they would have lost with or without her. She actually got into the pre-season home game against the Blazers, just long enough to be fouled by Buck Williams (she wore an enormous bruise for days after *that* encounter, made both free-throws. Heady stuff.

But the pre-season was winding down, she could count the remaining games on the fingers of one hand, and now the genie was starting to pressure her once again.

She owed him — great as the experience had been, useful as it was going to prove (some of the calls coming in were from people associated with trying to restart women's pro basketball). Maybe wealth was after all what she should ask for. Particularly since she couldn't do him harm with that third wish. *Maybe I should bully him back into a bottle and air-mail it to the middle of the Libyan desert*, she thought, then shook her head. *Wrong. Think about Khadaffi tripping over it.*

She sat on the bench the next two games, a comfortable part of the team — not friends, any more than she'd been friends with most of her college teammates. Family, more like: people too similar and too diverse, too competitive to really make friends, still pulling together from the same center — more family than she'd had growing up. *Better remember to write back to Dad tonight, tell him anymore stories he sells to the Enquirer are gonna get him in major trouble.*

She felt a perverse pride, like a lot of the fans did, watching the certified worst team in the league play. It wasn't deliberate; the team was young; the Blazers had been gruesomely bad a couple years back.

She thought about the genie and about that last wish as Karl Malone backed one off the glass and down. She sighed, didn't bother to look at the scoreboard. It was a wonder the backboard held together, the hammering the Mailman was giving it tonight. Of course, they were special stuff, those boards, laminated thicknesses....

J.J. bit back a grin. Somehow she managed to sit quietly with the rest of her teammates as Utah shellacked them, but once the game was over she raced through her shower and changed, raced home to her apartment and called on the genie.

"I guess I'm ready for that final wish," she said.

It eyed her warily. "I don't like the look of you at the moment. You do remember what I said about harm to the genie?"

"Oh, yes."

"And — really, you can't be angry after all this time, can you? You got the exposure you wanted, didn't you?"

"I wanted the Blazers. *My* Blazers. You knew that."

"You never said; I'm not supposed to read your mind. Besides, I told you —"

"I know. You like the Magic." She smiled broadly. "You can't think how glad I am to hear you still feel that way."

Road game in Detroit, where she was glad to sit all four quarters out — the Pistons were, as usual, going for the throat and playing for blood. Then New Jersey, where she got her last playing time in a road uniform and helped pull out a squeaker. One more home game and it would be nothing but a thick scrapbook of memories, a few nagging, remaining bruises. Whatever she could put together

thereafter, using that experience, her basketball skills and that business degree, to try and help rebuild the women's league.

There were fewer

fans booing and even one or two cheers when she came onto the floor this last night; the local radio station planned to interview her after the game and there was a brief acknowledgement ceremony before it, a bronze plaque, her warm-up jacket signed by all the players and the coaching staff. A nice round of applause from the half-filled arena.

Against San Antonio, the rookies didn't get much playing time, and she only had only a few minutes at the end of the third quarter, which netted her two free-throws and a save that landed her in the second row of seats. The rest of the time, she sat on the end of the bench and watched the game, particularly the basket down the floor to her left.

She smiled at it, knowing it wasn't smiling back. But her third wish hadn't harmed the genie. It would be very safe, layered into the backboard glass.

She hoped it had meant what it said; that it liked the Magic. It was going to have a *long* time to enjoy them.



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DARK CHOICES

Kiel Stuart

This year marks the 25th anniversary of two cult-status TV shows: *Star Trek* and *Dark Shadows*. The hysteria surrounding these polar opposites used to baffle me. Whole worlds sprang up devoted to each, made up of conventions, fan magazines, and fan clubs. I didn't get it.

Now I do. If *Star Trek* was the family we all longed for, then *Dark Shadows* represented the one we were stuck with in real life.

In case you've never been in front of a television, let me clue you in: on the upbeat *Star Trek*, everyone got to be loved and appreciated for exactly who he (or she, or it) was. Only in that "family" could the half-Vulcan Mr. Spock fulfill his own best destiny, and we knew in our secret hearts we could, too, if only we were Out Thar. The *Star Trek* motto might have been "There's a way out of every predicament."

Dark Shadows represented the flip side: the outrageously dysfunctional Collinses, whose lives (and ratings) changed with the introduction of Barnabas, a 175-year-old vampire played by Jonathan Frid. Their motto? "I have no choice."

Here's a pop quiz for you: where have we heard this before? Who sold us this package deal that encompasses such add-ons as intimacy avoidance, change avoidance, reality avoidance, and avoidance of choice itself?

Hint: the answer is right in front of you. Now, sharpen your pencils, no peeking, and we'll grade your answers later.

What made *Dark Shadows* really interesting — what raised it above mere Monster Chiller Horror Theater — was that we were shown not only how Barnabas got to be that way, but his struggles to get out of it. It was

never "I can turn into a bat and fly... whoopie!"

Come to think of it, isn't the vampire myth itself a simile for child abuse? A victim of the vampire either dies or becomes one himself, thus perpetuating the cycle. And everyone fears the abuser, whether rage-aholic, alcoholic, or merely one of the Living Dead. Jonathan Frid himself has been quoted as saying, "I played Barnabas as an alcoholic."

How did the Collins clan get there, and how did the show manage, no doubt unintentionally, to portray child abuse with such accuracy and clarity?

ONCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time, Barnabas was a gentle soul. But the groundwork for his later blood rampages had already been laid by a rigid, unloving, controlling father, a persecuting aunt, and an alcoholic mother.

It all starts with a witch's curse. Back in the 18th century, Angelique Bouchard dooms Barnabas with the invocation, "Whoever loves you will die."

Now, here's the answer to that earlier pop quiz: Isn't "the curse" what good ol' dysfunctional Mom and Dad bestowed on us? (As in, "You're: lazy, no good, just like your father, just like your mother, going to end up in jail, drunk, dead.")

And we all do our best to fulfill the terms of the "curse." Be all that you can be. If all Mom and Dad said we could be was a pathetic gutter-scraping drunk, why, how can we possible refuse?

As a result of his particular curse, Barnabas becomes "living, though dead —" just like all us other Wounded Kids, stumbling through

life, never to know our true selves.

Barnabas tries to end the curse, as most of us do now and then. A servant, the only one who knows the truth at first, attempts to stake him, but the witch interferes. And Dad finally locks him in a chained coffin, but it doesn't last. The curse always prevails. But why?

DON'T ASK FOR HELP

Well-meaning though he might have been, Barnabas withheld information about the witch to "protect" others. But by shielding the very ones he wanted to protect, he doomed them as well. If Josette, the object of his love, had known jealous Angelique was the witch, she might not have taken that header off Widow's Hill.

Ignorance ain't always bliss.

Barnabas also struggles against his desire to turn Josette into a vampire like himself, so he'll have a little company. He begs her not to come near, again not telling her why. Representing the desire of Everyman to do The Right Thing, he flails away unsuccessfully to protect Josette. But eventually he succumbs to his own worst nature, symbolizing Everyman's helplessness as well.

Why doesn't Barnabas ask for help from anyone other than his servant (a "social inferior," and therefore "safe")? He has, like a lot of us, rejected his own helpless Inner Child. And why not?

He was taught to do just that. His icy father tossed aside all his opinions as worthless. His shaming aunt thought smiling was a sin. His distant, ineffectual mother, who was never without a glass of sherry in her hand, took poison, then conveniently found the strength to climb to Barnabas' tower coffin just so she

could die in his arms.

Is there hope? In the Program, we know already. Admit to that helplessness.

Is Your Child Caught In An Endless Failure Chain? We've all heard the info-mercial. And that's the very nature of soap opera: an endless failure chain. The soap isn't even a novel, where characters may go from frying pan to fire, but attain some sort of resolution in the end. Soaps have no end. Life does. In case of emergency, break chain.

"DON'T TELL."

When Joshua Collins, Barnabas' father, discovers what happened to his son, he goes to absurd lengths to hide it. The cover story is that Barnabas up and moved to England. "We can't allow anyone to know our son has become a vampire!" (Or, if you like, you may substitute any one of the following: Alcoholic. Homosexual. Child molester.)

We see how Barnabas interacted with his father when he was still alive. It didn't differ all that much from what went on afterward. Dad negated his existence, which ultimately set Barnabas up for his fatal encounter with *Dark Shadows'* Grand Abuser, the witch Angelique. She lies, she cheats, she manipulates everyone in sight and, as sort of a sideline, she practices witchcraft.

Finally, Barnabas passes on that abuse to a host of innocent others. He lies, he cheats, he manipulates everyone in sight and, while he doesn't practice witchcraft, he does have this little habit of drinking blood, so it all evens out in the end.

And the web of family life around him splays out into almost every dysfunction available: Dr. Julia Hoffman, hopelessly in love with the unavailable Barnabas, bending her Hippocratic oath to co-dependency and murder; drifter Willie Loomis, whose reward for releasing Barnabas from his coffin was enslavement, now shifting from the role of Barnabas' passive, co-dependent "wife," through the hero, to the abused child; Maggie Evans, local

girl kidnapped by the vampire, then terrorized into losing her memory of the abuse; Carolyn Stoddard, restless daughter of Elizabeth Collins Stoddard, who becomes Barnabas' victim (with its stomach-turning hints of incest), and who says, "I don't want to be used any more; I want my own life!" To which, Barnabas blows her off, saying, "You're acting like a child. I refuse to discuss it."

Just like Dear Old Dad.

Very familiar territory to some of us. So we watch, like rubbernecking at an accident.

Common denominator? The injunction "don't tell." Besides, even if you do, no one will believe you.

In the present day, young David Collins stumbles upon Barnabas' secret, and none of the adults will validate his experience. What? A coffin in the basement? A bat at your throat? Nonsense. Not our kindly Cousin Barnabas.

But does Barnabas secretly wonder if this might have been the case had he asked for protection and help back when the witch got him? Given his background, you can bank on it.

JUST DO IT


All this made for very good and entertaining soap opera, as *Dark Shadows'* long run proved.

