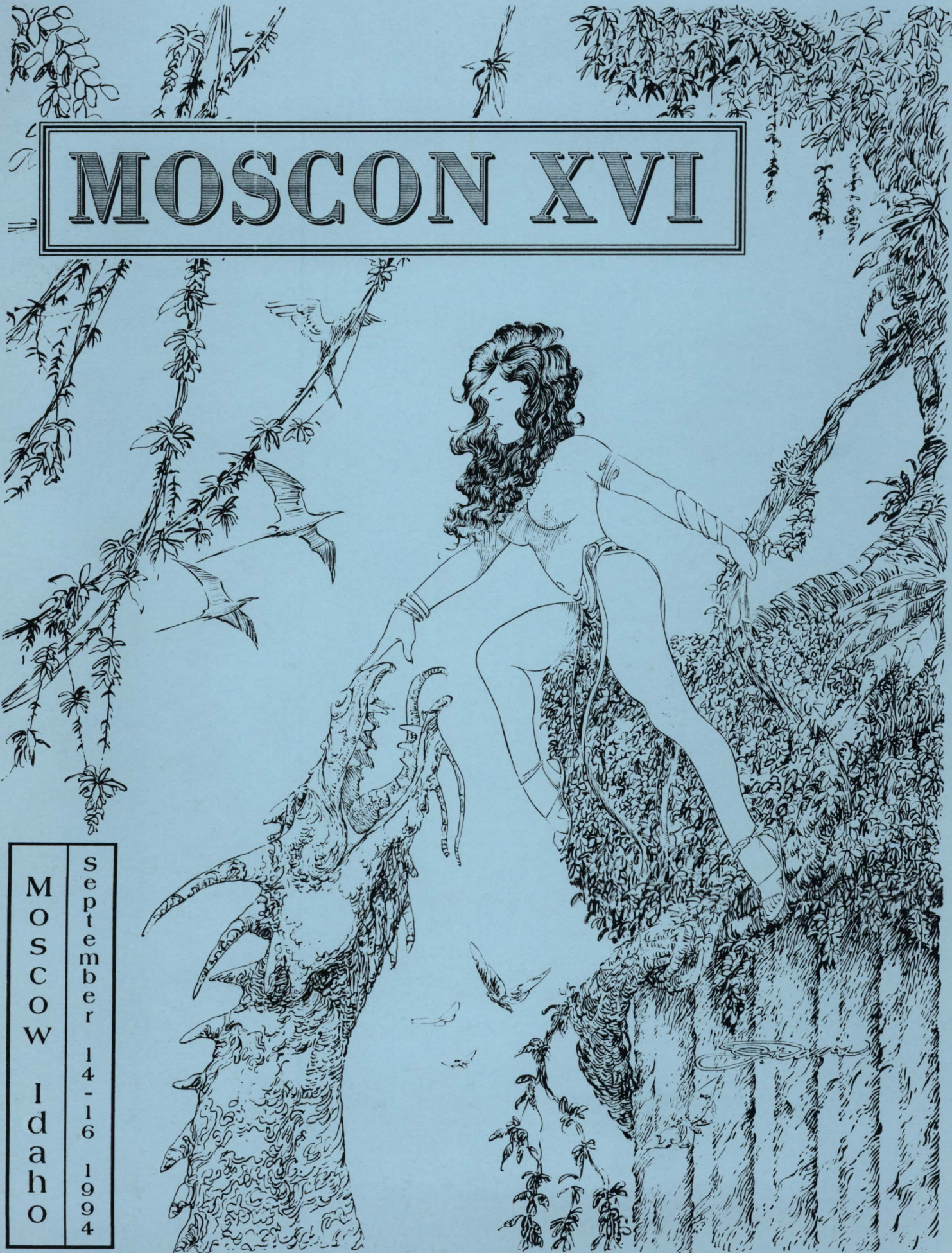


MOSCON XVI



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MOSCON XVI

Roger Zelazny, Gary Davis, Tam and Shelly Gordy, Dr. Gregory Benford

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"It's déjà vu all over again."
Yogi Berra

ART CREDITS

Cover © 1994
by Gary Davis

Gary Davis — Inside Front
Cover, 5, 6, 32, 34, 37, 43,
and Back Cover
George Barr — 14, 24, 26,
39, and 41

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Chair's Message

by John Porter

Well, it's September on the Palouse. The hills have been shorn of anything resembling amber waves of grain, the normally-sedate natives have been overwhelmed by the normally-anything-but-sedate waves of students returning for what they are calling higher education. The changeless summer weather is beginning to change faster than the mind of a politician in a close race, and traffic in the University cities is starting to show all the efficient flow patterns of a field of impact craters on the moon of your choice. What can this swelling crest of chaos in nature and man mean? Why, it means it's time to hold a MosCon, of course!

This is the sixteenth year that we have inflicted ourselves on the residents of the sleepy little towns of Moscow and Pullman, and I must admit that we have done so with a degree of inventiveness that is a joy to behold. Starting with a few industrious souls who were tired of six- to sixteen-hour drives to reach the nearest convention, we have grown to become quite a few industrious souls who are just plain tired. Along the way we have been able to introduce a number of firsts into science fiction fandom; enjoy the company of some of the best and brightest authors, artists and scientists; and just all around have a marvelous time.

And this year looks to be every bit as enjoyable. We have a really stellar cast of guests this year, including author Roger Zelazny, author and scientist Dr. Gregory Benford, artist Gary Davis, and fans Tam & Shelly Gordy. With this crew of guests to work with, I think that you'll find the Convention Committee has put together a weekend that should be as interesting as it will be enjoyable. On behalf of the Committee and myself, I'm happy to welcome you to MosCon XVI. We've been putting on MosCons for some time now, and with each MosCon we've tried to introduce new ideas and new ways of

doing things. But the one thing that we've never changed is the reason we do this — the real reason MosCon started over sixteen years ago — the fun of sharing a weekend of enjoyment with old friends and new, with fans and with guests. With that in mind, we hope you really enjoy this year's convention. After all, having fun is one of our oldest traditions.

Another Challenge from the Editor

by Jon Gustafson

This year, due to circumstances beyond our control, we had to change our Post Office box number. This meant that we had to change everything that had the old P.O. box number on it, including our stationery. When I ran off some new letterheads, I added at the bottom the phrase, "The world's most innovative science fiction convention."

I did not do so lightly. MosCon has consistently led the nation, and perhaps the world, in new and innovative ideas regarding science fiction conventions. For example, MosCon was the *first* con to feature both an author and an artist Guest of Honor. Now cons across the world feature both authors and artists as GoHs.

MosCon was the *first* to have a Scientist Guest of Honor. Again, this is something that the rest of the conventions across the country are now doing.

MosCon was the *first* to start paying authors for their stories and articles included in our Program Book. This year, the Worldcon in Winnepeg is following suit.

And now MosCon is the *first* science fiction convention to begin paying artists for *their* contributions to the Program Book. As with the authors, we are not paying much — we are, after all, a small con — but we are *paying*. We are treating these professionals with the respect they deserve.

How can we do this? For one thing, we don't squander our money like

many other cons do. We don't waste our money on things that might look neat, but don't do either the con or our members any good. We are very frugal. We have a budget, one that we actually follow. Our Treasurer, for example, says "No!" a lot of the time. Our concomm knows that if an idea costs money, that money must be justified... or covered by additional income. For me to pay the authors and artists for their work in the Program/Souvenir Book, as an example, I have to raise money by ad sales.

The point I am trying to make is that if MosCon can do it, then the larger regional cons *surely* can do it, and the Worldcons ought to have been doing it for *years* — but haven't. The Worldcons should be the *leaders* in these sorts of things, rather than the followers. It is a rather sad statement when a small, 300-person con like MosCon has to be the one to lead the parade of improvement.

So, once again, I am challenging the science fiction cons across the nation to rise to the standards that MosCon is laying down. Do it for your members, your authors and artists, and yourselves.

On another front, MosCon and its parent group (the Palouse Empire Science Fiction Association — PESFA) is being awarded the 1994 Prosperator's Award by the Moscow Chamber of Commerce. This award is given to groups who have made significant efforts to advance tourism in the Palouse area. This award will be accepted by Mike Finkbiner, one of the founders of MosCon.

I have never heard of a science fiction group being given such an award by any city anywhere else, so we may be the first in yet another arena.

Also in this Program/Souvenir Book (starting on page 36), you will find the three winners of our "Rats in the Soufflé" contest. There were a total of 13 entries; they came in from all over the Northwest. Two of the winners were local — Jeff Carlson and William Jones — and the third came from Selah, Washington (near Yakima). Congratulations to you all!

Roger Zelazny

by Jane Lindskold

Author
Guest of
Honor

Trivia question: What do “A Rose for Ecclesiastes,” *Nine Princes in Amber*, *Guns of Avalon*, and *Creatures of Light and Darkness* all have in common? The easy answer is — of course — that they are among Roger Zelazny’s most popular works. A more surprising answer is that none of these works were written with any intent of immediate publication.

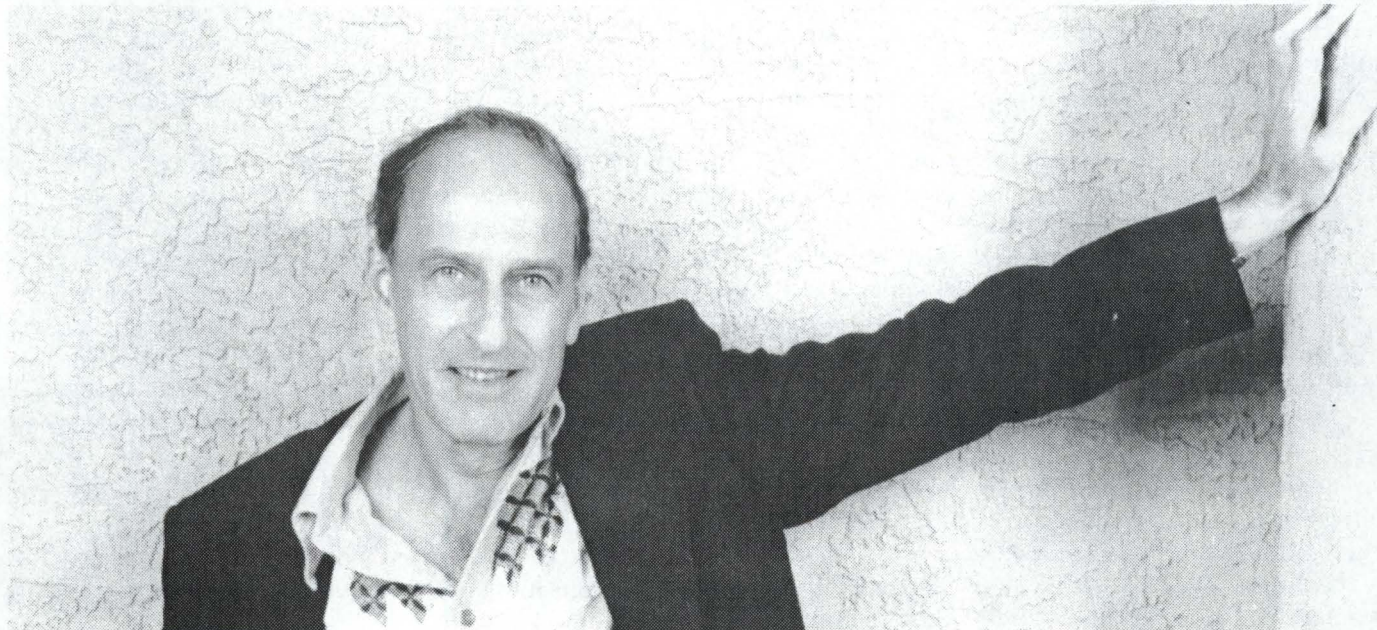
“A Rose for Ecclesiastes” was written during the period when Zelazny was between graduate school and full-time work for the Social Security Administration. He set the story on the type of Mars that had been popular by Edgar Rice Burroughs and other early pulp writers — a place of dying civilizations, beautiful princesses, and ancient mysteries. However, in 1961

when the story was written, science was already beginning to suspect that Mars’ thin atmosphere and waterless sphere could not support life and certainly not human life. Additionally, Zelazny reviewed his prose and assessed it as too “purple.” The story went into a suitcase and he did not submit it until 1963, whereupon it was promptly purchased by *Fantasy and Science Fiction* and nominated for the Hugo Award.

Nine Princes in Amber and its sequel, *The Guns of Avalon*, are today recognized as the first two books in the now classic fantasy series *The Chronicles of Amber*. Originally part of one massive manuscript, Corwin’s story was begun as a “hobby book.” These two novels languished for a time in a drawer in Zelazny’s desk. He remembered them almost as an

afterthought and, as his career began to make a transition from shorter works to novels, he pulled them out, reviewed them, and realized that this was a story he wanted to pursue. *Amber* has come to permeate his career more than any other work he has written and has spawned a role-playing game, a computer game, a fan club, fanzines, comic books, and countless decks of Trumps.

Creatures of Light and Darkness was published in 1969 when Roger was already established as an award-winning novelist. His first novel, *This Immortal*, had tied with Frank Herbert’s *Dune* for the Hugo in 1966. *Lord of Light* had won the Hugo in 1968. *Creatures of Light and Darkness* was written as an experiment: “solely for my own amuse-



ment... I threw everything but the Egyptian kitchen sink into that book — surrealistic images, a horde of mythological figures, chapters written in free verse, and even one done as a closet drama (Foreword, *Bridge of Ashes*, 1976). Later, he mentioned the book to his friend and fellow novelist, Samuel R. Delany who, in turn, mentioned it to an interested publisher. Over fifteen years later the book has remained in print, a favorite of those who enjoy Zelazny's quirky, allusive style.

This bit of trivia reflects something that is part of the essential heart of Zelazny's work as a writer. Although he enjoys being able to make his living as a writer, he writes because he loves the craft and takes pleasure in the art.

His educational background hardly reflects the intense effort he has put into preparing for his chosen career. After graduating from Case Western Reserve University in Ohio with his Bachelor's in English, he went on to Columbia University in New York for his Master's degree in English. At this point, he was writing very little fiction, focusing instead on poetry. Still, his affection for poetry colored his fiction. Many of his early stories, including "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" and "The Graveyard Heart," feature poet characters for whom Zelazny cannibalized his own works. The 1994 release, *Wilderness*, written with Gerald Hausman, ends with a short poem that Hausman convinced Roger to write as a capstone to the novel.

Realizing that he could not make his living as a poet, Zelazny considered teaching while writing fiction. However, while waiting for his Master's thesis to be accepted, he did service with the Ohio National Guard, and after a short period of unemployment — during which he wrote fiction extensively — he took a job with the Social Security Administration, first in Ohio and later in Baltimore, Maryland.

4 During this time, he continued to write, beginning both to sell stories — seventeen in his first year — and

to garner award nominations. Both trends proved prophetic. In 1969, Roger realized that he was able to support himself by writing full-time. The award nominations had continued unchecked since the start of his career and by the present date he has won six Hugos, four Nebulas, and a wide assortment of other awards, including the Balrog, Daicon, and Lensman.

However, as alluded to earlier, Zelazny put a lot more work into being a professional writer than his meteoric success and perennial popularity would seem to indicate. Formal education may have ended with the Masters degree, but to this day, he continues a rigorous private education program that includes daily readings in poetry, history, fiction, and usually some background for whatever works he is contemplating for the future. This extra reading has included computer technology (although he himself still prefers a good old typewriter or legal pad for composition), Indian legend lore, and Chinese *feng shui*.

Nor is all of his research done from an armchair. Each of the fencing scenes that occurs in his novels — most notably in the *Chronicles of Amber* — are carefully choreographed in advance, with Roger drawing on his own background as a member of his college fencing team. His later interest in a variety of martial arts, including judo, aikido, and tai chi, add color and depth to the combat scenes in his work. The chase scenes through the Canyon del Muerto in *Eye of Cat* were not based on an idealized knowledge of the setting. He traveled to Arizona and with a Navajo guide went through the various canyons which would be so essential in the latter section of the novel.

Currently, Zelazny is busy with a wealth of new writing projects. *A Night in the Lonesome October*, *Wilderness*, and *If At Faust You Don't Succeed* (with Robert Sheckley) are his newest releases. A third novel with Robert Sheckley, entitled *A Farce To Be Reckoned With*, has just gone to the publisher and should be

out in Summer, 1995. As a solo project, Zelazny is developing a three-volume series under the preliminary titles *Donnerjack*, *Virtu*, *Virtu*, and *The Gods of Virtu*. Amber fans need not be concerned — Roger has written several new works of short fiction devoted to fleshing out characters and situations from this popular series. Titles include "The Salesman's Tale," "Blue Horse, Dancing Mountain," and "The Shrouding and the Gysle."

He has also turned editor, with several science fiction/fantasy collections in the works. *Warriors of Blood and Dream* and *Wheel of Fortune* are theme anthologies, respectively, focussed around martial arts and gambling. *The Williamson Effect* is a collection of short fiction in honor of author Jack Williamson. Another editorial project is *Ever After*, a humorous fantasy novel in five parts with different authors supplying sections and Zelazny writing the opening and interstitial material.

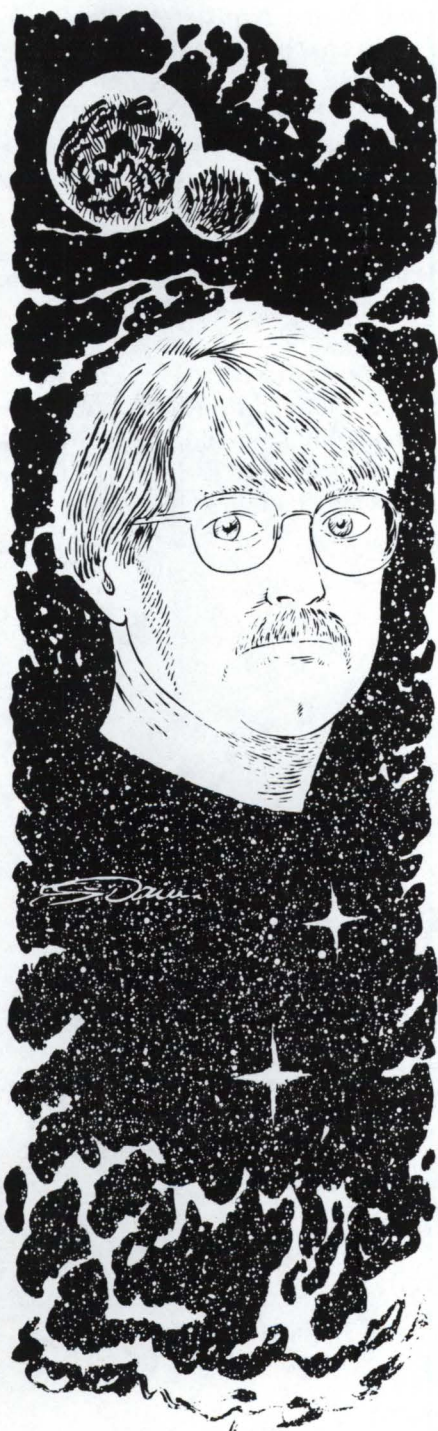
As if this wasn't enough to keep anyone busy, Zelazny has also turned recording artist. Recalling with fondness the radio dramas he listened to as a boy, he accepted an invitation from Sunset Productions to read audio books. To date, he has recorded over a dozen books, including nine of the *Amber* novels, *Eye of Cat*, *A Night in the Lonesome October*, several of Karl Edward Wagner's Kane stories, and several of John Jake's tales of Brak the Barbarian. Zelazny does not just read — he performs the piece, laying down flawless text with a speed that amazes the recording engineers with whom he works. His distinctive, gravelly voice — one unkind reviewer said that he sounded as if he had been gargling with kerosene — is a favorite with Sunset Productions' customers. He plans to continue reading audio books, completing the *Amber* series and others of his works for the line.