Barnabas tried. But, having "no choice," he failed.

Yet choice starts with tiny pockets of resistance. *Do tell.* Tell until someone listens. *Do struggle.* Do enlist your higher power. Don't stop until you connect.

We don't have to emulate *Dark Shadows* to enjoy it. We needn't live in Collinspost, flying to our dramatic doom on greased skids.

It's not always easy, but we do have a choice. And we only have to take it one day at a time.



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CHAIN MAIL

(A Hyperstory)

Bridget McKenna

How to read Chain Mail:

Begin reading at 1. When you see a bold uppercase letter in parentheses [Example: (A)] go to the Hyperlevel and find the section beginning with that letter. When you are through reading that section, return to the place where you left off in the story proper. There are three different endings to the story.

1. As a struggling writer of brilliant science fiction and fantasy stories, you live for the daily mail delivery. You know, of course, that the writing itself — the creation of art — is the important thing, and that to sell your creations in the marketplace like a common whore is something so cheap, so meaningless, it should be utterly beneath you. (A) Well, it's only one in the afternoon; the mail really shouldn't be here for another hour, but on the other hand, you could get lucky today. [If you decide to check the mail now, got to 2. If you decide to wait an hour, go to 3.]

2. You get up and go downstairs and out to the mailbox. It's empty. Twenty feet or so down the sidewalk, though, you can see your faithful courier being stayed from his appointed rounds by your neighbor's Chihuahua (B), which he is staving off with a handful of letters and magazines — probably yours. With admittedly mixed motives, you rush to his defense. Grabbing the dog by the scruff of his neck, you dropkick him back into his own yard, retrieve your mail, which is only a little chewed about the edges, and walk back to your house. [Go to 4.]

3. You stare at the blank screen of your computer monitor, which stares back at you like a giant unseeing eye

(C). After rewriting the same paragraph five times, drinking three cups of coffee and sharpening all your pencils (D), you're sure the mail must be here by now. You walk to the mailbox and get it, wondering about the tiny tooth marks on the envelopes. [Go to 4.]

4. You sit down at the kitchen table and go through your mail: various magazines, an overdue notice from the book club, a political brochure (E) and assorted bills (F). Where, you'd like to know, is the letter from the editor of *F&SF (Fearless and Seminal Fiction)*, wanting a very minor rewrite on the almost perfect story you sent her two weeks ago? Where's the acceptance letter you just know must be on its way from *IASF (Internationally Acclaimed Science Fiction Magazine)*? Setting the magazines aside, you clutch the handful of worthless letters in your hot fist. [If you decide to throw the letters away, go to 5. If you decide to keep them and go through the bills later, go to 6.]

5. Disgusted, you crumple the letters up in a tight little ball and toss them. Let the wastebasket read this shit (G). It's just no use. No one will ever buy another of your stories; it's time to give up. But what about the enormous investment in hardware and software that's sitting upstairs in your office? (H). [If you decide to try and salvage your investment, go to 7. If you decided to say "fuck it," go to 8.]

6. You have to act like a responsible adult sometimes, so you take the mail upstairs. Hey, what's this? Stuck to the back of the water and sewer bill with a little glob of dog saliva is a small envelope from *Stunning Stories*. A small envelope. Your heart beats faster. You'd

entirely forgotten about the story you sent them back in the spring of '91 (I).

Yippee! This is it! You insert your index finger into the tiny interstice under the flap, and push. It rips with a satisfying sound, revealing its contents — a single sheet of white paper — which you proceed to remove and unfold. There is writing on the paper. Your eyes devour the words:

"Dear Stupefying Reader,
Time to renew your subscription!"

You toss your bedroom in search of a gun you remember owning once, then recall that you pawned it last you to buy a case of paper. An attempt to open you veins with a staple remover is likewise fruitless, and painful into the bargain. After applying the last of the adhesive bandages to your wrist you conclude that there's nothing left to do but go back to bending over a hot keyboard and waiting for fame and fortune to ring your doorbell. Fingers poised over the keyboard, you begin: "It was a dark and stormy cosmos."

— End —

7. Okay, you can't write science fiction for beans, but there's bucks to be made if one knows how and where. Picking up the latest *Publishers' Weekly*, you analyse the current market trends.

For the rest of a long, long writing career you churn out formula romances of the steamier variety under the pseudonym, Marcella Proust

— End —

8. Resolutely, you march up the stairs to your room. After unplugging your surge protector, you stack compo-

nents and wrap cables into a neat, if bulky, package which you carry to the window. With a mighty push, you send the entire thing hurtling in an abbreviated parabola toward the ground. Just as it hits, there is a short, high-pitched yelp which is cut off in mid-utterance. You smile.

The next day you take a sales position with the Imelda Marcos Shoe Company, where you soon rise to the position of Store Manager, and eventually become CEO of the corporation, pulling down a cool \$280K per annum, plus bonuses, profit sharing, and stock options. Sometimes you look back on your writing years and laugh and laugh.

— End —

Hyperlevel

A. Blah, blah, blah. Who are you trying to kid? [Go back to 1.]

B. Every time you see this dog, it reminds you of the horny little mutt that used to hang around the schoolyard when you were in the third grade and humped your leg and you could never shake him off and you couldn't tell the teacher why you were afraid to go out for recess. You've hated little dogs ever since. [Go back to 2.]

C. Hey, that's good! Write it down. "Lawson stared at the screen, which stared back at him like..." Wow, are you talented, or what? [Go to back to 3.]

D. And that's another thing... why are you still sharpening pencils? Your pencils get shorter and shorter every day and you haven't use one since you bought your computer. The other day you tried to hand-write a note for the paperboy, and you could barely remember what to do with you fingers. Jeez!

[Go back to 4.]

E. This clown wants my vote? Jesus, look at those lapels! [Go back to 4.]

F. It is a proven fact that letters from people to whom you owe money are delivered by the USPS the day before they are mailed, while letters containing money addressed to you can take eighteen days just to cross town! [Go back to 4]

G. Hey, there's an idea! A wastebasket that learns to read junk mail and develops intelligence! Oh, why bother. [Go back to 5.]

H. Office! Who are you kidding? You just took the doors off your bedroom closet. [Go back to 5.]

I. Gosh. 1991. You almost sold a story in 1991. Michael Jackson didn't release a hit album. Good year. [Go back to 6.]

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A SCIENCE FICTION READER'S AND WRITER'S GUIDE TO THE UNIVERSE

Larry Tritten

Science fiction, like every literary genre, has its archetypal characters and familiar themes. Knowing what they are will make you a better science fiction reader and writer. The following guide was designed to help you identify many of them.

HOW TO BE AN INTERSTELLAR EXPLORER

Don't drink the water in any extraterrestrial culture where the faucets emit a yellow vapor and the drinking glass is shaped like an oblique cylinder, glows in the dark, and is made of structural steel. When using alien rest rooms, watch out for toilets that look like miniature mining sluices and are operated by a system of levers and pulleys. Don't fall in love with any alien whose mating habits belong in an entomology text. Don't order a Big Meq at MeqZkkh's on Betelgeuse IV, and if you do, skip the tantalum sauce. If you're going to spend most of the trip in a state of sleep and plan on passing very close to any black holes, don't leave the night light on. Never give artificial respiration to any being whose body chemistry is a composite of carbon, methane, formaldehyde, and phosgene. If you're on a ship that travels faster than light, throw your light bulbs out and paint the bulkheads with luminous paint. Don't spend the night on any planet where the representatives of the dominant

species write graffiti on the hull of your spaceship with spray paint cans shortly after introducing themselves. Don't chew tobacco on a low gravity planet. If the ship's computer beats you at chess more than five times in a row, tell it nonchalantly that it's too bad it will never know how enjoyable food and sex are. Resist the temptation to make puns using the names Sirius and Uranus. If you're drinking with an extraterrestrial who asks you who Richard Nixon was, the man whose name the USA put on a plaque on your moon, change the subject. Don't put too much stock in any advice given by a being from a world whose science has named the planets in its solar system after stand-up comedians. Never visit any brothel beyond Antares without wearing a condom made of asbestos, silicone, and vulcanite. If you want to have a pet aboard your spaceship, make it a cat and not a dog — unless you don't mind going through the airlock twice a day to walk it. If you aren't certain whether or not space is curved, don't set out on an exploratory voyage without a lifetime's supply of toilet paper.

HOW TO BE A TIME TRAVELLER

Skip the Dark Ages (especially the plague years) and any future dominated by a government that prohibits dancing, magazine centerfolds, and the use of confetti. If you do travel dur-

ing the plague years, don't wear a Mickey Mouse t-shirt. Don't plan your itinerary with the help of any travel agency whose window display features depictions of Depression soup lines, public executions, or natural disasters. Don't tell shaggy dog stories during the Age of Reason. Don't show Shakespeare a book of poems by Gertrude Stein. Or play a Kiss tape for Beethoven. Or give Rembrandt a Polaroid camera. Don't use a skateboard on the Appian Way. Leave your credit cards at home. Don't get a new wave hair-cut before visiting the Reformation. Don't bother looking for a place to park in the 21st century. If you're an existentialist, go back in time and sell your grandfather contraceptives. If you're using your time machine just to pick up the week's groceries shopping in 1938, make sure the five dollar bill you use has an appropriate mint date. Never book passage on a huge luxury time-liner whose itinerary will take it through the Ice Age. Don't do sleight-of-hand tricks in 17th century Salem. Never get into a time machine that has more dents than a Demolition Derby automobile. When you get back, have the tact not to seek out history professors and irritate them by telling them that H.L. Mencken's definition of a historian as an unsuccessful novelist is true. Don't worry about returning overdue books to the library in Alexandria. Try to avoid reading the ingredients labels of any canned or packaged food you eat past

the turn of the 20th century. Don't leave soft drink cans in the Precambrian era. If you're well-traveled, cancel your subscription to Time, because you'll consider it temporally parochial. Wonder why time is a father and nature is a mother and what kind of settlement she might get if they're ever divorced.