Trivia question: What will Roger Zelazny turn his hand to next? Answer: Who knows? Whatever it is, it's certain to be fascinating!

Gary Davis

by Gary Davis

Artist Guest of Honor



Legend has it that I was born in Eugene, Oregon. That among my ancestors can be found one Delga Adams, chief of the Tillamook Indians of Oregon about the turn of the century or so, on my Maternal Side. On the Paternal, it is rumored that the lineage goes back to nobility in the court of William the Conqueror. Details are obscure at best in this regard.

Though Oregon born, it was Idaho where I grew up. And what a wonderful childhood it was! How could it have been better? After all, we never lived in town or city. Kids being the barbarians they are, it was perfect. Our home was usually out in the boondocks somewhere, with only the barest amenities. We had to invent our own entertainment for the most part — the very best kind!

Every couple of years we'd move, going wherever my father could find work. Boise, Bliss, Gooding, Emmett, Ola, Cascade. For a time, there were the summers on the look-outs, keeping watch for fires, the ultimate adventure for kids with adventure in their souls. Aah, such summers!

And through it all, art was my passion. From the very earliest beginnings I can't remember not being fascinated with it all. Especially trying to draw from memory with the utmost precision. My parents got my brother, Rick, and I a blackboard early on (to circumvent the defacing of wallpaper), at which endless hours were spent. Later on it was

reams of typing paper and a fountain pen. Without pencil preliminaries, in complete ignorance or proper procedure, I'd start from point "A" and go to point "Z" to finish, never knowing any other way. I thought I was pretty darn good. However, nothing survives from those days to prove the case.

Of course, every kid goes through that stage of drawing and coloring. It's what kids do to develop the intellect. But not every kid lets it become a consuming passion. It took me a while to realize this truth. While other kids gave up on it or just grew out of it, I couldn't leave it alone. So it's been all my life.

Except for one very large bump in the road.

After graduating from high school and spending the summer working in the woods and fighting a few forest fires just for variety (they weren't called by that Hollywood term, "wildfires," then), I signed up with the United States Air Force. After all, what else could a kid do when college was out of reach (and I probably couldn't have cut it, anyway — I've always been a lousy student) and slaving away at some menial job seemed the only option?

So, there were four years without art as it had been. Yet, the itch was still there. So, anticipating civilian life, I took a correspondence course with Famous Artists School, which was immensely helpful. I'd lost a lot of ground and my abilities had fallen off disastrously. Years

were required to gain lost ground.

To avoid further tedium, we will now move on to my first Professional Job, leaving out the several dead ends that induced me to take the plunge. It was surprisingly easy. Suddenly, I found myself being part-time staff in the art department of the *Oregonian*. It was the best job I ever had. I'd probably still be there were it not for a sojourn in the Twilight Zone, which will not here be revisited.

Suffice it to say, I found myself

pursuing a career in SF&F illustration, which I'd always wanted to do anyway. But that was anticlimax. Small press and short-lived semi-prozines were interested enough, but the Big Time was elusive. They had all manner of obscure excuses for not wanting my work, if I heard from them at all.

With one exception. *Heavy Metal* wanted a story based on a bit of art I submitted, intending it as filler only. So I got into comics at the very top. More anticlimax. It took them three

years after acceptance to finally publish it and pay me.

In the meantime, I kept trying to get the attention of the serious SF&F market — to no avail. Parallel to this was the continuing flirtation with comics. I couldn't bring myself to do superheroes, where the big bucks were. This eventually led me to publish my own book, *The Starjongleur Collection*. It lasted only two issues. However, it gave me entrée into Dark Horse Comics, where I've been getting a few things published from time to time over the past few years.

Then there was this L. Ron Hubbard thing. It was one of those "whythehellnot" things. I figured there was an even chance I might win one there. I'd seen some of the work that had been winning and figured I couldn't do worse. And so it was. I was one of the quarterly winners of 1992. At the Grand Prize Competition in Hollywood (where a Ukrainian won) I met Algis Budrys and persuaded him to give me a try in his *Tomorrow* magazine. I've had two assignments so far. If I behave, there may be more. If I draw good.



Tam and Shelly Gordy

by Stephen U. Fafnestalk

Fan
Guests of
Honour

When I was asked to write Tam and Shelley's bio for MosCon, I was flattered. I immediately phoned them and asked for a bio sheet, which they faxed me a few days later. Then I got to thinking: will anyone read this? (Answer: at the con, probably not.)

So let me dispose of the bio in short order: they were born, they grew up, got married, did other stuff, entered fandom, had good times, had bad times. Not particularly in that order. Happy now? FYI, Tam's the short guy with the beard and the 12-string guitar. Shelley's the other one (long hair, not a guy, etc.). Happy now? Look, if I tell you everything, you won't have any incentive to meet them. And you've GOTTA meet them.

There are two reasons to have Fan GOHs — one, to honor them for significant contributions to fandom or the con or whatever. Two, a Fan GOH (or pair thereof) must be someone you really should get to know. They qualify on both counts — both the Gordys have been involved with APAs, cons, and the like for umpty-ump years. (I think the high point of their MosCon-going was when they hired the Winnebago-type trailer to spend the weekend in.)

And despite the fact that Shelley, like me, is an inveterate smoker, they have fun parties in their room. And the door is usually open — so that means you can come in and

chat, or sing along to Tam's guitar, or whatever. Tam has a wicked sense of humor, and is a budding writer, and Shelley usually winds down AFTER the party's over — so there's no way anyone could find them boring.

Let me ask you this: do you like to laugh? Do you like to talk? Do you like to, for heaven's sake, sing? You can do all three in their presence. They're smart, they're witty — and they've got such a routine worked out for singalongs, you wouldn't believe! Vey's mir! Sylvest'? Big chest! (If you don't get it now, you will after a day or so.)

Tam has been known to entertain at half-times for masquerades — he's done so at MosCon. He also fronts for a country-western band, but hey! He's a nice guy and we can forgive him for that. And he writes good fantasy/sf, too. Those of you who belonged to BCAPA (or was it VanApa?) years ago can attest to that. Raise your hands, now: remember Ronin? And Silverhawk? 'Nuff said.

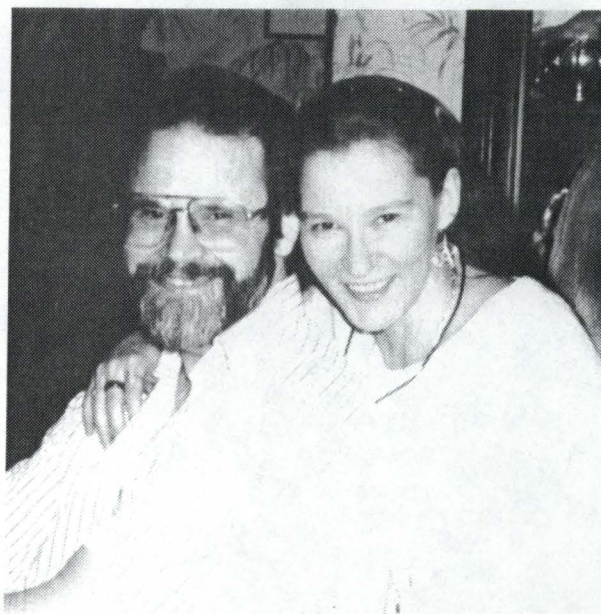
Shelley writes too — her APA contributions are varied — and she has a way with words, for someone who doesn't claim to be a writer. Her writing can have real feeling, like pathos (remember when the cat

died?) — and so forth. Ask her for copies, she'll probably be flattered.

Accomplishments aside, wherever there's fun, you'll find Tam and Shelley in the thick of it. This is their first GOH shot, but I'm pretty sure it won't be their last. MosCon is honoring them not only for what they've done, but for who they are. They're really nice people, and if you don't go up to them and talk to them, YOU'RE the one who's gonna lose out.

They've been good friends to me and many other people for a long time — wouldn't you like to have some good, dependable friends like that? Well, for heaven's sake, go up to them and say hello. Do it.

Now.



Dr. Gregory Benford

Scientist
Guest of
Honor

by Gregory Benford
and Jon Gustafson

Dr. Gregory Benford is professor of physics at the University of California, Irvine. He conducts research in plasma turbulence theory and experiment, and in astrophysics, having published over a hundred scientific papers. He is a Woodrow Wilson Fellow and a visiting fellow at Cambridge University. Throughout the last decade he has worked as an advisor to the Department of Energy, NASA, and the White House Council on Space Policy.

In 1989 he was host and scriptwriter for the television series, *A Galactic Odyssey*, which describes modern physics and astronomy from the perspective of the evolution of the galaxy. The eight-part series is produced by Japan National Broadcasting for an international audience.

His articles on science have appeared in *Smithsonian*, *Natural History*, *New Scientist*, and *OMNI*.

He is also the author of over a dozen novels, among them *Timescape* (a Nebula winner), and his most recent, *Beyond the Fall of Night*, written with Arthur C. Clarke. He has won the Nebula Award twice, the John W. Campbell Award, and the Australian Ditmar award for international novel. In 1989 he won the United Nations Medal in Literature.

ADDENDA by Jon Gustafson

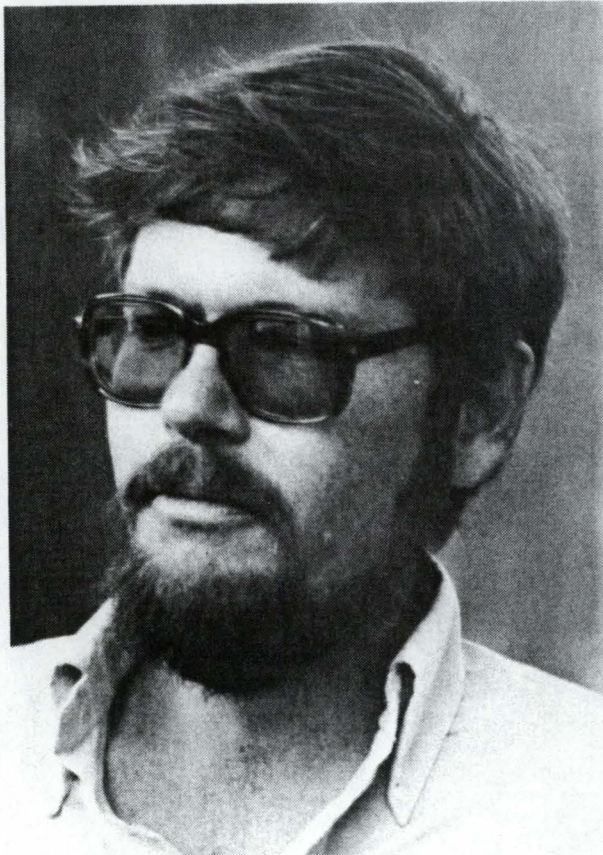
And this is really only the tip of the proverbial iceberg. He is far too modest. For instance, for a writer to be able to team up with Clarke is rare; to team up with Clarke to write a sequel to

one of the true classics of the field, *Against the Fall of Night*, is to become unique.

He was born in Alabama and educated at the University of Oklahoma; he received his PhD from the University of California at San Diego. He has been a professor of Physics at U of C, Irvine, since 1979. He is one of a pair of identical twins and has collaborated occasionally with his brother James. He started out in science fiction in the fannish arena, editing a well-received fanzine, *Void*.

Some of his other novels include *Against Infinity*, *Heart of the Comet* (with David Brin), *The Stars in Shroud*, *Jupiter Project*, *If the Stars Are Gods* and *Find the Changeling* (both with Gordon Eklund, another of our guests this year), *In the Ocean of Night*, *Across the Sea of Stars*, *Shiva Descending* (with William Rotsler), *Artifact*, and *Great Sky River*. He also writes a fascinating column on science for *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*.

As you can see from his photo he is a good-looking guy, but he makes up for that by being charming, highly intelligent, and personable. He is knowledgeable in a wide variety of topics, so don't think you have to limit your topics to just physics or science fiction. He is as good a listener as he is a talker — a rare but wondrous talent — so you can look forward to having some excellent conversations with him while he is here at MosCon.



Other Professional Guests

LILLIAN A. ACKERMAN

by Lillian Ackerman

Lillian A. Ackerman is a cultural anthropologist whose main field of research is the plateau Indian culture of Northwest North America. She is interested not only in past Indian culture, but how the modern Indians have retained much of their culture in the face of alien cultural influences. Her interest in science fiction began in her childhood, and she is delighted with the modern trend in science fiction which makes up whole new cultures. Then, instead of being a field anthropologist, she becomes an armchair anthropologist and pontificates on some hapless author's success — or lack of it — in describing a new culture.

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. In 1993, she and two friends started a quarterly magazine on library, archive, and museum security entitled *Focus on Security*. She and Jon Gustafson are also working on "Necessary Evil," a movie treatment.

ALGIS BUDRYS

by Jon Gustafson

Algis Budrys is one of the giants of science fiction field, in spite of 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, and which has appeared on several award nominee lists. 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 — and apparently quite successful — 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.

F.M. BUSBY

by Jon Gustafson

Born and raised in the Palouse, F.M. Busby is the author of many science fiction novels, most notably *To Cage a Man*, *The Proud Enemy*, *Rissa Kerguelen*, *Zelde M'Tana*, *The Breeds of Man*, and *Slow Freight*. He continues to write and has produced more since this was written (although I didn't have time to find out exactly what... say, why don't you ask him!). On the fannish side of things, he and his wife, Elinor, he produced the Hugo Award-winning fanzine, *Cry*. They have been coming to MosCon for many years and

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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 infantryman, stevedore, logger, merchant seaman, army medic, mover, smoke-jumper, administrative forester, 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. He is currently working on a large book on forestry.

John is married (Gail), has two grown children, and two grandsons. And lots of interests.

M.J. (Mary Jane) ENGH

by Jon Gustafson

M.J. Engh is a librarian — kind, gentle, and understanding; this much is readily apparent when you read her classic sf novel, *Arslan*. A local destitute, she lives in the small Washington town of Garfield (not named after the cat), where she has written the novels *Wheel of the Winds*, *The House in the Snow* (a young adult novel), and *Rainbow Man* and well-received short stories. One of her short stories will appear in the new *Rat Tales* anthology, which should be available by the time you read this. *Rainbow Man* is in the running for the 1994 Prometheus Award (awarded by the Libertarian Society). She is a lover of cats, but is a nice person regardless.

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

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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.

(He is also a doggoned good guest, one of the best we've ever had at MosCon. — Editor)

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

related articles (and some short stories), and even had a book published (*Chroma: The Art of Alex Schomburg*). He was one of the founders of PESFA, MosCon, ASFA, and *Writer's Bloc*, and is a member of SFWA. He was recently re-elected Mountain Director for ASFA. He is the owner of JMG Appraisals, the nation's only professional sf/fantasy art appraisal service. He has been the editor or co-editor of several "Rats" anthologies, the latest of which, *Rat Tales*, should be out in the trade paperback version by the time you read this. He is married to best-selling author V.E. (Vicki) Mitchell.

JON GUSTAFSON

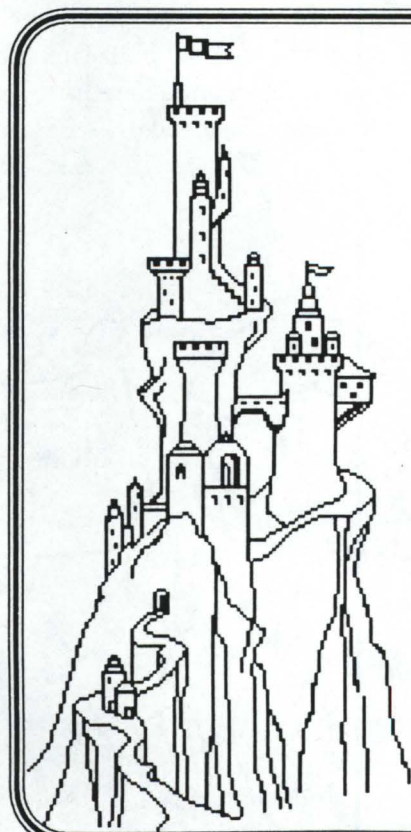
by Jon Gustafson

Jon has been involved in science fiction since prehystrical days. He entered the world of sf fandom in 1973, when he met last year's Fan GoH. He has attended many cons, written and had published many sf-

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 nu-



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merous other writers collectively known as the Pulphouse 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.), *Pulphouse: The Hardback Magazine*, *Pulphouse: 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*, which came out from Avon in September of 1993 and won a Stoker award earlier this year.

JANE LINDSKOLD

by Jane Lindskold

Jane Lindskold's short fiction has appeared in *Dragon Fantastic*, *Christmas Bestiary*, *Journeys to the Twilight Zone*, and *Starshore*. Her non-fiction includes a biography of

Roger Zelazny for *Twayne's American Author's* series, a series of essays for *Amberzine*, and pieces in *Extrapolation*, *The Writer*, and *Eire-Ireland*. A former professor of English, Lindsfold describes her own career as a fiction writer as "mostly forthcoming." She has had three novels accepted by AvoNova. The first of these, *Brother to Dragons, Companion to Owls*, is scheduled for release in December of 1994. *Marks of Our Brothers* is due out in June of 1995 and *Pipes of Orpheus* is scheduled for November 1995. Her short fiction will appear in *Heaven Sent*, the new *Galaxy*, *Warriors of Blood and Dream*, and several other collections.

V.E. (Vicki) MITCHELL by Jon Gustafson

Vicki has been involved in PESFA and MosCon since its early days, and has worked on the convention in many guises, including chair. She has been involved with Northwest costuming and has won several awards. A New York Times best-selling author, she has three *Star Trek* and *ST: TNG* novels on the stands (*Enemy Unseen*, *Imbalance*, and *Windows on a Lost World*) which have just been joined by *Atlantis Station*, a *ST: TNG* young adult novel. She is married to Jon Gustafson and is owned by a gigantic and silly dog, Mica.

WILLIAM WILLARD by William Willard

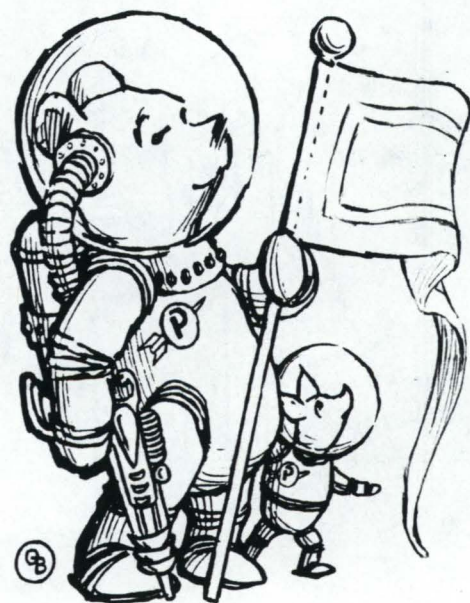
William Willard is one of the faculty for the Comparative American Studies department at Washington State University in Pullman. He teaches Native American Studies classes in that department. He writes about Native American characters, themes, and influences in science fiction lit-

erature and does critical reviews of that literature. He has a novella with a Native American focus nearing completion, with a second novella in rough draft.

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

Greg Abraham
Joel Davis
Steve Fahnstalk
Quinton Hoover
Lance Olsen
Claudia Peck
Madilane Perry
Lynne Taylor-Fahnstalk

Please, professionals, help me out in this — if you know (or even *think*) you will be coming to MosCon, send me some sort of bio. This will save me from publishing incorrect information about you and your work, and will save us both from possible embarrassment (something I'm sure neither of us needs). — Editor



Almost a year ago, Verna came to me with the idea of doing a special article on her husband, Al Trestrail, and her father, the immortal "Doc" Smith. It sounded great to me, so she sent me material on both of them. At the time, we had not thought that it might be a memorial to Verna as well. But life takes some strange turns at times, and with Verna's untimely death this Spring, what was going to be a celebration in print has turned out to be a memorial to "Doc" and his wonderful daughter, Verna. When you read the following, think of them kindly.

Al and Verna and Doc, oh, my!

by Verna Smith Trestrail

Albert H. Trestrail, Jr., was born in Norway a *long* time ago — Norway, Michigan, that is, in that state's rugged, beautiful Upper Peninsula. His father, whose people were born in England, was Chief Mine Safety Inspector for Pickans-Mather Mining Corporation. Al came downstate to attend college — he wanted to be a music teacher and Hillsdale College had an excellent program.

My Father, a graduate of the University of Idaho, decided to leave Washington, D.C. and the Bureau of Standards because, although the Government treats its chemists very well, it doesn't pay like the private sector and Daddy had a growing family. He settled in Hillsdale, Michigan. Golf became a great hobby for both Mother and Daddy. I was twelve that lovely summer afternoon at the Country Club, shagging balls for Daddy. A friend, Doctor Green, brought over a tall, dark, handsome hunk in a white linen suit and white shoes, saying, "Here is some I want you to meet, Ginger (Ginger was my nickname, for some weird reason)." I took one look at Al and that was it! On our way home, I told Daddy that I was going to marry that boy.

My brother, Roderick, would never let me go out with anybody; we went everywhere in a herd. But when I begged Rod not to *ever* tell Al that I was only twelve, he finally consented — but I had to give up my allowance to him all that summer...

plus making his bed and shining his shoes... but it was worth it.

Al worked his way through college as a chauffeur, house boy, and general factotum to our beloved Doctor Green. Al had never been allowed to date either; when he went to his high school prom, he took his sister. By the time Al realized that I was not actually sixteen, I had gotten to be such a habit that he couldn't do without me. (Actually, many people said that Al married me because he adored Daddy and Mother, but surely this isn't so!)

By the time I had graduated from high school at fifteen, Al had a position as a music teacher in Woodland, Michigan. Often he would come roaring in on his big Harley-Davidson for a weekend. He and Daddy could do, make, and build practically anything... and frequently did.

My parents would not allow us to get married until I was sixteen — so the day after I became sixteen, we were married. Al had students who were older than I,

so I tried so hard to look old!

By this time, Al had signed a contract with the School Board of East Tawas, a beautiful Michigan town on the shores of Lake Huron, about 400 miles from home. Mother and Daddy gave us a fabulous, big Harley-Davidson motorcycle for our wedding present, and for almost six



A very young Al and Verna and their "hog"



Verna and Al Trestrail

years our sole means of locomotion was the motorcycle — it lasted until the children began coming.

Then the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. None of the armed services would accept Al because of a severe heart murmur. Daddy, too, was turned down... he was one month over the age limit. So he and Al decided that the best way they could help the War Effort would be to start a poultry farm. Al had always been interested in poultry and it was a hobby as well as a source of income during his high school days. In due time they located a fine poultry farm in Indiana, one of the best states for this. By that time we had two wee girls: Jeannie was two and Janet was one. The farm was on a small hill overlooking a lovely little lake and had a thoroughly modern poultry house for 5000 white Leghorn hens, 13 brooder houses... and we have been there ever since.

When the bottom dropped out of the poultry market after World War II, Al went back to teaching music. We decided to remain in Indiana. Daddy and Mother were in Chicago by this time; he was the chief chemist for the huge J.W. Allen Baking Corporation. Often Daddy and Mother would bring friends to visit

— Fred Pohl, Lloyd Eshbach, Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett, Robert Bloch, Robert Heinlein. Unfortunately, I was too busy raising children to do much in science fiction. We had two boys in due time, Roderick Norman and Albert Henry (Kim) Trestrail III. We now have six grandchildren.

And then, suddenly, the children had all grown and flown. Al was still teaching and I had absolutely nothing to do — talk about “empty nest syndrome”! I listened to Al and Daddy, who thought I ought to be an

English teacher.

I attended college in the nearby city, doing five years' work in three and enjoying every minute. I received my Master's Degree and taught Senior English for 22 years — retiring only when Al needed two new hip replacements. I especially enjoyed teaching my science fiction courses, and Al and I attended many sf cons throughout the year. Mos-Con has always been special to us, particularly because of Robert Heinlein and because of all you wonderful friends. There have been many changes in all of our lives, as well as in the world, but good science fiction will be with us always.

Edward E. Smith, Ph.D.

by Verna Smith Trestrail

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

His novels have been translated into twenty-seven languages and Braille and are newer than the day



E.E. "Doc" Smith and Verna Smith Trestrail



A young "Doc" Smith

after tomorrow: although his first book, *The Skylark of Space*, was written in 1918, it was so far ahead of its time that there literally was no publisher for something so "far out"!

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

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

No teenaged fan or would-be

writer was too brash or unimportant for Doc to listen to. Each was paid attention to, seriously and courteously, and made to feel welcome. He treated everyone with equal warmth, interest and respect. Any author suffering from a "drying-up spell" was assured of interested assistance!

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

readers alike."

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

The inimitable Fred Pohl, writing in *Worlds of If* in his succinct and scintillating style, said "Doc was the first. No one ever before had sent his characters racing into the unknown worlds of unknown galaxies to meet and learn from — or to battle — strange peoples and new forms of science. Doc showed all the rest of us the way; and now he has just gone on ahead to see them for himself."

Keynote Speech, MosCon I by Verna Smith *Trestrail*

I am giving away no state secrets when I say that science fiction fans are like unto no others! My father, Doctor Edward E. Smith, during his lifetime was more deeply involved in all aspects of fandom and fannish activities than any other author.

How does one explain such a man? Doctor Smith was known throughout the world as "Doc" and also "Skylark" Smith. Daddy always insisted that the secret of success was not so much *genius* as it was *organization*. It isn't that I don't believe him, it's just that I can't seem to do it!

I don't think you can realize what an absolute joy it is for us to be here. I've spoken to many different people in many different places, from New York City to San Francisco, but somehow I think your marvelous MosCon will be dearest to my heart!

Mainly because you know and love my father — or at least if you don't love him you know who he is! Actually I can't think of anything more shattering than being introduced as "Doctor Edward E. 'Doc' Smith's daughter" and hearing someone whisper loudly "who's he?!"

My husband, Albert, knew Daddy and worked with him for over thirty years — and has never read a word of science fiction! And that's only half of it. Doc always said he and Al made a great team, just like grace and poise, or rack and ruin! We really pushed to get out here — my school board graciously gave me a leave of absence. The hardest part was getting three weeks of lesson plans ready for my substitute! Actually, no effort is too great on his behalf; Doc Smith lives as long as his

true friends and fans care.

Science Fiction is really coming out of the closet: the powerful and prestigious National Council of Teachers of English (N.C.T.E.) has finally recognized Science Fiction as a genre in its own right. They invited me to take part in their New York City Convention and what a fun time we had in the Science Fiction Seminar! We were with Isaac (Ike) Asimov, Alfred (Alfie) Bester, and Ben (Bennie) Bova. I wonder if any of you have seen Asimov or Bester in action? They rarely appear together, this is quite understandable — no one, not even Asimov, can upstage Bester. He leaps to his feet to answer panelist's question, he fulminates, he gesticulates, he scintillates, he's used up everyone's time and suddely there's a roar and Alfie finally sits down!

Fred Pohl took us to dinner at a very posh place and Jackie Kennedy Onassis was sitting at a table near ours, she had a rather large pimple on the end of her nose — it absolutely made my whole week!

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8
Some of the questions many of you have asked deal with Doc's early life, and how he happened to meet and marry my Mother; this is truly mind-boggling when one considers that Jeannie Craig MacDougall was born in Glasgow, Scotland and Daddy was born in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, moving to Idaho when he was six months old. Ted, as he was always known to family and intimates, must have been most unusual even as a baby. Fred J. Smith, his father, born in England and a sailor for many years, moved the family from Wisconsin to Idaho in the dead of winter; there's a sterling silver porringer and mug with Ted's name, the date, the railroad, and the words "Best Little Cayuse in the Country" engraved thereon. His mother was a gentle, fragile schoolteacher, totally unsuited to the early Western ranch life which ultimately killed her. Just the trip out to what must have seemed "the end of the back of beyond" is a saga in itself — blizzards,

hostile indians, shortage of food — but baby Teddy was the sunny focus of all interest. He so rarely cried because even then he was observing and storing up impressions of his world — so much to do, so much to see, not a moment to waste!

Meanwhile a momentous decision was being made by the family MacDougall in Scotland. Donald Scott MacDougall was a court violinist — gentle, sensitive, skilled in music... most especially the violin. Married to tiny, Dresden-porcelain-fragile Jessica Craig MacLean, four feet ten inches tall and perhaps seventy pounds sopping wet. They had three children: Allen Scott MacDougall, Jeannie Craig MacDougall and Clarrissa MacLean MacDougall. Donald listened to the glowing tales of American streets paved with gold and limitless opportunity just waiting for the lucky immigrant. They decided to leave Glasgow. They scraped and saved every farthing and ha'penny and Donald went first, to send for his little family as soon as he could get enough money together.

Donald went steerage to New York City, with only his violin and a change of clothing. He made his way West and settled in Boise, Idaho. When the passage money came, after what seemed an interminable wait, wee Jessica pulled up stakes in Scotland and shepherded her little family across the seas, across a vast continent and arrived in Boise with a high heart.

Only to discover that her beloved Donald had been killed or had died of pneumonia during the frightful winter, and was buried in some nameless potter's field. One can only imagine the agony and the helplessness of the young little mother — knowing no

one, a stranger in a strange land. No helpful agencies in those days, no welfare, no social workers, no ADC — one worked or one starved. Boise, Idaho, was a rough, tough, fast-growing town then with no sympathy or time for those who could not keep up or fit in. Wee Jessica and her three children, her "wee bairns," went through so much! All the high-hearted Highland pride and Scottish determination and stubbornness helped Jessica through the nightmare of the first heart-breaking months. She was small — but so is dynamite!

She was able to buy a partnership in a boarding huse on Ridenbaugh Street, and she and her little ones went to work with a will. They did so with such good effect that she owned the boarding house in a few years.

Aunt Clarrissa told us that one of her earliest memories was wee Grandmother lecturing to some big, hulking lumberjack. When she drew herself up to her full four feet ten and laid down the law, those bruisers really toed the mark! She ran such a "taut ship" that there was always a waiting list.

Jessica was determined that her



Algis Budrys and Verna at a MosCon

children would go to college. Allen went first, to the University of Idaho in Moscow. He roomed with a young man named Edward E. Smith during his Junior year. Smith's nickname was "Ted," and the two began a friendship which would be lifelong. Both Ted and Scotty (Allen's nickname) were brilliant, opinionated, and highly verbose.

One day Ted came into their room and saw the photo of a beautiful girl on Scotty's half of the bureau. He whistled and said "Hey, man" (or whatever young men said in 1911 in similar circumstances), "if she weren't your girl, I'd really give you a run for your money!" Scotty said, rather casually, "Oh, you can have her — she's just my sister. Her name's Jeannie."

And so it came to pass that Jeannie and Ted were married and left Idaho for Washington, D.C. The government had offered him a post as Junior Chemist on the strength of his magnificent college record, graduating with not one but two degrees in 1914.

Daddy was a knowledgeable, helpful, understanding, and brilliant human being with an absolute passion for seeking to learn all that he could. The last year of his life, at seventy-five, he enrolled at Northwestern University for a course titled "Black Holes in Space"! No problem was too minute for him to investigate and do something about if it would help someone else.

Our four children loved him deeply, always calling him "Daddy Doc." Mother was "Grappa Jean" and was adored even more, if it were possible. When Kim, our youngest son, was in college he came in one day and his roommate had several of Doc's books spread out on his desk (I should take time to mention that none of our four children read science fiction! It had sort of filtered through that their Daddy Doc was an author, but it had never made any sort of impact. So Kim had never thought to mention it to his roommate.)

Kim said casually as he noticed

Daddy's books, "Hey, Mark, that's my grandfather." Mark looked unbelieving and said, elaborately, "Oh yeah, sure, E.E. 'Doc' Smith is *your* grandfather! *Sure* he is! OK, then, what's the hero's name in *The Skylark of Space*?"

Or course Kim floundered helplessly under the merciless questioning; he'd been known to "pull the long bow" at times, but this was different. Kim really got his back up and called Daddy in Florida. Doc flew up to the University, Kim was vindicated, and a good time was had by all, especially Doc!

Later, when Mark tried to apologize to me, I told him to forget it — how could he have thought otherwise? There is absolutely no explaining a rabid, dyed-in-the-wool science fiction fan to a non-believer!

The more we see of the West, and especially Idaho, the more we realize how deeply Mother and Daddy missed the mountains. Us "flatlanders" literally cannot realize the majestic beauty you live with out here. Mother used to tell us of riding into the superb foothills from Boise on horseback and how sparkling and clear the air was.

I'm so grateful now that I listened as much as I did, and I only wish I had listened more. But tell me, how many of *you* listened to your parents? We all take so much for granted; this is why we have no proper recording of Daddy's voice — we knew he'd be with us forever. But believe me, it's later than you think!

How does one explain a genius? In spite of all his drive and brilliance, Doc was very human, and it seemed to me when I was little that he was quite often upset over trifles. Such as the time I went into his den (which was expressly forbidden) and re-arranged his chess set in neat, orderly rows — when he was in the middle of a long-distance airmail game with a scientist friend in Switzerland! Or the time I informed him,



Verna with Yuri Mironets and Bea Taylor

when I was four years old, that I didn't want any more golf lessons, I'd rather read.

Both he and Mother were expert golfers; he had a handicap of three and was amateur opens champion in Michigan. But it was Mother who made *two* holes-in-one! She played a superb game and always played straight from the men's tee. A number of years ago we were with friends who had known all the Smiths in those days — he'd used to caddy for Mother. He laughed ruefully and said, "I'll tell you, you really earned your money when you caddied for Jeannie Smith."

I must confess to you, I am hopelessly dense when it comes to *any* form of math. I tried desperately, but the talent just isn't there. In high school, Mrs. Baron passed me because she felt sorry for Doc. My brother, however, is an absolute mathematical wizard — he is the chief design engineer for Lockheed Aircraft. Unbelieving teachers would look at me, shake their heads, and say, "Surely you're not Doctor Smith's daughter? Roderick Smith's sister?" And, if I thought I could get away with it, I'd lie and say, "Oh, no, certainly not — there are *lots* of Smiths." I read, comprehend, and remember three thousand words a minute, but Doc did about five thousand! He always felt if he brought home *one* more tutor, *one* more, I would somehow understand.

20 He enjoyed Al so much, all ways. They wouldn't let me marry him until I was sixteen — Al is several years older and was in college at the time. The night of my fifteenth birthday was memorable; a perfect summer night. All day had been spent in preparation, getting the patio just so. Even my lordly brother was dragooned into fixing the garden lanterns. After dinner, Al and I went outside, promptly followed by Doc two minutes later — with his big telescope, searchlight, various tripods and paraphernalia, and an armload of



Lisa Satterlund, Al Trestrail, and Becky Fallis

books. To my horror, I discovered that an important eclipse was taking place and no one knew better than I what *that* meant! Daddy was simply delighted to have an audience — and after only two hours he finally listened to Mother's urgings (Mother was the only one who could ever sway Doc when he "had a full head of steam up," and even then one could never be sure!) and went inside, most reluctantly.

I went everywhere I possibly could with Doc, spending much time in the laboratories. Downtown they would say, "Here comes Big Doc and Little Doc." One couldn't ask for more.

It was only later that we realized what a fabulous childhood we had. Didn't everyone's house bulge with authors, artists, publishers, or teenagers who had hitch-hiked from Alaska or Texas or Washington, D.C., to meet Doc? Privately I thought this was pretty weird, too. A father is just a father, right? Some of our guests included Ed Hamilton, Leigh Brackett, Lloyd Eshbach, Robert Heinlein, Dave Kyle, Bob Tucker, Jack Williamson, Fred Pohl, A.A. Merritt, the Galactic Roamers — I was fourteen when Heinlein came upon the scene. When he received his honorary doctorate in Michigan, Al and I were on hand, of course. Bob introduced us to the

President of the University and put his arm around me and said, "I've known Verna since she was fourteen." And I said, "Yes, Bob, and now I'm 29 and I still love you."

In Heinlein's magnificent tribute to Daddy, he wrote about how much of an expert Daddy was in so many areas ("I do not believe Doc played the dulcimer [although it would not surprise me in the least to discover he was an expert].") It was with great delight that I could tell Bob that Doc had been president of the University Mandolin and Guitar club! He had a big, double-necked guitar which I was allowed to play on state occasions... until I was discovered riding it down the stairway! At the age of three, this seemed like great fun. Here at the University of Idaho we discovered more marvelous things about my father — such as he was the captain of their crack drill and rifle team, president of the Chemistry Club, and sang in the Gilbert and Sullivan light operas.