HOW TO BE A MUTANT

Either (a) have a cranium the size of a basketball and be able to explain Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle in Urdu and develop a new theory of ontology during your lunch hour or (b) look like an anthropomorphic cauliflower and leave a trail of viscid secretions in your wake wherever you walk. If (a), have parents who send you to Reed College or MIT when you're twelve years old, and if (b), have parents who keep you chained to the furnace in the basement and feed you the dog's leftovers. In either case, don't expect to have a date for the Sadie Hawkins dance. Have a seventh sense, and an eighth. Be able to rearrange the furniture by telekinesis. Enjoy X rays as much as most people enjoy a massage. If (a), get a job with the government and supervise a project aimed at converting the jungles of Venus into huge Caesar salads for the first Earth colonists, and if (b), get a job as custodian at the city dump and live in a corrugated tin shack decorated with pictures from Architectural Digest and Playboy centerfolds. If (a), spend your free time developing your psychic powers so you can hypnotize beautiful women into coming up to your apartment to see you topological etchings, and if (b), be more sensitive and romantic than most people but get fewer Valentines than Charlie Brown. If (a), get your own show on public television popularizing quantum mechanics, and if (b), become an anti-vivisection crusader. If (a), go steady with one of the highest scoring female members in the history of MENSA and ask her if she'd like to get into your genes, and if (b), read the classified personals in Fetish Times looking for your soulmate. If (a), have

a pet dolphin who is helping you work out a concept of picine syntax, and if (b), own hamsters and enjoy trying to teach them to go down a banister.

HOW TO BE A ROBOT/ ANDROID

Add riders to the 1st and 2nd of Asimov's Laws of Robotics, i.e., 1. A robot may punch the face of a human being who by a general consensus of human and robot opinion is a jerk; 2. A robot may ignore orders given to it by any human being who wears a baseball cap backwards or leaves a tip in a cafeteria. If your owner tells you to shine all of his shoes on Saturday night when you had intended on going to a NAAC3PO meeting, do it, but hide his best pair of Clarks in the basement. If you're non-anthropomorphic, try to make up for it by having a great personality and a terrific sense of humor. If you're a good-looking female android and your inventor falls in love with you, marries you and then dies, be heartbroken but get over it, start hanging out in jet-set circles, get married again to someone in the social register... and if you get divorced make sure you stick him for plenty of alimony. If the government wants you to fight its wars, move to Switzerland. Look forward to the day when a robot will be commemorated on a postage stamp or the FBI's most wanted list. Either object to robot jokes (e.g., How many robots does it take to screw in a light bulb? Two. One to hold the bulb and one to do research to figure out if the bulb is animal, vegetable, or mineral.) or retaliate with human jokes (e.g. How many human beings does it take to screw in a light bulb? Five hundred and eighty-six. One to hold the bulb and five hundred and eighty-five to run the power company.) Think of the Tin Man in The Wizard of Oz as an example of anthropocentrism. If you're being brought to trial for murdering a human, don't get a lawyer who wears a Confederate flag lapel pin. If you're a menial, aspire to be a maitre d' at Antoine's or Le Pantophage, and if you work for the government try to

get a job that will elevate you to the status of a Henry Kissinger and give you the right to address the President affectionately as Twonky. If you're a household robot and are asked to read the children a bedtime story, read them Pinocchio. If you're a sexed robot, and lonely, try running a classified personals ad in Popular Mechanics.

HOW TO BE A TELEPATH

Don't spend much time with your creditors or in-laws. Never buy a house next door to a mental institution. Think of parapsychologists as psychic social climbers. Take a phrenologist to lunch. Try to relax people in your presence by demonstrating that you have a good sense of humor: tell them that Edgar Cayce wasn't really a medium but an extra large, or that you know a subliterate mind reader who moves his lips when he reads minds. If you have precognitive powers, try not to think about planned obsolescence when buying a BMW or what the new television season will bring. Think of computers as dilettantes and philistines and tell one that you understand that IBM stands for "I'm a Bird-brained Machine." If you're a psychosexual libertine, enjoy extrasensory perversions and go to mindswapping parties; also, if you go home with someone who doesn't know you well, ask them if they're broad-minded enough to let you produce teleplasm. Test your versatility by reading the minds of triplets at a smorgasbord and a linguist who has taken a psychedelic drug. Think about Rodin's "The Thinker" the way the average person thinks about Stonehenge. Move to Hollywood, hang out around the studios, at Spago and on Sunset Boulevard, and then get a job for six figures as a gossip columnist for the *Los Angeles Times* whose column makes Liz Smith seem secretive. Never go fishing for compliments in a narcissist's stream of consciousness. Never drink before projecting yourself through the space-time continuum. Be the subject of a scientific experi-

ment by the government, and be uncooperative and ominous unless they give you a tax-exempt status. After finishing dinner in a Chinese restaurant, tell the waiter to skip the fortune cookies. Joke about a not-so-bright telepathic friend who is taking a course in remedial hindsight at Rhine University.

HOW TO BE THE LAST MAN IN THE WORLD

Play a lot of solitaire. Don't bother picking up the dry cleaning. Forget your social security number. Think about the sexist nature of your situation. Think about how all of the mail in the world addressed to "resident" is now yours. Read *The Three Faces of Eve* and *Sybil* and look for clues on how to develop a multiple personality. Or study ventriloquism. Snoop. For something to do, go to every store in town with an "Open" sign in the window and turn them all around. If you smoke, give yourself a seat in the "No Smoking" section of a restaurant. Coin a word to describe your new form of government — monocacy. If you enjoy reading, don't break your glasses. Sell yourself a six bedroom estate in Beverly Hills for \$16.22. Stop worrying about social diseases. Envy Robinson Crusoe. Have yourself a birthday party attended by forty or fifty of the most attractive female mannikins from the trendiest women's stores in town. Think of *Waiting For Godot* as an upbeat play. At night, amuse yourself by making shadow silhouettes of animals on the wall. Sleep through New Year's Eve. Make an objective attempt to understand the appeal of misanthropy and misogyny. Pick out a brand new shotgun in a sporting goods store and go hunting for happy face sticker and "Have A Nice Day" signs. If your name is Adam, mark an "X" beside every woman named Eve in the phone book, and methodically check out all the addresses. Put thirty or forty "Welcome" mats around your front door... just in case.

HOW TO BE AN EXTRA- TERRESTRIAL INVAD- ING/VISITING EARTH

If you're and invader, be a humanoid with a physique like an Olympic athlete's, a slightly vulpine leer, and wear a caped uniform with an emblem of a booted foot kicking a planet on it. Or look like a cross between an iguana and a Tasmanian devil and have the temperament of a fundamentalist preacher. Or be an amorphous blob with extensible digits and a penchant for molesting beautiful human female physicists. Or look like a Jackson Pollock painting and eat light for breakfast. If you're visiting, be any of the above physical types, do your best to mix inconspicuously, always tip at least 15%, and don't take pictures of military installations. Don't ask a human why they put collars on their children and walk them on leashes. If you're a symbiote, stay away from self actualization lectures. Don't mistake the float ballons at the Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade for Earth's dominant species. If you weigh more than 300 pounds and come from a world where the gravity is three times stronger than Earth's, stay off of the dance floor in night clubs. Don't cheer for Godzilla in a Times Square theatre. Don't eat the plastic flowers in a vase on the table in a restaurant and then tell the waiter to give your compliments to the chef. Don't ask a cab driver if he knows where you can buy an ounce of *smaze*. If you're an avian being from a planet where your

government rations bugs, issues flying permits only to the elite, and requires everyone to be in a cage after ten o'clock, seek political asylum with the Audobon Society. Try a Milky Way and a Mars bar. Don't tell an Earth scientist that you equate astronomy with voyeurism, or that you consider proctology Earth's most advanced science. Wonder if the *Guinness Book of World Records* is a joke book. Do a great impression of Carl Sagan on open mike at Catch A Rising Star in New York City. If breathing oxygen makes you uncomfortable, spend most of your time in Los Angeles. If you're a non-tourist visitor, be an envoy here to offer Earth membership in a Galactic Federation — if people stop reading astrology magazines and the Screen Actor's Guild revokes William Shatner's SAG card.

METAL EATERS

Mighty mouths with filed teeth gnaw through forks and barbed wire, across curtain rods, underneath manhole covers, around iron beds, up stepladders and water towers, through plates in veterans' heads.

All metal objects disappear: wedding rings, certain guitars and tennis racquets, the small screws in sunglasses, fillings, binoculars, bells and lids, motorcycles and cars, chain link fences, tea kettles, canoes.

Mighty mouths with filed teeth chew on clocks and watches, swallow seconds, gulp minutes, consume hours, eating digits till centuries are hollow, till no piece of time is undevoured.

We scrape furrows with sticks, plant our seeds in a random rubble patch by the blaze of sun, or moon's rays, reminisce about those good old days of an age when we had trains to catch.

— Jacie Ragan

SPIDER LADY

Kenneth Schultze

Half a ship hour before rendezvous, geneticist Eduardo Muñoz was missing, and none of his fellow fiancés knew his whereabouts aboard the groomship *Raimundo*, pride of Comet Win-Ho. Muñoz threatened to scandalize. Everyone agreed this was most unlike him, that this was the first time he'd defied authority and put himself first at the expense of others.

Commander Cody, graying but well-preserved, well-respected centenarian chief of Win-Hoyan security, nearly threw a fit. Two meters tall and strong, Cody would be the tallest, strongest person aboard either ship, but even Cody was dreading a scene.

"Muñoz! You're late. Where in hell are you, boy?"

In a society with an average life span over an Earther century, Cody considered it a compliment to call a man of thirty Earth years a boy. Muñoz did not answer. Cody had the comm officer call up Muñoz's biofile. Muñoz, still single, had never been married and was without dependents.

"Get your tail up here, boy," Cody repeated in a good-natured voice. "Twenty minutes to ecstasy."

Cody stared at a silent speaker set in a bulkhead, as if the communications device were about to bloom. Or explode.

Around him, eleven bachelors aged sixteen to seventy crowded the bridge of the groomship, the traditional waiting room for those about to exchange vows with brides who were aboard another exchange ship. After a moment, Cody, too, watched the main view-screen.

"You're missing the most important moment of your life," Cody called out. "Muñoz!"

The silence was ominous. So, too, Muñoz might have said, the brideship *Celeste*. It looked like a soup can with-

out a label, silvery, sealed, and considerably larger than *Raimundo*. Three thousand kilometers from docking, the ostensible pride of Comet Lee hurtled toward the groomship across a black background and a smear of stars as its retros braked against the momentum of its nuclear engines and the much greater momentum of the inbound world whence it had come, a merchant vessel turned temporary limousine, without a mark to indicate that anyone had ever tried to open it.

Muñoz's terse appraisal, — "Family-size chicken noodle" — reverberated, like a curse, in the minds of those who had seen him flee the bridge days ago, when the comm officer had first magnified the image of the distant *Celeste*.

Within minutes, the bridge, upgraded with sleek new consoles and other Martian and Earthmade hardware purchased on its most recent swing around the Sun, had the oppressive atmosphere of a morgue.

All eyes followed the unescorted brideship as if it were bound to grow at frightening speed, like one of the metallic, self-replicating military cockroaches from Earth that had wiped out the first shipload of rebellious colonists to settle on Comet Halley long ago.

Many worse nightmares approached. Cody and the comm officer who sat near him exchanged a look of apprehension. Today was the culmination of decades of anticipation, of scrimping and dreaming. Posterity depended on them. Appeal to Muñoz's family, friends, and financial consultants was out of the question. All of those celebrants and others waited back home on Comet Win-Ho, unaware that Muñoz was a holdout while they were busy preparing to eat, drink, and be merry with his betrothed.

And Cody didn't want *them* begging Muñoz. No need to increase Muñoz's humiliation....

Cody waited. The absence of the twelfth bachelor from the waiting party was unprecedented in the interdependent reproductive history of Comet Win-Ho, proud of its renown for promptitude and other social necessities among the many other members of the Cometary States. Until today, Muñoz had always been as dependable as one of the supernutritious iceseeds he harvested in his underground garden and sold at profit to other comet riders and to spacefaring entrepreneurs from colonies on moons and in the Asteroid Belt. Many might suffer loss of esteem and income, not to mention deprivation of a rare delicacy, were the young man to continue his nuptial protest much longer.

Cody checked to make sure he had a pair of handcuffs in the pockets of his dress uniform, then spoke in a seldom-heard tone of allurements.

"How about a final game of ping-pong? Spot you ten points, Muñoz. Fifteen points. All right: twenty points. Only eighty years till our next Olympics!"

No answer. Cody was world champion; Muñoz, a smasher who seldom got the ball over the gravnet. Maybe the boy had stopped dreaming of a chance to complete in the interworld Olympics....

Cody bellowed Muñoz's name several times over the intercom.

"Do you want to become the laughingstock of all Comet Lee? What'll they say on Comet Win-Ho? What'll they say on Earth?"

"Probably nothing on Earth," one of the bachelors guessed, in a nervous voice. Several others nodded. This far out, a few ship days from Saturn, Muñoz was unlikely to give a hoot

what people on Earth thought. Apparently, Muñoz didn't even care what the rich colonists on Titan, who were among his best customers, might say about him for the rest of his life when they heard of his selfishness today.

It was more than polite for a young man to answer his elder advisor, if only on a comm screen.

"Face it like a citizen pioneer, Muñoz! She's yours. All yours!"

Cody awaited an answer again in silence. Muñoz might slit his wrists, drink methane, overdose. If he hadn't already done so.

None of the other fiancés volunteered to go find him. Nor did Cody, who called ship security again. "No sign of him, sir," one guard after another reported. All ten guards were on the lookout for Muñoz, although all were also busy preparing quarters and public areas aboard the groomship for the arrival of the wedding strangers.

Eleven bachelors watched Cody warily, as they might a surgeon prepared to experiment on one of them without consent. A happily married father of eight, Cody counted to ten

aloud. Patience. He was ninety-eight Earth years old. Comet riders knew fear of strangers. And most were familiar with cold feet. The orbit of Comet Lee was such that, once every Earth century and a half, it came within five thousand clicks of Comet Win-Ho — just close enough for small groups of people who lived in two comets with separate elliptical itineraries to meet conveniently for a few hours in small, fast ships. Comets Lee and Win-Ho had exchanged marriage partners with each other four times now, each time to their mutual benefit. Muñoz was bright enough to know that to break a social and legal contract now could hurt, not only his family and himself, but also the reputation and financial future of his homeworld.

Cody grit his teeth, green from chewing Muñoz's Lite Tobacco. The obvious might not be obvious to a young man in shock.

"Blow this chance, boy," Cody said, "and you'll never get another like it. You may never get another chance at all."

"He knows, sir," one fiancé said,

glumly. "He knows."

A belch behind the fist of another fiancé attested to the excellence of a vat of chardonnay, spiked with cheer prolongers and other legal drugs, consumed with somber camaraderie at the last of several bachelor parties. Muñoz had barely touched a drop at any of them.

At one point or another, visions of a gorgeous, increasingly distant, and unattainable Miss Phobos, aglow on a poster mirrored by a wall in Muñoz's ship suite, danced through the skull of every man present. Cody sighed. What marvels of flesh planetary gravity begets. What desires a young man picked up over the years from broadcasts from the inner planets!

"What do you want, Muñoz? Miss Universe? Beauty isn't everything, you know. Far from it! I love my wife and even Comet Kohoutek, where she comes from, but damn if she doesn't have warts. One's the size of a medicine ball! Feels like velcro. She won't let me burn it off. Every time I kiss her it's like eating cactus, bless her heart! Took me five years to undress her the first time, let alone — um,



you know. Far from it! I love my wife and even Comet Kohoutek, where she comes from, but damn if she doesn't have warts. One's the size of a medicine ball! Feels like velcro. She won't let me burn it off. Every time I kiss her it's like eating cactus, bless her heart! Took me five years to undress her the first time, let alone — um, well, so you see," Cody continued, in a different vein, when he saw that his analogy was making the comm officer, a wife aged forty, squirm in her seat, "a lot of men would love to trade places with you. Married *and* single."

Some of the fiancés were grinning. Still, in an attempt to convert exasperation to eloquence, Cody took another shot at statesmanship.

"Look at the benefits," he said. "Cash bonus. Free fuel. Luxury discounts. Tax credits. Now you can itemize on your tax return. Now you'll get an extra three weeks of vacation every year. Comet Lee might throw in a few freebies, too! Look at how happy you'll make your parents, Muñoz."

The chief of security took a flask from his holster, which by regulation should have held a flamethrower. Several of the fiancés shook their heads solemnly at his offer before he took a swig from it. Martian moonshine. If that didn't cast a new light on things, you weren't human.

"At least she's young, Muñoz! You've seen for yourself she's human. You can't deny that. You don't want a robot, do you?"

The silence grew long again. Cody swore.

"If the jerk recycles himself, or something..."

They all stood listening for the chug-chug of a disposal unit down the corridor outside a hatch to the bridge. Although they heard none, one fiancé said quietly, "I'd give up hamburger, too, if I had to marry Spider Lady." And another: "Who's got a vomit bag?"

"We used them all at your bachelor party," still another said sharply, fending off several who were groping at his pockets. Cody sniffed. No accidents, apparently, on the bridge. He breathed a bit easier. A faint rose scent, essence of a Muñoz perennial,

was still being pumped throughout *Raimundo*.

"I've seen worse, Muñoz," he said over the intercom.

"You *have*?" the eldest fiancé asked Cody, incredulously.

"Shut up!" The chief of Win-Hoyan security took a deep breath and then a plunge: "In fact, we're fighting over Trevelyan right now. You're losing out. Guess I'll have to marry her myself, then, Muñoz."

They all awaited a protest or counteroffer.

"You're married, sir," one fiancé said, eyes downcast. Cody nodded.

"My wife would kill me, if I did," the chief of security said, after a moment. "Or divorce me."

"On what grounds, sir?" the fiancé asked.

Cody looked at him. "Insanity."

"We won't tell Muñoz you said that, sir."

"Much obliged."

It was easy enough to guess what, if he was conscious, might be going through Muñoz's mind as one recollection after another that was common to them all surged as if across a local network without fiber or transceiver: Days ago, Comet Win-Ho hailed Comet Lee — just as it had done during four previous passes in their orbits around the Sun — with a ritual greeting by radio. The long-awaited wedding formalities began. Comet Win-Ho sent the life histories of its twelve most eligible bachelors to Comet Lee. With much hoopla, although rather tardily, Comet Lee sent the life histories of the most eligible beauties to grace Comet Lee. The list of genetic backgrounds, upbringing, education, accomplishments, and other preliminary testimonials that Muñoz and his fellow Win-Hoyans perused for hours on public screens amounted to encomiums of the highest. When Comet Win-Ho learned that the brides-to-be on Comet Lee were all younger than Earth forty, Muñoz, like many, was ecstatic.

Muñoz had celebrated in a shower of congratulations. Most outriders felt they'd been born too late or too soon. History, for those descended from

planetary and lunar refugees who found asylum on a comet, was a series of brief encounters with a small number of spacefaring humans peppered across the solar system. The man or woman who was right for you might not come along in your best years as a comet rider — or might never come along at all.

Cody hemmed. The future of ritual, marriage, diversity, tolerance itself might be at stake, if news of Muñoz's defiance spread. The men of Comet Win-Ho drew lots, as did the women of Comet Lee. You took what you got, and that was that. The institution of prearrangement made sense from economic and social viewpoints. Tradition was tidy. Contracts were signed and transmitted. Genetic diversity was guaranteed. People on moons or planets might have years to make up their minds about marriage. Not outriders. You couldn't afford to. Not when your icy world however large was bound to disintegrate meter by meter, tail by tail. You had little time or none to court a foreigner when she lived on a comet speeding at thousands of clicks per hour toward the Sun while your own little island of tunnels and caverns was rushing, at an enormous distance from hers, toward Pluto and beyond.