There was a fascinating love-hate relationship between Doc and famed *Astounding* editor John W. Campbell; Daddy would not change his writing for *anyone* and this was hard for Campbell to take. But he did recognize a master when he saw one. One of my most prized possessions is a

letter from Campbell to Daddy, long after World War II, releasing some classified information that stated that Daddy's creative, imaginative, and highly accurate battle tank concept had been adopted by Admiral Nimitz and the CIC (Combat Information Center) and Doc was given the credit!

Campbell wrote, "Your entire setup was taken specifically, directly, and consciously from the "Directrix" in your story. Here you reached the situation the Navy found itself in — more communication channels than integration techniques to handle them. In your writing you proposed precisely such an integrating technique and proved how advantageous it could be.

"And you, Doc, were 100% right! As the real Japanese Navy — not the hypothetical Boskonian Fleet — learned at an appalling cost! There at your desk, years before Pearl Harbor, you played a large share in the greatest and most decisive naval battle in modern times!"

Doc's writing speaks to such a diverse audience because of its universal appeal, sheer adventure and fast pace, beautifully orchestrated plots, infinite attention to the most minor characters, his scintillating vocabulary, the vast, creative sweep and powerfully vivid imagination, his deep philosophical concepts, and his truly tremendous regard for honesty and personal integrity.



Al Trestrail and Lisa Satterlund

James Gunn invited me to take part in his Science Fiction Seminar at the University of Kansas. A teacher came up to me and said, "When I was in school, a study hall teacher caught me reading your father's book, *The Skylark of Space*, and I had to spend three days in detention. Now I'm teaching it!" Doc would have loved that. He had such a keen sense of humor, always.

I'll close with a quotation from a fan in Australia, a doctor who wrote to Daddy shortly before he died so suddenly. "You are a timeless magician, dwarfing all others. Your vivid breadth of imagination and, above all, your honesty make a mockery of all the lesser lights yapping at your heels. They can never pull you down. Carry on, Doctor Smith — take us with you into your never-never land. It is only in the realm of imagination that man actually begins to live!"

Verna Smith Trestrail Appreciations

*Shelly Gordy,
Fan Guest of Honor*

If Verna had been the Sun, my orbit, comparatively, would have been close to Pluto. We bumped into each other briefly several times over the years. But smoke bothered her, so she never stayed too long at our room parties. And, after a friend of mine jabbed me rudely in the ribs and hissed in my ear, I learned that my casual and careless use of expletives embarrassed her somewhat. She knew what all the words meant, she just felt uncomfortable about them. On the other hand, her Dom Perignon perkiness and constant, smiling optimism tired me right out. So, we never got to be great friends, she and I.

At the end of MosCon XIV, I got acquainted with the staff at the local emergency room (not that it was my idea, mind you). I didn't expect many people to take notice of it. After all, there was a great party going on.

So, several weeks later, when a friend called to tell me that Verna had asked about me, I was stunned. It had never occurred to me that she even knew my name, much less knew what had happened. Yet she made a point of finding out if I was okay.

At MosCon XV, I was in the lobby when Verna arrived. She made a beeline straight for me, took my hands in hers, and said, "Hello, Dear... you're looking *much* better. I was worried about you; how *are* you?"

And she *meant* it.

No, we never got to be great friends, Verna and I. But every MosCon I got to spend some time in a distant orbit around her sun. Her light and warmth touched us all. They will never fade.

*Jon Gustafson,
Local Dinosaur*

Verna first came into my life in 1979, at MosCon I. Before the con I had never met her, so I didn't quite know what to expect when she arrived at the con. When she whirled into the motel, acting like a friendly, outgoing, female Taz-manian devil, I was not prepared for the immense amount of charm and goodwill emanating from her. It actually put me off a bit, I'm afraid, not being used to it.

However, I soon learned that all her spirit was genuine and I learned to love her for it. While I mourn her passing, I hang on to the wonderful memories that she has left wandering through my mind and thank her for them.

She was a perpetual guest... Guest, actually... of MosCon, and our con's best ambassador. Wherever she went, MosCon was surely mentioned. On my travels to various cons across the country, I have

heard from many authors, artists, and fans that Verna talked often about our little con. We never asked her to, we didn't have to. She loved our con almost as much as we loved her.

At the con, you could always spot Verna... well, that's not completely correct; you could always tell *where* she was by the small but enthusiastic crowd surrounding her. She "collected" people in the same way that Vicki and I collect books or art. And she cared about all of them. There was not a phoney bone in her entire body.

Al was almost always with her, usually with a slightly bemused look on his face, as if he weren't quite sure what he'd gotten himself in for. But I know he enjoyed himself at the MosCons he was able to attend. Unfortunately, his health made it impossible to attend the last several cons and Verna had to attend by herself.

Whether Verna was here with Al or by herself, she was in constant motion. She attended panels, gave out the Lensman Awards, spoke at the Brunchs, went to the parties, hung out at the Hospitality Suite, and in general made herself available to the fans, many of whom knew her simply as "that nice lady." She talked a lot, to be sure, but she also listened attentively whenever anyone else was talking. She *cared* about other people's interests and feelings.

Each MosCon from now on is going to be just slightly less enjoyable without her wondrous smile and infectious laugh. I'm going to miss Verna, miss her a lot.

**Steve Fahnstalk,
Co-Founder of PESFA
Farewell to the Red Lensman**

In 1958, at the Tyndall Air Base library in Panama City, Florida, I met the works of E.E. "Doc" Smith for the first time. The SF/fantasy section was minuscule, a couple of hundred books (most of what had been written to that date), so after about three weeks I started browsing the rest of the library. And there, on a

high shelf *waaaay* in the back sat four or five books in that distinctive blue FCPI binding with the silver trim: *Spacehounds of IPC*, *First Lensman*, and so on. I fell in love — this was the pure quill!

Alas, I was never to meet the gallant gentleman himself, for he died in the 'sixties, during the period I was convinced that all SF writers were already dead! (A childish fantasy I've almost outgrown by now.) But fate stepped in, in the persona of Robert A. Heinlein a decade later, and introduced me to Doc's daughter, Verna. "I am too ill to attend MosCon I," Heinlein wrote; "would you consider inviting Doc's daughter, Verna, instead?" Would we? And how!

If you're new to MosCon, you've never had the privilege of meeting Verna, but if you've been to even one, you'll never forget her, for she attended every MosCon after the first at her own expense, all the way from Leesburg, Indiana. Alas, Leesburg — I'm sure you're feeling the loss every bit as much as we are. For we shall not see her like again.

How can I describe what the past

16 years has meant? All the shared laughter and tears, the dozens of phone calls and the hundreds of letters? Even though we only saw each other once a year (twice during Westercon two years ago!) we kept in touch; we shared family triumphs and heartaches and, always — MosCon.

I don't need to describe Verna physically to you. You've seen her bustling everywhere (she never walked, she bustled) — you've heard her voice (I will never stop hearing her as long as I live); and if Doc was the patron saint of MosCon, she was its backbone.

When we awarded her the Red Lensman Award Verna was, for the first time I've known her, speechless. It was a condition that couldn't last — Verna loved giving speeches at MosCon; we loved hearing them. And I will always treasure those few moments of Verna that appear on the masquerade video from last year.

My personal belief in an afterlife includes Verna. I believe that when

(Continued on page 35)

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The illustration shows a white cat with a dark patch on its face lying on a patterned rug. To the left of the cat is a lit candle in a dark holder, with smoke rising from it. To the right of the cat is a stack of books, with one book lying flat on top. The scene is set against a dark, textured background, possibly a wall or a bookshelf. The artist's signature 'Eric Wegner' is visible in the bottom right corner of the illustration.

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Doctor DuQuesne's Ruse

by E.E. "Doc" Smith

Day after day a spherical space-ship of Arenak tore through the illimitable reaches of the interstellar void. She had once been a war vessel of Osnome; now, rechristened the *Violet*, she was bearing two Tellur-ians and a Fenachrone — Dr. Marc C. DuQuesne of World Steel, "Baby Doll" Loring, his versatile and accomplished assistant, and the squat and monstrous engineer of the flagship *Y427W* — from the Green system toward the solar system of the Fenachrome. The mid-point of the stupendous Flight had long since been passed; the *Violet* had long been braking down with a negative acceleration of five times the velocity of light.

Much to the surprise of both DuQuesne and Loring, their prisoner had not made the slightest move against them. He had thrown all the strength of his supernaturally powerful body and all the resources of his gigantic brain into the task of converting the atomic motors of the *Violet* into the space-annihilating drive of his own race. This drive, affecting alike as it does every atom of substance within the radius of action of the power bar, entirely nullifies the effect of acceleration, so that the passengers feel no motion whatever, even when the craft is accelerating at maximum.

The engineer had not shirked a single task, however arduous. And, once under way, he had nursed those motors along with every arti-

fice known to his knowing clan; he had performed such prodigies of adjustment and tuning as to raise by a full two per cent their already inconceivable maximum acceleration. Nor was this all. After the first moment of rebellion, he did not even once attempt to bring to bear the almost irresistible hypnotic power of his eyes; the immense, cold, ruby-lighted projectors of mental energy which, both men knew, were awful weapons indeed. Nor did he even once protest against the attractors which were set upon his giant limbs.

Immaterial bands, these, whose slight force could not be felt unless the captor so willed. But let the prisoner make one false move, and those tiny beams of force would instantly become copper-driven rods of pure energy, hurling the luckless wight against the wall of the control room and holding him motionless there, in spite of the most terrific exertions of his mighty body.

DuQuesne lay at ease in his seat, or rather, scarcely touching the seat, he floated at ease in the air above it. His black brows were drawn together, his black eyes were hard as he studied frowningly the Fenachrone engineer. As usual, that worthy was half inside the power plant, coaxing those mighty engines to do even better than their prodigious best.

Feeling his companion's eyes upon him, the doctor turned his inscrutable stare upon Loring, who had been studying his chief even as

DuQuesne had been studying the outlander. Loring's cherubic countenance was as pinkly innocent as ever, his guileless blue eyes as calm and untroubled; but DuQuesne, knowing the man as he did, perceived an almost imperceptible tension and knew that the killer also was worried.

"What's the matter, Doll?" The saturnine scientist smiled mirthlessly. "Afraid I'm going to let that ape slip one over on us?"

"Not exactly." Loring's slight tenseness, however, disappeared. "It's your party, and anything that's all right with you tickles me half to death. I have known all along you knew that that bird there isn't working under compulsion. You know as well as I do that nobody works that way because they're made to. He's working for himself, not for us, and I had just begun to wonder if you weren't getting a little late in clamping down on him."

"Not at all. There are good and sufficient reasons for this apparent delay. I am going to clamp down on him in exactly" — DuQuesne glanced at his wrist watch — "fourteen minutes. But you're keen you've got a brain that really works maybe I'd better give you the whole picture."

DuQuesne, approving thoroughly of his iron-nerved, cold-blooded assistant, voiced again the thought he had expressed once before, a few hours out from Earth, and Loring answered as he had

then, in almost the same words — words which revealed truly the nature of the man:

“Just as you like. Usually I don’t want to know anything about anything, because what a man doesn’t know he can’t be accused of spilling. Out here, though, maybe I should know enough about things to act intelligently in case of a jam. But you’re the doctor — if you’d rather keep it under your hat, that’s all right with me, too. As I’ve said before, it’s your party.”

“Yes; he certainly is working for himself.” DuQuesne scowled blackly. “Or, rather, he thinks he is. You know I read his mind back there, while he was unconscious. I didn’t get all I wanted to, by any means — he woke up too soon — but I got a lot more than he thinks I did.

“They have detector zones, way out in space, all around their world, that nothing can get past without being spotted; and patrolling those zones there are scout ships, carrying armament to stagger the imagination. I intend to take over one of

those patrol ships and by means of it to capture one of their first-class battleships. As a first step I’m going to hypnotize that ape and find out absolutely everything he knows. When I get done with him, he’ll do exactly what I tell him to, and nothing else.”

“Hypnotize him?” Curiosity was awakened in even Loring’s incurious mind at this unexpected development. “I didn’t know that was one of your specialties.”

“It wasn’t until recently, but the Fenachrone are all past masters, and I learned about it from his brain. Hypnosis is a wonderful science. The only drawback is that his mind is a lot stronger than mine. However, I have in my kit, among other things, a tube of something that will cut him down to my size.”

“Oh, I see — pentabarb.” With this hint, Loring’s agile mind grasped instantly the essentials of DuQuesne’s plan.

“That’s why you had to wait so long, then, to take steps. Pentabarb kills in twenty-four hours, and he can’t help us steal the ship after he’s dead.”

“Right. One milligram, you know, will make a gibbering idiot out of any human being; but I imagine that it will take three or four times that much to soften him down to the point where I can work on him the way I want to. As I don’t know the effects of such heavy dosages, since he’s not really human, and since he must be alive when we go through their screens, I decided to give him the works exactly six hours before we are due to hit their outermost detector. That’s about all I can tell you right now; I’ll have to work out the details of seizing the ship after I have studied his brain more thoroughly.”

Precisely at the expiration of the fourteen allot-

ted minutes, DuQuesne tightened the attractor beams, which had never been entirely released from their prisoner; thus pinning him helplessly, immovably, against the wall of the control room. He then filled a hypodermic syringe and moved the mechanical educator nearer the motionless, although violently struggling, creature. Then, avoiding carefully the baleful outpourings of those flame-shot volcanoes of hatred that were the eyes of the Fenachrone, he set the dials of the educator, placed the headsets, and drove home the needle’s hollow point. One milligram of the diabolical compound was absorbed, without appreciable lessening of the blazing defiance being hurled along the educator’s wires. One and one-half — two milligrams — three — four — five —

That inhumanly powerful mind at last began to weaken, but it became entirely quiescent only after the administration of the seventh milligram of that direly potent drug.

“Just as well that I allowed only six hours.” DuQuesne sighed in relief as he began to explore the labyrinthine intricacies of the frightful brain now open to his gaze. “I don’t see how any possible form of life can hold together long under seven milligrams of that stuff.”

He fell silent and for more than an hour he studied the brain of the engineer, concentrating upon the several small portions which contained knowledge of most immediate concern. Finally he removed the headsets.

“His plans were all made,” he informed Loring coldly, “and so are mine, now. Bring out two full outfits of clothing — one of yours and one of mine. Two guns, belts, and so on. Break out a bale of waste, the emergency candles, and all that sort of stuff you can find.”

DuQuesne turned to the Fenachrone, who stood utterly lax, and stared deep into those dull and expressionless eyes.

“You,” he directed crisply, “will build at once, as quickly as you can, two dummies which will look exactly



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like Loring and myself. They must be lifelike in every particular, with faces capable of expressing the emotions of surprise and of anger, and with right arms able to draw weapons upon a signal — my signal. Also upon signal their heads and bodies will turn, they will leap toward the center of the room, and they will make certain noises and utter certain words, the records of which I shall prepare. Go to it."

"Don't you need to control him through the headsets?" asked Loring curiously.

"I may have to control him in detail when we come to the really fine work, later on," DuQuesne replied absently. "This is more or less in the nature of an experiment, to find out whether I have him thoroughly under control. During the last act he'll have to do exactly what I shall have told him to do, without supervision, and I want to be absolutely certain that he will do it without a slip."

"What's the plan — or maybe it's something that is none of my business?"

"No; you ought to know it, and I've got time to tell you about it now. Nothing material can possibly approach the planet of the Fenachrone without being seen, as it is completely surrounded by never less than two full-sphere detector screens; and to make assurance doubly sure our engineer there has installed a mechanism which, at the first touch of the outer screen, will shoot a warning along a tight communicator beam directly into the receiver of the nearest Fenachrone scout ship. As you already know, the smallest of those scouts can burn this ship out of the ether in less than a second."

"That's a cheerful picture. You still think we can get away?"

"I'm coming to that. We can't possibly get through the detectors without being challenged, even if I tear out all his apparatus, so we're going to use his whole plan, but for our benefit instead of his. Therefore his present hypnotic state and the dummies. When we touch that screen you and I are going to be hidden.

The dummies will be in sole charge, and our prisoner will be playing the part I've laid out for him.

"The scout ship that he calls will come up to investigate. They will bring apparatus and attractors to bear to liberate the prisoner, and the dummies will try to fight. They will be blown up or burned to cinders almost instantly, and our little playmate will put on his space suit and be taken across to the capturing vessel. Once there, he will report to the commander.

"That officer will think the affair sufficiently serious to report it directly to headquarters. If he doesn't, this ape here will insist upon reporting it to general headquarters himself. As soon as that report is in, we, working through our prisoner here, will proceed to wipe out the crew of the ship and take it over."

"And do you think he'll really do it?" Loring's guileless face showed doubt, his tone was faintly skeptical.

"I know he'll do it." The chemist's voice was hard. "He won't take any active part — I'm not psychologist enough to know whether I could drive him that far, even drugged, against an unhypnotizable subconscious or not — but he'll be carrying something along that will enable me to do it, easily and safely. But that's about enough of this chin music — we'd better start doing something."

While Loring brought spare clothing and weapons, and rummaged through the vessel in search of material suitable for the dummies' fabrication, the Fenachrone engineer worked rapidly at his task. And not only did he work rapidly, he worked skillfully and artistically as well. This artistry should not be surprising, for to such a mentality as must necessarily be possessed by the chief engineer of a first-line vessel of the Fenachrone, the faithful reproduction of anything capable of movement was not a question of art — it was merely an elementary matter of line, form, and mechanism.

Cotton waste was molded into shape, reenforced, and wrapped in

leather under pressure. To the bodies thus formed were attached the heads, cunningly constructed of masticated fiber, plastic, and wax. Tiny motors and many small pieces of apparatus were installed, and the completed effigies were dressed and armed.

DuQuesne's keen eyes studied every detail of the startlingly lifelike, almost microscopically perfect, replicas of himself and his traveling companion.

"A good job," he commented briefly.

"Good?" exclaimed Loring. "It's perfect! Why, that dummy would fool my own wife, if I had one — it almost fools me!"

"At least, they're good enough to pass a more critical test than any they are apt to get during this coming incident."

Satisfied, DuQuesne turned from his scrutiny of the dummies and went to the closet in which had been stored the space suit of the captive. To the inside of its front protector flap he attached a small and inconspicuous flat-sided case. He then measured carefully, with a filar micrometer, the apparent diameter of the planet now looming so large beneath them.

"All right, Doll; our time's getting short. Break out our suits and test them, will you, while I give the big boy his final instructions?"

Rapidly those commands flowed over the wires of the mechanical educator, from DuQuesne's hard, keen brain into the now docile mind of the captive. The Earthly scientist explained to the Fenachrone, coldly, precisely, and in minute detail, exactly what he was to do and exactly what he was to say from the moment of encountering the detector screens of his native planet until after he had reported to his superior officers.

Then the two Terrestrials donned their own armor and made their way into an adjoining room, a small armory in which were hung several similar suits and which was a veritable arsenal of weapons.