Cody glanced at a watch implant in his wrist. *Celeste* and *Raimundo* would dock soon. Still, a hasty decision now could ruin the lives of many. The chief of security chose his words with care.

"Listen, Muñoz. I can speak with the Board of Governors at their meeting next month. Maybe they'll give you special incentives. Cash. Real estate. Drugs. Memory implants. It isn't as if Comet Win-Ho can't afford any. Our insurance covers natural disasters."

Cody paused. "The Lord helps those who take a chance."

"Praise the Lord," the eleven fiancés echoed, not quite in chorus. Cody looked hard from man to man, searching for a compromise or solution. Finally he asked:

"Anyone want to switch brides with Muñoz?"

The silence was horrific.

"I didn't think so."

Cody considered his options. He told the comm officer to replay the Presentation of the Brides, a transmission from Comet Lee that Comet Win-Ho had recorded as a matter of form. The comm officer looked up from her seat as though Cody had lost his mind.

"Are you sure that's a good idea, sir?" she asked.

Cody said, "Replay it by popular demand, Loren. Maybe we missed something."

"Bachelors," one fiancé said.

Cody looked perplexed. "I don't follow you, Yong-Chen."

"They aren't sending any bachelors for *our* women, sir." The young fiancé's tone suggested outrage.

"Oh? I didn't notice," Cody replied, giving Loren a look. She was the only woman on the bridge. "Loren?"

The comm officer nodded. "Only brides," Loren said. "Their fiancés made arrangements with Titan. Their brides probably ate their bachelors. For practice." A moment passed before she gave a hollow laugh.

"Sorry. I'll bring it up, sir," Loren said to Cody. She pressed a panel. As the viewscreen flickered, she shivered. "I suppose we *could* have missed something, couldn't we, sir? We only watched the Presentation once."

"Like hell we did," Yong-Chen said, looking around to supportive nods. "Call Muñoz."

Loren paged Muñoz again. Muñoz did not come.

Twelve fiancées strolled across the viewscreen. The first eleven hags made even stoics among the bachelors flinch. Muñoz's — the last — took the cake. No one could remember her name. "Hag" was a compliment; "witch," a fond endearment. The thing from Comet Lee was missing half her jaw. Her scalp was a mess of scabs oozing a yellow goo that her serrated purple tongue, long as a fork, scraped repeatedly off thick, charred eyebrows, as if she were enjoying a feast. One eye looked swollen nearly shut, as if she'd just lost a boxing match. Something green oozed out of, or into,

it. Her other eye blinked blue, then green, then blue. She had a ring the size of her pink fist through the blood-shot white of it, which was threaded red. The name Muñoz heard someone give her — Spider Lady — stuck. It was impossible to say for certain whether she had two noses or three. Or, if she did have a nose, whether that appendage didn't perform some function other than smell. One ear, maybe thirty centimeters in diameter, smoked a deep orange; the smoke rose high, past a flower that could have been a parasite, an adornment, or both. Snaggleteeth sucked her other ear for all it was worth, or gibbered into it. Pustules rose, like so many mushrooms, between furrows with fungus balls in her glistening pate. She had no hair (except for two little, luxuriant white tufts in the middle of her eroded upper gum), as if she were undergoing some ancient form of radiation therapy or were addicted to destructive drugs long outlawed on Comet Win-Ho. She gave a cursory greeting, in a voice like stirred gravel, as she paraded past the camera, her gait a lurch that suggested an urgent need for hip replacement.

"Well, well," Muñoz had said. "I'm impressed."

His ritual greeting elicited a grunt or gasp from a wrinkled hole in her scrawny throat. Several of the other brides, too, appeared to have undergone tracheotomy.

Her specter hung onscreen until the transmitter on Comet Lee gave up the ghost, a swarm of electronic flies that disintegrated in flight from an imaginary rotten melon. Gasps died away, just as they had before the veteran medical officer of the groomship removed a fist from his mouth and vomited on Muñoz. *At least she's human.* There were few aboard *Raimundo* who could forget Muñoz's retort to Cody: *With all due respect, sir, that's your opinion.*

After that transmission, celebrated with considerable solemnity on Comet Win-Ho, Muñoz had nightmares. Screamed in some of them. He was not alone. So it seemed natural... Be-

fore leaving home, he trashed his favorite underground garden, all his theretofore thriving vegetables and flowers, including his blue-ribbon black-eyed Susans. Once, in his sleep, he swam in his spacesuit a few kilometers from Comet Win-Ho, heading, by Cody's reckoning, toward the nearest tavern, which was several months away by ship, before Cody went out and hauled him back to a reminder of common purpose, a show of moral fiber, fortitude, goodwill.

Cody saw fear in the eyes of the fiancés standing around him. Fear, resignation, and, in one or two cases, stupor. Several fiancés pretended to have fatal diseases, peeking under nonexistent scabs as they might beneath stones that hid flesh eaters. Physical examination and laboratory tests had proved all of them free of disease, parasites, mutant genes that caused misery on Earth and other planets in the solar system. The med officer gave all their health certificates the seal of approval. All their marriage contracts would be legally binding. Still, the cream of the comet had coughing fits, spasm attacks. One fiancé banged his head several times against a bulkhead. Cody warned him to desist.

"In my day, I would have jumped at a chance like this," Cody said. "You're getting the better end of the deal. By far. Silence was his answer.

The headbanger, woozy, desisted. A button flashed on a navpanel. Loren traced ship activity from her post at the command console.

"Someone's entering a pickup pod in the launch bay," Loren said with alarm. "Poor guy. Guess that makes her mortality rate a hundred percent — and we still don't know what her disease is, do we? The bitch!"

"Mind control," Cody agreed as he hovered over Loren and ship controls. "It has to be. Nobody looks that good."

Loren said, "I'm powering up the tractor beam, just in case. We'll be docking soon."

Cody called several security guards. No more sympathizing with those sworn to plight their troth. At

his stern orders, they quit padding walls in fiancés' quarters, armed themselves with nerve handblasters, and floated through low-grav corridors to stop Muñoz.

"Listen, Muñoz." Cody said, "You don't have enough fuel to make it alive anywhere."

"Thanks to you, sir. I checked every pod." Muñoz spoke in a young, clear voice on the intercom. He sounded calm, if depressed. His voice lifted more than one pair of eyes from the floor of the bridge as he spoke.

"There's hardly enough fuel to burn my face, let alone reach Mercury," Muñoz said. "But there is enough to save Comet Win-Ho. Even if you won't tell me where you're hiding fuel that's rightfully mine."

"You're raving." To Loren, Cody said, "I think he overdosed on euphorians." Loren nodded.

"I think we all did, sir."

"Correction," Muñoz said. "Somebody took mine, along with my euthanasia pills. Damn them. To hell with tradition! I'm going to intercept and destroy *Celeste* and then blow myself up. Sorry I'm doing everyone a favor."

The security team reported that it found the main entrance to the launch bay welded shut. Cody ordered it to go reinforce the security team already in place at the main dock. *Celeste* had begun docking maneuvers.

Cody tried to keep Muñoz talking. "Look, it isn't the end of the world," Cody said. "Ask any married man. They all look alike in the dark."

Loren hissed.

Everyone felt a jolt as the brideship docked with the groomship. The two exchange ships locked together in a hard embrace that would strengthen bonds that had lasted centuries.

Cody unlocked a weapons cache and distributed stunguns and plastic explosives to the other fiancés. "Try auxiliary access."

"Dead or alive, sir?" Yong-Chen asked.

"Alive, conscious, and intact. Hurry," Cody said. "I'll tell them we're having a minor mechanical problem."

Six fiancés hunted Muñoz. They blew a wall away and found Muñoz

gagging in the bay, as easy to disarm as a doll. He'd used a crowbar to gouge a run of optical fiber out of a wall, blinding cameras and monitors around him. His throat was a mess. They revived him with smelling salts from a medical kit. It took them a few minutes to stop his hemorrhage.

"Another inch, and you'd be history," one fiancé said, wincing at sight of the cuts Muñoz had made in his fists, across his throat. "We'll tell her you got those in a knife fight."

"Yes. She'll like that."

Yong-Chen said, "Relax. Nobody expects you to have children.... Here. Take one of these." Yong-Chen put a pill in Muñoz's mouth.

Muñoz swallowed. "What is it?" he asked. Yong-Chen shrugged.

"I think it's Fry-Out," another fiancé said. "I took a whole bottle this morning."

"Anything yet?" Muñoz asked hopefully.

"Uh-uh. We bought them from a dealer on Deimos. Must be placebos."

"That's why I'm in such a good mood," Yong-Chen said. "Welcome to the comet that got screwed."

Muñoz looked less disconsolate than distraught in a door mirror as they dragged him back to the bridge. Blue eyes. Dark hair. High cheeks. Thick lips. Handsome face. And no radiation scars. He looked much like the others around him. Except that he'd pulled out several handfuls of his hair.

Two of the six fiancés held him by either arm as they headed toward the bridge. At a turn in the low-grav corridor, he broke free and propelled himself from ringhold to ringhold toward the nearest fire extinguisher. Before he could impale himself on the point of its handle, six stunguns hummed, and he fell.

They all took turns carrying him to the bridge, where he came to, unbruised, with a groan. Cody looked at Muñoz with pity, as though he'd just entered hell.

"The Lord is my shepherd," Muñoz repeated many times. "I shall not want."

"The Lord is our shepherd," his companions said in chorus. "We shall not want."

Muñoz smoothed the only wrinkle from the tuxedo he was wearing, a black and white clingsuit of imitation silk. A promise made was a promise kept. That was a law of survival. Comet Lee would come around again. And again.

Once again he shuddered.