"We'll hang ourselves up on a couple of these hooks like the rest of

the suits," DuQuesne explained. "This is the only part of the performance that may be even slightly risky, but there is no real danger that they will spot us. That fellow's message to the scout ship will tell them that there are only two of us, and we'll be out there with him, right in plain sight.

"If by any chance they should send a party aboard us they would probably not bother to search the *Violet* at all carefully, since they will already know that we haven't got a thing worthy of attention; and they would of course suppose us to be empty space suits. Therefore keep your lens shields down, except perhaps for the merest crack to see through, and, above all, don't move a millimeter, no matter what happens."

"But how can you manipulate your controls without moving your hands?"

"I can't; but my hands will not be in the sleeves, but inside the body of the suit — shut up! Hold everything — there's the flash!"

The flying vessel had gone through the zone of feeble radiations which comprised the outer detector screen of the Fenachrone. But, though tenuous, that screen was highly efficient, and at its touch there burst into frenzied activity the communicator built by the captive to be actuated by that very impulse. It had been built during the long flight through space, and its builder had thought that its presence would be unnoticed and would remain unsuspected by the Terrestrials.

Now automatically put into action, it laid a beam to the nearest scout ship of the Fenachrone and into that vessel's receptors it passed the entire story of the *Violet* and her occupants. But DuQuesne had not been caught napping.

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6 Reading the engineer's brain and absorbing knowledge from it, he had installed a relay which would flash

to his eyes an inconspicuous but unmistakable warning of the first touch of the screen of the enemy. The flash had come — they had penetrated the outer lines of the monstrous civilization of the dread and dreaded Fenachrone.

In the armory DuQuesne's hands moved slightly inside his shielding armor, and out in the control room the dummy, that was also to all outward seeming DuQuesne, moved and spoke. It tightened the controls of the attractors, which had never been entirely released from their prisoner, thus again pinning the Fenachrone helplessly against the wall.

"Just to be sure you don't try to start anything," it explained coldly, in DuQuesne's own voice and tone. "You have done well so far, but I'll run things myself from now on, so that you can't steer us into a trap. Now tell me exactly how to go about getting one of your vessels. After we get it I'll see about letting you go."

"Fools, you are too late!" the prisoner roared exultantly. "You would have been too late, even had you killed me out there in space and had fled at your utmost acceleration. Did you but know it you are as dead, even now — our patrol is upon you!"

The dummy that was DuQuesne whirled, snarling, and its automatic pistol and that of its fellow dummy were leaping out when an awful acceleration threw them flat upon the floor, a magnetic force snatched away their weapons, and a heat ray of prodigious power reduced the effigies to two small piles of gray ash. Immediately thereafter a beam of force from the patrolling cruiser neutralized the attractors bearing upon the captive and, after donning his space suit, he was transferred to the Fenachrone vessel.

Motionless inside his cubby, DuQuesne waited until the airlocks of the Fenachrone vessel had closed behind his erstwhile prisoner; waited until that

luckless monster had told his story to Fenor, his Emperor, and to Fenimol, his general in command; waited until the communicator circuit had been broken and the hypnotized, drugged, and already dying creature had turned as though to engage his fellows in conversation. Then only did the saturnine scientist act. His finger closed a circuit, and in the Fenachrone vessel, inside the front protector flap of the discarded space suit, the flat case fell apart noiselessly and from it there gushed forth volume upon volume of colorless and odorless, but intensely lethal, vapor.

"Just like killing goldfish in a bowl." Callous, hard, and cold, DuQuesne exhibited no emotion whatever; neither pity for the vanquished foe nor elation at the perfect working out of his plans. "Just in case some of them might have been wearing suits for emergencies, I had some explosive copper ready to detonate, but this makes it much better — the explosion might have damaged something we want."

And aboard the vessel of the Fenachrone, DuQuesne's deadly gas diffused with extreme rapidity, and as it diffused, the hellish crew to the last man dropped in their tracks. They died not knowing what had happened to them; died with no thought of even attempting to send out an alarm; died not even knowing that they died.



THE BIG WHAM

by Gregory Benford

In mid-July of 1994, Jupiter's fireworks upstaged our 25th anniversary celebrations of the Apollo moon landing. While aging astronauts exchanged toasts, fragments of Comet Shoemaker-Levy 9 slammed into the giant planet. Only two years ago we did not even know this comet existed. In July, it triggered hotspots as large as the Earth.

Those days of ferocious pounding saw the most energetic events ever witnessed. They struck a clear, vibrant chord in the public. Here was disaster, drama, danger. Chunks of ice and dust up to 2.5 miles across vaporized in fiery moments.

Scientists, too, got a bonus. Up through the entry tunnels in Jupiter's ammonia cirrus flowered plumes of fried debris. Surprisingly, there was no immediate evidence for water in the upwelling. Close study may reveal the depths of Jupiter's atmosphere, telling us much we could never learn on our own.

Many drew an even deeper lesson. Worldwide fascination focused beyond the fireworks, to the future. Could that happen to us? Sure; in fact, it has happened to our mother world before.

Meteoric bombardment has been well known to astronomers for well over a century. Sf authors, always game for a bit of catastrophe, started using the idea half a century ago.

In the late 1970s there blossomed a mini-genre of what my friend Bill Rotsler termed Big Rock Hits Earth novels.

Bill and I had begun work on an idea I first used around 1970, for a short story called "Icarus Descending," and later incorporated into a novel, *In the Ocean of Night*. But partway through the novel Bill and I planned, we learned that two of our friends were nearly finished with *Lucifer's Hammer*. Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle were using the idea because their editor, Bob Gleason, asked them to tone down a planned novel about alien invasion. Gleason liked the idea of demolishing civilization by dropping an asteroid on the Earth, and wanted them to separate it from the invasion plot.

Some products of that time were a TV movie somewhat based on *Lucifer's Hammer*, Sean Connery's worst film, *Meteor*, and finally the novel with William Rotsler, *Shiva Descending*. Because of delays after we turned in our manuscript, our novel appeared well after *Lucifer's Hammer*. Most of the writing was William's, with most of the science from me. Whereas most Big Rock books are disaster novels, this one, we resolved, would be about averting disaster, which seemed like more fun.

In the science fiction community we had customarily taken asteroid impacts as significant. I used the 1968 M.I.T. Project Icarus study for

technical calculations — a compact little manual born in a special topics course for the ever-inventive MIT undergraduates, many of them sf fans.

But mainstream scientists knew little of such matters then. In the decade since, science has seen a paradigm shift. Now most believe that a ten-kilometer asteroid killed the dinosaurs. The revolution came from a thin sliver of the element iridium found worldwide, buried in fossil-bearing sedimentary rocks laid down 65 million years ago. Iridium is rare on Earth's surface, but more common in asteroids. The layer plainly pointed to an asteroid strike large enough to scatter iridium-tinged dust around the globe. Such an impact touches off a nightmare of storms, tsunamis, bitterly cold darkness, acid rains, global fires, and eventually maybe even greenhouse warming.

The iridium layer lies exactly at the point in the fossil record where the lovable lizards died. No rival theories of dinosaur extinction have nearly as much experimental evidence — including a hypothetical outburst of vulcanism, which could pump iridium-rich ore from the earth's metallic core. (See *Scientific American*, October 1990 for another round in the continuing battle.)

In 1978, when Rotsler and I were finishing the book, the iridium discovery was years away — so I opted for the Apollo class, Earth-crossing

asteroid, explanation. It seemed a less remote possibility, compared with a singular comet plunging in from beyond Pluto.

Since then, patient observers have picked out many more Apollo asteroids. We have found about 200 near-Earth asteroids, adding another two or three a month. From estimates of how much of the night sky we've scrutinized, we can judge that about ten thousand whirl around in the space near us — and thus are candidates for a fateful crossing of their paths and ours.

About every century a meteor delivers an impact comparable to a nuclear warhead somewhere on Earth. The most recent, June 30, 1908, fell near the Siberian Tunguska River. It apparently was mostly ice, because it vaporized with an immense bang sensed by weather equipment in London, but leaving little iron or stone as evidence.

In 1972 something came as close as you can get without hitting us. It skipped across the upper atmosphere above the USA, a bright trail picked up on radar. It had to be at least 80 feet across to make such a trail, skimming like a flat rock spun across a pond by a cosmic child — then gone. Since then, there have been two other recorded near misses. Those two were known objects, making calculated passes, missing the Earth by a few hours of orbital time.

And 99 percent of the near-Earth rocks at least half a kilometer in size we haven't even found...

In 1991 this prompted several astronomers to call for a worldwide program to defend against these intruders. Their logic was simple. Even a rock half a kilometer in diameter would hit with energy equal to a thousand megatons of TNT—far greater than any nuclear weapon. If a bigger chunk hit us square on, it would destroy civilization, perhaps end the human species.

2
8
0 Think of it like an insurance agent. A big hit would kill about 5 billion people. Say the probability of

this happening is once in fifty million years — a reasonable estimate, longer than the Nemesis time. (Asteroid astronomers say a big hit occurs between 25 and 50 million years, averaging over the last billion years of Earth's bombardment.) Then the death rate averaged over that whole time is about a hundred people per year.

Of course, you must be careful handling averages. I'm reminded of the doctor who told his patient that he had both good and bad news. The patient asked for the bad news first. "You have a disease which kills nine out of ten people who get it," the doctor said. "My God! What's the good news?" "Well, my last nine patients with this disease all died."

Some people seem to get outraged at the mere use of statistics, as if to quantify human matters is to rob them of meaning. Still, to get an idea of what risks are worth worrying about, consider our present policies. How much money does this society spend to prevent a hundred deaths?

In health programs funded in the Third World, saving a single life costs about \$200 (usually by avoiding malnutrition). Mostly this just counts the price of avoiding malnutrition. Cancer screening in advanced nations, though, takes \$75,000 to find an early cancer and stop its growth, extending a life for at least five more years. (Think about the implications of these last two numbers!)

Highway safety agencies in the USA spend about \$120,000 to save a life, from better highway dividers, easier on-ramps and the like. Air pollution control costs roughly a million dollars to avoid one case of deadly lung disease. Eliminating natural radioactivity in drinking water would cost \$5 million per life saved — which is why we don't do it. For nuclear plant safety, we spend \$2.5 billion per life. (Hard to believe, yes. The Soviets spent far, far less and they got Chernobyl — which has killed about 50 people directly so far, and promises to kill many thousands over the next few decades, by

delayed cancers. In the USA there hasn't yet been a single bystander death from nuclear power, luckily. The estimated death rate from breathing the fumes of oil and coal-fired power plants, though, is about 10,000 per year nationally. That's a major cost in the air pollution expense above.)

If we take that first number, \$200, then we can reasonably spend \$20,000 a year, to save that average death rate of a hundred lives per year from meteor collisions. This is a rather rarefied argument, of course, spreading the kill rate from one big hit over 50 million years — mathematically interesting, perhaps, but lacking in human scale. Taking the cancer screening level of spending, we would get \$7.5 million/year — far more than enough to find all the Apollos in a decade or two, and track them well enough to see if we're in any danger.

Here statistics collide with our emotions. After all, many say, such colossal impacts are very rare; why bother?

Statisticians must remember that we do not feel through numbers. Studies show that people thinking about risk shrug off dry data, heavily favoring two emotional factors. They ask, is it dreadful? and is it unfamiliar?

Asteroid impact is both. Dreadful means huge, uncontrollable, with high risk to future generations. The unknown nature — we haven't thought about this before, and one could be heading for us right now — heightens our sense of threat.

This explains why people around the world reacted to the bright Jovian fireballs. Most know that such hammer blows probably killed the dinosaurs; they could kill us. Billions of us massacred, all at once, attracts more attention than the slow, steady deaths from well known dangers, like disease and auto accidents.

Suppose we are in danger? Then an investment of about \$100 million a year would provide a stand-by capability of knocking out the intruder, even if the warning only

gives us a matter of weeks to act. It would be much less expensive if we have a year's warning.

By historical accident, we have already spent a trillion dollars developing the instruments which can kill an asteroid — the hydrogen bomb and the liquid chemical rocket. Actually, their simultaneous appearance is no accident — the rocket was pushed strongly after the massive war which introduced nuclear explosives. They were made for each other, and their fateful wedding has sealed the strategic stand-off which has made our time tense but strangely peaceful, compared to the half-century before it.

Rendezvous an automatic draft with the offending rock, place a warhead (or several) next to it — and set it off with a remote command. Reduced to chunks a few meters across, the killer becomes a mere spectacular amusement. When it hits our upper atmosphere, the cloud of debris will make a brilliant meteor shower, streamers burning in blues and yellows, flashing orange and gold for many minutes.

We have to be careful about slinging nuclear devices around, of

course. Still, saving the world for a hundred million dollars — rather a bargain, I think. And a few million for finding the candidate rocks isn't beyond our means. True, the odds of a thousand-megaton impact occurring right away are small — one hits about every ten thousand years. There has been none in recorded history, which coincidentally is a span of about ten thousand years. Of course, an impact in, say, the Pacific Ocean might not have excited enough interest in ancient Babylon to have merited being inscribed in mud tablets — or the tablets might be lost by now. Such events are random, of course, so the odds of their happening in a given year don't get higher if you go a long spell without one — as we have.

But the threat is always there. Into the bargain we would get a detailed inventory of possible resources open to us in the inner solar system. The first thing Thomas Jefferson did upon acquiring the Louisiana Purchase was send Lewis and Clark out to see what we had. We should be doing the same, taking the long view.

Within a century, I believe the

inner solar system will begin to yield up its resources. It will have to. I cannot see how we can sustain a technological society in this thin, rather delicate biosphere, if we keep mining and smelting and burning as we have. In the long run, only a practice of doing the dirty jobs of resource extraction outside the biosphere will make sense. Metals, the crucial ingredient in modern technologies, are getting harder and harder to scrape out of the crust of our Earth.

Far better, then, to mine a tumbling mountain for iron, manganese or platinum, than to blow it to smithereens.

Defending ourselves would also provide a real use for all the rockets and warheads we've built, hoping never to use. But the larger issue is our grand responsibility.

For we would be defending the entire ecosphere, not just ourselves — and we are, like it or not, the sole stewards of our world, in all its rich abundance. The dinosaurs were once, too — but look what happened to them.



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

A Song in the Jungle

by Parris ja Young

Once again Banya gently rattled the cell door. No doubt of it, the bolt had been drawn.

As he stealthily pushed it wide enough for his slight body, he was thinking two things; first, that the tall girl from across the compound had unlocked it for his escape, and second, that Major Dumas had unlocked it as a trap.

No matter. He slipped through soundlessly and started running for the Bad Gate.

It was dark, but his youthful feet, bare because the Men had taken his shoes, knew every square centimeter of the compound which, over the 13 years of his life, had, by familiarity, become a larger prison imprisoning the tiny jail cell.

He ran barefoot and his footfalls drummed on the hardpan earth.

"Hey! You can't do that! Banya! Get back here!"

Banya was surprised that the elder man had awoken, and that he had heard footfalls through those thick ears.

He felt the thump of my feet.

No matter. Banya could easily outrun the old man. He feared the Men, though. He knew most of them. He knew they were not afraid to hurt him.

Banya neared the Bad Gate, so named because, here at the back of the compound, the jungle had come back and grew through the chainlink on both sides. Mr. Brock often brought the school here and if

someone failed to pay attention, Mr. Brock would make them chop vines or dig roots.

Banya veered off the beaten path and plunged into the vines. Get down low and you can see the paths that lace through the underbrush. Banya alternately walked on all fours and crawled on his belly until he came to the little diggins under the fence. A smile that it was still here. He laid on his back and pulled himself down, under and up. The rough bottom of the fence scratched his bare chest, not seriously, and caught at his cutoffs. He had thought he had been getting skinnier, but it seemed the hole was smaller since he had used it last.

He made his way by the small trails to the old road. Years ago, Mr. Brock had said, after the trees had all been cut down, waste oil and chemicals had been emptied along it. Even now the jungle hesitated to engulf residual toxins. A brushy but passable road remained.

Banya stood and ran again, his bare feet thumping up small clouds of dust. Tracks.

Lights brushed the foliage and voices penetrated the night. Men! So close behind him. The men were strong and in superb condition. They could run all day, they said. And if they weren't so afraid of the jungle...

Yes! Banya plunged off the road, ran through a glen without underbrush, down to the stream, up the far bank, and up into the dark

brambles, even blacker than the darkness created by the canopy.

His eyes were good, but now he could see nothing. He felt his way. Propriocipience, Mr. Brock had said. He cut his hands on thorns, spiked leaves, wickedly broken stubs of tree and bush. He pushed on, more afraid of what Major Dumas and the Men would do if he got caught than of the jungle itself.

Something big jumped into retreat at Banya's noisy approach. The sudden crash through the brush shocked Banya into heart-thundering stock-stillness, but the voices behind him urged him back into flight.

It was a long, rough way, but he won the top of the hill, his breath rasping loudly despite his best efforts to keep his mouth and throat wide open. He stopped for a moment, hugging a tree for balance. He heard a truck on the road just over the ridge. It stopped just a moment, then started off again.

Oh-oh, they want me bad enough to burn fuel!

He hadn't caught his breath, but he started off again.

The usual way of travel was to follow the ridgetops, so Banya did not. He charged down the far side, back into the interlacing brambles and cracked his shin smartly. He sat and cried silently, at the pain and because sharp thornlike growths of the vines had pierced his rump.

Voices! Right behind him! The truck must have let them off! He swallowed his pain and dove deeper

into the bush.

He crawled on his chest and belly down a peccary trail, pulling himself along with his elbows and toes. Finally the voices, two of them, Men, were so close that he had to lay still and silent. They spoke on the ridge-top above him, close enough for him to overhear.

"Spouse the brat made it this far?"

"Naw. We're ahead of him. Truck's fast."

"Hunk Papa, Hunk Papa, this is Killdeer. Can you hear me? Over."

"A Killdeer, this is Rob Peter 2. You can tell all. Over."

The radio voice spoke sharply and sounded right beside Banya's ear.

"Rob Peter, this is Killdeer. We are in position on Ollie Ridge. No sign of the runaway. Ain't heard a scream. Over."

"Killdeer, this is Rob Peter. Hunk Papa wants to know who's up there with you. Over."

"Rob Peter; Killdeer. No runaway; repeat, no runaway. And I think we beat him here. He'd'a had to come straight here to beat us. Tell Hunk that Jungle Dragon is here with me. Over."

Silence. Then, "Killdeer, this is Rob Peter 2. Hunk Papa says hunker down and shut up. Listening post until further notice. Do you read me? Over."

"Rob Peter, Rob Peter, this is Killdeer. Yeah. Over."

"And Killdeer, Hunk says *we'll* call *you*. Out."

Silence.

"Damn."

Silence. Then the two men talked.

"Keed's crazy, Jimbo." That first voice, deep and flat, not even breathing hard, Banya recognized as Karl Dumas. Killdeer. The Major's son. Banya knew Karl was fully dressed in the heavy khaki clothing of the old Army, with the tough and light jungle boots. And he had a gun.

"What keed would come out here? This ain't nowhere. Unless the brat's pazon." That would be Jimbo Deets talking. A black man with a torso Banya had often admired. Ru-

mor had it that Jimbo had once torn the arm off a pygmy with his bare hands.

"Banya is nuts. Totally Pazon. He comes out here all the time, Naj sez."

"How come we ain't cut his foot off? How come a big cat ain't got 'im?"

"Lucky leetle keed." Low laughter.

"How come no little people ain't carried him off?"

"Who sez they ain't? Monroe sez the jail door was unlocked and he didn't do it."

"Old duffer. Probly forgot to close it. We aught'a eat that stringy old creak."

"So you think maybe little people had a hand in this?" That was Karl and Banya could hear teasing in his voice. "Christ, Jimbo, you don't believe in those little people stories do you? Yer worse than some keed."

"No, I don't believe in any little people. Those stories are just stories of the pygmies that got mixed up and you know what I do to pygmies. It's just, well, you saw Brackster when he came back that last time."

"Don't talk about it."

"Man, he was cooked. His eyes rolling up and blood comin' out of his nose and crazy besides. Screaming about little people."

"I told you not to talk about it."

"Yeah, so you did. But ain't you or God can make me keep from dreamin' about it."

"Ol' Brackster, he just ate some mushroom or smoked some flower and got too high. Fell over the edge."

"Yeah. Right into a pillar of fireants."

"Hold down the noise." A raw edge of anxiety stuck out from Karl's voice. He added quietly, "Wasn't fireants."

"Course mutherin' not. Those little poison spines. And his kit wasn't on him."

Karl yelled angrily, "I said don't talk about it!"

Jimbo just laughed, deep and dangerous, but without humor, "Yer a little nervous, ain't cha?"

"Get this, Jimbo; Brackster, he

was my bud. Best damned hunter in the compound. It was bad to see him go down so close to safe ground."

"He got it closer to the keep than this." Pause. Jimbo added, "I don't like these woods."

"Now yer nervous, ol' bud?" Karl laughing. No humor.

"Maybe. Maybe. Where do ya spouse the brat went? He's gutty for a keed."

"Yeah. He'd'a been good in the genepool. Maj is pissed that we're losing him."

"Crazy pazon. You can bet he's feeding some family of kits right now."

Banya could hear them rustling their gear. Once a flashlight played over the brush, but Banya knew that flashlights pretty much blind the user in the jungle night — closer objects reflect most brightly and it seems the jungle closes in, and the distances you can hear and see glowing in the dark are suddenly shut away by a thin bright veil of vegetation.

"Shame to lose him. We're damned short-handed as it is."

Then Karl spoke in a close, honest way Banya had never heard among the Men before, "Ya know, I think we're going to lose it all. Fewer keeds every year. Inbreeding. Compound, what we can maintain, gets smaller every year, and it ain't big enough right now to feed all of us. I hate this fucking jungle."

"Don't let yer dad hear you talkin' like this."

Karl snarled, "And you ain't gonna tell him."

"Yer the one with the gun," Jimbo laughed. "And besides, Maj sez we'll burn the mutherin jungle come high dry season. Just the same..."

"Yeah. Right. Just the same."

And the two men fell quiet. They were quiet so long Banya felt like falling asleep, but he didn't dare. He laid there shaking. Shaking and listening and thinking: if they had brought a dog I'd be caught. But of course most of the dogs had been eaten last year. Only the good ones kept for breeding.

Banya thought about how things

had gotten worse. Even during his short life he had seen it get worse. Something kept breaking down the Bad Gate, stole most of their goats and the little pigs. That about did it. And the hunters not coming back. Then his mother — and here there was a lump in his thinking so great he could hardly climb over it — got

the Woman's Disease and started to shiver, even on the high days of the dry season, until she couldn't walk and... funny how crying alone in the dark makes it so you can't think, only feel more of the same.

And no one dared leave the compound except two at a time.

...except Mary Dee. She had been

the only person in the compound his own age. She wasn't afraid to go out. She's the one who found the foxhole. Sometimes they found the gate open and just walked out. It was *Verboten*, but what could they do? They were spanked when they were keeds, and Banya was jailed when he became of age. They could cut off a foot, like they did with Dinkins, but that just ruined Dinkins. Sure he stayed inkeep now, but he didn't seem smart anymore, or interested, and he wasn't much good for work... just kid work; weeding, hydroponics, berrying. That's about it.

Mary Dee just threw back her red hair and said straight to Major Dumas, "Nothing's going to happen to me. I'm protected. Is your conscience bad?"

Pretty bold for 12.

She'd hold Banya's hands and look intensely into his eyes, "The whole wide world is out there. This is a kennel, Banya, and you can stay inkeep if you want, but if you come with me, you'll have good luck. I'm lucky, Banya. Come on," and she'd tug his hand and he'd leave the lessons, the work on the 'ponics, the weeding, the watering, and Dad could've cared less and Mr. Brock could be misled and they'd seen every disc a million times...

Still, they were caught quite a lot.

Then Mr. Brock started telling those scary stories about the little people, how they would lead children away. First there would be the jungle animals all singing together, then the little people would come to lead the keeds away. To eat, probably. Scared the little keeds. But not Mary Dee. She'd just laugh and throw back her hair and look at me with those bright eyes, and it was so good to look back because I would feel bigger and braver and smarter and lucky, too.

When they put me in jail the first time, Mary Dee came back and told me how she had seen tracks. "Smaller feet than yours, Banya, down by where the creek goes under the road." Then the next day she was breathless when she said, "Oh Banya, I heard it, all the animals

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singing together. Like the frogs syn-
copate, remember? But it was all
kinds of birds and peepers and the
little cats and sometimes, sometimes
something else. It's magic! Oh,
Banya, when you get out, let's go!"

Then she said, "I'll tell you to-
morrow."

She never came back. Ever.

They let him out the next day and
told him. Mr. Brock didn't seem sad
at all. "She was out all day. All
night." He only regretted 'losing a
fine breeder.'

But Brackster was the worst; he
screamed, "She was mine! A promise
is a promise, dammit!" And then he
went out, that last time, alone, to
track her.

Banya hardened his heart to the
Men.

With the hardening of his heart
Banya lost interest in the jungle. He
spent a year behaving. Working and
studying. He would be a steam engi-
neer and convert those old engines.
He didn't care about the 'whole wide
world' anymore.

Then, yesterday, when he was
chopping brambles just inside the
Bad Gate, he had heard it. It had
been early morning and he heard a
knot of yellow warblers, must have
been hundreds — he imagined them
all in one tree — singing in high ca-
cophony. All at one time. He had
heard that before. But they sud-
denly went silent and something
else started to sing. This other
thing, it sang, then when it paused
for breath, the warblers sang, then
it sang, then the warblers. In all his
life by the jungle, Banya had never
heard such a thing.

He ran to the Bad Gate at that
moment, thinking to climb over.

And was immediately caught.

Hence jail for the last time.

Now he was out and so what?
Just the night, two Men lurking
only a pebble's toss away, no prom-
ise of a tomorrow, and no one to say,
"Come on, Banya, it's a whole wide
world out there!"

He slept.

The radio woke him in the blue
air of predawn, "Killdeer, Killdeer,
this is Rob Peter 2. You still out

there? Over."

"How nice of you to ask, Rob Pe-
ter. Yeah, this is Killdeer."

"Killdeer. Rob Peter, Hunk Papa
wants you to get your ass down here.
Over."

"No Ride?"

"Kick dust, Dogface. Out."

Banya heard the two men laugh
with relief, hitch up their gear, and
leave. He laid still a long time to be
sure. Then he got up and stretched.
He smiled to find himself light and
brand new. He set out for the 'bird
tree' where the warblers had been.
Then what? He didn't know.

He dreaded what he thought
would be the outcome of all this. In a
day, or two, or after a drenching
rain, or after a serious scare, he'd be
begging to be let back in the keep
and begging to be fed.

He feared walking on the road,
but he did have to cross it. He lis-
tened and looked a long time at the
edge, then darted across. He paused
at the far edge, in the cover of the
overhang, probing the greenery
with his senses, then he moved to-
ward the small mouth of the path.

Suddenly a man, a very small
man, grey as though covered with
fine ash, stepped from the shadows
of the overhang and barred the way.
He looked intense. Not exactly
threatening. Concerned, Danger-
ous.

Although Banya stood slightly
taller than the little man, he turned
and ran.

Little people! True!

He ran first toward the keep. Two
of the little people stepped one from
each side of the road and sat down in
the middle. He turned and ran the
way he had just come.

He ran back past the place the
first little grey man had stopped
him. He ran farther than he had
ever gone, arriving breathlessly at
the old river crossing. Then, plod-
ding, he climbed up onto the rope
walk that was strung to the rem-
nant timbers of his grandfather's
construction.

On the other side he lay a long
time in matted reeds and watched.
No one followed him.

Then he felt a hand on his shoul-
der.

He cried and rolled over. No one
there.

Yes, there, not four meters away.
A little woman. Old. Her intense
face reflected the same concern as
the old man, but she did not look
dangerous.

Very slowly she raised her hand
and beckoned. Then she moved out
of sight.

Afraid, but without alternative,
Banya stepped cautiously to where
she had stood. A single *maaso* laid
on the ground, red and ripe. He
snatched it up and ate greedily,
looking everywhere around him as
he gobbled and the sweet juices
coursed down his narrow face. He
crept back to the river and rinsed his
face. He stood and looked around.

She waited in the shade to the
southeast of the bridge. She ges-
tured 'come' somewhat impatiently.

He followed.

He followed her three hours
through a maze of paths, and each
time he saw her she was a little far-
ther ahead of him. He hurried, but
there came a time in the late after-
noon when he realized he had lost
her.

He realized he had lost himself as
well.

He wandered a little, desultorily,
then turned around in defeat to go
back.

He had not walked far, ducking
under the twigs and leaves slowly,
and his feet, although they had been
tough, making bloody determined
steps, when his ears jumped so hard
he felt his forehead tighten.

The singing! There. Toward the
southwest.

This is what he had come for.

The way was easy, but the boy
was too curious about the singing to
notice.

He staggered into a clearing left
by a fire some years ago and the
singing stopped absolutely. The
grass waved high and he could not
see far. He ventured forward.

The singing started up. All
around him.

At first it seemed barely an in-

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3

crease in the normal late-afternoon bird activity. But it grew. Every kind of animal, singing. There were warblers, of course. And darters and dippers and caracara, flickers and redfans, murre and mudhens, parrots, peewee and reedbird. The air swam around him, full of song.

The boy shivered, knowing full well that each singer responded to the other singers. The immense song filled every singer and it flew here, then there, around him.

And interspersed with the chirr, twitter, chuck and trill, were the peeps, whines, pules, and skittering songs of whistling frogs and peepers and agouti and guib, otter and packrat. Banya recognized many of these calls, not mating or threatening calls, but the songs of evening, or morning. Celebration. Interaction. Ocelot, tapir, vole and the cough of some big cat, articulated and repeated at the precise interval.

He gaped as he heard the sounds subtly change until every voice, without losing the hypnotic rhythm of point, counterpoint, harmony, and deliberate dithyrambling, sang his name, over and over, in recognition and celebration.

He could not stop the quaking of his awe.

The music evolved again, and he heard unmistakable human voices. The song, in no language he knew, was informative and reassuring.

His eyes gaped: directly in front of him, rising out of the grass, Mary Dee, smiling with sly good humor.

Little hands opened the grass and Banya could see little people lifting her. There were smiles and laughter.

He started to rush to her but, with a look of dismay, she urgently gestured.

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Throw away your cutoffs.
But that's all I have.

No matter. Rid!
He was embarrassed; after all, he was thirteen.
But he did.
All around him little people came out of the grass. Laughing. Smiling. Singing. One handed him an oddly light cloth. Another wrapped it

around him properly. Other hands touched his face. His hands. His chest.
The music surrounded and penetrated him.
He stepped away from the cutoffs and left the last of a dying culture forever behind him.



(Continued from page 22)

we die, we go to a con very much like the one Heinlein describes at the end of *Number of the Beast* — and I'm looking forward to seeing her there — and I know she'll enjoy introducing Lynne and me to Doc.

Oh, look — that table near the podium — there's Verna, and that must be Doc! And look, there's Avram, and Ted, and Isaac and Jack and Robert... they've saved us a chair.

See you all there!

Mike Finkbiner
Co-founder, MosCon
I Remember Verna

I first met Verna in September 79 at the first MosCon. To be honest, I don't remember much from that first year, because we were all under such tremendous pressure to make it come out right, but I do remember that she struck me as an energetic person with real enthusiasm for life.

That impression never changed

over the years, as we talked on the phone, corresponded, and talked at MosCon. She always wanted to keep things moving. She always had more energy than people half her age. If the phone rang at 5AM, we could be pretty sure it was Verna, because if she was up and moving in Indiana, the rest of the world was too.

The years did drag at her, but her spirit shone through despite everything. One year I went out to the airport to pick her up as she flew in for the convention. I was a little concerned, because I knew she was using canes or a walker because of an operation, and I didn't know how well she was going to get around at the hotel.

Our airport, even with the new building, is quite small, so I was able to park close to the entrance. I went inside to wait, and was a bit puzzled to see a group of people with signs and banners having some sort of political demonstration. Getting Verna through the crowd might be a prob-

lem, I thought, but there wasn't much I could do about it.

The little plane pulled up and the stairs dropped. I understood what the demonstration was about when the first person out was Idaho's Governor Andrus, carrying a small suitcase. He reached back into the plane, and helped Verna out! I waved at her, she waved back, and the governor brought the suitcase over to me. It was hers.

They had got to talking on the flight. Knowing Verna, you will understand how that happened, and of course he had to help her until he could pass her on. She was the sort of person that anyone would do things for, just because she was Verna.

I don't know what we will do without our Red Lensman. She was always an inspiration, and she was always here. She still will be here in spirit and I know she will be expecting us to carry on.

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MosCon XVI "Rats in the Soufflé" Contest — First Place Story

EXIT

by Jeff Carlson

There were rats in the soufflé again. Whole ones, this time. Stevens wasn't being subtle anymore. Fine. These babies were impossible to miss, unlike the little clawed feet added to last night's lasagna.

Last night I'd told Dr. Hallwag he had twenty-four hours. That was all the time the brass at NORAD would give us.

Three hours left, and nothing to do but fill the belly I'd been neglecting. My squad and I had been gofers, muscle and security for the scientific staff of this subterranean compound; my duties were through; what little remained of the equipment had been gone for and muscled into place, and security had become a sad joke. I needed rest and would've slept if there was time, but I wanted — hoped — to be conscious at the end.

I poked at a leathery tail jutting up from the middle of my dinner (Stevens wasn't being subtle; he was sculpting) and stifled an exhausted giggle. Bad idea to get started. Might not stop. Beside me at the cafeteria table, Corporal Watters set her fork down with a sudden, precise movement: tink! The sound echoed loudly in the cavernous room.

Good, I thought, she sees the rats, too.

Watters breathed deep, exhaled, and said, "Stevens has got it, obviously, or he would've stopped this crap. I'd hoped he was... just making some kind of statement."

I envied her self-possession. I said, "It's your turn."

When Stevens first served lab rat souffles, none of us noticed until Carrington let out a cry and began to wretch. That had been yesterday morning. That had been a lifetime ago. Aside from Watters, Stevens was all that remained of my command. As many indians as chiefs, now.

Watters shook her head and said, "Your turn, lieutenant. I took care of Riggs."

"But I did Carrington and Rudowski. I'm one ahead."

She frowned at me, surveyed her plate, then rose and strode toward the kitchen.

I called, "Get me a sandwich while you're in there."

Watters must've been wound tighter than I thought; her first shot was bad. I heard Stevens scream before she shot him again.

The virus — when perfected — had been intended to be a merciful means of conducting war, like spraying enemy lands with an incapacitating form of LSD and then simply walking in. When the hallucinations wore off, the enemy troops and leaders would find themselves defeated unconditionally. Bloodlessly.

We'd probably never know which member of the science staff accidentally released the proto-forms of the virus. I had watched the security camera backtapes as I transmitted

them to NORAD, but saw nothing definite. C Block was closed off, now, automatically sealed the moment — too late! — that detectors had sensed the freed viruses, and I'd been too short-handed to send a detail into C Block just to search for clues that might not exist. More important than evidence of blame, most of the equipment and chemical supplies had been lost in the chaos that ensued before C Block fell forever silent. The staff trapped in C Block had all gone violently mad as the proto-viruses drew their darkest fears from their subconsciouses.

Over the past two days, most of my small command had also succumbed to the virus. Hazmat suits had proved to be no protection. One proto-virus had spread much faster than anyone could've guessed and was now incubating in all of us. No exit, no salvation, unless Hallwag pulled off a miracle. And if Hallwag did perfect an antidote, NORAD might incinerate us with a baby nuke just the same. How could they be certain we weren't pretending to have conquered the virus, out of desperation?

Three lives meant little, weighed against the possibility of loosing the virus upon the American populace.

I wondered if I'd feel my mind slip away, or if the transition would be too subtle. Carrington had obviously been a mindless beast, but Rudowski and Riggs both seemed partially self-aware... I hoped I'd feel it, hoped there would be time to finish myself.

It wouldn't be right if I stole Watters' chance at survival by attacking her.

Hallwag didn't look up from his microscope when I stepped into his makeshift laboratory, eating a turkey on white. Not much of a last meal, but no

rats. I'd checked more than once.

My pale, unshaven face — glimpsed in mirrors and glass reflections — bore great puffy bruises under wild eyes; Hallwag appeared as neat as ever, even wore a red tie under his lab coat like a flower at the base of his neck. I said, "Doc, you hungry? Take

five. Maybe a short rest'll help."

Hallwag didn't respond. A centrifuge spun on the counter beside a rack of tissue samples. Some of that flesh was mine; I rubbed at the gauze wrapped round my forearm.

Hallwag's focus and determination were unreal. Or was he really here only in corporeal form? Maybe the virus had taken him. Maybe he'd gone through the microscope, the looking glass. Not everyone turned violent. The rats and other lab animals had all gone psychotic, but two scientists and one of my men had merely been reduced to jabbering, inert zombies. We'd shot them all, of course. The jabbering ones might have turned on us at any moment.

The centrifuge whirred. Hallwag remained immobile.

"Doc!" I sprayed crumbs.

Hallwag leaned back from the microscope, and I saw that his round face was a mask of exhaustion like my own. The neatness of his clothing was inadvertent.

"Dinner?" I said, but he shook his head and returned to the microscope.

Little more than an hour left, and the alarms I'd set at the exit went off. Watters and I drew our sidearms and ran.

Hallwag screamed as we stalked toward him. Who knows what he saw, who or what we were in his eyes.

"No chance" he blubbered. "No chance!"