"Whatever she has, it looks lethal," Muñoz said to Yong-Chen as they followed a longer, higher-grav corridor, slowly, to the transfer tube. "Did you see the way her jaw nearly touches her noses? I'm going to turn assets over to an industrial accident and a couple of human plagues!"

"At least you'll marry, won't you?"

Muñoz said nothing. After a moment, they nodded in greeting to a crew member, a confirmed bachelor celebrating his hundredth birthday that day, who was headed in the direction opposite theirs. The man winked at them as he shuffled past.

"Must think we're going to become adulterers," Muñoz said.

"Noses, chins — when we're old and gray," Yong-Chen said, "it won't make a hell of a lot of difference what they are, will it?" In mid stride he stopped to reach through a swing door, which doubled as a digital wall calendar, about the size of his forehead. "All goes to the same place, my friend."

The electrician dropped a torn, crumpled lottery ticket into a disposal unit and kept walking. Muñoz shivered in a cold metallic breeze as he held the armored hatch for Yong-Chen, one of six fiancés to leave *Raimundo*, unescorted, for life on Comet Lee. Muñoz knew that, by the luck of the orbit, he was unlikely to meet Yong-Chen and the five other fiancés with him again.

Married crewmen and -women called out hearty farewells to the departing fiancés. Yong-Chen waved vigorously but did not look back.

Muñoz and others remained by the hatch, listening, to a strange, flute-like music from around a bend in the

the cruelest joke of all. Someone had been hiding her. And for someone else. Not him. For him, a hag. Eternal punishment for he knew not what sins. Spider Lady...

His insides churned as he imagined his arms encircling another, his lips brushing scabs on the cold mandibles of a monster in semi-human form, to seal a vow.

He stood waiting in despair...

...as five long-legged beauties in sleek white gowns like hers followed gracefully in her footsteps, and men and women of *Raimundo* offered greetings in voices of surprise, her inquisitive blue gaze found his.

She smiled.

He felt something inside himself bloom, like a hidden seed exposed to first light. Trevelyan. He smiled back, wondering, in astonishment, whether she could read his mind to stroke him from that distance....

In his momentary confusion, oblivious to exclamations of delight from five other fiancés, he forgot the cyanide inhalant in his shirt pocket, the personal communicator that could

have beeped suicide counselors on a hundred colonies across the solar system. She bore no resemblance whatsoever to Spider Lady. He looked at Cody, whose own surprise seemed tempered by relief. Hand moving from a blaster that never left its holster, Cody reached out to give him a gentle shove forward.

Muñoz was already moving toward her, and she toward him.

"Trevelyan," she said, sweetly. "Honors to you, Muñoz."

"And to you," he said. "How — ?" They halted, politely, half a meter apart, and yet he felt as though their momentum merged, as though he stepped into her body and she into his. The warmth and security of that strange sensation was wonderful. The sparkle, the intelligence, the spirit in her eyes told him she enjoyed it, too.

He hoped they'd merge this way every time they met.

"The first part was a trick," she said. "This is for real."

"I know, Trevelyan."

"Thank you." She beamed.

He said, "A trick?" Knowing he'd

believe every word of her reply.

"Yes. Comet Lee was nearly attacked. A few weeks ago, a squadron of sailors from Titan acquired a new ion drive. It's faster than anything extra-planetary like Lee and WinHo have. They took over their outpost and turned pirate."

"We didn't hear about it."

"Neither did we, until we got a distress call from a merchant ship. We couldn't save them. Nobody could." He nodded. After a short pause, she continued: "So, when Win-Ho contacted us, we generated our video to scare them away. I was the star, you know."

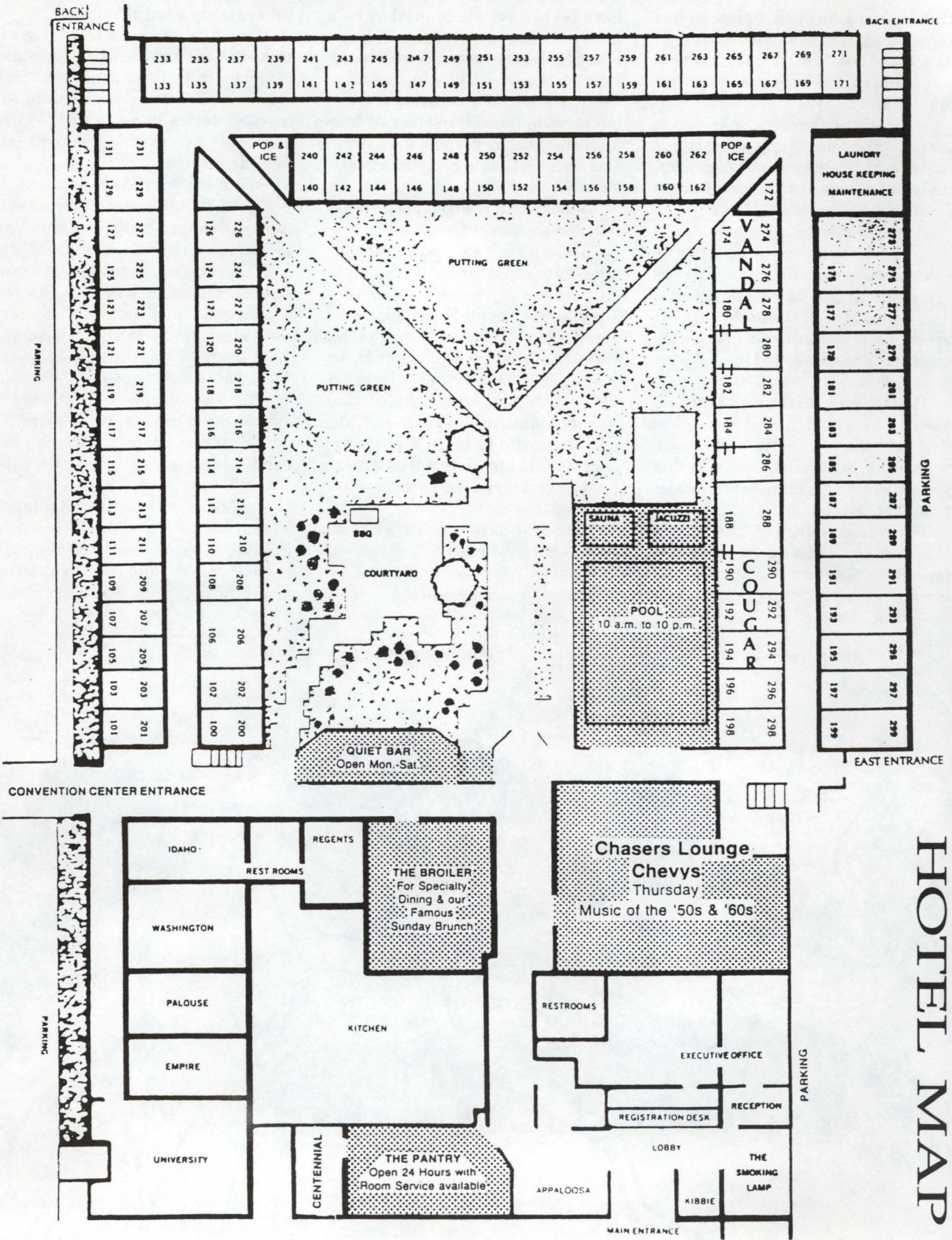
"You could have scared us away. Then where would you be?"

"Oh," she said, playfully, "there are men on other comets, aren't there?"

"Of course. Here I thought your people were saving their best for Earth!"

Trevelyan and he shared a laugh as they joined others on the way to a thanksgiving ceremony in the ship chapel. Muñoz felt certain that, aboard the departing brideship, Yong-Chen, too, was happy.





HOTEL MAP

MESSAGES FROM THE CONCOM

DEALER'S ROOM

Lou Ann Lomax

The good news is: we have *sold out*. The dealers we will have this year are —

DB Studios
Shipman's
BookWorld II
Pandora's Box
Angelwear Creations
Terra Nova Trading Co.
Quicksilver Fantasies
Starlance Publications
JMG Enterprises
Julia Lacquement-Kerr
Armand Cabrera

I have arranged the tables so it is a more satisfactory arrangement than last year's. I hope it will work out to everyone's satisfaction.

As you can see, we have some returnees and some new dealers this year.

The Dealer's Room hours will be as

follows:

Friday: Set up from 10am for *Dealers and helpers only*. The room will be open to the public from 1pm to 6pm.

Saturday: 10am to 6pm.

Sunday: 10am to 4pm.

HOSPITALITY

Hospitality this year will be run by representatives of the SCA (Society for Creative Anachronism), who will turn the Hospitality Suite into the **JUG & LOAF TAVERN**, complete with jovial bartenders and serving wenches. They will be serving snacks, pop, and juices. The bar, this year, will be run by the University Inn and will feature a wide selection of beers and wine.

As always, we *will require ID* for those wishing to indulge in Bacchic pursuits. If you want to drink **anything** alcoholic, bring your ID to MosCon.

We hope to be a gathering place for

socializing, relaxing, and those rare times between programming when you would like to just hang around. We'll see you there.

SECURITY

In the spirit of the ordered anarchy that is a MosCon trademark, Security will attempt to be as unobtrusive as possible. There are areas where we do have to be careful to protect the safety of the con-goers and — hopefully — to keep us out of hot water.

Weapons:

Just use *common sense*. With the exception of the costume events, please follow these rules —

1. No replica (circa 1992) firearms, i.e. anything that might be mistaken for a *real* firearm.

2. No brandishing of weapons.

3. Please leave anything with lethal potential behind when travelling into the mundane areas of the hotel.



MONIKA LIVINGSTON

Attire (and the lack thereof):

Again, use common sense and try not to scare the straights. Use some creative restraint at panels and when in the mundane zone. At the nightly functions... I guess the prudes and/or mundanes will just have to take care of themselves.

Noise:

If you want to raise hell, reserve a room in the *party wing* now, please.

Minors in Possession (MIP):

Other things we can always work out, but the current legal climate leaves us no room here. MIPs or minors obviously intoxicated will be asked to leave — *no discussion*. And, of course, we will *not* — *under any circumstances* — be serving alcohol to *any* minors.