Watters shot him cold.

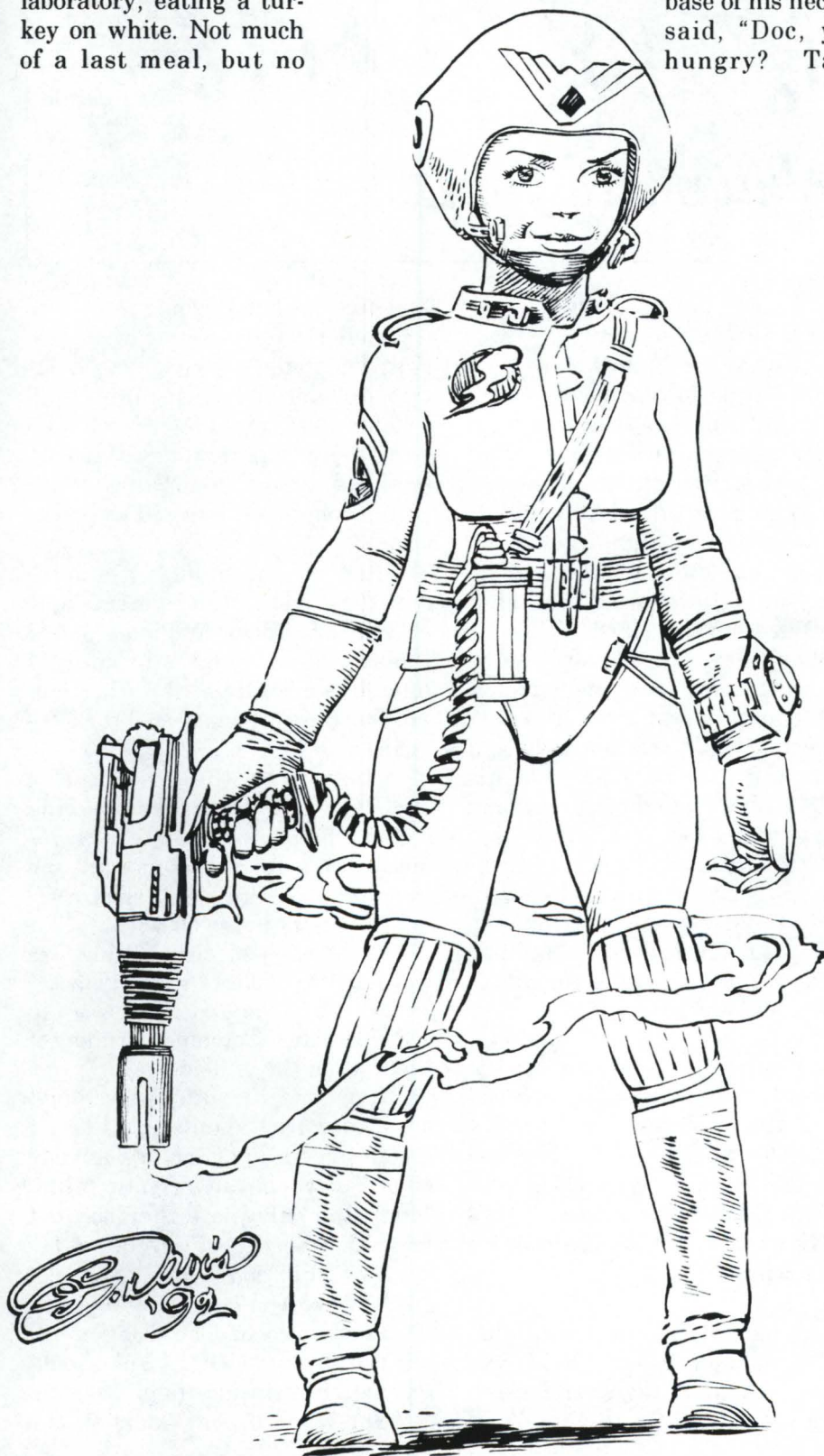
Hallwag had managed to open most of the locks; one more correct code-keying and the elevator would have powered up, the gates opened. How he'd deciphered my codes I couldn't guess. Maybe he was just that much smarter than me.

Watters and I studied the closed gate for a long time. I almost reached out to the keypad. But the virus would leave with us.

Watters said, "How about dinner, lieutenant? My treat."

We walked back into the compound.

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MosCon XVI "Rats in the Soufflé" Contest — Second Place Story

YOU'LL BE
PERFECTLY SAFE...

by William H. Jones

There were rats in the soufflé again. Beaudry felt his gorge rise as he stared at the little beady eyes and pointy noses poking out of the stainless steel pan. The cook's helper dumped a large serving on Beaudry's plate as if everything were normal.

"Aaaah! Ah... ah." Beaudry turned from his place in the serving line and vomited violently on the cafeteria's gray enameled floor as his tray went flying. "Rats! Rats! *Oh, God!* Rats again!"

The patients in line around Beaudry moved back as two attendants in white uniforms ran up and grabbed him. The larger of the two grabbed Beaudry's arms, pulling them back while the other stood ready to help if needed. Beaudry tried to pull away moaning, "Rats, rats everywhere! *Oh, God!* Help me!"

"Calm down — take it easy. There're no rats here. You're gonna be fine. We'll just take you up to the Doc and let him check you out." Each orderly took an arm and led Beaudry into the hall and up the stairs to the next floor.

Beaudry, glancing about hysterically, still babbled about rats as they turned him over to the assistant in the infirmary.

Their footsteps echoed through the long hallway as they returned to the cafeteria.

"Harry, what the hell was that all about?" asked the smaller guard.

"Well, Beaudry sees things that

ain't there. More 'specially, he sees rats where there ain't any.

"Seems he spent most of his time outside burglarin' and stealin' to get money for dope. Lived in a dumpy, smelly apartment with some gal who was strung out even more'n him. Hear he loved her a lot. Must've, the way things got to'im. Anyway, one night he scored some heavy-duty horse and they shot themselves up right fine.

"Way I heard it, Beaudry passed out in the living room, the gal on a mattress in the bed room. The next afternoon Beaudry comes to with a rat trying to take a piece of his ankle. He goes into the bedroom and the gal friend's dead. She's covered with rat bites and the stinkin' critters are crawlin' on her like vultures. Beaudry stormed in, stompin' rats right and left leavin' a good pile of deaduns before runnin' the others off, but she was gone before he ever woke up.

"An autopsy showed she died of an overdose, not the rat bites. Came out in the investigation Beaudry filled the syringe and he'uz charged with her death. He went off his nut and hasn't been right since. That's why he'uz sent here 'stead of upstate to the prison."

Beaudry sat in a straight-backed chair, his eyes searching the sterile examining room intently. Doctor Williams watched him through a one-way mirror set in the door for sev-

eral minutes before going in.

"Well, Beaudry, seeing rats again is it? I'm going to give you an injection to calm you down, then we'll talk for a few minutes." Doctor Williams rolled up Beaudry's sleeve, swabbed a spot on his upper arm with alcohol, and injected the sedative.

After several minutes, the madness dimmed in Beaudry's eyes and he relaxed. Doctor Williams patted Beaudry's shoulder and said, "I thought we had this all worked out. I'm concerned. You seemed to be doing so well."

"They were there — in the soufflé. I saw their eyes looking right at me. They're everywhere. It's me. They want me. You can't see them now, but I know they're waiting." Beaudry broke off with a sob.

"What do you think they are waiting for?" asked Dr. Williams.

"Me. They want me. They want to kill me because I stomped so many of them when they killed Kasey."

"Trust me, Beaudry. You don't have to worry about rats here. I haven't seen any, nor has anyone else. Put them out of your mind. That's the only place they occur. I know they seem real to you, but believe me, they don't exist.

"I'll have you spend the night in the isolation room. The sedative will put you to sleep shortly. You should feel better in the morning."

"But what if they come in the night while I'm asleep?"

"There's always somebody on

duty at the night desk a few yards away. You won't really be alone. You'll be perfectly safe, no rats." Dr. Williams helped Beaudry stand and escorted him into the small room.

Beaudry sat on the only bed and looked around before stretching out. Isolation room? Fancy name for a padded cell, he thought. The walls were covered with an off-white, puffy vinyl. The door had a prominent window enabling viewers in the hall to check the entire room in one swift glance. A remote TV camera was mounted high in one corner and Beaudry suspected the room was wired for sound. But no rats, he thought as he drifted off into drug-induced sleep.

Beaudry woke sluggishly from a grisly dream in which he battled large, vicious rats endlessly. Droplets of cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Swinging his feet to the floor, he sat up in bed and looked through the window into the outside hall. Only a couple of dim lights were visible. He decided it must be late since there were no sounds or other signs of activity.

What? He thought he heard a small sound from the corner of his room, by the floor. A sort of crunching, gnawing sound like rats.

Beaudry let the sound guide his eyes. Terror welled up in his chest. He thought he could see the vinyl on the lower part of the wall ripple and bulge as if something were working behind it. The fabric began to part and the nose and beady eyes of the first rat appeared.

"Help me! Please! *Oh, God* — rats! It's always *rats!*"

Beaudry pressed back against the head of the bed, the farthest corner from the rats. The first few cautiously approached the bed as more streamed through the hole.

"Help! Help! Please!" No one responded. No one came to look through the window.

Beaudry pulled his feet up onto the bed as the nearest rat tried to

bite his left foot. It jumped onto the bed, immediately followed by ten of its companions.

"NO! OH GOD NO!" screamed Beaudry as one of the largest rats bit him on his big toe. He kicked his foot into the air and the rat went flying, a small chunk of flesh hanging from its mouth. Flowing blood drove the other rats into a frenzy. Beaudry threw rats, kicked rats, and even bit rats, but he was no match for the surging horde. His blood mixed with that of his victims. No matter how many he killed, more appeared to replace them.

Nichols, the night orderly, returned from the lavatory and glanced at the monitor covering the isolation room. He was shocked to see Beaudry thrashing about as if he were fighting for his life. He watched for a few seconds, but could not see any reason for Beaudry's actions.

Panic set in when he realized the dark stains on the bedding and Beaudry's gown were blood and more appeared even as he watched. He punched the alarm button that would summon Dr. Williams.

Weak from the loss of blood and the searing pain, Beaudry fell back on the bed. One of the largest rats in the swarm jumped on Beaudry's chest and launched itself onto his neck, sinking its sharp teeth into his carotid artery.

Beaudry died in a crush of savage, writhing bodies as the last of his life's blood pulsed onto the white bed sheets.

Dr. Williams, pale and shaken, surveyed the sordid scene as Beaudry's remains were wheeled away on a gurney. He carefully went over the room looking for any clue, any explanation to the cause of this unexpected death. Other than the blood on the bed, the room

looked as pristine as when he had settled Beaudry in the evening before.

How could this have happened? He was certain he would never know, never be able to explain it truthfully without sounding as crazy as his patients.

"What do you make of it? Have you ever seen anything like this before?" Nichols asked.

"Never! Nothing I've seen would explain this."

"What are you going to put in the report?"

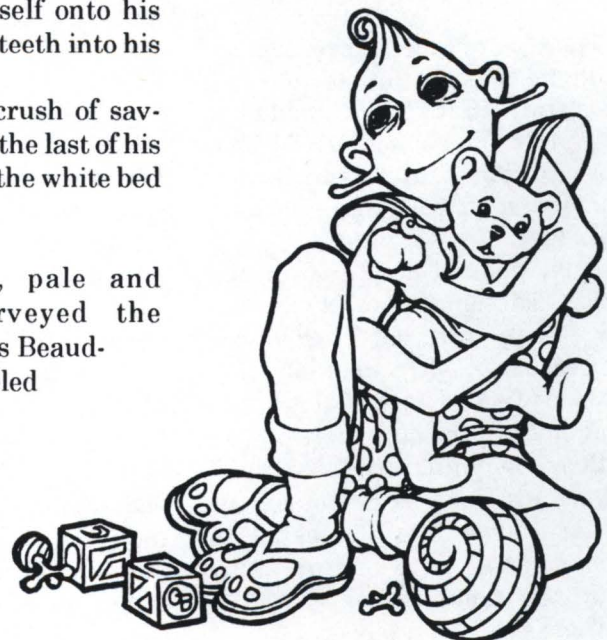
"Umm, death from extreme hemorrhage caused by self-inflicted wounds. Unfortunate, but Beaudry was highly unstable."

"But what about all the wounds? They looked like bites. Rat bites."

"Do you see any rats around here?"

"No, but..."

"I don't either. Anyway, how could rats have gotten into the room? I've looked it over carefully and couldn't find anything that would support that theory. I didn't see any rat bites and neither did you. Understand? Gross blood loss due to self-inflicted trauma. *Understand!?*"



MosCon XVI "Rats in the Soufflé" Contest — Third Place Story

A RADICAL ALTERNATIVE*by Renee Stern*

There were rats in the soufflé again. Rasmussen scowled as Ulrike Schramm barreled into the kitchen. Conscious of her prying ears, he told Dieter, "We can't serve the Rigellian ambassador rat soufflé. Would you put his visit on the same level as my wife's Daughters of the Pioneers luncheons?"

The cook flailed his chopping knife and a long tail slapped off the tile wall. "You expect miracles on so little notice? Give me more than two days in winter and I'll serve you a supernova dinner."

"I didn't arrange the date. I'm only the governor."

That stopped the council aide as she prowled past Dieter's sweating assistants in a last-minute inspection.

"There were excellent reasons for setting up the negotiations now, but I'm certain that if you needed to know more the council would have informed you. But Rasmussen is right: Rat soufflé is quite unacceptable."

Dieter pointed his knife for emphasis. "The only other choice was crow and the protocol office vetoed that because of a Rigellian taboo."

"Why wasn't I told of this?" She swept out, muttering to herself.

"Poor Evgenia," the cook said, shaking his head as he tossed the last rat's bones into a stockpot. "I didn't mean to save our necks by wishing Schramm on her."

"There really is a taboo?"

"It's in those Rigellian Scrolls of

the Prophets not to serve a fowl with its young."

"So no crow. I hope the Rigellians don't notice because if these talks fail I'll be back in the scavenger fleet by dawn."

His earpiece chimed and he grimaced. "Five minutes, dear," Mirelle announced. At least his wife could cover the servers' uniforms and the musicians.

Dieter scrubbed his hands on his stained apron and pulled a sniffer from a pocket. "Go, take this, my friend. Into the garden. You need it more than I do."

Rasmussen clutched the glass bulb with care, some of his tension dropping away already. "If she makes a fuss to the Council about your menu, Dieter, I'll tell them you make the best damn rat soufflé in the sector. If it's good enough for the Pioneers it ought to be good enough for a Rigellian."

The cook's booming laugh followed him down the short passage to what Mirelle insisted on calling the garden. Somehow the name stuck even if all it grew was sage-green spikes of native thorn. Their gardeners specialized in rock arranging.

He settled on a flat-topped purplish rock with silvery veins, closed his eyes and broke the sniffer. Spices wafted out, a whole encyclopedia from anise to zilomar, more than half impossible to come by on Felsenfeld, even for the governor. Dieter must have paid a fortune to buy a sniffer like this. Whatever came of tonight he'd shield the cook.

Mirelle's voice dragged him out of a reverie of a land where all the spices simulated by Dieter's sniffer were everyday goods at the markets.

"Time, dear. They just passed the gate. I gave you as long as I could—"

"— so you'll have to hurry now," Rasmussen finished with her. He brushed the back of his legs. The pinkish dust blew everywhere.

"And make sure your hair's combed," Mirelle added as he strode through the dancing room toward the front door. Automatically he reached up to check, bringing a last trace of zilomar.

Let it be a good omen, he prayed. If they could avoid offending the Rigellians and showed humans could match them for taste and breeding, they might get that trade agreement. No more rat soufflé then. Zilomar — perhaps even fish — for everyone. He tried to imagine salmon on his plate, outlandishly colored, according to the computer, as pink as Felsenfeld's dust.

It started off well, despite Ulrike Schramm waiting on the edges for him to make a mistake. No one tripped during the embassy's entrance, no one sneezed during the introductions and toasts, no one spilled the thin, sour wine. Mirelle chatted lightly with the ambassador while Rasmussen gamely ignored the sneers of the Rigellian's consort. He didn't need that evidence to know their guests would be hard to persuade.

Then came the soufflé. Dieter,

cleaned up into a pristine apron, served the main table.

For the first time the Rigellian beside him looked at Rasmussen directly. "What is this?" she asked in her odd accent, the fork poised in her three long fingers.

He tried to smile as sweat began to bead under his collar. "A local delicacy, esteemed lady, served at all our special occasions, including my wife's luncheons for the Daughters of the Pioneers."

"It is good you honor your forebears. It is a sign of breeding unexpected among humans." She took a dainty bite. "I myself am able to recite my esteemed ancestors' names for three hundred generations and my most esteemed consort for twice that."

"But you do not say, honored governor, what to call this delicacy of yours," the ambassador said, managing to look refined as he leaned around Mirelle while waving his fork.

"Soufflé, esteemed sir." Rasmussen smiled as Mirelle answered, not trusting himself with the bite waiting on his own fork. Once again she'd saved his neck. "The recipe comes, so our records say, from a part of our original planet renowned for its culture and elegance."

"I must remember this, to review your history later. I did not know humans could make such a claim. But of what is this soufflé made? The tastes contrast most pleasantly."

Rasmussen reminded himself he didn't have to like the ambassador to carry out his own duties. "Eggs, for the most part, esteemed sir, with a flavoring that varies according to season and whim."

Around the room the Rigellians

set down their forks and sat up very straight. "And this flavoring tonight is...?" the ambassador asked with an icy stare.

"Please forgive me, esteemed sir, for speaking without thought. Let me assure you that the soufflé is flavored with the flesh of no bird but a land animal. We do not wish to offend."

The dinner resumed, though he no longer had the stomach for it. Later, while musicians played for a subdued dance, he invited the ambassador to stroll through the garden with him. He had to find an understanding with the Rigellian. He could somehow survive returning to the scavenger fleet, but Mirelle wouldn't last.

"Most elegant." The ambassador nodded at the rock arrangements. "Your planet holds surprises, honored governor."

"Please, esteemed sir, call me Rasmussen, or if you wish to be more intimate, my personal name is Gerd. We should learn more of each other."

"Let us speak plainly. I see no purpose to tomorrow's talks. Your people are much in need of our trade, but what do you offer us that will offer fair return?"

Rasmussen thought of Ulrike Schramm, waiting for a mistake so she could slither into his place, and of growing up on a too-crowded, broken-down scavenger ship hunting needed minerals among comets and asteroids. The council's carefully prepared speech rose to his lips.

The Rigellian's eyes glittered in the moonlight, as if he could follow human thoughts and was amused. That decided him. "We're a poor planet, esteemed sir, you're right. Rich only in rocks and guts and

without any of the leisure for the elegance you so prize. We can't ever be like you, but we don't need to be to trade with you. All we need is something you don't have and somehow we'll find it."

"Amid all your —" he coughed "— squalor? I mean no offense, honored governor, but permit me to say I believe we will be no more than esteemed names to our descendants before that time."

"You praise our rock gardens and our food and still say that? I had not heard that Rigellians lied." Rasmussen swallowed, unable to believe he'd said that. They were all doomed.

Before he could apologize the ambassador bowed stiffly and returned to his consort.

After that Rasmussen only saw the Rigellians at the formal leave-taking. He lay awake all night and spent the long morning pacing his office, worrying even more when the farewell was moved up several hours. Had he insulted the ambassador badly enough to wreck all hopes for a treaty?

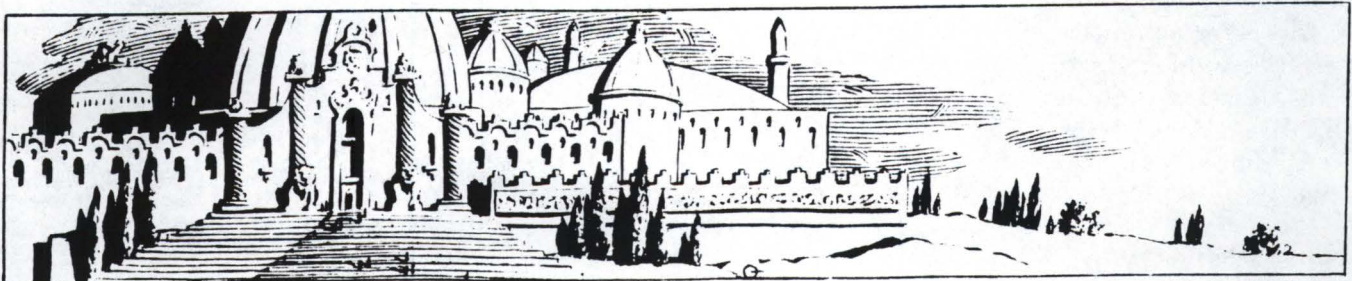
In the courtyard he and Mirelle exchanged uncertain looks. None of the council members betrayed a sign. Ulrike Schramm looked green.

Determined to get it over with, he edged to her side. "What happened?"

Her glare might blister metal. "He gave you all the credit."

"What?" Oh, *Mirelle*, he thought, *why did I open my mouth last night?* He'd find a way to keep her on the ground, even if he had to starve.

"Trade with Rigel." She pursed her lips. "We get whatever we need for cargoes of rats and last night's soufflé cook."



Programming

The following panels are what have been scheduled as of early September. Please check your Pocket Program for the times, room numbers, etc. The Pocket Program will have the final, most accurate schedule.

— *Liz Wilmerding*

• **Disorientation 101** — What is a con and how can you get the most from it? With Jon Gustafson, Fan Guest of Honor Shelly Gordy, and others.

• **History of PESFA** — The Palouse Empire Science Fiction Association (PESFA) has been active since 1974; how did it come to be? With Jon Gustafson, Lisa Satterlund, Nels Satterlund, and Steve Fahnestalk.

• **Fantastic Weaponry, Real and Imagined** — Pretty self-explanatory. With Jim Hill, John Dalmas, and others.

• **PESFA's 20th and a half Birthday Party** — Like we said, PESFA has been around a while. Its founders, Steve Fahnestalk and Jon Gustafson, will comment.

• **Short Story Writers' Workshops** — This is for those who have submitted short stories to M.J. Engh. Featured critics include Engh, Jim Glass, Nina Kiriki Hoffman, and Greg Abraham.

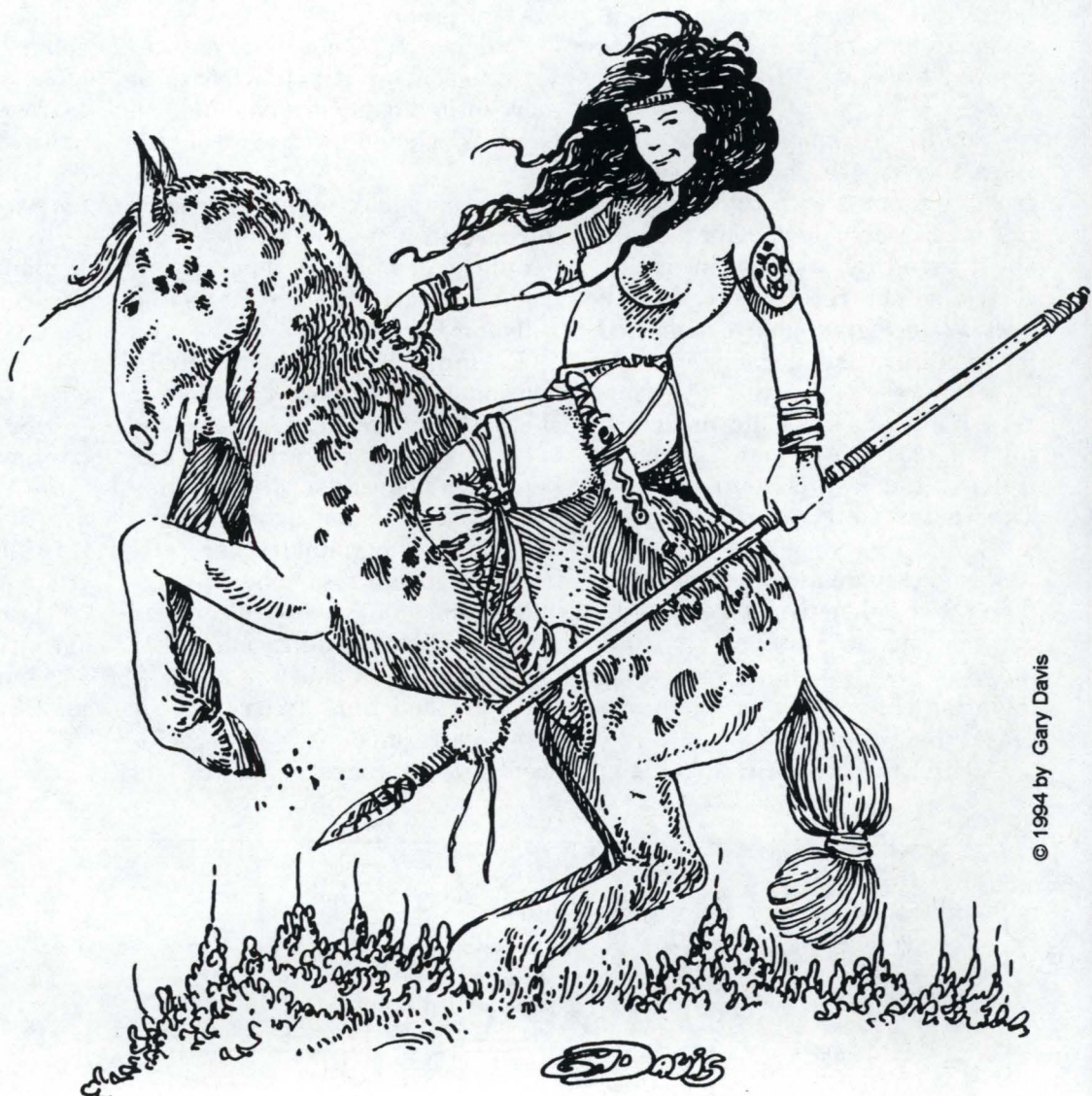
shop — This is for those who have submitted part of a novel. Critics include M.J. Engh and John Dalmas.

• **Making Money in Science Fiction** — Again, pretty self-explanatory. With M.J. Engh, Jon Gustafson, Angela Jones, and Quinton Hoover.

• **Playing in Someone Else's**

Universe — What happens when you write for Star Trek™, Star Wars™, or any other media-related universes. Features Mel Gilden, V.E. (Vicki) Mitchell, and John Dalmas.

• **Disorientation 102** — Much like the other "Disorientation" panel, but with different people and therefore a different perspective.



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With Julianna Robinson, Steve Fahnstalk, Mike Finkbiner, and Jacquelyn Duram-Nilsson.

•**Writing Rhymes, Lyrics, Doggerel, and Limericks** — There was a panel from Nantucket... With Author Guest of Honor Roger Zelazny, Madilane Perry, and Shelly Gordy.

•**Nanotechnology and Artificial Life** — What are they and how do we get there? Features Scientist Guest of Honor Dr. Gregory Benford, Greg Abraham, and Joel Davis.

•**Native American Portrayal in Science Fiction** — Has it been good or bad? Or indifferent? With Roger Zelazny, William Willard, John Dalmas, Claudia Peck, and Cindy Sijohn.

•**Copyrights and Fair Use (Canadian and American)** — What are your rights and how are they protected? With Tam and Shelly Gordy, Steve Fahnstalk, Lisa Satterlund, and Eileen Brady.

•**Science Fiction and Fantasy as Ethnography** — What it says. With Lillian Ackerman, Madilane Perry, and James Stripes.

•**Why is Fandom so White?** — Why do Caucasians seem to make up the bulk of science fiction fans? With Mel Gilden, Barry Fletcher, Tam Gordy, Greg Abraham, and M.J. Engh.

•**Pro vs. Nearly-Pro Artists** — What is the difference, and how does one go from nearly-pro to pro? With Artist Guest of Honor Gary Davis, Jacquelyn Duram-Nilsson, and Jon Gustafson.

•**The Biological Century** — A talk by our Scientist Guest of Honor, Dr. Gregory Benford, who is by profession a physicist. Seriously, this ought to be *very* interesting.

•**Filk Music vs. Folk Music;**

Similarities and Differences — Even if you have a tin ear, this should be very entertaining. Features Fan Guest of Honor Tam Gordy and Steve Fahnstalk.

•**The Fate of Internet** — You don't need to be a hacker for this one. With Mark Rounds, Marc Fleischer, Nels Satterlund, and Steve Forty.

•**Illustration and Text Discrepancies** — Why do the pictures sometimes not look as if they belonged with the story? With Mel Gilden, Lynne Taylor-Fahnstalk, and Gary Davis.

•**Hero Characters in SF/F and How They Are Changing** — With F.M. Busby, Steve Forty and others.

•**Views of Men and Women in Science Fiction and Fantasy Art** — Have the views changed over time and, if so, how? With Gary Davis, Quinton Hoover, and Jacquelyn Duram-Nilsson.

•**Interviewing an Author** — Jane Lindskold interviews Roger Zelazny.

•**Adapting Prose to the Comic Book Form** — How to turn the written word into the illustrated form of a comic. With Gary Davis, Katherine Sprague, and Quinton Hoover.

•**Exploring and Colonizing New Worlds Without Weapons** — Okay, you've landed on Barsoom and you don't have your Swiss Army knife... now what? With F.M. Busby, Eileen Brady, Greg Abraham, and Scotty Evans.

•**The Role of SF/F in Children's Literature** — Pretty self-explanatory. With Nina Kiriki Hoffman, Mel Gilden, and Claudia Peck.

•**Chaos Theory and Terraforming** — With Dr. Gregory Benford, Tam Gordy, Greg Abraham,

and Joel Davis.

•**Virtual Reality** — Is it real, or is it Memorex? This features Lance Olsen, Mark Rounds, and others... we think.

•**Plus** gaming, the art auction, a brunch, and readings by M.J. Engh, Nina Kiriki Hoffman, Lance Olsen, F.M. Busby, Roger Zelazny, Vicki Mitchell, John Dalmas, Greg Abraham, and Mel Gilden.

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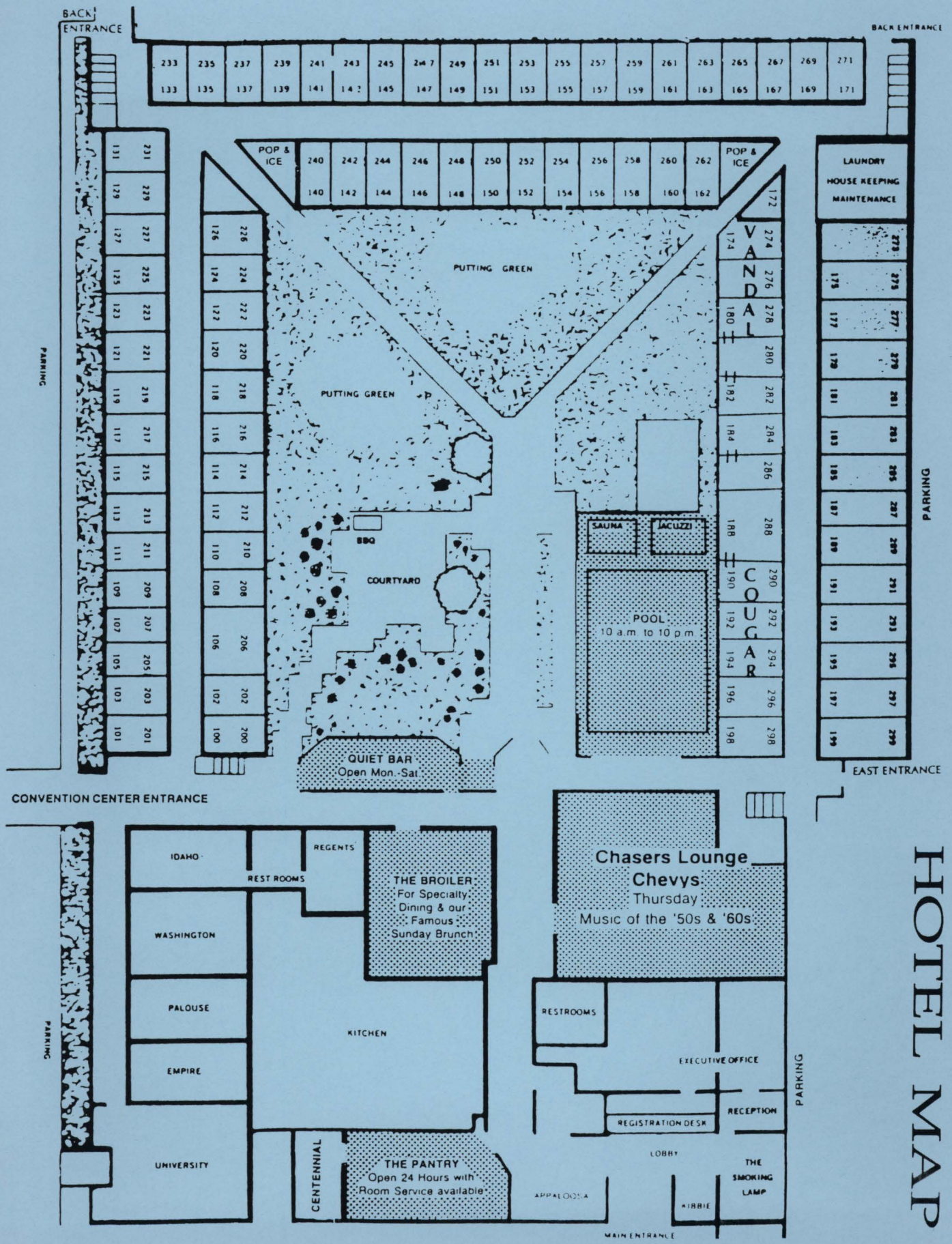
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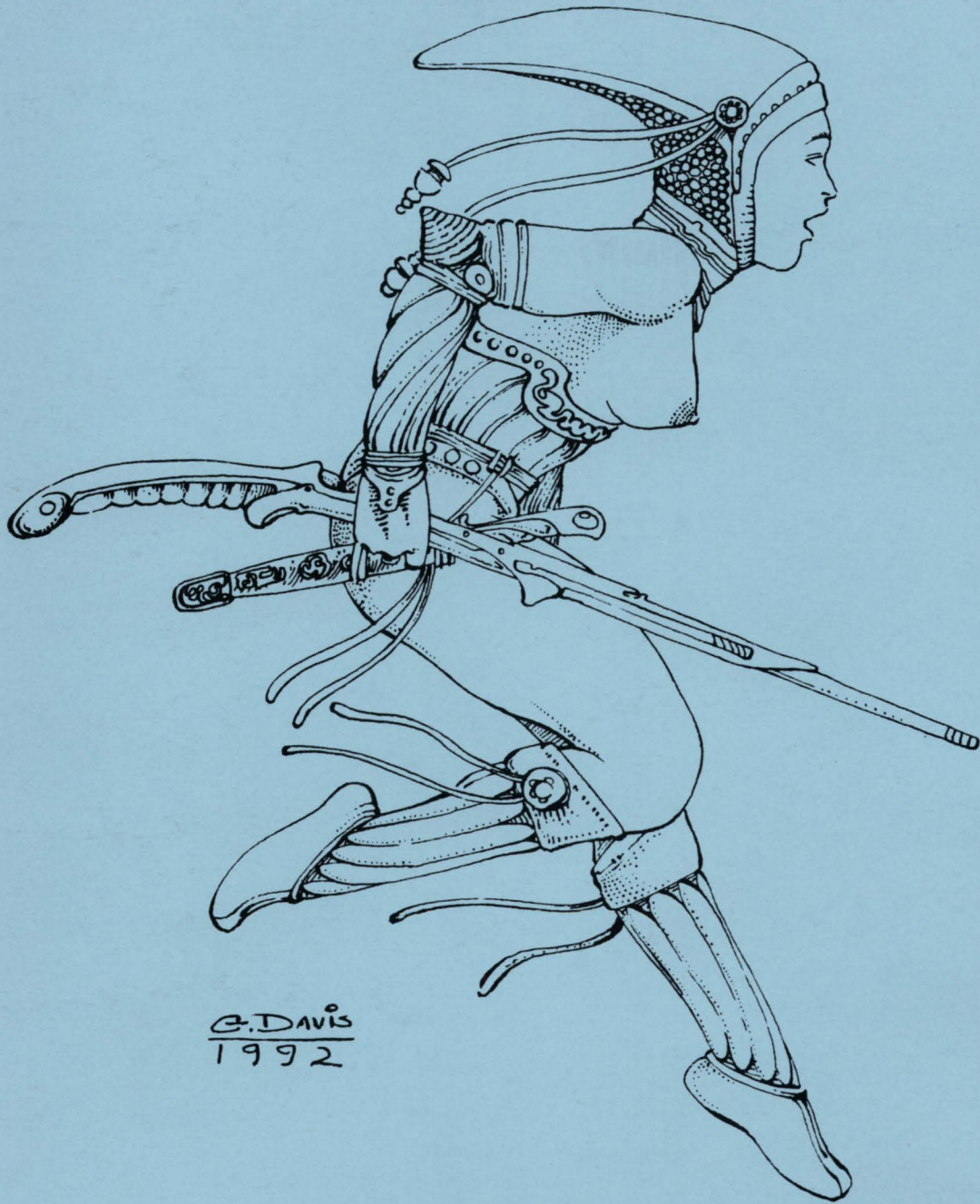
Program Book: **Jon**

Gustafson

Autograph Page

HOTEL MAP





G. DAVIS
1992