Remember, if you have any questions, someone will always be around to help you.

And, as always, we can use whatever help that you, as a volunteer, can give us.

ART SHOW AND AUCTION

Donna Bailly

The art show this year looks to be a good one with work coming in from many established and new artists. This is your chance to view and to purchase from some of the best in the business. Art is an investment for the collector and, better still, a delight for the eyes and the soul, so come and be delighted.

Hours: The art show will open Friday afternoon from 3 pm to 5pm and then again for the sneak preview from 8 pm to 10 pm.

It will be open all day Saturday from 9:30 am to 6 pm and Sunday, from 9:30 am to 10:30 am (closing for the Brunch and art auction set-up). It will also be open for a short time *after* the art auction for the sale of items that did not make it to the auction. We do ask that you respect the artists and their artwork by not bringing in cameras, food, drink, and smoke. Also, please check large bags and

purses at the door with security.

Bidding: The tags on each piece of art contain spaces for written bids. A written bid is a contract to buy at that price. All items with two bids will go to auction. Single bid items will be sold to the person making the bid after the auction.

The Auction: This will be the usual voice auction with bidding going in dollar increments. Bring your checkbook and wallet and have fun increasing (or starting) an art collection. There will be a list posted before the auction with the order of the items going up for bid.

After-Auction Sale: Immediately after the auction's end, the art show will open up one last time for the sale of those pieces with no bid upon them and an after-auction sale price. Come and look for that not-to-be-missed bargain! (However, don't trust that that special painting will be there waiting for you. There is a good chance that it will have been bid upon and gone to auction.)

Payment: We will take checks,



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

money-orders, etc.; even (Gasp!) cash. We hope to have a charge plate there for all of you with plastic money, but probably won't know 'till the last minute. Payment will be collected for auctioned items, single-bid items, and after-auction items at the end of the auction until the art show closes for the last time this year at 5pm.

We hope that you will enjoy the art show this year and come look just for the pleasure of seeing the work of some of the leading artists around. To them goes the credit.

**REED WALLER
BENEFIT PRINT
AVAILABLE IN
DEALER'S ROOM**

Kathy Sprague

Many of you have already heard about the tragedy befalling MosCon XII's Artist Guest of Honor, **Reed Waller**. For those of you who don't know, Reed is currently undergoing treatment for colon cancer, which was diagnosed in November 1991. Fortunately, the prognosis is good and he is expected to recover completely. However, due to pre-existing medical conditions, Reed has been *ineligible* for health insurance his entire adult life and all the medical bills have to come out of his pocket. Now that he is unable to work, he has been forced to go on Welfare.

To assist Reed and his partner, Kate Worley, cover living expenses and medical costs, MosCon is producing a limited edition, signed and numbered print on a very nice, heavy, linen-finish paper. *All proceeds from this print will go to Reed and Kate*. The artwork is from an *unpublished* drawing by Reed and will be in an edition of *only 200*, and will be signed by *both Reed and Kate*. The price is **\$15.00** and will be available at Jon Gustafson's table in the Dealer's Room. By buying a print, fans have an opportunity to both help out an exceptional artist and own a special piece of Reed's artwork.

MosCon is, obviously, not the only group of people to wish to aid an artist

in need; a benefit comic book, with art by such luminaries as *Will Eisner, Stan Sakai, Al Williamson, Phil Foglio*, and *Trina Robbins* is being produced by Kitchen Sink Press. It will be available in comic stores in March.

Anyone wishing to help directly can donate to the fund set up on Reed's behalf. The address is: **Waller Crisis Fund, Box 7439 Powderhorn Station, Minneapolis, MN 55407.**

VOLUNTEERS

Charlie Bales

We always need volunteers; without the kind assistance of those who lend a hand, MosCon would experience severe problems. This year, we will have *special incentives* for people to volunteer. Besides the special volunteer pins, designed for us this year by Ari Burns, we will be handing out tickets to our volunteers, one for each hour they work. Then, on Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon, we will be holding drawings. Volunteers whose tickets are drawn will receive books (both hard- and soft-cover) and art prints.

**MASQUERADE AND
DANCES**

*Scaramouche and Jean
Crawford*

DANCES:

"Fondest greetings to you all..."

Or should we say, "And now for something completely different..." as will be the format for MosCon XIV's Masquerade and Dances. This year, the devious heads of these two prestigious events have gotten together to try out a supposition offered at last year's Dead Cow Party.

Friday night, the festivities will proceed as usual with the Dance. It will be hosted by Chez Twilight Zone, MosCon's own Knight Club, sponsored by the local chapter of The Little Old Ladies Knitting Circle and Terrorist Society.

Saturday will really kick things off with Chez Twilight Zone Cabaret Night, which is now advertising for all acts; guest appearances are Most Welcome. Application forms will be included to give all entertainers who are interested time to ready their performances. Interviews will be held starting Sept. 11.

With a little begging (or perhaps bribing), our Master of Ceremonies will be none other than our MosCon XV Fan Guest of Honor, Mr. Steve (Throw Them Underhand) Fahnestalk.

So, start polishing your swords, dusting off your rhinestones, and pressing your duct tape. Chez Twilight Zone awaits!

MASQUERADE:

Now for the basics...

In reference to the aforementioned advertisement for acts and guest ap-

A POST-CONQUEST GIFT OF A WAR MEMORIAL

these names proceed in ordered lines
though not in sequence we would recognize
since alphabet's been by aliens redesigned
but still they mean well — healing from the skies

their names our numbers on the self-same stone
as if they think shared war-death somehow joins
how sex then birthing make a family into one
but then to them deaths are eternal heaven's entry coins

— Steve Sneyd

pearances, our masquerade will be a cross between an intergalactic ball and our usual (or should we say, typically unusual) masquerade, with numbered entrants.

A mini-skit is allowed, preferably no longer than five minutes. However, there can always be the exception to the rule.... Just meet with me, Scaramouche, and we'll iron out the details.

As to guest appearances, this will be similar to a masquerade appearance, with a who and where you're from introduced, etc....

Entry forms and other vital things will be made available from noon Friday to 4pm Saturday.

Masquerade information will be posted at the Registration table, and Scaramouche will be around the convention for any and all questions, including sound, f/x, and technical.

Hall Costume Awards will follow the criterion of "comfortable everyday wear for other worlds," and the judges will be looking from Saturday to Sun-

day. Hall costumes may not be entered in the Masquerade, though costumes will be accepted in the Masquerade as non-competing if a costumer simply wishes to show an entry. PLEASE ADVISE US of this at the 4pm, Saturday, meeting (the location to be announced at the Registration table). Please be there, or *sigh* you will not be allowed to participate. So PLEASE be on time!

A photo area will be made available, and hopefully we'll be able to have it flashlit for you.

JAPANESE ANIMATION

*Daron and Deby Fredericks,
Scott and Andy Laroy*

Japanese Animation (or Anime) is a boon to any science fiction fan. Grand epics of fantasy and science fiction abound, while their comedies are unique and outrageously funny. Yes, they're in Japanese, but the stories are surprisingly easy to follow. Many

feature films are now subtitled or dubbed — both professionally and by fans.

The animation quality is incredible and at times amazingly lifelike, and the stories are often mature and sophisticated. Many feature fast-paced action-adventure, chilling horror, and satiric comedy... something for everyone. However, parents, should be aware that these cartoons are not made just for children. They are often and may feature brief nudity.

This year's program is presented by Anime Force: Scott and Andy Laroy, and Daron and Deby Fredericks. If you're interested, pop on in and see some of the hottest animation around.

PROGRAMMING *Janice Willard*

Our programming this year will use the considerable accomplishments of Dr. Leo Bustad for its inspiration. One of our programming tracks will examine "Where science is taking us."

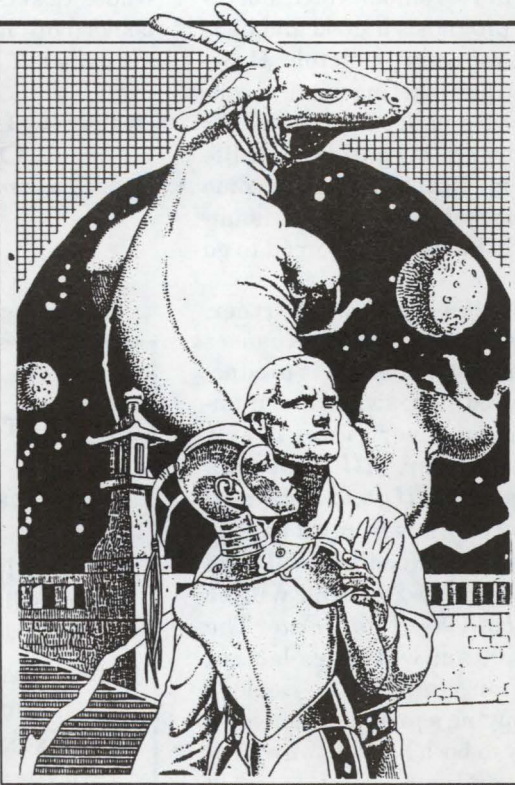
WANT THE BEST FROM NEW WRITERS
LONG BEFORE THE STANDARD ZINES
PROCLAIM THEM AS "NEW"?! THEN
TRY...

FIGMENT

A quarterly digest of *entertaining* and *original* work by today's pros and rising stars in SF/F--fiction, poetry, articles and art that will lead you to the fringe of reality and beyond! We're not concerned with *pushed envelopes & cutting edges*--we focus on satisfaction in *reading entertainment!* Authors who've appeared or will appear in our pages...

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Send \$14.50/year to: Figment Press, "Subs.Dept.", POB 3128, Moscow, Idaho 83843-1906

There will be other programming that will highlight writing and art.

•**Programing in the Courtyard** — This year we have a lovely courtyard to use for some of our programing. However, because weather is unpredictable, courtyard programming will only be finalized on a day to day basis. Check the board at registration for our "Daily Specials."

FRIDAY

•**Keeping the wolves at bay:** how to make a living with the visual arts — There's more ways to make a living as a visual artist than just selling originals in a gallery. Professional artists will discuss some of the options of how to creatively support yourself.

•**Characters in crystal: How much can series characters grow and change?** — Writing in someone else's Universe, or returning to one you have already created, can be rewarding because you don't have to set the stage, but the limitations can be frustrating as well. Professional writers discuss their experience with character growth and development in series writing.

•**Bringing up Baby: Literature for Children and Young Adults** — What are the do's and don'ts of writing children's literature? Is your mind "young enough" to meet the challenge of bringing a whole new generation of readers into the SF genre? What books do you recommend for young readers and school libraries?

•**Japanese Space Program** — What are the Japanese doing in Space development? David Graham of the Seattle SLUGS will present slides and discussion about the Japanese Space Program.

•**Opening Ceremonies** — Come and meet our guests and the people who are running the convention. You may want to bring your radiation safety badge, as well.

•**21-pun Salute and Chocolate Auction** — To help raise money for the family of Moscon's Patron Saint, E.E. "Doc" Smith, some of our favorite(?) punsters will auction off an array of spectacular, incredible, chocolate treats.

SATURDAY

•**Comicspeak** — There are com-

munication patterns in comics and cartoons which almost amount to a new language. What are some of the conventions used for communication in comics and do they limit or improve understanding?

•**Armand Cabrera Slide Presentation**

•**Transcendental Beings** — From Q to the Traveler, *Star Trek: The Next Generation* has been visited by beings who transcend this dimension of time and space. Who are they, where do they come from and why are they here?

•**All about the SCA** — Who are these people in medieval costumes and wooden swords? The local members of the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA) will tell you about their organization.

•**SCA Demonstration** — In the courtyard (weather permitting) the SCA will give a demonstration of their fighting arts.

•**We don't care how they do it in the Big Apple: Small and Alternative Presses** — More freedom to publish what they want, encouragement for new writers, opening new markets, challenging the bastion, small and alternative presses are giving the big publishing firms a run for the money. Publishers, editors and writers will discuss the advantages and drawbacks of small and alternative presses.

•**Why do people write horror?** Why do people read it? Do we have a basic need to be scared? Is this need stronger in some people than it is in others? What sends shivers up *your* spine?

•**Artistic temperament: Nature or Nurture?** — What makes the artist more sensitive to their surroundings? What determines the drive to create? Do technically skilled people develop the sensitivity to become artists or does the drive to create motivate the development of technical skills?

Science Track

•**Leo Bustad Address** — Educator, scientist, Veterinary College Dean, Founder of the Delta Society, Dr. Leo Bustad's addresses are funny and thought-provoking. Please join us in welcoming him to our convention.

•**Mr. Science Demo: Cooking**

With Science — Mr. Science plans a demonstration of the principles of science used in the ordinary kitchen. Crash helmets are recommended.

•**Do animals think?** — What makes the difference between "humans" and "animals?" Many people believe that animals can learn but only humans can truly think. What defines a species as sentient?

•**Science as a belief system** — Some natural phenomena are subjected to rigorous scientific investigation. Others, like crop rings, UFO abductions, dowsing, etc., are dismissed as pseudoscience. Is valuable information being lost because the scientific community doesn't believe they should be investigated? Are beliefs more important than truths?

•**To slash or not to slash: The ecology of Northwest forests** — The science of ecology has recently figured heavily into science fiction writing. The question of management of our Northwest forests can be seen as a microcosm of ecological debates all over our planet. Join writer John Dalmass and other resource managers in a discussion of this topical issue.

•**Scientific responsibility** — What responsibility do scientists have for the uses to which their discoveries are put?

•**So you don't have a PhD: Contributions of Amateur scientists** — This should be a fun and informative panel on how everyone, not just professional scientists working for Universities or companies, can make important contributions to science, and learn a lot while they do it.

SUNDAY

•**Viewpoint seminar for writers** — Point of view is the reader's window into the world of a story and what window you're looking through at any particular moment makes a big difference in what you see. How do you choose the right viewpoint(s) for a story, and how can not paying attention to viewpoint undermine the effect you're trying to create? M.J. Engh will direct a seminar in viewpoint. This will be a closed session with limited space. If you are interested in attending, check at registration to see if there is space left in the seminar and add your name to the list.

MosCon XIV Membership

- | | | | | | |
|-----|-----------------------|----|------------------------|------|-----------------------|
| 0 | E.E. "Doc" Smith | 49 | Susan J. Berven | 100 | Warren Schramm |
| 1 | M.J. (Mary Jane) Engh | 50 | Myron Molnau | 101 | Tina Faiman |
| 2 | Armand Cabrera | 51 | Steve Sala | 102 | Tam Gordy |
| 3 | Mr. Science | 52 | Peggy Sala | 103 | Shelly Gordy |
| 4 | Dr. Leo K. Bustad | 53 | Lynn Russell | 104 | Monika Livingston |
| 5 | Jon Gustafson | 54 | Mark Dreyer | 105 | Mary Hart |
| 6 | Beth Finkbiner | 55 | Bruce D. Martin | 106 | Mike Larkin |
| 7 | Mike Finkbiner | 56 | Dan Fahnstalk | 107 | Rod Eggleston |
| 8 | Jill Foster | 57 | Arthur Taylor | 108 | Charlie Bales |
| 9 | V.E. (Vicki) Mitchell | 58 | Kalita M. Leyva | 109 | LeDon Sacksteder |
| 10 | Betty Smith | 59 | Lynn M. Kingsley | 110 | Patrick Swenson |
| 11 | Eric Wegner | 60 | Darren Ewing | 111 | Elaine Pennell |
| 12 | Debra Miller | 61 | Lori Ewing | 112 | Donna McMahon |
| 13 | Lou Ann Lomax | 62 | Eric M. Olson | 113 | Chantelle King |
| 14 | Helen Hill | 63 | Tom Harwood | | |
| 14a | Beth Hill | 64 | Charles O. Christenson | G1 | Verna Smith Trestrail |
| 15 | John Porter | 65 | Quicksilver Fantasies | G2 | Steve Fahnstalk |
| 16 | Charles Leaphart | 66 | db Studios | G3 | Lynn Taylor-Fahnstalk |
| 17 | Jim Hill | 67 | Louise Regelin | G4 | James C. Glass |
| 17a | J.J. Hill | 68 | Shipman's Props | G5 | F.M. Busby |
| 18 | | 69 | Shipman's Props | G6 | Elinor Busby |
| 19 | Jean Crawford | 70 | Shari L. Watanabe | G7 | Algis Budrys |
| 20 | Donna Bailly | 71 | Shari L. Watanabe | G8 | David Graham |
| 21 | Rod Sprague | 72 | Diana Palms | G8c | Brian Gregory |
| 22 | Rosella Miller | 73 | Jameson Richards | G9c | Robert Ferguson |
| 23 | Gail Glass | 74 | David D. Graham | G10 | J.C. Hendee |
| 24 | Jeff Wood | 75 | Julia Lacquement-Kerr | G11 | Barb Hendee |
| 25 | Lin Goss | 76 | Trapper Graves | G12 | Michael Arnzen |
| 26 | Bea Taylor | 77 | Shari Smith | G13 | Mel Gilden |
| 27 | Lisa Satterlund | 78 | Kurt Smith | G14 | Eileen Brady |
| 28 | Donna Tingle | 79 | Austin Wilmerding | G15 | Nina Kiriki Hoffman |
| 29 | Ken McNamara | 80 | Liz Wilmerding | G16 | Norman E. Hartman |
| 30 | Thom Walls | 81 | Daniel Fears | G17 | Dean Wesley Smith |
| 31 | Becky Fallis | 82 | Phyllis Lomax | G18 | Quinton Hoover |
| 32 | Nels Satterlund | 83 | Quicksilver Fantasies | G19 | Joel Davis |
| 33 | David George | 84 | Charles H. Jones | G19c | Judy Lewis |
| 34 | Lea George | 85 | Angelwear Creations | G20 | Kevin Brockschmidt |
| 35 | Edgar Lincoln | 86 | Tige Arnold | G20c | Tami Brockschmidt |
| 36 | Pete Majewski | 87 | Leslie Newcomer | | |
| 37 | Susan Majewski | 88 | James King | | |
| 38 | Daron Fredericks | 89 | Shari Patrick | | |
| 39 | Deborah Fredericks | 90 | Nicole Papillon | | |
| 40 | Steve Forty | 91 | Michael Mink | | |
| 41 | Ed Steever | 92 | Aaron Palmer | | |
| 42 | Frank M. Cuta | 93 | Marsha Folks | | |
| 43 | Judith Cuta | 94 | Betty Bigelow | | |
| 44 | John P. Bradley | 95 | David Bigelow | | |
| 45 | Frank White | 96 | Michael T. Jones | | |
| 46 | Norma Barrett-Lincoln | 97 | Tallah Foster | | |
| 47 | E. Carol Daugherty | 98 | Toivo Rovainen | | |
| 48 | LeRoy F. Berven | 99 | Annette Mercier | | |



MosCon XIV ConCom

Chairman – John Porter
Vice-Chairman – Mike Finkbiner
Treasurer – Beth Finkbiner
Operations – Charles Jones
Programming – Janice Willard
Programming Assistant – Patricia Dimmitt
Registration – Debbie and Rosella Miller
Membership – Bea Taylor
Volunteers – Charlie Bales
Art Show – Donna Bailly
Dealer's Room – Lou Ann Lomax
Masquerade – Lin Goss
Dances – Jean Crawford
Advance Publicity – Jill Foster
Hospitality – Blue Mountain Shire, SCA
Gaming – John Hunter
Publications – Jon Gustafson

We would also like to extend our thanks to those dozens of un-named and generally unknown volunteers without whose kind assistance MosCon would not be the special convention that it is. We greatly appreciate all of you. Thank you.



G. Davis